

The Catholic Record

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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A PHILOSOPHIC EXPLANATION

Sir John Simon, speaking at a London conference, held in support of the League of Nations—and expressing himself upon the horrors of war, attempted an explanation of the savagery that are happening in Ireland. He admitted that the doings of their troops there were shocking and abominable. And it was as well to confess this, if for no other purpose than to bring home to the people the savagery of modern war in a way that they never understood during the four or five years of the World War. War savagery had reached its climax in Ireland, he said—adding: "The only possible explanation of the fact, for fact it is, that men wearing His Majesty's uniform, should in some cases be capable of arson, outrage, and murder, is that the experience of war is only too likely to break down the moral restraint and natural sympathy even of a brave man." This explanation of the barbarities which the English troops are working on even innocent women and children in Ireland may satisfy Sir John and those who in calm comfort and security are debating the benefits to be derived from a League of Nations—but it brings scant satisfaction to the mothers who have seen their children tortured and slain.

"MEDIÆVAL" LOSES ITS PLACE AS A SUPERLATIVE FOR IGNORAMUS

Aprons of the fearful campaign of torture practised by the army in Ireland, some of the more independent members of Parliament—the most conspicuous of them Commander Kenworthy of Hull—are now, several months after the hanging of the eighteen-year old boy, Kevin Barry, putting Sir Hamar Greenwood upon the rack for that boy's torturing. It is being shown that the almost incredible tortures inflicted upon this brilliant, beautiful, and highly educated youth, before his hanging, were carried out for the purpose of forcing him to confess the names of his comrades in the Irish command to which he was attached. It is shown, too, that he was offered life, freedom, and a sum of money that would make him independently wealthy if he would so confess. When the lad threw the offer back in the faces of the officers who insulted him with it his tortures were proceeded with. The most brutal part as is now well-known, and as Commander Kenworthy pointed out in Parliament, was that both his arms were twisted to the right and left, and that he also asserted that the boy died of his tortures before hanging was reached, and that he was hanged dead. Greenwood denied this, and made an audacious attempt to win sympathy against the boy by telling a flat falsehood—namely that the boy had murdered a soldier in cold blood, and was captured red handed. Mr. McVeagh, M. P., nailed this shameful falsehood on the instant, showing that the boy was found guilty of being not a band of Irish Republican soldiers, but a military officer, and fought a lorry load of English soldiers in the course of which attack one soldier was shot dead. Yet, despite such fearful exposure of torture as this and also such startling exposure of the Chief Secretary for Ireland publicly lying to the House of Commons, the overwhelming bulk of that House cheerfully go on giving approval to the torture, and giving welcome and applause to every new lie, falsehood that Sir Hamar Greenwood, or his master, Lloyd George puts forth about the Irish happenings and the Irish situation.

"SPECIAL CONSTABLES"

Once or twice before, in these columns, there was occasion to show the very peculiar material out of which were made both the Black and Tans imported from England and paid a guinea a day to terrorize and torture; and many of the "Special Constables," Orangemen of the North-east, who are paid half a guinea a day for the same purpose. About two months ago it may be remembered, one of these latter was shot dead and some wounded by the regular police, when a band of the "Specials," at dead of night, robbed a public house and tried to carry off a truck load of liquor. Three hundred of them laid down their arms in protest at Lisburn, when a Magistrate fined one of their number for looting in the ruins of the Catholic houses that they had wrecked there. The latest news comes to hand from Belfast records that one of them was arraigned at the Belfast Assizes for holding up the keeper of a public house at the point of the pistol; it was shown that he began a career of house-breaking at the age of eight, then he was sent to a reformatory, out of which he emerged a crook; and thereafter followed the trade of stealing until recently he was picked out as one of Lloyd George's "Special Constables" for enforcing law and order upon his Papist neighbors—here are his

to the Judge: "If Your Lordship sends me to prison, well and good, but it will only give me time to think of more crime, and there will be plenty there to teach me. A kind word goes further than a kick. Please remember that I am a 'Special Constable.'" The Judge then said that he would defer sentence for three days till he had time to think it over.

REFORMING HABITUAL CRIMINALS

But the point is that it was expected that a public crook and thief who was honored with an appointment by the Government to preserve law and order, was above punishment for any crime. He could draw his handsome pay for terrorizing Irishmen, and run his little trade of crookedness and thievery for himself on the side. When it is mentioned in connection with these cases that the police statistics of Belfast in the last six months show a decrease of four hundred and forty-eight habitual criminals—that is, that four hundred and forty-eight persons who had been set down as habitual criminals on the police lists, were all, in a short time score off the list—it is plain to be seen that these criminals were sworn in as Belfast "Special Constables." It is impossible to get a record of all the criminals sworn in as "Special Constables" in the other towns of the North-East.

ENGLISH OPINION CHANGING

A concrete proof of the very gradual change coming over English opinion is found in the fact that the recruiting for the Territorials in England fell off to a most alarming extent—the reason for which was disclosed in a recent debate in Parliament upon the army estimates. A Unionist member, Sir Hill Child, drew attention to the fact that Englishmen were now refusing to join the Territorials fearing that they might be drafted for service in Ireland. He said: "If an authoritative statement was widely published that in no circumstances would the Territorial army be used to quell a rebellion in Ireland, it would have a desirable effect on recruiting." The newspaper report says that Parliament endorsed this by applauding it loudly. It is admitted by many English authorities that the morale of the English army in Ireland has fallen very low, and that a very small body of the Irish rebels, armed with a few pistols, are constantly able to stampede far larger bodies of the English soldiers, armed with rifles and machine-guns. This knowledge has deep effect upon impending recruits in England. And, ever and above this, it is an undoubted fact that the reaction of the terrible atrocities in Ireland upon the feelings of non-army men in England, is an adverse factor also against recruiting.

WOMEN PRISONERS

There are now twenty-five Irish women political prisoners. Nearly every County in Ireland is represented by a woman prisoner. One of these women is titled, one or two of them are doctors, a couple of them are nurses, some of them are teachers, one of them an editor, and one of them the wife of a member of Parliament. The latter, the wife of Dr. Ryan, of Wexford, was nursing a very young baby when arrested—and despite her protest, was forcibly separated from her babe. She reminded the President of the court martial before which she was tried that there was a law of nature as well as a British law—to which the President replied: "That question does not arise." She was given a sentence of three months' imprisonment for refusing to paste up on the windows of her residence a proclamation that military officers asked her to paste up there. Leaving her nine months' old infant to live or die Mrs. Ryan was dragged off to prison to serve her sentence. Several of these women are confined in prisons in which there is no matron. This startling fact would create horror in Ireland, if there was room in the Irish mind for the creation of any more horror. If an independent member in the British Parliament calls attention to this outrage against Irish womanhood his protest is answered by a shout of ribald laughter from the "First Gentleman" of the Empire which is the friend of all small nations.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, OF DUNELG.

BIBLE CONGRESS IS TO BE HELD AT CAMBRIDGE

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
London, April 1.—Plans for the holding of a Catholic Bible Congress at Cambridge for three days, beginning July 17, have been completed and it is expected that Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet and many of the most distinguished prelates of England will participate. Conferences will be held with a view to opening up the subject for Catholics and for giving non-Catholics a better appreciation of the Catholic position.
Solemn liturgical celebrations in honor of St. Jerome will be among the features of the congress. In view of the call for renewed devotion to the written word of God set forth by Pope Benedict on the

occasion of the fifteenth century of the death of St. Jerome, the congress has already attracted widespread attention.

AGAIN ASKS FOR TRUCE OF GOD

"GOVERN OR LET US GOVERN OURSELVES"

(By N. C. W. C. Special Cable)

Dublin, April 2.—The Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Gilmartin, has just made another call for peace: "I appeal to the English Government either to govern or to let us govern ourselves. The first function of government is to protect life and property. The present Government are deliberately destroying life and property. Murder does not justify murder. If they cannot put down murder except by murder and arson, they are proved bankrupt before God and man. Let the stronger power proclaim such a truce and allow the representatives of the people to come together with a view to deliberate on the terms of a permanent settlement between the two countries. If this is done, the dawn of peace will, I believe, be seen in the horizon."
Thus writes Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin to Mgr. M'Alpine, Clifton, in sending his sincere sympathy in the horror and indignation recent doings there must have awakened.

"No doubt," His Grace states at the outset, "the execution of a native of the town, believed by the public to be innocent, is very provocative, but no motive can justify murder."

THOS. WHELAN'S DEATH

"Considering the sentiments with which Thos. Whelan went to meet death, I feel sure he would abhor murder or any form of violence as his revenge, even though his own death might be judicial murder. But even supposing that culpability in his case could not be brought home to the Government, there is no doubt that even within the ambit of this diocese the agents of the Government have committed several murders."
In the Kilroe ambush, which I commended in no vague language, there was, fortunately, no one killed, yet within the next few days four men were shot dead at night within a radius of twenty miles from Kilroe. If there was evidence of complicity in any crime there could be no difficulty in arresting the man charged.

"Not many weeks ago, following a projected ambush in N. Galway, which did not come off, a poor boy named Mullen was taken up on a lorry, brought a few yards, and then, as his parish priest said, was let go 'and shot like a wild animal.'"
"No one regrets more than I do the Partry ambush. It was murder. The victims were, I believe, two Catholic soldiers. The P.P., Father O'Malley, attended them at the risk of his life."
"But his only thanks were frowns and insults, as if he could have prevented what he had no knowledge of."
"But though some of the military had language, talking as if I am informed" about their men during the war, yet it was reserved for another arm of the Crown to shoot a poor man named Heran—sixty years of age—sitting by his fireside, the assignable motive being that some time before he reported servants of the Crown for looting his fowl.

"Next came Clilden, with the same monotonous round of murder and the counter murder and the burning of some nine houses thrown in to make a suitable background for deeds of infamy."
"That such things are happening is not the fault of the priests of the Archdiocese nor is it his, proceeds Dr. Gilmartin, who recalls his denunciation of shooting of Crown servants (not in self defense), and of murder, arson, looting, and flogging by servants of the Crown, and his appeals to the young men not to join organizations in which they may be called upon to obey the mandates of unknown men. Closing with a repetition of his appeal for a "Truce of God" between England and Ireland, His Grace says:

NO AUTHORITY TO WAGE WAR

"Ireland is a Catholic nation. She has lived through seven hundred years of oppression. Is not the God who sustained her so long able to bring her out of her hour of bondage? Her end of the present struggle is a just one, but no matter how noble the end, it does not justify evil means. Outside cases of self-defense, it is murder for private individuals to take life."
"What is called the I. R. A. may contain the flower of Irish youth, but they have no authority from the Irish people, or from any moral principle, to wage ambush war against unequal forces with the consequences of terror, arson and death to innocent people. I have been accused of strengthening the arm of a wicked Government by such pronouncements as this, but my answer is that I must give my people moral guidance, even though corrupt politicians turn the preaching and the Gospel to corrupt ends."

A PARTISAN FINDING

OUR HOME-GROWN VARIETY OF "LIBERALISM"

The findings of an unofficial body which has been taking "evidence" at Washington on conditions in Ireland will impress no fair-minded persons. The so-called Commission was formed as a publicity "stunt" by the owner of The New York Nation, who incurred the contempt of self-respecting Americans by opposing the entrance of the United States into the War. Many prominent citizens refused to lend their names to a proceeding which they rightly regarded as a mischievous importation. The active members of the "Commission" were, with one or two exceptions, notorious Anglophobes or pro-Germans, who revealed in the opportunity of manufacturing anti-British propaganda.

The conduct of the Commission was a travesty of judicial procedure. No decent Briton would insult his country by testifying, and the witnesses were either imported Sinn Féiners or tall-talking Irish-Americans, whose stories were accepted without the presence of cross-examination. They defended the murder of policemen and soldiers without a word of remorse from the "court."
An example of the injustice of the inquiry was the taking of evidence on the state of Dublin slums and the implication that the British Government was exclusively responsible. Even Miss Jane Addams, who has investigated social problems in Europe, was too ignorant of Irish affairs, or too prejudiced, to point out that Dublin enjoys local autonomy and that its citizens are wholly to blame for its shocking housing conditions.

The report of the Commission is characteristically biased in its refusal to condemn the crimes of the Irish Republicans. All its censure is reserved for the British Government and the Crown agents. Killing is murder when it is done by a "Black and Tan," maddened by the assassination of his comrades. It is patriotism when a Sinn Féiner stabs or shoots a loyalist in the back. But that resentment is being committed by both parties in Ireland, but the Washington mediators more obscure the facts and intensify bad feeling by their obvious malice and outrageous partisanship. If their finding has any weight at all it can only retard the efforts of enlightened Irishmen to bring about a mutually honorable settlement. There are signs that the influence of the Irish hierarchy is now being exerted to this end. The public utterances of Cardinal Logue, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Cork show genuine alarm over the excesses of militant Republicans, who no longer listen to the counsels of the Church. The forces that will solve the Irish problem are in motion, but they will not be aided by interference from this side of the Atlantic.

RELIGION IN CHINA

(By N. C. W. C. Special Cable)

Liverpool, March 25.—The overthrow of the power of the imperialistic mandarins in China and the setting up of Republican institutions marks a decided advantage for the progress of Christianity in that country, according to the Rev. Martin O'Brannigan, who contributes a comprehensive comment on the effect of political changes on missionary work to a centennial issue of the Catholic Times. He quotes from the latest annual report of the French Lazarist Fathers which gives the total of Catholics in round numbers at two millions—a gain of 39,418 during 1919, despite the decrease of European priests due to the havoc of War in France, and the loss of the devoted German priests. Yet out of evil Providence invariably extracts good! Compensation for the decrease of European priests is made by the increase of Chinese priests and candidates for the sacred ministry.

Fifty-one Chinese priests were ordained; the number of seminaries was increased by the astounding addition of fifty, with an increase of ninety-three classical scholars. Altogether there are at present in China 2,347 priests—1,394 Europeans and 953 Chinese priests.
These figures, compared with the 1920 English Catholic Directory, tend to show that the spread of the Faith in China is greater and more rapid than in England, although the number of priests in England exceeds that in China by over 1,500—a fact which is a wonderful tribute to the zeal of priests in China, evidence of the receptive dispositions of the Chinese in comparison with our home people, evidence of the good Religion done by the overthrow of Chinese Imperialism and of the beneficial effect on religious development of the free institutions and self-determination that flourish in the Republic of China.

It is deeply significant that one of the directing spirits of Irish missions in the Republic of China, with a musical Gaelic name, writes saying that the modesty of the Chinese women is a lever which will render the Christianization of China's 400,000,000 people a tropical harvest!

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION

ENGLAND "DRAGGED DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF OLD TURKEY AND OLD PRUSSIA"

The Manchester Guardian

We print elsewhere the substance of the report on the state of Ireland which is being published in every American newspaper. Of course it is unofficial. No State could officially hold such an inquiry into atrocities committed by another against its own subjects at home unless it was prepared for war or at least a cessation of diplomatic relations. The American inquiry into the competition in murder and arson in Ireland was of respectable private origin. It was initiated by the New York Nation, a great journal, if not holding its old unique place among the great newspapers of the world. We believe it has been a serious attempt to get at the truth and not to raise or envenom international spite, though of course the likelihood of its results might be discreditable to us draw to it the support of some of the leading newspapers, Anglophobes of no moral weight, such as Mr. Hearst, the multiple owner of "stunt" newspapers. Now that it is out, the report is seen to be just that humiliating thing to us which no report of the kind could help being. We think that at several points it forces the note of accusation and finds some even blacker kind of pitch with which to depict the pitch which it deserves. Even in the diabolic there are degrees. But in the main the facts, unhappily, are only too far past dispute, like those of the German reign of terror in Belgium in 1914. One can only read the report with a kind of helpless rage.

One's first instinctive pang of miserable resentment is against the outsider who comes to judge and condemn the evil we have done at our own hearth. To be so detached a philosopher as to find such an investigation anything but unwelcome and wounding, one would have to be one of the natural affections. But that resentment is quickly passed into a stronger and more bitter one against those whose unfaithfulness has laid us open to an impeachment so galling because so unanswerable. A few men like Sir Hamar Greenwood have landed us in the dock, without a defence, before the conscience of mankind; and the nation that in the autumn of 1914 was alive with one of the few genuine national passions of modern history has been dragged to the level of the old Turkey and the old Prussia. There is nothing for it, to dispute a few details, to point out a few excesses in this detestable American report, would only advertise its crushing remainder of truth. Our Government has put us in the stocks, as it were, in the marketplace of the world, and when passing strangers throw at us the dead cats and bad eggs which, on the whole, our rulers have earned us, it is hardly worth the trouble to plead that some of the cats are unfairly heavy and some of the eggs unjustly stony. We may as well keep our tempers and take our pelting with any dignity that is left us, and not let our own mischief-makers make bad worse by picking a quarrel with the outside world for despising us when we let contemptible things be done in our name.

ANGLICANS FAVOR DIVORCE

NEW DIVORCE BILL IN ENGLAND GAINS ANGLICAN SUPPORT

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

The first shot in the new campaign against easier divorce was fired in the House of Lords by Baron Brayne, a Catholic peer, who moved the rejection of Lord Gorell's new divorce bill.

Of the terms of this bill it is not necessary to speak here; it will be sufficient to indicate that it is not designed at making divorce more rare and more difficult, but more frequent and to enlarge the grounds for the dissolution of marriage.
The doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage, Lord Brayne said, is one of the foundations and bulwarks of the Catholic Church.

The bill might possibly pass into law, but he wished to make his final protest against it, and against its whole principle, which is hostile to the religious convictions of three hundred million Catholics all over the world.

High prelates of the Anglican Church rose in their places on the episcopal bench to support the Gorell Divorce Bill. The Archbishop of York, associating with himself the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was absent, pledged their votes to the measure. The Bishop of Durham also pledged support.

Catholic peers, and more often than not the Irish Catholics.

Viscount Bryce's proposed reform in Viscount Bryce's scheme for the reformation of the House of Lords one of the suggestions is that a good part of the Anglican episcopal representation should be swept out of the House, and that high prelates of the Catholic Church, with other religious representatives, shall sit with the spiritual peers.

The change is needed, for there is a no more hollow face than to see these prelates, who pride themselves on their so-called "Catholicity," arising in the midst of an assembly of Christians and near Christians and permitting one of the fundamental bases of Christian morality to go by default. For any particular reading of the Gospel words it is impossible to look for a verdict to a unanimous Church, said the Bishop of Durham. And so they must have resorted to the "higher expediency," whatever that may be.

"WHAT HAVE THEY TO SAY TO THIS?"

The Nation

The British Embassy is sure that the report of the American Commission on Ireland is biased and misleading, and the charge is echoed by some of our wisest of the daily press. The New York Evening Post feels, for instance, that the language of the report is not judicial and is too bitter. Very well. But what have they to say to this passage on Ireland from a loyal British weekly, the London Nation?

There may have been a time when Ministers believed honestly that they were trying to put down a murder gang. At this moment they know perfectly well that the obstacle to their power is not the wickedness of Irishmen, but the virtues of the Irish people. By blunders, by blindness, by crimes, they have brought the two peoples into this grim and terrible tragedy—the conflict, not between order and crime, but between power and justice. The offense alleged against Ireland is that of encouraging and inciting the armed servants of the Crown to take the law into their own hands. The Prime Minister cannot deny this amazing charge: he has to sit silent when it is pressed in the House of Commons. Today, Ireland is full of stories of the personal behavior of these men of murders and tortures of which they have been guilty. We have an illustration of their code of morality in the conduct of thirteen cadets who watched their comrades bully and insult and finally kill an old priest of seventy-three. These brutalities lasted a quarter of an hour, during which time these thirteen honorable and courageous men—chosen, as Sir Hamar Greenwood tells us, for their bravery in battle—watched the consummation of this cowardly murder. Such is their code and such is the code of their masters.

If it be objected that the London Nation is a chronic "kicker," let us turn to the Tory London Times. It allows Mr. Arthur Vincent to say in its columns that "under the mask of enforcing law and order every canon of civilization has been broken." That is precisely the finding of the American Commission to which Sir Auckland objects and which the Evening Post criticizes. Meanwhile it is gratifying to note that the Tribune's correspondent cables that the result of the printing of the American report in Ireland and of President Harding's endorsement of Irish relief has been to force the issue and drive the Government to a more satisfactory position. This alone justifies the American report.

HOLY CROSS SISTER DECORATED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT

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

Nete Dame, Ind., April 8.—In recognition of long and efficient service in the promotion of the French language and literature, the French Government has just conferred the title and ribbon of "Officier d'Académie" on Sister Mary Eugenie, a religious of Holy Cross of St. Mary's College, Nete Dame, Ind. This decoration was introduced by Napoleon in 1808 to honor those who distinguish themselves in the field of literature or of education.

Sister Mary Eugenie has been teaching French in America for forty-four years. The fact of her faithful and successful work was brought to the notice of the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, who immediately applied to his Government for the well-merited honor. The "officier académique," as the decoration is sometimes called, are also conferred as a recognition of the sound literary training given by the well-known St. Mary's Academy and College, Nete Dame. It is interesting to note that the founder of the Holy Cross Sisters in the United States, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., was given the same distinction in 1889. Otherwise, Sister Eugenie is the first religious of the United States to have been named "Officier d'Académie."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Out of funds held in reserve for the relief of conditions of unusual distress \$100,000 will be given to the American Committee for Relief in Ireland by the American Red Cross. This was announced at national headquarters of the latter organization.

The introduction of a new divorce bill into the British House of Lords by Lord Gorell, has aroused the Westminster Catholic Federation to take early action to defeat this measure. The purpose of the bill is apparently to carry on the work of Lord Buckmaster's bill, which was thrown out at the last session. Its main purpose is to extend the facilities for divorce.

The Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., rector of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service and internationally known as an educator, has been given the diploma and medal of public instruction of Venezuela as a testimonial of public gratitude from that country. President V. Marquez Bustillos, president of Venezuela, bestowed the medal and diploma on Father Walsh in consideration of his high services in cementing trade relations of Venezuela and the United States.

Examinations for fifty post-graduate scholarships are announced by Knights of Columbus in the Catholic University of America established at the request of the late Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. These scholarships are granted in perpetuity to the K. of C. in consideration of \$500,000 of the private funds of the Knights, raised as an endowment for the University under the auspices of Cardinal Gibbons. The endowment calls for fifty scholarships.

Paris.—The Socialist mayor of Cherbourg had issued an order prohibiting all public manifestations not specially authorized by him. Religious processions and the appearance of the clergy at Catholic funerals were included in this order. The clergy of Cherbourg appealed to the Council of State, attacking the decision of the mayor, and the Council of State annulled it, declaring that municipal authorities had no right to forbid the carrying of the Viaticum or the appearance of the clergy in vestments at funerals.

Following the principle laid down by the great Croatian Bishop Strossmayer, Jugo-Slav Catholics are endeavoring to come together with their separated brethren on the points they have in common and not to argue about their differences. Above all they wish to make them see that the Catholic Church teaches charity and the practice of virtue. As a first step toward a revaluation to non-Catholics of what the Church really is, the Catholics of Jugo-Slavia have planned to establish a temple of their faith and worship in the capital of the kingdom.

Rome.—The death of Prince Camillo Massimo, the last of the Roman princes who served under Pius IX., has carried the memory of all Rome back to the days when the Papal government was supreme in the city and when Prince Massimo was chief director of the posts, an appointment which had been traditional in his family. Thousands of Romans flocked to the Church belonging to the house of the Massimo to view the remains of the old man, clad in the red robe of the Brothers of the Trinity, and stretched on the marble floor in the middle of the church where he used to pray and where his forefathers had prayed and laid in funeral state for generations before him.

The King of Spain, in accordance with the Spanish tradition, has imposed the scarlet biretta of a Cardinal on the two Archbishops who were created Cardinal at the secret Consistory in Rome. The ceremony which was performed in the presence of a brilliant assembly of high personages of the Church and the State and with the members of the Diplomatic Corps in attendance, took place in the Chapel of the Royal Palace, Madrid. Officers of the Pontifical Noble Guard arrived from Rome as bearers of the scarlet biretta, which were imposed by King Alfonso on the Papal Nuncio at Madrid (who is an Italian subject) and on the Archbishops of Tarragona and Burgos, Cardinals Benlloch y Vivo and Vidal Barraquer.

Chan Kwing Ming Governor of Kwangtung, was a guest of honor at the celebration held recently in Canton in connection with the consecration of the Right Rev. Lewis Versiglia as Bishop of Shui Chow, a description of which has been received from the Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Pro Vicar of the Maryknoll Missions in China, who assisted at the ceremony. Governor Chan, in a speech made through his French interpreter, paid high praise to the work of the Catholic missionaries. "The mere people become Catholics," he declared, "the more I will like it. We are composed of body and soul and it would be foolish to bestow all our care on the body. These are troublesome times and the missionaries are not sufficiently protected. But the Catholic missionaries are doing good work among our people and as we look for better times I wish them success."

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER VI

About nine o'clock the following morning Harold Manfred opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around him. He felt as though these were but part of himself left—a heavy painful trunk which he was powerless to move. His head alone seemed real and alive; but the horrible vision conveyed from his eyes to his brain rendered him terrified lest his mind should have given way.

At the foot of his bed, distinctly defined, was the white *cornette* of a Sister of Charity; and closer to him—at each moment nearer to him—came another. He must be mad, and these were his keepers! Then they multiplied themselves into twelve—fifty—nay, he could count them no longer. Above him, beneath him, around him on all sides were those hateful *cornettes*! Was he dead? and was this to be part of his everlasting punishment, inflicted for the hatred he had harbored towards them in life? If so, what about the graver sins of his past! He closed his eyes to shut out the horrible vision, and endeavored to turn upon his side; but to move his body caused him such intense pain that he dared not stir; and with a groan of helplessness his head drooped wearily upon one side. And then a small, cool hand was placed upon his burning brow, and a delightful beverage was held to his parched lips, whilst the accents of a sweet, low voice fell upon his ear.

"Drink this," it said; "it will help you to get better. I am so sorry for you."
"Sorry for him!—any one on earth sorry for him! Why, where was he then? What was the matter with him? He dared not open his eyes, lest the horrible vision should once more overpower him. But the voice, oh, how passing sweet and kind it was, with its tones as tender as those of an angel! Whence did it proceed? Would it speak to him again? He would obey it and drink, for a paralytic thirst possessed his body, and the draught was grateful. Then once again the small hand stroked his head, as though gratified by the effort he had made.

"Where am I?" he ventured to ask in a whisper, still keeping his eyes tightly closed. "What is the matter with me?"
"You are quite safe at present. Through your own bravery you have been badly injured, but the good God has spared your life."
"Then it is not all a dreadful dream. I am still alive! But I feel so strange—so ill!"

"If you are very good and quiet God may give you the strength you need; but you must not excite yourself one little bit. Is there any one whom you wish to see? Have you friends in Paris?"
"No, none!" was the curt rejoinder. And the kind questioner, fearing to tire her patient, turned to Ma Soeur with tears of gratitude glistening in her eyes.

"I am so thankful that he has not passed away whilst in that state of unconsciousness," she whispered. "Now, if only he may have the grace of a holy, happy death, how joyful I shall be!"
"Well, little Sister, you must pray hard and use all your influence. It is wonderful what strange cases God gives to your sacred care. What a glorious death was that of your poor stubborn old officer. Courage, dear Sister; for, if I mistake not, you will have many grateful hearts awaiting you in Heaven."

"And right sorely shall I need their aid, Ma Soeur," she replied gaily. "But it strikes me that this countryman of mine is somewhat like myself, and will require some planning and re-modelling ere he is fit to join the angels on high. I seem also to feel that he has a great aversion to me."

"He will overcome that when he has learnt to know you better Sister—never fear," replied Ma Soeur, as she crossed the cosy apartment occupied by Madame Corbette, and made for the outer door, accompanied by Sister Marguerite. "Since he seems better, and I think, likely to rally, at least for a time, I shall leave you to tend him and the old woman; but should you find the task greater than you can accomplish, send a messenger to acquaint me of the fact, and I will endeavor to send you aid at once. And, above all things, take as much rest yourself as you can; for you look dreadfully tired and worn out."

"Thanks very much, Ma Soeur; but I hope to be quite able to manage both patients; and I am very strong, you know."

Ma Soeur stepped out into the open street alone, but there was a sad, wistful look upon her face when the door had closed, shutting from view the cheerful countenance of her younger companion. "I do hope," she said to herself, "that the walk or ride here in the open air will do dear Sister Marguerite good. She is looking so dreadfully worn and over-worked, and her cough is terrible. I fear it is getting very serious, though she always makes so light of it. As soon as she can be spared, she must return to England to recruit."

The sun was shining brightly; there was a delicious freshness in the air; though all around looked

desolate and neglected, yet here, at least for the time being, a calm seemed to prevail. Some of the 'buses had resumed their running; and a little farther down, where the houses had suffered comparatively little, Ma Soeur hoped to be able to hail one.

It was about three o'clock that same afternoon when Manfred awoke once more, with a sudden start, to consciousness.

"Where am I?" he demanded suddenly; but this time his voice was stronger. Sister Marguerite had stationed herself near the window, at the head of the sick man's bed, where by an old curtain she was hidden from his view. Her patient was too ill to be worried by the sight of her at present. She must endeavor to ascertain whether he had a wife, a mother, or friends of any kind, who ought to be informed of his critical condition, ere it was too late. So she answered kindly:

"You are ill in bed, but safe from further danger of the war, and shall be well cared for."
"What is the matter with me? Am I very ill? Why can I not raise my legs? And why do I feel as though I had been severed in half?"
"You have been severely wounded, poor man; but do not distress yourself, you may recover and get quite well again."

"Surely I am in no danger of death?" he cried, raising his head. "Oh, not death just yet! I must not die now! I want time—time!"
"Hush, hush!" came the sweet voice; and a strong little hand pushed him back upon the pillow.

Do not distress yourself, or you will certainly die. Be calm—be quiet—and you may yet live. Why should a brave and noble man fear death? You have been both, and God loves the brave!"
"Oh, Edmund, Edmund!" he cried, in tones of agony, "forgive me! I cannot—must not—die and leave you thus! I dare not face your God and mine."

Sister Marguerite stepped from her hiding place. This was no time in which to indulge a sick man's whim; her duty was before her, and she must be at her post. Strange was the tone of power and solemnity that that gentle voice could assume in moments of difficulty or danger.

"Hush!" she repeated, laying her hand firmly upon his. "You must not speak like that. You will not die until time has been given you in which to repent. If you have in any way injured another there is still time to repair the wrong; and I know you will act nobly, generously; and God will reward infinitely for the difficult act of self-abandonment."

"I repair the foul deed! I cannot!"—and he laughed a bitter laugh. "It is too late now; things have gone too far for me to face them. And who are you?" he cried, in angry excitement, "that dare to bid me do it?"
"I? I am but a servant of the good God; I am ready for the love of him, to stand by you and aid you to the uttermost; and I bid you be quiet. Have confidence! Trust him, and all will be well." As she said this she stood revealed before him—a simple Sister of Charity.

He turned and looked at her for an instant, aversion and helpless misery depicted in his eyes; then, covering his face with both hands, he groaned heavily and murmured: "Go away—go away! Cease to torment me! You do not know of what you are talking."
She drew a chair to the bedside, and seating herself upon it, waited patiently until the paroxysm should be over. She had been bidden to tend and nurse this man, and to the best of her ability she would do so. Fearing lest his excited feelings might overcome him, she rose and prepared a soothing draught and uncovering his face administered it to him. Then resuming herself, she took one of his hands in hers, and said: "Close your eyes, and tell me quietly, if you can, where your home is, that I may send for your friends."

He did not heed her question, nor yet did he seek to withdraw his hand from hers. He merely murmured pottishly, "O, that such a voice should emanate from such a form."
There was a pause, during which Sister Marguerite continued to stroke soothingly the hand that still lingered within her grasp. Still what we will, and endeavor to explain it as we may, there is a strange magnetism, a strong power to control and comfort in the mere touch of some favored few. The hard, horny palm, as well as the soft, delicate one, can convey alike that unspoken sympathy, often so grateful to the weary patient, that by its power alone actual pain is oftentimes eased, and new hopes inspired to the sinking heart. Manfred's mind was becoming calmer each moment—until the Sister, in endeavoring to still her cough, relaxed her hold of his hand. Then the excitement seemed to return to him and he inquired hurriedly:

"Tell me, if you can, what ails my limbs? Why can I not raise them?"
She did not immediately respond, hoping that the draught would presently take effect, and that after a thorough rest he would be better able to endure the shock. Endeavoring, therefore, to evade the question, she spoke in a soft, dreamy tone, so as not to fret him, upon a subject which she thought would help to obliterate the present from his mind.

"Perhaps," she said, "your dear mother is thinking fondly of you now."
"My mother? Alas! no. I have no parent living now."

"Your sister, then," she urged tenderly— "how sweetly and tenderly would she nurse you now."
"She is where I shall never be," he cried with more energy. "She died in all her youth and innocence."
"But your brother—how his heart will beat with pride and joy when he hears of the gallant deed you have done! Is he near, that I may call him?"

Had a bomb fallen and exploded in the room it could scarcely have had a more startling effect upon her patient than had that last sentence of poor Sister Marguerite's.

"My brother!" he cried, raising his head and rolling his eyes around, as though in terror lest some one unseen should be crouching near; and the veins on his neck and forehead stood out swollen and distended—who dares to mock me? Who says that my brother would grieve for me—would be proud of me! Don't you know that he could not come if he would—that his weary eyes have wept till they are dry and can weep no more? Oh, in mercy cease, and spare me! Breathe not his name or I die."

With a vigorous push he threw the bed clothes from him, and in another moment would have rolled upon the floor, had not Sister Marguerite caught him. With the aid of Dr. Arno, for whose opportune arrival she was more than grateful, she lifted the helpless man to his couch.

His case is almost hopeless, Sister," remarked the physician, shaking his head, despondingly. "I am sorry to say that fever has set in, leaving small hopes that we may be able to pull him through."
"But God is good," interrupted the Sister, still breathless. "Merciful Heaven! she ejaculated to herself, "do not permit this poor man to die with this heavy load upon his mind."

To many tales of sin and hidden heroism she had lent her patient ear and the willing aid of counsel and advice; but here before her lay, she feared, not a hero but a culprit. And yet she argued within herself, "delicious man as must not be taken at their word. My poor countryman shall have the benefit of the doubt. I will neither judge nor condemn him."

"Have you made any important discoveries regarding our patient, Sister? His name, his home, or his relatives? It is incumbent upon us to try and learn all we can about him. Has he told you anything?"
"No, nothing of consequence," said the Sister. "But I gather that his parents and sister are dead. He is very reticent, and appears to resent any particular inquiries. It was owing to a careless question on my part that he became so excited."

"Well, more's the pity, Sister; we shall, I fear, be compelled to bury you, for nothing save a miracle can sustain him through this fever. Let the Sister of Bon Secour continue her night watches, and do both of you make a note of his ravings; they may be of service to us some day."

CHAPTER VII
Three weeks later Harold Manfred lay an emaciated wreck upon the bed. Death had fought hard for the mastery, but day and night the Sisters had toiled indefatigably, and with the aid of prayer, their devotion and skill had wrenched the victim from its grasp.

Scarce Marie Francis, the clever night nurse, had caught the zeal and earnestness of her fellow-worker, and together they had striven with all the energy possible to save the sick Englishman's life.

During the past few weeks Sister Marguerite had often sat and watched her patient; she had caught words and phrases which to a casual listener would have conveyed nothing but which her active mind pieced together into one of the saddest stories which it had ever been her lot to hear. She had studied Manfred's features too, and the thought that she had met him before often perplexed her, until one day, when the fever rendered him more un-governable than usual, he cried out in delicious awe, glaring at her: "Ah, there she is again, the beautiful English girl who snubbed me so publicly because I jeered at some nuns."

In an instant the little scene in which she had played a part flashed before her mind; and though altered and aged, she recognized in her helpless invalid one of the young men whose conduct she had once so boldly upbraided. But soon Manfred was raving again; now it was of a great house raised upon and from scattered ruins of what once had been an abbey. Perplexed indeed became his nurse as she wondered who he could be.

As the days succeeded each other she collected from his ravings the names of places of people which tallied vaguely with the story poured into her ears by one who had sought her aid and sympathy, binding her at the same time to secrecy. Little wonder, then, that Sister Marguerite had struggled hard to save his life. His death might mean a continuation of sorrow to those who had already suffered long and patiently; should he live—well, it would go hardly with her if she could not succeed in mitigating his suffering, if she might not altogether deprive it.

"How novel, and yet how altogether marvellous, are the chances and changes of life," pondered the Sister; and the old mischievous smile twined her lips as she recalled the discomfiture of the two young men. "Yes, they were astonished enough

at my conduct then; but who could have foreseen that he, whose delight it was to jeer at and make public sport of nuns, should, in a few years later, owe his life, under God, to their care and zeal. Nay," she laughed, "you cannot even yet cry quits, my friend; for when your reason returns, should it ever do so, you assuredly will never recognize me!"

For the last two days the sick man's fever had materially abated, and for the first time during his illness Dr. Arno had spoken almost hopefully of the case, jokingly informing Sister Marguerite that he had come to the conclusion that there was no killing an Englishman.

He is dreadfully weak, doctor, and will need no end of care if he is to rally, even when the fever has entirely passed away."
"True, Sister; but what can you expect after all he has endured? Do you know," he said seriously, seating himself by the sick man's bed and looking earnestly at his poor thin face, "I have often marvelled why you have been so indefatigable in this case, as though you were determined that, in spite of himself, the poor man should live. Do you think he will altogether thank us for his life when he realizes what a pitiable wreck he is? I am almost afraid that it will be necessary to amputate his remaining foot; it is not healing as it should. Indeed, speaking most seriously, I have often thought that it would have been a charity to let him die. Don't you agree with me, Sister?"

"No, no!" she cried; "he must not die if we can save him."
"But why? You don't seem to realize how henceforth life can be but a burden to him."
"Life is always sweet; there is never a greater burden than we can endure."

"I fear you do not understand what a terrible shock it must be to any man to feel that he can never again move as of old in society—to be unable, as this man will be, to move at all, save by the aid of another."
"Ah, doctor, there are higher aims in life than are recognized by society. They are often hollow and worthless."

"You speak severely, Sister. One might be tempted to think that you had tested them and found disappointment."
The quick color dyed her face; she made no reply, but turned with dignity to resume her duties.

Dr. Arno watched her as he had frequently done before. Accustomed as he was to all classes and descriptions of nurses, never yet had he met with one who had displayed such unselfish devotion as the nun before him. He knew, he could see, that she was far from strong physically; yet never once had she spared herself or complained of the least ailment or fatigue. So great was his respect for her that a pang of remorse shot through him when he noted the blush on her face—the effect of his careless words. Poor long suffering little Sister! He hoped he had not wounded her feelings.

"Au revoir, Sister," said the Doctor, rising and moving towards her; and pardon the thoughtless speech of an old man. We are clumsy creatures, even the best of us; and I am no better than the rest of my sex."
"Oh, it is nothing; we are used to all kinds of things," she answered brightly. "You are always very kind. It is my patient whom I fear; for you must know, he cannot endure the sight of a nun near him."

"Then he had better hide his feelings from me, the ungrateful wretch! and I shall tell him so when he rallies sufficiently to understand my words. But for nuns, what would have become of him I certainly like to know? He would certainly have been permitted, as a charity to himself, to die; so if he values his life and what there is left of him, let him thank your unwarlike care and exertion."

"Under God, doctor!"
"Oh, yes, yes, of course, if you will have it so. But I must not linger here, neither shall I be able to call so frequently as formerly. The terrors outside are increasing hourly, and I am needed in many places at once. So, au revoir, Sister, our patient is safe in your hands; but should you urgently need my aid, send for me at once. And may I ask that you will take a little care of yourself sometime?"

"Can you doubt it?" she answered laughing; and bowing her adieu, she closed the door gently after him. We are not relating the history of old Madame Corbette, therefore we will assure the reader that her presence, though most unpleasantly evident to the Sisters, shall not trouble us much. Every moment that could be spared from her patient was spent by Sister Marguerite in attending to the wants of this ungrateful woman. It was well the poor Sister did not look for gratitude in return for all her kindness, and most certainly she received none; and in spite of the fact that Ma Soeur presented the old creature with two of the gold pieces found in the Englishman's pocket, she grew more and more exacting and jealous in proportion as she observed the attention and care lavished upon the unwelcome stranger.

Once again Harold Manfred awoke to consciousness, and though this time his mind was easily fatigued, it was much clearer and steadier than formerly. The window was open, the cool spring air danced through the apartment; whilst the clear notes of a singing bird, which

had alighted near, seemed to fill the room with joyous song. After listening some little time, and endeavoring to collect his thoughts, Harold opened his eyes and looked around. How very small the room appeared! How low the ceiling! But how bright and cleanly the aspect; and whiter and purer than aught else in view was the white *cornette* of a Sister of Charity! Wearily his eyes rested upon the face beneath it. Sister Marguerite was standing in a rapt attitude of attention, listening with obvious joy to the thrilling notes of the little songster. The violet eyes were raised and fixed; flushed with pleasure were the fair cheeks; and the merry lips were parted as though her own soul could well have burst forth into song and joined the happy choirster. For the first time in his life the sick man's eyes dwelt with pleasure upon the features of a nun. The face looked so young, so pure, so innocent, so full of human sympathy and kindness, that so long as she continued to listen his gaze was riveted upon her. At last, with a sudden spring into the air, the birdie ceased; away it flew, perhaps to brighten with its cheerful song the heart of some other sufferer.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TRUEST TONGUE IN ALL ERIN

By William C. O'Brien in The Missionary

Irene Dineen dropped into the cash drawer the half penny she had just received for a clay pipe; then, leaning her elbows on the counter of her mother's little store, she resumed her dreaming. An unusually loud boom of the surf as it broke over Travilahawk claimed her vague attention for a moment, but her father was, she well knew, far out on the open sea and unthreatened by the inshore blow and the heavy ground swell. Irene was not interested or impressed. It was monotonously bad weather, the drab gray of sea and sky welved off by here and there a foaming white-capped breaker rushing with futile fury on the rocky Irish coast. It was just the kind of a day the one previous had been. For Irene it meant but a round of small soles and household routine. It typified exactly many days to come. And so her life would drag along until the budding beauty of spring, with its longing for the mate that came with it; and through the flowered grandeur of summer, with its suggestion of love blossoming into marital content. And then would come the mellow ripeness of autumn when one should pick the golden fruit for one's children. She blushed and instinctively dropped her face between her palms though there was none to see; it was unmanly to long for such happiness.

Outside in the village street someone was tuning up a violin. Irene strolled out from behind the counter and stood at the half door, listening indifferently to the preliminary twanging and twisting of the little, wizened, old fiddler. The ragged musician swung into an Irish air, a favorite of bygone days still very popular with the country folk. He played with surprising technique and feeling, so that Irene was thrilled in spite of her indifference. Her eyes brightened a trifle at the lilt of "O'Donnell Abu," and the jig and reels sent the blood coursing a wee bit faster to her heart that was weary; oh, so weary with longing, with hope deferred.

Soon the cheeriness died out of the violin's voice. It took up a melancholy waltz as of lonely spirit on a desert shore. The soul-saddening moan of the "Coolin," that lone sonnet of the ancient Gael, resounded gently in the ears and thrillingly in the heart of the listening listener. It was the absent one's favorite, that tune so pregnant with anguish bringing memories of the wonderful days long gone. A choking sob rose in Irene's throat; her eyes filled with sparkling tears. Well-nigh hopeless love awaited her on a lonely shore, and black despair threatened. No longer could she bear to stand at the door and simulate indifference to that sweet—and awful—melody. She stumbled blindly behind the counter and to the curtained off recess near the window where she once more leaned on the little desk and sobbed generously and unreservedly.

After a short space the wail died away and the shuffling steps of the old musician sounded on the crisp earth. He was coming in to seek his meager reward. Hastily trying her eyes Irene drew open the cash drawer and picked up a half penny—usual dole for a wandering musician—then changed her mind and added a few more small copper coins. She was such a good musician, such a truth teller; had not the wail of his violin re-echoed the cry of her heart?

"That ye, mie." The old man raised his caubien deferentially. Then, placing the coins in his tattered pocket, he continued, peering as does one whose sight is failing him: "Is ye gene genuerel heart ye have mie, the like of which 'tis seldom I meet."

Irene frowned slightly, unwilling to encourage a wayfarer who, more than likely, was planning to take advantage of the generosity he so highly praised. "Thank you kindly," she said briefly.

"I saw the beautiful eyes of ye when I struck up the 'Coolin' a while ago," he went on. "Believe ye have a fancy for the tune. Maybe ye'd like me to play it over for ye?"
"No, thank you. She did not wish to be so moved again. Mother

might discover and chide as she always did when Irene cried for no apparent reason. Mother knew and sympathized, but mistrusted the wisdom of soothing words.

The old man turned away and shuffled to the door. Uncertainly he stopped, turned and shuffled back again, his head on one side, an ingratiating smile gleaming through his heavy beard.

"Maybe then, mie, ye'd like to have yer fortune told? 'Tis often the way's blue eyes surveyed him doubtfully; his ragged brown suit, faded and impregnated with the dust of many a weary mile of road; his shapless caubien jammed carelessly on his unkempt locks, his wrinkled, leary countenance; his pleading gray eyes, brilliant despite their age; his eyebrows, remarkably fine for one of his years.

Should this wayfarer tell her fortune? She was not particularly anxious, nor was she altogether unwilling. Fortune telling has its own fascination. And he was undeniably interesting—his picturesque, his charm of manner, and his evident appreciation of her own beauty. Suddenly but without confusion she realized that she had been staring at him long and inquisitively, that he was shifting uneasily under her gaze.

"'Tis unlucky with cards," she said. "How do you tell it?"
"Me ould fiddle," he said earnestly, "has the truest tongue in all creation. 'Tis not me but me fiddle will tell ye."
The girl looked incredulously at this hunch-backed old roamer of roads, whose voice was so entrancing, so moving in its reminiscent melodiousness. Should she refuse one so anxious to render her a service?

Seeing her hesitation, the fiddler added hastily: "Sure I'm not trying to work ye for more money, avourneen. 'Twill be the delight of me heart to let me ould fiddle answer the riddle that's a'chill' yer heart and standing right in yer eyes this minute."

The riddle in her heart! Irene was startled by the shrewdness of the old man's guess, for guessing he surely must be. "Then how will you tell it?" she asked.
With impressive seriousness the old hunchback fixed his gaze on the beautiful face framed by dark, luxuriant hair and lighted by deep blue laughter-loving eyes, clouded a little now by doubt. He held out the violin with both hands. "Pluck whatever string ye like," he commanded, "and if the heart of ye is the home of true love itself, 'twill recount through the heart of me fiddle—the like of which for telling the truth there is not in all the four corners of Erin. Aye, and 'twill tell me true the answer to yer riddle."

Diffidently she plucked a string as bidden and the booming note of the old instrument filled the little store.

"Aha, so 'tis that, is it? There's a longing in yer heart, mie, for some one that's far away. Isn't it true what I'm telling ye?" The hunchback's frame heaved convulsively. He was piteously eager for a confirmation of his statement. Infirmly he laid an over-enthralling hand on the girl's arm. She withdrew quickly and leaned against the shelves back of the counter, somewhat surprised and offended. Surely he had not read her soul through the violin! No, but through her eyes! Did she then go amongst the people with her yearning proclaiming itself in her every glance? She was really annoyed. She would send the old rascal away.

The fiddler's mistook her silence for wonder. "Aye, 'tis wonderful to ye, no doubt. But 'tis more wonderful what I'm going to tell ye. Yer sweetheart is beyond the sea and—"
"You've been asking the neighbors questions about me," Irene was very indignant.

"Upon me soul and honor, the devil a word." His manner was so earnest, his voice so entrancing and reminiscent, she believed in spite of herself.
"Can you tell me any more?"
"I can tell ye more than any other living man." He asserted his power impressively, proudly.

"What?" Irene was eager now, though only half convinced.
"The goosoon of yer heart loves ye as truly as mortal man can love. Believe me, 'tis himself is longing for the sight of ye, and cursing the day he ever left ye. Aye, and 'tis sad and sore he is now to be away from the sweetness of yer lips and the lovelight in yer eyes. Me fiddle tells me his heart is full of his colleen, and the devil a threanen he cares for any other living woman."

The old man stopped as though exhausted. There had been a world of sincerity in his voice, a world of entreaty for belief in his manner. It was plain he was anxious, feverishly anxious, that she should believe as completely in his soothing say as he himself evidently did.
Despite her incredulity, Irene heard his statement gladly. Without caring to admit, even to herself, any belief in fortune telling, she hoped, sincerely hoped that there was something of truth in the old man's statement. That ancient diviner, noting her tribulation, left her with but a benediction, making his way to the door slowly and murmuring: "God bless ye, avourneen, God bless ye. I'll come back tomorrow and play ye another few bars of the 'Coolin'."
"Go raih mat' agst (thank you)," The Gaelic fell from her tongue melodiously—the absent one had delighted in the language of his people.

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"It does me heart good to be playing for the likes of a lover of music that you are," he said, as if in explanation and departed.

And the next day and the next and for many days thereafter, though the furies of the northwest wind shrieked their vengeance as they swept over the rock summit of Travilabawak and rushed down the main street to bite and sting and freeze the wayfarers snapping the life threads of the aged and the delicate and overworking the gray-headed old digger of graves in the churchyard to the south beyond the turn of the road—though all this was so, the old musician faithfully fulfilled his promise and played outside Dineen's little huckster shop. So faithful was he that Mrs. Dineen began to wonder greatly and bided darkly of having the police set tramping the likes of such old vagabonds as to be going about fiddling everlastingly before decent people's doors.

But he was a good fiddler beyond doubt, and he seemed harmless so far and, as she phrased it in her own mind, she "let the hare sit" and didn't bother him at all.

Then there came a succession of days when the ancient hunchback was absent. Irene, who of late had taken a strange pleasure in conversing with him, became unconsciously restless and uneasy. It was though the old man's pretensions to reading the future had been a source of comfort and hope.

The weather took an even more violent turn for the worse—as Irish weather is wont to do when thoroughly roused—and this added much to her depression. From the northeast an angry gale laden with biting cold rain and, besides, with stinging hailstones, assailed the coast towns with berserk fury. The Wicklow folk scurried along the streets in shivering haste, going about their tasks unwillingly and praying for a cessation of the withering blast. At times it did die away, giving place to bright spells of watery sunshine, all too short lived to lighten the spirit and only emphasizing the harshness of the storm.

During one of these mild spells the ancient musician reappeared in front of Dineen's door, his meager overcoat wrapped tightly about him, his battered cane drawn far down over his eyes, his hands bare and blue, but his violin warmly enfolded in an old green baize bag, whence he presently withdrew it and began to play. Not long, however, did the performance last, for an angry gust came scurrying downstreet bearing water warning of the coming shower. The old man sought shelter for himself and his violin within Dineen's huckster shop.

To Irene's eyes he appeared more haggard, older, more worn and weary than when she last saw him. He muttered a remark about the weather and said he would soon be going. He was going away and would not be in Wicklow again, so he had stopped to play for her the "Coolun" the last time before he departed. She replied nothing, merely nodding her comprehension, but she was looking at him very curiously; studying him very carefully; taking in every detail of his ragged garments, the glint of his gray eyes, the sure grip of his hand on the old green baize bag. And while the old man bowed and volleyed on the frozen street outside and against the windows and the half open door, and the wild wind rushed screaming between the scattered houses, these strangely contrasting friends gave each other glance for glance in mute inquiry as though they sought reflection of the innermost mind in the outer habiliments of countenance or costume. Neither did the old man fail to take in and appreciate the beautiful picture before him, the rosy cheeks, and eyed girl leaning her little form against the counter, the dark blue of her simple house dress emphasizing the blue of her eyes, the delicate health tints of her complexion and the neatly bound strands of waving dark hair. She was, indeed, a splendid daughter of a sturdy race that needs no eugenics but the eternal principles of truth and right living to guide them in their physical destiny.

For several minutes they stood thus in silence, so mutually engrossed as to be unconscious of what otherwise had been an awkward pause. Then the shower ceased; the sun vouchsafed a watery smile, and with obvious reluctance the old fiddler announced his departure.

"Good-bye, miss," he said with emotion. "God bless ye." I won't see ye again so I want to shake yer hand once more before I go. 'Tis the three heart is in ye indeed."

He held out his hand which she grasped heartily, replying with emotion: "Good-bye, God bless your self for the true heart that's in you."

Then she dropped his hand and, leaning forward, grasped him by the shoulders. "Ah," she said, with an effort to control her feelings, "do you think I've been looking at the gray eyes of you every day for the past month without recognizing you? Pat McCarthy, what in God's name ever happened to you?"

"Irene, I—his voice died in his throat. He turned to the door. "Good-bye, Irene, I must be going." Misery was in every syllable.

"Indeed, and you're not going, Pat. What's come over you at all? And what's your name by dressing up that way? What's it had enough to—but I asked you; how in the name of God did it ever happen?"

"A railway wreck, Irene. Oh, I made the company pay. It cost them thousands of dollars, but it cost me—yourself. I'm going now. I'll write and tell you all about it. I

shouldn't have come, I know; but, oh, how I wanted to see ye once again, Irene. And I thought you'd never know me with the whiskers and all. And I practiced and practiced the way I'd talk and everything—but I'm going away now. Forgive me, avourneen. Good-bye. His voice was strong, and there was decision in his movement toward the door.

Quickly Irene intercepted him. "No, no, no," she said frankly. "You're not going away, Patsy, indeed not. You're not going away again—you're never going."

"You wouldn't be wanting me like this, Irene. You wouldn't be wanting to be going around with a cripple making a show of you."

"When you're after taking off all them makeups that's giving you the appearance of an old man from the bog, 'tis more like yourself you'll be, and no disgrace at all." Her careful study had convinced her of this. Besides the bump on his back was not such a terrible deformity as he himself believed. Yet it was unquestionably a deformity, quite a deformity. Not many girls would overlook it.

Pat shook his head sadly. "Soon you'll be getting tired of the look of me," he said wisely. "And then you'll be wishing for your freedom."

Irene turned on him fiercely, passionately. "Do you think I saw nothing but your handsome face in the days gone by. Do you think I'd be longing for you all these weary days, if I didn't know there was the heart of a true man in you. Yerra I'm no infatuated omdhadhaun. I well know you'd have gone back to America if I hadn't stopped you."

"Tis that I was going to do, Irene. And 'tis that I must do, for I'm no fit match for you now. He paled at the thought, looking older and more haggard and beaten than before.

"My Aunt Kate died last year," said Irene with seeming irrelevance. "She left me that little farm above in the mountain near Glenmalur." Patsy was alert. "I'll buy it from you," he offered. "I'll go up there and live, and I'll come down once in a while to see you—after you marry Larry Burns. I'm told Larry is wanting to marry you. He's a good match, and a fine, decent fellow."

"Don't you love me? Don't you want me, Pat?" In her heart Irene well knew the answer. And so to the moist eyed, eager young girl, so perfect in health and beauty, so strong and buoyant in contrast to the man she loved, turned the hunched up figure silhouetted against the watery sunshine pouring in the doorway. He held out his hands. "Irene," he said, "I— But he needed no words. She knew; she understood; and quickly she silenced him.

The wonderful air in the sheltered valley of Glenmalur, high amongst the purple and gold of the Wicklow mountains, had worked many a miracle of health restoration—but it cannot straighten out the curves of a hunchback. Yet, it can bring color to the cheeks and vigor to the frame of the human who lives so close to nature and to whom farming is such a labor of love as it is to Pat McCarthy living with his fair wife and two children in that self-same valley of Glenmalur.

"FREE CATHOLICISM"

One of the prominent leaders of the English Nonconformists (or "Free Church" people) is the Rev. Dr. Orchard. In the beginning of February the report was current that he had kept a week's retreat with the monks of Buckfast Abbey and had been received into the Catholic Church. Interviewed by a reporter, Dr. Orchard declared that he was still, what he had been all his life, a "Free Churchman," a Nonconformist clergyman, and had no intention of joining "the Roman Communion." But the first part of the current rumor was true enough. He had gone to Buckfast and spent a week there in retreat.

The Abbey of Our Lady of Buckfast is a place that has a wonderful history. It stands amid beautiful scenery in the valley of the Dart in Devonshire. It was founded in Saxon times, in the tenth century, and the Danish King Canute enriched it with a grant of lands. In the twelfth century its Benedictine community united itself to the Cistercian Order, while St. Bernard of Clairvaux was still living. It was suppressed and plundered by Henry VIII, and for three and a half centuries the abbey church and buildings were in a state of ruin. But in 1882 the place was purchased by French Benedictine monks of the Cassinese Congregation. They erected a temporary church and cloister, and set to work to rebuild the ruined abbey. They employed neither architect nor contractor, but, working on the plans indicated by what remained of the old buildings of Catholic times they labored month by month and year by year at their task, and the church had much of the monastery have now been reconstructed. Dr. Orchard told his interviewer that he was surprised at the progress made. The monks, he said, were doing three times as much work as would have been completed in the same time by hired labor. He spoke of the edification he had received at the sight of their lives of prayer and toil, adding that they had treated him as a welcome guest and had not worked him with any efforts at conversion. One can well understand that they wisely decided to let their visitor live peacefully during his week of retreat amid Catholic

surroundings, and left it to God's grace to do the rest.

But it is not surprising that Dr. Orchard's visit to Buckfast Abbey led to the report that he had made his submission to the Holy See, for he is one of the leading men in a new party among the Nonconformists, the members of which are devoting their energies to the promotion of what they describe as "Free Catholicism." Their fellow Nonconformists, who cling to the old ways, regard them as waverers who are succumbing to the attractions of Rome. Old-fashioned representatives of aggressive Protestantism, like Mr. John Kenit, hint that they are agents of "Popery," possibly "Jesuits in disguise."

Free Catholicism is certainly a remarkable development. It may have eventually the same effect among the Nonconformists that the Oxford movement had among the Anglicans. A very temperate critic of it in the Nonconformist press rightly remarks that it is itself an outcome of the Oxford movement. One might add that it is also a result of the Catholic revival in England. Even as late as twenty five years ago such a movement among Nonconformists would have been unimaginable.

Nonconformity in England dates from the early years of Queen Elizabeth's organization of a State Church Establishment. When the Queen and her Ministers set at naught the authority of the Holy See and the Catholic Church it was inevitable that not a few of those who had followed them so far as to join in the denial of that authority, should proceed to call in question the right of the State Bishops and the politicians who controlled them to formulate a code of belief and regulate public worship.

The Puritans of Elizabethan and Stuart times were the men who considered that the Church of England, as by law established, represented a compromise with "Popery"; regarded the new State Bishops as having no more title to their reverence and obedience than the Catholic Bishops they had replaced; rejected the use of an ordained ministry, and based their Church organization on the congregation choosing its own elders and preachers. The "Independents" of these early days are now represented by the Congregationalists. The three other main branches of Nonconformity are the various Presbyterian bodies (the heirs of Northern Calvinism), the Baptists and the Methodists, who came into existence in the eighteenth century. All these have the common ground of the rejection of State control, episcopacy and orders; the insistence of preaching as the chief office of the ministry; the appeal to the "open Bible" and the rejection of formularies of belief; and the complete denial of anything like a sacramental system. "Salvation by faith alone" is the central doctrine on which the orthodox Nonconformist preachers insist. They represent the old-fashioned Protestantism, the very antithesis of everything Catholic, and hence denunciations of Rome used to be a favorite topic of their pulpits and platforms.

The very architecture and arrangement of their chapels and meeting houses long indicated their aversion to "ecclesiasticism." Often there was not even anything like the communion table, that had superseded the altar in the old parish churches of England. A pulpit or platform for the preacher, a reading desk for his Bible and benches for his hearers were the furniture of the plain oblong hall that served as a chapel. One of the first indications that Nonconformity was becoming less aggressively Protestant was the building here and there of a chapel, in which the architect showed that he no longer believed that the very ugliness of one's surroundings was a help to religious orthodoxy. The meeting house was rebuilt as a Gothic church. The first of these new-fashioned chapels of Nonconformity was erected some forty years ago. But side by side with the Gothic revival in English architecture, there was a more serious influence, working, it is true, very slowly and only here and there. The old Protestantism was breaking up under the effects of two directly opposing dissolving forces, which instead of neutralizing each other, acted like a frontal and a flank attack.

There was the effect of scientific rationalism and the popular versions of the results of the so-called higher criticism, sapping the old reliance on the open Bible as the one basis of teaching. Thoughtful men began to look round for some new basis of belief, some authoritative warrant for the inspiration and interpretation of the Scriptures, that would enable them to close their ranks against the onset of unbelief. Nonconformist preachers began to elaborate some kind of theory of "the Church," guided by the Holy Spirit, and to seek for a union of forces in order to escape from the obvious difficulty of divided and contradictory teaching in "the Christian Church." At the same time the influence of the Catholic revival was making itself felt. The spread of Catholic ideas, the revival of Catholic practices in the Church of England, and the steady growth of the Catholic Church itself were producing an effect on the minds of many leaders of Nonconformity. Most of these leaders were still under the sway of the old Protestant tradition, but they were no longer in the utter darkness of the eighteenth century. Not only the reading of history, but the very life of tens of thousands of their con-

temporaries brought home to them the revelation that Catholicism was not the blind, soulless, idolatrous system that had been denounced by their forefathers from pulpit and platform. Here and there a minister began to insist on some rudimentary form of sacramental teaching. The communion service became more frequent and more ceremonial. Preachers began to draw upon the material of their armor. The heaven was working in the hitherto inert mass of Nonconformity and at last men belonging to various sections of the Free Churches, began openly to assimilate Catholic ideas and introduce Catholic practices in their congregations.

It is not easy to fix definite dates in the evolution of a movement like this. But it has been making rapid progress in the last ten years. In England it has come out into the open. In two centers, in London and in the North, all the adherents of the new movement do not go equally far, but the tendency is towards a recognition of the fact that much is to be learned from the great Catholic Church—regarded as a historic keeper of the Christian tradition, while in some cases there is expressed a longing for some kind of reunion with it. Meanwhile by adopting much of the Catholic tradition in belief and practice without the admission to the Holy See, a Free Catholicism is in the process of being created.

The Rev. W. G. Fock, pastor of a Lancashire Methodist congregation, has written a book on "The Coming Free Catholicism," which has gone through two editions in three years. It is surprising to read in his pages such utterances as these: "Within the Free Churches there is growing up a new respect for Catholic practices, and the adoption of liturgical forms of worship is rapidly increasing. The younger generation of Free Church ministers is emphasizing the importance of the Sacraments, and many wish to see the Sacrament of Holy Communion recognized as the central act of worship." (p. 92)

"The case for the Sacrifice of the Mass is just as strong as the case for prayer" (p. 99)

"The Confessional needs to be recognized and proclaimed as a valid means of grace in the community of Christian men" (p. 130)

"The Roman Church is a marvelous institution and the world owes her many great debts. She is the Mother of all Western Christendom, and even from our Free Church environment, some of us look wistfully towards her" (p. 107)

"The 'Church Ideals Movement' is an organization in the north of England, whose officials include the principal of a Nonconformist College at Bradford, and the pastors of twelve congregations. It puts reunion in the forefront of its program, which are forth with: 'Recognizing that this distracted world needs the ministry of one Holy Catholic Church, we seek, in common with devout souls of other Communions, to contribute to the realization of that ideal.'"

Another organization is the "Society of Free Catholics," with a cross with the letters S. F. C. for its badge of membership. It issues a monthly magazine, which draws freely on Catholic sources. Each year there are retreats organized at which the manual used is "Mansions," a Catholic expansion of the "Spiritual Exercises."

A few congregations have gone as far as the most advanced Ritualists in adopting the forms of Catholic worship. I do not know what theory of orders is held by these Free Catholics, but some few of their pastors act as if they were ordained priests, and teach by word and act the doctrine of the Real Presence. So we are told that, since the Lent of 1919, Dr. Orchard has introduced the "reservation of the Sacrament" in his chapel in London. There is an altar-like communion table with a tabernacle upon it and a red lamp burning before it, and he holds a Benediction service modeled on the Catholic rite. In Kingsway Chapel, in central London, a Wesleyan place of worship, there is what looks like a Catholic altar except that instead of the crucifix there is a picture of Our Lord above it, and here the hymn in use at the communion service tells how:

Now on the Sacred Table laid Thy Flesh becomes our food; Thy life is to our souls conveyed In Sacramental Blood.

In some of these chapels of the Free Catholic congregations there is the crucifix, and a picture of Our Lady. Vestments are worn. Prayers are used that imply Catholic doctrine. Nonconformists are even learning to use the rosary. In many chapels during the War prayers for the dead were introduced. All this is only the beginning of what seems not unlikely to prove an important movement, that will in the coming years bring many through the path of Free Catholicism to the true freedom of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church.—A. Hilliard Atteridge in America.

PRAYER NECESSARY TO SALVATION

God for His own wise reasons has ordained that prayer should enter largely into the work of human salvation. Salvation is essentially a gift bestowed on us by God. It is something which we obtain, not through our own inherent strength, but through divine assistance.

This first step on our journey to heaven we can not take of ourselves, but only through a power given us by God.

As with the first step so with every other step on the way. God lifts our feet and directs them on their onward march.

Our course leads through deep shadows and darkness, but God lights it up for us, somewhat as He walled up the sea for the Israelites and left them a dry path on which to pass through.

Sometimes we come to several roads branching out in many directions, and God points out to us the one which will conduct us to the goal we are seeking.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST

(Published by Request)

(An old man was returning to Ireland after a residence of thirty years in the United States. One morning at daybreak he caught a glimpse of the Irish coast and, carried away by the supreme delight of the moment, he dropped to his knees and cried aloud: "The top of the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna!")

Glory to God, but there it is, The dawn on the hills of Ireland— God's angels lifting the night's black veil From the fair, sweet face of my Ireland! Oh Erin! 't is grand you look Like a bride in her rich adornment? And with all the per-upt love of my heart I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back For many a year of yearning— I'd almost venture another flight, There's such a joy in returning; Watching out for that hallowed shore, All other attractions scornin', O Ireland! don't you hear me about? I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho! Ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand The surges are grandly beating; And Kerry is pushing her headlands out To give us a friendly greeting. To the shore the sea birds fly On pinions that know no drooping, And out from the cliffs with welcomes charged A million of waves come trooping. Oh, kindly, generous, Irish land, So lead, and fair, and lovin'! No wonder the wandering Celt should think And dream of you in his roving. The alien land may have gems and gold, Shadows may never have gloomed it, But the bear! will sigh for the absent land Where the love-light first illumed it. And doesn't old Cove look charming there, Watching the wild waves' motion, Leaning her back up against the hills, With the tips of her toes in the ocean? I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!

Ah! maybe their chiming is over; For it's many a year since I began The life of a western rover. For thirty summers, ashore machree, These hills I now feast my eyes on, Ne'er miss my vision, save when they rose O'er memory's dim horizon. Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed In the landscape spread before me; But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope To see Texas' sky still o'er me. Now fuller and truer the shore line shows, Was there ever a scene more splendid? I feel the breath of the Munster breeze, Thank God that my exile's ended! Old scenes, old songs, old friends again, The vale and the cot I was born in! O Ireland, up from my heart of hearts, I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

—JOHN LOCKE

THE EASTER DUTY

Seven weeks still remain for the fulfillment of the precept of Easter Communion. According to the law of the Church every Catholic is bound under pain of mortal sin to receive Holy Communion during the Easter time. This time in our country extends from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday. Catholics therefore who have not received Holy Communion since February 13 have until May 22, Trinity Sunday, to comply with this solemn obligation.

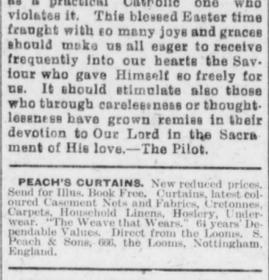
It may seem strange that the Church has passed such a stringent law compelling her children to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. But this legislation is the consequence of an odious heresy which once flourished in the Church with the aim of keeping Catholics away from the Holy Table. To quell forever the future recurrence of such a heinous doctrine as the followers of Janesius strove to popularize the Church in solemn Council wrote into her statute books the precept of Easter Duty as it has been called. Fervent Catholics need no admonition to receive the Sacraments. They go frequently, monthly, weekly and daily to the Holy Table, there to receive the Author of all good and the source of all grace. But

the Church is composed not only of the fervent but of the tepid and careless. These also must exhort, urge and compel to escape the condemnation uttered by Our Lord when He said, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Since the days of Pope Pius X. of saintly memory, the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has increased tremendously. The large numbers of daily communicants that throng the altar rails in our churches testify to the strength of the custom of daily Communion which he did so much to establish. The number of those who receive Holy Communion only once a year is growing yearly less and less. It is justly regarded as a more fulfillment of the law, the irreducible minimum of the Catholic practice for a Catholic man or woman.

But the law of Easter duty requires that Catholics receive Holy Communion, not merely once a year, but that they shall receive Holy Communion during the Easter time, that is the three month period between the first Sunday of Lent and Trinity Sunday. To the nonfulfillment of this precept the Church has attached grave penalties, and ceases to regard as a practical Catholic one who violates it. This blessed Easter time fraught with so many joys and graces should make us all eager to receive frequently into our hearts the Saviour who gave Himself so freely for us. It should stimulate also those who through carelessness or thoughtlessness have grown remiss in their devotion to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love.—The Pilot.

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the point that the wages offered are wholly inadequate for decent human living. He writes: "Lloyd George has spoken of the miners as misunderstanding the psychology of the British people. The miners with their dependents form a very large and representative part of the British people. In Great Britain one person in about every dozen is either a miner or a dependent of a miner. Let us suppose that the miners had accepted the coal owners' offer. It would have meant that the psychology of a large part of the British people was so despicable that it was prepared to consent to the payment of starvation wages for the performance of arduous and dangerous work. It is fortunate for the nation as a whole that so large a section of it proved its manhood in such a test. If it had failed to do so it would have been proof that Britain had fallen very low indeed in the scale of nations."

fouled. What is being done in Ireland today may be done in Great Britain tomorrow. The great industrial war may for the time be averted in Great Britain; but is averted apparently by the powerful and wealthy, firmly in control of the machinery and forces of Government, using these forces to defraud the laborer of his wages. "I say," continues George W. Russell, "if the British people, because of their natural anger over the shooting of police and soldiers condoned without inquiry indiscriminate vengeance inflicted on persons and movements which are innocent they will lay up a hell for themselves in their own country. They will be tearing up the safeguards of justice won through centuries of struggle and there are too many interests inimical to democracy in power to allow them the advantage of such precedents."

mitted in the name of law and order should cease? LORD HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M. P., in the House of Commons on March 7th, said: "We have been wasting our money and we have been wasting the lives and property of the Irish people. . . . What have we got for all these murders, for pulling people out of their beds and killing them? . . . I do not want to be offensive, but I cannot see that your Auxiliary Police have any connection with law and order. They are not engaged in maintaining law and order, but are merely being used as instruments in the Prime Minister's policy of terrorizing the Irish people into submission and into the acceptance of the Government of Ireland Act."

conquered the bodies of the Prussians, Prussianism conquered our souls." MRS. M. K. BRADY, writing in the London Nation of March 26th, said: "The children of Trales, (Co. Kerry), today are seeking their bread in desolate places and seeking it in vain. They are pinched and shivering with cold, half naked and under-nourished, their homes burned down, their fathers imprisoned or out of work while Black and Tans swagger amongst the ruins they have made and Auxiliary Cadets spend their pound a day on encouraging the liquor trade."

the fun of it if for nothing else, we can secure some object different from any we ever had before. This is why men have made fortunes by taking staple foods out of barrel or cask, packing them in pretty pasteboard boxes, bottles or cans, attaching to them a nice name and an artistic label, and selling them to us at five to ten times their value. And so it is that advertising has been so developed that its loving devotees now seek to give it, in addition to its unquestionable money value, the dignity of a place amongst the arts. But it is only trade and commerce; not art. Do not let us degrade the arts by introducing into their company what is merely the newest development of the business of trading in goods.

by Hon. William Chisholm and spoken to in eloquent terms by Mr. Justice Russell. It reads: "The members of Nova Scotia Historical Society have learned with deep regret that Dr. Martin J. Griffin, for many years a corresponding member and honorary member of this Society, passed away on March 19th, 1921. Dr. Griffin took a deep interest in historical study and by his contributions to leading reviews of both hemispheres he earned a well deserved reputation as one of the most accomplished writers that this country has produced. He was in succession editor of the Evening Express and The Morning Herald, both published in Halifax, and of the Toronto Daily Mail. For about thirty five years he was Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa. For upwards of thirty years he wrote the criticism, 'At Dordalays' for the Montreal Gazette. Modest and unassuming, widely read and highly cultivated, he was a sound adviser, whose influence was always for good, and his death is a distinct loss to Canadian letters."

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1921

THE INDUSTRIAL WAR IN BRITAIN

Though at this writing it appears that the impending industrial war in Great Britain has been averted and before THE RECORD reaches its readers the miners may have returned to work, some phases of the threatened conflict deserve consideration.

Throughout the world during the War there was an enormous inflation of currency and credit; deflation was imperative. Always accompanied by economic disturbance, at this time it is enormously aggravated by the fact that in a large part of Europe commerce and industry are moribund and that the depression in trade is world-wide.

All this is beyond the control of miners or mine-owners; but though neither were to blame both found themselves immersed in these conditions when the necessity for readjustment was thrust on them. The Government had taken over the mines and guaranteed the profits of the mine-owners as well as the wages of the miners. This is a fact that our newspaper despatches leave discreetly in the background. Government control of the coal industry had the familiar results of Government control. We saw it in the Government control of railways in the United States; we see it in the Government control of railways in Canada. Incompetence, inefficiency, the failure adequately to repair or renew necessary machinery had its inevitable outcome—Government subsidy. And as Government subsidies must come from general taxation it is an unpopular political policy.

The trouble goes farther back. Before the War, the coal-miners, shamefully underpaid, struck for a minimum wage. This minimum wage ranged from 90 cents to \$1.20 a day. During the War there were coal strikes; and eventually the Government had to take control of this industry essential in peace or war, but vital, of course, in wartime. Later a Royal Commission of competent men was appointed to study the whole problem and find a solution. The Government were committed to this solution, but balked and shirked when the Sankey Commission recommended nationalization of the mines.

So we have the present deplorable situation for which, as the Manchester Guardian says, "the Government cannot divest itself of responsibility by simply passing an Act of Parliament to say that it does so."

On the Government's abandoning control the mine-owners cut the wages enormously, with a "take it or leave it" ultimatum to the workmen. Hence it was a matter of dispute whether the resulting cessation of work was a strike or a lock out. If the latter the workers were entitled to a Government dole. The Government, controlled as it is by Capitalism, sided, as a matter of course, in this as in all other phases of the dispute, with the owners. "The cut in wages," says the Manchester Guardian, "is said in extreme cases to amount to half their present earnings and would in almost all cases reduce them far below the standard of living which they enjoyed in 1914."

In the House of Commons it was stated by one of the Labor Members that the wages offered in many cases amounted to less than 18 shillings a week in pre War conditions! Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the noted economic writer, in an article issued last week on the subject, emphasizes

THE INDUSTRIAL WAR IN BRITAIN

Responsibility for such conditions cannot be shirked by Government. The profits of mine owners can not in justice be secured by such means, especially in "the new and better world" which Lloyd George promised was to usher in by the advent of peace after the victory in war.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and that hire should support him in frugal comfort. A living wage must be the first charge on industry. It can never go below that necessary for decent human living without violating right and justice. This is fundamental and indisputable. But capitalists seldom agree with Leo XIII. who says "that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by; or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power." And the great Leo has a special word for miners: "Those who labor in mines and quarries, and in work within the bowels of the earth, should have shorter hours in proportion, as their labor is more severe and more trying to health."

The action of the miners in withdrawing the pump bands and other safety man has been criticized as wanton destruction of property, a policy of sabotage which would alienate sympathy and harden public opinion against them.

It is interesting to quote here from a public demand for a judicial inquiry into a policy of destruction much more reprehensible than that adopted by the miners. George W. Russell, the brilliant Ulster Protestant Irishman who gave his great talents to the development of the co-operative movement amongst Irish farmers, a few months ago wrote as follows:

"The Government stands charged, through the acts of its agents, with arson, with the wrecking of property and the ill-treatment of Irish citizens, without due trial by processes of law. It shrinks from publicity. It refuses open inquiry. We ask for investigation. The Government denies it. Which shows the worse conscience? Which behaves as the guilty party?"

Lawlessness begets lawlessness. The British Government is lawless, anarchist, murderous in Ireland. It has forfeited its moral authority in England and must rely there as elsewhere on brute force.

To preserve its moral authority in England or in India or in Ireland "it cannot allow the fountain of justice to be under the imputation of being fouled."

George Russell was writing about conditions in Ireland; but the principles enunciated are of universal application. He wrote: "The leaders of the cooperative movement in Ireland, Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Montagu, the Rev. Thomas Finlay, and Mr. R. A. Anderson, are publicists whose character and work have been known for over a quarter of a century. Are they men likely to make irresponsible or unfounded accusations men with long and honorable careers of public service behind them? They, I assert, are men of honor with a knowledge of Ireland a thousand times greater than the Chief Secretary could possibly have, a knowledge gained by lives spent in philanthropic work. When such men ask for open inquiry public opinion in Great Britain, if there is any sense of justice there, would insist on this being granted. It cannot allow the fountain of justice to lie under the imputation of being

BRITISH TESTIMONY

When on St. Patrick's Day Bishop Fallon fearlessly denounced the substitution of terror for law in Ireland, and tyranny for justice, a host of petty scribblers published their spiteful little criticisms in the name of loyalty.

We submit that the best British traditions demand loyalty to truth and justice. In Britain, as in all other countries, there have seldom been wanting self-seeking sycophants who flattered the powers that were for their own base purposes. At one time sycophants were found in the courts of Kings; in these democratic days they pander to the passions and prejudices of the crowd. And, false to the essential principle of democracy, they brand as treason those who would subject governments to "the bracing air of free criticism" in which alone democracy can live and function.

Fortunately for the good name of Britain, Bishop Fallon is in good company in upholding the best British traditions.

Englishmen of high position, members of the Peerage, members of Parliament, high dignitaries of the Churches, statesmen, publicists and the English Press have made public statements substantiating the charge. The following are a few of these statements, all of them made during the same month of March, by representatives of many sections of British public opinion:

GENERAL SIR HUBERT GOUGH, in a letter to a correspondent published on March 2nd, 1921, said:

"Law and order has given place to a bloody and brutal anarchy in which the armed agents of the Crown violate every law in aimless and vindictive and insolent savagery. . . . England has departed further from her own standards and further from the standards even of any nation in the world not excepting the Turk and Zulu than has ever been known in history before."

THE LONDON EVENING STANDARD, (a Coalitionist organ) said on March 2nd:

"Reprisals in Ireland which were undertaken in cold blood care little about confusing the innocent with the guilty and aim more at teaching a moral lesson than at punishing the actual authors of a specific crime. They are bad in every way—bad for the force, bad for Ireland and far worse for the good name of England and the Empire."

RIGHT REV. DR. D. C. MACGREGOR, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in England, writing to the London Times on March 5th, said:

"Unhappily our rulers appear lately to have decided to meet crime with crime. They have first condoned and then actually authorized on many occasions and in many places a policy of reprisals not carried out with the remorseless but ordered rigour of martial law but by means of indiscriminate and unregulated shooting and looting. . . . The result of the present policy is that British rule is a byword and a scoff in every country in Europe and across the Atlantic. One might despise the infamous cartoons that appear in the comic papers of every language. They are detestable, but the worst is, they are partly true. For the good name of Britain is it not high time that these crimes com-

mitted in the name of law and order should cease? LORD ROBERT CECIL, on the same occasion, said:

"We have had a regular series of crimes, I am afraid we must say, reasonably believed to have been carried out by forces of the Crown. Murder, arson, looting and recently I have heard—lithos and trust the Chief Secretary will give the most stringent orders to prevent any such thing being done—I have heard terrible stories of the ill-treatment of unconvicted and even of uncharged persons with the object of obtaining evidence."

SIR JOHN SIMON, ex-Cabinet Minister, speaking at the National Liberal Club, London, on March 8th, referred to Ireland and said:

"What was happening was a complete disgrace to British traditions of law and order. . . . It was plain that the system that was being followed by the Black and Tans included the assassination of suspected men because their names were on the list."

LORD PARMOOR, speaking in London on March 8th, 1921, said:

"Unauthorized reprisals in Ireland appeared to be wholly inconsistent with the fundamental principles in which the maintenance of law and order in the true sense depended. . . . When murder, arson, and theft are allowed to go unpunished where the offenders are Government agents, there is an end of law, and anarchy takes its place."

THE LONDON TIMES referred on March 9th to—

"The tragic and inglorious record of the recent administration of Ireland."

MR. A. RAFFER BALDWIN, Coalition Unionist, M. P. for East Islington, (London) describes in the Times of March 9th the scenes he witnessed in Cork City a few hours after the execution of six Irish prisoners of war on February 28th. He says:

"Among other incidents of a provocative nature I saw three lorry loads of Black and Tans proceeding through Pembroke Street cheering and in one instance waving a Union Jack. . . . On the following day I was walking down Patrick Street between 3.30 and 4.30 when without the slightest provocation so far as I could see a number of shots were fired by Crown Forces over the people's heads as a result of which, I understand, one civilian looking through a window was shot dead."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, in the March issue of the "Nineteenth Century and After," says:

"Every interest in Southern Ireland is being alienated from this country by a policy of repression which involves in its destruction of life and property the whole social and economic fabric of the country."

THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, at Blackburn on March 21st, referring to the crimes committed by Crown Forces, said:

"Never in history had a Government allowed the name of the country to be so indelibly stained."

RT. REV. DR. TEMPLE, Bishop of Manchester, writing in the "Pilgrim," said:

"Ireland still challenges us with the question whether when we

conquered the bodies of the Prussians, Prussianism conquered our souls."

Lady Sykes is the widow of Sir Mark Sykes whose untimely death two years ago removed one of the ablest men in English public life. Lady Sykes thus writes in the current number of "Blackfriars":

"Apart from the moral wrong there is the senseless waste of property; and the sight of blackened ruins is a constant reproachful reminder of the Government that Civil Law has completely broken down under their regime and that the universally condemned methods of Prussianism have taken its place. Every evil deed for which the Germans were execrated in Belgium can be laid to the charge of this country in Ireland. Prisoners have been most cruelly tortured, also, that the accumulation of evidence from various sources should no longer leave any doubt as to this. I myself saw a boy in a prison infirmary who had been most brutally used on arrest. He was only eighteen, fresh from school. There was no charge against him, and he was to be released as soon as he was well enough. Prisoners are shot 'trying to escape'—a convenient way of getting rid of them. . . ."

"Upon those who think and can see into the future a great fear is dawning that the path along which this country is travelling will inevitably, if continued, end in the breaking-up of our great Empire; its several units cannot be held together by force and injustice. The past history of our relations with Ireland will not bear looking into; a time has come when an act of reparation is called for: we fought for the rights of small nations; the world is naming us, hypocrite. How can we hold up our head amongst the nations with this scandal of Ireland at our door. English people are not cruel, they would not stand this thing for a moment if they really knew, they are simply ignorant and apathetic. I was asked over and over again in Ireland, 'But do the English really know what is happening here?' I told them 'No,' but that I would make it my business to tell the truth. Every man and woman who has gone over to Ireland with an open mind, free from prejudice, has come back filled with shame and indignation, determined to do their utmost to put an end as speedily as possible to this disgraceful state of affairs. I think of it day and night, and shall never rest till the people of this country rise up and say with one voice, 'We will not have this tyranny any more, it has got to stop.'"

In all this British testimony speaks the England that the world esteems and honors. The apologists of "aimless and vindictive and insolent savagery" in Ireland are the sycophants who are making "the name of Britain stink in the nostrils of the world."

COMMERCIAL UNREALITY

BY THE OBSERVER

"Under this powerful urge, the writing of advertisements has become an art—the art of commanding the attention and delivering the message with the right appeal—an appeal which shall be adapted to the audience and shall be neither too weak nor too urgent. 'Good advertising,' says Tom Masson, in one of his essays, 'is making it difficult for a man not to buy something which you have not told him he wanted, but have called to his attention.' So there may be as much fact as fancy in his further statement that 'when advertising is not literature, it is not advertising.'"

This is an illustration of what I mean by commercial unreality. Children love to be amused with the appearances of reality; and we are all children, more or less, all our lives. We like stories; and we like them to be well told, even though we suspect the story teller to be padding them out a bit.

We like to have someone persuade us of a new want; or that by the easy means of giving up some money, which we want to spend anyhow, for

the fun of it if for nothing else, we can secure some object different from any we ever had before.

This is why men have made fortunes by taking staple foods out of barrel or cask, packing them in pretty pasteboard boxes, bottles or cans, attaching to them a nice name and an artistic label, and selling them to us at five to ten times their value. And so it is that advertising has been so developed that its loving devotees now seek to give it, in addition to its unquestionable money value, the dignity of a place amongst the arts. But it is only trade and commerce; not art. Do not let us degrade the arts by introducing into their company what is merely the newest development of the business of trading in goods.

To throw a glamour of unreality over a sordid bit of trade is no new thing. The traders of the far east, long before America was discovered, had carried the custom of misrepresenting their wares to a high degree of proficiency; and even today, in actual hand to hand selling, the traders in the Turkish bazaars and in the great Russian fairs, can outpoint the smartest of American and Canadian traders in clever misrepresentation of their goods.

In this country and in the United States, another line has been followed. Printed and pictured advertising is here the means chiefly relied upon to persuade people to buy the things they do not need, and to devote them as to the quality and value of the goods they need but do not get.

I am not cranking complaining of advertising in general. Advertising has its uses; and is often of value. But it is overdone, and, what is worse, it is, at the same time, dishonestly done. It is, when honestly employed, a means of information; it is, when dishonestly employed, a means of misinformation and fraud.

But, one may ask, what harm? Well, it is a serious matter to swell the purchases and the sales of a people beyond the reasonable limits of supply and demand; for that produces an unreal appearance of great trade prosperity; whilst at the same time it drains the money resources of the public into unnecessary and unwise expenditures.

But that is not the worst of it. The commercial system of the day involves another wrong to the public. The business of selling goods today proceeds upon a policy which is in two branches: (1) The artificial creation of an unnatural demand for goods; (2) The artificial restriction of supply with a consequent apparent justification for what inevitably follows; that is, a high price.

Sometimes it is not found necessary to restrict the supply, because the artificially created demand outruns the supply; and any price can be asked and will be paid. A people who do their buying of goods under such influences are living in artificial conditions, acting under illusions, unreal and injurious. An American Commission found that in the sale of certain household commodities, the price to the consumers was increased fifty per cent. by their being put up in attractive, but unnecessary, packages. So much for our childish love of the pretty looks of things.

Instruction in this so-called "art" of selling goods is now to be had by correspondence courses and otherwise. There are books which teach how to make people buy when they don't want to; teach tricks of conversation; how to attract and hold attention; in short how to play on human weakness; for it is human weakness that gets into our possession for the sake of possessing, things we do not want. Human weaknesses are a pointed out and directions are given as to how to play upon them. And in the writing of advertisements, human weaknesses are appealed to. They say that fashion positively requires this or that. They play upon the weakness of "keeping up with the Joneses." They insinuate that the man who cannot give his wife and children this, that or the other article is not much of a fellow anyhow.

If all this is "art," let us point out that North America has an over supply of artists; and we should be far better off if about half of them would take to more honest and more useful occupations.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE REGARD in which the late Dr. Martin J. Griffin was held in his native province is well expressed in the resolution passed at the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society held at Halifax last week. This resolution was moved by Mr. Justice Chisholm, seconded

AS WAS to be expected from the character of the man and the peculiar place he had made for himself in the life of his nation, there was not, so far as our observation has extended, a single jarring note in the press comments on the death of Cardinal Gibbons. All recognized not only the kindness and benevolence of his character, his freedom from ostentation and self-assertiveness and the justice of his attitude to public questions, but they also recognized and paid tribute to the uncompromising character of his presentation of Catholic teaching, and as one paper (the Baltimore American) expressed it, to "his own steady and undeviating faith."

THE EDITORIAL reference of the above-mentioned paper was throughout a beautiful and understanding tribute to the dead Cardinal. It took natural pride in his citizenship of Baltimore and in the way the Cardinal had always made himself part and parcel of its community life. But it dwells especially upon that "undeviating faith" which in an age of unrest and agnosticism remained the Cardinal's predominant characteristic. "The faith of Cardinal Gibbons was," says the American, "too real and too deep to admit of questioning. With him it was something of a massive edifice, a testimonial to the sturdiness of his character as well as the foundation for the true usefulness and significance of his life. It made of him a strong point in the moral and intellectual sides of modern civilization. It led him to an absolute rejection of many of the theories and sudden new concepts which have characterized our age. It served the necessary purpose of stabilization in an era of instability. It tended to force a more careful consideration, it demanded strong proofs before a too credulous acceptance, and it reiterated at the same time an insistence upon the non-material, the unprovable side of experience, which we are too ready to forget in our delight over our new playthings of science and logic."

THIS is the same truth brought out so clearly by Dr. Griffin in his essay "Dying Speeches and Confessions of the Nineteenth Century," excerpts from which appeared in these columns two weeks ago. And it has a large part in the luminous writings of the great English Cardinal Newman, for whom His Eminence of Baltimore had, as we have reason to know, so great reverence and regard. Both churchmen ever laid stress upon the fundamental truth that there is in this world nothing really great or enduring that has not its foundation on the impregnable rock of Divine revelation. And that Cardinal Gibbons own place in American history rests less upon his personal gifts as a man, great as these unquestionably were, than upon his success in demonstrating to (in that respect) an incredulous public, that the Catholic Faith was in the highest degree consistent with American citizenship.

SAYS THE AMERICAN: "That true faith made of him a force is amply proved in the lasting achievement of the Cardinal. In time the genial qualities of his everyday life, or the inspiration which worked within him, will fade from memory. These are things, after all, which are only made evident in the daily contacts and personal relationships with the living man, and the little stories and accounts, which today bring them so familiarly before us will ultimately lose their true significance and harden into uncommunicative printed matter. But in his service to the

Roman Catholic Church, the effect, if not the intimate nature, of the Cardinal's personality must remain."

AND, DEVELOPING this thought it adds: "This was outwardly an intellectual achievement, differing only in degree from the achievement of Thomas Aquinas in synthesizing the Catholicism of the Church Fathers with the resuscitated philosophy of the scholastics. But it was the achievement of an intellectualism informed by the same inner fullness of character which appeared in St. Thomas, which is always present in those who stand out distinctly above the common run. It is this quality, impossible to define, impossible accurately to point out or describe, which makes the loss of Cardinal Gibbons deeply felt in every place which has known his influence. Greatly endowed, greatly honored and greatly beloved, this Prince of the Church left his own monument in a noble life of fraternal devotion to his Church and the good of his fellow-man."

OF LIKE character in point of thoroughgoing appreciation of Cardinal Gibbons as Baltimore's greatest citizen is the editorial tribute of the Sun, though disguised throughout by a strain of drizzling Protestantism, as exhibited in such sentences as: "What Luther tried to do by secession he (the Cardinal) succeeded in doing inside the ecclesiastical pale." The man whose thoughts could run along that line as little ecclesiastical Cardinal Gibbons as he did ecclesiastical history. The reader will, however, prefer to shut his eyes to vapors of this character and concentrate his attention upon what the Sun writer could say of his fuller, intimate knowledge of the Cardinal's place in the life of his community and of his nation. Here then is his summing up:

"Such a glance as this at his life work, as we have said, necessarily takes but slight account of the personal side of the man and of the rare beauty of his character. But it is of this that many of us think now, at the last, in the solemnity of the hour and the shadow that must come to all of us—not of the great Cardinal, invested with the authority of an organization whose influence extends to every quarter of the world, not of the prelate concerned in the direction of far-reaching policies, not of the religious diplomat dealing skillfully with difficult conditions and questions. We think rather of his loving heart, his kindly personality, of his charity, his sympathy, the beautiful simplicity of his character; and whatever our religious creed may be, we feel that he belongs to all of us alike and that humanity today is better and purer and nobler for the life that has just come to its earthly close."

CATHOLIC DEAF MUTE SCHOOL WINS SEVENTEEN PRIZES

(By N. C. W. G. News Service) Pittsburgh, April 8.—In a contest open to the pupils of the entire city of Pittsburgh, by the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph to encourage sewing and darning among the small girls, the Catholic deaf mute children of the De Paul Institute, Caslegate Avenue, Pittsburgh, carried off the surprising number of seventeen prizes.

This is another evidence of the efficiency of this, the largest private Catholic school for the deaf in the world. In this school, in which the oral method is used exclusively, and where the children are taught to speak orally, and are trained vocationally in 18 different trades and occupations, there are no signs used, the children being trained in voice production from their earliest years, so that by the end of their course they can speak just as normal children, and some of them can even be taught to sing.

COLLECTION OF IRISH BOOKS FOR VATICAN

(By N. C. W. G. News Service) Dublin, April 2.—A committee is about to be formed in Dublin for the purpose of furthering a project to collect books on Irish subjects for presentation to the Vatican Library. This is the outcome of the discovery made some time ago by Mauguie MacSwiney that there is a great deficiency of books dealing with Ireland and Irish affairs in the Vatican Library. In an audience he spoke of the matter to His Holiness the Pope, and secured the Holy Father's approval for the project.

The intention is to provide the Vatican Library with the works on art, archaeology, and history, which have been published in Ireland since the beginning of the nineteenth century. The committee will apply to living authors for the gift of a copy of each of their works on the subjects just mentioned with an autograph dedication to His Holiness. Further it is intended to raise funds with a view to purchasing such works as are out of print.

The Prefect of the Vatican Library has promised the Marquis that when a representative Irish section will have been formed it will be placed

under the heading "Ireland," as distinct from "Inghilterra," with the words, "Donum Hiberniae."

AMERICAN COMMISSION

ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

Following is a resume of the evidence of Lawrence Ginnell, M. P.: Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE, Mr. Ginnell, you are an Irishman? A. Yes. Q. Where is your home? A. County West Meath. Q. You have been identified with Irish public life? A. Always. Q. How long have you been in this country? A. Since last July. Q. Prior to that, what was your previous occupation in Ireland? A. A prisoner was my occupation for several years, except for short intervals. Q. You were in the British Parliament? A. Yes. Q. When were you elected? A. I have been for eleven years actually a member of the British Parliament; but for twenty years before that living in Westminster.

Q. What is your business or profession? A. I am a barrister of the English bar and of the Irish bar. But I have been too active in political life to practice. Q. And you have been in this country now for— A. Four and a half months. CHAIRMAN HOWE. Thank you very much, Mr. Ginnell. Now proceed.

THE WITNESS. I always regarded the attendance of Irish representatives at Westminster as worse than futile in practice, and only awaited a general policy of withdrawal to withdraw myself. One member withdrawing could produce no effect, nor could two or three. Ten or twenty would. The time had not come. I had constant and conclusive reasons for distrusting all English parties in the House of Commons in all matters relating to Ireland. To give only a few instances. On one occasion—I think it was in 1907—a motion was under discussion calling upon the Government to allocate an adequate sum of money out of the excessive taxes drawn from Ireland for arterial drainage. Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. For what? For drainage. A. For arterial drainage. That is, the deepening of some of the larger rivers, to give free escape to their waters which, dammed up by obstacles, were thrown in various places, destroying crops before they could be gathered in, and in some instances driving people and their cattle from their homesteads, and mazing the land less productive. The drainage of these submerged lands was an urgent work of a character which would pay directly for itself by the increased fertility of the soil. But it could not be done by local effort because of the great cost, and because of the length of the rivers, passing through or by several counties and local districts, which only a national authority could bring into concurrence. This obvious duty the British Government never exercised because it did not want the work done, and because it did not want to spend Irish money on an Irish improvement. If I am asked, can you give any proof that such was England's motive? I answer, yes. On the occasion just mentioned in 1907 when, on a motion to allocate an adequate sum of money for this purpose, all the Irish members in the House of Commons except two salaried place-holders supported the motion—Oranget and Green united supporting the motion; but it was ignominiously defeated by the Liberal Government then in office with the help of Tory and Liberal representatives, showing that all British parties are allied in getting all they can and holding all they get. The money went for riparian purposes in various parts of the world, and the Irish people, Unionists as well as Nationalists, in Ulster as well as in Munster, Connaught and Leinster, were left and are still left to the flooding of their farms and homes. To this day the Presbyterian farmers along the River Bann in Ulster as well as the Catholic farmers along the Rivers Suck and Shannon are victims of England's greed.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. How many Irish members were in the British Parliament? A. One hundred and one were supposed to be there, but the average attendance was about ninety. Q. Out of six hundred? A. Yes. All the Irish members on that day walked into the same lobby to have Irish money allocated for this purpose, and they were all beaten; showing that under the best conditions Ireland could have no hope from Westminster.

Another instance. In the autumn of 1915, knowing that fuel would be scarce and expensive as the War continued, I formed a powerful committee consisting mostly of political opponents in my own constituency of West Meath to start a fuel industry on a large scale on the peat bogs there. The machinery for this purpose being manufactured only in Sweden, we were refused a permit to import it, and the project was effectively killed. Clearly the answer given by John Burns, a Cabinet minister, to Colonel Warburton on the same subject was still in force: "Ireland must be kept to agriculture." Coal was sold in West Meath for 28 shillings a ton. It is now and has been for several years sold in West Meath at 43 a ton; showing what a large profit could be made out of this one industry on bog land which was unfit for any industry except this one, and this one would

not be allowed because it would compete with English coal in Ireland.

It was not unknown that members of the House were actually canvassed by their respective party whips to hear specified speakers, and canvassed again to leave their seats to prevent other speakers being heard. Members of Congress and of the Senate will realize how unfair that was. On one occasion an English member, Mr. Joseph King, had the honesty to call the Speaker's attention to the fact that he himself, in common with other members, had been canvassed to hear a statement from ministers and other leaders of parties, and also canvassed not to hear me speak on the same subject. The Speaker professed an inability to act in such a situation when members of parties, acting as if with an electric button, rose and cleared out and left me addressing the chair alone; whereas a speaker must have forty members or he cannot proceed. I was standing there with papers in my hand and ready to speak, while a sand-glass was being turned and running empty, measuring the time for which I was allowed to stand. I had to leave the House with my speech in my hand and the documents to support it in my pockets. The members of the House had been canvassed not to hear the Irish case presented.

Again on the 3rd of May, 1916, all parties sprang to their feet and cheered the announcement of the Prime Minister that the leaders of the Easter Week rebellion had been executed. My cry of "Huns! Huns!" on this occasion referred not so much to the execution as to the cheering on hearing of the execution.

CHAIRMAN HOWE. Tell us something more about that, Mr. Ginnell. Did these men who were executed take part in the Easter rebellion? A. These men had taken part in the Easter Week rebellion. They were patriots, and they were my best friends, the best men I ever knew. Q. Did they surrender? A. Yes, they surrendered, laid down their arms, and were prisoners in England's hands. And the fact that more than 600 members in the House of Commons, in a legitimate assembly in a civilized country, sprang to their feet, waving their handkerchiefs and their parliamentary papers like that, indicating waving with extended arms and cheering, brought up to my mind Dante's description of hell, and I considered that they were demons and that they were Huns. I shouted "Huns! Huns! Huns!" These men were the criminals and not the men who were shot at the time.

Q. Those men were leaders in the insurrection? A. Yes, they were leaders in the insurrection. Q. Just enumerate some of them. A. The chief, Padraic Pearse, leader of the Irish volunteers. His brother, buried in quicklime, because he was Padraic's brother, James Connolly had this distinction: he was shot through the legs and through the body, wholly unable to stand. When the time came for his execution, the military doctors told the English authorities that the man would be dead in three hours. They would not wait for the man to die in three hours. They wanted to have the satisfaction of shooting him. He was wheeled into the prison yard in a barrow, utterly unable to stand. Twenty bullets were put through him at close range, and he went into the quicklime like the rest.

Q. How many were executed? A. Sixteen. Q. Altogether? A. No, two or three at a time. Q. On different days? A. Yes, on different days. When Mr. Asquith announced that "Padraic Pearse, Thomas Clark, Thomas MacDonagh were shot this morning," it was then the cheering occurred. And these men: Thomas MacDonagh, a poet; Thomas Clarke, a man, I believe, about sixty, the oldest man among them; John MacDermott, and Eamon Kent.

Q. Was there a trial? A. There was a court martial trial. Q. Was it public or private? A. Private, of course, private. Q. Was there any statement made by the Prime Minister in Parliament other than that they were executed? A. No. He read from a telegram. That was all.

Q. Those men were actively interested in the insurrection? A. Oh, yes. Most of them had signed the proclamation of Irish independence, except young Willie Pearse, brother of Padraic Pearse. He was shot because he was his brother. And Plunkett, he was his brother. He was a poet. They were all patriots. (TO BE CONTINUED)

"IT WAS FOR THE MASTER"

The Butte, Mon., Daily Post relates the following typical story of the late lamented Cardinal Gibbons: "I did it for the Master. If ever a similar opportunity comes to you, do likewise."

One of the Protestant ministers of Butte who knew the late Cardinal Gibbons quite well and who is among the thousands here to mourn his death, is the Rev. Richard Thomas, pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

A few years ago the Rev. Mr. Thomas was stationed at a church forty miles from Baltimore. Through the former Mayor of Baltimore, Mr. Thomas met the Cardinal. The prelate became very much interested in the minister and put his conveyance at the service of Mr. Thomas.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas took sick and the prelate had him removed to one of the private hospitals of Baltimore. For several weeks he lay on a cot and on an average three times a week Cardinal Gibbons paid him a visit, despite the fact that the Cardinal was then in his eighty-second year. The Cardinal's personal physician attended.

When Mr. Thomas asked for his bill for hospital services and physician's care, the Cardinal, extending his hand, replied: "I did it for the Master. If ever a similar opportunity comes to you, do likewise."

"His conversation and acts always manifested his great love for humanity, regardless of church affiliations," said Mr. Thomas today. "He refused at that time to permit me to make any public or private reference to his kindness. He apparently did not wish his right hand to know of his kindly deeds of his life."

"His noble and unselfish character and his great service for humanity were the dominating principles of his eventful life. He was a real servant of the Master and his creed was no barrier to his good deeds."

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SINN FEIN CASE FROM WITHIN

By John MacGormac The Montreal Gazette Resident Staff Correspondent in London

What is Sinn Fein? It is no doubt common knowledge that the literal meaning of the words is "self reliance," and that they have given a name to the Irish party which in the last general election captured 70 per cent. of the Irish constituencies, proclaimed an independent state of its own, and is now, through the Irish Republican Army, carrying on a vigorous if hopeless struggle against Great Britain.

Whatever may be thought of its methods, it must be admitted that Sinn Fein in the space of a few years has wrought a remarkable change in the whole political complexion of Ireland. The policy by which this was accompanied, and the arguments which have been expounded to your correspondent by Mr. George Russell (more familiarly known to the world of letters as "A. E."), Mr. Darrill Figgis and Mr. Erskine Childers, as to the literary, economic and propaganda aspects of the movement; also by certain members of the Sinn Fein judiciary whose names, for obvious reasons, cannot be mentioned, and finally by members of the Irish Republican Army. Their views have been incorporated in the following exposition of the Sinn Fein case, which is thus, of course, strictly partisan:

"The situation in Ireland today is a perpetuation of past evils. Seven hundred thousand years ago Ireland had been for one thousand years a nation, or rather a collection of tribes, each with its own laws and customs. For what has happened since, we will take the words of one of our country's bitterest enemies, the hated Earl of Clarendon.

"The whole power and property of this country," he said, "has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony composed of three sets of English adventurers who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation of the lands of the rebels, and the first settlement have been made on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation. What was the security of the English settlers for their physical existence at the Revolution? And what is the security of their descendants at this day? The powerful and commanding protection of Great Britain."

GENERAL OFFER MADE IN 1914 "The Irish Republic Army is commonly called by our enemies the 'murder gang.' If they are murderers, then what name shall we apply to the irregular Crown forces? As a matter of fact, nothing is proved by calling each other names. The methods of the I. R. A. have been rendered necessary by the conditions. Surely none would expect us to take the field against the resources of the British Empire. We can only carry on a guerrilla warfare, swooping down on small parties of the enemy with the maximum of force we can summon, just as the director of any other military operation, on any scale, seeks to do. The smashing of parties of soldiers of police (and the R. I. C. has always been on a military footing) is a legitimate operation of warfare. As for individual killings, they have been directed against that section of the police or the military engaged in espionage or secret service work. Such men take their lives in their hands in any description of warfare. The I. R. A. has also shown no mercy to Irish informers or spies. That is the acknowledged right of any nation in combat."

"Before we declared hostilities, we served notice on the British Government to take its soldiers and its political police out of this country. They have stayed at their own peril. And yet, though the Government forces us to fight with ropes around our necks, though to be captured or wounded means for us eventual torture or death, though our own brothers are ordered by law to betray us and our mothers forbidden to shelter us, we have released hundreds of British and police captives unharmed, an unpaired soldier is as safe today in the streets of Dublin as any civilian, and, until the wholesale executions in Vic ria

Barracks a few weeks ago, was as safe in the streets of Cork.

"Unlike the Government, we admit that in the carrying out of our campaign mistakes have occurred, and that by its very nature the lives of non-combatants are occasionally endangered. That occurs in any war. But who, we ask, has the superior moral sanction to engage the safety of the Irish people? We or our conquerors?"

STONE WALLS AND HOSTAGES "We have been called cowards who use that epithet so freely would find the courage to live life as we live it, 'on the run,' hunted from hedge to hedge, from ditch to ditch, fighting always with our death warrants in our hands and with the knowledge that our mothers, sisters and sweethearts are exposed to outrage, insult and death at the hands of our enemies, that our every success against the Crown forces will be followed by reprisals against the life and property of those whose only crime is that they will not betray their own compatriots. Let it be added that the I. R. A., though they may seek the shelter of stone walls, have never yet hidden themselves behind hostages!"

"Four million people fighting forty millions for their liberty; is that cowardice?" "What do we hope to gain? Imprisonment and death for ourselves, perhaps, but we are demonstrating to the British Empire and the world, and will continue to demonstrate it, that England holds Ireland today only by force of arms, that she is opposed by the unalterable will of the Irish people, and that neither by hangings, shootings, burnings nor torturings will she ever hold the spirit of this country in subjection."

"We are sometimes asked how we expect that England, even if she acknowledges our moral claims to freedom, can allow—without impairing her own safety—the setting up of an Irish Republic. To this we answer: How does it secure the safety of England to keep Ireland in a state of seething discontent? Until our legitimate claims have been satisfied, any foreign war against England is bound, in the nature of things, to sound like the guns of a relief party. In a war between England and the United States today, for instance, on which side would you find Ireland? It would require an army of 200,000 to keep her down. Does it not seem, then, added if the cause of Irish hatred were removed, the danger would be less rather than greater? It would, in fact, be inevitable that England should sooner or later formulate a species of Monroe doctrine for Ireland, and it would be inevitable in Ireland's interest to cultivate her large rights. With a total trade of £135,000,000 with England in question, why should we do anything else?"

RULE WITHOUT FISCAL AUTONOMY "We are urged to accept the Partition bill as a compromise, an act which is described as a generous measure of Home Rule, though it grants Ireland everything except what she wants. To offer Ireland this bill without financial autonomy is equivalent to the case of a father who should say to his son on his twenty-first birthday: 'Go, you are a man now and your own master, but I shall retain control of your income.' We object to the Partition Act, also, because it is a Partition Act and an unfair act, in that a president appointed by the Crown is to have the casting vote in all decisions of the Irish Council, otherwise composed of twenty members from each Parliament. The effect of this in practice would be to give Ulster a veto over all general legislation initiated by the Southern Parliament."

"Though we will never relinquish our claims to absolute freedom to choose our own form of government, we recognize the suffering entailed for Ireland in her struggle to assert her rights. Sinn Fein has never closed the door to agreement nor refused a truce. But no man in his sane senses would surely expect us to accept the sort of truce which was proposed by the English Government, one of whose conditions was that we should surrender our arms. That is not a truce; it is nothing else than unconditional surrender. Neither will we accept conditions involving, as a necessary premise to the opening of negotiations, the relinquishment of our legitimate claims. The English Government declares that 80% of the Irish people are 'loyal' and that we who fight them are merely a murder gang. If that is so, why did they burn Cork and destroy the creameries, and how can they justify any other reprisal of a general character? The Government cannot have it both ways: either general reprisals are unjustified or the bulk of the Irish people are with us. The Government is correct when it claims they are 'loyal.' But they are loyal to Ireland, not to England."

SALESBURY OR BRIGHT "The English Government in Ireland has had its day. You sometimes hear it claimed that Ireland has prospered under English rule. How then is it that within living memory this country has lost 50% of its population, and Ulster has suffered in even greater degree than the rest? We condemn England out of the mouth of a great Englishman, Sydney Smith, who said: 'The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to hid away in common feeling, common prudence and common sense, and to set with the barbarity of tyrants and the

acted on mandate and succeeded too well.

"Acting on the mandate we had received from the country—and there was no whisper then even by our enemies, I am sure, that we proclaimed an independent Irish republic and set up our own Parliament the Dail Eireann, under which operate the various local authorities, such as county and district councils, municipal bodies and boards of guardians and under whose authority function all the ordinary departments of Government, such as agriculture, finance, education, labor, etc., and a judiciary."

It was not long before we had taken over practically all administrative functions in Southern Ireland. That we did it well may be gathered, perhaps from the statement in the British Lords of Lord Kilmaine, an Irish Unionist peer, that he had voted against the 1914 bill chiefly because: "I did not then think that the Irish people could ever govern themselves. But what I have seen of Sinn Fein courts and the Sinn Fein movement during the time they have been allowed complete control has made me change my opinion. Sinn Feiners have shown extraordinary fairness in a great many ways, and they have been extremely just in their decisions."

"That was the real trouble. We were succeeding too well. We were even solving the agrarian question, Ireland's greatest difficulty. We were destroying one cherished notion of the Irish Office after another. Then the English Government decided to break us. It was not that law and order did not prevail in Ireland under our administration; it was that it was not English law and order. There was a joint, and the ordinary Irish garrison of soldiers and political police, swelled to the numbers of an army of occupation, was reinforced by the 'Black and Tans' and the 'Auxiliaries,' who, like new legionaries of Africa, have swept through this country far and wide, killing and being killed, but in addition earning a lasting infamy by thievery, arson and insult, the torture of prisoners, and the murder of men, women and children. All this has been cloaked by a policy of official falsehood in Parliament, concealment, condonation and, in the last analysis, by a brazen front backed by a mechanical majority. Thus we are being taught the glory of Empire and the sweets of British rule. What a gospel for us and what a heritage for our children!"

ALL MEET ON COMMON GROUND "Because in our claim of independence we all meet on a common ground, Sinn Fein has allied itself with the powerful labor interests in Southern Ireland and with the Irish Republican Brotherhood. If we succeed in setting up an independent Republic, no doubt the party will resolve itself into its various constituents; but for the present our aims are one.

"The Irish Republic Army is commonly called by our enemies the 'murder gang.' If they are murderers, then what name shall we apply to the irregular Crown forces? As a matter of fact, nothing is proved by calling each other names. The methods of the I. R. A. have been rendered necessary by the conditions. Surely none would expect us to take the field against the resources of the British Empire. We can only carry on a guerrilla warfare, swooping down on small parties of the enemy with the maximum of force we can summon, just as the director of any other military operation, on any scale, seeks to do. The smashing of parties of soldiers of police (and the R. I. C. has always been on a military footing) is a legitimate operation of warfare. As for individual killings, they have been directed against that section of the police or the military engaged in espionage or secret service work. Such men take their lives in their hands in any description of warfare. The I. R. A. has also shown no mercy to Irish informers or spies. That is the acknowledged right of any nation in combat."

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Unusual Things

Anything about the home that needs washing and that will not be hurt by pure water itself may be safely immersed in the creamy, pure, cleansing Lux lather.

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faculty of justice. Gordon has been the traditional policy of England in Ireland. Lord Salisbury is still remembered for his dictum, when asking for a free hand to dominate Ireland: 'Apply that recipe honestly, consistently and resolutely for twenty years, and at the end of that time you will find that Ireland will be fit to accept any gifts in the way of local government or repeal of coercion laws that you may wish to give her.' Let us contrast that with the statement of a still greater Englishman, John Bright: 'You may pass this bill. You may put the Home Secretary's five hundred men into jail—you may do more than this, you may suppress the conspiracy and put down the insurrection. But the moment it is suppressed there will still remain the germs of the malady, and from these germs will grow up as hereafter another crop of insurrection and another harvest of misfortune. And it may be that those who sit here eighteen years after this moment will find another Ministry and another Secretary of State ready to propose to you another administration of the same ever-failing and ever-poisonous medicines.'

"Which of them does history justify?"

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the student prays for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

OUR SPIRITUAL FORTRESS

"But I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go, I will send Him to you." (John xvi. 7.)

The help God gives His Church and His children, members of this Church. He gives without show or display. He is an abominator of the ostentatious. Quietly and calmly all His works are effected, and all His desires carried out. It is only once in a while, when He sends some heavy punishment upon men for their wickedness, that He acts very conspicuously. When He acts, it is to recall man to a sense of duty and to teach him the awfulness of his Judge-to-be, unless he mends his ways.

barks unlike our own; but this is due to their own fault. The boat on which they once sailed is still gliding over the troubled waters, and will continue to do so until time is no more. He is indeed a frail and weak Catholic who does not earnestly and confidently, while doing his best, trust in the silent strength and power of God. The tactics of our enemies plainly show how very often they have no other guide than the disturber of peace. In heaven there can be no animosity, no combat, no hate. Some one of the sides now warring can not enter there. Let it not be ours. While we must fight, let us do it, as did Christ and His apostles and the martyrs that followed them, with no hate for our poor erring brethren, but as possessors of the true faith with a command from its author—God Himself—to defend it; for it is truth, and truth can lead us nowhere but to eternal bliss.

THE PLAGUE OF IRRELIGION

RELIGION PUTS BEFORE MIND SUPER-NATURAL TRUTHS THAT UPLIFT

By Rev. John A. McCloy, S. J.

Religion has fallen into desuetude. The sensuous reject it because it is a curb to their passions. So-called intellectuals despise it because the evidences of religion have broken, so they think, beneath the pressure of modern science. Modernists drop it because its antique dogmas are out of point with the times. Utilitarians decline it because it is not practical enough for the business world. Free thinkers sever themselves from it because it puts a brake on intellectual independence. Sincere men in numbers have given it up in despair because it seems to be a shattered remnant of what it used to be. They listen for the Gospel, and hear secular discourses. They long for dynamic Apostles, and are chilled by cleric, general and infrequent.

They are hungry for the meat of truth, and are served with the unsubstantial breakfast foods of personal speculation and private opinion. This, I believe, is a fair statement of the attitude of multitudes of the present day toward religion and the Church.

RELIGION AS IT WAS

There was a time when religion was a driving force in the world. However much modern men may be out of sympathy with the old-time religionists, they can not but admire apostolic men who went to the earth's end in poverty and hunger, gladly leaving home and native land to spread the faith; men of the desert who lived in solitude with religion as with a bride; men of doctrine who spent the best energies of their mighty intellects and gifted tongues to expound religion to the people and to defend it against its enemies; men of martyr caliber who met death with a laugh for religion's sake.

For centuries millions of such men lived and died. Their example is a strong argument for religion. For they were not stupid, nor effeminate, nor unlearned, nor out of touch with the world, nor callous to the attraction of earth; they were normal men, red blooded and grey brained, convivial, fighters, thinkers, lovers of freedom; just as representative of genuine manhood as we of today.

WHAT HAS FAILED?

Is religion a failure? That question we have heard frequently enough. Before answering it, I would ask, "Is not irreligiosity a failure?" Irreligiosity has been the boast of our days. The pre-war civilization of Europe was emphatically irreligious. Modern science scoffed at religion; modern science was the idol of Europe.

Irreligion was going to renew the face of the earth, allow men to think for themselves; and it has made a pretty mess of things. Men did think for themselves, formulated their own rules of conduct, lived according to their own sweet wills. They boasted that they had arrived at the acme of civilization, that even men had finally become super men, that men whose trammelled reason had been unchained would use their reason to settle their differences, that war was a relic of the superstitious past; and lo! the great War came; Mars laughed at Athens; and brute force clubbed reason; and blood, instead of brains, had to settle the argument.

It is just possible, of course, that the period of irreligiosity, followed by the period of the War, was a mere coincidence; but it looks for all the world like a case of cause and effect. At any rate, irreligiosity did not save us from the War; and therefore it lies wide open to the charge of failure.

EVILS OF IRRELIGIOUSNESS

Religion puts graphically before the mind supernatural truths that uplift. Irreligiosity destroys them. Religion emphasizes the evil, offensiveness, guilt and punitive deserts of sin by means of the Ten Commandments. Irreligiosity removes the emphasis. Religion, through prayer and sacraments, enriches the soul with helpful grace—irreligiosity closes the channels of grace. Religion sets before us the heroic proportions, alighting, graciousness and thrilling example of Christ. Irreligiosity erases Him from the tablets of our memory, nullifies the force of hero worship with regard to Him and leaves us cold and untouched by His lessons of morality.

Has not irreligiosity been the cause of the War and of our present distress? Take religion from man and place him on the plane of mere nature, and forthwith he will not see clearly what he ought to do; nor will he feel strongly the desire of doing what he ought. Even the sublimest intellects of antiquity, Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, after the most exhaustive study of the moral ends, did not feel certain of some fundamental laws of life, saw other laws only dimly and did not observe the laws which they clearly knew.

GOOD ACCUMULATIVE

They needed religion for their illumination and strength; we need it no less than they; and we are starving our need by an irreligious life. We are all aware of the depths of immorality, cruelty and misery to which the pre-Christian world had descended. The Christian era has not been altogether a heaven on earth; but in comparison with pagan days, it has been a blessed time.

And do not say that we of today, without religion, are not so badly off. For the accumulated force of 2,000 years of Christian morality can not be shuffled off in a day, even by those who have intellectually rejected Christianity; the force of habit is strong, and has become habituated to Christian ethics; custom has inoculated the world with the saving serum of Christ. Rationalistic nations are still profiting by the moral maxims of the religion they have rejected.

And here I have touched on what appears to me to be the main cause of the failure of religion today. It is not considered a necessity. We hear men argue: "Human nature is sufficient for the attainment of its own ends, without supernatural aids. Reason is King in the kingdom of man and is capable of attaining the ends of man. Why can not human nature work all right by means of its own intrinsic power? Why introduce religion from outside to help it?"

CALLS IT ABNORMAL

Friends, if human nature were in a normal state, all this would be true. But if it is in an abnormal state, evidently all this is not true. One of the gravest and most common mistakes of human history is the assumption that human nature is normal. Has not human history been an abnormality? What is it if not a record of wars, sin, discord, suffering and sickness? Do not cynics say that the God of the past is dead as ours is either very unwise and impotent or very cruel; for who wouldn't have made a better machine than the botched machine of human society?

The Philosophers of pagan Greece and Rome saw clearly that there was something essentially out of gear in the human race. They argued from the universal decadence of society that society had been mortally wounded in its beginning; the headwaters of the stream of life had been poisoned.

Why, they ask, is the world around and beneath man so beautiful and orderly while the nature of man is generally awry? Why do men fling art, science, culture, civilization, decency, family love, domestic peace, civil concord to the winds when their passions are up? Oh! there are good people. Thank God for them! But how few! And what heroic efforts the few have to make to become and remain even passably good! We have got used to our crippled condition; we are bravely optimistic and accustom ourselves to our deformities.

EASIER TO FALL

But if we take an unbiased view of life, must we not admit that it is but a makeshift; that hours of happiness are few and brief; that falls are frequent; that our tendency downward is as pronounced as the gravitation of a stone; that if we stand, we stand with an effort, and if we drive forward and upward we are all the time keenly conscious of the painful ascent? And why would call this sort of constant struggle a normal condition of life! It is evidence, rather, of a misplacement and disjoining of the essential constituents of life.

And are we all not dimly conscious of a lost Eden? Do we not realize that we ought not to be as we are? That there must have been once a sweeter existence from which we have fallen? That there must have been some great sin sometime in a past which wrecked a happy world and made the earth a desolation and valley of tears? Yes, even unillumined reason indicates that we are a fallen race; the dogma of religion that we have been cursed in our first parents is only a clear revelation of what we could have known, even if we had not been told of it.

IF YOU HAVE CHILDREN

When you tell a child to do a certain thing, no argument on his part should induce you to change the verdict. If he disobeys, he must pay the penalty one way or another.

Do not treat him with severity, but he may be deprived of some pleasure or toy. In that way he will be made to understand that he must respect authority.

Don't punish him only because you are angry or your pride has been hurt. He will see and understand. Indulgent mothers, remember that you are treating unfairly and unkindly the little ones that you love most of all. Your kind of kindness is no kindness at all.

You are very careful what your child puts into his little stomach. Watch just as carefully what he puts into his brain.

Help your child to be unselfish. There are enough of the other kind in the world. The jails are crowded with those who, when young, had everything their own way. What later the law does in ways severe and harsh, you can now do with kindness and loving discipline.—Buffalo Echo.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

ONLY CORPORATE DEFENDER OF LIBERTY IN WORLD TODAY SAYS CHESTERTON

The Catholic Church stands as the only corporate defender of liberty in the world today, said Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English essayist, in an interview given to The Baltimore Catholic Review on the occasion of his visit to Baltimore. Not only does the Church stand as an organization in defense of the liberties of mankind, avers Mr. Chesterton, but she has taught her children to preserve these rights, no matter where they may be. This attitude is exemplified, he says, in an especial manner in her children of Irish blood. Wherever you find Irish Catholics in strong numbers, you will find the fight for freedom strong, declares this man, whose wonderful pen has been used against shams and injustice wherever shams and injustice have appeared.

The Irish Catholics of England, says Mr. Chesterton, form the only compact, disciplined political party in that country. For the Irish whom he has met in America, Mr. Chesterton has great admiration. He declared that their power and influence are to be felt in the United States in a way that would amaze the English, could they but realize it. The trouble with the English, confesses Mr. Chesterton, is that they always have looked upon the Irish as poor and unworried. Yet in New York city and other places, Mr. Chesterton declares, he has met men of wealth, position and strong personality who are pure Irish and who nurse nationalistic pride.

Mr. Chesterton himself is an intense lover of liberty, and his pen has done yeoman service in portraying the hollowness and hypocrisy of many of the so-called reformers of modern days. He has sympathy for those who are deprived of liberty, but scant respect for those who, thus deprived, fold their arms and bow in humble submission to the yoke.

This English writer, who can express his philosophical reflections in a way no one else can, while his funny bones are tickled, is one of the most jovial of men, a veritable Colossus in size, good-natured through and through, but with all his good nature, one who likes "spunk." His whole body seemed to heave and the chair to sag under him as he laughed in approval as he said that the Scotch-Irish in Glasgow do not hesitate to fight for their liberties, even to the extent of "grabbing a man by the leg and throwing him down the stairs" when he attempts to interfere with their rights.

Mr. Chesterton said that when you hear of an organization in England fighting for liberty, you must find whether or not that organization contains much Irish blood. It means all the difference in the world. "If you hear in this country of a strike in the Clyde Valley, it is nothing to get worried over," says Mr. Chesterton. "You need not give it much consideration. But if you hear of a strike in Glasgow, you may expect something conclusive and exciting. The reason is that a mass of Irish poor is found in that city, and the Irish will not submit meekly when any person or any group tries to trample upon them. Among the English people things are different. We see the English people grumbling at the perpetual interference with their rights and at the various restrictions to which they are subjected, but they are not organized."

"There are plenty of old radicals in England, who, as individuals, are sincere defenders of liberty, but they are isolated. They don't agree with each other. You know a man is never so typically English as when other Englishmen think him mad. Take, for example, old Dr. Johnson. With the Irish Catholics things are different. Their love for liberty seems to have been created by the Catholic Church. The only corporate defender of liberty today—at least so far as I know of—is the Catholic Church. Liberty means much to her—something to be protected. She defends it with her powerful organization. When we speak of the English Labor party in England fighting for its rights, we do not mean the English labor party at all, we mean the Scotch Irish Labor party. The only compact, disciplined army in English politics today are the Catholic Irish."

A discussion of this question led Mr. Chesterton to tell how surprised he was to find what a powerful, influential body of Irish in America are. "The people in England do not realize what a sentiment these men have generated in your country," he said. "The English would be amazed if they could feel this sentiment. In New York City you will meet powerful men, of high position, great influence of commanding personality, who are pure Irish and nurse nationalistic pride. In Eng-

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land we are accustomed to think of the Irish as poor and unworried, but certainly the Irish in the United States, many of them, are men of wealth and wisdom whose word counts for much."

Mr. Chesterton did not go into a discussion of the Irish situation, but the tenor of his conversation could be interpreted honestly to indicate that he has little sympathy with the way England is ravaging in the Emerald Isle. In fact, in his speech at Lyric the other night, when asked a direct question by an auditor as to what he, Mr. Chesterton, thought on the Irish question, the great essayist replied: "I feel reluctant to discuss in a foreign country a problem at which I am so much at variance with my own country."

Mr. Chesterton in his interview referred to the present situation in the Emerald Isle as "the tomfoolery in Ireland." He praised Lord Northcliffe for seeming to remember that after all he had Irish blood and for daring to protest against the policy in Ireland. "In England, Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe)," said Mr. Chesterton, "has been looked upon as the representative of the yellow and vulgar press. Candidly, I never have liked him, but am bound to do him justice and say that in his old age he remembers his Irish blood as Napoleon in his old age remembered he was a Catholic."

A greeting from Cardinal Gibbons to Mr. Chesterton was brought to him at the Hotel Belvedere by the Rev. Albert E. Smith, the Cardinal's secretary. Mr. Chesterton declared that the Cardinal was held in high esteem in England and other parts of Europe. He inquired as to the condition of His Eminence and expressed the wish that his complete restoration to health would be accomplished soon.

Mr. Chesterton in his writings always has been friendly to the Catholic Church. He showed that friendliness in his interview, for there was a note of appreciation sounded as he spoke of the Church's fight for liberty—a subject which apparently is dear to his heart.

THE OLD TRUTH

The love of Jesus for man knows no condition. He wishes to be wholly and fully ours! "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." The home of Jesus is the Tabernacle. He dwells among the poor as He dwells among the rich; He abides in the poorest city as well as in the poorest churches. There He remains in order that all men, kings and subjects, learned and ignorant, may have easy access to Him. Day after day, month after month, year in and year out, He is ever present, ever ready to receive all who wish to converse with Him, ever desirous of lavishing on everybody graces of consolation and of hope. "Come to Me all ye who are heavily laden, and I will refresh you."

This is what we read in the writings of Venerable Father Eyraud: "We should be too unhappy without Jesus present with us! Exiled, alone upon earth, life would be unbearable! But with the Eucharist I wish Jesus in the midst of us accessible to all, waiting for every one in His lowly home, admitting the lowly, calling them with marked predilection—in dead life is less bitter. Thus understood the Holy Eucharist becomes the most divine, the most tender, the most loving of God's gifts." Let us resolve never to pass a

church without entering it. If we were only convinced that our dear beloved Saviour truly abides in our churches, how gladly we would spend a few moments at His Feet. Were it only for a simple genuflection, our visit would be a proof of love given to Our Divine Master.

If, however, we cannot pay Jesus a moment's visit, there still remains for us a means of showing Him our love and gratitude. Why should we be ashamed to acknowledge Him as we pass His door, by reverently raising out hats and murmuring a pious invocation, such as: "O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine!" We have seen respectable young girls genuflecting on the sidewalk before a Catholic Church. That is faith! We ask our Catholic women of Canada modestly but ostensibly to bow their heads.—S. S. S. in Sentinel of Blessed Sacrament.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A WONDERFUL WORLD

A little more praise and a little less blame,
A little more virtue, a little less shame,
A little more thought for the other man's rights,

A little less self in our chase for delight,
A little more loving, a little less hate,
Are all that is needed to make the world great.

YOUNG MAN, EXPECT GREAT THINGS

The last public interview with the late Cardinal Gibbons published in the current issue of the American Magazine is a caustic study that should be read and pondered by every young man in the country.

His Eminence first enunciated a rule of life that he so consistently followed: "Until you are forty seek the companionship of men who are older, after that keep a vital contact with those who are younger."

But His Eminence went further to explain how this expectation of great things can be realized. Three necessary elements enter into any large achievement: work, patience, and thrift.

Patience is another necessary element in success. Important changes take place slowly. Nothing great was ever achieved in a day.

Expecting great things is but another way of saying, "Have faith." For faith, as the Apostle tells us, is the substance of things hoped for.

your readers. I have watched men climb up to success, hundreds of them; and of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is faith.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHRIST-CALL

"I wish that I had a vocation!" I heard a little boy say; And I thought, "Little Boy, a Christ-Call

Is given you this day." For not amid thunder speaks Jesus, When He calls His chosen few, He but quietly leads them to wonder.

Jesus calling, finally whispers: "Will you give up the World for Me?" And the boy who is strong in his Christ-Love,

Answers: "Gladly, I need but Thee." He chooses Christ for his Soul King, And the life he elects to live, It's the life Christ taught by Example

Lived in the Christian past, And which multitudes more will be living As long as Christ's Church will last.

THE UMBRELLA I'm always so glad about that umbrella mistake. It came about in this fashion. Sarah had donned her very best suit, and I had nothing on

"Dors, you can't go to church that way." "And why not? Maybe I can lend my umbrella to someone; and if I don't, I can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I am prepared for the weather."

Three quarters of an hour later, we were in the church lobby, and shrinking back in one corner I saw a very shabbily dressed girl. She was looking fearfully at the steady rain, for it was the kind that had no notion of quickly going out of business.

"God morning," I said as cheerfully as I could. "I see you have no umbrella. I have an extra one. Won't you have it?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," I said. "You can return it any night you're passing 107 Dupont street." She told me her name—Kate Howard.

"My father drank," she said in a queer, matter-of-fact way that made me feel choky, "and when he died, mother was left with us three children to see to. She worked like a slave for two years, and then she died, and I have the children on my hands."

"Only a message," Kate replied softly and when I looked inquiringly at her she said: "Mother's last words were, 'You'll have a hard struggle, but don't go under.'"

Some way, I couldn't say a word, and Kate dashed away a big tear, and went on with her story. "For a year I managed to keep a roof over our heads but the wages were so poor and the little Bonnie got sick and died and Jessie was all I had left."

"Then you work day and night, too?" I asked soberly. "Oh, addressing envelopes isn't hard work," Kate answered bravely. And then I asked her if she had friends, and she made this reply:

"No, Miss; girls who live in one small back room can't very well have friends. But we have each other, and please God, whatever comes, we're not going under."

And now you know why I'm glad about that umbrella mistake. If we hadn't had umbrella Number Three that rainy March Sabbath, I shouldn't have had Kate Howard, and that would have been a real loss to me.

THE PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK They tell a story of a dear old parish priest who arose to address the congregation one wet Sunday evening.

After the services the pastor found Michael, the sexton, in the sacristy supporting himself on one leg and rubbing his shin with the alternate foot.

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THE INFLUENCE OF HOME LIFE

A TRUE HOME IS A HAVEN OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS

The sanctity of conjugal faith and the respect for paternal authority have been seriously impaired by the War, said Pope Benedict in one of his recent encyclicals.

On the family He erected the structure of human society. Upon the purity and integrity of home life He based the stability of nations.

One cannot view this tendency of the age to minimize the influence of home life without alarm.

breathless excitement. The spirit of the age has swept down upon the home and carried its inmates out into the hurly burly of modern life in quest of happiness.

The home came before all other social institutions. No other agency can supply its place. As a nursery of virtue, a school of love, and a centre of innocent recreation it stands supreme.

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EIGHT

CHRISTIAN LABOR UNIONS

PROVE CHECK TO SPREAD OF SOCIALISM

(Vienna Correspondent N. C. W. G. News Service)

Vienna, March 25.—Only a short time ago the Socialist Labor movement confronted Europe like an enormous, threatening cloud. Socialism set up the claim that it was the representative of all working classes, and when Bolshevism appeared and revolution followed in Central Europe, it seemed as if Socialism sought to dictate the laws of the political and social evolution, perhaps even to inaugurate a new age for humanity.

Swelling with belief in its own omnipotence, Socialism declared war on the Christian community and the Church. But the dream of its might was brief. At the International Socialist Conference in Vienna, last February, symptoms of disunion within the Socialist movement were obvious. There is now a second Socialist International, a third in Vienna and still another in Moscow—the latter fighting the others with fire and sword. The multiplication of sects in the Socialist movement is in full progress. Every country in Europe has two or three Socialist parties at war with one another. Wherever Socialism gained power, as in Hungary, Austria, and Bavaria, it is wholly compromised.

CHRISTIAN UNIONS ORGANIZE

While grave internal strife and downright defeat mark the way of atheistic Socialism, the Christian working classes of Europe, with the Catholics at their head, are moving to form the first international association to concentrate their forces. An international congress of Christian textile workers has been held in Dusseldorf and has founded an international association of the unions of textile craftsmen of the countries represented—Germany, France, Holland, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. A congress of Christian agricultural employees is to follow within the next few weeks. Coblenz, and in June there will take place the organization of an international association of the Christian workers in the garment trade. Similar associations are to be created among the metal workers, the railway men, the employees of the leather industry, etc. International associations of the Christian unions of printers, of workers in tobacco factories, of those engaged in the manufacture of food, and of those in the building trades already exist.

SECRETARIAT GENERAL AT UTRECHT

The International League of the Christian Trades Unions constitutes an alliance of all these several associations, whose secretariat general is in Utrecht. This was settled last June at the International Congress of Christian Workmen at the Hague. This splendid meeting, at which for the first time since the War the representatives of the nations of Europe joined under the sign of the cross, has been the point of departure for the Internationals of the Christian workers. The object of the League, as provided in the constitution, is to represent the interests of the workers in all economic matters, especially with respect to the international organization of labor, wages and conditions of employment, and the rights of employees. An international Trades Union was deemed necessary to the formulation of international principles.

Reports of gratifying progress were made at the recent meeting of the board of directors of the International League, in Cologne. Joseph Scherrer, of Switzerland, presided at this meeting. Jago Slavia is a fertile field for this Christian workers' movement and the results in Czechoslovakia are especially satisfactory. In the latter country, despite the tidal wave of Socialism which submerged the state, the Christian workers have fourteen large associations with a powerful organ, The Trade Union. Since last summer the number of organized workmen in the Christian Trades Unions has grown from three to four millions and is steadily increasing.

AGRICULTURAL WORKERS INCLUDED

Great benefits are expected from the organization of the agricultural workers in Austria. The peasant landowners have been afraid that the good understanding between themselves and their employees might be disturbed by the formation of unions among them. The Catholic peasants were effectively organized but the agricultural laborers had scarcely any organization. Now, that the siren song of Socialism is reaching the ears of these laborers, and serious conflicts have arisen between proprietors and their employees, the peasants perceive the need for a Christian organization among the laborers. It will help to keep its members free from the destructive demagoguery of Socialism, and while it will contend most energetically for their rights, it will not overlook the material and spiritual solidarity of all classes of Christian society.

Chaplain Stempter was the first to organize the Catholic agricultural laborers in Upper Austria. That was two years ago. Today this little province can boast of having 83,000 members in the organization. At the last elections for the National Assembly, the agricultural workers

succeeded in electing two of their leaders. One of them was Chaplain Stempter. It is confidently expected that similar progress will be made in other Austrian provinces.

FIGHTING SOCIALIST TERRORISM

The development of the Christian labor movement comes at a time when the Christian workers of Central Europe are exposed to a persecution quite without parallel. Socialism, which feels the ground shaking under its feet, is attempting by main force to hold its sway in the factories. There have been numerous strikes in Austria and in Czechoslovakia during the last few months because of the refusal of the Socialists to work in the same shop with fellow employees who belong to the Christian organizations. It required all the energy of the Austrian Government to precipitate the strike which was precipitated for the same reason among the workers in the mint in Vienna.

There is inherent antagonism and the certainty of a clash between the doctrines of Socialism and Christian teaching. It is fortunate that the ranks of the Christian workers are filled, thus making it possible for the international movement to succeed. Perhaps the trials and sufferings of Central Europe during the last two years were necessary to arouse the spirit of the people. There never was a Christian labor movement worth mentioning in Hungary until after the devastation of Bolshevism. Now there is a strong organization there.

Thus, after the storm which has shaken it most violently and has carried off many withered branches, the old tree of the Catholic people in Central Europe puts forth new shoots, which are fresh and green and promise young, vigorous life once more.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

IN MISSIONARY CANADA

WE NEED DIRECT SUPPORT FOR OUR MISSIONARIES

The Catholic Church Extension Society is an organization badly needed in Canada. This need is recognized by everyone. Not everyone, however, realizes the necessity of giving such a society encouragement and financial assistance.

The summary of the Annual Report of the Extension Society appeared last week and caused very favorable comment. Some of our friends were urged by it to write complimentary and encouraging letters to the Society. We are most thankful, it goes without saying, for those expressions of Catholic approval.

The Report shows that the sum of nearly \$160,000.00 was donated for missionary purposes by Catholics scattered throughout Newfoundland and British Columbia. A very remarkable feature of our donations is that the total was made up almost entirely of very small sums. The donors, as a rule, were not endowed exceptionally with the wealth of this world. This, no doubt accounts for the fact that over 3,000,000 of Catholics have to their credit an average of about 5c. per head donated for the propagation of the Faith in Canada and for Canada. Yet this sum, small as it is, is a marked increase in giving. The reason we advance the poverty of our missionary activities is that we who have given may continue to give with renewed zeal; that the wealthy, the stewards of God, may realize their duty, and, that the forgetful and careless may put into practice the great law of Christian charity and save their souls.

The following item may prove of interest: "The Western Section of the Presbyterian Church in Canada spent for missionary work this year \$1,659,973. Of this amount was expended on the Home Missions (Canada) \$724,604.00."

This is almost five times what the Catholic spent last year and yet we see no cause for discouragement. No, rather let us take example from such endeavors to strengthen our own and our neighbor's zeal. What then is most necessary? You will expect the immediate reply—funds; and you are right.

OFFER MASS INTENTIONS

But let us see on what we should first concentrate. Some of the Bishops have advised us that their great need just at present is support for missionaries for the neglected spots or places difficult to reach. What can you do to help? Send us first of all Mass Intentions, they will be a spiritual link between you and the missionary who each morning prays for you and offers up in far off parts the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We know of no more holy work than this for we literally carry to the scattered souls the most sacred of all God's present gifts ever which we have any control. By that holy sacrifice are men led to God and healed and strengthened against sin. They are also fed with the divine manna bringing everlasting life. This aid makes it possible for the missionary to travel to his flock.

DONATE \$25.00 TO SUPPORT A MISSIONARY

Another manner of aiding is by allotting a certain sum to be spent for that very purpose. Send us \$25, \$50 or \$100 and mark it as a gift for missions needing the service of a priest. The Bishops requesting this assistance will give

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your gift to the man whom he has asked to carry on the work of the Gospel under these conditions. Archbishop Sinnott recently wrote us for \$1,000.00 for this purpose. Can you not answer the appeal of the valiant missionaries in the field?

Perhaps you were thinking of some good work that you intended to do. Let us recommend these as the most pressing of our present needs and who can for a moment doubt their merit.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$4,502.90 Lumberjack, Plaster Rock, N. B. 5.00

MASS INTENTIONS C. M. A., Glace Bay, N. S. 25.00

AN APPEAL TO PARISH PRIESTS

ON AN IMPORTANT MATTER AFFECTING IMMIGRANTS

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir, May I appeal to parish priests with regard to a matter of considerable importance to Catholic immigrants.

I refer to enquiries I occasionally address to them on behalf of immigrants and which for their sake should be answered with as little delay possible. For instance, men domiciled in their parishes sometimes come to Quebec or St. John to meet the ships bringing out their fiancées whom they desire to marry on arrival. These men unfortunately seldom bring any papers to show that they are free to marry and I therefore must refer by telegraph to their parish priests for information as to their "status libertatis" before I can perform the marriage and it is highly important to ascertain the matrimonial status of the bride before she receives a prompt answer.

Again, in many cases, an immigrant may state that he or she is going to join a brother or sister living in a certain parish and there may be some doubt as to the truth of the immigrant's statement. A reference to the parish priest can effectually settle the matter, but a failure on his part to reply may entail very serious consequences to the immigrant.

I would therefore strongly urge parish priests to reply as promptly as possible to enquiries addressed them by

Your obedient servant, L'ABBÉ PHILIPPE CASGRAIN, Director Catholic Immigration Association of Canada. Bishop's Palace, St. John, N. B., March 22, 1921.

OBITUARY

THE LATE REV. HENRY T. JOYNER Sorrow and mourning have come and that quite unexpectedly to the parishioners of Grand Falls, New Brunswick. Little did they anticipate only one short week ago, one who had been their most faithful pastor and friend would so soon pass from their midst, and they would be called upon to mourn his death. A few short weeks ago all was joy and gladness, now all is sorrow and gloom and mourning.

The late Reverend Henry T. Joyner was born in England, studied at Oxford, and after having finished his Theological course in Spain, was ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Chatham, was Parish Priest of Chatham for many years. He came into our midst over sixteen years ago to minister to our spiritual and temporal welfare. For the past few months the Reverend Father's health had been failing, until up to one week ago, he decided to leave for one month's rest, but pneumonia developed and he was taken to the Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph, St. Basil, N. B., where everything possible was done for him. He was stricken with heart trouble and breathed his last heart trouble and breathed his last on the morning of the sixth, fortified by the Sacraments and all the reassuring comforts which Holy Church could bestow. His remains were taken to Grand Falls on the 7th where they lay in state in the Church of the Assumption until Friday morning. Impediments, strength and an underlying tenderness were in Father Joyner's face in the Sacraments and all the reassuring comforts which Holy Church could bestow. His remains were taken to Grand Falls on the 7th where they lay in state in the Church of the Assumption until Friday morning. Impediments, strength and an underlying tenderness were in Father Joyner's face in the Sacraments and all the reassuring comforts which Holy Church could bestow. His remains were taken to Grand Falls on the 7th where they lay in state in the Church of the Assumption until Friday morning. Impediments, strength and an underlying tenderness were in Father Joyner's face in the Sacraments and all the reassuring comforts which Holy Church could bestow. His remains were taken to Grand Falls on the 7th where they lay in state in the Church of the Assumption until Friday morning. 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