

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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WHAT WILL THE N. E. CORNER DO?

At the present time one of the greatest puzzles, both in and out of Ireland, and one of the most debated questions, is, what will the Northeast Corner do? The Treaty itself was hardly more debated than this mystifying question. And the most expert opinion is divided on the point. Very easily settled was the other question. What will the remainder of Unionist Ireland do?—that is, of the Anglo-Irish in the other three-quarters of Ireland. They are a small minority, living in the midst of the great majority of Irish Nationalists, have long since learned the broadmindedness, the tolerance, the neighborliness of the real Irish people—and have found it easy to throw in their lot with Sinn Fein Ireland. The Unionists (British) of the Northeast Corner, on the other hand, a large majority with a minority of Irish Nationalists trying to live among them, have never shown tolerance, and evidently, judging from their own bigoted attitude toward their weaker opponents, they think, or pretend to think, that a Nationalist majority in an Irish Parliament will in turn treat them to the same persecution that they have inflicted on the minority in their midst. However, the shopkeeping class of them in the Northeast Corner quickly comes to know on which side its bread is buttered—and they are at the present time desperately striving to throw off their shoulders the Orange mob rule which they were themselves responsible for calling up during the past half dozen years. It is now well known that this shopkeeping Unionist class, under pressure of trade disaster, has become fearfully anxious for reconciliation with the great body of the Irish people. They are afraid to say so openly, but they are secretly trying to convey this to the Irish leaders. Moreover, they are having some of their spokesmen throw out broad hints of it in the course of speeches in which there is rather comical alternation of extending the olive branch and brandishing the Orange sword.

### WHEELING AND DEFIANCE

Sir Joseph Davison, the High Sheriff of Belfast, and at the same time duly appointed Grand Master of the Orange Institution of Belfast, speaking at a dinner given by the Society of St. Andrew, gave fine illustration of the new Belfast policy of alternate wheeling and defiance. The wheeling meant to gain the ear of Irish Ireland, the defiance to satisfy the cock-doodle-doo spirit of the Orange mob. They had been passing through troublous times in this country during the past few years, he said. Anarchy and murder had taken the place of law and order, and until common-sense and reason again prevailed he did not see how the people of this country could be prosperous. If it were possible to scrap—and he believed it was possible to scrap—their animosities and let the past be buried, they might be able to get along well and better. If men would only view the situation from the standpoint of the other man they might begin to understand, one another better in Ireland. It was a pity that such a state of affairs as existed did exist. They were all anxious for peace, so that they could get along with their work. Unless they were privileged to carry on their industries, Ireland could not be prosperous. They were told frequently that Ireland was passing through troublous times. He honestly believed that they were in the midst of troublous times, but he believed that a crash might come—and perhaps sooner than most people thought—to settle this old spirit of hostility to one another. He hoped that that would be so.

At the same time that Sheriff Davison was making himself the mouthpiece of the Orange traders, the acknowledged spokesman of the Orange mob, Mr. William Coope, who toured this country in the interest of Orange intolerance some years ago, was making himself heard in another part of Belfast in the strain beloved of the mob. He told them they had a wonderful, secret, legion of fifty thousand Imperial Guards who should keep their powder dry and make themselves efficient for a day that is coming (Der Tag, when they should be called on to defend their liberty lives, hearths and homes, and faith. Then he said they would strike and strike hard; and the Papists who now loved to murder would then yell for mercy. He said it should be their object to allow no single one of the enemy to exist in Belfast or in any part of the six counties over which they now have control. The Orange Institutions must now be blackguard and clear "all Belfast City and the six counties. With Coope was a Philadelphia Orangeman named William Edward Cope, who told the Orange mob that

he had come to Ireland to write up the wrongs of Ulster for two thousand American newspapers and magazines. "Ninety million Protestants of America," he told them, "are behind you, and all their force will be behind you, if you rise up to fight your enemies." The newspapers report that both Coope and Cope roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiastic and fanatic defiance of Ireland.

### THE FEMALE OF THE ORANGE SPECIES

Mrs. Howard Sanderson, mistress of the first Orangewomen's Lodge, whipped her audience into fury by her denunciation not only of Sinn Fein and the other three-quarters of Ireland, but also Lloyd George and his cabinet, and all the English people who, after using them, the Orangemen and Orangewomen, were now throwing them over, in order to court DeValera and his gang. Lloyd George, she said, was a bully and a coward, who, being afraid of Sinn Fein, was trying to pacify it by throwing Ulster to the Sinn Fein wolf, and if the Orangemen of Ulster did not stand up to the bully and coward, Lloyd George, the Orangewomen of Ulster, headed by herself, would take their place and do their work.

### PROTESTANT IRISH PATRIOTS

In contradistinction to these feeble creatures, who, having for generations lent themselves as tools of England, are at length discovering their use, we have the Dublin papers day after day giving expression to the new pro-Irish feeling of former Unionists in the other three-quarters of Ireland, people who are now hastening to give public testimony to their Irish patriotism. Though most of them are new patriots, many intelligent ones of them were always patriotic. Here speaks one of these latter, a teacher who is a lover of the Gaelic language. I extract a portion of his letter to the Dublin daily press: "I may mention that I am the teacher of a small Protestant school in an out-of-the-way district, and, though belonging to what is known as the minority, I have always been heart and soul (since I was old enough to think for myself) with the majority of my country-people. Though advanced in years—am well over half a century—I have lately started to learn, or rather to teach myself, Irish. I have a fairly correct idea of the pronunciation, having in my young days lived in Kerry, and there picked up a good many conversational phrases, etc. My eldest pupil—a very keen, intelligent girl—is very anxious to learn Irish too, so we study it together at nights. We have reached a stage now when a little help such as could be got from a correspondence course would be of the greatest benefit, so I hope you will take the matter up, and I am sure your influence would do much to further the scheme. My ambition is to be able to teach these children under my care even the rudiments of Irish, and the clever girl to whom I referred would carry on the work afterwards when I am no more. I have tried as far as lay in my power to foster and graft in my pupils' mind the same love and devotion towards our native land which I feel myself, and I may claim to have succeeded, but I want to do a little more."

### THE "HUNS" AND THEIR ANGLICAN COUSINS

Now that Ireland is open again to travellers, very many foreigners of various nationalities are coming over, touring the country, and observing for themselves the extent of the destruction wrought by the British Army. One broadminded Briton, having had an extended experience in fortified portions of France, was greatly shocked by what he saw, and relieved himself by writing to the English papers. He says: "I have passed a few days in an Irish village where the British military had completely dominated the people for nearly fifteen months. The comparison which I instinctively made with my experience in the French occupied regions may be of interest. I found that in no case that I heard of had the Germans been so domineering as the British in this particular Irish village. The officers in the latter place used to walk into the houses with bombs in their hands and chaff the terrified people about the consequences of dropping one. Throwing a bomb from one to the other in a room where a whole family looked on, flinging their revolvers on the table, and using the most obscene language; these were the ordinary amusements of the British officers in at least one village in the south of Ireland. "Germans have been tried for much less grave offences in France—and I can find no instance in France of the cool, deliberate terrorizing of the civilian population which went on in Ireland. The numerous cases of torture proved against British soldiers of every rank in Ireland have no parallel in France, where the records are being carefully collected. It must be the ardent wish of every Irishman that

the detailed history of this latest and last of all our wars should soon be written. Other nations derive their moral stamina from the great deeds and sufferings of their heroes. In Ireland it is the custom for foreign settlers and their press to urge the nation to forget the past. They speak as though the ignoble vulgarity of the slave who forgets could be called the virtue of forgiveness."

SEUMAS MACMANUS, OF Donegal.

## THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION

### HER RELATIONS WITH THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT

By Professor A. Fortin, O. S. B.

The settlement with Ireland is avowedly based on the Canadian Constitution, and in the following article Professor Berriedale Keith, a recognized authority, explains the constitutional relations between Canada and the Imperial Government.

The Dominion of Canada came into being under the pressure of local needs and Imperial aspirations. In 1867, under the British North America Act, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united with Canada which, simultaneously, was divided into the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the racial issue being solved by the frank recognition of the right of the French to self-determination within the Dominion. The Act contemplated the expansion of the Dominion, by consent, to the whole of British North America, and in 1870 the Imperial Government, having recovered control over the vast areas held by the Hudson Bay Company under its charter, transferred these lands to the Dominion, while British Columbia and Prince Edward Island entered the Union in 1871 and 1872 by agreement with the Dominion Government. Newfoundland alone has remained outside the Union; her people, attached to their independent position as a self-governing Dominion, are reluctant to sink to a provincial status unless it can be proved that such a position would involve material advantages sufficient to outweigh the loss of prestige.

### THE DOMINION CONSTITUTION

The Dominion Constitution is a skillful blend of the principles of the British Constitution with the federal system. It differs from the United States Constitution in two vital points: in the first place, the Dominion itself and each province is administered on the system of a Ministry responsible to the Legislature, and, secondly, all legislative and executive authority not conferred in express terms on the provinces belongs to the Federation. A fairly successful attempt is made to allocate to the provinces control over all merely local or private matters: education falls within their sphere subject to provision for the protection of the rights of Protestant or Roman Catholic minorities, and they may deal with agriculture and immigration subject to the paramount power of the Dominion. The provinces may freely modify their constitutions so long as they do not affect the office of Lieutenant Governor. This officer in each case is appointed and removed by the Dominion Government, which also possesses the right of appointing the superior district and county judges in each province. Moreover, the Dominion may disallow any provincial legislation, a right which is occasionally exercised when provincial enactments exceed the powers of the provinces and, much more rarely, when such enactments violate principles of natural justice. In the case of the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, created in 1870 and 1905 out of the Hudson Bay territory, the Dominion retains, despite provincial protests, control of the public lands.

Fortunately for Canada the determination of legal disputes between the Dominion and the provinces has rested with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, whose obvious freedom from local bias or prejudice has secured for its decisions a degree of respect in the provinces far beyond that accorded to the pronouncements of the Supreme Court of Canada, whose members are nominees of the Dominion Government. The provinces also have a certain security for their interests in the rule by which the Dominion Senate consists of 36 nominated members drawn in certain proportions from each province, for the Senate cannot be swamped.

### THE GOVERNOR GENERAL

No direct relations exist between the provinces and the Imperial Government, which deals with the Dominion only. The Governor General is appointed by the King, whose wishes as to his representative command the fullest consideration, while the ultimate responsibility for the selection rests with the Prime Minister, but care is taken to ensure that the nominee will be acceptable to the Dominion.

In Canada the Governor General now occupies towards his Ministers the same position as the King to the Government of the United Kingdom, and though he serves as a channel of communication between the Dominion and the Imperial Government he no longer seeks to control Dominion action. On matters of high importance the Dominion Prime Minister now communicates direct with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

While the Executive Government of Canada is thus free from Imperial control, the Legislature is still fettered in its powers. It is true that the Imperial Power of disallowing Canadian legislation is practically obsolete. But Canadian enactments have no validity beyond the territorial waters of the Dominion save where expressly authorized by an Imperial Act, and Canada is powerless to regulate the actions of Canadians beyond her boundaries. Dominion Acts are valid only in so far as they do not contravene Imperial Acts. Although the Imperial Parliament has ceased to pass legislation for Canada save with Dominion assent, older Acts still exist limiting Canadian powers and, in special, the Dominion Parliament is powerless to alter the Dominion Constitution. The supremacy of Imperial Acts and of the Constitution is enforced by the Judicial Committee, the appeal to which Canada cannot abolish. Nor could Canada pass any valid law which violated her position as a Dominion under the British Crown.

### IMPERIAL DEFENCE AND FOREIGN POLICY

For defence against foreign aggression the United Kingdom is still mainly responsible. Canada's obligations to aid in the defence of the Empire are undefined; nothing effective has yet been done to create a Canadian navy, but military organization is farther advanced, and the potentialities of Canada were fully manifested in the War. The sole control of these matters lies in her own hands, but this does not prevent Canada resorting, when she desires, for advice to the Imperial Defence Committee on which she may be represented. Since 1905 no Imperial forces have been maintained in Canada, but arrangements exist for the access of British man-of-war to Dominion ports.

In foreign affairs the Canadian position has not yet been finally determined. Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1910-1911 aimed at securing for Canada the power of negotiating commercial treaties without Imperial intervention, but this policy terminated with the defeat of his party over the issue of reciprocity with the United States, a scheme which seemed to involve political consequences unfavorable to the British connection. Since 1920 Canada has been a full member of the League of Nations, independent of the United Kingdom, and her representatives have voted against the British delegates on issues of importance at meetings of the League Assembly. She is eligible also for election to a place on the Council, however little likely such an election may be. On the other hand, she has asserted her anxiety not to destroy the diplomatic unity of the Empire; she has associated herself with the British delegates in the signature of all the peace treaties, and she has allowed a single Imperial delegation to represent the British Empire at the Washington Conference. She has also agreed that if she is separately represented at Washington her representatives will accept the status of a Minister Plenipotentiary appointed by the King and act in close co-operation with the British Ambassador.

A final question arises: Can Canada of her own will sever her connection with the British Empire? Legally the answer must be in the negative; constitutionally an affirmative answer was given by Mr. Bonar Law as Leader of the House of Commons on March 30, 1920, when he asserted the right to secede as inherent in Dominion status, but students of constitutional law, including General Smuts, have doubted the justice of this pronouncement.

## FIGHT OVER CROSS

Most people think of the English city of Liverpool as a very considerable Irish community and the episcopal seat of the Archbishop of one of the largest Catholic dioceses in England and Wales. So it is. But there is another side to it.

Side by side with its sturdy and highly organized Catholicism, Liverpool is the home of as bitter a set of Protestant fanatics as any city on earth could boast. If Catholicism is strong in Liverpool, so also is Orangeism strong, and its strength is not always shown under the most beautiful aspects.

The sort of thing that sometimes happens in the non-Catholic quarters of Liverpool is admirably shown in an incident that occurred a few days ago, when an Anglican vicar had the temerity to approach the Anglican Consistorial Court of

Liverpool to seek a faculty from the Chancellor to erect a pulpit sounding board in his church, together with an oak altar piece, and to place a cross and two brass candlesticks on the altar of his church.

When this vicar applied at the Consistorial Court to make the above-mentioned meagre additions to his church, he found an organized opposition of fanatics waiting in the Court. When the application was read out to the Court there were savage cries of "That is Popery!" and "Back to Rome!" while a North of Ireland man, who informed the Court that he had been converted from "Popery" to Protestantism, declared that if the candlesticks are erected (1) it will be the first to turn them out!

The upshot of this ridiculous farce was that the Chancellor compromised. He permitted the cross but not the candlesticks, and to show how the Protestant brethren of Liverpool dwell together in harmony, the proceedings developed into a free fight, in which two stalwart female Protestants took their proper part. The Chancellor ordered the Court to be cleared, and the apocryphal knocks and blows were continued on the staircase, until a sergeant and police officer made short work of this exhibition of religious zeal.—N. C. W. C.

## LORD ARUNDELL DEAD

London, Dec. 28.—Lord Arundell of Wardour, one of the very few members of the English Peerage who could boast that his family had kept the faith unbroken since the Middle Ages, has just died in his sixty-second year at his family seat in the county of Somerset. In addition to his English title, the late Lord Arundell was also a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, an ancient honor in traces itself back to the stirring days when the Catholic monarchies of Central and South-Eastern Europe were engaged in their wars against the Turk—a series of crusades that found their culmination in the glorious Battle of Lepanto, when the western march of the Turk was finally stopped, and Christendom was established in security.

The Catholic family of the Arundells of Wardour first appeared in history in the year 1290, when Sir Ralph de Arundell was appointed Sheriff of the county of Cornwall.

The more modern greatness of the family seems to date from the time of Sir Thomas Arundell of Wardour, who left his native country to seek service in the Imperial Army in Hungary against the Turks. This Sir Thomas, who was known as "The Valiant," distinguished himself in the Turkish wars, and for his exploit in capturing a Turkish standard at the Battle of Gran, the episcopal seat of the Cardinal Primate of Hungary, in 1595, he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Rudolph II. This title still remains in the family.

The same Sir Thomas returned to England and in 1605 was made a Baron. Meanwhile in his absence Wardour Castle was besieged by the Cromwellian troops. The son of the first Baron Arundell was imprisoned in the Tower of London where he languished for five years, his Catholicism having made him a victim of the infamous Titus Oates Plot. Eventually he was released, and when the Catholic King James II, came to the throne, he was appointed to the high office of Lord Privy Seal.

The late Lord Arundell 4s succeeded in the title by his brother Mr. Gerald Arthur Arundell.

## FAITH WON IRISH FREEDOM

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 28.—To Ireland's Catholic faith, the faith planted by St. Patrick and nourished and kept pure and strong during all the centuries of progress and persecution does Ireland owe all of her present position and future hope. Archbishop George W. Mundelein told more than 5,000 hearers at a mammoth reception to Rev. Michael O'Flanagan, associate with Arthur Griffith in the founding of Sinn Fein, and vice-president of that organization.

The Archbishop's address was the feature of an evening given over to powerful speeches for Ireland, made by the gifted Father O'Flanagan, and by Stephen M. O'Mara, mayor of Limerick, trustee of Dail Eireann and fiscal agent in the United States for Michael Collins, minister of finance of the Irish nation.

"It may cause some comment that one should show such open sympathy and such constant interest in the cause of Ireland to whose people I have not been bound by any ties of blood," said the Archbishop. "The American spirit of fair play, in demanding Irish rights, might suffice to explain my interest, but there is a reason deeper than that. I am a Catholic bishop, and everything that affects in any way the Catholic Church must be of concern to me. Now the one thing that has kept alive Ireland as a nation, has

been her religion. If it had not been that she was Catholic, that the Irish people were Catholic, long ago they would have followed in the footsteps of the Welsh and Scotch, and before this they would have been absorbed and swallowed up by the British nation.

"But there was that constant, unremitting struggle to hold on with their last breath to the allegiance of St. Patrick, to the faith of their fathers, that kept the Irish a distinct race, never succumbing, never beaten, no matter how great the odds might be or how tempting the bait held out to them.

"After all it is for that St. Patrick prays. The one grace that he asked of the Lord was that his people might prove true to their Church. "The Irish differ from other nations that have been persecuted in the past. Poland had for instance a distinct language for which she fought; but with the Irish it was their faith alone for which they fought and for which they fought together against the greatest odds, constantly and unremittingly, and which in the end had brought them out after seven centuries of struggles, a nation as distinct as it was in the time of St. Patrick.

"And so in welcoming Father O'Flanagan here this evening, we want him to know that he is no stranger. He has come here into the house of his friends. He is here simply in another branch of the same family. Though many of us may not be of his race and of his blood, we are tied to him by still greater bonds—we are of the same faith—and for that reason we stand behind him and his cause, because it is the cause of Christ and of the Church.

"And now it would seem that the really critical week in Irish history has come and I want to say for you and for myself and for the others of this great city, that we have but one message to the Irish people, and that is—we are not going to cede to you, we are not going to cede to you. Whatever you may do in the next week, we are behind you."

## CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL

### CATHOLIC GAINS IN BELGIUM

Cardinal Mercier issued a pastoral on December 4, which has received universal notice, as it draws a lesson from the recent Belgian elections; when the Catholics gained nine seats in the Chamber and increased the popular vote for their candidates from 618,000 in 1919 to 716,000, while the Socialists at the same time lost four seats.

The Cardinal said: "The year which is drawing to a close was a great year for Belgium. It began in anguish, it is ending in peace-fulness.

"Political elections were announced which were to deliver our entire country to party warfare, to the antagonism of social classes, the division of the two races which by a tradition several centuries old, by economic interests and deep affection are called upon to live a common life in brotherliness and mutual helpfulness.

"Until the day before the elections the anxiety was poignant.

"Men concerned for public order, citizens who place above all else respect for authority and discipline, the unity of the country, the safeguard of the high renown Belgium has gained throughout the world by her abnegation and her heroism in the most tragic hour of her history, appeared to go to the polls through duty rather than through interest, resigned to a defeat which our interior divisions and the hopes they inspired in our adversaries rendered apparently inevitable.

"Our troops marched without discipline; battalions fired on their brothers in arms. Who did not think sadly of the words of Christ, 'A city divided against itself, we should have liked to raise our voice, but would over-excited minds have understood? Should we not have been accused of fomenting discord and stirring up political animosity?

"But today the game is over. The sky is clear. With joyful surprise we have accepted the verdict of the national conscience, for this time it is truly the national conscience which has spoken.

"Whence comes the victory? From the good sense of the Belgian people. In their decision I see the hand of God who, despite our deviations and our divisions, has had pity on us."

His Eminence then recalls all that Belgium owes to God since 1914, the year when the chastisement of those nations which had forgotten God began, and says that "the basis of our success is prayer, an instrument of war the existence of which is not even suspected by the unbelievers."

In harmony with the spirit of the pastoral Cardinal Mercier invited the faithful of Belgium to manifest their gratitude publicly on December 8, the day on which he prescribed a solemn Mass and Benediction.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Los Angeles, Jan. 2.—Los Angeles new central Catholic High school for girls will be named in honor of the late Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles from 1903 to 1915. A site on West Pico street has already been selected for the institution and construction work has started.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Dec. 26.—France and the United States were brought closer together by the laying of the cornerstone of the new French orphan asylum of St. Vincent de Paul cared to the Right Rev. John J. Dunn, auxiliary bishop of New York, who presided at the ceremony. The building, which will be erected on the former estate of John D. Archbold, will cost \$100,000.

Dublin, Dec. 25.—Protestant bishops and clergy and the Protestant community in general in the South of Ireland have expressed loyalty and good will to the new Free State. Rev. Dr. Osborne of the Presbyterian Church declared: "I never had any fear of suffering injustice at the hands of my fellow-countrymen." The Board of Trinity College, Dublin, has also offered its support to the Irish Free State.

Paris, Dec. 24.—A series of religious conferences has just been given in the cities of the south of France, for the benefit of the Italian colonists living there, by a missionary Dom Fusco, who was specially designated by Pope Benedict XV, for this work. Dom Fusco, who only recently entered the priesthood, is a retired major-general of the Italian army.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 28.—The death of the Right Rev. Thomas Grace, for twenty-five years Bishop of Sacramento, removes from the Catholic hierarchy one of its most venerable figures. Bishop Grace has been ill for several months and last September the Very Rev. Patrick J. Keane, former pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland was named titular Bishop of Samaria and coadjutor Bishop of Sacramento.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—The vital statistics issued by the Registrar-General in Ireland for 1920 are in four respects most satisfactory. The marriage rate was high; the birth rate was the highest since 1914, the death rate was the lowest ever recorded in Ireland and there was an increase of 28,000 in the population as compared with 1919. The population is now roughly four and a half millions and is greater than at any time since 1899.

Cincinnati, Jan. 2.—Contracts for the new seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, which will be built at Norwood Heights, adjoining the residence of His Grace Archbishop Moeller, have been awarded and work will soon begin. The exterior will be of cream-colored brick and the architecture will be Italian renaissance in style. Provision has been made for 197 rooms for students and four large classrooms, including an assembly hall.

Boston, Jan. 2.—A memorial course in Americanization in honor of Francis Thompson, later superintendent of the Boston Public schools, has been announced by Boston University. The whole field of Americanization will be outlined, with special attention to those phases which concern the teacher. The foreign language and foreign newspaper question, racial backgrounds and heritages, and industrial Americanization will be among the problems discussed. Thompson was a Catholic and a graduate of St. Anselm's College.

Paris, Dec. 22.—Cardinal Francois Marie de Roverie de Cabrières, the oldest member of the Sacred College, and Bishop of Montpellier, died in his episcopal city yesterday, at the age of ninety-one years and seven months. He was born in Beaucaire, May 30, 1830, and was consecrated Bishop in 1874. Pope Pius X. elevated Monsignor de Cabrières to the cardinalate in 1911. Until the last few weeks Cardinal de Cabrières had been in good health and quite active.

New York, Dec. 2.—Twenty-five years of the work of the New York Apostolate has just been reviewed by the Rev. John E. Wickham, the present superior of the Apostolate, who shows that its work has spread throughout the archdiocese of New York and that missions have also been given in the archdioceses of Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia and in the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Harrisburg, Hartford, Nashville, Newark, Pittsburgh, Richmond, St. Augustine, Syracuse, Trenton, and Wilmington in the United States and in the archdioceses of Kingston and Montreal in Canada. More than five thousand converts have been baptised since the work was inaugurated and adult Catholics prepared for Communion and Confirmation numbered more than fifteen thousand. There were 1,208 missions preached, including 986 parochial missions and 272 doctrinal missions. The mission confessions numbered close to one million.



## THE WILD BERYS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
(LADY GILBERT)

### CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

"My poor little girl!" said Father Ulick, with a tear in his eye. "Dig them up again! Dig them up again!" cried Fan stamping her foot. "Oh, you cruel people, how could you hurt them?"

"Hush! they are not hurt," said the priest, drawing her forcibly to him, and putting his hand on the poor, little dishevelled head. "Why do you talk about the ground, little Fan? They are not in the ground. They are gone to live with God in heaven."

The touch of the kind hand seemed to soothe her passion a little, and she sobbed more naturally as they went on with her complaints. "She was on the bed, and they were cold, and they could not look at me because they were looking at God; and God was going to take them up to the skies. But now He will never find them, down, down in the hole, in the dark."

Poor Fan had been already taught her ecstasies, but she did not remember it in this hour of her need. The crowd groaned and swayed, and many tears fell, as the child's words came ringing forth, the sweet, warbling voice changed and sharpened with anguish.

Kevin, beside himself with misery, could listen no longer, he stepped forward and put his hand on the child's round, white shoulder.

"Fan," he said, "listen to me. They are not in the ground. We only came here to see them taken to heaven. You were asleep, and we did not like to wake you; but if you had been here a little sooner you would have seen the angels carry them away. Look!" he continued, pointing with outstretched arm to the horizon.

The child followed his finger with wondering, startled eyes. Away across the purple sea, and over against a rosy distance of cloudland powdered with golden light and looking like the entrance to paradise, could just be seen vanishing into glory the long white trail of a flock of ocean birds.

"See," said Kevin, "you can still spy the wings of the angels. That is the way they flew; and there is the door of heaven just open to let them in!"

Fancha sprang from the priest's knees with a cry of relief, and rapture, and longing; and stretching out her little brown arms and flinging back her head, she gazed on that spot of fading glory in the distance until the last white speck had melted away and the rosy gates had closed and vanished.

"Good-bye, mother; good-bye, father, and baby, and little Patsie!" she cried as the vision disappeared; and then, before any one had time to see what was coming next, the young over-tired brain spun round, and she dropped unconscious on the grass among their feet.

"A bold lie, Kevin; a bold lie!" said Father Ulick, as they raised her up; "but may God forgive me, boy, I cannot blame you."

Kevin carried her home and placed her on his mother's bed. The child was very unwell, and lay submissively, content so long as Kevin held her little hand or stroked her hair. And now all the beautiful things that the tall youth believed he had learned from her song came into use, and Kevin poured out his thoughts to amuse her and keep her away from her mind. Softly the dew of his secret fancies fell upon her excited young brain, while the twilight gathered in the small, brown chamber, and the stars came out to look for the first time on the grave that held Maury and Schemus.

As the darkness crept on, there arose murmurs in the kitchen. "The poorhouse, indeed. But it's fine to hear you talkin' about such a place."

"Faix, an', Sibbie, I never thought you would be the woman to ask to bring disgrace on your mountain."

"Smaller houses ain't grand enough for you, I suppose, my good body?"

"It's change of air you're wanting, after all these years that you've been content with what we've here."

Poor old Sibbie's voice, once her pride, was now cracked and broken with keening and sobbing as she answered these kindly taunts.

"You're good friends all, an' the best of good neighbors; and the Lord sees I'd be thankful to lie in anybody's corner. I would not like to think that little Fan had a grandaunt in the poorhouse. I can make the mats and earn my bit, though I cannot keep a roof over my head. A wisp of straw in the corner'll be enough for me, whiles in one house and whiles in another. And may you all have the blessing of Him that hadn't a roof to cover Himself, an' has taken kith an' kin an' home away from me!"

Late that night Kevin left his father's house, and taking the path down the cliffs to the shore followed it in his own slow, dreamy way, stopping now and again to gaze on the midnight scene, to throw back his head in his own peculiar fashion, "listening," as the people said, for something that was not to be heard. What, indeed, could he expect to hear in such a spot and at such an hour? Even the gulls and curlews were mute, lulled to

silence by the intense calm and majesty of the autumn night.

The red harvest moon had risen, large and mysterious, through its own lurid haze, and just rested on the sea like some wondrous argosy, freighted with light and fire.

Higher up in the sky greenish tints still lingered, and the pale stars lay scattered like primroses over cool fields at dawn. Reaching the lower rocks, Kevin unmoored a boat, and springing into it, was soon drifting out to sea, with his ears idly in his hands and his face set towards the growing light.

As she rose, slow and splendid, casting off her lurid veils, beauty and majesty reigned in the tranquil heavens. The stars lost their wan, flower-like looks, and quickened into eager life; the hush deepened. One part of the sea along the coast-line was in shadow—shadow so deep yet so transparent that the grey birds could be seen within it, riding on the swell of the tide. All the mid-ocean, with its islands lying between shadows of the earth and of the distance, was steeped in that unutterable radiance which saturates the soul of the beholder with faith in a superhuman bliss as yet untasted which is waiting for him behind the shades which we call death.

In the wide ocean a hundred isles were gleaming, near and far. Kevin knew them well, could tell their names, had been to visit many of them, had friends living on some that were habitable, and had explored the caves of those that were desolate. Yet now they lay before him like nothing having connection with this earth. They were like

"The islands of the blessed; The land of the hereafter."

Rousing himself from a long dream, he pulled his oars, and soon came alongside the rocks of a small, barren islet about a mile from shore. As he sprang from his boat on the rock a flock of gulls rose and flew screaming over the sea. Kevin stood and watched how the sudden flutter of their wings winnowed the light into sparks of white fire as the flock steered towards another island, melting into a silver trail in the air, then vanishing into shadow and silence. His heart beat faster as he peered after them; and, turning, he faced the light, "listening" again.

After another long reverie, he began to ascend the rocky hills of the island. Now and again a rabbit started out of his path, or a plover flitted off with its plaintive cry. Long ago a saint had lived and died on the island, and had tamed the rabbits and birds; but now they had fallen back into their natural state, and no trace remained of the gentle dweller in this solitude, except a whisper in the air, impalpable as those other sounds for which Kevin listened, telling that the place was holy ground.

What did the youth seek for as he pursued his way over the pastured island, crushing how the sweet-scented furze under his feet, and inhaling deeply as its fragrant odour arose mingled with the briny dew and penetrated his senses with delight? For whom did he look as he paused and gazed around? Whose was the voice he yearned to hear as he strained his ear, holding his breath as though the very beating of his own heart might be enough to drown murmurs so ethereal as those he sought to catch? Did he think to hear the morning stars singing together, or to interpret the indescribable sigh with which the ocean, even from the depths of a calm so profound as this, greets the lonely shores of those hundred isles? Kevin did not know; but he knew that he ever listened, looked, yearned after something which was not to be heard, seen, or touched; and it was in moments when the longing for this unknown most overmastered him, that he would hurry away, as now, to spend night alone with his pliant, face to face with God and Nature, and in fulfilment of his desire, which was as a spirit that eluded his senses and yet followed, led, and surrounded all his footsteps.

To-night he was unusually excited, "out of himself," as the people would say, under the spell of events that had lately passed. He had been face to face with death in its double mystery; its blighting horror on one side, its majesty and pathetic tenderness on the other. He had seemed to take death in his arms and hold it to his heart, and his veins still tingled with the reaction from the chill of the grave back to the heat of life. The dew of Maury's hope and resignation still glistened on his soul where it had seemed to fall from hers. The wonder and awe that he had felt at seeing her lie there satisfied to part with Fancha still hung upon him and would not turn away and sleep as poor Maury had been fain to do. Awe, wonder, and a strange joy were disturbing the very depths of Kevin's being. Had not Maury left him Fan? Had she not put her in his arms, choosing him as her protector from out of a crowd of friends. Fancha was to be his forever. He would cherish her, work for her, shield her from every hurt in life.

At last he reached the seaward side of the island where nothing was visible but the Atlantic in its transcendent calm, and the ocean-line meeting the sky and glistening under the moon. Here rose tall black cliffs carved by the waves into strange fantastic shapes; on one side a castle with battlements

seemed to invade and defy the sea, a little further off a ragged figure, with gigantic human outlines, lifted an arm with mysterious sign to heaven; other strange forms crouched around in its shadows, which gave them an indistinctness that added to the supernatural effect.

Kevin, wearied by this time, threw himself on the heather and fixed his eyes upon the horizon. To his mind's eye the shores of other land lying beyond rose and took shape and became peopled with heroic human creatures. Across that glistening line he saw the Vikings appear in their galleys; for did not these islands lie right in their ocean path? Did not the wild gannet, straight from the northern countries, still perch among the rocks at his feet? He saw the gleaming ships of Heber and Amargin suddenly wrapped in the gloom of the storm as the wrath of the mysterious Tuatha overwhelmed them. The passionate and wayward Ferragane appeared to him leaning over the bulwarks of his pirate vessel and weeping for love and hate. These dreams soothed the excitement of Kevin's brain and diverted his thoughts, and after a time his eyes began to trace new forms in the rocks around him; the jagged points became roofs and chimneys of a silent city, strange animals began to creep up out of the gorges, and the titans of old mustered below, and climbing the cliffs, fled away over the heather. Kevin's eyes grew heavy following their movements, his eyelids drooped, and at last Nature folded him away also into the profound sleep in which lay earth and sea.

As he slept a change crept over the world; the moon hid herself, the rocks were released from the spells that the darkness had cast over them, light and shadow both disappeared, and a dimness in which everything was alike visible overspread land and water. A grey look of fear was in the open eyes of the world, while a breeze came fluttering over the sea, stirring the waves, and casting drifts of pearls into the bosom of the caves.

And then another change took place. There was a faint rosy flush in the east, and a flutter as of unexpected joy; a smile crept upon the heavens, and a thrill passed through the air, sea, and earth; life began to throb again in the veins; crimson and golden lights flashed across the heavens, and rapture took possession of the universe as all creation became assured that another day was about to rise. There was to be yet time for the completion of all good that hovered on the brink of accomplishment; for the sinner to repent, for the deed of charity to be done, for the healing word to be spoken; another day wherein the laborer might work, the tree grow, and the flower bloom; fresh hopes for love to endure, for genius to expand, for the poet to pour forth his song to the world.

In the midst of all this triumph of Nature Kevin awoke from his refreshing sleep. Springing up and leaning upon his elbow, he gazed upon the glory which encircled him, and the spirit within him leaped out of its quietude and cast itself upon the radiance of the hour. Sadness, pain, fear, were all flung into the past behind the veil of the departed night. Hope, strength, beauty and bliss, came hurrying upon his heart, and he buried his face in the heather and sobbed aloud.

After the sudden storm of feeling was over, he still lingered in the heather, drinking in with worshipful eyes the myriad wonders of the sunrise; while Nature rewarded him for his long vigil by revealing to him something of the meaning of her rapture in the dawn. He got an inkling of this secret, and felt that the new day was indeed given in order that man might attempt and attain something as yet beyond his reach. Kevin did not know that he could attempt or attain anything more than the turning of the sod with his spade and the scattering of the seed in the furrow; except, indeed, it were the winning of the enduring love of little Fancha, and the cherishing of that mystical light which her voice had power to summon upon his soul. But his will was ready, and his spirit asked in all simplicity to do whatever humble task might lie within the power of his sun-burnt hand. Meantime, it was sweet and mighty to be a part of creation, and he felt, without knowing, that,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Kevin's father was not surprised when he saw him coming up the cliffs that morning to join him at work in the fields. He was accustomed to his ways.

"I spent the night on the island," said Kevin, smiling; "and I have just had a dip in the sea."

"Oh, indeed, you are a queer sort," said Connor Mor, half amused and half disconcerted. "But I must say you never slip your work."

### CHAPTER IV

#### SEEING THE WORLD

"Follow, follow, follow me!" warbled little Fan, tripping out of the mountain school-house, with a flock of companions at her heels, who obeyed her call, and copying, as best they could, her bird-like flight through the air, alighted

around her feet on the top of a green bank sprinkled with daisies. There were Nell, Maury, and Bride, and Kat, and little Judy, and they had all got a half-holiday. The old hawthorn bushes on the hills and hollows were white with bloom, and golden clouds lay low along the amethyst sea.

"Smell!" cried Fan, tossing her little nose into the fragrant air, and sniffing. "Isn't the world delicious?"

"It's too big!" grumbled little Judy. "I'll never be able to learn to see it. I wish Kistuffor Kilombus hadn't discovered America, and then there would ha' been fewer places on the map!"

And poor Judy gazed at her little open palm, which had a hot look, suggestive of recent punishment.

"Globes is worse," said Kat, with all the importance of one in a higher class. "Always slipping and slipping, and running round, just as if there wasn't a spot of ground to stand steady on your feet."

Judy cast an upward glance of dismay at the speaker, and then gave her unaltered palm a little soft lick, as a kitten caresses the saucer where milk has been.

"Do you believe in maps and globes?" asked Nell, boldly, "for I don't. I know how much land there is and how much sea; and land there's too much to be put on them bits of paper, or on big balls. Why, they couldn't put half the mountain down on them, let alone Dooneen town; so what's the use of pretendin', and drawing out little squares an' corners like fields, an' callin' them names? I never seen anything but Killeevy mountain, and Dooneen town, an' the sea."

"How do you know there's Dooneen town?" asked Judy, eagerly. "I never seen anything but Killeevy."

"Of course, there's the town," said Nell contemptuously, "or else where do you think the pigs would come from?"

"Or shoes, or spades?" added Judy, reflectively.

"An' don't you think there's a road out o' Dooneen town to some other place?" said Maury.

"I never seen it," said Nell, obstinately.

"You never saw a ghost," said Maury, "and yet you're always the one to whisper about ghostsies and bogies."

"Oh!" said Nell, looking round her with a start, "but they have the air to live in, and the clouds—and it's a very different thing from believing in maps."

"Fan will tell us about it," said Bride, laughing. "Wake up, Fan, wake up, and let us see if there's any more world besides Killeevy."

"Of course there's heaven," put in Nell, foreseeing that she could be beaten.

Fan was lying in the grass, absorbed in making a daisy chain. She flung it round her neck, and then she looked up in the midst of her friends. She was ten years old now, tall for her age, and slight and straight; her dark, silky hair sweeping backward, and hanging in waves rather than curls about her neck; her eyes soft, shadowy, and luminous, changing their expression every moment, and the rich color going and coming in her peach-like cheeks. The broad, innocent forehead, the slight, dark, mobile curves of the brows, and even the slender nose and rounded chin, all once, or in turn, emphasized the meanings that crossed her young face.

She was accustomed to be thus appealed to by her companions, among whom she was a sort of queen by royal right of her joyous temper, her melodious ways, and a certain inborn refinement of nature which even the rudest recognized.

As she stood there in her small white sleeveless bodice, and crimson skirt reaching scarcely below her bare, brown knees, all eyes were turned up to the little brilliant face which was expected to throw light upon their difficulties.

"Of course there is more world," cried Fan; "if not, where do you think all the fairy-tale people could ever have lived: all the kings and queens and the beautiful young princesses? Where would their palaces and castles be, and the city gates, and the market-place where the ox was roasted whole, and the big wood where the witches lived, and a great many more places that I can't remember." The other children all looked triumphantly at Nell as Fan thus settled the matter.

"Besides," added this enlightened of her species, "I know there is a great, great deal of beautiful world that we never ever heard about. I can't help knowing, because Kevin told me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nell, having now got her advantage. "Kevin, indeed! Kevin that everybody knows is the stupidest fellow on the mountain."

"Tisn't true," said Fan, flatly. "He's wiser than everybody in the world—except Father Ulick."

"Nobody thinks it but yourself," said Nell; "not even his own mother."

"I don't care who thinks it," cried Fan, stamping her foot. "I know it!"

He never learned his books at school," persisted Nell, "and he never goes to dances, nor jokes with girls and boys. The old people's always talkin' about it."

"Let them talk!" said Fan; "he has beautiful things inside his own head that were never put into books. Books, and dances, and

jokes, indeed! What does he want with such rubbish?"

"Oh, Fan!" cried Maury, "you that is so fond of your book!"

"And if I am," said Fan, hotly, "it does very well for me that has nothing better to think about. I'm fond of dancing, too," she said cutting a little caper.

"And of jokes, I'm thinkin'," said Nell, "when you say that big aupid is wise."

"Nell, stop, or I'll—hit you," cried Fan, flushing all over with anger, and striking out her slim arm, and doubling up her little fist.

"Can't you whist, Nell, with your teasin'?" said Kat, "when you know how fond she is of him."

Fan subsided among the daisies, and presently began warbling to herself disjointed words set to her own music; and the sun began to glow more warmly, and seemed to concentrate all its brilliance on two glittering crags of the mountain which stood out against the sky, looking like the jewelled gates of some indescribable paradise.

"Look there," said Fan, starting up. "I see a path into the beautiful world that I told you about. Who will come with me and see the world?"

"That's nothing but rocks with the sun on them," said matter-of-fact Nell.

"And clouds beyant," said little Judy.

"How do you know what it is?" said Fan. "You're not there. I think if we were once up there, we could see the world. We could look down into fairy-tale country; we'd see the well of the world's end and Jack and the Beanstalk's ladder, and the magic woods that people can't get out of, and the Giant's Castle, and the White Cat's palace."

"Oh, do come!" cried little Judy, eagerly. "But Fan was off already with her 'Follow, follow, follow, follow me!' and her companions flocked after her as usual over hedges and ditches. On they went swift as deer towards the glittering gate with the golden path leading through to the world."

They scrambled up and down hill, and scamped across hollows; more than once they waded through marshy places where the water took them above the knees, and then the screams of delight made the rocks ring. They got away very far from home; but what did that matter on a half holiday? Wonderful spoils were made on the way: brilliant bog flowers and gr. sses, tiny heath-roses and forget-me-nots, fragments of glittering spar.

"I've caught a splendid butterfly," shouted Judy.

"And I've got such a lovely water-lily!" screamed Maury.

At last, after many swift races and adventures, they climbed the young explorers in search of an unknown world reached the rocks that had looked like jewelled gates, and were disappointed to find them nothing but ordinary crags.

"Never mind," said Fan; "we are going to see something we never saw before. This the furthest part we can see from home. Now let us march on, and see what is on the other side of our gates."

They found that the rocks shelved away, being, in fact, the ridge of a mountain which they had ascended by easy stages, but which was steep on the other side. The children proceeded cautiously, and leaning over from a green platform where they were safe enough, they saw a sloping shoulder of earth and stones beneath, glittering all over in the sunshine, as if the slaves of Aladdin had split their dishes of precious stones on the spot, and had left them there to sparkle in the sun.

"O! it is a diamond mountain!" said little Judy, clapping her hands. "It is the very same place where Sindbad lived with the diamonds!"

"That was a valley," said Fan; "but the valley may be down below. I suppose it is up here that the eagles live, the eagles that flew down for the pieces of meat stuck over with diamonds."

"I wish I had an eagle and a piece of meat," said Judy longingly.

"It's no use wishing," said Maury. "That was only a story."

"Oh, but stories are true," said Fan. "At least a great many are; and it may as well happen to be one as another."

"Call the eagles, and see if they will come," cried Nell.

"That I will!" said Fan. And standing upon a higher ledge she waved her brown arms, and sang an impromptu incantation in which the cry of the golden eagle broke out among soft, cooing notes of coaxing invitation. The little girls looked around expecting to hear the eagles replying and to see the shadow of their great wings; and so intent were they on their spells, and so wrapped in their dream of fairyland that they did not miss the practical little Judy who busied herself, meantime, in finding the safest path by which to make her way to the diamond fields. At first she got along pretty well, planting one foot, and then another carefully, letting herself slip with the loose shingle a short way, and then creeping a bit further towards the glittering goal.

"Easy, Judy!" she said to herself, exultingly. "You can just slither now all the rest of the way."

But the next moment a cry made the rocks echo, and the other children were started out of their play to see Judy down below on the treacherous shingle of the shining slope. Finding herself "slithering" further than she intended,

and suddenly seeing a precipice yawning beneath her, the terrified child clutched wildly at the loose rubbish that gave way at her touch, and sent up shriek after shriek to her companions. Fortunately, before it was too late, a piece of solid stone came in her way, and clinging to it desperately she was able to hold herself motionless, though with the greatest difficulty. But it could not be so for long. Her head was giddy and her limbs were cramped. In a few minutes poor little Judy must or rately relax her hold, and her friends must see her go spinning down the precipice to her death.

"Oh, bring me back, bring me back!" she moaned. "Oh, somebody come and save me."

The other girls stood in a row above, with pale faces. Nell was paralyzed with horror; Kat wrung her hands; Maury said despairingly, "There's nothing on earth we can do."

TO BE CONTINUED

## RETURN OF THE WANDERER

By J. P. Rodmond in Rosary Magazine

He stood at the end of the main street and stared at the village with the bewildered air of one awakened from a long sleep. He had strayed from the highway which stretches over the hills to the distant seaport, had followed the winding path between the sandbanks, until he had stumbled into the village of Greenhith.

A quaint old place is Greenhith. The range of hills, about a mile off, forms a pleasing background, and wards off the cold winds. The main street lies close to the river—so close that at high tide the waves wash against the garden-walls of the nearest houses. The street is an odd sight, for one side—the side farther from the water—is about twice the length of the other. Moreover, the houses on the longer side are tall and ancient, whereas those opposite are small cottages of yellow brick, aggressively new in appearance. There is a suggestion of frowning about the old-fashioned houses as though they resent the intrusion of these impudent upstarts, and suspect them of having dumped themselves in front for the express purpose of spoiling that unbroken view of the river which was theirs for at least two centuries.

But the old houses themselves have forfeited their claims to respectability, for they are no longer the dignified residences of worthy sea-captains and retired merchants. In fact, few have escaped the disgrace of being turned into a shop. And a goodly company of shops it is, too! Here is a butcher, there a chemist, further on a grocer and a corn-chandler, then a store which defies description, where one can purchase anything from ship's paint and tar and the multifarious oddments of seafarers, to skippers' and children's clothing and jam. At least three houses have so far fallen from their high estate as to have become darksome taverns, the favored haunts of hefty barge-men.

The wanderer seemed undecided whether to go on through the village or to retrace his steps. His clothes were worn and discolored, his boots broken and caked with mud. He wore no hat, though the afternoon glare of a hot summer poured down heat pitilessly upon a head that was but sparsely covered with wisps of grey hair. His face, swollen and flushed, told of ill health and long years of careless living. It was not a pleasing face to look at, yet there was one feature which could not fail to attract the attention of even the most casual observer: out of that suffering, drink-sodden face shone a pair of blue eyes with something of the questioning wonderment of childhood. He dragged himself along in the middle of the road, halting now and then to gaze at the lazy river or at a shop window. No one heeded him; indeed, there was no one to heed, for the heat of summer had driven every one indoors. The shaggy dog outside the butcher's shop opened his eyes, blinked at the intruder, but decided that he was not worth barking at, and after a luxurious scratch relapsed into somnolence.

Now, just beyond the village a little chapel stands apart. A statue of the Blessed Virgin in a niche over the doorway tells the world that it is a Catholic chapel. In a garden adjoining stands an old house, but this is secluded from the road and the river by a high wall. When the wanderer arrived at this point, he stopped and stared hard at the chapel. Something about it seemed to hold him and to deprive him of any inclination to move on. He sat down on a dusty bank opposite and studied every detail—the belfry, the pointed windows, the statue, the notice boards, the door. He rested thus for nearly an hour, his elbows set upon his knees, his hands supporting his chin; then, as though in response to a sudden impulse, he rose, crossed the road and passed through the door.

The house in the garden is occupied by a small community of four or five Sisters of Mercy. For many years Greenhith could boast of a more prosperous days. Times had changed. With the garden in the big manufacturing town in the neighborhood the charms of Greenhith began to fade. The weather

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inhabitants forsook her for districts more remote from industry; many of the poorer families moved into the town. The Catholic community dwindled, until at last it proved too poor to support a priest, and with reluctance the bishop arranged for it to be served from the parish in the town. The bishop had also requested the nuns to take over the house so that there should always be some one at Greenhithe to look after the chapel, to visit the sick, to instruct the children, and in general to keep an eye on the little flock during the intervals between the visits of the clergy. On this particular day only the little Sister Martha and an aged nun were in the convent. The superior and the others had gone on a visit to the mother-house in the big town. It was what Sister Martha called a quiet day. Apart from religious exercises, her days were usually spent amidst pots and pans and brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and a quiet day meant a little less household work, a chance to spend an extra half-hour before the tabernacle and to do some needlework of a design superficially ecclesiastical. She was a cheerful soul at all times, but this day found her even more cheerful than usual. She had just received a letter from her aged mother. It was a real mother's letter, full of affection and piety. It ended, as did all its predecessors, with a renewed request for prayers for "poor James, God help him!" her mother's youngest brother who many years before, when little more than a boy had sailed for America and had not been heard of since.

Sister Martha, then, felt well pleased with herself. She had ahead of her the prospect of an uninterrupted afternoon. She went to the chapel first, and settled down to pray. Thus it happened that as soon as the stranger crossed the threshold, his eyes fell upon the black outline of the little Sister as she knelt near the sanctuary. He advanced slowly between the two rows of benches, inspecting everything as he went, always with the same air of childish curiosity. He arrived at the altar-rails, and for a few minutes stood gazing at the altar. Then he turned round. At the same moment Sister Martha raised her head and her eyes met his. On her part it was a fearless look, yet full of tender inquiry; on his, a look of surprise mingled with awkwardness. To be regarded with anything but loathing and suspicion was to him a new experience. The Sister was quick to carry her kind thought into action; she stood up and spoke: "What is it, my good man? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I can't say that there is," he replied gruffly.

"You look tired," she said.

"Won't you come and rest yourself while I get you a cup of tea?"

"I could do with a cup of tea," he grumbled. "I've had precious little to day in the way of a sup or a bite."

"Come along then," she said, and she led him into the little reception room, clean and bare, which lies off the passage connecting the chapel with the house. Sister Martha was the almoner of the house. It was understood that she had a special gift for discerning the really needy, and the Reverend Mother allowed her a free hand in dispensing charities. It was not long before the wanderer was sitting down to a substantial repast of bread and butter and tea which he consumed with zest. He had finished, and was preparing to depart when Sister Martha looked in again.

"Going so soon?" she queried.

He made no reply, and she went on: "Have you far to go?"

"To be sure I don't know," he returned with a grim chuckle.

"Long or short doesn't make much difference, and all roads lead to the same end in the long run."

Then, without any pretence at tact which is said to be one of the distinguishing qualities of the feminine sex, she went on otherwise Sister Martha went straight to the point: "Are you a Catholic?"

He looked puzzled. "If ever I was, 't was a very long time ago, and I don't remember much about it. I've knocked about all over the world in my time, and haven't had time to think about that kind of thing. It's been hard enough to live."

Whilst speaking he had taken a blackened clay pipe from his pocket and thrust it into his mouth; then, snatching it away again, he said: "Beg your pardon, ma'am."

"But what made you come into the chapel?" Sister Martha resumed.

He thought for a while, and then: "Well, I don't know. It did seem to remind me of something. But when the Sister said nothing, but went to a cupboard box containing a medley of pious objects. She selected a rosary. "Do you know what this is?" she asked.

"I don't remember the name of it," he answered. "I've seen one before. I can just remember that my mother had one when I was a bit of a lad, but that's more'n fifty years ago I reckon."

Sister Martha smiled triumphantly. "Then you really ought to be a Catholic," she said. "Anyway, take this and don't part with it. Maybe it will bring you a great blessing."

"Hope so," he said, as he put the beads in an inside pocket. "I could do with a blessing," and again he

laughed in the same curt and grim manner.

With that he departed, and the Sister returned to the chapel.

About a week later, old Father Hardy, the parish priest from the big town, was sitting in the same reception room waiting for Sister Martha to bring in his breakfast. He and she were good friends, and he always had a little joke for her. His jokes were not always new, but even though well-worn and oft-repeated they were an unending source of amusement both to himself and to the little nun. This morning he was in great form, for he had noticed something which had appealed to him as having great possibilities as an object for humor. As soon as Sister Martha appeared with the tray he lowered his glasses, peered over his spectacles, and began: "Sister Martha, will you please tell Reverend Mother that I cannot allow firework displays in the chapel."

"Firework displays! Whatever do you mean, Father?"

"Yes, indeed, and I'd like to know the meaning of it all. What else can be that queer contraption that you've put up around Our Lady's statue?"

He referred to an arch of bamboo and wire which had been erected on the Lady altar in view of the approaching feast of the Assumption.

"Oh, Father," laughed the Sister, "that's not fireworks. That's only a frame for flowers."

"Oh, of course!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have guessed that. I must be getting dull-witted; it's the hot weather, I suppose. All the same, it does remind me of the fireworks I saw at the exhibition."

Father Hardy rambled on whilst she poured out his tea: "So you have been performing the works of mercy several at a time."

"And how did I manage that, Father?"

"Yes," he went on, ignoring her inquiry, "feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, instructing the ignorant. Do you remember the poor old tramp who called here last week?"

"Indeed I do, Father. The poor old man! What happened to him?"

Father Hardy was quite serious now.

"I had a sick call to the hospital some days after he had been here, he explained. "The poor fellow was found under a hedge in a state of exhaustion. The night Sister knew he was a Catholic because they found a rosary on him, and so I was sent for."

The priest went on with his breakfast as though he had no more to say.

"But what happened, Father?" asked Sister Martha.

"I went, of course, but the poor fellow knew nothing about his religion. He told me that he left his home when he was quite young and got lost, and had kept some queer company in his time. However, I gave him as much instruction as was possible under the circumstances, and administered the last rites."

"Yes, rather?"

"He died the same night; a very good death, too, so he's all right. You seem to have made a great impression on him, Sister Martha. He was very weak, but he managed to tell me something about his visit. He said he had not seen so much kindness for many a long year. The rosary was buried with him."

There was silence for a few moments; then Father Hardy looked at her curiously and added: "Did you notice his eyes, Sister? They reminded me of yours."

"Oh, Father!" she murmured, and looked at the floor.

"Yes," he went on, "and he asked me to give you this; he said it was the only thing he valued."

He handed her an envelope made of well-worn oilcloth. The Sister opened it and drew out an old and very faded photograph. For a minute or two she examined it with a puzzled air, apparently unable to make much out of it. Then she went over to the window and viewed it in the stronger light. The photo represented a young girl in the fashion of many years ago. Then it came back to her; she remembered how in her own home, when a child, she had seen a photograph like this in an old album which her mother kept hidden away in a drawer. A slight exclamation escaped her; it was her mother!

the number of her children but by the number of husbands she has had. All this has had such a demoralizing influence on public morals that divorce which was once a thing despised and abhorred has been condoned and excused until at present it is accepted, almost as inevitable.

What is badly needed is the arousing of public opinion against divorce. For years the Catholic Church has been trying to arouse the public conscience against it. Her spokesmen long ago prophesied the very unhappy consequences from which we are now suffering. To our shame this country today is pointed out by the world as enjoying with Japan the unenviable distinction of having the highest divorce rate of all the countries of the world.

Home life is menaced, morality is flouted, religion is ridiculed, and Almighty God is defied by divorce. What further reasons are needed to cause God fearing and liberty loving people to rise in their might and eject this Moloch that is exacting his tribute of blasted lives, desecrated homes, and scattered families.

It is time for popular novelists to cease their blatant apologies for divorcees and divorcees. It is time too, for the jokesmiths of the stage to see the grave impropriety of turning the sanctity of wedlock into ridicule, of flaunting the sacredness of motherhood, and of poking fun at the rights of parents. Broken homes, disrupted families, parentless children, woes and miseries innumerable are too serious to be made the staple of a joke.

It is time for all to return to the positive teaching of the Bible, forbidding divorce. Whittling away the Gospel text can never convince right minded Christians that He Who said "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," ever intended divorce.

A plain statement of the position of the Church on divorce is contained in the Bishops' pastoral. It deserves a wide circulation at this time. "Reluctantly," the Bishops state, "the Church permits limited divorce: the parties are allowed for certain cause to separate, though the bond continues in force and neither may contract a new marriage while the other is living. But absolute divorce which severs the bond, the Church does not and will not permit."

"We consider the growth of the divorce evil an evidence of moral decay and a present danger to the best elements in our American life. In its causes and its revelation by processes of law, in its results for those who are immediately concerned, and its suggestion to the minds of the whole community, divorce is our national scandal. It not only disrupts the home of the separated parties, but it also leads others who are not yet married, to look upon the bond as a trivial circumstance. Thus, through the ease and frequency with which it is granted, divorce increases with an evil momentum until it passes the limits of decency and reduces the sexual relation to the level of animal instinct. This degradation of marriage, once considered the holiest of human relations, naturally tends to the injury of other things whose efficacy ought to be secured, not by coercion but by the freely given respect of a free people. Public authority, individual rights, and even institutions on which liberty depends must inevitably weaken. Hence the importance of measures and movements which aim at checking the spread of divorce. It is to be hoped that they will succeed; but an effectual remedy cannot be found or applied unless we aim at purity in all matters of sex, restore the dignity of marriage and emphasize its obligations."—The Pilot.

resolutions. Nowadays the world indulges in revels, sees the old year out in music and dancing, and cares not a fig for resolutions. The past age held fast to the consecrated phrase, "Happy New Year," the new age has adopted the formula, "Prosperous New Year" indicative of the reign of the material in modern life.

We need to get back to the old fashioned custom of making New Year's resolutions. Professional humorists have aimed shafts of ridicule at those who yearly renounce on the first of January the world, the flesh, and the devil, and then serve all three faithfully during the rest of the year.

There is a certain amount of moral fireworks in some resolutions. They make a loud noise and go off in public. But serious resolutions are made of sterner stuff. They are taken in secret, and are not for public consumption. Even if kept for a brief time, it is an excellent thing to take a resolution.

It is better to resolve and fail, than never to resolve at all. And the man who has turned for a week or a month from habits of sin is able to endure with composure the worldly chorus of "I told you so." He has taken a step forward. He has accomplished a self conquest that will enable him to hold out longer against the future assaults of the enemy.

The two great enemies of permanent resolution are instability of purpose and over-reliance on self. Moralists tell us that to make our resolution stable, we must concentrate on a few resolutions and make them specific rather than general.

It is almost useless to resolve to do the will of God better for the future. But to resolve to say our morning prayers regularly, to resolve to avoid some specific occasion of sin, to perform some definite act of goodness, or omit some positive act of evil—these are things to work on, things that will endure through lapse of time and the gradual cooling of first fervor.

Moralists also tell us that we should not rely overmuch upon ourselves. St. Paul felt that of himself he could do nothing, but he could do all things in God Who strengthened him. The ordinary Catholic has the same unflinching help. He has the grace of God, sufficient and efficacious which comes through prayer and through the frequentation of the sacraments.

Holy Communion, Pope Pius X. reminded us, was instituted as a remedy for human frailty. The frequent reception of the body and blood of Our Divine Lord will sanctify our resolutions and furnish the Divine assistance without which we can do nothing.

Of all the resolutions that will be taken those will fail which are founded on the shifting sands of resolution and self reliance. Those will succeed which are built securely upon the solid rock of sincere repentance and trust in God's all strengthening grace.—The Pilot.

Every mother and father would resolve to spend ten minutes a day singing with and to their children, preferably the songs of their own childhood, I venture to predict that in a few years there would be a marked change in the too often insolent, modern attitude of many children towards their elders, and that we should not hear so much as we now do of the bad manners of young people.

Music still hath its charms, and a mother's music is a charm which ought to surround a child's life from babyhood, be a delightful and living memory in later years and an inspiration to do likewise, when the time comes, for the new generation.—E. U. Eaton in the Echo.

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**THE MENACE OF DIVORCE**

A non-Catholic churchman in New York had the courage to tell his people the other day that "divorce has reached a point where it threatens the life of our land. The awful situation eating like a cancer in the best citizenship, ought to shock us and arouse us, and call us to action, both as citizens and as Christians until it is stamped out."

The statistics of divorce in this country are staggering. One marriage in every ten now ends in the divorce court. Divorce business proceeds so briskly that judges in our large centres are busy from morning to night every day of the week, dissolving marriages. To such a pass have we come that what the satirist Juvenal said of Pagan Roman society, has been said the other day of us, that nowadays in certain sections of society a woman reckons her family not by

**RESOLUTIONS**

A sober sadness seems to take possession of most people on the last day of old December that precedes the first of a new January. Exhilaration at the birth of the coming year is mingled with tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. The London Lady called it every man's second birthday, that day on which all date their time and count upon what is left.

There is more of welcome to the coming than of farewell to the parting guest in the popular interpretation of New Year's Day. The optimism that is born in man triumphs over the pessimism that he has acquired, and induces him to gather up in his mind on this day all that he has suffered, performed, or neglected during the past twelve-month to write off his losses and to plan anew for the year that is to come. It is everyman's day for turning over a new leaf. A new clean page stares him in the face, and he resolves to keep it lily white. Good resolutions he dutifully takes, and sincerely means to keep.

It has become just a little unfashionable to make New Year's resolutions nowadays. That sort of thing belonged to the age in which elderly people now living were born, and for which their children too often feel bound to apologize. The querulous superiority of past ages may offend the younger generation, but there is really nothing to apologize for.

Religious sentiments prompted the observance of New Year's Day by attendance at church, by watch night services, and the making of

**SONGS OF CHILDHOOD DAYS**

There is a human sympathy and a spiritual uplift induced by the singing of beautiful melodies, and the craving for music is part of the heritage of every normal person. Why is it then, that present day parents are so neglectful of this educative force, so careless of the necessity for laying the foundations of artistic appreciation in the impressionable years? Why do so few mothers and fathers nowadays sing either to or with their children the songs which combine fine sentiment and really good music to offset the current atrocities which masquerade as melody? What has become of the parents who used to sing the nursery songs and other good melodies to their babies, and follow them with a wider range of music as the children grew older and needed it? Where are the grandmothers who knew all the fine old hymns and ballads and were not afraid to let their children be heard by admiring youth? Where, oh, where are the modern children who are brought up on anything but ragtime or jazz?

As a nation we are losing the power of expressing ourselves in song, and the younger generation is losing all the joy and cultural value of being brought up in households where music is as much a daily habit as speech, and father, mother and children sing separately or en masse as regularly as they eat and sleep.

Nothing can take the place to the child of the living human voice as a musical medium. In no other way than by listening and trying to copy can he so easily be taught to sing himself. There is no fund of memories in later years which will yield him such rich treasure as those connected with the music of his childhood, provided it has been made by mother, father, and the rest of the family.

Whatever the reason for the disappearance of singing in the home be it lack of time, fancied lack of ability, the prevalence of the "record" or the family exodus to the "movie" every evening, the songless condition of the modern household is a national menace and should be remedied without delay if we want to do what we can to bring to the world some of the old race and peace of the days that are gone.

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**The Red Ascent**  
By Esther W. Neill

RICHARD MATTERSON, whose historical studies had led him to become a Catholic, was the son of a Confederate colonel. The talons with his departure from a seminary in response to his sister's letter acquainting him with the desperate condition of the family fortunes. And so the black desert of unrepented disappointment leads the way to "the red ascent" through struggles which tried body as well as soul, and conquered a situation well known hopeless. The construction of the plot is splendid, and the characters are drawn with exceptional skill.

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JANUARY 14, 1922

grasped their hands, and tears ran down their cheeks as their old C. O. wished them well.

The great leader is intensely religious. All have heard the stories of his refuge in prayer when days were darkest. A devout Roman Catholic, Foch always attended Mass, usually choosing the simplest service.

Turning to the elementary schools, which, he says are the most important and for the most part the only schools that many children attend, Cardinal von Faulhaber continues:

"There are profound natural relations between religion and the scholar, who, in every phenomenon, sees the finger of God. The child derives all from God and refers all to God. It were a sin to cast an innocent child from that heaven.

Every distinguished visitor to our shores has this question fired at him as he comes to New York harbor. The conventional answer is "tall buildings and the American girl."

The great steel works at Homestead, Pa., were immensely interesting to him. Colonel Frank Parker, who accompanied him on the trip, said that Foch asked more questions there than at any other spot—what was the daily output, how were the men treated, what were their hours and wages, how did they live, how long did they last?

Always was the Marshal interested in people. He was a student of the characters of those about him on the trip. In a surprisingly short time he knew the faces of everyone and bowed pleasantly when he ran into them, either on the train or away from it.

"I can understand the greatness of the American doughboy after seeing his parents and his wife," he burst forth enthusiastically one day.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

CARDINAL WARNS AGAINST PREVAILING TENDENCIES IN TEACHING

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine Cologne, Germany.—In a pronouncement addressed to parents and teachers, Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich reviews the history of religious education and urges German Catholics to insist upon their right to provide religious training along with secular instruction in the schools.

"On our side, we demand that the Church and the State go hand in hand in regulating and controlling educational affairs," says Cardinal von Faulhaber. "On the other side there is rejection of any connection between Church and school, and a disposition to give the state absolute power in the new 'Normal schools'."

"This fight over the schools is like Constantine's battle; here are the hosts of paganism with their legionary eagles representing the state idea; in the clouds above is the flaming cross representing the religious idea. Our school problem is not an original or independent question but a manifestation of the general spirit of the age."

"While in the medieval period the Church and the State were intimately united, the present age seeks to eliminate little by little the Church and religion from public life. As in the field of charity, where, instead of the ecclesiastical agencies of former times, we now have civil organizations in the state at large and in local communities with more money and stricter book-keeping but less of charity, so in other affairs there is the same intention and direction—civil marriage without the blessing of the Church, students' societies anathematizing all Catholic and confessional students' unions, and the modern school instead of the Christian school."

AMERICA'S PECULIAR POSITION

"America is a modern state which did not undergo the medieval development, and therefore she could not have her school system on the modern basis. But European states had first the union of Church and State, and when they sought to dissolve it had to move more slowly in every undertaking for school reform. It was France that first dismissed the Church from the school; after her other states, especially England, experienced the demand of those who wanted the establishment of a purely secular school. But France was not the first voice, but only an echo in the controversy over the religious school."

"The French state school was a decisive failure. The German people hope that the religious conditions in their country will insure the retention of religion in their schools. We must not forget, how-

ever, that the spirit of the age and the prevailing opinion have in them something of the irresistible violence of the lava-stream, breaking over every barrier of logic and right. Whatever may be done as between the Church and the State, an inalienable right in the school, and that for three reasons, namely, the relation between religion and the child, between religion and the aims and purposes of education, and between religion and the teacher."

Turning to the elementary schools, which, he says are the most important and for the most part the only schools that many children attend, Cardinal von Faulhaber continues:

"There are profound natural relations between religion and the scholar, who, in every phenomenon, sees the finger of God. The child derives all from God and refers all to God. It were a sin to cast an innocent child from that heaven.

The young plant, striking root in the warm zone of religion in the religious family up to the sixth year of its age, may not then be transplanted to the harsh climate of a school without religion.

ROUSSEAU—AND AFTER

"It was Rousseau who declared that a child might not hear of God and religion before his eighth year, and in 1817 in an English periodical, The Nineteenth Century, there appeared a proposal that before the confirmation, that is, about the twelfth year, should children receive any religious instruction. It is to be said that the human soul should not be susceptible to the mysteries of our Holy Faith till the moment approaches when the sons of Adam and the daughters of Eve begin to undergo a bodily and spiritual transformation and to meditate on the mysteries of Nature? No instruction can be better for the younger children than that of the Child of Bethlehem and no music can be more melodious to them than that of the Christmas chimes of the Christian religion."

"Most of the modern school reformers endeavor wholly to eliminate religion. They even dare say: 'The more religion in the school the less religion in life.' Those who think thus understand nothing of religion. Religion must and will be more than an exercise of memory; it must and will be translated into life to fulfil the Divine Will for the Odyssey of human life."

"It is an error also to make religion a matter merely of sentiment, as Schleiermacher would. Feeling, understanding and will, all these, the whole man, must be penetrated and moved by religion. It may be true that in Kiel only 12 of 500 children—not quite 3%—declared religion to be their favorite study. In some schools and under some teachers religious training can be made a torment for the pupils, but there must be no generalization from this. The same could be said of scientific or technical studies. And do not forget: Religious instruction strains all the forces of the child and reminds him of ethical duties, and that seldom wins the approval of the majority. The aims and purposes of religion and the school must be considered. The purpose of all education must contemplate the last end of man. The history of education demonstrates that. It is not sufficient that a child should be religious during the two hours of religious instruction every week nor for the duration of school, either; it must be for his whole life. Religion must be the center of all other branches of education. Therefore, in natural history and science all must be explained from the religious viewpoint. We must not build fragile houses of wood, but staunch structures of stone to brave the storms, not schools of instruction, merely, but schools for education."

THE EDUCATION OF CHARACTER

"Christian religion is the education of the character. There is now talk of sex hygiene. Statistics prove that most of the moral delinquencies are traceable to the age when the child is obliged to attend school. At a meeting held in Mannheim, 1907, to deal with problems of sex, Professor F. W. Foerster, well known in America and Germany, had the courage to call religion 'a potent force in sex hygiene.' But that must not be a religion without dogmas and sacraments; without blood and bones, but a religion with dogma and sacraments such as confession and Communion. The greatest success in school work is self-education, the highest moral liberty to be obedient to God's commandments. The Cross, the sign of mortification, is the state law of sex education. Whoever demands sex education in the schools demands also religion in them."

"With social education it is the same. The school must educate for life, for the recognition of social duties towards individuals and of national duties towards the whole body within the same state. But the duties of social morality in the last analysis are based upon religion. Egoism ultimately can be shut out only by religion which has faith in a personal God."

Don't worry about what you can't help for it will do no good. Don't worry about what you can help, but go to work and help it.

WHEN GOVERNMENT WAS RUN "ON THE RUN"

Literary Digest, Dec. 21

There is a story, mostly untold, of what the people of Ireland did, without firing a single shot, to set aside the rule of England. There were plenty of shots fired by Irishmen, of course, in the period that preceded the Anglo-Irish agreement and a great deal has been written about these fighters. Behind the Irish "army" however, there was a "hide-and-seek" sort of Irish government. Its attempt to run the country while the British Government was still very much "on the job," constitutes "a comedy without bloodshed, an extravaganza without violence," in the words of Samuel McCoy, Irish writer, and found to be true.

The actual attempt of the Irish to govern Ireland goes back, says Mr. McCoy, to September, 1919. It was then that "the job of conducting a brand-new nation began, in a land where there was already a government in full swing, and possessed of all the machinery of government."

Writing in Leslie's Weekly, Mr. McCoy goes on to give a brief history of this anomalous enterprise, now recognized as the legitimate Irish Government.

Three million Irish people had made up their minds that they would have none of that other Government. They had elected a Congress of their own they call it Dail Eireann in December, 1918, and from this Congress their governmental cabinet was formed in the following spring. The delay was due to the fact that thirty or more members of the congress had been kept in English prisons until then.

The first thing the cabinet did was to appoint a "commission of inquiry into the resources and industries of Ireland."

You might ask why this was done. Surely, you say, the English Government has had plenty of time in which to examine and report on the resources and industries of Ireland. Yes, it has. It has appointed commission after commission, has issued report after report. It has catalogued every-

thing. But—and this was a very large "but"—The people of Ireland weren't satisfied with these reports. They wanted their own experts. They maintain that they can develop their own coal-fields, peat-beds, water-power and agriculture far more satisfactorily than they have been developed under English rule. They knew that to make a new survey of their own of all these things would require years, but they said, we should worry about time. We are here to stay!

So the commission got to work at once. Its first job has been to make an exhaustive survey of the coal resources of Ireland. The job took two years. The report has just been published.

The total coal resources of Ireland, anthracite and bituminous, are estimated at two billion tons. Previous estimates placed them at half a billion tons!

The people of Ireland use very little coal for domestic purposes. They depend upon peat fuel, which grows at their door-steps. If you want a fire, you simply step outside your own door and carve a chunk of fuel out of the ground. Therefore, at the present rate of Ireland's consumption of coal—about 5,000,000 tons yearly—the coal deposits of Ireland, if the Irish survey is accurate, will supply the nation for four hundred years to come.

Until this report, the Irish had always believed what English and Welsh coal operators had told them—that they must depend upon imported coal. It may be true the Irish coal is not of as high quality as that of coal-exporting nations, but, at the worst, they figure, it will be cheaper to mine and use it in Ireland than to import coal. All that is needed is capital to mine it.

There was not much of the dramatic about this work of the commission although one might mention that when it went to hold its sessions in Cork in the city hall, a detail of British soldiers at once swooped down upon the building and drove them out at the rifle's point; and that when the members of the commission then withdrew to another building, they were chased out of that place also; and that since then it has collected all its statistics by dint of evading the vigilance of "the Military."

Imagine "that dignified body, the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States, skipping about by back alleysways," suggests Mr. McCoy. "In order to conduct hearings without interruption from a body of scrapping Marines!"

The Irish commissioners proved that it could be done. With dry humor, their official bulletin remarks: "For some time this obstruction continued, but the commission found little difficulty in circumventing the attempts to render its efforts abortive."

The gleeful game of hide-and-seek was well on its way. I used frequently to meet young Darrell Figgis, the secretary of the commission, on the streets of Dublin. Figgis, who collated the reports of the coal experts for publication, had been arrested so many times by the British for his political opinions

that they had grown tired of arresting him. And it was easy to "spot" him, too—he being adorned with a flaming red beard which he refused to sacrifice under any circumstances. Figgis is the originator of The Figgis Theory, which is that empires must tremble before a bold front.

Elusive and triumphant as a mosquito, the Commission collected data and reported on the Irish dairy industry, the breeding of dairy cattle, the manufacture of industrial alcohol, and on the sea fisheries of Ireland, in addition to its report on the coal-fields; the British giant all the while making tremendous wallops at the pesky mosquito and striking heavily on thin air.

This was all well enough, but it didn't satisfy the 3,000,000 Irish who wanted their own government to get going, and get going quick. So they instituted their own law courts.

If there was any one thing which rubbed the Irishman against the grain, it was that he could never enjoy a legal fight with another Irishman without taking it into a court which was not of Ireland's creating. "The British law courts, more than any other British institution, brought bane to Irishmen the fact of British rule."

"We'll soon change that!" said Mr. Austin Stack, with a confident grin.

When the fact that Austin Stack, was behind the bars of a British prison when he made this cheerful prediction discouraged neither himself nor any of his constituents.

Austin Stack is the husky chap who captained the famous Kerry football team years ago when it licked every football team in all Ireland—and there seem to be more football teams in Ireland than in all America.

When he was arrested for his political opinions he was Minister for Home Affairs in the Irish Republican Government. The proposed establishment of Irish courts, in rivalry with the British courts in Ireland, fell within the province of his department. These courts were decreed by Dail Eireann in June, 1919, but not until May, 1920, after the veteran football star had made a sensational dash out of prison, were the details of the scheme worked out.

Try now to visualize the conditions under which this apparently mad project was to be carried out. There were, on an average, 3,000 British soldiers and constables, the latter operating as troops, in each county in Ireland. They held the stone barracks in a hundred different centers; they swept along every country road in armored cars and armored motor trucks. There was not a public building in all Ireland in which a "rebel" meeting could be openly held.

Were the Irish overawed for a moment? Well, in May, 1920, Austin Stack announced that national arbitration courts were to be set up immediately by the Irish themselves; and, at the end of the following month, a land settlement commission and a system of civil courts with jurisdiction in criminal cases were simultaneously established. Every Irishman might choose between them and the British courts. By the end of August, 1920, the new system was in full operation all over Ireland.

The British Government, of course, did their best to break up these rank infringements on their legal prerogatives. But even though they were "underground," the people patronized the Irish courts to such an extent that the British courts "convened in empty halls."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE FAITH IN THE CANADIAN WEST (Written by E. G. Whitehead for Catholic Register)

"And on this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi, 18.)

In 1892, from the town of St. Vallier, France, a missionary set out on his long journey to the Northern fastness of the Canadian wilds. No doubt he looked with longing eyes on the fast receding shores, and contrasted, probably, the two countries in his mind. His heart, as evidenced by his later work, must have burned with that heroic fire which has made so many heroes out of ordinary mortals—the love of his Lord, and the propagation of the Faith amongst the Indians and Eskimos.

This missionary was the Reverend Father Gabriel Breynat, now Vicar Apostolic of the Mackenzie River District, with a jurisdiction larger than some European countries, comprising 1,242,224 square miles of territory, whose rivers and waterways reaching from Fort Smith to the Arctic, is approximately 2,525 miles, with a population of 5,000 whites, half-breeds and Indians speaking at least ten different dialects, and reached by crossing the Canadian West to Edmonton, thence by Peace River or McMurray, Alberta. For nine years he laboured at Fond du Lac on the eastern arm of Lake Athabaska, building missions, teaching, healing, and working with mind, heart and hands among the Indians. Often musing it in the summer and in the winter, going from post to post, from Indian tepee to white man's cabin, irrespective of race or creed.

In 1901 his work was so well known, his and that of his brother priests, that he was appointed Bishop for the Mackenzie District and on the 6th of April, 1902, was consecrated by Bishop E. Grouard. Up to this time his labours had included the Yukon Territory and one has but to look at the map to realize what he and his priests had to do. Long journeys through the trackless forests, shooting the various rapids at the risk of his life and limb; teaching, building, establishing missions and sowing the seeds of the Faith which today have blossomed into a flower of rare loveliness. In 1905 the Yukon was separated from his jurisdiction, it being almost impossible for one Bishop and a handful of priests and brothers to serve such a vast extent of country. These priests and brothers are Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

For over seventy-five years the work of the Church has been carried on in this Territory. The first missionary was Father Grollier, and although he has long since passed away his memory is still verdant in the traditions of that great country. Where one may travel from post to post in the Territories in the summer, in electrically lighted steamboats, the early Fathers fifty years ago had to do it on foot. Where there were roads, the ancient ox-cart slowly creaked its way—the predecessor of the automobile. Today the work of those faithful few is exemplified in the fact that at every Fort from South to Arctic Red River, within the Arctic Circle, Mass is said every day. Nine or ten different tribes including Chipewyan, Yellowknives, Slavey, Dods-skin, Rabbitskin, Soucheux, and Esquimaux, through the efforts of these good Priests and Brothers now know of the true God and His Church.

Let us picture for an instant, if we may do so, the interior of a northern church during Mass. One is struck at first with the devotion and apparent piety of the natives. Their brown eyes follow the priest at the altar, with that impassive stare at the Indian, which seems to see nothing and yet loses nothing. Some of them follow in their Prayer Books, printed in their own dialects (this also the work of the priest). The squaws, with their bright coloured dresses and new moccasins, in honour of the day, are squatting on the floor—some with their papposes in the curious moss cradles in which their infants seem to be tightly laced. A brother is serving the priest at the altar; his moccasined feet visible beneath the black robe of his order, as he genuflects, from time to time, during Mass. At the right, a small prie-dieu is occupied by the Bishop, a stately and benign figure in his robes of purple—and over all the sun shining through the open window, while the soft tones of a small organ, played by one of the nuns, tend to make it a scene that lingers in the memory like a glimpse of something not of earth.

And the altar. As one sat there and remembered the wonderful altars in some of the famous churches in Europe and America, costing thousands of dollars, and contrasted them with this one—a lump of stone in one's throat. It was truly a labour of love. The wood of which it was made had evidently been cut from the surrounding forest and carefully planned and carved. The altar cloth was quite evidently the work of patient fingers and one felt the nuns and their pupils had fashioned this fabric. The attempt to cover the rough ceiling over the altar with some white stuff and the effort made with limited resources, to beautify the side altar of Our Lady by artificial flowers—evidently made—but no doubt as acceptable in her sight as many a costly display with less true devotion. Yet, the place was rich—rich in blessings, and one felt here the "Real Presence."

TO BE CONTINUED

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

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CATECHISM COURSE BY CORRESPONDENCE Helena, Mont., Jan. 2.—Correspondence catechism courses for children preparing for first Communion have been introduced into the Helena diocese to give children whom the pastor cannot reach otherwise an opportunity to prepare for the sacraments.

The courses have been prepared by Monsignor Victor Day and each lesson consists of an explanation of the subject under consideration, a picture, a series of questions, based on this explanation, which must be answered in the child's own words, the questions and answers of

the Baltimore catechism, a prayer and one or two anecdotes illustrating the points made in the lesson.

The children, with the assistance of parents or friends, will read the story part of the lesson, study the picture and answer the questions proposed in their own words on a printed question sheet. They will then return the questions and written answers to the pastor and finally they will memorize the questions and answers, as well as the prayer printed in black-face type at the end of the lesson. Corrected answers will be sent back to the children by the pastor. The pupils later will return these corrected papers and they will be filed for inspection by the bishop.

The courses have the approval of Bishop Carroll and promise to be of great advantage. The diocese of Helena, which comprises the western part of the State of Montana, includes 61,922 square miles and has a Catholic population of about 64,000 or little more than one Catholic to the square mile. There are more than 140 mission stations in the diocese.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

A Burse of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER.

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No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the program the Creator has given you.

SOCIALISTS LOSE IN HESSE AND BADEN

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

Cologne, Germany.—The Socialist losses are the outstanding feature of the vote at recent elections in Hesse and Baden. The trend of political thought and alignment is revealed in the official returns.

The total vote in Hesse was 452,981. Of this number 148,579 ballots were cast for Socialist candidates, against the 278,408 they polled in 1919. The Hessian People's party (German National Union) received 24,005 votes, compared with 46,785 in 1919. The Hessian Farmers' Union, which had no separate political existence in 1919, polled 64,301 votes. The results for the other parties participating in the election were: Democrats, 68,660 (116,252 in 1919); Center, 78,918 (108,588 in 1919); Independents, 15,797 (9,077 in 1919); Communists, who had no separate existence in 1919, 18,764.

Some other votes were split in various directions. In consequence, the seats in the Landtag are now held as follows: Socialists 23, formerly 31; German National People's party, 4, formerly 7; German People's party, 11, formerly 7; Hessian Farmers' Union, 10; Democratic party, 5, formerly 13; Center 12, formerly 13; Independents, 2, formerly 1; Communists 8.

The three parties in coalition therefore have a majority of ten votes and hold 40 seats against 30 for the other parties. Participation in the election was relatively not great, but the outcome is taken to indicate that Germany will find herself before long. Socialism, it is believed, is on the wane, while the Christian group as a whole and the Catholics in particular are waxing stronger.

Representatives of new parties are to be found in the Baden Landtag, which has begun its sessions following the recent elections. Socialism lost against the coalition; it was able to make gains only in its former opposition to the Center, which now has brought back from the Socialist ranks many Catholics who were misled by promises of political and economic reforms.

Seats in the Baden Landtag are distributed as follows: German People's party, 5; Agricultural Union Landbund, 8; Economic Union, 1; Communists, 3; Independents, 2; Center, 34 (as in the last session); Socialists, 30, formerly 34; Democrats, 7, (formerly 25.)

CALLS ON LEADERS OF PROTESTANTS

New York, Jan. 2.—An earnest plea for a united religious attack on birth control has been made by Monsignor John A. Sheppard, vicar-general of the diocese of Newark, who declared that "by insinuation we are told by those who are not commissioned to speak for the Protestant Church, that all Protestants favor the doctrine." Monsignor Sheppard called upon church leaders of denominations outside the Catholic Church to follow the leadership of Archbishop Hayes and speak out fearlessly against what he termed a "detestable bit of pornography fit only for the denizens of the underworld."

"The general public owes a debt of gratitude to the Archbishop of New York for his timely Christmas pastoral," said Monsignor Sheppard. "Through this eminent prelate of the Church there is no mistake concerning the attitude of the great ecclesiastical institution for which he speaks. Will the representative of the Anglican church, Dr. Manning, in this city of New York, who always has something to say for the moral uplift of the country, tell us what his Church holds on this vital question?"

"Then may we not expect at the same time that the leaders of the different sects will speak out fearlessly against this teaching which threatens by its practice, if unimpeded, to inundate this land of ours with a danger more devastating than war, and a crime against morality for which men must blush if not degenerate and hopelessly given up to paganism and sensuality?"

"Americans talk much to-day about reconstruction. By all means, let us begin with the unit of society, the family, and do away with divorce and the monstrosity of birth control, which is nothing more than a conception of a perverted mind."

"There was a man of this country who spoke to the American people, a former President of these United States, Theodore Roosevelt. Would to God there were men more like him among the wealthy and powerful of this country to speak as he, the true American, spoke and then we would submerge this un-American and unnatural cry which we hear on all sides from the noisy ignorance of those who know not the very first principles of morality."

"No doubt the members of the various Bible societies and all the lovers and distributors of this sacred volume, handed over freely for the private interpretation of the people, will in their zeal for righteousness insist on the reading of Genesis, and so lead men to understand that this nauseating doctrine written in of the press, shouted in our public halls and peddled on our street corners is fit only for the denizens of the underworld and finally severely punished by an angry God."

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the program the Creator has given you.



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D. SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

HONORING THE BLESSED VIRGIN

"And the wife falling, the Mother of Jesus saith to Him: 'Thou have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: 'Woman, what is it to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His Mother saith to the waiters: 'Whatever He shall say to you do ye.' (John 1:35)

It is our duty to honor and love all men. The honor we give them can be of two kinds, namely, one, because they are creatures made to the image and likeness of God; the other, because of some extraordinary quality they may possess. This quality may be something inherent in them, as the extraordinary talent some men possess, or it may be something acquired, as an extraordinary virtue. Again, in may be that we owe some creature an especial honor because he has been honored in a particular way by God.

Some men we honor only in so far as they are men; others we honor because they are these or those particular men. We can not honor all men in the same degree because all are not equally deserving of it. When we honor a man simply because he is like unto his Creator, this honor is given him for something he has not merited by his acts. But when we honor a man also because of his gifts which he uses rightly, and because of the virtue he has acquired and practised, then we give him an honor that he, personally, really merits.

There are others to whom we must give an honor far surpassing that given to either of these two classes. These are they whom God has especially honored. They are those noble personages of the Old and the New Law, to whom God gave a special work to do and a high mission to perform. We should not hesitate to honor them above all other human beings, because they did well the work that God gave them to do; and thereby merited before Him even a greater honor, owing to the fact of their having been chosen by God. The person whom God has deigned to honor should be honored by all humanity.

Among those of His creatures whom God has particularly privileged, the first place must certainly be given to the Virgin Mary. Which one of the creatures of God has been as much blessed and favored by Him as Mary? No other indeed. To this humble maid was granted the great privilege of being the Mother, in an extraordinary way, of Jesus, the God-man and the Saviour of the human race. God revealed to her in an unusual way, namely by sending one of the brightest of His angels, the mystery that was to take place in her. Within her dwelt, from the moment of His conception by the Holy Ghost to the night of His birth, the Saviour of men. After birth He subjected Himself to her until the time came when He should carry on His public ministry. She followed Him from the cradle to the cross. When He was dying in agony on Calvary, Christ made her the mother of all mankind. After death she was assumed into heaven. That spotless body, which never had known sin even at the time of its conception, would be permitted to undergo corruption, one of the things consequent upon death, which in turn was caused by sin; but should follow the immaculate soul to the throne of glory prepared in heaven for it by Him whom she bore. Such was the honor conferred upon Mary by God, her Creator. What would we do if we did not honor her? Could we ever allow her name to be forgotten, or her privileges to pass into oblivion? We never can do so as long as the Bible, which records it all, remains the word of God. The truths of her life are as indelibly written there as are any of the truths of Christianity. The Catholic Church, the faithful and unerring transmitter of what Christ, the apostles, and their successors have taught, as well as the guardian of God's written word, always will keep before the minds of her children this model of true greatness, unsurpassable virtue, and extraordinary, heavenly privileges.

Mary's name never will be forgotten. Her own prophetic words: "Behold, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed," will ever come true. True Christian people will always strive to imitate her virtues, and pray to her as their most powerful intercessor with her Divine Son. This text will encourage them to have confidence in her. Even now on her throne in heaven, she is persistent in asking favors of her Divine Son until He finally yields to her. Her power is very great, for she enjoys now a special power for the faithful fulfillment of her duties during life. The work God imposed upon her she happily consummated. For this God will heed her prayers even more than He did during her mortal life.

The child will go to a good mother with confidence. Mary is our common, heavenly mother. Let us, then, prostrate ourselves in humble prayer before her throne as our mother. She certainly loves us as her children. Christ's words addressed to her from the cross, intending all men to be represented in St. John, Woman, behold thy son, are as dear to her heart now as when first spoken to her at that solemn and sad moment. Let us continue to give her the honor that is due her. It was begun by God, and is continued by Him, as manifested by the many miracles

worked through her intercession at her various shrines the world over. We will be gaining God's favor while giving her honor, for she is His own especially privileged creature; and because the honor we give her does not detract from His own, but rather redounds to it. By loving and honoring Mary, also, our minds will be carried to sources from which pure thoughts arrive, from which bright hope comes and where the purest love resides.

HOPE IN THE CANCER PROBLEM

James J. Walsh, M. D. Ph. D., in America

Nothing more interesting and encouraging has developed in recent years than the work of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis and the American Society for the Control of Cancer. True, modern medicine has not yet succeeded in discovering the cause of cancer and as a consequence cannot proceed directly to its suppression. However, in spite of this unfortunate lacuna in our knowledge, the beginning at least of successful warfare with cancer has been made. The American Society for the Control of Cancer does not hesitate to announce in a recent bulletin that it is of the highest significance that the increase of the death-rate from cancer has been arrested. Since 1916 cancer mortality has remained practically stationary with only minor fluctuations. As the disease had reached a stage where it was known to be taking away at least 100,000 persons every year in this country and probably 1,500,000 throughout the world, it is easy to understand how significant this announcement is.

For the most discouraging element in our knowledge of cancer was the fact that while the mortality from all the infectious diseases and most of the other ills of mankind had been decreasing, that from cancer had at least apparently been on the increase. Not only were more cancer deaths reported every year, but more in proportion to the population, until the situation became alarming. It is probably true that most of this was due to the growing knowledge of cancer and the ability of physicians to recognize the disease better than before. A generation ago a great many deaths really due to cancer were attributed to terminal stages of the disease, such as intercurrent pneumonia, liver diseases and stomach troubles, and so on. Even discounting this element in the problem, however, seemed to good authority that there had been a real increase in cancer all during the twentieth century down to the Great War. The disease seemed to be mocking the best efforts of modern medicine and to be proclaiming the negative value of human knowledge to prevent suffering and lengthen life.

This increase in cancer mortality was usually attributed and probably with a great deal of reasonableness to the fact that modern hygiene and sanitation by lessening the contagious and infectious diseases kept people alive to older years, during which there was an increased liability to death from cancer. For cancer is typically a disease of the involution of life occurring when the tissues are gradually lessening or actually giving up their functions. Every additional year of life, particularly after forty, adds distinctly to the possibility of death by cancer, for while it may occur in younger years, cancer is typically an affection of the middle-life period.

It is easy to understand then how much reason there is for congratulation in the definite announcement on the part of those who have been carefully following and collecting the statistics of the disease that for five years there has been surely no increase in mortality from this disease.

The cause of this very gratifying cessation of the forward progress of humanity's most serious scourge seems to be clear. It is particularly during this last ten years that a strenuous campaign of publicity with regard to cancer has been carried on. The status of the disease was so discouraging, its mortality so high, the outlook so hopeless that there had come to be something of a conspiracy of silence with regard to the affection. It was not mentioned actually afflicted, and to talk about the subject was considered highly unsocial. The result was a very general ignorance with regard to the affection, and most people knew only some of the hideous effects of its later stages. This was extremely unfortunate, for it led a great many people to neglect the preliminary symptoms of the disease at a time when cure is ever so much more possible and even progress of the disease makes cure almost an impossibility.

What the American Society for the Control of Cancer has particularly accomplished is the spread of such information with regard to the disease as leads people to apply early for relief from it, by the proper treatment of initial symptoms.

What is needed now is more information and prompt action. A physician should be consulted immediately. Any suspicious symptoms, as for instance, a small lump of any kind that has a tendency to grow, or any unusual abdominal symptom that persists in spite of treatment, should lead to a definite investigation of the possibility of cancer. It must not be forgotten that while

cancer is more particularly a disease of the later years of life, it may occur well before middle life and true cancer has been found at even younger years. Such advice will, of course, lead many people to imagine they have cancer when they have not, but it is ever so much more important to be sure than to be sorry.

There is very definite cause for rejoicing over the fact that cancer mortality is at a standstill. That is surely a prelude to a definite decrease of deaths from the affection, if the policy of having early symptoms treated is followed out faithfully. Because of the campaign of information which has initiated the new policy more than one-half of those properly treated for cancer, are known to survive for ten years or more and the great majority of them then die of other diseases. Indeed, the mortality of the disease still remains so high, mainly because there are so many who refuse to face the issue and apply for treatment lest they should be told that they are suffering from cancer. They allow their cancer to drift into a condition where it is much less amenable to treatment or absolutely incurable. The rule in tuberculosis is now that "tuberculosis takes only the quitters," that is those who have not the will power to go at once and see about their disease and then bravely set about the fulfillment of the treatment.

Very probably the same thing will prove true of cancer in the course of the next generation. The American Society for the Control of Cancer which brings the consoling message of the stationary death-rate for the past five years announces a special campaign for the diffusion of information with regard to the disease. It proposes that the week from October 30 to November 5 shall be made an occasion for helping on this campaign. Educators particularly are invited to be sympathetic toward this movement for the sake of the immense saving in life and suffering it may effect. The very word cancer has been deterring in the past but the only hope of overcoming the disease is to face it bravely, and knowing all there is to be known, take the precautions that are necessary. Great good has undoubtedly been accomplished in this way already and greater things may be looked forward to with confidence. The subject is so important as to deserve the attention of all those who have the good of humanity at heart.

A FONT OF INEFFABLE LOVE

On the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Church commemorates the sweetest word that is given to human lips to utter. That Sacred Name summons before us the Son of God as He walked among men, His face suffused with tenderness, His Heart glowing with love, His every action radiating virtue and healing.

It conjures up the blessed picture of the trembling Babe, who nestled in Mary's arms on Christmas night, the Child at Nazareth, growing in age and grace and wisdom, the Man, Who went about doing good to all, the Sufferer Who tread the wine-press alone, whose name, according to the Spirit of Truth that touched the lips of the prophet Isaiah with hallowed fire, shall be called "Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace."

This Sacred Name with all its sad yet hallowed reminiscences is the watchword of Christianity. It is written in our temples, borne aloft on banners, wafted through cathedral aisles with the swell of the organ. No great book was ever written, no poem sung, no statue carved, or painting limned, that does not depend for all that is noble and uplifting in it upon the inspiration of that Name.

The story of all that has happened from the creation of Adam and Eve to the present day centres about Him Who bore that hallowed Name. Ancient history converges to Him, modern history diverges from Him, all history, is His story, the story of Him who came down from Heaven and under the name of Jesus Christ became humanity's great Prophet, Priest and King.

Among all great men Jesus Christ is the only One who has been truly loved. "One Man alone," cried Lacordaire in an eloquent conference, "has gathered from all ages a love which never fails: 'He is the Sovereign Lord of hearts as He is of minds, and by a grace confirmatory of that which belongs to Him, He has given to His saints also the privilege of producing in men a pious and faithful remembrance. There is a Man, Whose tomb is guarded by love, there is a Man Whose sepulchre is not only glorious, as a prophet declared, but Whose sepulchre is loved. There is a Man Whose ashes after nineteen centuries have not grown cold; Who daily lives again in the thoughts of an innumerable multitude of men; Who is visited in His cradle by shepherds and by kings, who vie with each other in bringing to Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. There is a Man Whose steps are unweariedly retreaded by a large portion of mankind, and Who, although no longer present, is followed by that throng in all the scenes of His bygone pilgrimage upon the knees of His mother by the borders of the lakes, to the tops

of the mountains, in the byways of the valleys under the shade of the olive trees, in the still solitude of the deserts. There is a Man dead and buried, Whose sleep and whose waking have ever eager watchers, Whose every word still vibrates, and produces more than love, produces virtues fruitifying in love. There is a Man Who nineteen centuries ago was nailed to the gibbet, and whom millions of adorers daily detach from this throne of His suffering, and kneeling before Him, prostrating themselves as low as they can, upon the earth, kiss His bleeding feet with unspeakable ardor. There is a Man who was scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified, whom an ineffable passion raises from death and infamy, and exalts to the glory of love unfulfilling which finds in Him peace, honor, joy, and even ecstasy. There is a Man pursued in His sufferings and in his tomb by undying hatred, and Who, demanding apostles, and martyrs from all posterity, finds apostles and martyrs in all generations. There is Man, in fine, and only one, who has founded His love upon earth and that Man is thyself, O Jesus! Who hast been pleased to baptize me, to anoint me, to consecrate me in Thy Love, and Whose Name alone now opens my very heart, and draws from it those accents which overpower me and raise me above myself."

These same sentiments fill every Catholic heart on the Feast of the Holy Name. There is something in the inspiration of this great feast day that impels men to go forth and manifest to the world the faith and love they have for Jesus Christ. For years it has been the custom amongst us to celebrate the feast of the Holy Name by magnificent demonstrations of men, by parades, and by religious mass meetings. These are living testimonies in all true followers of the Holy Name of the faith that animates and the love that inflames.

Enrolled under that glorious banner in this Archdiocese are thousands of men, loyal, reverend, faithful Catholics. They do honor to themselves in honoring the Holy Name of Jesus, and they bring added lustre to the Church, which alone can produce such demonstrations.

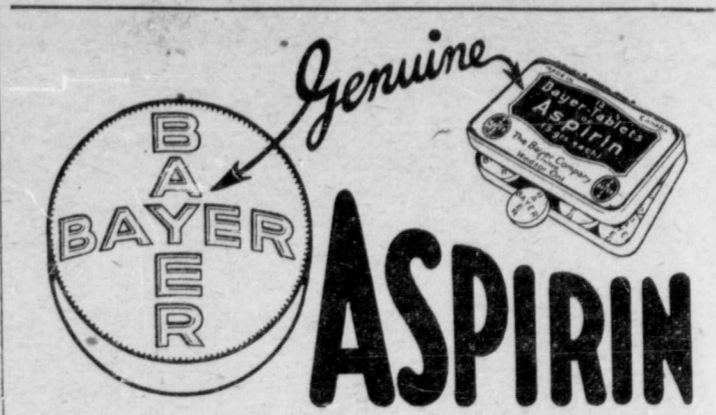
Every Catholic man, who loves the name of Jesus Christ, and who appreciates what it stands for should feel himself honored and privileged in being allowed to turn out on the feast of the Holy Name to participate with the members of his parish in the annual public acknowledgement of fealty to their Prophet, Priest, and King. That this Sacred Name will be respected by all men, that it be spoken with affection, and heard with reverence is one of the radiant hopes this feast inspires. That He Who bore that name will yet reign over all hearts, is the holier hope that will bloom into actual accomplishment by such demonstrations as the Feast of the Holy Name annually inspires.—The Pilot.

WORLD'S FOREMOST LINGUIST

Prague, Dec. 15.—One of the world's foremost linguists recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday in the small parish of which he is cure. He is Rev. M. Koudeka, better known under the pseudonym, "O. S. Vetti," and is known to have mastered thirty-four languages. While at school and in the seminary he learned Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, and various Slav tongues. It is quite probable that Czech, Father Koudeka is the world's greatest linguist. Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is regarded as the greatest linguist of all times, spoke fifty-eight languages.

No soaring of genius can ever get beyond the jurisdiction of the true, the beautiful and the good.—Archbishop Keane.

Be courageous and make the best out of every situation. We should not stand weeping and complaining in the face of difficulties, but see what use we can make of them for the next world.



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JUST A JOB

It is just a job that is yours to hold, A task that offers you so much gold, Just so much work that is yours to do...

Is it just a job, just a task to do, So many pieces to build anew? So many figures to add, and then Home for a while end back again?

THE ATROPHY OF THE SENSE OF SHAME One of the most deplorable features of our social life is the gradual disappearing of the sense of shame.

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF TIME Strange things are far more common than we dare to admit. Sometimes they rouse our interest, while at other times they may estrange us.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS INASMUCH Give to the poor, since God has given thee wealth; Give to the sick, to thank Him for thy health.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN A SCHOOL-GIRL'S CHRISTMAS STORY Lawrence Knight sat in his tent thinking; while outside the noise and bustle of men, going and coming, showed plainly that preparations for Christmas were going on in the camp.

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tutes a serious problem for the Church and country at large. A weekly news service for Catholic and some other papers, inaugurated in 1919, has been amplified during the year.

Several important surveys and investigations have been conducted by the Department during the year. These include the inquiry into the causes of the Denver street car strike, and surveys made on immigration at eastern ports, Mexican immigration, home-visiting and conditions in various communities.

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THE CHURCH AND PEACE

CHURCH HAS WORKED FOR PEACE THROUGHOUT CENTURIES

The address of Prof. James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D., president of the American Catholic Historical Society, delivered at the annual meeting of the Society at St. Louis, on December 27, was on "The Church and Peace Movements in the Past." Dr. Walsh spoke in part as follows:

"I remember a dear old teacher of mine who had to examine me in chemistry and wondering how much I knew about the subject, asked me a good leading question to begin with. He said very simply, 'Tell me about oxygen.' And chemistry was something of a favorite subject of mine and I wondered what he wanted about oxygen, so I asked him very naively, 'Shall I tell you all about oxygen?' and he said, 'Oh no, only tell me what you know about oxygen.' Now I am not even going to tell you all I know about Church peace movements in the past, but only to point out some of the headings of chapters that would have to be employed even in a very much compressed work on the subject. And such a book ought to be published about this time when the world is perforce ever so much interested in peace movements, for alas, after a while it will lose its interest in peace again and then the book would not attract attention.

"I need scarcely say that the most important part of any peace movement is the conversion of the hearts of men in the direction of peace. We are in the midst of a disarmament conference that is very naturally and appropriately attracting world-wide attention. Surely we all understand, however, that unless you disarm the hearts of men any other disarmament will only be of passing significance. There is no disarming equal to that of the Prince of Peace of Whom at this season of the year we are all so much reminded, but with regard to Whom we must not forget that He came to bring a sword. During the Great War some men discouraged by the awful development said, 'We have tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years and it has failed us.' To which Gilbert Chesterton in characteristic fashion replied something like this: 'We have not tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years, but have only pretended to. Now let us turn in and try Christianity for a while.'

THE GREAT POEM OF PEACE

"We have been having a world-wide celebration of Dante, the greatest of Christian poets. It has been said and with supreme truth that his great poem, 'The Divine Comedy,' is just the poetization of Christianity. It probably constitutes the greatest tribute, humanly speaking, that has ever been paid to Christianity, when a genius devoted himself to poetizing it he created the greatest poem that has ever come from the mind and hand of man. That poem as Benedetto Croce recently reminded Americans in the Yale Review, is the only one of the supreme poems of the world written 'without a joy note over war in it.' There is a sentence of appreciative criticism well worth while considering deeply and pondering over often during this Dante anniversary that happens to be also, by the chance of things, disarmament year.

"But organized Christianity has done much more than affect the hearts of good great men in a direction away from war. Many a practical development down the centuries that made effectually for peace has come from the Church and these deserve recall at the present time. In the November number of the Catholic World I wrote a description of what seems to me a very interesting historical and geographic memento which has some very intimate relations with one of the Popes. It is a mounted globe made before the middle of the sixteenth century at Rome, apparently for official consultation by the members of the Papal Curia. Though it has been on exhibition now for years in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, this globe, which is one of the very early examples of geographic globe-making, is not nearly so well known by those interested in either history or geography as it should be. Its maker was Euphrosyne Ulpus and after him it is known as the globe of Ulpus. Except for his connection with this globe Ulpus is unknown and was apparently only an engraver on copper who happened to be chosen for the making of this object.

"The globe is dedicated to Cardinal Cervinus, who afterwards became Pope under the name Marcellus II. He had the distinction of living but twenty-two days as Pope, his pontificate being, I believe, the shortest in the whole history of the Papacy. In spite of this brief occupation of the Pontifical throne Marcellus has a very definite place in history for he was one of the most distinguished churchmen of his time, was present at the Diet of Spires as the representative of the Pope, and on April 8th, 1545, was made one of the three presidents of the Council of Trent. Ten years later he was unanimously elected Pontiff and enthroned on the following day. All the historians of the

Papacy have emphasized his zeal for the reformation of any abuses that existed and Ranke has not hesitated to say that 'the reformation of the clergy of which others talked he exhibited in his own person.'

"Marcellus was a distinguished scholar, particularly interested in science and it has been said that a knowledge of science was sufficient passport to his acquaintance and friendship. It is very probable that his patronage was invoked to bring about the construction of the globe which is one of the very early monuments of modern geography and that this is the reason why it was dedicated to him. Cardinal Cervinus had some years before he became Pope advocated the reform of the calendar in accordance with a plan devised by his father who was a receiver of taxes of the March of Ancona and who had given much time to the subject of mathematics and brought it particularly to his son's attention early in life. About this time an impression had gained ground that the world was to come to an end in the course of a few years by a universal deluge. Cardinal Cervinus wrote a treatise to contradict this notion and neutralize the effect of the superstition upon the minds of many people who were beginning to think it scarcely necessary to take any pains to go on with the ordinary business of life since the world would so soon come to an end.

THE ULPUS-GLOBE

"There are two very interesting features of this Ulpian globe. One is that the map on it is that which was made by the brother of the explorer-navigator Verrazano who was the first to enter the harbor of New York. On this globe the portion of North America above Florida is called, in honor of the discoveries of Verrazano, after his name, 'Verranza sive Nova Gallia.' It seems worthy of notice under the circumstances of this address, that the original map made by the Verrazanos, (for undoubtedly though it bears but the name of them the brothers collaborated or at least consulted over its making) is preserved in the college of the Propaganda at Rome. This was made about 1497. It was surely from this that the details of the Globe of Ulpus were secured when it was made some fifteen years later.

"The other interesting features of the globe and the main reason why it is referred to here, is that it has outlined very prominently on it the famous line drawn by Pope Alexander VI. in 1496 to delimit the possessions of the Spanish and the Portuguese who were both engaged in explorations to distant parts and were naturally claiming dominion over territories they had discovered and explored.

"There is no doubt at all that this famous line did prevent what might otherwise have been an enormous amount of blood shed between the colonists and over the colonies. Here in North America we have some very sad incidents in that regard. The Spaniards and the English quarrelled in the South Eastern part of what is now the United States in the neighborhood of Florida and almost defenseless colonists were killed. In reprisal another expedition hanged all the colonists at another place. When the French and English fought in Europe their colonists in this country shared in the contest and both sides enlisted the natives regardless of the atrocities they might give way to on their side. Our French and Indian wars and then the enlistment by the British Indian allies during the Revolution show to what lengths enmity was carried. Brought up in the Wyoming Valley I know in detail the savageries of Brant and his followers in Pennsylvania and New York and know that these were precipitated and encouraged by the British.

EFFECT OF THE POPE'S RULING

"If Spanish and Portuguese colonial relations in history are not disfigured by such barbarities, though of course there were abuses, it is more largely due to this definite division of the spheres of influence of the two nations by Pope Alexander VI. than to any other single factor. It is interesting to realize that just exactly three centuries later when another great Power had arisen in Europe and Spain had a dispute with Germany as to the Caroline Islands a Pope was once more the umpire chosen to settle it. What other tribunal could have endured as the Papacy had and the decision of the great Leo XIII. proved as efficacious as that of his predecessor of the fifteenth century.

"Long before the fifteenth Century, however, Pope had exercised their powers for peace in Europe in trying circumstances very effectively. During the peace conference in New York in 1908, at a time when the attitude of university men throughout the world toward war and peace seemed to make it impossible that we should have ever again a great war, though so little did anyone realize that the greatest war in human history was just impending over us, Mr. William T. Stead, of London, the editor of the English Review of Reviews, who had been very much interested in my book on the Thirteenth Century, suggested that in any revision of the book a chapter should be devoted to the consideration of what was accomplished for peace and international arbitration during that

previous hundred years which meant so much for modern civilization.

"There is no doubt that these developed at this time, as a result of a number of papal decrees molding the mind of the time, a greater tendency than has existed before or since, to refer quarrels between nations that would ordinarily end in war to decision by some selected umpire. Usually the Pope as the head of the Christian church to which all the nations of the civilized world belonged, was selected as the arbitrator. The international arbitration strengthened by the decrees of Pope Innocent III, Pope Honorius III, and Pope Alexander III, developed in a way that is well worth while studying, and that has deservedly been the subject of careful investigation since the present peace movement began. Certainly the outlook for the securing of peace by international arbitration was better at this time than it has been at any time since. What a striking example, for instance, is the choice of King Louis of France as the choice of the dispute between the Barons and the King of England, which might have led to a disastrous position with regard to the Empire and the Papacy was to a great extent that of a pacificator, and his influence for peace was felt everywhere throughout Europe. The spirit of the century was all for arbitration and the adjudication of international as well as national difficulties by peaceful means.

THE TRUCE AND THE PEACE

What was accomplished in the Thirteenth Century so magnificently was as is after all true of every other great movement at this time, only a culmination of great influences that had been at work for some two or three centuries. Those well known institutions, the Truce of God and the Peace of God, had been for many generations bringing home to men's minds the possibility of appeasement and reconciliation through compromise and arbitration rather than by destructive efforts aimed at securing selfish aims, no matter what the cost might be, in human life and human suffering. For an audience of this kind, I need scarcely recall the significance of these institutions, though a few words with regard to them may be necessary in order that their meaning, as it stands out at the present time, may be properly appreciated.

"It has been the custom to minimize somewhat these medieval institutions by declaring that wars in the older times were really civil dissensions, almost between man and man, and that therefore something had to be done to prevent the awful conditions that were developing and making civilized life impossible. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the modern times ease of transportation and communication has brought men so much together that they represent, even in distant countries now, very much what the citizens of slightly separated parts of countries, meant in the older time.

"It has been suggested, a little bit scornfully, in recent years, that all of this Church Peace Movement did not seem to produce any great effect in the thirteenth century itself, for there was a war of some importance every five years during the century. When lecturing on war at the beginning of the recent Great War, the address was published in the American Catholic Quarterly, October 1915, I ventured to say that in the twentieth century instead of a war every five years on the average we had one every ten years or so much better than that. Progress is a very curiously interesting thing, seeing that we hear so much about it.

"PROGRESS" OF 3000 YEARS

"Three thousand years ago when Homer wandered among the little cities of Asia Minor chanting his songs with regard to the wars of Troy and the people gathered in the houses to listen to him for an evening in the great hall after supper, they were to be pitied because they did not live to see our glorious time, when instead of having merely nothing better to do than to listen to Homer they might have gone to the movies, as our folks do after three millenniums of progress. In the twentieth century we have had a war on an average of every year and a half for the first twenty years and something more than four-fifths at least of the first two decades of the twentieth century has seen some rather serious war in progress. The Boer War was on at the beginning of the century and then came the Japanese-Russian War and then the Italian Turkish War and then the first Balkan War and then the second Balkan War and then the Great War, the greatest war of human history and ever since then a whole series of wars and I believe they are fighting in something more than a half a dozen places in Europe now. No wonder that a recent writer called his book 'Civilization, Its Cause and Cure.'

"If any force can make wars in humanity even one-fourth less frequent than they have been before that will mean a great deal. Those who think that we are going to reform the world just by an appeal to reason and common sense, as they say, do not know humanity. Most men do not reason though their hearts can lead them into doing things that have marvelous good results and can keep them with almost incredible good affect from doing evil even when their nature is

tempting them to it. There was a little man who died, it will be seven centuries ago in 1226, whom had he lived in our time a great many people in our day would be likely to think of as a tramp, who probably did more to bring about an era of peace than perhaps any other man that ever lived. Almost needless to say to this audience that was St. Francis of Assisi, the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of whose Third Order we have been celebrating during the year just come to an end.

"Immense numbers of people in his day joined the Third Order whose members though living married, in the world, and most of them while studying, and that has deservedly been the rule laid down for them by St. Francis. As Michael Williams said in the October Catholic World in his article on the Third Order of St. Francis today, 'The rich and the poor, nobles and common people, learned and unlearned, joined the new order and thus the social classes were drawn nearer each other and the ideal of Christian democracy was advanced.'

"As an English writer on the Guild States said 'The Guilds of the time gave more real democracy without using the word than men enjoy now when the word is so much bruited about.'

"St. Francis imposed the obligation upon his tertiaries never to take an oath except in certain specified cases and never to bear arms except in defense of the Church. These precepts faithfully followed by literally millions of people probably meant as much as any other single factor in bringing the feudal system to an end. The obligation not to bear arms was a newer Truce of God that stopped military reprisals between small groups of men rather effectually. We hear without surprise the remark of a contemporary that it seemed in many places as though the days of primitive Christianity had returned. It is by thus bringing about a disarmament of the mind and heart that the Church accomplishes her great work for peace and has done it and will do it.

OBITUARY

EDWARD F. GOODRICH

There passed away in Sarnia on the 28th, an old member of the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lake Huron in the person of Edward F. Goodrich. The deceased was born in Clapham, Surrey, England, in 1848, and was educated at Wolhampton College. Coming to America in 1871, he lived two years in the United States, locating in Hamilton in 1873. Possessing a fine tenor voice, he soon found his way into St. Mary's Cathedral Choir, which was then under the leadership of the late Leo Cherrier. He also became a member of St. Vincent de Paul Society, being associated with the late Henry Arland. In 1878 Mr. Goodrich moved to London, where he lived three years. Forty years ago he took up his residence in Sarnia and joined the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lake Huron shortly after his arrival there. He sang at High Mass with the choir nearly every Sunday during the forty years of his residence in Sarnia. He sang at the High Mass on Christmas Day and on the following day was stricken with paralysis, which terminated fatally on Wednesday, the 28th.

Deceased was married to Mary Jones of Sarnia, who survives him. The funeral took place on Saturday, December 31st, at the Church of Our Lady of Lake Huron where Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Monsignor Aylward, assisted by Fathers Labelle and Power, members of the Catholic Cemetery for interment.

Rev. Father Cushen of Excelsior, Minn., is a nephew, and Mrs. Thos. Flynn, of Hamilton, is a niece of deceased.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, January 8.—St. Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis in Phrygia, who addressed a notable apology for the Christian religion to the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Little is known of him though he is highly praised by Eusebius and St. Jerome.

Monday, January 9.—St. Julian and St. Basilissa, who, though married, lived by mutual consent in perfect chastity. They converted their home into a sort of hospital and sometimes entertained one thousand poor people. Basilissa died in peace; Julian received the crown of martyrdom.

Tuesday, January 10.—St. William Beryuyer, Archbishop of Bourges. He was created by the pope, Peter the Hermit, and led a life of great austerity. He constantly wore a hair shirt and never indulged in flesh meat. He died in 1209.

Wednesday, January 11.—St. Theodosius, the cenobiarh, who was born in Cappadocia. He eventually became superior of the religious communities of Palestine and was famed for his meekness and charity. He died at the age of one hundred and six.

Thursday, January 12.—St. Aelred, Abbot, whom God called from the court of the saintly David of Scotland to the silence of the cloister. He was founder and first abbot of the monastery of Rievaulx, where he died in 1167.

Friday, January 13.—St. Veronica of Milan, daughter of a peasant

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family, who was favored with special visions by the Blessed Virgin. She became a lay sister at the Convent of St. Martha, where she spent thirty years. She foretold her own death in 1496.

Saturday, January 14.—St. Hilary of Poitiers, who was born and educated a pagan. He did not embrace Christianity until his middle age. He converted his wife and daughter, and later taking holy orders, became a bishop. He opposed Arianism and died in 388.

THE STORY OF THE IRISH RACE

AN APPRECIATION BY MR. MONAGHAN OF QUEBEC

Quebec, Dec. 29, 1921. Seumas MacManus, Esq., P. O. Box 1300, New York.

My dear Sir,—The three copies of "The Story of the Irish Race" have been received. I have given nearly all my leisure time to the reading of this last and newest story of the Irish Race. It is to me extremely interesting and the title ("Story") was not misapplied, for no story that I have read can surpass in human interest, in clear exposition, and in casting a halo of glory and in bestowing a warm sympathy on the scenes described and on the heroes and heroines that crowd on the canvas. Surely your task and that of your eminent collaborators were no easy ones. May your rewards be exceeding great. The style is flawless and reminiscent of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. The charm and simplicity of its diction and the order and clearness of its description are exemplified in every chapter.

Your excellent and comprehensive "Story" should find a place in every library. There will be no excuse in the future for one of Irish blood particularly to plead ignorance of the main facts of Irish history. You have infused into this story as should be expected your own independent spirit, a spirit akin to the immortal Patrick Pearse, that true Irish spirit which beckoned and blazed the way to freedom and independence. It were difficult to point out which of the eighty and one chapters is the most interesting. That of course will depend on the reader's fancy. I would, however, indicate that "The wild Geese" which Kipling tried in 1917 to perpetuate for British propaganda as the most interesting, for Irishmen should, during the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries have left their native land and have fought under foreign flags, has ever been to me a puzzle. But thank Heaven and Sinn Fein the phantom has met its quietus and during the last quinquennial has been buried for ever. All honor to the men who regarded Ireland first and foremost as the proper field for sacrifice. That outstanding fact will demonstrate for evermore the advice of Wolsey—"Put not your trust in princes."

May this story not only prove as far as its author is concerned a monument more lasting than brass but pecuniarily a source of revenue and an honorarium in the two fold sense of the word. Ireland has had in you a faithful fighting and fearless son. May the lessons you have inculcated, the heroic deeds you have described, and the illuminating references you have outlined, like the seeds that fall on fertile fields, be implanted on congenial breasts, expand under the influence of better days and be garnered in rich and golden harvests of knowledge, self-control and self-control by the far-scattered sons of the Gael.

I am with best wishes for the New Year. Yours sincerely, M. MONAGHAN.

SAME OLD STORY

Mr. and Mrs. John were seated on the front porch when their attention was attracted by a stranger who turned in at the gate. After greeting them he said: "May I ask who is the boss in this house?" "I am," thundered John, in a voice that could be heard half a mile down the road.

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