

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLVII.

KING AND POPE

CONGRATULATE ENGLISH CARDINAL

Rome Correspondent. The Universe

THE KING'S GOOD WISHES

His Majesty the King greeted Cardinal Gasquet in a gracious message on His Eminence's jubilee day. At a reception given in the Cardinal's honor by Sir O. Russell, British Minister to the Vatican, the following telegram, signed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was read by the Minister:

"On the occasion of the celebration of Cardinal Gasquet's jubilee of his priesthood, the King desires you to convey to His Eminence the expression of His Majesty's good wishes and the earnest hope that his valuable life may long be preserved in the discharge of the duties of his office and to carry on those works which have made him famous and revered by his brethren in the British Empire."

Sir O. Russell presented a large silver salver as a gift from past and present members of the British Legation at the Vatican.

In acknowledging the gift, Cardinal Gasquet made an interesting disclosure concerning the origin of the British Legation to the Holy See.

HOW THE BRITISH LEGATION TO THE HOLY SEE WAS ESTABLISHED

Cardinal Gasquet, returning thanks for the silver salver presented as a jubilee gift by the past and present British Ministers to the Holy See, revealed a little of what he called the "secret history" of the origin of the British Legation to the Holy See.

He spoke of the difficulties and pre-occupations of the early days of his Cardinatate at the outbreak of War, and the difficulty of ensuring a fair and adequate representation of the cause of the Allies in high quarters to which the Allies' adversaries had such easy and influential access through their accredited representatives.

But providentially a curious case arose which was to bear great fruit—the appointment of an Archbishop for Malta.

The British Government remembered ancient usages, whereby the Holy See consulted it before making a definite appointment, and it was anxious to ensure this. Through his friend, the British Ambassador to the Quirinal, the Cardinal was approached and asked to be the intermediary.

Eventually, though reluctantly, he consented, but not without pointing out how such circumstances showed the urgent need for the British Government to seek a manner more normal and direct to deal with the Holy See. Sir Rennell Rodd required no persuasion in such a matter, nor, indeed, did anybody who knew the real situation.

The Cardinal was asked to sound Benedict XV., whom he found most ready and anxious to facilitate the appointment of an accredited representative from Great Britain to the Holy See. From that, through communications and negotiations, was born the present British Legation to the Holy See, the advantages of which probably are far greater to England than to the Vatican itself, and are admitted and recognized on all sides.

No greater proof of the position of Catholics in the British Empire could be given than the gracious and most welcome message which had been just read out from King George V., and which the Cardinal said really set a final crown on the festivities for his jubilee.

THE POPE'S EULOGY

Cardinal Gasquet's Jubilee has provoked numerous and very warm expressions of esteem and respect which more than prove the popularity of the English Cardinal. While his English friends were organizing an expression of their good-will towards him, Rome was not idle, and a local Committee had organized a solemn and impressive celebration in honor of the date.

On the evening of the 18th the Cardinal received the following letter from the Holy Father, together with a beautiful signed likeness of Pius XI., and as a material gift, the Holy Father showed not only munificent generosity, but a shrewd intuition of what would most please the eminent Cardinal, by conveying to him the most generous sum of 35,000 lire to defray expenses in connection with the centenary feast of his titular church, S. Maria in Portico, now raised to Presbyteral title, so that as the Pope expressed it, "its new life might begin free of all worry and anxiety."

In the course of his long eulogy of the Cardinal's life and work the Holy Father writes as follows:

"Particularly noteworthy was your tenure of office at the Monastery of Downside, where, while zealously promoting monastic discipline, you started the erection of the magnificent church of St. Gregory the Great and a new home for the monks. Not even when

health failed would you neglect that principle which is the Benedictines' own: 'Work and pray.'

"Realizing how much an impartial study of antiquity serves to combat prejudiced opinions, you undertook historical work at the bidding of Pope Leo XIII., and in the scholarly volumes which you produced not only did you restore to the monks of the pre-Reformation period their due honor and renown, but you also established conclusively that the efforts of the early reformers had been deliberately directed towards stripping religion of all Eucharistic doctrine, and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass itself.

"Moreover, your powerful writings contributed not a little to the solution of the very difficult problem, so long debated, of the validity of Anglican orders. Who does not know that the rule of the English Benedictine Congregation was recently restored, chiefly by your prudent counsel, and that you were chosen Abbot-President of the Congregation by the unanimous vote of your brethren—a charge which you conscientiously administered for a considerable time?

"It was therefore but fitting that, when the revision of the Vulgate was undertaken, Our predecessor, Pius X., of holy memory, should, on imposing the task on the Benedictines, select you as head of this Pontifical Commission."

MONKS CARVE EMBLEMS

Lisbon.—What has been termed

"the most beautiful wood in Europe," the wood of Bussaco, is

wrought into the most exquisite

monastery, formerly the home of the barefooted Carmelites who had adopted the austere Trappist Rule.

For more than 1,500 years, says a correspondent to the Times, this domain had been under various ecclesiastical authorities, who dedicated it as a sanctuary and place of devotion. Cloisters, cells, shrines and chapels are largely lined with cork and decorated by pictures on wood, which, however, are in almost every case, decipherable.

The chapel is decorated with Biblical scenes, the characters being wonderfully painted with wooden figures; the grouping and the whole composition being extraordinarily realistic and beautiful.

Here, in this monastery, Wellington passed the night of September 27, 1810, after his victory over Massena, a fact recorded by an appropriate inscription.

The little monastery and its chapel, where the authorities do not allow services to be held, is enshrined and encrusted and almost overwhelmed by one of the most magnificent buildings in the Peninsula, designed as a royal palace and now used as a hotel.

The main buildings are like some thing in a dream. The stately white stone walls, crowned by a tower, rise to heaven. The walls, galleries and balconies are enriched by the exuberant efflorescence of "Estilo Manuelino."

But, apart from this fairylike hotel, the rich beauty of Bussaco is in its woods.

The barefooted Carmelites sent

monks into all parts of the world and from all those foreign lands where the Portuguese flag once

wavered; from far East India, from Africa, from South America, these devoted priests sent to their beloved

"Matto da Bussaco" rare and

beautiful ferns, tropical trees and flowers, medicinal herbs, to be

tended by the silent, white-robed

gardeners in the one climate in all

Europe where they could all flourish.

The woods are said to be the most remarkable in Europe, and for variety of species they certainly hold first place, for the Government, which has taken over the control since the suppression of the monasteries in 1835, have kept up and added to their floral treasures.

INVENTOR OF SAILLESS BOAT

Colonge.—Anton Flettner, the German inventor who has gained the attention of the whole world with his sailless, wind-driven boat, is a former Catholic elementary school teacher. His device, which drives a ship without an engine or sails by catching the air in a sort of funnel arrangement, has been proved effective and big ship companies are planning to build merchant vessels which will use this means of propulsion. The invention is regarded by scientists and engineers as startling and revolutionary.

Flettner was forced in his youth to give up his desire to become a sea officer. He attended the teachers' seminary at Fulda from 1908 to 1906, and became a teacher at Pfaffenwiesbach, in Hesse-Nassau. But even at that time he was working on technical mechanical problems. Then, after taking a second teacher's examination, he became an instructor at Frankfort-on-Main.

MISSION SCHOOLS BRINGING LARGE NUMBERS TO FAITH

Paris, France.—In a lecture delivered at the Catholic Institute of Paris on the missionary work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Brother Gordien, secretary-general of this Society, pointed out how the missionaries realize the surprising work of educating thousands and thousands of students of all races and all religions in distinctly religious schools, in peace and harmony unbroken by any incident.

He also gave some interesting figures showing the number of souls led to the Faith by their influence, by their example and by the devotion of their apostolate.

In the college of Saigon, last year, fifteen pupils in the first classes were presented for baptism. Fourteen were presented in Halong, sixteen in Hanoi, five in Hue and seven in the school at Phnom Penh.

As for the schools in Egypt, he gave the following statistics covering a period of fifteen years: Two hundred and forty abductions of Orthodox Copts; thirty-seven of Orthodox Syrians; twenty-four of Greeks, fifteen of Protestants, thirty-eight baptisms of Israelites and eight of Mohammedans.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1925

FIRST PRINCIPLES

LEARNED PRIEST DISCUSSES ETHICS OF MARRIAGE

By Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., in *Catholic Times*

"Statistics show that there were 37,000 marriages and nearly 6,000 divorces in Chicago in 1919.

Study of the fundamental trouble shows that of the parties concerned in 3,577 divorce suits filed in 1914 only 70 owned homes; while in 2,171 cases the parties were childless.

These statistics from the contemporary press throw light on the Ethics—and shall we say Civics—of Divorce.

It is difficult to prove ethical principles. Indeed, it is usually difficult to prove any principles, especially ethical principles. Strikingly speaking, principles are not so much objects of proof as means of proof. We do not usually prove principles by anything else; we prove other things by principles.

Strangely enough, the thinkers tell us that the only means of proving First Principles is to one who denies them, is by a Reductio ad Absurdum. In other words, one who denies First Principles will soon find himself in a horrible mess. If he denies intellectual First Principles he will soon be floundering in a horrible intellectual mess. If he denies ethical First Principles he will sooner or later be wallowing in a reeking moral mess.

It is remarkable that the Decalogue, which contains the ethical First Principles of Christianity, does not announce these ethical ultimates in the form of principles or statements, but in the form of commands. It does not say "Stealing is morally wrong," but "Thou shalt not steal." This is an emphatic way of stating that ethical principles, being practical principles, are only truly accepted when they are put into practice. To hold them is to live them. "This do, and thou shalt live. This do not, and thou shalt die. The wages of sin is death."

In other words, ethical principles, though patient of intellectual statement, and therefore of intellectual proof, are neither fully stated nor fully proved in a merely intellectual and abstract way. By their fruits they are known. But as fruits are effects which need time for their development, ethical principles can be denied without once protesting against their denial by their inevitable harvest of harm.

Hence in the matter of Divorce we must be armed against those classes of men whose profession does not deal mainly with ethical proofs. Thus the scientist is conversant with the proofs of the laboratory; the doctor, with the proofs of the operating room; the lawyer, with the proofs of the witness-box. These methods of proof are all valid for their own subject-matter. Yet it would seem to be indisputable that for another subject-matter, viz., ethics, other methods of proof are alone valid.

And in an ethical matter of such fundamental importance as Marriage and Divorce it would seem equally indisputable that only the official ethical expert, the Church's priest, could be expected to apply these delicate methods of proof with the carefulness of science.

Thus, although the Catholic priesthood does not claim fully to understand the least of the Sacraments, yet no other profession can understand the Sacrament of Marriage better than does the priesthood, and especially the celibate priesthood. The celibate, having offered up to his Master in holocaust the precious quality of wedded love, is not likely to belittle his own sacrifice. Indeed, with that poetry which is the heart of his liturgical achievements, he alone is found not only to countenance wedlock, but to bless it. The State sanctions wedlock; the Church sanctifies it. The State sometimes makes monogamous marriage a social institution; the Church exalts it as a divine Sacrament.

Moreover, the priesthood, being accustomed to the steadfastness of divine love, takes human love at its own valuation. As the phraseology of love is always a profession of eternal fidelity, the Church takes love to mean what it says by accepting the plighted troth as being "till death do us part."

But where marriage and divorce are not dealt with on the principle of "Children First!" the institution of monogamous marriage practically disappears. Where children are found divorce becomes difficult, if not in civil law at least in psychology. But the childless wedlock is not only legally but even psychologically broken with ease.

No one seems hurt by a reversal to the habits of the animal. Again, easy divorce begets the childless.

Yet the Church of Jesus Christ, which may be said to have instituted monogamous marriage, has never looked upon it merely as an indissoluble relationship between two parties—a mere bilateral contract regulated and measured by commutative justice. In the eyes of the Bride of Christ marriage is a great Sacrament and a social obligation for the continuance of the human race; and therefore to be regulated and measured also by distributive justice towards the child, which has had no say in the contract.

If the question of divorce is to be discussed not in terms of the child but in terms of a man and a woman, the parents of the child, then it will be hard to deny some of the romantic unselfishness of love to certain

forms of harlotry, or concubinage or adultery. It is this that largely helps the vogue of certain forms of literature. Laus Veneris is not always the mere worship of self to the degradation of others, but can sometimes be a romantic worship of another to the loss of one's own soul.

After all, the main relation of wedded love, as distinct from other forms of human love, is the Child. If wedlock were merely the relation between a man and a woman it would be hard to show its superiority to other altruistic forms of human love, such as friendship even between the two sexes. But it is the child that matters. The intuitions, the intimacies, the exclusiveness of wedded love have the child as undeniably their object as the magnet has the pole. The fact that certain exceptions are looked upon as exceptions is proof that the rule is known to be the rule.

In this way it is the child which, by its mere existence, is the divinely appointed "Defender of the Bond of wedlock. The little being still unborn, and so frail in its hold on life as to need all its parents' care, is yet the *de jure divino* guardian of the parents' wedded love. Tempations to cut or loose the marriage bond are not now looked upon as episodes in the life of love of a man and a woman, but as attempts upon the life of the child. For this reason few things are more painful in the history of modern divorce than the custom of stating the motives for breaking the wedded life in terms of the husband and wife, and not in terms of the child. The status of husband and wife, with its mutual rights, has been freely entered into by the man and woman. But the status of child, with its innumerable wants, has been thrust upon the child without any exercise of its free-will. Hence if the two wills that had created the status of husband and wife were allowed to dissolve the status, no harm as such would be done to either of the contracting parties. But the will and act of husband and wife which has changed their status into that of father and mother and has created the status of child cannot now be dissolved without hurt to the child. And it is because the child's status is, on the child's side, non-volitional and perpetual that its rights are supreme and irrevocable. Whilst it is a child it cannot, as such, be a validly contracting party to the alienation of its own rights.

Amongst these rights one of the first is assuredly that of being cared for in a "home" under the divinely appointed institution of parenthood. Canon Rousselot declined the distinction. "Please give this cross to a soldier," he wrote. But the Minister replied: "It is to the soldier I am giving it." And he presented to the President of the Republic the decree naming the inventor a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

cannot come by any simple step or gesture, but by some wrench or shock akin to the prodigal's resolve to return from the swine-swill to the white bread of his Father's House.

PUBLIC LEDGER DISAVOWS BLASPHEMY

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12.—In yesterday's edition of *The Public Ledger*, the following editorial entitled "A Disavowal" appeared:

"In one of Katherine Mayo's series of articles on conditions in the Philippines, published in the news columns of this newspaper on Christmas Day, there appeared baseless, irreverent and offensive remarks against the sacred belief of Christians, remarks that should not have been permitted to appear.

"The attitude of *The Public Ledger* has always been one of sincere sympathy and deep respect for religion, and its record in this regard should acquit it of any charge that it could deliberately be guilty of assailing religion. But in order that there may be no misunderstanding, it should be explicitly stated now that this newspaper disavows any such intent, regrets that the statement appeared and expresses sorrow that its publication should have given pain to any of its readers."

TOUCHING INCIDENT

Paris, Jan. 2.—The papers have recently carried a touching story about Canon Rousselot, the great scientist who had just died.

The famous inventor of experimental phonetics arrived at the age of seventy-two years without receiving any decoration. At the end of the War, M. Clemenceau wished to decorate him as a reward for his discovery concerning the methods of locating enemy guns and submarines. He sent word to the venerable priest that he was reserving the Legion of Honor for him.

Canon Rousselot declined the distinction. "Please give this cross to a soldier," he wrote. But the Minister replied: "It is to the soldier I am giving it." And he presented to the President of the Republic the decree naming the inventor a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

GREAT IRISH POWER PROJECT

Dublin, Ireland.—Early last year, Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert, of Berlin, submitted to the authorities in the twenty-six counties of Southern Ireland the outline of a big hydroelectric scheme in which the River Shannon was to be utilized.

Experts of European standing were appointed to examine the scheme. Their report is favorable and enthusiastic, with only a few modifications.

The experts recommend a partial development at first. The cost of the partial development is estimated at \$26,000,000, while the complete scheme will involve an outlay of \$40,000,000.

The proposed control station would be capable of supplying electricity at a low price to every city, town and village in the country and employment would be given to 9,000 men during the three years on the construction work. Furthermore, through the operation, the Shannon area, now liable to serious flooding, would be drained to a certain extent. The experts recommend that a complete drainage scheme be undertaken at the same time.

This utilization of the water power resources of the State is of immense economic importance. For the operation of factories the country is at present dependent entirely upon imported coal. The price of this coal is so high that in cost of production Irish manufacturers are seriously handicapped in comparison with their rivals and competitors in Great Britain.

LANDLORD REDUCES RENT \$5 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL BABY

Cleveland, Ohio.—Married couples with young children seeking a place to live have a friend in L. B. Rabb, Cleveland, owner of two apartments.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED

Leeches, they are; who come with the spouting oil, following the hordes of men as of old the wolves followed the prairie schooners. Yet every oil town has these problems. They shrug their shoulders haughtily and mutter between rouged lips when men laugh at their advances and pass by. From town to town, from boom to boom, they come and go. Here today, tomorrow they may be revelling in the gayety of a village sprung up during the night. At times the town seems to revolve around them, that is in the evening when, spider-like, they come out at dusk. Again they sink into obscurity, not drawing a thought from those whom they have won over, that is in the day time when the workers are busy near the black mud of the wells. They disappear suddenly. Whither? No one knows, nor cares. The interests they awaken are ephemeral. Solicitation at night gives way to repudiation at dawn. The one with the small scar, half covered by a strand of blond hair, or the dark Italian-appearing girl with the twisted smile have flitted away, singed butterflies, gone to fields more fertile for their designs.

Jack watched their manoeuvres from his open window. He pitied them, a pity that sprang from the almost remote possibility of their redemption. He observed one particularly from his eyrie. She was small with a blue to her eyes that seemed to mirror all the innocence of the world. Yet she possessed a bold recklessness that lacked indigence in such a petite body. Each evening she came in from the side street near the drug store, passed through the group of lounging men, never bantering, but with eyes straight ahead. Slowly she walked down the street until opposite Jack's window. From out of the shadows of a stairway would come a man, dressed as if lifted from a race-track paddock. For a moment only she would pause, hand him something and pass on. Not once did she look at him directly. When he flashed out of the dusk, her wan smile dropped from her face as quickly as lightning receded from the sky and the muscles of her small jaws trembled. But that was all. She moved on. He disappeared. Then would return her assumed smile, sweet, appealing. She was always alone. The others strutted in pairs and figured in the brawls on side streets and dives down near the river bottoms. The daily sheet that broke into print sometime during the early morning hours gave but faint delineations of the gun play of the night before. The old frontier life was re-enacted time and again. The law seemed ineffectual. There was talk in the Oklahoma capitol of making a drive against gambling dens. The officers who were sent brandished their arms but the blow hung suspended. It had been said that money was passed and the gambling and wild life went on. Oklahoma papers wrote stirring editorials and declared that the Burbank field was not beyond the law. The lawlessness should be stopped. But it went no farther. Paper talk was not relished by the element holding sway in the evening towns. Men acted suddenly, spontaneously here. They drew their guns and thought later, followed their own course and asked for no advice. This was augmented by the curse of moonshine whiskey sold across bars. To the men "corn" supplied hope when hope was about extinct. It aroused them from stupors to which low prices and ill luck had dragged them. It fired them to lie, to scheme, to plot, to shoot, to grapple in death traps. There was law but the law lacked teeth.

From the watchtower somewhere back in the big cities one day flashed a wire that oil production must cease. The news fell like a plummet casting a pall over the town. One by one the engines stopped pumping. The merriment of the workers ceased; the coffee shop owners featured grouchiness; men sulked in side streets and whispered together in alleys. Fast cars were commandeered and oil men frisked away to other towns. The usual crowds that gathered before the large wall maps and watched the shifting of varicolored pins, showing findings and locations, melted away. The irrepressible lease salesmen lost none of his insistence nor eloquence in his endeavor to sell land near "blow ins" that were in reality only "duaters" or dry holes. But he faced an immovable wall for the tide had turned. Men held on to their money with a vice's grip.

With the news of the shut down Jack Corcoran felt a wave of satisfaction come over him that he could not quite fathom. He was sickened with the oil fields and their people. He had become a first class oil dresser now but he was disheartened with his work. Even the atmosphere of the fields disgusted him. He despised the sight of black pools of oil, the greasy tools and machinery, the splashes of rainbowed oil on the hillsides, the dirty town with its flea-bitten dogs and its men sitting on the pavements. It was

oil, oil, oil, from morning till night. The air was charged with it. The crude familiarity of tobacco-smearred men bored him, their subjects of conversation were filthy, as low as their moral horizons. There was a lack of religion, of a knowledge of God that was appalling. It was customary to see men with religion strike oil and then turn from God entirely. It was the way of the oil fields. When needy they turned to any and every source—even to prayer. In prosperity they were self-sufficient.

Three days after the news broke the exodus had taken place. The town was practically deserted. Jack walked up and down main street and felt a smug satisfaction that he could do so without being ogled by women. He was not slapped on the back at every corner by booted men. No boisterous shout went upon his appearance on the streets. Jack was well-liked everywhere although he was not a spender. In fact he had deposited \$800 at the Commercial Bank. The only real friend that he had made was the bank teller named Buster Christian. The latter had been lured from his father's ranch in Western Oklahoma by the boom. His father's recommendation to the bank president lay unused in his pocket until Buster, disgusted with oil work desired a change. His name had not been on file a day before he was notified that a position was open as "handy man." As the town grew so did the bank's business and before long Buster was appointed teller. Upon Jack's first visit to the teller's window, Buster observed that this youth was far different in appearance from the rank and file of the workers. As the weeks passed by he noted, too, that he differed because of his habit of banking part of his wages. Friendship sprang up between them.

Just before the bank closed one afternoon Jack casually dropped in to see Buster. The latter had some news for him:

"Jack, I'm going to pull out for home tomorrow. I'm not needed here now. Reckon I could stay if I wanted to but I feel I'm in the way. I'm going back to the ranch and you're coming along. You've got to punch cattle and ride the range. You can't tell me that you ever liked this oil work. You're not fitted for it. But I'll bet you a sack of gold you'll like it home. Buster was gesticulating through the iron window frame.

"No, I can't say that I ever liked oil work," Jack admitted slowly, rather crestfallen, "but I suppose it could be worse." "The nerve of him! What'd you do, Sara?"

"I saw he was hungry and you know my weakness, Daniel. I just can't bear to have any hungry thing, human or animal, about me. I set him right down beside the table and gave him bread and butter and jam and cold meat and milk."

"He might have killed you, Sara. Tramps are dangerous. Why didn't you call me?"

"And then, seeing as he was so tired, I told him he could sleep on the couch in the living room," and then Sara paused to look at her brother with an odd expression half defiant and half pleading. The fork that had been raised to his lips dropped to the plate with a bang and he arose and crossed the floor. Thrusting open a door, he went to the couch where a mound beneath a patchwork quilt confirmed his sister's astonishing story. From him of his decision to return home it came soft, even breathing of sound slumber.

"What are you doing wandering around this hour of the night? I'm packed. Are you ready to go?"

"Remember the train leaves at 6:45."

"Say, Buster—" Jack began hesitatingly.

"Say nothing. I know what you're going to say. That girl of yours has changed your mind."

"Well, you're coming with me and forget her for a little while. You're going out home and ton up a little before you hop back East."

"That's fine, Buster, but you know—"

"No, I don't know. All I know that you're coming with me tomorrow and I'm not going to take no for an answer. So trot along and pack up. The very idea of judging Oklahoma by its oil towns, boy! wait until you get out under the stars back there on the plains. You'll fall on my neck for bringing you home."

Buster disappeared and left Jack amazed, his mind swimming. What should he do? Buster had shattered his decision in a moment. After all, he really wasn't intensely eager to return home empty-handed. Jack paused for a moment under the window and there floated out to him Buster's merry whistle. It sounded cheery out there in the moonlight. Jack surmised that there must be something worth while out there in the plains country, the anticipation of which made Buster so happy. Perhaps, too, it would clear away his depression. Jack swung across the street, passed a low building where a click of chips told him a game was in progress and then up under the overhanging wooden awnings. In the doorway of a pawnshop he observed the town sheriff talking with a tall, dark mustached man who drawled out a stiff "Hell, No!" It was characteristic oil town language. Jack turned toward the stairway of his room and watched how the moonlight flooded the vestibule, the steps, the worn out linoleum. With a leap he sprang up the stairs. He had decided. He would go West with Buster to find the secret of his happiness.

After supper Jack again mounted the shaking stairs and sat by the open window as he had done a hundred times before. Thoughts seemed to roll up to him from out there in the oil fields that lay quiet as a forest. In his six months he had accomplished little or nothing. Fall and winter had come and gone. Spring was pipping the brown trees on the rocky ridges into green leaves. Butterflies danced giddily in the sunshine and in a few yards petunias bloomed through the sheen of oil and grime.

For the first time since he had come west Jack fagged into a spirit of discouragement. Some inner urge was telling him to give up the

I would rather be great by the will of God than a seraph by my own.

THE THANKSGIVING BURGLAR

"Daniel, there was a burglar here last night!" With the utmost precision Sara Tully turned the golden brown pancake as she made the surprising announcement which caused her brother, who had just come in to breakfast after doing the morning's milking, to stand still and gaze.

"A burglar, Sara?"

"Yes, Daniel!" She placed the pancake upon a heaped-up mound of tempting, steaming cakes, carried the plate to the table and poured the coffee. "Breakfast ready, Daniel."

"But Sara, what about the burglar?" he demanded as he sat down. "Did he take anything—your silver or diamond?"

The silver consisted of six teaspoons, which had belonged to her grandmother and were never used. They were kept in a safe of a state of high polish in a tall glass on the center of the mantel as a decoration. Sara's diamond was a single small stone in an old-fashioned setting, her engagement ring, a relic of her one romance. It was thirty years since Sara's sweetheart had been killed by a fall from a horse and her rosy dream of wedlock, motherhood and a little home in which, no matter how humble it might be, she would reign as queen, was utterly blasted.

"My ring and the silver are safe. He didn't take nothin' except, with aggravating calm she paused to pass him the bacon and eggs. "Except what, Sara?" Daniel demanded impatiently. "Did you see the burglar?"

"Yes, I saw him, Daniel. I had just finished settin' my yeast and then down beside the kitchen stove to say my night prayers and—then the door opened and he came right in."

"Oh, Sara, why didn't you scream for me?"

"Scream for you? Why should I do that?" she demanded as she poured the syrup over her cake. "That burglar walked right to the table and picked up the bowl of buttermilk. I set out to make cakes this morning, and he drained every drop of it."

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"That's fine, Buster, but you know—"

"No, I don't know. All I know that you're coming with me tomorrow and I'm not going to take no for an answer. So trot along and pack up. The very idea of judging Oklahoma by its oil towns, boy! wait until you get out under the stars back there on the plains. You'll fall on my neck for bringing you home."

Buster disappeared and left Jack amazed, his mind swimming. What should he do? Buster had shattered his decision in a moment. After all, he really wasn't intensely eager to return home empty-handed. Jack paused for a moment under the window and there floated out to him Buster's merry whistle. It sounded cheery out there in the moonlight. Jack surmised that there must be something worth while out there in the plains country, the anticipation of which made Buster so happy. Perhaps, too, it would clear away his depression. Jack swung across the street, passed a low building where a click of chips told him a game was in progress and then up under the overhanging wooden awnings. In the doorway of a pawnshop he observed the town sheriff talking with a tall, dark mustached man who drawled out a stiff "Hell, No!" It was characteristic oil town language. Jack turned toward the stairway of his room and watched how the moonlight flooded the vestibule, the steps, the worn out linoleum. With a leap he sprang up the stairs. He had decided. He would go West with Buster to find the secret of his happiness.

After supper Jack again mounted the shaking stairs and sat by the open window as he had done a hundred times before. Thoughts seemed to roll up to him from out there in the oil fields that lay quiet as a forest. In his six months he had accomplished little or nothing. Fall and winter had come and gone. Spring was pipping the brown trees on the rocky ridges into green leaves. Butterflies danced giddily in the sunshine and in a few yards petunias bloomed through the sheen of oil and grime.

For the first time since he had

come west Jack faged into a spirit of discouragement. Some inner

urge was telling him to give up the

I would rather be great by the will of God than a seraph by my own.

TO BE CONTINUED



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things, why it would be just the thing. Yes, Daniel, I think I'll get a Ford. One of them closed ones, so we won't get cold when the weather breaks."

"Sara Tully! You'll get a doctor! You need one, I'm thinkin'. When I take that boy back to the asylum, I'll stop in and see old Doc Thornton and tell him how you're acting."

Good morning. Oh, am I late for breakfast. I intended to get up early an' help with the milkin' but I guess I was awful tired."

"Course you were, sonny." Daniel looked at his sister in surprise. The smile with which she greeted the child seemed to rejuvenate, to make her young and pretty again. "I wanted you to sleep and rest. Come and sit here and see how much breakfast a little man can eat."

The child took a step towards the table and then halted his eyes upon the man wistfully and half-frightened. And Daniel Tully, felt his throat tighten and his heart seemed to miss a beat. It was just that way the collie pup looked to him for help when it had been caught on the barbed wire fence. And he found himself smiling reassuringly as he held out a hand.

"Come on and sit down, Bubby. Sara can make the best pancakes in the country. You want to sample them while they're hot?"

Doubt and fear fled from the child's face and the two brown eyes that looked so trustingly into his made him again think of collie. For several minutes Daniel was busy helping the child, then he arose.

"I don't know as I'll have time to take that trip this morning, Sara," he said but he did not look at his sister. "Bubby, when you're packed away a dozen more of them battercakes, come on, out to the barn, I want you to see my collie pup."

When the sun crept to the pump, announcing that the noon hour had come, Sara rang the dinner bell, and then stood in the kitchen door waiting—waiting and praying. Daniel and the boy had been together for four hours, four long, silent hours for her, full of suspense. Would Daniel insist upon taking the child to the asylum that afternoon? Oh, would he?

At the thought a smothering assailed her and with difficulty she turned to the stove to dish up the meal.

"Oh, Aunt Sara," she turned, almost dropping the dish in her hand. "Uncle Dan says I'm to call you Aunt Sara."

"Yes, honey. Did you have a nice morning?" she asked and looked at her brother.

"Oh, 'twas such fun playin' with the collie an' helpin' Uncle Dan feed the cattle an' do the farm work," the boy cried happily.

"Yes, Sara, we worked hard and we're hungry men. Come, Bubby, sit right here beside me so I can help you. Hum, Sara, guess we'd better start to town right after dinner."

A terrible weakness overcame Sara Tully. The miracle of a child's presence, a child's love had not impressed her brother as she hoped. The boy would be taken away from her and ahead of her were stretched years and years and years, barren, bleak and lonely for want of a child to love and care for. She wanted to cry out in protest, to plead and beg and pray. Instead she dished up the creamy mashed potatoes and carried them to the table.

"Thought we could get that Ford while we're in town," Daniel said as he helped the boy to a bountiful supply. "And, we'll go to the asylum."

"Oh, Daniel!"

"And explain about Johnston mistreating the boy till he ran away—and take him herself."

"What?" gasped the astonished woman.

"We'll fix the adoption papers right away and get Buddy some new clothes—nice good clothes. Land sakes, Sara, what's the matter? Where are you going?"

It was five minutes later when Sara came in suspiciously wiping her eyes.

"Sometimes, I get most overheated, a bending over that hot stove," she murmured, "and I have to rush out for a breath of fresh air. Anyway, I wanted to see if the turkey gobbler was in the coop."

"The gobblor?" said Daniel. "The one, you're keepin' for Christmas?"

"We'll have him tomorrow—for Thanksgiving," Sara said, as she cut an apple pie into triangles. "We're going to celebrate, Sonny. We'll have a real Thanksgiving this year. Uncle Dan and I will give thanks because we've got a boy of our own."

"And I'll give thanks 'cause I've got Uncle Dan an' you," the child gurgled with content and delight.

"And I'll give thanks for everything," Daniel chuckled and winked at the boy. "For my new son, for the new Ford auto Sara's going to buy us, for the turkey gobbler and everything."

"An' the apple pie an' ever'thin,'" laughed the child.

Daniel glanced at his sister and then turned his eyes quickly away. In the shining, gloriously transformed countenance of the sister he had thought plain and old, he read and understood the years of mother-hunger, love-starved long-

ing at last fulfilled by a lonely, mistreated orphan. And feeling overcame him. He arose and started for the door.

"I've got to see if that turkey gobbler's still safe," he muttered. As the door closed behind him, Sara turned to the boy and held out her arms. With a leap he was in them and as she held him close, she whispered:

"Sonny, Sonny! My own little Sonny!"—By Mary Clark Jacobs in Rosary Magazine.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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SWORD AND FIRE

Every time that the sycophants of the powerful have desired to sanctify the ambition of the ambitious, the violence of the violent, the fierceness of the fierce, the pugnacity of the pugnacious, the conquests of the conquerors, every time that the paid sophists or frenzied orators have tried to reconcile pagan ferocity with Christian gentleness, to use the Cross as the hilt of the sword, to justify the blood which flowed on Calvary to teach love; every time, in short, that people wish to use the doctrine of peace to legitimate war, and make Christ surely for Genghis Khan or for Bonaparte or even through refinement of infamy, the outrider of Mahomet, you will see them quote, with the inexorable punctuality of all commonplace, the celebrated gospel text, which everybody knows by heart and very few have ever understood.

"Think not that I come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." Some more learned add, "I am come to send fire on the earth." Others rush forward to present the decisive verse, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

What angel of eloquence, what supernatural enlightener, can ever reveal to these hardened quoters the true meaning of the words which they repeat with such light frivolity? They do not look at the words which come before and after; they pay no attention to the occasion on which they were spoken. They do not imagine for a moment that they can have another meaning from the common one.

When Jesus says that He has come to bring a sword,—as it is written in the parallel passage of Luke, "Discord," He is speaking to His Disciples who are on the point of departing to announce the coming of the Kingdom. And immediately after having spoken of the sword, He explains with familiar examples what He meant to say: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." The sword therefore does not mean war; it is a figure of speech which signifies division. The sword is what divides, cuts in two, disunites; and the preaching of the gospel shall divide men of the same family. Because among men there are those deaf and those who hear, those who are slow and those who are quick, those who deny and those who believe. Until all are converted and "brothers in the Word," discord will reign on earth. But discord is not war, is not massacre. Those who have heard and believe the Christians—will not assault those who do not hear and do not believe. They will, it is true, take up arms against their refractory and stubborn brothers, but these arms will be preaching example, pardon, love. Those who are not converted perhaps will begin real warfare, the warfare of violence and blood, but they will begin it exactly precisely because they are not yet Christians. The triumph of the Gospel is the end of all wars, of wars between man and man, between family and family, between caste and caste, between people and people. If the Gospel at first is the cause of separations and discord the fault is not in the truths taught in the Gospel but in the fact that these truths are not yet practicable by all.

When Jesus proclaims that He comes to bring fire, only a literal-minded barbarian can think of murderous and destructive fire, worthy auxiliary of human warfare. "What will I if it be already kindled?" The fire desired by the Son of man is the fire of purification, of enthusiasm, the ardor of sacrifice, the resplendent flame of love. Until all souls are burning and consumed in that fire, the word of the Gospel will be but useless sound, and the Kingdom still far away. To renew the contaminated and hateful family of men, a wonderful outburst of grief and of passion is needed. The complacent must suffer, the cold must burn, the insensible must cry out, the tepid must flame like torches in the night. All the filth accumulated in the secret life of men, all the sediments of sin which make of every soul an offensive sewer, all the corruption which shuts the ears and suffocates the hearts, must be burned up in this miraculous spir-

itual fire, which Jesus came to kindle in our hearts.

But to pass beyond this wall of flame there is need for strength of soul and a boldness not possessed by all, possessed only by the valorous; and, thus Jesus can say, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." The word violent has as a matter of fact in the text the evident meaning of "strong," of men who know how to take doors by assault without hesitating or trembling. "Sword," "fire," "violence," are words which are not to be taken in the literal sense, so pleasing to the advocates of massacres. They are figurative words which we are forced to use to reach the torpid imagination of the crowds. The sword is the symbol of the divisions between those first persuaded and those who are last in believing; fire is purifying love; violence is the strength necessary to make oneself over and to arrive on the threshold of the Kingdom. Any one who understands this passage in any other way either does not know how to read, or is destined to misread.

Jesus is the man of Peace. He has come to bring Peace. The Gospels are nothing but proclamations and instructions for Peace. The very night of His birth celestial voices sang in the sky the prophetic augury: "Peace on Earth to men of good will." On the Mount one of the first promises which flowed from the heart and from the lips of Christ is that directed to the peace-makers, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." When the apostles are ready to depart on their mission He commands them to wish peace to all the houses where they enter. To the disciples, to His friends, He counsels, "Have peace one with another." Drawing near to Jerusalem, He looks at it pitifully and exclaims, "If thou, hast known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" and the terrible night on the Mount of Olives, while the mercenaries armed with swords are binding Him, He pronounces the supreme condemnation of violence. "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." He understands the evils of discord, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." And in His talk on the last things, in the grand apocalyptic prophecy, He announces among the terrible signs of the end together with famine, earthquakes and tribulation, also wars. "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. . . . For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom."

For Jesus discord is an evil; war is a crime. His God is not the old Lord of Battles. The apologists for great massacres confuse the Old and the New Testament. But the New is now exactly because it transforms the Old.

Only when considered as a punishment can war be thought of as divine. War is the terrible retribution of men who have recourse to war; it is the cruellest manifestation of the hatred which broods and boils in human hearts, the hatred which drives men to take up arms to destroy one another. War is at the same time a crime and its own punishment.

But when hate is abolished in every heart, war will be incomprehensible: our most terrible punishment will disappear together with our greatest sin. Then at last will arrive the day longed for by Isaiah when, "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

That day announced by Isaiah is the day on which the Sermon on the Mount shall become the only law recognized on earth.

ONE FLESH ONLY

Jesus sanctions the union of man and woman even in the flesh. As long as kings remain, we are to give back to them the coins stamped with their names; as long as men are not like angels the human race must perpetuate itself.

The Family and the State, impermanent expedients compared with heavenly beatitude, are necessary during our terrestrial probation;

and since they are necessary they should at least become less impure and less imperfect. As long as rulers exist, at least the man who rules should feel himself the equal of the man who serves. As long as marriage exists, the union between man and woman should be eternal and faithful.

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But this Duality of the flesh and of the spirit—the most perfect among imperfect human relations—should never be disturbed or interrupted.

Adultery corrupts it, divorce repudiates it definitely.

Adultery is a secret divorce founded upon untruth and betrayal; divorce followed by another marriage is sanctioned adultery.

Jesus always condemns adultery and divorce in the most solemn and absolute manner. His whole nature holds unfaithfulness in horror. There will come a day, he warns people, in speaking of heavenly life, in which men and women will not marry; but up to that day marriage should have at least all the perfections possible to its imperfection. And Jesus who always goes below the surface of things does not call adulterer only the man who robs his brother of his wife, but also the man who looks at her in the street with lustful eyes. The man who has underhand relations with another man's wife is an adulterer, but no less an adulterer is he who, having put aside his own wife, marries another. On one occasion alone, He seems to admit the possibility of divorce to the husband of an adulteress; but the crime of the repudiated wife could never justify the crime which the betrayed man would commit in taking another wife.

Confronted with a law so absolute and so rigorous, even the Disciples took alarm. "If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry. But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs, which were born from their mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Marriage is a concession to human nature, and to the propagation of life. "All men cannot receive this saying, are not capable of remaining chaste, virgin, and alone, but only 'they to whom it is given.' Perfect celibacy is a grace, a reward of the victory of the spirit over the body.

Any man who wishes to give all his love to a great undertaking must condemn himself to chastity. He cannot serve both humanity and the individual. The man who has a difficult mission to carry out, demanding all his strength up to the last of his days, cannot let himself to a woman. Marriage means abandoning oneself to another being—but the Saviour must abandon himself to all other beings. The union of two souls is not enough for him—and it would make more difficult, perhaps impossible, union with all other souls. The responsibilities which come with the choice of a mate, the birth of children, the creation of a little community in the midst of the great community of the human race, are so heavy that they would be a daily hindrance to undertakings infinitely more serious. The man who wishes to lead other men, to transform them, cannot bind himself for all his life to one being alone. He would need to be faithless to his wife or to his mission. He loves all his brothers too much to love one only of his sisters. The Hero is solitary. Solitude is his penalty and his greatness. He renounces the pleasures of marital love, but the love which is in his heart, when communicated to all men, is multiplied into a sublimation of sacrifice surpassing all earthly joys. The man with no mate is alone, but is free; his soul, unhampered by common and material thoughts, can rise to the heights. He does not beget children of his own flesh, but he brings to a second birth the children of his spirit.

It is not given to every one, however, to resist and abstain. "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." The foundation of the Kingdom needs all men who will give all their souls to it; the lust of the flesh, even when confined to legitimate marriage, are weakening for him who should give all his attention to the things of the spirit.

In marriage Jesus sees first of all the joining of two bodies. On this point He ratifies the metaphor of the Old Law. "So then they are no more twain, but one flesh." Husband and wife are one body, inseparable. This man shall never have another woman; this woman shall never know another man until death divides them. The mating of male and female, when it is not the expression of careless wantonness, or furtive fornication, when it is the meeting of two healthy virginities, when it is preceded by free choice, by a chaste passion, by a public and consecrated covenant, has an almost mystic character which nothing can cancel. The choice is irrevocable; the passion is confirmed. Within the two bodies clinging to each other with bodily

desire, there are two souls which recognize each other and find each other in love. Their flesh becomes one flesh; their two souls become one soul.

The two have been fused into one, and from this communion will be born a new creature formed of the essence of both, which will be the visible form of their union. Love makes them like God, creators of a new and miraculous creation.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1925

MUSSOLINI AND FREE MASONRY

There is much in the newspapers
just now about Mussolini's "war
on Free Masonry." A special cable to The Mail and Empire declares that this "war" was due to the
desire to win the good graces of
the Catholic Church which alone
"can save Mussolini for a long
term of power." He tells us further that "the Vatican apparently
has swallowed his bait, owing to its
extreme nervousness about Protestant
proselytizing in Rome itself
the Freemasons' disbelief in the
Church and the haunting fear that
the dictator's fall will usher in the
redress of terrors."

All such news and views as well
as the prediction—not heard so
frequently of late—that Mussolini's
hold on the Italian people is weakening
rapidly, must be taken with more than a grain of salt. With
the wisdom and experience of nineteen
hundred years and the unwavering
faith in the promises of Christ, the Vatican is never so
"nervous" and "fearful" as to swallow political bait of any kind
whatsoever.

It is well to recall the origin of
Fascismo in order rightly to understand
the present situation in Italy.

The Italian Socialists brought
disaster on their fellow-countrymen
during the War but that military
disaster was brilliantly retrieved.
After the War these extremists
secured practical control and menaced
Italy with the horrors of
Russian Bolshevism. The Government
was so pitifully weak that
Fascismo was born to save the life
of the nation. It was successful
and for the past two years Mussolini
has been the Fascist Prime
Minister of Italy with the good will
and co-operation of the overwhelming
majority of his countrymen.

For this fact so good a democrat
as the American Ambassador to
Rome emphatically vouches; and
Ambassador Child is not less
emphatic in his testimony as to the
great good Mussolini has already
accomplished.

Communistic Socialism, however,
is not dead nor has its spirit
changed. An extract or two from
a wireless despatch to the New
York Times makes this clear:

Rome, Jan. 14.—Cheers for Lenin,
cries of "Long Live Russia" and
"Long Live the Revolution!"
threats of what will happen to the
Italian Bourgeoisie when the
proletariat carries out its "fast
approaching revolution," and singing
of the "Red Flag" were again
heard in the Chamber today for the
first time in two years. . . .

Deputy Grieco was the Communist
spokesman and the following are
specimens of his political faith and
hope:

"The only way to strike down
Fascism," he continued, "is to
strike down the Bourgeoisie, and
only the proletariat can do this.
Over Fascism's dead body the
victorious proletariat will pass! . . .

"But soon the whole Bourgeoisie
will be dragged before revolutionary
tribunals. . . .

"We must remain by the side of
the Russian workers and peasants,"
he concluded. "We salute Russia
from which springs the light that
irradiates throughout the world.
Long live the revolution of the
Italian workers and peasants!
Long live Communism!"

It is hardly likely that the Italian
people, released by Fascismo from
Communist terrorism, will throw
over their Fascist pilot before
reaching the port of national
security. Mussolini will be given
the mandate to finish his work; for
the choice of the Italian people lies
really between Fascism and Communism.

There is another consideration
which throws light on the Italian
situation.

The two-party system has been
practically the sole political experience
of English-speaking peoples. In European countries, on the contrary, there are so many political
parties that none ever has a clear
majority. Hence in most of these
countries there is always govern-
mental instability in a degree hard
for us to imagine. In Italy before
the Fascist counter-revolution, there
was governmental impotence. To
overcome this Mussolini, before the
last Italian election, had an electoral
law enacted giving to the party
obtaining the largest number of
votes—even though these were not a
majority—two-thirds of the representation in Parliament. That
gave the necessary stability and power to the Government to carry
on its work of reconstruction. But
this was a departure from representative government that could be
justified only by the emergency. This electoral law was bitterly attacked as giving the Fascisti an unfair advantage. The Fascisti
agreed that the emergency no longer
existed and on January the 17th
instant passed an electoral law
which the cable tells us through
the newspapers is "akin to the
British"; and that "the Opposition
expresses satisfaction and everyone
seems pleased."

One obvious inference is that the
Mussolini Government is quite
willing to go to the Italian people
on its two years' record and is
confident of the result. After this
coming election, at least, the term
Dictator may as justly be applied to
Stanley Baldwin as to Benito
Mussolini.

With regard to "the war on Free
Masonry" it is necessary to remember
that while in English-speaking
countries Free Masonry is, as a
rule, non-political, in Latin coun-
tries it is intensely political. As
the Roman correspondent to the
New York Times puts it:

"Free Masonry in Italy and in
America are declared to be two
different things. In Italy Free
Masonry is said to be an eminently
political organization. It has great
power in the Government bureau-
cratic machine. Supporters of the
bill to outlaw it contend that it
uses this power for corrupt and
personal ends."

The following extract from an
article in the Encyclopaedia Britan-
nica gives us what may be con-
sidered unbiased testimony to the
facts here alleged:

"During the last three months of
1904 public opinion was diverted to
the cognate question of the
existence of masonic delation in the
army. M. Guizot de Villeneuve,
Nationalist deputy for Saint Denis,
who had been dismissed from the
army by General de Gallifet in
connexion with the Dreyfus affair,
brought before the Chamber a
collection of documents which, it
seemed, had been abstracted from
the Grand Orient of France, the head-
quarters of French Free Masonry,
by an official of that order. These
papers showed that an elaborate
system of espionage and delation
had been organized by the Free
Masons throughout France for the
purpose of obtaining information as
to the political opinions and religious
practices of the officers of the
army, and that this system was
worked with the connivance of
certain officials of the ministry of
war. Its aim appeared to be to
ascertain if officers went to Mass or
sent their children to convent
schools or in any way were in
sympathy with the Roman Catholic
religion, the names of officers so
secretly denounced being placed on
a black-list at the War Office,
whereby they were disqualified for
promotion. There was no doubt
about the authenticity of the docu-
ments or of the facts which they
revealed. Radical ex-ministers joined with moderate Republicans
and reactionaries in denouncing the
system. Anti-clerical deputies
declared that it was no use to
cleanse the War Office of the
influence of the Jesuits, which was
alleged to have prevailed there, if
it were to be replaced by another
occult power, more demoralizing
because more widespread. Only the
Socialists and a few of the Radical
Socialists in the Chamber supported
the action of the Free Masons. General Andre, minister of war,
was so clearly implicated, with the
evident approval of the prime
minister, that a revulsion of feeling
against the policy of the anti-
clerical cabinet began to operate in
the Chamber."

It is hardly likely that the Italian
people, released by Fascismo from
Communist terrorism, will throw
over their Fascist pilot before
reaching the port of national
security. Mussolini will be given
the mandate to finish his work; for
the choice of the Italian people lies
really between Fascism and Communism.

There is another consideration
which throws light on the Italian
situation.

Marshal Foch, the hero of the
Great War, was a victim; but that
is another story.

It is the political activity, the
secret political activity, of the
Masons, that Mussolini aims to
suppress. That this, and not the bid
for Church support, is Mussolini's
motive, is made clear by this
paragraph from a recent letter from
the New York Times' Roman
correspondent:

"Mussolini always has been a
violent hater of Free Masonry. He
first made his mark in public life at
the Congress of the Socialist Party
in 1912, in which he proposed and
secured the approval of a motion
declaring it incompatible to be at
the same time a Socialist and a
Mason. Soon after his advent to
power in 1922 he faced his Fascist
followers with the same dilemma,
declaring that they must choose
between Fascisti or Masons. This
measure having merely increased
the agitation of the Masons against
him, he has now resorted to the even
stronger step of introducing his
legislative measure to outlaw
Free Masonry if it does not abandon
its character of a secret society."

Note the last words: "if it does
not abandon its character of a
secret society." That is if it does
not substitute open and responsible
political action for secret machinations
that may be inimical to the
general welfare. We give on page

1 the text of this much discussed
legislative measure. It will be
seen that its object is not to prevent
Free Masons from exercising their
full political rights; but to force
them into the open and to assume
responsibility for their political
activities.

The preamble of Mussolini's Bill
makes this still clearer. It argues
that political freedom consists in
the right which the law grants to
all citizens to speak and act in
public to attain certain ends that
are, or are supposed to be, useful
to the community. The law now
proposed, the preamble says, also
imposes certain limitations on this
right in order that all citizens may
enjoy it equally. Any one who, by
speaking or acting in secret,
attempts to escape these limitations
is, therefore, acting against
liberty, one of the fundamentals of
which is the equality of all citizens.
From which it is deduced that all
secret political activities are
unconstitutional.

This famous measure was introduced
on the basis of a report of a
Commission of fifteen members
that had been entrusted with the
task of appraising the possibility of
amending the Constitution of the
Kingdom of Italy. This Commission,
composed mostly of Senators and
University Professors, unanimously
advised the suppression of all
secret societies in general and of
Masonry in particular. This advice
is based on specific reasons which
are set forth in detail. And the
Commission concludes as follows:

"Free Masonry has penetrated
into the most delicate organs of the
national life, using as its lever the
chief banking institutions, which
are enslaved by the Masonic elements.
Its chief weapon is secrecy, which debases men's conscience,
making them prone to
intrigue and obliging them to submit
to discipline against which they
cannot rebel without breaking their
vows; which forces them to maintain
an internal solidarity which
annuls, or overcomes, every other
duty of loyalty or justice, and
which insures impunity to any one
who profits by it."

It is said that the Italian Free
Masons are using their influence to
depress the lira; and it seems that
no considerations of loyalty or
justice will be allowed to interfere
with this form of treason to their
native country and injury to their
fellow countrymen. If thereby they
may lessen Mussolini's prestige and
influence.

The special correspondent of the
Mail and Empire and the New York
World, from whom we quoted at
the beginning of this article, bears
this out:

"The Government has been put in
a curious situation by the fall of
the lira, which apparently is going
on steadily. . . .

"The Freemasons, who have been
so hard hit by the bill against secret
societies that they have had to
dissolve lodges all over Italy, are
finding allies in Free Masons on
Bourses throughout the world. The
battle, which should be waged in
the Chamber of Deputies, has been
taken from the politicians by the
bankers."

In this conflict we may take for
granted that the news agencies and
special correspondents will continue
to tell the reading world of
Masonic martyrdom and Fascist
tyranny. We have tried, without
passion or prejudice, to give our
readers the facts of the case. Next
week we shall show some of the unfair
distortion of facts and unwarranted
inferences that are calculated to create a very
false impression in the premises.

WHAT THEY DID TO THE BIBLE

By THE OBSERVER

When Saint Jerome undertook the
translation of the Bible in the
fourth century, he had been soaked
in the learning pertaining to the
Sacred Scriptures for a period of
thirty years. He had been for the
greater part of his life the pupil of
the greatest authorities on the
sacred writings who were then
alive. One must remember also
that the fourth century was eleven
hundred years nearer to the time of
the Apostles than was the time of
the Reformation. The hand writing
of the four evangelists, Saints
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John was
still in existence or had only been
gone for a very short time.

The Church in the east, centering
around the authority of the patriarchs
of Constantinople, who in their turn
were in close communication with
the Popes, was not yet in schism.
The traditions of the Apostles were
still very fresh in the
eyes of those who had founded
the Roman Empire. Such destruction and such
disturbance did come later, and only a
little later, than the time of Saint
Jerome. But when the great work
of translating the Sacred Scriptures
into the Vulgate, which is still the
Church's great authorized version,
was completed by Saint Jerome, none
of those great convulsions which
shock all Europe and all the
east, and which set for the Church
a new work of civilization and
conversion, had yet made much pro-
gress.

The Church, therefore, had
great advantages in undertaking
his great work. He was familiar
with all the copies of the Scriptures
that were in existence. He had
travelled all over the Christian
communities in both east and west,
in Asia as well as in Europe. He
had been in close touch with
the greatest scholars of the time;
and those scholars were, so far as
regarded the Bible, as much ahead
of the scholars of the twentieth
century as the latter are ahead of
them in regard to electricity and
mechanics. Those were the days
when men of learning and sanctity
gave the whole of their lives to the
study of the Scriptures; and
none of those great convulsions
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gress.

Saint Jerome finished his work
hundred and seventy-eight years
before Luther was born; and his
work is still treated by the Church
as the best and most authentic
version of the sacred writings in
existence, and thoroughly trust-
worthy. Now, let us consider
what was the situation of those
who attempted to revise the work
of Saint Jerome after the Reforma-
tion began. In the first place,
think of all that had come and gone
in the meantime. The whole
situation of the known world had
changed, and changed not merely
once but several times. The
destruction of the Roman Empire
led to fearful changes, political,
social, and religious. The Church
of God which had but shortly
before succeeded in Christianizing
the Roman empire, was faced with
the task of converting the barbarian
conquerors of that empire.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONS have
been taken on renewed life since the War.
Following upon the terrific catastrophe
which overtook Japan two
years ago a movement towards
Catholicism and a more intense
religious life has shown itself. In
Sapporo alone, fifty native families
embraced the Faith at one and the
same time. In China the long catalogue
of martyred missionaries within
the past fifty years is a seed
from which an abundant harvest
may be looked for in the years to
come.

BOOKS AGAINST RELIGION. We have
the truth, from God Himself.
Plausible attacks are made on it
from all sides, attacks which dis-
prove each other when read together:
what one calls too high
another calls too low, and so on.
But to read only one of them dis-
turbs the mind. The case against
the truth seems surprisingly strong,
like the lawyer's case to prove you
a thief.

If you were one whose duty it is
to clear up these attacks on the
truth for the sake of the soul that
are deceived by them, it would then
be necessary for you to read such a
book, to compare it with the Cath-
olic doctrine, to show how the facts
are seen in their true light by the
Church, and to explain how the
unbeliever misread them. But if
your duty does not require you to
study both sides fully, then it will
do you no good, but probably
harm, to read or hear what a clever
man has to say against the truth.
And therefore the Church is bound
to forbid it.

DIVERSITY OF INTELLECTS

Another consideration is this:

In the Church are all classes of
minds, from the dullest to the
keenest, from the most ignorant to
the most learned. And among
those who attack the Church are
now largely traced to the
violent contemporary lampoons of
Silvio Savelli which were largely
circulated in Rome by political
enemies of the Borgia family and of
the Church. "Alexander," says
Lange, "as a Sybarite who cared
nothing for the opinions of the
world, bore these attacks with
perfect equanimity, and unless they
contained actual threats never took
any measures in regard to them.
He looked upon Rome as a privileged
place where everyone should be
left free to speak and write as he
pleased."

We shall have further comments.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ITALIAN Department of Rail-

ways has appropriated the equiva-

lent of £2,500,000 for new

rolling-stock to meet the extra

traffic demands of the Holy Year.

Another example of the benefit

accruing to Italy, even in a mater-

ial sense, from its possession of the
capital of the Christian World.

THE IMPITATION OF CHRIST

OF THESE lampoons Ludwig

Pastor, latest and perhaps greatest

us to build our souls. Therefore the Church forbids all books that might do this mischief. On the other hand, to understand the foundations of our faith is a vast help to building well on it. The more we know of them the better. But to understand foundations you ask the architect who planned them, not the critics who say they are unintelligible. And therefore the Church complains. The time that is given so freely to reading critics who have not grasped God's truth should be given (and is not given) to studying that truth as explained by God's Church. It is a sad fact that many Catholics take no interest in knowing the roots of their faith till some enemy begins to pluck them up.

BLOCKING BOLSHEVIST BLASPHEMY

Soviet Russia has temporarily halted its march to the conquest of Almighty God, not that it fears, or hesitates at, the task, but because it can not drag the peasantry along under its blasphemous banner. In short, the decision is one of Soviet strategy, not of change in plan. The Russian people, it now appears, are not yet ready to give up God. So as an Associated Press dispatch appearing in our press tells us, Gregory S. Zinovieff, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Third International, admits that the Communists had gone too fast in their propaganda against existing religious rituals and in their efforts to establish atheism. The order, coincident with the advent of Christmas, is given as follows:

"In a peasant country like ours, where the majority of the population is illiterate, and where the peasantry pays so high for articles of necessity, we can not allow ourselves such a luxury as a vigorous and inflexible religious campaign. We shall pursue our attacks on Almighty God in due time and in an appropriate manner."

"We are confident we shall subdue Him in His empyrean. We shall fight Him wherever He hides himself, but we must go about such a question as anti-religious propaganda more carefully in the future.

"I have been informed by old workmen that not only the young Communists, but Boy Scouts are mocking people who are religious. I have also been told that groups of Boy Scouts have ... imprisoned whole congregations in church while they were worshipping. This is a mistake. Our campaign against God and religion must be carried out only in a pedagogic way, not by violence or force."

Further proof that Bolshevik dictates have not yet dethroned God lies in the announcement that Russia kept Christmas despite the example of its earthly rulers. For a few there were the comforts and luxuries that we know; but for the millions there were scant bread and less fuel. But if the material side of Christmas was wanting, the spirit was much in evidence, as shown in this picture sent by an Associated Press correspondent:

"In spite of the Communist campaign against religion, the greater part of the population in the larger cities went eagerly to church to celebrate the birth of the founder of the Christian faith. In countless homes candles burned brightly in front of ikons. The diminutive Chapel of the Iberian Virgin, in the heart of Moscow, the most famous Christian shrine in all Russia, was packed with fervent Russians, who prostrated themselves on the ice-strewn floor. Not far away was another shrine—that of the Bolshevik Revolution. Within it sleeps Lenin in eternity. The two edifices presented a strange contrast; one typified Old Russia, the other New Russia."

"Little groups of holiday visitors from the villages, mingling with workmen and Communists, stood in front of Lenin's wooden tenement of death in awesome silence as they visualized the unseen spirit of the tomb of Bolshevism within."

"Immediately behind the tomb, with their slender golden spires pointed heavenward and touched magically by nature with a glistening sheen of virgin snow, were the churches of the Kremlin, their bells and chimes now stilled in tongueless silence, as if symbolizing the citadel of the Soviet Government, which recognizes neither Christmas nor religion nor imperialistic traditions."

That the Soviet régime intends "to crush Russian Christianity out of existence, and not only Orthodox Christianity but Methodism, Roman Catholicism and all other varieties of Christianity," is testified by Capt. Francis McCullagh, the British correspondent who was the only one to send out a "full and accurate account of the Cieplak trial," which our readers will recall. Captain McCullagh's testimony is based on personal observation and on documentary evidence. He cites from the Bolshevik Penal Code, which "is as easy to get as any other contemporary code," that "the teaching of religious doctrine to persons under age in public and in private schools is to be punished by hard labor for a maximum term of one year." The teaching of religion to children is also forbidden, and "in order absolutely to cut short collective teaching and individual relations with isolated persons under eighteen years of age on the part of ministers of all existing religions on subjects of faith, of religious traditions and of cult, no matter in

what place this is carried on, prosecution will follow with all the rigor of the revolutionary law." In an article in the New York Herald Tribune Captain McCullagh tells us further:

"The Bolshevik press makes no secret of the determination to extirpate the Christian religion in Russia. Let us hear what the Pravda says, and the Pravda describes itself, and quite rightly, as the official organ of the Bolshevik party, that is, of the political party which now rules Russia. The Pravda declared at the time of the Cieplak trial that:

"Religion and communism are incompatible. The Church must be swept out of our path as an obstacle to the progress of culture."

The fight against religion must be carried on as systematically as the political struggle and with even more determination. Women and young people must be trained for the war on the denizens of heaven, who must all be ejected from the households of the workers."

"Speaking on another occasion of the same anti-Christian campaign, the same paper declared jubilantly that:

"The campaign has had a tremendous success, splitting the Church into numerous sects. We must devote even more serious attention than before to anti-religious propaganda. The peasantry has undergone a change. The infantry of Jesus is gradually wavering."

In the sects which have been nurtured by the Bolsheviks for Bolshevik purposes—gradually to wear the members from the last vestige of Christian faith and substitute Communism as a religion—Captain McCullagh detects imminent peril, and he warns:

"This change may give Bolshevism hold on the more extreme and emotional forms of Eastern and Western dissent and may do in calculable harm here in America, where there are such possibilities, not only among the large foreign population, but among Americans themselves, of an explosion made up of Bolshevik, Christian, emotional and simply hysterical ingredients."—Literary Digest.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

FAITH TO THE DESERVING

A great pope once said: "Give me a few souls devoted to prayer, and I will convert the world;" Such power of prayer is frequently brought home to the missionary, the Light of Faith coming to some poor, benighted souls in unusual ways.

"Sister," said a scholar in Lan-chow, China, "The old man who always sold soup at the corner is seriously ill; would you like to visit him?" Of course the Sister was willing although she did not know him, for charity needs no introduction, and visiting those in tribulation is a work of mercy. She found the poor man near death, and sad to relate, alone in his misery. Gently, she spoke of the future life, of the necessary truths of our holy religion which one must believe in order to gain that bliss. As she finished, the old man asked to be baptized. Thus, from the circumstances which led the Sister to him, it seems that this good, old soul was granted the great grace of Faith by an unseen power; likely, through the pious prayers of some humble suppliant in a far-off land.

There are many poor, lonely people, like this old man in China, who know nothing of their heavenly Father who loves them so dearly. Let us include a prayer for the missions in our daily devotions.

CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC IN SYRIA

The Catholic Church is making rapid progress throughout Syria, while the Orthodox Greek Church is losing ground. Protestants hoped to win favor through war relief, but did not succeed. At Beirut until 1922 the large College was called the Syrian Protestant College, now it is called the American University. In the same city the Jesuits conduct St. Joseph's University, which is well patronized and is famous throughout the Catholic world.

INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH

The Cardinal Gibbons Institute for Colored Youth recently dedicated in Maryland will educate boys and girls from fourteen years upwards, in separate departments, beginning with junior high school work and continuing as far as demand and facilities will permit.

The unfriendly attitude of public and secular universities towards higher education for colored people has long been felt by the negro population of United States, and it is gratifying that the Catholic Church is doing so much to meet the obligations handed down to the American people by their forefathers who brought the negroes to American soil.

STRANGE ZEAL

An American woman, Mrs. Florence Shopfacher, has undertaken in India the strange work of reviving the teachings of Bahá U'llah, a Mohammedan reformer, who began his religious career after a long prison term. He was an old man when released from his chains. He appointed himself the prophet of his times and claimed an equality

with Christ and Mohammed. Mrs. Shopfacher has not been kindly received by the people of India.

JEWELS OF VALUE IN THE ORIENT

It is an old Indian custom to put one's wealth into jewelry and precious stones. They had nothing like our modern stocks, bonds and other securities; banks were unknown. The collection of State jewels is scarcely surpassed anywhere: Diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, uncut and in rings (finger and nose rings), bracelets, anklets, necklaces, swords and dagger hilts. Three pearls valued at \$100,000 are displayed on a red plush cushion, and the sixth largest diamond in the world hangs as a dazzling pendant to a costly necklace. The East moves slowly.

Old methods still obtain. This same way of investing and hording their savings is common to the poor as well as the rich. A bracelet, a nose stud, a toe ring, or earring, a necklace, or jeweled belt, often represents the humble fortune of a Hindu working man or woman.

SOCIAL SERVICE PIONEER DEAD

Lausanne, Jan. 2.—The death has occurred here, at the age of ninety-one, of the Marquis René de La Tour du Pin-Chamby, the founder, with Albert de Mun, of the Christian Social movement in France, beginning with the workers' clubs.

Rene de La Tour du Pin and Albert de Mun, both aristocrats and officers, met in 1870, during the war, on the battlefield after the fight at Rezonville. A few weeks later, the two comrades met again as captives at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they remained together for many months. It was there that they exchanged thoughts and agreed to undertake a great campaign to bring the working classes back to God. The war had fallen upon France like a thunderbolt, when everyone felt assured of a long and happy peace.

Friend, Kingstone..... 1 00

Catholic, North Sydney..... 2 00

M. A., Montreal..... 2 00

Mr. L. B., Reynolds..... 2 00

K. H., Thorndale..... 1 00

Mrs. J. B., Plunkett, Sherbrooke..... 1 00

Friend, Dominion..... 2 00

E. G. P., Ottawa..... 5 00

MASS INTENTIONS

Friend, Kingstone..... 1 00

Catholic, North Sydney..... 2 00

M. A., Montreal..... 2 00

Mr. L. B., Reynolds..... 2 00

K. H., Thorndale..... 1 00

Mrs. J. B., Plunkett, Sherbrooke..... 1 00

Friend, Dominion..... 2 00

E. G. P., Ottawa..... 5 00

MISSIONARY EXHIBIT

POPE PAYS TRIBUTE OF HONOR TO CHAMPIONS OF THE FAITH

Saturday, January 31.—St. Marcelle, widow, after the death of her husband consecrated the remainder of her days to God and lived in a most abstemious manner. When the Gothic under Alaric entered Rome in 410 the Saint was cruelly scourged in an attempt to make her reveal the hiding place of treasures she was believed to possess. Her entreaties however, prevailed upon the barbarians to spare her spiritual daughter Principia. She died shortly afterwards.

After their liberation from captivity, de Mun and de La Tour du Pin founded in Paris the work of Workmen's Clubs and joined their efforts in a great lay apostolate throughout the country. In this crusade, Albert de Mun was the orator who subjugated the crowd by the prestige of his admirable eloquence. La Tour du Pin was the doctrinaire, constantly studying the theologians and sociologists, who assembled the material for the Christian social renaissance of which the Social Weeks are the fruitful survival. La Tour du Pin had remained a Royalist while Albert de Mun had rallied to the Republic. Nevertheless, in perfect harmony they pursued their task of realizing a society in which more justice would be meted out to the working classes.

In 1884, when a few Catholics from different countries met at Fribourg with Cardinal Merimond to found an international center for social studies, Rene de La Tour du Pin was one of the first workers in this new organization. He participated actively in all its work, of which Leo XIII, asked to receive a detailed report and which, in a way, formed the preliminary study for the encyclical "Rerum Novarum." One of the ideas supported by the Union of Fribourg was the necessity for international laws for the protection of workmen.

The Fribourg Union was thus thirty years ahead of the program accepted after the Great War by the Peace Conference and by the International Labor Bureau.

Le Tour du Pin was not only one of the best workers in the Fribourg Union, he was its actual founder.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, January 25.—The Conversion of St. Paul. Paul in his zeal for observance of the Jewish Law became a fierce persecutor of the Christians. While on his way to Damascus to seize Jews who professed Christ and bring them to Jerusalem as examples to the others, he and his party were surrounded by a light from Heaven and Paul himself was struck blind.

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Wednesday, January 28.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, was Patriarch of that city. Because of his activities against Nestorius, the Saint was threatened with banishment. However, he persevered and in time it was recognized that he was right. Forgetting his wrongs and disregarding controversial punctilio, Cyril then reconciled himself with all who would accept the true doctrine of the Incarnation. He died in 407.

Thursday, January 29.—St. Francis de Sales, was born of noble and pious parents near Annecy in 1567. When his education had been completed he was sent by the Duke of Savoy to restore the Church in the Chablais. At first he was repulsed with insults and even threatened with death but he finally succeeded and it is said he converted 72,000 Calvinists. He was made Coadjutor Bishop of Geneva and succeeded to that See in 1602. In cooperation with St. Jane Frances de Chantal he founded the order of the Visitation. He died at Avignon in 1622 after having refused numerous high honors including that of the See of Paris.

Friday, January 30.—St. Bathilde, Queen, was an Englishwoman, who was carried over to France while quite young and sold as a slave to Erkenwald, Mayor of the Palace under King Clovis II. When she grew up the King took her for his royal consort. The King gave her his sanction for the protection of the Church and on his death she became Regent of the Kingdom. In this capacity she promoted the cause of Christianity and established many hospitals and religious houses in France. When her son Clotaire became old enough to take over the reigns of government she retired to a convent at Chelles. She died in 680.

Saturday, January 31.—St. Marcelle, widow, after the death of her husband consecrated the remainder of her days to God and lived in a most abstemious manner. When the Gothic under Alaric entered Rome in 410 the Saint was cruelly scourged in an attempt to make her reveal the hiding place of treasures she was believed to possess. Her entreaties however, prevailed upon the barbarians to spare her spiritual daughter Principia. She died shortly afterwards.

After their liberation from captivity, de Mun and de La Tour du Pin founded in Paris the work of Workmen's Clubs and joined their efforts in a great lay apostolate throughout the country. In this crusade, Albert de Mun was the orator who subjugated the crowd by the prestige of his admirable eloquence. La Tour du Pin was the doctrinaire, constantly studying the theologians and sociologists, who assembled the material for the Christian social renaissance of which the Social Weeks are the fruitful survival. La Tour du Pin had remained a Royalist while Albert de Mun had rallied to the Republic. Nevertheless, in perfect harmony they pursued their task of realizing a society in which more justice would be meted out to the working classes.

In 1884, when a few Catholics from different countries met at Fribourg with Cardinal Merimond to found an international center for social studies, Rene de La Tour du Pin was one of the first workers in this new organization. He participated actively in all its work, of which Leo XIII, asked to receive a detailed report and which, in a way, formed the preliminary study for the encyclical "Rerum Novarum." One of the ideas supported by the Union of Fribourg was the necessity for international laws for the protection of workmen.

The Fribourg Union was thus thirty years ahead of the program accepted after the Great War by the Peace Conference and by the International Labor Bureau.

Le Tour du Pin was not only one of the best workers in the Fribourg Union, he was its actual founder.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, January 25.—The Conversion of St. Paul. Paul in his

zeal for observance of the Jewish Law became a fierce persecutor of the Christians. While on his way to Damascus to seize Jews who professed Christ and bring them to Jerusalem as examples to the others, he and his party were surrounded by a light from Heaven and Paul himself was struck blind.

Wednesday, January 28.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, was Patriarch of that city. Because of his activities against Nestorius, the Saint was threatened with banishment. However, he persevered and in time it was recognized that he was right. Forgetting his wrongs and disregarding controversial punctilio, Cyril then reconciled himself with all who would accept the true doctrine of the Incarnation. He died in 407.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A LITTLE SMILE

Try a little smiling.
When the world goes wrong;
Drop the tone of scolding,
Change to one of song.
Nothing lasts forever,
Love and beauty die,
Make the best of the present
Ere it passes by.

Clouds must come and sorrow,
'Tis the way of life;
Still the silver lining
Shines upon the strife,
And the sorrow lessens,
Bringing with the calm;
Ev'r pain of living
Has its own sweet balm!

Try a little smiling,
Though the effort cost,
You will find that never
Is its radiance lost;
Through the darkness shining
Ev'r star has place;
Try a little smiling,
Trouble to efface.

—O'REILLY

STEVENSON'S SERMON

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but those without capitulation above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—he is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert; whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the world's end or for the end of life: Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the desirer.

FAITHFULNESS

The person who is guided by faithfulness has a sense of responsibility for the use of his talents, and acts according to his convictions, never breaking his promises or neglecting his engagements. The virtue extends to his whole life, taking account of actions, private, public, and of things both small and great.

Faithfulness has many forms. To sweep gracefully through the circle of charities, leaving no blamish upon any; to perform the duties at home without fault; avoid the fretful words and be calm in the hot moments of anger; to crush out of ourselves the spirit of haughtiness, deeming life too costly for quarrel, and too short for pride; to maintain a chivalrous honor in all business relations; to hold back from the temptation of doubtful or hasty gain; to wear the white flower of a blameless and purified life—these are some of the many phases which appear in the life of everyone who is adorned by this all-pervading virtue.—The Pilot.

CHEERFULNESS

The cheerful man is pre-eminently a useful man. The cheerful man does not cramp his mind and take half-meas of men and things. The cheerful man knows that there is much misery, but that misery need not be the rule of life. The cheerful man sees that everywhere the good out-balances the bad, and that every evil has its compensating balm. A habit of cheerfulness enables one to transmute apparent misfortune into real blessings.

He who has formed the habit of looking at the bright, happy side of things has a great advantage over the chronic dyspeptic, who sees no good in anything. The cheerful man's thought sculptures his face into beauty and touches his manner with grace.

If we are cheerful and contented all nature smiles with us; the air is balmy, the sky clearer, the earth has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers are more fragrant, and the sun, moon and stars are more beautiful.

ABOUT BEING JOYFUL

What is the good of being grumpy or down-hearted? If you are ill it will make you worse, and if you are well it will make you ill, so there is no good in it at all. Besides, it is like the measles, it is highly infectious, and spreads quicker than the mist rolling down the mountain-side.

Grumpy people are always tired, and those who have to do with them are tired also—of the company of Grumpy and Co. How can it be otherwise? An old song tells us,

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad heart tires out in a mile.

So be joyful; it's good for you, keeps you young, improves your looks. Yes, really it does for expression is more valuable than complexion, as only the former shows on a photo.

So let the mental photo that your friends—if you are lucky enough to have any—or your enemies—if you are unfortunately out with your relations—have of you be radiant, full of contentment, bubbling over with the joy of being alive.

Don't grumble at this dear old world. It isn't so bad, after all; you might be a lot worse off in another, you know. So be content.

Of course, it is neither you nor I that go in for a joyless outlook of men and things. We naturally belong to the most sensible part of humanity, and are never down-hearted, grumpy, or very difficult to get on with—or scarcely ever.

But we do know some—don't we—who are always ready to look at everything from a gloomy point of view. With them if the world goes well today, it is sure to go wrong tomorrow. It's quite sure if we are constantly on the lookout for trouble, it's going to arrive.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A PRAYER

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet—
Too well I know the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord dear Lord, I plead—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand, My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
Lead follow Thee.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst always shed Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk Without a fear.

Joy is like restless day, but Peace divine
Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine Through Peace to Light.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ACQUIRE THE HABIT OF SPEAKING CORRECTLY

Do you "retire" instead of "go to bed"? Do you "reside" in your house instead of "live" there? Do you "visit" instead of "talk to"? Do you "partake of" your dinner" instead of "eat" it?

There is no rule for the acquisition of a well-bred vocabulary; but it is quite certain that the reading of good English tends toward the use of it. The finer books never contain words or expressions which well-bred people do not use, while the popular novel, with its "slap, dash and bang" style, is apt to fall far short in nicety of language.

There was once a priest who was famous for his eloquence and learning, so famous that people went from far and near to hear his lectures. A clever woman, a writer, had long been promising herself the treat of hearing him, and when she finally managed to attend she was enthralled by his eloquence, and when she was by his simplicity. He used one-syllable words whenever possible.

Every phrase was shorn of everything that might make it sound ornate. It was direct and expressive. Yet, coming away from that lecture, the like of which she had never heard before, the woman found herself confronted by a friend who greeted her with "Perfectly scrumptious, wasn't it?" and by another with, "Wasn't that the cutest talk you ever heard?" Which meant really a tumbling from Olympian heights for her.

So, your house can never be "elegant," nor can you be a "stylish dresser." You wash your face and hands—you do not "perform your ablutions." Don't say a thing is "cute" when you mean it is pretty; don't say "you guess, you reckon, you figure, you calculate," when you "think."

Just a little care in the use of an expression; a little care in the turn of a phrase; consulting the dictionary when you are not positive of the meaning of a word, will increase your ability to speak correctly. Listen to good English, and remember that the simpler it is, the better it is.

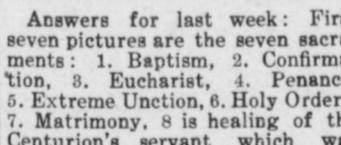
SOME SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH

By sacraments we mean the various prayers, blessings, ceremonies, and pious practices of the Church. Sacraments, like sacraments, have an outward sign; the latter, however, were instituted by Christ, the former by the Church, and while the latter always gives grace if we place no obstacles in the way, the former do not give grace, but excite good thoughts, increase devotion, and raise the mind to God.

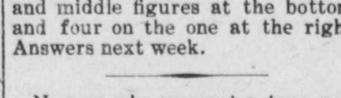
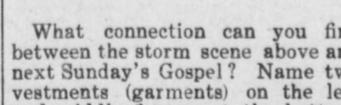
The sacramental of most frequent use in the Church is the sign of the cross. It is used to remind us of the passion and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on the cross. The cross is the emblem of the Christian, the "sign of the Son of man." It is an act of faith in the principal truths of Christianity.

The form of the cross which we trace with our right hand from our forehead to our breast, and then from the left to the right shoulder, is a profession of faith in the incarnation of the Son of God, Who became man and died on the cross for our redemption. Writers of the early ages of the Church tell us that before every action, before

Answers for last week: First seven pictures are the seven sacraments: 1. Baptism, 2. Confirmation, 3. Eucharist, 4. Penance, 5. Extreme Unction, 6. Holy Orders, 7. Matrimony, 8 is healing of the Centurion's servant which was



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Clarence A. Miner, President

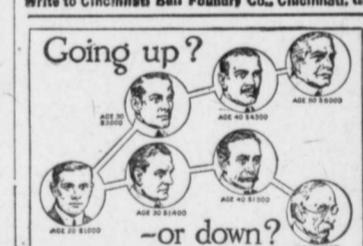
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OBITUARY

CATHARINE BAKER MURPHY
Chatham Daily News, Jan. 15.

Mrs. Catharine Baker Murphy, one of the most highly esteemed residents of the Maple City, and a woman who was greatly admired and dearly loved by all who had the privilege of her personal acquaintance, passed peacefully away in St. Joseph's Hospital at 8:30 o'clock Jan. 12, 1925. She was taken ill at Christmas time, suffering an attack of pneumonia, and in spite of a wonderful resistance maintained for a woman of her advanced years, her condition gradually became weaker, until she quietly and peacefully passed into the other world to be at rest.

Death for her meant the ending of a beautiful Christian life, spent in bringing cheer and comfort to others, and in the performance of those many acts of unselfish kindness and charity which characterize a highly successful and useful earthly existence. She was the mother of twelve children, eleven of whom reached the age of manhood and womanhood and all taking creditable positions in the world of affairs, and in the church. Her friends were legion, and all who knew her were greatly impressed with the depth and intelligence of her nature. Her greatest interest was in her family by whom she was greatly adored and revered, but she also found time to be a great help and inspiration to those of the community by whom she found herself surrounded. In spite of her years, her intellect remained keen and bright, and she took a healthy interest in present day affairs. She was a gifted musician, highly educated and finely cultured, and thoroughly devoted to her church, which meant so much to her during her whole lifetime. Her death even though it has come as a natural thing in the evening of her life, has meant a great shock to her many friends, as well as the members of her immediate family.

Mrs. Murphy, who was seventy-three years of age, was the widow of the late John Baker Murphy, who was a member of the firm of Hudson, Murphy and Summer, wholesale dry goods merchants of Montreal. She was married in Montreal in 1872, her husband passing away on July 6, 1896.

She was born in Kingston, but lived most of her life in Montreal. She has been a resident of this city since 1912, coming here from London where she had resided for six years. Her husband was one of the most prominent businessmen of Montreal during his lifetime. He was the European buyer for his firm, and crossed the ocean over a hundred times.

The surviving members of the family are three daughters and five sons: Mrs. Florence Holland, wife of Dr. William J. Holland of Malden, Mass., Mother Scholastic and Sister Grace of the Ursuline order, stationed at The Pines of this city; Thomas Audley of Cleveland, John Bertram of Detroit, Joseph of New Toronto, Stuart, manager of one of the Detroit Savings branches in Detroit, and Howard who is connected with the colonization and development department of the C. P. R. at Winnipeg. The other children who are now deceased were Sister Benedict, who was a member of the Ursuline order, Col. James Hector Ross Murphy, who was killed in France during the Great War, W. E. "Glad" Murphy, the famous Canadian athlete, who died as a result of injuries received in a football game in Toronto a few years ago, and Irving, who passed away in infancy.

All of the surviving members of her family were at her bedside when the end came, which, for a woman who was so devoted to her family, was the most happy ending that she could have desired. Those who survive have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in the hour of their affliction.

The funeral was held on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock from her late residence 210 Wellington Street West, to St. Joseph's church. The remains were taken to Montreal and there deposited in the Murphy-Baker family vault.

PATRICK J. FLANNERY

On December 31st, 1924, the Cathedral Parish of London, Ontario, lost one of its most respected members by the death of Patrick J. Flannery. His demise came as a shock to his many and dear friends in London, for Mr. Flannery was known not only to those of his own faith, but had also made close friends among the citizens of London, owing to the position he held in the London Post office.

His whole life was spent in London, having been born here on September 17th, 1861, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward

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Flannery. Mr. Flannery was baptized in the old St. Peter's Church of the late John Baker Murphy, who was a member of the firm of Hudson, Murphy and Summer, wholesale dry goods merchants of Montreal. She was married in Montreal in 1872, her husband passing away on July 6, 1896.

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SUCCESS IN 1924

GOOD YEAR FOR NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

During the year 1924, the 44th in the history of the North American Life, the Company made great strides forward in all branches of its business. The policies issued and revived amounted to \$26,289,954, a very substantial increase over the figures for 1923 and the total business in force has now reached \$126,625,049, which is a new high mark in the Company's history.

For forty four years the North American Life has represented the highest ideals in liberal treatment of policyholders and the fact that over \$600,000.00 was paid during 1924 as profits on policies is ample proof of how well this reputation is deserved.

Mr. Goldman, the President, in commenting on the figures in the report pointed out that the first duty of the Company, its obligations to its policyholders, was being well fulfilled, nearly \$3,000,000 being distributed in 1924 among policyholders and Beneficiaries.

The Beatification ceremonies conducted by the tercentenary of the landing of the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec, and the voyage and its purpose to Rome will be of special interest to Catholics throughout Canada and the United States.

The Canadian pilgrims will also have the opportunity of profiting by the special favors and privileges which the Church grants to those who visit the Roman Basilicas in connection with the Jubilee of the Holy Year. This opportunity comes but once in every twenty-five years, and in past ages, Jubilee Pilgrimages were made by millions who did not have the facilities of travel which are now available.

What is God but infinite beatitude and eternal joy? His life is joy. All that is bright and happy comes from Him. Were it not for Him, there would be no gladness either

To Insurance Beneficiaries

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually through the unwise investment or careless spending of monies received for insurance death claims and matured endowments. A Union Bank Savings Account is the proper place for the deposit of such monies. The funds will then be in safe keeping and earning interest for the beneficiaries.

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DIED

FOLEY.—Julia Dennehy, relict of late John Foley of Hastings, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Mullins, Woodlee, Jan. 21st inst. Buried at Hastings. May her soul rest in peace.

FLANNERY.—At his late residence, 319 Piccadilly St., London, Ont., on Dec. 31st, 1924, Patrick Joseph Flannery, beloved husband of Mrs. Mary Flannery. May his soul rest in peace.

CAREY.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on January 2nd, 1925, Mrs. Mrs. Michael (Anna) Carey, aged eighty-three years. Funeral from St. Patrick's Church, Bidulph, on Jan. 5th. May her soul rest in peace.

CROWLEY.—At 6 Inverlea St., Peterboro, on Dec. 21st, 1924, the death occurred of Miss Bridget Crowley, after an illness of only a few hours. Her warm generous nature drew around her a large circle of friends and her loss is deeply felt indeed, by these, as well as her remaining sisters and brother. Interment took place at St. Peter's Cemetery. R. I. P.

The more Thy mysteries are blasphemed, the more we will believe them, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! The more Thy divinity is attacked, the more we will adore it, O Divine Heart of Jesus! The more Thy holy laws are forgotten and transgressed, the more we will observe them, O most holy Heart of Jesus?

Straw Cutters Daughter, by Lady Georgiana. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

Mistakes of Modern Infidels; or Evidences of Christianity, by Rev. George R. Northgate.

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Hawthornean, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

Lady Amabel and the Shepherd Boy, by William M. Cowper. A story of England in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble family is the central theme. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a most favorable light, and results in peace.

Merchant of Antwerp, by Henrik Conscience. A nov'l of impelling interest from beginning to end. The Conscience of the Merchant is a tale of a diamond merchant and Raphael Banks, who through the uncertainties of fate, marry and become parents, and of their marriage, which has been withheld on account of difference in social position.

Straw Cutters Daughter, by Lady Georgiana. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

Mistakes of Modern Infidels; or Evidences of Christianity, by Rev. George R. Northgate.

75c. Each

Spiritism, the Modern Satanism, by Thomas F. Coakley. The old Revelation is made anew by Sir A. Conan Doyle. But the fact still remains that Doyle well knew that spiritism was exorcized in the Old Testament for "seeking the truth from the dead." The cold case of Constance Clegg, the girl who holds up the present generation, Dr. Coakley's work is the death-knell of the cold case of Constance Clegg.

The characters that comprise his book are clearly drawn and the author's knowledge of the art of writing makes ms. wth a generous array of lucid arguments to defend Christianity's impregnable position.

The Catholic Record

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JANUARY 31, 1925

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