

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXII

Mildred and her grandfather removed to the poorer part of Eastbury. Strangely enough, the only suitable apartments happened to be in the house of the Hogans, and actually adjoining the rooms they occupied. Mrs. Hogan herself cried bitterly for the misfortune which has reduced Miss Burchill, and she sought by such help as she could give to make the poor little home at least cheerful. For herself, thanks to Thurston's generosity, she was no longer in such utter need, and her husband, his prison term having expired, had employment with a cooper at the other end of the village. Understanding but little about the trade, and hardly putting his heart into that little, he wondered what he did to earn the weekly sum which exceeded his old rate of wages at the factory. Once, in his proud independence he spoke of it to his employer, but the employer said with a smile—

"Never mind Hogan, so long as I think your work is worth so much."

And Hogan's wife, who was wondering still, but never dreaming that it was out of Thurston's pocket the sum came which made up the amount that he did not earn.

Mrs. Hogan questioned in her own mind why Mr. Thurston had not helped the Burchills, being under obligations to them, as he must be, for careful attendance during his illness, and she ventured to hint to Miss Burchill what seemed to be Gerald's duty in this instance to his old friends. Her hint was not well received; indeed, the young girl seemed a little angry at the supposition.

"He is not and he never has been under obligations to us," she said, quite hotly, while her cheeks reddened; "and I should not think of presuming on our acquaintance with him to apply for aid, or to accept his assistance did he proffer it. Further, he knows nothing of our present circumstances, and as to that, Mrs. Hogan, on your preserving strict silence about us whenever you meet Mr. Thurston."

"Oh, as to that," replied Mrs. Hogan a little abashed, "I never see him now; he goes to the shop once in a while to see how Dick is getting on."

And Mildred, somewhat ashamed also of her slight display of temper, tried to cover it by a playful notice of the baby, who now able to toddle, was plucking at her dress.

Dick Hogan, though he did not indulge in excess as he used to do, gave his wife as much anxiety by his strange, moody manner; neither she nor his children seemed to have any power to rouse him from his gloomy apathy. He ate his meals and went to his work without vouchsafing a word save as he was addressed, and the expression of his face showed that his thoughts harbored some dark and unhappy subject. The poor, frail, anxious wife sometimes remonstrated with him on his strange abstraction, and Mildred, from where she sat sewing in her apartment, could hear her, the partition between the rooms being insufficient to shut out the sound, and often the needle fell from her grasp as she heard his voice raised in savage repulse of every entreaty.

"I tell you," he said once, in tones whose menace brought Mildred in some afflict to his feet, "that I never cease to see his face; it keeps before me just as it looked in the court room on the day when he gave his evidence against me, when he caused to be raked up that old story that I thought buried, and brought down Manly from Boston to testify against my character. I have murd'ered in my heart for him, and I'm afraid it will come out some day; then—"

But his wife's voice, raised in tearful entreaty, drowned the remainder of the sentence.

When he went out Mrs. Hogan came to tell her trouble to Mildred. She had not spoken of it before, because she hesitated to burden with her anxieties the young girl who had so many sorrows of her own, and who, from her war and frail appearance, seemed to be daily sinking under them, and also because she hoped that time would clear her husband's mind of his gloomy images. Now, however, she seemed to have lost that hope, and to entertain only the most dreadful apprehensions.

"Your husband is independent of Mr. Robinson now," Mildred said in her soothing way; "he never sees him."

"Wait, dear," interrupted Mrs. Hogan. "He does see him; he watches him. He spoke about it in his sleep the other night, and when I told him of it in the morning he acknowledged how he often hung round Mowbray's just to watch Mr. Robinson go in there. Robinson has a habit of dropping in there every evening. Dick says that this sight of him seems to keep down the fever in him for revenge. But I think it's the other way, Miss Burchill. I think he'll take his revenge yet, for he's so bitter since the trial."

"You see, long ago, when Dick first came to this country, and was an innocent boy, he worked in Boston, and he fell in with lads that seemed like himself; they got him to drink with them and when at last he was let in to know them well he found he had just been used for their own ends. They were thieves in a big way, and poor, simple Dick was brought into the scrape to save them,

Sure they turned evidence against him as if it wasn't for the cleverness of the lawyer showing that something wasn't right on the trial, Dick would have been sent to State prison. As it was, he got off, and he fell sick of the fright and disgrace. When he got well he left Boston and after wandering around he came here and getting steady work in the factory he settled down, and then he married me and he thought everything was forgotten. But when on the trial Manly appeared to testify against his character I thought Dick would have gone clear out of his mind. Manly was the man who had tried to prosecute him for the robbery so long ago, and it seems he was a friend of Robinson's, but poor Dick didn't know that."

"So, you see he was made to appear a man of dreadful bad character,—not only stirring up the factory hands to strike and bringing about disorderly meetings, but having been in league with thieves. Sure I left poor Dick with no character at all, and he as honest as the sun and as good a man as the Lord ever made, barring the drop that he takes once in a while. Sure that was hard now, Miss Burchill, wasn't it?"

Mildred nodded; she was too sadly interested to speak. "And wasn't it hard," Mrs. Hogan resumed, "that Mr. Robinson should have sent the constables to Ransy's Hall that night?—Sure it was just as he got out of the train that brought him from Boston that he happened to hear one of his work people say to some one that he was going right away to the hall, as he wanted to hear Dick address the hands. That was enough for Robinson; he knew Dick was well able to address the hands, and he went right away and lodged the complaint that had poor Dick arrested. Well I cursed him once when the blight he put on us seemed so sore, and sure our condition now, with the way that Dick is in, isn't much better. You see, Miss Burchill, he feels his character is gone, and what is a man after that? But the great God is over all and He'll see justice done to us. And I can't help thinking sometimes that Mr. Robinson doesn't rase the easiest, sure they say he has candles alight in the daytime in the room that he sits in. Well, I hope it's not owing to my curse."

Miss Burchill smiled at the poor creature's superstitious belief in the power of her malediction, while at the same time she strove to comfort her.

Poor, brooding, haunted Hogan—haunted by that morbid craving for revenge—was destined to receive a new impetus to this unhappy yearning. One week that his amount of work was less, and its quality much inferior even to that which he was accustomed to do, he refused to take his wages.

"I didn't earn it," he said doggedly. "No matter for that," was the reply from his employer, who in his hurry to dispatch Dick and to pay the other workmen, forgot his usual caution.

"No matter for that," repeated Dick slowly, while his swarthy cheeks reddened; "then I'll paid the same regardless whether I earn it or not? Is that it?" he asked a little fiercely. The employer tried to get out of the difficulty by some soothing, evasive answer, and a second tender of the money with an injunction to take it quickly, as the other men were waiting.

But Hogan again put it back. "Answer me one thing," he said leaning across the desk, until his labored breath assailed unpleasantly the face of the listener. "Did my week's work earn this money? or are you giving it to me for charity?" He seemed savage enough to force by foul means the answer that he demanded, and the employer being a very small man, and alone with Hogan in the private office, was a little daunted.

"It's not charity, Hogan," he said, not knowing what to reply, and in his doubt stumbling on the very answer that he should not have given. "It's pure kindness of one—"

and then feeling that he had said the utterly wrong thing, he stopped short. But Hogan had suddenly divined the truth. He sprang erect. "I have it," he said. "It is Mr. Thurston who pays me my wages, whether I earn them or not."

The dismayed silence of his employer answered him.

"I'll have no more of it," resumed Hogan fiercely. "I'll see Mr. Thurston."

His employer had recovered himself. Mr. Thurston went to New York yesterday to take passage for England. Maybe he'll be gone six months. And now since you've found it out, though I wasn't to tell you, you are to get that much money every week, and if you don't take it, I'll send it to your wife."

Hogan pocketed the money without another word, and hanging his head, left the office. On his way home he went out of his way to pass Mowbray's. Mowbray's was the hotel, of which was named such, of the village. It was a comparatively small building, of neat and comfortable appearance, and its public parlor was visited nightly by Robinson. Dropping in about the same hour, he sauntered about, with his quick, keen eyes taking everything in at a glance, and his hearing strained to catch every word of the most desultory conversation; but he rarely went beyond a brief salutation with any one. Why he came, and came so regularly never omitting a night, unless he was absent from Eastbury, or when he had company at the house, was somewhat of a puzzle even to the

landlord. But as Robinson was too wealthy a man to have open comments passed upon his oddities, mine host did not trouble himself further than to display his civility.

Hogan, as were most people in the village, was well aware of this peculiar habit of the factory owner, and as he had acknowledged to his wife, availed himself of it to watch him. He had told her that it satisfied in some measure his hatred of the man. He did not tell her the horrid revel which his thoughts held while he caught those passing glances of Robinson; how they glared in imagination over a secret murder of the factory owner, and how ghastly pictures of his fancied victims in the throes of death started before him; how he heard piteous cries for mercy, and for adiver shouted back Robinson's own unrelenting measures.

It was these thoughts that deprived him of skill and energy in his work, and that caused this gloomy abstraction which, to his wife seemed little better than his old drunken fits.

The thought of his wife and children alone prevented his dream from culminating in some murderous action. It would not have been difficult for him, being the powerful man that he was, to spring upon the factory owner and overpower him, and the sole reason that he refrained from liquor was lest the liquor, knowing his excitable and ungovernable action upon his temper, might impel him to do the bloody deed. Tonight he was desperate,—desperate with the thought of being a beggar, as he felt himself to be, being paid for what he did not earn, and desperate with the memory of what his late trial had branded him, and as he walked moodily along, his hand involuntarily clutched the large clasp knife which he constantly carried. When he reached Mowbray's he drew it forth, opened it, and held it open by his side. The early summer evening was light enough to reveal objects distinctly, and Hogan, in order to avoid unpleasant notice,—constantly imagining himself to be an object of suspicion, sauntered to a more retired spot; from his position, however, he could command an extensive view, and as he knew it was too early for Robinson's visit, he was confident of seeing him as soon as he should enter the street on which the hotel faced.

While he waited a woman passed him,—a woman poorly dressed, and carrying a bundle; she brushed slightly against him, the contact seemingly caused by her own abstraction, but it roused her. She looked up, to exclaim in an instant, "Mr. Hogan!"

"Yes, Miss Burchill," he answered quietly.

"At the same moment she caught the gleam of the knife in his hand. The remembrance of what his unhappy wife had told her, the fact that he was there at Mowbray's, waiting with such a weapon, all rushed together to her mind, while the fierce, determined expression of his face branded her own with horror. She caught his hand that held the weapon, and as if she read his thoughts, she said,

"You will not do it, Mr. Hogan."

He started. How had she divined his thoughts? Was then his murderous intention so palpably stamped upon his face? He recoiled from her, but she followed, still holding his hand.

"You will not do it," she repeated, hardly conscious of what words she uttered, only feeling that she must, if need be, move heaven and earth to prevent this intended crime. "How could you ever touch your little ones again if you had a human creature's blood upon your hands?"

His little ones! That was the tender spot in the poor, unfortunate man's heart. He hung his head until his thick beard rested upon his breast.

"You don't know my provocation, Miss Burchill," he said huskily. "I am branded as a thief."

"But if you took your revenge you would be hung as a murderer. How could your children live under such a stain as that?"

He did not answer her and his head dropped lower upon his breast; but the knife fell from his hand and lay glittering at his feet. Mildred picked it up.

"Go home now," she whispered; "go home to your little ones and thank God for having saved you from the commission of a crime which might have made them fatherless."

He raised his head and pushed his hat back. It was still light enough to see that his eyes glistened with tears; hurriedly brushing them with the sleeve of his coat, he answered huskily:

"And I'll thank you Miss Burchill for speaking the way you did; nothing else I think would have stayed my hand because I was so beside myself. I'll go home, as you say, for the sake of my children."

He turned suddenly without even requesting his knife, that she still retained, and in a moment he was lost in the growing darkness.

Mildred, closing the knife and putting it into her pocket, resumed her interrupted way. She was taking work home, an unexpected order which had been given her from the daughter of the proprietor of the hotel. Her orders, alas! were very few. She hurried on her errand and having completed it was about leaving the house when she was confronted by the tall, spare form of Robinson. Trusting that he would not recognize her, she turned a little to the side, out of the rays of the veranda lamp, and keeping her head down was passing on. But the factory

owner had recognized her.

"Miss Burchill, isn't it?" he said following her, and trying to look under her hat.

She looked up timidly and recoiled a little as she answered in the affirmative.

"Don't look so skeered," he said, trying to be jocular, but succeeding only in being grim.

"I don't eat people when I speak to them; but I reckon you must have thought so, when you never came near me for that place in the school. I could have got it for you. Why didn't you come?"

"I trusted to get it through Mr. Marsh's influence," she answered. "And you didn't want mine, eh?" accompanying his remark by his usual hoarse chuckle.

Mildred did not reply.

"Wasn't that it?" he persisted, trying again to look under her hat, and in the effort bringing his face unpleasantly near her own. She sprang back, and now drawing herself up, answered with so much dignity in her manner that Robinson himself shrank a little.

"I must beg you to excuse me from replying to your question, Mr. Robinson, and thanking you for your kind offer of the past, I bid you good night."

She glided by him and was down the steps before the factory owner had recovered from his surprise. Then an expression came into his face which appalled even the loungers on the veranda who happened to be near him, and who had been wondering spectators of the interview. It was an expression of ferocious hate, nor did he seek to put it out of his face as he stepped into the hall that led to the parlor.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF ROSE

Rose went into the church every day during Lent and made the Stations of the Cross. She always offered this pious practice for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"I just wonder if I help any of those poor souls, and if they get to heaven quicker because I pray for them," Rose would often sigh to herself. "I wish I could see." One day when she went into the church, as usual, she noticed a well-dressed woman seated in one of the pews.

The stranger intently watched the little girl as she passed from station to station. As Rose crossed from one side of the church to the other, she saw the woman was still seated there.

"I wonder if she's a Catholic?" was the child's thought.

She had noticed the beautiful devotion and was kneeling at the altar railing when she felt a light touch on her shoulder. Rose glanced around to see the face of the stranger close to her own. There were tears in the large dark eyes.

"Please say a little prayer for me, dear," the woman whispered, and when Rose said that she would, the stranger, without genuflecting, passed down the aisle and out of the church.

"I wonder why she didn't kneel and say a prayer for herself?" Rose wondered on her way home.

Every day after that the woman was in the church whenever Rose entered, and she would sit and watch the little girl with evident interest. Once, when Rose, after finishing her devotions, passed down the aisle, the woman reached out her hand and drew her to her side.

"You didn't forget me today, dear, did you?" she questioned. Rose answered her reassuringly, for she was beginning to feel a deep interest in this strange person who was always dressed so richly and seemed to have tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is a Catholic who has been so unhappy as to give up her religion," said Mrs. Lewis, when Rose told her mother about her new acquaintance.

"She's real rich, I think," added Rose, "for she wears gloves all the time, and a silk dress, too." The little girl thought these sufficient evidences of wealth, for she knew that her mother never wore gloves. They were a luxury not to be dreamed of. And a silk dress—why, poor Mrs. Lewis could hardly recall the time she last wore a silk dress.

Mr. Lewis was dead and Mrs. Lewis took in washing and ironing to support herself and three little ones, Rose, Johnny and Bob.

"But I'd rather have our Lord in the tabernacle and you, mother, than all the money and pretty dresses in the world," Rose said, as she embraced her mother effusively.

"I hope you will always feel that way, little girl," said Mrs. Lewis, and she smiled at her daughter's fervent protestations of love.

Sometimes it was very trying to have to work so hard, for the poor woman was far from strong, and it took a great effort to keep the children always dressed properly. But she did the best she could, and wore her crosses with patience and resignation. And the story of the strange woman whom Rose had met caused the good woman to reflect that money and worldly goods do not always bring happiness, and she felt grateful to God that she possessed the greatest gift of all, that of the true faith.

One day "Rose's lady," as the other children began to call her, followed the child out of the church and inquired her name and where she lived.

"If I send for you some time will you come and see me?" the woman then asked. Rose said that she certainly would.

For about a week after that day the little girl missed her friend in the church. Then, one afternoon a young woman who said she was Mrs. Raymond's maid, came to the Lewis home and asked if Rose could come to see Mrs. Raymond, who had been quite ill. Mrs. Lewis gave her daughter's permission to go, and Rose was simply awestruck at the sight of the beautiful home to which she was conducted.

Mrs. Raymond, propped up among her pillows, gave her visitor a cordial welcome, and her pale face brightened at sight of the little girl to whom she had become warmly attached.

Rose's rapturous remarks over the elegant pictures and other furnishings of the room, as well as the questions she asked, led Mrs. Raymond to conclude that the child's family had not much of this world's goods. "I suppose you would like to have a beautiful house like this?" she asked, smiling at the bright faced little girl, who was still gazing about her in undisguised admiration.

Rose clasped her hands in her lap. "Well," she said, "it isn't the house that I'd want most. I'd rather have nice things for mother to wear—gloves and pretty dresses like you have. But when I'm big I'll go to work, and then she'll have everything she needs. I just wish I could grow up quick in a night."

And Rose laughed a merry little laugh.

Mrs. Raymond became sad and thoughtful. "Little girl," she said slowly, "I would willingly give everything—my fine house and clothes and wealth—if I could just have your trusting faith and goodness."

The child looked up at her with smiling eyes.

"O, how I do wish you were a Catholic. It's much better than money or clothes, or—or—anything. And indeed, I wouldn't exchange my religion for anything else in the world."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes were full of tears. "Child," she said earnestly, "may you always feel as you do now, and may you never, never abandon your religion for worldly gain. But I'm sure you never will. Now, dear, I feel as though I could sleep. I'm very sick, Rose, and you must not forget to pray for me. Come again tomorrow after school, won't you?"

Rose promised that she would come on the following day and then went home. The woman felt ashamed to tell the child that she was a Catholic who had renounced her faith for wealth and pleasure. But now she was afflicted with a fatal malady, and not having the strength and consolation that religion alone could afford her, she was very sad and unhappy indeed.

She had stepped into the church one day when she was out for a walk. It was not to pray, for a prayer had not passed her lips in many a year. But she was weary and wanted to rest a while. Then, as she sat in the cool, pretty church, Rose came in and the woman was struck with her air of faith and devotion.

Ever after Mrs. Raymond came each afternoon to watch the little girl and to think over the happy days of her own childhood. Somehow it seemed so comforting and comforting—the sight of this innocent soul intent upon her prayers. Finally the lady became too ill to go out, and it was then that she sent for Rose.

The child's quick eye saw that her new friend was becoming paler and weaker each day. What if she should die! Rose longed to be able to assist this poor soul that was drifting rapidly toward eternity, bereft of all help and consolation.

During her visit one day the child approached the bed to adjust the sick woman's pillow, when to her surprise she noticed a small gold medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended from a fine gold chain for a neck.

Rose gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Why, Mrs. Raymond! O, I am so glad. Why, you are a Catholic after all, aren't you? You are wearing the Blessed Virgin's medal."

Mrs. Raymond burst into tears. "It won't do me any good," she sobbed. "I've neglected God too long now. But I can't die this way, no, I can't."

Rose was deeply affected. "O, dear Mrs. Raymond, the Blessed Mother will help you if you ask her. Won't you say a 'Hail Mary' with me?"

The little girl knelt by the bedside, and between sobs the woman responded to the prayers that Rose repeated.

Then, to the child's great joy, Mrs. Raymond said as the child stood up: "Little one, could you call a priest for me?"

Rose threw her arms impulsively about the dying woman's neck. "Mrs. Raymond," she exclaimed, "see how the Blessed Mother is helping you. I'll run and tell Father to come right away." And she did as she promised, and then conducted the good priest to the home of her sick friend. Then she hurried to her own home in great spirits to relate everything to her mother.

The next day when Rose went to visit Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Lewis accompanied her to see if she could be of any service to the invalid.

"I've brought mother to see you," was the little girl's announcement as they entered the room.

The two women gazed at each other for a few minutes. "Clara!" "Grace!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and Mrs. Lewis rushed forward and embraced Mrs. Raymond,

whose face glowed through her tears.

Then Rose learned that her mother and Mrs. Raymond had been schoolmates when they were girls, and were as fond of each other as though they were sisters, embracing every little secret and joy. In fact, they were almost inseparable, always together, even at Mass and the Sacraments.

When grown to young womanhood Clara had married a wealthy non-Catholic, to the deep regret of her family and friends and her childhood friend, Grace, felt heartbroken indeed over what she knew was a serious mistake in the life of her dearly loved Clara.

As time passed, the girls lost trace of each other, until now they met again just as Clara was about to pass from life; but happy, indeed, were these two former schoolmates to meet once more after so many years.

Mrs. Raymond told her friend how she had for years abandoned her faith, but now, through the pity of Mrs. Lewis' little Rose, she had become reconciled to God and was once more at peace. And how happy Rose felt to think that she had been able to help the poor woman in her little way; still she knew that God and the Blessed Mother had really done it all.

So Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter daily visited the rapidly failing woman, and when death finally came a few months later, they knelt at her bedside with the priest of God and had the happiness of knowing that the poor, tempt tossed soul passed peacefully into eternity with the Holy Name on her lips.

And just before breathing her last, her gaze wandered from the crucifix which was clasping and rested on the sweet, innocent face of Rose close at her side.

"God bless you—little one—don't forget me," she whispered, with a happy smile.

Today the Lewis family occupy the beautiful palatial home once owned by the wealthy Mrs. Raymond who also left her entire fortune to the friend of her early days.

And Rose is very happy, for mother and Johnny and Bob don't have to wear shabby clothing any longer. Neither does she, but for her own interests she cares but little, for Rose is a most unselfish little girl whose one thought is for the happiness of those around her.

But the deepest joy that fills her heart is the knowledge that dear Mrs. Raymond died a peaceful, happy death. Rose may still be seen making the stations as was her pious practice of old. And there is one dearly loved soul in particular that has a special remembrance in her prayer.—From The Tidings.

BISHOPS SHAHAN'S ADDRESS

AT THE OPENING SESSION OF CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

St. Louis, June 28.—The following is the address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, delivered at the opening session of the Catholic Educational Association on Tuesday morning:

A year ago, at San Francisco, we found ourselves in the midst of a great war, perilous beyond belief for the United States and humanity, if it were lost, since in the keeping of our people were the freedom and the progress of the small nations of the world, Ireland, the oldest and most meritorious of them, included. Since then we have earned the greatest victory in human annals, and have saved England and France from the fate which threatened them until our two millions of soldiers and sailors crossed the ocean and ended a barbarous covad which had disgraced the applied sciences, put reason and good sense out of court, freed every past and vice in the calendar, branded human nature all over, threatened to extinguish human charity, and in the end tried to put over on the Christian religion its own incredible infamies by cynically asking why it had been allowed to break loose.

Catholic educators have no illusions as to the causes of the War, remote or immediate. They are to be found in the false principle, theories, and practice of education as carried on in the nations of Europe for the last six or seven decades. Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., prophesied again and again that this bestial conflict would come about; and lo, we are yet in the heart of it, for is it certain of the stage with the signing of a document? And these three great leaders of Catholic mankind pointed precisely to false and perverted education as the certain cause of the wars they foresaw. To be sure they were treated as common scolds or new Cassandras. But how far wrong were they in their appointed vision? Let dead men arise from Ypres or Verdun, from Vimy Ridge or the Argonne, and speak the truth.

THE REWARD OF APOSTASY

Modern materialistic theories of education, from Locke and Rousseau and Condorcet down, have been almost sole dominant for a century; have been increasingly sympathetic to purely secular views and interests; have ousted from every place of vantage or influence the older, more spiritual and humane theories and institutions of education; have drawn to their side, in great measure, public funds and private generosity; have misrepresented, persecuted and destroyed religious education wherever it was possible to do so, and have almost entirely

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moved God from His world. And what is the reward, to Europe mankind at least, for its apostasy from Christian education? Hear the response of death that arises from every quarter of Europe! Behold the hecatombs of slaughter, and such slaughter, records that paralyze arithmetic and craze the imagination! The very material wealth men had hoarded to adore has gone in smoke and carnage, and a heavy serfdom has fallen upon vanquished and victors. Odin and Thor have come into their own again; and blood, hate and revenge are against the ferocious virtues of man, while starvation, poverty and habitual beggary are the new status of whole nations and peoples.

Can the materialistic philosophy deny the facts or the inferences? Its writers, publicists, political agents have kept school in Europe with little rivalry for ten decades; and behold their handiwork!

Catholic education almost alone made some headway against this overwhelming materialism; and to it alone can we look for any serious improvement in the moral conditions of the Europe we now behold. All education is based on some kind of philosophy, some definite views of the nature of man and his purpose in life, of the world about us, of the visible things of this life, and the invisible, intangible things beyond it, of life itself and its values. We have been too long under the spell of a materialistic philosophy, which lays stress on the present alone, and makes human felicity consist in material possessions and pleasure. Whatever shadings this philosophy may experience at various times and in various countries, or at the hands of various writers, it uniformly excludes from the vision of all educators the immemorial ideas of God and the soul, the Christian views of man's nature and end, of life and its real uses.

The swift, heady, conquering course of mechanical invention in the last century, coupled with the opening of vast areas of the earth to commerce and industry and settlement, contributed powerfully to the philosophy of materialism which originated in England and spread through France and finally so completely captured the heart of the new German Empire that as Bishop Ketteler foretold and Field Marshal von Buelow recently confirmed, it was the leading cause of the downfall of the mighty political creation of 1870.

This brilliant but shallow materialism explains, by general consent, the collapse of our enemies; but shall it prove a solid basis of American education if we take it over, substantially unchanged, from the pedagogy and the institutions and the books of our fallen adversary, and secure for this dread poison all civilization a free course in American life?

Our Catholic educational principles, institutions, teachers, and pedagogical practices are the most vigorous protest against this wasting disease of the modern mind, which invades subtly on all sides the kingdom of the spirit, of the ideal, the infinite range of the good, the true and the beautiful, and in a few generations destroys the human gains of centuries, political, social and religious, while on its evil way it deposits the germs of future disasters, ever widening in their scope of ruin, ever destructive, never constructive.

CHURCH THE ENEMY OF MATERIALISM

The Catholic Church is the born enemy of the materialism. Her essential teachings, obey it, her teachings offend it at every point, thus her teachings about God and man, their relations, the dual nature of man, the nature and uses of the world, society, temporal goods, the dominant, spiritual tone of her immemorial influence, the specific Christian virtues of humility, modesty, resignation, charity, the meaning and possibility and uses of personal sanctity, the obligation of self denial and renunciation. In a word, her attitude on the rule of the spirit as against the rule of matter makes her the arch enemy of that evil philosophy in whose name Satan once tempted the God-Man, when he held before him the bait of the world's riches and pleasures.

Surely the Catholic Church has suffered during the nineteenth century; but her way would have been much easier if she had compromised with the current materialistic views of the great pedagogical forces and agencies, which have so long shaped educational aims, theories, policies and instruments. This she could not, and cannot now do, since in her eyes education is primarily and profoundly religious, is the projection of religion, into the life of the individual and society, is the protecting envelope of religion; whatever is hostile to Catholic education is of necessity hostile in her eyes to the Christian religion.

Long experience has confirmed the conviction that the fundamental Christian teachings are in constant and certain peril whenever the schools are under purely secular control, and that the popular outcry of sectarian influence on the one hand and the insistence on the other that moral training without religious convictions is amply sufficient, are only a cover or a screen meant to hide the working and promote the success of the deadliest anti-Christian policies and schemes.

A few examples briefly stated may suffice to show on a broad scale the evil educational results of the materialistic philosophy. Have we not lived to see all modern history fitted out in German universities, in the name of science plus the sword,

with a coarse materialistic spirit, noisily prophetic of the necessary conquest of the world by one people and the forging of a yoke for all others, such as no Sargon or Alexander was learned enough to imagine?

Such a perversion of history is not unfamiliar to Catholics, who have seen too often their holiest institutions and their contributions to human welfare, their great men and women, travestied and abused by unscrupulous adversaries. We have now an undeniable evidence of the way in which history itself, the dead past, can be made into a weapon of this vicious materialist philosophy of life, this worst counsellor of society in all that pertains to the spirit and purpose and uses of education.

After all, the Prussian perversion of history was only a selfish adaptation to its national ambitions of the narrow materialistic teachings of earlier English historians, which ignored or ridiculed Christian belief in the unity of human origin and destiny, the brotherhood of mankind in our Redeemer, the glorious civilizing function of God in human affairs, the services of Catholicism in the long centuries of transition from the peace and order of ancient Rome to advent of the modern state.

ARTS DIVERTED FROM THEIR HIGH OFFICE

What nobler expressions of life are there than letters, art, music, the drama? Through them man has ever risen above himself, has interpreted gloriously the elemental forces, gifts, qualities, of his nature, and has robbed his material encasement and surroundings of their debasing and degrading massery.

Language has become the depositary of the highest art and most spiritual output of thought. Art has consecrated in plastic shapes the dreams in which man momentarily fled from the present and the mediocre and dwelt within the confines of immortality and perfection. Music has lifted man, as it were, on the wings of the morning, drenched his soul with divine ardors, and anointed his eyes so that he might in some way comprehend the original harmony of creation, human nature and life, which through sin and hate and selfishness have run out in endless discord. Finally, the drama has revealed man to himself through all the mazes and flights of his subtle spirit, and from Sophocles to Shakespeare has held up the mirror of truth to all mankind.

Without exception these great sources of self-expression have been deeply tainted with materialism, and their pedagogical value, so to speak, once incalculable when at the service of the Christian social order, has been transferred to the camps of its deadliest foes. Literature, art, music and the drama have largely gone over, banners flying and drums beating, to the secular world, and are henceforth the chief popular exponents of the philosophy of materialism.

AN INTELLECTUAL ERROR

Impurity, obscenity, moral corruption in many forms, with the ever consequent cynicisms and pessimism, forerunners of moral decadence, destructive of the original creative, shaping, joyous, confident energies of society, come daily more boldly to the front of the stage and defy criticism or mock the archaic sanctions of yesterday. One does not need to peruse the great modern historians of Roman morals to foresee the results of such an educational debauch, when allowed time enough and the working of its own unholy, but intimate and inexorable logic.

The moral flowering of materialism is about us on all sides in the suicide, divorce, juvenile crime; in the decay of old time courtesy and good manners and in an unabashed selfishness; in lack of principle and moral stamina and in other unpleasing facts of public and private life that one strives to ignore, but whose prevalence is too well known to the official investigator.

Materialism is an intellectual error—a social plague, an economic menace, and a political abyss. It has never been overcome except by true religion, and that is why on the one hand it singles out the Catholic Church with unerring logic, and on the other, why the Catholic Church insists on religion, positive revealed religion, the known and feasible will of God as the strong fortress from which she has always overcome the assaults of materialism.

Discredited for a brief hour and without favor on the morrow of the great War which is brought about, materialism has too many allies within and without the regenerate individual not to forecast an era of revival in the more less distant future. Already it is casting about how it may most fatally wound the Catholic Church, its only adversary, and hopes to find the solution in the domain of education, thus cutting at the bases of supply as it were, at the communications of God's Church with her little ones, the world over.

Already the garments of religion are borrowed and a camouflage of Catholic words and phrases employed of their traditional reality. Substitutes for genuine Christian faith are offered, all of them prescinding from any external religious authority, a vague religious emotionalism that daily vanishes into new forms, a universal service of mankind that has never stood any true test, a universal brotherhood which fades away before the first conflict of public interests or private schemes, a religion of nature now streaming with the blood of mankind east and west.

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In the helpless wordy pantheism of static India, or in the dead stoicism of Ancient Rome, men seek the moral energies of their religion but in vain. Neither Hegel nor Dr. Elliot can set up again these ancient moral bankrupts. The sources of our human ills are chiefly within us, in our darksome intellect and our entrenched will. And it is only the religion of the cross, the divine redemption, of divine healing and illumination, which can lift up fallen and helpless man as the Good Samaritan lifted up the wronged and beaten brother by the roadside and restored him gratuitously to health and a social place.

The blighting materialism of our country can be overcome only as the blighting materialism of our great counterpart, the ancient Roman Empire, was overcome, by the knowledge of God, the true God, and the acceptance of His holy and salutary message to us, by the love and fear of Him, the obedience and service of Him, and the faith and hope laid up in His gospel. Our pride revolts at all this, even as did the pride of those Athenian philosophers who listened to St. Paul on the Hill of Mars; but human pride has so often gone the road of humiliation that there is always hope for it. In its golden days Peter and Paul converted no jurists or rhetoricians of Rome; but in the days of its decay and its near ruin Saint Augustine and Victorinus came joyfully into the Church of God, as into a sure refuge against the gathering storm and the falling night.—The Monitor.

CONFESSION HUMAN AND DIVINE

Not a few non-Catholics condemn confession on this ground: I disapprove of telling my sins to a man. And yet it was to men that the Lord gladly bestowed power to forgive sins, saying: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John xx, 23). If the Lord felt he could trust men to forgive sins, why may not a poor sinner, trust men to receive my penitent confidence for God's sake and thus be rightly placed to tell me of God's mercy and to hearen me for my sore struggle against future peril?

The Protestant and Catholic view of this very essential religious matter, the one holding the human and the other the divine use of confession, was lately illustrated in the discourse of the Protestant chaplain just returned from overseas. We extract a press report:

The preacher spoke of a young saint of a soldier coming to him with tears in his voice and deeply repentant, and faltering out: "I want to go to Confession." "My boy, are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, I am a Baptist, but I want to go to Confession. I have been drunk for the first time in my life and I want to go to Confession." "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them," so I put my arm about him and we walked across the field and talked it over," etc., winding up with the glimpse of a photograph of the boy's sweetheart as a prophylactic against future lapses.

All very human and sympathetic, but what that boy needed, and indeed what he wholly meant by his tearful plea, that he did not get because his petition was to a Protestant minister and not to a Catholic priest. He longed to address himself to his soul's salvation as to one who had received from his Saviour through His apostles the "ministry of reconciliation" (II Cor. v, 18) spoken of by St. Paul. Had the big sinner been something other than a barren Baptist, he would have sought out one who was more than a mere preacher, and with infinite trustfulness would have said to him: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned; I confess to Almighty God and to you, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." And then he would have sorrowfully told his sinful tale. His humility and his candor would have been rewarded by this gracious message: "Be of good heart, son; thy sins are forgiven thee (Matt. ix, 2); I absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and Holy Ghost."

The sympathetic talk and hand-clasp, the invoking of the charm of a beloved face, might well have been adjuncts to such a confession, but they surely were as shadows to the substance craved by that penitent boy upon committing his first sin of intemperance. One wonders how many blessed opportunities for aid have been lost by men who labored among the soldiers, having so little regard for and appreciation of the dynamic "power of the keys" given to the real Christian priesthood, at

their ordination. Who can doubt that the Redeemer intended to elevate human confession above even the sweetest friendship to a sacramental and divine dignity, precisely as it is now practiced among Catholics?—The Missionary.

BISHOP RHINELANDER'S APOLOGIA

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Episcopal Convention recently, the Right Rev. Bishop Rhinelander stood up boldly to profess the faith that is in him and defend it. He said (in part):

"I have been called a Romanizer," one who has a dangerous affinity for and a leaning toward the Church of Rome. The charge at least gives me a chance to bear my witness.

"I am not more of a Romanizer, and not less than chaplains of all names who have worked with Roman priests in camp and trench, in hospital and cemetery. I am not more of a Romanizer, and not less, than our own boys who have prayed and suffered, fought and died, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, with their Roman Christian brethren.

"Again, I am charged with the will

to betray the sacred trust of the Catholic faith and order of the Church. It is quite true that I have signed my name to a proposal under the terms of which ordination to the priesthood may be given by our Bishops to men who will thereafter not be bound by our canons and the rubrics of our Prayer Book, I do not think that in so doing I have betrayed my trust.—The Guardian.

THE HOLY GHOST

Some things are so obvious as to escape notice. It is the old story of the man who did not see the forest because of the trees. Catholics are so much in the realm of the supernatural that they do not stop to think of the daily and almost patent working of the Holy Ghost among them. With some wonder they hear read on Pentecost Sunday the wonderful things of God. That the Holy Ghost should sit visibly on the Twelve; that they should be changed from shirkers and cowards and go out to please God and not man; that they should speak in the divers tongues the Holy Ghost gave them to speak, and that the force of the visitation should bear wonderful and manifest results, these we think of as having been a singular and isolated happen-

ing and confined to the infant Church. But the abiding of the Holy Ghost in the Church was one of the victories of the Death and Resurrection of the Son of God. It was to be the great reward, even greater than the continued presence of Jesus among us. "It is expedient for you that I go, for if I go not the Paraclete will not come to you." "The Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My Name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." The history of the Church is merely the verifying of these words. In its twenty centuries of life there have been men cowardly and shrinking as the Apostles. There have been those that would have trafficked as Judas. There have been those who would have sold and bartered away the birthright of Christ. But the Holy Ghost was ever with the Church. Men might dispose, but the Holy Ghost would dispose. And notwithstanding vacillating humanity, mere weak vessels have administered the birthright of Christ, and the Pearl of Great Price is today as it was when it came from His Hands. The inheritance of Faith has had as its executor the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. This is the unending miracle of the Holy Ghost in the guidance of the Church.—New World.

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W. F. SHAW.

For 10 years he was professor at the Royal Training College for primary teachers and was mathematical examiner for the intermediate and national universities and examiner in Irish for the Royal College of Surgeons. It is interesting to note that like Casement, De Valera has drawn considerable state money in his comparatively brief career.

THE DUBLIN REBELLION

De Valera first came into prominence in the Easter rebellion of 1916, when the Sinn Feiners made their attempt to seize Dublin. He was in command of 100 men, and it is said that this little group put up an unusually stiff fight. When the rebels surrendered, De Valera was among those to be court-martialed. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was thus luckier than any of his chief associates for the rest of them suffered the death penalty. He was sent to Dartmoor with 64 other Irish prisoners, and for some time endured the rigors of penal servitude. When Professor Erin McNeil, of the National University of Dublin, arrived as a prisoner one day, De Valera called out "Irish Volunteers! Attention! Eyes left!" A few days later he committed another breach of prison rules and was set to pick oakum. He refused to work and when charged with this additional offense went on a hunger strike until the charge against him was withdrawn. Next he was removed to Maldstone prison where he associated with English convicts who had no interest in Ireland. He was not there long before the British Government released about 2,000 Irish prisoners and modified the conditions for the others, among whom was De Valera.

He was taken to Lewes, but had not been there long before he organized a rebellion among the 125 Irishmen who were also prisoners. As spokesman for them De Valera demanded that they be treated as prisoners of war, and not as felons, and when this was refused the prisoners returned to their cells, wrecked what furniture there was, and smashed the windows. This led to the men being split up again. They were put in the chain gang and their former concessions were canceled.

But again the British Government weakened in response to pressure from some quarter, and the rebels were released. As De Valera left Fentonville he received a telegram urging him to run as a Republican candidate for East Clare. He accepted and was elected by a great majority. He then gave his attention to organizing the Sinn Fein party.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

It appears that among the Sinn Feiners were those who, believing in Irish independence, did not recommend rebellion, but adhered rather to peaceful propaganda. The others, the real Fenians, wanted bloody action in large and immediate doses. De Valera was the only man in sight who had the respect of both factions.

JAPANESE NOBLE BAPTIZED BY SON ON HIS DEATHBED

C. P. A. Service

London, June 5.—A remarkable conversion of a Japanese nobleman, Monto by name, is reported. This gentleman was distinguished in diplomatic circles, having held the position of Japanese Ambassador at Petrograd and Paris, and acting for four years as Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Empire. He was a friend of the Allies and a wise and enlightened statesman.

Though a pagan, he had long been attracted by the Church, and some time ago gave his consent to his son's conversion. Afterwards he prayed with his son that he himself might receive the faith, but always when questioned his modesty made him answer that he feared he had not enough faith to deserve baptism. He, however, made pilgrimages to the Japanese replica of Lourdes, which has been erected at Sikkiguchi. A few days before his death, which is just reported, he again asked his family to pray for his conversion, and when asked if he thought his faith was now sufficiently strong, he replied "Yes."

PROTESTANT ATTITUDE TOWARD MOTHER OF GOD

By John P. Sutton

One of the ill-omened characteristics of the heresies generated by Luther's so-called Reformation is their peculiar and offensive attitude towards the Mother of God. They teach that to honor Mary subtracts from the honor due to Jesus, her Son. Forgetful of that prophetic outpouring of Mary's heart in response to the salutation of Elizabeth, "and behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," by a strange perversity, they refrain from coupling that title with the name of Mary. They rarely refer to her, and then apparently with reluctance, as though she had done something that had made her unworthy of the relation she bore to the "Son of the Most High." Pick up a book on the women of the Bible written by some Protestant author, and you will find that if there be any reference to Mary it will be brief and scant, compared to the eulogies accorded the heroines of the Old Testament. There have been Protestants who have not shared in this disrespect for the Mother of God; but strange to say they were not men who were considered ideal exponents of Protestant doctrines. I might mention Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Longfellow and some others, but they stand out as mere exceptions to the general rule that Protestantism shrinks from honoring Mary, whom an angel from heaven saluted with the words, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." They began by depriving her of the title given to her by the angel. Instead of the Blessed Virgin they called her the Virgin, and now—facilis decessus avern—a large number of Protestant preachers deny her virginity.

It was a duty to honor the Mother of God, because if I took from the honor due to Jesus, but more they strip Jesus of His divinity, and look upon Him as a mere natural man, the Son of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth. The virgin birth is considered a relic of human credulity originating in pagan mythology. The miracles of Christ, as related in the gospels, are rejected as fables, or as mere exaggerations of cures wrought by the Nazarene, who they admit, was a man of intellectual attainments far beyond the age in which He lived. The resurrection, they tell us, was an allegorical picture of the rapid advance of Christ's doctrine after His death, which His enemies believed was to end them forever. If Christ were to put to the Protestant ministers of any of our American cities the question He asked of His apostles, "But whom do you say that I am?" a minority, if not a majority, would be found who would be unable to make the confession of St. Peter, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God."

The Christ who was the God of their fathers even after they had left the Church, is their God no more. They are willing to admit that He was in the best sense a superman, not only a man, whom God raised up to regenerate a world that had become rotten with sin and superstition. We hear Him spoken of as the "lovely Nazarene," the "gentle Nazarene," but seldom or never do we find allusion to Him as the Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Infinite God, without beginning and without end.

Among professed Protestants, ministers and church members, there are a great many who do not call themselves Unitarians, but who at the same time do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. That excellent magazine, The Ave Maria, tells us it recently received a copy of a printed and illustrated sermon purporting to have been delivered by Rev. Dr. W. C. Endly, D. D., who is referred to as a distinguished Biblical scholar and prominent Methodist minister. The subject of the sermon is the recent capture of Jerusalem by the British. The reverend divine joyfully rejoices at the occupation of the Holy City by the British and believes it will lead to excavations and discoveries of importance, amongst other things, alleged writings of Christ and that Sacred Body which all true Christians believe to have risen from the tomb on Easter morning. The Ave Maria quotes Rev. Dr. Endly's own words: "Undoubtedly we shall unearth writings by the Saviour in His own hand. He made many writings, of this there is no doubt; but so far none have been discovered. It is possible the body of the Saviour Himself may be discovered. There is considerable doubt as to whether the ancient Jews embalmed the bodies of their dead, but there are authorities who contend that they did so preserve the bodies of the greatest men. If the Saviour's body was embalmed it will be found in the lost tomb. Where this tomb is now is a mystery."

Evidently this "distinguished Biblical scholar and prominent Methodist minister," as he is described, is an unbeliever in the divinity of Christ and in His resurrection from the dead. Belief in the Trinity and in the divinity of Christ is supposed to be a part of the orthodox Methodist creed, but then private interpretation of the scriptures is a fundamental right of the individual Protestant. Rev. Dr. Endly takes his stand upon that right and, no doubt, if the count were taken he would find many other "prominent Methodist ministers" who think it possible that the body of Christ might be discovered in the excavation that may be undertaken by the British in Jerusalem.

Having cast opprobrium on the immaculate Virgin Mother to honor the more her Divine Son, and having by a new suggestion of Satan denied the divinity of Christ, to honor the more the One only God, under the same diabolic inspiration we now find so called leaders of religion and science laboring to undermine men's faith in God.

1648-1815-1919

The great slaughter of the Thirty Years War preceded the Treaty of Westphalia, 1648. That treaty prescribed the basis upon which the political life of Europe proceeded until the still greater slaughter of the Napoleonic era, at whose close came the Treaty of Vienna. Slaughter still incomparably greater Europe has just witnessed, and the next chapter opens with the Treaty of Paris of 1919, of which a fragment, running to 80,000 words, has been delivered to the Germans for inspection.

In 1648 Europe was cut up into morsels, the independence of each of which, in presence of the presumptive desires of the German Empire for universal dominion, was guaranteed by France. Making the utmost use of the resulting advantages, France attained, under Louis XIV. the apogee of her power. In 1815 Europe was remade and its future peace was guaranteed by Austria, Russia, Prussia and France on a principle thus set forth by Gentz, historian of the Holy Alliance: "The best guarantee of the general tranquility is the firm will of each power to respect the rights of its neighbors and the well-declared resolution of all to make common cause against that one which, disregarding this principle, over steps the bounds of a political system invested with universal sanction." In 1919 Europe is again divided, and the division is to be perpetuated by an all-round obligation (Article 1 of the League of Nations) to "respect and maintain the boundaries allocated, preserve the powers 'making common cause,' very much as in 1815, and again in the confidence that they have 'universal sanction' to enforce obedience and chastise recalcitrants. So far, nothing astonishingly new under the sun. Merely a new formula for an old prescription.

What is new, however, is the recognition, for the first time, of the principle of nationality as the basis of European existence. After 1648 France ruled Europe. After 1815 the Empire ruled under the terms of a Holy Alliance. In both instances the little peoples were to be exploited for the benefit of the great. This treaty of 1919 does indeed again provide an overlordship of Europe, but in Europe itself a century's struggle for national liberation has been crowned with complete success. The fight for liberty and equality has been a long and a hard one, and has gone through many phases. When France was master, her kings were very conscious of their exalted status. "The political object of the crown of France," the Ambassador to Vienna was informed in the instructions given him in 1750, "has been and always will be to play in Europe that superior role to which it is entitled by its age, its dignity and its greatness." Others, in earlier station, were expected to take note and accommodate themselves to the requirement. As the permanence of a system so flattering to the pride of France was endangered whenever another crown saw fit to dispute any one of France's titles to pre-eminence, it followed that the policy of 1750 was also part of the policy of 1750, seeking to rival the importance or reduce the influence of France. When this drama had been played out, the treaty of 1815 was written, and Austria, Russia and Prussia, the continental powers which had contrived to exist despite France's desire to see them put down, were able to assign a much humbler role in the Europe of which they in turn took charge. The new masters of Europe based their role upon the determination to suppress the longing for freedom of nationalities held under their sway, and the nationalities, those alike which had been kept divided for considerations of European policy and those which had been submerged and enslaved, began the long struggle for liberation. The storm broke in the revolutions of 1848. Lamartine carried into office on the crest of the nationality wave, grew doubtful about what might be ahead for France, and "advised the people, to think of France before thinking of Germany, of Italy, of Ireland, of Poland." But Italian unity and German unity were achieved, eventually, and now Poland is restored. To Lamartine's list there have been added Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Finland, and perhaps others. In the course of a few years there will not be in Europe, from the Channel to the Diester, a State that is not a nationality nor a nationality that is not a State. That is true of France and of Germany just as well as of Hungary and Bohemia. Of continental empires, such as those whose rulers gave law to Europe from Vienna in 1815, none remain. The Russians spoke of Napoleon's invading armies as "the tribes of Europe." Every tribe now has its separate State. Clemenceau, seventy years after Lamartine, still seems to adjure his people to think of France before thinking of Ireland, but Ireland is the only one of the subject-nations

swayed by the tempest of 1848 to which freedom had not been given. The failure is indeed easier to explain than to excuse. Had Ireland been within the area which looked not so long ago, as if it might be the seat of a Middle-Europa combination under German control, the full benefit of the principles of right, justice and self-determination would have been willingly accorded her. Had she found herself in the area within which the conflict between nationality and empire has been ended by the bankruptcy of imperial statesmanship and the liquidation of the imperial states, Ireland would by this time be free, and not the single exception to the rule of freedom. As the case works out, she finds herself carried over into a new field, where this same struggle between nationality and empire, between freedom and subjection is to start all over again.

For while the treaty closes one chapter of history with imperialism routed out of continental Europe and nationality triumphant, it opens another chapter by providing for the consolidation of exterior imperialism, those of France, Italy, England and Japan. In the systems allotted for the expansion of England and of Japan, the principles of empire and nationality are visibly in conflict. In Ireland the issue is actual, immediate. It is proximate, in varying degree, in China, India, Korea, Egypt. It is not unlikely to crop up at any time, in the British Dominions, whose increasing assertiveness is not to be explained without allowance for the sustaining inspiration of the nationalist principles. Ireland, at all events, finds herself at the precise point where that conception of world policy which has endowed Europe with a complete system of nations, parts company with that other conception under which four empires are first content with the possession of the spoils of continents and then bidden to stand guard over Europe while keeping the peace amongst themselves.

It is evident, also, that France and Italy are on border territory. In Europe they are established as nationalities. Abroad they are numbered with the empires. One could believe that if nationally were, as with these two exceptions it is, the basis of the European organization, the new problems likely to arise would be mainly in the economic order, and that if Europe were self-contained and then bidden to stand guard over Europe while keeping the peace amongst themselves. Indeed there is already a good beginning in this direction in the various conventions annexed to the treaty which provide for the common use of rivers and canals, for special railway concessions over neighboring territories, for free ports, and for a serious experiment in standardizing labor conditions. There is nothing implausible in the idea that the triumph of nationality might make possible a hopeful recourse to the international. That idea is certainly embodied in one part of the work assigned to the League of Nations. But is it not rather more than probable that, with France and Italy in possession of exterior empires, the other nations being without any such advantages, the basis of concord may be subjected to a disturbing influence? The French and the Italians will have an available solution for their problems of population. The others will not. Is it unreasonable to presuppose the existence, in that part of Europe in which the regime of self-contained nationality is now being set up, of objection to that exploitation of the territory and resources of Africa and Asia to which their own almost exclusive benefit to which the empires of France, Italy, England and Japan will at once begin to apply themselves?

What becomes more clear with every day's study of its terms is that in giving the world a new start in life, this Treaty of Paris gives recognition and encouragement to the modes of political action, readily defined as nationality and imperialism, which have been in irrepressible conflict over the whole period between 1648 and 1919. This treaty, which guarantees equal opportunity to the growing populations who are to be pent up in Europe and to those others who are to be secured in the possession of the resources of exterior continents. This treaty undertakes that the balance shall be held even between peoples whose labor and intelligence will be restricted to making the best use of materials found in the domains which they have occupied since pre-economic ages, and peoples who are now being empowered to assure to their use the products of the whole range of the world's climatic and surface variation.

Because all this is so, we have the League of Nations. And the League of Nations, the control and direction of which has been taken by the four imperialist powers, plus the United States, is now being organized in London. Meanwhile, already there is a man in Versailles trying to explain that there are many million more people in Germany than under the new system the resources of Germany can maintain. Already there are men at St. Germain explaining that Vienna, a city of 2,000,000 in a country of 6,000,000, is doomed to atrophy and decay. Already Bohemia is claiming a railway across Germany to Hamburg and a railway across other countries to Trieste or Fiume. Already there are hundreds of people in Paris asking whether, and

if so by what procedure, self-determination for submerged nationalities can be attained under the League's direction and without bloodshed. Already Ireland, finding herself on the very line where the conflicting principles recognized and sustained by the treaty meet, is pressing for a decision in accordance with her preference. Already, in a hundred ways, the efficacy of the new dispensation is being tested.

Since it contains matter potential of trouble as well as a promise of peace it is desirable to try to envisage the treaty as a whole, to look at it not as one looks at Mont Blanc from Chamounix, where every hill-top, every needle, every glacier is subject of particular interest, but as one sees it a portentous unity from a lofty crest in the far off Jura mountains. We need to consider the peace both as the sequel of the third great slaughter in two and a half centuries, and as the prelude to events which will influence the welfare of the human race for centuries yet to come. We know, I think, in what sense Mr. Wilson conceived the peace and in what it may not be easy to estimate the extent to which the influence of M. Clemenceau in one direction and the influence of Mr. Balfour in another have been accountable for variations from the original plan. Probably not very many of us realized, before the second or even the third month of the Peace Conference, how implacably France adheres, though Republican, to the policy formulated by Henri II., practised long before his time and by a long line of kings after him, to keep in hand the affairs of Germany in as great difficulty as may be. It is very sure that when Mr. Balfour addressed himself to Congress he did not dwell upon the project of laying out the map a great band of red down the west coast of Africa, up the East coast, across Arabian Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, nor did he overshadow the statement made in London the other day by reason of what has happened since the War began England is now in possession of half the oil supply of the world. Nor were we then told on the part of France, that "in Morocco, in tropical Africa, in the Levant, it had become necessary to remove Germany, once and forever, from our path" (Le Temps, May 9.)

Nor was it intimated that a prime consideration of the War was the partition, under the peace, of territorial and other advantages arranged by treaties between the parties who were to benefit. Probably Mr. Balfour has quite forgotten the speeches in which, with all the authority of a high priest of Toryism, he declaimed the canticle of Wilsonian Democracy. He has fairly shared the honors of the conference, if indeed he has not, as some think, been the real arbiter of its decisions. And in the actual making of the peace his mind has been much occupied with material concerns of the order just mentioned, which have claimed and commanded a degree of recognition not always easy to accommodate to an earlier conception of the President's peace. Mr. Wilson knows how much of the peace is his peace, and how much, let him try as he may to conceal his regret, Mr. Balfour's subtlety and M. Clemenceau's tenacity have eliminated from the document which contains, nevertheless, 80,000 words.

There the peace is, at all events, for what it is, in its great lines. It is the peace that will prevail. What is important is that it should be recognized as having its roots in the past, the past of yesterday as well as the past of centuries ago. It is a peace which looks forward as well as back. Its terms have been dictated by men who have learned many lessons in peace and in war, in haste and at leisure, and who mean to apply what they have learned. If it realizes many aspirations it leaves some of the noblest unrealized. If it heals old wounds, it warns of new quarrels. It consecrates a new world order and at the same time indicates wherein the new world order is threatened with destruction. It adumbrates new policies, any or all of which provoke new conflicts. It reflects the state of the world today, and reflects as unsatisfying a contentment, as the peace of 1815 or the peace of 1642 mirrored the world of their times. And it is at least credible that those who made it, with all its faults, were hopeful that disaster to humanity might be staved off for another hundred years, perhaps for good and all.—J. C. Walsh, Staff Correspondent of America at the Peace Conference.

POPE'S VOICE IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Dr. Richard Gruber, a noted scholar of Budapest, in a treatise that is said to be attracting considerable attention in the old World diplomatic circles, "International State Congresses and Conferences"—says: "In conferences for the establishment of peace the Pope should have an advisory voice, such advisory services to be unrestricted, except in so far as not to interfere with the fashioning of the official resolutions of the conference. There is not the slightest reason why such an advisory voice should be denied him. For his opinion, which in such cases would be expressed through a representative, could not but be of service to all the powers of the civilized world."

"In so far as the voice of the Papacy will be sounded only in the interest of harmonizing hostile factions, by paving the way to mutual understanding and reconciliation, the Holy See exercises a function traditionally its own, and which represents one of the principal purposes of the mission of the Papacy."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CATHOLIC NEEDS IN WESTERN CANADA

The following letter was written by a layman who is thoroughly Catholic and deeply interested in the propagation of the faith. We publish it because it is unsolicited testimony of what has been seen in Western Canada. We hope his words will bear a message to the generous hearts of our readers.

Editor of the "Catholic Register," 67 Bond St., Toronto:

Dear Sir:—I have but lately made a partial tour of Western Canada and I have been so strongly impressed with the great work that is being accomplished and of the greater work that lies before us, that I felt I should place before your readers some of the impressions made upon me. Like many other Catholics in Canada, I have taken a certain limited interest in the work of the Catholic Extension, but after coming into personal contact with some of the conditions, I have decided that this interest was a very passive one, indeed. The work that lies before us in the West is so large that it almost overwhelms one. When one finds individual priests with as many as twenty-eight missions to attend and other places where the children go to school all, must be transported from thirty to forty miles, and innumerable points where the clergy are required to live on the church premises, and again, where clergymen have but a single room in an apartment house for their accommodation; one can have some little conception of the conditions.

The appalling part of it all is the tremendous number of our people that we are losing. It is simply impossible with the present lack of priests and teachers, and chapels and schools, to cope successfully with the problem. The outlook, however, is not altogether gloomy. There are some very bright spots that appeal to the Easterner. One is that we have the Catholic Church Extension Society as the very centre of this splendid Catholic activity (and with deep gratitude, the Church in the West realizes the great aid that has been afforded.) As a native Torontonian one must necessarily be forgiven for having a certain pride in the fact that of Toronto is the pulsating heart of all this work. One cannot help, also, in having a feeling of pride and gratification in meeting so many young priests, graduates of St. Augustine's Seminary, as well as several of the older priests of Ontario who have voluntarily given up their work here for the purpose of extending Christ's Kingdom in Western Canada, and who are truly living the apostolic life in this great field. The establishment of our own Christian brothers at Yorkton, Sask., and of our Sisters of St. Joseph at Winnipeg, is another certain evidence of the growth of the missionary spirit in Ontario, and a great encouragement to those laboring in the West.

The fervor and devotion of the Catholic people who are fortunate in having the ministrations of the priesthood, impresses the visitor very strongly. This was very noticeable in the various cities I visited, viz., Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg. I can't help but relate one experience I had in the city of Calgary. The day I was in that city happened to be the 8 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral. To my pleasurable astonishment the large edifice was filled, a very large number of those present being men, and to my further surprise I found I was about the only person in this large congregation who did not approach Holy Communion.

I wish I were better able to write such a letter, the terms of which would bring home to every Catholic in the Dominion of Canada, the need of the missions in the Western part of our Country. If your readers could but know the value of their financial, yes, and of their sympathetic assistance, they would give as freely as would be possible. The Eastern part of Canada must be responsible to a very large extent, for the success of the Western Missions.

Sincerely,
TRAVELLER.

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

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

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Acqu Coaston yourself to a uniform, simple, and calm life.—Laocadaire.

This is the increasing progress of the loss of so many young people. Starting: Intellectual incoherence. Consequence: Annoyance. Reaction: Disorder.—Eug. de Margerie.

Honour Rolls

One of the many solid bronze Honour Rolls produced in our workrooms shows a design of "Peace and Victory" surrounded by our national wreath of "Maple Leaves."

The tablet itself is 22" x 12", and is mounted upon a bevelled oak background 27" x 17".

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

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

I propose the following burses for subscription.

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Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

OUR DAILY BREAD

The miracle wrought by our Divine Lord in the wilderness still takes place every year, when God multiplies the fruits of the earth, so that daily bread and nourishment are provided for us all.

1. In the first place, we must ask God for what we want. We all, even the rich, are, as St. Augustine says, beggars at our heavenly Father's door, for everything that we possess and enjoy comes from Him.

2. The second thing required of us is labor. The sentence pronounced by God against Adam: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread," concerns us all.

3. By means of prayer and labor man can procure sustenance, but it will not suffice unless he uses a reasonable amount of thrift. We must limit our expenditure by our earnings, and not spend more than we have.

4. To sum up: if we are to have our daily bread, we must ask God for it in humble prayer, we must work hard, practicing thrift and avoiding useless expenses.

MONUMENT TO THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

The Catholic Church in the United States plans to celebrate the War's ending by building a magnificent memorial church in Washington in honor of the Virgin Mary.

The Pope, who ordered the building of St. Peter's, the most magnificent church in the world, by Michael Angelo, developed the highest architectural art of his period.

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"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

It would be well if this new, magnificent monument could be a creation, rather than an imitation; an interpretation of the art, the architectural science of today—a beautiful religious monument of glass, steel and marble, reaching 1,000 feet or more toward the sky.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S MISAPPREHENSIONS

"They say there's but five upon this isle," says Shakespeare's Trinculo in The Tempest, "we are three of them if the other two be brained like us, the state totters." It is, indeed, fortunate for this country at present that the other members of the United States Senate are not "brained" like Senator Sherman.

"There is danger," he said without even a blush for his bigotry, "that the Vatican would have the controlling vote in the League of Nations." The dispatches from Washington did not record the loud guffaws that must have greeted this diverting announcement, and consequently we are left to conjecture as to their precise number and magnitude.

How Senator Sherman, even with his low mentality and high bigotry, could come to the conclusion that the Vatican could by any conceivable process gain a controlling vote in the League of Nations, is beyond our comprehension.

Justly designated Catholic, would this in itself justify the wild conclusion of Senator Sherman? The Senator knows little about the past if he thinks that all the nominal Catholic countries are, or ever have been, controlled in their policies by the ideal Catholic spirit; he knows little about the recent history of

France and Italy if he feels that the political conduct of these two nations affords him plausible grounds for his absurd conclusion.

It is painfully evident from Senator Sherman's speech that he, like many another Protestant, has but a vague or a false idea of what is meant by the Temporal Power of the Pope.

Every reasonable man must draw his plan of life, and make it in due time.—Formey.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TWO PICTURES

Come paint me a picture, painter, It's one that is good and true...

And then paint another, painter, And paint it just as I am...

—R. E. W.

MAY THE NUMBER INCREASE!

A Catholic school boy is now Governor of New York, and he is one of the best beloved citizens of the State.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT If we like a thing why don't we say so?

"A GOOD FRONT" A famous self-made man once declared that if he were out of a job...

Both bits of advice are valuable and both are necessary. But the old sage who advised that the inner man be built up first was the wiser of the two.

And, to those who see, it makes a man look hungrier and more pitiful than he who wears a shiny coat and dines on a crust of bread.

GOOD CHEER vs. WORRY

Have you ever seen a more pleasing picture than a cheerful countenance? Like a calm, confident being, a cheerful person radiates light wherever he is found.

"A merry heart goes all the day, A sad heart tires in a mile."

Those who worry are constantly under a strain. Worry leaves its marks on the face of the victim, and is ever seeking to dispel any trace of happiness to be found.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE POWER OF A SMILE

There's a wondrous lot of power In an honest, wholesome smile; It often starts a blessing...

When you see a face that's saddened By the cruelty of strife, Into which have come the wrinkles...

VALUE OF POLITENESS

A president of the Chemical bank, New York City, was once asked, "What conduced to your success from the start?"

It is easy for boys to think that it makes little difference whether they are polite or not.

READING ALOUD

Among the cherished memories of a certain charming old lady is that of a teacher of her childhood, whose theory of life was reduced to a simple principle: "Learn to read well, young ladies—to enunciate distinctly, to modulate the voice pleasingly, to interpret the words of the author with sympathy and understanding; learn to read well, and all other virtues will follow."

It is possible that the acquirement of all the virtues seems a slightly more complicated matter than it did to the old gentleman, of seventy years ago.

Many a grey-haired man or woman who never heard of "round tables," and never discovered that authors had early or late styles, yet knows his Scott or Thackeray or Shakespeare as few young people of today ever knew them.

At times we say we are inclined to be dissatisfied to be set at such little things. Well, suppose we are! If only God sets us at these little things then, because he does it, the little things are great.

LITTLE THINGS

At times we say we are inclined to be dissatisfied to be set at such little things. Well, suppose we are! If only God sets us at these little things then, because he does it, the little things are great.

It was Col. Warner. When I read, adds the writer, in the big books of history, of Col. Warner riding up just in time to save the Battle of Bennington, I think of Luke Varnum. And often I think, "Does not every boy who does his duty have the future of the world upon him?"

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THE CARE OF THE HORSE

WATERING FARM HORSES

Walter Moore, a well known writer, says: "It is a common thing for farmers to work their horses in the hayfield from morning to night, watering them only at noon. This is done even on days of excessive heat. The driver usually has two or more refreshing drinks in the middle of the morning, and again in the afternoon; but the horses, who are equally as thirsty, go without. This want of water is not only distressing, but it causes the horses to drink to excess at noon and again at night, which of an results in colic, and always tends to produce a distended stomach, or what farmers call a 'hay belly.' Farmers who would treat their horses humanely should take water into the field for them in hot weather."

THE COLLAR

The collar should be just large enough to permit a man's hand to pass inside the collar between the lower end of the collar and the neck or breast of the horse. If the collar is too loose it will cause friction, if too tight it will choke the horse, and cause sore withers. Test the fitting of the collar by lifting up the horse's head.

The harness should fit the collar; if too long they will probably be buckled too tight at the top, and in this way the collar will be made to pinch the horse at the top. Sores thus produced begin by a pimple or very small boil, often overlooked because the mane covers it.

Examining your horse continually, and if there is any sore spot, adjust the collar so that it will not touch that spot. If the skin is merely wrinkled, bathe it with witchhazel or diluted vinegar. If the skin is broken, bathe it with clean water, containing a little salt.

If the collar "rides up," it can be kept down by a martingale running to the girth, or by an extra girth running from trace to trace, back of the forelegs.

The best collar for a mature horse, whose weight does not vary much throughout the year, is the leather collar. But for most horses, the best collar is one stuffed with hair, and covered with ticking. With this collar, if the horse's shoulder becomes sore at any point, the lining of the collar can easily be ripped, and the hair removed or pushed aside at that point, so that no pressure will come on the sore place.

Collar pads are much used, but they quickly become dirty, cannot easily be cleaned, and thus cause many sores. Such a pad that makes the collar fit is better than an ill-fitting collar without a pad.

By all means, clean the inside of the collar every night. If you wait until the next morning, you are likely to forget it. Of course you will clean the horse's shoulders as soon as the collar is removed. The salt sweat drying on the skin is what does the mischief.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

The world's eminent statesmen are seriously considering the pressing problems of peace. International disputes, which long held the foreground are gradually being crowded back by the urgency of the social and economic questions that affect our existence.

The present strained relations between Capital and Labor, unless quickly and satisfactorily adjusted, will cause an industrial struggle that no peace conference will be able to terminate.

Conservatives in organized labor and in the ranks of employers are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present industrial situation and are willing to try any reasonable scheme that will eliminate strife. Consequently they are leaning more and more to the proposal of the Catholic Bishops of the National Catholic War Council that labor be given a share in the management of industry.

The artificial barrier that the employer has raised between himself and his workers must come down. It has bred ignorance in the Catholic and discontent in the worker. Co-operation is the watchword of the hour. It alone will remove these twin obstructions to true industrial reconstruction.

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THE CARE OF THE HORSE

WATERING FARM HORSES

Walter Moore, a well known writer, says: "It is a common thing for farmers to work their horses in the hayfield from morning to night, watering them only at noon. This is done even on days of excessive heat. The driver usually has two or more refreshing drinks in the middle of the morning, and again in the afternoon; but the horses, who are equally as thirsty, go without. This want of water is not only distressing, but it causes the horses to drink to excess at noon and again at night, which of an results in colic, and always tends to produce a distended stomach, or what farmers call a 'hay belly.' Farmers who would treat their horses humanely should take water into the field for them in hot weather."

THE COLLAR

The collar should be just large enough to permit a man's hand to pass inside the collar between the lower end of the collar and the neck or breast of the horse. If the collar is too loose it will cause friction, if too tight it will choke the horse, and cause sore withers. Test the fitting of the collar by lifting up the horse's head.

The harness should fit the collar; if too long they will probably be buckled too tight at the top, and in this way the collar will be made to pinch the horse at the top. Sores thus produced begin by a pimple or very small boil, often overlooked because the mane covers it.

Examining your horse continually, and if there is any sore spot, adjust the collar so that it will not touch that spot. If the skin is merely wrinkled, bathe it with witchhazel or diluted vinegar. If the skin is broken, bathe it with clean water, containing a little salt.

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FATHER FRASER'S LETTERS FROM CHINA

We are now giving to our readers some of the Father Fraser's letters which for one reason or another were not published at the time they were received.

My Dear Friends,—Here I am again in my central station after a long absence in the Subprefecture of Sienku. I am glad to see by the RECORDS to hand that your kindness to my mission is holding out in spite of all the claims on your charity at home.

My recent missionary tour was without incident of special interest, except perhaps that on my nearing the city of Sienku after an all day journey a dreadful thunderstorm came on, the mountain torrents swelled to great dimensions and to our dismay on arriving near the city gate we found that the bridge had been swept away and no means of entering.

In the town of Bota towards midnight we had to hastily remove our belongings from our rented chapel as a fire broke out across the street which was only eight feet wide. I thought sure our house was going to go but thanks be to God it was spared.

There is a thriving Christian community in Bota and vicinity and I have bought a building lot in the center of the town with the hope you will enable me to build a church and presbytery.

On Sunday we had an attendance of about fifty—very good for a newly opened place. They came from miles around, some as far as ten miles. I expected a fair sale in the central town, Wangchoe, and will probably buy it thanks to your past generosity and confident in your future generosity to build the church.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

"THE RIGHT WAY"

In a leading article on "Bolshevism and Common Sense," The Wall Street Journal of recent date gives some good, sound advice, and, incidentally, pays a tribute to the practical, constructive social welfare work of the Catholic Church.

The right way (to approach the Bolshevist question) is by education. If our children are taught in the schools the meaning of freedom, schools of speech, assembly and press, together with the responsibilities of freedom; if they are shown the immense security for these things and life, liberty and property, which the Constitution guarantees; if it is made clear to them that a Socialist government denies all of these things, that it is in effect a blind and opinionated autocracy governing a nation of serfs without even national responsibility,—our children will be able to estimate Bolshevism, anarchy, in its true worthlessness.

And our intelligent labor union leaders can do great work in pointing out how Socialism and Bolshevism, the latter merely the logical development of the former, would destroy labor unionism itself, with all that it has meant in the solidarity of the workers and the improvement of their social conditions.

K. OF C. CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Headquarters of Overseas Forces of Canada. Argyll House, 246 Regent St., London, W. I. 19th June, 1919.

My Dear Colonel Workman,—As I understand you are issuing a final report on the work of the Catholic Army Huts in England, I wish to place on record my high appreciation of the magnificent work you have done in this connection.

The three Clubs in London and those in Bramshot, Witley, Seaford, Ripon, Rhyll, Epsom, Basill and Cooden have been a God-send to our men, and I feel sure that I am voicing the opinion of the people of Canada when I thank you for their behalf for providing their boys with such facilities during their absence from their own homes.

As you know, I have at different times visited your Clubs and have been most struck with the liberal way you have furnished them. The men I know have appreciated the writing paper, cigarettes and other comforts which have been provided.

I also want to thank you for the assistance you have given us in the transports by providing free cigarettes, games, chewing gum and writing paper.

I can assure you that your huts have been the means of gladdening the hearts of thousands of Canadians.

Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) R. E. W. TURNER. Lt.-Col. W. T. Workman, C. B., M. C., A. D. C., S. (R. C.), Oxford Circus House, W. I.

Headquarters London District, Horse Guards Annex, Carlton House Terrace, S. W. I. 12th June, 1919.

Dear Father Workman,—I should be very obliged if you would convey my best thanks on behalf of the soldiers who have used the Catholic Army Club, George's Hall, to Miss Stourton, Miss Latham and all the workers at the Club for the good and hard work they have done during the six months the Club has been in existence. It has been a great benefit to the soldiers, and you all have reason to feel proud of the record of the Club, which has been very much appreciated by many hundreds of soldiers.

Yours very truly, (Sgd.) G. P. T. FIELDING, Major General, Commanding London District.

Canadian Embarkation Camp, Havra, June 10, 1919.

Dear Captain O'Gorman,—As we have practically concluded our respective responsibilities in connection with the evacuation of all Canadian troops from Europe, I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you personally for your hard and successful work while with this camp. Through you also, I would like to thank the Catholic Army Huts, and associated with them, the Knights of Columbus, for the great assistance they have rendered to Canadian soldiers leaving a port in France for the last time. The organizations under your direction have done much towards the splendid record made by this camp in our share towards winding up the War.

With best wishes, I remain, Yours very sincerely (Sgd.) E. R. HILL, Col. Camp Commandant.

"THEIR NAME IS LEGION"

The recent marked recrudescence of popular interest in Spiritism, in clear contrast with previous sporadic scientific interest in the subject, serves to emphasize the Church's unchanged attitude in the matter. As a cult, Catholicism holds it to be deeply dangerous and profoundly heretical. As taught by its principal defenders, although it retains some fragments of the true religion, it is nothing else but a synthesis which have been condemned by the Church from the earliest ages of Christianity.

matter of fact do reveal themselves, to the man living on earth, Spiritism teaches the evolution of spirits in the next world. It inculcates an attitude of agnosticism concerning the ultimate cause, it regards the doctrines of the Church as scraps of outworn philosophy, it is committed, generally if not universally, to the theory of reincarnation, it rejects original sin, redemption, the Divinity of Christ, whom it regards merely as a most perfect medium, it sweeps away miracles, the priesthood, the existence of the devil, the resurrection, heaven and hell. This manifold denial of the truths of Christianity is enough to condemn it, and should serve as an all-sufficient deterrent for Catholics.

No matter what may be the explanation of the phenomena, for which a certain amount of credence is postulated by the testimony of learned men and for which many hypotheses have been expounded, it seems to be undoubted that a number of them must be attributed to Satanic influence. Whether or not the evocation of spirits at Spiritistic seances involves necessarily the malice of attempted communication with diabolic beings may be questioned, but this much is certain that assistance at such gatherings, even when purely passive, is strictly and explicitly forbidden by the Church, for instance, in the decree of the Holy Office dated April 24, 1917.

Articles in current magazines and discussions of psychical research appearing in recent books deepen our conviction that spiritism is anti-Christian. Mr. Harpert's insistence on the fact that participation in it involves grave peril of physical and moral degradation is well known. It is this baneful effect of dabbling with the occult forces which lie at the root of Spiritism, that has been graphically worked out in fiction—by the accomplished and thoroughly Catholic novelist, Miss Isabel C. Clarke in her forceful novel, "Their Name is Legion." It would be a mistake to say that she intends to assume that participation in the practise of Spiritism is always followed by eventual enslavement to the devil; she knows that in view of our present ignorance reservations must be made against hasty and imprudent generalizations. The same data that made Dr. Lilljencranz guard against too sweeping statements in this matter, doubtless have equal weight with her. Nevertheless such degradation has occasionally followed upon forbidden intercourse with those personalities which, as "controls," manifest themselves at Spiritistic seances, possession by the devil is well authenticated in the Gospel narratives, cases of it have occurred in later times where the occult forces, even when exorcism. Spiritism, therefore, even apart from its heretical tendencies and tenets, is an extremely perilous thing to play with. Miss Clarke's book is a grave warning against its disastrous possibilities, all the more powerful because of its evident moderation. To trifle with Spiritism, even were there no danger to the soul's salvation, is to risk the loss of happiness, health, and self-respect.—America.

DIED

MEEHAN.—At Pembroke, Ont., on Monday, June 30, 1919, Miss Mary Meehan, daughter of the late Andrew and Mrs. Meehan, aged fifty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

GREEN.—At the Pembroke Gen. Hospital in her eighty-seventh year, Mrs. Margaret Green, widow of the late Philip Green. Buried at Eganville, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

The will of the late Isador Cohen, Jewish philanthropist, left \$2,500 to Bishop Grace of Sacramento for the Catholic Relief Society.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED WITH EXPERIENCE preferred, one holding a 1st or 2nd class professional certificate, capable of teaching both French and English. Apply to the undersigned, 111 St. George Street, Toronto, Ont. Salary to be commensurate with experience. Duties to commence after the summer holidays. Apply to Joseph T. Schurter, Sec. Treas., R. R. 1, Chesham, Ont. 2125-3

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. No. 4, Westmeath, Capable of teaching French and English. Apply stating salary and experience to W. C. Gervais, Sec. Treas., LaPasse, Ont. 2126-17

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER MALE OR FEMALE. Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for C. S. No. 2, B. Col. North, R. R. 1, Amherstburg, Ont. Applicant will please state salary and experience. Address: D. A. Quallette, Sec. Treas., C. S. No. 3, B. Col. North, R. R. 1, Amherstburg, Ont. 2125-4

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 5, Greenwood, Small school, State salary and experience. Applications received until August 1st. Duties to commence Sept. 3rd. Apply to Joseph T. Schurter, Sec. Treas., R. R. 1, Chesham, Ont. 2125-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, Sec. No. 5, Raleigh, holding a 1st or 2nd class professional certificate. Convenient to boarding house and church and a school garden attached. Duties to commence Sept. 3rd. Apply, stating salary, experience and references to John T. O'Neill, Sec. Treas., R. R. 6, Chatham, Ont. 2126-4

WANTED, NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for separate school, No. 1, Hay, Huron County, for school near church and boarding house. Salary \$600 to \$650 according to qualifications and experience. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1919. Apply to Ring, LaPorte, R. R. 2, Zarah, Ont. Phone 57 Jno. 7, Dashwood. 2126-17

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR 2nd class certificate for S. S. No. 10, Carleton Place, Ontario. Duties to begin at the summer holidays. Applications must be in not later than August 1st. Apply to Joseph T. Schurter, Sec. Treas., R. R. 1, Chesham, Ont. 2125-3

WANTED TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, for separate school, No. 5, Sydneyham, Apply stating salary and experience to Michael J. Duggan, Sec. Treas., Annan, R. R. 1, Ont. 2126-4

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

EXPERIENCED TEACHER HOLDING 1st or 2nd class certificate for S. S. No. 6, Arthur, Township, Ont. Duties to commence Sept. 2nd. Apply stating salary, qualifications and experience to Edward Reedy, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Kailworth, Ont. 2125-3

WANTED MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER for C. S. No. 2, Carleton and Colons, holding 2nd class professional certificate; duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1919. Salary \$625 to \$675 according to experience. Applications received until Aug. 1st, 1919. Apply to Joseph D. Meyer, Sec. Treas., Midway, R. R. 2, Ont. 2125-3

SECOND CLASS TEACHER WANTED FOR Timmins Separate school, must be able to teach French. Salary \$850 per annum. Apply to Hector Chouteau, Timmins, Ont. 2127-4

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 2, N. Burgess, two teachers each holding 2nd class professional certificate. Apply at once stating salary, etc., to P. I. McFarland, Stratford, P. O., Lanark Co. 2127-11

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER holding 2nd class professional certificate for Jockvale Public school, 10 miles from second class professional certificate. Apply at once stating salary, etc., to P. I. McFarland, Stratford, P. O., Lanark Co. 2127-11

A QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR P. S. No. 4, Brouham, Apply, stating salary, experience and salary to Thomas H. Moore, Sec. Treas., Black Donald, Ont. 2127-3

WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER HOLDING 1st or 2nd class professional certificate for principal R. C. Separate school, Espanola. Salary \$1,000. Knowledge of French preferred. Salary \$1,000. Good table essential. The full particulars in first letter. Address: John T. Edwards, Espanola, Ont. 2127-2

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING SECOND class professional certificate for separate school, R. C. Separate school, Espanola. Apply to John J. Doyle, Sec. R. R. No. 1, Espanola, Ont. 2127-3

WANTED A 2ND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for separate school, S. S. No. 1, Espanola, Ont. Apply to P. J. Buckley, Sec. Treas., Clansville, Ont. 2127-3

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR school section, No. 9, 14 in Rochester, one to teach French and English. State salary, duties to begin Sept. 1st. Apply to Victor Gagnon, Sec. Treas., Hiram, Ont. R. R. No. 1, Hiram, Ont. 2127-3

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER for Sep. school, No. 8, Bromley, beautiful school, fine location. Apply stating salary to Rev. J. J. Schurter, Sec. Treas., Colgate, Ont. 2125-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR M. E. School, No. 1, Parkhill, holding 2nd class professional certificate, for the English/French section, Little Current, Manitowish, Ont. Apply stating salary and experience to Laurent Lesage, Sec. Little Current, Ont. 2125-4

WANTED A 2ND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for C. S. S. No. 9, Kearney, Ont. Apply stating salary, experience, etc., and salary expected to J. W. Brown, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Kearney, Ont. 2125-5

TEACHERS WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Fort William, holding 2nd class professional certificate. Salary \$60 per month. Duties to commence September 1st. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec. 1121 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont. 2125-17

TEACHER WANTED: THIRD CLASS certificate, Catholic preferred. Salary \$40 per annum. A small school. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to James McGinness, Sec. Treas., S. S. No. 2, Gard, Trent-Creek, B. X. 2. 2126-3

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