

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1921

2218

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IF THEY CUT THEMSELVES OFF—THEN LET THEM BE CUT OFF

Belfast, and the North eastern corner, are getting extremely uncomfortable. Before anyone had died of the first bout of victory for the getting of Carsonia out of the rest of Ireland, there began to be a searching of hearts among the loyal Belfast traders—and a good deal of speculation as to what the result would be financially. The speculation is now at an end. Many of the loyal traders who so loyally sided in politically severing Belfast from Ireland, have discovered to their dismay that they cut off their nose to spite their face. Tremendous trade loss has already come to many, and after ruin is staring some in the face. And the worst is yet to come. When they try to form their separate Parliament the financial loss to Belfast will be staggering.

The Belfast boycott, which began in a small way in a few Connaught towns about a year ago, has assumed proportions far exceeding what its first founders could have dreamed, and has systematized itself in an most unlooked for extraordinary degree. Without organization and direction it has spread like wildfire to practically every town and village in Ireland outside Carsonia. And with a spontaneity that is amazing, the County Councils, District Councils, Town Councils, Poor Law Guardians, and the people at large, have united to make the boycott stringent. With the splendid trading instincts of their Scottish nature, it is now found that the Belfast traders, outstripping Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, had woven a complete and intricate trade net work over the South and West which penetrated into the smallest, most remote hamlet. Now, city and hamlet and country alike, are reading the thousand meshes of this fine and carefully laid network and extricating themselves from the clutches of the Anti-Irishmen. Each succeeding issue of the Dublin, Cork, and Limerick newspapers, have their columns thickly strewn with accounts from their constituencies of the boycott upon Belfast goods.

For instance, one account tells how, at Ballyhasan Junction, County Cavan, a train load of Belfast goods was held up and thrown into the river. Butler's Bridge reports a train-load of Belfast goods held up, and furniture, flour, bread, meat, taken out and scattered on the line. Killmogh, County Mayo, reports a great consignment of goods from Belfast taken from the railway goods store and set on fire. In Dublin city a Belfast firm's depot is raided, and the goods carried off—no one knows whether. From Limerick, Belfast goods arriving there and valued at £14,400 and returned to Belfast by the traders to whom the goods had been consigned. In Roscommon notices are everywhere posted forbidding the people to go to any shop that stocks Belfast goods. Coote Hill, County Cavan, posts notices warning the people not to buy Belfast goods or deal with merchants who sell them. In the extreme Southwestern corner of Ireland, where the Atlantic cable comes in—in Valentia—goods arriving from Belfast, consigned to local traders and forcibly taken from the railway by a crowd of men and carried away into the unknown.

The Wicklow Urban Council orders that no trader in the town shall any more import anything from Belfast. One Wicklow trader reports that he has cancelled a £1,000 order that he had given to a Belfast merchant. In Roscommon piles of bran and meal, arriving from Belfast, are ripped open at the railway station and scattered far and wide. In Sligo several hundred pounds worth of Belfast goods arriving at the station, are taken out by the people and destroyed. At Carragh, County Cavan, the railway gates are closed upon a train from Belfast. The train is held up, searched, and its great load of bread carried off. At Ennis, County Clare, the doors of the railway goods store are forced open, and offending Belfast goods removed in carts. A load of artificial manures is taken off the railway at Birr, and bestowed upon the surrounding fields. Donegal County Council, in considering its large contracts, refuses to open any tenders that are postmarked from the capital of Carsonia. And so on indefinitely. Every succeeding newspaper coming from Ireland contains more and more of the items chronicling the disruption and destruction of Belfast trade, throughout three-quarters of the country.

BEGINNING TO DOUBT WISDOM OF PARTITION

It is no wonder that a Special Correspondent sent by the Dublin Independent to investigate the state of feeling in Belfast reports: "As the seat of Government for the so-called homogeneous counties, Belfast should, if the Lloyd Georgean Two-Nations theory is correct, attract to itself the industry, trade and commerce of the counties which it governs. Consequently the stranger visiting Belfast at the present time might

well be forgiven if he expected to find its merchant princes 'swelling visibly' in great satisfaction at the golden prospect in store under the new regime.

The truth is that the Orange merchants of Belfast, far from regarding the new Parliament as marking a dawn of an unprecedented wave of prosperity for themselves and their city, are appalled at the possibilities of the rest of Ireland's economic strangle-hold, which even today is choking Belfast's commercial life. The paralysis of trade and industry everywhere in Belfast is causing a bewilderment and panic among the business population.

This correspondent found in fact that the great 'triumph' of Carsonia is fast turning into a cause of acute heart burning in the Northern capital. Professional politicians and place-seekers, and the bitter Orangemen of the working class are the only ones who remain to shout for it. He says that under the stress of the daily tightening boycott the strain upon the commercial and industrial leaders is becoming painful. And they dread to think what will happen when the new Parliament is actually set up and the isolation of Carsonia from the rest of Ireland and from their natural markets completed.

The strain is telling so sorely upon the merchants and traders that it is beginning to have its reaction even upon the British Government. And for the first time since the Partition Act was passed doubts are beginning to be expressed whether it can be allowed to go into operation in the North-east. The moneyed men and the sympathetic Government see that the antipathy which Belfast has now begotten throughout the rest of Ireland will reach a climax if the Belfast Parliament be finally set up. And the economic war of Ireland against Belfast will thenceforth be relentless.

THE CLUB OF THE POLITICAL BOSSES

But the political bosses who have all along managed to cow the traders may be able to club them into submission till the Parliament is established, and the plums distributed. But, even so, the state of things can not endure for long, and the tension will break even the bosses, and Carsonia will yet beg for union with Ireland.

The correspondent finds the suffering business men cowering in silence under the shadow of the politician's club. He says: "Probably in no city in Europe are the destinies of the people more completely in the hands of the politicians—all sections of the Unionist population, from those business men who influenced the pogrom against Catholics last August, to the shipyard workers who enforced it, are equally obedient to the sway of the political bosses, who dictate they eat every word." "The only real element in Belfast outside of the politicians is to be found among the 40,000 shipyard workers. All the ignorant prejudices and bitter religious animosities of the Ulster Orange cult are concentrated here. Whatever problem there may be in Ulster from the point of view of an all-Ireland Parliament it is really to be found among these workers who drive their Catholic fellow-workers into the furnaces at Queen's Island or do them in death on the streets with iron bolts and nuts."

REALIZATION

After discussing the fact of eight thousand Catholic workers savagely driven from their jobs nine months ago, forty nine of them killed, 30,000 dependents left without means of subsistence and the homes of 500 Catholic families wrecked, burnt, or forcibly taken possession of by the Orangemen—and the whole fearful program publicly approved by the future premier of Carsonia, Sir James Craig, the correspondent sums up: "The economic boycott is slowly but surely dragging Orange Belfast down to the verge of financial ruin and if further tightened and rigidly adhered to by the Irish people, the pogromists will be compelled to call a halt. Already they realize the terrible economic weapon which they have helped to forge against themselves and if Nationalist Ireland continues to apply the pressure and consistently boycotts all goods coming out of the banned area of the pogromists we may hope for a change of front in Belfast's insolent attitude towards the majority of the Irish people."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

IN DEEP WATER

Obviously the Government are getting out of their depth. The policy of shifts without principles is falling them. It is falling them in more ways than one. On the one hand it does not fit with realities; it is perpetually running its head against that uncomfortable wall. On the other hand it consents with no solid body of opinion. It is not in the full sense Conservative, neither is it Liberal; it is a cross between the two, or rather it moves uneasily from the one point of view to the other. It gives full satisfaction to neither, and often succeeds in offending both.—Manchester Guardian.

A STRIKING SPEECH

HOW ENGLISHMEN COULD UNDERSTAND IRELAND

The Manchester Guardian

When things in Ireland look blackest it is still something to read such a speech as was made in the House of Commons on Saturday by Sir Robert Woods and to feel that it has become possible to hear such a speech from a member of the University of Dublin. The burden of the speech was that Englishmen ought to try to imagine how it all strikes a Sinn Fein Irishman. Of course "Put yourself in his place" is, in a sense, a mere platitude. Still, it is a platitude so long and so completely ignored by anti-Irish Irishmen and Englishmen that from a member for the most Conservative constituency in Ireland it comes with the full flavor of originality, almost of epigram. Englishmen have failed in dealing with Ireland because they have not tried to imagine the Irishman as something other than a kind of Englishman gone wrong. That Irish patriotism should have Ireland, and not England, as the object of its affection seems to them outrageous according to the standards by which they would be scandalized if an Irishman expected them to bestow their own love not on England but on Ireland. And so, even today, a few Unionists are left merely puzzled and angry that Irishmen generally should not love and cherish Sir Hamar Greenwood and his Auxiliary Cadets and Black-and-Tans as heaven sent deliverers from the foul fens of murder and anarchy. An Englishman has merely to imagine, for five minutes, himself and his neighbors raided, robbed, and occasionally murdered by hordes of drunken ex-soldiers from Irish Catholic regiments, because some other Englishmen unknown have broken the law. If he can make this effort, then he will understand why all Ireland, even Unionist Ireland, is drifting towards Sinn Fein under the pressure of Sir Hamar Greenwood's involuntary recruiting for that party.

AN EXAMPLE OF REPRESSION

According to a speaker at an Orange meeting in Armagh, the Orangemen wanted to make the new Parliament an example to other nations. An example in what respect? By showing how Catholics could be suppressed and repressed. This speaker put the matter thus: "We are up against a big thing now, because Rome is going to do her utmost, and we all know what Rome has already done throughout the world. Rome hopes that she will eventually conquer England and Ireland, but that is what we are up against at the present time." This is the spirit animating the Orangemen on the eve of the elections.

LEADS WORLD IN DIVORCES

INDIANA "THE PARADISE OF FREE LOVERS"—JAPAN OUTDONE

Terra Haute Tribune

Washington, March 28.—Indiana, by its divorce record, is declared by the international reform bureau to have earned the title of "the paradise of free lovers."

Vigo county, including Terra Haute, stands at the head of the list of Indiana counties and by its records leads the world in the number of divorce cases in proportion to its population.

The thing that sneaks the reform bureau, as stated in its quarterly report issued today, is that 54 Indiana counties have a higher rate of divorces than Japan, which has been considered as the worst nation for legal underriding of marital ties. Six hundred other counties in 40 States also equal Japan's record.

Indiana, the reform states, has 221 divorces to each 100,000 inhabitants. Eighteen counties are responsible for one-half of the divorces issued in the whole State. The rate per each 100,000 inhabitants in these 18 counties follows:

VIGO COUNTY HEADS LIST

Vigo, 405; Marion, 399; Vermillion, 392; Allen, 375; Green, 363; Lake, 350; St. Joseph, 323; Fayette, 318; Grant, 317; Knox, 285; Henry, 282; Starks, 275; Vanderburg, 273; Blackford, 264; Elkhart, 258; Tippecanoe, 244; Delaware, 230; Monroe, 226.

Four Indiana counties—Allen, Fayette, Grant and Vermillion—have a fraction more than one divorce to each three marriages.

The reform bureau, of which the Rev. William F. O'Connell is superintendent, is shocked by the sin that runs rampant in the United States but holds out the hope that the new women voters will use their ballot to check it. It declares that most of all there is needed a revival of home life, better home training and school training before marriage.

PEACE READY TO THE GRASP

There is talk again of peace with Ireland, but what are the conditions of life today in that country? Raiding parties move about in lorries, the police guns a-bigger. There are ambushes in crowded streets, and often in the resulting fire the most helpless are killed, the guilty escape. There is an early curfew, and within these prohibited hours, when the streets are delivered to the Crown patrol, Cork was burned and the Mayor and ex-Mayor of Limerick were murdered. The Crown forces continue under loose discipline to attempt the subjugation of Ireland. Deplorable incidents mark their progress, so that the greater part of Ireland is exasperated and enraged. People who are politicians without being gunmen are chased from their homes, and for very shelter fall easy recruits to the ranks of the extremists. The priests, who might be the ministers of peace, have been approached without fact and often without courtesy, with the result that in some minds rebellion becomes easier. Sir Hamar Greenwood is able to say that last week the casualties among civilians outnumbered those among the military and police. It is a horrible audit, and the cheapening of life is met by a rebel fatalism among the Irish

people. Peace will not come through coercion or conquest, terror or attrition, but on terms which do not violate the honour of either country. By that approach peace is ready to the grasp.—Manchester Guardian.

ARCHBISHOP HAYES REPLIES

MISREPRESENTATIONS REFUTED EMOTIONAL OUTBURST OF BIGOTRY REBUKED

N. Y. Times, April 4

Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, yesterday at the reception held in his honor at the Hippodrome by the Alumni Society and faculty of Manhattan College, replied to the recent criticism of the Catholic Church by Dr. Leighton Parks, rector of St. Bartolomew's Protestant Episcopal Church.

The allegations to which the Archbishop replied yesterday were that the Catholic hierarchy desired to divide England and America, the two Protestant countries; that the Catholic Church was a political organization and that the priests of the Catholic Church desired to put the public schools "out of existence in favor of the parochial schools."

"The present occasion affords the first reasonable opportunity to protest publicly against a recent unfair and untrue utterance on the attitude of our Catholic Bishops and people toward American ideals and American institutions. I am grieved that such statements should come from where they did. The evidently emotional outburst is a strange mixture of British-American sentiment, of racial and religious prejudice, and of praise and blame for the Catholic Church."

"It is unpardonable ignorance and willful misrepresentation to say, as reported in the press: 'Who does not know that it is the Roman Catholic Church which prevents any religious teaching in the schools?' Even a superficial knowledge of the origin and development of our public school system would show that neither the Catholic Church nor Catholic ecclesiastics nor Catholic educators had anything to do with the movement in New England from 1825 to 1850, known as the *Common School* movement, which was an uncompromising attack by Horace Mann on religion in the schools of Massachusetts. Horace Mann, a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church, successfully brought about the secular system of education we have today and divorced religion from education in the public schools. Catholics in New England were too few, too poor, without prestige or influence to be considered during those days. Why not be truthful in face of this historic fact?"

"Moreover, it is absolute nonsense to say that the Catholic Church is trying to destroy the public schools. We plead, with all our being, for State public schools that will not ignore religion. We are most willing to work for some arrangement, satisfactory to the conscience of Jew Protestant and Catholic, whereby the religious faith of the public school children may be preserved and strengthened, according to the tenets of their respective churches. It is done in England, Canada and Germany. Why not here?"

"If the public school classroom is the only place that patriotism can be taught the youth of the nation, then it would be interesting to know how many of our prominent and well-to-do American citizens send their children to the public schools? Is it fair to encourage select exclusive schools for social prestige and to condemn church schools organized from motives of religion and conscience—especially when these latter follow a standard course of studies and are just as American in spirit and in fact as any of our public schools?"

"A thorough inquiry into the American character of our religious schools would hasten the most ardent lover of American liberty. Our Catholic schools stand today like a fortified city, a pillar of iron and a wall of brass against anarchy, radicalism, and every foe, within and without, of America."

"I have no apology to make for our Catholic education," he continued, "and I want to say that I speak for the hierarchy of America, men not foreign born, but most of us having been born in America and having no foreign allegiance whatsoever, only allegiance to our flag and to the cross."

The Archbishop said he could assure the people of the State that Manhattan College, like all Catholic colleges, would be a pillar of strength in the attacks of America's enemies on this country and on the flag. He spoke feelingly of the grati-

ever, been severely handicapped: first, through the gerrymandering of constituencies to suit the Orangemen, and in the next place by the refusal in many cases to give Catholics permits to keep and use motor cars. Thirdly, Catholics are precluded from holding any public meetings, and fourthly, a police force consisting exclusively of Orangemen, has been organized in the northeast corner.

In the local bodies where the Orangemen have a majority not a single Catholic occupies a position in the higher services. Until last year the Protestants ruled the municipal corporation of Derry, although Catholics were a majority of the population. The corporation employed 43 salaried officials, and among these there was not a solitary Catholic. All indications point to an equally rigorous and unjust discrimination against Catholics in the Parliament about to be established for the six counties.

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tude he bore to his old instructors at Manhattan College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1898.

The meeting was a reception to the Archbishop upon the occasion of his return from Rome and also marked a further drive for funds on behalf of the college. The speakers included former Supreme Court Justice Luke D. Stapleton, former Gov. Alfred E. Smith and W. Bourke Cockran. The chairman was the Right Rev. John P. Childwick.

CROAKING CARSON AT WORK AGAIN

Barnaby Rudge's raven "Grip," was not more of a bird of ill omen than Sir Edward Carson, but "Grip" was only a feathered croaker without power to work mischief. Sir Edward Carson is much more menacing than a mere raven limited to but a few expressions and unendowed with reason. Sir Edward is a mob leader by instinct who habitually misuses a very wide vocabulary and unusual forensic capacity, to make this world a little more of a hell, than the weaknesses and prejudices of humanity would make it if left to their own courses.

On the very night when an immense mass meeting headed by General Pershing was held in New York, to protest against the efforts being made to further ill-feeling between the United States and Great Britain, Sir Edward was uttering croaking prophecies in London, which could only serve to assist the Sinn Fein and the German propagandists in their effort to create a breach between the English speaking peoples. As most persons are aware, negotiations for an understanding, absolutely essential to the peace of the world and the economic well-being of the British Empire are at present in progress. Sir Edward is trying to induce the British people to set their face against understanding, to prepare for war with the nation which lies nearest it in kinship, and ruin itself in the competition for armaments. Could sinister madness go further?

It is clear that some malign influence presided at Sir Edward Carson's birth. No consciousness of the evil he has wrought can impel this demagogue to preserve a decent silence on dangerous subjects. Who was it first taught the doctrine to the Sinn Fein that it was right and just that Irishmen should take up arms against Great Britain? Who was it encouraged in the ex-Kaiser of Germany (his quondam friend) the belief that a German invasion of the British Isles would be right and tolerable? Who boasted on the public platform, at Belfast in 1913, that a "great Protestant power" (Germany) was standing at his back to resist the British Government? Who during the War, went like Achilles to his tent because the British Government would not abandon France on the Western front, and make its field of resistance the far-away Balkans? Whose voice is always raised in protest against any settlement of peace, and food-will that is uttered in his own country or in the world at large? Sir Edward Carson's.

The circumstances of his vision is as marked as the sanguinary color of his thought. His latest croakings are based on the theory that the war between Great Britain and United States, to which his mind gives such ready hospitality, would be a naval war. He should study the geography, and he will learn that it would be a land war fought on the soil of Canada, and ruinous to us, whichever side emerged as victor.—Toronto Saturday Night.

IMPULSE OF SOUL STRONGER THAN FORCE

Manchester Guardian, March 18

Six young men were hanged in Dublin on Monday morning. They had been tried and condemned by court martial. Four were charged with being concerned in an ambush at Drumcondra on January 21. They were found in possession of arms; there was no lives lost on the side of the Crown. The other two men were charged in connection with the murders of officers in Dublin on Sunday, November 21. The unsuccessful appeals for reprieve drew attention to the shaky nature of the evidence for the Crown. The whole procedure of military courts in Ireland is under suspicion—there is a distrust of their capacity as well as their honesty of intention. It is the British interest in Ireland not to cheapen life and to be jealous of the honour of the courts. All Dublin demonstrated its sympathy with these youths on the morning of the executions. Work was suspended, great crowds gathered around the prison and, with objects of devotion in their hands, recited prayers and sang hymns. It is this impulse of soul which is stronger than the power of coercion. Executions and talk of "murder gangs" amongst what where all the people see the gallows as the martyr's crown.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Harvard University has instituted Irish language courses.

Twenty-six countries are now represented diplomatically at the Holy See. This is a gain of twelve countries since 1914, as shown by official communications of the Vatican.

The Order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon Archbishop Hayes of New York by the Government of Italy in recognition of his services to Italians during the War.

Some of the first American colonists in the settlement of Liberia were Catholic negroes from Maryland. They will celebrate the 100th anniversary of their first colony in Africa in 1921.

Detroit.—The little Sisters of the Poor will receive \$2,500 under the will of the late Judge George S. Hosmer, of the Wayne County Circuit Court. Judge Hosmer was a non-Catholic and a Mason.

On the hill that overlooks Lens, in Artois, France, in the neighborhood of which more than 100,000 men fell, the corner-stone of the new basilica of Notre Dame de Lourdes has been laid. The basilica will have a lantern tower 220 feet high in which a perpetual light is to burn in memory of the dead. Some 60,000 pilgrims attended the ceremonies.

Boston, Mass.—Between forty and fifty thousand men of greater Boston participated in the annual spiritual retreats which for years have been a special observance of Passion week in this city. Retreats were held in more than twenty-five churches and by many different religious orders, including the Oblates, Jesuits, Redemptorists and Franciscans.

Despite the assurances given by the British Government that no more German missionaries would be deported from British possessions, two Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word have been expelled from the mission fields in New Guinea. The efforts made by the Catholic Association of Sydney to prevent the deportation of the priests proved fruitless.

Pope Benedict received and distributed among the poverty-stricken children of Central Europe in the last year 16,747,804 lire, says the *Oscervatore Romano*. This included the Pope's personal donation of 100,000 lire. Of this sum German children received about 4,000,000 lire, those of Austria 3,654,000, of Poland 2,000,000, Hungary 1,291,000, and those of Czechoslovakia 1,050,000.

New York.—"Beware of Germany and her efficiency," was the warning brought to America by Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, who was among the passengers on the White Star liner *Olympic*. Mr. Schwab has made an extensive survey of conditions in Italy and France. Germany will go forward faster than most people think," continued the capitalist. "While Italy and France are fast recovering from the effects of the World War, Germany also is fast becoming herself because of her industry and thrift."

A pitiful picture of how the Catholics of a little village in Ireland are affected by conditions in that country today is painted by the Rev. Canon C. W. Corbett of Mallow, County Cork, in a communication received by Daniel E. Doran, chairman of the Washington-Mallow Relief Committee, which has sent Canon Corbett \$7,500 for the alleviation of distress in that community. "I am sorry I cannot report any improvement in the state of things," writes Canon Corbett. "In fact, the system of repression has been intensified. No one is any longer safe. It is extremely dangerous even to walk on the public roads, especially for priests. Motor lorries filled with soldiers and the so-called auxiliary police, maddened with drink, are constantly passing, and a favorite amusement of theirs is to take a pot shot at a passer-by or the people working in the fields; there is simply no rest."

Great indignation has been aroused by the decision of the Socialist administration of certain communes in the province of Novara, Italy, to remove the crucifixes from the schoolrooms. Don Sturzo, political secretary of the Popular Party, sent the following telegram to Minister Croce: "In the name of high sentiments of Christian faith and civil education, I invoke your intervention to avoid insult to religion in schools of Novara province where Socialist authorities have decided to remove the holy image of Christ crucified." At Stoppiana, as soon as the news was received that the crucifixes had been removed from the schoolrooms, a large popular demonstration was held, in which even Socialist women took part. Carabinieri and police agents were summoned from Verocelli and arrived in time to see the crucifixes replaced, as the people had intermeddled the mayor that they were to be put back in place immediately. In the meantime, many women and children had begun to display crucifixes on their houses as a demonstration of their faith.

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED

He was now on the Boulevard Barbès, a continuation of the Boulevard Orsano to the Porte de Clignancourt. He felt a strange fascination in gazing upon the ruin outside the walls, and he would stroll in and out of the deserted houses and weave romances out of the feelings and fortunes of their previous owners.

"You are very tired, Ma Soeur," remarked Sister Marguerite, looking affectionately at the grave face and noting the languid step of her companion. "Yes, I must own to that at least! Never did I feel the distance so long or so wearisome before. I have made up my mind, now the last two soldiers have recovered, that unless Madame Corbette leaves her cottage and takes up her quarters at a more convenient distance from the Convent I cannot allow my overworked Sisters to attend upon her."

But so far the cottage has proved of great utility. Several soldiers, who were too badly injured to be moved to any distance, would certainly have died unassisted by us had it not been for that convenient harbor of shelter. It is strange how useful the tiny house has been, and how bravely it has withstood the siege!

"It has been comparatively sheltered from the fire of the enemies' guns by the large buildings at the back. That will be no longer if our own are levelled against it, as they inevitably will be unless this terrible rising is quickly subdued. And, more, the Sister who traverses these streets soon will have a dangerous task to perform; and considering her arduous duties elsewhere, she ought not to be compelled to undertake it."

Kindly and motherly Sister Angela! Since the first day upon which you met that bright schoolgirl, Beatrice de Woodville, and she so nobly stood your champion—and that of the sick Sister whose journey across the Channel you were endeavoring to ease—your heart has yearned towards her with a strange love and admiration. Yet oftentimes you tremble for her, knowing so well to what heights of self-sacrifice the heart of Sister Marguerite is capable of rising.

They had now reached the small wooden porch, and, springing lightly up the steep stone steps, Sister Marguerite thence rapped briskly with the knocker upon the rickety door. The call was immediately answered by Jeanne, who, after great persuasion on the part of Ma Soeur, had consented to resume her night watches at the cottage. Perhaps the hope of inheriting the stocking of gold reported to be possessed by the old woman encouraged the niece in her charitable ministrations. Ma Soeur walked straight towards Madame Corbette, and, addressing her kindly, sank exhausted in a chair beside her. Now, if the old woman feared any one on earth it was Ma Soeur. She could not but feel that she owed her much; still, as she turned her hard, plain face, framed in its large white cap, and fixed her bead-like eyes upon the nun, she did not forbear to remark in a sarcastic tone:

"Oh, it's better, after all, to be able to walk, even if one should feel some slight fatigue, than to be aged, decrepit, and in constant pain, as I am."

Ma Soeur looked at her, perhaps, a little sternly as she answered with quiet dignity: "Possibly so. But look at little Sister Marguerite! See with what care she has brought you a morsel of delicacy to eat."

"One is lucky to get a few crumbs now and again which fall from the table of a religious; it brings a flavor into one's mouth of better days," was the ungrateful reply; for a Red Republican to the backbone was old Mère Corbette. "However," she continued in a grumbling tone of voice, "I cannot eat until my wounds are dressed."

"And I am quite ready to attend to them now," said Sister Marguerite, kneeling down quietly and commencing to unwrap, with clever and tender care, some of the bandages which covered the unsightly sores in the infirm old limbs. It was a most revolting form of skin disease from which the old woman suffered—one which should have received special hospital treatment; but Madame Corbette had steadily refused to leave her cottage, and the Sisters had given a promise to her husband on his death-bed to continue, if possible, their care of his abject wife, and endeavor to win her back to God ere she died. Ma Soeur could not express a shudder of horror as she saw the gaping wounds exposed; and yet it was surmounted by a feeling of sublime admiration as she watched the sweet face and movements of Sister Marguerite.

It was less than the present that had subdued the proud heart of Beatrice de Woodville, and Ma Soeur was able to measure, in a small way,

the great grace that had been needed to change that spoiled and dainty girl into the humble nun before her. Yes, surely there was a soft place in her heart for Sister Marguerite.

"But listen! what was that? Ah, their ears were too well practised to the rumbling of cannon, followed as it was instantly by the sound of a shell which exploded not more than two hundred yards from the cottage, shivering to splinters the remains of a shattered wall.

Signs of deadly strife had appeared outside. One small detachment of the National Guard, led by a brave young officer, refused to yield or join the ever increasing mob of Communists which each moment threatened to overpower and destroy them. So they bravely manned the few guns remaining in their possession, and opened a destructive fire. But the advance of the Communists continued steadily, sheltered as it was by the half-fallen and deserted buildings.

This was sport in which Harold Manfred revelled. Born to be a soldier, the clash of arms had ever made his pulse thrill, the flash of steel and whizz of bullet fired him. He would not go out of his way to fight for France, neither would he turn and flee if danger threatened him; but he would aid those around him and defend himself if need were, showing these curs how an Englishman could fight.

Eagerly he watched the strife; and when opportunity offered, without one thought of fear, seized the rifle and ammunition of a wounded soldier and advanced with the mob. He would strike a blow for liberty and France! Several shells had fallen, but all had not exploded; so far but little serious harm had been done. A small force, of which Manfred was one, had been thrown forward and was sheltering in a long, low building, the floor of which was thickly strewn with damp and well-trodden straw. Evidently the place had been occupied during the siege by cavalry; for though the roof had given way in several places, and the large windows were long since denuded of every vestige of glass, the walls were yet strong and afforded good shelter for the time.

Between this building and the next intervened some eighty yards of open ground, on which the men would be exposed to a deadly fire. An excited discussion was taking place as to the advisability of rushing it or of taking a more circuitous route, when straight through one of the open windows into their very midst hissed a shell. There was a stifled cry, followed by an instantaneous rush for safety; but quick as thought Harold Manfred seized the deadly thing and dashed with it through an open doorway. Alas! he tripped and fell; the bomb exploded, and where was the gallant Englishman?

Few had witnessed the act; men still crouched and hid behind some other in dread of what was coming when they were roused by the report of the explosion outside. But the keen eye of their leader had seen it all; and his heart was stirred with admiration and pity, as he bade the men gather gently the mutilated body of the Englishman and carry him—where? For a moment he stood and gazed in bewilderment around, then the order came: "To yonder cottage, from the chimney of which issues the curling smoke."

Back again through the crowd of howling fanatics they bore their unconscious burden, whilst many an eye gazed upon him, recognising in the face of the sufferer the proud Englishman at whom they had jeered that day.

Poor Manfred! you have paid dearly for the renown which you craved so much to earn—or has the day of reckoning overtaken you at last?

CHAPTER V

A medical man had stanchied the blood and joined the small procreation ere they reached the cottage door. Short and preternatural was the knock they gave; yet ere they halted Ma Soeur had recognised the rhythmic tramp of soldiers' feet, and knew that another case awaited them. Opening the door she gazed with pitying eyes upon the still handsome features of the Englishman. His face alone was exposed to view; the rest of his body had been mercifully covered.

"Sister Marguerite," she cried; "prepare and open at once the bed in the small back chamber."

But the shrill voice of Madame Corbette echoed loudly in their ears: "No, no, I say! Back with the wretch; he shall not enter here. Death, death to each and all the troops, and all who fight against Liberty and Freedom. To no more of the false-hearted knaves will I give shelter or rest."

"Nay, shame on thee then, old Mère Corbette, for a hard-hearted fiend," spoke one of the men. "This man is no enemy of thine; he has fought gallantly, and has struck a blow in the cause thou lovest so well."

"His last blow," commented the doctor. "Come, carry him in! We have Citizen Bartley's orders to do so, and must obey."

"Behold," said the doctor, "the red dye wherewith he is stained; more than his heart's blood he could not give for France. Move on, my men, and heed her not. See, he sighs! he breathes more freely! Each minute now is worth an hour. Carry him forward quickly."

"I defy you! You shall not do it!" now yelled the old fanatic. "If you bring him in here it is at your own peril. The house is mine, and it shall not shelter an aristocrat!" The covering had partly fallen, and exposed to view the dress of an English gentleman.

"Madame Corbette," said Ma Soeur, turning with dignity towards the wretched woman, and speaking sternly and with authority, while she forced her back into her chair, "be silent! Cease once for all this disgraceful language and behaviour, or I shall leave you to your fate, and no Sister shall ever darken your doors again. You shall be left to die as you deserve, neglected and forgotten, if you dare to refuse shelter to this gentleman. The hospitals are full, and to carry him further would be to kill him. This very day did I come to tell you, that unless, you left this house, and changed your quarters, we should attend your case no longer. Now refuse your roof to this stranger, and instantly we discontinue our care of you. Do you understand me? I am not one to go back upon my word."

Madame Corbette, faint and exhausted by the physical exertions, sank heavily back into her chair. She had measured swords with Ma Soeur before today, and she knew who would come off victorious. So puckering her unpleasant face into an expression of black and sullen disapproval, she continued to mutter hoarsely in an incoherent and unpleasant manner.

Rapidly Sister Marguerite had spread the little bed. Narrow as it was, the sheets were spotlessly white and a fragrant odor of lavender pervaded the tiny room. With the greatest care they raised the unconscious man and laid him gently upon the open bed. Then a sight met the Sister's eyes which well nigh overcame her. The face, arms, and body of Manfred seemed little injured, but the whole of one leg appeared to be smashed to a jelly; cloth, flesh, and bone were mingled in an indistinguishable perplexity. As high as the knee the other leg too had suffered considerably; but that, perhaps, might be saved.

"And it is the poor sullen Englishman!" thought the kind-hearted nun, as she forced herself to overcome her nausea, and bending low examined closely the ghastly features. "My God, what a dreadful thing! Will he live, doctor?" she inquired eagerly. "Not at all likely, Sister. Few constitutions could survive such a shock."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" she repeated to herself in English; "how sad to die alone and so far away from home; surely someone will miss and mourn him! His papers, where are they? They must be saved and examined."

"So you also are English, Sister. It is lucky for the unfortunate man; for in extreme cases like this, should men speak at all, it is almost certain to be in their own tongue. However, let us work at once and seriously, for I am told that he met his death in the execution of a bold deed; and it shall not be said that France was slow or forgot to repay a generous act."

"Bold, daring, and brave, of course he was; that goes without the saying! Was he not English?" thought Sister Marguerite, and a flash of patriotic pride lit up her face, as she remembered how unnumbered were the famous deeds of heroism recounted in history of her own dear countrymen.

Stepping once again she loosened yet more the clothing around the sufferer's throat, feeling gently about his neck and chest in the hope of discovering some crossfit, scapular, or medal, which would entitle her to call to the sick man's aid the kind old Abbé Marlier. But search as she would no object of piety or value could she discover, nor any clue to his identity. One waistcoat pocket contained two golden English coins, and a little change in silver; but that threw no light upon the man's identity. His linen was fine, so likewise was the cloth of his suit; but they bore neither mark nor initials. Hat he had none; doubtless it had fallen off in the fight.

Still under the effect of a strong opiate, Manfred groaned and breathed heavily. Once, as he sighed, his lips moved, as though he were endeavoring to frame a sentence, but Sister Marguerite only caught the word "water."

"There is no time to prolong the search further, Sister; you must go into it more fully afterwards. At present render me all the assistance in your power, for this is a terrible case." So saying, Dr. Arno speedily made his preparations, and with the help of the Sisters cleverly, if roughly, saved the mutilated limb and bound up the stump. The leg was tended as best it could be, for the time being, in accordance with the medical man's present opinion.

It was from scenes such as these that the gay Beatrice de Woodville would have turned away in sickening disgust; but Sister Marguerite braced herself to face and aid it to the utmost of her power. "For the love of These alone, my God, will I tend and nurse this poor stranger," she prayed; "and if he must die, let him go to Chas with the full knowledge and trust in Thy love and mercy. Thou hast sent him somewhat strangely to my care; give me

strength and grace to aid him for Thee."

When the operation was over, the doctor could not but admire the silence, method, and dexterity with which the Sisters cleared away all trace of it. Being a kindly man, he even aided them in their labors, feeling a great admiration and pity for the bright-faced English Sister, whose hacking cough was such a constant trial to her.

Soon the small room assumed a more cleanly, peaceful appearance. The balmy air, penetrating through the open casement window, pervaded the apartment, chasing away the former stuffy atmosphere, and fanning with grateful coolness the fevered cheek of the silent sufferer. All was still save for the heavy breathing of Manfred when Sister Marguerite resumed her search amongst the patient's pockets. No letter or pocket-book was to be found; nothing that could convey the smallest clue as to the man's identity, or tell from whence he came or whither bound. It seemed as though the man had purposely left them all behind in order to perplex them. The handsome gold English lever watch, which Dr. Arno was even now examining, had once had a crest engraved upon the back of it, but rough usage had almost entirely defaced the tracing, and yet as he would he was unable to decipher it.

"Ah, here is something," cried Sister Marguerite, holding up to view a beautiful mother-of-pearl cigarette-case, mounted with silver—here in this corner are the letters H. M."

"Even they do not advance us very much," said the doctor, smiling. "Try again, Sister."

"Now I have found a gold match-box, Doctor; and here are the two letters again. But stay; there are three letters here, they are E. T. L. Rapidly Sister Marguerite had spread the little bed. Narrow as it was, the sheets were spotlessly white and a fragrant odor of lavender pervaded the tiny room. With the greatest care they raised the unconscious man and laid him gently upon the open bed. Then a sight met the Sister's eyes which well nigh overcame her. The face, arms, and body of Manfred seemed little injured, but the whole of one leg appeared to be smashed to a jelly; cloth, flesh, and bone were mingled in an indistinguishable perplexity. As high as the knee the other leg too had suffered considerably; but that, perhaps, might be saved.

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poignant feeling that much of the old joy of living had left the country. For days at a time it rained but seldom. The sun traveled in a translucent sky, and the earth's sap, at the end of its strength, still nourished so many green leaves and so many flowers, that one hardly noticed that the season was already declining.

Now, one day, that fine summer, we were visited by Mme. de Moure and her daughter, neighborly people, who lived some ten miles away. They arrived, as usual, drawn by a cushioned basket cart, drawn by a very lively, tawny, fiery-eyed pony, driven by Suzanne. I still recall the skilful turn it took to swing the carriage to our doorstep. The girl's hand was as firm as that of a man, but infinitely more supple. And I recall, too, the merry peal of laughter with which she greeted us on stopping and alighting.

"Good morning, how is everything at Clair-Logis?"

"So so. How are things at Ville-aux-Genets?"

"Behind her advanced her mother, tall and beautiful as the waning summer. Mme. de Moure shook hands and was too well bred not to smile a little out of courtesy; but there was a difference of more than twenty-five years between that melancholy smile and Suzanne's girlish laughter. All during the visit, I noticed the difference in mood between the girl and the mother. When I mentioned Ville-aux-Genets, so dear to both of them, I saw Suzanne turn pale, while her mother looked at her reproachfully though tenderly, as if to say: "Ungrateful girl, why do you want to go away from it and leave me all alone? I saw the change of expression on your countenance, but I know your heart is loyal and stubborn like mine, and will not change, no matter what it may suffer."

Thereupon, she arose to take leave of us. The pony was pawing the ground impatiently. The ladies were no sooner seated in the carriage, than she started off in a long stride under the tall elm trees, and for a few seconds we had a vision of flying wheels, of waving veils and of gleams of light on the flanks of the horse.

We remained standing near the clump of rhododendrons, and instinctively followed the world-wide custom of appraising separated guests.

"What a resolute girl Suzanne is! So light withal, so robust!"

"So fresh, and so cheerful. She could circle the globe in fifty days and return as fresh as you have just seen her. But, who will her husband be?"

"He is already chosen."

"Really?"

"I am sure of it. Her mother has even now a look of sadness as if she feels that she is held on shore, while Suzanne sails merrily away."

I did not think I was so near the truth. A few days after that visit, the fanatics of Ville-aux-Genets began thrashing the new wheat, and in the farmyard occurred a scene which moved the hearts of all—like of old men, and of youngsters quick to express their judgment, and above all, of women who gossip so much while doing their housework.

Going up the wide sandy valley of the river Loire which has seen so much history, and passing the city of Nantes, if you turn some leagues to the north, you will first traverse a wooded country where copse after copse with fields surrounded by tall oak trees; then, you will enter a brighter and more fertile region where fruit trees abound, and where the soil marvelously animates and nourishes every kind of grain received in its bosom—wheat, oats, millet, hemp, and, frequently, real sages or carnation which bloom around the houses from May till October, and voice their Alleluias as long as the sun shines mildly down.

It is there that a seventeenth century nobleman, a man of taste and quiet habits, had built, in white stone, a one-story chateau with two projecting wings and an arched roof. Away to the east was a broad meadow, where cattle were grazing, whilst upon the western slope rose a forest of old oak trees and beeches, crisscrossed by avenues where light and shadow intermingled. Mme. de Moure had marked this estate, including six important farms, one of which with its living, horses, barns, and stables, three hundred yards from the chateau, formed a sort of village under the popular trees.

In such places when the owner belongs to an old family and has won the love of the people, there still survives more than one old custom. Thus, one hot afternoon, when the thrashing machine was humming, the farmer's wife came to Mme. de Moure in her working clothes, and with her hair powdered with the wheat chaff. She entered the vestibule where the lady was knitting woolen stockings to present to her grandchildren in the fall.

looking boy, the farmer's oldest son, who had served in a regiment of cuirassiers, handed the young girl his pitch fork, the tone of his voice showing how deep-rooted was the friendship existing between the farmers and the de Moure family.

"There, Miss, that's the last sheaf. I tried to lift it up, but I didn't succeed! you'll know better how to do it."

Peels of laughter and words of approbation came from the thrashers who had formed a semi-circle around the machine, which was growling, racing idly, waiting to devour the ears of wheat and to cut the straw. Suzanne came forward deliberately with a light of satisfaction in her eyes; pitched her fork into the heavy sheaf near the string, braced her arms and back, lifting it above her head, over which it hung like a parasol, and carried it over to the two men who were feeding the machine. They seized it quickly and in an instant, the loosened stems were sent sliding between the rolling cylinders which were revolving at a mad speed.

When she turned, the girl saw on the ground, where she had pitched the sheaf a big bouquet of ages, gilly flowers and other delicate blossoms, which had been put there in accordance with the old custom. She took it up waved her thanks amidst hearty applause and tripped lightly around, serving the "vin d'honneur." How many ladies of Ville-aux-Genets before her had thus presided over similar harvest feasts!

As she came to fill the farmer's glass, however, the youngest son, a tall lad of fifteen whom she had taught catechism and music, in company with other choir boys, across suddenly—for he had sat down out of fatigue—and stood by his father.

"Miss?"

"She looked at him. His eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter with you, Stephen? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Miss, they say—"

"What do they say?"

"I can't bear to think of it. They say that you're going to get married."

"Well, that may be."

"And to an American?"

She remained silent.

"You've got such a thing, Miss. You aren't going to leave us, are you?"

The workers, whose curiosity had been aroused, came nearer and craned their heads to hear. She put her bouquet in the hands of the lad.

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In a minute the men were attacking the large stack of golden wheat which rose against the wall, hiding the house.

Yes, indeed, the rumor was correct. Mr. George W. Whiteley, of San Antonio, was to marry Miss Suzanne de Mause in the coming spring. How did he ever win his bride? You would not ask such a question, if you knew him.

How had he come there? He was introduced by an officer of the Engineer Corps, who was anxious to alleviate the want of a supply camp, some fifty miles away.

The heart of George Whiteley had been captivated by that dove, that tea, that well laid out park, that drawing room full of antique furniture that had witnessed for three centuries the constant renewal of a household whose soul has remained the same, that girl finally, whose mind appeared to be so keen and free, and who maintained such perfect propriety in all her words and movements.

Soon afterward, about the time when the wheat was ripening for the harvest, the young people plighted their troth beneath the tall trees. You may imagine the warm congratulations that were offered to the engaged couple. They poured in from all sides. Three of George's comrades begged the favor of representing, at the wedding, the Texan family and their American fatherland. So they came from their different camps to pay their respects to the ladies of Ville-aux-Genets.

They were Major Frank G. Richardson of the Field Artillery, formerly Vice-President of the Danver Packing Co., of Danver, Mr. William S. Griffin, Assistant Manager of a large automobile factory in Cleveland; and lastly, Mr. Harry W. McCummins, a Washington lawyer, now captain in the Quarter-master Corps, a cultured son of the Order of the Cincinnati. I became acquainted with him. He had the look of a young citizen of ancient Rome, but he dressed in distinctly modern fashion, short coat, stiff collar, and a light summer overcoat of a glossy yellow, which he nearly always carried folded on his left arm.

When he was introduced to Miss de Mause by his friend, George Whiteley, he gave expression to a noble sentiment. "You were, I believe, Sir—George told me—a very busy man and much addicted to society in Washington."

"I am not quite sure. I left my business in August, 1914, and today, you see, as I had never expected to come back alive, I feel mere or less stranded."

Suzanne acknowledged with an inclination of her head her admiration for this heroic sentiment, and replied: "It will be a privilege to meet you again in America."

"Granted. That's a charming idea. But, if I am not mistaken, you all live far from New York."

"Pshaw! Washington is but a walking distance from New York," said McCummins.

"To come from Ohio," said Griffin, "I'll have a new machine of our make, and in a few days, without even traveling by night, I can keep my appointments."

"As far myself," said Richardson, "I'll take me sixty hours by train, but I'll travel a hundred and twenty to meet Mrs. George Whiteley."

Summer faded into autumn, and winter followed. Suzanne could not have felt happier, had she been preparing to wed the prince royal of Spain. But she had written her daily letter to George, and to his mother in Texas, and to his father in the United States, and to his brothers in the West. You are going away from Ville-aux-Genets. These weeks which you are reckoning so anxiously, wishing that they might fly past, or that you would sleep them away, and wake up only on the morning of your wedding, are the last you will spend in your mother's loving care.

The day longed for and withal dreaded had already been set. It was to be Thursday of Easter week. For several days, Mrs. de Mause and her daughter avoided as much as possible any chance for a tête-à-tête, though they never went very far from each other, and at any time the maid, the coachman, or the gardener was apt to be asked: "Where is Miss Suzanne?" or "Have you seen Suzanne?" or "Have you seen Suzanne?"

Meanwhile the hours were passing rapidly away, and soon these two, who for twenty years had lived contentedly together and kept no secrets from one another, would be separated; and time would make fainter and fainter the picture each carried in her heart—the one of little Suzanne in the happy days; the other of the countenance of her desolate mother with her gray tresses covering a still youthful brow.

After dinner, on the eve of the wedding, they embraced each other longer than usual, and by a tacit understanding, they retired, each to her own room. To the last, they managed to restrain their tears. But when alone in the silence of their rooms, they penned a last few words of farewell to each other, and gave free vent to their tears. The mother wrote, "Darrest, you are going away and will never know how much happiness you have given me. Your husband is taking you away. Let me put in writing the adieu I could never express if I had you with me."

"For her part the girl wrote, 'Mother dear, a hundred times I tried to speak to you, but I never had courage enough; my heart failed me as soon as I saw you. You may imagine, mother, the many compliments George has paid me since our engagement. Many were undeserved and many more I received only to return them to you from the bottom of my heart, for I felt you deserved them better than I. He told me that I was frank, I learnt that from you; that nothing could frighten me, but have I not seen you day after day? From you I have inherited my taste for the open, for long and breezy walks, my appreciation of landscapes and of the beauty of all the seasons. Above all, you have taught me how to understand the country folk and how to win their affection. But of all George's praises the highest he could give me was that I had a high sense of duty; that is the stamp of your character on mine. As I leave Ville-aux-Genets, my heart goes out to everything I have seen here, for every tree and blade of grass has left its imprint on my imagination, and for every one of them I have a feeling of regret. But from you I am carrying away something better, your very blood which runs in my veins, and your teachings and example since childhood. And if, as George assures me, Americans are as kindly disposed toward me as Mr. Griffin, Mr. McCummins and Mr. Richardson are, it is to the mother who brought me up that their blessing will go. Tomorrow I shall try to restrain my tears. I have arranged with the gardener to give him this letter. He will give it to you Friday, after your night's rest, for I do hope that you will rest. Mother dear, as you must feel very tired after the bustle of the preparation for my wedding. . . ."

The next day the marriage was celebrated in the village church, which was adorned for the occasion with beautiful white flowers. There was a large crowd, both within and without. All the automobiles from twenty leagues around, crowded with people, had come to the wedding and had difficulty in finding a parking place in two narrow streets of this little borough. People wanted to see George Whiteley and the girl when they departed, and how the mother would keep up her courage. Many idle words were uttered, for they were merely ordinary matters of gossip spread together for a calabration. But God surely heard the fervent prayers that ascended to heaven from many a heavy heart, mourning over Suzanne's departure.

The three Americans were there and, before taking their leave, repeated their pledge to be at Pier 42 of the French line, when the young couple entered New York Harbor.

A few weeks later, after a wedding trip through the hot mountainous regions of Reussillon, where the de Mause had relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George Whiteley sailed for New York. The gigantic white steamer stopped at the entrance of the Hudson River, and was quickly surrounded by a fleet of small tugs. Little by little, these rolling, puffing boats, moving around the flanks of the steamer, manœvered her with marvelous quickness in these well ordered movements, alongside her landing dock, near the pier crowded with both merchandise and spectators.

George and Suzanne, standing on the upper deck, looked among the crowd of relatives and curious people assembled at the end of the pier for those who had pledged to bring their welcome to the young French woman.

"Here's one of them," said Suzanne suddenly. "Look between those two ladies dressed in blue. He's waving his handkerchief. I recognize him; it's Major Richardson."

"And don't you see nearby the man who is clapping? It's the enthusiastic Griffin himself," answered the husband.

"The other one can't be very far. George, you surely have loyal friends."

"Suzanne, they're Americans. They know how to keep an appointment."

Twenty minutes later, in the hall of the French Line, where the wind in its own way greets all comers to America, four persons formed a little island in the stream of moving people. Wrapped in his automobile duster, William Griffin was bowing to Suzanne, and saying: "I've come in the new car the Griffin Motor Company is about to launch on the market. It's a real gem. We made over 600 miles without any trouble. It's over there to take you to your hotel. Well, how is Ville-aux-Genets, Madame?"

"As for me," said Frank Richardson, who was dressed in a gray, close fitting suit. "I just came by train to meet 'la jolie Française'."

Happily, both the Missouri Pacific and the Pennsylvania trains ran on schedule time. "It's worth our trouble Madame, for you never looked fresher, when you lived on the banks of the Loire."

"I do feel happier, too, Sir. But isn't our other friend around? I'm not going to miss the third smile that was promised me."

"You shall have it, alright! I know McCummins. If he's alive, he can't be very far from here."

In fact, as the four travelers were going along in the new Griffin car, they met a taxi coming down the street at top speed. To the amazement of the passers-by the two machines stopped suddenly, and from the taxi emerged a man wearing a coat and cape of light sheepskin. He approached the car, and said taking off his spectacles: "Mr. Whiteley?"

"In person."

"I hope, Madame, you'll forgive me for being fifteen minutes late. But my engine went dead three miles from here."

"From here?"

"No; three miles in the air. I came from Washington by aeroplane, and I was forced to land in Central Park. My pilot must have already gone up again. I caught a taxi. I beg your pardon."

source of all these perils was the denial of the supernatural end of man by the spirit of Naturalism, and the failure to make use of the means of grace which God has provided for holy living.

The second evil is the great change that has come over the world through the authority of Holy Writ being no longer accepted. The revolt against authority which began with the so-called Reformers has resulted in the questioning of all authority. Writing in the current Atlantic Monthly Guglielmo Ferrero the Roman historian in a thoughtful article traces the cause of the political crisis that is agitating the leaders of the denial of the principle of authority.

What is happening in the political world is evident in the moral world. The non-Christian tradition is being accepted as the rule of faith. The written word and living voice, the authorized interpreter of God's message was reverently and obediently accepted and safeguarded by the Church. With the advent of private interpretation all authority vanished and the word of God was lowered to the level of any human document to be passed down and whittled away to suit the convenience of the individual reader. Hence we have such sad spectacles of those who call themselves ministers of the Gospel, calling vital portions of Divine Revelation fables.

His Holiness took occasion of the anniversary of the death of St. Jerome to issue an encyclical letter impressing upon Catholics the important place which the divinely inspired written word of God should have in their lives, and the necessity of bringing to the reading of Holy Scripture the spirit of obedience to Authority that St. Jerome and the early Fathers ever maintained.

The last danger is the spirit of bitterness and hostility that although latent still remains between nations and between classes of society. True peace is menaced by suspicion and fear of future conflict. There can be no tranquility while men are girding themselves for other conflicts. Hence the Holy Father in his Encyclical on Christian Reconciliation deplored the continuance of the spirit of enmity so contrary to the spirit of charity preached by Christ, and urged all Catholics lay and cleric to root out the seeds of bitterness from their hearts and to cultivate the spirit of fraternal charity by word and deed.

We have passed through the most terrible War that the world has ever seen. This War was caused in great measure by the perpetuation of such lurking dangers as the Holy Father points out as existent today beneath the surface of society, if we are to be saved the horror of future conflicts, if civilization is to have its opportunity to restore peace to mankind, it must be by the abolition of such evils as we have enumerated.

Catchwords will not save us. Civilization, Americanization, the brotherhood of man are impotent unless Christianity first is served. These three great evils of the day are directly opposed to the Christianity that Christ Our Lord came on earth to establish. To avert disaster and to maintain tranquil peace, these three evil spirits which possess the world must be exorcised. The Holy Father has pointed the way.—The Pilot.

RACE SUICIDE

Joseph Scott of Los Angeles has said many good things in his time, but nothing more forceful than his latest pronouncement on race suicide. He is the father of eleven children. The following sentiments are worthy of reproduction: "I have not much patience with the economic controversialist; yet I was deeply impressed on a recent visit to the city of Fall River, where I was agreeably astonished and gratified at the marvelous number of sturdy children on every street, in every park, in every playground—rosy-cheeked, broad-shouldered lads, and happy, jayal girls; four and five youngsters in a family, all helping each other and happy in the joy of living. Upon inquiry I discovered a plausible reason for this marvelous population. It was told that the population of Fall River is 85% Catholic. When a picture of some Catholic, in stern and sober severity, where grim women sit in cushioned limousines alongside their blase husbands, or where young couples lean in smart touring cars with Japanese peddles or Boston terraces as substitutes for their own progeny, I wonder if they could appreciate the happiness of the homes of Fall River, where the hard working father and the tireless mother with simple tastes and mutual affection and concern for each other's welfare can see growing up around them these sturdy, splendid children. It behoves every girl who is blessed with Catholic faith, and particularly those who aspire to walk in the ranks of the educated of this nation, to set their faces like flint against a certain type of intellectual woman who would unsex our girls by making them despise the most glorious attribute of married life, the sacred joy of motherhood. The proper idea of marriage has been so falsified by these sinister prophecies of so-called higher education that it is to be feared not a few of our Catholic girls, while not explicitly adopting the wrong notion, have yet been so far influenced by it that they superciliously shun marriage as a sort of undignified necessity of less superior women. This attitude is both unjust and socially baneful. Its counterpart consequence is a class of different or blase young men who are either afraid to risk the obligations of married life or have the utmost contempt for this great sacrament."—Catholic Transcript.

There is nothing true or good or beautiful which, if contemplated or done in the right spirit, is not also religious.

He whose faults are most apparent is not always the worst. The clearer the crystal the plainer the flaw.—Father Pasch, S. J.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1921

CATHOLIC LABOR UNIONS AND THE MINISTER OF LABOR

Two weeks ago we referred to the Minister of Labor's strictures on the National Catholic Labor Unions in the province of Quebec.

He, however, quotes this resolution passed at the convention of the Catholic Labor Unions held at Three Rivers, September, 1919.

Through the English translation is rather awkward this is a very important and apposite resolution. It clears up the whole difficulty which the Minister's allegations, both spoken and written, tended to create.

We may pass over Mr. Robertson's comments, which are often ill-natured, always partisan, never by any chance exhibiting the judicial temperament or the impartial attitude which we might reasonably expect from one in his position.

Following is the quotation from the Minister's letter: "The foregoing clearly shows that the purpose is

Church control of an organization of industrial workers. Note that no resolution can pass or be adopted without the chaplain's consent, who will in turn—if he is in doubt—submit same to the bishop, whose decision is final, regardless of the wishes of the membership."

If Mr. Robertson's antipathy to the National Catholic Unions were not as blind and unreasoning as his partisanship of internationalism is ardent and unquestioning, he would ere now have informed himself whether or not his a priori conclusions were founded in fact.

Not alone in Russia, but in France, in Italy, in Germany, in England, in the United States, and on the testimony of the Minister of Labor himself, even in Canada, there are doctrines, subversive of the whole social order, insidiously inculcated amongst the working classes organized and unorganized.

These being the conditions that obtain to a greater or less extent almost everywhere, one might expect the Canadian Minister of Labor, instead of being stampeded into an unreasoning anti-clericalism, would welcome the wholesome influence of chaplains in the National Catholic Labor Unions.

The French-Canadian workmen are taught that fidelity to contracts freely entered into is a duty of conscience. They are therefore quite willing to be incorporated and thus assume legal responsibility; something to which the International Labor Unions are strenuously opposed.

In the Catholic Unions men are taught by the chaplains that there is a strict obligation on the part of the workman to give a fair and honest day's work in exchange for the wages received. There may be selfish and dishonest workmen in the Catholic Unions who will loaf on the job and thus defraud his employer.

The Minister charges these unions with having, in certain instances, discriminated against non-Catholic workmen, and in this he takes issue with the statements of the unions concerned. Discrimination upon grounds other than those of industry and efficiency is bad; but the evidence which the Minister cites against the National Catholic Unions, in that respect, consists more of complaints than of conclusions and

is not satisfying. On the other hand, the industrial record of Quebec where these unions are strongest, has been the envy and admiration of other parts of Canada where the actions and objects of organized labor enjoy the approval of the Minister of Labor.

The desirability of clerical control in labor matters may, as a principle, be debatable; but, as a principle based entirely on the evidence of ex parte statements put forward for the most part by persons admittedly holding extreme views, it is biased and wholly misleading.

And Mr. A. A. Wright, after thirty years' experience as an employer of labor from Port Arthur to Quebec, writes to the Gazette: "I have no brief for the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church nor for the labor organization among members of that Church, but I am compelled to state that from personal experience that if compelled to take my choice between dealing with the Catholic Workmen's Union or with the leaders of the International Unions, I would unquestionably prefer dealing with the Catholic Worker's Union and their leaders for the following reasons:

"The leaders and advisers of the Catholic Workmen's Union teach the workers to live up to the teachings of the Christian religion, and to give an honest day's work for a fair day's pay. They impress on the workers that the only source of employment is from the man who is able to use the savings of the people intelligently, in producing commodities required by mankind, and that they can only pay the men the highest wages possible to them after paying for raw material, overhead expenses and a reasonable profit, and the difference between that and the commodities produced, is all that can possibly be available for wages.

"On the other hand, the International Unions teach their members that the capitalist is the enemy of the workingman, who has been exploiting his services for the accumulation of wealth and not giving the worker a fair share of what he produces."

We hope that the Minister of Labor, or his anti-clerical advisers, abettors and defenders, Mr. Tom Moore and Mr. P. M. Draper, will not consider it an unwarranted intrusion of "clericalism" into economic questions, if we respectfully submit that they apply, in the case of the Catholic Unions, the Scripture text: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A PARTISAN FINDING

Under the heading "A Partisan Finding" The Globe of April 2nd, evidently without waiting to read their Report, indulges in a lurid diatribe against the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, and their findings.

This Report can not be disposed of so easily; there is not one of its general conclusions that has not over and over again, and in terms quite as emphatic and unequivocal, been proclaimed by Englishmen outstanding in public life; by the English press, such as the Daily News, the London Nation, the Manchester Guardian, the New Statesman, Common Sense, and many others; by the Report of the English Labor Commission; by the Report of Judge Bodkin;—to mention only some of the unimpeachable English investigators of conditions in Ireland who have come to one or other or all of the conclusions arrived at by the American Commission.

It is true that but one side of the controversy was presented before the Commission; but did The Globe denounce as biased, impermanent and farcical the Bryce Report of German atrocities in Belgium? The comparison, as we have already said, is inevitably suggested. The one is no more partisan than the other; both may have equally far-reaching influence on the world's opinion. The German side was not presented before the Bryce Commission. The British side was not presented before the American Commission. But the British side would have been welcomed; it was sought; the Commission would have afforded every facility to British witnesses to come and testify in Washington. The British Embassy refused to present the British case. The Commission would have gone to England as well as to Ireland to hear both sides; the British Embassy refused to vouch for its witnesses for this purpose.

But the British Embassy was not by any means so indifferent and con-

temptuous as The Globe would have us infer; far from it. The same press despatch that contained the summary of the Commission's findings carried also the British Embassy's statement which opens thus:

"The Report of the American Commission on conditions in Ireland is entitled to exactly the amount of weight which should be given to any judgment based entirely on the evidence of ex parte statements put forward for the most part by persons admittedly holding extreme views. It is biased and wholly misleading, both in its general conclusions and in the statements it contains in matters of detail."

Just about what the Germans said of the Bryce Report.

Then follow sweeping denials and assertions unsupported by a shred of evidence. The basis and the heart of the Embassy in making these gratuitous denials and assertions now—many of them patently absurd—is strangely out of keeping with the attitude The Globe implies when it says that "no decent Briton would insult his country by testifying" before the Commission. Yet the decent British Ambassador does not consider it beneath his Ambassadorial dignity to deny where he could not disprove, to assert where he failed to substantiate. Too proud to fight, yet not dignified enough nor sufficiently sure of his position to refrain from truculent abuse.

Not to waste time and space following The Globe through its series of unsupported and unwarranted allegations we shall take its one, solitary attempt to substantiate its reckless and calumnious aspersions on the American Commission.

"An example of the injustice of the inquiry was the taking of evidence on the state of the Dublin slums and the implication that the British Government was exclusively responsible. Evan Miss Jane Adams, who has investigated social problems in Europe, was too ignorant of Irish affairs, or too prejudiced, to point out that Dublin enjoys local autonomy and that its citizens are wholly to blame for its shocking housing conditions."

Of course, even here, The Globe does nothing whatever to show the "injustice of the inquiry" or to controvert the finding of the Commission in the premises other than to assert that

"Dublin enjoys local autonomy and that its citizens are wholly to blame for its shocking housing conditions."

The Globe knows—or ought to know before glowing with virtuous indignation at the ignorance of other places in Ireland must have recourse to the British Parliament for legislation when legislation is necessary.

Nor will The Globe, even in the mood and humor that have become habitual to it in recent years, deny that to improve "shocking housing conditions" in the congested and unreasonably restricted area of a great city, one condition essential and indispensable is the enlargement of its boundaries, the extension of its area.

Now here are some facts not vouched for by "imported Sinn Feiners or tall-twisting Irish Americans" but taken from unimpeachable official and British sources.

The population of Dublin according to the census of 1901 was 290,638; the population of the Metropolitan Police District of Dublin was 416,104. The population of Belfast by the same census was 389,947.

The cities, as such, are practically equal in population; but note the contrast in the areas under the "local autonomy" of Belfast and Dublin respectively.

Belfast—14,937 acres. Dublin—7,911 acres.

The following letter from Sir William Thompson, the Registrar-General of Ireland, will further illustrate the point:

General Register Office, Charlemont House, Dublin, 1st October, 1919. Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 23rd ultimo, I beg to say that the Dublin Registration Area consists of the County Borough of Dublin and Urban Districts of Rathmines and Rathgar, Pembroke, Blackrock and Kingstown.

7,911 acres, and of Dublin Registration Area 13,743. I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, WILLIAM J. THOMPSON, Registrar-General.

The Belfast authorities had no difficulty in obtaining Parliamentary sanction to extend the boundaries of the Borough. The Dublin authorities, on the contrary, after incurring very great expenditure in promoting a Bill to extend the limits of the County Borough [that is what we should call extending the city limits] were refused permission by Parliament to include the wealthy residential districts of Rathmines and Rathgar and Pembroke.

It appears that one of the opponents was the chief ground landlord of Pembroke, the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. The Earl and his agent gave evidence; the latter stated the valuation of the Earl's Pembroke Estate was £77,000 out of a total valuation of £106,000 for the Township; Trinity College also opposed the Extension Bill. The singular part of the opposition was its composition. The majority of the Committee were Unionists; The Irish Times, which used its influence against the Bill, is the principal Unionist organ outside Ulster. Trinity College returns two Unionists to Parliament; it was a case of Unionists versus Nationalists. The supporters of the Union of countries divided by the Irish Sea were opponents to the Union of a City and its suburbs connected by canal bridges.

For registration purposes, for police purposes the area is just about double that which comes under the Dublin Corporation for administrative purposes. The administrative area of Dublin should coincide with the police and registration areas, and would so coincide were it not the consistent policy of the British Government to sacrifice the interests of the people to the influence of the shamelessly favored Ascendancy class.

The Globe will hardly contend that the "local autonomy" of Dublin relieves the British Government of all responsibility for this unfair and indefensible discrimination between Unionist Belfast and Nationalist Dublin; nor deny its bearing on the "shocking housing conditions" of the latter city.

There are scores of other ways in which the British Government can be shown to bear a heavy responsibility for conditions in Dublin; and in Ireland; but the foregoing will suffice to show that pharisaism or ignorance can alone explain the air of triumphant finality with which, in its deluge of scurrility, it brings forward its solitary "example of the injustice of the inquiry" of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland.

By way of a post-script. We have just seen the despatch containing Hamar Greenwood's reply to T. P. O'Connor. It contains this sentence:

"The report is entitled to no more weight than should be given any judgment based entirely upon ex parte statements put forward by persons admittedly holding extreme views."

Compare with the British Ambassador's statement quoted from above. Is it not a curious and significant coincidence that Hamar Greenwood in London and Auckland Geddes in Washington should use ipseissima verba, the very self-same words, in characterizing the Commission's Report?

Well, they evidently decided on most prudent if not the only line of defense.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PERSONAL estate of the late Archbishop McGuire of Glasgow was probated at £1,661, again testifying to the traditional poverty of Catholic prelates whose greatest glory in the main is not to have accumulated the goods of this world.

THE CLAIM made on behalf of a London family, as in the person of a father and three sons having produced "the only quartette of ministers in the same family on this continent," might easily be duplicated in the Catholic priesthood. The Vaughan family of England, however, has made a record that can scarcely be excelled or even equalled on either side of the Atlantic, unless, possibly in the Province of Quebec. Six brothers of this family entered the holy priesthood, three of them becoming bishops, and one a Cardinal, and one sister became a Poor Clare nun and died in the odor of sanctity.

A REMARKABLE case of restoration of war loot to its proper owner is that of a beautiful ostensorium belonging to the parish church of Douai. This ostensorium was originally the gift of the Emperor Napoleon III. It was stolen by a German soldier during the occupation, and by him sold for a few marks to a Polish soldier who sent it to his parish priest, who in turn confided it to Cardinal Dalbor, Primate of Poland, by whom it was transmitted to the French Minister to Poland, who restored it to France, and to its owner, the parish church of Douai.

NOTWITHSTANDING the awful strain of war, and the immense drain thereby entailed upon the manhood and the material resources of France, the annual statistics just published show that she retains her foremost place in the important work of Foreign Missions. During the year 1920, 159 missionaries—6 bishops and 153 priests—passed to their reward. Of the bishops four were French: Mgr. Bertreux, O. M. I., V. A. of the Solomon Islands; Mgr. Joulain, O. M. I., Bishop of Jaffa, Caylon; Mgr. Girod, of the Congregation of the Holy Spirit, V. A. of Loango; and Mgr. Masquet, S. J., V. A. of Tchely, who was the doyen in age and missionary life. The other two bishops were Dutch and Syrian.

OF THE 153 priests, 89, or nearly sixty per cent, were French, who came from various dioceses, and served on the missions in all parts of the world. Of these, it is interesting to observe, the doyen in age and apostolate was our own Canadian missionary, Rev. A. Gaeto, O. M. I., from the diocese of Laval, who has labored since 1865 among the Indians of the North West. The remaining 64 comprised 19 Belgians (which country ranks second only to France in point of missionary zeal), 12 Italians, 8 Dutch, 7 Spaniards, 7 Irish, 4 Germans, 3 Americans, 2 Canadians, and one each from Austria, England, Ceylon, Syria and Turkey. The French proportion of almost two thirds, is, it may be added, maintained in the ranks of living missionaries. It is a record of which the Catholics of France may well be proud.

WHILE PROTESTANTS everywhere are whitening the written Word of God to pieces and at the same time spending money lavishly upon its indiscriminate circulation, the Catholic Church, as witness the recent Encyclical on occasion of the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Jerome, is unceasing in her vigilance for its defence. This Encyclical Letter has for its immediate purpose the promotion of the study and right use of the Scriptures and in that respect is a timely and well-considered rebuke to those, its boasted advocates, who would have the world believe that the Catholic Church is inimical to its circulation.

THE ENCYCLICAL has been the occasion of Pastoral Letters by Bishops in all parts of the world. One such, by the Archbishop of Calcutta, is especially noteworthy for its concise yet illuminating delineation of the Bible's place in spreading the religion of Christ. "St. Jerome," he says, "to whom the Church owes the Vulgate edition of the Holy Scriptures, has not only explained and vindicated the Bible, and laid the foundation of the true rules of its interpretation, but also by precept and example taught Christians to find in the assiduous reading of and pious meditation on the written Word of God, the most substantial food for their souls."

THEREFORE, he proceeds, while the Pope's Encyclical is addressed chiefly to the clergy, "we exhort all the parish priests to expose, in their instructions to their flocks, the true nature of the divine inspiration which makes of our Holy Scriptures the Word of God in very deed and claims for them absolute veracity; to explain to them how the Word of God is to be read and meditated to produce a practical influence on their lives. Such instructions are all the more opportune in our time, in that we see not only the pseudo-science which goes under the name of higher criticism, trying to destroy the Word of God, but also many well-intentioned, though self-appointed teachers, with no title to either scientific or spiritual competency, presuming to elucidate, nay to correct the sacred text and, in fact, levelling it down to a purely human production to be placed at the bar of private judgment."

OPPOSITION TO CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE

By THE OBSERVER

The Canadian Grocer says: "Co-operative societies are organized by a group of non-business people, who, continually raving at the price charged by retail merchants, band themselves into a society and subscribe a certain sum by selling shares to form the capital with which to operate a retail store. Just how successful—or unsuccessful—these co-operative institutions usually turn out to be is interestingly set forth in the report of the Stratford Co-operative Society found elsewhere in this issue."

I know nothing about the Stratford Co-operative Society but I do know that if the occasional failure of a co-operative business or enterprise were an argument against the principle or the practice of co-operation no man should ever open a shop at all; for private business ventures fail every day and in the past such failures have been numbered by thousands.

Those who know the history of co-operative business in Europe and particularly in England, Ireland and Scotland, will smile at the Canadian Grocer's idea of how "co-operative societies are organized." And, though Canada is far behind Europe in this matter, there are enough successful co-operative enterprises in Canada to put the question beyond dispute.

There is, at one end of the line, the grain harvests of the West, and at the other end of the line I will put the co-operative shop in which I deal. It is not so small either, my number is 2561. I joined it after nearly twenty years of housekeeping during which I delivered up a large part of my income to regular shopkeepers in the form of profits. They were not bad fellows, and I do not begrudge them the money; but now I get my share of the profits in the form of dividend cheques. The shop does not sell goods at cut prices. The goods are sold at regular prices; and the only difference between this co-operative shop and the regular shops, is that in the latter case, the shopkeeper keeps all the profits, while in the former case, we, the customers, receive the profits by way of dividend, every three months, calculated in proportion to the amount of our purchases.

The whole question is one of management; and bad or inefficient management will ruin any business; the business of John Wannamaker as well as the cross-roads grocery.

When I joined, I paid in \$50 as share capital. This is not essential. Payment of one dollar will make one a member. The concern is incorporated; and the liability is limited by shares, as in all limited liability companies. My reason for paying in \$50 was, that I could then take up goods on credit up to \$50; my share capital being the company's security; and forfeited if I do not pay for what I buy. When my credit reaches \$50 I must pay, whole or part. If I pay in \$20, my credit goes on till the \$20 is again balanced. I may say that the amount of \$50 was my own choice. Any amount will do; and the same remarks apply. The \$50 I paid in earns a dividend—if the business "earns it." Besides, the amount of my purchases is made up every three months; and the earnings of the business are applied to paying me a dividend on that amount. Since I joined, that dividend has been about 12%.

This co-operative company has been going on for some years. It may fail; but if it does it will not be because of any flaw in the principle on which it does business. It does not cut prices; in fact, in some cases, we pay a little higher, as we can afford to do; we are gainers in the end; and it is wise to not run prices too low. I may add that the books are audited by men whose competency and integrity are beyond question.

The shop may fail. If it does, I can only lose the small amount I put into it as share capital. That is a small risk. I am not bound to it in any way; I can walk into any other shop and buy when it suits me to do so.

If the Canadian Grocer knows the history of the Co-operative System in England, why not give its readers a few chapters of that, instead of talking about death-knells and the like unpleasant things. In about 75 years, the English co-operatives have distributed about one billion dollars in dividends to their customers. They have their factories, steamships, newspapers, a bank, wheat lands in Saskatchewan, tea plantations in India, and oil conces-

sions in Africa (for soap making). They make about everything man-kind can want; and in competition with all Europe; and successful competition.

I fancy I have gone over most of this before in the RECORD. It is worth going over a number of times.

Co-operation is full of promise for the solution of the problems and cure of the evils which arise out of the combined greed of the commercial interests.

Of course, those interests are disposed to criticize co-operation.

FROM COAST TO COAST

SECULAR NEWSPAPERS ANALYZE MARVELLOUS INFLUENCE OF THE GREAT CARDINAL

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

In its editorial review of Cardinal Gibbons, The New York Herald remarked: "In the sense that Francis of Assisi is everybody's saint, James Gibbons was everybody's Cardinal."

From pine to palmiste and ocean to ocean newspapers recognized this fact. With simultaneous impulse editors in all parts of the country sought to render articulate the appreciation by Americans of the character and the services of a truly great American.

It is impossible, in the space available, to reproduce, even in part, one-fifth of these editorial tributes. It is possible, however, to select from the collections extracts which show how many, and various were the characteristics of the Cardinal which made appeal to his fellow-citizens of all creeds.

"TOWERED ABOVE THE REST OF US"

In the course of a column editorial in which the spiritual and civic preeminence of the Cardinal was sketched with singular insight and sympathy The Boston Transcript said: "The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore was, then, most certainly and officially a great American Catholic, but he was also something far more eminent than this; a stooping, delicately fragile old man, he towered above his associates and the rest of us, esteemed and beloved the country over as a great American, and as such he was looked up to, as a model of spiritual and civic devotion, by many thousands who acknowledged no other allegiance to him than that of affection."

"A great Catholic in the strictest technical sense of the word, there was to him no intellectual difficulty in his position, because of the intensity of his faith. Catholic philosophy he accepted and championed as one who had tranquilly, abiding assurance of the grounds of his faith. For his faith was to him as an ornament of jewels to be worn openly on his breast like his pastoral cross—never a pocketful of stones to be hidden at his adversary's. And he was a great Catholic in the modern literary sense of the word; because of his charity. Together with a firm belief in his own Church was an equally earnest recognition that all are blood brothers in the family of the children of God. To all Christians, in any form of Christian sincerity, the Cardinal strove his long life through to lend a friendly sympathetic ear."

"A STEADY AND UNDEVIATING FAITH"

What the example of the Cardinal meant in an age of materialism, disaffection and unrest, was strikingly shown in the estimate of The Baltimore American.

"One of the most fundamental of those intangible realities which made up the mind and soul that we know as Cardinal Gibbons" it declared "was a steady and undeviating faith. In an age of agnosticism, of universal doubt and a universal restlessness, such a faith is not a common or an easy matter. A materialist might be unable to sympathize with it, but even the greatest materialist could feel nothing but a deep admiration of the fact that it could still be held by any man."

"The faith of Cardinal Gibbons was too real and too deep within his nature to admit of questioning. With him it was something of a massive edifice, a testimonial to the sturdiness of his character as well as the foundation for the true usefulness and significance of his life."

"It made of him a strong point in the moral and intellectual tides of modern civilization. It led him to an absolute rejection of many of the theories and axioms of the age which have characterized our age. It served the necessary purpose of stabilization in an era of instability. It tended to force a more careful consideration, it demanded strong proofs before a too credulous acceptance, and it reiterated at the same time an insistence upon the non-material, the unprovable side of experience which we are too ready to forget in our delight over our new playthings of science and logic."

"POWER TO REACH MINDS AND HEARTS"

Recognition of the Cardinal's leadership in all matters to which he gave his attention was made by the New York World as follows: "Cardinal Gibbons was a great spiritual leader and a great American. In him were joined the moral authority of high office in the Church and an unflinching sense of the duties of citizenship."

"In the venerable prelate there resided the power to reach the minds and hearts of his countrymen given to few men of his lifetime. It was his nature to take sides with what he held to be right, as the prelate of a true American. With the passing of Cardinal Gibbons there passes a man honored and loved for his good works and loyal services as a public-spirited citizen."

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Somewhat similar expression was made by The Philadelphia Public Ledger in these words: "In the passing of Cardinal Gibbons America loses not merely a Roman Catholic prelate, raised to the loftiest distinction short of the papacy that his Church can offer, but an American patriot whose name was known and whose personality was beloved by millions of a different faith."

"HIS MAIN DUTY—TO LIVE HUMBLY AND SAVE SOULS"

The Washington Post's editorial writer discerned clearly the main-spring of the Cardinal's usefulness when he wrote: "Cardinal Gibbons never strayed from his main duty, which was to live humbly and save souls, as his Redeemer would have him do. He was enabled to do good on a scale rarely approached by other men, however devoted, and his reward will be correspondingly great."

"DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY ARE INSEPARABLE"

This along similar lines from The Washington Times said: "A democrat in heart and mind he was; even as the Saviour to whose teachings he dedicated his life, The Cardinal held and practiced that democracy and Christianity are inseparable."

ARDENT BELIEVER IN EDUCATION

The Washington Star called attention to a side of the Cardinal's character which deserves notice—his untiring interest in all real movements for wider education. It said: "Personal contact with Cardinal Gibbons was helpful to all who enjoyed that privilege. He grasped every occasion. He understood the motives of men clearly and compassionately sympathized with their aspirations. An ardent believer in the value of education, he aided every movement for the fuller enlightenment of the people."

HIS LITERARY STYLE

Of his literary style The St. Louis Globe Democrat had this to say: "The Cardinal had command of a smooth, vigorous, beautiful prose. Little information as to the number of copies printed of his 'Faith of Our Fathers' is not supplied, but it must be one of the most widely circulated religious works of modern times."

FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN MAKES THE BEST CITIZEN

Said The New York Evening World in its tribute to "a great and good American": "An intellect as broad as it was deep, the priestly instinct of human kindness and helpfulness at its highest, executive grasp, tact and extraordinary personal persuasiveness and charm combined to make in him the ideal prelate."

"With the dignity of a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church went the simplicity of the ever-ready friend and fellow citizen. "Cardinal Gibbons once said: "One merit only can I truly claim, and that is an ardent love for my native country and her political institutions. Ever since I entered the sacred ministry my aim has been to make those over whom I exercised my influence not only more upright Christians but also more loyal citizens. For the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen."

"The greater part of his long life he spent in radiating that influence from the oldest Catholic center in the United States. He helped millions of Americans to clear, honest and patriotic opinions on public questions."

WORLD NEEDED HIS TYPE—AND NEVER MORE THAN NOW

A Jewish newspaper, The Modern View, of St. Louis expressed the thought of many non Catholics as follows: "We feel that in the death of the late James Cardinal Gibbons the world has lost, as well as the Catholic Church, a splendid personality and a useful human being."

"His record in life is marked by many acts of extreme broad-mindedness. The Massilian day would be much nearer than it seems to be at present, if within the folds of all the creeds, the leaders would be of the type of the great prelate to whose high office the Grim Reaper Death showed no more homage than to the street sweeper in his poor hovel in the slum."

"The world well may mourn the passing of the late James Gibbons, for in him was lost not only a high Cardinal of the Catholic Church, but of an exalted, noble, splendid type of man such as the world has needed in all generations and never more than now."

HIS TONIC OPTIMISM

Nearly two columns of the editorial page of The Baltimore Sun were used to record the virtues of one loved by every citizen of Baltimore. One of these was dwelt upon in these words: "It was as natural for him to be kindly, sympathetic, friendly, sincere, unaffected, wholesome and well-balanced as it was for him to believe what he believed with an unquestioning faith, as it was for him to be an invincible optimist for whom the

sun never set, in whose spiritual heavens there was no night of darkness or gloom. How many doubting Thomases have received from his buoyant spirit fresh hope and courage, how many pessimistic hearts have been brightened by his unflinching cheerfulness, no one can say. For many thousands a psychological influence exercised a psychological healing effect. Few came away from him without a consciousness that a subtle transmutation of virtue had come into them."

THE TIRELESS WORKER

Of the unflagging zeal and tireless energy which marked every hour of the Cardinal's life as priest and prelate the New York Times said: "His power of labor was enormous from boyhood to his strong, extreme old age. Whether as a pioneer priest in North Carolina or administering his diocese or in consultation or council at Rome or engaged in a myriad of beneficial public causes, he never spared himself. His energy was constant. His long, fruitful service to the Catholic Church can be adequately judged only by his high dignities, his associates, his remarkable growth in the United States has been due in no small measure to that spirit of Americanism, that perception of the advantages of the Church separated from the State, that patriotism and zeal for the public good which he reëntered so consistently and conspicuously. Last survivor of the Vatican Council, he was a landmark and remembrance, and in that 'monumental pomp of age' history walked. Kings and many countries thanked him at his jubilee."

AS PATRIOT HIS INFLUENCE WAS FELT BY ALL

Many newspapers bore testimony to the services rendered by Cardinal Gibbons to his country in time of war. The following from The Washington Herald is typical: "His Eminence James Gibbons was a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, spiritually, intellectually, in consecration and in scholarship, he was all that this title and rank implies. Because he was the immediate representative of the Pope in America, and because of a saintly nature, he had the devoted allegiance of all Roman Catholics in America."

"But to other Americans his memory will be held with little less affection, and in the highest regard because of his unyielding Americanism of the best type. What was good for his country always had his staunch support. He was not merely a churchman; he was an American citizen with a full sense of his joint responsibilities. "On many critical occasions, his counsel was sought and was never refused. He was always ready to do his part for his country. It was his country first, and he knew no other. He kept that exact balance that severity, that poised personal relation out of the church as well as in it."

"During the Great War, he was a tower of strength to this Government. His influence was felt not alone in every State, but in every community. He placed his country first. Nothing ever changed him from that attitude. His judgment in all matters, as this, was ruled only by justice and righteousness, and Protestants, no less than Roman Catholics will mourn his loss."

BORN IN MARYLAND THE CRADLE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

The life of Cardinal Gibbons as a priest synchronized with the great influx of immigration in this country and he had a great part in the moulding of millions of new citizens. As The New York Evening Post said: "It was fitting that the man so many years prime of the Church in America should have been born in the one State that grew from a Catholic colony. His long life is a link with the beginnings of a sturdy Catholic organization. Charles Carroll died in Baltimore two years before Gibbons' birth there, and it was John Carroll, a near relative of the signer, who in 1790 was made first Bishop of the first American See."

"It was fitting also that the Cardinal should be of the blood which gave American Catholicism its greatest strength. While he was in Ireland for his education the great Irish immigration began, with the result that the million Catholics of 1840 were three millions by the Civil War. After he rose to be Cardinal another great Catholic reinforcement came in the Italian immigration, and before he died he saw churches of Polish Catholics, Bohemian Catholics, and Croatian Catholics scattered over America."

"Two qualities marked in the Cardinal were of peculiar value to his Church: his unadulterated Americanism and his interest in intellectual and political affairs. From the days of Know-Nothingism there has been a tendency to regard the Church as a little alien. An ecclesiastical organization obedient to the decrees of a foreign head and composed largely of foreign-born elements has special difficulties and responsibilities. The Archbishop who delivered the centennial address upon the founding of Carroll's See declared that the Church must be American. It can be more than passively American—it can be a militant force in imbuing alien communicants with patriotism. Cardinal Gibbons labored to make the Church a true factor in Americanism. Early this year he sent from his sick bed an article on the constitution declaring that we would be recreant to the

trust committed to us if we failed to teach and uphold the principles on which our Government rests."

"In Cardinal Gibbons' death the country loses a great churchman and a distinguished citizen."

UNASSAILABLE COMMON SENSE

Straight thinking and straight talking were to be expected from Cardinal Gibbons. The editor of the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch told why in these words: "Though he was first and always a churchman, his churchmanship as it touched public affairs was grounded in straight thinking, moderation and unassailable common sense. With facts and figures of the day he held no converse. If he was ever impatient, he never expressed himself in impatient terms; but from time to time he gave voice to thoughts that set him higher and higher in the public esteem as one who went to the bottom of things, of motives and of probable results. When he spoke on matters of general interest and importance, as he often did, his speech was so informed with comprehension and insight that it carried a weight even beyond that to which it was entitled by reason of his high office."

"And always what he said was designed to forward, and did forward, the cause of clean, temperate living, devoid of fanaticism, and of courageous Americanism untempered by foreign fancies and untouched by whimsies fostered by opportunists. Naturally then, and inevitably, his influence was of a character and of a strength that could ill be spared in normal times, and which will be sorely missed by all creeds and classes in these most troublous times."

"The very embodiment of piety and the personification of high thinking, Cardinal Gibbons so lived and taught as to leave a memory that must be an inspiration to religious service and an exhortation to national righteousness."

HIS MEMORIAL—"THE MARCHING ARMY OF HIS OWN DEEDS"

Under the heading "An Army With Banner," The Boston Globe told of those who will keep green the Cardinal's memory. It said: "His monument will not be of marble. His memorial will be rather the enduring legion, the marching army of his own deeds; the unceasing messages of hope with which he lighted the burden for his brothers; his fruitful efforts for his church and his gospel; his championship of the laborer and of all those who walk obscurely through the gray mists of life; his scholarship and his writings, and his patriotism."

"From the days when as a young bishop he journeyed afoot over the hills of North Carolina, and lived with each of his flock, that he might know all by name, to those later years when, in 1888, he was raised to the high position he was to hold until his death, he won hosts of friends by his democracy. He did not change; his friendship with the great did not temper his attitude of friendly fellowship with the corner grocer in Baltimore."

"The simple goodness of his example won the hearts of all who met him. 'If I had a wish,' said a famous writer who was of another faith, 'if I had a wish and it could be granted, I would wish that Cardinal Gibbons would pray for me.'"

"THE" CARDINAL

What the Church in America owes to the Cardinal was emphasized by the editorial writer of The Philadelphia Record, who said: "He was known for so many years as 'the' Cardinal, that even after other Americans were elevated to that honor the definite article continued to be applied to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. This was but natural, for though James Gibbons was not the first American to receive the red hat—Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, antedated him by eleven years—he had been a prince of the church since June, 1880, nearly a full quarter of a century longer than his predecessor, Cardinal McCloskey."

"It would be impossible here to enumerate all the achievements of Cardinal Gibbons. The growth of the Catholic Church in this country since the Third Plenary Council at Baltimore, at which Archbishop Gibbons presided, has been due more to his labors than to those of any other individual in the hierarchy. Through him the Catholic University of America was established at Brookland, Washington, D. C., in 1887, and under his ardent care and encouragement this institution, of which he has been ex officio Chancellor from the beginning, has grown steadily in power and influence."

Cardinal Gibbons was the author of a number of religious books, notably "The Faith of our Fathers," and he was, besides, a forceful and eloquent preacher. His insight into civic problems was, also, invariably keen and quick. He was a man of warm sympathies and broad views, and it is for this reason, above all else, that the entire country will sorrow at the news of his death on this eve of the joyous Easter season."

"HE HAD ALMOST BECOME AN INSTITUTION"

The Philadelphia Inquirer regarded Cardinal Gibbons as more than a minister of religion, and much more than a model citizen. This is what it thought of him: "Dean of the Sacred College in rank of service and oldest in years, Cardinal Gibbons has passed away after a singularly useful life. As priest, prelate and Prince of his Church his career was one of distinction, but

he was more than a minister of religion. In everything that made for the good of humanity, for purity in life, for extent of service, and generally good citizenship the dead Cardinal was prominent in American life and his influence was marked by no party lines in religion. He had almost become an institution."

"It was given to the Cardinal to have a singularly sane outlook on life in matters of social importance as well as the confines of his special jurisdiction. There was no more zealous churchman, but all humanity seemed to be within his purview. Disdaining politics in the narrow sense of the word, he was always vigilant for advancing measures which would help society and opposed to those experiments which had been tried time without number and always predestined to failure."

NOT A RELIGIOUS ISSUE

Following is an extract from a recent address by Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork. Though it has often been stated that Arthur Griffiths is a Protestant his name is in the Catholic Who's Who as a Catholic, of course.—E. C. R.

"England would have us believe—would have you believe that this is a religious war—a religious question despite the fact that all back through the years the most prominent of the leaders of republicanism in Ireland—the most prominent in almost all armed efforts to oust the invader in Ireland—the foremost men, and the foremost leaders were not Catholics—they were Protestants and Presbyterians and so today the most consistent workers for years in every branch of the republican movement in Ireland—the best and most consistent have been non Catholics. I know many of them. I have worked with them for years on the different executive."

"One case that occurs to me is the Executive Gaelic League, where there are some five or six non-Catholics on the executive. Two of the most active members, one a lady and the other a gentleman, are both graduates of Trinity college. Not only are the members prominent non-Catholics but in the republican cabinet, which is not a very large one, there are at least four non-Catholics, and these four were not put there simply because they were non-Catholics; they were put there for window-dressing purposes; they were put there simply because their ability merited the position, entirely irrespective of all considerations of religion."

"An illustration of how little religion enters in matters in Ireland is this: Some time after my arrival in this country I was asked by somebody—I think it was a press man—whether Arthur Griffith, who is the vice president of the republic, were or were not a Protestant. Now, I know Arthur Griffith well—he has known him for years; have been in his organization since it started, and when I was asked that, it so happened that, for the life of me, I could not definitely say whether he was a non-Catholic or a Catholic. It had never occurred to me before to even ask or wonder, and it simply happened I had not ascertained. No, religion plays no part. It does not enter into the consideration in Ireland. It is one of the many specious lies of British propaganda."

FAVORS DIVORCE PUBLICITY

DR. J. ROACH STRATON WOULD OUST MEN IN SUITS FROM JOBS

Publication by newspapers of divorce proceedings was commended yesterday by the Rev. John Roach Straton in a sermon at Calvary Baptist Church as tending to decrease the divorce evil.

"Sloking as the details are, I am glad the newspapers are publishing them," he said. "Let those who are guilty of these infamies be brought to the bar of an enlightened and righteous public opinion."

Mr. Straton said that census reports from 2,874 out of 2,980 counties in the United States showed there were 1,640,778 marriages in 1916, a rate of 105 per 10,000 population. Returns from 2,885 counties, he said, showed a total number of divorces in 1919 of 112,036, or 112 per 100,000 of population.

"This report of the Census Bureau showed that one marriage out of every nine now terminates in divorce," said Dr. Straton. "In some parts of America there is one separation for every three marriages."

"The divorces of today, do not stop with one divorce, but go on and on. They follow that routine; they get the habit. We have had in America in recent times records of divorces and remarriages on the part of people of national reputation which made the variegated matrimonial career of Henry VIII. pale into insignificance."

Mr. Straton said that New York, in comparison with other great cities of America and the world, had had a rather commendable record in percentage of divorce, but it had no longer.

"In recent days," he said, "the columns of the newspapers have been simply laden with charges and countercharges between husbands and wives. On some days the papers

have contained the accounts of the divorce proceedings in as many as three of the well known families of the community."

Mr. Straton declared present conditions showed the necessity for a higher standard, and asked why men of prominence who figured in divorce scandals should not be ousted from their business positions of responsibility, excluded from their clubs and ostracized socially. He said the present looseness, if continued, would be disastrous to civilized society, as it struck at the family, the foundation of orderly and decent society.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE LABORERS AND THEIR PROBLEMS

The Western fields of Canada are missionary. They are as difficult to cultivate and render fruitful for Christ as are the virgin prairies whether thousands are going to lay the foundations of property and happiness for themselves and their families. But as we all know their future success depends upon their ability to surmount innumerable difficulties. Their lot is the lot of the pioneer. They are forced to make many sacrifices, they often lack in the days when they found their homes many of the things which we believe are the ordinary necessities of the day. This hard life the missionary must share. He cannot escape it and indeed such is the pressure of essential needs upon the early settlers that they are scarcely able to provide in any measure for the needs of religion.

If you doubt this the following letters from the official heads of the Church in the West will certainly convince you that we little realize the difficulties of the missionaries and their Bishops.

CHAPELS WANTED

Vancouver, B. C., March 12, 1921. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. Very Rev. and Dear Father:

The few families of Victoria Road Mission have secured lots for a chapel. They have subscribed liberally towards the building, but their efforts fall far short. They are principally laborers, and times are not good. The hall we have rented is too small, and we are forced to secure a place for Holy Mass. If we could get about five hundred dollars we could put up the rough building and wait a while before finishing it. His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Casey has given his consent to our building and without your assistance we will not be able to succeed. We have about thirty children in the Sunday school, who if we don't get a church of our own, will be deprived of instruction, and many will fall away from the Church in consequence. His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, will know the circumstances. With great hope of your assistance, I remain, Rev. and Dear Father, faithfully yours,

REV. T. FITZPATRICK.

APPROVAL

Father Fitzpatrick is doing good work in the little Mission referred to and merits our commendation.

T. CASEY, Archbishop of Vancouver.

A BIG ORDER

Vancouver, B. C., March 10, 1921. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. Very Rev. and Dear Father:

Some few weeks ago Father Maurice Cronin of Armstrong, B. C., sent me an application to be forwarded to you for the erection of three little churches in three different missions of his extensive, but sparse and poor parish. I was rather elated at the sight of the big demand, and hesitated to send it to you, as I had never before asked so much. But what else can I do? He has spoken to me again about it, so here goes in the Name of God.

Three missions in one parish, without churches, and poor souls suffering accordingly I make Father Cronin's request to my own, then, and beg your benevolent consideration for it, even as it means \$500 multiplied by 3. It pains me to ask so much, and yet one could never expect beforehand to have received so much as we have got already. Hence our confidence, about which you have never yet complained.

With repeated thanks for past favors, I am yours truly in God, T. CASEY, Archbishop of Vancouver.

A REQUEST

Winnipeg, March 10, 1921. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto. Very Rev. and Dear Father:

May I make formal application to Extension for a grant this year of \$1,000, to help me finance the beginnings in some new missions. This coming Spring I intend to send priests to a couple of places, where they are much needed, indeed, but where they will be unable to live for a year or two, unless they are subsidized. I conceive this to be the real work of Extension, after the providing of priests, in which you have already done so much and I have confidence that you will try to help me to the limit of your ability.

With kindest regards, I remain, Dear Father, sincerely yours in Xto., ALFRED A. SINNOTT, Archbishop of Winnipeg.

The two Archdioceses of Winnipeg and Vancouver are picturing the needs most pressing. In the Manitoba territory priests are at hand but they need support until a foundation can be laid. British Columbia must have chapels. Such conditions will surely appeal to our Charity and love for the welfare of our neighbor. In a short period, no doubt, will be harvested the fruits of our labors. It is only a question of time, a short time in many instances, until these little groups will become self-supporting and the nucleus of well organized parishes. What greater benefit could we confer upon our neighbor than support a work so beneficial to his temporal and eternal welfare. The Catholic Church Extension Society is the medium through which our donations should be given.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged \$4,452 49 N. W., London..... 2 50 Reader, Fort Dewar..... 16 00 M. Lynch, Renfrew, Ont..... 5 00 Friend, Elora..... 1 00

MASS INTENTIONS

Reader, Soo, Ont..... 2 00 James F. Lee, Winnipeg..... 25 00

MADONNA SAN SISTO

Strong Mother faces divine, from out your eyes— Look steadfast forth the martyr and the nun; For such a Babe, who would not sacrifice? Who would not be a saint, with such a Son? —MABEL J. BOURQUIN

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 un baptized! 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 twenty-two 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 Bursar 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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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE COMMON TOUCH

I would not be too wise—so very wise
That I must sneer at simple songs and creeds.

I would not care to climb so high that I
Could never hear the children at their play.

I would not know too much—too much to smile.

God grant that I may live upon this earth
And face the tasks which every morning brings.

Of humble service and the simple things.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

THE GREAT WITHIN

I have seen a man of ordinary strength, hypnotized and suspended by hand and ankles on the edge of a chair.

These are mostly mental feats. A man of average strength under ordinary conditions, could no more sustain a twelve-hundred-pound horse or half-a-dozen heavy men while thus suspended than he could fly without a machine.

Now, where did the power which enabled the subject to do this marvelous thing come from? Certainly not from the hypnotist, for he merely called it out of the subject, and it did not come from space outside of him.

Such experiments give us glimpses of enormous powers in the Great Within of us about which we know very little and which, if we could use them, would enable us to do marvelous things.

Without being able to define it, we instinctively feel that there is a great force within us; a power back of the flesh, beyond the human, that is guiding us; a subconscious soul power which presides over our destinies and which lends us super-human aid when we make a great call upon it.

It is this soul power which makes a giant out of an invalid in an instant's time when the house takes fire or some great catastrophe occurs, or when a child, dearer to the mother than life, is in imminent danger.

There are many instances where very delicate invalids, who were not supposed to be able to sit up, have, in a fire or some other great danger or emergency, done that which under ordinary circumstances would have been difficult even for the strongest men.

Where did this power come from, almost within the twinkling of an eye? It came from the Great Within, and these instances reveal, as the falling apple did to Newton, a wonderful law. They make it certain that we all possess marvelous powers which we practically never use.

The new philosophy is trying to show people how to discover and utilize this wonderful power in the Great Within of themselves which they have hitherto been unable to use, except in a very limited way.

We none of us know what tremendous things we could do if an emergency great enough, imperative enough, were to make a sudden call upon us.

If we only realized what tremendous forces are locked up in us, we should not be so surprised when a tramp or hobo becomes transformed into a hero almost instantly, in some great railroad wreck, or fire, or other catastrophe.

Most people have sufficient latent force or ability to accomplish wonders, but often only a fraction of this power is ever aroused; it lies dormant unless fired into action by some great inspiration, some emergency, or some life crisis which drives them to desperation and forces them to make a supreme effort.

We are all surprised sometimes in our lives—through some great crisis or when in a desperate situation—to find that a tremendous reserve power comes to our assistance from somewhere; that from the Great Within, from mysterious depths of our natures, comes marvelous powers when the call is loud enough and strong enough.

other times it seems impossible for us to reach.

One great trouble is that we do not have sufficient faith in the immense reserve power in our subconsciousness, and do not take proper means to arouse these latent forces to action, although we sometimes see examples of the possibilities of great dynamic forces being aroused in people who never dreamed that they possessed them.

Most people do not half realize how sacred a thing a legitimate ambition is. What is this eternal urge within us which is trying to push us on and on, up and up? It is the God urge, the God push in the Great Within of us, which is perpetually prodding us to do our best and bids us refuse to accept our second best.

When we come into the realization of that great silent, vital energy within us which is equal to the satisfaction of all the soul's desires, all its yearnings, we shall no longer be content or thirst for all the good things of the universe will be ours. No life can be poor when enfolded in the Infinite Arms, and living in the very midst of abundance.—O. S. Marden.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AIM HIGH!

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill, Be a scrub in the valley—but be The best little scrub at the side of the hill; Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass, Some highway to happier make; If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass— But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew, There's something for all of us here; There's big work to do and there's lesser to do, And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail, If you can't be the sun, be a star; If it isn't by size that you win or you fail— But the best of whatever you are.

—Catholic Bulletin

THE ONLY EVIL HE FEARED

The wicked Empress Eudoxia, who ruled the Roman Empire in the fourth century, led a very un-Christian life, for which St. John Chrysostom never ceased to reproach her, as once St. John the Baptist reproached the immorality of Herod. The Empress tried by every means in her power either to have her revenge on St. Chrysostom, or to win him to her service.

She consulted one of her confidants as to the best means of carrying out her designs upon the holy Bishop. Her confidant told her frankly that there was no way of subjugating the Saint, for he feared only one evil in the world.

"Not if we offer him lavish rewards?" asked the Empress. "That would be pure loss of time," was the answer. "He esteems riches and honors no more than so much dust."

"Then let us frighten him with terrible threats," said she. "That would only be worse," she was told. "He has an iron heart which knows no fear."

"Well, let us exile him into some distant bleak land." "He would care nothing for exile," returned the confidant, "for he declares that the earth is an exile, and his true country is heaven."

"Then I shall cast him into the deepest dungeon," said she. "You may," answered her confidant, "but you will not chain his spirit; from his prison he will still cry out aloud to you: 'Your conduct is not lawful!'"

"I shall kill him then!" she cried wrathfully. The Bishop would ask nothing better than to exchange this life for a better one," was the reply.

"Is there no means, then, of representing this man?" asked the baffled Empress. "Can nothing be found which will be hard and bitter to him?"

"Yes," was the slow reply, "there is one thing and one thing only that he fears, and that is an offense against God. If you can induce him to commit sin, you will be amply revenged. But it were vain to hope for such a thing!"—The Liguorian.

STICKING TO THE POINT

A lawyer wanted an apprentice. A number of boys replied, so he looked them over. He found it pretty hard to make a choice.

"Was the stack burned to the ground?"

"Did the farmer have his hay insured?"

"Was the fire engine near at hand?"

"Was the rat killed?"

The boy that asked the last question was chosen because he struck to the point.—Catholic Boy's Club Bulletin.

AS JOHNNY SAW IT

The patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going," read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment and the idea seemed to dawn upon him; then he read out triumphantly. "Where are you going little button hook?"

PERENNIAL HOPE

Hope is a man's best friend here on earth. In the darkest hours, it whispers into his ears the happy message of the coming dawn. In the bleak days of long winter months, it speaks to his heart of the sunny spring that is even now stirring under the frozen crust of the earth.

In the cheerless days when the face of the sun is hidden by black clouds and gray mists, it gives him assurance of the glorious triumph of light over darkness. At the very brink of the grave, its voice is heard speaking in clear and unequivocal accents of the victory of life over death.

As long as hope dwells in the heart of man, no barrier seems unbreakable, no road seems too long, no path too steep, no night too dark. Hope has a magic touch which transforms stumbling blocks into stepping stones, burdens into wings. Hope makes us face towards the east where the golden rose of dawn bursts into glory. Hope spills around the horizon splashes of crimson and tips the hills with fire when the valleys are still buried in gloom.

Hope makes us catch the fragrance of morn when the echo of that line broke of midnight is still lingering on the chilly air. It urges us onward. It quickens our footsteps and puts music into our heart beats.

Easter is the feast of hope and the pledge of happiness that cannot be conquered. It is the promise of light that cannot be dimmed, and of life that mocks the grave. At the sepulchre from which Christ has risen we gather flowers that will not fade and blossoms that never lose their fragrance. They are an antidote for the days when our hearts grow weary and heavy within us and when our feet drag on the rugged and thorny paths of life.

One balmy breeze wafted from the empty sepulchre of the risen Christ has the power to strengthen us for the battles that confront us and for the journey that yet lies before us. There is a wonderful charm in Easter. The very thought of it thrills the soul with a sublime courage that cannot be subdued. This very name rings out like a bugle call that rallies all our energies to one heroic, magnificent effort. Men need the message of Easter; for they need hope, as they need light and the air.

The undying power of Easter lies in its appropriate symbolism. The grave spells defeat for man. In its presence, he is utterly helpless. Here, his ambitions cease and all his plans are wrecked. The grave has but one meaning for man. It is defeat which befalls him and frustrates all his dreams and schemes. But that Easter on which Christ broke the seal which death had set upon the grave that changed all this. The grave is no longer the end. It is a beginning. Banners of hope wave over every grave and the flowers of promise grow on its edge. Life can be eclipsed, but it cannot be annihilated. The victory may be delayed, but it cannot be turned into defeat. The good may be temporarily obscured, but it cannot be conquered. Justice may be impeded, but finally it will triumph. Virtue may be enslaved, but it will break all bonds. The evil may have a brief day of success, but the evening will come and sweep away the last remnants of its short stay. In the moral world, needs have a short and fitful life, but the good plants possess an unquenchable vitality. This is the symbolism of Easter.

The world of today needs the lesson of Easter. It needs more than ever the promise of the final triumph of justice. For, it would seem that wrong and injustice had established their reign on earth and that evil held irresistible sway. The power of evil will crumble before the breath of time. You may bury justice beneath mountains; yet it will rise and confound its enemies. You may bend the right to the ground, but it will rebound with rejuvenated vitality and undiminished vigor. That is the consoling message and comforting promise of Easter.

This world will have its Easter, even as Christ has had His Easter. It is bound to come. It must come. Nothing can shake our trust in the happy destiny of this world. We do not fear the future. We do not distrust the happy issue. We have no misgivings as to the outcome. Be it ever so dark upon the night follows the dawn.

Christ has had His Gethsemane and His agony. He has had His Golgotha and His Good Friday. But on the wings of time came His Easter and His Resurrection. As

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His sufferings were thickening around Him, Easter was approaching and coming near with silent footsteps. Nations have their Gethsemane. They pass through agony and death. They may be trodden down and ground into the dust. They have their Golgotha and their Good Friday. But they will also have their Easter and their glorious resurrection. That is the law of this world. Easter never comes without Good Friday. But Easter comes in fallibly after Good Friday. The way to life, freedom, happiness, joy and triumph, for man and for nations, is over Golgotha.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HOLY HOUSE

The recent fire which wrought serious damage to the Holy House of Loreto, recalls to a writer in the London Tablet, several former conflagrations which have partially destroyed famous shrines. When in July 1823 the famous Roman Basilica of St. Paul dating from the latter part of the fourth century with its wonderful series of mosaics of the Pope, was burned, the loss from an archaeological point of view was irreparable. But the chief centre of devotional attraction, the then reputed tomb of the Apostle below ground with its marble slab and inscription suffered no injury.

The fire of October 1808 which destroyed the greater part of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, spared the rock of Calvary and many of the devotional stations. Likewise the fire at Chambery in 1532 wrecked the chapel in which the Holy Shroud was then preserved, but the Shroud itself, folded in a silver casket, was rescued from the flames, and though the corners were charred, the figure of Our Lord remained practically untouched.

But at Loreto, if reports are correct, the Holy House itself with its ornamental casing and its contents was seriously damaged. The basilica enclosing the little edifice, has apparently not suffered severely, but the black wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin which has shared with the Holy House the foremost place in the devotion of the pilgrims who flock thither every year, is mentioned as having been destroyed. This statue according to pious tradition was transported with the Holy House by angels from Palestine, and has been the instrument of countless stupendous miracles which Almighty God has worked for those who sought the intercession of His Blessed Mother before her miraculous image.

But whatever be the historical value of the legend which tradition has connected with Loreto," says the Tablet, "no Catholic can have any other feeling but one of respect and sympathy for the earnest devotion of the many generations of pious pilgrims, who have journeyed to the Santa Casa and there have found comfort for their sorrows and sometimes relief from bodily pains. One of the most remarkable appreciations of Loreto which can anywhere be met with is that of the normally cynical old philosopher, Michel de Montaigne. He visited the shrine in 1582, and his journal shows that he honestly believed in the genuineness of the cures wrought there. Montaigne is fair to confess that no other place that I have ever visited makes so good a show of religion." He was astonished to note that all lost articles of value were put in a certain public receptacle, where everyone was free without interference or inquiry to come and take his own. He says also that "with regard to such things that you

may buy and leave behind you for the sake of the Church, none of the artificers thereof will accept any payment for his labor, for the craftsman reckon, that by charging only for the silver or the wood, they themselves share the benefit of the act; anything like almsgiving or treating they steadily refuse." And he adds that the "church officials who are most attentive to those who wish to come on to receive Communion and in every other respect, will accept nothing for their services. All this is a high commendation coming from such a source.

"It is the memory of such examples of disinterestedness and devotion, maintained for several centuries, which would more particularly lead us to deplore the present disaster. Whatever our view of the historical questions involved, it would be regrettable if the destruction of the Santa Casa had for its consequence that Our Lady was no longer honored in her shrine at Loreto."

The disaster to the Holy House of Loreto has come as a terrible shock to Catholics all over the world. It will be recalled that the Holy Father sent urgent messages to the Emperor of Austria when the first air raids were made on the undefended East Coast towns, for the protection of the sanctuary of Loreto. The effect of all Catholics for the Holy House of Loreto will prompt them to do what they can to repair the loss suffered by one of the most famous shrines of Christendom.—The Pilot.

AFTER SHAVING

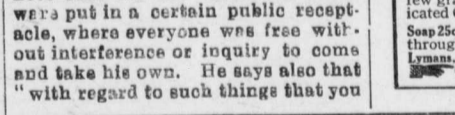
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EXTENSION ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Governor of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada was held on Wednesday, April 6, in the offices of the Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

The financial year closed Feb. 28th. Since that date the books of the Society were in the hands of the chartered accountants. The Report presented, of which the following is a summary, showed that the income of the Extension Society from March 1st, 1920, to Feb. 28th, 1921, was \$159,248.75.

The Catholic Register, owned and directed by the Extension Society, was our most fruitful source of revenue. This journal is growing with a healthy growth and meets with the approval of the majority.

Its relationship with contemporaries is most pleasing and happy. The Catholic Record, Kingston Freeman, Sacred Heart Messenger, The Northwest Review, and, in fact, all our journals, French and English, have given us during the year many tokens of friendship and kindly interest.

The Catholic Register is eager to continue and foster the entire cordial. One great work of the Extension Society—and a costly one, well worth the price—went into full operation during the year.

The following is a detailed statement of our income:

Table with 2 columns: INCOME and Amount. Rows include Contributions, Chapels and altars, Church goods, Mass Stipends, Membership fees, Interest on church loans, Catholic Register Donations, Rents.

The following list shows the dioceses receiving assistance, etc., from the Extension Society and the amounts received by them from March, 1920, to February, 1921.

Table with 2 columns: EXPENDITURE and Amount. Rows include Edmonton, Vancouver, Regina, Winnipeg, St. Boniface, Calgary, St. Louis, St. George's, Halleybury, Ruthenian-Greek, Keewatin, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Athabasca, Mackenzie, Yukon, Mont. Laurier, Herby, Prince Albert, Vestments and Linens, Woman's Auxiliary, Toronto, Father Fraser, Foreign Missions, Ecclesiastical education, Extension students.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society has done nobly for the Western missions during the year. These generous Catholic women may proudly boast that if there is a mission in Canada without suitable vestments and linens for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administra-

tion of the Sacraments, it is not their fault. They have refused no one whose application received the endorsement of the Bishop of the diocese.

Thus the Extension Society is waxing strong with God's help. The marked increase in the sums donated for the past years shows this clearly: March, 1916, \$17,484.26; March, 1917, 39,192.00; March, 1918, 61,692.52; March, 1919, 100,370.28; March, 1920, 124,618.45; March, 1921, 159,248.75.

LIFE AND WORK OF LATE CARDINAL

Mr. Chesterton pointed out that it was being argued in opposition to Irish independence that the case of England and Ireland was parallel to that of the North and South in the Civil War and that Lincoln was justified in coercing the South.

FORGE AS A REMEDY

The refuge of incompetence is force. It is tempting because it seems easy. It can be quickly applied, and it therefore evades the painful process of thought.

HOOPER AND COOLIDGE PRAISE K. OF C. WORK

Washington, April 8.—The Knights of Columbus were congratulated by Vice President Coolidge on their educational and hospital work and thanked by Secretary Hoover for their support in his European relief work.

THIRTY-ONE NATIONS NOW REPRESENTED AT THE VATICAN

Rome, March 17.—With thirty-one countries now represented by embassies or legations at the Vatican, the diplomatic influence of the Holy See is the greatest in the history of the Church.

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CHESTERTON OFFERS AN IRISH SOLUTION

Gilbert K. Chesterton, speaking on "Ireland and the Confederate Parallel" at the Apollo Theatre said that one of the stumbling blocks to the solution of the Irish problem was the fear by the English that Ireland might be used as a base of attack by an alien enemy.

England's suspicion of Ireland, he said, was to be found in the former's intense nationalism. When that was understood and it was realized that self-protection was what England desired, the position of England would be better understood and appreciated by the world.

Speaking of the strong feeling of nationalism pervading the English people, the lecturer said that Englishmen did not wish to be ruled by Irishmen.

"I do not want England to be hoisted by a brogue whose name is Sir Edward Carson," he declared. "The trouble has been that both people are intensely Nationalist, only one knew it and the other didn't. It is in the recognition of that fact that a reconciliation between England and Ireland is possible."

OBITUARY JOHN O'DONNELL

There passed away in Arthur Village on April 1st, at the age of eighty-one years, after a lingering illness of two years and five months, caused by a paralytic stroke, John O'Donnell, formerly of Arthur Township, County of Wellington, one of the very few octogenarians numbered among the early settlers of that district.

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RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN RUSSIA

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Nemesy's diary, now published under the title, "Petrogrod in 1920," gives a sensational revelation of Bolshevik Russia. He devotes a special chapter to the invigoration of religious life in the land of the Soviets.

"I enter the feast church," he writes. "The building is most striking; almost depressing. It is Friday, 10 o'clock in the morning. Although it is a work-day, the church is crowded with people devoutly praying. Not only this church but every place of worship in Petrograd was doors are open to believers, is thronged. At first the Bolshevik newspapers published sneering articles, then criticisms and finally furious diatribes against the increasing religiosity.

At last these journals became silent. The longer the Bolshevik dictatorship continued, the more hunger and suffering and freezing grew; the more the prisons and hostage camps were crowded, the more the people—even those in the cities—turned to God. There is no divine service, no Mass but it is thronged. Do these people hope for divine help? Are they no longer able to rely on themselves? I at last get the impression that these conditions are not to be of long duration. The suffering people will say: 'Thus far and no further!'

"Now I get a closer look at the crowd. People pray fervently, as it were, wrapped in their devotions. None of them is glancing about; all have their eyes fixed on their books. Then there begins the singing of those mystic melodies characteristic of the chant of the Russian Church. How melancholy are these hymns—like the cry of desolation of a whole generation tortured and trodden."

Nemesy says it must be admitted that along with the increasing religiosity there goes a strange thirst for pleasure. He concludes his observation with this sentence: "Was this tomentum country's future will be no one knows. As for myself, I returned believing that the Bolshevik regime will not survive another year."

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England's suspicion of Ireland, he said, was to be found in the former's intense nationalism. When that was understood and it was realized that self-protection was what England desired, the position of England would be better understood and appreciated by the world.

Speaking of the strong feeling of nationalism pervading the English people, the lecturer said that Englishmen did not wish to be ruled by Irishmen.

"I do not want England to be hoisted by a brogue whose name is Sir Edward Carson," he declared. "The trouble has been that both people are intensely Nationalist, only one knew it and the other didn't. It is in the recognition of that fact that a reconciliation between England and Ireland is possible."

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