

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1920

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THE RIGHT VIEW OF WORK

A right view of work must ever remain one of the two or three most vital subjects that can conceivably occupy the attention of mankind, and yet we are face to face with the calamity that vast numbers of people of all kinds, looking at work from many different angles, are taking manifestly a wrong view of it. If we were to try to trace how this dangerous position has been reached we should be led into regions of acute controversy, where the relations of capital and labor are questions hotly disputed. There are not about to venture, but it is incumbent on every thoughtful man and woman to arrive at a clear conception of what a right view of work must be, no matter how wrong views have come into existence. If, undisturbed by disputes, we do not see what work really is and how we ought to regard it, there is a danger that wrong views will become fixed, to the infinite disadvantage of the whole community. Let us ask ourselves what work is. Essentially it is the doing of something helpful to mankind. If we do that which is not helpful our effort is so much waste. In so far as we do that which is demoralizing our effort is worse than waste. If the final effect of our activity is helpfulness in any form, then honestly we may claim for it that it is work, whether the method used is thinking or planning or engaging in physical toil or by so acting that we uplift the hearts of men, purify their ideals, ease their suffering, or add to their joy. In fact work covers the whole range of human helpfulness.

This being so, work is the primal duty of man and should be, and under sound conditions is, his delight. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was justified in her bold pronouncement—

"Get leave to work
In this world—is the best you
get at all."

Old Thomas Dekker was justified in his manful song—

"Work apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face."

And Thomas Carlyle was justified even in saying that "all true work is sacred." Worthy life is based every where on work, not only in its practical aspects that ensure food, clothing, comfort, freedom from the cruder forms of care, but also in its graces and refinements. Addressing Labor in this broad aspect a modern poet says—

"Wherever thou art least,
In those fair lands beneath the tropic
blaze
The slothful savage, likened to the
beast,
Drags on his soulless length of days;
Where most thou art,
Man rises upward to a loftier height,
And views the earth and heaven with
clearer sight,
And holds a clearer heart."

Instead of work being a curse, when rightly understood, accepted, conditioned, chosen, and undertaken it is one of life's master blessings and enjoyments, for it offers to every one the chance of full expression through the exercise of his natural powers, strengthens character, and gives us that most satisfying of feelings, the sense of accomplishment.

If we grant this to be a true view of the essential part played by work in the individual life and the world at large, what must we think of any tendency to belittle it, to regard it as an enemy, and even to dignify with a sham superiority those who manage to evade it? Yet who will deny that those evils are with us in rampant attitudes? It has long been a fashion among the kind of people who take the most notice of fashions to think rather slightly of people who have to work for a living, though nobody can possibly live at all except through their own work or the work of some one else. It has also been a fashion to place on a social pedestal those who manage to live without working. Leisure and pleasure have together made a social goal towards which many have pressed. The effect has been belittling to work in the eyes of unthinking ambition and now among

the many who must work, since by work only can they secure the means of living, the subject is being made a battle ground, and in the heat of conflict the inherent merits of work itself are liable to be forgotten or even denied. When the central question under discussion is whether more or less work shall be done, is there not a likelihood that work itself will be regarded as a kind of enemy? Instead of a man "taking a pride" in doing his best, there comes the temptation to see how much short of his best he can give, and unless libels are rife it is not unknown for such a spirit of "slacking" to develop into a policy. However such a state of things has been brought about and whose ever the fault has been that has led up to it, the result is a deprecation of the spirit in which true work, the doing of something helpful to mankind, should be undertaken.

Of course there are excusing explanations. It is quite possible for work, so splendid in itself if rightly used, and conditioned, to be a curse. It may be thrust on men till it is slavery. Well within the range of memory miners were working a twelve-hours' day, with probably two hours a day more to reach and leave their work, and only Saturday afternoon "off" because the pit was not winding coal on Sunday. Such work, in the most dangerous of all employments, where the very air that is breathed is artificially received, was sheer slavery, and to talk of the sacredness or dignity or fairness of that kind of labor was the hollowest mockery.

Again it may be possible for the just rewards of work not to reach the workers, and though the products of their labor are helpful to mankind, the producers may be stunted of all good—freedom, wages, leisure, recreation, means of improvement, and the joy of life which is every man's birthright. If these conditions exist, as undoubtedly they have existed before industry was justly organized or humanized, then the responsibility for giving men wrong conceptions of work rests upon those who have imposed or allowed demoralizing terms of labor. From such a travesty of the labor that stimulates the spirit and fills the heart with pride men are bound to turn in disgust. The danger is that they will not see it as a travesty, will not realize that true work of any kind, kept reasonably within the limits of our capacity, and well done, furnishes one of the most satisfying and exhilarating of human experiences.

But, it may be objected, does not work of every kind involve exertion, and are there not numbers of people who dislike exertion and therefore will shirk work? No doubt there are lazy races acted on by enervating climates who avoid nearly all forms of exertion; and among ourselves the disinclination to activity of a few is sometimes not very easily overcome. But the impulse towards activity, or work, which is useful activity, depends very largely on the views we hold about the object of that activity. Therein is the danger of getting wrong views about work. In that sense there is truth in Shakespeare's dictum—"There's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." Effort is not a deterrent if we can be proud of it, but a delight. The boy hurries off eagerly to the games that tire him; the ambitious mountaineer subjects himself willingly to labor, the like of which he must hie through at a heavy rate; the patriotic citizen, thrilled by love of his Mother-Country, will put forth prodigies of voluntary effort in connection with the wounded or thrift or any other sufficient cause and be exultant, though fatigued; the allotment-holder will skin his hands and almost break his back and not give a thought to such trifles while he glories in the conquest of his patch of earth. When once we feel that something is worth our exertion, then exertion is the wrong word to use; our activity is transmuted into pleasure. "The labor we delight in physics pain." And it ought to be exactly the same with our dutiful work. It will be if we realize the helpful power of all true work and are fully assured that ours is true work and not waste or worse than waste.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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ERSKINE CHILDERS' IRISH STUDIES
AND EXPERIENCES

The eminent English writer, Mr. Erskine Childers, has for a couple of years past very boldly and bravely espoused the Irish cause, being a man who has a fearless love for justice. He is one of about four Englishmen who bravely stand for Irishmen having the same freedom as Englishmen or any other men. As result the English authorities are treating him to a dose of the medicine which their Doctor French mixes for Irishmen who speak for Ireland. Recently Mr. Childers came to live in Dublin, to study the Irish question on the ground and to see for himself the right and the wrong of the matter, so belauded in the English press. He had hardly settled down in Dublin, when the military paid him a midnight visit—which is very well pictured in the admirable letter that he, next day, wrote to the British commanding officer, in the army headquarters in Dublin.

"I received the honor of a visit last night from a tank belonging to your command at the somewhat inconvenient hour of 1 a. m. I do not deny that it was a visit. But I suggest that it might be in the interest both of the visitors and the visited on these occasions if a code of etiquette or deportment were imposed upon the former. It would, perhaps, be unreasonable to complain of bayonets being flashed in the eyes of my small boy in his cot, and of similar means of impressing the household generally with a proper awe of the forces under your command. But it is a matter of legitimate complaint that a young subaltern should, on entering the house, stroll into my drawing room in my presence puffing a cigarette and should continue to refresh himself in this manner after I had invited him to desist. The trifling scene which ensued was ended by another officer who decreed an ingenious compromise under which the cigarette was to be thrown unextinguished on the carpet. 'Upon the carpet' was the express injunction delivered with studied insolence. Thus I was to witness my point about the consumption of the cigarette and he was to save his dignity by burning a hole in my carpet. The point may be trivial, but it is so. When armies are eventually withdrawn from occupied territory, and may I without the least offense express the hope that yours will be eventually withdrawn from ours?—it is of the most vital importance to the future relations of the nations concerned that an army should have behind it a record for civility and humanity in the performance even of the most obnoxious duties. Surely none can be more obnoxious and more easily provocative of exasperation than these midnight raids upon civilians' houses, about 19,000 of which have taken place, I understand, in the last two years, often as in my case, on false information, and often resulting in indignities and hardships infinitely worse than anything I experienced."

WHO ERSKINE CHILDERS IS
Childers is the son of Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer in the 'eighties—famous for his having been the Chairman of the Financial Relations Commission appointed by Parliament in '94 to inquire into the financial relations between England and Ireland—the Commission which after some years of inquiry brought in the decision that in principal and interest England owed to Ireland 250,000,000 pounds surplus taxes drawn from Ireland in the fifty preceding years—250,000,000 pounds over and above Ireland's proper quota—upon which debt England immediately became silent as the tomb.

The present Mr. Erskine Childers was a Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Naval Air Service and obtained the Distinguished Service Cross during the War. Horace Plunkett describes Childers' book, "The Framework of Home Rule," as the best work ever done on the Irish problem. He is also a novelist. His novel, "The Riddle of the Sands," deals with the German menace before the War and created a great sensation. He wrote the fifth volume of the London Times "History of the South African War" and a book dealing with German influence on British cavalry. Altogether he was a very popular man with England and the English press—up till the day that he came out for justice to Ireland. Then of course he suddenly became a scoundrel.

POLICE TRIBUTE TO IRISH CHIVALRY
Late Chief Secretary Ian MacPherson, and his chief, Lloyd George, have often thrilled in the English House of Commons with pictures of the savages and cowardly assassins which they have to deal with in Ireland. Also the English cables to America have frequently regaled us in the same strain. But the cables regarding the guerrilla warfare of the Easter time naively and unwittingly disclose to us the true opinion of

the English Government regarding the guerrilla warfare of Sinn Fein—and unintentionally pay to these Sinn Fein fighters the highest tribute ever paid to men in warfare. We read in these cables that on Easter Saturday the policemen from outlying barracks in anticipation of Easter Sunday attacks upon them were withdrawn and concentrated in the cities and big towns. Their wives and children were left behind in these isolated barracks with absolutely no shred of protection—left to the mercy of the cowardly and unfeeling assassins. And the cables have to confess (because it could not remain hidden) that when the deserted barracks were attacked, burned and blown up the first step of the savage assassins was to remove to safety the unprotected and abandoned wives and children of the police. Was there ever before heard of men in warfare placing such absolute trust and reliance upon the honor, chivalry and manliness of their opponents?

NOT FISHING FOR WHALES IN THE SHANNON

There was among Sinn Fein as much idea of Easter Rising as there was of going to the Shannon to fish for whales. Something spectacular was necessary to impress the outside world with the necessity for military repression in Ireland and to justify British Prussianism of which the world is learning. Also another few hundred young Irishmen were wanted for export to the English prisons. Consequently all these huge and elaborate military precautions at Easter time. Elephantine stupidity characterizes each succeeding move of the British authorities. MacPherson, the ex-Chief Secretary, has been the subject of a bad fit of nerves. Even his own friends are reported as laughing at his cowardice. For months past he has been in a panic lest the band of boys who missed Lord French might save their conscience by popping him. When he appeared in Parliament in support of the Home Rule Bill he was a sorry spectacle—so broken in physical appearance that his friends hardly knew him. He has proved himself one of the meanest secretaries with whom Ireland has ever been cursed. In Parliament he never hesitated at telling a flat untruth for purpose of slandering the Sinn Fein Leaders and of bolstering up the Dublin Castle regime. The absence of a sense of honor in the man was flagrantly conspicuous. Neither friend nor enemy laments his departure from Ireland.

TWO SIDES TO THE STORY

The "Cooties" Orange delegation to the United States upon their return home with a bursting budget of Munchausen stories get for their wonderful accounts of their achievements in America very great publicity in the Belfast press and in the English and Scotch press. And these stories coming, as they did from the mouths of ministers, were of course gospel—and joyfully hailed, as the Gospel should be, by the pro-British. It was a fortunate thing that the Protestant Friends of Irish Freedom from the New York headquarters bethought them to send, to the very fair and just British paper, The Manchester Guardian, a pithy cablegram in which was brilliantly summed up and presented to the British public, the real achievements of the "Cooties" in America. Since The Manchester Guardian stands in the forefront of British organs of opinion, the cablegram, getting prominent place and editorial comment there, had to be copied into the London press, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow press also, and into the Unionist Irish Times of Dublin. It was a neat bit of work, at one stroke taking the legs from under the "Cooties."

THE PROTESTANT FRIENDS OF IRELAND

The Protestant Friends of Ireland incorporated, consisting of many prominent Protestant clergymen and laymen, including bishops, editors, judges, senators, congressmen, administrators of public offices, governors, philanthropists, army officers, college professors, writers, woman suffrage leaders, all of unassailable Americanism, protest against the misleading statement of Sir Edward Carson and members of the so-called Ulster delegation regarding their recent visit to America. Said delegation has grossly misrepresented the facts. Its members held only five mass meetings, admission by card only with selected and unrepresentative audience; all other meetings privately held in churches. Policy of secrecy and campaign of insinuation and innuendo, the repeated refusal to meet American Protestants in open debate, repetition of false statements created painful impression and strong resentment in many quarters. In many cities Protestant clergymen refused to sponsor the meetings, frequently objecting to the methods as wholly repugnant to principle of fair play. Invitations to them to speak were in some cases withdrawn. Many important cities such as San Francisco, Indianapolis, Seattle were necessarily omitted for lack of sponsors. Clergymen subsequently

apologized for having allowed them to use their churches. Prominent Protestant laymen attacked their bigotry and efforts to arouse religious dissensions in America. Most significant result of visit was organization of Protestant Friends of Ireland to combat propaganda of religious hatred fomented by Ulster parsons. Protestant Friends of Ireland have had open meetings in every important city of America with enthusiastic response. As result of extended and systematic contacts throughout country believe overwhelming majority in America favor Irish Self-determination."

ULSTER PRESBYTERIAN REFUTES COOTIES

The County Antrim Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Irwin, who has come specially to America to tell his fellow religionists that the "Cooty" delegation only represented the narrow, bigoted, and anti-Irish portion of Ireland, who while fattening in their country, spend their time trying to betray it. Mr. Irwin holds high office in three nation-wide Presbyterian Church Societies—fine testimony to his high standing with his own people. He is a man of a fine, impressive presence, and a good practical speaker, who knows what he wants to say, and how to say it. He is starting a tour of the Southern States with De Valera. It is also being arranged to have him appear in every town in which the "Cooties" spoke so that if they had any effect anywhere, that effect may be counteracted. He appeared in Carnegie Hall, New York, the other night, every inch of standing room being occupied and great overflow crowds having to be addressed outside. His speech in which he contradicted the "Cooties" on almost every point they tried to put over upon Americans, was a most effective one. The enthusiasm of the gathering was very great. Mr. Irwin will do much good for the Irish Cause in America. SEUMAS MACMANUS, OF DUNEGAL.

POLICEMEN KILLED

THE FOUL MURDER MYSTERY UNSOLVED—NO ARRESTS MADE

Derry Journal, March 19
Toomevara, a small village within four miles of Nenagh, was on Tuesday night the scene of the latest shooting outrage. Two police constables were attacked on leaving the Catholic Church after prayers at 7.30 p. m. Having walked a distance from the church they were shot at from behind. Constable Roche received four bullet wounds, while Constable Healy escaped with one wound. Constable Roche died a few hours later. It is stated that when Constable Roche received the first bullet he fell and asked for mercy, but three more shots were fired into him. The police were unarmed. There was a large crowd of people in the square when the shooting took place, and one civilian named Treacy, received an injury to one of his legs. The perpetrators of the crime quickly disappeared. Constable Roche is the fifth policeman that has lost his life by violence during the month of March. Mr. James O'Brien, solicitor, and coroner, held an inquest at Toomevara Police Barracks on Wednesday afternoon on Constable James Roche. Sergeant Begley, Toomevara, stated that the deceased constable was about twenty-seven years of age, and had been stationed there since 23rd February last. After Constable Healy had come to the barrack wounded the witness went out with two constables and found the deceased man lying on the street about 120 yards from the barrack. He said, "Oh, sergeant, I am shot. May God forgive them anyhow, because I do. Oh, my poor mother; I would not mind only for her." As he was being brought to the barrack he kept repeating, "May God forgive them." In the barrack the witness asked him who shot him, and he replied, "I do not know. They came up behind our backs." He also said that he was knocked down by the first shot, and he craved for mercy, but they fired at him again when he was down. The bullet found in the body would be fired from the old building type of revolver.

Further evidence having been heard, the coroner said that it was a sad thing that on the day that they all wore the shamrock they should be there to inquire into the death by violence of a fine young Irishman. The jury, of which Mr. O'Meara, County Councillor, was foreman, returned a verdict that death was caused by a bullet wound deliberately inflicted by some person or persons unknown. They expressed sympathy with the deceased man's relatives.

Constable Roche was a native of Killinore, County Galway, whether the remains were removed after the inquest. He leaves a mother and six brothers, one of whom is in America, and served in the American Army during the War. Constable Healy, who comes from near Bantry has been removed to a Limerick hospital suffering from a

bullet wound in the back. His condition is critical. The civilian, C. Treacy, received a wound in the ankle from a bullet which is believed to have rebounded off a wall. Several houses in the district have been searched, but no arrests have so far been made.

Limerick—A message received from Limerick yesterday stated that Constable Healy has succumbed to his wounds in the military hospital.

A GOVERNMENT CASTLE RETURN

Yesterday in the English Parliament, Mr. Macpherson answering Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Guinness, said that since the 1st of January, 1919, the number of murders and attempted murders of police, soldiers, and others in Government employment was as follows:

	Murders
Royal Irish Constabulary.....	16
Dublin Metropolitan Police.....	6
Soldiers.....	2
Other Government servants.....	1
Total.....	25

	Attempted Murders
Royal Irish Constabulary.....	65
Dublin Metropolitan Police.....	17
Soldiers.....	4
Other Government servants.....	3
Total.....	89

In addition there were 25 attacks on police barracks, 2 murders and 1 attempted murder included in the above figures occurred during these attacks. This return was completed yesterday, and he deeply regretted to say that he had since received intimation that two more members of the Royal Irish Constabulary had been murdered.

OUR SUPER-LOYALTY

CALLS FORTH PROTEST FROM HONEST ENGLISHMAN

Toronto Saturday Night, April 10

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I was sorry to see from your issue of last Saturday, that the action of the United States Senate, on the question of Irish independence, has not met with the approval of "Saturday Night"; but possibly, had that distinguished legislative body any idea that the reservation on the subject, would have caused any worry in the household of the "truly loil," they would not have so offended.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to assure you, I have always read the columns of "Saturday Night" with much pleasure; it has always been a welcome guest at my home. Indeed, it is both entertaining and instructive; but surely its valuable space could be used for a better purpose than that of ridiculing a brave and chivalrous people in their honest and laudable aspirations for liberty. Allow me to say, I am not an Irishman, nor the son of an Irishman, but an Englishman, born and bred—one who loves liberty and fair play. Yes, and one who loves England, and hopes to see her people prosperous and happy, but not at the expense of any subject people.

Any fair-minded Englishman who reads the treatment Ireland received from England during more than seven hundred years, must blush and hang his head in shame at his country's conduct. Some apologists say that British statesmen have been trying to get the people to agree upon a plan of self-government for Ireland; but they cannot agree among themselves as to the system best suited to their requirements. But I say, Mr. Editor, the people can agree, and have agreed. Four-fifths of the Irish people, in a general election, voted for an Irish Republic; but England, in the face of her declaration of having entered the War in the interest of small nations, denies the right of self-determination in their own country. Why? Because, they say, an Irish Republic would be a menace to Britain. Then why is it that a French Republic is not a menace to England? France is far closer to England than Ireland is; yet she has no fear of France. This is not the reason Ireland is held in bondage; it is that she may be plundered further by England, and that her people may be used in the future, as they have been in the past, as Macaulay said, "As beasts of burden or beasts of chase."

With what holy horror did the English statesmen view the invasion of Belgium by the German. Yet, Germany had the same right to Belgium that England has to Ireland, that of conquest. True, England has been in possession of Ireland longer than Germany was in Belgium; but time does not legalize the possession of "loot" by the thief.

At the time of the English invasion, historians tell us that the Irish were a highly civilized and cultured people; but the English invader wrote history with the torch and the sword, and reduced the native population to the level of the brute.

I thoroughly agree with you, Mr. Editor, that the United States has no intention to take up arms to help Ireland to independence; but there are other means at their disposal, which, perhaps, Irish influence may

induce them to use. That is the collection of England's indebtedness, with compound interest. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that I hope and pray that England may be induced to do justice to Ireland, and that both countries may live in peace and amity, and that the United States may join them in a treaty, offensive and defensive, when they can defy the world.

Sincerely yours,
GEO. H. PATTERSON,
Dorchester St. W., Montreal.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. John J. O'Gorman, of Ottawa, who was Overseas Secretary Treasurer of the Catholic Army Huts, has resigned his office as Director of the C. A. H. While the Canadians were overseas, \$900,000 were spent by the C. A. H. in England and France. Paris, March 7. (U. S.)—Details of the recent butchery of more than 10,000 Armenians show that ten Catholic bishops were among those tortured to death. Msgr. Tchelebian, Bishop of Diarbekir was buried alive, while Msgr. Katchadourian, Bishop of Nalakin, was slowly roasted to death.

Cardinal Gibbons is the providential child of the Baltimore Cathedral; in it he was baptized, was ordained priest, was consecrated bishop, was invested with the Red Hat. The Cathedral is his episcopal chair; in it he has ordained over two thousand priests and consecrated more than forty bishops.

Pope Benedict XV. received in private audience former Premier Paderewski of Poland, on March 23. After outlining the grave problems facing the country, and the former premier thanked the Pope for the assistance which the Holy See extended to Poland during the War and since the armistice.

At the personal request of Pope Benedict XV., there is shortly to be introduced the cause of Cardinal Richard, the great Archbishop of Paris, who was murdered by the Communists after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. His Holiness desired that the canonical process shall be hastening, in order that the beatification of this martyred Archbishop may not be long delayed.

The Franciscans are celebrating this year the 700th anniversary of their entrance to the Holy Land. Their stay there during this long period was beset by numerous difficulties, but previous to the War the Franciscan missions in the Holy Land consisted of 125 friars and 130 brothers, with 15 stations, 44 sanctuaries, 10 hospices for pilgrims, 13 schools with 17,000 children and 11,600 Catholics.

The only Catholic Church in Iceland is at Reykjavik, where, besides the church and residence, there is a hospital and parochial school. Fifteen Sisters are in charge of the school and hospital, braving the inclemencies of the Arctic winters, the winter nights at Reykjavik being three months long and depressing to those unaccustomed to the hours of the temperate zone.

The St. Patrick's Day procession in Melbourne, Australia, was the largest ever held in Australia. Ten thousand soldiers, sailors, and nurses, a hundred horsemen, tens of thousands of members of Irish societies, school children, and twenty bands, took part, and fourteen holders of the Victoria Cross rode at their head, mounted on white chargers.

Every United States senator and representative received a St. Patrick's Day remembrance. Through the Friends of Irish Freedom, National Bureau of Information, each was presented with a beautiful green-bound, privately-printed volume called, "The Glories of Ireland," edited by Professors Dunn and Lennox. The book contains contributions by the world's most noted Celtic authorities, and is the gift of Thomas J. Maloney of New York.

Rev. John F. O'Hara, director of the School of Commerce at Notre Dame, has been appointed secretary of the educational department of the National Foreign Trade Council. He will represent the university at the seventh national foreign trade convention in San Francisco in May and will preside at the educational sessions. Trade delegates from twenty-seven nations will take part in the activities. Approximately three thousand delegates will attend. After the convention Father O'Hara will study trade conditions on the Pacific coast.

Nowhere more than in the Vatican is greater satisfaction felt at the immensely improved conditions of the Catholics of Saxony. Full liberty has come to them from the new constitution of Germany. The law that gave the Government a right to determine if and how religious functions might be celebrated by the Catholics, how many religions might reside in the various cities, etc., has been abolished. Under the new regime, every priest may exercise the sacred ministry in all Saxony, even though he be a foreigner. The new regime has been inaugurated by a series of missions all over Saxony, conducted by secular and regular priests.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVELATIONS

The first breach of the silence with respect to Miss Marten took place one evening just after the family had comfortably arranged themselves, each intent upon their own business; the Doctor, with pipe and last Medical Journal, seated near Rosine, who would occasionally apply to him for the solution of some difficult problem; the Colonel with his daily paper, and Mrs. Hartland with the last number of Harper, and her knitting, without which she would have felt that she was idle, when a servant came in with a note for Colonel Hartland, containing a request from Sister Agnes, that he would call at the House of the Infant Jesus as soon as convenient.

"I wonder what's the matter there!" he exclaimed, reading the note aloud.

"Don't go, sir," replied his son. "Laura Marten is there, and you may depend this is some of her management; don't go."

A very gentlemanly response to the good Sister's polite request! he said, turning upon his son. "What on earth could Laura Marten want of me? I don't believe in this senseless talk of an engagement between her and Aleck, though Ross here tries to convince me."

Rosine, who had sat with both hands pressed against her ears pouring over a proposition she was to learn by heart, looked around at the sound of her name which came to her dimly.

"What is it?" she inquired, the conversation having been lost on her.

"Here it is," replied the Colonel, giving her the note.

"O, do go," she said, rising and coming towards him as she took in the contents of the note. "You will go?"

He drew her down upon his knee and replied, "Yes, my blessed little daughter. Did you ever know me to refuse the request of a lady. I leave that for Ned."

"I really wish you would go, husband," said Mrs. Hartland, energetically, and with a sharp glance at Rosine; "I wish this matter settled, and Laura Marten made to understand that we do not, and will not acknowledge the engagement."

"If you would delegate me, sir, in your stead," spoke the Doctor, rising in his excitement, "I'd soon nail Laura Marten's pretensions to the mast. The unprincipled, impertinent—"

"Stop, Ned," said the father, bringing his hand forcibly down upon the table; "Laura ought to have an opportunity to speak for herself. I'll go at once; it may prevent you, my boy, from saying many things you may wish unsaid."

Mrs. Hartland, taking this opportunity to call on a friend with whom she would remain till the Colonel returned, Rosine was left alone with the Doctor. She was gaining in decision of character and force; the timidity of her childhood was beginning to wear off, though she could not as yet control her color.

"Ned," she said, as she took her seat again for her lesson, "you are very revengeful toward Laura."

"You don't know anything about it," he replied; "she has done wickedly."

"We all come under that commendation," he replied, timidly.

"Don't say that, child," he retorted. "I hate cant. Don't put yourself on a level with Laura Marten."

"She has had no mother," continued Rosine, turning about toward him, and speaking earnestly, "no brother to tell her what was wrong. I have had both," she added, with tears in her eyes, "if she has cried more than I, it is because I have been kept by friends and home influences from the temptations she has met; besides, if thy brother offend against thee seven times, and seven times turn again, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him, and Sister Agnes says she is so penitent."

This was unanswerable. Dr. Hartland wanted to say "stuff," but he had too much respect for Rosine's religious principles, so he puffed away without a reply, while she turned again to her books, and was soon absorbed in her studies.

"Rosie, Sister Rosie," he commenced, after a half hour's silence, "come, leave those dull books, I wish to speak to you. Wouldn't it be more profitable to be looking after Dora Greenwood than seeking Laura Marten?"

"O, dear Miss Dora!" she exclaimed, without turning from her books, "I long to see her; but how can I? She has never called here."

"And probably never will," he interrupted, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The Colonel might put you in the way of seeing her, if it wasn't for the Commodore."

"Are not they friends?" exclaimed Rosine. "I always thought the Colonel was friendly with every one."

of preventing Aleck's promotion, and the Commodore hates the Colonel for telling him plainly he was a fool to force Harry into the naval service against his inclination; so they go, I'm glad I am not in the mess."

Colonel Hartland found Sister Agnes alone in the little parlor of the Orphan's Home. "I have sent for you," she said, after the first kindly salutation, "to see Miss Marten; she has something of importance to communicate. You and I both know that her conduct has been very indiscreet—nay, I must speak the truth, very wicked; but it is my satisfaction to you, I can truly say she gives evidence of her deep, earnest penitence for her folly, she is entirely willing to leave the matter with you; she would have seen you before this, but that her delicate health required that she should be kept free from excitement."

The Colonel bowed, thanked Sister Agnes for her communication, and Laura had planned how she should meet this interview, and what she should say, for many weary sleepless nights, but the words choked her, or fled from her memory when she attempted to utter them. "I don't deserve any thing," she said at length, in a low husky voice, her eyes cast down and her hands clasped—"any thing from you or your family, but contempt." She had begun where she intended to end her speech. "But," she continued, "I will endure any punishment, even separation from all of you, but I must tell you—"

She paused and trembled, and her face became deadly pale, the Colonel sprang forward. "No I shall not faint," she said, recovering herself and stepping back, she gave into his hand a paper she held, the same she had shown Sister Agnes in her sick room; it was worn and blistered with tears. She turned away from the Colonel as he opened it, and laid her face in the folds of the curtain. The Colonel put up his eye-glass and read:

This certifies that Lieut. Alexander Hartland and Laura Marten were united by me in the bonds of marriage in St. Charles Church, April 20, 18—, according to the laws of the State of—

ABEL STEPHENS, Rector.
MARY A. STEPHENS,
HELEN STEPHENS, Witnesses

The Colonel dropped his eye-glass and looked fixedly at Laura. "Married!" he exclaimed, as if Aleck married!" He glanced again at the paper, took a memorandum book from his pocket and copied it.

"Laura, does your father know of this?" he said at length.

"Yes, sir, I told him this morning."

"Where are his lodgings? I will see him at once."

He found the stout old Captain wholly unprepared to compromise or blush upon matters, but boldly declared his intention to publish the marriage in the morning papers.

The Colonel wished to investigate, to be sure there was no mistake, to hear from Aleck before the thing was made public, and there could be no harm in waiting awhile longer; but the Captain swore roundly that "Laura had done no more than forty respectable married women he could name; she promised well for the future, and indeed he believed in letting bygones be bygones; as to mistakes, there was the marriage certificate, which could be easily proved valid, if that was what the Colonel wanted." They parted much excited, Colonel Hartland hurrying home, forgetting his wife; but she, wearied with waiting, had taken a carriage and reached home before him. Unlike his usual light hearted cheerful comings, he went to his own private parlor instead of joining the family circle, or even looking in upon them.

"Father's in trouble; waterlogged!" said the Doctor, shaking his head; "he heaved the door closed after him; something goes against the grain. You never find father going into such close quarters without a denouement. As a youngster, I always trembled when the Colonel took to his private room, for I expected something serious after it. I was sure he had heard of my youthful delinquencies, and was prepared to give me what I deserved."

As he spoke, a servant entered with a summons from the Colonel to his son. Rosine smiled, and the Doctor putting on a distressed look, went out of the room humming,

"O, would I were a boy again."

"It is worse than I thought, Edward," (he never called upon Edward except upon very serious occasions,) "it is worse than I thought," said the Colonel before the Doctor could fairly close the door after him, "they are married!"

Dr. Hartland's face became intensely pale for a moment, and he stopped short in his advance, as if he had been struck. "Where—when—by whom? I demand proof!" he said as soon as he could speak.

"She has the marriage certificate—here is a copy—examine it."

Dr. Hartland took the slip of paper into his hands. "Last April," he soliloquized, "while she was with her aunt. Well, sir," he said giving back the paper, "all I can say (if

this be genuine,) is that Aleck deserves dishonor for such a contemptible piece of trickery. But even if it be true, it must not be made public till he returns."

"We can't help ourselves," said the Colonel, "the Captain vows he will have the marriage in the morning papers; the question now seems to be, shall we make Laura one of the family, as will be expected by the world."

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently, "but who cares for the world, or what the world expects?"

"Everybody of sense, Ned; nobody more than yourself, only your world is narrower than that of most people. Yes, the opinion of the honorable, right-minded portion of the world is worth regarding. If Laura is Aleck's lawful wedded wife, she is my daughter and your sister, and as such, has a claim upon us for protection. If the matter had only been done honorably, all this commo-facery with Le Compté would have been omitted, as I should have put a stop to the proceedings. The question now is, what are we to do, as things are? If Aleck is recalled for these Mexican troubles, he may be home sooner than he is; that is—his voice trembled, "if the poor boy comes out of it alive. By the way, Ned, I heard down town today that Harry Greenwood had thrown up his commission rather than fight the Mexicans."

"Good!" replied the Doctor, "I expected it when I heard his ship was ordered home to prepare for the Gulf of Mexico. What will the old Commodore do now?"

"They say he is almost frantic, fretting and fuming, and swears he will disown him, forbids Dora to speak his name."

"Infatuated girl!" said the Doctor, with a half sigh; "a life of constant slavery, when she might have had love and freedom."

"Yes," replied the Colonel; "how strange, so different from our anticipations. Here is Dora, whom we once longed to take to our hearts, would not come; while Laura, whom we regret to accept, is ours without asking."

"Don't mention Dora Greenwood and Laura Marten in the same breath," exclaimed his son sharply; "if it is your fixed resolve to receive this woman as one of your family, it is perhaps not my place to remonstrate, but I will only beg, for Rosine's sake, that you will consider the influence of so equivocal a character on her young mind."

"Look here, Ned, one would think Laura was your own wife, by the way you bristle up when she is mentioned. I only wish to do right," he added, "and your mother must be consulted."

It was with reluctance that Colonel Hartland revealed the discovery he had made, and he did so with her just indignation with the deceitful course of the young couple, as well as the real misery it would cause her to be so thwarted in her own earnest wish to keep her son's affections all for herself. The Doctor had often troubled her, once seriously, in these matters, but Aleck had never caused her a moment's uneasiness; she was as sure of him as she was of the Colonel. Her husband, with all his knowledge of her, was hardly prepared for the blank look of distress, and the gust of tears with which the self-control met this intelligence; but with the prudence of a woman of the world, she restrained her tongue, and only requested the Doctor to desist from the vituperation which he heaped upon Laura. 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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1920

"ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE"

In the last few years we have heard much of Bolshevism. We have seen the mighty Russian Empire collapse and die in the throes of its struggle with this mysterious force; and we now see a new Russia where Bolshevism is apparently securely enthroned at home, and on the point of being recognized abroad by all civilized powers as the legitimate successor to the Czar of all the Russias. We have seen it spread to Germany, to Hungary and elsewhere where it was not so successful in seizing and retaining the reins of power, but where it remains a potential menace to established order, social and economic.

In England, where the overwhelming majority of the population are industrial workers, to read of workmen's meetings cheering for Soviet Russia has become so common as no longer to occasion surprise or comment. And a responsible—or as many believe an irresponsible—Prime Minister openly charges that the whole movement of organized Labor is possessed by the evil spirit of Bolshevism.

Even on this side of the Atlantic we have heard much alarmist talk and an alarmist press campaign about our imminent danger from the same sinister influence. But with the general recognition that this was mere camouflage for capitalist legislation, press, platform, and pulpit have regained their equanimity.

This latter phase of our education in the new movement is unfortunate inasmuch as it has tended to make us sceptical of Bolshevism as real menace to the established social and economic order of Europe, the subversion of which would affect us vitally.

And that all Europe is on the brink of the abyss, that the subversion of social and economic order is inevitable unless there be a new Peace Treaty is the reasoned conviction of the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace."

And this author is not an emissary of Lenin or an agent of the Kaiser. John Maynard Keynes has been since 1905 in the British Civil Service. During the War he was in charge of British financial relations with the Allied Powers, accompanied Lord Reading to Washington as financial adviser in 1917, was the chief representative of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, and a member of the Supreme Economic Council of the Allies and Associated Powers.

He is, we are further informed, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, editor of the Economic Journal, and has an international reputation as a writer on economic subjects.

And to this competent observer, to whom the workings of the Peace Conference is an open book, the chief agents of Europe's destruction were not Lenin and Trotsky but The Big Four at Paris.

"Very few of us," writes Mr. Keynes, "realize with conviction the intensely unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable, temporary nature of the economic organization by which Western Europe has lived for the last half century."

Though superficially the world trade of the last half century may seem but an orderly development of what preceded, its enormous expansion during the last fifty years has really created economic conditions unprecedented in the world's history.

"Moved by insane delusion and reckless self-regard," continues our author, "the German people overturned the foundations on which we all lived and built. But the spokes-

men of the French and British peoples have run the risk of completing the ruin, which Germany began, by a Peace which, if carried into effect, must impair still further, when it might have restored, the delicate, complicated organization, already shaken and broken by war, through which alone the European peoples can employ themselves and live."

Mr. Keynes found it a "strange experience" to visit London occasionally during the Conference at Paris. England did not "realize in the least that an age is over." But though England and America might be unconscious, "in continental Europe the earth heaves and no one but is aware of the rumblings. There it is not just a matter of extravagance or 'labor troubles'; but of life and death, of starvation and existence, of the fearful convulsions of a dying civilization."

"England still stands outside Europe. Europe's voiceless tremors do not reach her. Europe is apart and England is not of her flesh and body. But Europe is solid with herself. France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Holland, Russia and Roumanian and Poland, thro together, and their structure and civilization are essentially one. They flourish together, they have rocked together in a war, which we in spite of our enormous contributions and sacrifices economically stood outside, and they may fall together. In this lies the destructive significance of the Peace of Paris. If the European Civil War is to end with France and Italy abusing their momentary victorious power to destroy Germany and Austria-Hungary now prostrate, they invite their own destruction also, being so deeply and inextricably intertwined with their victims by hidden psychic and economic bonds."

Our author notes the great increase of population in the Central Empire. Germany, which in 1870 had 40,000,000, had increased to 60,000,000 in 1892, and by June 30th, 1914, to 68,000,000. To support this population required a far-reaching transformation of economic structure. "From being agricultural and mainly self-supporting, Germany transformed herself into a vast complicated industrial machine, dependent for its working on the equipoise of many factors outside Germany as well as within." And only by keeping it going could she give her people work at home and buy subsistence from abroad.

Austria-Hungary and European Russia also increased enormously in population in recent years; the former from 40,000,000 in 1890 to 50,000,000 at the out-break of the War; and Russia in Europe from 100,000,000 in 1890 to 150,000,000 in 1914.

"Not far short of 300,000,000 lived within the three Empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary."

"Round Germany as a central support the rest of the European economic system grouped itself, and on the prosperity and enterprise of Germany the prosperity of the rest of the Continent mainly depended. The increasing pace of Germany gave her neighbors an outlet for their products, in exchange for which the enterprise of the German merchant supplied them with their chief requirements at a low price.

"The statistics of the economic interdependence of Germany and her neighbors are overwhelming. Germany was the best customer of Russia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria-Hungary; she was the second best customer of Great Britain, Sweden, and Denmark; and the third best customer of France. She was the largest source of supply to Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Roumania and Bulgaria; and the largest source of supply to Great Britain, Belgium and France. In our own case we sent more exports to Germany than to any other country in the world except India, and we bought more from her than from any other country in the world except the United States.

"There was no European country except those west of Germany which did not do more than a quarter of their total trade with her; and in the case of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Holland the proportion was far greater.

"Germany not only furnished these countries with trade but in the case of some of them supplied a great part of the capital needed for their own development. Of Germany's pre-War foreign investments, amount-

ing in all to about \$6,250,000,000, not far short of \$2,500,000,000, was invested in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania and Turkey. And by the system of peaceful "penetration" she gave these countries not only capital, but, what they needed hardly less, organization. The whole of Europe east of the Rhine thus fell into the German industrial orbit, and its economic life was adjusted accordingly."

These are some of the main preliminary considerations which Maynard Keynes insists on taking into account in the economic system of Europe before considering the actual terms of Peace.

"The War had so shaken this system as to endanger the life of Europe altogether. A great part of the Continent was sick and dying; its population was greatly in excess of the numbers for which a livelihood was available; its organization was destroyed, its transport system ruptured and its food supplies terribly impaired.

"It was the task of the Peace Conference to honor engagements and to satisfy justice; but not less to re-establish life and to heal wounds. These tasks were dictated as much by prudence as by the magnanimity which the wisdom of antiquity approved in victors."

But the Nero's at Paris fiddled while European civilization was crumbling into chaos.

This we shall reserve for another time; it is necessary to "realize with conviction" the vital interdependence of the European nations to appreciate his further criticisms of the colossal failure at Paris.

A despatch from Paris to the New York Times the other day confirms the worst prognosis of Maynard Keynes, whose book was written last Fall.

Paris, March 31.—The belief that Germany is rushing headlong to a Bolshevist débâcle, which the French Socialist press has been almost alone in maintaining, today finds expression in L'Echo de Paris.

The correspondent then quotes the Berlin representative of L'Echo de Paris:

"Germany is moving inevitably toward a catastrophe and she has no man of genius to change the course of events. The catastrophe will come because, though Germany can no longer feed more than 35,000,000 inhabitants, she counts 62,000,000, the Rhinelanders included, after losing by the treaty 6,000,000 peasants out of 17,000,000, to say nothing of 900,000 Russian agricultural workers.

"The rate of her exchange forbids her to buy food abroad. The loss of Silesia, which appears certain and imminent, foretokens a complete upset of her industry by depriving her of 45,000,000 tons of coal annually.

"She is hopelessly doomed to chaos. The present of 100,000,000 marks would not save the country from perishing under a debt of 300,000,000 marks, and with an indemnity of 1,200,000,000 marks to pay, she cannot recover, and is headed irremediably toward bankruptcy and bloody disorder."

Maynard Keynes wrote: "Before the War the population of Germany and Austria-Hungary together not only substantially exceeded that of the United States, but was about equal to that of the whole of North America. In these numbers, situated in a compact territory, lay the military strength of the Central Powers.

"But these same numbers—for even the War has not appreciably diminished them—if deprived of the means of life, remain a hardly less danger to European order."

And the Berlin correspondent of the Paris paper says:

"Germany, who knows herself lost, who would succumb as a result of her territorial losses even if we made her a present of her debt, who must drag her chains until death because she cannot feed more than 35,000,000 of her inhabitants, this Germany still has something to hope and work for—her revenge. Already she is preparing to enslave Europe in co-operation with Russia."

MURDER IN IRELAND

The world used to read in the newspapers of judge after judge in Ireland being presented with a pair of white gloves on the occasion of his holding assize in Irish counties. Again and again this happened—in Ireland. The time-honored little ceremony meant that there were no criminal cases to be heard. Elsewhere we rarely read of such an occurrence. But it was common in crimeless Ireland.

Now policemen are murdered. And every time it happens the fact is flashed through the air and under the sea to the uttermost ends of the earth. There seems to be a sort of savage glee in the despatches, and in the headlines of newspapers where they are recorded.

"Few words and many good actions, that is the right way to do good, and to acquire the reputation of a wise and upright mind, which knows how to restrain itself within due limits."

These murders, without a scintilla of proof, are always attributed to Sinn Fein.

It is an old game. O'Connell was branded as a miserable cut-throat. Parnell, Radmond, Dillon, O'Brien and scores of others were thrown into prison and hounded as seditious rebels for advocating the things that England now with great self-gratulation takes the credit for granting. Irishmen remember that concessions were made only after the most virulent and unscrupulous efforts failed to attach to their names the stigma of murder. The greatest of English newspapers prostituted its reputation and its columns in that effort. But the carefully concocted and costly evidence is known in history as the "Pigot Forgery."

Today the owner of The Times controls many papers and world-encircling news agencies. They are all engaged at the old dirty game—to brand as criminals the people of Ireland and their leaders.

In any other country in the world if the police were utterly impotent to discover criminals the police would be considered unfit for the duties they fall to discharge. The administration of justice would be recognized as having broken down.

But in Ireland no disgrace attaches to government or its agents. The world's sympathy is asked for incompetence such as the world has never before heard of.

To whose discredit does all the crime in Ireland redound? What object does it serve?

It should redound to the discredit of the Irish Government; but the manipulation of the newspapers and news agencies make it appear to discredit the Irish movement for the right of self government, which movement should thereby forfeit the active sympathy and support of all right-thinking people.

That is the object which murder in Ireland serves.

It injures the cause of Sinn Fein; it defames the patriot effort.

Now the people of Ireland and their leaders—even those who are out of jail—are not fools. Neither are the Irish Government or its unscrupulous agents.

So though some police murders may be "legal wrong, lawless justice," as Lloyd George once described them; may be the result of what at the same time he described as "baton and bayonet rule" and "the attempt to repress by martial law the legitimate aspirations of a generous nation"; still there is good ground for the common Irish belief that criminals are granted immunity for the service they render those who would fasten on the Irish popular leaders the stigma of heartless crime.

Then there are other murders in Ireland. Military murders and police murders. These can not all be hidden. But while the murder of a policeman is told in all quarters of the globe, there is silence, sinister and calculated silence, with regard to the scores of civilians brutally done to death.

The "crimes against the law" are given the widest possible publicity; the "crimes by means of the law" (we quote Lloyd George again) are deliberately suppressed whenever possible.

That is a significant condition of affairs.

The Daily Herald (London, Eng.) publishes this from its correspondent in Ireland:

"There has long been a suspicion—and more than a suspicion—that an influential group in Dublin Castle is working deliberately to provoke a rising. Its calculation is that an armed rising and its bloody suppression would clear the air, would end the tension that it is finding intolerable, and would cow the country into quietness for another generation.

The great safeguard against any attempt to provoke such a rising is the fine discipline of the young men of Ireland. With very few exceptions they have kept themselves wonderfully in hand under almost intolerable provocation. This, let me add, must be laid to the credit of the volunteers. It is the organization and discipline of this "illegal" force that has saved the country from far worse bloodshed than that of Easter week, and has, by this, deprived the "Fenian party" of excuses for the savage repression of which they dream.

To attain so great an end, the agents of imperialism must not be too scrupulous.

The detection and punishment of murderers in Ireland would be of the highest order of service to the Irish cause.

"Few words and many good actions, that is the right way to do good, and to acquire the reputation of a wise and upright mind, which knows how to restrain itself within due limits."

THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

By THE OBSERVER

It is impossible to see without concern, large audiences of young people sit down in theatres weekly, twice a week, or oftener, to listen to the stage jokes. The stock topic for stage jest is the sexual relations.

It matters not how good and clean a girl or a boy may be, let them sit down and listen to jokes on impurity week after week, and they will at last, and before very long, relax their attitude towards impurity. I do not say they will rush into acts of sin, but what they will do is had enough; they will think less sternly of sexual sin; begin to speak of it as "sport"; make little of a dirty story, or of a suggestive situation.

This they will do; and this they are doing. And Catholic boys and girls are doing it; and Catholic married people who should be an example and a strength to younger people, sit down in theatres, amongst the young people to whom they are supposed to give example, and laugh at smutty jokes, and say afterwards: "Oh, it's a little off color, of course; our grandmothers would have fainted, but one must not be too fussy."

Times are changed, they think. They forget that to the devil and for his purposes, times never change; and that his purpose is the same now that it has always been; and that they are playing his game when they encourage in others, or practice themselves, a loose attitude, in any degree whatever, towards the devil's main stock-in-trade, which is lust.

It is about time for the Catholic women of Canada, and the Catholic girls, to take thought about this matter. The vaudeville stage is getting bolder and bolder; and it will go on increasing its boldness until public opinion, voiced by pur-minded women, give it a set-back.

When a gale of laughter sweeps over an audience at a sensual, suggestive story or joke, one can imagine the laughter of Satan and his imps. What can better please the devil than to see a young girl, yet pure in conduct, laughing at a sensual story or joke? If he can make her do that often enough, he will have brought her to the point where she will not wait to laugh till some itinerant jester makes a dirty joke for her to laugh at; soon, only too soon, she will think of matters for herself, and chuckle over them inwardly.

The races of barbarians who were converted to Christianity by the Church, were not in one day won away from their passions and lustful offences. They are not won back to them in a day. The devil knows his business. He knows that if the horror of lust which our grandparents and parents felt, can be lessened in us, we shall plunge into sinful excesses as surely as the sun rises and sets.

The question of sexual sin admits of no compromise. Familiarity with the thought of it breeds, not contempt, but toleration. Right now, toleration is decidedly on the increase. Sensuousness is on the increase. There was never a time when we could less afford to be lenient in our attitude towards sexual sin; and it is at this very time that our young people are being brought by constant familiarity with the idea of sexual sin to look on it as venial and as humorous rather than serious.

There was once a practice for men to fight duels. The Church taught that it was gravely sinful, and that killing in a duel was murder. Her teaching was disregarded, and men who were in all else good Catholics thought that not only were they justified in fighting duels, but that they were bound to fight them. An artificial code of "honor" was put in place of the moral law, and Catholics fought duels.

In a previous generation, to get drunk was looked upon as a light matter. In vain the Church taught that it was a grave matter; her teaching was not taken seriously. Catholics got drunk and thought nothing of it.

And the time is coming, and for many it has arrived, when Catholics cannot be depended on to look upon sexual sin as a grave matter.

If they get into that frame of mind, they will sin in thought, if not in act, and confess, and sin again; but they will retain their new, loose, point of view, just as they did about dwelling and about intoxication.

"The Church may thunder, but the sin will go on."

"This may seem a gloomy forecast. But look about you; watch the faces of the young in the theatres when

the dirty joke comes on. Hear their laughter; and is not the laughter of the young at lustful allusions a treat for the devil? Watch a modern ball. See the sensuousness of the method of dancing. Note the reception which young rousers get from Catholic girls. Listen to the bold talk of "sport" and "fun," in which young people indulge. Consider the songs that are sung by lips which should speak no evil.

The barriers are being let down. Relevance is beginning to be laughed at; and relevance is an essential safeguard to modesty. Human nature cannot be depended upon. It is more than dangerous to rub shoulders with the devil; it is fatal. Purity of thought cannot continue where dirt is permitted to present itself to the mind in pleasing and attractive form. Purity of conduct cannot continue where purity of thought is relaxed.

Either the present tendency towards laxity of thought, the present amused toleration of the filthy suggestion must cease, or we shall have impurity on a great and general scale, even in this present generation.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION THROUGH CATHOLICITY

The first miracle recorded in the annals of Christianity is strikingly typical of the extraordinary power and supernatural influence committed by God, for the good of man, to the Church of His son. It was well for the world and its statesmen and sociologists to give it thought.

The "Acts" tell us that Peter and John had gone up into the temple to pray. "And a certain man who was lame from his mother's womb, was carried; whom they laid every day at the gate of the temple, which is called Beautiful, that he might ask alms of them that went into the temple. He, when he had seen Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked to receive an alms. But Peter, with John fastening his eyes upon him, said: 'Look upon us!' And he looked earnestly upon them, hoping he should receive something of them. But Peter said: 'Silver and gold I have none; but what I have, I give thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise, and walk!' And taking him by the right hand, he lifted him up, and forthwith his feet and soles received strength, and he leaping up, stood, and walked." ☩ ☩ ☩

The world today is like the lame beggar. Misery is the camp follower of all wars. There never has been a great war without its train of suffering. But the suffering into which the whole human race has been plunged through the last War seems to have had no parallel in the human story, and the greatest suffering has been that of the small and the powerless. And it must needs be something more than "gold and silver" to bring relief; misery cannot be paid for. Man that is born of woman, lame from his mother's womb, needs the saving grace of God; Catholicity alone can save mankind. Law-makers should think well on the first social achievement of the Church and associate it with the teachings of Leo XIII: "When they shall have recognized that the Church of Christ is possessed of a power to stave off the pest of Socialism, too mighty to be found in human enactments or in the strong hand of the civil power or in military force, let them re-establish that Church in the condition and liberty needed in order to be able to exercise her most salutary influence for the good of society." (Leo XIII, "Concerning Modern Errors," Dec. 28th, 1878.) N.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"OTTAWA WILL, OF COURSE, accept any Governor-General the British Government appoints," avers the Toronto Globe. Is not that statement rather out of accord with the present boasted status of Canada as a nation, not to speak of the Globe's historic attitude to Downing Street? Suppose, for example, that Sir Edward Carson were appointed: What, then, would the Globe say? We much mistake the temper of the Canadian people if in this as in other respects they have not long since outgrown such leading-strings.

ACCORDING to a "special despatch" in the daily papers a Government official of Brantford is making merry over a recent escapade of his in the "green goods" and bootlegging line. He boasts how during a recent visit to the United States he purchased a counterfeit five-dollar bill for fifteen

cents, which on his return to Brantford he passed to a boot-logger in payment for a crock of whiskey. It doesn't seem to have occurred to the simple soul of this Government official that in purchasing the counterfeit and uttering the same he was guilty of two separate and distinct criminal actions, and that by the illicit purchase of the whiskey he for the third time put himself on the wrong side of the law. The question therefore automatically arises; what is the Government going to do about it? The general public will await developments with much interest.

ON THE Saturday preceding Holy Week the Sunday sermon advertisements in the metropolitan dailies were especially conspicuous for their allusions to Palm Sunday and "Passion" Week, meaning thereby Holy Week. This was particularly noticeable in those of the Presbyterian and Methodist persuasions. It may perhaps help to a realization of the rapidity of change in these changing times that in the denominations mentioned a generation ago any such recognition of Lent or Passiontide would have been regarded as "rank Popery." It would be pleasant to think that the change indicated any real change of heart in this respect. Unhappily, however, circumstances forbid regarding any other than Dame Fashion as the arbiter.

THE RECENT death of Mrs. Humphrey Ward gives renewed interest to her "Reminiscences," published about a year ago. Mrs. Ward is known chiefly to the reading public as the author of several volumes of iconoclastic fiction, beginning with the (at the time) much-talked-of and much advertised, but now practically forgotten "Robert Elsmere." This novel owed its ephemeral popularity to, in the first place, Mr. Gladstone's elaborate review in the Nineteenth Century, which laid an altogether undue stress upon its importance as to its bearing upon religious belief; and secondly, to the book's glorification of the German school of rationalism, which had so great vogue in England before the War. It is fashionable to decry everything German now, but the fact remains that for several generations right down to the outbreak of war in August, 1914, no Protestant clerical education was considered complete without a strong infusion of German "higher criticism." To this cult Mrs. Ward's novel unmistakably catered, hence with the proper amount of advertising, its pre-War popularity.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE degree of intellectual pride displayed in the book and its calm assumption of superior personality, the "Reminiscences" is a profoundly interesting book because of the glimpses it affords of interesting people of a past generation. Catholic readers will stumble upon passages here and there which will justly arouse their resentment, but this must be taken as a matter of course in anything emanating from the author. For, though Mrs. Ward was the daughter of a Catholic convert, (Thomas Arnold, younger brother of Matthew Arnold, and son, therefore, of the famous Master of Rugby) she seems to have imbibed scarcely any sympathy whatever for things Catholic. Her friendship with and admiration for Lord Acton is perhaps an exception; but the fact that Lord Acton was an extremely candid critic of his own Church may possibly in a measure account for that admiration. Be that as it may, we have nevertheless to give Mrs. Ward credit for her courageous admission of the intellectual honesty and simple faith of this great Catholic scholar and statesman. For, as we know from other sources, Lord Acton, whatever his intellectual audacity, was in matters of faith as simple as a child.

"THE PERPETUAL attraction for me as for others," writes Mrs. Ward, "lay in the contrast between Lord Acton's Catholicism and the universality of his learning; and again, between what his death revealed of the fervor and simplicity of his Catholic faith, and the passion of his Liberal creed. . . . He died a devout member of the Roman Church in which he was born; after his death it was revealed that he had never felt a serious doubt either of Catholic doctrine or of the supernatural mission of the Catholic Church; and it was to a dearly-loved daughter on her death-bed that he said with calm and tender faith: 'My child, you will soon be with Jesus Christ.' Pro-

testants generally, and skeptics such as Mrs. Humphrey Ward apparently continued to be to the end, affected astonishment that faith and intellectual candor should exist in the same person. The example of Lord Acton and numerous others who in that respect resemble him prove the fallaciousness of the idea and should have acted as a corrective to the less capacious intellect of Mrs. Ward.

In our remarks two weeks ago on the poets Keats and Shelley it was stated that the latter's remains, after being washed up by the sea, had been cremated "by his own desire and instructions." This is not strictly correct. For, while cremation seems to have been in accord with Shelley's well-known theories on life and religion, the cremation of his remains was carried out, not at his own request, but as required by the quarantine laws of Italy at that time. The body had been in the sea for many days, and when recovered was "pitifully frayed." It was not permissible therefore to convey it to Rome as it was—hence the action on the bench at Lerici.

There was also a slight inaccuracy in regard to the death of the artist Severn, who so tenderly nursed Keats in his last illness, and when his own time came was laid to rest beside his friend in the Protestant Cemetery, Rome. Severn did not die young, as stated, but lived until 1879, his death occurring on August 3rd of that year. So that he survived Keats fifty-eight years. That having regard to his devotion to the dying poet he should at length have come to share his burial place was altogether in harmony with the spirit of that "inheritor of fulfilled renown."

PROTESTANTS PLEAD FOR IRISH REPUBLIC

PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER FROM COUNTY ANTRIM DEFENDS THE SINN FEIN

N. Y. Times, April 6

The Rev. Dr. J. A. H. Irwin, pastor of a Presbyterian congregation in Kilsnad, County Antrim, Ireland, last night, as the principal speaker at the mass meeting of the Protestant Friends of Ireland which packed every available inch in the space in Carnegie Hall, defended the Sinn Fein movement and declared the Irish question was a political one instead of a religious one, as was represented by the Protestant clergymen who recently toured this country in opposition to the liberation of Ireland. He asserted that the Tory element in England conspired to destroy Ireland economically to prevent her people from enjoying prosperity.

When Dr. Irwin declared to the 4,000 men and women: "I stand here as a symbol of a united Ireland," his auditors arose en masse and cheered for five minutes.

"I tell you there is no division of Ireland," he continued when the applause had subsided, and there never will be. I am a Presbyterian minister and as such as they make themselves to think I would come all the way from my home in Ireland to address you if I thought that by my doing so I would be aiding the Church of Rome?"

On the platform with Dr. Irwin were William Harmon Black, who acted as Temporary Chairman; John E. Milliholland, the Rev. Dr. Richard Roberts of the Church of the Pilgrims of Brooklyn, Daniel C. O'Flaherty of Richmond, Va.; the Rev. Maurice F. Murphy, a Methodist clergyman of Toledo, Ohio; the Right Rev. James Gratian Mythen, Executive Secretary of the organization under whose auspices the meeting was conducted; Justice Daniel F. Cohan of the Supreme Court, and Eamonn De Valera, President of the so-called Irish Republic.

OVERFLOW MEETING HELD
Long before the doors of Carnegie Hall were opened, fifty-seventh Street was packed with men and women who wanted to enter the building, and when the police closed the doors on the surging mass a little after 8 o'clock there were overflow meetings held outside the hall for the hundreds who could not get inside.

When Mr. Milliholland introduced Dr. Irwin the audience rose and cheered for several minutes, and hundreds of men and women waved the green, white and yellow of the so-called Irish Republic, as well as the red, white and blue. Eamonn De Valera was not in the hall when Dr. Irwin began to speak and he did not arrive until the clergyman was well under way in the defense of the Sinn Fein movement and his attack on English Statesmen for failing to keep order in Ireland.

"You are aware that for many years the very flower and cream of the Irish race have been coming to this country," said the speaker. "In the last seventy years between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 Irish men and women have crossed the ocean to these shores because of the deplorable condition in Ireland due to England's domination of our country. Those people were the finest blood

that one country could give to another. They came to this country because false economic conditions forced them to leave their own soil."
Dr. Irwin then told the audience that the vast majority of the people of Ireland were in sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement, that they had decided that they could expect no good form of government under British rule, and that they realized that at no time in the history of England and Ireland had Great Britain ever shown an inclination to consider Ireland as an integral part of herself. He declared England has consistently considered Ireland as an enemy country.

SAYS COMPETITION WAS DESTROYED

"Ireland has been terribly and fearfully handled," he continued. "There was never a single industry in Ireland that competed with a similar industry in England that wasn't deliberately destroyed by an act of Parliament."

"The woolen industry in Ireland was killed with the stroke of a pen, 30,000 persons thrown out of work, and that is what created the disgraceful Dublin slums, for the woolen industry in Ireland largely centered about Dublin. We have a system of railroads in Ireland, British manned and controlled, that are about the worst in the world. I live in the extreme north of Ireland, in the Ulster section, and I could send a bag of potatoes at less cost to New York City than I could send it to Cork, in the south of Ireland."

He also condemned the British Government for killing the flax industry in Ireland through excessive taxation.

Dr. Roberts, a Welshman, followed Dr. Irwin, and declared that bankrupt statesmanship in Ireland was responsible for the present disorders in that country. He said he was in Ireland last July and declared that if the British Government was to withdraw the 60,000 soldiers from that country the disorders would cease instantly.

De Valera also addressed the gathering, and declared that if Sir Edward Carson announced a desire to lead the Irish people in their fight for independence, the whole Irish people would get behind him or any other Irishman no matter what his faith.

WAR'S REALITIES

PHILIP GIBBS PORTRAYS THE HORRORS OF THE GREAT CONFLICT

By Cecil Roberts in N. Y. Times

This volume marks the close of that great work done by Mr. Philip Gibbs as a chronicler of the war. It is a wonderful close, and a publicist of war books must not make the mistake of neglecting this, which has a frankness, a truth and a stern reality never before shown in all the literature of the War. Years hence it will survive as the greatest record of four terrible years, a record which is great literature and history, terrible in its unsparring truth, its majesty, its horror, its candor. Gibbs has spared no one. The incompetent General, the indifferent staff, the plans that went wrong, the battles uselessly fought, the men uselessly thrown away, the wrong tactics, the untruthful propaganda, all these things stand arraigned in this book. It will make Philip Gibbs many powerful enemies, but it will place him among the immortals, for there never was, and, please God, there never will be again, a book like it. It is 500 pages compounded of terrible courage, crass stupidity, foul horror and searing beauty crushed out of the hearts of men dehumanized by the massacres of chemistry and science.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

His book is the frank statement of all those reservations which every war correspondent had to make during his long labor. Reading it is like getting Gibbs alone, as I have been with him in our long motor rides, hours in cafes or in the War Correspondents' Headquarters, and hearing him tell that long story of the indignation that filled him as he wrote of the heroism of the unknown man. He hates war with all the strength of his intense character, not unlike Savonarola's; he has sworn to strip it of its gaudy raiment. He has done it in this book, and revealed the leprous corpse beneath. In the chapter "Observers and Commanders" he reviews the Generals, then he passes to those days of early trill when badly equipped armies withstood the advancing German by offering flesh as a foil to iron; the hideous debacle at Loos is set forth, a nightmare of horror and staff blundering. That terrible Winter of discontent in 1915, when men lost hope and longed for death, is chronicled here, with sidelights on the psychology of the men and the tragedies of cities like Amiens, and after a great chapter on "The Fields of Armageddon" Gibbs passes to the final and crowning purpose of his book, to avowed passionate propaganda, and the purpose for which men fight, and the manner in which politicians blind to the smoldering indignation in the hearts of the nations, are returning to their dirty corner games. This last chapter should be read aloud in every college, school and home of the civilized world. If I were a millionaire anxious to end war and to achieve something more potent than the promise of the League of Nations I—"Now It Can Be Told." By Philip Gibbs. Harper & Brothers.

would distribute two books broadcast across the face of the earth. One would be Gille's "Mechanistic View of War," the other Gibbs' "Now It Can Be Told." There could be no logic, no jingoism no martial ardor that would dare stand up against their devastating horror, their revelations of the foul visage of war.

Gibbs saw the War from the beginning to the end. That beginning was difficult. The British War Office did everything in its power to drive Gibbs out of the field. His war correspondence was revealed by an officer attached to the war correspondents. "They want us to waste your time," said the officer. "Those were the very words used by the Chief of Intelligence in writing which I have kept." They did not know the calibre of Gibbs. I have seen a glance from Gibbs crumple an Ashington General like tissue paper. When Gibbs returned to England after those dramatic closing days on the Rhine he was on the verge of despair. His condition in Brussels had given me anxiety, for he had suffered as only a highly strung man with the poetic temperament facing war can suffer. Happily he came to America, where the warmth of his reception was like a tonic. How much he suffered is hidden from us; we can only surmise by the things recorded in this book.

It was the duration of the drama of death that seared one's soul as an onlooker, the frightful sound of sacrifice that we were recording day by day. There were times when it became intolerable and agonizing, and when I at last desired peace at almost any price, peace by negotiation, by compromise, that the river of blood might cease to flow. The men looked so splendid as they marched up the lines, singing, whistling, with an easy swing. They looked so different when thousands came down again, to field dressing stations—the walking wounded, and the stretcher cases, the blind and the gased—as we saw them on mornings of battle, month after month, year after year.

No wonder the iron entered into his soul, that he finds it difficult to write with charity of G. H. Q., with its splendid schemes for the murder of men, its easy optimism.

"It seemed at a mere glance that all these military inhabitants of G. H. Q. were great and glorious soldiers. Some of the youngest of them had a row of decorations from Montenegro, Serbia, Italy, Rumania and other States as recognition of gallant service in translating German letters (found in dug-outs by fighting men) or arranging for visits of political personages to back areas of war."

PATHETIC STORIES

The great dinners, the gay uniforms, the leisured ceremony, the laughter and music seemed remote from war, as remote as those comfortable billets at G. H. Q. were from the squalor of men, lice-covered, dying in mud. There are sidelights here that are terribly human. The soldiers whose nerves failed and were condemned to death, finding courage at the last moment. One story here is unequalled in history for the pathos and majesty. It concerns a man who recognized the will of Section 13 with eyes undimmed. There is also the story of the young man who retreated and was sentenced.

"Before going out at dawn to face the firing squad he was calm. There was a lighted candle on the table, and he sorted out his personal belongings and made small packages of them as keepsakes for his family and friends. His hands did not tremble. When his time came he put out the candle between thumb and finger, raised his hand and said: 'Right-o!'"

Henri Barbusse stared at the world with the vision of the saint; it could be said that "L. Faut" is a feeble essay contrasted with Gibbs' description. Barbusse drew his picture with unrelieved horror. Gibbs' picture is the more terrible because he has shown also the humor and the beauty that walked amid life and death and attacked the courage of men. Gibbs tells of a handsome youth, back from the line:

"He was more cheerful after his bath, and did not feel quite such a leper. He told me of a story that happened at Hooge, and I wondered if Hell could be so bad. After a short stay he went back again, and I could see that he expected to be killed. Before saying good-bye he touched some flowers on the mess table, and for a moment or two listened to birds twittering in the trees."

The horror to which that young man returned was known to millions who died in its midst, or returned to a living death, blind, maimed or demented. The small, the disorder, the iridescent colors, the tawdry splendor, the mute squalor of war are far removed from the painters' and poets' visions.

"There are no drums, no flags, but bodies and bits of bodies, and cloes of blood and green metallic looking slime, made by explosive gases floating on the surface of water below the crater banks. Our men lived there and died there within a few yards of the enemy crouched below the sandbags and burrowed in the sides of the crater. Lice crawled over them in legions. Human flesh, rotting and stinking, mere pulp, was pasted into the sandbags. If they dug to get deeper, their shovels went into the softness of dead bodies who had been their comrades. Scraps of flesh, booted legs, blackened hands, eyeless heads, came falling over

them when the enemy trench-mortared their position or blew up a new mine shaft."

Such were the conditions before battle, the "home conditions," if I may ironically so describe them, and after. "Another had his jaw blown clean away, and the upper half of his face was livid and discolored with explosive gases. A splendid boy of the Black Watch was but a living trunk. Both his arms and both his legs were shattered. If he lived after a butcher's work of surgery, he would be one of those who go about in boxes on wheels from whom men turn their eyes away, sick with a sense of horror. These were blind boys led to the train by wounded comrades, groping very quiet, thinking of a life of darkness ahead of them forever in this darkness which shut in their souls."

Not all of this book is composed of such horrors. There are stories of the comradeship of men, of the moments when humanity made enemies as friends. There are chapters dealing with army strategy, chapters that will cause deep inquiry in high circles and cannot pass unchallenged. One cannot read this book without coming to the opinion that Gibbs thinks there was hardly a General of genius on the battlefields of Europe. I remember asking him this one day. He hesitated long and then said: "Well, perhaps not," he said. "He cannot see that war is a science; experience teaches him that it is a mass of blunders. The closing chapter of this book is one for statesmen to study. He is no easy optimist and is not yet sure that humanity is cured of its folly. "It is only by hope that one may look back upon the War with anything but despair," and then almost despairingly he asks: "Or is war the law of human life?" He makes anyone to possess a gun with well-regulated aim. Also have the city operate municipal pool-rooms and dance halls and establish community centers.

1. Eliminate from the daily newspapers all sensational news, such as the sordid details of crime, scandal, divorce, etc., and indecent pictures and advertisements.

2. Eliminate from the stage and screen all sex problem and marriage divorce plays, lewd and immoral pictures and indecent display ads.

3. Rigorously regulate all saloons, and pool-rooms, dance halls, and pawn shops. Eliminate the tough ones and replace them with well-regulated ones.

4. Eliminate the "pay-roll messenger" and let firms issue checks that can be redeemed only at a bank.

5. Compel all banks located away from the center of the city to employ at least one private policeman, day and night.

6. Make it a felony, with a sentence not less than two years, for anyone to possess a gun unless he has a permit from the chief of police to do so; for anyone to give away, lend or sell this permit or gun obtained with permit; and for any merchant to give away, lend or sell gun or ammunition to persons who have no permit.

7. Amend the vagrancy law and change the sentence to a year instead of six months in the House of Correction.

8. Enforce these laws to the limit. Play no favorites.

9. Try all cases as soon after the arrest as possible. Cut out the long delays.

10. Get rid of the abject lawyer and bondsman and the cheap politician who put on vice for a living.

11. Put God into the public schools instead of Lenin and Trotsky and teach a greater respect for authority, especially for that of the parents in the home.

12. Put the religion of Christ (there is only one) into every heart and home and let everybody obey the Ten Commandments of God. When this is done there will be no more crime nor criminals.

It is refreshing indeed to have such an honest, straight forward, and courageous statement from one who has offended against both human and Divine laws. Here is a youth who has seen both sides of the picture and who realizes which is the better side, and is intensely interested in having others see continually that side, so that they may avoid calamity. There is no mawkish, foolish sentimentality about criminals in these proposals. There is too much of the already in dealing with criminals. Each suggestion is sensible. Each one is eminently practical and, if adopted, would indeed eliminate a good deal of crime. We like the Catholic tone of these remedies. That young man has often set in his lonely cell and thought of serious thoughts. His mind reverted often to the good, solid, moral principles that he had learned in his school days and he realized then that he should have followed them. They were right and he was wrong. But he could follow them now, and he could get others to do so. And when this opportunity of the contest came, he knew what to write and he wrote it for the edification and benefit of a society that needed such principles.

The newspapers that gave the prize eliminated the first and last suggestion proposed by the winner. I wonder why? Because the first suggestion was a direct and telling shot against that very newspaper which owes its very existence to the very things that the Catholic prisoner condemns. I suppose that was the last was omitted because it was too much of a boost for the Catholic religion. Then too not many outside the Catholic Church are very anxious to accept the unadulterated Ten Commandments as we know them. Even in conventions, the Protestant sects are trying to do away with some of the Commandments, as they do not seem to be in accord with the spirit of the times. And we could hardly expect the Ten Commandments to be in accord with such modern yet very old maxims as "Everybody is doing it" or "Do the other man before he does you" or "Thou shalt not be found out." And since American newspapers aim to reflect the spirit of the age, it cannot be said that they would offend their readers by too strong an advocacy of the Commandments as they came from the hand of God.

The second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh suggestions are splendid and would help mightily in the attempt to better conditions as they aim chiefly to safeguard the

children and those who have just left school and are at a dangerous age. The suggestions regarding court officials and those who make a living out of vice are very timely, because we probably lead the world in the matter of graft. The writer knows a number of men who have had to do with the criminal work of cities who do not hesitate to use their positions in a shameful way as a stepping stone to higher political honors.

Put God in the schools and then there will be real respect for authority is the most excellent suggestion. As a public-school teacher put it a short time ago: "The children are afraid of nobody." This is indeed the age of obedient parents instead of obedient children and if that condition continues, it means that we shall be training men of the Bolshevik type. Yes, put God in the schools and put God everywhere in our American life. God is forgotten in the United States today and as a consequence crime is on the increase. The "Unknown God" is just as much a fact in our country today as it was among the Greeks in the time of St. Paul. This young man is right. He knows, for he has tasted the bitterness of crime. He knows too and he says so that the real solution is to restore all things in Christ.—Bernard J. McNamara in America.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE TRUE SPIRIT

It has been well and truly said that nationalism is the greatest enemy of Catholicism. Immediately following the end of the World War we had a very cogent proof of this before our eyes.
A narrow minded spirit cloaked in the garb of patriotism and unblinkingly sounding the watchword, "make the World safe for democracy," did much to hinder, and destroy the results of the propagation of the faith among those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. The missionary became suspect. Not—at least not openly—because of the doctrine he preached but because he belonged to a certain nationality. It was only through the providence of God and the wisdom of the Apostolic See that the dangers were modified to some degree.
There is no doubt about it but that the action of Our Holy Father Benedict XV, in issuing the Apostolic Letter "Propagating the Catholic Faith Throughout the World" was brought about by this narrow, bigoted and ambitious project of the prayerless diplomats of the world powers.

The Holy Father very clearly points out to his 300,000,000 followers throughout the world that they must always be animated by the Catholic spirit—the spirit of Brotherhood—in making known the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. How otherwise can we merit the title of Catholic and have a practical belief in the Communion of Saints and hold "one faith, one baptism, one God, Father of All?"

The missionary spirit of the Catholic Church is evidenced very well in our own country, in the past as well as the present. In the days gone by it would have gone hand in hand with the Catholics in Canada were it not that the apostolic spirit of non-English speaking priests knew "neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free."

The Celtic cross covering the bones of the Irish exiles by the waters of the St. Lawrence preaches the lesson of Catholicity. The dying received the consolations of our holy religion from holy men who recognized only the mark of Christ—only of belief.

Through the great West today the English, German, Irish, Scots and men of all nations, are receiving the graces and blessings of Catholicity through the instrumentality of self-sacrificing priests whose nationalities are swallowed up in the depths of their Catholicity.

The Catholic Church Extension Society is a Catholic society first, second, and always. For this reason we appeal to all sections of the Canadian Catholic Church for aid, and in so doing emphasize the need of the Catholic spirit and thus do much to cultivate it. When we distribute the funds in our care, no consideration is given to nationality or tongue. We are governed solely by the needs of the Catholic Church in the great spaces of the West and North.

Let us then as Catholics pool all our efforts in the glorious work of the Apostolate! When the call is sent forth for assistance from the far flung arm of the Canadian Catholic Church for aid, and in so doing emphasize the need of the Catholic spirit and thus do much to cultivate it. When we distribute the funds in our care, no consideration is given to nationality or tongue. We are governed solely by the needs of the Catholic Church in the great spaces of the West and North.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.
Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary
J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription.

SACRED HEART BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,414 05
A Friend, Cape Breton.....	50
Mabel Damas, Bar River.....	1 50
Joseph Amstet, Chepstow.....	2 00
A Friend, Stratford.....	10 00
M. Krieger, Kitchener.....	1 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Steffler, Guelph.....	1 00
H. J. Lee, Perth.....	1 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,518 28
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Separate School, Midway.....	5 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$863 45
Francis Linegar, St. John's.....	1 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	2 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,839 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	5 00

COMPANION OF THE APPLICATED BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$298 07
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,405 87
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	5 00
Reader of CATHOLIC RECORD Cornwall.....	1 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$225 25
A Friend.....	2 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$283 80
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	2 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$196 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$535 25
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Steffler, Guelph.....	1 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$320 55
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Per Sr. St. Martin of Tours, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish.....	2 00
Miss Frances Farrell, Ayrton	2 00
Miss Janet Cassidy, Ottawa.....	50

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE

Previously acknowledged.....	\$367 50
Sacred Heart League, St. Peter's Parish, St. John, N. B.....	7 00
Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., Victoria.....	5 00
Promoter of League of the Sacred Heart, Prescott.....	1 00

THE PERUVIAN AMBASSADOR RESSENTS ATTACK ON POPE

Washington, March 24.—Resentment by the Peruvian Ambassador, Senor Don Federico Alfonso Pezet, of what he construed as an attack upon the Catholic Church, brought to an abrupt and the Sunday evening concert held at one of the capital's fashionable hostesses, the Wardman Park Hotel, Miss Louise Montague, of Richmond, Va., in the course of an address on the International Humanity League, of which she is the president, referred to the refusal of the Pope to line up the Catholic Church with the Church unity move, attributing it to the adherence of the Vatican to the principle of unity of Church and State.
Ambassador Pezet immediately arose and protested. Others supported him, and the controversy became so general that the meeting was adjourned.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE PASTORAL CARE DISPLAYED BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

In today's Gospel Christ speaks of Himself as the Good Shepherd, and such indeed He was, and we find in Holy Scripture abundant evidence of His love for His flock, and of His faithful discharge of His office as shepherd.

1. The Church instructs the ignorant. As soon as a child develops the gift of reason and is capable of understanding the higher truths of faith, he becomes an object of the Church's love.

2. The Church strengthens those engaged in conflict. Moses once raised his arms in prayer, when from the mountain top he watched the battle raging in the valley below between the Israelites and the Amalekites.

3. The Church seeks the erring. Remembering that the souls even of sinners have been redeemed with the precious Blood of Christ, the Church seeks her erring children with a mother's love.

4. The Church leads the dying to heaven. Whoever has lived as a loyal son of the Catholic Church, can fearlessly depart from this world, for he dies in the one true faith.

5. The Church leads the dying to heaven. Whoever has lived as a loyal son of the Catholic Church, can fearlessly depart from this world, for he dies in the one true faith.

The Catholic Church is the loving mother of all her children, just as Christ is the Good Shepherd of all His Sheep. Let us thank our divine Redeemer for founding this Church, and for having allowed us to be born and brought up as Catholics.

Another evil that we are seeing on all sides is the evil of extravagant expenditure. Everyone who is wise will understand that the present is no time for useless extravagance.

with veneration and love, by obeying her precepts and observing her Commandments. Let us always be attentive to her voice and live as her faithful children, and then both in life and in death we shall enjoy her love and blessing. Amen.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

GIVES ELOQUENT EXPOSITION OF ACTUAL CHRISTIAN AND CIVIC DUTIES

WARNS CATHOLIC MANHOOD AGAINST IMPENDING PERILS

At the close of a Mission for the men of the Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston, two thousand men thronged the historic sacred edifice and listened with bated breath to the solemn and measured words of final admonition uttered by His Eminence, the Cardinal, who throughout his long career as a pulpit orator has seldom spoken with more force and fire.

"Daring this last week you have seen the truth, you have experienced the relations that exist between God and man. These are the only permanent things in all human life. Now, my dear men, with the grace of God in your hearts, go back to your daily tasks strengthened and sanctified. Fear nothing. God is with you. The true riches of the world are the riches of the soul which God has given you so bountifully.

"Go forth strong in your confidence that God has chosen you to do the work of your lifetime according to His plans. Be faithful to them and you will realize every day more and more what those plans are when you are faithful to the laws and the commandments of God.

"These are the true, the solid foundations of real society, of real welfare and true happiness. You are the men upon whom this Commonwealth depends to preserve law and order, righteousness and trust and honesty.

"I cannot be unmindful of the good work which the Pastoral Fathers have done here during the last two weeks. Certainly, were it not that the strength of God is with them, they could never endure such a strain. They will have this great satisfaction to carry away with them—that they leave behind them a memory of holiness that we all shall treasure and cherish.

"You know, my dear men, that two of the greatest and most prevalent evils of the day are the license rampant in society and the extravagance which one sees everywhere. Now, the one thing that will preserve and strengthen you in your homes is the Christian authority of the Christian father of a family.

"The very fact that women are so often clamoring to take all power and authority into their hands is certainly no compliment to the manhood of the nation. We must admit that there are signs of decadence, or lack of proper authority and self-respect in fathers of families.

"That leads to a feminism which certainly, unless it is curbed in time, will have disastrous results for humanity, because it is unnatural. I am not talking now about the proper sphere of woman. I am not saying now that she has no right to see that her own place is respected. I am not touching that question at all. I am speaking of the lack of authority in the household and the nation on the part of man which is giving an undue prominence to the feminine side.

"If wages are high, if there is more money now than is necessary for your daily expenditures, then the part of the wise man, naturally, would be to save the surplus, and to insist upon such economy in his family. Instead what do we see? The wildest sort of extravagance, a purchasing of luxuries which is almost criminal. Sooner or later the day is bound to come when the money that you now have will be sorely needed. Therefore, I beg of you to see that in your households there is more wise, systematic economy than ever. If there be a surplus, save it.

"There is a time, of course, for everything, for work as well as for prayer. In fact they ought to go together. When work is done for God, it is prayer. I think most of you know when your day's labor is over. I never know. It is never over. We assid together as hard laborers, for the welfare of the world, the salvation of our own souls and the glory of God.

WORK A BLESSING

"My dear men, do not forget that work is a sacred thing. The world is being flooded now with a false philosophy, the chief purpose of which is to make men think that work is something accursed, something to fly from. On the contrary, work is a blessed thing. It is a grace of God oftentimes, and when performed in the proper Christian spirit, it brings happiness and contentment.

"Of course, we wish, I, for my part, shall do my share in insisting that men be not overworked. Overwork is wrong. But also, I would fail in doing my duty toward God and toward you if I allowed to go unrebuked any system of false philosophy which tells you the less you work the better. A man is better physically, mentally and morally for just as much work as he can do consistently with his health and other duties.

"Except pay, proper remuneration for work, we must have; but not continuous and senseless clamor for more, as if there were no limit, for such a course would only break up all industry, break up all order. When there is just grievance it ought to be presented calmly and reasonably, and then adjusted rightly.

IDLENESS A CURSE

"There are many forces in the State which prescribe the proper conditions of labor, toil and remuneration. It ought to be an easy question to settle. But, underneath that question, which is perfectly legitimate and right,—that is, the proper labor of a man, under proper conditions, with proper remuneration,—there is abroad a diabolical spirit of discontent. There may be men who fear labor, hate labor. But that is unnatural and un-Christian.

"There is also a latent spirit working, manifesting itself even among our Christian working men. It strives to instill into them little by little, strike, more strike, again strike and perpetual strike, and with the purpose of destroying all organization and all industry.

"Be on your guard against it. Have your own right Christian views about labor. We must have them. We must stand by the laborer, but in justice, and I am the first one to stand there. We must take our stand against this diabolical spirit of unrest, of discontent, of perpetual strikes, of unnatural and unjust demands.

"I look to you, good Catholics, Christian men, who know what Justice is, to be the safeguard and the bulwark against the influx of false ideals. This mission will hearten and strengthen you in taking your rightful stand for honest and sanctified labor, and ennobling in your hearts a love for it. God will reward you for it by peace and contentment of heart.

"Demand what is right and just. In return, do what is right and just, and be careful not to be led blindfolded by people who appear to be working for your interests but who at bottom are working for the destruction of all righteous interests.

"So, beloved men, once more at the close of this annual mission which brings with it such heartening train of graces, I beg Almighty God to send into the hearts of all of us stronger faith, greater readiness to serve Him, to obey His laws, to live near to Him in the Sacrament of the Altar.

THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

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THE CHURCH AND THE PENITENT

"Most significant and thought-compelling" is what the editor of the American Church Monthly, the High Anglican magazine, will term the following "parable" from André Maurois' "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble."

"O'Grady, you are an Irishman, tell me why the Catholic chaplains have more prestige than ours." "Padre," said the doctor, "listen to a parable: it is your turn. A gentleman had called on me. He was not suspected, but remorse caused him to wander abroad. One day, as he passed an Anglican church, it seemed to him that he must share his burdensome secret, and asked the vicar to hear his confession. The vicar was a well-educated young man, a former student of Eton and Oxford. Enchanted at the rare opportunity, he cried eagerly: 'Certainly, open your heart, you can speak to me as a father.' The other began: 'I have committed murder. The vicar jumped up. 'You tell me that! Wretched murderer! I am not sure that it is not my duty to take you to the nearest police-station. At any rate, it is my duty as a gentleman not to keep you a minute more under my roof.' The man went his way. Some kilometers further he saw a Catholic church. A last hope caused him to enter, and he knelt behind some old women who were waiting near a confessional. When his turn came he saw in the shadow a priest praying with his hands joined. He said to himself: 'I am not a Catholic, but I would like to confess to you.' 'I am listening my son.' 'Father, I have committed murder.' He waited for the effect. The priest said gently, 'How often, my son?'"

The doctor's little parable shows as well as could an hour's learned exposition the Church's attitude toward the sinner. Her high mission is to hallow her children and lead them to Heaven by changing sinners into penitents. So her confessors, though they have of course been trained always to act in the sacred tribunal like actual physicians, prudent counselors and just judges, fully realize that they must be above all else, kind and patient fathers. They have learned from the example of the Good Shepherd Himself that every lawful means should be used to keep the sinner from going away unrepentant and unabsolved. Therefore, the confessor never seems to be surprised or scandalized at anything he hears and with a hundred holy artifices encourages faltering penitents to cleanse their bosoms thoroughly from the perilous stuff that is ruining their souls' health. Encompassed with infinity himself, he can feel for those who have been vanquished for a time in the never-ending battle they must wage with Satan, the world and the flesh. So he bends down, tenderly helps his penitents to rise, pours into their wounds oil and wine, and starts them forward again, heartened and rejoicing, on their way to Heaven—America.

What strange vagaries the whirligig of time develops in the minds of a certain class of people! Twenty-five years ago it never occurred to "the man in the street" that any religious sect could, by any stretch of the imagination, lay claim to St. Patrick, the glorious Apostle of Ireland. It was commonly accepted that the great missionary, who brought the Irish nation into that spiritual allegiance to the Pope, which it has steadfastly maintained for fourteen hundred years, despite the cruel persecution of Protestant England during the last four centuries, was a priest of the Church of Rome.

Within the past two decades, however, some sectarian or other, a little bold and less informed than the general run of his kind, breaks loose with tongue or pen in a foolhardy attempt to convert the Patron Saint of Erin into a Protestant.

Glorious! What a terrible job! And yet it was only yesterday that The Herald and Presbyter, the Presbyterian organ published in Cincinnati, carried an editorial on "St. Patrick of Ireland," which contains this statement: "In every essential he (St. Patrick) was a Protestant, as genuinely so as the Apostle Paul was, or Martin Luther, or John Knox."

St. Patrick died a thousand years before Protestantism was ever heard of, and, since St. Paul had been in

Heaven about four centuries before Ireland's Patron began the conversion of the Irish people, it is undoubtedly true that one was just as much of a Protestant as the other—both were as much Protestant as is Pope Benedict—and to mention them in the same breath as Martin Luther and John Knox is next to blasphemy. —Catholic Telegraph.

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APRIL 17, 1920

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ARE YOU YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER

Did you speak to him as he passed by? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you give him a smile and a helping hand? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you speak to him a word of cheer? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you instill a hope in the place of fear? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you tell him of One who is ever near? (Are you your brother's keeper?) To be our brother's keeper? Did you lift a fallen man today? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you give him a start and show him the way? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you point out to him the street called straight? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you tell him that none was ever too late, To enter in at the beautiful gate, Where dwelt our brother's keeper? Did you feed that tramp that called at your door? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you give to him from your scanty store? (Are you your brother's keeper?) Did you show him pity thrill you through, Did you wonder what you ought to do, As you saw his rags and worn out shoes? (Are you your brother's keeper?) These fallen ones Christ came to save! For these fallen ones His life He gave! To these fallen ones He says: "Be brave, I am thy brother's keeper." This is the message He left for you, This is the task He bids thee do, This is the burden He left for you: To be thy brother's keeper.

That was the best advice that ever came my way. I left off my copy-book manners and began to act more like a human being. Immediately I began getting along better with people. So I have ever since been using everyday man-to-man sincerity as my one method in dealing with men. This is all there is to it. It's so simple it's hard to believe.

WORDS OF PRAISE

How is it that words of praise are so grudgingly spoken, and so few persons are found in the retail trade of that desirable commodity? Fault finders are everywhere. You run against them at each street corner. They are as plentiful as thorns on a rose bush; and quite as disagreeable to come in contact with. Blood-letting and leaving a scar seems to be their chief vocation in life; and their greatest joy is found in pointing out the typographical error in the paper, or in directing the attention of the audience to the false note in the song, or the ungrammatical expression in the speaker's language.

An editor was warmly praising a contributor for an article written for the paper, when a mutual friend standing by said: "Be careful what you say. You may make him vain." "There is no fear of that," replied the other; "it's the true way to get the best from him." There is a deal of sound philosophy in the remark. An ounce of praise will produce better results than a pound of blame. Many a boy who would have become a brilliant success in life had a word of praise given at the proper time, has become utterly discouraged and eventually quite careless in the performance of his duties simply because his best efforts have been adversely criticized.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW TO BE HAPPY

(On being asked by his little niece Alice to write something in her album on "how to be happy," Bishop Vaughan took his pen and wrote as follows: There was once a hermit Who lived in a wood, And the way to be happy He well understood. Now, I wanted to know The true secret of bliss; So I sought the old hermit, And then I said this: "Oh, please, Holy Father, I've something to say, I wish to be happy; Pray show me the way." The hermit he smiled, And his saintly old face Seemed beaming all over With God's holy grace. And he said: "To be happy's A gift from above, To those alone given Whose hearts are all love. "You must love the good God, And do all that you can To show you wish well To each dear fellow-man. "You must think less of self, And of others think more. Then will joy and delight Soon enter your door." NIGHT PRAYERS ON A TRAIN On the Missouri and Pacific train out of Kansas City some time ago was a mother and four children—three girls and one boy. They had left Chicago the day before and were on their way to Oasaville, where the husband and father had a claim which was to be their new home. The eldest girl appeared to be about fourteen, and from that age they ranged down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about five. Their dress and manners showed that they had been reared in the midst of luxury, but withal they were model children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin, her face haggard from the worry of the long trip and the care of her precious little flock, for there were seven or eight long hours yet before the journey's end. It was after bedtime when the train left Kansas City, and the children were yawning and the boy, the put of the family, had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut-eye town," while the next older tugged at him as she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful. He mustn't go to sleep yet, the others began whispering among themselves, and then the mother, as if something exciting of the other passengers, who were wondrously awake as they tried to get the cause of so much whispering and strenuous efforts to keep the least one awake. They occupied seats in the rear end of the car, holding a long seat which runs along the smoking partition. Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain—it was bed time and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation or display, yet even timidly, the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat. They made the sign of the cross and said their evening prayers. Just for a few minutes and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night, and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the travelling men with their grips, the business man with his worries, and the other passengers paid a silent but mighty tribute to the religion of all ages—the Catholic religion.—True Voice.

THE GENTLE ART OF RUBBING PEOPLE THE RIGHT WAY

The knack of doing and saying the right thing at the right time is a wonderful asset in business, and its absence is the cause of many a man's ill success. "Strangely enough, it sometimes happens that these men have given considerable thought to this very thing of meeting people in a pleasing way, but have failed to get on the real philosophy of it. The following story appearing in System (New York), and credited to a banker whose reputation puts him near the top of people who know how to rub people the right way, throws some light on this matter. When I opened the banking business a good many years ago I had a number of copybook ideas about how I should meet people. "Always give a firm, strong grip in shaking hands." "Look the other man in the eye when you talk with him." "Let him know that you are glad to see him." These were some of my ideas. They didn't last long, though. Old Mr. Block, president of the institution, called me over to his desk one day in his abrupt way. "Young man," he began, "you are a promising chap in this bank. So remember that what I'm going to tell you is for your own good, to help you develop, and I don't like the way you meet people, and I don't think that they like it. You act as though you were doing it by rule. Act natural; don't be affected. If you are sincerely interested in the other fellow he'll know it even if you growl. Take that for what it's worth!"

THE GRACE OF COURTESY

When I opened the banking business a good many years ago I had a number of copybook ideas about how I should meet people. "Always give a firm, strong grip in shaking hands." "Look the other man in the eye when you talk with him." "Let him know that you are glad to see him." These were some of my ideas. They didn't last long, though. Old Mr. Block, president of the institution, called me over to his desk one day in his abrupt way. "Young man," he began, "you are a promising chap in this bank. So remember that what I'm going to tell you is for your own good, to help you develop, and I don't like the way you meet people, and I don't think that they like it. You act as though you were doing it by rule. Act natural; don't be affected. If you are sincerely interested in the other fellow he'll know it even if you growl. Take that for what it's worth!"

ventions have not come to an end as part of the old regime which appears to them an elaborate unreality? It is exceedingly difficult to do so, at school especially, as in many cases their whole family concerns to regard them as extinct, and only when startled at the overgrowth of their girls' unperfect manners and self-assuredness they send them to school "to have their manners attended to," but then it is too late. The only way to form manners is to teach them from the beginning as a part of religion, as indeed they are. Devotion to Our Lady will give to the manners both of boys and girls something which stamps them as Christian and Catholic, something above the world's level. And, as has been so often pointed out, the Church's ritual in the court ceremonial of the most perfect manners, in which every least detail has its significance, and implies some principle of inward faith and devotion to outward service.

If we could get to the root of all that the older codes of manners required, and even the conventionalities of modern life—these remnants, insofar as they are based on the older codes—it would be found that, as in the Church's ceremonial, not one of them was without its meaning, but that all represented some principle of Christian conduct, even if they have developed into expressions which seem trivial. But if we look beyond the outward form to the spirit of such prescriptions as are left in force, there is something noble in their origin, either the laws of hospitality regulating all the relations of host and guest, or reverence for innocence and weakness which surrounded the dignity of both with lines of chivalrous defence, or the sensitiveness of personal honor, the instinct of what was due to oneself, an inward law that compelled a line of conduct that was unselfish and honorable. So the relics of these lofty conventions are deserving of all respect, and they cannot be disregarded without tampering with foundations which it is not safe to touch. They are falling into disrepute, but for the love of the children let us maintain them as far as we can. The experience of past ages has laid up lessons for us, and if we can take them in let us do so, if only as a training for children in self control, for which they will find other uses a few years hence.

But in doing this we must take account of all that has changed. There are some antique forms, beautiful and full of dignity, which it is useless to attempt to revive; they cannot live again; they are too massive for our mobile manner of life today. And on the other hand there are some which are too high-pitched, or too delicate. We are living in a democratic age, and must be able to stand against its stress. So in the education of girls a great measure of independence must necessarily be given to them, and they must learn to use it, to become self-reliant and self-protecting. They have to grow more conscious, less trustful, a little harder in outline; one kind of young dignity has to be exchanged for another, an attitude of self-defence is necessary. There is perhaps a certain loss in this, but it is inevitable. The real misfortune is that the children of defence is often surrendered before the second is ready, and a sudden relaxation of control tends to yield too much; in fact girls are apt to lose their heads and abandon their self-control further than they are able to resume it.—Mother Janet Erskine Stuart.

THE LAND OF PATRICK

Torrent upon torrent has flowed under the bridge of Time since Patrick first set foot on Irish soil. Century upon century has rolled into the vastness of eternity since the Irish Apostle first spoke to the docile hearers on the mystic of the Blessed Trinity. The history of the world has been changed many times, its boundaries reformed and its civilization expanded since Patrick preached the religion of Christ to his beloved converts. During all this time nations have received the faith, have practiced it for centuries, and then have rejected it to embrace error. Other nations have held to the teaching of Christ, but they have struggled from time to time through the meshes of heresy and schism. In all these ages Ireland alone stands before the world with her baptismal garment unsoiled by national defections or infidelity. Either the method used by St. Patrick was unique, or else the Irish have been favored by special protection on the part of Almighty God. In either case the Church of Ireland through weak and through who has ever maintained direct communication with the spiritual headquarters established on the rock of Peter.

Whether one admire the Irish or not is a matter of choice. None can, however, withhold a word of praise for a people that has clung to the faith when on so many occasions surrender would have meant power, comfort and wealth. In spite of the temptations to the purely human possessions the Irish people have steadfastly turned their face towards the eternal light, and, often when surrounded by peril and poverty they have gazed through their tears towards God in his heaven rather than towards the golden calf set up by faithless men. It is often said that the Irishman is lacking in tenacity of purpose. This, like other charges, is a mere fabrication. For the world will

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admit that there is no more tenacious fighter in any case than that same Irishman. And the world is bound to admit that no people has ever remained more attached to the faith which it has received than has the Irish people.

In this respect the land of St. Patrick has ever been a source of consolation to the Holy See as well as to many nations who would fight the inroads of heresy and of atheism. Deprived of practically all the blessings of life, the Irish have maintained their standards of thought and of living on the highest plane. For centuries a hostile foe has feared two things in Ireland: her rich material resources and the mental agility of her people. For this reason her resources have been confiscated or suppressed, while the death of her schools was decreed as a damper on her mental alertness. At the same time when this neighboring power needed material goods of exceptional quality she sent to Ireland. When she stood in dire need of a man of brains and ability to guide her successfully through danger and through battle, she summoned an Irishman.

Whatever may be the achievements of the Irish in any other realm of life, the fact remains that they are dwarfed by the imperishable glory that attaches to the Irish people throughout the world as the strongest champions, the most fearless advocates and the most fervent followers of the faith that was established on earth by Christ Himself. So true is this, that an Irish name is practically synonymous with Catholic.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLIC GIRLS

IN NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

The district attorney in New York recently announced that in order to know that dirt existed, it was not necessary to explore the city sewers. Rather obvious was the remark, but it was needed, for it was addressed to the professor of sociology in a college for young women. This pundit had decided that a complete course in social science required the presence of these young girls in a court room, during the examination of criminals of a peculiarly low and revolting kind. The district attorney did not concur in this decision. He could not prevent their presence, therefore, but in a rare chance to get the beautiful Statue, which will be honored as a landmark never to be parted with, and we are sure that St. Rita will obtain for you favors for this meritorious work. Address all communications to: CATHOLIC SUPPLY CO. 46 St. Alexander St. Montreal, Canada. Manufacturers of Religious Statues. Publishers of Religious Pictures.

This action aroused the hostility not only of the professor, but of the sensational press. But, however, was to be expected, but somewhat unexpected was the comment of a New York policeman. It cannot be literally transcribed, for it was delivered in a kind of dialect, but its general sense was, "What can mothers be thinking of when they send their girls to a college which requires a first-hand acquaintance with vice?" It is highly probable that some of these girls were the children of Catholic mothers, for this college, which has a reputation for "fashion" although not for scholarship, has attracted the attention of many a "climbing" Catholic. But what can any mother "be thinking of" when she sends her daughter to any non-Catholic college?

Perhaps it is easier to answer what she is not thinking of. She is not thinking of the fact that at the best of non-Catholic colleges her daughter is subjected to subtle and appealing non-Catholic and anti-Catholic influences, tending to weaken faith and morality; or that in the ordinary course of study, her daughter will be obliged to read books condemned by the Church, or banned by the natural law, as contrary to faith and morals; or that frequently she will listen to men, and to whom morality is a matter of doing what most appeals, provided you can escape the censure of law or convention. Last of all, she is not thinking of the indubitable truth that at the great day of judgment, God will require at her hands the soul of this child.

It must needs be that scandals come, but was to that man by whom scandal cometh, and a double portion of vice to the mother who thus exposes her daughter. That transgression is not only scandal. It is unnatural sin, for by the very law of nature, a mother is strictly bound to protect her child. What, then, can the mother allege in excuse, who has actually exposed her daughter to loss of faith and morality? Fashion? The custom? Her social station? Better for her that she had never been born.—America.

A BEAUTIFUL WORSHIP

"The Catholic Church," says Cardinal Newman, "is beautiful. The celebrant deacon and subdeacon, the chanting—all combine to one end, one act of worship. You feel that it is really a worshipping; every sense, eyes, ears, smell, are made to know that worship is going on. The lady on the floor saying their beads or making their acts, the choir singing out the Kyrie, and the priest and his assistants bowing low and saying the Confiteor to each other—this is worship and it is far above reason."

If we would attain true honor and greatness we must love and serve something greater than ourselves.—St. Catherine of Siena. It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—Horace Bushnell.

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FOREIGN MISSION NOTES

FROM AN AMERICAN PRIEST IN CHINA

A Brooklyn layman has received from one of his boyhood companions, Father Wm. F. O'Shea, a Maryknoll priest now on duty in the American Mission in China a personal letter that is full of interest. We quote for our readers some paragraphs:

Catholic Mission, Canton. Dear Tom:—Leading a pretty busy life of it over here, although I still am "en route," but have an opportunity this morning to write a couple of letters and develop some pictures—contemporaneously. Hope the result will not be the usual one when trying to do two things at once. However, I have to wait twenty minutes for the tank to take effect, and in that time I might as well "rattle" off a few lines on this little gem of a Corona.

This is a Christmas letter to all the "bunch," of course. When I settle down, I may be able to write an individual letter or two, but now its hopeless. What with inspection of missions and mission activities, from leper homes at Shikung, down to the orphanage at Tungchan,—where they are I hardly know, for I've been personally conducted—and the thousand and one last minute things necessary here at Canton, 'tis a busy life I'm leading, although productive of very little in the way of direct results. We hope to start on the final lap of our little "jaunt" on Monday, but do not know for sure. The launch towed junk that connects us with Kong Moon, our first change for Shui Tung, where we take to the land for a three days walk, has a Chinese crew and officers—and of course a Chinese schedule, I. e., every one in a while, on the whole, we are getting daily bulletins about its progress, but at the last moment they may decide not to carry passengers this trip, and we'll have to hire a wind-jammer-junk, instead.

I am now, thank God, able to converse fairly well in their native tongue with the French missionaries, and a little better in Latin with the Chinese priests. Some years ago I was fairly good in German, and I "have been Prof." in Greek, but my first lessons in Chinese are "awful, Mabel."

We have three months of that sort of thing, without even learning the meaning of one word—just getting the tones. For three or four hours a day, depending on your "nerve" and endurance, your "Professor" will bowl out a sound at you, with all the vocal energy he possesses and within six inches of your ear, and then you will "bawl" it back at him again. In three months, you are generally fit for the mad-house. The Presbyterian missionaries who are on board ship said that two hours a day was their limit, and they said our men were a little crazy in giving four hours a day to it. Personally, I will try the four, but if it gets on my "nanny," I will quickly cut down, even to two. Health is far more important over here than the saving of a month or two in learning the "lingo," especially as there is a great deal of other work to be done.

Enough of the language. What about the climate? Just now, it is delicious, and why be for a couple of months. Then comes the wet season when the water comes down in torrents out-doors and when, indoors, the humidity is actually from 90% to absolute saturation. Up in the Presbyterian Hospital at Young-kong last spring, Dr. Ewart told one of our men that an antiseptic towel, exposed to the air for three hours, would produce a pint of water when wrung. The hot season is not so bad, but on account of the humidity, there is no evaporation from perspiration, and physical exertion, by one not acclimated, spells sunstroke.

However, the consolations are here, and despite the loss of Father Price by general physical weakness following his operation for appendicitis (mighty glad I have mine removed), the other "old" men (all seven years my junior) are more enthusiastic than ever. Even in the short time they've been over, they have made substantial progress, and have high hopes for the future. Most of our district, which would have twenty priests to cover it, has been attended by but one missionary during the period of the War, and the northern end has been visited but three times since 1908. Even at that, they still found sixty fervent—but naturally poorly instructed—Catholics up at Sunyi, when Father Walsh went there in June. He is now our mission Superior, and will be located with me to care for, in addition to his other troubles—at Kowchong, but his heart is already anchored at Lunging, and it is quite probable that he will establish himself up next year.

As there are five others in the room, all holding a general conversation and examining my effects—the while I am trying to write this and defend my "personal prop'ty," eh,—do not be surprised if I am a trifle incoherent. (Just had to duck a pillow.) Ah is now clearer, although time is much later than when I started this last line—had to go out with the Reverend Rough-Necks in order to get rid of them. Saw our "ship," too. Some yacht, believe me. They've got two three-inch field guns on an old junk, to keep off the pirates, and all the Chinese passengers are to be handcuffed after dark. They can't tell the passengers from bona fide pirates, as those latter gentlemen—very busy these days—have a bad habit of coming to

Canton, taking steerage passage, and then when they get to the spot where their friends are waiting in some innocent looking junk, "stick up" the crew. Glad I'm not a Chinik, just yet, as one needs his hands to beat off the steekers. It is now time for me to go down to the "creche" of the Canadian Sisters, (I. e., Immaculate Conception), and baptize a few Chinese kids. Then night prayers followed by recreation in common, and to bed and dreams of the U. S. A. Early to bed,—kerosene costs 60 cents per gallon, gold.

My best regards to you all—especially those of you who were so good to me in the old days and when I was leaving. Faithfully yours in Christ "Ha Shan Eu" Wm. F. O'SHEA, A. F. M.

MARYKNOLL TO TAKE OVER WORK FOR JAPANESE CATHOLICS ON PACIFIC SLOPE

Permanent arrangements for the care of Japanese Catholics on the Pacific coast are well under way. The Roman Congregation of the Propaganda, which supervises mission activity, has sanctioned the agreement recently made between Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles at the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, whose headquarters are at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

The work for the Japanese had already made considerable progress under Rev. Albert Breton, of the Paris Foreign Missions. Several years' service in Japan had familiarized Father Breton with the language and character of the Japanese. With the assistance of a community of Japanese Nuns, he was and is accomplishing much good, not only in Los Angeles, but in San Francisco and Sacramento, as well.

On Father Breton's initiative, that there might be no interruption of the work in event of his inability to continue it, Bishop Cantwell invited the Maryknoll organization to take over the work. One of the priests of the Society will presently join Father Breton, who will guide his efforts and instruct him in the Japanese language and traditions.

The Maryknoll Sisters will a little later on join forces with the already established Japanese Community, and the co-operation of the two will advance the work and permit the establishment of new centers.

Bishop O'Dea of Seattle has recently approved the establishment of similar work in his city, and it is hoped that in a few years every Japanese colony on the Pacific Slope will be provided with ample opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the True Faith and ample facilities for fulfilling its obligations.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

STUDEBAKER AND OLIVER CORPORATIONS GENEROUS TOWARDS AGRICULTURE

A hundred free scholarships in the School of Agriculture at Notre Dame are offered to high school students in a prospectus just issued and distributed to educators throughout the country by B. W. Scheib, director of the School of Agriculture at the University. The scholarships are for four full years and are open to all high or preparatory school students in their graduating years. They are donated by the Studebaker and the Oliver corporations of South Bend, Ind. According to the prospectus, high school students desiring to compete for them must write an essay of about 2,500 words on an agricultural subject suggested by the donors, and must then submit their work to the Director of the school of Agriculture, Notre Dame, Indiana, before the end of the school year. Provision is made for two students from each State in the Union and for four from South America.

The School of Agriculture was established at Notre Dame three years ago. Students in it have access at all times to the 4,000 acre farm connected with the University and managed by Brother Leo, C. S. C., one of the most successful farmers in the middle west. Prof. B. W. Scheib, director of the school, was for years a government expert in the Department of Agriculture before he took charge of the school at Notre Dame.

TO SAVE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, ENGLISH LOOK TO IRISH

(C. P. A. Service) London, March 5.—The Westminster Catholic Federation has sent a protest to the Government regarding the forcing on Ireland of an education bill made in England at a time when Ireland had been promised self-government, under which she can make her own educational measures. Both Home Rule bill and education bill have been condemned in Ireland.

A further crisis is expected regarding religious education here in England shortly, and signs are not wanting that British Catholics will have to fight for the faith of their children. They dread the new measures which are likely to be introduced at Westminster after the Irish Parliament is formed, in which case they will not be able to rely on the support of the Irish members, who have by safeguarding the Catholic schools, more than once saved English Catholic children from losing their faith.

'WE SHALL ALL RISE AGAIN'

With a passionate insatiable craving that triumphs over vague misgivings and sets at naught distressing doubts, the human heart longs for happiness, not the unstable, precarious sort that is attained while in this valley of tears, but happiness secure from anxiety, beyond the ravages of disappointment and of death, and no longer the sport of influences over which the individual has no control. Stoicism cannot conquer this longing, agnosticism only removes it to the background of consciousness, poverty and failure make it constant pain, prosperity and success merely give it sharper definition. And so it is that man, whether learned or unlearned, looks and has always looked with aching eyes for a future life in which his soul shall be at peace. He will not, he cannot stifle his hope for immortality. He knows that the end of all is not the grave. He is certain that he was not made to die.

Philosophies and religions have all been concerned with the problem of this insatiable desire, and their popularity and tenure of existence have depended largely on the strength of the promise they have given of its ultimate fruition. Even materialistic evolution, after robbing its followers of their age-long hope, found itself obliged to cater to this urgent demand by holding out the phantom of constant progress, gradual betterment and eventual perfection, if not of the individual, at least of the race. But the heart of man revolted against this altruistic utopia, and a phase of this reaction is represented in the more serious Spiritism of the present day, which endeavors by laboratory methods to give to the skeptic and the world-weary scientific assurance of survival after death.

The Catholic needs no such assurance. Whether or not philosophy can prove beyond all doubt that the human soul is immortal by its very nature, he is not vitally concerned; the testimony of spirit, even if it could give certain proof of existence in another world, would not add the slightest weight to his conviction that his soul will never die; that its partner, his immortal body after its dissolution will rise again, and that in his own flesh, in the integrity of his perfect human nature, immortalized by Divine power, he shall see his God. Not on the trivial relations of disembodied spirits does he build his hope, of survival after death but on the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

"Behold," says St. Paul, "I tell you a mystery. We shall all rise again." Thanks be to God, who has given us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ. If the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again. But now Christ is risen from the dead. And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive." The certainty of death cast a shadow over this life, but the shadow wears thin in the Divine promise of immortality. Life is not taken away, only its condition is changed; the temporary dwelling of the land of pilgrimage is dissolved, but in its place there awaits for Christ's friends an everlasting abode in the Father's love. It is the grave filled with the tears of hopeless despair, it is fragrant with the perfume of undying hope. We have not here a lasting city, we look for another; and our expectation has its foundations in Christ's triumph over death. Unbelievers may pin their dreams of a sublimated form of wretched mortal existence to the supposed utterances of a Dr. Phinuit or an Imperator; Catholics put their faith in the Master of Life and death. Every Easter the words come ringing down the centuries, tell you a mystery. We shall all rise again.—America.

HORRIBLE CONDITIONS FOUND BY APOSTOLIC VISITOR AMONG THE ARMENIANS

Catholic Press Association London, Mar. 5.—Very Rev. Antony Delpuch, who is representing the Holy Father at the convention of Geneva for the starving children of Central Europe, is a White Father, who has just returned from a most interesting and fruitful visit to the Caucasus, a visit the incidents of which emphasize again the remarkable progress, with which the Vatican is regarded by even non-Christian powers.

Father Delpuch visited three republics, into which the Caucasus has now been divided, those of Georgia, Armenia and the Tartars. At Tiflis he was received by a representative of the Government, and was given an official auto during his stay. The Gregorians assured him that every facility would be given to him in his work, that they regarded with the deepest respect the Papal influence, and that they looked upon the Vatican to protect their liberties.

At Eravan the receptions were as cordial, when the visitor arrived by special train, but they were not so brilliant, for the Armenian capital was mourning its massacred sons, and the city was full of refugees who had escaped the Turks, and who were camped in the streets and outside. Within the city there were 14,000 orphans, and a terrible detail is the fact that every morning a cart used to go through the streets to carry away the bodies of children who had succumbed to cold and hunger during the night! The Armenian Patriarch assured Father Delpuch of the goodwill of the Government, the members of which accompanied the Apostolic

Visitor to his official reception in the church.

In the Tartar capital the Musselman's authorities came out to meet the Pope's representative, and the President asked the visitor, smilingly, why he had so long delayed coming. Was it that he was afraid of the Musselmans? Father Delpuch answered that he had lived for thirty years with Musselmans, and had always got on well with them.

The Gregorian republic counts some 3,000,000 subjects; the Armenian 2,000,000, and the Tartar 3,000,000.

There are two interesting groups of Catholics: 40,000 in Armenia, and 25,000 in Georgia, who have survived, despite the fact that it was in 1845 that the Czar Nicholas I. expelled the Franciscan missionaries.

A question, which needed study and regulation was involved regarding the Gregorian Catholic. Nine thousand practice the Latin rite; the others the Gregorian. These 16,000 aver, however, that, though their usage goes back to very ancient times, the Gregorian rite was forced on their ancestors, and they desire to be transferred to the Latin rite. The Vatican, always ready to sympathize with national aspirations, is considering this proposal benevolently.

FOCH ON WAR

Marshal Foch in a recent interview, pleading for a policy of preparedness, warned France against "ingenious persons who believe that to leave the key in the door is the surest way to prevent entrance of thieves."

"Peace, as brought to France by the final ratification to the treaty of Versailles, is no guarantee that war has been banished forever," the old warrior declared.

"War is not always avoidable," Foch warned. "It can begin upon the frontier of the most pacific peoples. Indeed, it often seems to begin easiest in such places. It would be foolish to believe there will be no more war merely because we do not wish to fight. France and the world must learn a lesson from the great struggle we have just finished. It must be a lesson of prudence as well as of good will.

"War can no longer be called an 'art,'" he said. "It is now a science, and an 'industry,' and will continue to be evolved as long as there are people to fight. Those who wish to avoid violence cannot afford to ignore anything in the way of scientific and industrial progress."

OBITUARY

M. L. J. CAMPBELL Among the victims of influenza in Lindsay during the past month, was L. J. Campbell of Russel St., who died of pneumonia in the Ross Hospital, after a few days' illness.

He was the eldest surviving son of Mrs. Campbell, Peel St., and besides his wife and four small children, he leaves two brothers, Jehn and Frank, and four sisters, Elizabeth, Rev. Sister Augustina, Peterboro, Rev. Sister Hayes, Mount St. Patrick, Rev. Sister St. Paul, Calgary, Alta. He was a nephew of Rev. Mother Ignatia, London.

He was an ideal son, a kind husband and brother, a man of splendid character, whose noble qualities and most edifying life have left an indelible print on those with whom he lived.

He was a member of St. Mary's Holy Name Society.

Rev. Father O'Brien prepared him for his last long journey, and Rev. Father Hayes sang the funeral Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Coté, Peterboro. May his soul rest in peace.

DIED

KEELY.—In the Gore of Downie, on March 24, 1920, Mrs. Patrick Kelly, aged eighty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

HART.—On Thursday, April 1st, 1920, at Minneapolis, Minn., Margaret Johnson, widow of the late Wm. Reginald, and beloved wife of Joseph Hart, of Minn., aged thirty-six years. Funeral Monday, April 5th, at 8 a. m., from her father's residence, 91 Rochester St., Ottawa, to St. Jean Baptist Church, thence to Notre Dame cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

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