

The Catholic Record.

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

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NEW TURKEY AND THE PATRIARCHATE

ONCE MIGHTY INSTITUTION IN GREAT DANGER

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

The expulsion of the Greek Patriarch from Constantinople centers attention on the parlous condition of the once mighty Church of the East and at the same time reveals anew the determination of the Kemal Pasha government of Turkey to make all religions in that country subservient to the civil authority. With the expulsion of the Caliph, the Kemal Pasha regime undertook the creation of a national Mohammedan church for Turkey subject to the wishes of the government. Now, unless the expulsion of the Patriarch is reversed through outside pressure, Kemal is in a fair way to set up still another branch of the Schismatic Greek Church which—with strange irony—will be a creature of the atheistic Government of Turkey.

It is taken for granted in well informed circles that the successor to Patriarch Gregorios will be Father Ephim, an ardent supporter of Kemal Pasha. Father Ephim in 1921 founded what he calls the Turkish Orthodox Church of Angora, thereby adding another schism to the long list within the church which owes its own origin to the Great Schism. It was this same Father Ephim who, in October, 1923, at the head of heavily armed supporters, stormed the Patriarchal Palace in Constantinople and forced the resignation of the Patriarch Melitios Metaxakis II. At that time the Turkish Government exerted all its influence to induce the Holy Synod to choose Ephim as the new Patriarch, but the Holy Synod refused and elected Gregorios of Kadikeny.

FILMSY PRETEXT FOR THE EXPULSION

This election, in December 1923, was the signal for an outbreak of a persecution directed against the Patriarchate by the Turks. The expulsion of the Patriarch marks the culmination of that persecution. In expelling the Patriarch, the Turks avail themselves of a flimsy pretext based on a provision of a treaty which permits the deportation of all Greeks not domiciled in Constantinople prior to 1918 and registered with the police. And so, by one of the strange coincidences of history, the Greek Church is rent by another schism based on an act of violence almost identical with the procedure through which Photius brought about the separation from Rome in 867. Photius was raised to the Patriarchal throne by the Byzantine Emperor Michael III. after the rightful Patriarch Ignatius had been dislodged.

Up to the Eighteenth Century the Patriarch of Constantinople was regarded as the head of the Oriental Schism, as a sort of Anti-Pope of the East. In 1727 the Orthodox Church of Russia severed itself from the Patriarchate of Constantinople and in 1833 the Orthodox Church of Greece declared its independence which was recognized in 1850. Twenty years later the Bulgarian Church separated from Constantinople and in 1879 the Patriarch recognized the independence of the Orthodox Church of Serbia, and in 1885 that of Rumania. Notwithstanding these separations, however, the Patriarchs of Constantinople were constantly appealed to as the highest authority in matters of Orthodox Faith and they enjoyed all the prerogatives of highest ecclesiastical rank.

HIGH STATUS OF PATRIARCHS

The Patriarchs occupied a highly privileged status under the Turkish Empire. For example the schismatic Patriarchs of Antioch and of Alexandria could not communicate directly with the Sublime Porte, but only through the Patriarch of Constantinople. This recognition of the Patriarchate by the Turks dates back to 1453 when Mahomet II. captured Constantinople.

The Sultan then installed a new Patriarch and confirmed to him and his Church all the honors and privileges enjoyed by the Patriarchs under the Greek Emperors. The Sultan's words were "Thou shalt enjoy the same rights and privileges as did thy predecessors." Ever since that time, these words engraved in gold have shown above the jeweled throne of the Patriarchs surmounted by the Turkish crescent and star. They have come to be looked upon as a sort of charter to which the Christians had recourse in their dealings with Islamic rulers.

Those Christians who survived the massacre when the Turks captured Constantinople settled in the quarter known as Phanar where the Patriarchs had their seat in the huge monastery of Pammakariste. When this structure was taken over as a Mosque in 1690, the Patriarchs moved to the old convent of St. George and the beautiful church attached to this convent has remained the Patriarchal Church up to the present day. Here in the

picturesque old quarter near the ruins of the Constantinian city wall—mute reminder of a glorious past—the Patriarchate of Phanar developed until it became practically a constituent part of the Ottoman Empire. It developed also all the splendor of Turkish display of power together with the open and hidden faults and vices of Turkish rule. The old aristocratic families that remained in Constantinople after the Turkish conquest, clung to the Patriarchate. From their ranks many brilliant diplomats and statesmen came into power and prominence in Turkish affairs. The Patriarchs maintained a kind of Ambassador, known as the "Logothete" at the Court of the Sultans, whose duty it was to attend to all spiritual and secular business of the Patriarch in dealings with the civil authorities. On solemn church festivals when there was great display of gorgeous golden robes and magnificent jewels, the troops of the Sultans took part, thereby expressing the privileged position of the Patriarchate in the Turkish Empire.

Many of the old Greek families were immensely wealthy—most of their wealth dating back to the times before the Turkish conquest. In consequence, the Court of the Patriarchs of Phanar was a scene of great splendor but it was often overcast and undermined by corruption and intrigue.

THE HOLY SYNOD

Side by side with the Patriarchate there developed the Holy Synod composed of twelve Orthodox Bishops. This body was the supreme authority of the Orthodox Church in Turkey and was also a civil council which dealt with secular affairs of the Church. The Patriarchs were elected by the Synod, but the confirmation of the Sultan was required. In times gone by it was no rare thing for the Sultan to sell the Patriarchate itself as well as other Orthodox ecclesiastical dignities to the highest bidder. In 1857, however, the Patriarchate succeeded in doing away with many of the grave abuses which had grown up in connection with patriarchal elections.

FILIPINO PRIEST'S SOLUTION

Assistance from individual dioceses of the United States is the solution of the critical shortage of priests faced by the Philippine Islands today, in the opinion of Father Pedro E. Monleon, young Filipino priest of the Diocese of Lipa, P. I. Father Monleon a student at the Apostolic Mission House here, will receive his degree as the Doctor of Canon Law this spring. He has had a notable career as a priest, for his years, and is now preparing himself, at the behest of his Bishop, for an important special task in his diocese.

Father Monleon's view was expressed in commenting on recent reports in this country of the crying need for priests in the Islands. He himself comes from a diocese where 105 priests are struggling heroically to care for the spiritual needs of 800,000 Catholics, and at the same time perform diocesan administrative tasks and maintain schools and other institutions. In some instances, he says, one priest has from 25,000 to 30,000 in his parish. Elsewhere in the Islands conditions are as bad or worse, and there are eight dioceses and one prefecture besides Lipa.

This condition, Father Monleon thinks, should command the attention and resources of Catholics of the United States more than do the needs in foreign fields, because of the position of the Islands as possessions of this country.

FRENCH WAR HERO APOSTLE OF PEACE

Paris, France.—Father Guerin, a young Dominican priest who won the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre for bravery during the War, is devoting his life at present to preaching the doctrine of brotherly love to the people of the villages throughout France. He is also seeking permission to go to Germany to preach the same doctrine from the Catholic pulpits there. In this way he hopes to diminish the hatreds and animosities aroused during the conflict.

"I am sure," he said recently, "that Christ's words will reach the hearts of our former enemies more easily than the empty words and promises of the politicians of both countries."

Before the War Father Guerin was married and working as a reporter on a provincial newspaper. His wife and their only child were killed in an accident and he later decided to enter the religious life. He was ordained on the eve of mobilization and then joined his regiment as a corporal. He became noted for his skill in handling machine guns and at the close of the War was offered a permanent commission in the army, which he declined.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

Ottawa Citizen, March 9

Steps to observe in a fitting manner the centennial of the birth of Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee have progressed far enough to hazard the prediction that the event will be worthy of the man and the occasion. Groups of representative Irishmen and those of Irish descent have cooperated with Hon. Chas. Murphy, to whom belongs the credit for the idea and on whom has fallen all the preliminary work, to bring to a fitting climax a celebration unique in several ways.

This occasion will be the first of its kind, in which one of the Fathers of Confederation has had his achievements recognized by an international gathering of his countrymen and those who claim descent from Irish forbears. It will mark also the first union of Irishmen and their Canadian descendants, of different religious faiths, in a common and national effort to do honor to one of Canada's outstanding historical figures. These features should mark the celebration as one in which all Canadians well may be sympathetically interested. It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of Hon. Mr. Murphy and his co-workers have met with a response which has extended from one end of the Dominion to the other and has re-echoed from other countries within and without the British Empire.

The event will likewise bring rather forcibly to mind the fact that we as a people are singularly deficient in knowledge of the work and accomplishments of those who laid the foundations of our Canadian government. We know in a hazy way that a group of statesmen, after considerable trouble, succeeded in formulating a system of national government some half-century or more ago. It would take most of us to recite even the names of these fathers of our country. It would astonish even more to be told that the idea of Canadian unity under the British crown was first promulgated by an Irishman who was regarded as an undesirable citizen by the British government of his time.

History, it is true, needs perspective and distance fully to be appreciated. We are still too close to Confederation to recognize it for what it meant and must always mean to us. But in accepting the structure and conceding its need for its administrative qualities, we should not forget the architects and the workmen whose efforts alone made it possible.

Much will be brought to light within the next few weeks regarding the literary, political and personal qualities of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Time and change, inevitable and inexorable, have given much of his work merely an academic interest to us of a newer generation. But much of it—the greater and better part—will endure. One excerpt from his speech to the Protestant Irishmen of Quebec City in 1862 will suffice to indicate the character of the man:

We Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest religious and civic liberty. All we have to do is each for himself to keep down dissentions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep back the country.

It would be well were this sentiment adopted by all classes and sections of our country.

FATHER SEBASTIAN OER, O.S.B.

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

Cologne, Feb. 11.—Father Sebastian von Oer, eighty years old, famous Benedictine and scion of a noble German family, died recently at Kometz following an operation, it has been announced by his monastery of Deuron in Bavaria.

Father Sebastian was born in Dresden, Saxony, in 1845, the son of the Baron of Oer, head of a notable Catholic family. His mother was a convert. In his long life he had attained distinction as a soldier, an educator, an author and a priest.

Taking part in the wars of 1866 and 1870, he won the rank of major. At the conclusion of these conflicts he was appointed military instructor to the Saxon princes at the court in Dresden, and after completing this task joined the Benedictine order at Deuron in 1880. He was ordained in 1892, and for many years was secretary to the arch-abbot. With boundless energy however, he added authorship to his secular work, accomplishing the remarkable feat of writing twenty volumes of ascetic-monastic literature.

Another member of Father Sebastian's family at the same time was winning fame as a religious painter. Many of the loveliest modern Madonnas in galleries in various parts of the world bear the name Oer.

THREE CONCORDATS

PENDING NEGOTIATIONS WITH JUGO-SLAVIA, ROUMANIA AND CZECHO-SLOVAKIA MAY FAIL

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

Vienna.—Governmental pretensions to religious prerogatives harking back to the medieval conflict over Investitures have so far prevented the conclusion of a Concordat between the Holy See and the so-called Succession States of the Austro-Hungarian Empire: Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania. The governments of these three States claim special rights regarding the nomination of bishops, control of Church property, and even approval or disapproval of decrees and actions of the Church, all utterly inconsistent with present day canon law.

CLAIM RIGHT TO PRIVILEGE

In support of their pretended prerogatives the governments of Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania advance a strange line of argument. They contend that, inasmuch as they have inherited sovereignty over territory formerly ruled by the Hapsburg Emperors, they have also inherited all the special rights and privileges enjoyed by the Hapsburgs as Kings of Hungary. The Kings of Hungary formerly enjoyed some special privileges in connection with the nominations of Bishops, accorded them by the Holy See and exercised always on the basis of special privileges and not by virtue of inherent right. The many services rendered to the rulers of Hungary made such an arrangement not unreasonable. But it seems to be overlooked by the Succession States governments that it is one thing to accord special privileges to a thoroughly Catholic dynasty whose devotion to the Church was beyond dispute, and quite another thing to allow those privileges to be exercised by governments which are not only non-Catholic but openly hostile to the Church.

PREROGATIVES OF KINGS OF HUNGARY

The special prerogatives of the Kings of Hungary date back to the reign of St. Stephen in the Tenth century. Upon this ruler "who person preached the gospel" Pope Sylvester II. conferred the title of "Apostolic King." The Pope also granted to St. Stephen certain rights pertaining to the administration of the Church which, in historical practice, amounted to the right of nominating Bishops. Such nominations, however, required Papal confirmation, and this right of approval or disapproval was always insisted upon by the Popes despite efforts on the part of several Hungarian rulers to do away with it. The Popes also reserved to themselves the right to decree the establishment of new dioceses in Hungary and the division of old ones. So, while it is true that St. Stephen and his successors indisputably exercised great influence in Church affairs, it must be remembered that they did so by virtue of special concessions from the Pope and in harmony with the interests of the Church. The relationship between the Church and the Hungarian State was remarkably cordial during the whole thousand years from the reign of St. Stephen down to the fall of the monarchy. Even the Emperors Franz Josef and Carl, at their coronations, took an oath to "protect the Church and the Gospel."

CHURCH ALWAYS CONTROLLED PRIVILEGES

That the privileges exercised by the Hapsburg Kings were not held to be theirs by inherent right is shown by the fact that several times various Popes took occasion to confirm certain of the prerogatives of the Crown. For example, Pope Clement XIII. renewed the privilege of nominating Bishops and Canons during the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa. And in a Concordat concluded in 1865 these privileges were again conferred by the Pope upon the King of Hungary.

In this latter case, however, there were reciprocal grants of privileges from the State in connection with denominational school questions. Such renewals of ecclesiastical privileges and particularly, the granting of reciprocal privileges in 1865, would have been entirely superfluous had the Kings of Hungary exercised their ecclesiastical privileges as rights inherent in their sovereignty.

SITUATION CHANGED

Since the break-up of the Empire, however, the situation has changed. In the States which now claim the prerogatives of the Apostolic Kings of Hungary the Church is constantly harassed by persecution. Church property has been confiscated, Catholic schools suppressed and even the publication of pastoral letters interfered with when the letters contained sentiments disapproved by the political rulers. At the present time, for instance, the priests of Czecho-Slovakia who

preached to their congregations in support of a Pastoral Letter forbidding Catholics to join anti-Catholic organizations, are subjected to serious humiliations and persecutions. Suppression of religious orders and of theological faculties at the universities, abolition of Church festivals and the institution of compulsory civil marriages, are other features of the governmental program in Czecho-Slovakia which Catholics of that country regard as a strange foundation for assertions of prerogatives based upon devotion to the interests of the Church.

As a matter of fact, the real motives back of the pretensions of the governments in Jugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania center around a desire to place the Church under governmental tutelage—a proposal which is regarded as ridiculous pretension.

ARCHBISHOP'S STERN MEASURES

London, Eng.—Pastors in the archdiocese of Glasgow have been forbidden by the Archbishop to baptize the children of irregular marriages, unless in danger of death, and parties to irregular marriages are to be refused the Church's ministrations unless they agree to have their names called out from the pulpit after repentance.

This is the first time such stringent regulations have been laid down in Great Britain to combat the evil of mixed marriages contracted outside the Church.

Already priests in the South have opened their eyes wide in reading the announcement of Archbishop Mackintosh's stern measures. Of course the ruling concerns only the archdiocese of Glasgow and is designed to meet local conditions. The Archbishop was speaking at Shieldmuir on the occasion of a pastoral visitation when he exploded the bombshell. He had spoken of mixed marriages and went on to refer to the far more serious cases of marriages contracted by a Catholic or Catholics outside the Church.

In the past, he said, the clergy had gone out of their way to "put matters right, as one would say." In consequence others had proceeded in the same irregular way, thinking that the matter was not of very great importance and that the clergy would be running after them.

In order to stop that unfortunate state it has been found necessary to lay down henceforth when a Catholic with a non-Catholic or when two Catholics turn their backs upon the laws of the Church, proceed to taint themselves with what is called a civil marriage—henceforth shall no pastor seek them in this diocese."

"Some may again desire their offspring to be baptized. Their offspring may not be baptized except in the serious case of danger of death."

Public scandal was sometimes caused by a Catholic's participation in an irregular marriage, said the Archbishop.

"In all such cases, should by the grace of God those concerned repent, and desire again to be members of the Church and endeavor to live as good Catholics, they will be admitted only on condition that the facts of their repentance be published from the pulpit to their fellow Catholics."

The Catholic idea of marriage must be kept high, said His Grace, in explanation of his ruling.

Glasgow archdiocese with 450,000 Catholics has the largest Catholic population of any diocese in Britain, and includes about three-quarters of the total Catholic population of Scotland.

MILITARY HEROES

London, Eng.—G. K. Chesterton disputes the idea that admiration of soldiers expresses a brutal and barbaric love of slaughter. Some people imply, he told the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution at Bath, that the cult of the fighting hero has always been the mere admiration of him because he killed people.

"I think that is a wholly false conception, and it has been refuted by a very obvious test," he said. "I have never heard that the hangman is a popular or dashing figure, or that the girls run after the public executioner. Neither is the hangman escorted by trumpets. Men who are generally proud of the soldier have always been ashamed of the hangman. In olden times the hangman was generally masked, and every effort was made to conceal his name."

It was evident, Chesterton continued, that men had not admired the mere act of killing another man. The man who killed another without running a risk was despised; he who killed another and ran a like risk himself was admired; whilst he who sacrificed himself without killing another was canonized.

BISHOP A LEADER NOT RULER

Cleveland.—Addressed by the Right Rev. Joseph Schrems, Bishop of Cleveland, and Miss Agnes Regan, executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women, featured the annual banquet of the Cleveland branch of the Catholic Daughters of America.

Miss Regan also spoke twice in Youngstown, giving one address before the Youngstown Catholic Daughters and a second before the city's unit of the Travelers Aid Society. She is vice-president of the National Travelers Aid organization.

Bishop Schrems praised the work the Catholic Daughters had done in maintaining the Girls' Catholic High school in the cathedral school in the downtown section, and thanked them for their cooperation in every movement he has undertaken.

"It is a great thing for a Catholic Bishop to see himself surrounded by so many women who hold up his hands and work and labor with him indefatigably to bring about a realization of the ideal holy mother Church places before us," he said.

"What is the office of a Bishop? Is he some despot, some tyrant, some figure possessing some special qualification, somehow set up on a pedestal for admiration or for the purpose of ruling? No! He is merely in the position of one who has been placed by virtue of a divine commission, of a divine command, to be your leader. In the daily Catholic life, he goes before that you may follow. That is all.

"In going before, he is following a charted road, not going aimlessly, not going on his own personal whims; not at all. His road is marked and charted. Charted centuries ago not by mere human mind, but by the divine intellect, by the great loving heart of God who saved man. And all that he asks of his people is that they work and labor with him for the uplifting and upbuilding, for the expansion of the kingdom of God upon earth."

JESUIT FOREIGN SERVICE SCHOOL

Dr. James Brown Scott, noted internationalist who is Professor of Foreign Relations of the United States and of International Law at the Foreign Service School of Georgetown University, Washington, has just returned to the university after a mission to Peru on which he was signally honored.

Dr. Scott was made an official guest of the Republic of Peru at the instance of the President, and received the honorary degree Doctor of Laws from the University of San Marcos held to be the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere. It is interesting that Dr. Scott holds a degree also from Harvard, the oldest university in the United States.

The Georgetown Professor went to Lima to represent the United States Government at the Pan-American Scientific Congress. At the same time, as president of the American Institute of International Law he arranged for informal meetings of the institute in connection with the Congress. Dr. Scott heads the United States delegation to cooperate with delegations of the other twenty American Republics in preparing a code of international law for their use. On his way back, he was the principal speaker at a banquet in New York of the Pan American Society, given in commemoration of the Peruvian victory of Ayacucho.

Col. Alan G. Goldsmith, another member of the faculty of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, who also was Chief of the European Division of the United States Department of Commerce, has severed his connections at Washington to assume an important commercial post in Europe. He has taken with him as his assistant Alvin C. Eicholz, one of the graduates of the school.

IRISH TREASON BILL

Dublin, Ireland.—The Government speakers in the elections have had to answer a fair share of criticism regarding the Treason Bill lately introduced in the Dail. One of the justifications offered is that the measure is merely a concentration of powers already vested in the Government under numerous statutes, some going back to the reign of Edward the Third. The new Bill, it is argued, avoids the cumbersome and also gets rid of the frequent allusions to the King.

It is noteworthy, however, that very thin sittings of the Dail have indicated that the supporters of the Government were laying urgent views before the Cabinet in reference to the Bill. The Cabinet is understood to have bowed to the wishes of its followers, and very drastic amendments may be expected when the Bill reaches the committee stage.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Associate Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court has resigned after twenty-seven years in that high office. He is in his eighty-second year.

London, Eng.—Two complete vestment sets have been made from a red brocade dress worn by Queen Victoria. The dress was presented to the Catholic Women's Missionary League, which converted it into vestments and is disposing of them on behalf of its funds.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The Right Rev. James A. Griffin, Bishop of Springfield, Ill., has been commissioned as a Major in the Chaplains Reserve Corps of the United States Army. His rank dates from December 29, 1924.

Electric burglar alarms fitted to offertory boxes in Preston, Eng., church were responsible for the arrest of a man who was charged with stealing. Any attempt to open the boxes causes a bell to ring in the rectory.

Salem, Oregon, Feb. 21.—The Oregon house of representatives defeated without a record vote Senator Garland's bill providing for compulsory Bible reading in the Public schools of the State. A Jewish delegation, led by Rabbi Jonah Wise of Portland, protested against the measure.

Portland, Oregon.—The Rev. Thomas Jackson, ordained to the priesthood for the Archdiocese of Oregon City, is a convert from Judaism. He is an Oregonian and made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Calif.

The Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, Secretary to Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, has been awarded the gold medal for excellence in Canon and Roman Law at the Roman Pontifical Seminary. His thesis presented for the Doctorate in Laws, was entitled: "The Juridical Status of the Parishes in the United States of America."

The diocese of Erie, Pa., has begun the organization of mission aid for home and foreign missions, and Right Reverend Bishop Gannon has entrusted the task to Rev. Hugo Aubry, of the Fathers of the Divine Word Society, which has at Girard, Pa., within the confines of the diocese of Erie, a preparatory college for foreign missions.

Morlaix, France, Feb. 25.—The Church of St. Jean-du-Doigt, built in the fifteenth century, was destroyed by fire here today. Lightning struck an adjoining house and the flames ignited the Church. A reliquary designed by Benvenuto Cellini, said to contain a finger of John the Baptist, was saved from the fire.

Dom Luigi Sturzo, founder of the Italian Popular Party, who is making a tour of various countries to study educational, social and political questions is visiting Ireland. His interest in Irish affairs is particularly keen, he says, as his uncle, Father Luigi Sturzo was Provincial of the Jesuit Order in Ireland for several years.

Chicago.—When a man and a woman threatened the Rev. Thomas J. Cobil, pastor for many years of St. Cyril and Methodius Church, in an alleged blackmail plot, the priest sent for the police. They arrested the man, who, they said, had posed as a priest, and the woman, and took them to jail, charged with conspiracy.

London.—Two new stamps to be issued in Malta in April will bear the effigies of saints, it is announced here. The new 2s.6d. issue will be adorned with the figure of St. Publius, the first Bishop of Malta, with the inscription "Primus Episcopus Melitae, A. D. 58." The ten shilling stamp will have the figure of St. Paul, the patron of the island, with the inscription "Patronus Melitae."

Paris.—A very beautiful embroidered vestment which was greatly admired at the recent exposition of Religious Art in Paris, has taken the road to the United States. It is intended for Father Ducharme, of Southbridge, Mass. It was made in the workshops under the direction of Mademoiselle Sabine Desvallieres, daughter of the great painter George Desvallieres.

St. Louis.—St. Louis University, took on added importance as a center for Central American students with the recent appointment of one of its senior medical Students as consul at St. Louis for Nicaragua. The student diplomat is Salvador Cerda, president of the Cosmopolitan Club of the University. Several months ago Cerda also was made consul for Costa Rica.

Four million Czech crowns were granted by the Committee of Ministers for the completion of the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Vit at Prague. This magnificent building which was started in the fifteenth century is being enlarged and extended. The cost of the building is estimated at six million Czech crowns. The remaining two millions will have to be raised by a public collection.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER X.
THE STRANGER AND THE STORM

Came weeks and weeks of blistering suns sending heat waves rippling giddily from the earth. Long before the dog days and July noons men welcomed shade. Jack soon realized why the wide-brimmed sombrero is necessary in the Southwest. The hard baked earth swept free of sand sent back its agonizing rays to bite and burn. And the wind ever blew from the South. It raised puffs of sand into spinning baby cyclones that whipped the fiery grains against face and saddle. It burnt the pastures dry, stunted the buffalo grass and seared cotton-wood leaves. Sweeping up the mesa from some distant desert it swayed the sage and cracked the high weeds until they bent over in the dust. Earth ground finer than powder drifted into dunes along the roadside, under fences, changed a green world into a red, wan realm. Its constant drive against trees twisted their branches and made them swing to the North. The sun held sway through weary, heat-filled hours stirring the bottle flies into swarms that irritated cattle. Night came bringing relief and a breeze that seemed to spring from a mythical sea at the end of the horizon.

Days spent out in the open brought back strength to Jack's body. His hand became steady, his eye clear, his whole being pulsated with a new and greater life. Sometimes he rode the range alone; at others the slender figure of a girl could be seen on a pony beside him. He hoped from Roundtop to the Gulch and then down into the flat country beyond where the chaparral only broke the sweep of the wind. The blazing sun streamed down upon his back and upon his horse's mane and returned from the red earth quivering with intense fire.

Each day at noon Jack rode over to the Christians and at each visit was forced to deny their assertion that he would not come back to their ranch to live. Yes, he would go back when Mrs. Trichell declared that he had fully recuperated. But down in his heart Jack hoped she never would admit it. He preferred the Trichell ranch and, one did not have to go far for the reason. Buster was the ring leader of the teasers. He wanted Jack at home for friendship's sake.

"Huh! when they say so," ejaculated Buster. "You know John Trichell thinks the sun rises and sets on you. He swears he couldn't repay you in a lifetime. Look at Satellite, his wonder horse. You know you stand as high with him or he would never have given you that pony. Jack, when are you going to build a little nest, way out in the West and let the rest of the world go by?"

Twilight always found Jack at the rim of Navajo Gulch. He could enjoy the sunset here more fully, could see the sky flowers bloom and fade and change their colors in the garden of the West. Some evenings were serene, that was when the color riot was most profound.

Jack took great sport in shooting at the coyotes that came up from the underbrush at dusk and darted in and out among the blackjacks. He laughed at their frisky ways but especially at their quick getaway when a bullet splashed the dust beside them.

Jack was turning away from the Gulch one evening when a loud halloo fell upon his ear. He stopped and looked back. A stranger on foot emerged from the trees. Jack then recalled that he had failed to reload his gun. It was something unusual for him yet he turned and faced the man, a tall, splendidly built chap, wearing a large black hat in Mexican fashion. He was hooked and spurred though his horse was not in view. His hands were on his belt and he fingered its smooth surface. His shirt thrown open exposed a huge chest.

"Come mighty close to nipping me stranger. A friend and me was just talking down there when one of your bullets whizzed pretty close to my head." "Reckon, I'll beg your pardon. Hadn't the faintest idea that you or anybody else was down there," answered Jack, surprised at the news.

"Wal, it pays to be careful, especially when I came mighty close to answering you with my .45. I don't welcome pot shots from nobody." "Sure am sorry old man but I repeat I didn't know anybody was over there."

"No, I don't guess you did. You might have shot straighter. Wal, be careful hereafter. After a mysterious pause in which the man looked over toward the Trichell ranch house, he continued, "Say, stranger, are you acquainted with that young lady over there on the ranch?"

"What's her name?" responded Jack, getting the import of the question.

"That's neither here nor there. Isn't that young girl staying over there?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"Damn your inquisitiveness. That's for me to know and you to

find out. But I reckon I know her a little better than you do. Jes reckon I could surprise you with what I do know about her. Maybe I could tell you some things that you would like to know." "Is that so?" Jack drew out the question purposely.

"Wal, I reckon so. I know her father and mother and that's saying a little more than you. Sort of called me a fren' of the family." The man glanced back towards the blackjacks as if expecting someone to show himself. Jack thought his eyes shifted as if telling a lie.

"Well, if you know her so well why don't you go over and state your business?" "That's a purty smart answer from a young 'un like you. But I guess I have my own reason. Suppose I tell you that if she knew I was here she'd come running over here to see me." The stranger's eyes twinkled as if suppressing humor.

"Well, what's the idea of keeping the good news back. If you want me to I'll be glad to tell her," offered Jack with feigned seriousness.

"Don't work so fast. I'll do all the telling if there's to be any done. I just wish to shime up a bit before I state my case to her. Gotten purty puddy from the desert and the hills out thar." He followed his words with a wide sweep of the arm to the west.

"Been prospecting?" "That and more. I ain't a-stating my business nor profession to strangers, I just want to make sure the girl's over there. That's all." His words carried a note of finality and emphasis.

"Well, why don't you visit the ranch and ask for her?" "Huh, with you so handy to supply the information? Son, you talk as if you'd been draining some Oklahoma choc. I'm going to visit her when I get good and ready, I just want news to convey to her."

"I reckon you're just itching to find it out. Wal, I'm just good-natured enough to tell you. Her people want to see her out in Nevada and they a-knowin' I was comin' here to Oklahoma asked me to deliver a personal message to her."

"Are her parents in Nevada?" Jack was tempted to ask.

"Hah, I see you don't know much about the girl. Guess she's wrapped up a purty sweet story and handed it to you. Them blue eyes has you guessing, too. Wal, you ain't the first she's fooled." He chuckled for a moment and then added with a show of fire. "But she ain't putting nothing over on me. She knows I'm wise. What's she been telling you?"

"Why do you want to know?" "Just to see how her story hooks up with the truth. You let me know what she's been tellin' you and I'll let you in on the real thing."

Jack's taunting smile was his answer. "Ain't a saying much, huh? Well Hell take it I reckon you and I are about finished. Just remember this, stranger, I know the girl from a time these heah parts never knew you. Adios! But just watch your bullets. There's a liable to come back sometime in good measure. I'm none too bashful with my own gun."

Without another word the man strode back into the night, leaving Jack bewildered. He returned swiftly to the bunk house and inquired for Tulane. The latter had left for town after supper. It was just as he had surmised.

Jack had a premonition that this brooding stranger had come for no good purpose. The mystery of Louise's past seemed to deepen. Was this man related to her? Why was he waiting over in the Gulch spying on Louise? How did he ever come to know Louise, or discover that she was living here? Back to the original question Jack came. Who was Louise? Why did she refuse to tell him her name? Hiding her identity would have brown a storm of suspicion in a man lacking faith in his love but Jack divined that back of it there must be some great reason for withholding her name and family. Time would lead the story out from the cavern of darkness.

Jack felt that he should tell Louise of the meeting with the stranger. But perhaps it would only be a source of worry for her. He would just warn her to keep close to home. In the meantime he would try to discover who the stranger was.

Goaded by strange thoughts and surmises Jack sat at the window of his room until late that night. He was looking out toward the Gulch. Occasionally a light flickered over on the Western slope and sparks sprang upward through the trees. But when Jack gazed more intently it proved only a will o' the wisp. It had disappeared. Only when the ranch was as quiet as a sanctuary did he stretch across the bed to sleep fitfully and in snatches.

Morning broke upon a world of swirling sand. During the night the wind had started to moan and the sand to sift. Pouring steadily from the South and Southwest, the increasing wind lifted high into the air particles of red dust and brown dirt. It bent against the windows in a soft silken rustle. The sun, only a circle in the sky, threw a pale saffron light over everything. Overhead clouds of dust raced through the air freighted with hot, dry bits of earth. Underfoot a soft covering of velvet sand crunched like snow. The air smelled of the

desert. Trees bent under the dusty wind as spectres moving back and forth in a wan world. It was weird, ghostlike as if the earth had opened and the uncanny creatures of the world beneath raced from their dusty abode.

John Trichell gave orders to the boys to herd the cattle closer to the house. A minute later she was feeling the thrill of riding fast through a sandstorm, skin to wild gallop at nightfall. But Louise paid little attention to the brown world that was born during the night. She was accustomed to the dust storms that come with the hot dry weather of the west.

"Good mawning, Miss Louise," Hunter, the postmaster broke out cheerfully. "Haven't seen you for a long time," and as he passed the mail out under the little brass grating he added, "Rather surprised to see you this mawning with the wind blowing and the sand drifting. Thought only those gypsies would be out today."

"What gypsies?" queried Louise, startled.

"Just gypsies, I suppose. Why? Ain't you a-seen them? Been on the north side of Roundtop for weeks. Tulane knows they're over thar cause I saw him talking to one yesterday as I looked through this heah window. Reckon the greaser don't do much herding for ole' man Trichell."

Louise turned away in alarm. Gypsies! The thought sent a thrill through her. Perhaps they were only a passing tribe. Could it be possible that it was Pemella's band? It was almost two years since she had escaped. They would hardly return to Oklahoma so early in the summer. But the innate curiosity of woman was aroused in her. She experienced a strong desire to discover who the gypsies were. If she could only spare a moment and ride over to Roundtop. The storm would act as a protecting cover and facilitate her spying on them. It would be possible to slip up to the camp unawares and in a moment she could satisfy her curiosity. She knew the children of Pemella's band.

TO BE CONTINUED

AS ST. PAUL CAME

We were three and we sat before the little open fireplace. Before Robert's study, watching the flames that flickered and purred so merrily before us. There was no light other than the dancing, flickering fire-flames, and it was pleasant to watch them as they fitfully illumined the different objects in the room. Now a sepia engraving of Hoffman's Gethsemane flashed into bold relief, tinged a deeper red as the firelight mounted up the wall, to our right; then a black crucifix, the figure in white, or a steel engraving of the Madonna and Child, would stand out vividly.

Outside the wind sighed and moaned through the leafless trees, blew the dry, powdery snow about the cold marble monuments in the cemetery, and whistled in through a keyhole.

It was Sunday evening, and old Father Robert was enjoying a social hour after the rather fatiguing duties of the day.

For some time no one spoke. The wind whistled and swished without, but our fire flashed its signals of warmth and comfort.

The clock struck nine. Old Father Robert moved slightly in his chair, passed his fingers through his snow-white hair, in a pre-occupied manner, then, speaking from a knowledge of humanity begotten during thirty years' faithful service in his little scattered mission, he said slowly, and as if addressing himself, "I shouldn't be surprised to have a sick call tonight."

I shuddered at the thought of going out at night; but I said nothing.

Then the third member of our little party began to speak. He was a young philosopher, fresh from school. I did not follow very well his little dissertation, but I remember such expressions as fortuitous concurrence of atoms, "nebular hypothesis," etc., and there was a little speculative theory as to the future condition of the world. Father Robert did not seem to catch the glow of the young student's enthusiasm, and once or twice I thought I noticed a look of pitying superiority flit across the youthful countenance. The deeper the young fellow plunged into the depths of his speculative theories the less attentive the old priest seemed to become.

I wondered at his lack of interest, knowing that all priests make a thorough course in philosophy before commencing their divinity course; but, finally, when the young fellow slightly hinted that it might be to their advantage if the clergy would keep posted in the philosophical questions of the day, the old man raised his eyes from the fire, and looking at the alert young philosopher in a kindly way, quoted very slowly from St. Paul, but he seemed to take a deeper mystical meaning from the words than we could: "And I, brethren,

when I came to you, came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the wisdom of God in a mystery, a wisdom which is hidden."

Before retiring that night the young fellow came to my room to say a few words, and I sat on my bed and listened to his excited utterances, not knowing whether to smile or to be angry. "Now," he continued, standing before me, his hands in his pockets and a frown puckering his youthful brow, "there's Father Robert—a good priest in his way, but his knowledge of speculative thought is sadly inadequate. Our priests must keep 'au courant.' I can't say that I have a very clear idea of what the priest was driving at downstairs, but I do know St. Paul said 'I am all things to all men,' and as there are many who wish to speculate a little in the realms of thought, therefore, if the priest thought of the sublime egoism of youth. Somehow I felt, Father Robert was not so ignorant of these things philosophical as the young man had inferred from his reticence. I had felt that there was a mystical significance in the words of St. Paul, which the priest seemed to understand when he quoted them. While you were wondering what they meant, I fell asleep."

The night-bell rang; I moved quickly, and went out into the hall. I could hear Father Robert moving quickly about his room. Presently he came into the hall below carrying a lighted lamp in his hand. As he opened the door, the flame of the lamp leaped up the chimney, belching black smoke. A snow-covered figure squeezed itself through the partly open door.

"Davie M'Govern!" exclaimed the priest, "what brings you out in such a storm?" The lad shook his snowy cap against his long overcoat two or three times. "Father," he said, and he trembled with cold and emotion, "Kate is dying, and she's asking for you." He began to sob.

The old man patted the snow-covered shoulder. There now, lad! There now, Davie!" he said kindly.

I stepped back into my room and finished dressing. I knew Father Robert's man had gone away for a few days, and Davie was asking the priest if he would take his own horse. The lad was going to drive on to the doctor's.

When Father Robert turned, after closing the door, I was dressed and standing in the hall beside him. He started slightly at seeing me; but the lamp did not fall. "Father," I said, "I'm going to accompany you."

"He looked at me keenly as he spoke. It's twelve miles, and it is a terrible night." He looked at the kindly-faced man, at his snow-white hair; then I peered over his shoulder into the darkened study, where only a few bright embers still glowed in the fireplace. Then a great gust of wind blew against the house and the floor trembled beneath my feet.

"You need someone, Father," I muttered courage to say, "God bless you!" said the priest.

It was cold and dark, and in many places the snow had drifted across the road in deep banks, which at times made progress very difficult, but our horse was strong.

Old Father Robert held his right mitten over his left side, where beneath his coat, in the little golden pyx over his heart, rested the Holy Viaticum. In his left hand he held a large smoky lantern which cast a faint yellow shadow into the snow-flecked night. The fine dry snow-specks beat against my face smartingly, making it almost impossible for me to keep my eyes open for any length of time. Clouds of steam rose from the warm hose into the cold air. In the faint light of our lantern only a few of the evergreens which fringed the road could be seen. The branches of these hung low, weighted with the thick white snow patches.

From time to time I glanced at Father Robert who with head bent was trying to protect his face from the fury of the storm. Always his right hand rested over the pyx. He spoke no audible word, but sat in reverential silence, in presence of his King.

My hands, holding the reins, were very cold; my face pained from contact with the snow-pellets. At times our large black horse dashed into the teeth of the storm, while the sleigh bells jingled sharply. Once or twice an overweighted branch lost its balance and upset its soft white burden, which fell with a thud to the snow beneath. And on we plunged through the stormy night to a little girl who was dying.

Twelve long, cold miles we went; then the priest touched my arm and pointed to the right, where I could just distinguish a small square of light in the darkness. I turned the horse and we swung into a yard. An old man was standing in the shelter of the house, a lighted lantern in one hand, the other shaded his straining eyes, which peered into the storm towards us.

Suddenly the empty hand dropped to his side; he fell to his knees,



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and, holding his lantern up from the snow, raised his eyes to heaven. "Thank God!" he said very reverently. Then placing his lantern on the snow, he crossed and came forward. As he took Father Robert's lantern he pointed silently towards the door of the house, which was in the lee of the storm. The old man whispered to me that he would attend to the horse; so I followed the priest. The door opened quietly, and an elderly woman, with a lighted candle in her hand, met us. We entered the great low, warm kitchen. Three little children were kneeling in a line. The tallest, a little girl of about twelve was in the middle, and she held one arm around the neck of a little lad of about three, who gazed wide-eyed at the priest; on her right, with hands folded devoutly, knelt a little girl of five. A young woman came out from the sick room, which was just off the kitchen, and took Father Robert's coat and hat from him.

The priest was in cassock, white surplice, and stole. The woman with the candle went into the sick room, Father Robert following. I removed my coat and knelt down near the children, not far from the stove. I could see the sick room and its young occupant. She could not have been more than seventeen. As Father Robert sprinkled the room with holy water, she made the sign of the Cross very slowly, and seemingly with great difficulty.

The priest turned the stole so that the purple side showed, sat down on the chair near the child, and heard her little story. The old man, coming from the barn, noisily stamped the snow off, then tiptoed softly over and knelt down near me. I said the "Confiteor" as Father Robert opened the pyx.

"Ecce Agnus Dei," said the priest so reverently and sweetly that one would think that for his faith had already given place to vision. The little girl kneeling in the middle bowed her head and that of her little brother; the little one to her right inclined devoutly; and the old man, unable to restrain his devotion, burst forth in prayer: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!" I could hear him strike his breast as he continued, "O Lord, I am not worthy!" and then, "God bless the priest!" I raised my eyes. The old priest had drawn nearer the sick child: "Receive, O Sister, the Viaticum of the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc. He placed the Sacred Host on my tongue. Her Lord and her God had come to her.

After the priest had administered Extreme Unction, the doctor arrived; and Father Robert and I waited until he finished his examination.

He came out sooner than we expected him. He spoke excellently, which was not his custom. "All the fever has gone and the patient is improving! I must confess that I cannot understand it all!"

The old father looked at the priest quickly. And then, while I said slowly to myself, "Not in loftiness of speech—but a wisdom which is hidden"—I thought I understood!

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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THE DEN OF THIEVES

He went up to the Temple where all His enemies were assembled. "On the hill-top the sacred fortress sunned its new whiteness in the magnificence of the day. The old Ark of the nomads, drawn by oxen through sweltering deserts and over battlefields, had halted on that height, petrified as a defense for the royal city. The moveable cart of the fugitives had become a heavy citadel of stone and marble, a pompous stronghold of palaces and stairways, shady with colonnades lighted with courts, enclosed by walls, sheer above the valley, protected by bastions and by towers, a fortress rather than a place of worship. It was not only the precinct of the Holy of Holies, and the sacrificial altar, it was no longer only the Temple, the mystic sanctuary of the people. With its great old towers, its guardrooms, its warehouses for offerings, its open piazzas for trade and covered galleries for meetings and amusement, it was anything rather than a sanctuary for meditation and prayer. It was everything, a bank-vault, a market-place in time of pilgrimage and feast-days, a bazaar on all days, a forum for the disputes of politicians, the wranglings of doctors and the gossip of idlers; a thoroughfare, a rendezvous, a business center. Built by a faithless King to win over the favor of a capricious and seditious people, to satisfy the pride and avarice of the priestly caste, an instrument of war and a market place for trade, it must have seemed to the eyes of Jesus the natural focus for all the enemies of His truth.

Jesus goes up to the Temple to destroy the Temple. He will leave to the Romans of Titus the task of literally dismantling the walls, of scattering the masses of stone, of burning down the buildings, of stealing the bronze and gold, of reducing to a smoky and accursed ruin the great stronghold of Herod; but He will destroy the values which the proud Temple upheld

with its piled-up blocks of ordered stone, its paved terraces and its golden doors. Jesus goes up towards the Temple: the Man transfigured on the mountain is set against the scribes parched and withered among their scrolls; the Messiah of the New Kingdom against the usurper of the kingdom defiled by compromises, corrupt with infamy; the Gospel against the Torah; the future against the past; the fire of love against the ashes of the Letter. The day of battle is at hand. Jesus, among the songs of His fervent band, goes up to the sumptuous lair of His enemies. Well does He know the street. How many times He had gone over it as a little child led along by the hand in the crowd of pilgrims in the midst of noise and dust; in the band of Galileans! Later as an unknown boy, confused by the dust and heat of the sun, tired and bewildered, He used to look toward the walls desperately longing to arrive at the summit, hoping to find up there in the sacred precincts a little shade for His eyes, cool water for His mouth, a word of consolation for His heart.

But today everything is transformed. He is not led along. He leads along. He does not come to adore, but to punish. He knows that there inside, behind the beautiful facade of the sublime sepulcher, there are only ashes and corruption: His enemies selling ashes and feeding themselves on corruption. The first adversary who comes before Him is the demon of greed.

He enters into the Court of the Gentiles, the most spacious and most densely crowded of all. The great, sunny, well-paved terrace is not the atrium of a sanctuary, but a dirty market-place. An immense, roaring din rises up from the vermillion-like crowd of bankers, of buyers and sellers, of money-changers who give and take money. There are herdsmen with their oxen and their flocks of sheep; vendors of pigeons and turtle doves, standing by the long lines of their coops; bird-sellers, with cages of chirping sparrows; benches for money-changers, with bowls overflowing with copper and silver. Merchants, their feet in the fresh-chopped dung, handle the flanks of the animals destined for sacrifice; or call with monotonous iteration women who have come there after child-birth, pilgrims who have come to offer a rich sacrifice, lepers who offer living birds for their cure, obtained or hoped for. Money-changers, with a coin hung at their ears as a mark of their trade, gleefully plunge their greedy talons into gleaming piles; the go-betweens run about in the swarm of the gossiping groups; niggardly, wary provincials hold excited conferences before loosening the purse strings to change their cash for a votive offering, and from time to time a restless one draws out with his deep below the thin beating of the lambs, the thrill voices of the women, the tinkling of drachms and shekels.

Christ was familiar with the spectacle. He knew that the house of God had been turned into the house of Mammon, and that, instead of silently invoking the Spirit, material-minded men trafficked there in the filth of the Demon, with the priests as their accomplices. But this time He did not restrain His scorn and His repugnance. To destroy the Temple, He commenced with the destruction of the market-place. The Eternal Mendicant, the poor man, accompanied by his poor friends, flung himself against the servitors of money. He had in His hand a length of rope, which He knotted together like a whip, and with it He opened a passage-way through the astonished people. The benches of the money-changers crashed down at the first shock. The coins were scattered on the ground amid yells of astonishment and wrath. The seats of the bird-sellers were overturned beside their scattered pigeons. The herdsmen began to urge towards the doors the oxen and the sheep. The sparrow-sellers took their cages under their arms and disappeared. Cries rose to Heaven, some scandalized, some approving; from the other courts towards other people came running towards the disturbance. Jesus, surrounded by the boldest of His friends, was brandishing His whip on high, and driving the money-changers towards the door. And He repeated in a loud voice, "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

And the last money-handlers disappeared from the courts like rubbish scattered by the wind.

BUSINESS THE GOD
This action of Jesus was not only the righteous purification of the sanctuary, but also the public manifestation of His detestation for Mammon and the servants of Mammon. Business, that modern god, was for Him a form of theft. A market-place was therefore a cave of obsequious brigands, of tolerated thieves. Among all the elements of the legalized theft which is called commerce, none is more detestable and shameful than the use of money. If some one gives you a sheep in exchange for money, you can be sure that he has made you pay more money than the sheep really cost, but at least he gives you something which is not a hateful mineral symbol of wealth. He furnishes you a living being, which will give you a living being in the spring time,

which will bear you a lamb, and which you can eat if you like. But the exchange of money for money, of coined metal for coined metal, is something unnatural, paradoxical and demonic. Everything that is known of banks, rates of exchange, discount and usury, is a shameful and repellent mystery which has always been the terror of simple souls, that is, of upright and deep souls. The peasant who sows his grain, the tailor who makes a garment, the weaver who weaves wool or linen, have up to a certain limit a real right that their wealth should increase, because they have added something which before was not in the world, in cloth, in wool. But that a mountain of money should bring forth other money without labor or effort, without production by man of any object to be seen, to be consumed, to be enjoyed, is a scandal which goes beyond, and confounds human imagination.

Money-changers, bankers, amassers of silver and gold, are slaves of the witchcraft of the Demon more than all others. And it is to those men, the men of banks and of finance, that the grateful Demon gives power on the earth who will the ones even today who rule nations, instigate wars, who stave nations, and who, by an infernal system of their own, suck out the life of the poor, transformed into gold, dripping with sweat and blood.

Christ, who pitied the rich, but who hated and detested wealth, the great wall which cut off from men the vision of the Kingdom of Heaven, had broken up the den of thieves and had purified the Temple where he was to teach the last truths which remained to Him to expound. But with that violent action, He had antagonized all the commercial middle-class of Jerusalem. The men He had driven away demanded that their patrons should punish the man who was ruining business on the Holy Hill. These men of money found ready hearing with the men of Law, already embittered for other reasons, so much the more because Jesus in disturbing the business of the Temple had condemned and harmed the priests themselves.

The most successful bazaars were the property of the sons of Annas, that is, close relations of the High-Priest Caiaphas. All the doves which were sold in the Court of the Gentiles were raised on the property of Annas, and the priests who did business in them made a good income every month out of turtle-doves alone. The money-changers, who should not have been allowed to stay in the Temple, paid the great Sadducee families of the priestly aristocracy a goodly tithe on the thousands of shekels brought in every year by the exchange of foreign money into Hebrew money. Had not the Temple itself perhaps become a great national bank with its strong boxes in treasure chambers?

Jesus had wounded the twenty thousand priests of Jerusalem in their prestige and in their purses. He had overturned the values of the falsified and mutilated Letter, in the name of which they fattened. More than this, He had driven out their associates, the traffickers and bankers. If He had His way, it would ruin them all. But the two threatened castes drew together still more closely, to make way with the dangerous intruder. It was perhaps that very evening that priests and merchants agreed on the purchase of a betrayer and a cross. The bourgeoisie were to give the small amount of money necessary; the clergy to find the religious pretext; the foreign government, naturally desiring to be on good terms with clergy and bourgeoisie, would lend its soldiers.

But Jesus, having left the Temple, went His way towards Bethany, passing by the Mount of Olives.

THE VIPERS OF THE TOMBS
The next morning when he went back, the herdsmen and merchants had squatted down outside, near the doors, but the courts were humming with crowds of excited people.

The sentence pronounced and executed by Jesus against the honest thieves had set gossiping Jerusalem all agog. Those blows of the whip, like so many stones thrown into the Jerusalem frog-pond, had awakened the poor to joyous hope and had set the lords quaking with fear.

And early in the morning, all had gone up there from the dark alleys and from the fine houses, from the work-shops and from the public squares, leaving all their affairs with the restless anxiety of those who hope for miracles, or revenge. The day-laborers had come, the weavers, the dyers, the cobblers, the shearners of poverty, traders who enriched themselves at the expense of indigence. Among the first had come the lamentable scum of the city, the dirty vermin-ridden prisoners of eternal beggary, with leprous scabs, with their sores uncaressed for, with their bones protruding through the skin to testify to their hunger. There had also come pilgrims from outside, those of Galilee, who had accompanied Jesus in His festal entrance; and with them Jews from the Syrian and Egyptian colonies, dressed in their best, like distant relatives who reappear every once in so often at the family home for a family festival.

But there came up also, in groups of four or five, the Scribes and Pharisees. They were fraternal colleagues, fitting companions for each other. The Scribes were the Doctors of the Law; the Pharisees were the Puritans of the Law. Nearly all the Scribes were Pharisees, many Pharisees were Scribes. Imagine a professor adding religious pedantry to his doctoral pedantry; or a religious hypocrite provided also with the grave face of a casuistical pedagogue, and you will have the modern equivalent of a Pharisaical Scribe, or of a Pharisee who was also a Scribe. A Tartuffe with academic honors; an Academician, who is at the same time a religious hypocrite; a philosophizing Quaker, are other modern equivalents.

These men therefore went up that morning to the Temple with much show of pride without and with many evil intentions within. They came up proudly wrapped in their long cloaks, with their fringes fluttering, their chests thrown-out, their eyes clouded, their eyebrows raised, with sneering mouths and quivering nostrils, with a step which announced their importance and the indignation felt by them, God's privileged sheriffs.

Jesus, in the midst of all these eyes turned on Him, waited for those men. It was not the first time that they had come about Him. How many discussions between Him and the provincial Pharisees had taken place here and there in the country! They were Pharisees who had demanded a sign from Heaven, a supernatural proof that He was a thief and a deceiver, because the Pharisees, unlike the skeptical Sadducees, sunk in legalized Epicureanism, believed in the imminent arrival of the Saviour.

But the Pharisees expected to see this Saviour as a Jew, strictly observing all laws as they did, and they held that to be worthy to receive Him it was enough to be clean on the outside and to avoid any transgression of any of the trivial rules of Leviticus. The Messiah, the son of David, would not deign to save those who had not avoided all contact, even remote, with foreigners and with heathens, who had not observed the smallest detail of legal purification, who had not paid all the tithes of the Temple, who did not respect at any cost the sanctity of the Sabbath day. In their eyes Jesus could not possibly be the Divine Redeemer. No spectacular and magic signs had been seen: He had contented Himself with healing the sick, with talking about love, and with loving. They had seen Him dining with publicans and sinners, and worse than everything else, had heard with horror that His disciples did not always wash their hands before sitting down to the table. But the greatest horror, the unendurable scandal, had been His lack of respect for the Sabbath. Jesus had not hesitated to cure the leper on the Sabbath, and He held it no crime on that day to do good to His unfortunate brothers. He even shamelessly gloried in this, claiming blasphemously that the Sabbath was made for man, rather than man for the Sabbath.

In the minds of the Pharisees there was only one doubt about Jesus: was He a fool or an impostor? To put the matter to the test, they had tried many times to trap Him by theological tricks, or in dialectical subtleties, but to no avail. As long as He went about in the provinces drawing after Him a few dozen peasants, they had let Him alone, sure that some day or other the last beggar, disillusioned, would leave Him. But now the affair was becoming serious. Accompanied by a band of excitable countrymen, He had gone so far as to enter into the Temple as though it belonged to Him, and had seduced some ignorant unfortunates to call Him the Messiah. More than that, usurping the place of the priests, and almost giving Himself the airs of a king, He had roughly driven out the honest merchants, pious people who admired the Pharisees, even if they did not entirely imitate them. Up to that time the Pharisees had been too easy-going and merciful towards Him. But from now on the unequalled goodness of heart of those extremely mild and tolerant professors would be dangerous and inopportune. The intolerable scandal, the reiterated profanation, the public challenge, called for condemnation and punishment. The false Christ must be disposed of and at once. Scribes and Pharisees went up on the hill to see if He had had the impertinence to go back to the place contaminated by His boasting.

Jesus was waiting for just those men. He wanted to say to them

publicly, with the open sky as witness, what He thought of them, the definite truth about them. The day before, with His whip, He had condemned the animal-sellers and money-changers. Now He was dealing with the merchants of the Word, with the usurers of the Law, with the swindlers of Truth. The condemnation of that day did not exterminate them; with every generation such men spring up again, innumerable with new names; but their faces are stamped forever with this condemnation wherever they are born and command.

TO BE CONTINUED



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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1925

CENTENARY OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

One hundred years ago next 13th of April Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Ireland. At seventeen the impassioned orator of the young Irish patriot at once found its way to the hearts of his exiled fellow-countrymen in Boston, where he spent the next three years as a journalist.

It might even be said that D'Arcy McGee was the first Canadian. It is difficult for the younger generation to realize that Canada as we know it was non-existent when McGee came to Montreal.

The Celtic imagination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee first bodied forth the Canada of today:

"I see in the not remote distance one great nationality, bound like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains and the crests of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine; the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the Basin of the Minas. By all these flowing waters, in the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining in peace and in war a constitution worthy of such a country."

Nor was this the fancy of the poet; it was the prophetic vision of the statesman. And it is his work as a statesman in bringing about the practical realization of his vision that gives him his place in Canadian history and in the hearts of Canadians.

D'Arcy McGee was Irish and Catholic; but he was much more than an Irish Catholic Canadian, important and necessary as was his work in nation-building from this particular angle. But to confine his centenary celebration within these narrow limits would have been the most serious mistake possible from a Catholic as well as from a national point of view.

Grateful alike as Catholics and as Canadians must we be that the Honorable Charles Murphy conceived and organized this great celebration on lines as broad as the Canadianism of McGee himself. And since those seemingly far-off days when Canada was only a hope, an aspiration, a prophetic vision, there has not arisen a Canadian broader in his patriotism, more statesmanlike in his views, more firm in his faith or confident in his hope for this "great new northern nation" of Canada.

But yesteryear we saw a grandson of a rebel from Canada, rebels from South Africa and rebels from Ireland, who had actually fought with all their might the armies of Britain, seated around the Imperial Conference table with the British Prime Minister and other ministers of the Crown.

Yet even in these spacious days of greater wisdom and wider free-

dom there is something arresting in the retrospective glimpse of McGee, the sometime Irish rebel, setting forth as a reason for Confederation, "that it will strengthen rather than weaken the connection with the Empire so essential to these rising provinces." And this, be it remembered, when British statesmen openly advocated getting rid of the colonies altogether.

We have before us some letters written by D'Arcy McGee to a friend, Dr. Michael Casey of Buffalo. Dr. Casey was a cousin of the late Senator Coffey, founder and publisher of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. From one dated Montreal April 30, 1859, we take this extract: "Had I known they would reach you at Rochester I would have sent you the Quebec papers, such as they were, containing allusions to the debates—for reports they cannot be called. It is one of the evils attendant on sitting in a city without a first rate press that the debates are stifled in their birth and public opinion is none the wiser or better for all our learned discussions. In Ottawa—if we go there—this mischief will be aggravated."

There is something intimate about this that reveals the man and puts us in touch with him and his time; his realization of the importance at that time of reaching, educating, and inspiring the people; of keeping before them the great future he saw for the Canada of that time and the Canada of his vision. His complaint of the press of that day was doubtless justified; but the press of today from ocean to ocean carries his inspiring eloquence with its pregnant message as real and as necessary as it was sixty odd years ago.

This from an address to Protestant Irishmen of Quebec City in 1862 has deservedly been given place in many papers:

"We Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest religious and civil liberty. All we have to do is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep back the country; each for himself to do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation; each for himself to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, to foster every gleam of authorship, to honor every acquirement and every natural gift, to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumscriptions, to cultivate that true catholicity of spirit which embraces all creeds, all classes and all races, in order to make our boundless province, so rich in known and unknown resources, a great new northern nation."

The Canadian of today whatever be his creed or racial origin can not read this without feeling something of the thrill that McGee's eloquence always gave those who listened to him. But the wisdom is greater than the eloquence, the patriotism not less than either.

Then that virile iteration "each for himself" points its moral today and always. We are apt to forget that only when Canadians, "each for himself," rise to the higher conception of patriotic and civic duty that Canada can realize that great destiny foreseen and striven for by D'Arcy McGee.

Speaking of the Geneva Protocol and the likelihood that it would fail of its immediate object Elihu Root said: "You must not seek to measure the progress of nations by the foot-rule of our short lives; you must think in terms of generations and centuries."

We of this generation can better grasp the magnitude of the task of federating the provinces of British North America than could McGee and his associates. They were sustained by faith and hope in a great ideal; its realization had to be left largely to the future. Disappointments, discouragements, have at times weakened the faith and lessened the hope of those who carried on since 1867. We have sometimes sorely needed the eloquent appeal of a McGee to sink all differences of race and creed in that unity which is essential to the building of a new nation. There is now an economic division of interests in Canada that is comparable in some measure to the political chaos before Confederation, and that calls for like vision and statesmanship.

The centenary celebration as conceived, organized, and carried out by the Honorable Mr. Murphy can not fail to be of incalculable benefit to Canada, especially to and through the younger generation of Canadians, to whom it will be something of an object lesson in the vital history of Canada. It should and it will renew in us the inspiration, the faith, the hope, the vision and the courage that animated Thomas D'Arcy McGee and the other founders of Canada. It will help us to "think in terms of generations and centuries."

SUPPRESSING ONE OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Protestants and Catholics live together in Canada as neighbors, trusting one another, helping one another, and, as a general rule, respecting each other's religious beliefs and practices.

That is as it should be. But there are bigots of the baser sort, who take an unholy joy in attempting to destroy this mutual respect and good will. In the name of religion, they go about bearing false witness against their Catholic neighbors; and they glory in their shame.

An esteemed subscriber writes us of the activity of one such apostle of ill-will in a neighborhood where Catholics are few and Protestants many. This subscriber writes:

"A millennium-dawn woman is going about here preaching and giving out magazines, pamphlets, etc. She called on me and tried to convince me that I believed a lot of impossible things. It would be laughable were it not that good Protestant neighbors are led to believe absurd calumnies about us Catholics. I enclose a couple of pages from a magazine the poor deluded woman distributed around here just to give you an idea of the awful stuff that good Protestants are led to believe about their Catholic neighbors. Whether or not it is worth answering I leave to your judgment; but it is a pity if something cannot be done to restore the kindly Christian feeling that this apostle of ill-will and false witness has done her best (or her worst) to destroy."

"We have been reading THE CATHOLIC RECORD in our family for twenty-four years. Thank God for it; we have now three sons studying for the priesthood." And now we shall quote from one of the less scurrilous articles from one of the magazines that this harbinger of the dawn of the millennium peddles and distributes:

"How can a Roman Catholic child keep the commandments of God if he has not learned them? Turn again to Butler's Catechism, the official Roman Church catechism in Toronto, and it will be noted that the second commandment of God is deliberately eliminated from the list? Here is a commandment of God, one of the ten commandments, that is not taught to Roman Catholic children:

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep my commandments." (Exodus 20:4-6.)

"The Church of Rome, probably afraid that the children might get wise if they were only taught nine commandments of God, makes up for the elimination of the second commandment by splitting the tenth commandment in two. This is the way the tenth commandment is divided in Butler's Catechism, so as to complete the list and make it appear that the ten commandments are being taught:

"9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. "10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

"This is nothing short of deliberate mutilation of the Word of God. The purpose, however, is quite obvious. If children learned the second commandment they might hesitate to bow down to the graven images of Rome, or, worse still, they might turn Protestant when they grow up. Many have been ordained to the priesthood who have never heard of this commandment."

Good Protestants who have been taken in by the female of the millennium-dawn species will doubtless be surprised to find the CATHOLIC RECORD thus boldly revealing to a hundred and fifty thousand readers, lay and clerical, that very Commandment which the Catholic

Church has been at such pains to suppress! But there it is. The cat is out of the bag.

Seriously, is it not an amazing thing that intelligent Protestants do not more often ask their equally intelligent Catholic neighbors as to Catholic belief instead of depending for information on those whose avowed purpose is to make Catholics appear as fools, idolators, or worse. It is to be feared that, more often than not, Catholics lend but little encouragement to such enquiries on the part of their Protestant friends.

The Bible makes no numerical division of the Commandments. They are found in Exodus, chapter 20, and again in Deuteronomy, chapter 5. But the injunctions contained therein are distinctly tenfold. So Protestants and Catholics alike speak of the Ten Commandments and mean the same thing. But they number them differently. Protestants divide our First Commandment into two, making of it their First and Second. Our Second becomes the Protestant Third, and so on until our Eighth becomes the Protestant Ninth, and our Ninth and Tenth together make up the Protestant Tenth.

This difference extends to the numerical division only; in all other respects the Decalogue is absolutely the same for Protestants and Catholics. It is worth remembering when you speak to a Protestant friend of, for instance, the Fourth Commandment that that number connotes with him: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," and not "Honor thy father and thy mother" which is the Protestant's Fifth Commandment.

Now why is there a difference? The Catholic division, based on the Hebrew text, was made by St. Augustine fifteen hundred years ago in a work entitled Questions on Exodus. It was adopted by the Council of Trent. The reason that we include the Protestant Second in our First is that the First Commandment enjoins the worship of the one true God and of Him alone; and therefore prohibits the making of images to be adored as idols. It is one and the same subject—worship. It commands true worship and at the same time forbids false worship. Therefore we make the First Commandment include the first six verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus.

The reason for making two distinct commandments of our Ninth and Tenth is precisely the same as for making two distinct Commandments of the Sixth and Seventh—the Protestant Seventh and Eighth.

6. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 7. Thou shalt not steal.

Both Protestants and Catholics agree in making these two separate and distinct commandments. But if theft and adultery are two distinct species of moral wrong, then the same must be said of the desire to commit these evils. To covet a neighbor's wife is quite a different thing from coveting his property. And in Deuteronomy v. 21, this is clearly indicated:

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife: nor his house, nor his field, nor his manservant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

Covetousness, that inordinate and unlawful desire for what belongs to another, covers two distinct species of sin. Our divine Lord Himself (Matt. v. 28) makes this absolutely clear and unquestionable: "But I say to you, that whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

So the species of this sin of covetousness is determined by the object coveted. It may be of the nature of adultery; it may be of the nature of theft. For this reason we have two Commandments: "Thou shalt not covet."

Now, thank God, Protestants and Catholics have the same Ten Commandments word for word; the difference is only in the division and numbering of them. The German Lutherans have the same division as we Catholics have. The other division, whereby two commandments are made to cover the one subject of worship and the two kinds of covetousness are included in one commandment, has been adopted by English and Swiss Protestants on the authority of Philo Jadaeus, Josephus, Origin and others. The mere division and numbering of the Ten Command-

ments is not after all of vital importance; the great thing is that Protestants and Catholics both receive every word of the Ten Commandments of God.

In the Catechism the commandments are abridged for the sake of memorizing them more easily. Our Anglican friends have recently found it expedient to follow this example. In Butler's Catechism the First Commandment is given thus:

"I am the Lord, thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before me, etc. (See appendix, p. 92)." Turning to page 92 we find the Commandments given in full and verbatim as they are found in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And here is that identical commandment—the Protestant Second—that our wild magazine writer accuses us of deliberately eliminating. There are some minor verbal differences due to different translations, but that is all.

The writer quotes Butler's Catechism; he must therefore have known the truth all the while he was maliciously penning his reckless lies.

In the light of the foregoing explanation we may leave it to fair-minded and honest Protestants to decide whether writers such as we have quoted and the pedlars of their poisonous wares are doing God's work or the devil's.

Whether we call it the Eighth or the Ninth we both believe that God gave us this Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

PROTESTANT controversialists have so long been telling the world that the centuries in which the Catholic Church held undisputed sway were in very truth the "Dark" Ages, and that the Reformation was the ushering in of the age of light, liberty and moral advancement, that it comes as a surprise to now find its most ardent champions plumb the very depths of pessimism in regard to the times in which we live. The spirit of the "great upheaval" has now had some four hundred years in which to demonstrate the truth of its pretensions and where has it landed itself? A leading Baptist minister of New York—one, too, who has made somewhat of a name as an ultra-Protestant—answers that question. In his regular Sunday sermon of the 5th, the Rev. Dr. J. R. Stratton, thus arraigned present social conditions in the United States. No professed assailant of the Reformation could put it more strongly. And he attributed it all to the "Modernism" which predominates in all the sects today. This modernism, it may be added, is but the working out of Reformation principles.

DR. STRATON thus listed the evils under which the United States is laboring in this twentieth century: "Stolen in hold-ups, \$2,650,000,000; squandered in swindling stock schemes, \$6,000,000,000; lost in forgeries by trusted employees, \$100,000,000. The worst divorce record of any nation on earth, not even excepting Japan. The transformation of churches everywhere from great spiritual soul-winning centres into mere literary societies, social clubs and forums for the promulgation of modernistic and infidel views. The breakdown of parental authority through the destruction of faith in the Bible as the authoritative Word of God. The consequent loss of obedience and moral idealism among our youth resulting in such things as the Leopold-Loeb murder. Sixty-four per cent. of American school children proved dishonest by experiments conducted by scientists and school teachers. The complete destruction of multitudes of American homes through the competition of commercialized amusements, the movie theatres, dance halls, etc. The decrease of the stronger and more successful elements of our society through the substitution of dogs for babies."

THE RIGHT REV. Dr. Walpole, Episcopal Bishop of Edinburgh, in an address at the annual Synod of the Scottish Episcopal Church, sounded a warning note in regard to the alarming increase of birth-control, and in appealing for greater zeal on the part of the clergy in withstanding this great evil he, it may be undesignedly, adopted the Catholic viewpoint, and invoked the Catholic ideal. He asked if the Scottish Episcopal Church "could

not do more by increasing the solemnity and reverence of marriage services to impress the fact that marriage was a holy thing in the eyes of God and the Church and only to be undertaken discreetly and soberly, by helping the people to understand that the use of contraceptives was contrary to the laws of the Church, and exposed them to the judgment of God, and that the practice would inevitably result in lowering the standard of the family and the nation quickly perishing."

IN REFERENCE to this increasing infiltration of Catholic ideas and ideals into the more conservative elements of the separated bodies, the Universe pertinently remarks that they are continually reasserting themselves, just as excavations through the overlying stratum of streets in old London reveal the Roman occupation. It is now proposed, says the Universe, "to keep a light perpetually burning on the Cenotaph, as tribute to our Dead of the Great War. A beautiful idea, but only a revival of an old Catholic practice when lights were kept burning in death towers, as they were sometimes called in the old pre-Reformation churchyards, and really a light is only a symbol of that constant prayer which can alone be carried out by religious for the souls of the dead. The whole idea is intensely Catholic, but it is not the first Catholic revival which we owe to the Great War. Crucifixes are now to be found up and down the land in conspicuous places. Only last week a crucifix erected under a beautiful carved stone canopy was unveiled in the churchyard of a well-known London parish church, to the memory of the fallen men of the parish, and that crucifix is always surrounded by flowers."

MCGEE CENTENNIAL

PROMINENT MEN FROM ALL PARTS OF CANADA MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE

The Gazette, Montreal, March 7 Ottawa, March 6.—Perhaps the most outstanding feature in connection with the arrangements for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, on April 13th next, is the membership of the Honorary National Committee. The list includes men of Irish birth or descent prominent in every field of Canadian activity and their numbers extend from Prince Edward Island in the Atlantic to Vancouver Island in the Pacific. Up to the present the following have consented to their names being included in the Honorary National Committee: Lord Shaughnessy, Montreal; Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President Bank of Montreal; Sir Herbert S. Holt, President Royal Bank of Canada; E. W. Beatty, President Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Right Hon. F. A. Anglin, Chief Justice of Canada; the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, M. P., Leader of the official Opposition, House of Commons; Hon. J. H. King, Minister of Public Works, Cranbrook, B. C.; Hon. Gordon Hunter, Chief Justice of British Columbia, Victoria; Hon. Archer Martin, Judge Court of Appeal, Victoria; Hon. A. E. McPhillips, Judge Court of Appeal, Victoria; Hon. Denis Murphy, Judge Supreme Court of British Columbia, Vancouver; Hon. John Hart, former Finance Minister of British Columbia, Victoria; W. P. Tierney, Vancouver; W. W. Walsh, Vancouver; W. Martin Griffin, Vancouver; J. P. Smith, K. C., Vancouver; J. P. Dougherty, Provincial Superintendent of Insurance, Vancouver; T. G. McBride, M. P., Kamloops; Hon. Robert F. Green, Victoria; G. G. McGeer, K. C., Vancouver; Mr. Justice C. D. Macaulay, Dawson City; His Honor Dr. Robert G. Brett, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, Edmonton; the Most Rev. H. J. O'Leary, D. D., Edmonton; Alberta; Patrick Burns, President Burns & Co., Calgary, Alberta; Mr. Justice M. S. McCarthy, Calgary; Mr. Justice W. W. Walsh, Calgary; P. J. Parker, Manager Hudson Bay Stores, Calgary; E. J. Garland, M. P., Rumsay, Alberta; W. T. Lucas, M. P., Loughheed, Alberta; the Right Rev. John T. Kidd, Calgary; J. W. Hefferman, K. C., M. L. A., Edmonton; Hon. W. R. Motherwell, M. P., Abernethy, Sask.; Gerald Willoughby, President Irish Society, Saskatoon; T. C. Davis, barrister, Prince Albert, Sask.; J. J. Leddy, Manager London Life Insurance Co., Saskatoon; William G. Baker, M. L. A., Moose Jaw; William J. Cumming, M. L. A., St. Bonifaces, Sask.; J. F. Gordon, M. L. A., Alameda, Sask.; Wilbert Hagarty, M. L. A., Lucky Lake, Sask.; A. J. Hindle, M. L. A., Valer, Sask.; J. A. Maharg, M. L. A., Moose Jaw; W. J. Patterson, M. L. A., Windhorst, Sask.; James Hogan, M. L. A., Meacham, Sask.; Hon. J. A. Cross, Attorney-General of Saskatchewan, Regina; Sir of Saskatchewan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Winnipeg; Hon. E. J.

McMurray, M. P., Solicitor-General of Canada, Winnipeg; Hon. T. G. Mathers, Chief Justice of Court of King's Bench, Winnipeg; R. A. Hoey, M. P., Winnipeg; Hon. J. E. Adamson, Judge of the Court of King's Bench, Winnipeg; Hon. J. P. Curran, Judge of the Court of King's Bench, Winnipeg; Hon. G. H. Bradbury, Selkirk, Man.; Hon. L. McMennis, banker, Winnipeg; W. J. Murray, K. C., Winnipeg; W. J. Donovan, K. C., Winnipeg; Robert Magill, Secretary, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg; Charles Murphy, General Manager, C. P. R., Winnipeg; Sir William Mulock, K. C., M. G. O., Chief Justice of Ontario, Toronto; Hon. F. R. Latchford, Chief Justice of the Second Division, Court, Toronto; Hon. R. M. Meredith, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Toronto; Hon. H. T. Kelly, Puisne Judge, Supreme Court of Ontario, Toronto; Hon. W. N. Ferguson, Puisne Judge, Supreme Court of Ontario, Toronto; Sir Thomas White, former Minister of Finance, Toronto; Sir Clifford Sifton, former Minister of the Interior, Toronto; Hume Blake, Director, Union Bank of Canada, Toronto; T. P. Phelan, President, Canadian Railway News Company, Toronto; R. Y. Eaton, President, T. Eaton Co., Toronto; E. T. Malone, K. C., Toronto; Hon. P. C. Larkin, Canadian High Commissioner, London, England; D. Spence, M. P., Toronto; Colonel Lurg Adamson, Toronto; A. T. De Lury, M. A., LL. D., Professor, Toronto University, Toronto; Alexander Brady, Professor Political Science, Toronto University, Toronto; Hon. Daniel O'Connell, Judge of the County of York, Toronto; W. T. Kernahan, Managing Director, O'Keefe's Limited, Toronto; D. L. McCarthy, K. C., Toronto; Leigh McCarthy, K. C., Toronto; W. H. McGuire, K. C., C. W. Kerr, K. C., Dr. T. F. McMahon, Dr. A. J. McDonagh, Toronto; Capt. A. M. Latchford, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto; Frank G. J. 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Jones, journalist, Pembroke; Hon. Charles McCrea, K. C., M. L. A., Minister of Mines, Sudbury; Judge John J. Kehoe, Sudbury; the Most Rev. M. J. Spratt, Kingston, Ont.; Rev. Canon W. F. Fitzgerald, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Kingston, C. Birmingham, Kingston; James A. McCloy, St. Catharines; W. H. Sullivan, St. Catharines; A. B. Collins, K. C., Belleville, Ont.; T. H. Thompson, M. P., Madoc, Ont.; Hon. M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew; I. E. Pedlow, merchant, Renfrew; J. L. Murray, Renfrew; Hon. Geo. McHugh, Lindsay; L. V. O'Connor, K. C., Lindsay; J. J. Dufus, Peterborough, Ont.; C. J. Foy, K. C., Perth; Hon. George F. Herby, Minister of Railways and Canals; J. E. McGlade, K. C., Brockville; W. M. Leacy, contractor, Prescott; Judge Colin G. O'Brien, L'Orignal, Ont.; Judge J. R. O'Reilly, Cornwall; Dr. R. F. Preston, M. P., Carleton Place; the Ven. Archdeacon C. A. Carson, Morrisburg; Hon. Charles Murphy, K. C., LL. D., Postmaster-General, Ottawa; Hon. H. B. McGivern, K. C., M. P., Ottawa; Hon. Andrew Haydon, Ottawa; John J. Heney, Ottawa; Thomas Ahearn, President, Ottawa Electric Railway, Ottawa; Lieut.-Col. J. W. Woods, Ottawa; John Gleeson, contractor, Ottawa; M. J. Gorman, K. C., Ottawa; John J. Lyons, contractor, Ottawa; W. L. Scott, K. C., Ottawa; Edward Wallace, retired merchant, Ottawa; Hon. J. A. Mulligan, Senior Judge, County of Carleton, Ottawa; Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa; Thomas Mulvey, K. C., Under-Secretary of State, Ottawa; Dr. B. G. Connolly, manager, Capital Trust Co., Ottawa; W. J. Egan, Deputy Minister of Immigration, Ottawa; M. Grattan O'Leary, Editor, The Journal, Ottawa; Colonel John Thompson, Chairman, Pension Board, Ottawa; Sir Henry K. Egan, Ottawa; Rev. Canon J. F. Gorman, Ottawa; Hon. W. J. Roche, M. D., Chairman, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa; Dr. J. P. Kidd, Ottawa; Hon. H. J. Cloran, Ottawa; C. A. Magrath, Chairman, International Joint Commission, Ottawa; Harold M. Daly, Ottawa; Major H. 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GERMAN EMBASSY AT VATICAN

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

Dr. Eugene Klee, secretary of the German embassy at the Holy See, has been named counsellor of the embassy. He is the first Catholic ever to hold that post.

German Catholics are gratified at the appointment of Dr. Klee, particularly since the early close relations of Catholic Germany and Italy recently were recalled at the laying of the foundation stone of the Gregorian University at Rome. Members of the Faith in this country have ever had a deep reverence for the university, which lent German Catholicism great aid in an emergency.

Pope Gregory XIII., the reformer of the calendar, founded the Gregorian University, and the German College, in charge of the Jesuits, was affiliated with it. When the so-called Reformation drove the seminaries from many German dioceses, it was this college which trained many priests for the German field, when otherwise there would have been a dearth of spiritual workers.

German professors have had a leading place in the faculty of the university since the Sixteenth Century. When the Papal States were taken away, the world famed astronomer, Father Secchi, S. J., was permitted to retain his post so that his observatory might continue its valuable work.

CATHOLIC PUPILS WIN MOST PRIZES

Cleveland.—Catholic school students carried off the majority of the prizes offered in the Flag Story Contest conducted here by the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. All of the sixteen prizes offered in the eleventh and twelfth grade group were won by children from Catholic schools and the winner of the first prize in the fifth and sixth grade group was also a pupil from a Catholic school. In each group the prizes were: first, \$25.00; second, \$10.00; and \$1.00 for each of the next fourteen.

Commenting on the results of the contest, the Rev. John R. Hagan, Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, said:

"Our teachers have always tried to inculcate reverence for the flag and are unremitting in their effort to raise the standards of spoken and written language in our schools. No prize contest is absolutely indicative of the relative standings of different schools. However, insofar as this contest is indicative of the achievement in the teaching of patriotism and good English, the results are naturally very gratifying."

HOLY SCRIPTURE WEEK

Ottawa Citizen, March 9

The Franklin Theater was crowded almost to the last seat last evening, when the Catholic Truth Society held the first of this year's public gatherings for the discussion of the teachings of the Roman Church. Long before the time for commencing the meeting the audience crowded into the building, and when the chairman, Mr. W. L. Scott, K. C., President of the C. T. S., opened the proceedings he was faced by one of the largest and most interested audiences ever gathered together in the city on such an occasion.

His Grace, Most Rev. Joseph Edvard Emard, D. D., Archbishop of Ottawa, delivered the opening lecture, taking as his subject, The Church and the Bible. Much interest was attached to the Archbishop's lecture, on account of the fact that it was the first time His Grace had delivered a public lecture in the city. He had been heard as a preacher often, but not in the Capital on the lecture platform.

In addition to the Archbishop, Rev. Dr. John R. O'Gorman, of Cobalt, delivered the first of his series of addresses on the Bible. The meetings being held in the Franklin Theater every night this week will constitute the first Holy Scripture week ever conducted by the Catholic Truth Society, and the opening meeting was an indication of the widespread interest among men and women of all creeds in the subjects to be discussed. Representatives from other than Roman Catholic churches were scattered throughout the big audience.

HIS GRACE'S ADDRESS

Archbishop Emard, in the course of his fine lecture, gave a comprehensive summary of the need, nature, authority and utility of the divinely inspired Scriptures. He added that the best single document on the question was the Encyclical on Holy Scriptures which Pope Leo XIII. issued to the bishops of the world in 1893. Following the footsteps of this great pontiff, the Archbishop first showed the necessity of supernatural revelation that mortals may know and reach the supernatural goal for which they were created. This revelation was in the early period of man's history oral only, but from the time of Moses, part of it came to be written down by men inspired by God for this purpose. Book after book was thus composed, the law, the early and later histories, the prophetic and sapiential writings, till, the century before Christ, the collection of divinely inspired books known today as the Old Testament had been completed.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who was the object of the whole Old Testament, opened the minds of His apostles that they might understand the Scriptures, thus constituting these apostles and their successors, the bishops of the church, the official interpreters of Scripture. Moreover, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, six of the apostles and two of their disciples wrote the twenty-seven books which when gathered together, formed the New Testament and completed the canon of Scripture. The apostles, however, did not put all the teaching of Christ to writing and the authority they received from Him to preach the gospel orally, was not lessened, but helped by the composition of the New Testament. The Roman Catholic Church, he said, is therefore the organ of the unwritten revelation contained in her apostolic traditions and the interpreter of the unwritten revelation contained in her divinely inspired Scriptures. Since the Scriptures are the Word of God, since they contain no error, their utility for all who read them devoutly and understand them rightly follows as a matter of course. His Grace concluded by encouraging Bible reading of this nature.

REV. DR. J. R. O'GORMAN

The chairman, Mr. W. L. Scott, K. C., President of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, after expressing the indebtedness of the society to His Grace for the wonderful insight which he had afforded those present into the mysteries of Holy Writ, introduced to the audience the speaker who will have charge of the rest of the Holy Scripture week, Rev. Dr. John R. O'Gorman, parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, Cobalt, Ontario. Dr. O'Gorman stated that the task before him this week, that of discussing the scientific questions relating to the composition, preservation and use of the Bible, was singularly facilitated by the firm foundations laid in the official utterance they had just heard from the lips of the scholarly Archbishop of Ottawa. Any one who desires to study the Bible must first know what distinguishes this Book from all others existing in the world. This characteristic quality of the Bible is its divine inspiration. For the books of Scripture were not produced by the will of man at any time but the holy men of God wrote "inspired by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter I, 21). The nature, extent, and proof of inspiration formed therefore the scope of his opening lecture.

When we speak of the writer of the Bible being divinely inspired, we use these words in their literal meaning. God actually enlightened his mind and moved his will, and as a result the inspired writer wrote

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

FAITH IS SOLID IN PAGAN LANDS

A Chinese girl, a mere mite of ten, implored a Missionary Bishop to confirm her. The Bishop hesitated for the child was so young, but she pleaded so ardently for the Sacrament that he commenced to question her.

"Suppose you are confirmed, and the mandarin throws you into prison and questions you about your Faith, what will you answer?"

"I shall answer that I am a Christian, My Lord."

"But if he orders you to renounce the Gospel what will you do?"

"I shall answer, 'Never!'"

"Then if he calls in executioners and says to you, 'You will renounce or your head will be cut off, what will you reply?'"

"I shall say, 'Cut!'"

The child was confirmed.

ABANDONED CHILDREN IN EGYPT

Abandoned children, sons and daughters of the lonely streets, are now being taken care of by the tender Sister Cecile, of the Daughters of Charity. She bought a strip of ground from the government at Cairo which lies on the fringe of the vast desert, and here she has erected a monument to her zeal, solitary and alone it stands in its mission of love, a refuge to the poor, deserted waifs of the vicinity.

EVIL HAS NO POWER OVER GOD'S CHOSEN ONES

A native of Fort Hall, East Africa, accused the nuns of poisoning those whom they visited during a plague, and he announced in council before the head men of the village that he determined to kill them and thus rid his country of the pest. But God watched, and the nuns warned of his intention departed the village, taking different routes. Soon after, this black was poisoned himself by his meat he ate. This opened his eyes and, together with the humble administration and remonstrance of one of "those nuns," it brought him closer to Christian teaching and when a month later he took ill with pneumonia he called the nun who had ministered to him and begged to be instructed and baptized. His death was happy.

AN AMERICAN SAINT AND MISSIONARY

American Catholics are wont to believe that in St. Rose of Lima America possesses its solitary boast of heroic sanctity, but if this contention cannot be rejected, the birthplace of St. Peter Claver who in 1896 was styled by the Church "the heavenly patron of all missions to the Negroes," at least the city of Cartagena, South America, can and should claim as its proudest mark of distinction that within its precincts he lived, labored and died.

At that remains of the Saint lies beneath the high altar of his Church in that city of his divine charities, and perhaps, under God, all the magnificent work being done today for the enlightenment and saving of the black races in Caribbean lands is due to the inspiration of this Jesuit Missionary who in 1622 signed his name in a perpetual vow as "Peter, forever the slave of the negroes."

The record of his charities and sacrifices surpasses belief. "Forty years of labor among the most despised and wretched of the children of men" would sum it up in a few words, and what sublimities of thought and effort, what transcendent charity and love for humanity, what zeal for the glory of God are contained in these words!

Cartagena in his day was the chief slave mart of the New World. Human annals contain no story so black, as that of the brutalities of the early slave dealers, and in their midst, Father Claver moved as a veritable angel of mercy. No toil was too severe, no task too loathsome, no burden too great to relieve the ill and sufferings of his beloved slaves. He baptized more than three hundred thousand negroes. No wonder that at his death extraordinary demonstrations were made in the city. Thousands gathered before the college, all business came to a standstill. His interment had to be deferred from day to day until the love and grief of all were solaced by a last act of veneration of his remains.

CHINESE CATHOLICS

At the last census China had 2,203,800 Christians, served by

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, March 29.—Sts. Jonas, Barachisus and their Companions, martyrs, were executed after horrible tortures during the reign of Sapor, King of Persia. They had refused to obey the orders of the King to worship the official Persian gods.

Monday, March 30.—St. John Climacus was so noted for his learning that while still very young he was called the "Scholastic." In the strongest impression of piety, he retired to Mt. Sinai. At the age of seventy-six he was made Abbot of Mt. Sinai. The most noted of his many writings is called the "Climax, or Ladder of Perfection."

Tuesday, March 31.—St. Benjamin, deacon and martyr, was one of those who suffered martyrdom under the Persian King Varzandad, grandson of Sapor III. The Saint was imprisoned for a year and then released with the admonition not to speak again of religion. When he ignored this order, he was tortured and finally executed.

Wednesday, April 1.—St. Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, was fortunate in receiving from his earliest years the strongest impression of piety, by the example and care of his parents. His father, late in life, became a Carthusian monk after a long and honorable career as an officer in the army. St. Hugh was chosen Bishop of Grenoble but resigned after two years and entered the austere Abbey of Casadei in Auvergne. He lived there for a year until he was commanded by the Pope to resume his episcopal charge. He sought permission from the Holy See again to resign his Bishopric and take up a solitary life but this permission was never granted. The Saint died in 1152, and was canonized two years later.

Thursday, April 2.—St. Francis of Paula, left his home in Calabria to take up the life of a hermit. He established the organization known as the "Minims," so-called to indicate that they were the least of the monastic orders. Their members observed a Lenten fast perpetually. St. Francis is credited with having worked many miracles. He died at the age of ninety-one on Good Friday, 1507.

Friday, April 3.—St. Richard of Chichester, refused wealth and an offer of a brilliant marriage in order to study for the religious life at Oxford. He became Chancellor of the University and also Chancellor of the Diocese of Canterbury. Notwithstanding the opposition of King Henry III., the Saint was elected Bishop of Chichester and he governed this See with great wisdom. Under his rule many reforms were effected. He died in 1253 while engaged in preaching a Crusade against the Saracens.

Saturday, April 4.—St. Isidore, Archbishop, was a member of a Ducal family of Cartagena in Spain. He succeeded his brother Leander in the archiepiscopal see of Seville and was remarkably successful in his battles against the Arian heresy. He died in Seville in 646 and was declared a Doctor of the Church within sixteen years of his death. His two brothers and his sister Florentina also are saints.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

INDIAN MISSIONS

Away to the North, on the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg, lies the city's journey in summer from the city whose name it bears, dwells a priest. He is a man small of stature and frail, so that one wonders what manner of collapsible energy he possesses that may be stored up in a body of such limited dimensions.

Through the heat of summer and into the spring days of spring and autumn, a little boat, guided by his skilful hands, may be seen skirting the shores on either side of the lake as he plies his trade of fisherman,—he is a fisher of souls—and during the long northern winter's extreme cold, faithful dogs drag his sled through deep snow and over shimmering ice as he comes bringing consolation to his poor Indians. At the present time he is in trouble. His people ask for something which he cannot give.

About thirty miles south of Berens River and on the Western side of the lake, north of Lake St. George, Long Lake and Jackhead Lake, there is an Indian reservation. Twenty-five of the Indians are already baptized Catholics and, with the exception of a few Protestants, the others seem well disposed towards our holy religion. The Anglicans have erected a Chapel there and the Catholics are urging him to build one for them. They have no money and their poor little spiritual father is not better off. His heart is sad like that of a fond parent whose children cry for food which poverty renders him unable to provide.

His zeal is being rewarded in winning souls, and the necessity of having a chapel he realizes at this time more than ever before. There

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while to broadcast the Word of God in spite of the fact that some of the seed fell by the wayside, and some on a rock, and some was choked with thorns. He thought it worth while because He hoped some would fall on good ground and bring forth fruit.

PAPAL MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOR OF K. OF C. WORK

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

A Papal Medal has been struck off in commemoration of the founding of St. Peter's Oratory, one of the Knights of Columbus recreational houses in the Eternal City. The institution which has won this signal honor for the Knights was accepted in 1924 by Pope Pius XI.

The medal bears on one side a likeness of the Pontiff and on the reverse a miniature of the facade of the Oratory with the great dome of St. Peter's in the background. A Latin inscription reads:

"To fulfill the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI., the Knights of Columbus at their own expense founded this Oratory of St. Peter for the Christian development of Roman youth."

Chief, Constantin, was driven away from his residence in Constantinople.

As the Orthodox Patriarchate of the Holy City is very needy, the National Bank of Greece is requested to loan to it, at low interest, a sum from 500,000 to 2,000,000 pounds sterling to cover the expense of the transfer.

It is said that Anglicans are cordially supporting the proposed transfer, which is very favorable to their movement towards union between Anglicanism and Orthodoxy.

If the plan should be realized, it would have very great religious and political consequences, not only in the Holy Places, but also in relation to all the Christian dissident churches in the East.

Everybody Hopes to be Financially Independent—But Few Ever Attain That Goal

Reliable statistics show that of 100 men starting at the age of 25, of the 80 surviving at the age of 45, only 4 are financially well off. At that age, 46 are compelled to live on their earnings and 30 are not even self-supporting.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Joseph, honoured from sea to sea, This is your name that pleases me: "Man of the House."

I see you rise at the dawn, and light The fire, and blow till the flame is bright.

I see you take the pitcher and carry The deep well water for Jesus and Mary.

You knead the corn for the bread so fine. Gather the grapes from the hanging vine.

There are little feet, that are soft and slow, Follow you whithersoever you go.

There's a little face at your work-shop door. A little one sits down on your floor.

Holds His hands for the shavings curled, The soft little hands that have made the world.

Mary calls you; the meal is ready; You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.

I see your quiet smile as you sit And watch the little Son thrive and eat.

The vine curls by the window space, The wings of angels cover the face.

Up in the rafters, polished and olden, There's a Dove that broods, and his wings are golden.

You who kept them through shine and storm, A staff, a shelter kindly and warm.

Father of Jesus, husband of Mary, Hold us your lilies for sanctuary!

Joseph, honoured from sea to sea, Guard me, mine and my own roof-tree.

"Man of the House."

-KATHARINE TYSAN

ODD MINUTES

Some people have too many odd minutes. Our day should be planned so carefully that we shall not have too much leisure on our hands.

The student who has four or five hours a day to fill in as he pleases, or the worker whose evenings are all free, are not likely to make the best use of their time.

If we wait for the inspiration of a minute, we are very likely to discover that we do not feel like doing the things best worth while.

You mean to do some improving reading in your odd minutes. But as you sit down in the evening with the newspaper at your elbow and a popular magazine with a resplendent cover lying in full view, it is quite easy to decide that you will wait till tomorrow before starting on something heavier.

If you have made an arrangement with a number of friends to meet once a week to do some solid reading, when the appointed evening comes, you keep your engagement and do the reading. You get something accomplished.

We need variety. We need recreation. But by planning for both, we get better results than if it is all hit-or-miss. Most of us have too many odd minutes, too many hours set apart for nothing in particular.—The Pilot.

ETIQUETTE

Etiquette is culture. One who is truly educated does not have to thumb the pages of a manual to be enabled to meet the requirements of the occasion.

A refined person is polished by instinct and experience. He has inherited that aptitude for saying and doing things in a courteous manner and he has been favored with that practice necessary for perfection.

Rigid attention must be given the employment of words until their use in a polite and correct sense becomes habitual. It may be said that the origin of culture, politeness and correct demeanor is charity—the love of our neighbor; and the greatest obstacle to politeness is selfishness.

The latter vice makes one speak of himself to others, causes him to utter offensive retorts, make a glutton of himself at table, disregard the respect due to ladies and bore everybody to death with his manners.

Good-breeding, on the other hand, is reflected by the generous regard shown for the rights of others, prodigal service in their behalf, and complete effacement of one's self.

The unselfish person is always refined. He is well-mannered, courteous, pleasant in company. He does not need books on etiquette. He knows the theories by heart and can instructively apply them wherever the occasion requires.—Catholic Transcript.

ST. JOSEPH'S MONTH

Never, perhaps, did the world need to learn the lessons of St. Joseph's life more than at the present time. For this epoch is distinguished by a distaste for the labor of everyday life.

Men take the line of least resistance and dodge every hardship. Matters have come to such a pass that all manner of devices have become necessary to discover whether employees have done the honest day's work for which they are eager to draw the largest wages.

St. Joseph, realizing that work was a boon and blessing, as also a penance imposed upon humankind for the fall of our first parents,

devoted himself assiduously to his everyday tasks. Never complaining about his hard lot nor shirking its minutest responsibilities, he produced work perfect of its kind.

By means of labor "in the sweat of his brow" he was able to sustain Our Blessed Lady and the Infant with the necessities of life. More glory than this he did not desire.

A distaste for the everyday duties of life proves that we are fast forgetting the truth that work is the medicinal remedy prescribed by the Heavenly Father for a fallen race.

To make life a carnival and perpetual vacation is the ambition of fickle minds and empty hearts. Responsibility courageously met and fearlessly attacked develops a fibre of character which can withstand any test.

If St. Joseph, during this month of March, teaches us nothing else than a love of work and a conscientiousness in doing it to the best of our ability he shall be deserving of our eternal gratitude. But he teaches other virtues in an eminent way because he learnt them at first hand, from the God Man Himself.—Rosary Magazine.

OR FOREVER BE SILENT!

It is probable that St. John Chrysostom was the greatest preacher in the long scroll of eminent exhortors. Compare the evidences and data of the twenty greatest preachers, and what a toll of Chrysostom seems to overtop all.

His splendid diction and his fertile imagination are spoken of. But Cardinal Newman dwells more on "his noble earnestness," his heart and his head were "brimful of things to speak about."

He had ideas that burned to express themselves. That is the cue for orators, spellbinders, jury lawyers, salesmen and conversationalists. There are voluble talkers, but they are not sincere.

We class them therefore as bores. There are people who tell us things they have read out of the books, but have not masticated or digested or assimilated. It is canned wisdom; and they are not convincing.

To be effective one must speak the truth that is in him. If he has no message, let him go to Jericho, and tarry there till his beard is grown; and then hide behind his whiskers until he has a message welling from his heart and bursting through lips for expression.—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN?

Some day in Spring, When earth is fair and glad, And sweet birds sing, And forest hearts are sad— Shall I die then?

Ah! me, no matter when; I know it will be sweet To leave the homes of men And rest beneath the sod, To kneel and kiss Thy feet In Thy home, O my God!

Some Summer morn Of splendors and of songs, When roses hide the thorn And smiles the spirit's wrongs— Shall I die then?

Ah! me, no matter when; I know I will rejoice To leave the haunts of men And lie beneath the sod, To hear Thy tender voice In Thy home, O my God!

Some Autumn eve, When chill clouds drape the sky, When bright things grieve Because all fair things die— Shall I die then?

Ah! me, no matter when; I know I shall be glad Away from haunts of men, Adown beneath the sod, My heart will not be sad In Thy home, O my God!

Some Wint'ry day, When all skies wear gloom, And beautiful May Sleeps in December's tomb, Shall I die then?

Ah! me, no matter when; My soul shall throb with joy To leave the ways of men And sleep beneath the sod. Ah! There is no alloy In Thy joys, O my God!

Haste, death! Be fleet; I know it will be sweet To rest beneath the sod, To kneel and kiss Thy feet In heaven, O my God!

THE GIGGLING GIRL

There is a difference between the girl who laughs when things are funny, and the girl who giggles whether things are funny or not.

The Pittsburgh Observer. The giggler does not have a strong sense of humor. Very often she does not know enough to know the difference between humor and tragedy.

The girl who giggles when some one slips in the street and falls, or when some one's hat blows away, has no more humor than other people, but only less good sense. There can hardly be too much wholesome laughter in the world, but already there is too much giggling.

CARE FOR OTHERS

There is a volume of meaning in the little word care. It makes to many a one all the difference between a life of gladness that some fellow creature can say: "I care for you." The most forlorn feeling that a human being can have is that "No one cares for me."

There are many who know what it is to have fellowships broken, and have friends fall away and to lose

that sense of comfort which the loving care of others creates; but who, in this world of strife, and envy, and hates, has been so unutterably wretched as not to have one friend left. The vilest and most repulsive mankind are never completely isolated.

They have their fellowships. They are not altogether forsaken. Some kindly soul there always is to show, by word or deed a human interest in the moral and social leper. No one is left entirely to himself.—The Pilot.

WHY AREN'T WE KINDER?

Why aren't we kinder? There are few people in the world, not more than one in a hundred thousand, who can give happiness and benefit to a great many people by doing some special kind of work superlatively well—writing, singing, organizing, inventing, acting, ruling, healing, and so on.

But to everyone of these there are, at least 99,999 of us who can give no greater gift to the world than the gift of being kind.

Then why aren't we kinder? There are so many simple ways negative and positive, to be kind.

A ready, happy smile is a kindness. The habit of remembering what people are interested in and giving them a chance to talk about kindness.

The habit of appreciation is a great kindness. I wish we had some kind of happiness metre to measure the happiness that is given when a husband tells his wife how much he enjoyed the specially good dinner she planned for him, or how well she looks in her new gown; or when a wife tells her husband how well he looks in his new suit (oh, yes, men care almost as much about these things!); or how deeply she appreciates the sacrifice he makes in going without a car so that the boy may have his college course. I fancy we should find that the aggregate of such kindnesses is larger than many millions of money would buy.

The habit of repeating to people nice things we hear said about them is a great kindness.

The habit of controlling that temptation to be irritable in the bosom of our families which seems to assail almost all human beings when they are tired and nervous is one of the greatest of negative kindnesses. I don't believe there is a vice in the world which causes a greater amount of unhappiness than the daily pipricks of uncontrolled irritability.

The habit of trying to criticize helpfully instead of finding fault is a kindness.

Small acts of courtesy come under the head of what I mean by kindness.

Writing that letter to the person who would like so much to hear from us is a great kindness.

Why aren't we kinder? It's so simple to be kind and it means so much.

And of all the regrets that tear at our hearts when we look back at a chapter of our life to which this has been written, there is none I think so unbearable as the thought, "If I had only been kinder! I wish I had been kinder."—Selected.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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HERO OF KULTURKAMPF DAYS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capistrano (Gloigne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Cologne, Feb. 11.—The last of the Trier martyrs and confessors who were victims of the infamous Kulturkampf has just died and been buried at Rommersheim, near Trier.

He was the aged dean and pastor Johannes Jung, who was parish priest at Pronsfeld in 1878. When Prussian law forbade the performance of Catholic pastoral duties, he disguised himself as a peasant at night to say Mass and administer the Sacraments to his flock, and in the daytime hid himself. On six occasions he was arrested and imprisoned for these heroic deeds.

At last he was expelled from the country, and went to England, where many of the exiled German priests already had found refuge. The German Catholics at Hull gave him a kindly welcome, and he worked among them nine years,

until he was called back to Trier at the end of the Kulturkampf. He received amnesty for the eighteen months' imprisonment he was still to suffer. Appointed pastor of Rommersheim, he continued in that post until his death.

THE ORTHODOX SLAVS AND ANGLICANS

ECUMENICAL COUNCIL TO CONSIDER UNION IN JERUSALEM

By Dr. Frederik Funder (Vienna Correspondent, N. C. W. C. News Service)

Vienna, Jan. 15.—Proposed union with the Anglican Church will be the prime topic for discussion at the Ecumenical Council of the Orthodox Pravo-Slav Churches called to meet in Jerusalem next Whitsuntide.

The Pravo-Slav Serbs are the Orthodox bodies which use the ancient Slavic language in their rituals. The idea of an Orthodox-Anglican rapprochement is one that has been industriously promoted for several years past without, apparently, any tangible results.

There is no available evidence for anticipating that there will be any results at the forthcoming Council at Jerusalem but the topic, nevertheless, remains one of interest.

The Serbian Pravo-Slav Synod which, up to the present, had held out for having the ecumenical council convened in the Serbian town of Nis has now acquiesced to the proposal to hold the meeting in Jerusalem.

At their recent synodal meeting in Karlovec, however, the Serbs made the decision to send delegates to the Jerusalem meeting conditional upon recognition of the Russian Patriarch Tykon as the only qualified representative of the Orthodox Church in Russia, and upon Tykon's participation in the Council.

Possibilities of a union with Anglicanism are decreased by the opposition of the Serbian Pravo-Slav church to the effort which is being made to unite the Anglican Church with the so-called National Church of Czechoslovakia.

"Bishop" Gorazd head, of the Czechoslovakian National Church has visited Belgrade recently to solicit aid for his project of union with the Anglicans.

His visit was the occasion for the following comment in the Prague Catholic paper Lidove Listy.

"Gorazd, who proclaims far and wide that he is going to Serbia in order to unite the Czechoslovak National Church with the Anglican Church, would do better to unite first what he has broken to pieces in his own country.

Gorazd who welcomes every opportunity to find an excuse for traveling about the world, is going to Belgrade mainly for the purpose of seeking financial support for his ever changing plans. In view of the failure he met with in America, his high-sounding words about the aims of this trip sound like mockery. It is our opinion that, in view of his lack of success at home, he will not receive a cent in Belgrade to further his scheme of union of his church with the Anglicans."

There is a strong antipathy between the Czech-Slovakian National Church and the Serbian Orthodox body, an antipathy which found expression at the recent Congress of the former organization in Prague.

This Congress disavowed belief in the declarations of the first seven Ecumenical Councils, which are accepted by the Pravo-Slav Churches generally, and adopted as the constitution of the Czechoslovak Church, the following rather ambiguous Creed:

"The Czechoslovak Church is composed of Christians. Its aim is to fulfill the ethical aspirations of the present day with scientific recognition of the spirit of Christ as conserved in the Scripture and early Christian traditions, and as given to the Czechoslovak nation by the Hussite movement and the Community of Czech Brethren."

"NATIONAL" CHURCH DWINDLING

There is little doubt that the National Church in Czechoslovakia is doomed to disintegrate into insignificance. Last year, its adherents had dwindled to 525,322 which indicated that its period of growth has ceased.

One of the prime causes of its reverses lies in the passionate altercations between its various "Bishops" some of whom desire a union with the Anglicans and some of whom want an alignment with the Orthodox Churches of the Near East.

The opinion of the Serbians, taken in conjunction with other factors, makes it certain that if the coming Council at Jerusalem takes any action at all with respect to the Czechoslovak National Church it will be a refusal to recognize that body.

Born of infidelity and lack of discipline, the National Church which once represented a serious menace to the religious peace of Czechoslovakia, seems about to pass out of the picture.

ANGLICANS GIVEN MANY PRIVILEGES

By Dr. Alexander Mombelli (Jerusalem Correspondent, N. C. W. C. News Service)

Jerusalem, Jan. 12.—The movement towards union between Orthodox and Anglicans in the Holy Places, which began forty years ago, has become more and more evident since the World War. The Orthodox Patriarchs of Jerusalem

show acts of courtesy and kindness towards members of the Anglican Church. Perhaps the most deeply appreciated of these freely-given privileges has been the assignment of an altar in the school of the chapel of St. Abraham, immediately above the traditional site of Calvary, where the Orthodox Patriarch allows the clergy members of Anglican rite to celebrate their services.

This culminated last year in a declaration from the Patriarch that, so far as the involved international arrangement known as the "status quo" permitted, he would afford to Anglican visitors to the Holy Land the full privileges enjoyed by pilgrims of the Orthodox Church.

To this must be added the adhesion of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem to the declaration of the Great Church of Constantinople that Anglican orders possess the same degree of validity as those of the Roman and other historical churches separated from Orthodoxy.

The declaration of the Patriarch Damianos makes all the greater impression as it is well known that in times past he had serious differences of opinion with Mgr. Miletius Metaxakis, the prime mover in this matter.

In order to become more closely acquainted with the Anglican Church, Mgr. Damianos sent one of his most promising young men, a compatriot from Samos named Pythagoras Thermolis, to complete his education at the University of Oxford and the Anglican Seminary at Cuddesden, Pythagoras Thermolis is now Timotheus Archbishop of Jordan, and on his initiative the Synod of Jerusalem last year took steps which resulted in the foundation of the Society called the Anglican and Orthodox Fellowship.

This is a Society formed for the discussion of the dogmatic points at issue on which agreement must be reached before union can be attained.

Moreover, the two religious bodies hope shortly to arrange together for a celebration of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom by the Orthodox clergy in the English language, and conversely Anglicans will celebrate the English Liturgy in Greek.

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