

The Catholic Record.

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

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HISTORIC EVENTS AND THEIR LESSONS

GREAT CANADIANS HONOR THEMSELVES AND CANADA IN HONORING CHAMPLAIN

Orillia, Ont., July 1.—(Canadian Press Dispatch.)—History was rolled back three hundred and ten years in Orillia today. Samuel De Champlain, intrepid explorer of the early French era in Canada, arrived again on the shores of Smuggling Lake Couchiching and re-established with the natives of Lovely Huronia a friendship and alliance which lasted throughout the entire French regime in Canada. It was done in paganized today, of course, but it was a vivid picture of the arrival of the old civilization in the Province of Ontario. However, it was more than a celebration of the arrival of Champlain. Mingled together in the crowd of 10,000 which watched the ceremony were people of Indian, French and British descent all mingling cordially together, which was simple proof that the animosities of two hundred years had passed completely and that both lines of race, and indeed the Indian too, were one for a great united Canadian people.

A MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL

The memorial which the thousands had gathered to see unveiled drew from the distinguished visitors an even from the stolid Indians undisguised admiration. Nowhere in the United States or Canada, it was stated, is it excelled. From the top of a 45-ton boulder, Champlain, cast in heroic proportions, gazes on the placid lake. On either side are large bronze groups, comprising three figures each, representing those two objects ever near to the heart of the great explorer: the bringing of Christianity to the Indians and the opening of that great unknown continent to commerce. The groups are admirably executed. Intense zeal shines from the face of the priest, and a spirit of wonder pervades the kneeling Indians. The very spirit of the trader bartering with the Indians has been caught and held fast in the bronze.

On the front of the column is the following inscription: "1615-1915. Erected to commemorate the advent in Ontario of the white race, under the leadership of Samuel de Champlain, the intrepid French explorer and colonizer who, with ten companions, arrived in these parts in the summer of 1615, and spent the following winter with the Indians, making his headquarters at Cahiraque, the chief village of the Hurons, which was near this place. A symbol of good-will between the French and English speaking people of Canada."

Among the Indians present were Chief Big Canoe, aged ninety-four, from the Rama reserve, Lake Simcoe district, a living link with the Ojibwa race, who in his ceremonial costume grasped hands with Chief Justice William Mulock; Chief John Bigwood, who accompanied Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, representative of the Canadian Parliament, and Chief Ovide Sioui, of Lorrette, Que., who shook the hand of Vernon Marsh, the sculptor who produced the monument to Champlain.

Apart from the pageant, which was in charge of Roy Mitchell, of Toronto, there was a noon-day luncheon, where J. P. Downey, ex-M. L. A., traced the historical exploration trip of Champlain.

MR. LEMIEUX

Hon. Mr. Lemieux, who unveiled the monument, in his address emphasized the fine relations which exist between the English-speaking and the French-speaking people in Canada.

"Divine Providence," he said, "has willed it that the descendants of France and England should live side by side over the vast territory explored by Champlain and evangelized by Lallemant, Brebeuf, Jogues, Dollier de Casson and others. The fortunes of War made of Britain the dominating power in Canada. French and English have their respective qualities and failings, but it is no vain boast to say that they belong to the most liberal and enlightened nations in the world, the two nations which from time immemorial have been at the vanguard of civilization. No one amongst my English-speaking friends here would deny to France the respect and admiration to which she is entitled. All recognize the brilliance of her literature, the unnumbered gifts she has for the diffusion of ideas and ideals, the stimulus she has given to intellectual activity and the power she has shown of developing and refining taste.

"And I, a descendant of France, am proud to proclaim how Old England has spread civilization with unequalled speed and unsurpassed energy over the vast spaces of this continent and most of all how she has developed and worked out a system of free institutions, thus reconciling animosities which at one time seemed deadly, and

creating out of those who have been bitter foes, a united people.

AN INSPIRATION

"May the event of today be an inspiration to the rising generation. Let them treasure up in their hearts and memories the sentiments which are here symbolized. And let us believe that in this country, made immortal by the journey of Champlain and also by the martyrdom of the Jesuit Fathers, three hundred years ago, every man shall remain free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience and to speak freely the language of his forefathers.

In these days of threatened revolution let us strive to assert liberty without license, to maintain authority without despotism. Let us never despair of the future of Canada. If there is one chief characteristic in the life of Champlain it is his unbounded faith, faith in an eternal Divinity which shapes the destinies of men and nations alike; faith in the boundless resources of this country; faith in the ultimate reward which the toils and trials of the pioneers would bring to coming generations."

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

Speaking at the evening banquet, Sir William Mulock also stressed the importance of friendly relations with Quebec.

"Let us not forget," he remarked, "let us remind ourselves of our undebtedness to French-Canadians for having saved Canada to Great Britain in 1776-76. The felicity of British connection was again to be defended in 1812-14. Probably no French-Canadian better understood than did Sir George E. Cartier, one of Quebec's greatest statesmen, the French-Canadian outlook on the future life of Quebec in its relation to the British Empire, and it was in our own time that in giving public expression to French-Canadian sentiment that he stated that the last shot in defense of British connection would be fired by a French-Canadian."

"Just as in those early struggles, the sentiment of French Canada was united for British connection, so the entente thus manifested has continued down through the years. It is our duty to see that it shall still continue. Each race has its contribution to make to the destiny of the Dominion. Each must strive to know and understand the other. We must love our countrymen as we love our country. It has been truly said that many of our petty differences rest in their sheer incomprehension and vanish upon that closer acquaintance which is at once a pleasure and a duty to cultivate as we have been cultivating it today.

"As in Canada's past, the French race has played a great part so will it in the future. The record of their achievements as pioneers and couraieurs-de-bois adorns the pages of the history of Canada. In war and adventure, where enterprise and courage are displayed, it shines in the world's history has surpassed it. In the arts and sciences its position has ever been one of leadership. What wonder then that our French-Canadian fellow citizens should cherish as great pride in their inheritance of race and its traditions as do we ourselves."

SIR GEORGE FOSTER

In replying to the toast to Canada, Sir George E. Foster wondered if the fact that there is so much talk about bridging the gap between Ontario and Quebec or between the two races in Canada is not emphasizing a difficulty which does not exist. Personally in all his experiences in political life he had never found it necessary to fight with a member of the French speaking race. "And he added that the two races are 'indissolubly united in working out the destiny of the nation.' No one need try to tell him that such is not the solid basis on which the people of Canada are rearing the structure of their national life.

Other speakers were Justice Fabre, Surveyor of the Supreme Court of Quebec; Hon. P. H. Bedard, representing the City of Quebec, both of whom brought friendly messages from Quebec Province; Hon. George Henry, representing the Ontario Government, Mayor McLean, of Orillia, who extended the official welcome and thanks of the citizens.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND

London, June 29.—Nine months after the decision to build a church at Newport, Monmouthshire, the edifice was opened this week by the Archbishop of Cardiff, Mgr. Mostyn. Directly Father Woodcock was appointed to the new parish, he bought two acres of land and started building operations in a few weeks. The church holds 550.

Other new churches are springing up rapidly all over the country. At Elstree, Hertfordshire, a chapel was opened this week on the property of Mr. R. A. Caraman, K. S. G.

This is the third center of Catholicism which Mr. Caraman has been instrumental in inaugurating.

When he went to live at Pinner, Middlesex, there was no church, and he set about getting a mission started. He moved to Golders Green, a London suburb and the same condition prevailed. In both places there are now flourishing parishes.

A FAMOUS SCIENTIST DISCARDS UNBELIEF

PROF. JOHANNES REINKE, M.D. TELLS OF HIS FAITH IN GOD AND NEED OF RELIGION

By Dr. Frederick Funder (Vienna Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Another world-famed natural philosopher has joined the ranks of Ampere, von Liebig and Pasteur in bearing testimony to all the fundamental truths of religion. He is Professor Johannes Reinke, M. D., Ph. D., of Kiel University, a Prussian State institution, one of the most widely known and quoted men in his field.

Like many of his eminent predecessors who were pioneers of epochal research, he employs his own works to make his confession of faith in the great religious truths. His credo appears in the preface of his new book, entitled "Natural Science, Cosmic Perception and Religion."

"My book is the confession of an old man, and at the same time a bequest to the younger generation," he says. It seems to him, says Professor Reinke, of importance that at a time when everyone is longing for religious regeneration a natural philosopher should make a statement such as his. For it is natural science, he feels, which the materialistic monks and atheists invoke most freely in endeavoring to substantiate their doctrines, and it is through an appeal to natural science that they have gained greatest credence with the masses.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE HAS LIMITATIONS

"True, it is a principle in natural science to remain within the limits drawn for it, a principle to which I too have strictly adhered in all my treatises," he says. "But even the most far reaching physical explanations of the cosmos cannot satisfy the desire and longing of men for a still farther examination of all questions.

"The phenomena in nature directly provoke in man the wish to fathom, by looking through the veil spread over nature, so to speak, the secrets of events and developments in nature, in order to be able to recognize at least part of the force which holds nature together in all her wonders. The metaphysical longings inherent in every man—even the simplest-minded man—are in closest continuity with his religious impulses, with the seeking of God."

"The natural philosopher is in a position to recognize God through and in the multiplex refractions and the manifold natural phenomena, especially the events and developments of life, from a distance, and I may be allowed to confess with Augustine: 'My heart was disturbed until it found room in God.' In the hearts of so many men the idea of God has been oppressed, nay, almost extinguished, but I raise its banner with bold and joyful confidence in the hope that by close examination of the true contents of natural science the doubts of many a man will be dispelled and they will find fresh strength in the religious ideas which from the times of the Christian martyrs up to the present days have helped numerous people to surmount the difficulties and sufferings of our earthly life."

COLD RECEPTION FROM PROTESTANTS

It is noteworthy that the statements of this prominent representative to German science have met with a refusal on the part of the liberal Protestant clergy. The liberal Protestants no longer wish to open their eyes, nor to be advised by the language of God and the wonders of nature; they even rebuff an expert who gives them an interpretation of that voice of nature.

Professor Reinke, speaking of this painful experience, acknowledges with special thanks the kind reception which Catholics on all sides, in the highest places, have accorded him, in strong contrast to the attitude of the Protestant theologians.

Reinke's confession is made in a time which sadly needs guidance such as he has given. At the last meeting of the German universities at Darmstadt, the chairman made the following declaration:

"We teachers in universities find ourselves in an embarrassing situation, for the students want their knowledge deepened and rooted in some cosmic perception. We have mistaken the means for the end, and cannot now satisfy the desire of youth for cosmic guidance.

"What is missing is the recognition of a basis which binds and inspires all the forces of life and soul. This we can find only if we relinquish the standard of morality dic-

tated by selfishness, and replace it with a standard dictated by the will of God. "Only in the recognition of a Creator to Whom we submit, can we find the liberty of our souls, for the deepest-rooted of the real, fundamental dispositions of man is the religious."

MILITARY MASS IN PHILADELPHIA

3,500 IN UNIFORM STAND OUT AMONGST THE 100,000 PRESENT

Uniformed guardians of Philadelphia—policemen, firemen and park guards, to the number of 3,500—in serried ranks like so many Crusaders, on Sunday, June 21, attended an open-air Military Mass in the shadow of the City Hall. An immense throng estimated at 100,000, witnessed the ceremony.

Members of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the 3,500 were observing the feast. The night before, in equal strength, they had marched through cheering crowds to the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, to hear a call for a renewal of their sense of duty and service to the community. Now they were come reverently to offer sacrifice to God in the same cause, and to hear further inspiring words.

Before an improvised altar in Logan Square they stretched in colorful military array. At either corner of the altar stood United States Marines, at rigid attention. At its foot a selected choir of 50 male voices chanted the ancient responses, and to the left an orchestra of 100 pieces, many of its members from the Philadelphia Orchestra played the hymns.

In a wide semi-circle in front was the plumed color guard of the Knights of Columbus. Beyond the ranks of the uniformed services stretched the thousands of spectators, joining reverently in the ceremony.

BROADCAST BY RADIO

The service was broadcast by radio, the first time the Mass had been radioed from Philadelphia.

As a low chant rose from the choir and continued to surge, then fall, the members of the League filed to the center and received Holy Communion. Twelve priests administered the Sacrament.

The Rev. John J. Mellon was the celebrant of the Mass, and the Rev. Joseph Turner, C. S. S. R. delivered the address.

Special arrangements were made for the protection of the city during the service. Most of the men were members of squads of duty, at the hour of the Mass, and only a few members of the "4 to 12" squads from each station were present.

Significantly, Father Turner chose as his subject, "The Causes and the Cure of Crime," and as his text, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it, unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

"Remember, you cannot check the growth of weeds unless you destroy the roots," he warned as he drew attention to the present "orgy and lawlessness, unparalleled in the history of our Nation." The great roots of crime, he declared, are corruption in public office, godless education and divorce.

While Director of Public Safety Butler nodded approval, Father Turner arraigned pitilessly those who betray public trust in public office. The gravest result of such crime he saw in the undermining of public confidence, "Contempt usurps the place of respect and reverence," he warned.

"Never will you curb crime as long as you curb crime by legislators," he declared. "Never will you curb crime as long as frenzied fanatics brow-beat lawmakers. Never will you curb crime as long as the criminal can buy protection at the price of a ballot. Never will you curb crime as long as decisions of judges and juries are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Never will you curb crime as long as the pleadings of policy and political expediency are substituted for the principles of justice.

REIGN OF GROVELLING GRAFT
"For as long as grovelling Graft usurps the place of unimpeachable Character in high stations in line, the orgy of lawlessness will go on, and the dance of the devil will hold high revelry."

"Political poltroonery, unmitigated rascality, and contemptible bribery in public office have done more to breed crime in the masses than ignorance and indigence and squalor and slum."

Father Turner was equally sweeping in his arraignment of godless education.

"What have we to hope," he asked, "from those university graduates whose minds have been poisoned and whose hearts have been corrupted with the pernicious doctrines of atheism, agnosticism, materialism, and radical socialism? What trust can we place in a man

who scoffs at the idea that man was made to know, love and serve God; whose only ambition is to acquire an abundance of the things of this world, and who treats, with silent contempt, the things of eternity, the things of God?"

"Do you want to stem this raging tide of lawlessness? Then get religion into our halls of learning. Get the knowledge of God into the mind of youth. Get the love of God into the heart of youth. Get the law of God into the life of youth; and then, but not till then, will youth have respect for himself, regard for his neighbor, reverence for authority, and rectitude in public life."

Divorce Father Turner called a malignant cancer "gnawing at the very vitals of our Republic, and sapping the strength of our Nation."

"The homes of the nation are the pillars that support it," he continued. "Destroy these pillars and the structure comes tumbling down."

PROLIFIC SOURCE OF CRIME

"Here," he summed up, "are the most prolific sources of crime in our Nation. And the remedy for it all is Religion. Religion in high stations in life. Religion in the lives of legislators, of judges, of jurists. Religion in the classroom and lecture hall, in the heart of student and instructor. Religion in the home, in the soul of parent and child. Give God His right place in your life—both public and private."

On the evening preceding the military Mass, with Bishop Crane presiding, diplomas were given out and the Sacred Heart banner blessed in the Cathedral after the public march of the uniformed thousands through the city. The Rev. Charles L. O'Brien, S. J., in an eloquent address admonished the city's guardians to stand steadfast in honest, straightforward service. "Reverence authority," he told them, "for all lawful authority comes from God. Though the task be humdrum and weary, it is the real response to duty."

"Be true! Be honest! Be pure! Be men! Stand steadfast and loyal till all your days be gathered in," was his final admonition.

SCOTCH PROTESTANTS ALARMED

Dublin, Ireland.—At the Free Church Assembly, held recently in Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. W. Mackintosh Mackay, Glasgow, said a serious situation was arising as a result of the growth of the Irish population and the expansion of the Catholic Church in Scotland.

Dr. Mackay added that he wished to see all denominations in national (or Public) schools and pointed out that the Catholic Church now took its place, after the Church of Scotland, as the second largest Church in the country according to baptisms. That was a very serious position.

It showed the advance which had been made by the Catholic Church, and when they considered further the question of Irish immigration and that the American Government had lately reduced the quota of immigrants from South Ireland, while it had left the minimum from Scotland as it was, they could see that a large number of Irish seeking for fresh fields would be driven to Scotland, and that they would have an increase of Irish immigration into Scotland.

The result was that in Scottish country districts they were already finding parishes, which used to be entirely Protestant, partly Catholic.

The whole matter of the religious question was referred to a committee for report at a future Assembly.

The real trouble is that the Catholic population in Scotland is claiming educational liberty—that is, the right to educate its children as Catholics; and the Free Church, alarmed at the spread of Catholicism in Scotland, is demanding that Catholics shall not have equal rights in the matter of schools. Anti-Irish feeling is being excited for an obvious reason.

JAPANESE CONVERT PRIESTS

Maryknoll, N. Y., June 22.—A newly ordained Japanese priest, Father Totsuka, has recently returned to Tokyo from Rome. He was a former pupil of the Marist Brothers at the Morning Star School and is the first of their pupils to become a priest. Father Totsuka was given a warm welcome when he returned to his Alma Mater. Before studying for the priesthood he had been a surgeon, and in his early years as a student at the Brother's school, while yet a pagan, he took pleasure in throwing snowballs at a little statue of Saint Joseph, which was on a corner of the playground. He will now begin a foundation of a Catholic religious society which he hopes and believes will do much towards the conversion of his fellow-countrymen.

On June 6, another Japanese, Father Iwashita was ordained at the Cathedral of St. Mark in Venice. Father Iwashita is the son of a prominent Japanese banker, and has been Professor of Philosophy in the preparatory department of the University of Kagoshima. He, too, is a convert and a former student of the Morning Star School.

LIGHTNING STRIKES NEW YORK CATHEDRAL

New York, June 25.—Lightning struck the cross on St. Patrick's Cathedral this afternoon, during the most destructive storm of the year, tearing off the left arm, a section weighing several hundred pounds, which struck the spire several times in its fall and broke into fragments when it reached the ground.

Other fragments dislodged from the spire fell on the roofs of taxicabs waiting in front of the Union Club, across the street, but none in the hurrying crowds of pedestrians on Fifth Avenue was struck.

Some 200 worshippers who were in the Cathedral when the bolt struck were badly scared, but all escaped injury.

JAPANESE HONOR JESUIT APOSTLE

Paris, France.—A dispatch from Osaka announces that a monument is to be erected at Yamaguchi in honor of Saint Francis Xavier. A French missionary, Father Villion, found some time ago the site of a temple which had been donated in 1551 to Saint Francis Xavier by the Daymio of that time and which was used by the Saint as a residence during six months.

The campaign undertaken by Father Villion to raise a monument to the Apostle of the Indies on this site has been crowned with success. The matter is now in the hands of a committee headed by the Prefect of Yamaguchi and of which the leading diplomatic representative of the various countries and a large number of members of the local aristocracy are members. The Prince Regent of Japan has sent the committee his supreme approbation. The monument will be impressive in its simplicity. On a granite base will stand a monumental cross of white marble, bearing on the arms of the cross, the bronze medallion of the Saint. At the top will be fastened a plate with a copy of the original act of donation, dated 1551, which has been preserved all these years.

SAXONS AND SAXONS

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

It has remained for fanatical Saxony to provide an example of bigotry as an aftermath of the Hindenburg-Marx struggle for the Presidency of Germany. It is encouraging, however, that the Protestants of Saxony have rebuked those who raised the issue. Saxony's election for local church government provided the setting for the incident. When the election was about to take place, a group attempted to bar all those Protestants who had voted for the Catholic Marx from holding honors or office in the Protestant church. The attempt was accompanied by a vigorous denunciation of such persons.

Saner heads, however, reminded the gathering that prominent Protestants, and even ministers, had urged the election of Dr. Marx as the best man for the Presidency. They won out and the bigots failed to carry their point.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT FAIR TO CATHOLICS

"In all Central America right now," said Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S. J., Bishop of British Honduras, who arrived in St. Louis from Belize on June 17, "there is probably only one little spot where peace and tranquility abide and that is my Mission in the tropics. There is strife and trouble all around us, but there law and order prevail and the people are happy and contented."

"The people on the coast are of a mixed race, those along the lower portion of the southern coast especially in the towns of Punta Gorda and Stamm Creek are black. Belize is the largest town in British Honduras and is the capital. It has a mixed population of 14,000, less than one-third being of the Catholic faith. The British Government, however, is very favorable to the work of education, and contributes pro rata for all schools regardless of denomination.

"Without this help, God only knows how we would care for the seventy-eight schools in the colonies. In the towns and regions north of the Colony very little English is spoken and Spanish is generally employed. The Indians are for the most part of Maya extraction and originally from Yucatan.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome, June 15.—Ernesto Pacelli, Italian financier who had acted as adviser to three Popes, died here Saturday. He was esteemed highly in both clerical and lay circles in Rome.

New York, June 18.—The next supreme council of the Knights of Columbus will be held in Duluth, Minn., August 4, 5 and 6, it has been announced here by Supreme Knight Flaherty.

Dublin, June 2.—Large numbers of Americans are at present in Ireland, and a goodly proportion of the tourists are Catholics, as evidenced by their presence at Mass on Sundays.

St. Louis.—In response to the stirring call of Archbishop Glennon, "The National Chaplain, a great national Pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Year will be conducted by the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and their Ladies' Auxiliary.

New York, June 19.—The Augustinian Order has purchased Carwarth, the extensive and beautiful Isaac Untermeyer estate at New Hamburg-on-the-Hudson, and will use it as a novitiate for its scholastic of Villanova, Pa., it has been announced here.

Prague, May 25.—A gift of 25,000 lire has been made by the Pope, through the Papal Nuncio here, to the Infirm Priests' Fund of this country. It is said that the gift is in recognition of the faithfulness of the Czech clergy during the schism attending the attempt to set up a national church.

Buffalo, June 15.—Funeral services were held at the Church of the Nativity here Thursday for Archbishop McLean, for many years managing Editor of the Catholic Union and Times, official paper of the Diocese of Buffalo. Born in Canada Mr. McLean went to the United States in early youth.

A most beautiful and inspiring ceremony, which takes place yearly at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, occurred recently, when 1,200 Converts to the Church received at the hands of His Eminence, the Cardinal, the Sacrament of Confirmation. The great sacred edifice was taxed to capacity by the thousands who thronged thither to witness this important event.

Crookston, Minn., June 16.—Rain and bad roads failed to discourage the Catholic Chippewa Indians of Minnesota, who travelled great distances to attend their annual Catholic Indian Congress at Twin Lakes, from Monday to Thursday of last week. An important item in the plans for the Congress was the preparation of a large Confirmation class, under the direction of the zealous Benedictine Indian missionaries.

Paris, France.—Some of the commercial agencies conducting pilgrimages to Rome have revealed a striking and oft-times amusing ignorance of Catholic affairs. One of the agencies, in advertising its tours, promised its members that they would witness the beatification of the *Carmelite Fathers*, the canonization of the Blessed Portelles (Mother Postel), and of the Blessed Father Barat. It also announced the canonization of the *martyrs* of Orange and of the Blessed Eymard.

London, Eng.—The centenary of the opening of St. Mary's church, Harvington, Kidderminster, recalls the fact that the parish is one of the few in England which was never without a priest even in penal days. A tombstone at Harvington bears witness to the courage of Father John W. O. P., who, obeying God rather than men, for five years administered the sacraments to the faithful in this and other parts of Worcestershire in daily peril of death. At last he was taken and butchered.

Washington, D. C., June 17.—On Thursday in the Chapel of St. Paul's College, at the Catholic University of America here, the Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, Very Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P., received seven young men into the ranks of the Community. They were William Blakeslee, James Linahan, John McGarity, Albert Murray, George O'Connor, F. Bertrand, Robert and Harold J. Speetzer. They represent various sections of the country, coming from California, Texas, Canada, Maryland and New York.

All through France impressive ceremonies have been held in honor of the canonization of Saint Jean Baptiste Vianney, Cure d'Arns. In the village of Ars these ceremonies were particularly impressive and were attended by large crowds from the whole Lyons district and from Burgundy. Mass and Vespers were celebrated in the open air. The Municipal Council came in a body to participate in the glorification of the parish priest whose admirable life has forever rendered their little parish famous throughout the world. About twenty members of the Chamber of Deputies went to Rome to witness the canonization ceremonies. A place was reserved for them near the papal altar.

THE INHERITANCE OF
JEAN TROUVEBy NEVIL HENSHAW
Author of *Allies of the Grand Woods*, etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

It was a desolate, unlovely place, even under the softening influence of the moonlight, yet as Monsieur Dugas drove around to the little stable in the rear, he heaved a great sigh of contentment.

"That is good to be home again," he observed. "Now there will be no more paying for each bit of food that goes into one's mouth, each moment of one's repose. They are robbers, those city-folk. If it were possible, they would charge for the very air that one breathes."

"Then why did you go to Mardi Gras, M'sieu?" I inquired, stung by this implied accusation of Madame Therese.

The storekeeper stared at me in surprise.

"To Mardi Gras?" he echoed. "You thought that I went to see the carnival? *Dieu*, but you are a strange one."

He paused to chuckle at the thought, and then added, "Believe me, I am not that kind of a fool. Each year it is necessary that I journey to the city to replenish the stock of my store. If I go at this time, it is only that I may receive the carnival as *lagnappe*. You understand?"

"I made no reply. That any one should journey to the city at Mardi Gras for any other purpose than that of witnessing the carnival was beyond my comprehension.

Climbing stiffly from the high seat of the jumper, Monsieur Dugas lifted me to the ground, and then, which he set about unbuckling and stabilizing the horse. Then, picking up the valises, he led the way toward the store. A black and white dog came growling through the shadows, and a fowl squawked uneasily from an unseen perch, but save for these tokens our arrival was unnoticed. No lamp sprang suddenly aglow in some dark window. No voice called to the master to know if all was well with him. Through our welcome I guessed that which I was presently to know—that there was no Madame Dugas.

To the rear of the store a small single room had been added, and going toward it Monsieur Dugas unlocked the door and entered.

"A moment," he cautioned, halting me upon the threshold. "It is crowded in here. You had best wait until I make a light."

Accordingly I paused upon the door-step, and as I did so I quickly turned my head. For from the room there came such an odor that I was well-nigh strangled with it. It was a stale, musty odor, of rancid cheese, of moldy flour, of ancient salt meat and, above all, of the flat fumes of strong cheap liquor. To the storekeeper, however, it was a familiar atmosphere, perhaps a pleasant one, for he remarked on it as he searched for the lamp.

"That smells good," he sniffed, "especially the cheese. I was afraid that, in my absence, my imbecile of a clerk would throw it away. They like strong things, these country-folk, good strong things that will remind them that they have received something for their money."

By now the storekeeper had found and lighted the lamp, and, peering inside, I stared in astonishment at the sight that met my eyes. It was a small room, even for one person, yet into it had been crowded the entire overflow of the store. Boxes, jugs and barrels littered the entire floor space, tall pyramids of gaudy labeled cans had been built up against the walls, while from the rafters overhead hung bundles and sets of harness, lending a hazy and raggedness to the slovenly aspect of the whole.

In one corner a cot with tattered mosquito netting marked the resting-place of Monsieur Dugas, and save for this there was no other furniture. At the back an open fireplace yawned cold and cheerless, with a row of dirty glasses upon the narrow shelf above.

Removing his hat and overcoat, Monsieur Dugas caught up the lamp and vanished inside the store, leaving me to choke in the close but chilly atmosphere of the room. When he returned a moment later, he was burdened with an armful of filthy blankets which gave forth a cloud of dust as he threw them upon a convenient barrel-top. Then, hastily clearing a small narrow space upon the floor by thrusting a part of the litter beneath his cot, he spread the blankets lengthwise into a rude sort of bed, its foot, as though from habit, pointing toward the empty fireplace.

"So," said he, rising from his task with a grunt of satisfaction. "There is your couch, my young friend. Perhaps it is not a fine one, but it is the best that I can do. Raoul, my clerk, has slept upon it, and has been none the worse for the experience. Come, tumble in before you are cold. It would be a waste to start a fire at such an hour."

As though to set me the example he began undressing with a remarkable rapidity while I, shivering and gasping, paused only to slip off my coat and shoes before creeping beneath the dingy blankets.

Monsieur Dugas nodded his approval.

"That is right," said he. "You will be warmer so." And blowing out the lamp, he made his way through the maze of boxes and barrels with the same marvelous accuracy that he had exhibited upon our drive across the prairie. The cot squeaked lustily beneath the weight of his body, and then, almost instantly, there arose the sound of slow regular breathing that told me he was asleep.

As for myself, I lay upon my blankets in sobbing, tortured wakefulness, my whole small body racked with the dreadful pangs of homesickness. That these pangs were my first, served only to increase their poignancy, so that my very soul ached with its longing for Madame Therese.

Gone was the pleasure of the morning's journey, the pleased anticipation of all that was to come. I groaned. I writhed. I clutched the blankets fiercely in my agony that their rotten fabric gave way beneath my fingers. It was very dark and still in the crowded room, and to the odors that I had encountered upon the door-step, there was added the reek of ill-cured leather.

Finally my suffering became so unbearable that, as in the days of my loneliness and terror, I rose suddenly to my knees in the middle of the blankets. Out went my arms, and from my lips there issued forth a trembling, whispered supplication, although now it was addressed to One far greater than my adored M'sieu L'Empereur Napoleon.

"Dear God," I sobbed again and again, "take me back to my Madame Therese. Take me back or I will die."

It was simple monotonous appeal, yet its faith must have been great, for I have always felt that it went straight up from the heart of that desolate prairie into the infinite Mercy beyond. At all events, as I knelt there shivering, a soft bright finger of moonlight slipped suddenly through the dark square of the uncurtained window, and rested for a moment upon my face like an answering caress.

Somehow I felt strangely comforted, and then, as I rolled back into my blankets, a sudden sharp pressure above my heart reminded me of Madame Therese's forgotten present. Quickly I drew it forth, unwrapping its covering of tissue-paper until my mother's picture lay in my hand. The finger of moonlight had now slipped to the floor, where it shimmered a thin quivering streak of silver, and, lowering the picture into its glow, I saw upon the glass of the frame, a small round object.

Dear Madame Therese! I pressed the gold piece to my lips as surely she must have pressed it to hers. Also, before thrusting it hurriedly into my pocket, I cast a fearful glance in the direction of the storekeeper. I was beginning to understand Monsieur Dugas now, and I blessed the forgetfulness that had caused him to miss this truly golden opportunity.

How long I lay there gazing at the picture I do not know. Once more I can see the sad beautiful face in its bath of moonlight. Once more I can feel the drowsy, delicious sense of protection that crept over me before my tired eyes closed in sleep.

And so, through the strange workings of Providence, in the hour of my childhood's greatest necessity, and in the country of her youth, I was comforted by the mother whom I had never known.

CHAPTER V.
MARSH ISLAND

I awoke next morning to the sound of angry voices and, upon looking sleepily about me, saw Monsieur Dugas and another man engaged in excited conversation. They stood before the open fireplace in which a fire of dry china-tree branches now crackled merrily, sending up long tongues of flame against the black sides of the iron kettle that was suspended above it. At one side the ashes had been raked away to accommodate a battered coffee pot, and Monsieur Dugas, armed with a large pewter spoon, presided over it all with an authority born of long usage.

"Exercise, my dear Raoul, is the best of tonics," he was saying between vigorous jabs at the kettle. "Also you should have been waiting for me. Had I not left when I did, I would have been charged with a night's stabling."

His companion muttered an angry oath. He was a young man, plain and simple of features, and the gaudy apparel in which he had arrayed himself for his trip to town had suffered sadly from the fogs and dews of the night before. Evidently, in his anger, he had hurried straight to the store, forgetful of the comfort of a change to less pretentious clothing.

"Just the same you will pay me for the damage, Dugas," he declared stubbornly. "You left word that I must tend store this morning, and I had no choice but to walk. You know how long I have saved for this suit, these shoes, this hat. And now look at them."

Turning to display his plight to better advantage, he caught sight of me sitting up upon my huddle of blankets.

"Why—who?" he began.

Monsieur Dugas smiled, possibly with satisfaction, for I have always felt that he counted upon my discovery to put an end to a very unpleasant discussion.

"Ah, so you have discovered him,

Raoul?" he interrupted hastily. "I thought that you would be surprised. Also, after I have taken him to his destination and have told you who he is, you will be more surprised than ever. This is all that I can tell you for the moment."

Thus, having established a curiosity in the mind of his clerk that completely overshadowed all the question of the ruined garments, Monsieur Dugas gave a final stir to the kettle and, lifting it from its crane, dumped the contents into a greasy platter.

"Come, breakfast is ready, *mon p'tit*," he called to me. "We must eat quickly and be off, for there are still some miles ahead of us."

Hastily slipping into my shoes and coat, I took my place at the barrel-top which served as a table, and began to gulp down the hot mush that Monsieur Dugas had been preparing. It was coarse and tasteless, but fortunately there was an abundance of it. For, through the absence of my supper the night before, I was now ravenously hungry.

After a moment of indecision, Raoul joined in the meal, eating with such rapidity despite his silliness, that it was evident that, in the matter of the mush at least, he intended getting the better of his employer.

When the last particle had disappeared, Monsieur Dugas wiped his mouth upon the back of his hand, and gathering the dishes into a heap, dumped them carelessly upon the hearth.

"You will now open the store and tend it until my return, Raoul," he ordered. "Also you will set out some of the goods in here saying that I have brought them from the city. Of course there will be an extra charge for the freshness. You understand?"

Raoul nodded sulkily.

"But this boy, and my clothes—" he began.

"Upon my return, Raoul, upon my return," said the storekeeper soothingly, and motioning me to follow him, led the way outside.

It was not until I had stepped out into the stable-yard that I realized how early we had arisen. The mist still hung damp and heavy above the surrounding prairie and the morning light was gray and hazy, distorting the smallest object into an unnatural size. Across the narrow walk that led around to the front of the store a pump crowned with a tin basin loomed like some huge, helmeted giant, and Monsieur Dugas, pausing before it, thrust a small sticky lump of soap into my hand.

"Make a good job of it *mon p'tit*," he advised. "Your appearance will count for something, believe me." And with this wise, if curious suggestion, he hurried away to harness his horse.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Situated on the principal street of the city was the homestead of comfort and plenty owned by the Courtenays. To everyone, who passed by, it seemed a Utopia of content to be able to live there. Besides to be a Courtenay meant that you were looked up to by the entire populace as a model of aristocracy. In such surroundings we find Henry Courtenay, the only child of the family. To his father's disappointment Henry is a real American young man. Often Henry broke the old-established customs of the Courtenays by mingling with those generally considered his inferiors. Henry, possessing a cosmopolitan spirit, was somewhat attached to the poor and often spent his leisure hours riding through the slums. It was while doing so that one day he came upon a bowery bully molesting a young girl. Without a moment's hesitation Henry dismounted and walking up to the bully, said: "Let her alone." The bully, hardly glancing at Henry, replied with a sneer, "Go about your business or I'll—"

This stirred the red manly blood in Henry beyond control. Seeing failure in the use of words a battle royal followed, while the girl stood by in fear. The bully, taken unexpectedly, for he was under the impression that his appearance was enough to scare Henry, was soon overpowered. Henry saw further to the girl's protection by accompanying her to her home. He felt rather interested in all that the girl had to say. She told him she was Inez Watts and that she worked in a factory, at which she made a few dollars a week.

This confession, however, did not make Henry lose his interest in her, and before leaving that day he obtained her permission to see her again. Time and again Henry visited the slums. No one knew of his frequent calls except Inez. Inez, indeed, liked to see him, but foreseeing the consequences should his real mission be discovered, she warned him again and again. She did not want to see him suffer on her account, because she would share his misfortune. Although Inez sometimes exaggerated what the possible consequences might be, nevertheless nothing seemed to discourage Henry.

After a considerable time of courting, they were married. Their marriage was secretly performed because Henry was quite sure his parents would object to it. Once married, he no longer feared the consequences. What mattered it to him if he had to undergo any

conceivable suffering when he was sure Inez was as long as he lived. With courage he broke the news to his parents. Mrs. Courtenay seemed to be disappointed in his action, but was ready and willing to forgive. With Mr. Courtenay matters stood different. He would listen to no explanation nor pleadings, but without a moment's hesitation, ordered Henry to leave home. He gave him a choice of leaving his wife and child at home or to be disinherited and have his wife. How could Henry leave Inez? Such action seemed to him impossible and he soon set to work gathering his belongings. When ready to leave his father used one more argument to persuade him to do what the "Courtenay" pride would demand in such a case. Henry interrupted his father's speech and retorted: "Father, stop this instant. Inez is made of the same common clay as any girl whom you would have me marry. I will go to the end of the world to keep her." In another moment he was gone.

After three years we find Henry, but now calling himself Tatum, living in a small and humble cottage in the poor section of the city. Earnestly he worked day after day as foreman at the Van Leder Printing Shop, trying to make ends meet and to give Inez and his little son all that he possibly could. What a contrast to his former home where every conceivable luxury was his? Nevertheless, in all his struggles Henry seemed to feel happier than he had ever been in his father's home. In order to keep up with the ever-increasing cost of commodities Henry approached the president of the firm and asked for a raise in salary. Mr. Van Leder promised Henry a raise provided his firm won the big printing job which was open for bid. It may have looked bright for the Van Leder concern had not the Courtenay Printing Company, the largest concern of its kind in the city, also bid for the contract. The Courtenay Printing Company, of which Henry's father was president, anxiously desired to win the contract in order to uphold its former prestige. Henry's father, however, was signorant of his disinherited son's connection with the Van Leder firm. Had he been aware of it, the Van Leder concern would not have the slightest hope for the contract, and Inez wished to see Van Leder get it for the simple reason that it would mean a raise in Henry's salary. The Van Leder firm was just becoming established and must secure this contract if it was to gain a footing in the locality. Keen would hardly express the true competition between the two firms.

Meanwhile Mrs. Courtenay turned her attention to charity. Time after time she visited the slums, carrying cheer to the poor and hope for the contrite and the wretched. Her heart ached at the binding of broken hearts. A chance would have it, Mrs. Courtenay, while looking after the needy, one day visited the cottage of the Tatum. There she found Inez and her little son, who was not well. Mrs. Courtenay did not know who Inez was, yet something drew her to like Inez. After several visits, Mrs. Courtenay discovered to whom this humble cottage belonged. Although touched by her Courtenay pride would not allow her to disclose her identity. Hard pressed at times, still Inez refused her charity, but Mrs. Courtenay now aware for whom she was doing it, was doubly anxious to help. Her frequent visits soon won the friendship of the little boy, who generally received some little gift, which his parents could not provide for him.

One day, wishing to repay Mrs. Courtenay, the little boy gave her a key and childlike insisted that she keep it. Mrs. Courtenay would have readily taken it as a keepsake, but under the impression that the key was needed, offered it to Inez. Inez, however, told her that if she cared she might have it, as it was just an extra office key belonging to Henry. Mrs. Courtenay, pleased with the attitude of Inez, put the key into her satchel. During the conversation that followed Inez showed Mrs. Courtenay a photograph of the office where Henry worked, even pointing out the desk occupied by him.

Mrs. Courtenay was really interested and gathered all the information possible, whereas the enthusiastic Inez was ready to answer all questions. She told Mrs. Courtenay the concern for which Henry worked and that they were going to have a bigger income provided a large printing contract was won by that firm.

Upon returning home Mrs. Courtenay soon set to work trying to persuade her husband to withdraw his low bid and allow the small firm to have the contract. Her argument was that the smaller firm ought to be given an opportunity to get well started. She never advanced her real reason for her interest in the welfare of the Van Leder concern. Mr. Courtenay, who had never allowed a possible dollar to get out of his reach, flatly refused her request.

The time for awarding the contract was drawing nigh. The day previous to the formal awarding Van Leder informed Henry that the big firm had won the contract. This was, indeed, a shock to Henry, who was patiently awaiting the day with hopes of having Van Leder's promise fulfilled. His hopes shattered, like a ship wrecked at sea

and with the realization that his little son was growing worse staring him in the face, Henry decided that he must get money either by fair or foul means. After some deliberation he planned to go at night to the Van Leder office and open the safe, the combination of which was known to him. Driven to desperation by the failure of the firm to secure the contract, he firmly resolved to undertake his plan that very night.

Henry and Inez were disappointed, 'tis true, but there was someone else who felt the little firm's misfortune. It was no one other than Mrs. Courtenay. Her love for her son had never lessened though he was no longer at home. Pondering over the situation Henry was now in, this was soon followed by a resolution to act. She took from an iron box a number of paper bills and enclosing them in an envelope wrote "To Mr. Henry Tatum." Scrutinizing the envelope she realized that her writing would reveal to Henry the sender. She tore up the envelope, and taking up another she printed in a disguised hand "To Mr. Henry Tatum from an old friend who comes to her enclosed." Into this envelope she placed the money and sealed it.

That night she secretly left her home on an unknown mission. She soon arrived at the Van Leder shop, admitted herself with the key the boy had given her. With a pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other she found Henry's desk. After placing the money in the drawer she closed it and prepared to leave, but her footsteps were heard. Trembling with the fear of being caught and horror-stricken at the very idea, she hid.

Henry, leaving Inez, set out from his cottage on secret business. Arriving at the Van Leder shop and seeing no one around, he entered the same door Mrs. Courtenay had shortly before entered, leaving the door unlocked, behind him. Straight to the safe. Opening it he was about to take the money, when his mother noticed from her place what her son was doing first the pistol in the air. She had forgotten herself in that moment, her foremost thought being to save her son from disgrace. Henry, seized with fear, though having secured no money, broke away. He was soon out of the shop and on his way, escaping through the door he left unlocked.

With her mission performed Mrs. Courtenay, thoroughly frightened, hurried out. Just as she left the door she fell into the hands of two policemen who were attracted by the report of the pistol. They took her to the police station. Immediately she sent word to her husband. He, totally unaware of her having left the house that night, was mystified. He at once set out to aid her.

Mrs. Courtenay refused to explain her conduct to her husband. Van Leder who was also summoned, arrived at the station. Although he admitted that no money was missing still he demanded action. Mrs. Courtenay begged Van Leder to have her released. Anxious to hush the matter up, she told Van Leder that Mr. Courtenay would transfer the printing contract to him. Van Leder readily agreed and Mr. Courtenay, although reluctantly, consented to Mrs. Courtenay's terms, but with the understanding that the reason for his action be kept secret.

Once at home Mr. Courtenay demanded an explanation from his wife. She dared not tell him the truth, yet some explanation had to be given, so she began: "In my charity work I encountered a poor boy, who worked for Van Leder. I tried to induce him to accept what I had for him, but he refused. I went to the shop to leave some money in his desk, which he had pointed out to me some time ago. While there my pistol went off accidentally and its report attracted the policemen." Her final words were hardly audible due to her sobs. Courtenay, highly incensed, nevertheless believed her story, but warned her that she must give up charity work in the future.

Henry truly repented his cowardly and degrading attempt at robbery. His only consolation was the fact that he had not been caught and had not brought any disgrace either upon Inez or his little son.

The next day at work bright colors chased away the gloom, when he found a strange package of money. He was surprised and delighted, but never suspected the author of the good deed. His joy knew no bounds when later in the day Van Leder informed him that he was to get his raise in salary, because the Courtenay company had surrendered the contract to Van Leder. It was beyond his comprehension to hear that his father should give up the contract. He asked Van Leder the reason for Courtenay's action, but Van Leder refused to answer. Just as Van Leder and Courtenay never suspected that Henry unconsciously was responsible for the Van Leder concern, getting the contract, so Henry never suspected that it was his mother's love that saved him from ruin and was responsible for Van Leder getting the contract.—Andrew Klubusickie, in the Michigan Catholic.

It is not enough to see that God wishes the good we aim at, but that He wishes it through our instrumentality, in our manner and in our time; and we come to discern all this by true obedience.

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THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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FORGIVE THEM

The Centurion halted outside the old walled city, in the midst of the young verdure of the suburban gardens. The city of Caliphah did not allow capital punishment within its walls; the air perfumed with the virtue of the Pharisees would be polluted; and the soft hearts of the Sadducees would be distressed; hence, condemned prisoners were expelled from the city before their death.

They had stopped on the summit of a rounded mound of limestone resembling a skull. This resemblance might seem to be the reason for choosing this place for executions, but the real reason was rather because the two great roads from Jaffa and Damascus crossed each other close at hand, and it was well that the cross should show its terrible warning to the traveling multitude of pilgrims, merchants and provincials.

The sun, the benign sun of the solstice, the high noon-day sun, shone on the white mound and on the matted rocks ringed sonorously in the rock. In the nearby gardens the spring flowers expanded in the mild air; singing birds, hidden in the trees, rent the sky with the silver arrows of their warblings; doves flew about in pairs in the warm, pastoral peace. It would be sweet to live there in some well-watered garden beside a well, in the perfume of the earth awakening and clothing itself, awaiting the harvest moon, in company with loving friends! Days of Galilee, days of peace, days of sunshine and friendship among the vineyards, beside the lake, days of light and liberty, wandering with friends who listened understandingly, days drawing to a close with the well-earned cheerfulness of supper, days which seemed eternal, although they were so short!

Now Thou hast no one with Thee, Jesus, called the Christ. These soldiers preparing that appalling deed, these hounds awaiting Thy blood, are only shadows, cast by the great shadow of God. Thou art alone as Thou wert alone at night; the sun that warms Thy assassins is not for Thee. Before Thee lies no other day, no other journey ended. Thy wanderings and now at last Thou canst rest; this skull of rock is Thy goal. A few hours hence, Thine imprisoned spirit shall be torn from his dungeon.

God's human face is wet with cold sweat. The blows of the matted rocks ring in His head, as if they struck at Him; the sun which He loved so much, symbol of the Father, just above the unjust, now falls harshly on His aching eyes and swollen eyelids. His whole body aches with weariness, trembles in a yearning for rest which He resists with all His soul. Has He not promised to suffer as much as is needful up to the very last? At the same time it seems to Him that He loves with a more intimate tenderness those who are leaving, even those who are working for His death. And from the depths of His soul, like a song of victory over the torn and weary flesh, rise up the words, never to be forgotten by men, "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

No more divine prayer was ever raised to Heaven since men have lived and prayed; it is not the prayer of a man, but of a God to a God. Men, who cannot pardon even the innocence of an innocent man, had never before that day dreamed that a man might pray for the forgiveness of those who were putting him to death.

For they know not what they do! Wrongs consciously wrought cannot be absolved without assurance of repentance. But the ignorance of men is so appallingly great that only a few really know what they do.

Jesus had taught what men should know; but how many knew it? Even His own Disciples, the only ones to know that Jesus was Christ, had been overcome by the fear of losing this last remnant of their lives; even as they fled away, they had shown that they did not know what they did. And even more ignorant of what they really did were the Pharisees, fearful of losing their preeminence; the Doctors, fearful of losing their privileges; the rich, fearful of losing their money; Pilate, fearful of losing his office; and most ignorant of all were the Jews, misled by their leaders, and the soldiers obedient to orders. None of them knew who Christ was and what He came to do, and why He was killed. Some of them were to know it, but afterwards, and they came to know it only through the intercession of the Man whom they were killing.

Now, at the point of death, He had confirmed His most difficult and divine teaching, "Love for enemies," and He could now hold out His hands to the hammer. The crosses had been raised; now they were piling stones about them to steady them under the weight, and were filling the holes with earth, stamping it down with their feet.

The women of Jerusalem approached the condemned Man with a pitcher. It contained a mixture of wine, incense and myrrh, which the executioners, out of the goodness of their hearts, imagined would dull consciousness. Those

very people who were making Him suffer pretended as a last insult that they had mercy on that suffering, and by reducing it by the merest trifle they thought they had the greater right to demand that the rest of the cup of suffering be drained. But Jesus, as soon as He had tasted this mixture, bitter as gall, pushed it away. He would have accepted a single word in place of the wine, but the only one on that day who could find the word to say was one of the thieves whom they had dragged up to the place of the skull with Him.

The incense and the myrrh which they offered Him on that day were not perfumed like that incense and myrrh brought to Him in the stable by the Wise Men from the distant Orient. And in place of the gold which had lighted the dingy darkness of the stable, there was the iron of the nails, gray now, waiting to be reddened. And that wine which seemed poisoned so bitter was it, was not the genial nuptial wine of Cana, nor that which he had drunk the evening before, warm and dark as blood dripping from a wound.

FOUR NAILS

On the top of the hill of the Skull the three crosses, tall, dark, with outspread beams like giants with outstretched arms, stood out against the great sweep of the sweet spring sky. They threw no shadow, but they were outlined by brilliant reflections from the sun. The beauty of the world on that day in that hour was so great that tortures were unthinkable; could they not, those wooden branches, blossom out with field flowers, and be wreathed with garlands of tender green, hiding the scaffold with verdure, in the shade of which reconciled and friendly brothers might sit down?

But the Priests, the Scribes, the Pharisees, those who gloated over suffering and over revenge, who had come there to satisfy their morbid appetites with the spectacle of three deaths, were stamping with impatience, and jeeringly hastening on the Romans.

The Centurion gave an order. Two soldiers approached Jesus and with rapid, rough gestures, removed all His clothes. The criminal condemned to crucifixion must be entirely naked.

As soon as He was stripped, they passed two ropes under His armpits, and hoisted Him up on the cross. Half-way up the upright was a rough wooden peg like a seat where the body was to find a precarious and painful support.

Another soldier leaned the ladder against one of the arms of the cross, climbed upon it, hammer in hand, seized the hand which had crucified lepers and caressed little children's hair, spread it out on the wood and drove a nail into the middle of the palm. The nails were long, and with a wide head so that they could be easily hammered. The soldier struck a vigorous blow, which pierced the flesh at once, and then another and a third so that the nail would hold firmly and so that only the head would remain outside. A little blood spurted out from the pierced hand upon the hammering hand, but the diligent workman paid no attention to it, and continued to hammer away vigorously until his work was properly done. Then he came down the ladder and did the same to the other hand.

All the spectators had fallen silent, hoping to hear screams from the condemned man. But Jesus was silent before His executioners as He had been silent before His judges.

Now they turned their attention to the feet. This was work which could be done standing on the ground, for the Roman crosses were set so low that, if the bodies of the executed criminals were left on them too long, prowling dogs and jackals could tear out their bowels and eat them.

The soldier who was nailing Christ on the cross now lifted up His knees so that the soles of His feet should be flat against the wood, and taking the measure so that the iron nail should be long enough to go through the instep, he pierced the first foot and drove the nail home. He did the same to the other foot, and at the end glanced up, still with his hammer in his hand, to see if he had finished his work, and if anything was lacking. He remembered the scroll which they had taken from Jesus' neck and flung down on the ground. He picked it up, climbed again up the ladder, and with two nails fastened it on the upright of the cross, above the thorn-crowned head.

Then he came down the ladder for the last time, threw away his hammer, and looked to see if his companions had finished their work. The thieves, too, were now in place and all three crosses had their flesh offerings. The soldiers could rest and divide the garments which henceforth the men up there on the crosses needed no more. This was the perquisite of the executioners and came to them by law. Four soldiers had a right to Jesus' clothes and they divided them into four parts. This left the tunic, which was without seam, woven all in one piece. It would be a sin to cut it, for after that it would be of no use to any one; but one of them, an old gambler, took out his dice, threw them, and the tunic was awarded by luck. From now on the only possession of the King of the Jews was the thorns of His crown which, as a greater insult, they had left on His head.

All was finished: the drops of blood fell slowly from His hands on the ground and the blood from His feet reddened the cross. From now on He was to flee no more; His blaspheming mouth was soon to be gaging in agony, but it was to teach no more forever. The assassins might be satisfied with themselves and with the foreign executioners. The poisoner of the people, the enemy of the Temple and of business, was fastened with four solid nails on the tree of ignominy. From that night on the lords of Jerusalem could sleep more peacefully.

A clamor of demonic laughter, of exultant exclamation of ferocious jests rose from the crowd about Golgotha. There He was, the bird of ill-omen; nailed with outspread wings. The poor man, satisfied if He had but a tunic, now was altogether naked; the vagabond, who had only a stone on which to lay his head, now had a fine pillow of wood; the impostor who deceived with His miracles, no longer had His hands free to mold the clay which restored sight to the blind; the throne of the King was a hard wooden peg; the hater of Jerusalem was hung up in sight of the Holy City; the Master with so many disciples now had as companions only two thieves who insulted Him, and four bored soldiers.

"Call on the Father now to save These, ask for a legion of angels to take These away from there and dispense us with flaming swords. Then even we will believe that Thou art the Christ, and we will fall down with our faces in the dust to adore Thee."

And some of the priests, shaking their heads, said: "Thou that destroyed the temple, and buiddest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross."

This challenge recalls that of Satan in the desert. They, like Satan, wished for a prodigy. They had asked so many times for a sign. "It would be a fine sign if Thou couldst loosen the four nails and come down from the cross, and if the power of the Father should flame out in the Heavens destroying us as God-killers. But Thou seest well that the nails are strong and are not loosened, and that no one would be able to aid Thee from heaven or from earth."

The Scribes, the Elders, mocked Him in the same way, and so did even the soldiers, although the affair was none of theirs, and even the thieves also, suffering though they were in anguish with Him. "He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God."

He had announced that He came to give life, and now He could not save Himself from death! He had boasted that He was the Son of God, but God did not move to save His first-born from the scaffold. Therefore, He had always lied; it was not true that He had ever saved any one. It was not true that God was His Father, and if He had lied about that, He had lied about everything, and deserved his fate. There was no need so clear, but the proof was there so clear, that all could see it, and their consciences were perfectly at rest. If any miracle were possible, He would no longer be crucified there to agonize; but the sky was empty and the sun, God's light, shone clearly that all men might see more clearly the contractions of His face and the painful heaving of His chest.

"What a pity that the Romans do not allow our old punishment for blasphemers, for it would have relieved us to have stoned These one by one. Thus every one would have had his share of pleasure, taking aim at the head with well-directed stones, and covering These with bruises, clothing These in a tunic of stones. Once before when the adulterers was brought before These we put down our stones; but today no one would be backward, and Thou wouldst have paid for These and for her! The cross is well enough, but how much less satisfying for the spectators! If only these foreigners had permitted us to give a blow of the hammer on the nails! Thou answerest not? Hast Thou no longer any desire to preach? Canst Thou not come down? Why dost Thou not desire to convert us also? If we ought to love Thee, show us first that God loves Thee enough to do a great miracle to save Thee from death!"

But the divine Sacrifice was silent. The torture of the fever, which had begun already, was not so terrible as those words of His brothers who were crucifying Him a second time on the cross of their appalling ignorance.

DISMAS

The thieves who had been crucified with Jesus had begun to be hostile to Him in the street when He was liberated from the weight of His cross. They felt aggrieved because no one thought of them; they were to die the same death, but no one seemed to think of this; people abused Him, but at least they recognized that He was there, they were all thinking about Him, running along for His sake as if He had been alone. It was for Him that all those people were following along—important people, educated and wealthy—it was for Him that the women were weeping and that even the Centurion was moved to

pity. He was the King of the occasion, this country cheat, and He drew every one's attention as if He had really been a King. Who knew, perhaps the wine with myrrh never have been offered to them, if He had not been so fastidious as to refuse it.

But one of them, when he heard the great words of his eviled companion, "Forgive them; for they know not what they do," suddenly fell silent. That prayer was so new for him, summoned him to emotions so foreign to his nature, and all his life, that it carried him back at once to his almost forgotten childhood, when he also was innocent, and when he knew there was a God whom one could ask for peace as poor men beg for bread at the rich man's door. But in no anticline could he remember hearing any such prayer as this, so extraordinary, so paradoxical in the mouth of one who was at that moment being killed. And yet those impossible words found in the thief's withered heart an echo of something he would have liked to believe, above all at that moment when he was about to appear before a Judge more awful than those of the law-courts. This prayer of Jesus' found an unexpected echo in his own thought, a thought beyond his power to formulate or express, but which now seemed to him luminous in the darkness of his fate. Had he really known what he was doing? Had other men ever thought of him? Had they ever done for him what they could to turn him from evil? Had there ever been any one who really loved him? Had any one given him food when he was hungry and a cloak when he was cold, and a friendly word when suddenly temptations laid siege to his lonely and dissatisfied soul? If he had had a little more bread and love, would he have committed the actions which had brought him to Golgotha? Was he not also among those who knew not what they do, distraught by poverty, abandoned among ambushed passions? Were they not thieves like him, the Levites who trafficked in the offerings of the faithful, the Pharisees who cheated widows, the rich men, who by their usury drained dry the veins of the poverty-stricken? Those were the men who had condemned him to death; but what right had they to kill him if they had never done anything to save him, and if they, too, were tainted with his guilt?

All these thoughts went through his distracted heart while he waited to be fastened to the cross. The nearness of death—and what a death!—this unheard-of prayer of the man who was not a thief, but who was suffering the penalty of thieves, the hate which deformed the faces of the men who had condemned him also, moved his poor, maimed soul, and inclined him to emotions unfeigned since his boyhood, to emotions the very name of which he did not know, but which were very like to tenderness and repentance.

When they were all on the cross, the other thief, although suffering terribly from his pierced hands and feet, began again to insult Jesus. He also began to vomit, out of the challenge of the Jews, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." If He were really the Son of God would He not have thought of freeing also His companions in misery? Why was He not moved to compassion? Hence, they were right, those men down there: He was a deceiver, a man of no account, an execrated outcast. And the anger of the raging thief was intensified by his fury over a lost hope, an abortive hope, an impossible dream of redemption; but a despairing man hopes even for the impossible, and this hope withdrawn seemed to him a betrayal.

But the Good Thief who had been listening to him, and to the other raging voices shrieking down below, now turned to his companion. "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we received the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing amiss." The thief had passed from the doubt of his own blameworthiness to the certainty of the innocence of that mysterious Pardoner at his side. "We have committed deeds (he was not willing to call them crimes) which men punish, but this man has done nothing amiss, and yet He is punished as we are; why, therefore, insult Him? Hast thou no fear that God will punish thee for having humiliated an innocent man?"

And he turned over in his mind what he had heard told about Jesus—only a few things and those not at all clear to him—but he knew that Jesus had spoken of a Kingdom of Peace and that He himself was to be at the head of it. Then with impetuous faith as if he invoked the blood which fell at the same moment from his criminal hands and from those guiltless hands, he cried out these words, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

"We have suffered together; wilt Thou not recognize the man who was beside Thee on the cross, the only man who defended Thee when all were attacking Thee?"

And Jesus, who had answered no man, turned His head as well as He could toward the pitying thief and answered him, "Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

He could promise him nothing earthly; what would it have availed

him to be unnailed from the cross and to drag himself along the roads of the earth a few years more, crippled and needy? And unlike the other thief he had not asked to be saved from death; he had asked only to be remembered after his death, if Jesus should return in glory. Jesus instead of fleshly and uncertain life promised him the eternal life of Paradise, and that without delay—"today."

He had sinned; in the eyes of men, he had gravely sinned, he had taken away from the rich a little of their riches, perhaps he had also stolen a little from the poor, but for sinners alling with an illness worse than any bodily weakness, Jesus had always a tenderness of which He made no show, but which He was never willing to hide. Had He not come to bring back to the warmth of the stable the flock lost among the thorns of the countryside? Were not the wicked already sufficiently punished with their own wickedness? And those who thought themselves righteous, were they not perhaps often more corrupt than the wicked they condemned? Jesus does not pardon all men. That would be injustice, holier than the injustice of the world, but still unjust. But a single motion of repentance, a single word of regret is enough. The prayer of the thief was enough to absolve him.

The Good Thief was Jesus' last convert in His corporeal existence. He was the last Disciple and at the same time the first of the martyrs, for Peter's Gospel tells us that when they heard his words, the

Jews were angered against him and demanded that his legs should not be broken, in order that he might die in greater torment. The legs of crucified men were broken out of mercy that their sufferings might end sooner; this shortening of his torture was refused to him because he defended Christ and believed in Him; like his Master, he was forced to drink his cup to the dregs.

We know nothing more of him, only his name preserved in an apocryphal manuscript. The Church has received him among her saints because of his promise of Christ, with the name of Dismas.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1926

CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT AT ORILLIA

Of historic interest and of historic importance was the magnificent celebration of the Champlain tercentenary at Orillia on Dominion Day. The monument to the great explorer, which was unveiled that day, is in itself an evidence of the development of an artistic taste that is usually regarded as the heritage of ages of culture; and hardly to be expected from a young country emerging from pioneer conditions.

Of heroic proportions and conceived and executed with rare artistry, the monument which marks the coming of the first white man into the interior of the North American continent, will be excelled by few such memorials in either the United States or Canada. The main figure of "Champlain," twelve feet in height and weighing three and a half tons, stands atop a forty-five ton boulder. At either side are large bronze groups, comprised of three figures each, representing those two objects ever near the heart of Champlain—the bringing of Christianity to the Indians, and the opening up of commerce.

The total cost of the monument is \$85,000; total weight of bronze, nine and a half tons, more, it is thought, than on any other monument in Canada; height 32 feet; base, 30 feet square; weight of stone work, over 100 tons.

Eminently fitting is it that a monument so nobly conceived should be unveiled on Dominion Day in the presence of eminent scions of that race that gave to Canada the heroic Christian explorer, and that joined with them in cordial recognition of the qualities of that race should be the leading representatives of English speaking Canada.

The committee that so nobly conceived and so ably carried out this great undertaking have said to the press of Canada: "Unless the monument helps to promote a spirit of good will between the French and English races, its erection will fall short of one of the objects desired."

In this connection it might be well to ponder the words of one of the veterans in Canadian public life, Sir George Foster, who wondered if the fact that there is so much talk about bridging the gap between Ontario and Quebec or between the two races in Canada is not emphasizing a difficulty which does not exist. Personally in all his experiences in political life he had never found it necessary to "fight with a member of the French-speaking race." And he added that the two races are "indissolubly united in working out the destiny of the nation." No one need try to tell him that such was not the solid sub-basis on which the people of Canada were rearing the structure of their National Life.

That is a view of the situation well worth taking into serious consideration. Yet there are those who have had neither Sir George's wide intercourse with French-Canadians nor his capacity to judge their worth. Who has not heard natives of Ontario with an evident sense of smug superiority declare dogmatically, as something unquestioned and unquestionable, that the French of Quebec do not speak French at all, but a sort of patois! It is not yet altogether unnecessary to tell such people that our fellow-Canadians of Quebec speak French quite as well as at least as Ontario people speak English. That is the emphatic, if amused, verdict of competent judges.

If any believers in the patois myth were amongst those who listened to the Honorable Rodolph Lemieux at Orillia they would concede at any rate that this always graceful yet always virile orator has an enviable mastery of English. We can assure them that

speaking his native tongue the cultured speaker of the House of Commons would be quite as intelligible, quite as forceful and as pleasing a speaker in Paris or in any other part of the country that gave to Canada Champlain and the Jesuit Martyrs. And surely they speak French in France,—"real Persian French" as we once heard one of these myth believers describe what he thought was the Parisian standard of cultured French speech. This particular myth is of no particular importance except as illustrative of a certain mentality and an uncertainty—perhaps unlimited—credulity; a credulity bordering on superstition.

The kindly penetrating and evidently sincere appreciation of French Canada and French Canadians given us by Chief Justice, Sir William Mulock, must also go far to promote good understanding and good will. "It has been truly said," declared Sir William, "that many of our petty differences rest in sheer incomprehension, and vanish upon that closer acquaintance which is at once a pleasure and a duty to cultivate as we have been cultivating it today." And he asked, with a touch of indignation it would seem: "What wonder then that our French-Canadian fellow-citizens should cherish as great pride in their inheritance of race and its traditions as do we ourselves?"

Sir George Foster may be in a measure right and have given a useful direction to thought on the subject. But such dignified addresses as were given at Orillia will always help to promote that good understanding which begets good will.

We have just been reading a review by Professor Kennedy of two books on D'Arcy McGee. A short quotation from this review may fittingly conclude our reflections on this question of racial good will and cooperation.

"The appearance, then, of these two books is almost an event in Canadian history. Coinciding with the recent McGee centenary celebrations they are not only welcome additions to historical literature but they ought to serve to widen the knowledge of McGee's great principles—an all-Canadian spirit, a national outlook, religious and racial toleration, and that sense of faith which transfigures the present and lends promise to the future."

We think the Champlain Tercentenary Committee need have no misgivings as to their success in promoting these great principles so essential to the present and future welfare of Canada.

RUSSIA'S SOUL TRAGEDY

When Leontyn Woronin, the author of the article on "The Russian Church on its Death-Bed," which has attracted so much attention in Europe, declared in a recent interview with Dr. Frederick Funder, the N. C. W. C. News Service correspondent in Vienna, that "there is no other help for Russian Christianity but reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church," he voiced an opinion which is held by a large number of the more intelligent of his fellow-countrymen.

Yet it is not difficult to imagine the scorn with which such a suggestion would have been received in official and intellectual circles in Russia a few short years ago. The Orthodox Church, apparently powerful, rich in land holdings and in money, pointed with complacency to what the world had come to know as "Holy Russia." It believed that its foundations were firm—that it could not be shaken. But it was not built on the Rock of Peter and when the great storm came the imposing edifice quickly crumpled.

The life of a nation parallels in many respects the life of the individual. Man cannot live to himself alone and neither can a country. When Russia separated herself from Rome, she separated herself from authority and in that day began the processes which led slowly but logically to another day when all authority was overturned, when the rulers of the nation publicly proclaimed that they spat upon God and that little children should be forbidden to kiss His name.

The individual who for long years has cast aside the guidance of God and has felt that he was sufficient to himself, comes often through dire suffering to a realization of the need to return. Like the Prodigal

Son, he longs for the love and the consolations of his Father's House.

So it is today with Russia. Her tribulations have been great and they show little sign of abatement. But by reason of them, men of good will within her borders are turning hungrily to the Father who can feed them with spiritual food, the Shepherd divinely appointed to care for the scattered sheep and bring them within the one Fold.

The blood of martyrs already has been spilled in Russia and from this seed of the Church the first fruits begin to show. A Budkiewicz does not die in vain. The challenge to death to show its victory or even to sting those protected by faith still echoes over a Russia which longs for holiness. But it does more, it indicates where true holiness may be found, and from end to end of a mighty country an answering echo comes:

"There is no other help for Russian Christianity but reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church!" —N. C. W. C.

SPECIAL ARTICLES OF GREAT INTEREST

News from Mexico is often puzzling to Catholics. It is commonly looked upon as a Catholic country; and Catholic it is overwhelmingly, so far at least as we consider the population rather than the government. But that often makes the news items all the more difficult of understanding to Catholics. Some things must be borne in mind.

In the first place it must be remembered that the English-speaking civilization of North America practically annihilated the Indian.

The scattered remnants of the Indian tribes that are still with us are inconsiderable in the overwhelming numbers of whites. In Mexico, as throughout Central and South America, the conditions are reversed. Mexicans are preponderantly Indian. That radically alters the situation both religiously and politically and in every other way. But it does not explain all. For an intelligent appreciation of the Mexican situation much positive information of conditions is an essential preliminary.

We are glad to be able, therefore, to announce to our readers that, through the N. C. W. C. News Service, THE CATHOLIC RECORD will shortly publish a series of articles on Mexico. The strained relations between the Mexican and the United States governments have given Mexico considerable space in the daily press. But the seizure of Catholic churches and other manifestations of hostility by the Mexican government make this series of articles especially opportune, and welcome to all those interested in things Catholic.

Mr. Charles Phillips, who will furnish articles on those aspects of life in Mexico which affect the Catholic Church and Catholic interests, is eminently fitted for the work he has undertaken. A trained journalist of wide experience and a magazine writer of note, he is known to a still wider circle of readers as the author of "The Teacher's Year" and "The New Poland." This last work, published by The Macmillan Company, has been recognized by leading reviewers in this country and abroad, as the most authoritative and reliable picture of the Poland of today. He is also the author of a play, "The Divine Friend," which the distinguished Canadian Catholic actress, Margaret Anglin, presented a few years ago in a series of performances in Pacific Coast cities. At present, he is serving as Professor of English at Notre Dame University. As an administrative official of the Red Cross in Europe, Mr. Phillips has traveled widely and intensified the powers of observation which are so evident in "The New Poland."

In addition to these Mexican articles arrangements have also been made for the reporting of the Conference on International Relations which meets at Oxford, England, July 8 to 10, by Dr. John A. Lapp. As they will come by mail due allowance in time must be made. Two weeks, or three at the longest, after July 8 should see the appearance of the first of the series.

Dr. John A. Lapp, the Chicago director of the Department of Social Action of the N. C. W. C., is a sociologist of national reputation. His works, "The American Citizen," "Our America," "The Civics Campaign," "Fundamentals of Citizen-

ship" and "Learning to Earn," are widely used in schools and colleges and by members of study groups in all parts of the country.

The Conference on International Relations which Dr. Lapp will report is one in which Pope Pius XI, has manifested the keenest interest and prominent Catholics from many countries have announced their intention of taking part in the deliberations.

It is obvious that the common bond of the Catholic religion will lend to this great conference a solidarity, a unity of purpose and a mutual confidence that will enable it to contribute greatly to the promotion of the vital cause of international peace and good will. The keen interest of the Holy Father will be shared by all intelligent Catholics.

GROWN UP PLAYBOYS

By THE OBSERVER

The Archbishop of Saint Boniface, in a recent sermon, said: "The great danger which menaces the world in our times is the mind to play." That is to say, the people of the world are more intent on play than on work. How unfortunately true that is. The Pope pointed this out some time ago as one of the things radically wrong with the world at the present day.

It needs no labored argument to prove the presence and the baneful influence of this spirit in the people of the present times. Impatience with work, merely because it is work, is very evident in modern society. To have to work and work hard and continually is regarded as a hardship, and sometimes even as a wrong done to those who are obliged to work.

It is impossible to continue that spirit for a long time without its having a bad effect on the world's work. Work was never done more carelessly than it is now. The main idea of workers, both mental workers and manual workers, is to get through the job; to get it done somehow, to get it done anyhow, so that it gets by for the moment and the worker has a chance to turn his attention to play of some sort.

Few things are done as thoroughly as they used to be done. It is notorious that young men and women coming out of school seem to be unable to write a good letter, are unable to hold a five minute conversation on any serious subject, can neither talk nor listen to others talk, can't be bothered learning the facts about anything; think of nothing so much as the next hour's amusement, are in earnest about nothing but about being amused, and are determined to be amused and to be continually amused, with a determination which brooks no interference, and which gives to any interruption of the round of pleasure the appearance of a calculated wrong done to the pleasure seekers.

The results of this mental attitude are physical, mental and moral. Physically, the present generation are soft; have not the strength or the physical determination to resist and fight physical ills. A young person now who gets a cold or has a sore finger wants a hospital room, a trained nurse, a specialist, and a vacation afterwards. Mentally, the ill effect is, that the mind gets lazy. Frivolity and continual pleasure sap the strength of mind which is essential to the doing of any work worth doing in this world. Morally, the effect is still worse; for weak human nature is always trying to get away from God and moral duties, and this seems to be an easy way to push moral duties out of sight without actually doing anything sinful. It is, for instance, a mortal sin to miss evening prayers on Sunday; and so the fine evenings of the summer time are given to boating or motoring. Indeed the modern custom of giving Sunday to pleasure is cutting down the attendance at Mass.

The Catholic Church relies on the home and the family circle for a great deal of help in saving souls for God; but the whirl of pleasure has almost completely destroyed the family circle. As soon as the evening meal is eaten, the family disperses, each member is out on the streets or off to some place, to any place, where pleasure or something that passes for pleasure can be had. The young people are off to dance hall or motion picture, or to motor rides; the boys are off to pool room or boat or auto or dance. Business men leave their business, even in the afternoon, to run off to some

amusement. The workingman longs for the knocking-off time to come, and off he goes to amuse himself.

People must have trips, vacations, change of scene if it be only from one side of the hill to the other. Money is a thing to be spent as fast as possible. Religion is a thing to be attended to on Sunday if the day is not too hot or too cold and there is no possible excuse for cutting it out.

All this is true, and no man who looks about him in the world can possibly miss the truth of it. We need to take thought.

"Life is real, life is earnest And the grave is not its goal."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

REFERENCE was made in these columns last week to the splendid showing still made by the Catholics of France, notwithstanding post-war conditions, in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. In this they remain in the forefront, though for tangible reasons which may be succinctly stated, this proud position may, temporarily at least, be wrested from them.

THAT THE Church in France is putting up a brave fight in defence of her rights close students of her current history are well assured. But, as an overseas contemporary remarks, she is faced by a serious problem from within owing to the shortage of her clergy. In 1914 there were, in round numbers, 38,000 priests in France, of whom a large proportion had passed middle life. No less than 23,418 secular priests and 9,281 belonging to the religious orders were mobilized during the War, of whom 4,618 were killed in action. Because of this and for other causes resulting from that period of stress, the want of clergy is severely felt. In twenty-five dioceses, we are told, one-third, and in some, even one-half the parishes are without priests, and a heavy strain is therefore being placed upon the rest. Yet, thanks to the splendid efforts of the Bishops and their zeal in recruiting candidates for the priestly office, the future is looked forward to with confidence.

THIS STATE of affairs, as can readily be understood, has seriously affected and must continue to affect for sometime longer the cause of foreign missions. As was shown last week France is still first in her contributions of men, and second only to the United States in her contribution of funds to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith and kindred organizations, but this may have to give way for a time to the urgent need at home. That in this, as in more mundane affairs, the wonderful recuperative powers which France has always shown, will in due time assert itself may be predicted with confidence.

CATHOLIC LEITERS have suffered another great loss in England in the death of Father John Hungerford Pollen of the Society of Jesus. The grandson of one of the distinguished converts from the Oxford or Tractarian Movement, about the time of Newman's secession, he inherited that zeal for religion and for learning which characterized that remarkable body of men. Since his entrance into the Society in 1877, he had given much of his time to the solution of historical problems, especially those arising out of the tangled reign of Elizabeth. He was the editor of "Unpublished Documents Relating to the English Martyrs," and author of a learned work on "Mary Queen of Scots and the Babington Plot," in which he discussed the work of Mary's assumed complicity in Babington's plot against Elizabeth, and the further question as to whether Catholics were concerned at all in the plots against that Queen's life. In this connection the details of Mr. Ainsworth Mitchell's recent findings, showing conclusively from minute examination of the documents in the case that Mary Stuart could not possibly have had any part in them, are awaited with interest.

IN HIS "The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth" Father Pollen made a careful study of their politics, their civil life and the government from the overthrow of the Catholic religion to the coming of the Counter-Reformation. He also contributed to the "Lives of the English Martyrs," and, as it is announced, leaves behind him a vast number of unedited documents

dealing with this, one of the most obscured and least understood periods of English history. Little by little, and largely owing to the researches of such men as Father Pollen, Cardinal Gasquet, the Protestant Dr. Gairdner and others, the true story of that eventful period is coming home to the English people.

REGARDING QUEEN ELIZABETH, there is an interesting article in The Month designed to show that it was not Mary Stuart, but Elizabeth herself whose policy will not bear the light of day. Mr. H. E. G. Rope, writer of the article, recalls some diplomatic incidents in Elizabeth's reign that have not hitherto been common property, and which prove that the said Queen, who had assumed the Papal title "Defender of the Faith" actually negotiated with Islam, in the person of the Sultan of Turkey, for the extirpation of Catholicism throughout Europe.

THIS IS HOW "Good Queen Bess" went about it. Writing to the Turk in 1582 she describes herself as "Elizabeth by the mercy of the Most High, Queen of England, France and Ireland, the unconquered and most powerful defender of the true faith against the idolators who falsely call themselves by the name of Christ, sends greeting to Mahomet," etc., said "idolators" being not only her own Catholic subjects, but Catholics everywhere. Five years later, 1587, her ambassador writes to the Sultan in the following strain: "It pleased Almighty God that a solemn treaty should be made through me between my Sovereign Lady the Queen of England and your Imperial Majesty, the labor of which I undertook the more faithfully and freely eight years ago in order that, to His great glory, all the idolators, our common accursed enemy, might be entirely extirpated by means of the immense power granted to Your Majesty."

DOCUMENT AFTER document still exists, says Mr. Rope, showing the repeated efforts of Elizabeth to induce the Turk to attack Italy and Spain for the express purpose of destroying "idolators" and threatening the Sultan with "the fierce anger of God if thou despisest His commission which my sovereign, a woman weak by her sex, will fully execute," etc. So here we have the "peerless Bess" conspiring with the sworn enemy of Christianity for its overthrow.

SCIENCE AND BIBLE

CATHOLICS KNOW THAT TRUTH CANNOT CONTRADICT TRUTH

By Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology, Catholic University of America

ON March 21 the Governor of Tennessee affixed his signature to "an act prohibiting the teaching of the evolution theory in all the High schools, Normals, and all other Public schools of Tennessee, which are supported in whole or in part by the Public school funds of the State, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof." This is the now famous, or notorious, Anti-Evolution Law, for the violation of which a few weeks later, Mr. John Thomas Scopes was indicted by a grand jury in Dayton, Tennessee. Mr. Scopes will be tried on this indictment July 10. In all probability, the trial will attract more public attention of a national character than any other court proceeding since the Leopold-Loeb case in Chicago. The interest which has been aroused, and which will probably increase until the end of the trial, is due more to certain personalities in the case than to public concern about the theory of evolution. William Jennings Bryan will be associated with the prosecution, while Clarence Darrow will be in charge of the defense.

MAIN LEGAL ISSUE

The legal issue involved is that of the constitutionality of the law which young Mr. Scopes has apparently transgressed. The constitutional question arises out of the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Therefore, the main issue is extremely technical and, one would suppose, extremely dry. It would naturally be assumed that neither of the two leading lawyers in the case is particularly qualified to discuss this dry constitutional question. The one is a politico-religious evangelist; the other is a successful criminal lawyer, and a philosophical pessimist. The explanation of the curious turn which preparations for the trial have taken is that both the proponents and opponents of the law realize that the constitutional question itself is largely bound up with other issues. Whether the Anti-Evolution Law violates the liberty of the citizen which is guaranteed by the "due process" clause

of the Constitution, is a question which the courts will answer in the light of their views about science, religion, the Bible, education, Public schools, and other matters which lie outside the field of technical constitutional theory.

The statute forbids any instructor in a public institution "to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animal." In a sense, the law is a reasonable one. That is to say, the teaching which it forbids ought not to be permitted in Public schools; for these schools should be, and in theory are, neutral on the subject of religion. If it is improper for a Public school instructor to teach any particular form of religious belief, it is likewise improper for him to teach any doctrine which contradicts any religious belief. To tell his pupils that "the story of Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible" is not true, is surely a violation of the neutrality of Public schools. To put before the pupils such teaching under the claim of academic freedom is to exceed the bounds of reasonable liberty of instruction. Such abuses of academic freedom constitute one of the principal reasons why we Catholics desire our young people to avoid non-Catholic and secular High schools and colleges. We are only too well aware that in the classes of history, biology, physics, sociology, and philosophy, doctrines are taught which are at variance with Catholic principles. Therefore, we maintain our own High schools and colleges.

REASONS FOR CONDEMNATION

Nevertheless, the Tennessee Anti-Evolution Statute is deserving of condemnation. While the anti-religious teaching at which it was aimed ought to be kept out of the Public schools, the method of preventing it by a State law is a bad method. Specific legislative regulation of the doctrines to be taught in the schools is easily liable to abuse. The teacher who is accused of violating the Anti-Evolution Law may have to face a jury that is incompetent to determine whether the theory of evolution has been taught in such a way as really to contradict "the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible." There is involved here a question of biblical exegesis to which even the ablest scholars do not return a unanimous answer. Moreover, legislative interference with the school curriculum may easily extend into other fields than those of science and religion. If the State may prohibit the teaching of evolution, why may it not prohibit instruction which favors the cooperative principle in industry, or the ownership of the tools by the workers, or certain other industrial theories that seem to many legislators to be radical and, therefore, dangerous to the State. Furthermore, if the State may forbid certain doctrines to be taught in the Public schools, why may it not prescribe the teaching of certain other doctrines? Laws requiring the Bible to be read in the schools could easily be expanded so as to provide that certain doctrines should be proposed to the pupils at the true meaning of certain biblical passages.

A recent editorial in the New York World, which is strongly opposing the Tennessee law, admitted that "somebody must have the final say about what shall be taught in the Public schools," but asserted that final authority must not be lodged in the legislature. "We are convinced," continued the editorial, "that no self-respecting educational system is possible in which the standards of truth are determined by electoral campaigns and the votes of a majority of legislators. Clearly there is something deeply wrong in a theory of democracy which claims that the majority shall determine not only gross questions of public policy but the results of scientific inquiry and the access of pupils to an understanding of what scholars the world over are thinking."

SOME LIMITS OF INDEPENDENCE

Nevertheless, the World confesses itself unable to formulate in precise terms its own "doctrine of educational independence." The writer of the editorial has in mind educational independence for the teacher. Without attempting to set forth a complete theory on the subject, we can draw certain lines across which the Public school teacher should not carry his "educational independence." He should not teach as a fact that which is merely more or less probable theory. This rule will prevent him from inculcating evolution as an established certainty and therefore from positively denying the biblical account of creation. He should not represent any theory, or opinion, or conclusion, or doctrine as certainly true when it is merely one of several which have the support of responsible authority. This rule applies to history, philosophy, sociology, and all the physical sciences. Even when he sets forth scientific doctrines which are held to be true by substantially all educated persons, but which seem to conflict with certain interpretations of the Bible, or certain other religious beliefs, he should refrain from calling attention to the apparent disagreement. It is no part of the teacher's function to reconcile any of the disciplines in the Public school curriculum with the Bible,

or with religion. If a pupil calls attention to the apparent conflict and asks an explanation, the teacher should refuse to satisfy this legitimate curiosity. The pupil should be referred to his own priest, or minister, or pastor.

Obviously, this theory is difficult to reduce to practice. As a matter of fact, it is frequently and flagrantly disregarded. Nevertheless, the violations of religious neutrality by Public school instructors could be greatly lessened. This result should be achieved, not by an enactment of the State legislature, but through the school administration.

They will deny that this action constitutes a legal crime. His denial will be based on the ground that the Anti-Evolution statute is unconstitutional. His attorneys will try to show that the law violates the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment; that is, the injunction that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

It was this Constitutional guarantee which, in the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, rendered null and void the Oregon Anti-Parochial school law. The Court held that "liberty" in the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment included the liberty to maintain, to teach in, and to send children to a Private school. If the Scopes case presented this issue, it would be ended before it could be begun. But it involves a material question; namely, whether the Constitutional liberty of teaching implies the freedom to teach particular doctrines in the public schools.

It is not, however, the Constitutional aspect of the case which arouse most public interest. Counsel for Mr. Scopes will lay great stress upon the settled policy of the State to foster science and scientific inquiry. They will contend that the Anti-Evolution law flagrantly repudiates this policy. Mr. Darrow, in particular, may be counted upon to exert all his great skill and all his varied talents on behalf of this proposition. We may confidently expect that this phase of the case, in the hands of scientific inquiry, this plea against limitations to the march of human knowledge, will receive great attention from the newspapers.

Does the Anti-Evolution statute in itself and necessarily hamper scientific inquiry or interfere with the proper and reasonable teaching of science? Would it be possible to teach evolution in the Public schools of Tennessee without violating the statute? The teacher might set forth the evolution theory for what it really is, namely, a hypothesis which has been accepted by the majority of scientific authorities. Probably this would not be construed as "teaching," in the sense of the statute; for to "teach" means more than to expound or set forth. It means to urge and advocate as certain and true. It seems clear that mere exposition of the doctrine, with qualification of it as accepted by most scientific persons would not violate the law.

Moreover, the statute would seem to permit even the "teaching" of a mitigated form of the evolutionary hypothesis. A few eminent Catholic scholars, for example, Canon de Dorlodot, and Father Wassmann, S. J., regard as probable the theory that the body of man was evolved from animal forms. Of course, they maintain that the soul of the first man was separately and specially created by God. It would seem that either of these great men might teach this particular form of the evolution doctrine as probable in the High school of Dayton, Tennessee, without necessarily violating the language of the Anti-Evolution law. For this presentation of the subject would not be equivalent to the assertion "that man has descended from a lower order of animal." It would merely represent his body as being thus derived. Nor would it necessarily deny the story of the Divine creation of man as taught in the Bible.

Indeed, it would appear that Catholics can be more "liberal" on the relation of the Bible to scientific teaching than are the Fundamentalists of Tennessee. According to the eminent Dominican biblical scholar, Father LaGrange, "There is no

science in the Bible." (Historical Criticism and the Old Testament, p. 181.) "The Bible is not intended to instruct us in modern science," declares Father Wassmann, (The Problem of Evolution, p. 17.) Many centuries ago, St. Augustine declared that the Sacred Writers "did not intend to teach men these things (that is to say, the essential nature of the things of the visible universe) things in no way profitable to salvation." Commenting on this passage, Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on the Study of Holy Scriptures, wrote, "Hence, they did not seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, but rather described and dealt with things in more or less figurative language, or in terms which were commonly used at the time, and which, in many instances, are in daily use at this day, even by the most eminent men of science."

The attitude that a Catholic might reasonably take toward the Tennessee statute and its fate in the courts would seem to be about as follows: to hope that the law would be declared unconstitutional, since it might easily become a precedent for grave and tyrannical interferences by legislative majorities with the curriculum of the Public schools and, indeed, of private schools, and to remain undisturbed concerning the relation of the Bible to science; for Catholics know that there can be no real conflict in this respect, and they realize that the meaning of any passage of the Bible is determined for them, not by a State legislature, or a court of justice, or a legal advocate, but by the infallible voice of the Church.

BIRTH CONTROL MAKES STIR IN ENGLAND

There was only one Catholic on this committee, Dr. Letitia Fairfield, and she signed a reservation to the report, declaring that the use of contraceptives is a frustration of God's design in nature and cannot be justified in any circumstances.

England is being flooded with birth control propaganda, in newspapers and books on the platform, and when public men, including church leaders, sanction what the public conscience a generation ago regarded as sin, either by their open support of the campaign or by their silence, it is not very remarkable that the public conscience is weakening.

There is a limit of population which these islands can safely bear. "There is a dispute as to the means which should be used to secure a decrease of reckless child bearing, but surely all must agree that it is gravely wrong that children should swarm in overcrowded slums."

Speaking of the conquests of medicine, Dr. Barnes said victory would be disastrous to public welfare, unless the desire for many children was held in check. A Protestant vicar of Brighton on the same evening repudiated the views of the Bishop "in the name of Christian religion."

The London Daily Express, a paper which has lately been alarmed at the decay of Protestantism in these islands, regards the Bishop's pronouncement as lamentable, and says that it goes far to explain the irresistible growth of the Catholic tendency in Ireland and Great Britain. The article in The Outlook suggests there are more varieties of opinion on this matter among the clergy than among the laity, and urges the Anglican Church to make up its mind as to body what the official attitude is to be.

The article in The Outlook, continues: "The Roman Catholic Church, as is well known, has made up its mind quite definitely on the subject, and I invite the attention of the Bishop of Birmingham and the Dean of St. Paul's—both of whom are advocates of birth control—to the fact that one result of this attitude is that the Catholic population is going up and the Protestant down all over the world. I do not in the least suggest, of course, that the Vatican was influenced by this consideration in its attitude, (which, so far as I understand its premises and arguments, seems to me logically flawless), but it is of some practical importance. "If the Catholics are going to produce children and the Protestants are not, then it does not really matter very much how loudly the Protestant hierarchy denounce the lay world for breeding from its worst stocks. The time will come when the Catholic survivors will rewrite history in very different terms, and the Protestants, having birth-controlled themselves out of existence, will find it difficult to answer."

Judge Cluer. In the Shoreditch (London) county court recently he had before him a woman with a baby in her arms and it was mentioned that she was in arrears with her rent.

The judge, pointing to the baby, said: "That is one of the causes of your arrears, in your arms." "And I have six little ones at home," replied the woman. "Then I am sorry you have," remarked Judge Cluer. "I am sorry you are not taught not to have them. It is ruining you and ruining the country. Even bishops are now agreeing that it is an unwise thing."

On a previous occasion this judge said in court: "It is a curse of this country that people get married too early and have huge families."

Another manifestation of the growing public interest in the subject is provided by the report of the special committee appointed by the National Council of Public Morals to inquire into the question of the birth-rate. The conclusions of the committee are generally vague and unsatisfactory, regarding the matter chiefly as one of expediency. But there is at least one interesting passage:

"The capacities for self-control, especially in young people, are often underrated, and their training in this respect, as also in the ideals of married life, is a primary duty of all who are responsible for their education and upbringing."

There are now 27 chapels and 38 schools to attend to, and despite its rapid development it is relatively the cheapest of all the missions. Other stations of similar size would be obliged to pay salaries of at least \$8,000 a year. "We spent this year, only a little more than \$1,000."

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

Father Marrioliatt of the India Missions has had quite an experience. Whilst touring his district his faithful Hindu cook came to announce that he had seen a big snake wriggling up the wagon wheel. It was much easier for the snake to get in, than for the travelers to get him out. Search as they might, through the stores of provision, through the bedding, through the linen chest and bamboo mats that serve as covering, the Father and his cook could find no trace of the intruder. Naturally the remainder of their trip was rather unpleasant. Twelve days later, the good missionary was meditating on the devil's work in India, when suddenly he beheld the steely-red eyes of a huge snake curled around the bamboo pole supporting the roof of the cart, staring at him ferociously. The good Father, suddenly breaking off his meditations on the devil, skipped out of the cart, found a stick and made short work of the serpent. The protection of St. Francis Xavier long ago implored for his missionaries against deadly snakes had been assured for Father Marrioliatt.

A group of young college graduates of both sexes were met on the boat going to the Far East. They had decided to look for a berth in China, just a few months before they actually booked passage. The could scarcely call them missionaries. They were good companions on a voyage, but surely not called by God to preach the Gospel to the heathen! True there are many hundreds of sincere, self-sacrificing Protestant missionaries who have gone to the Far East to win souls just as our priests and Brothers and Sisters have done but they are not typical, for the method of selection adopted by the Protestant system, the short terms of service, the salaries and the comforts provided make the experience something of a lark. Compare their training with that of our priests and Sisters who are prepared to sacrifice everything, even life itself for the betterment of those for whom they labor.

So, these good souls, who call themselves missionaries, are not such a formidable force as we have been led to believe. However, they are an obstacle in the work of Catholic evangelization, for they have organization and money on their side, and we cannot overlook the fact that an expenditure annually of fifty million dollars, and the efforts of fifty thousand well-paid propagandists will not be without results. Organization is their power, and they have marshaled their forces admirably. We could learn a lesson from them in this respect. They pay to advertise, and the Protestant Missions maintain a strenuous propaganda. Every little church on the continent have their mission collections. There are over 600 missionary magazines edited in Europe and America. In India alone they

have 180 periodicals and 40 printing presses.

Did you ever hear of Basutoland? Over sixty years ago the first Catholic mission was founded there, and after surmounting incredible difficulties began slowly to make progress. It must have been a great consolation to Fathers Gerard and LeBihan, the pioneer Oblates to have been spared long enough to see the marvelous fruits of the work of their early days.

For thirty years, this spot in Africa bounded by the Orange River Colony, Natal and Cape Colony resisted the Call to Grace. Difficulties and disappointments were chiefly occasioned by the violent opposition of the ministers of the Paris Evangelical Society whose headquarters were, as now, at Morija; and as they had influence and strength the wonder is that our missionaries zeal and self-sacrifice conquered at last. Bishop Cluer tells us that when he first came into the country there were not more than 3,000 Catholics whereas now they number 40,000 with a net increase, allowing for deaths, of 3,000 each year.

With genuine pleasure we note that the good work carried on by Father Fraser in his former parish of Taichowfu, China, has been ably continued by Father Van Oyen, since Father Fraser began his work in Canada for founding a Seminary for missionary priests.

About ten years ago, Father Fraser built and opened an orphanage in Taichowfu with native nuns in charge. Father Van Oyen writes, "In our Sister-house at Taichowfu we have work for about 300 women and girls, and these works are self-supporting." With characteristic zeal he intends to start a similar work in another part of the mission, if he secures permission of the Bishop and the necessary funds to erect the building.

In 1912, Father Fraser employed about 8 catechists on this mission, a number which increased to almost 25 by 1914. Father Van Oyen tells us, "We have just finished the yearly recollection of our catechists; they number about fifty. Fifty catechists and schoolmasters! A splendid number, but not yet sufficient." There are now 27 chapels and 38 schools to attend to, and despite its rapid development it is relatively the cheapest of all the missions. Other stations of similar size would be obliged to pay salaries of at least \$8,000 a year. "We spent this year, only a little more than \$1,000."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

Before Our Divine Lord ascended into Heaven He commanded the Apostles to preach the gospel to every creature. This was not a commission to certain ones of the Apostles; it was an order to all. And Jesus, speaking to them (the eleven), saying, "All power is given to Me in Heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations." (St. Matthew xxvii, 18, 19.) He appeared to the eleven and He said to them: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi, 14, 15.)

This was surely an official utterance. The eleven represented then the ministry of the Church. The Holy Ghost who was promised was to complete the word of Christ. After His coming we see all the Apostles going forth preaching the gospel everywhere, the Lord working with all, and confirming the word with signs that followed. What better evidence than this of the proper meaning of Our Lord's command! The apostles received this command for the whole church. Missionary work was necessary then as it is now and will be until the gospel is preached to every creature.

It is one of our duties, as Christians, to help in the carrying out of this work which should be performed under the guidance of proper authority. For this reason the Popes have ever been solicitous that Catholic people should have missionary societies in their midst. It is only a question in particular cases how best our duties may be performed on that point.

The missionary whom we send (because we send missionaries when we give to Extension) becomes not only the minister of Christ and dispenser of His mysteries for the benefit of souls, but our representative as well in the field of Christian labor we make it possible for him to fulfill Christ's command. As Catholics we know our first duty to be at home, but assistance to brethren less fortunate than ourselves is also required. When the Holy Father has organized for our own country a missionary society to supply the needs of the Church in districts where these needs are great; when the preservation of faith and the salvation of souls depends upon that Society, every Catholic should consider it a conscientious duty and at the same time a privilege to give generously and constantly to its support. Catholic Church Extension is the official society organized by the

Holy See for the work of Home Missions. It belongs to no particular diocese, but extends to the whole of Canada; obtaining money from the faithful in the older and better established provinces with which to aid, in the things of religion, brothers residing in far-flung and sparsely-settled districts where assistance is necessary for the safeguarding of faith.

Extension Society supports the missionary working among the Esquimaux in the far North and southward among the Indians; it appeals for missionary priests in dioceses where the ever-increasing harvest is great and the laborers few; it constructs chapels where the people alone could never build them—thus establishing new centres of Catholicity, and with God's help and the constant aid of the Catholic people of Canada it will continue this work as long as there is a soul to be reached in the unorganized districts of the country.

Through its zeal, made possible by the aid of devoted friends, Extension has awakened in the minds of all a realization of the important fact that missionary needs cannot be ignored by a living church, and the value of its work becomes ever more apparent. It is sowing seed which in time will produce an abundant harvest of souls. It is the Society whose efforts make it possible for Catholic missionaries to survive the campaign of powerful, influential non-Catholic organizations which year after year lavishly spend money to establish and maintain community and missionary centres which not infrequently attract our foreign-born Catholics from the faith of their fathers.

If our needs in the past were great, they are every day increasing to meet the flowing tide of non-Catholic opposition. It is a realization of this fact which inspires the missionaries in far-off provinces to suffer privation and hardship and to give all other members of the church an example of most heroic charity. While others are spending themselves for their own satisfaction in the quest of things of earth, the missionaries are busy searching through hidden and forgotten corners for souls which otherwise would be neglected. When others fail, they alone go forth on their errand of mercy and charity which is beyond all praise. It is during such times as those through which we have been passing that the most charitable works of the Church are sometimes neglected. Diocesan works and parish needs are always pressing and there is always someone to plead their cause and make known their necessities. Let us be mindful of the poor missionary. He has his place in our daily tasks for the Church as he is given the place of honor in our admiration and praise. Christ left to the whole Church the task of preaching the gospel and in that holy and most meritorious of all works, we must do our share.

Before the closing of school we received, from pupils of different classes donations for the work of Extension. This money represents the self-denial of children who chose to restrain their appetites for sweets that their pennies and nickels might be devoted to the saving of souls.

This is the real spirit of charity—depriving oneself to help others in their spiritual need. We are deeply grateful to the children and congratulate the teachers who inspired them. How pleased Our Blessed Lord must be at the interest shown in His work by the little ones whom He loves so much. May He inspire others to follow their example!

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, July 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, born in 1578, gave up his life to labor on behalf of the poor and to the instruction of the rich in the methods of charity. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood he was captured by pirates and carried into captivity in Barbary. There he improved his time by converting his renegade master, and with the latter escaped into France. Later the Saint was made chaplain-general of the galleys of France, and his charity did much to alleviate the sad lot of the galley prisoners. Monday, July 20.—St. Margaret, virgin and martyr, was one of the victims of the last general persecution of the early Church. It is said that one of her chief persecutors was her own father, a pagan priest. After suffering many torments, she gained the crown of martyrdom at Antioch in Pisidia. Tuesday, July 21.—St. Victor, martyr, was an officer in the army of the Emperor Maximian. His perseverance in the faith and his encouragement of the Christians of Marseilles after the slaughter of

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the Theban Legion, aroused the wrath of the pagan authorities and he was put to death after terrible tortures.

Wednesday, July 22.—St. Mary Magdalen. It was St. Mary Magdalen whom Jesus raised from a life of sin to take her place among the Saints of the Church. She stood at the foot of the Cross with the Blessed Virgin and St. John. After the death of the Saviour, when the faithful were scattered by persecution, she found refuge, according to tradition, in a cave in Provence where she lived for thirty years.

Thursday, July 23.—St. Apollinaris, bishop and martyr, became the first Bishop of the See of Ravenna. He was a disciple of St. Peter. In the reign of Vespasian he won his martyr's crown. Friday, July 24.—St. Christina, virgin and martyr, was cruelly tortured because she had destroyed some golden idols belonging to her father, a rich and powerful pagan magistrate. On several occasions she was miraculously preserved from death, but finally suffered martyrdom at Tyro, a city which formerly stood on an island in the lake of Bolsena.

Saturday, July 25.—St. James, Apostle, was one of the three intimate companions of the Saviour. He met his martyrdom by orders of Herod Agrippa. When the saint was brought before Herod, his fearless confession of his belief in Jesus so moved the public persecutor that he declared himself a Christian on the spot. Thereupon the accused and accuser were both put to death.

CHINESE MISSION BURSES

How many excellent young men have you known who were debarred from the priesthood because they were unable to meet the expenses of a college and seminary education? The Chinese Mission Burses provide a way to the Priesthood for such young men. The interest on each completed bursar provides a sum sufficient to pay for the yearly education of one student at our seminary at Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. When he has gone forth as a priest to the Mission Fields another student will take his place, the bursar providing a permanent fund to educate those who otherwise may never have been priests.

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FAVOR SEPARATE RELIGIOUS AND CIVIL WEDDINGS

Berkeley, Cal.—Complete separation of civil and religious marriage ceremonies is advocated in a resolution adopted by the Episcopal Synod of the Pacific Coast in session here. The resolution reads: "The Church should not share in legalizing marriage. It should only bestow the sacred blessing upon those who are properly impressed with the seriousness of the marital vows." The Rev. W. R. H. Hodgins, pastor of St. Mark's Church here, explained the attitude of the Synod by saying that the fact that the Church is now empowered to solemnize marriages which the civil power later dissolves makes the Church bear the odium of divorces following church wedding. "We hope and believe that this is the first step toward legislative action, not only in California, but throughout the United States," Dr. Hodgins said. "This action would have a tendency to cause a noticeable decline in the number of fashionable weddings of those who never before—or after—both to enter the house of God."

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BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE DANGER OF SMALL FAULTS
Do you also reckon that you are dead to sin, but alive unto God, in Christ Jesus our Lord? (Rom. vi. 11)

St. Paul, in the part of his Epistle to the Romans fixed by the Church to be read today, speaks of our baptism in Christ and our consequent death to sin, and the resurrection, similar to that of Christ's to come. By baptism we die to sin; we must not re-visit ourselves to sin. This is a death from which we ourselves never should rise, nor allow any one else to cause us to rise. It is a death, fortunately, of which we are more or less conscious, owing to the faculties with which God has blessed us. We never can be absolutely certain that we are justified before God, but the consciousness of duty well performed and of evil avoided affords us a great assurance that God in His mercy counts us among His children. While we can truthfully feel thus, without presumption or pride, we can say that we are dead to sin.

Then there are the means, established by Christ, for keeping the spiritual life within us. This life must permeate us totally. It can not exist where sin is. These means are especially the sacraments. As food conserves the life of the body, so does grace, the spiritual food of the sacraments, keep life in our soul. Nay, grace is itself the life of the soul. Hence, as we must often partake of material food in order to have life in our body—so, to preserve the life of our soul, begun at baptism, we frequently must consume spiritual food. In proportion to the quantity of spiritual food of which we partake will be the amount of vigor and strength of our spiritual life. The stronger and more vigorous our spiritual life, the less the fear of a rising again to the life of sin. But alas, how small the number of people that remain dead to sin! Many, it is true, do not rise to a full life of sin, but how frequently they are in danger of it! Small habits take possession of them and gradually assume dangerous proportions. How few people think a habit is progressive! Its mode of progress is a deceptive one. While habit goes on in its deadly course, it molds nature its way and tends to weaken the inward voice of even the most insistent conscience. Thus people begin to pay little attention to it. When the awakening day comes, how sad the experience that follows! How many, for instance, have begun almost unintentionally, to call attention to faults in their fellow-beings? At first it was only a casual remark, perhaps confined to the members of their immediate family; then it may have been repeated to others less closely related. These gave a more willing ear, which is always an incentive to further confidence, and it was not long before the casual remark had grown into an eloquent criticism. Those guilty of this vice no doubt examine their conscience on some soul-stirring occasion, and they discover what slaves to habit they have become. Then the fiber to regulate their freedom is more strenuous than they could have imagined possible. Week after week they commit the same faults. The habit has grown into them and has become a second nature. How many conquer it completely? It is a fact, lamentable but true, that very few ever finally escape. And it is only the thought of God's mercy that can, to some extent, silence the victim of this terrible habit. Even though one becomes only a material sinner under its influence, there is still the punishment of remorse. Often scruples arise in the conscience of those so addicted, and, remaining through life, rob them of the peace that usually comes to those who serve God.

It is indeed difficult to remain dead to sin, or to preserve one's baptismal innocence. There are so many dangers surrounding us that the inclinations to evil existing within ourselves are not easily conquered. In the modern world we are in daily intercourse with all classes of people. The example set by these tends to influence us. It sometimes seems as if we were endeavoring to build two kingdoms within ourselves—a kingdom where righteousness reigns and a kingdom where malice holds sway. Commonly speaking, we say that there is something good and something evil in each one of us. It may be so, but this evil should not be wilful; it should be only the evil inclinations inherent in our nature on account of original sin and its consequences. These inclinations to evil are not sinful in themselves, though they strongly incline us to evil. The reasons, then, why it is so difficult for us to remain dead to sin may be summed up in these two classes: the evil inclinations within, and the bad example without. But does the fact of the existence of these incentives to evil excuse us for our lapses into sin? It does not. Were there no remedies at hand for these spiritual maladies, and no helps offered us in our weakness, perhaps it could be given as an excuse. But God has provided for our insufficiencies, and if we fall, at least seriously, into sin, it is because we have not heeded these remedies, nor gone in search of them. God's grace is our salvation and our help. It is the antidote for the poison we

are liable to absorb from without, and for the infection present within. Of course we are free agents, and grace will not be forced upon us. We must try to preserve it by the means at hand, and, if we are so unfortunate as to lose it, we should use the means that God has provided for the regaining of it.

Christians often should examine their lives seriously, and see whether or not there exist in them habits or faults that are tending, or that could in time tend, to rob them of grace and revivify them to sin. Considering our evil tendencies, and the awful examples and bad influences that often surround us, the danger of falling exists about all of us. And the fall will not come suddenly, especially in the more or less earnest Christian. There are many things, as a rule, leading up to it. These, if discovered in time, can be rooted out or removed, and the danger averted. It is a constant fight throughout our life. We are never sure of our salvation. But, as the soldier is rightly counted brave who dies fighting on the battlefield, so God will regard us as brave soldiers in the spiritual combat, if we continue to fight until death. And this means for us a triumphant entry into His kingdom, for the glory of which His own divine Son, Jesus Christ, came upon earth and by suffering and death conquered the enemy of God.

MIRACLE IN GEORGIA
In Georgia, the Laymen's League has actually wrought a seeming miracle, for the most incredible revolution, by the same means—patient, polite, painstaking letter-writing to the papers. In 1916 Georgia was a horrible example of unfairness to Catholics. To quote from a report of the secretary of the League, "There was only one newspaper in the whole State of Georgia that was fair to us. . . . Catholics were vilified on nearly every political soap-box in the State. They were boycotted. The Vessey Bill providing for the inspection of certain institutions, and admittedly aimed at convents, was passed after a series of anti-Catholic orations almost unparalleled in the history of supposedly Christian Commonwealths. . . . Today, the newspapers are as free from matters objectionable to Catholics as are any newspapers in the country. Objectable articles have dwindled from as many as a hundred a week to an average last year of two to a month. Many papers, formerly very critical and hostile are now friendly. Catholics are no longer boycotted."

RELIGIOUS TEACHING PLAN ATTACKED IN COURT

White Plains, N. Y.—Orders have been served on members of the Mount Vernon Board of Education to appear before Supreme Court Justice Seeger and show cause why the Board should not be enjoined from dismissing Public school children for forty-five minutes once a week to receive religious instruction. The orders were issued on petition of Laurence B. Stein, a taxpayer of Mount Vernon. Joseph Lewis, a representative of the Free Thinkers' Society of Manhattan, who was in the court room when the action was taken, announced that it is the beginning of a series of similar actions to be filed throughout the State if Mr. Stein succeeds in obtaining an injunction here. Mr. Lewis contends the plan of excusing Public school children for religious instruction violates the religious liberty guarantees of the Federal and State constitutions.

HOLY LAYMEN CAN ASSIST

PAULIST EDITOR SPEAKS TO CONVERTS' LEAGUE

At a meeting of the Catholic Converts' League, of New York, held in the Plaza Hotel, Rev. James S. Gillis, C.S.P., spoke on "New Times and New Methods in Convert Making." "The Catholic Church," he said, "is an anomalous institution. She is not subject to the laws that govern purely human organizations. She is superior even to the laws of nature. Her very existence is a continuous paradox. She is a synthesis of apparent contradictions. She is old, but always new, tenacious of tradition, yet prompt to adopt reasonable innovations; semper eadem, yet adaptable to circumstances. Her constitution is as hard as granite, yet flexible as a willow wand. She never quite abandons a tradition, yet she does not stagnate, or crystallize or fossilize. She has not gone the way of Confucianism, or Buddhism, or any other Oriental religion, though she herself is of Oriental origin. In a word, the Church is a paradox, rigid and flexible; conservative, but progressive; old but young. "Hence it is to be expected that the Church shall use even the most novel methods of winning souls and making converts."

APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS

"Take, for example, the apostolate of the press. In itself that apostolate is old, but recently it has taken on new forms. In the city of Pittsburg, a few years ago, a couple of young business men who had been phenomenally successful, set aside \$10,000,000 for a campaign of 'advertising' the Catholic Church. They inserted in the daily newspapers a short, pithy paragraph, on some Catholic custom, or belief, or some historical fact, redounding to the credit of the Church, and then a kind of fillip to the little paragraph, a solitary sentence, such as: 'The First Public Library in America was in a Catholic University.' 'Ampere, the discoverer of the Unit of Electrical current was a Catholic.' 'Pope Gregory XV. gave the world its present Calendar,' and a hundred other similar items. "These pithy paragraphs and sentences, disjointed as they are, are quite in the manner of the information that millions of persons absorb from the newspapers. They will not read books; their mental attention flags even when they read one chapter of a book. Their power of thinking has been all but destroyed by the movies; they can absorb mental pabulum only in homeopathic doses. So the young men of Pittsburg, who thoroughly knew the advertising 'game', presented those fragmentary paragraphs, one each day, at least seriously, into sin, it is because we have not heeded these remedies, nor gone in search of them. God's grace is our salvation and our help. It is the antidote for the poison we

of Protestants stormed the editorial rooms, the editors took alarm, and the 'ads' were discontinued. But the scheme will be tried again at a more convenient time. It has been tried in as many as 125 cities. The Catholic Church will be advertised in the same way as Coca-Cola, or Apea Biscuit, or Fairy Soap. The apostles never dreamed of such a thing, but are confident they would have approved of it. "Another phase of the apostolate of the press is one that has been used with most conspicuous ability, by Mr. Benedict Elder of Louisville, who persistently writes to the daily papers of his city, setting them right, politely, wisely, discreetly, whenever any statement misrepresenting Catholicism appears in their pages. It is no small task, for the newspapers are notoriously careless and uninformed about Catholic doctrine and Catholic history, but Mr. Elder keeps relentlessly on their trail. They have come to fear him and respect him. If we had a few such scholarly gentlemen, with an equally ready pen, in every city, we might almost succeed in working the miracle of making the newspapers reliable in Catholic matters."

"These welcome changes have been made largely by the League which adopted principally the custom of writing letters to the press. This achievement is important, not only defensively, but offensively. Settling non-Catholics right, and stopping up the flood of calumny are two great steps towards converting them. "Another all-important method of reaching people outside the Church is street-preaching by laymen, and laywomen, so successfully practiced by the Catholic Evidence Guild in England, and by similar organizations in, Australia and Holland. It is as plain as day that we shall have to come to it. All objections have been met and overturned. The most unsubstantial of all objections, the danger to our dignity, is hardly worth considering. Our Saviour preached in the streets, and after Him the Apostles preached wherever they got a hearing. The greatest preacher, since St. Paul, the originator of the most sweeping religious movement since the primitive days of Christianity, was St. Francis of Assisi, a layman."

TO PARADE IN WASHINGTON

Washington.—The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have granted permission to the Ku Klux Klan to parade on historic Pennsylvania Avenue, August 8. In addition, the superintendent of parks and grounds has given permission for the hooded order to hold an open-air mass meeting, following the parade, in the Sylvan theater in the shadow of the Washington Monument. It is strictly stipulated in the permit that the parade of the Klansmen march not only unmasked, but with only such head covering as would be occupied by an ordinary hat. The demonstration will be a part of the 1925 Klan Klavocation, or national convention, which the order has decided to hold in Washington. Its leaders speak of 150,000 and 200,000 being in line. A Washington paper declares the move is being made to revive the waning interest in the Klan, and is a publicity stunt. "Members have been dropping from the rosters by the thousands, it is reported," says this paper, "and it is hoped that the rally here will bring them back into the fold, so that the national order might continue to reap its profits of dues. "They have chosen Washington for publicity reasons, it was said, because they can get privates in the ranks to come here, drawn by the historic setting which permits them to parade over the route on which Presidents have trod to inaugurations."

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consciously or unconsciously, to prove something. The Bible is the greatest of all literature, and it is propaganda from Genesis to the Apocalypse. Paradise Lost is propaganda to justify the ways of God to men. "The Divina Commedia is propaganda, for religion, and for the Christian theology. To take a modern instance, immeasurably less important as literature, H. G. Wells never wrote a line that was not propaganda. Bernard Shaw rears with didacticism. He is the propagandist par excellence of paganism. If these men use their art to dethrone Christianity, why shall we not use art, and literature, and the drama to defend our God? "To resume; the Catholic Church is not only indefeasible. She is indefatigable. She is old, but ever on the qui vive for whatever in the new may help to carry her message to mankind."

FRENCH CATHOLIC WOMEN
Paris, France.—A report on the organization of Catholic women in the United States, prepared by Miss O'Donohue, was read by Madame Girod de l'Ain at the Woman's Social Circle held here under the auspices of L'Action Sociale de la Femme. These meetings were attended by several prominent writers and publicists, including Georges Goyau, the historian, Monsignor Chaptel and the distinguished barrister M. Chenu. The special study conducted this year was the problem of the perils which menace Christian civilization and the methods by which suitable remedies may be devised to counteract these perils. One of the principal papers was read by Madame de Steenberghe-Engelhering, President of the Union Internationale des Oeuvres Catholiques Feminines. At the conclusion of the session, a festival was held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of L'Action Sociale de la Femme, and a presentation of an objet d'art was made to Madame Chenu, who was the foundress of the organization and remains to this day its president.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WASTE NOT

If you've any task to do, Let me whisper, friend, to you, Do it!

TIME

In the philosophic reckoning of time there is no time like the present. Time makes life, and life itself passes before our eyes like a vast panorama in ages that are reckoned by years, and years that are divided into months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and last but not least, seconds.

tions. He forgets today's seed will be tomorrow's ashes.

In the natural course of events, the present acts are a sequence of the past. Accordingly, as we lived yesterday we will live today, and we may rest assured that in all probability the future will conform to what has passed.

With the thought in mind that we are building an immortal home, let the good deeds build a firm foundation, and a life well spent will adorn it with a beauty everlasting.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"JOE"

There were plans of mischief brewing. I saw, but gave no sign. For I wanted to test the mettle of this little knight of mine.

IF I WERE YOU

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I would not do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

LYING

Lying is a sin against society and an offence against God. It attacks the very foundations of society. Men can live together and make progress only so long as they can trust one another.

YOUTH AND THE AGED

Youth—be tender with age. Life disappoints all of us. The old have known, probably, loss and worse than loss, bitter disillusionment.

Last of the Barons, by Bulwer Lytton. A lad, tender, gentle, full of pity for an old man has given him help, help sorely needed.

PRAYER

Prayer can obtain everything; it can open the windows of Heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasurers of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into tears and a flowing river; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the North, saying to a mountain of ice, "Be thou removed hence and cast into the bottom of the sea;" it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand; and all these strange things and secret decrees and unrevealed transactions, which are above the clouds, and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.

CHEER UP

Cheer up! This world is not treated you so badly, asking it all in all, and your prospects are pretty good for the next one! Cheer up! Don't darken the sunshine with your woe begone countenance.

God still loves you, otherwise He would not be so good to you. You must admit it: He really has been good to you.

THE GERMAN ELECTION

PROTESTANTS USE FAMILIAR TACTICS AGAINST CATHOLIC CANDIDATES

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.) Conjecture of every sort, accompanied by astonishment in some quarters, has followed the election of Marshal Hindenburg as President of Germany.

honour of all the Protestants demands unconditional combat against an Ultramontane (Catholic) President."

Falsification and misuse of Papal letters, even, were not too much for the foes of the Church. In spots Marx was labelled a "servant of the priests" and it was declared that it was the intention of Rome and the Pope to make Germany a vassal State.

Dr. Adolf von Harnack, the Berlin University professor who is the best writer in Germany on dogmatic history, also wrote a compelling "Appeal to the Protestant Germans" in which he concluded that Dr. Marx should be chosen to head the nation.

As a matter of fact, the Protestant sections gave Hindenburg his winning votes. Saxony, Wurttemberg, Baden and the Protestant districts of East Prussia, Liegnitz, Thuringia, Pommern, gave him the majority of their ballots.

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A PROTESTANT POET HONORS OUR LADY

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.) Cologne.—A Protestant German baron, Ernst von der Planitz, who incidentally was born in America, has recently made himself famous in the annals of Catholic literature by writing a volume of poems entitled "The Life of Mary: The Book of Our Lady, the Mother of God."

Not content with writing the book, Baron von der Planitz has printed and bound it himself, as an additional act of piety. There is no similar record in German literature.

VOWS TO HONOR VIRGIN

One day the little boy, who could speak no German, went into the Cologne cathedral while a solemn Catholic service was in progress. It made such an impression on him that he never forgot it.

Later the youth was sent to Paris to study philosophy at the Sorbonne, in the College de France. Here he increased his knowledge and admiration of Catholic life and culture.

It was at this period in his life, in the shadow of the wonderful Cathedral of Notre Dame, that Ernst von der Planitz made a vow to write a work in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and to print and bind it himself.

Years passed, and the young baron became famed as a writer. Among his works were some which had the piety of Catholics and the charity of nuns-in peace and war as their theme.

Many German poets have written in honor of the Blessed Virgin. But none, say many of the critics, has given to German Catholics a volume so exquisite as Ernst von der Planitz's "Life of Mary."

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