

The Catholic Record.

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

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FACING BANDIT'S GUN

MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE IN CHINA

By Rev. Francis X. Ford, A. F. M.

Kwang Chow Wan, China, May 9.—I have greater respect than ever for the heroes of the many dime novels I used to read. The villain invariably had the draw—it was often four to one against the hero, but somehow the latter preserved his skin by quick action and an amused disregard of danger. I fear the authors themselves had never been under fire or else the frequent recital of the story had dimmed their memory of its facts,—unless of course, they are made of sterner stuff than I.

Father Gleason and I were held up two days ago by bandits. Everything was in our favor; it was broad noon, on the main highway; the robbers were plain everyday Chinese carrying umbrellas, without masks or bucking-broncos. The only handicap was an up-to-date Mauser with a finger on the trigger.

We had been properly brought up in the belief that firearms are dangerous and that a man who deliberately points a gun at another should not be trusted with the playing. But we had no time to tell that to the bandits and I must confess to an act of contrition and a curious feeling of childlike helplessness. Psychologists among you might be interested in our thoughts at the moment. I had visions of being a hero, saw myself landing a terrific uppercut that would account for one man, and wondered whether it would terrify the other ten. I dismissed that as impracticable though the ugly jaw on the nearest man would have tempted Dempsey to forget the gun. My eyes fastened on the firearm; it was a brand new, latest model 45, and I actually speculated on my ability to handle it; imagined a remarkable feat by which I would down the bandits one by one, without, of course, killing them. I would aim at the knee while crouching behind the mound that marked a grave beside me. I even found time to think of the international complications that might arise from killing us and I tried to tell the nearest bandit, pointing out the danger to himself,—but he simply grinned.

ARGUMENTS THAT FAILED
Except for our thoughts, the whole proceeding was very tame, and I could see a farmer on a nearby hill resting on his plow to wonder what the affair was all about. We argued for several minutes but to seemingly deaf ears. There was a rapid search to see if we were armed, then the baggage was carried off without delay. We pleaded for the return of our briefcases but the gold tipped leaves made them seem too valuable to the bandits. They left us our corn-cob pipes and tobacco but rosary, keys, notebooks, and Father Gleason's watch were seized. My watch was overlooked as I had no fob or chain. Our handbags containing razors and pajamas, oil stocks, and ritual, and personally important note books were taken. The bandits made a good haul in cash. Bishop Gauthier had entrusted \$250 to us for the repair of his chapels and we had \$36 to pay our way home, so it averaged over \$25 per bandit for a few moments' work.

But out of all comparison with our loss was that of our companions. We were acting as an escort to a party of several Chinese including two Catholic women, one of them the wife of an official in the French Concession at Kwang Chow Wan. Her jewels and luggage were worth at least several hundred dollars. While three bandits were engaged with us, the rest of them marched the ladies off at a rapid pace and they disappeared at a turn of the road. Our three worthies threatened our guide with sundry developments if we took any steps in the matter and then quickly rejoined their companions, leaving us undecided whether to push on and inform the Chinese authorities or retrace our steps to Kwang Chow Wan. We did the latter and at the next military post we told our story.

BRITISH CATHOLICS WILL BAR DIVORCE NEWSPAPERS

London, Eng.—Catholics were called upon at the annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society, held at Chester, to give no support to newspapers which publish details of divorce proceedings.

It was held that such details, and the details of other breaches of the moral code, tended to corrupt not only the minds of youth, but the minds of all, and the conference, which was attended by hundreds of delegates from all parts of the country, pledged itself to support only newspapers which help to raise the tone of public morality.

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There Bishop Gauthier put us in touch with the Governor of the Colony and the telegraph broadcast descriptions of the ladies and our belongings. The poor bandits became the center of a comment that travelled as fast as the telegraph. Such rapid and systematic search for pirates is unheard of from the Chinese officials unless stimulated by foreign indignation and in this case it must have frightened the bandits for before evening they released the ladies without talk of any ransom.

Thus the main object was achieved but the French authorities were not satisfied. They sent demands for the return of our baggage and really expect results, though there is little hope of getting the money back. Our personal loss is slight but Bishop Gauthier can ill afford such a large sum.

BANDIT TALKS BUSINESS
We left next day, after again dining with the Inspector who had meanwhile regained some of the ladies' jewels. For prudence sake we tried to avoid the village where the holdup had occurred but the bypaths of China are misleading and just as we recognized the scene of the disaster, we came upon one of the bandits leisurely inspecting his gun. He coolly hid the instrument and opened conversation with us about the valuable stolen. He suggested our stopping off at the village to talk over a cash redemption. He was evidently alone or he might have been tempted to relieve us of the small sum we had just borrowed from the Bishop for our trip.

We allowed him to precede us as guide and when a clump of bamboo hid us from view we hurriedly retraced our steps to a neighboring village. Here one of the men kindly offered to bring us by a roundabout way and we finished our trip untroubled.

The question arises, would we have fared better had we been armed or had we offered resistance? Firearms would have been of no use when attacked unless we were to parade with them in our hands, for we would have had no time to draw them from our pockets; then, they would have been seized in any event. As to resistance, we were outnumbered three to one.

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SUB TITLE ELIMINATED

London, Eng.—A hundred priests and an equal number of prominent London Catholics formed a jury to decide whether a sub-title should be eliminated from "The White Sister," a recent screen production. They decided that it should come out, and the management of the Tivoli Theater immediately removed it.

An objection to the sub-title appeared in The Universe, and it is a tribute to the present position of Catholics in England that an objection taken by a Catholic paper should move a large theater to action.

The management of the Tivoli offered the Catholic paper several hundreds of seats at any performance in order that a general Catholic verdict might be obtained—although "The White Sister," which is an American screen version of F. Marion Crawford's novel, is playing to capacity houses.

There were two hundred acceptance of the invitations issued by the paper, and a vote taken subsequently showed that a majority was in favor of the sub-title being deleted or altered.

The disputed sub-title read: "The tyranny of the Church—enslaving women," who might be wives and mothers.

It was claimed by the Catholic paper that this charge was admitted to go without an immediate reply, and that it was the frequent occasion of applause amongst the audience.

It is understood that the same line was the cause of an objection when the film was first shown in the United States.

The controversy was carried out in a good spirit by both sides, the theater stating frankly that it would accept the verdict of the special Catholic jury, even to the extent of adding a new sub-title if that course should be thought necessary.

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"COMPLETE FREEDOM"

BUT IRISH BISHOP URGES MORAL AND PEACEFUL MEANS

Dublin, June 14.—The town of Loughrea in Galway County was completely transformed in honor of the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Dignan as Bishop of the diocese of Clonfert. Every street was profusely and artistically decorated. Protestants participated in the jubilant feeling of their fellow townsmen. Spanning the street outside the Protestant Church was a streamer with the motto "Health and Happiness." The Cathedral was thronged for the ceremony and scores of persons were unable to obtain admission.

Upon his first public appearance after his consecration the new Bishop was presented with a number of addresses, of congratulatory and loyalty by priests and laymen. Amongst those who presented addresses were the Sinn Fein Clubs. Replying to the address of these clubs Bishop Dignan said:

"Some years ago it was a privilege to work for the freedom of the old country, such was the unity and the harmony that reigned in our ranks and such the high ideals that actuated our young men. Now, alas! all is changed. There is no unity, no peace, no progress; and morally, economically, and even nationally we are on an inclined plane, slipping gradually, but surely into the abyssal pit of confusion and disorder."

Believes in Full Freedom
"Personally I stand where I stood in 1918, and today I believe as strongly as I did then in the right of Ireland to complete freedom and in the efficacy of the means then adopted to secure that right. I have not deviated one half inch from the stand I took up then; but as a democrat I feel bound to obey, and do obey, the rule of the majority, such as I may regret that. The majority did not vote in 1923 as it did in 1918. This does not prevent you from using moral and peaceful means to persuade the people to go back to the position they occupied before the Treaty was signed. Let us forget and forgive."

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SUPPORTS GAELIC LEAGUE

In his reply to an address from the Gaelic League the Bishop said: "I believe the Irish language is one of the greatest barriers against all foreign degrading influence. I believe not only in a free Ireland but in a Gaelic Ireland. It is almost a duty on all Irish people who love their country and reverence their religion to stem the wave of paganism and materialism and sin that now sweeps the world by erecting around our coast the barrier of the language."

The new bishop is forty-four years of age and is a native of the diocese of Loughrea. At Maynooth he won the highest distinctions in various branches of study. He was ordained in 1908. Soon afterwards he was appointed professor and subsequently President of St. Joseph's College, Ballinasloe. He was an ardent supporter of the Sinn Fein movement during the Anglo-Irish struggle. He became President of the East Galway Sinn Fein Executive. During the Black-and-Tan regime his house was bombed while he was absent; but in spite of the persuasion of friends he refused to leave the district for his safety.

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RHEIMS RESTORATION

The Rheims Cathedral has been called by the great authority on Gothic art "the crowning manifestation of a crowning civilization," a structure without a fault in its design, a church that would have been the most perfect, as it was the most perfect, of the architectural expressions of Christianity— "all-embracing competence."

There are thousands who knew it for what it was before the most recent and barbaric of disasters touched it with an implacable hand and destroyed some of the exquisite beauty of this crowning glory "where all was glorious." Their memories have restored it for themselves and will keep it against obliteration, except as these memories fade. For millions, however, in the succeeding generations no such restoration is possible. The marred features of the cathedral and its broken and decaying body would have spoken rather of the wickedness that wrought this indignity and iniquity.

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When the light of Faith goes out of the life of a Christian leader, he has no reason or claim to ascend in the Christian pulpit and proclaim and expound doctrines that are not merely destructive of the spirituality of the individual and the congregation, but also are subversive of those things best for the development of sturdy manhood, a protection of national interests and institutions, and the realization of American ideals.

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BETRAYAL OF TRUST BY MINISTERS

Middleton, N. Y., May 31.—The "great betrayals of supposedly Christian ministers" who "hail a new Christ of the mutilated Gospel," have affected seriously the religious life of the nation, Father Edward Hughes, O. P., assistant national director of the Holy Name Society, declared in his sermon here Sunday on the occasion of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Father John P. McClancy, Dean of Orange and Rockland counties.

Father Hughes blamed the "disturbing of the lives and hearts of so many millions of Americans" in large measure on the disloyalty of preachers of the Gospel to their high calling.

"Vast numbers of people have had their trust and confidence in their spiritual leaders shattered by the great betrayals that have shocked and scandalized the country," Father Hughes declared.

Casting aside the truths of the centuries—the truths of the Gospel and Christ—with the dress of modern culture and civilization, these supposedly Christian ministers set up their own gods, adopt new standards, formulate new principles and offer a new form of worship. It is an unhealthy attempt to revive the principles and practices of a civilization that has been a corrupted cadaver for eight centuries.

Had we less of the vapors of self-appointed leaders and taskmasters, and more real religion in life and so-called religious institutions; had we more of the Ten Commandments, and fewer mandates from reformers; had we greater fidelity to a high vocation, we would not have to make sad reflection of empty churches, we would not see so many millions churchless, we would not find the necessity of turning Christian institutions into ethical cults, social service stations and political reform agencies.

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KLANSMAN COMMENDS THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS

Baton Rouge, La., June 6.—Speaker J. Stuart Douglas of the Louisiana House of Representatives, an admitted member of the Ku Klux Klan, recently slipped and fell on the floor of the House and broke his shoulder. He was taken to Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium here, conducted by the Franciscan Sisters.

When he returned to his duties in the House he took occasion to pay public tribute to the Sisters as follows:

"I was taken there as a stranger and came away as a good friend. I desire to say of the good Sisters there that they are doing a noble work and words are not sufficient to praise them in the manner they deserve. I congratulate the people of Baton Rouge on such an institution."

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ENGLISH PILGRIMS TO LOURDES

London, June 13.—Extraordinary things happened to some of the pilgrims who returned from Lourdes with the National pilgrimage this week. But no one associated with the pilgrimage will speak of a "cure," or even whisper "miracle." This cautiousness is born of experience, for it is the custom of the secular press to make mountains of mole-hills, and when a much lauded "miracle" is finally analyzed it often falls far short of the description.

But there is the evidence of reliable witnesses that strange things occurred to several of the pilgrims who took part, with over 1,400 lay-folk, eighty priests, and four bishops, in the season's biggest English pilgrimage to the Pyrenean shrine of Our Lady.

In one outstanding case a crippled man who could only walk with difficulty on the outward journey, took his place as a stretcher bearer on the way back. He comes from Middleborough, and is Knight of St. Columba.

As the result of a fracture at the hip, his right leg had for twelve years been affected with what was described to the N. C. W. C. correspondent by an official as "a severe restriction of movement." This sentence will indicate the cautiousness of the officials; for the man himself says the leg was positively immobile.

The man came back walking with the utmost freedom. Whenever the train stopped on the return journey he got out and wandered about to demonstrate and to enjoy his newfound freedom. At Boulogne he helped to carry a stretcher with a sick pilgrim on it.

Another remarkable case is that of a woman from the Midlands. A wounded hand had become septic, and had contracted so that she could not open it. For seventeen months there had been constant suppuration. As a last resource, before having the hand amputated, the woman decided to go to Lourdes to seek Our Lady's aid.

The suppuration ceased entirely after the second bath, and the amputation was rendered entirely unnecessary.

These facts are undeniable. Yet no responsible person here will say that "cures" have been effected. They are content to await the report of the Bureau at Lourdes, which submits each case to the most rigid scrutiny before admitting that any supposed alleviation of a sick pilgrim's condition can rightly be regarded as a miraculous cure.

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CATHOLIC NOTES

"Is the Pope inflammable?" was a question found in the question box during a London, (Eng.) mission.

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 1,000 converts who have been received into the Church in the Archdiocese of Boston during the past year.

London, Eng.—The monks were the first to build a bridge across the Thames, it is now recalled when the question of building a new bridge near St. Paul's Cathedral is under discussion.

In the women's prison of Saint-Lazare, Paris, there is a nun, Sister Leonide, who entered the prison voluntarily fifty-three years ago, and has remained there ever since, attending to the welfare of the prisoners.

Father Thomas, a blind Trappist monk, one of those patriotic French missionaries to Canada who returned to fight for France has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for Services in the War during which he lost his eyesight.

Hoboken, N. J., May 23.—A new Catholic historical drama had its premier performance last Sunday at St. Joseph's Auditorium, in West Hoboken, and was an artistic and dramatic success. The author is Father Bernard, C. P., Assistant Director of "Veronica's Veil."

A diamond ring was found in the garden of a Catholic institution at Sheffield, England. After a search for its owner it transpired that the ring was lost twenty-two years ago by a visitor to the house when it was a private residence. The ring was restored to its astonished owner.

Santa Clara, Cal., June 2.—Four new buildings of the University of Santa Clara were blessed by the Right Rev. Patrick J. Keane, Bishop of Sacramento, during the commencement exercises of the University. The new buildings are Alumni Science Hall, Kenna Hall, Seigert Gymnasium, and the Montgomery Laboratories.

Providence, R. I., June 6.—Providence Diocese's drive to collect the \$300,000 additional pledged for this year in its great school campaign has come to a triumphant conclusion. The pledge is raised, William J. Kennan, the director, has reported, and eleven parishes have exceeded their quotas.

Paris, May 16.—Fourteen hundred young men between sixteen and twenty-five years of age met to spend a night in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The night of adoration ended with an early morning Mass.

Providence, R. I., May 31.—Announcement by Bishop Hickey of the awarding of the contract for the new \$900,000 building of the La Salle High School for Boys which will be one of the finest educational structures of its type in the country, has acted as a spur in the Follow-Up School campaign of the Diocese of Providence.

Reports received in Denver from Amsterdam are to the effect that the Right Rev. J. Henry Thien, Bishop of Denver, has been selected as official head of the American delegation to the Eucharistic Congress in Amsterdam, July 22-27. These reports said that Bishop Thien would take the place of Cardinal Mundelein, who will be unable to attend.

Minneapolis, June 6.—A clinic and school for the correction of disorders of speech has been opened in St. Mary's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, here. It is non-sectarian in character and under the supervision of a competent physician. During the summer months special courses are being offered for children of school age.

Cologne, May 10.—Another instance of nobility turning to the religious life is reported from the regatta, in Bavaria, where Baron Eberhard von Groot, a former army officer and mayor of the city of Weeze, was ordained a priest. Another priest who left a title of nobility and the military career for the religious, recently died at Werden, near Essen, where he was pastor. There has been a notable turning to religious careers by the German nobility since the War.

Washington, D. C., June 6.—Ninety-five young women received degrees at the graduation exercises which closed Commencement Week at Trinity College here Thursday. The class, one of the largest in the history of the College, came from all parts of the country, and it was announced in the course of the exercises that Trinity's student body includes representatives of thirty-six States and three foreign countries. In addition to the graduates, teachers' certificates were conferred on forty-six.

GERTRUDE MANNERING A TALE OF SACRIFICE

By FRANCES NOBLE CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED Ah, how sweet the endearing word was from his lips! how delicious to the fond little idolatress the tender term which, in all his life before, haughty Stanley had never spoken to any other creature!

"Not now, not today," she said to herself. "Let me be wholly happy today. Tomorrow, before I write to papa, I will speak to you and settle it all—obtain all I must ask. He has been so generous, so thoughtful for me, I cannot speak today of what may give him a minute's pain or annoyance."

"How good you have been, Stanley, how thoughtful for me! May I be able to repay you, all through my life!" she said aloud. "If there was anything to repay, you have more than done it already, Gertry. But I wonder if your dear father will not think I shall be everlasting in his debt, when I have stolen away his precious little 'Sunbeam'?"

"Ah! Julia has told you that is papa's name for me." And a bright smile and blush rose to her face. "How you will love him, too, Stanley, when you know him?"

"Then he went on to speak still more of her father, to tell her he never meant to steal her from him entirely; how, if she wished, he should be nearly always with them, if he would; how he himself would be ready any time to go home with her to her dear old Grange to cheer that dear parent's loneliness; how, though he would wish to take her abroad as soon as they were married, they should only remain as long as she chose, until she grew home-sick; while Gertry wondered if she ever could grow home-sick with Stanley by her side—whether a desert would not seem a happy home with him to take care of her always. And so the time passed unheeded, as they walked on, seeing and hearing nothing but each other, until at a turn in the road Stanley halted suddenly.

"Gertry, I must really beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I am so very sorry, but I have led you a mile or two past the turning to the cavern, and it is almost too late to go there now, unless you very much wish it."

Gertry laughed merrily, a low, joyous laugh. "Are you very much disappointed Stanley? Because if you are, I'm not a bit tired, and can walk as fast as you like back to the turning; but I don't think I care very particularly about the cavern today." And she looked up with a bright, merry mischief in her eyes which made Stanley imprison the little hand again as they stood there in their comic dismay, his proud heart throbbing with a strange joy as he gazed at her, the sweet treasure he had won to be his very own through life—the life which had been so weary and void before.

"You little gipsy, it is all your fault! But for this lucky turning you would have charmed me for miles further. Well, we must hasten back to Nethercotes now, if we want to be in time for luncheon, and not to have scouts sent out to search for us."

"How my cousin will scold us for not turning up at the cavern!" And Gertry laughed so heartily at the prospect that Stanley thought he could willingly endure a hundred scoldings, if he might hear that sweet, innocent sound daily as a reward.

The rest of the party had all returned home when they reached Nethercotes, and they had to reply as well as they could to the laughter and playful reproaches which assailed them, by owning they had somehow lost the way; but they were spared a good deal by the fact of luncheon being quite ready, and having to sit down to it almost immediately. Perhaps Lady Hunter too said less than she might have done, seeing doubtless from Gertry's flushed, happy face and the smile which softened Stanley's proud features what had happened—guessing, perhaps, what the rest could not yet be expected to do.

As they rose from table, Gertry, unobserved by the others, looked across at Stanley with a smile, and then whispered to her cousin: "Julia, may I come to your sanctum with you alone for a few minutes? I want to speak to you."

"Indeed you may, love. Come now at once, before any one else takes possession of us." And they quietly left the room together.

As soon as they were safely shut in alone in the little boudoir, Gertry half sat, half knelt on the hearth rug, looking with a sweet blush into Lady Hunter's face as she sat on a low seat by her side.

"Julia, what do you think I am going to tell you?" And the bright, sparkling eyes looked away now into the fire. Lady Hunter took both the trembling little hands in her own, as she whispered:

"Is it really that, Gertry, which I have been hoping for—that my little cousin is to be so very happy, that proud Stanley Graham has asked her to be his wife?" And as Gertry looked up again with another of those sweet blushes, her cousin took her in her arms and nearly smothered her with kisses.

"O Julia! I can hardly believe it yet, you know," Gertry said at last. "It seems almost too great happiness that it should be really true—that one like me is should care so much for poor little me."

"And perhaps he is wondering why such a sweet little girl should care so much for a haughty individual like himself, you silly little idolatress." And then Lady Hunter listened while Gertry whisperingly told her what had passed—how it had come about that, before they had parted from her many minutes that morning, Stanley Graham had told her the story of his deep, tender love, and had won the confession of her own in return.

"Well, Gertry, my darling," her cousin said, as she paused, "you ought to be very, very happy. I could tell you, if I chose, of many a one who will envy you, almost to bitterness; not that Stanley ever in his life before gave any one any cause to hope even, for he is too honorable. I saw from the first, love, how it was going to be with him in your case, and forgive me if I guessed too where your heart was. Well, he will have a little wife who will not only love him with her whole soul, but who will appreciate and be proud of him too." Then half laughing, half in earnest, she added: "I don't prophesy, love, that he will make quite such an easy husband as I possess; I don't think you will always get so much of your own way as I have always done, Gertry; for Stanley is peculiar, you know—terribly proud and stern sometimes—and his little wife will have to give in to him a great deal in exchange for the deep love and happiness he will lavish upon her. But you're not afraid, are you, love, though I am making out my favorite such a terrible tyrant?"

And she laughed kindly, while yet she looked earnestly at Gertry, who laughed too now, merrily. "Not a bit afraid, Julia! How could I ever be afraid of Stanley?" And she lingered fondly on the loved name. "Shall I ever care for any will or pleasure but his? Sha'n't I always think his wishes the best, and make them mine?"

But even as she spoke a strange chill struck at her heart, as again the warning voice whispered that there might be times when his will would clash with hers—when she must disobey his wishes if she would not forsake a nearer duty still than she would owe to him. But again it was driven away by the cheering thought: "No, no; he will never be stern and harsh like that. If once he promises me all, I shall have no fear."

"What news for your papa, Gertry darling? What ever will he say to losing his one little treasure? Perhaps blame me for it all! You will write today, love, of course, to tell him?" And Lady Hunter tried to appear not to notice the shadow which passed over Gertry's face as he replied:

"Not today, Julia; I will write tomorrow, such a long letter as it will have to be. You see he will have got my few lines this morning, telling him I am here all safe; so I would rather wait till tomorrow before I write again. I could hardly collect my thoughts so as to be able to tell him all about it today fully, as I want to do. Isn't it good of Stanley, Julia, to promise, without being asked, that I shall be so much with papa, or he with us?"

But only what I could have told you he would promise, darling, for with all his pride and sternness, he will be very tender where he loves, Gertry. Well, I may go now and tell the happy news to Sir Robert, may I not, so that he may congratulate his little favorite as soon as possible? And I must find Stanley too at once, and congratulate him on having at last found such a dear little mistress for Briardale; for I am tired of waiting to visit there, and I shall get there soon now, Gertry, of course, with you to invite and entertain us!"

And letting Gertry run away to her own room for a while, Lady Hunter went off on her errand.

If she could, if it had been possible, Gertry would have prolonged that day for ever—that blissful, halcyon day. She would have let an end never come to the long, delicious ride with Stanley in the afternoon, her first ride quite alone with him, so much better even in itself than the stately, hemmed-in rides in London up and down Rotten Row, halting every now and then to talk to hear him describe to her his beautiful country seat at Briardale, which he would go to love again for her sake, because she would let its mistress. She would have let the evening too last for ever—the happy evening, which was so full of kind congratulations from everybody, best of all from dear old Sir Robert, when she overcame her nervousness at her cousin's request, and sang for them her sweet little songs, with Stanley standing close by her side with a fond pride of ownership. But it came to an end; it came to the parting 'good-night'

with Stanley; to the hour when she was alone again in her room, free to pause and think, to rise from her dream of bliss and face the thought of the task which awaited her on the morrow—the speaking to her future husband of her religion, and all he must grant concerning it and the writing to her father, that dear, tender father, who must soon now be left lonely and solitary in the old home. And there arose before her the vision of the past happy life, the long years at the convent; there rose the vision of her kindly friend, Father Walsley, with his pale, saintly face, as his words again seemed to sound in her ears.

"I promise to trust you always, Gertry, descendant of martyrs and confessors as you are!" And falling on her knees she prayed long and fervently for strength not to shrink or swerve an inch from the task awaiting her; not to delay another day without obtaining all she must ask from him to whom she was giving such a wealth of adoring love.

"I promise to trust you always, Gertry, descendant of martyrs and confessors as you are!" And falling on her knees she prayed long and fervently for strength not to shrink or swerve an inch from the task awaiting her; not to delay another day without obtaining all she must ask from him to whom she was giving such a wealth of adoring love.

HOW FRANCIS FEARN SENT A SOUL TO HEAVEN

M. B. Heenan, in the Missionary

Francis De—well, you shall think of him as Francis Fearn, for this is a true story and for the sake of those who love his name I hold it too sacred for print—Francis Fearn came of a long line of men and women who had handed down to him for wealth their power of just appraisal of the things of life and constant devotion to the Faith, and for patent of nobility, the record of lands and titles forfeit to God for the sake of the Faith. Think it not strange, then, that this boy of seven should know the pricelessness of Baptism, and that the following story should be told.

Francis lived in one of the least beautiful sections of an American manufacturing city. Had his father's scholarly attainments and his mother's culture had their native background the boy would have spent the days of his exile from Heaven amid the wild beauties of an Irish sea-coast town, for his father would have been a schoolmaster, reaping the returns of his early investment in learning at an Irish University, his mother would have been the earthly counterpart of the Comfortress of the Afflicted to the poor and suffering of the village, and their three little sons would have had for playmates the wind and the sea and the silver-winged gulls. But the Providence of God, which was to deal hardly with the Fearn family, led them from the land of their love to seek a living in America. The first opportunity that offered, John Fearn took; he became a stone-cutter. He gave his best to the work, and by his uprightness and sterling goodness won a place in the "shop" of which these two facts are descriptive: his fellowworkmen, "Joe" or "Tom" or "Dan" to one another always spoke of him as Mr. Fearn, and his employer, when age had robbed him of most of his usefulness retained him for the reason that he felt "Mr. Fearn's presence in the shop brought a blessing." You will know that Isabel Fearn was of a courage no less fine than her husband when I tell you that in addition to making Home of three rooms in a house ugly with the ugliness of faded elegance, she eked out her husband's poor pay by night work, polishing and finishing the stones that he brought home to her.

But not all the evening hours were so spent. Books were dearer to the two than ever, and the time devoted to reading, and talking of what they read were gases in the desert of daily labor. Happier hours still were those in which the father taught his little sons the lessons of the Catechism and Bible History, and told them stories of the saints. For Francis the history of his noble patron's achievements in the conversion of the pagan had a special and compelling appeal, and he conceived the idea of going with the missionaries to convert the pagan children—he need not wait until he grew up for that.

When, however, his mother explained to him that he must wait for God's time, wait and let God show him when and where He wanted him to do his work, he settled down, not without some regret, to do as she said.

To Francis' mother, as to him, the probable years of his waiting stretched into dim distance, but the divine answer to the child's "Speak, Lord," was not far off.

In the neighborhood where Francis had his home Italian, Jews, white and colored folks lived side by side. At the upper end of the square was a small grocery store kept by a Jewish couple, Isaac Rosenthal and his wife. Sent there on an errand one day Francis discovered what of all things he would have wished for—a baby to play with. He loved babies, and this small descendant of the prophets showed unmistakably from the first that it loved him, throwing itself joyfully into his coaxing arms, and refusing to leave him for either father or mother. From that day, most of Francis' play time was spent sitting in the big dilapidated chair outside the store, holding his little playfellow in his arms, amusing him with pictures, and trying hard to teach him to talk. There was

nothing to mar Francis' pleasure at these times—no injunction not to let baby fall, and no anxious glances from Mrs. Rosenthal. He knew both his ability and his desire to care for Abie were trusted—and the trust was never betrayed. When one of the boy's rare pennies had been invested in a peppermint stick for his little charge, Mrs. Rosenthal's permission would be asked before he offered it, and then he would watch the baby's enjoyment with motherlike pleasure, not tasting the candy himself. Abie, on his part, was never so fully content as when in Francis' arms, and would unflinchingly snuggle closer, and cling to him like a kitten when the time came for him to go home.

Imagine then, if you can, the dismay with which Abie's self-appointed nurse heard when he went for him one afternoon, that he could not take the baby out—that he was sick. He had passed through the store, where everything was strangely quiet—and where one or two impatient people were trying to wait on themselves—and had reached the dingy little living room when Mrs. Rosenthal's voice, strange and hoarse—she had been crying—came to him from upstairs. "Abie's sick, Frank. You can't take him out," she said. And Francis had run home to throw himself into his mother's arms and bathe her cheek with the passionate tears of his first grief. Mrs. Fearn, knowing the thousand ills that infant flesh is heir to, comforted the boy with the thought that the baby would soon be well, perhaps within a week, and that then he could have his charge back again.

Early next morning she was touched to receive a message from Mrs. Rosenthal saying that Abie had cried for Frank all through the night, and asking if he might come to him now.

When Francis followed Abie's little brother up into the big room over the store, he saw what made him feel like crying again: Abie—not sitting up and reaching his arms to him as he always did—but lying in his mother's lap, his eyes closed and his little body working restlessly. Abie must be very sick!

He tiptoed over, and taking one of the baby's hands laid it against his cheek. "Abie, look at Frank," he whispered. Slowly the heavy lids were lifted, only to close again wearily over eyes that reflected no recognition. Tears of disappointment filled Francis' eyes as he looked up into Mrs. Rosenthal's face. "Joe'n't know me." To Francis' bewilderment Mrs. Rosenthal leaned over and drew him suddenly to her, and burying her head on his little shoulder she whispered between sobs: "Frank, my baby's dying!" Abie dying.

He had no very clear idea as to what dying meant, but he had been taught that babies who die go straight to Heaven—if they are baptized—and he had thought a great deal about what they found waiting for them in Heaven, so his first thought was of the mysterious and beautiful experience that was ahead of Abie. That thought even over-shadowed his awe at Mrs. Rosenthal's sorrow. But—Abie was not baptized. Then to Francis' aid came his father's clear and comprehensive instruction on the Sacraments. He remembered that anyone could baptize a baby who was going to die.

"Well, Mrs. Rosenthal, may I baptize Abie?" Mrs. Rosenthal, her lips compressed to keep from crying aloud, only nodded. She could have refused nothing, then, to this child whom Abie loved, and who loved him.

Taking a small pitcher of water from the washstand, Francis held it in both hands, and poured the contents over the baby's forehead, repeating in a voice of awe, the formula of baptism. At the touch of the cool water Abie opened his eyes again and looked up into Francis' face, this time with something of his old, welcoming smile. Francis, in silent response, knelt and put his arms about the baby and rested his head beside him on his mother's knee.

Mrs. Fearn knew by the slamming of the front door, as something entered the house, that something unusual had happened. "O, Mother!" he called, as he hurried up the steps, "I've sent a baby to Heaven!"

"Sent a baby to Heaven—How?" "Abie's mother said he was dying, and I asked her to let me baptize him, so that he could go to Heaven, and she said 'Yes.'" And Francis described in detail how he had baptized the Jewish baby—"And if he dies he'll be in Heaven today, won't he?"

The Angel of Death paid his expected visit to the Rosenthal home, taking thence the spirit of little Abie, "still streaming with the waters of Baptism," but instead of taking his flight back to Heaven at once, he folded his wings and rested over the Fearn home, for the Heavenly Father, pleased with the act of the infant apostle had charged the Angel to bring Francis, too, and his little brothers, Francis had been given the amazing opportunity of imitating the missionary of his ideal in a small and weak way by saving a soul and then giving his life for the cause—for Francis carried from the sick-room of little Abie germs of the deadly disease of which he was dying.

Doubtless, dear reader, you are thinking that Isabel Fearn and her husband paid a sore price for

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having inculcated the ideal of zeal in the heart of her baby boy. True, but they were of the Spartan kind, who could put to shame their natural, parental grief had been the consideration of how great had been the gain to Francis and his little brothers—how worthless a thing this life which they had forfeited for life eternal, and they could rejoice that they had already joined Francis' convert in the Nurseries of Heaven.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAFINI
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INTRODUCTION

The author of this book does not pretend to have written such a book; but at least he has tried his far as his capacities can take him, to draw near to that ideal. Let him state at once with sincere humility that he has not written a "scientific history." In the first place because he could not; in any case because he would not, even if he had possessed all the necessary learning. He warns the reader, among other things, that this book was written (almost all of it) in the country, in a distant and sparsely settled countryside with very few books at hand, with no advice from friends or revision from masters. It will, therefore, never be cited by higher criticism or by those who scrutinize original sources with a microscope; but that is of little importance compared to the possibility of its doing a little good to a few souls, even to one alone. For as he has explained, the author wishes this book to be another coming of Christ and not another burial.

The author bases his book on the Gospels; as such, let it be understood, on the synoptic Gospels as on the fourth. He confesses that he has no interest in the endless dissertations and disputes over the authority of the four Gospels, over their dates and interpolations, over their mutual relationship, and over their probabilities and sources. We have no older nor no other documents, contemporaneous, Jewish or Pagan, which would permit us to correct them or to deny them. He who goes into all this minute investigation can destroy many doctrines, but he cannot advance the true knowledge of Christ by a single step. Christ is in the Gospels, in the apostolic tradition, and in the Church. Outside of that is darkness and silence. He who accepts the four Gospels must accept them wholly, entire, syllable by syllable,—or else reject them from the first to the last and say, "We know nothing." To attempt in these texts to differentiate what is sure from what is probable, what is historic from what is legendary, what is original from what has been added, the primitive from the dogmatic is a hopeless undertaking, which almost always ends in defeat, in the despair of the readers, who in the midst of this hubbub of contradictory systems, changing from one decade to another, end by understanding nothing and by letting it all drop. The most famous New Testament authorities agree on only one thing, that the Church was able to select in the great mass of primitive literature the oldest Gospels thought up to that time that were most reliable. No more need be asked.

In addition to the Gospels, the author of this book has had before his eyes "the Logia and the Agrapha," which seemed to have the most evangelical flavor, and also some apocryphal texts used with judgment. And finally nine or ten modern books which he had at hand. It seems to him as well as he can judge, that he has departed sometimes from ordinary ideas and that he has painted a Christ who has not always the perfunctory features of the ordinary holy picture, but he is not sure of this nor does he value any new thing which may be in this book, written more in the hope of having it a good book than of having it a beautiful book. It is rather more likely that he has repeated things already said by others, of which he in his ignorance has never heard. In these matters, the subject, which is truth, is unchangeable and there can be nothing new except the manner of presenting it in a form more efficacious because it may be more easily grasped.

Just as he has tried to avoid the thorns of erudite criticism on the one hand, he has no pretensions, on the other, of going too deeply into the mysteries of theology. He has approached Jesus with the simple-heartedness of longing and of love, just as during His life-time He was approached by the fishermen of Capernaum, who were, fortunately for them, even more ignorant than the author. Holding loyalty to the words of the orthodox Gospels and to the dogmas of the Catholic Church, he has tried to represent those dogmas and those words in unusual ways, in a style violent with contrasts and with fore-shortening, colored with crude and vividly felt words, so that he could startle modern souls used to highly colored error, into seeing the truth. The author claims the right to take to himself the words of St. Paul: "To them that are without law, I became as without law that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as

weak that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the Gospel's sake."

The author has tried to present not only the Hebrew word, but the world of antiquity, hoping to show how new and how great Christ was compared to those who preceded Him. He has not always followed the chronological order of events, because it better suited his aims, which are not (as he has said) entirely historical, to gather together certain groups of thoughts and facts and to throw a stronger light on them instead of leaving them to be scattered here and there in the course of the narrative.

In order not to give a pedantic look to the book he has suppressed all references to quotations and has used no foot-notes. He did not wish to seem that he is not, a learned bibliographer, and he did not wish to have his work smell, however faintly, of the oil of the lamp of erudition. Those who understand these things will recognize the un-named authorities, and the solutions which the author has chosen when confronted with certain problems of concordance. The others, those who are only trying to see how Christ appeared to one of them, would be wearied by the apparatus of textual learning and by dissertations at the bottom of the pages. One word only must be said here in connection with the sinning woman weeping at Jesus' feet, although it is generally understood from the Gospel story that there were two different scenes and two different women, the author for artistic purposes has allowed himself to treat them as one, and he asks a pardon for this which he hopes will be easily granted since there is no question of dogma involved. He must warn the reader that he refrained from developing the episodes where the Virgin Mother appears, in order not to lengthen a book already long, and especially because of the difficulty of showing by passing allusions all the rich wealth of religious beauty which is in the figure of Mary. Another volume would be necessary for that, and the writer is tempted to try if God grants him life and sight to "say of her what was never said of any woman."

Those who are experienced in reading the Gospels will realize that other things of lesser importance have been shortened and some others, on the contrary, lengthened more than is customary. Some have seemed to the writer more appropriate than the others for his purpose, which is, to use an expression now out of date and distasteful to sophisticated people, the purpose of edification.

This book is meant to be a book—the author knows how he will be jeered at—of edification. Not in the meaning of mechanical bigotry, but in the human and manly meaning of the "refashioning" of souls. To build, or as the word expressed it, to edify a house, is a great and holy action; to make a shelter against winter and the night. But to build up or edify a soul, to construct it with stones of truth! When there is talk of edification you see in it only an abstract word worn out with use. To edify in the original meaning was to construct walls. Who of you has ever thought of all that goes into the making of a house, a house firm on the earth, and honestly built, with well-plumbed walls, with a good sheltering roof? Think of all that is needed to build a house: well-squared stones, well-baked bricks, sound beams, freshly-burned lime, fine, clean sand, cement that has not lost its strength through age! And then patient, expert workmen to put each thing in its place, to join the stones perfectly one by one, not to put too much water or too much sand in the mortar, to keep the walls damp, to know how to fill in the chinks, to smooth the rough-cast plaster! All this so that a house may go up day by day towards heaven, a man's house, the house where he will bring his wife, the house where his children will be born, where he can invite his friends.

But most people think that to make a book it is enough to have an idea and then to take so many words and put them together. Not so. A kilo of tiles, a pile of rocks, are not a house. To build up a house, to build up a book, to build up a soul, are undertakings which require all of a man's power. The aim of this book is to build up Christian souls because that seems to the writer at this time in this country an urgent need. He who has written it cannot now say whether he will succeed or not. But readers will recognize, he hopes, that it is a real book and not a collection of scraps, not an assemblage of little pieces, a book that may be mediocre and mistaken, but which is constructed: a work built up as well as edifying or building up; a book with its own plan and its own architecture, a real house with its atrium and its architraves, with its divisions and its vaultings—and also with some openings towards heaven and over the fields.

The author of this book is, or would fain be, an artist, and in writing it he could not forget his own character. But he declares here that he has not wished to create a work of Belles Lettres, or as they say now, of "pure poetry," because at least for this time truth

is dearer to him than beauty. But if his powers as a writer, however feeble they may be, as a writer loving his art, are sufficient to persuade one more soul, he will be more thankful than ever in his life for the gifts which he has received. His inclination towards poetry has perhaps been of use to him in rendering fresher and more vivid the pictures of those things which seem petrified in the usual hieratic consecrated wording.

The man of imagination sees everything as though it were new; every great star, wheeling in the night, might lead you to the house hiding the Son of God; every stable has a manger which, filled with dry hay and clean straw, might become a cradle; every bare mountain top flaming with light in the golden mornings above the still somber valley, might be Sinai or Mt. Tabor; in the fires in the stubble or in the charcoal kilns shining on the evening hills you can see the flame lighted by God to guide you in the desert; and the column of smoke rising from the poor man's hearth shows the road from afar to the returning laborer. The ass who carries the shepherdess just comes from her milking is the one ridden towards the tents of Israel, or the one which went down towards Jerusalem for the feast of the Passover. The dove cooing on the edge of the slate roof is the same that announced the end of the great punishment to the Patriarch, or the same that descended on the waters of the Jordan. For the poet everything is of equal value and omnipresent, and all history is sacred history.

The author begs the pardon of his austere contemporaries if rather more than is fitting he lets himself go to what is nowadays disdainfully dubbed eloquence, illegitimate issue of pompous rhetoric and illegitimate mother of overemphasis and other dropsical growths of elocution. He knows very well that eloquence displeases moderns as bright red cloth displeases the city lady, as the organ in a church displeases minuet dancers, but he has not always succeeded in dispensing with it. When it is not borrowed declamation, eloquence is the ardent expression of faith, and in an era which has no faith there is no place for eloquence. And yet the life of Jesus is such a drama and such a poem that in place of the words, worn thread-bare, which we have at our disposition, we should use only those "torn and sentient" words of which Passavanti speaks. Bossuet, who knew something about eloquence, once wrote: "Plat a Dieu que nous puissions détacher de notre parole tout ce qui delecte l'esprit, tout ce qui surprend l'imagination, pour ne laisser que la vérité toute simple, la seule force et l'efficace toute pure du Saint-Esprit, nulle pensée que pour servir."

Very true, but difficult to achieve. At times the author of this book would have liked to possess an eloquence vivid and powerful enough to shake all hearts, an imagination rich enough to transport the soul by enchantment into a world of light, of gold and of fire. Yet at other times he almost regretted that he was too much the artist, too much the man of letters; too much given to idling and chiseling, and that he did not know how to leave things in their powerful nudity.

Only when he has finished a book does an author know how he ought to have written it. When he has set down the last word, he ought to turn back, begin at the beginning, and do it all over again with the experience acquired in the work. But who has, I do not say the energy to do this, but even the conception that it ought to be done.

If on some of its pages this book sounds like a sermon, there is no great harm done. In these days when for the most part only women, and an occasional old man, go to listen to the preaching in churches, where mediocre things are often said in a mediocre manner, but where more often still, truths are repeated which ought not to be forgotten, we must think of the others, of the scholarly men, of "intellectuals," of the sophisticated, of those who never enter a church, but sometimes step into a book-shop. For nothing in the world would they listen to a friar's sermon, but they descend to read it when it is printed in a book. And let it be said once and for all, this book is specially written for those who are outside the Church of Christ; the others, those who have remained within, united to the heirs of the Apostles, do not need my words.

The author excuses himself for having written a book with so many, with too many pages, on only one theme. Now that most books—even his own books—are only bundles of pages taken out of journals, or short-winded little stories, or short notes taken from note-books, and generally do not go beyond two or three hundred pages, to have written more than four hundred pages on one theme will seem a tremendous presumption. The book certainly will seem long to modern readers used to light wafers rather than to substantial home-made loaves. But books, like days, are long or short, according to what you put into them. And the author is not so cured of his pride as to think that this book will remain unread on account of its length, and he flatters himself that it may be read with less tedium than other books that are shorter. So difficult it is to cure oneself of

conceit—even for those whose wish it is to cure others.

Some years ago the author of this book wrote another to describe the melancholy life of a man who wished for a moment to become God. Now in the maturity of his years and of his consciousness he has tried to write the life of a God who made Himself man.

This same writer in those days let his mad and voluble humor run wild along all the roads of paradox, holding that a consequence of the negation of everything transcendental was the need to despoil oneself of any bigotry, even profane and worldly, to arrive at integral and perfect atheism; and he was logical as "the black cherubim" of Dante, because there is only one choice allowed man, the choice between God and nothingness. When man turns from God there is no valid reason to uphold the idols of the tribe or any other of the old fetiches of reason or of passion. In those proud and feverish days he who writes affronted Christ as few men before him have ever done. And yet scarcely six years afterwards, at the age of six years of great travail and devastation without and within his heart, after long months of agitated meditations, he suddenly interrupted another work begun many years ago, and almost as if urged and forced by a power stronger than himself, he began to write this book about Christ which seems to him insufficient expiation for his guilt. It has happened often to write that He has been more tenaciously loved by the very men who hated Him at first. Hate is sometimes only imperfect and unconscious love; and in any case it is a better foundation for love than indifference.

How the writer came to discover Christ again, by himself, treading many roads, which all brought him to the foot of the Mount of the Gospel, would be too long and too hard a story to tell. But there is a significance not perhaps wholly personal and private in the example of a man who always from his childhood felt a repulsion for all recognized forms of religious faith, and for all churches, and for all forms of spiritual vassalage and who passed, with disappointments as deep as the enthusiasms had been vivid, through many experiences, the most varied and the most unbacked which he could find, who had consumed in himself the ambitions of an epoch unstable and restless as few have been, and who after so many wanderings, ravings and dreamings, drew near to Christ.

He did not turn back to Christ out of weariness, because his return to Christ made life become more difficult and responsibilities heavier to bear; not through the fears of old age, for he can still call himself a young man; and not through desires for worldly fame, because as things go nowadays he would receive more commendation if he continued in his old ideas. But this man, turning back to Christ, saw that Christ is betrayed, and, worse than any affront to Him, that He is being forgotten. And he felt the impulse to bring Him to mind and to defend Him.

For not only His enemies have left Him, and despoiled Him; the very ones who were His disciples when He was alive only half understood Him, and deserted Him at the end; and many of those who were born in His church disobey His commands, care more for His painted pictures than for his living example, and when they have worn out their lips and knees in materialistic piety, think they are quits with Him, and that they have done what He asked of man—what He still is asking, what He has been asking desperately and always in vain for nineteen hundred years.

A story of Christ written today is an answer, a necessary reply, an inevitable conclusion. The balance of modern public opinion is against Christ. A book about Christ's life is therefore a weight thrown into the scales, in order that from the stream which between love and hate there may result at least the equilibrium of justice. And if the author is called a reactionary, that is nothing to him. The man who is thought to be behind the times often is a man born too soon. The setting sun is the same which at that very moment colors the early morning of a distant country. Christianity is not a piece of antiquity now assimilated, as far as it had anything good, by the wonderful and not-to-be-improved modern consciousness; but it is for very many something so new that it has not even yet begun. The world today seeks for peace rather than for liberty, and the only certain peace is found under the yoke of Christ.

They say that Christ is the prophet of the weak, and on the contrary He came to give strength to the lame, to raise up those who were trodden under foot to be higher than kings. They say that His is the religion of the sick and of the dying, and yet He heals the sick and brings the sleeping to life. They say that He is against life, and yet He conquers death; that He is the God of sadness, and yet He exhorts His followers to be joyful and promises an everlasting banquet of joy to His friends. They say that He introduced sadness and mortification into the world, and on the contrary when He was alive He ate and drank, and let His feet and hair be perfumed, and detested hypocritical fasts, and the penitential mummeries of vanity. Many have left Him

because they never knew Him. This book is especially for such readers.

This book is written, if you will pardon the mention, by a Florentine, a son of the only nation which ever chose Christ for its King. Savonarola first had the idea in 1495, but could not carry it through. In spite of a threatening siege, it was taken up in 1527 and approved by a great majority. Over the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, between Michael Angelo's David and Bandinelli's Hercules, a marble tablet was built into the wall, with these words:

JESUS CHRISTUS REX FLORENTINI POPULI. DECRETO ELECTUS. Although changed by Cosimo, this inscription is still there; the decree was never formally abrogated and denied, and even today after four hundred years of usurpations, the writer of this book is proud to call himself a subject and soldier of Christ the King.

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Dublin, May 31.—Professor MacAlister, leader of the Palestine Expedition relates that before he started excavations the owner of the land demanded \$75,000 for the field in which the operations were to be undertaken. After negotiations the landowner accepted \$250. On October 23rd last the first pick was struck on the site. The foundations of a Crusader's house were soon discovered. Next, the excavators found themselves in the middle of a nice Roman villa of about the second century. This villa contained mosaics of extraordinary beauty. No clue was found as to the owner but the excavators did find the name of the man who made the owner's drains.

He was called "Eusebius." This name was on the tiles.

Professor MacAlister adds: "We have got to a line of research which may show finally some wonderful things."

At a banquet given in his honor in Dublin the professor was described as an archaeologist of world wide reputation who had brought distinction upon his native land. Representatives of the two Dublin universities were present at the banquet.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Some centuries hence—perhaps much sooner—this our age will be looked back upon as one of the most barren chapters in the history of education; an age when the mere acquisition of knowledge and the training and development of the mind alone was regarded as the be-all and end-all of education.

Leopold and Loeb were University graduates; already honor graduates in Arts; one was pursuing a post-graduate course in history, the other taking the University course in law.

Had it not been for the foul and unnatural murder of which they are confessedly guilty there is not one in a hundred who would not proclaim them highly educated. And in accordance with modern ideas of education they are highly educated. They have all that our highest educational institutions can give or pretend to give.

Without any "intricate tests," scientific or otherwise, Dr. Louis C. Osman told the Medical Society of New Jersey in convention at Atlantic City that:

"These boys couldn't have been normal and still do that act. A glance at their photographs shows that they are not of the normal type. In such a case as this I do not think that death should be the penalty. Instead they should be sent to an institution, where they can be taken care of. I believe in capital punishment in certain cases, such as murder which has been deliberately planned."

"Murderous tendencies show a diseased mind. Such a disease is curable, however, and the proper kind of prison activity and reform can do much in helping these unfortunate to see the proper method of living. It is true that people are temporarily insane at the moment they commit murder. That was the case in the Chicago murder."

This is the sort of thing we may expect from "scientific" moralists. Leopold and Loeb were "not normal"; therefore they should not suffer the penalty for their crime.

They killed a fellow-human being to gratify a scientific curiosity. Thank God that is not quite "normal" yet even amongst the most cynical of the disciples of science. But what do the experts and Dr. Osman understand by "normal"?

There is no such thing as "moral sense" except as understood figuratively. Moreover it is not the "moral" guilt of these young scoundrels that the court or the jury have to determine. It is their criminal guilt. Their moral offence is a sin. That is for God to punish. Their crime is an offence against the

law of the land which forbids murder, and prescribes the penalty if criminals set the law at defiance and commit murder.

Long before the murder and without any of the intricate tests of psychiatry, Nathan Leopold, in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Lawrence at a boy scout camp a year ago, said:

"If I have a better mind than others and choose to do something else than they do, that is my privilege. If I could commit a crime without being caught, I could do so without compunction of conscience. It is only a question whether I care to gamble on possibility of punishment by lesser minds."

And Mr. Lawrence not befuddled himself nor desiring to befuddle others with pseudo-science came to this conclusion:

"Leopold is as sane a man as I ever met and one of the most brilliant. He is an atheist who believes there is no future life or punishment. He believes he is a law unto himself."

What the court and the jury have to determine is simply whether or not these young men knew that they were breaking the law of the land. If they did—and who doubts it?—then they are guilty and have incurred the penalty the law prescribes.

It is no part of the duty of judge or jury to ascertain their moral guilt before God, whose existence they deny and whose law they flout to scorn.

That experimental psychology and psychiatry and other so-called sciences have contributed something of utility to the sum of human knowledge may be admitted. But these sciences—if we must follow the loose usage of the term and call them so—are, as a rule, based on evolutionist philosophy which denies at once God and free will.

Not always openly, especially to the uninitiate; but plainly, indeed inevitably, by implication. All law and all legal sanctions presuppose free will, assume free will as an indisputable fact of human experience. The atheistic evolutionary "sciences" that are necessarily subservient of this great truth which underlies all legal punishment should get short shrift in a court of law.

There is nothing new in dulling, even killing of the moral sense so-called; nothing new in stifling conscience so that sin may be committed with cynical indifference. The point may be reached when sinners whose God is their belly glory in their shame. But a persistent course of shameless sinning that dulls or obliterates the moral sense must not be made a reason for criminals escaping the consequences of their crime. They count too much on scientific superstition when they dish up such a reason under the specious terms of pseudo-science.

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to a man of fifty since he was twenty, and how quickly the fifties merge into the sixties, and then, it seems, the end is right before us.

These are the thoughts that naturally come to those who think seriously. But there are old men, as well as young men, who seldom or never think of the fact that their short time of life is passing fast away. Most men take it for granted that they will have a long life—what the world calls a long life; but as a matter of fact the average age of death is somewhere, in the forties, if we remember the calculations correctly. That is to say, that counting the deaths in infancy the average age of death for all human beings is somewhere about what we call middle age or even below that.

In nature, all things are so arranged as to keep our thoughts fixed on the fact of death. That is, we mean their natural result if we do not close our minds to the suggestion. The day brightens and darkens, the week ends and another takes its place; one month gives way to another; one year is succeeded by another. Men and women get old before our eyes; the seasons die and pass; the trees leaf and the leaves are cast about our feet—dead and withered. Plants grow and flower, and turn to dead and decayed rubbish. Everything about us in life suggests not only life but death; life first and then the inevitable death. The end of life is acted out before our eyes every day we live.

We see our friends grow from childhood to manhood and from manhood to old age, and see them die, and help to bury them—and then we forget that our feet are in exactly the same road and that we too must be buried deep in the ground, and soon; and we do not know from one day to another how soon.

If thoughts such as these enter our minds at the end of a year, as surely they ought to, how can we pass a New Year's day without taking some thought for our future conduct? One would suppose that the silent cities of the dead, with their grim reminders of the certainty of death, would in themselves suffice to keep in our minds the thought of our last end; but the human mind is peculiarly prone to cast out all suggestions which would make us uneasy or uncomfortable.

That experimental psychology and psychiatry and other so-called sciences have contributed something of utility to the sum of human knowledge may be admitted. But these sciences—if we must follow the loose usage of the term and call them so—are, as a rule, based on evolutionist philosophy which denies at once God and free will.

Not always openly, especially to the uninitiate; but plainly, indeed inevitably, by implication. All law and all legal sanctions presuppose free will, assume free will as an indisputable fact of human experience. The atheistic evolutionary "sciences" that are necessarily subservient of this great truth which underlies all legal punishment should get short shrift in a court of law.

There is nothing new in dulling, even killing of the moral sense so-called; nothing new in stifling conscience so that sin may be committed with cynical indifference. The point may be reached when sinners whose God is their belly glory in their shame. But a persistent course of shameless sinning that dulls or obliterates the moral sense must not be made a reason for criminals escaping the consequences of their crime. They count too much on scientific superstition when they dish up such a reason under the specious terms of pseudo-science.

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August..... 154,567 180,522
September..... 152,912 191,108
Totals..... 502,408 627,948

This shows an increase of 125,440 in 1923 as compared with the preceding year, and notwithstanding the continued unsettlement of the political situation in France, there has been no falling off this year. And as pointed out before in these columns what is true of Lourdes is true of every other historic shrine in the country.

WHEN LIONEL JOHNSON, that sweet flower of mysticism and poetry, died it was reported that his death was due to a fall in a London gutter, which broke his neck. Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, in her recently published memoirs, tells the true story. She describes Johnson as a "somewhat ghostly figure"—"the ghostliness of a little monk."

The truth about his untimely death is that he was sitting a-top of a high stool at the buffet of the Green Dragon in Fleet Street when he inadvertently overbalanced and fell on the back of his head. The fall was on a deep Turkish carpet, and no serious consequences were anticipated. But as he remained unconscious he was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital, where it was found that his skull was fractured. He died a few days later, when, a post-mortem showed that his skull was no thicker than a child's. "No normal adult skull," says Mrs. Hinkson, "could have suffered such an injury from so slight a cause."

By Lionel Johnson's death Catholic literature lost one of the choicest spirits of the nineties.

AMONG MRS. TYNAN'S amusing Irish reminiscences is the following: Her father, born and bred in Ireland, was nick-named "John Bull." He had, his daughter tells us, a great idea of "living and let live."

"You might find him any day talking to a beggar and exchanging views with him. Once, after such a talk he said to the beggar: 'You say you can't find work. Take that fork there; go in to that shed; it needs cleaning out. I'll give you a shilling for an hour's work.' The fellow looked at me," he reported, "with a grin. Then he turned about and he pointed towards Dublin. 'D'ye see that town over there in the smoke? Well, that town has maybe two or three hundred roads and streets. There'll maybe be thirty houses on an average to each of them. Maybe wan out o' every three or four houses will be worth tuppence to me—on an average. D'ye see, gov'nor? To hell with your fork and your shillin' an' your dirty job! I was so pleased by the fellow's philosophy of the fellow, said my father, telling the tale, 'that I threw him the shilling and he went off laughing.'"

TWO ANCIENT IRISH CHALICES
London, May 10.—Two ancient Irish chalices came under the auctioneer's hammer in London this week, and as a result one will be restored to the Friars Minor in Dublin, its original owners. The other will go into the National Museum, Dublin, and so will be safe from desecration.

The head of the Friars Minor in Ireland had made an appeal before the sale, in the hope that someone would restore the old chalices to the Church.

The chalice which has gone back to the Dublin Franciscans was given to the monastery at Roseritty in the seventeenth century by Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam. It was in this place that the Franciscans were longest permitted to carry on their work, owing to Clanricarde influence. This chalice was bought by Mr. C. Parker Cussen, of Dublin, for \$2,300.

The other chalice dates from the fifteenth century, and is supposed to have been made for Thomas de Burgo and his wife Grannia O'Malley. It was bought by Mr. J. J. Buckley, M. R. I. A., acting director of the National Museum, for \$6,000. The National Museum at Dublin already is the repository of many sacred objects of art, notably the ancient and beautiful Cross of Cong, which enshrines a fragment of the true Cross.

CHRISTENED "SUNDAE"
London, May 13.—Signor A. Pompa is the leader of all the Italian ice cream merchants in London, editor of an ice cream journal and secretary of an ice cream dealers' federation.

And he thought it appropriate that his baby boy should be christened "Sundae." But when Signor Pompa took the child to St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, the priest argued that "Sundae" had no

religious significance and would not do for a Christian name.

Whereupon Signor Pompa produced an ingenious argument. "If I had wanted to call the child Dominic—Domenico in Italian—it would have been accepted. Well Domenico is very much like Domenica, and Domenica is Italian for Sunday. After all Sunday sounds very much like Sundae."

So the priest accepted Sundae on condition that the baby was given two other names. It is now Augustine Harry Sundae Pompa.

UNITED CHURCH BILL
A MINISTER'S PROTEST AND MR. BOURASSA'S REPLY
National Club, Toronto, 24th May, 1924.
My dear Mr. Bourassa,

While waiting here for my train, I write the enclosed to you in the sincere hope that you will find space for it in an early issue of Le Devoir. A letter at this club will always find me.

Yours very truly,
JAMES D. ANDERSON.
CHURCH UNION
Editor, Le Devoir:

Sir,—I am going to apply a double test to your patriotism and fairness as a public journalist, viz.: to print this letter, in English, in your valuable and always interesting journal Le Devoir; and to do so notwithstanding the fact that it is a criticism of yourself!

In the first place, I believe you have not given your usual careful and deep consideration to the subject of Church union now before Parliament. You have advised the Legislators at Ottawa to vote against the Union Bill. What does this mean? It means that you have asked members of the House of Commons to interfere in matters peculiarly concerning the Church.

You have, in this, given wrong and dangerous advice. Today the boot is on the foot of the Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists; tomorrow it will be on the foot of the Roman Catholics of Canada; and you will, tomorrow, ask the House of Commons to throw out a Bill brought in by the hierarchy of your Church which would give you a concession to admit, and to uphold!

The relations between any and all Churches on the one hand and the Parliament on the other must in all cases be the same. But what you admire, what you are thankful for, with respect to the Roman Catholic Church is her divine authority within the complete domain of her operations. Rightly and justly she brooks no encroachment on her affairs by the secular power. History, the course of the Western World, proves the justice and the wisdom of her claim to spiritual independence. Where will you be, where will you stand in that day when the Parliament of Canada directs the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in this Dominion as a consequence of the ritual precedent made at Ottawa this week in accordance with your appeal? I have referred to your Church as the Roman Catholic Church. Until this week I have never done so, but always as the Catholic Church. There is, however, no Catholic Church in Canada today; for the moment a Church accepts the domination of the State it ceases to be Catholic; ceases to be a co-ordinate institution and becomes subordinate, crippled, impaired, fractional and non-Catholic. Do you realize that? How could a thoughtful, fair-minded, clear-thinking man like you, have done it? It is very true that you have with you in the course you have chosen, such doughty opponents of your Church as the Toronto Evening Telegram and the iron-bound Tories of Toronto the good, good; but what must be thought in the old province of Quebec of such support being apparently acceptable to the distinguished grandson of the independent patriot L. J. Papineau?

But say you, mayhap, this is lugubrious, morbid imaginings, distracted workings of the mind. Not so. Expressed, certainly, without either elegance or force, but nevertheless the truth. For what is the situation now? What the State has asserted its supremacy within the Church. On the side of the State is an almost solid bloc of Roman Catholics. The claim of the State will not go unchallenged. It will be fought by a large number of zealous Protestants throughout the Dominion and a Protestant bloc will be formed, is already, I believe, talked of seriously—even in Toronto. As the fuel burns, bitterness will come to the boiling point, and the Protestant bloc will make it impossible for the Roman Catholic bloc to obtain for itself what the Roman Catholic bloc made it impossible for the three uniting Churches to obtain. Then will follow contention, strife and much evil.

Let me pray you to consider these very probable consequences of Parliament action.
Yours truly,
JAMES D. ANDERSON.
Toronto, 24th May, 1924.

Montreal, June 4th, 1924.
James D. Anderson, Esq., National Club, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Pardon me for not replying sooner to your letter of the 24th of May; it reached me but five days later.

To its publication in Le Devoir I have not the slightest objection. It gives me the opportunity of placing before what I can reach of the

English-speaking public my views on this grave issue of Church Union, not as presented in your letter, but as expressed by myself, and as they are in fact. They evidently have not reached you in the original, but in some fragmentary and distorted reproduction. Otherwise, your protest would be more to the point.

With the general purpose of the Church Unionists, in quest of unity of creed and discipline, I am in full sympathy, and expressed it unequivocally.

If the promoters of the United Church were content with requesting from the Federal Parliament legal incorporation of the new Church, and, for that body, power to acquire property and dispose of it (in conformity with provincial laws), and to rule itself according to its creed and regulations, nobody, in our opinion, would be inclined to oppose their object; provided, of course, that each and every individual member of any of the constituent Churches should remain free to adhere or not to the new Church, and that the rights of the recusants—moral and material rights—should be fully safeguarded; provided also that provincial jurisdiction in all matters of religious worship, education, registers of civil status, property rights, etc., remain untouched.

This is an exact translation of the words used as a preface to my criticism of the Bill. The whole of that criticism, and its conclusion, should be read in the light of this declaration of principle, which you seem to have totally ignored.

Likewise, there is not to be found in your letter the slightest trace of the arguments brought forward in my study of the bill. Please let me repeat them here, in a very condensed form.

The Bill ought not, in my opinion, to be enacted in its present form, for three main reasons:
(1) By the proposed legislation, Parliament does precisely what you object to: "it interferes in matters peculiarly concerning the Church." As I wrote, on the 15th of May, "the Federal Parliament—and, for that, any Provincial legislature—has no right to legislate upon the dogmas or discipline of any Church."

(2) The Bill violates or disregards vested rights, moral and material, individual, and corporate, which ought to be held sacred and inviolate by all legislative bodies in Canada, and be respected by all Canadians, whether French or English-speaking, Catholic or Protestant, Christian, Jew or Gentile.

(3) The bill, in many of its provisions, invades the jurisdiction of the Provinces, does away with rights and privileges acquired under Provincial legislation, and thereby violates the spirit and letter of the Canadian Constitution.

It is upon these grounds, and these alone, that I appealed, not especially but among others, to the representatives from Quebec, not to defeat this or any other form of Church Union, but "to invite its promoters to withdraw the Bill and present it in some other form."

This was my conclusion, to be read, I repeat, in conjunction with the general principle laid down at the opening, and above quoted. Why not say so in your letter? What reasonable objection have you against it?

If the Church Union Bill had been framed by Catholics, and imposed upon the parties concerned, with or without my advice, by the Catholic members of the Committee,—or again, if Mr. Duff's amendment had been prepared by those same Catholic members, in order to serve their own ends,—there might have been some justification for your burst of indignation. But, as a matter of fact, the course of events has been running in the very opposite direction.

The "interference" of Parliament "in matters peculiarly concerning the Church" has been sought by the upholders of Union, all Protestants; the Bill was prepared by them, or at their request and with their approval. It is they who ask Parliament to interfere in matters of creed and Church government. It is they who endeavor to secure from Parliament flagrant violations of vested rights and provincial jurisdiction.

On the other hand, the opponents of the bill, all Protestants as well, have appeared before the Committee and stated their reasons for opposing the Union, either in principle or in its present terms. Do you mean to say that the Catholic members of the Committee, or, for that, all members who are not Canada, being appealed to in their legislative capacity, vote with Mr. Duff against Mr. Bird, or share the views of Mr. Lafleur or Mr. Campbell, rather than follow the line of argument presented by Mr. Geoffroy and Mr. Mason? Is this what you call liberty of conscience, freedom of political action?

Permit me to say that your threat will not, cannot have the effect you seem to expect; it will not shatter the nerves of Canadian Catholics. They know too well the bulk of

Table with 2 columns: Year, Amount. Rows for 1922, 1923, May, June, July.

Canadian Protestants, their common sense and their sense of fair play, to believe in the remotest possibility of any such unwarranted action as you forebode. But suppose it were attempted, what of that? Tempests have assailed the Church in the past, they may be expected in the future, tremendous and ravaging. Catholics do not invite trouble, neither do they dread it; they know what was, what will be the outcome.

Let me, in that regard, refer you, not to the classical passage of Macaulay on the reflexions of the New Zealander standing, in years to come, on the "broken arch of London bridge," but to the plain and thoughtful words quite recently uttered by a Methodist minister, Dr. Stafford, pastor of the Metropolitan Church of Toronto, as reported in Monday's Gazette: "The Roman Catholic Church knows where it is. It knows its creed. It is sure of itself. It stands for the same thing it has done for centuries. . . . The Protestants are divided. Protestant ministers are doubling their fists at each other on trivial questions. Private judgment is given as the right of Protestants, but private judgment can be driven too far."

Please keep that in mind. Catholics have unity in creed, authority in government, Catholicity in practice. This gives them a sense of security, of everlasting duration, the force of which no one who is not of them can realize.

For the same reason, you may rest assured that the Catholic hierarchy of Canada will never ask Parliament to enact any piece of legislation similar to the present Church Union Bill. The Catholic Church has never thought, will never dream of asking any legislative body, or any civil power of any kind, to put the stamp of law upon any part of its creed or code of spiritual discipline.

Allow me to believe that, had you given to the question, or even to my humble share in the discussion, a little more reflection than you had at your disposal "while waiting for your train; you would have written differently. Nevertheless, I thank you for the letter, such as it is. Should you have it published elsewhere, I trust that your patriotism and fairness will induce you to have my answer faithfully reproduced at the same time, just as your letter is now published in toto in Le Devoir.

Yours truly,
HENRI BOURASSA.

P. S.—May I add that, with regard to Mr. Duff's amendment, I have not expressed the shade of an opinion. To connect therefore the votes of the Quebec members on that amendment with my views as publicly expressed on the main questions at issue, is preposterous.

DEARTH OF PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN

Dublin, June 7.—The Protestant Church in Ireland is suffering from a want of clergymen. Today there are only about 20 students in Trinity College preparing for the Protestant ministry. A few years ago the number was 150. Five parishes in the diocese of Clogher are vacant at the moment and not a single Protestant clergyman is available for any of them.

In England the average number of Protestant clergymen going out of active work during the past ten years through resignation or death was between 700 and 800 a year, while the average number entering was only 209.

These figures indicate an extraordinary decline in the spirit of Protestantism in England and Ireland.

There is no shortage of Catholic clergymen in Ireland. Not only do the colleges ordain an ample number for the requirements at home but they provide scores of priests for missions abroad.

TRAPPIST MONK MADE KNIGHT OF LEGION OF HONOR

An unaccustomed ceremony was held recently in the Trappist Monastery of Oka, a few miles from Montreal, when the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor was presented by the French Consul General to the Rev. Father Thomas, who was blinded during the Great War.

The ceremony opened, at the request of the Consul General himself, with solemn High Mass said by Father Thomas. Mgr. G. Gauthier, administrator apostolic of Montreal, assisted, with Mgr. Rouleau, principal of the Laval Normal School of Quebec and several priests, including Father Le Gallois, of Ironside, who served as a stretcher bearer and army chaplain during the War and who also has received the Legion of Honor. Those attending were Baron R. B. de Vitrolles, French Consul General, M. Marcel de Verneuil, French Consul, croix de guerre, Captain R. du Roure, croix de guerre and Knight of the Legion of Honor and the representatives of the various French societies.

At the end of the Mass everyone proceeded to the chapter room which had been decorated with the French colors and where the solemn presentation of the cross of the Legion of Honor was made. Several speeches were made, after which the Consul General read the citations praising the heroism of Father Thomas and pinned the cross on his white habit.

Father Thomas responded with a patriotic address in which he declared that while he could no longer serve his mother country on the battle-field, he still had the powerful weapons of prayer, and that with these weapons he could still show himself a true son of France and devote himself each day to her welfare.

Father Thomas, known in the world as Leon Bobb, was born in Lille, France, March 20, 1889. He came to Canada in September, 1905, and in the following November he entered the Trappe of Oka where he was professed in 1908.

Mobilized in 1914, he was incorporated in the 9th Zouaves as a stretcher-bearer, took part in the Champagne drive, was wounded by a bullet in the left eye and soon afterwards lost the sight of his right also.

GERMAN POPULATION GROWING

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Germany continues to multiply, although the effects of the War and post-war periods are marked, it is shown by the new Statistical Yearbook of the German Empire for 1923, just published. The book contains 600 pages, and its figures are intensely interesting.

By the Treaty of Versailles, the book shows, the area of Germany has been reduced from 460,000 a square mile to 472,000, a loss of 12.6%, one-eighth. But the loss in population does not correspond, because the lost eastern territory was not so thickly populated as was the West. December 1, 1910, the last census before the War, Germany had 64,900,000 inhabitants. October 8, 1919, it had 69,800,000, a loss of about 8%.

In the area now included in the country, however, on October 1, 1910, there were 58,400,000 inhabitants, so that despite the War, which claimed 1,872,000 dead and 4,247,000 wounded, in the nine years 1910-1919 there was an increase in Germany as now constituted of 1,400,000 souls.

In 1921, the birth total was 1,611,000, and deaths 911,000, leaving a gain of 700,000. In 1912, however, the surplus of births over deaths was 840,000, and in 1919 it reached 884,000. Further reductions in 1922 and 1923 are indicated. Emigration also took a heavy toll.

In 1923, it is estimated 120,000 emigrated, where for the five years preceding the War, the average was between 20,000 and 25,000. Despite these things, however, it is estimated that the population of the Reich now is actually 62,500,000, and notwithstanding want and hardships, it is still increasing.

The physical quality of the German people, however, has not kept pace with their increased numbers. This is proved by the statistics of the deaths of nursing children and the causes of these deaths. The deaths of nursing children rose from 20% in 1919 to 50% in 1920. In actual numbers, 26,900 died in 1919 and 34,700 in 1920. However, those dying of old age in 1919 totaled 48,200, and in 1920 the number was only 39,800, a difference of 18%.

The reason was that many old men and women sickened from want and exhaustion in 1919, and did not attain the age which they might have reached under better economic conditions. Want of milk was one of the most dreadful reasons for the death of old men and nursing children.

In October, 1919, had 43 cities with populations of more than 100,000, the Yearbook shows, and seven cities had more than 500,000 inhabitants. Cologne, which before the War was the sixth largest city, is now third.

CARDINAL'S TRIBUTE TO WORK OF SISTERS

Chicago, May 25.—A remarkable tribute to the work of the Sisters was paid by Cardinal Mundelein in an address at a Mass celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Hoban, and attended by several thousand members of the religious orders at Holy Name Cathedral this week.

"The generous, living, active Catholicity of Chicago is largely the result of the work of the Sisters," His Eminence declared. The flourishing condition of our seminary, notwithstanding the attractions and temptations of a great city, is the response to their prayers and the effect of their inspiration and devoted solitude.

"The magnificent attendance at Mass, the frequency of Holy Communion, among men as well as women, is due to the fact that these were taught their religion in precept and example by the Sisters in our parochial schools."

The Cardinal, describing how, while crossing the ocean, he noticed that the captain on the bridge wore the gold lace and decorations, but that the engineers, "laboring day and night in fierce heat, mid deafening noises," really drove the ship ahead, compared himself to the captain on the bridge and the Sisters to the engineers.

"It is the Sisters who are driving this ship ahead," he said. "I am the captain on the bridge, with the gold lace and decorations. In the province of God, both of us are necessary."

Before leaving, I asked the Holy Father to bless our Sisters and their work. And he responded in

the kindness of his great heart and with the fatherly solicitude he has for all his children and particularly for the little ones; his voice sometimes breaks with emotion when he speaks of little children suffering or in want.

"And he commissioned me to bring you his apostolic blessing, to bless you and your work, your communities, your classrooms and the children committed to your care, and to all those near and dear to you."

PROTESTANT NOVELIST TELLS OF LOURDES

Twenty-five years ago a young Englishman who had returned from the United States, where he had made an unsuccessful attempt to realize a fortune by growing oranges, published a first novel which won instant success. Since "God's Prisoner" appeared, two score novels and much poetry of distinction have been given to the world by John Oxenham. Despite his large output he has managed to maintain the skill in characterization and charm in descriptive passages which attracted attention to his first work.

When one of the most delightful of his recent novels "My Lady of the Moor" appeared a little more than a year ago, "P. P. Weekly" asserted that of many inspiring heroes he had introduced to his readers the Beatrice of this story was the most wonderful of all.

But John Oxenham, Protestant and Nonconformist, has found another heroine still more wonderful than that Beatrice who kept the altar lamp always burning in his tiny chapel on Dartmoor and knew God as "very wonderful and such a gentleman." He has discovered Bernadette Soubirous!

In a charming little volume of less than a hundred pages (The Wonder of Lourdes, New York; Longmans, Green & Co.) the celebrated novelist tells the story of a visit to Lourdes. He recites simply but graciously the known facts concerning the asthmatic little peasant girl—the very last person one might have expected to become the recipient of such a wonder. And that, perhaps, is exactly why she was chosen for it—and presents with unreserved admiration and without qualification of phrase the record of spiritual as well as bodily healing which has been accomplished at the Shrine.

"I, the writer of this, am a Protestant," he says, "a Free Churchman, and although I have many dear Roman Catholic friends, and know to my own exceeding self-reproach, that most of them practice their religion much more faithfully than most of us do our own, I have no leanings whatever to the Church of Rome."

"In this matter of Lourdes I have been a doubter simply because I knew nothing about it. But, having seen it all with my own eyes, and sensed it all with my own heart, I am brought up against the tremendous and overwhelming fact and import of it."

"The cures, which make its name a household word throughout the world, can hardly be doubted. They rest upon the testimony of the greatest surgeons and physicians—testimony in many cases given unwillingly and only perforce. There is the attested cure—here is the attested cure. You did your best with the case, and failed. Here is the cure. Examine it to the fullest and satisfy yourselves. Then acknowledge that God's ways are greater than man's. Facts are facts, and these facts are inexplicable by any of the canons of the medical profession."

"But, whatever conclusions you come to, remember this—Lourdes is today, without question, one of the great facts and factors in the spiritual life of France and of Europe."

"Lourdes is a spiritual radio-active force which shoots its vitalizing sparks broadcast through a morally, mentally and spiritually darkened world, with ever-increasing intensity and benefit."

"Lourdes is a quickener of souls, an exalter of hearts and minds and a prove healer of bodies by means entirely unknown to medical science."

"Over 4,000 men and women surrendered to death as incurables by their doctors, have, by their sudden recovery to perfect health, proved beyond all doubt the miraculous healing power and the absolute verity of Lourdes."

"For myself, I believe Lourdes is a genuine revelation of the goodness of God to a world which, every day stands more and more in need of it."

SUPPORT UPSHAW BILL

Washington, D. C., June 13.—Simultaneously with the presentation by Representative Upshaw of Georgia in the dying moments of the last Congress session of a set of resolutions by various organizations in support of his proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting "sectarian appropriations," Frank J. Batcher, national chairman of the American Minute Men, the organization sponsoring the move, made public a statement asserting its fairness.

Upshaw's bill, which was referred to the House Committee on Judiciary, would bar the appropriation of public money by the Federal government. States or municipalities to parochial schools and other sectarian institutions. It is the out-

come of a movement aimed at Catholic schools, which seeks to drive Catholic institutions from competition for the care of persons who become wards of the public. If some States where an institution such as an orphan asylum or home for dependents fulfills State requirements, the practice has been followed, of entrusting these dependents to its care, whether it was sectarian-controlled or otherwise, and compensating the institution for the service.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, July 6.—St. Goar, priest, was born of an illustrious family in Aquitaine. Wishing to serve God entirely unknown to the world, he went over into Germany and settling in the neighborhood of Trier, he shut himself up in a cell and arrived at such an eminent degree of sanctity as to be esteemed the oracle and nurse of the whole country. He died in 571.

Monday, July 7.—St. Pantanus, Father of the Church, flourished in the second century. He was a Sicilian by birth and a Stoic philosopher by profession. Converted to the Faith he was placed at the head of a Christian school in Alexandria. Later he left his school and went to preach the Gospel to the Eastern nations. He died in 216.

Tuesday, July 8.—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, was the daughter of Pedro III, of Arragon and a niece of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. At the age of twelve she was given in marriage to the King of Portugal. Her patience and the wonderful sweetness with which she cherished even the children of her rivals, completely won the king from his evil ways. After her husband's death she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis and spent the rest of her life in austerities and almsgiving.

Wednesday, July 9.—St. Ephrem, deacon, was known as the light and glory of the Syriac Church. He entered the religious life but his humility led him to refuse the dignity of the priesthood. He was noted as a preacher and teacher and his hymns so won the hearts of the people that he is known to this day in the Syriac liturgy as "the Harp of the Holy Ghost." He died at Edessa in 378.

Thursday, July 10.—The Seven Brothers and St. Felicitas, their Mother, because of their refusal to sacrifice to the pagan gods were subjected to torture and finally put to death during the reign of the Emperor Antoninus.

Friday, July 11.—St. James, Bishop, was a native of Nisibis in Mesopotamia. He chose the highest mountain for his abode, sheltering himself in a cave in the winter and the rest of the year living in the woods continually exposed to the open air. Many sought him to ask for his prayers and spiritual advice. When Sapor II, King of Persia, besieged Nisibis, his army was routed by a vast multitude of gnats in response to the prayers of the Saint. St. James died in 350.

Saturday, July 12.—St. John Gualbert, was born at Florence in 999 and for a time pursued the profession of arms. After becoming reconciled with a relative with whom he had carried on a feud, he abandoned the world and entered the religious life. He established the monastery St. Salvi and died in 1073.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SHAMELESS PROSELYTISM

Undoubtedly most of the thousands of Ukrainians who come to Canada would freely admit, if leaving their native land they had never heard of such a thing as the Protestant Church. It would be a great blessing for the Ukrainians, and for their adopted country, if they were left alone in their blissful ignorance of the various sects founded a few centuries ago. But they are not left alone. From the moment they set foot on Canadian soil they are pressed to death by the unasked and unwelcome attentions of certain proselyting agencies who insist that the most essential first aid to the immigrant is a good strong dose of Protestantism. It doesn't matter that these poor people do not know what it is that they are asked to swallow, and in their ignorance of English, are not in a position to find out. This makes a difference. These Evangelists know no such thing as pity. There is no sentiment about their hospital operations. The whole business is carried on in an absolutely ruthless manner; and so devoid of shame are its promoters that they resort to the most contemptible means of making proselytes.

At Montreal, recently, Dr. A. J. Hunter, superintendent of the Presbyterian Medical Missionary Hospital at Teulon, Man., addressed the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. According to a press despatch, Dr. Hunter "asserted that the Ukrainians were obsessed by the idea that the Anglo-Saxons wished to swallow them up." How could the Ukrainians think anything else while they are tormented by such Anglo-Saxons as Dr. Hunter and the staff of his portable hospital? Even charity must be prostituted to serve their purpose. They lie in

wait for the time of sickness and then come around to the poor farmer's door with their shameless offer, neither uttered nor unexpressed: "We will care for and cure your sick. We make no charge, only henceforth you and your whole house are ours."

In his Montreal speech Dr. Hunter threw some light on the methods of the tribe when he naively admitted that "the only way of reaching the Ukrainians without exciting distrust and hostility was by way of the hospital." But why, in the name of decency, does he want to reach them? The Ukrainians have their own Bishop living here in Winnipeg; they have their own priests, speaking their own language; they have a religion that was ancient and venerable centuries before Dr. Hunter's favourite brand of Protestantism was ever heard of, and that will in only a few generations divide followers as at last united in profound oblivion. The Canadian Ukrainians are practically all Catholics. Rob them of their faith and you "leave them poor indeed;" for you cannot give them any substitute, no matter how large and varied an assortment of religions you may be peddling; and you take from them their only safeguard against the false doctrines that communistic mountebanks are trying to foster among them. The Ukrainians do not need and do not want the assistance of any Protestant society. The officious attentions that the proselytizers are forcing on them are just as nauseating to the Ukrainians as they would be to any other decent, self-respecting people.

It is certainly high time for the Department of Immigration to take cognizance of this very pernicious propaganda. It would be a grand thing for Canada if these missionaries would only devote their attention exclusively to their domestic squabbles instead of trying to impose their undefined creed on our new Canadians. "Mind your own business, and please allow us to do the same in peace," is the polite request of the Ukrainians to the medical, missionary, proselyting hospital outfit. Surely there should be a "closed season" to protect defenceless Ukrainian settlers from the attacks of the shameless Nimrods who hunt as an ambulance corps.

We do not hold any Protestant Church as such responsible for this Ukrainian drive. We prefer to believe that it is just the work of a few modernistic individuals who, having discovered a new use for hospitals, have abandoned the fundamental ideal of Charity.—Northwest Review, Winnipeg.

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

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RECEIVES FIRST COMMUNION AT SON'S FIRST MASS
Washington, D. C., June 20.—The novel spectacle of a young priest saying his first Mass, his brother, also a priest, assisting him; his sister a nun, attending, and his father, recently a convert, receiving his First Communion from his son's hands at the Mass, was enacted here Thursday.

In addition, the Mass was said at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, the director of which, Dr. Bernard A. McKenna, once had the newly-made priest as an altar boy.

June — July Investments

For those desiring to build up investment lists of good, sound securities, we suggest the following selections from our current investment list:

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The young priest was the Rev. Bertrand Johannsen, of Philadelphia, who had been ordained in the Dominican order the day before. His brother also is a Dominican, and his sister a member of the Immaculate Heart order.

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FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE CALLING OF THE LABORERS

And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not; for henceforth thou shalt catch men. And having brought their ships to land, leaving all things, they followed Him. (Luke v. 10, 11)

Of all the dignities of earth, that of the chosen one of God is the most sublime. A vocation is above an avocation; it is greater than a profession. This calling is something that can not be said to be innate in man, but comes to him when God, who is its Author, chooses. It is a privilege, for it is not given to all—it is given to but a few—and it elevates man to the highest point obtainable in life, when he lives up to it faithfully. It places man in the closest connection possible with his Maker, and records the will of God to be made known to other men. God works, in other words, through His chosen ones for the salvation of man's soul. To co-operate with God in this, the greatest of all works, can not fail to be most meritorious. It is well that God chooses those whom He desires to be laborers in His vineyard. Did man make the choice himself, his works to that end would be in vain, for a power from God and an adaptability from the same source are absolutely necessary for success in this work. Man is saved through grace. He can not be urged on effectively to salvation by any other means. He is incited to this pursuit by him who has an abundance of God's grace and a certain likeness to his Master abiding in him, and manifested by his words and works. God will not give the power to work in men's souls except to him whom He Himself calls. It is for this reason that the prevaricators and deceivers who work themselves into God's ministry attain no lasting success and, sooner or later, show their true colors. Sometimes, because of people's good faith, God may use them as a means through which to exercise His beneficence toward man, but this does not help them personally. They are instruments, perhaps; but, being rational beings, it depends upon themselves what kind of instruments they become. We must never overlook the fact that man has a free will, and though God may for a while work through him, he is not thereby necessarily in God's favor, living in the state of grace. Since God calls His own, them alone does He adorn with His special graces, and to them only does He give the power to bring souls to Him. He sometimes may lead souls to Himself through others; but whether the souls of these others also will be brought to Him, depends upon themselves.

The beauty of the life of those called by God and actively and meritoriously engaged in His works, can not be surpassed. Why should this be so? Because it is an adornment coming from God Himself, from whom all beauty proceeds. In that soul in which God acts in a special way, there is but loveliness. He makes it His own, and only the purest and brightest are God's possession. Where stains exist, God is absent, or is not present in any intimate degree. The dwelling-places of God are those of His chosen souls. In body they must live on earth, work, toil, and suffer; but in spirit and in their higher and nobler life, they live in constant communication with God. The delight that words can not speak is theirs in abundance, and a sad heart never beats in their breasts, except such as was Christ's when He considered the hardened sinner. The divine in Christ, which ever gave Him happiness and made Him dwell in bliss, may be said to exist, in a certain sense, in God's chosen ministers who are faithfully doing His will and laboring for Him, even amidst sufferings. In them this is not a nature as in Christ, but it is a sort of presence of the Almighty, and is a reward even in life for their labors.

God would choose greater numbers of ministers, no doubt, were the necessary dispositions found in parents and in the subjects. We must never forget that God does not, as a rule, act against nature. He rather acts in accord with it. It is nature that He finds worthy or unworthy of His love. This does not mean nature itself, but nature as we have made it, or as we make it. Where human nature is made an object worthy of God's love, the highest spiritual blessings will be given it, and among the principal may, the chief of these, is a call to work in His cause. Of course, God does not expect to find us as worthy of His love and esteem as He will make us. This would not be possible for us. However, He wishes to find fit subjects for what He is desirous of making of us. There always has been a certain disposition to an end which God called one to attain. Sometimes it was hidden, not through one's own fault, but because of wrong rearing, faulty education, and false teaching. Some have thought, as no doubt did St. Paul before his conversion, that the acts they were engaged in, to be lawful and even meritorious. But God lifted the veil from their eyes, and they then applied all their faculties and powers to a noble cause. So it is yet that many, once in good faith enemies of God's one religion, are called to His service and become indefatigable laborers in His vineyard. But we do not intend to speak of these exceptions. It is among God's own that He should

find the greatest number of subjects properly disposed to hear His call. He has acted thus since the foundation of His Church. He always has selected His workers from among those who were the most faithful in the practice of their religion. His call has been, too, as a reward to those who nobly have kept the faith and courageously fought His cause. To perfect what has been shaped by chisel and hammer, God has applied the finishing touch, by a gentle process of calling. It is rare that He will do more.

It is in the Christian home that the future priest of the Church should be disposed for God's invitation to become a co-operator with Him in the salvation of souls. Prayer brings much in this direction. To no one more directly than to parents is it said, "Pray ye, therefore the Lord that He send laborers into His vineyard." Encouragement to children, an effort to have them love the things of God, often sow the seeds of a vocation. It will not generally come in the home where religion holds a secondary place, where bishop and priest are criticized, or spoken of irreverently. Children should be told repeatedly, also, the true story of life. To how many the brightest and the most worldly hopes are pictured without sufficient foundation, and which, if realized, would make them rich in money, worldly goods, and influence, but poor in grace and virtue. Parents should put before their sons and daughters the pictures of two careers—one worldly, the other spiritual, but both impartially portrayed. If this were done, the number that would adopt the spiritual career, would be much larger than it is today. May the day come when this will be so, for the harvest is great and the laborers few.

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CURED BY LITTLE FLOWER

CARDINALS DI BELMONTE AND TOSI GIVE THANKS TO BLESSED THERESE

Rome, Italy.—His Eminence Cardinal Granito di Belmonte, Bishop of Albano, on recovering from a very grave malady, addressed to his diocese a letter of thanksgiving for the tender veneration and the prayers which were accorded him during his sickness.

His Eminence writes of the intervention of the Little Flower of Jesus in his behalf, attributing to her powerful intercession with God his speedy recovery.

The letter of Cardinal di Belmonte published in La Croix, is as follows:

TRIBUTE TO LITTLE FLOWER

"The operation to which I had submitted had proved successful when, through unlooked for complications, the healing of my painful wound, to wit, retarded, a circumstance which would oblige me as well as those who had the charity to assist me, to endure many prolonged weeks of annoying and painful weariness. I was exceedingly sorrowful at the prospect.

"One evening I went into my oratory, and with a confidence perfectly familiar, addressed myself to the Blessed Theresa of the Child Jesus, and said to her: 'In this malady I have often invoked your aid: now I ask of Jesus if it be for His glory, by your intercession, to heal me; this night I will place your relic upon me.'

"My dear friends, upon lying down on the bed that evening, I found that my wound was suddenly healed!

"The physicians, several days later, declared that according to science, this wound could not have been cured by natural means in this manner.

"Today with golden pen, Mgr. Biazio Verghetti wrote to me: 'The

Virgin Therese has healed this wound.'

"Most dear brethren and sons, if you have prayed for me, pray with me at this hour and help me to render thanks to God."

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL

One month later, the Milanese press gave echo to a second testimonial to the power of the Little Flower's intercession for another faithful client of hers, His Eminence Cardinal Tosi of Milan. After several months' endurance of a grave malady which was apparently rapidly bringing him to the tomb, to the great anguish of his diocese, this zealous pastor addressed the following touching letter to his flock:

LETTER OF CARDINAL TOSI

"Never to be forgotten and sweet to my heart will be my gratitude toward the Blessed Theresa of the Child Jesus. This dear little Saint was always favorable to me, because when I was at Squillace and at Andria I attributed a prodigious circumstance to her intercession. Since then the august Pontiff has proclaimed her Blessed, and my devotion and confidence in her have increased extremely. When therefore I found myself confined to my bed of a malady which was rapidly bringing me to the tomb, my thought turned naturally toward Blessed Theresa, and I prayed her to let fall upon me at least one of those flowers which she showers with so much largesse from Paradise.

"But only God knows the hour of grace. The month of August passed, then September; came the 15th of October and the malignant fever, symptom of morbid humors which circulated in my veins, persisted still.

"A devoted friend acquainted me that on October 15, Feast of the great St. Therese, there was to be celebrated at Lisieux, a Mass for me on the altar of the Little Flower, and that on the same day the Vicars and Pro-Vicars would also offer for my intention the Holy Sacrifice at Concesa (province of Milan) in the Convent of Discalced Carmelites, to obtain the protection of the Little Theresa.

"O, prodigy! The fever ceased as if by enchantment the same day, and all, astonished, did not know how to explain this phenomenon since for several days my life had been menaced. From this moment, however, there remained to me only the weakness of convalescence.

"I cannot cry out that this is a miracle, but this fact constitutes for me a favor of the first order, and I intend to render my thanks to the Lord and the Blessed Theresa. As for you, very dear sons, keep this teaching: He who confides in the Lord will never be confounded.

EUGENIO, CARD. TOSI."

One of the journals which reproduces this letter concludes: "We have read with joy the noble words of our Archbishop. Joy, because his letter confirms us that his cure is an accomplished fact. Joy because we rejoice with him at seeing our Father return to the midst of his children. Joy yet more because to the cure of our common Father is joined the glory and the sanctity of a sublime creature whom the Church proposes, this very year, as a model of heroic virtue, Therese of Lisieux. The little saint of Carmel's garden will have in our diocese and in the hearts of all the faithful a particular cult of gratitude."

A public ceremony of thanksgiving was held in Milan upon the return of its beloved Archbishop. Also a pilgrimage of the Milanese to Lisieux which was promised in the event of the cure being granted, is being organized to take place in August, 1924.

SAINT JOAN

Opinions have differed widely about Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," which is still attracting for crowded audiences in London, and some Catholic observers have felt that the play shows signs of a better spirit and of a truer appreciation of facts than the eminent playwright has shown in the past. This opinion is not shared by a very competent Catholic critic who saw the play in America—Mr. Conde B. Fallon, the eminent scholar, associated with the Catholic Encyclopedia. Mr. Fallon went quite prepared to revise his views of Mr. Shaw, but found the play "a hideous travesty." Its purport is to depict Joan as an "essential Protestant." Joan is made to "appeal to God against the Christ," when in fact she constantly appealed from the tribunal at Beauvais to the Pope. The trial is depicted as an honest trial for heresy, whereas it was "a farce boosted up by calumny, false witness and chicanery."

In fact, contrary to the representation in the play, the conflict was between the Saint and her traducers, not between the Saint and the Church. The issue was political, racial, temperamental; it was not religious nor ecclesiastical. Mr. Shaw makes it a matter of the Protestant principle of individual judgment in matters of revelation against the Catholic principle of authority in those matters; and this it was not.—The Universe, London.

Kind words are the music of the world.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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Somebody said that it couldn't be done. But he, with a chuckle, replied: That "Maybe it couldn't but he would be one Who wouldn't say so 'til he tried. So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin On his face—if he worried, he hid it— He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done, There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to point out to you, one by one, The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin, Then take off your coat and go to it. Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

GOOD MANNERS Little points of etiquette distinguish the well bred young man from the poorly bred. An authority has formulated the following rules: Hat lifting in saying "Good-bye" or "How do you do."

Always precede a lady upstairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place. Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office. Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her. In the parlor, stand until every lady is seated.

THERE IS NO SUCCESS FOR THE MAN Who vacillates. Who is faint-hearted. Who shirks responsibility. Who never dares to take risks. Who thinks fate is against him. Who is discouraged by reverses. Who does not believe in himself. Who expects nothing but failure. Who is always belittling himself. Who is always anticipating trouble. Who waits for something to turn up. Who complains that he never had a chance. Who is constantly grumbling about his work. Who never puts his heart into anything he does.

WHO EFFECT HAS YOUR CONDUCT UPON YOUR FELLOWMEN? No man lives upon himself alone. Whether or not he knows it, whether or not he admits it, every man has an influence on every other man with whom he comes into contact. Some men exert more influence than others, but all men exert some influence upon those with whom they live in the family circle, during working hours, in social intercourse, in all relations of human life.

To influence means to have an effect upon. The sun's heat has an effect upon all growing things. Influence does not mean force. It works

slowly, most always unconsciously, gradually shaping the thought and will and in the end the acts of another. It is part of life and cannot be escaped. The big question is: what is your influence? You may say that you are a humble man in a humdrum world, without influence. But if you stop to think a little while, you'll find that there are at least a few people whom you influence, the members of your family, the group of friends with whom you associate, the society of which you are a member, the men who work in the mill or factory or office in which you work. You may not know that you are influencing others, and those whom you influence may not know it, but it is true, just the same. Suggestion is a powerful force. Suggestion explains why books and plays can do so much good or so much evil. It explains why one man by what he says and does, or fails to say or do, influences his fellowmen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SINGING GIRL There was a little maiden In blue and silver dress, She sang to God in Heaven And God within her breast. And God within her breast. When she sang to God in Heaven, She sang to God in Heaven, And God within her breast.

BOYS WHO COUNT

When I see a youth who is hungry for knowledge, whose soul thirsts for improvement, who has a passion to know things and to push farther and farther away from him his horizon of ignorance; when I see a youth absorbing knowledge, drinking it in at every pore, who is always trying to get the good things out of papers, magazines and books, who is always trying to make the most of his time, I know that he is bound to succeed, because he has all the earmarks of achievement. The passion for self-improvement, for self-enlargement, always indicates a noble soul. Knowledge is power. It is the best kind of capital. Intelligence always has the right-of-way.—Marden.

WHAT MACARONI MEANS

A wealthy Palermitan noble owned a cook not only accomplished beyond compare in the practice of his profession, but gifted with inventive genius. One day, in a rapure of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated Parmesan familiar to those who have partaken of "macaroni al sugo" in southern Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord and stood by to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation "Cari," idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum, he exclaimed "Ma cari" or "Excellent indeed!" Presently as the flavor of the toothsome morsel grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose to even higher flights, and he cried out with joyful emotion, "Ma, macaroni! Indeed, most supremely, sublimely and superlatively excellent!" In paying this tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.—The Monitor.

MORE KINDNESS OF HEART IS NEEDED IN THE WORLD

The train sped over the rails. In the coaches people of every walk of life sat and stood. Among the passengers was a boy, who sobbed and cried and would not be comforted. A lonely man held the boy on his lap, and although he spoke kindly and sought to comfort him, the little lad continued to cry. The other passengers became vexed. There was grumbling and complaining. They were angry looks and harsh words. "Can't you compel the boy to be quiet?" asked a woman. Another said sharply: "Why don't you take the child to his mother?" The man turned. There was a look of inexpressible sadness in his eyes. "You are quite right, madam," the man, evidently the father, replied quietly. "If only I could. But the mother is riding with us in this train, in the coach ahead—dead! She wanted to be buried near her old home." If lightning had struck the train, the consternation could not have been greater. All harshness changed suddenly to sympathy, and everybody wanted to do something for the motherless boy. Yes, now! Why all the impatience and anger a few moments before? Must there always be great and overwhelming

SUFFERS NO MORE WITH HEADACHES

"Fruit-a-lives" freed her from years of pain. The Fruit Treatment seems to be the only way of completely ridding the system of the cause of Headaches. Miss Annie Ward, of 112 Hazen St., St. John, N.B., says: "I was a great sufferer for many years from Nervous Headaches and Constipation. I tried everything, but nothing seemed to help me until I tried 'Fruit-a-lives'." After taking several boxes, I was completely relieved and have been well ever since." Practically all Headaches come from poisoned blood—that is, the blood is laden with impurities which should be carried from the body by the kidneys and bowels. "Fruit-a-lives"—made from the juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes—regulate the vital organs of the body—insure a pure blood supply—and completely relieve Headaches. 25c. and 50c. a box—at druggists or Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

SLY PROPAGANDA

When George Bernard Shaw assumes the role of prophet and proceeds to tell the world what it should think, believe and do, he makes skilful use of buffoonery. He sugar coats the bitter pills with which he doses society. And the world takes his medicine with a laugh. Men have become accustomed to this man's railings against religion, against marriage, against civilization, against everything. Because these railings are accompanied by clever witticisms and grimaces they are not resented as they should be. Consequently he is not merely tolerated but encouraged by those who should be the first to condemn him, and all because he enjoys the traditional immunity of the jokesmith.

To the unsophisticated reader Mr. Shaw's comments upon contemporary institutions seem like ravings. Yet Shaw is methodical. Lie Hamlet he confesses himself that he is mad only nor-nor-west. And he admits that there is method in his seeming madness. That method is very deftly exposed in an article in the current Catholic World. It is to gain through ridicule what he cannot obtain by simple statement—the attention of the world to his insidious propaganda. He aspires to be the prophet of a new kingdom, and the leader of a rebellion against Christian morality. And so writes the editor of the Catholic World: "His formula is to ridicule what the human race reverences and to extol what the human race abominates. For example, mankind has always held religion to be a blessing. Shaw says it is a curse. Poverty is generally considered a misfortune, but not necessarily a sin. Shaw protests that poverty is a crime. Most men and women think that the love of a child for its mother is beautiful. Shaw calls it 'horrible.' We believe marriage to be a sacrament and a safeguard of morality. Shaw blatantly protests that 'marriage is the most licentious of institutions.' Patriotism when genuine is admittedly noble. Shaw declares it disgraceful. Christians consider the martyrs to be the greatest heroes of the human race. But Shaw thinks martyrdom to be proof positive of insanity. He lampoons the martyrs and grossly caricatures them. Consistently he refused a chance to be a martyr. When the Great War was imminent, and even when it had actually begun, he was berating England and praising Germany. But for once England refused to laugh. So he first became silent, and then changed his views to conform with those of the multitude."

Who are the four persons in the drawing? One of them sang a famous song on this occasion. Here is a poem telling you all about it: "Soul doth gniff" starts a beautiful song. With a short word in front. Oh MY, it's not long! Add its halves, then, to "agnif" beginning and end. There, I've told you the word! It joins what you lend. Answers will be given next week. Be especially attentive at Mass next Sunday as I will ask something about it.

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Sore Throat It aches and throbs with pain. The tonsils are so swollen that it hurts to swallow. And the chest feels "as tight as a drum". If you follow these simple directions, you will feel better—very much better—in a short while. Get a bottle of Absorbine J. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT. Make a gargle of 1 part Absorbine Jr. to 9 parts of water and use three or four times a day. Also bathe the outside of the throat with full strength Absorbine Jr. Absorbine Jr. is simply invaluable for those subject to attacks of sore throat and colds. \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or sent postpaid by W. F. YOUNG INC. 122 Lyman Building - Montreal

A MAN'S MOTHER Your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting as a woman must fight. She worked, not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother. She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little

Gratitude for favors and gifts received is a thing loved and esteemed in heaven and on earth.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

The time fault-finding is justifiable when you find fault with your own faults, so as to correct them. The Province of Ontario contains 407,292 square miles, over three times the area of the British Isles. Seventy per cent. of this vast area is underlain by pre-Cambrian rocks, which are pre-eminently the metal-bearing formation of this part of Canada. Much the larger part of the Province lies to the west of Lake Nipissing. The goldfields of Porcupine, Kirkland Lake, the silver mines of Cobalt, South Porcupine and Gowganda, the nickel-copper deposits of Sudbury, which supply over 90 per cent. of the world's nickel, testify to the mineral richness of this vast region. Much of this great stretch of territory is only partly explored and it is doubtful whether a more attractive field for prospectors can be found anywhere in the world. The climate is invigorating, there is plenty of wood and water, and though the country is broken, there are no mountains, the maximum altitude being about 2,000 feet. The prospector can go anywhere in his canoe. Working conditions underground are most favorable, the rock is solid, water gives little trouble, and the temperature varies from about 43 degrees F. in winter to 68 F. in summer. This vast area known to contain practically every commercially valuable metallic and non-metallic mineral, excepting coal and tin, only awaits development. In 1923 Ontario's total mineral output was valued at \$68,284,652. To the end of 1923 Ontario had produced metallic wealth worth \$718,909,000, the value of the principal metals in round figures being as follows: Silver.....\$27,700,000 Pig Iron.....\$84,200,000 Nickel.....186,900,000 Copper.....61,300,000 Gold.....128,400,000 Cobalt.....11,000,000 Dividends and bonuses aggregated \$33,611,978 for gold companies and \$89,942,064 for silver companies. For lists of publications, maps, geological reports on mining areas and other information, apply to: Hon. Charles McCrear or Thos. W. Gibson, Minister of Mines, Dep. Min. of Mines, TORONTO, CANADA.

Answers to last week's Puzzle Picture: No. 1 must go with No. 6 to form the Gift of the Keys to St. Peter. No. 2 must go with No. 5 to form the Sacrament of Penance. No. 3 must go with No. 8 to form the Return of the Prodigal Son. No. 4 must go with No. 7 to form the Annunciation. The Angel Gabriel began the "Hail Mary" at the Annunciation; St. Elizabeth continued it at the Visitation (July 2) which is our picture this week.



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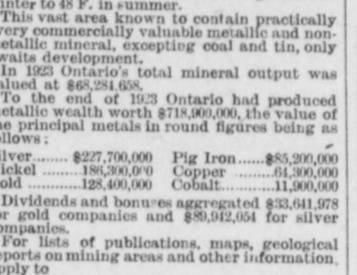
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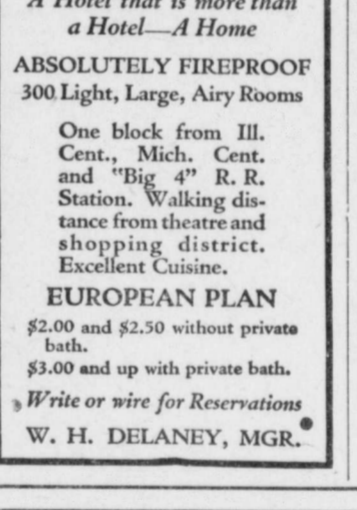
Ontario's Minerals

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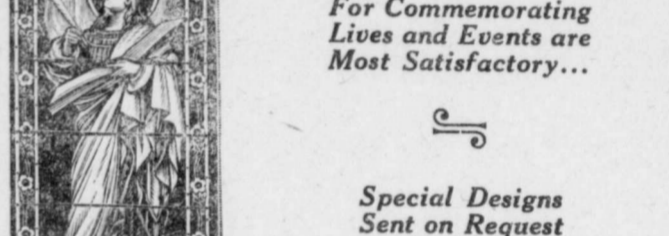
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UNIVERSITY HONORS

FOLLOWING ARE THE RESULTS OF THE EXAMINATIONS AT ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO

For the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy—P. J. Moloney. For the Degree of Master of Arts—Sister Perpetua, Sister St. John, J. M. Bennett, Jas. Morrow, A. N. Page, H. J. Lassaline.

BACHELOR OF ARTS (FOURTH YEAR) The names in each department are in order of merit.

Classics—T. J. Vahcy, B. O'Toole. Modern Languages—Miss A. M. Kavanagh, Miss E. Burke, Miss E. Garden, Miss K. O'Neill.

English & History—E. C. LeBel, J. V. Burke, Miss E. Irvine, E. J. Lee. Modern History—B. N. Forner.

Commerce—F. J. Servais. Philosophy—L. Barnett, J. McGahay, A. O'Brien, W. Gavard.

Science For Teachers—T. A. MacDonald. Pass Course—Miss M. R. Campbell, Miss G. Coffee, B. Ellard.

THIRD YEAR English & History—Miss B. Larchelle, Miss C. Kastner. Modern Languages—Miss C. Blanchard, Miss M. Cronin, Miss A. Hayes, G. Sharpe.

Political Science—J. J. Lyons. Philosophy—J. P. McLaughlin, T. J. Murtha, J. C. Theobald, J. A. Mahon, J. F. Flaherty, P. J. Martin, M. Daly.

Philosophy, English & History—M. C. O'Neill. Biological & Medical Sciences—Miss M. Runstadler.

Pass Course—Miss L. Booth, W. Canary, Miss M. Enright, Miss C. Hanon, Miss C. Kehoe, Miss N. Knigsley, J. A. MacDonald, Miss K. McGovern, Miss K. McNally, Miss C. Moore, Miss M. Marks, E. Rush, V. Thompson, Miss M. Walsh, Miss K. Young, M. Callaghan, Miss C. Coffee, Miss E. English, L. Healy, J. Whelan, Miss M. Benoit, A. Cloutier, W. Costello, Miss G. Houlihan, W. Martin, Miss M. O'Sullivan, Miss M. Yeates.

SECOND YEAR Modern Languages—Sister M. Dominica, Miss G. Quinlan. English & History—G. Flahiff. Modern History—Miss M. Phelan, Miss N. Story, D. Coghlin.

Political Science—G. Watson, B. Hamilton. Commerce—V. McEnaney. Philosophy—C. Sullivan, J. Kane, J. McKeon, F. Neylan, B. Harrigan.

Mathematics & Physics—T. R. Traynor. Pass Course—F. S. Ruth, R. Callaghan, Miss M. Coughlin, Miss M. Crummy, Miss G. Dell, Miss C. Doyle, Miss G. Duffey, Miss L. Duggan, Miss M. Foley, J. F. Kelly, Miss H. Kernahan, T. McManamy, Miss V. Michell, J. Noonan, N. O'Leary, Miss D. Sullivan, Miss I. Wickert, Miss C. Wright, Miss H. Andary, T. Berrigan, Miss C. Courmans, Miss C. Gormaly, H. Hanley, W. Hannafin, W. Lyons, Miss H. McCarthy, J. McManamy, B. Martin, Miss R. O'Grady, Miss M. Sharpe, W. Tallon, M. Bolan, C. Duggan, C. Enright, Miss E. M. McCarthy, F. Mogan, Miss E. Nelligan, B. O'Donnell, H. Wilbur.

FIRST YEAR French, Greek & Latin—Miss E. P. Farrell. English & History—Miss E. L. Fry, Miss R. M. Harrison, Miss J. M. Brophy, Miss H. M. Kerr.

Modern Languages—Miss N. Wiley, Miss E. Young, Miss M. L. Bradley. Commerce & Finance—W. A. Giroux, C. J. Servais.

Pass Course—G. C. Power, Miss K. M. Bartholmes, H. J. Donley, Miss A. F. Lee, J. F. McCullough, J. P. Fallon, Miss A. O'Brien, G. L. O'Keefe, Miss M. P. Sheehan, G. L. Thompson, N. Roche, P. B. Sullivan, Miss C. H. Carroll, Miss C. S. C. Cronin, W. A. Donohue, E. T. Duggan, E. A. Kerr, J. C. McAlpine, D. A. McRae, Miss F. T. O'Brien, Miss D. M. O'Connor, M. J. Quinlan, Miss M. Sherran, P. G. Shuman.

THE PRIZE LIST (FOURTH YEAR) The John H. Moss Memorial Scholarship—M. C. O'Neill. The Mercier Gold Medal in Philosophy—L. Barnett.

The Sir Bertram Alan Coghlin Wandle Gold Medal in English—E. C. LeBel & J. V. Burke, (aeq.) The Senator Belcourt Prize in French—Miss A. Kavanagh. The Dookery Prize in Pass English—Miss M. Campbell.

THIRD YEAR The Hanrahan Prize in Philosophy—T. McLaughlin, T. Murtha, (aeq.) The Dookery Prize in Pass English—J. F. Flaherty. The Phelan Prize in Honor English—no award.

SECOND YEAR The Kernahan Prize in Philosophy—no award. The Hughes Prize in Honor English—Sister M. Dominica. The Prize in Pass English—Miss M. Burcher, Miss M. Coughlin, (aeq.)

FIRST YEAR The Mahon Prize in Honor English—no award. The Prize in Pass English—Miss A. O'Brien. The Class 1921 Prize in Religious Knowledge—G. Power. The K. of C. Scholarships (order of Merit)—G. Power, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss M. Sheehan, C. O'Keefe.

The Prize in Pass French—F. Mallon. The Prize in Pass Latin—Miss M. R. Sheehan.

ABBE VIOLETT TEARS DOWN AN INDECENT POSTER Paris, June 16.—In the heart of Paris, on the Boulevard des Capucines, an energetic protest against the indecency of the posters pasted on the walls was made by a priest before a large crowd.

Several newspapers have commented with approval on the action of Abbe Viollet and demand that the police render such action unnecessary by forbidding the display of indecent posters and advertisements.

Abbe Viollet is no stranger to the National Conference of Social Work in Washington two years ago.

FAIRNESS OF IRISH CATHOLIC Dublin, May 19.—Two generous tributes to the fairness of Irish Catholic bodies have been paid in two different quarters.

For himself and those who were associated with him, Major Cooper went on, he could say that they could not have been treated with greater kindness or consideration by the other public men of the country.

The other tribute was paid at the last meeting of the outgoing County Council in Tyrone. On that Council the Catholics had a considerable majority and the chairman was a Catholic.

Before the Council dissolved Colonel Howard, on behalf of the Unionist members, expressed his appreciation of the impartial manner in which the chairman, Mr. A. E. Donnelly, had conducted the business for the past four years.

Mr. Montgomery, a Senator of the Belfast Parliament, joined in the tribute and regretted that the Nationalists had decided not to take part in the elections for the new

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