

The Catholic Record.

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

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A LOST ART

Gentle and admirable, the art of minding one's own business, despite the Puritan exegesis of Cain's reply. Most of us have read the report of the traveller in Burma, which says that a foreigner may go and settle down in a Burman village, live his own life, and follow out his own customs in freedom. No one will interfere with him, try to correct and convert him, or insist that he ought to do differently, and that, if he does not do differently, he is an outcast either from civilization or from religion or from both. The people will accept him for what he is, and let the matter rest there. If he chooses to change his ways and conform to Burman habit, well and good; but if not, well and good.

Alas, how many lovers of the human life there must be, who in their moments of despondency would fain seek a haven in Burma and rest there forever and forever! Weary of being uplifted and reformed, weary of peevish little Dogbories in public office, of impossible Socialists, evangelical preachers, policemen, and all the other agents of organized meddling in other people's affairs, the human spirit courts repose—slouchy, dissolute, unprincipled, delightful repose—among congenial souls, such as this traveller (may the kingdom of heaven be his!) reveals as existing in Burma. But short of Burma it will not be found, least of all in this fair land of ours. All signs point to an unprecedented pre-occupation on the part of an influential minority of our people with the lives and habits of their fellows. We are all to be uplifted to a height undreamed of.

Poor Huckleberry Finn! His brief experience of the uplift at the hands of the Widow Douglas was surely difficult enough to enlist the sympathy of his dear shade for those whose resolution to escape is more firm than his. After all he had youth on his side; it is the business of youth to rebel and of age to acquiesce. Lolling in the Elysian fields, blest in the companionship of those whose sins were perhaps many but at least human, we fancy he may look upon the composite and magnified Widow Douglas who seems to be in a fair way to shape our civilization, and be thankful that he was taken away from the evil to come. If we must be instructed and improved and uplifted and moralized above measure, if the world must come to be what one writer styles "one vast, awful world," we may, at least until thinking is forbidden, dwell upon Huckleberry Finn and the Burmese and remember that the "gentle art" has had its exemplars.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

AND CATHOLIC THEOLOGY

The report of the address delivered by Ralph Adams Cram, the well-known High Church Episcopalian, before a clerical Protestant audience at Philadelphia, has already made the rounds of the Catholic press. It apparently accepts everything the Church has to offer, and yet stops short at the one essential and logical step by which alone a reunion of Christianity can be effected; the recognition of the obedience due to the Vicar of Christ to whom alone the keys have been committed, on whom alone the visible headship of the Church has been conferred. To accept wholly, as Mr. Cram does, the "Catholic theology, sacramental philosophy and Catholic orders," and yet to reject the words of Christ establishing His Church on the Rock that is Peter, is to remain outside of the one and only Fold as completely as if every tenet of the Gospel were denied. A man is a Catholic or not, accordingly as he accepts or rejects the authority of the lawful successor of Peter. Mr. Cram says:

"The Anglican Church has not had a right philosophy since the Reformation. The only way that the world can be saved at this critical juncture is through accepting a right religion and a right philosophy. It is necessary to have a right philosophy before any efforts of reunion are begun. The first step for the Episcopal Church to take is to accept the strict Catholic doctrine of seven Sacraments, with the Mass, both as a Communion and a sacrifice, as the chief controlling doctrine of all, and transubstantiation as the only perfect and sufficient expression of the

nature of the Presence of Christ in the holy Sacrament of the altar. The only thing that can save us from a new period of the dark ages is a reunion of Christianity on the basis of Catholic theology, sacramental philosophy and Catholic orders."

By the "dark ages" Mr. Cram evidently does not mean the Middle Ages, but the days of darkness that preceded them, for no one has a deeper appreciation of the worth and beauty of the days of Catholic faith than he. We trust that he will yet take the one step that is required to make his own faith perfect and his logic flawless and conclusive.—America.

THE IRISH DANGER

LONDON TIMES CORRESPONDENT WARNS GOVERNMENT

RUTHLESS MILITARY TYRANNY MAY PROVOKE TERRIBLE VIOLENCE

If there was ever a moment when it was vital that the Government should understand the situation in Ireland it is now.

Most people there agree that something must be done, and done quickly. Under the most recent policy of *laissez faire* the country has drifted into that unhappily familiar state of confusion and despair from which there always spring sporadic and brutal crimes, with the obvious counter-measure of punitive military measures. Today, so far as the East, South, and West are concerned, there are two Irelands. The nation has a dual personality. On the surface there is good humour and the proverbial light-heartedness and effervescence, but there is a subterranean Ireland, whither Executive measures have sent a great part of the population. Demonstrations of England's military might have become common. Of this no better example could be found than the "slags of Limerick," as the people jocularly named it.

Because of a "shooting affray" outside the city boundaries the city itself was subjected to armed occupation. It was made impossible to enter without a military permit. A tank—H.M.T. Scotch and Soda—was posted on the Sarsfield Bridge. Barbed-wire entanglements were set up; armoured cars whizzed about the town; aeroplanes hummed overhead; machine-guns were carried hither and thither; and the streets were patrolled night and day by squads of soldiers wearing blue steel helmets and carrying fixed bayonets. The reply was a general strike which was called a "protest against Prussianism." All work was suspended. The shops, even the publichouses, were closed. It was impossible to obtain food without permits from the strike committee. Vehicular traffic was stopped, with the exception of an odd coal cart or a side-car drawn by a horse or a donkey which bore the legend on his forehead, "Working by permission of the Strike Committee." A newspaper—the Workers' Bulletin, "issued by the Limerick proletariat"—announced that the Workers' Council was putting into circulation its own notes. Life was made difficult.

THE LIMERICK TEMPER

Yet the population behaved with the utmost good humour. One heard sneers about the Great Powers and "the rights of small nationalities," but there was no disturbance. The sneers were intended for the Government, not for the soldiery, who were treated with great *bonhomie*. Charles Lever referred in one of his novels to a man who accounted for his presence on the Continent by saying that he was laughed out of Ireland. The Limerick people had made up their minds to ridicule the military authorities and to give them no honor, but pointed lessons in strategy. When the hurlers were refused a crossing over the Shannon at Sarsfield Bridge they retired, leaving a handful of old women with hooded cloaks and sawn and bare-footed children to gaze with awe at the shining bayonets of the troops, whom Dublin Castle, with no unusual irony, had assembled under the statue of Lord Fitzgibbon, a Limerick soldier, who fell in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. The hurlers stole a march on the troops. They crossed the river in mysterious ways; indeed some of them returned by train and outwitted the sentries. They ridiculed the restrictions; they laughed at the "siege"—a thoroughly Irish siege in which, they pointed out, milk coets 2s. a quart, compared with 8d. before "operations" began. It was thus announced that a sentry had shot a donkey because it gave the wrong password, and the newsboys shouted, "Siege of Limerick—Casualties—One Ass!" Next it was told how an aeroplane flew over a funeral procession to prevent the mourner from forming fairs.

So much for the humour of the situation. But humour must not be mistaken for contentment. Beneath the humour lay a hatred of the country which attempted to govern a people by the force of every modern ballingent device. At street

corners men in their serious moments spoke of the European war and of the great victorious Powers, and they wondered whether a Peace Conference meant only an alliance of the strong against the weak. They talked treason in the hearing of all; they changed suddenly, as only the Irish can change, from banter to a sullen and bitter vindictiveness, and they sang at night as the armed patrols marched through the streets, "They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green." That was Limerick City "a bit of the Irish front." Outside, as one passed through the vast green grazing land for which the country is famed, Sinn Fein flags could be seen fluttering above a farmstead here and there, and these were hailed with a kind of laughing pride by the passengers in the railway train. These are facts which should have some significance, facts which cannot be ignored by those who have now to formulate a policy towards Ireland.

TANKS IN DUBLIN

In Dublin there were further demonstrations of military strength. On the anniversary of the Rebellion of 1916 Tanks were taken through the streets and were stopped at points that the crowds might accept the invitation of young officers to look inside and be impressed by the mechanism of these powerful engines of war. Here again there was the outward calm and good humour, but here too military methods have driven the masses into subterranean Ireland. The police made frequent raids on stationers' shops, where at Easter they seized thousands of postcards which bore highly colored portraits of the rebel leaders who were executed in 1916. They confiscated also quantities of newspapers and books and pieces of music—many of which had been "passed by the Censor" and were in many cases innocuous.

After the Rebellion an oath of allegiance was demanded from all civil servants by the Government. Many refused to take it, and these men are now carrying on small businesses which serve to circulate great numbers of Sinn Fein and Labour newspapers and pamphlets. As usual in Ireland, the police raids are never successful. They increase rather than suppress the publication of the seditious matter. The postcards which were taken were of the kind which at this time last year were exhibited freely in many Dublin shops. They bore under the portraits verses which were not startling either as treasonable propaganda or as literary efforts. For example:—

We dress our broken ranks anew
Despising still the coward's doom
And turn again, O Lord, to you
To guide us safely through the gloom.

Then came police notices pasted on the boardings announcing—many might think to the humiliation of Dublin Castle—that 43 would be paid, with the closest secrecy, to any one who would return the "serviceable rifles" which had been taken from the military authorities. Three pounds apiece for rifles stolen from the British Army! The people smiled and the popular comment was, "They were looking for informers again." In the back streets and alleys of the north side of the city Sinn Fein flags hung out of the windows of the most lathouse stumps that could be found anywhere. Thousands of filthy and half-naked children swarmed on the cobblestones, playing "pickey" and "shop" and swinging on ropes or "saugans" from the lamp posts. Others were hived in the stinking tenements into which many a magnificent Georgian house has been converted. These urchins have been educated into a hatred of England—perhaps the only education that they get apart from their religion—and there was a certain odious in finding on the day when the Tanks went by as emblems of England's power a little scowling-headed child writing with a bit of chalk across a door of one of those dilapidated mansions, "God bless the British." These children are suckled in sedition. Sedition seems to be their parents' only hope for ultimate relief from their distress. Irishmen ask why children of this class—if there is so poor a class—in England sing "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia."

PROSPERITY AND DISCONTENT

Leinster, Munster, Connaught and a part of Ulster are disaffected and allege that the cause of their disaffection is distrust of England. In the West there is hunger, though there is prosperity in most agricultural districts. But prosperity has not brought peace to the people. They say that they have been cheated by the British Government. For that reason they declare that no offer—no gift, as some of them express it—of any form of self-government will be, or can be accepted if it is coupled with a condition that it shall become the subject of Parliamentary delays or protracted debate by Conventions or Commissions. Procrastination to them means political trickery and thimble rigging and eventual disappointment. That is their invincible opinion, and is ex-

pressed with the bitterness of a people who insist that they have had the cup dashed from their lips too often. This is the view of the masses who are inclined to hold in contempt all the debates of great men about an Irish settlement and about the lofty ideals of peace and liberty and justice and a League of Nations for the suppression of such militarism as that displayed in Ireland and the protection of the lowly peoples of the world. To such men the answer is made that in every part of the British Empire, except Ireland, constitutional self-government has long since been put into operation. What justice there may be in that remark it is for the Government to discover without delay. It must also form some opinion on the question whether the facts here set out might not be deemed to be the provocation of a high-spirited race to a terrible campaign of violence. Of course, it is essential to maintain law and order, but many a man in Ireland inquires how law and order are maintained in other parts of the Empire. The answer, no doubt, is not so easy, but it is an answer which a Government is called upon to formulate.—The Times, London, Eng.

THE SECTARIANISM OF NON-SECTARIANS

The Statesman, May 24

An academic discussion on national education, such as the House of Commons indulged in last week, while it serves no practical purpose, is not without value in the contribution it makes to public knowledge on educational matters. To this extent the representations of the Orange lodges in the House, whatever their ulterior motives, succeeded in convincing all who heard them of the truth of the saying, that there are two sides to every question.

Mr. John Wesley Edwards, M. P., made out a good case for those who take the utilitarian view of education. It is true that greater efficiency in school equipment and teaching is not possible in the large than in the small school. It is true, also, that Government control over a national, instead of provincial, area, may prove to be a quicker method of unifying the heterogeneous elements that comprise our population. But when that is said and done, the question of education, from a national standpoint, is far from being solved, because it leaves out of account the human equation and ignores the end of education.—The development of the individual, who is the unit of national life and of national character. Germany was the great example of State controlled education, such as the Orangemen profess to admire, and the wreckage of four years of war is the direct outcome of that scientifically planned and highly efficient educational system. Does Mr. Edwards seek to apply the German system to Canada? It secured the end of education.—The Orangemen needs set before them the Junkers, who are the unit of national life and of national character. Germany was the great example of State controlled education, such as the Orangemen profess to admire, and the wreckage of four years of war is the direct outcome of that scientifically planned and highly efficient educational system. Does Mr. Edwards seek to apply the German system to Canada? It secured the end of education.—The Orangemen needs set before them the Junkers, who are the unit of national life and of national character. Germany was the great example of State controlled education, such as the Orangemen profess to admire, and the wreckage of four years of war is the direct outcome of that scientifically planned and highly efficient educational system. Does Mr. Edwards seek to apply the German system to Canada? 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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XIII

Such preparations as could be effected hastily were made for Miss Brewer's wedding. The servants received hurried orders, and for a couple of hours the house seemed to be full of bustle. In the midst of it Helen was summoned to the library to meet Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tillotson. There was also another gentleman present whom she had never seen before.

She knew that this was not a summons to the marriage ceremony as that would take place a little later in the parlor; but, for all she was white and cold as an icicle. Tillotson, with true paternal tenderness, hastened to her. "My dearest Helen, your presence here is necessary to complete some little detail of business which Mr. Phillips desires to have attended to before your marriage. For that purpose it is necessary to present to you Mr. Miller, Mr. Phillips' lawyer."

The strange gentleman, who was standing beside a table spread with legal documents, bowed, a courtesy which Helen returned calmly as her violent agitation would allow her to do. Tillotson resumed: "Mr. Phillips will have just been drawn up, and it is entirely in your favor. There is but one condition annexed to it, and to that condition he desires your written assent. That you may read and understand the condition before you sign such an assent is the object of your present summons."

Mr. Miller unfolded a paper and presented it to her. She pretended to read it, but there was a film upon her eyes, and when the film seemed to clear a great blur appeared upon the paper. She could not distinguish a letter of the penmanship, and ashamed to declare the truth lest her singular emotion must arouse again, as it had done already that morning, Mr. Phillips' surprise and displeasure, she feigned to have read it all.

"Are you quite satisfied to sign?" asked Tillotson. She bowed her head. "Quite, Helen?" interposed Phillips; "you have no scruple, no hesitation?"

Again she assented by a motion of her head; her very voice seemed to be frozen within her. The pen was placed in her hand by Miller, and she signed tremblingly. "Helen Brewer." An hour after and the marriage ceremony was performed. In making the responses it seemed to her as if it were not she who made them, but something strangely apart from herself, and when Phillips caught her to him, calling her his bride and kissing her passionately, she lay passive and cold in his arms. But the ardor of his own affection prevented him from attributing her strange demeanor to anything but her modesty, which so charmed him. And as the Tillotsons were to depart after partaking of a collation to which all were immediately summoned, there was little opportunity for either him or Helen to yield exclusively to singular emotions.

The wedding feast was over, the Tillotsons gone, and Miller was still in the library, looking over legal documents, Phillips and his bride were in the great state parlor, from which the latter was about to ascend to change her dress for a drive. As her responses had seemed to her a couple of hours before, so now did her own individuality seem singular and utterly unfamiliar. She wondered at her strange self-possession, more like the apathy that sometimes precedes severe illness, and she mentally asked herself if ever again she would be that Helen who seemed to have gone so suddenly and so completely.

She had turned from the parlor to go to her room, and she had reached the door when her husband called her. He extended his arms. She came towards them slowly, as if leaden weights were attached to her feet, but she reached them at last, and he caught her to him passionately. "You seem cold, my little Helen," he said, looking down into her face as her head lay back upon his arm, "but this day's sudden excitement has taxed you too much. Tomorrow you will be different; then, should I find myself, 'even as I love, loved am I.'"

A slender gold chain glistened above the ruffle at her throat; his finger came into playful contact with it, and in a moment the lockets that were attached to it sprang into sight. She started up, seized the lockets with both hands. "Nay, my little Helen; wives must have no secrets from their husbands, and I must see if it is my picture you guard so preciously."

With difficulty she repressed a shriek, while she clasped the lockets with all her strength. Veiling under a playfulness, that he was now far from feeling, his determination to see the interior of the lockets, he gently, but with a firmness of touch against which her strength availed nothing, disengaged it from her grasp, and while he continued to hold her firmly with one hand, with the other he pressed the spring. It flew open, and revealed Gerald Thurston's face.

With a cry so savage that it rang in her ears for days after, he threw her from him, breaking in the vic-

lence of the act the chain of the locket, and leaving the latter still open in his hand. "What is this man to you?" he thundered. "Speak, woman! and tell how you have come to wear this picture in your bosom!"

Paralyzed from terror, she was lying as she had fallen when he threw her—prone on the floor. He lifted her to the divan. "Speak!" he thundered again. He seemed transformed, the veins in his forehead swollen from rage, his eyes flaming at her. "Error forced the truth from her: 'I was engaged to him.'"

"Engaged to him when you married me?" "Yes." "Are you woman or devil? Go!" He pointed to the door; then, without waiting for her to obey, he strode to the hall and pulled it violently. She dragged herself up from the divan; her only desire was to hide herself from this infuriated man, to hide from herself if she could, and she tried to hurry from the room; but before she could succeed there was a heavy fall behind her, a hoarse unnatural cry, and she turned to find Phillips in a convulsion on the floor. Her screams hastened the steps of the terrified servant, who was already hastening to answer the bell, and brought Miller from the library.

The struggling man was tenderly borne to bed, physicians summoned, by Miller's directions, who, in the absence of any one else, assumed control, and who gave his orders in a firm, self-possessed manner that did much to quiet the excited servants and to restore something like calm to the bride herself. She had been sobbing hysterically, with neither power nor desire to move from the spot where her husband had fallen, not even to follow him to the apartment to which he had been borne. Miller, seeing that, deemed it best that she should go to her own room. He induced her to accompany her maid, promising to summon her as soon as there was any change in her husband's condition. In her room, Jennie, the kind-hearted maid, could think of no better remedy for her hysterical young mistress than a sleeping cordial, and this she offered, urging respectfully its salutary effects.

Helen took it mechanically, and almost at once fell into a deep slumber. Phillips, under the united efforts of two skilful physicians, recovered from his spasms, and after an hour or more of deathlike unconsciousness, rallied sufficiently to attempt to speak; but he could make only unintelligible sounds. It was to Miller he turned, and to him he seemed to wish to make some communication. The lawyer interpreted it to mean the presence of Mrs. Phillips, and he mentioned her name, saying he would send for her. But the sick man shook his head, and again mumbled the painfully indistinct utterances. The lawyer was troubled; evidently there was some matter of moment on the patient's mind; even the physicians seemed to think also that, unless his mind could be relieved, his ultimate recovery, of which, as it was, they entertained but slight hope, would be materially retarded. So they assisted Miller's efforts to understand the patient, while he, grown wildly eager to acquire unnatural strength, he raised himself in the bed, and wrote in the air with his finger.

"Give me a pen," said Miller; "he may be able to make some character that will guide me." The sick man's eyes brightened, and he clutched the pen filled with ink which was placed in his hand, not holding it in the customary way, but winding all his fingers about it as one who had never held a pen before might do. The physician supported him, and the lawyer assisted his hand as it moved feebly over the paper. Great scrawls letters appeared and only the words "send for" could be deciphered. In vain Miller tried to construe some name out of the succeeding strange, trembling, twisted characters; he could make nothing of them, and, with a great hopeless sigh, Phillips fell back on his pillow and turned his face to the wall. But the lawyer would not give up; he thought of Phillips' friends, and conceived the idea of repeating the names of each in turn. As if the patient understood the object of the speech at the sound of the first name, he turned to him, and his whole face brightened. But he shook his head—shook it when Tillotson and many more names were mentioned, and the lawyer's list was almost exhausted, and the poor sufferer's eyes, fastened on the lawyer's face, were more painfully eager. As a forlorn hope, he thought of one name—the name of a man who was formerly Phillips' business executor. He mentioned it. There was a cry from the patient, a great glad cry, as if the shock had given power to his paralyzed tongue. He repeated twice: "Send for him."

And then he relapsed into utter unconsciousness, while a messenger was dispatched for the man named. Mrs. Phillips was still heavily slumbering, with faithful Jennie watching by her bedside,—too heavily slumbering to dream even of the dread and exciting events which must forever mark that day in her life. The evening came, and still she slept, while Jennie listened to the unusual sounds which suddenly reached her from below. Every-thing had been so quiet, but now there was the opening and shutting

of doors, and the sound of many low feet hurrying through the marble hall. She started up to hear more distinctly; at that moment her mistress awoke. For an instant she gazed about her in a bewildered way, then her eyes fell on the broken chain that still clung from the ruffle of her dress, and raising her hand she felt the unaccustomed pressure of her wedding ring. It all came back. "Oh, that I were dead!"

She turned her face to the pillow, and the couch shook from her sobs. Jennie wept in sympathy, but through her tears attempted to comfort her mistress. There was a hurried knock at the door; it was a servant sent to summon Mrs. Phillips to her husband. She rose, motioning away the woman who would have assisted her, and, waiting only to wrap about her the shawl that had been put over while she slept, she descended to her husband. Miller met her at the door and led her gently in. There seemed to be a group that stood aside to make a respectful way for her, but a group that at the same time seemed to make some strange signal to Miller. He stopped short on perceiving it, and gave a terrified look at the little figure by his side. Then he bent to her, and said, softly: "Your husband is dead, Mrs. Phillips."

"Dead?" she repeated, looking at him, and then she looked at the group of men a step beyond, repeating again, in a vague way, "Dead?" Not a heart there save one, but ached for her; she was so young, so fair, and she seemed so stunned by this great blow. One of the doctors, fearing serious consequences, hastened to her, but she seemed to be calm, and going forward of her own accord, she stood by the great state bed on which reposed the lifeless remains of her husband. Neither death, nor the passions that had so torn his soul prior to the dread visitation, had left one unsightly trace on his handsome features; he looked as calm as though he were but lightly slumbering. And she, his wife, who stood looking down at him with hands locked so tightly together that the nails seemed to be cutting into the flesh, of what were her thoughts? Of him whose death lay at her door? No; but of Gerald Thurston, and with a gasping cry she threw herself forward, and fainted on the corpse.

CHAPTER XIV Mrs. Phillips was borne to her room, and the physicians who had sought to relieve her husband now directed their efforts to her restoration. Miller was indignant at this, and expected any of them to be in the hand of that gentleman before a late hour the next day. And as he wrote, another man, small in stature and nervous in movement, but with a keen intelligent face, was pacing the room. He seemed impatiently waiting for an opportunity to speak, and as soon as the last word of the dispatch was penned, he began with nervous eagerness: "You refuse to believe then, what I have told you, in spite of all that you yourself have told me of Phillips' extraordinary efforts to make you comprehend that he wished to see me; in spite of what I have told you of his private communication to me when I came; and in spite also of the statement of both physicians who were hurriedly summoned to be witnesses of his last desires?"

"Understand me," replied Miller; "I believe it all, but only as the vagary of a man stricken down suddenly as he was; his power of speech, regained so singularly the moment he saw you, his desire to speak privately to you, and his singular loss of speech again when you summoned the physicians to bear witness to his last wish, all only confirm me in the opinion that the man's mind was wrought upon by his disease. Even the doctors themselves lean more or less to that opinion, and, content the will on what grounds you choose, you certainly will be defeated."

"Nevertheless, I shall contest it for the sake of right and justice." "And what of Mrs. Phillips? She is so young, and poor, I believe, as regards any fortune of her own, and utterly without friends, so far as I can learn, except the Tillotsons." Miller's face bore testimony to his sympathy. "The other man seemed neither to feel nor to approve of the sympathy." "Mrs. Phillips?" he repeated, in a tone of disgust; "but enough of her until the case is prepared." An answer came at last to Miller's telegrams, an answer from Tillotson, empowering and begging the lawyer to assume full charge, and to do everything that his judgment dictated as neither he nor Mrs. Tillotson could leave the bedside of their daughters, on one of whom the effect of the accident, thought to be so slight at first, now threatened to prove very serious. Regarding Mrs. Phillips, she was left to her own choice, either to join the Tillotsons, return to Eastbury, or continue in her present home. Mrs. Phillips, however, was too ill to be consulted upon any matter. The physicians said she was threatened with brain fever, and urged that every arrangement for the funeral be made in the quietest manner, that no undue excitement in the house might reach her, to arouse her to a remembrance of her recent terrible shock. So the still form below stairs was laid quietly away without even an opening look from her who had been so

faithless to the living, and who was now so insensible to the dead. Brain fever, however, did not ensue, and a week after her husband's funeral Mrs. Phillips was sufficiently recovered to reason in her own way upon the eventual turns which her life had taken. The husband whom she had not loved was quietly in his grave, his vast fortune her own,—had she not an assurance on the day of her wedding that this herself was as free as ever to love Gerald. But would Gerald continue to love her when he knew what had happened? Would all the wealth with which she intended to enrich him cover in his eyes what she had done,—he who had such love for truth and honor? Her white cheeks became whiter still, and her head began to throb. She loved him more passionately than she had ever done, and she would gladly have yielded all her worldly acquisitions, and it may be added, ill-gotten wealth, to be again fortuneless Helen Brewer. Her maid entered with letters for her; she grasped them tremblingly, giving a little glad cry when she recognized Gerald's penmanship in the superscription of one; it had been so long since a letter came from him.

He could not on illness, she was being so weak from illness, she was permitted to sit up only a brief while each day. He would not tell her until they met what had been the cause of his illness. "But oh, Helen!" the letter ran, "sharper than all my bodily suffering is the thought that you have not written to me once during my illness. Mrs. Birchall said no letters came for me. If you affection for me was such as mine is for you, my very silence during all these weeks would have brought you to me. You know that I would not be silent unless my fingers were rendered powerless by sickness or death. But perhaps you too were ill, my darling; I cannot believe that anything else would keep you silent. But come to me now, Helen; my soul is crying for you. Come home!"

She sobbed over the letter, much to her maid's surprise, and yet much also to her delight, for she felt that her young mistress would be relieved by this outburst of emotion. Her mistress wanting to be alone, bade her leave the room for a little; then she kissed the letter, and put it into her bosom, where Gerald's picture used to repose. "Yes, I will go to him," she said; "go to him at once, before he learns from any lips but mine what has happened, and when he knows how I was fascinated into that marriage, and how true my heart was to him all the time, he will forgive me. But why need I tell him until after our marriage? Since he has not learned it yet, if I am very careful not to reveal it myself, he need not know until then, and of course he will be as eager for our marriage when we meet as he was when we parted. But Barbara Balk; what if she already knows, or if she should learn about it?"

Her eyes fell on the other letter lying in her lap. She opened it; it was an indignant misgiving from Barbara. What did Helen mean by omitting her accustomed letter? Only for her promise not to tell Miss Brewer for a year, she would have presented herself at the house of the Tillotsons before now. "Perhaps you will say you were sick," the letter continued; "but an illness made up to free you from any engagement to me shall recoil with such force upon your own head that you'll wish you were in your coffin sooner!"

Mrs. Phillips ground her teeth with suppressed rage. But, after all, the letter assured her of Miss Balk's ignorance of her marriage, and she was confident now of being able, if she returned immediately to Eastbury, to preserve secrecy on that subject until after her marriage to Gerald. Phillips' dead face as she had seen it the first and only time rose before her as if in hastily censure, and she shuddered visibly. In an instant, however, she had forced it back, mentally congratulating herself that she had only seen him once after his death. Did she feel that her conscience was charged with his death? Did she attribute his spasms to the shock which the discovery of her duplicity had given him? If she did, it was overpowered by her thankfulness to the fate which had made her free to wed Gerald Thurston, and she drew forward her writing materials and penned to Gerald a letter of most passionate attachment. Of course she told him of her illness, dwelling upon it in the pathetic fashion which she knew would touch his heart, and ascribing to it her long silence, though at the same time telling him of the letters which she had previously written, and to which she had received no answer. She had not thought him ill, because in that case she supposed Miss Balk would have mentioned it; she did not tell him how innocent of his name were her letters to Miss Balk. And then she assured him of her speedy return; within the week she would be in Eastbury.

To Miss Balk also, she penned an epistle detailing her illness, and promising a speedy return, in anticipation of which she wished Barbara to have the little country house that had been their home somewhat renovated. But Mrs. Phillips was not to return to Eastbury as speedily as she wished to do. Miller, on being informed of her determination, told her of some details of business necessary to be settled before she could be put into

possession of any of the vast fortune left to her by her husband, and of the necessity of her presence in order to effect such a settlement; consequently, he advised a postponement of her return to Eastbury for the present. She knew too little of business to wonder at such a statement, and she felt too confident of her husband's arrangements in her behalf to feel the slightest alarm or doubt. She did not even divine from Mr. Miller's somewhat hesitating and uncertain manner that he was seeking to conceal from her the actual truth. Being a tender-hearted man and an affectionate father, the lawyer could not bear yet to distress Mrs. Phillips with the fact that her husband's will was about to be contested, and that she herself would have to appear in court. He suggested that some of her Eastbury friends be summoned to bear her company; but she shook her head in an aimless way, assuring him that none of them could come; then he advised the presence of some of the women friends of the Tillotsons, with whom Helen had become quite well acquainted during her stay in the city; but again Mrs. Phillips shook her head, and said that she could not bear the thought of any companion just yet. She was sufficiently cared for by her maid and the housekeeper, and indeed, all the servants had shown an unexpected solicitude for her.

"This she said with so touching and pretty an air, looking up into the lawyer's face with all the artlessness of a confiding child, that he was more bound to her cause than ever, and more desirous of sparing her pain or annoyance. The lawyer left her, and she wrote again to Gerald and Barbara. Her ready wit easily found an excuse for her unexpected detention in the accident to the Tillotson girls which had called their parents so hastily away; their hurried departure made it necessary for her to postpone her own going for the present. She was glad that she had not mentioned the accident in her last letter, for she could turn it to such good account now by pretending that it was of extremely recent date.

TO BE CONTINUED DOROTHEA She stood under the flickering shadows of the vine-wreathed porch holding the letter in a frail little hand that trembled with excitement. Two, three times—she re-read—the shaken lines, before she could quite compass their full meaning, then letting the crutch on which she had been leaning slip from her arms, she sank down upon the bench behind her, breathless, bewildered—a light like that of a new day dawn kindling her pale young face. A thousand dollars! The check was in her grasp, a thousand dollars left to her by her old grandmother to "go and be cured." For this eighteen year old Dorothea had been a cripple from early childhood, hurt in a rough game with her sturdy young brother. They had been the motherless children of a dreamy, studious father who, anxious to give his helpless little girl a woman's care had married again, a plain, practical wife—altogether different from the "first love" who had closed her sweet eyes when Dorothea—the "gift of God"—as with her dying breath she named her babe, was born. The second Mrs. Foster was kind and wise according to her lights, but other children had come claiming her mother's care, the family income was scarcely large enough for their growing needs. Harold, the older son, had gone forth unprepared to make his own living. Dorothea was opening like a day lily into waxen bloom, amid shadows which she accepted unquestioningly. Her father had done his best for her, with the limited means within his reach. There was hope for her, he had been told, but it would mean long months of treatment under the care of a distinguished surgeon in a distant city at a cost he had never been able to afford. And now—now—"I would have sent it to you long ago," ran the old grandmother's shaking lines, "but it would have put me in the poorhouse, child. Now—now—little Dorothea, gift of God, take it, go and be cured."

"Go and be cured!"—a strange thrill went through the girl's slender frame. Be cured. It was something of which she had never dreamed, for which she had never hoped. The pale young face, delicate in feature and that of her beautiful young mother, had settled into a sweet patient peace, the violet eyes were deep and shadowy as unclouded pools, the lips had pathos even in their smile. Life had stretched a dull, dim twilight way before Dorothea, and she was learning to tread it with gaze uplifted to the stars; but now—oh, what would her father, mother, sisters—oh, above all, what would Harold—Harold, the nearest and dearest to her loving young heart—say to this? The house was silent. All had gone off on a picnic to the hillside that Dorothea could not climb, but her best, truest, wisest friend was not far. Dear old Father Fabian, how he would rejoice with her at this wonderful news. How he would thank God. She must go tell Father Fabian at once. She caught up the crutches on which she had learned to move swiftly and lightly, and sped away down the shaded road to the little village church of which Father

Fabian's small three roomed rectory formed a wing. He was seated at his door, under the shade of a great oak that towered his little homp, an old man, who after long years of toil in God's vineyard, had been sent to St. Anne's to rest. "Ah, my little bird," he said looking up with a smile, as Dorothea swung up the path. "You seem to fly faster each day. You will outreach us all on your wings." But she flung them down with a sudden impatience and dropped on the bench at his side. "Oh, Father, no, no,—I will be soon done with them forever, forever. I have had such news, such wonderful news. My dear old godmother, Madame Meredith, has left me money, a thousand dollars, Father, to go and be cured—be cured!" The words came breathlessly Dorothea's pale cheeks were flushed, the violet eyes shining.

Father Fabian looked at his little bird in bewilderment. "To be cured, Dorothea, can you be cured, my child?" "Oh yes, yes, the doctor said so long ago, only it would cost so much—never would have had it I knew. Now—now—oh Father, I can scarcely believe it. To think of being straight and well, of walking, riding, dancing, doing like other girls, or living—Father Fabian—living my own life!" "Living your own life," repeated the old priest softly.

"Oh, yes, yes—you know how it has been Father. I have been so weak and helpless—so—so shut in." Dorothea drew a long breath as of one choking for air—"I could do nothing for myself—nothing for anyone." "How about the sewing—and the teaching and the singing in the church?" asked Father Fabian smiling. "How about helping mother with the little ones—and the altar linen, and the altar lace those busy little fingers fashion so deftly. How about your first Communion class, Dorothea?" "Oh, Father, you are so good to count little things like these—but I am weak, helpless, worthless, as you know—I would have been a burden all my life; a burden to father, mother, Harold, everyone. Now—now I will be free, free and strong to go where I please, to work for a place in life all my own. Poor crippled thing I am now—even the nuns wouldn't take me in the convent, as you know, Father."

"Perhaps not," said Father Fabian gently, "and yet, yet—our Lord has His cloister for such little broken-winged birds, Dorothea. He teaches them to fly in a way all His own. And I have thought—" the old priest looked at the flushed, eager young face for a moment, and left his thought unspoken. "But since He has sent you this great blessing, dear child, we must accept it with grateful heart. Let us go into the church and make a thanksgiving. And, rising, Father Fabian led the way through the little sacristy into the church, where they knelt together before the altar that had been this little broken-winged bird's sweetest care. With the younger sister's help she had kept the vases filled, the candles trimmed and the snowy linen spotless. Every morning had found her kneeling there with a radiance on the pale, pure face that was not of earth. But today—today it was a flushed, eager, restless Dorothea that bent for a while in distracted prayer, then rose hurriedly to go. Ah! the gates of Life and Love were swinging open for the child, thought Father Fabian with a little sigh for the past, but wise shepherd of souls that he was, he gave no voice to his faint regret at the coming change. Dorothea had seemed to his dim old eyes so lifted from earth on those broken wings—so fitted for heavenly flight. "But after all," he thought, sinking back in his armchair—"after all, the good God knows best."

Still flushed and eager and breathless, her young heart in a flutter such as its sweet peace had never known, Dorothea sped on her homeward way. In her haste she took the short cut through a bit of pine woods in whose boggy steps lurked the little stream that had been the scene of her accident more than a dozen years ago. Harold, five years her senior, had leaped it in his boyish strength, and then called her to follow him. She had fallen—a pitiful broken little thing, in a piteous plea of that far-off day when Harold had caught her up, hurt and helpless, in his strong young arms. "Oh, it was my fault, it was my fault!" he had cried remorsefully—"but, oh Dolly, don't tell—don't tell—" And in all the years of pain that followed—she never did.

Dear Harold—despite that little strain that even loyal Dorothea knew was not altogether brave and fearless—there was no one like Harold in all the wide world. How glad he would be to hear of this wonderful good fortune. And now—now, perhaps in a little while, she would be able to go with him into the wide great world of which he told and wrote her; to share his pleasures, his joys, his struggles, perhaps—for the old nest was over-crowded with the new brood—to make for him and for herself a home all their own—a home where the cares would not be so dull, so constant, for it must be confessed the second Mrs. Foster, good woman that she was, had under the pressure of the years grown humdrum and exacting.

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But a home with Harold! hand- some, joyous, loving Harold—the very thought made Dorothea's fluttering heart give a glad leap, quickened her homeward flight. She was crossing the bridge, lightly as the winged thing Father Fabian had called her—when she caught a sound in the pine thicket beside her—"Dorothea"—someone was calling in a strange whisper—"Dorothea, wait—wait—I must speak to you."

"Harold!" she gasped—for it was her brother who stood there half hidden in the shadows—"Harold, oh dear, dear Harold"—she paused suddenly in her glad greeting, silenced by a strange fright. For this pale, wild-eyed, white-lipped man covering in the shadow was not the Harold she had known. "Hush," he said hoarsely, fixing his arms about her and drawing her back from the road. "For God's sake, hush, Dorothea. No one must see me—no one must know I am here."

"No one must know you are here?" she repeated in bewilderment.

"I am in trouble," he went on in a shaking voice, "desperate trouble, Dorothea. Tomorrow—tomorrow it will be all known. I must escape somewhere tonight."

"Escape, Harold!" she was looking at him in terror now; surely he was fevered—crazed. "Oh, you are ill, dear; you don't know what you are saying—come home and let me take care of you."

"My God, no—Dorothea—no, you don't understand. The police will be on my track in twenty-four hours."

"The police? Harold!" she found voice to echo.

"Yes, yes—I have been reckless, mad enough to borrow, to use, to spend money not—my own. I lost my heart, my head to a girl, the sweetest, loveliest girl in all the world. I had to keep up with others around her, men with money to spare, spend. Flowers, carriages, opera—all that sort of thing. Oh, you can't understand, Dorothea—in your poor, little, narrow life, you cannot understand!"

"Tell me, Harold," she clung to him, her soft eyes widening with growing horror—"tell me all, dear, tell me all."

"It's the old, old story—love, madness—ruin, Dorothea," he went on bitterly. "Little by little—oh, it seemed too little to count at first I took the money, thinking to put it back the next day, the next week, the next month, until the sum grew and grew. I had to alter my books, falsify my accounts. They, the firm, do not suspect me as yet—they have trusted me entirely, but to-morrow, to-morrow there is to be a yearly reckoning, an expert accountant who will discover all. I will be shamed, disgraced. And Muriel! oh God, Muriel! the girl I love, who loved me, will be lost, lost to me forever. Dorothea! I took this," he showed the gleam of a deadly thing in his breast pocket—"and thought to end it here, in these woods, where you would all find me and be pitiful—but the sight of the bridge—the brook where you fell, and never told—brought back all the dear past, and I dared not, I dared not send my sin-stained soul before its God. And I saw you coming, my dear little sister, your whom I could trust always," his voice broke in a hoarse sob.

"Always, always, Harold," she echoed. Ah, she was understanding now, his little broken-winged Dorothea—understanding with all her woman's mind, and heart, and soul.

Past, present, future, were illumined by the glow of sacrificial fire flaming up in Dorothea's breast.

Ah! the gates of Life and Love might close upon her—but there was hope for Harold yet.

"How much more was it that—that you lost, Harold?" she asked.

"That I stole, you mean," he corrected harshly. "That's what the law will call it, Dorothea. Enough to put me in jail to-morrow, if I am not off to-night."

"How much?" she persisted gently.

"More—more than a thousand dollars Harold—more?"

"Not any more," he answered grimly, but nearly as much. A thousand dollars would secure everything. Set me right with the world—save me. A thousand dollars! My God! I would sell my soul for a thousand dollars to-night. But there is no place I can turn for it, either on earth or in hell."

"Oh, Harold, hush—hush; do not say such wicked, wicked words. For it is here for you Harold. Godmother has left it to me. Here is the thousand dollars that will save you, give you back your honor, your name—life, love—here, Harold, in your little sister's hand. Take it, Harold, only dear old Father Fabian knows that I got the letter an hour ago. We will never tell, Harold, never tell." And again—Dorothea never told. There was no one to question, for the legacy had been sent by Madame Meredith's lawyer from a distant town.

Harold was saved to life, love, to Muriel—whom he had married with, in a year.

And Dorothea has kept her wings. Paler, sweeter, purer-eyed than ever she moves in her shadowed way, that had been broken by one brief hour of golden light—blessing, cheering helping all around her; filling the altar vases, trimming the altar tapers, keeping in full glow the sanctuary light. No class so perfect in catholicism as that which dear, lame Miss Dorothea teaches, no little white-robed first communicants have such angelic fervor as those she leads with broken wings.

Only Father Fabian wisely, tenderly guiding their upward flight, knows and understands all.—Mary T. Waggonman, in Sursum Corda.

CROSS CURRENTS AT VERSAILLES

The Germans have come to Versailles, but at this time, opinion is about equally divided as to whether the convention, if signed, will assure to humanity the blessings of peace: the preponderance of opinion is in the unfavorable sense. Those who assume that the convention will be signed and that peace will ensue go upon the assumption that, through chances known to diplomacy, the attitude of Germany has already been learned, and that the statesmen assembled at Paris, though they may have had many difficulties to overcome, have dealt with all of them with a view to both the immediate and ultimate results. Those who hold to the contrary believe that there was the possibility of real peace in adherence to the letter of President Wilson's fourteen points and to the spirit of his speeches; in every deviation from the terms laid down by the League of Nations proposals, there is hidden away a temptation, a resort to which peace can at all times be preserved. The fact remains that those who came here thinking the world would be started off on an assured footing of peace are very downhearted. One hears plenty of talk of new possibilities of war, but rarely, any more, anything about lasting peace. It may be not without interest to note certain features of the existing situation, as indications of what these Europeans have in mind.

To begin with France: one might have thought that the French would be satisfied with the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. Far from it. Encouraged by the success of the propaganda carried on during so many years with that object in view, they have now embarked upon a new design. They want the left bank of the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France. They go back to the authority of their kings. Their thoughts range from the Roman to the Napoleonic Empire. They actually had possession of the left bank as far north as the Duet boundary in the time of the Revolution, and now they propose to get it all again. They had then possession of Spire, Mayence, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Crevelt, Cleves. When they were in that situation they felt that the ancient boundary had been restored, that Gaul was as the Romans found and left it. The Treaty of Paris and the Treaty of Vienna robbed them of their birthright. They want it back. They do not know when it will come, they are willing to wait, but this is the time they choose for beginning the agitation. If they could have induced the Peace Conference to give it they would have been very happy. Since that was not to be, they will prepare for the next peace conference, and in the meantime they count upon the influence of a long occupation of the coveted territory by French armies, and the enforced absence of German military effort in the region.

The realization of such a project would serve to isolate Luxembourg from Germany. It would be convenient, therefore, for Luxembourg to be French too. That is why, when it was suggested that Luxembourg might now be added to Belgium, the French people, essentially French, started an agitation for Luxembourg republic. The calculation is that if the propitious moment should come it would be easier to arrange for the incorporation into France of a friendly Luxembourg State than to detach the territory from Belgium and add it to France. As to how all this will come about, the French people, generally supposed to be the most peace-loving people in the world, are more interested in the new national ideal than in the subject, as it is undoubtedly the most profusely documented, is "La France sur le Rhin," by Franz Funck-Brentano, a most distinguished writer on modern history, which carries a sympathetic preface by Marie Curie of the *Academie Française*, who is devoting his own pen to the same cause in the pages of the *Echo de Paris*, generally supposed to be the accredited organ of the army. M. Funck-Brentano dedicates the book to the memory of his two sons and his son-in-law, killed in this War. Book, preface and dedication taken together constitute a rather startling indication of the spirit in which France approaches the one which in thought, a few months ago, was to witness the reign of peace.

In Italy there are other signs. For instance, there is the business

about Fiume. Trieste was the port of Austria, Fiume was the port of Hungary, the Imperial Government which recently ceased to function gave the benefit of its favor to Trieste. The excellent Austrian mercantile fleet operating in the Adriatic and the Aegean had its headquarters there. It was the *entrepot* for central Europe. Fiume could serve the same purpose, and the Hungarians wanted apart in their territory. A famous English steamship line, eager for emigrant and other business, thought well of the Hungarian patriotic ideal, and not being welcome to the home of its rivals in Trieste, acquired extensive harbor facilities at Fiume. As a prize of war Trieste falls to Italy, which foresees a return to the era of glory when Venice, before the days of railways and modern docks, was the meeting point of trade between Europe and the East. Italy wants Fiume too for the excellent reason that Fiume might rival and even outstrip Trieste. If Italy had both she could expand both, or expand Trieste and stagnate Fiume. If the new Serb kingdom were to get Fiume, two things would happen. Italy's trade prestige would suffer. Italy's trade importance would be so considerably increased, and her political importance with it, that Italy might have to say goodbye to her ambitious projects for domination and exploitation in the Balkans. On the other hand, one can see that the English steamship company might not look with too friendly eyes upon a condition in which the fate of Fiume was wholly in the hands of an Italian Government disposed to favor Trieste and to build up business for an Italian merchant fleet. With this prospect of Italian and British rivalry for the carrying trade of Europe and the East (and West) via the Adriatic, the present outbreak of anger against England in the Italian press is not incompensable.

Again, for all the fine homilies that are spoken in Paris about a Latin union, the tendency in Italy is to draw away from France. There is rivalry between them in the Mediterranean. Italy desires to increase in industrial effort and must have coal to do so. France has none to spare, English coal comes in at too high a price. The Tedeseti (Austrians) between whom and the Italians there was mutual hate, are now out of Italian hands, and they or their German neighbors have cheap coal to sell and much business to do with Italy, whereas there is much less to be looked for between Italy and France. In addition, the Italians know, or believe, which comes to the same thing, that the French manifest towards them a contempt whose wounds strike deep. They do not expect from the French any help against the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes, towards whom their hatred has now been directed. The temper of Italy, and her outlook upon the future, may be inferred from a plan of which I have heard here in Paris. If Fiume does not go to Italy, the Italians will sign the treaty nevertheless, but a volunteer expedition will some day take possession of the port and, in presence of the accomplished fact, Italy will assume the responsibility of caring for the Italian population of the city. Italian diplomacy, which is very clear-sighted, will have arranged for the permanence of this accidental deliverance. Is it any wonder that engineers are looking carefully over other sites which might be suitable for English ships and for the development of Serbo-Croatian trade with Austria and Hungary? Naturally, the support Italy must have in such a crisis would be arranged for outside the Powers now meeting in Paris.

From Manchester also, or perhaps rather from London, comes the first note of declared antagonism to the Japanese. It seems, has made hay in the East, where the rain of blood was falling in the West, and China is at her mercy. Japan's grip must be broken. China must be preserved. With some gift of imagination and a knowledge of history one can see in this the germ of one of those high moral issues which, as experience proves, are evolved from hard logic, expressed with lyric feeling, related with increasing vehemence, become, in every nation, the passion and end in itself. For the people and end in itself. For the people of France, it is better that such wars should be waged by others, a result which British diplomacy has been able in most instances to procure. But war anyhow and the definite removal of the obstacles. That Americans have been arrested by the Japanese in Seoul and that Americans and Japanese are at grips in Tien-Tsin are facts which have a bearing on the case, although as far as America is concerned, the foremost ones in Paris are more interested in the plans for a big American navy and a great American merchant marine with consequent irritation in England. As for the Japanese, the feeling is that they are in the Peace Conference but not of it. They listen admiringly, observe keenly and speak just enough to serve as a reminder of their presence, and of their remoteness.

The third sign of trouble comes from Manchester. France may say what she will about the left bank of the Rhine, the Saar coalfields and the need of relieving her own financial necessities by a perennial drain upon the resources of Germany. Manchester has a higher respect for France than in the Fascoda days, or even in 1870, but the factories of England, without whose operation the teeming population cannot be sustained, require the re-opening of the trade with Germany and of the trade with Russia, which seems to

depend upon Germany. Lord Robert Cecil has gone home to London from Paris with the message that Europe is bankrupt. Bankrupts are not rated high in Manchester as business clients, and for England, business is life, not by way of preference but as of necessity. When, therefore, they protest in Paris that economic and financial conditions are in a parlous state in France, that France has borrowed outside for War-expenditures there is now no expectation of getting from Germany, that the interior borrowings have resulted in paper issues by the Bank of France so much in excess of bullion security as greatly to depress the currency, that the annual budget must be, for a while, a sum equal to two-thirds of the whole earnings of the people, Manchester's attitude is what a Manchester house's attitude would be towards any insolvent seeking for an extension of credit. The idea of saving one such customer by deliberately reducing the purchasing capacity of another does not enter the Manchester man's head. A peace which will start the wheels in Birmingham, the spindles in Oldham and the looms in Bradford, is his idea of a "clean peace." Such a peace may not be popular in Paris, but it was well enough regarded in Hull to elect a 10,000 Government majority and return an opponent of Lloyd George. That gentleman is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of such arguments, however exalted may be his admiration for Clemenceau.

Thus variously minded, France, Italy, England and Japan are not pledged their several faiths to Mr. Wilson that they will, if and when unanimous, preserve the peace of the world, and more especially of that part of it which is to consist of a series of weak States to be gently interposed between the upper millstone of Germany and the nether millstone of Russia. If they should happen not to be unanimous, well, the provisions are not very clear, and one guess might be as good as another. Meantime, the Russian position invites separate consideration, even though it has a bearing upon the problems of each of the other contestants.—J. C. Walsh, Staff Correspondent of America at the Peace Conference.

CHURCH POINTS THE WAY

Reconstruction is the potent watchword of the day. There is indeed great need of readjusting ourselves to new and startling conditions. Industry has been transformed by the needs of war. Millions of men have been taken from their places in national life and transported overseas. Thousands are now returning. Some are maimed or shattered in health. All these men must be readjusted to become self-supporting and contented. The emergency workers who were drafted to make actual the huge manufacturing output of war times have their claims. Even from an industrial point of view the problem is stupendous.

One marked resultant of the forces that have shaken the nation is uncertainty. Humanity is still suffering from shellshock. On one side there is exaggerated anxiety, and, on the other, unwarranted confidence. Death and wounds have left their marks everywhere on our people. Prophecy of disorder and preachers of impossible social theories declaim on every street corner, and find ready hearers in the disturbed state of the public mind.

To re-establish sound thinking and clear vision, to accomplish successfully these manifold readjustments, great courage, perseverance and optimism are demanded. In a way, the problem is not less serious than that of war from which we are emerging. But even with all the steadfast qualities that characterize the American people, something more is needed. Reconstruction is really a psychological task.

It is often remarked that in times of peace and settled conditions certain elements of the population dispart with religion or at least are satisfied with some vague sentiment like the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In periods of stress and danger the unstable character of this nebulous religiosity becomes manifest.

The Church amply meets the extraordinary calls from stricken human nature. The Catholic chaplains and Knights of Columbus workers tell of the wonderful strength and courage that prayer and the Sacraments brought to our soldiers on the fields of modern war and in the trenches. The Church in the person of her priests was with our Catholic soldiers in every extremity.

Likewise it is to the Church that society must look today when faced by great problems of readjustment. She is the great force for reconstruction to be relied upon in every difficulty. The advocates of social millenniums are attempting to establish a solution of human difficulties and injustices. The task is vain and impossible. The life after death is the key and the explanation of this existence. Men and women learn that there is no earthly millennium, and that in the truth that Christ has revealed, and the grace that His Church holds out to mankind, is the never-failing foundation of human hope.

The Church enables men and women to make this life successful, enables them to bear the trials that must come with fitting fortitude and reliance on God. Divine grace gives mankind the persevering strength to triumph over discouragement, accept

necessary ills with Christian patience and work on to that reconstruction that will come in God's own time through the power of religion.—Boston Pilot.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919

THE PROPOSED CANADIAN DIVORCE LAW

W. F. Nickle, M. P. for Kingston, has introduced a bill into the House of Commons which calls for the abandonment of the present system of granting divorces by Act of Parliament and for the extension to the law courts of jurisdiction to try divorce cases. The proposed measure provides that the "Exchequer Court of Canada shall have jurisdiction throughout Canada where either of the parties is domiciled in Canada, and the Superior Court of each province shall have jurisdiction within the province where either of the parties is domiciled in such province, over all matters relating to marriage and divorce, and may declare any marriage dissolved for adultery or bigamy."

Hitherto there has been no provincial divorce courts in Canada, if we except those of British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces. Thus, persons residing in Ontario, Manitoba or provinces other than those excepted above, in order to obtain a divorce have had to apply for an Act of Parliament to obtain the legal dissolution of the marriage tie. The desired act is granted or refused upon the recommendation of a special committee of senators named for the purpose of considering such cases. The difficulty of obtaining a Canadian divorce, owing to the costly character of this method of procedure, has brought forth many objections from would-be patrons of the "Divorce Bill," the result of which is the proposed Nickle Divorce Bill.

The mind of the Catholic Church on this matter is indeed well known, for, true to the obvious teaching of her Divine Founder, she refuses to allow man to put asunder what God has joined together. Steadfastly, then, is she opposed to any measure which will tend to foster in any way, shape or form, the hideous social evil of divorce which is gnawing at the very vitals of those nations where the laying of violent hands on the sacred institution of matrimony prevails.

To the sixteenth century reformers this evil may be traced, for it was they who first taught Christians that matrimony is not a sacrament. To them is due the reintroduction of the pagan custom of divorce or successive polygamy, reprobated by Christ and His Church.

The absolute prohibition of divorce or the dissolution of the marriage bond with the right to marry another rests upon the express words of Jesus Christ and His Apostle St. Paul who has written of this matter in his epistles. To the question of the Pharisees, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Our Lord answered, "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Nothing can be more evident than that Our Lord's intention was to make marriage what it had been from the beginning and to abolish every modification of the divine institution, which had hitherto been tolerated. Thus, when the Pharisees objected further that Our Lord's universal prohibition was too severe and stricter even than the law of Moses, which tolerated divorce for certain grave reasons, His answer was "Moses by reason of the hardness of your heart, permitted you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so." After Our Lord had uttered the words quoted above He added, "and I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth

adultery: and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." (Matt. xix 9.)

Upon this single passage of the New Testament, "except it be for fornication," Protestants erect their doctrine on divorce. In reply we would remind them that in fixing their attention on one part of the text they have forgotten another. The last clause brings the text more clearly into harmony with the manifest intention of Our Lord to abolish all absolute divorce. "And he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery." Why "committeth adultery," unless the one put away is still the wife of the one who has put her away? Even when, as the text states, there is a just reason, as in the case of fornication, for separation or dismissing one's wife, the marriage is not thereby dissolved.

Our Lord's meaning would then be expressed by the following phrase of the verse: "Whosoever shall put away his wife (though a man may be permitted to put away his wife, that is to separate from her, on account of fornication, without, however, remarrying), and shall marry another committeth adultery, because she is still the wife of another."

St. Paul inculcates the law of Christian marriage without any mention of exceptions: "The woman that hath a husband whilst her husband liveth is bound to the law. But if her husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore whilst her husband liveth she shall be called an adulteress if she be with another man." (Rom. vii. 23.) To the Corinthians he wrote, (Chapter vii. 10, 11): "But to them that are married, not I but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband."

With horror then does the Church view any measure which may tend to facilitate the pagan practise of divorce. What havoc has not the violation of the sacred marriage bond wrought in society? What sin and disorder have not followed in the wake of divorce, wherever it is permitted? Absolute divorce which was sought at first, for more or less serious, though insufficient reasons, has so utterly degenerated that today a discontented wife or husband can get a divorce in many places almost for the asking.

Any relaxation of Canadian divorce laws will be an extremely dangerous experiment and something against which those who have the interests of their country at heart should strive. Let anyone should imagine that the divorce law as proposed will not do much harm, let him bear in mind that it is a step in the wrong direction which undoubtedly will be followed by others of a like nature, until, as a member of parliament recently expressed it, we become thoroughly Americanized in that respect.

How sublime are the laws and teachings of Our Lord regarding matrimony, which is sacred enough to have been made the symbol of the union between Christ and His Church. Christian marriage is the strongest pledge for that social permanence without which there is nothing but anarchy and perpetual unrest. History confirms this statement for it teaches that all superior civilization have developed towards monogamy. Now divorce is not monogamy, it is successive polygamy.

Statistics show that where divorce exists, the number of criminals, lunatics and suicides is tenfold amongst divorced persons. It debases the finer traits of heart and mind. Are we in Canada going, then, to base our social order upon the supposed needs of possible degenerates and take the abnormally low as our standard? Some may call this progress, but retrogression would best describe it.

Let us quote a few lines from a French author, Paul Bourget, whose utterances on the subject deserve more than passing note: "Though it is but twenty years since that detestable law of divorce was passed if you only knew how many tragedies I have seen it produce already, into what catastrophes households have been plunged through their failure to discern the truth, which is stamped on every conscience, that liberty contrary to the laws of nature engenders servitude, neglected duty entails misfortune. I have seen fratricidal hatreds between the children of the first and second marriage; fathers and mothers judged and condemned by their sons and daughters; here deadly antagonism between step-father and stepson, there between

second wife and the husband's daughter. Again, hideous struggles between the first husband and his former wife over their children's sick bed. Nor have I mentioned the ever-recurring bitterness, against the ill-will, open or disguised, hypocritical or sincere, it does not matter which, of a world which, after all, retains intact its respect for Christian marriage."

It may be objected that often in particular cases the application of this law of Christ is hard. Nevertheless it does not preclude separation from bed and board for just reasons, such as adultery, cruelty, etc., without, however, granting the liberty of re-marrying. We do not deny that it is indeed hard to say to a young woman who has contracted an unhappy marriage, that she can never marry again as long as her husband lives. But the law of Christ is clear. Moreover, history is the witness that the individual ought to yield to the higher interests of religion and society, which are materially injured by the permission of divorce.

The author quoted above illustrates this point by an example: "A ship has arrived at a port, where a passenger wishes to land. It is of the highest importance for him; he wants, for instance, to see a dying father or to take part in a lawsuit upon which depends the welfare of his family. But a case of plague has broken out upon the ship and the authorities have forbidden that any passengers come ashore for fear of contagion. Would it be just, would it be kind to give way to the entreaty of one traveller at the risk of spreading the plague in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants? Certainly not. Here then is a case in which justice and charity demand the sacrifice of the individual interest for the general good. So it must be in the case of those who would seek a divorce."

We sincerely hope that our Canadian law-makers will vote down the proposed changes regarding divorce.

SOCIALISM

Of all the dangers which civilization has had to encounter none is more insidious or menacing than Socialism, which, when pushed to its logical conclusions, differs neither in kind nor degree from Bolshevism. A creed it is, which, whilst pretending to find a solution for our social evils, advocates in reality principles destructive of justice and all permanent prosperity. Socialism is essentially a philosophy of destruction and must, if carried to its legitimate conclusions, as in Russia, end in the annihilation of all legitimate institutions of authority and order.

The teaching of Socialists concerning property and legal ownership, concerning marriage and the family, concerning authority and human society, whereby they would reform the world, takes absolutely no account of the eternal and unalterable laws of God, nor of the Divine teaching and precepts of the Gospel. Socialism is thus in conflict with our Catholic faith, which aims at leading and reforming mankind according to the principles of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The adherents of this false teaching declare that they wish to leave intact the dignity of religion, the Church and the priests, and that everyone may act for himself according to his religious convictions. But they do not hesitate, whenever the opportunity offers itself, and when it is to their own advantage, to combat religion.

Socialism is a most dangerous error, since through the delusion of a new society, wherein everyone is to find welfare and happiness, it seeks to mislead men to follow its pernicious principles for an imaginary temporal happiness. Nor does it shrink from the most unlawful means, even from insubordination to legitimate authority and from revolution, in order to make itself master of the power of the State and thus to carry out its ideals.

Let anyone should consider the socialistic movement as something foreign to our community, or if existing as representing merely a faction of extravagant malcontents, let us enumerate some of the clauses of the socialistic programme, namely Divorce, Secularization of Schools, Taxation of Church Property, etc. That Socialism has a footing in our country is evident, as all these questions have, within the last few months, been brought before Parliament. The world-wide socialistic movement has recently evoked a joint pastoral letter from the Dutch Bishops

who conclude their words of sound advice to the faithful as follows: "Catholics! The choice is either for or against Christ, for or against your Holy Faith. The alternative is either Catholic or Socialist: but to be a Catholic and a Socialist at the same time is an impossibility. Wherefore listen to the voice of your spiritual pastors and let not yourselves be deceived by the false assurances of socialistic leaders who promise an earthly paradise, when they wish to enroll you under their banners, but who cannot procure you true happiness either on earth or in eternity."

"Certainly, beloved brethren, we would not lose sight of your material interests. But we desire to further your temporal well being within the limits laid down by God, without your higher spiritual and moral requirements being thereby injured. Thus, and thus alone, can we ensure you that great good which the world cannot give you, the true peace of the heart."

DRESS AND FEMININITY

BY THE REAPER

There is an old fable which represents the devil as plotting to mar the image of God in man, and consulting with his grandmother in hell. After deliberating on the more effective methods of attack such as concupiscence, selfishness and perversion of conscience he decided to abandon all three for what he regarded as a master-device—love of dress. In this fable the spiteful old granddame plays the part of an accomplice by shedding her serpent-skin glowing with rainbow hues. By the witchery of his grandmother's venture Lucifer succeeds in gaining the good-will of Dame Fashion. The fable intimates in conclusion that Lucifer won so many souls to his standard by the allurements of the fashion-plate that there was general rejoicing in hell.

Though the fable has only an imaginative setting it none the less conveys the lesson that female dress may be used to serve the interests of social sensualism. Love of dress is a feminine instinct that easily runs into excess. It is a sad commentary on womanly high-mindedness and moral consciousness that female dress should be made an aid to vice rather than to virtue. It bodes ill for the traditions and conventions of the past when woman was justly regarded a "ministering angel" that she should now dress herself into a vulgar scarecrow. "What most women want today," said a noted lecturer a short time ago, "is a donkey-load of Paris dresses for their bodies, an automobile to pull them around, an army of servants to hook them up and then to unhook them. Oh," he adds, "these superficial, frivolous, vapid women, who have turned their beautiful bodies into something scarcely better than the wire stands that exhibit gowns in merchants' windows." If dress is an affair of the emotions, and if as in woman's case it expresses her emotions, one can hardly help concluding that woman dresses either to lure the eye of man or to pose as a male counterfeit or third gender. The fantastic and freakish styles of present day costumes prove to a certainty that woman's world is smitten with unblushing effrontery, and that sex attraction is made her chief asset.

Among the new creations of London's costume whims have just appeared the latest Parisian horrors which evoked from three distinguished English ladies—God bless them—the following condemnation: "London, May 26.—'The nude in sculpture suffices' is the comment of the Duchess of Somerset in the Weekly Dispatch on what is called the 'Outrageous dresses now being worn in the British metropolis.' Agitation against these extreme styles is growing stronger as some of the newest creations appear. The Marchioness of Townshend describes the prevailing fashion as 'almost immoral in its inadequacy,' while Paris reports skirts split to the hips. London can retaliate with \$125 silk hose to be worn only with clothing that show them. Lady Hastings criticises the new styles as 'Day undress and evening no dress.'"

In this same despatch of May 26th there is added: "Camouflage stockings are now appearing with zigzag and cubist design to be worn principally with ultra short skirts." We should not wonder at this, woman having attained to sex equality with man in the matter of education, vocation and character naturally aspires to masculine attire. Despite the fact that neither sex, nor the functions of sex, are interchangeable

able she claims the same aptitudes and powers as man, the same pastimes and the same manner of sports. Woman has evidently grown dissatisfied with her own charms and graces and seeks an interchange of qualities with man, going so far as to dress like man. How else can we account for such startling apparel as: Divided skirts, mummy skirts, abbreviated skirts, skirts slashed on both sides to the waistband, harem trousers, camouflage stockings, catchy shirtwaists, and outway coats. In all this reverse, and not of sex exploitation, woman is becoming more a man and less a woman. The being of smiles, and soft curves and gentle tongue, is rapidly growing into a coarse, brassy virago. Her skimpy, shameless dress is only a disguise for her harshness or rather a reflection of it.

It is all pitiful in the extreme. That woman should mistake dress and finery for virtue and personality is one of the tragedies of our times. "Who shall find a valiant woman? Strength and beauty are her clothing and she shall laugh in the latter day." (Prov. C. 30.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN THE name of the Great War Veterans' Association, The Veteran, its official organ, enters a protest against the "common practice" of referring to discharged service men as "returned soldiers." It has become a rule, apparently, with the news agencies when publishing details of any irregularity on the part of a returned man, to opine the journal in question, to refer to him as a "returned soldier," thus creating a prejudice in the public mind against a body of men who, at great sacrifice to themselves, have served their country faithfully and honorably overseas. Why, asks the Veteran, should he be so particularized, when "no mention is made in accounts of delinquencies in others of their being Methodists, Roman Catholics, Members of the Bricklayers Union or Freemasons?"

THERE is possibly some point in the objection thus raised, though it seems a quite natural thing for a reporter or editor, without the least suspicion of animus or desire to prejudice, to describe this or that law-breaker as a "returned soldier," if he be really such. Nor is there, we opine, any disposition in the public mind to impute the indiscretions of the few in such cases to a body as a whole which deserves and will undoubtedly receive full recognition at the hands of the Canadian people. "Every man who went overseas," the Veteran very properly observes, "was a citizen of Canada, and returns to his citizenship status." We quite agree, therefore, that where misconduct of any kind is concerned, the use of the term "returned soldier" should be discouraged, and as the events of the past four years fade into the distance, it is safe to say that its use in this connection will become less and less frequent. Nevertheless, it may not be invidious to add, even yet, should a veteran of the Crimea, or a survivor of the Titanic, or an ex-member of Parliament find himself on the wrong side of the law it would be the most natural thing in the world for a reporter or any other chronicler of events to describe him as such, without prejudicing other veterans, survivors or ex-legislators.

ON THE other hand it is quite possible for a whole section or class of the community to be prejudiced in this way where a settled policy in that direction on the part of press or pulpit is transparent. The Veteran brackets Catholics with Methodists, Freemasons and members of the Bricklayers Union, "as being exempt from such invidious distinction. But if the editor will reflect a little he will be brought to realize that if any section of the Canadian community has suffered more than another from the deliberate, persistent pursuit of such a practice as he complains of in regard to discharged service men (we had almost written 'returned soldiers') it is that section which bears the Catholic name.

WE HAVE no wish to tell an old story or to harp on an old string. Catholics who have so long borne patiently with so much obloquy, misjudgment and misrepresentation in regard to their Faith and conduct are quite content to let bygones be bygones, so long as they so remain. One does not require, however, to have gone very far in life's journey to recall a period when Catholics

were not only made the butt of ridicule and worse, but when it was a common practice for misdeemants to take shelter behind what in general estimation were Catholic names. From the latter contemptible practice we may possibly be now free, but that the former is still with us there are many recent examples to convince. The wilful, deliberate, skillfully organized attempt to prejudice the Holy Father in the eyes of the world during the late War, and the no less persistent attempt in certain quarters to do the same for his children in Canada need not here be enlarged upon. We mention the matter only to assure our brother of The Veteran that it in his judgment the discharged service man has good ground for complaint on the score mentioned he need not look very far afield to assure himself that he is in very good company.

WHILE ON this subject it may not be amiss to add that Mr. Robert Sellar, the Huntingdon Gleaner man to whose incendiary book reference was made last week, has published an open letter to Methodists outside of Quebec in which, to quote from the Christian Guardian, "he earnestly points out the significance of Mr. Seguin's charge against Methodists in the recent beer and wine campaign." Such charges being, as Sellar himself observes, to the effect that "Methodists under cover of prohibition, were trying to destroy the Roman Catholic religion." Just what grounds Mr. Seguin had for this charge (if Sellar's words report him correctly) it is not for us to conjecture. That some such conspiracy has been on foot intimations have come to us from another quarter. But that for the present is neither here nor there. What interests us most is the immense concern displayed by the Guardian over what it characterizes as a "monstrous lie," which the Methodists of Ontario "cannot afford to allow Quebec to believe." Would that Methodists had as tender a conscience for the innumerable fabrications which have emanated from Methodist pulpits and press in Ontario and elsewhere in regard to the people and the religion in whose behalf Mr. Seguin spoke! As for destroying the Catholic religion under cover of prohibition or otherwise, all we can say is that if Methodism require exercise of that kind it has before it a task worthy of its best endeavors.

What Gladstone says of the Church as a whole applies with double force to the Church in Canada. What is the first two hundred years of our history but the story of the Church in New France? These were the days of chivalry and romance, the days when knighthood was in flower. From Confederation down to quite recent times the destiny of our country were guided in large measure by Catholic statesmen or men who were imbued with Catholic principles. On this anniversary young and old, their hearts free from all fear of domestic strife, foregathered on the village green for their annual sports. But the last great representative of those halcyon days, the last sion of that ancient Canadian chivalry, the knight "sans peur et sans reproche" has passed away. Right reason and true principles have given place to sentiment and expediency. Knighthood has gone to seed and is producing a beautiful crop of Bolshevism that is disfiguring the fair faces of our cities as does the wild mustard the beauty of our rural landscape. You understand now why in filling out your application for membership, you are asked to declare your adherence to the principles laid down by Pope Leo XIII, in his condemnation of Socialism. "Socialism," declared ex-president Hanna of the United States, "is the great danger to our civilization and the Catholic Church is the only bulwark that can stay its ravages."

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH

SERMON BY REV. F. J. O'SULLIVAN, IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, PETERBORO

ON THE OCCASION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INITIATION, MAY 24TH

Taking as his text: "My Son Give Me Thy Heart" (Prov. 23:26) the speaker said: My Lord, Reverend Clergy, Members of the Knights of Columbus, and my dear Brethren: The day we celebrate, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of an illustrious queen, and the presence in this Cathedral of so many Catholic men pledging their allegiance to Holy Mother Church, and praying for her benediction upon their projects and their labors are both suggestive of the idea of loyalty. The titles that are conferred by Caesar are granted—or at least supposed to be granted—to the welfare of the recipient's devotion to the welfare of his country. He must have given some proof of his metal before the stamp of knighthood would be put upon it, and the honor conferred upon him is not merely a reward for past services but an incentive also to future zealous endeavors. In like manner those who are aspiring to the honor of knighthood in a Catholic society are presumed to be practical Catholics, and as Knights of Columbus, as members of an organized body of Catholic men, it will be expected of them that they will devote themselves with still greater earnestness and effectiveness to the welfare of the kingdom of God in our midst. Of every child of Adam God makes the request: My son give Me thy heart. But that appeal is addressed with special emphasis to you Catholic men who are applying for or who already enjoy membership in one of the foremost lay battalions in the Church militant. The truest test of your workmanlike interest in the movements that make for the welfare of religion and the salvation of souls and your whole-hearted devotedness to your Church.

What is the basis upon which that loyalty is founded? It is founded upon what the Catholic Church is, what it has done for the world, and what it has done for each one of you personally. Men say "I can be loyal to a person but not to a system." But the Catholic Church is not a mere system, not a mere society of men and women held together by a united purpose and governed by a united law. It is the mystical body of Jesus Christ through which

He bestows His graces upon the people of all ages, as of yore, through a human body taken from the womb of Mary. He healed the sick, comforted the afflicted, forgave sinners and raised the dead to life in Galilee. She is a living organism animated by the Spirit of God ever ancient and ever young with divine vitality. She is the living witness of Christ's divinity because she stood at the door of the empty tomb and put her fingers into the place of the nails. She is the guardian and the depository of truth which she defines for the world not as a mere recorder of historic fact but as a divine infallible interpreter of her own consciousness. She not only rejoices in the indwelling of the Holy Ghost who guides and perpetuates her, but she possesses the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ coupled with His Divinity in the Sacrament of the Altar. He is her Emmanuel—God with her. In a word the Catholic Church is the perpetuation of the Incarnation. She lives over and over again the life that Christ once lead upon earth. She has had many times her Bethlehem and her Gethsemane, her Thabor and her Calvary. To epitomize even a title of what the Catholic Church has done for the world would require volumes. It has however been pitifully summed up in these words of one who was not of the faith, the late Mr. Gladstone, Premier of Great Britain. "She has marched," says he, "for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization, and have driven, harnessed to her chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Her learning has been the learning of the world, her art the art of the world, her genius the genius of the world, her greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

And what has the Church done and what is she ready to do for each one of you my dear men? At your entrance into the world she gave you supernatural life, she raised you up from being a child of clay to the sonship of God and coheirship with Christ to the kingdom of Heaven. She has administered to you the military oath as a soldier of Christ and bestowed upon you the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit to strengthen you in the conflict. She has taught you whence you came and whither you are going and how to attain the end for which God created you. She has healed you of your spiritual wounds and comforted you in your sorrows. She feeds you with the Manna of the New Law, the true Bread from Heaven, during your passage through the desert of this world. In life's last hour she will console and strengthen you with her sacred anointing. She will bless the ground in which your earthly remains await the resurrection morn and she will not cease to offer sacrifice for the repose of your soul until you shall have been numbered among the glorified sons of God and your lot shall have been with the saints in Heaven. Surely you should be loyal to the Church; for he who is loyal to the Church is loyal to Christ our Saviour. "He that heareth you," says Christ, "heareth Me and he that despiseth you despiseth Me."

Now how are you to show your loyalty? By being faithful and zealous co-operators in the work for which the society of the Knights of Columbus was instituted. It is well not to lose sight of the purpose of which a society has been established. Many organizations nowadays, from the federal parliament to the municipal council, are undertaking to do what they were never intended to do, and the result is confusion worse confounded. The nearer a Catholic society is associated with the aims and purposes of the Church the greater and more efficient it is. Now the aims of your association, as stated by the supreme knight, Mr. Hearn, are "to develop a practical Catholicity among its members and to promote works of Catholic charity and education." You will notice that these aims are very much akin to those of the Church.

Bear in mind that the primary object of the Knights of Columbus is to make its members better Catholics. All other aims are subservient to that supreme one, and all other aims will fail if that supreme one be not attained. This is a point that I wish to emphasize very strongly, for there is a movement at present to reform men without any reference to dogma or the individual conscience, a sort of wholesale curing of society by external appliances. This humanitarianism is very dangerous and very insidious. Its avowed purpose is praiseworthy enough but it is purely materialistic. It aims to create a heaven on this earth and to make men moral without the sanction of a definite belief and without supernatural aid. Take away the faith of the individual and morality goes by the boards. There is no reason why a man should be moral if he does not believe in the eternal truths. See the unavowed mother tempted to conceal her guilt, but hesitating because she believes that the soul is immortal and thou shalt not kill. See the youth allured by her whose steps lead down to hell but restrained by the fear of eternal punishment. See the poor wretch on a bed of pain suffering from an incurable disease. He bears with "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" because he believes that there is a life beyond this life, that there is a God in heaven who will reward his patience and who will not forget him even though his mother should forget him. Destroy belief in God's providence, destroy belief in the truth that "the Everlasting has fixed His cannon against self slaughter." Say with Omar Khayyam "Vain are the threats of hell and hopes of Paradise. The flower that once had blown forever dies" and suicide will become common, as unfortunately it is becoming today. Ask the Sister of Charity what supports her devotion to a life of self sacrifice for others and she will tell you that it is the Bread of Angels received at the altar and the firm belief that whatever she does for the least of His she does for Him Who will not forget. Say to the people, as I have heard it said by one of the apostles of the new religion, "He that loses his life shall find it not in some far off dim uncertain ethereal heaven but by merging it in the collective life of the nation—teach this religion of humanity and the world will sink down to the paganism of ancient Rome." Take away the great truth and you remove the motive of the great action. In a word, all spiritual and moral progress in a nation or in a society depends upon the faith and piety of the individual citizen or member.

I need not speak of works of charity. In that sphere the Knights of Columbus have given to the world an object lesson that would indicate that they are animated by the spirit of the Good Samaritan and true to the ideals of their order. May we not hope that the wonderful zeal which they have manifested in supplying the needs of our soldiers at the front will find its expression in an organized effort to save souls for Christ by supporting the Catholic missions and by assisting young men to attain to the priesthood. If a cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward how richly shall He recompense those who assist in saving souls redeemed by His blood.

One word about education by way of suggestion and I am done. The great need of the Church in Canada today is organization and there can be no organization without devoted, zealous leaders, and there can be no leaders if the higher education of our Catholic youth is not promoted. You should be loyal therefore to the cause of Catholic education in order that prejudices and parochialism may be banished, in order that the cringing, craven, apologetic, servile spirit may be excoriated from the midst of our people, so that there may be that unity of Catholic action which will give to the Catholics in Canada the influence which is their right. It is thus, my dear men, that you must show your loyalty to the Church and answer that appeal that Christ addresses to each one of you this morning: My son give Me thy heart.

CONVERTS

Emisaries of the sects in Italy have often complained of the difficulty of their propaganda; indeed the obstacles have sometimes been declared insurmountable. A few years ago a foreign missionary—of the Methodist persuasion, we believe it was—returning to New York after a fruitless sojourn among the Italians, expressed the opinion that money expended in efforts to convert them was money thrown away. Sometimes a number of poor people would attend the mission for a season—as long as gifts were forthcoming; but as soon as the supply of picturebooks and clothing failed the converts vanished utterly. One missionary complained bitterly of an old woman who for a time gave promise of sincere conversion, but she, too, proved a backslider; and it was learned that she had expended the alms received at the mission in having Masses said for her deceased husband.

A correspondent of the London Guardian, in explanation of the difficulty of turning Italians away from the Church, has this to say: "In the first place, the religion of America and English Protestant bodies can not hope to make an appeal to any but the half-educated classes. It presents itself at the be-

ginning of the twentieth century with as little modern environment as it had in Cromwell's time. It is ignorant of Biblical criticism, while it definitely sets up the unimpeachable authority of the Book in place of the authority of the living voice. There is a complete dearth of all help from the modern arsenal, and the new convert must find himself sooner or later entirely without equipment to meet on an equal footing any one conscious of the real problems which in our day beset all religions alike. * * * Another point very germane to the question is that the Latins are accustomed to a logical religion. There is not much to be said for the application of logic to religion (?); but none the less the differences between sect and sect do not help the Protestant propaganda, and the want of agreement bewilders the Italian. The less scrupulous play on these differences, and get themselves converted in turn by the various sects, if there is any hope of profiting thereby.

"The uneducated Italian not being an intelligent or sentient subject, another religion can be imposed on him; so the Protestants have decided to educate him. They are contenting themselves with creating an educational force in the country in lieu of direct proselytism. With these enter the ideas of modern civilization, freedom of conscience and of thought, notions of the rights and responsibilities of personality. The result of their activity has been to force the Catholic party to adopt some of their weapons. * * * In calculating the chances of another religion in Italy, the fact that this people represent the vital, external and non-individualistic, while the Germanic peoples, on the contrary, represent the mystic, interior and self-reliant, should not be forgotten. To this the Italians add not only a keen logical faculty, but a sense of history, both of which were conspicuously absent in the Reformers."—The Guardian.

DICKENS FORESAW UNREST

DR. W. H. ATHERTON ADDRESSED PARENTS ON DICKENS AS SOCIAL REFORMER

That Charles Dickens at least sixty years ago foresaw wide unrest amongst the working classes, with a tendency to Bolshevism as its extreme expression, and that his life-work as a practical social reformer, his philosophies and his reconstructions were all directed towards cures for dangerous conditions that might arise, was the burden of an address delivered by Dr. W. H. Atherton, of Loyola School of Sociology, to a meeting of parents at the William Dawson School.

After an analysis of the philosophy of modern Bolshevism and the cures now being advanced, the lecturer outlined those offered by Dickens as being synonymous with those of sympathy, conciliation and arbitration now being put forward by the leaders of the Anglo-Saxon people in Great Britain and on this continent, by men such as Premier Lloyd George, Lord Shaftesbury and the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who preferred a reasoned and friendly solution rather than an attempted solution with violence and disorder. Dickens, he said, warned the men of his times that social service to the poor and the struggling masses, by rendering their conditions more tolerable, was the only way to rear up a peaceful and contented population. Although his warnings went unheeded, he knew that the selfish amassing of wealth by the capitalistic classes, then rising would inevitably bring unrest, unless they shared this wealth with the masses by increasing their facilities for enjoying with their employers the necessities and the simple pleasures in more abundance than hitherto a position of justice now at length being grudgingly recognized.

CULTIVATE GRACES

He was always, as Mr. A. W. Ward had expressed it, warning the utilitarian economists of the Manchester school, skeletons of schoolmasters of the Grandgrind type, commissioners of fact, genteel and used up, idle, gabblers of many little dog's eared creeds "not to turn their hearts against the poor." In "Hard Times" Dickens message had been in effect: "The poor you have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces, the fancies and affections to adorn their lives, so much in need of adornment, or in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls and they and a bare existence stand face to face, reality will take a wolfish turn to make an end of you." In a speech in the last year of his life he pleaded for that "feeling of brotherhood and sympathy which is worth so much to all men, or they would herd like wolves."

Dickens, said the speaker, had shown the need of study of the living and working conditions of the masses, but had gone much further; had, indeed, outlined in detail, to a more or less indifferent world, all the remedies now being urged from every public platform. He dealt exhaustively in his writings and his speeches with the relationship between master and man, with questions of hours and wages, with better housing conditions. "When we open his books we find them better than modern text books on social science," said Dr. Atherton, and gave a number of quotations from Dickens's work in illustration of this contention.

HAVE NOW TO BE MET

"While Anarchical Socialism or Bolshevism is a menace wholly reprehensible as being subversive of the natural laws upon which social civilization has been built up, and wholly impracticable and illusive as a means of settling permanently the present or future of industrial unevensities and injustices, still it comes as a warning that there are deep-seated illnesses of long, cancerous growth which the cataclysm of war has revealed and which have now to be met fairly and squarely and once for all. Bolshevism is the outward sign of inward corruption of social life calling for vengeance to high Heaven.

"If Bolshevism is to be avoided it can be done only by the 'New' altruism, as it is called, but which is only a return to the bedrock of the principles of justice and equity as enunciated by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount and of his great message of Love one another which, again, is nothing but the old-fashioned Golden Rule after all.

"The cure for Bolshevism is not, therefore, through revolution or the destruction of our present social fabric, but by the evolution and reconstruction of our inherited civilization by means of a thorough and sympathetic understanding of the 'case' of the workers and especially of the poor, and through the mutual social trust and respect of the classes and the masses. Sixty years ago Charles Dickens delivered his message on these lines. Let us turn again to his writings for our sociological inspiration, to learn again the lessons he so eloquently taught, of the debt and love for humanity and the poor, the only sure basis upon which the ultimate cure for Bolshevism may be founded.—Montreal Gazette.

THE GREAT PEACE CONFERENCE

THERE WILL BE NO TRUE PEACE UNTIL GOD HAS BEEN INVOKED SAYS CARDINAL BOURNE

Prayers were multiplied, in some nations as, thank God in our own, at the direct invitation of the public authorities; in all countries by the spontaneous outpouring of the awakened faith and deeply stirred emotions of individual hearts. Supplications, public and private, collective and separate acts imploring the Divine protection, prayers for the heavenly guidance of statesmen and generals, were reiterated and ever renewed. And under the leadership thus bestowed of God there was placed at the head of all the Allied forces a most gallant soldier who had never forgotten the faith of his Catholic childhood and upbringing, and had never concealed his public practice of that faith or his personal trust and confidence in God.

The result of the reawakened sense of man's dependence upon the Almighty, impaired and weakened though it was in its expression by the false human respect and foolish incredulity of some Governments, is now matter of history. All the efforts of the enemy were crushed with such overwhelming force that the final victory, which only in September last was regarded as hardly possible of realization in the summer of this year, was bestowed upon us by God on St. Martin's Day, 1918. The word was again manifested to the world. "Again foundations no man can lay, but that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." God made answer to our prayers when, in spite of much forgetfulness and notwithstanding manifold agrant sin, the world recognized in some measure that victory depended upon Him alone.

We might have hoped that the lessons thus taught by God would have been well learned and well remembered. On November 11 an armistice was signed as a preliminary to a definite and final peace. There are countless committees and sub-committees. There is a Conference of ten especially selected leaders. There is a Supreme Council of Four. Never in the history of mankind has there been such a gathering of those best fitted to solve the problems of the world. Never have human skill and inventiveness and ingenuity had a greater opportunity of showing forth their power, their resource, and their authority.

The greater nations do not yet know what new responsibilities will be placed upon them individually, while collectively they are rendered impotent in dealing with the problems that actually confront them. The smaller peoples, with some of whom I have been recently in very close contact, are longing to know what definite position will ultimately be assigned to them, and are meanwhile, on account of the uncertainty of their future, exposed to every kind of subversive effort, both within and beyond their own borders. The news recently came from Russia, the dire necessities of the Balkan States, the deliberate fomenting by some nations of unrest in other countries, that false news which is being propagated to defeat legitimate aims, the suppression of true facts which might check the interested policy of financiers—all of these things are the outcome of the delays to which a purely human wisdom is inevitably exposed.

There are no doubt among those who sit around the Council board in Paris many who daily seek from God the enlightenments and guidance which they need; many, too, who in the fulness of their Christian faith understand that in the teaching of

the Incarnate Son of God is the only foundation of the world's lasting peace. But there are others, also, who have no such faith, who acknowledge neither the one true God nor Jesus Christ whom He has sent; and it is they who have stamped upon the present Conference that character of complete forgetfulness of God which, I imagine, differentiates it from all those other great universal assemblies which from time to time the supreme moments of human existence have brought together since Christ came among us. There has never been a crisis like the present one, never have the destinies of mankind been so momentarily in the balance, and the Supreme Ruler and Judge of men is treated, publicly at least, as though He were of no account.

Our own duty is clear, it has already been traced for us by the Vicar of our Divine Master when He ordered those special supplications for the Conference of Peace which in one form or another are being offered up in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in every Catholic Church throughout the world. We have to unite with those more public prayers our own private and individual intercessions, imbibing them both with so great fervor and earnestness that nothing may be wanting on our part at least to bring down the guidance and blessing of the Eternal Wisdom upon those who have to decide the future of the world.

Then as a necessary consequence of our personal part in the urgent need, we can impress upon all who are in any way within our range of influence the duty of insisting that before it is too late the power and wisdom and providence of the Most High may be publicly and officially sought for the guidance of the great Conference now sitting in Paris.—Catholic Columbian.

CONVERSION OF A JEW

In the muddy shell-garbled fields of Flanders last September a chaplain swathed his way through wire entanglements to console the wounded men of his regiment scattered here and there along the uneven ground to find buddies who had gone west. Suddenly the priest bent down to the form of one dough-boy, who had been killed by several machine gun bullets. The priest recognized the body—a Jew, and across his lips was a small silver crucifix which the soldier had placed there in his dying agony.

The story of the crucifix, the manner by which the Jew came to embrace the Christian faith ten hours before he went over the top, and a picturesque story of a regiment was told, says the New York Sun in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore to an audience of women and girls by the chaplain. He is the Rev. Pierre E. Hoey, of the Parliet Order. His regiment was the 107th Infantry of the Twenty-seventh Division.

"It was late in September when we got the big news," said Father Hoey, "that the outfit was going over the top. Every one was in good spirits, and I heard about seven hundred confessions and arranged for a Mass the day before the zero hour. I shall always remember the service," said the priest.

OBSERVED JEWISH LAD

"The men knelt about five rows deep when I gave them Communion. I had almost finished when a Jewish lad whom I had observed fervently praying during the Mass caught my attention. He was lined up with the other men. I paused and said that his faith did not allow him to receive Communion.

"But I have been attending all your Masses, father, and I honestly believe the Bread in the chalice is the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Please give me Communion," pleaded the boy.

The priest told how he asked the young lad to come and see him after the Mass and they would talk the matter over. The soldier arrived promptly at the chaplain's tent. Father Hoey said he had a real heart to heart talk with the Jew, and he was so convinced of the soldier's conversion that he baptized him, heard his first confession and gave him his first Holy Communion.

ASKS FOR CRUCIFIX

That afternoon while Father Hoey was taking charge of some of the soldier's mail, his convert came in to chat with him. While the priest was looking over the letters a little silver crucifix fell out of one of the envelopes. The soldier picked it up and asked the priest if he could keep it.

Father Hoey said he did not know who owned it, but supposed some soldier was sending it home to his mother. He gave it to the convert. Not twelve hours after, he found the boy dead out in No Man's Land, and the silver crucifix sealed his lips. The priest said he sent the crucifix and a detailed story of the conversion to the boy's mother and received a nice letter in reply.

In concluding the priest asked his audience to keep up the fine spiritual character of the men now that they are once again in civil life.



FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF CHINA MISSION COLLEGE, ALMONTE, ONTARIO

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission College, Almonte, Ont., May 28th, 1919.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: I feel you are so interested in my present work of founding a College for China that I should keep you in touch with every step in its development. The College being now in running order, with a nucleus of two priests and five students as a start and others applying for acceptance I deem the work ripe for another important step in its progress. On Ascension Thursday I leave Montreal on a visit to Rome to obtain the Holy Father's blessing on the work.

I hope you will accompany me in prayer, and especially during the days between the Ascension and Pentecost pray fervently that the Holy Ghost may descend in His fulness on those who have part in this apostolic work, just as of old after ten days' prayer in union with the Blessed Virgin he descended on the Apostles and fortified them for the conversion of the world.

I will endeavor to keep you in touch with the different events of my journey, which in all I hope will not take more than a few weeks.

Be assured I will remember you in my prayers and obtain from the Holy Father a special blessing for all who have contributed or who will in future contribute by their prayers or aims towards the education of missionaries for China.

Yours gratefully in Christ,
J. M. FRASER

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA ALL TOGETHER

In studying the religious conditions of our great Dominion it is gradually forced upon us that the trend to paganism is real. On the other hand the efforts made to stay the cancerous growth are inadequate. The Protestant churches have lost their power of appeal to the masses outside the Catholic Church. With the command of Christ going, therefore, to teach ye all nations, ringing in our ears, we must recognize that only to the Catholic Church and to her individual members may we look for the ways and means of giving light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of eternal death.

The coldness manifested by Catholics towards non-Catholics as evidenced by the lack of enthusiasm in making converts, is most regrettable. We may trace this to a perverted mentality which has no place by right in the superabounding Charity of Christ as taught by the Catholic Church. Whence then does it come? The spirit of parochialism so evident among us is, at least, one cause. Each parish is an independent Kingdom and priest and parishioners have all their thoughts concentrated in securing local success. Great projects—the Catholic Church Extension Society for example—launched for the well being of the Church at large or for the general community receive due praise but no helping hand is stretched forth to aid in carrying on the work. We do not for a moment minimize the splendid work done by the parishes as such. We are justly proud of our churches and schools. But what have we done or what are we doing to make Canada Catholic and to destroy the materialism of paganism day after day more firmly gripping the hearts of our people? Enthusiasts here and there are striving and for their pains are looked upon as oddities and their words are like the cry of the Baptist in the wilderness.

Our parochial successes and no doubt too, our diocesan achievements create a feeling of smugness that prevents us from seeing or at any rate realizing our conditions. We rejoice that our churches hold five times at least as many as all other professing Christian places of worship within our limits. Yet this makes matters worse. It seems that the vast majority of the "other sheep" are without a shepherd.

Consider the Great West! The Catholic Church is a weakling there. Catholics are without power or influence. The vast majority of the people have had every bit of religion eaten out of their very souls by the cancer of materialism. What are we doing to strengthen the Western Church so that it may live and strive to make known the word of truth? Do we ever realize to ourselves that the salvation of those outside the Church in the West is our concern.

An organized effort in every diocese and in every parish in every diocese to instruct the people on the Catholicity of the Catholic Church is a first requisite. By this means new life and new blood will be infused into the whole body and it will function right! This propaganda of education is not something new. We see it undertaken for other purposes every day. Let us apply some of the methods of the "children of darkness" to our supreme work. Socialists and others are hammering away in this manner and we only know too well how aggressive and enthusiastic they are and how many converts they gain daily to their unholy cause.

Let us not fiddle while Rome is burning! Amongst the duties and distractions of parochial life let the words of Christ "compel them to come in" receive a few moments of serious meditation. The result will be salutary. Catholicity will gain and societies for the propagation of the faith, home and foreign, receive the necessary support and encouragement.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto

Contributions through this column should be addressed to:

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THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER

In this age of jazz when so many are losing respect for the higher and nobler things of life, it is good to see a day set apart for the Nation for the honor of motherhood as exemplified by Mothers' Day observed May 11th. As a great writer phrases it, a mother is the holiest creature alive and the best of all womankind is the true Christian mother. In her the natural love of a mother's heart is beautified by divine grace and the sweet and holy influences of religion.

The Christian mother finds her ideal and model in her who presided over the Holy Family at Nazareth. Like another Mary she watches over the development of her children in age, wisdom and grace. She considers that the noblest work given to woman is the care of her children. The mother is, as it were, co-creator with God in perfection of mankind and her highest prerogative is to assist in the divine education of the human race.

The world is saved by good womanhood. Great men had great mothers. The Christian mother is the guardian angel of her child and the apostle in the home by her charity and good example shedding around her the sweet fragrance of all the Christian virtues. A mother's love is the most wonderful power and influence that the world has ever known. It surrounds the child as it unconsciously grows while the mother tenderly observes each faculty develop and each virtue as it appears under her fostering care. With anxious solicitude she watches her boy or girl launch out into life, struggling for success, and if fortune favors them there is no look of gladness that meets the man or woman like the smile which comes from a happy mother's eyes. And if instead of achieving success and fame, misfortune and disgrace drag them down, the loving mother will cling to them and support them though all the world were against them. Her chiefest happiness and consolation in declining years is to be surrounded by loving and grateful children who appreciate her sacrifices and devotion and reflect in their lives the teaching and example of good Christian mothers.

No more beautiful scene on earth can be imagined than the home modeled on Nazareth where the Christian mother presides with her little ones around her, like the tender shoots of the olive plant, lisping their prayers to their heavenly Father while angels bear them aloft before the throne of grace.

The most important work of the Christian mother is the instruction of her children in the way of God as she pours into their receptive minds the seeds of heavenly life which shall bear the rich harvest of a virtuous life. She teaches the young lessons of religion and virtue and instills into their souls the principles which

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build up character and form the Christian man and woman. In the true Christian home we find the abode of cheerfulness, comfort and happiness which inspires tenderest recollections of home and mother. This is only a faint picture of the beautiful soul of a true Christian mother. Who shall find a valiant woman, says sacred Scripture. . . Her children rose up and called her blessed, her husband and he praised her. . . The woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—The Monitor.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

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

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burese for subscription.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. P. HICKLEY, O. S. B.

PENITENT

THE CHURCH DIVINE
And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost - Acts ii. 4.
The foundation of our faith in our Holy Church, my dear brethren, is this: that it is not the work of man, but of God.

And on this glorious festival of Pentecost we celebrate the fulfillment of this promise. Then were the Apostles transformed by the grace of God and fitted to carry on their Divine Master's work. All truth illumined their souls; they were strengthened in holiness; they had the courage given them to go forth and proclaim the good tidings of salvation.

My dear brethren, not only were the Apostles equipped and commissioned to preach Christ crucified, to explain all the truths He had taught them, to remember whatsoever He had said, but the same Holy Spirit, Who had illumined them, came to remain with the Church, to guide it and watch over it for ever.

To be of use to the souls of men, the Church of Christ had not only to cherish the truth within itself but it had to possess the power and strength to carry the word of truth throughout the world. It had to win over the Jew and the Gentile, to proclaim it in the temples of Athens and in the heart of pagan Rome, to explain it to barbarous nations, and subdue them to the yoke of Christ.

And this propagation of the truth from the very beginning stirred up the wrath of jealous men, the hatred of the world, the enmity of Satan. What strength would be of any avail to the Church except Divine strength, to enable it to start, to multiply, and at the same time to withstand and overcome the devil, the world, and the flesh?

On this Day of Pentecost let us picture to ourselves the Church triumphant in heaven, the Apostles glorifying Almighty God on this anniversary of their illumination, confirmation in grace, and commencement of their Gospel labours. The holy men and women who heard their words, and were baptized in Christ and strengthened with the Spirit and who clung to Apostolic tradition, are praising God, too.

What gratitude should be ours that we have this Divine faith, the greatest gift of God! We have not, could

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In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain in the Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rash, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-tives" are taken to correct Constipation.

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not, have merited it, but God in His mercy has bestowed it upon us. How we should treasure it and guard it lest the sneers of the world should tarnish it, and guard it, lest the sneers of the world should tarnish it, the sins of the flesh drive it from us, or the devil flit it from our careless, unheeding soul!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES TO THE SACRED HEART

Among the promises which Our Lord made to Blessed Margaret Mary there are several which have a special interest for Christian families. He promised her that He would establish peace in homes where His heart was loved and honored; that He would comfort families in their trials and afflictions; that He would bless all their undertakings; that He would be their sure refuge at the hour of death. He promised her that He would grant special favors to homes in which an image of His Heart was set up and honored.

These consoling promises have appealed to millions, and as a result the image of the Sacred Heart has become one of the best-known devotional objects in the Catholic world. Nothing more common or more edifying nowadays than to see the emblem of Divine Love displayed on the breasts of Catholics whose confidence in the promise of the Sacred Heart makes them despite human respect and turn to this fountain of grace in all their needs, both temporal and spiritual.

But how many millions are there who have not yet seized the full import of the promise of Our Lord and who have not yet yielded to the invitation to honor His Sacred Heart by honoring its image! It is to reach those other millions that our Holy Father the Pope is urging the consecration of Christian families. On three different occasions during the past year, His Holiness insisted on this pious ceremony taking place in Catholic homes in every country. At a meeting held in Rome, in January, 1918, to pass judgment on the miracles presented for the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary, the Sovereign Pontiff addressed the assembled cardinals and prelates.

"I thank God," he said, "for the admirable way the work of consecration of families is being taken up. If all families were consecrated to the Divine Heart, and if they would fulfill the obligations resulting therefrom, the social reign of Jesus Christ would be assured. Dawn gives us a glimpse of noontide; in the praiseworthy practice of the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart, which has been begun, we see arriving the day so long desired when the reign of Jesus Christ will be acknowledged by all."

Our desire is, he wrote a few days later, "that Christian families should consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart, and we bless each and every family that will in this way contribute to the social recognition of the sovereignty of the love of the Sacred Heart in homes." In a conversation with a French cardinal, shortly after, he insisted on the consecration taking place in each household, and desired it to be performed by the head of the family, assisted by the priest, for the reason that a general consecration in the church while meritorious and edifying, does not bring about the end aimed at. It must be admitted that the presence of the priest at each consecration would be hardly practical in Canada. Owing to circumstances in our country where so many people are crowded in city parishes, and in rural districts where they are so widely scattered, it would be a rather impossible task for priests to preside at this ceremony in every home as will suffice, then, that the priest bless the picture or the statue which is to be given a prominent place in Catholic homes.

The details of the consecration have already been given in these pages; we simply resume them here. It is recommended and ardently desired by our Holy Father Benedict XV. that a picture or a statue of the Sacred Heart, as artistic as possible, should have a permanent place of honor in the principal room of every Catholic home; and the whole family kneeling before it, should be consecrated to Jesus Christ by a solemn act of the father or other representative of the household, thereby formally acknowledging the sovereignty of Our Lord and placing the family under His special protection. Whoever presides at the ceremony should read the following beautiful act of consecration:

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou who didst reveal to Blessed Margaret Mary Thy desire to reign over Christian families, we come today to proclaim Thy absolute dominion over our home. We desire henceforth to share our lives with Thy Life, to banish worldliness which Thou hast condemned, and to practise the virtues which bring peace and happiness to earthly homes. Henceforth Thou shalt reign over our minds and our hearts through the faith which we shall profess in Thee, and through the ardent love we shall foster for Thee by the frequent reception of Holy Communion. Vouchsafe, O Divine Heart, to be always with us, bless our temporal and spiritual undertakings, free us from worldly cares, sanctify our joys, lighten our trials and sorrows. If ever one of us have the misfortune to wound Thee or give Thee pain, remind him of Thy goodness, show him mercy as Thou showest mercy to all penitent sinners. And when the hour of our departure hence shall have sounded, when death comes to cast its shadow over our home, help us all, those who go and those who stay, to accept with resignation Thy eternal decrees. At that hour console us in our tears, and inspire us with the hope that a day shall come when all the members of our family, united again in Heaven, will share in Thy glory and sing Thy praises forever. May the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph present this consecration to Thee! May it influence our thoughts, words and deeds during the rest of our lives! Amen. 'Long live the Heart of Jesus, our Father and King!'

Other prayers may be added on the occasion, for instance, the Litany of the Sacred Heart, or a hymn may be sung, so that greater solemnity may be given to this external act of religion, which cannot fail to bring with it abundant graces. A welcome addition would be the placing of flowers and lights around the statue or picture, to give more brilliancy to the function. If it is impossible to get the entire family together, the consecration should nevertheless be made by those who can be present and who will undoubtedly recall the names of the absent or the unwilling ones. What more appropriate in such cases than an act of reparation to atone for the negligence, or worse of those who are near and dear!

Our Promoters throughout Canada should be the first to consecrate their homes and then they urge the members of their circles, families whom they visit every month, to do the same. Their word and example would surely draw many families to imitate them; the movement once started in this simple way should cease only when the tens of thousands of families who are members of the Canadian League had been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Promoters have here a work of real planned out for them. Any day in any month—preferably a First Friday—may be selected for the family consecration. On that day every one in the house who can do so should receive Holy Communion. A group of friends, although this is not necessary, may be invited to join with the family and take part in the ceremony, which should be made as solemn as possible. The

day should be looked upon as a family holiday, and a renewal of the consecration might be held each year, say in the month of June.

What would it mean if the pious wish of the Holy Father were fully carried out? That there would be set up in every Catholic home in Canada a little shrine of the Sacred Heart which would be the object of constant care. A burning lamp or a fresh bouquet of flowers occasionally placed before the picture or statue would be a silent but eloquent testimony of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in the household and a pledge of its protection extended to all living within. The ninth promise of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary would then assume a more vivid meaning in the minds of all: "I will bless every home where an image of My Heart is set up and honored." Besides, in giving a place to the Sacred Heart in their homes, Catholics affirm their allegiance to God. They make an open profession of faith in His Providence and fatherly care, and deny that form of social atheism, so prevalent nowadays, which would put God aside, ignore His laws, and live and act as if He did not exist. In the very words of the Sovereign Pontiff, the end proposed in the consecration of families is the affirmation of Catholic belief in the existence of God and in His inalienable right to rule over civil society as well as over families and individuals. When this consecration shall have extended to all families it will thereby cover civil society of which families are the units.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

OUR CATHOLIC FAITH

There is one surpassing good in our lives, and that is our Catholic Faith; from it all other good radiates to it, as to its source, all else descends. Yet are we ever, as we logically ought to be, unconsciously, wildly, almost uncontrollably glad of our Catholicism? Does our Faith ever so grip us that our very being simply tingles with the vast joy of being in God's true Church, with a holy elation of humble superiority that we are of the true fold of the great "chief Shepherd"? Or does this stupendous grace always and unvaryingly remain an unnoticed, matter-of-course fact of our all too ordinary lives? Of all these we are glad—of riches, of health, of loved ones; we are glad of life, of life's passing, fading, shadowy realities. Are we ever madly happy in owning life's one reality? Is there ever a

"Thank God!" that rushes forth immensely from our inmost being that we know God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Three yet One, eternal, omniscient, omnipresent; that we have knelt beside the midnight crib and called an infant of an hour's span our God, and stood beneath the, midday darkened cross and adored the shattered Man of Sorrows? Mary, our Mother we know, and all her gracious love these buried years, and are we glad, "real glad" of it with the implacable gladness of a child for Mother's presence? The saints of God are our victorious brethren and the angels of God our sentinels, whose eyes never close in sleep; the Holy Scriptures are the thoughtful letters from our own good Father, letters as really and truly from Him as the thin message sent us from those we love this side of the grave. And the great wide circle of the Church of God, girdling the world, unyielding as the everlasting hills, it is ours, its feasts and festivals are ours, its holy images and sacred vessels, its tapers and its myriad gusts of song—and are we glad? Oh, yes, we trust we are at times so very grandly glad! But best of all, highest of all, as we kneel in silent adoration before our Eucharistic God, Jesus Christ, our Eldest Brother, still resident on earth, does a strong, big wave of happiness flood each nook and cranny of our being, that to us despite the black, ungrateful past, to us despite the sins high-heaped of years, our God's unveiled presence is unveiled, shot through and through by Faith's unimpeded light? Does a fierce shudder ever run through us as we catch a glimpse of life's desert waste, were we orphaned of His sacred Presence? Think what a day that would be wherein we treaded our way amid the crowded streets and hurried along the quiet lanes and going into every church gazed up to every sanctuary lamp and found them all in darkness; and looked into every tabernacle and saw them emptied of their Treasure! Life would be chilled in our veins, life would be a cold, dead thing, life would not be worth its constant fight. Jesus would be gone!

My God, the vastness of it all! Whence all this goodness to us! Your faithless creatures, to me faithless among the faithless! Oh! the huge joy of it all—to be a Catholic! To be far withdrawn from the blind gropings of darkened infidelity and to be housed safe in Father's house; and greatest of joys, to meet there our own Brother, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, to know that He is ever "at home," to know that we may hasten along the still unlighted way before

the break of morn, that we may brave the sun's high rays, that we may steal amid the lengthening shadows of eventide—and always find Him in His tabernacle-home. Oh! what happiness in God's own Home!—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Unworldliness is this—to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world, and not to let the world have us; to be the world's masters and not the world's slaves.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MORE AND LESS

A little more praise and a little less blame. A little more virtue, a little less shame. A little more thought for the other man's rights. A little less self in our chase for delights. A little more loving, a little less hate. Are all that is needed to make the world great.

YOUR WORK

Do it cheerfully, even if it be not congenial. Do it in the spirit of an artist, not an artisan. Make it a stepping-stone to something higher. Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.

THE BOSS OF THE HOUSE

According to an old Indian legend, a young unmarried man once approached his father with the momentous question, who was actually the master of the house.

ADVICE TO "CANT-SLEEPERS"

If you are a brain-worker, you require eight hours clear sleep, a quiet day-end and a quiet week-end. And you need to be careful over your food and digestion.

A CHILD'S SOUL

One day a priest in Paris sat in his room composing a discourse, destined, perhaps, to set the seal on his reputation as an orator. His attention was concentrated on his task.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR LOST TREASURE
O give us back the modest maid
Who charmed in days departed—
In grateful, flowing robes arrayed,
A vision, Virgin-hearted!

THE RELIGION OF RESPECTABILITY

Those who have read Rene Bazin's powerful novel, "The Barrier," will easily recall the strong scene in which Felicien Limerel, who has lost his faith in Catholicism, charges his parents with being largely responsible for that disaster.

OUR CHIEF WORK

It is in acting as Executor under Wills and as Administrator of Estates, Ask for our Booklet: "The Will That Really Provides," or consult us and we will gladly give full information. Correspondence invited.

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"SALADA"

Used in Millions of Tea-Pots Daily

their early schooling, grow up compromising, worldly-minded Catholics. Having been accustomed at home from their tender years to hear the Church's tenets and decrees belittled and her rulers carp at, it is small wonder that when they become men and women their Catholicism is merely a "religion of respectability," quite devoid of vitality, and depth.

JUNE CONSECRATED TO SACRED HEART

It was a timid, humble nun in a small town in the south of France that Heaven marked out to be the apostle of the Sacred Heart. In the beginning the devotion was scoffed at as an innovation and met with a storm of opposition.

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