

The Catholic Record.

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

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NUN ADDRESSES SCIENTISTS

DISCOURSE BY SISTER MARY, OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONROE, MICH., SETS PRECEDENT

Washington, Jan. 23.—For the first time in seventy-six years of existence as the most learned body of scientists in the United States, the American Association for the Advancement of Science was addressed by a Sister at its annual meeting here this week.

The speaker was Sister Mary, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, head of the Department of Sociology at St. Mary's College, Monroe, Michigan. She was formerly Miss Mary C. McGrath, of Pittsburgh, and she holds the degree Bachelor of Arts from the University of Michigan, where she was graduated "with distinction." Master of Arts from the University of Pittsburgh, and Doctor of Philosophy from the Catholic University of America there.

She spoke Wednesday before Section Q, the Educational Section of the Association, on the subject "Some Research Findings in the Moral Development of Children." The paper entered a wholly new field in education, and its thoroughness drew close attention from the scholars assembled at the session.

HOW SHE WAS SELECTED

It is of interest to note the manner in which this first member of a religious order of women was selected to deliver an address at the association's meeting. Sister Mary, throughout her university days, had consistently been an honor student, and when she wrote her dissertation for the Ph. D. degree at the Catholic University such was its scientific value that it was published as a monograph in the "Psychological Review," the most learned and important psychological journal in the country.

Dr. L. A. Pechstein, Dean of the College of Education of the University of Cincinnati, who is a vice-president of the Association for the Advancement of Science and chairman of Section Q, came across the monograph in the "Psychological Review" and regarded its scholarship so highly that he determined to invite its author to address his section at the association's annual meeting. The signature of the monograph was merely "Mary C. McGrath." On the day when Dr. Pechstein sought the author, did he find out that she was a member of a religious order. He immediately extended a cordial invitation to Sister Mary to address the section.

SOMETHING NEW IN EDUCATION

The paper the religious delivered brings something wholly new into the science of education. It is a pioneer attempt to work out a moral curriculum, and the deductions Sister Mary draws from an extensive research may become the basis for the first courses in moral instruction in schools.

Since the topic is new, the author confined herself to fundamentals. In the paper she gave the results of a series of moral information tests conducted with 4,000 school children of Public and parochial schools in several cities of the country. Questions, stories and pictures were compiled in two eighty-page booklets and submitted to the children to determine the age at which their awareness of various moral precepts begins, and the age at which their interest in these precepts wanes. The ages ranged from six to above eighteen.

The great value to educators in the possible working out of a moral curriculum to be gained from Sister Mary's research may be stated in a few sentences from the paper itself.

"Let us assume a working principle. Most children are not alive to moral problems before the age at which the problems first appear in the tests. It follows, then, as a pedagogical corollary that it is vain to give moral instruction in these problems before the age at which children in general commence to be aware of them. Let us also assume a second principle: Most children have for some reason ceased to be keenly alive to moral problems after the age at which the problem last appears in our tests. It then follows that it is useless to give moral instruction on these problems after the age at which children in general have lost interest in them."

One of the chief points of value of the research Sister Mary conducted is that it has proved that it is possible to standardize moral tests. In addition, the tests gave a very valuable insight into the ideals and principles of delinquents just admitted to a reformatory training school, so that there is additional value in the data in dealing with delinquents throughout the country. In conclusion, Sister Mary says:

"The study offers something more than a standardization of moral information tests. It affords real knowledge of the development of ethical principles in the child's mind

and of the waxing and waning of his moral problems which will provide a provisional plan of no little value when one wishes to approach the task of moral instruction by rational, method and psychological insight."

STAGES OF MORAL PERCEPTIONS

A point of interest in the replies of the children was the order in which their moral problems appeared as they advanced in years. An analysis showed this order as follows: Religious acts, personal piety, divine worship, respect for authority (in the family), charity, honesty, gentleness, rendering assistance at home, following a vocation, politeness, purity, unselfishness, self-denial, preservation of health, courtesy, duty to church (boys), duty to country (boys), gratefulness (boys), industry (girls), gratitude (girls), industry (boys), and gratitude (boys). Industry appeared in the case of the girls at eleven and twelve, but in the case of the boys not until fifteen and sixteen.

Asked to "name three things it is bad to do," the children indicated their problems in the following order: blasphemy, unbelief, against authority, against charity, stealing, lying, murder, fighting, against purity, cruelty, intemperance, deceit, divorce, adultery and neglect of vocation.

Also attending the meeting of the association were the Dean of St. Mary's College, who came with Sister Mary; two Dominican Sisters from Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., and Sisters from the Sisters' College at the Catholic University.

Among papers read before the sections of the meeting were: "The National Catholic Welfare Conference," by the Rev. Dr. Frederick Siedenbergh, S. J., of Loyola University, Chicago, read before the Section of Social and Economic Sciences, and papers by the Rev. Father Anselm M. Keefe, O. Praem., of the University of Wisconsin, and the Rev. Father Hilary S. Jurica, O. S. B., of St. Procopius' College, Lisle, Ill., read before the Section of Botanical Sciences. Numerous other educators from Catholic universities attended the sessions.

K. OF C. DENOUNCE BLASPHEMY

When the Public Ledger by printing on Christmas morning a coarse and blasphemous reference to the Queen of Heaven and her Divine Son offered insult to all Christians, it bestowed Philadelphia as has nothing else for generations in this city.

Strong denunciation of the Public Ledger for publishing the heinous thing, and for its attitude of silence in not retracting or apologizing for its act, was expressed in a resolution, unanimously passed by several hundred members of the Knights of Columbus Dining Club, held at the Adelphi Hotel recently.

It was also voted, without a dissenting voice, that a copy of the resolution be sent to the Public Ledger, to every other Philadelphia newspaper and to The Catholic Standard and Times. Moreover, the members present were urged to carry the resolution to their respective councils for similar action and to all other organizations to which they belong, and to their families and associates.

TEXT OF RESOLUTION

The resolution passed by the Knights of Columbus body is as follows:

"The Knights of Columbus Dining Club, in session at noon today, January 8, 1925, at the Adelphi Hotel, by a resolution of the members present, calls upon the Philadelphia Public Ledger to withdraw publicly in its own name the shocking blasphemy, to which it gave space on page 5, in its issue of Christmas morning, December 25, 1924, by printing there the passage, commencing with 'When the Queen of Heaven,' in an article entitled 'Isles of Fear,' by Miss Katherine Mayo."

"Furthermore, we deplore the lamentable indifference of the Public Ledger to the coarse, indecent and anti-Christian publication complained of, as evidenced by the Public Ledger's resistance to the demand that it apologize for the outrageous passage.

"Be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent immediately to the Public Ledger and to the other Philadelphia daily papers, and to The Catholic Standard and Times."

WAVE OF PROTEST SPREADING

Sudging from the volume of letters received by The Catholic Standard and Times, the Public Ledger must have been inundated by a veritable flood of protests against the impious utterance, and demands for retraction and apology. Many of our readers have enclosed copies of their letters to the Public Ledger.

Not only of Catholics outraged, but a number by the insult, but by the

continued policy of silence in the matter by the Public Ledger have cancelled subscriptions to that newspaper. Those served by carriers have ordered it discontinued.

Some merchants and other business men have written to the Catholic Standard and Times, stating that they have withdrawn their advertisements from the columns of the Public Ledger.

Meetings have been held, not only in parishes, but by fraternal and other organizations.

Members of the clergy and laity, and heads of religious orders, have written protests to the Public Ledger.

Denunciation throughout diocese

From altar and pulpit reference has been made to the Public Ledger's Christmas morning anti-Catholic and anti-Christian attack on the God-man and Mary Immaculate.

Thousands of copies of last week's editorial of the Catholic Standard and Times have been distributed among parishioners.

Indications point to the fact that the Catholics of Philadelphia cognizant of their duty and alive to their trust, individually and collectively, will not allow to pass unnoticed the dastardly attack in the Public Ledger and that newspaper's continued silence.

Officers of some men's organizations and ladies' auxiliaries have stated that they have instructed their publicity directors to send no items of Catholic news, or events of interest to Catholics, to the Public Ledger until it apologizes for its gross offense.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

THE EDUCATION OF "AL" SMITH

In his inaugural address Governor Smith said: "I have a real affection for the Assembly Chamber. It has been my high school, my college; practically everything I have got here." But the Governor, paying a compliment to that Chamber where he served so long and with so admirable and various competence, forgot many of his student days.

His singular and successful education began long before he went to Albany. He had the good fortune to be born in the Fourth Ward. He is an old New Yorker of old New Yorkers in a district which, in his young days, was one of the most vigorous, interesting and thoroughly living pages of the great book of New York. A good education began for him when he was born on the waterfront. Some of us look back with regret to that old South Street lined with shops. Figureheads were almost as thick on South Street as wooden Indians before cigar stores all over the town. A walk in South Street was foreign travel.

What joy it must have been to go aboard and have nautical matters and the rest of the world explained to you by old salts to play baseball in a forest of masts and poles! A turbulent and exotic life swarmed there. The Smiths and their kind lived a quiet and orderly life in what came to be a surviving Irish settlement colonized by many races; but what a show, what an education, those streets were!

The Smith boy made friends with many origins as he grew up. It was an education to be a little brother to the Brooklyn Bridge and watch it rise. What lectures of what college could have done for him at eighteen, what his New York was doing for him all the time? Would a Latin grammar teach what he learned as a boy "buff," haunting an engine house in John Street and rushing to fires with coffee can and sandwich basket?

To be a newsboy, an errand boy, a truckman and the son of a truckman—to take the degree of F. S. M. (Fulton Street Market); to keep learning from all sorts of people; to take life by the neck, as it tried to take him; through all to give a friendly shake to "the world's rough hand"; these also were courses in the boy's education. He didn't "leave school" at fourteen, as he has misled his biographers into believing. He has always been at school. Upon the education of the streets, that university where Dickens studied all his life, he superimposed a continual education from men and women. As he grew into political stature he got education from many eminent persons, from experts, and still from folks of all sorts and conditions. It is curious that so successful and popular a man as Edward VII. got his wide knowledge of affairs and the world much as Smith has got much of his, by absorption after radiation.

Not that the Governor hasn't done a prodigious amount of "digging." There isn't a creek visible under the microscope in New York that he doesn't know. Nothing that ever was in an appropriation or any other kind of bill escaped his vision and memory. As to New York he is a cyclopedia on legs and sometimes in golf stockings. He likes to think that he never reads books; but there are better means of

acquiring information. He has been something of a "grind" in history, notably the history of the United States and the Federal Constitution and laws and those of this State. He seems never to forget anything. He carries facts and figures in his memory with an almost uncanny accuracy. In addition to his early advantages, his easy assimilation of knowledge, the minds fed on books that are glad to pump themselves into him, he has a distinctive means of self-improvement and education. In a world up to its ears in novels, he never reads a novel.—N. Y. Times Editorial.

NEVER WATCHED CLOCK

MILLIONAIRE ITALIAN SAYS FIELD OF OPPORTUNITY WIDENING

Almerigo Portofolio, who came to this country from Italy when he was a boy and amassed a fortune in the cloak and suit industry, retired yesterday at the age of forty-seven and turned his business over to six of his employees as a gift.

Mr. Portofolio, trading at 1333 Broadway under the name of A. Portofolio & Co., started with nothing and relinquished a business which, it was said yesterday, had a \$7,000,000 turnover last year. In giving it away he told his employees "not to watch the clock." He then left for the West Indies on a vacation.

It was about four months ago that Mr. Portofolio began to think of retiring. Some time afterward he called into his office six of his employees who had been most active in building up the business.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to retire and rest." And when there was expression of regret he added: "What's more, I'm going to give the business to you."

One of the six was Portofolio's brother, Pasquale, the others were Samuel A. Goldman, Mills Shenk, Edward E. Nathan, Samuel H. Pasternak and Edward J. Scully. They had been with Portofolio from four to sixteen years. Yesterday the six formed a new organization with Pasquale Portofolio as President and Treasurer and Goldman as Secretary, to continue as A. Portofolio & Co.

After he had turned over his business Mr. Portofolio said: "These men are receiving only what they have earned by enthusiastic work and loyal service. Opportunities for success are more numerous now than ever. The field is widening, not closing. Opportunities are multiplying, but only for the youth unafraid of toil and study. To the man who becomes so engrossed in his work that he forgets the clock there is assurance of great success. But let his efforts be merely selfish. Let him remember in his advance that the heights of success are not achieved by spoliation of others but rather by helping others to help themselves."

Born in Italy in 1878 young Portofolio came to America at the age of ten with his father and a brother. He went to the Public schools and at the age of fifteen became an errand boy at \$3 a week with the Mercantile Cloak Company. Portofolio was remembered as the boy who did not watch the clock. At the age of twenty he was general manager at \$55 a week.

THE DAUGHTER OF ARMAGH'S PROTESTANT PRELATE LAUDS CARDINAL LOGUE

Miss Alexander of Armagh, whose father was Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, in a letter to the Armagh District Nursing Association, pays the following tribute to the memory of Cardinal Logue:

"I can never forget that one day, very shy, but very determined, I went and asked to see the Cardinal. I was kindly received, and listened with patience and sympathy. From that day a community of interest and a knowledge of the desire of both sides, in spite of differences on vital subjects, to help the sick poor of all denominations made a bond between us that might justly be called a bond of real friendship."

"That bond led the Cardinal to speak publicly of me and my work in such a kind and chivalrous way as could be never forgotten."

"It now urges me to add my memories of a fine Irish character, of a distinguished fellow-countryman. His counsel became helpful to me in many dangers and difficulties of the organization."

"I realize strongly today that the flourishing state of the Association owed much to his tact and wisdom. When I visited him on his hill, or on the rare occasions when he came to my father's house, it seemed to me that to the simplicity born of his early life and to his general character were added something of the astuteness of a statesman."

"But over all was the kindly light of his love for humanity and the

bright sunshine of true Christianity. After referring to his love for animals and birds, she proceeds: "There was his appreciation of the beautiful as carried out in his cathedral, a crowning joy and probably the only pride of his life."

"There was also his adventurous spirit, his intense love for the sea, with its calm, sheltered bays in her northern lochs and its turbulent distances; there was his love, greater still, for the country of his birth and life-work, the country for which he wished true patriot peace in her borders; above all, there was his love of mankind and his tenderness toward all who suffered."

SISTERS OF SERVICE

ARCHBISHOP SINNOTT ON THE IMPERATIVE NEED OF THIS NEW ORDER

The magnificent reception which was recently held in honor of the Sisters of Service under the distinguished patronage of the Archbishop of Winnipeg and attended by a large crowd from all parts of the Western Metropolis, has prompted the following letter of His Grace to Father Daly, C. S. R.

This document places in bold relief the religious and social values of the missionary endeavor of the Sisters of Service. The proper assimilation of our Catholic New-Canadians is undoubtedly a problem fraught with the greatest and far-reaching consequences for the Church in our country.

The reading of Archbishop Sinnott's letter will be an encouragement to all who support by their prayers and their offerings the great Catholic and National endeavor of the "Sisters of Service."

Archbishop's House, Winnipeg, December 31st, 1924.

Dear Father Daly.—Yesterday we held a Public Reception here in honor of the Sisters of Service, and I can say that it was a great success. In numbers and in enthusiasm it was very satisfactory. I enclose the "Announcement" which appeared last week in the North-West Review. Most assuredly the Catholic people of Winnipeg took advantage of the opportunity to show interest in the work which is being done by the Sisters of Service.

May I take this occasion to say that I am immensely pleased with the work of the Sisters of Service, and I can say that it was a great success. In numbers and in enthusiasm it was very satisfactory. I enclose the "Announcement" which appeared last week in the North-West Review. Most assuredly the Catholic people of Winnipeg took advantage of the opportunity to show interest in the work which is being done by the Sisters of Service.

The subject of the New Canadian is a vast one, and no one has a more comprehensive grasp of it than yourself. We want these strangers who have come into our land, to retain their Christian traditions, but you know the nefarious influences that are at work. So many anxious to take advantage of poverty and weakness; so many trying to drag them from their moorings, in the hope of profiting from their wreckage. And yet we all know that a young tree will seldom grow and old tree will never grow, when torn violently from the earth and transplanted. If we wish the New Canadians to grow and flourish on our Canadian soil and not be dead wood in our midst, it seems to me that we must bring to their minds the principles upon which our social order is established. We must have some one who will bridge for the New Canadian the chasm between present environment and old world conditions—some one who will reconcile and bind together all that is best and worth while in national and religious inheritance with what this country offers in prosperity, liberty and established government. The Sisters of Service, as an organization, are admirably adapted for this work. Each member is particularly trained for it, and each brings to the task the sympathy, the unselfishness, the devotion, the patriotism and the reverence for God and religion, that are the indispensable requisites for success.

But, if the Sisters of Service are going to do a tithe of the work that is to be done, they must be multiplied many many times. And this is my prayer—whilst expressing deep gratification that the first western foundation was made in this jurisdiction—that from East and West, North and South, young ladies will come in numbers, inspired with the highest ideals, to join this new Crusade, which is indeed a crusade and calls for as

much courage and chivalry as any cause in which knight errant ever drew sword.

Wishing you every success and God's blessing on the work, I remain, dear Father Daly, Very sincerely yours in Xto., (Sgd) ALFRED A. SINNOTT, Archbishop of Winnipeg.

THE UNIVERSE IN THE ATOM

HOW FAR CAN MECHANISTIC PHILOSOPHY GO WITH ITS DENIAL OF GOD?

Editor New York Times: Now that the mechanistic philosophers with their scientific hammers have cracked the atoms, only to discover whirling solar systems therein, is it not time to inquire how far these savants expect to be able to go?

Believing, as they unquestionably do, that the phenomenon known as "intelligence" is in some intimate way coordinated with "dead" matter, such as the metals and the rocks, only awaiting the grinding up of these materials into "soil" in order to fabricate grasses, trees, birds and beasts and, lastly, man, will they carry the inquiry along, "in the light of reason," at least to the point of formulating a theory as to the whys and the wherefores of such an admixture and as to the possibility of the "universe" developing, by a "fortuitous concordance" of electrons, gigantic aggregations of intelligence, as well as the enormous globes of inert matter which are so widely distributed throughout space?

That intelligence does detach itself apparently from dead matter and become an entity with power to overcome fixed laws of nature is necessarily contended by those scientists who deny the existence of a controlling God whenever they see a bird flying overhead or a man ascending into the sky, defying the law of gravitation.

How far, then under favoring circumstances, which the mechanists might term "cosmic accidents," could vast accumulations of intelligence gather together into operating entities, exercising their "wills" upon surrounding matter?

Why say for a moment that men, the best developed creatures upon the earth, have acquired the largest units of intelligence?

If the mechanistic conception be accepted, it carries with it a certain inevitable fact. In the so-called atom must reside the principle of life, possessing a property of intelligence under stimulating conditions. All forms and compositions of substances are resolved ultimately into varying combinations of electrons, beyond which there is nothing else.

Within the atom must also reside the "laws of nature," intricate and varied as they are and unsurmountable except by the one power of intelligence, acted upon by that baffling mystery called "will."

In the atom must lie the power to cause reproduction of the various forms of organic things, both vegetable and animal.

Again, the atom possesses titanic powers far mightier than those of the most terrible explosives ever used by men.

Finally, the atom contains the factors which produce all things which exist, from the blazing suns in the heavens to the crawling insects upon the earth.

The mechanist looks out into the infinite reaches of space and declares that he sees no God. Yet he defies the atom as he studies it and gives it all of the creative powers of a supreme being.

EDMUND H. WELLS, Washington, Dec. 1, 1924.

PRESBYTERIAN MODERATOR AND HIS CRITICS

The Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Right Rev. Dr. Hamilton, has enraged Die-Hard opinion in the North. Speaking recently in his co-religionists in Dublin, he described himself as an Irishman to the backbone, praised the Free State Government for its courage and sincerity, and advised the Ulster leaders to modify their attitude towards the South. More daring still, he suggested that Partition, to which he was himself opposed, was unpopular in business circles in Belfast, which would rejoice wholeheartedly when the day of reconciliation came and boundaries and boycotts were forgotten. The Northern Whig and the Belfast Telegraph employ their choicest phrases in denouncing the Moderator's implied rejection of the Orange creed. Can it be that their language is inspired by a subconscious fear that Dr. Hamilton speaks for an increasing section of his people?—Irish Correspondence to Catholic Times.

There are three kinds of people in the world; the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Copernicus, world's greatest astronomer, was a Catholic priest. There are still about 140,000,000 unconverted souls in Africa.

Excluding the chapels of religious communities, there are today, 145 Catholic churches in London, as compared with only twenty-one one hundred years ago.

Rev. Paul Kam, a native Chinese and Professor of Chinese in China Mission College, was raised to the order of Deaconship by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil on Sunday, December 14.

Paris, Dec. 12.—At the Carmel of Lisieux, Reverend Mother Marie des Anges, who was the Mistress of Novices of the Little Flower, has passed away at the age of eighty years.

Mrs. Anna Moskowitz Kross came to America as an immigrant. She educated herself and became a lawyer. Now she has been appointed by the New York courts as guardian for the trust funds of the minor heirs of the J. P. Morgan estate.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29.—Death of the Rev. Michael P. Hill, S. J., noted Jesuit educator and author, has caused widespread sorrow here. Father Hill was the author of many devotional works and had been a Jesuit for fifty years.

Dublin.—A movement is afoot in support of the preparation of an authoritative and impartial history of Ireland, compiled from the original records in Irish and foreign libraries. Through the destruction of the Public Record office, Four Courts, Dublin, many documents of historic interest were lost.

Father Galvin, now Right Rev. Monsignor Edward J. Galvin, who set out to China in 1912, returned to Ireland in 1916, founded the Chinese Mission Society, brought to China in 1920 a band of seventeen missionaries, and has since increased the number to fifty in the District of HanYang, has been created Prefect Apostolic by the Holy See. There are 5,000,000 pagans in his Prefecture.

In the Pacific Ocean, fifty miles off the Japanese coast, the American Geological Survey, flocking to the Manchū, a Japanese man-o-war, made soundings to a depth of six and a quarter miles without reaching the bottom. The greatest depth previously recorded was off Mindanao, P. I., where bottom was reached at 32,113 feet, or 500 feet less than the above.

Geneva.—An international railroad conference has been called here to plan for the transportation of Holy Year pilgrims to Rome, so serious has the situation become with thousands flocking to the Eternal City. Switzerland has a peculiar problem, as besides her own thousands of pilgrims, many more thousands use the country's railroads passing through from other countries to Rome.

The original Parsifal series of drawings, based on the German version of the Holy Grail and etched by the eminent Austrian artist, Edmund Von Wordle, have been presented to Fordham University by Col. Michael Friedsam, it was announced recently. The drawings, which have been heirlooms of the Wordle family were brought to America from the family home at Innsbruck, Austria, several months ago.

Dr. Augustus Von Galen, O. S. B., an Austrian Count by heredity and prior to his death Court Chaplain to Emperor Francis Joseph, arrived in New York before Christmas. His object in visiting America is to establish branches in the United States of the *Catholic Union* (Catholic Union), a society of which Father Galen is himself the founder, designed to promote the return of Oriental Christians, particularly Russians to the Communion with the Chair of Peter at Rome, the center of Catholic Unity.

"Maria Chapeleine," Louis Hemon's novel, which has been described as one of the most successful works written on French Canada by a French author, will be soon shown on the stage, according to an announcement made by Firmin Gemier, director of L'Odeon of Paris. France's leading producer would not disclose exactly what were his plans in this connection, but it appears that the play will be given in Canada in the fall of 1925, and that music will also be included in it.

London, Eng.—The famous Yorkshire woolen industry was founded by monks of Kirkstall Abbey, according to a statement by H. B. McCall, editor of the "Archaeological Journal," in a lecture this week. The monks of Kirkstall, he said, were pioneers in agriculture. They reclaimed swamps, started stock-breeding on a big scale, besides founding the Yorkshire woolen industry. They also had iron works and blast furnaces, and Mr. McCall said he had little doubt that the big Kirkstall Forge Company was really started by monks six or seven centuries ago.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

Mrs. Trichell felt a keen interest in the story of the Trichells were not blessed with children. Yet both she and her husband loved them. Someone had whispered that when the Trichells came into Oklahoma years before they had brought with them a small child. But the fact was that Mrs. Trichell had never borne a child. There on the lonely ranch she had wished for children a thousand times and graying hairs only intensified the desire. The couple was approaching the time of life when children would have been a comfort.

The days that followed were busy ones for Mrs. Trichell, who set to making new clothing for Bluebonnet. The latter helped around the house and shouldered many of the household duties. Bluebonnet was delighted with her new home for Mrs. Trichell had insisted that she call the place such. Above all she had fallen in love with Mrs. Trichell. The latter interested in her by the greater interest taken in her with new affection. Then, too, she was delighted with her raiment. It was not the purple patch of the gypsy, the yellow, red and green all combined in one dress. Those made by Mrs. Trichell were dainty frocks of peacock blue or delicate pink and trimmed with taste. The simple designs pleased her eye far more than the gaudy colorings of the gypsies.

In lucid moments she described to Mrs. Trichell gypsy life, her wanderings from coast to mountains and the monotonous monotony of the existence. She insisted that she had never been happy and that she was not one of them. Yet Nava could tell the date of her birth and name the town where she was born in Texas.

"That is why they called me Bluebonnet," she explained sadly one afternoon when the two were seated on the side porch watching the large clouds gather in the West. "And your last name?" queried Mrs. Trichell, looking up for a moment from her sewing.

"I don't know; I never knew. I was always called Bluebonnet, just Bluebonnet."

Pity welled to the heart of her hearer. After a thoughtful pause she asked, "How would you like to be called Trichell, Louise Trichell?"

"O, I would love Louise Trichell. Will you? Can you?" She inquired with intense eagerness.

"Surely, why not? Somehow you remind me of other days." Here she hesitated for a moment and looked out to where the sun was splashing the turf with shadows under the catalpas. "Yes, John and I were speaking of you last night and we decided to offer you the name of Louise Trichell—if you should like it."

"Me? Oh, I'd be so happy to have it," Louise eagerly declared.

"Then Louise it shall be," announced Mrs. Trichell.

"You know whenever I hear the name of Bluebonnet I see Nava rushing toward me and I hear her dreadful yell beating against my ear. And those awful blows! Oh, Mrs. Trichell, do you think she will ever find me again?" The question was full of pathos mingled with a desire for protection.

"No, indeed, Louise. She will harm you no more even should she find you. You may make this your home and stay with us as long as you live. Perhaps you are a God-send for John and I are getting up in years and we need someone to confide in and, in turn, to have help us. Someone just like you. But remember, you must have as little as possible to do with Tulane. He is a bad man, deceitful and terrible when drunk."

"Do you think he is a gypsy?" asked Louise with grave concern.

"Well, I always thought he was part Indian or Mexican. He has the appearance of a greaser. Anyway he is bad at heart. He thinks that you belong to him because he set his eye on you first at the station. He has a terrible reputation. Why I even believe it has crossed down into Mexico. Yesterday he told Seth Hopkins that he and you would be missing from the ranch some day, gone to Guymon to get married. It sort of worried Seth and the other boys. They're watching him because they know he's watching you. Don't ever leave the ranch unless you tell us where you are going and above all don't leave the house in the evening. I believe that Tulane is showing up grouchy of late because he has not had a chance to talk to you. But be careful. Remember he is watching you all the time. John would discharge him but he would only remain around Terilton and make trouble. His right name is Alsak, Alsak Baisan, but the boys dubbed him Tulane because he declares he went to Tulane University in New Orleans, but of course he never did."

"What does he claim to be?" the girl's eyes were afixe with wonder.

"Oh, just a tramp rider, as they're called in this country. Declares he's an Indian from the Osage nation and that he'll get money from the tribal treasury through sale of oil. But I don't

believe it. If he had Indian rights his share would be coming quarterly. He's more a Mexican than he is Indian. But his love for horses shows that he's a gypsy."

The warning made Louise feel uneasy but she took the words to heart. She was too busy in the enjoyment of life, too eager to partake of the new freedom, to pay attention to any of the riders. She found herself time and again repeating the name of Louise Trichell. It sounded sweet to her ears. She loved to whisper it to herself in the silence of the room, under the grove of cottonwoods or lying on her bed in the night time, watching the primrose bloom of stars. It instilled her with confidence and helped her toward an insight of culture and refinement.

John Trichell felt a pride in Louise. He loved the way she rode the ponies and as a mark of his appreciation gave her a coal black mare, the pick of the corral. She named her Thunderbird, because of her fire and restlessness. Louise, used to pitching, napping, bucking horses, rode Thunderbird with an ease and grace that surprised John Trichell. Her love for the pony endeared Louise to the old man for his horses were his pride. He had spent years in building up a corral of beauties and to find a girl who could ride Thunderbird with a swinging abandon delighted him. In the evenings when the supper dishes were cleared away she would go to the corral and whistle for her pet. Soon she came, pealing and whinnying for her lump of sugar. When saddled she would mount her in a flying leap, run the rowel of her spur gently down her side and with a few short pitches Thunderbird would plunge down through the catalpas and out upon the plain. Always she rode alone. The boys from the bunk house benches watched her hair trailing in the wind and exclaimed, "Ain't she a riding beauty!" Then when the evening star took gold from the quivering veins of the dying sun and twinkled down upon the darkening land she turned homeward, her face flushed with the thrill and passion of life.

Navajo Culeh lay like a deep furrow along the Western end of John Trichell's ranch. It was a dividing line between his domain and that of Gene Garrett's. The latter from time to time increased his cattle in suspiciously large numbers. He was a taciturn man who had come from Arizona and brought with him a reputation as a killer. Trichell in early days had often ridden over to the Gulch at night. From time to time it was frequented by cattle thieves who often pitched camp there. On several occasions he had witnessed Garrett at some of the meetings gesticulating to the men. That he was in league with the rustlers he was convinced without a doubt but he never repeated his convictions to anyone except his wife.

The sun never looked more beautiful than when sinking over Navajo Gulch. It seemed wearied after a day of prairie heating and sank in red flame as if stoking the furnace for the sun fires of the morrow. It threw its last rays on the swirling puffs of wind that sprang to life as the sun died. The western wall of Roundtop caught its last gleam on rocks worn smooth by wind and rain. To the riders in the distance it appeared as if the mountain were afield in places that burned and went out, until the sun god closed his blood-shot eyes. Silently dusk would lower its sable curtains until the world of light grew faint and lived for a moment in the zenith. Down in the plain night's creatures stalked abroad, preying upon the weaker. Blackjacks bordering the Gulch stood guard over the doings of those beyond the law and fugitives from justice who hid in this elongated pit felt secure from the world of men. One by one a myriad of stars peeped forth from their arching home. Timber wolves, made frisky by the evening's chill, appeared from nowhere and stalked near rocks and around dunes. Sniffing the fresh air and slipping in and out among the weeds, they came like gray ghosts. As night dropped lower and the moon arose they ventured farther out upon the plains. The herd of cattle drew closer. A cry of defiance to the new moon rose from the hot throat of a wolf somewhere up near Roundtop. The quiet of the prairie country was broken by an answering roll. Farther on two wolves sat their haunches and threw their sharp noses toward the moon. It was the call of the wild, a strong impulse from within that broke from their throats as regularly as waves breaking upon sand. Some subtle, indefinable message passed between them and the evening serenade halted. For a moment all was quiet. Only the wind sighed among the greasewood and pungent sage.

From the darkness of her room Louise listened with eyes strangled on the starlit mess toward the west. Yes, there was something mystic and charming about the Gulch even though the finger of warning had been pointed toward it. Later Louise watched the moonbeams creep through the moving curtains of her room and stamp the carpet with silver discs. So thought Louise would be her life. The light of revelation would come into some day like a moonbeam and she would know all. Un-

trammelled, then, she could lift her face and speak her name!

CHAPTER V.

LIQUID GOLD

The bottom had dropped out of oil. The great Burbank field was becoming stagnant. Oil had glutted the markets and the storage tanks from the Red River district to the Osage fields were full. Heavy gravity crude was quoted at \$1.20 a barrel. Small producers and independents wrangled over cuts in the cities, a sure sign of a gorged market. Obviously it was better to wait until prices went higher. It did not pay to produce. Then the Tampico field was sending heavy trains of oil—hundreds of them—across the line, and pumping it into the maws of tankers, a fact that kept the commodity in Oklahoma lower than ever in its history. For the first time in months the power was shut off in the fields. The drillers and derrickmen turned toward Tulsa to await a better day or else, bag in hand, left for new wells that had "blown in" or for "wildcating" outfits in other sections of the State.

Jack Corcoran found life in Two Sands rough but interesting. He had come across many surprises, the greatest being that fortune in the oil lands was more or less mythical. The tales that he had heard in the East about the great wealth awaiting the oil adventurer were exaggerated, like many other fanciful stories of the West. He learned to distinguish between an oil man and an oil worker. The former lived in stucco palaces along the beautiful boulevards in Tulsa, Oklahoma City and New York. In fact he usually possessed three homes, one in Oklahoma, the other in New York and a third in California. Racing stables, expensive dogs were sidelines for publicity. On the other hand the oil worker who dressed in boots and khaki and risked his life from eight to five each day, received only wages. The latter, while large, were not commensurate with the risk, nothing like the fabulous sums reported in districts distant from the fields.

In two months time Jack had advanced from an ordinary "funky" to a driller. He learned much in those two months of oil, about the drilling of wells, the making of cores, the shales and sands and showings, the pressure of gas, had seen a gusher "blow in" and oil shoot 400 feet in the air. He was present when the largest well in North Oklahoma came in and scattered oil into huge lakes. Burning October suns made him realize that he had not chosen child's play in his probation year as his father was wont to call it.

The oil boom prices still held sway in restaurants, shops, rooming houses, everywhere. The commodities of life were beyond the dreams of avarice. Still the men lived and grumbled not. Easy to come, easy to go, was the factor that smoothed the sting of exorbitant prices. From dawn to dusk and from then on until the small hours of the morning there was a cheer and loud guffaw that bespoke the mind of the populace. Long before the sun had dropped behind the low ridge of hills the workers came home in trucks and rattling contraptions that skidded on the greasy roads and darted between the trucks and swinging trailers. Then followed the long wait in line at the coffee houses and cafes, the hurried meal with the bantering, cursing men. With supper snatched Jack dropped back to his room from where he could see the moving army of men and women. In main they were hard, rough faces, products of checked careers, faces that mirrored the adversity through which they had survived. Large, strong men, characteristic of the west, mingled and shook hands with diminutive ones who appeared as if the suns of the Southwest had shrunk them. Some were scarred and serious, smeared with oil, others dapper, as if fallen from a Fifth avenue bus. But altogether the cast was rough. Gold teeth flashed in the crude, shoddy shacks where liquor flowed across the bars and men slouched by peering into faces as if searching for fortunes long since lost. The oil lust created its blood lust. Distrust was instinctive and with distrust came suspicion and with suspicion hate to be followed by hot words that brought forth guns spitting fire. Tragedy was enacted before the smoke cleared and cursing, running and yelling men hastened to the open street. Crowning all was the mad desire for gain that brought this horde of men together to work and slave and take from one another.

Yet with it all was a bantering palaver and persiflage that Jack never could understand. Many did not have the price of a meal ticket in their pockets, did not know whence the night's lodging would come, yet they laughed and joked with him who had fallen in rich or whose pockets bulged with oil-stained bills.

When the lights on the corners shot yellow streaks on the dusty, dirty streets there came forth from their dens the vultures of the night. They were women long lost to the delicacy of shame, their high-painted cheeks only a mockery of the youth that once was theirs. Rivaling the men in uncouthness, in slang and wickedness, they appealed to the men whom they rivaled. In pairs they walked the

main street casting flippant glances at strangers and smiles and jets at their acquaintances. Some had stained their fading hair with dye that showed up only in the sunlight. There were no young, fresh girls whose eyes danced with vim and youth, no dainty maidens with demure glance and modest beauty. These creatures forced themselves to a vivacity that passed when the object of their prey had slouched by.

TO BE CONTINUED

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

F. D. Murphy in St. Anthony Messenger

"Say, Tom, look at this. What do you think of it, eh?" As he spoke, Drummond took his friend by the arm, and mechanically they both came to a halt. Harbnet made as though to remove his darkened glasses, but thinking better of it he lowered his hand and turned appealingly to his companion.

"What is it, Dick?" he inquired.

"I can't see more than a few feet ahead with these infernal things, and the light is so strong that I dare not take them off."

"Well, to me it looks like an ordinary spring with a collection of religious pictures and statues around it," Drummond replied. "I fancy it is what the peasants call a blessed well—sort of Irish Lourdes, you know. These images and things are the votive offerings of the faithful, I suppose."

Harbnet pulled his hat over his eyes and looked about him inquiringly.

"There's a strange stillness in the air, don't you think?" he remarked after a pause.

"Yes, there is," the other agreed, "a sort of cloister-like calm. But let's have a look at the well just to satisfy our curiosity."

They drew near the edge of the spring and peered into its depths.

"Pshaw, Tom," Drummond whistled. "Brown trout, as I live. One, two, three, four of them. Fine fat fellows, too. This is where I come in."

He was so overjoyed at the discovery that his fingers trembled as he unstrapped his landing net. Then he stepped back from the brink and waited for a favorable opportunity.

"There they go, Tom," he whispered. "Now watch."

"Stop, stop! What in the name of God are you going to do?"

With his net suspended in mid-air, Drummond paused and turned around. There standing only a few feet away from him was a strolling fiddler whose vacant stare betrayed the affliction from which he suffered.

The angler dropped his net and approached the newcomer.

"I—had no idea," he faltered.

"Don't you know what this is?" the musician demanded.

"Honestly, I don't; but something tells me it's a blessed well."

"Yes, so it is. And you were about to catch those trout?"

"Yes, but surely it would be no harm if I did."

"You mightn't think so, but not every man who has seen the Lord took from me ten long years ago would I touch one of them. You're not a Catholic, are you?"

"No, unfortunately—"

"Oh, please don't apologize. It's no business of mine; and I feel sure you had no idea that you were about to do wrong. Being a dark man who makes his living by playing in the streets and at the country merry-makings, I meet all sorts of people in my travels, good, bad and indifferent. But never in all the years I've been on the road did I meet one who would even dream of taking a fish out of a blessed well."

"Then I stand acquitted?"

"I am satisfied that there was no ill intent."

"Thanks. You are generous, I see. I'm awfully sorry, of course, but completely mystified. Perhaps you'll enlighten my ignorance?"

"About the well, I mean, and the trout."

"With pleasure. Centuries ago this well and thousands of others like it up and down the country were used as baptisteries; and the belief is held that trout were planted in them for the use of the holy men and women who gave their lives to the service of God and His Church."

"I think I understand. Well, I'm very much obliged for your information you have given me. I wouldn't touch one of these little creatures now for the whole world."

Harbnet stood with his back toward the sun while Drummond and the old man were speaking. When they had finished, he moved a little nearer to the musician.

"People come here to pray, don't they?" he asked a moment later.

"Yes," the fiddler nodded.

"That their infirmities may be cured?"

"Exactly. They also pray for other things, of course."

"And are their prayers ever answered? Have any cures been effected here?"

"Lots and lots of them."

"You came here to pray, did you?"

"No, not now. I generally come in the evening. I'm taking the path across the fields to the village now. I wouldn't help stopping only I couldn't help overhearing what your friend said about catching the trout."

"But if you're blind, how do you find your way?"

"I've walked this path so often that it would be strange if I lost my way."

"You interested me, fiddler. My sight is failing, also, and at times I grow dependent. I should like to have a chat with you some time. Could you come up to my place this afternoon? I live in that little cottage on the hill beyond the village. You know the one I mean?"

"I do well. Of course I'll come and welcome."

"Thanks. You haven't been an itinerant musician all your life, I think?"

"Well, not all my life. I was a child, of course, for part of the time. Now I'll be on my way in the name of God."

After the old man had gone Drummond turned to his friend.

"There's no getting away from it, Tom," he remarked. "Religion is a very real, a very intimate thing among Catholics."

"You're right," Harbnet agreed. "But how do you explain it? Is it that Catholics are more credulous than non-Catholics or is it that they are endowed with a sense known to us? As a rule I can get the other fellow's viewpoint after I've made a serious effort to do so. But the Catholics always elude me. When I come to consider the Catholic religion, or even the attitude of the average Catholic toward his religion, I realize at once that I am up against something that cannot be gauged or measured by ordinary standards. This in itself fills me with profound respect for the Old Faith and its adherents. I was an Anglican until I began to challenge its tenets. Then I discovered that Anglicanism is a mere appanage of the Tory Party. I turned to the Free Churches and found that they were just a convenient stamping ground for the Liberals. Remove politics from both and what have you left?"

"Not much, goodness knows."

"With Rome it is different. She is above and beyond parties. The catchwords of the platform find no echo in her pulpits. She hews her own pathway, and goes straight to the hearts and minds of the people. When I enter a Catholic church, as I very frequently do, sometimes out of curiosity, sometimes from a worthier motive, I pray whether there is a service on or not. The urge to do so overcomes my curiosity, and I simply cannot keep myself. No other church affects me in the same way."

He was young and of an inquiring turn of mind. Matters which other men took for granted he probed to the bottom, or as near the bottom as he could reach. The consequence was that he had a few very clearly defined ideas and a host that troubled him greatly because they were vague and indeterminate.

"Well, shall we toddle along to the brook?" Drummond asked presently. "I've got some new flies that I'm anxious to try out."

"I don't think I'll go any farther, Dick, if you don't mind," Harbnet answered. "I don't like to subject my eyes to too much strain, you know. Besides I'm expecting a visit from the oculist about noon, and it can't be far off that now."

"I'd forgotten he was coming. Think you'll be able to make your way back alone?"

"My dear man, I'm not so helpless as all that. If you'll just see me to the road, I'll be all right."

When he got back to the cottage he had rented for the season, Harbnet found that the oculist had just arrived. They went into a darkened room where the young man removed his goggles.

"They're a bit of a nuisance, Doc," he sighed as he set them down. "I shall be glad when I'm able to go about without them."

The specialist lit a small red lamp and placed it so that it would afford him sufficient light without annoying his patient. Not a word passed between them while the examination was in progress. Harbnet could hear the ticking of the watch in the other man's pocket, and now and again the beating of his own heart. After what seemed to be an age, it was all over, and as the doctor drew back, both men sighed almost simultaneously.

"Well?" Harbnet inquired.

The specialist cleared his throat.

"For a man who has led a sedentary life, you're in fine trim," he began. "So far as I can see there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't live to a ripe old age."

"Yes, yes, I know. But my eyes, Doc. What about 'em?"

"Well, they're rather worse than I thought they were. You'll have to have new goggles, Harbnet—darker ones. I'll see about them when I get back to town and mail them to you in a day or two. Meanwhile avoid strong light as much as possible. If you feel you must go out, take your walks at sundown, or, better still, at daybreak."

Harbnet groaned inwardly, as he clutched the arms of his chair for support. A feeling of utter helplessness took possession of him. He had known for some time that the condition of his sight was serious, but he was not prepared for this. Minutes passed, but not a word was spoken. Then the oculist arose and sat on the patient on the back. The next moment he stole out of the room with a mist before his eyes.

As the sound of the auto died away in the distance the house-keeper knocked and opened the door.

"Lunch is served, sir," she announced.

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Harbnet pulled himself together with an effort. He did not know whether he was feeling hungry or not. The music of a violin filtered into the room and he sank back into his chair.

"Who's that playing, Mary?" he asked, after a short silence. "It must be old Danny, sir," the woman answered. "The poor old man is blind, and he gets his living by playing from door to door."

"Let Danny have the lunch. When he's finished I'd like to see—I'd like to have a chat with him."

After the housekeeper had withdrawn he got up and started to grope his way about the room. Darker goggles! That meant he was going blind! Perhaps he had looked his last upon God's green earth, upon the faces of friends and acquaintances. He tried to accustom himself to the thought, but his mind refused to dwell upon it.

As he sank into a chair the housekeeper led old Danny into the room. "Sit down, Danny," the young man called out. "There's a seat just—there you are. I've got to remain here always now. I'm going blind."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Master," the old fiddler assured him. "And you a brave young man too, judging by your voice. Darkness is a great affliction, but God is good."

"I want you to tell me how you get about, Danny. How do you find your way from place to place?"

"That's easy. God never takes anything from us without giving us something else in return. Instinct guides me. I have no trouble at all. The sound of any footsteps on the road, the voices of the people I meet, the wind blowing through the trees—you'd be surprised at the number of things a dark man can fall back upon."

"And is it possible for a blind man to enjoy life?"

"Well, Master, I'm happy in my own fashion. The vagrant life appeals to the vagabond in me. You see, I have the music, and it's a source of much happiness. Often when I'm tired I sit down by the roadside and tune up the old fiddle. The blackbirds and the thrushes sing around me, and I try to beat them down. 'Tis a great match of music we have at times, the birds and myself. I've learned more from them than all the music teachers in the world know. And all the time I'm hoping, Master, hoping and praying."

"Hoping and praying for what, Danny?"

"That God may restore my sight before He calls me home."

"And you visit the blessed wells, I think you said?"

"There isn't one between here and Dublin I don't visit regularly. 'Tis a grand one entirely, that one I met you at this morning. I'll go down there this evening when all is quiet."

"And what do you do when you visit a blessed well?"

"I kneel down and say a round of my beads, sometimes two or three rounds, maybe. Then I bathe my eyes with the water and say a few more prayers."

"I'm not a Catholic, Danny. In fact, I have no religion at all. When you're ready to go down to the spring by and by I want you to call for me and teach me to pray."

"Indeed, I will, Master, with a heart and a half. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be on my way to the convent to play a few tunes for the Sisters."

Danny had his faith and his fiddle, but Harbnet had neither. The old man played from door to door for a living, while the other had everything that money could buy. But when Harbnet found himself alone again he felt that the fiddler was the richer and happier man of the two.

It was still early afternoon when Drummond returned from the brook.

"Has the oculist been to see you, Tom?" he inquired as he stretched himself on the settee.

"Yes, I found him waiting when I got back," Harbnet answered.

"How long does he expect it will be before you are able to go about without the goggles?"

"I've got to get darker ones, Dick. And I must not go out when the sun is shining. You know what that means."

"Yes, of course I do. He wants you to rest up a bit."

"You're wrong, old fellow. It's the end of all things. I'm going blind. When you get back to London, Dick, give my regards to my friends, and ask them not to write. Tell them, if they should ask, that I'm not dead but buried alive. That's as near as I can—"

He cleared his throat and buried his face in his hands. After a while Drummond crossed over and patted his friend on the back. Then the housekeeper knocked and he went out to lunch.

The meal over, a feeling of restlessness held him. For a while he struggled against it, but finally he got up and walked out of the house. He wanted to think out a course of action for Harbnet and himself. Surely there was something that could be done to lighten the burden his friend was suddenly called upon to bear. He walked on and on, racking his brain the while, but never an idea occurred to him. When he got back it was pitch dark. The housekeeper came out of the kitchen as he turned into the library.

"Where's Mr. Harbnet, Sir?" she inquired. "I dunno, Mary," he replied. "Isn't he in his room?"

"No, Sir." "Oh, he must be in the house. He could never find his way about outside."

"He's not in the house, Sir," I've searched everywhere for him."

Drummond's heart seemed to skip a beat, and he felt a cold shiver run through him.

"Do—do you think anything's happened, Mary?" he asked. "The oculist was here today, as you know. I came in some time after he left and found Mr. Harbnet in very low spirits. It seems that his sight is much worse than he had believed. The shock may have affected his reason and—"

"Oh don't, don't say that, Sir. Let's go out and see if we can find him."

They searched about the grounds but no trace of Harbnet could be found. Then an idea occurred to Mary.

"I'll run down to the village for assistance, Sir," she suggested. "You continue to search. We mustn't lose hope. God is good."

"Do, Mary," Drummond urged. "The more help you can get, the better."

The woman gathered her shawl about her, and ran down the path as she had never run since her girlhood days. As she drew near the blessed well the deep booming voice of old Danny reciting the Rosary came to her. The responses were uttered in a more subdued tone, and urged by curiosity, the housekeeper advanced nearer to the spring. Then a sigh of relief broke from her. The second voice was that of her master.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI Copyright, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & Company Inc. Published by arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate

SELL EVERYTHING The tragic paradox implied in wealth justifies the advice given by Jesus to those who wish to follow Him.

They all should give whatever they have beyond their needs to those in want. But the rich man should give everything. To the young man who comes up to ask Him what he ought to do to be among His followers, Jesus answers: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Giving away wealth is not a loss or a sacrifice. Instead of this, Jesus knows and all those know who understand mankind and wealth that it is a magnificently profitable transaction, an incomparable gain.

Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow from thee, turn not thou away, for it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Men must give and give without sparing, light heartedly and without calculation. He who gives in order to get something back is not perfect. He who gives in order to exchange with others, or for other material things, acquires nothing. The recompense is elsewhere, it is in us. Things are not to be given away that they may be paid for by other things, but by purity and contentment alone.

When thou makest a dinner or a supper call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Even before Jesus' time men had been advised to renounce wealth. Jesus was not the first to find in poverty one of the steps to perfection. The great Vaddhamana, the Jain, or triumpher, added to the commandments of Parava, founder of the Freed, the doctrine of the renunciation of all possessions. Buddha, his contemporary, exhorted his disciples to a similar renunciation. The Cynics stripped themselves of all material goods to be independent of work and of men, and to be able to consecrate their freed souls to truth. Crates, the Theban nobleman, disciple of Diogenes, distributed his wealth to his fellow citizens and turned beggar. Plato wished the warriors in his Republic to have no possessions. Dressed in purple and seated at tables inlaid with rare stones, the Stoics pronounced eloquent eulogies on poverty. Aristophanes puts blind Pluto on the stage distributing wealth to rascals alone, almost as though wealth were a punishment.

But in Jesus the love of poverty is not an ascetic rule, nor a proud disguise for ostentation. Timon of Athens, who was reduced to poverty after having fed a crowd of parasites with indiscriminate generosity, was not a poor man as Christ would have men poor. Timon was poor through the fault of his vainglory, to feed his own desire to be called magnanimous and liberal. He gave to everybody, even to those who were not needy. Crates, who stripped himself of all his property to imitate Diogenes, was the slave of pride; he wished to do something different from others, to acquire the name of philosopher and sage. The professional beggary of the

Cynics is a picturesque form of pride. The poverty of Plato's warriors is a measure of political prudence. The first republics conquered and flourished as long as the citizens contented themselves, as in old Sparta and old Rome, with strict poverty, and they fell as soon as they valued gold more than sober and modest living. But men of antiquity did not despise wealth in itself. They held it dangerous when it accumulated in the hands of the few, they considered it unjust when it was not spent with judicious liberality. But Plato, who desires for his citizens a condition half-way between need and abundance, puts riches among the good things of human life. He puts it last of all, but he does not forget it. And Aristophanes would kneel before Pluto if the blind God should acquire his eight again and give riches to worthy people.

In the Gospel, poverty is not a philosophical ornament nor a mystic mode. To be poor is not enough to entitle one to citizenship in the Kingdom. Poverty of the body is a preliminary requisite, like humility of the spirit. He who is not convinced that his estate is low never thinks of climbing high; no one can feel a zest for true treasures if he is not freed from all material property,—from that winding-sheet which blinds the eyes and binds down the wings.

When he does not suffer from his poverty, when he glories in his poverty instead of tormenting himself to convert it into wealth, the poor man is certainly much nearer to moral perfection than the rich man. But the rich man who has despoiled himself in favor of the poor and has chosen to live side by side with his new brothers is still nearer perfection than the man who was born and reared in poverty. That he has been touched by a grace so rare and prodigious gives him the right to hope for the greatest blessedness. To renounce what you have never had may be perilous, because imagination magnifies absent things; but it is the sign of supreme perfectibility to renounce everything that you actually did possess, possessions that were envied by every one.

The poor man who is sober, chaste, simple and contented because he lacks means and occasions for anything else, is inclined to look for a recompense in pleasures which do not cost money, and as it were for a revenge in a spiritual superiority where poorer men cannot compete with him. But often his virtues come from his impotence or from his ignorance; he does not turn from the right course—he cannot afford to do so—he does not pile up treasure because he possesses only the strictly necessary; he is not drunken and licentious because wine-sellers and women of the streets give no credit. His life, often hard, servile, dark, redeems his faults. And his suffering forces him to lift his eyes towards Heaven in search of consolation. We do so little for the poor that we have no right to judge them. As they are, abandoned by their brothers, kept far from those who could speak to their hearts, avoided by those who shrink from the proximity of their sweaty bodies, excluded from those worlds of intelligence and the arts which might make their poverty more endurable, the poor are, in the universal wretchedness of mankind, the least impure. If they were more loved, they would be better men. How can those who have left them alone in their poverty have the heart to condemn them?

Jesus loved the poor; He loved them for the compassion which He felt for them; He loved them because He felt them nearer to His soul, more prepared to understand Him than other men. He loved them because they constantly gave Him the happiness of service, of giving bread to the hungry, strength to the weak, hope to the unhappy. Jesus loved the poor because He saw that if they were justly treated they would be the most legitimate inhabitants of the Kingdom. He loved the poor because they rendered the renunciation of the rich easier by the stimulus of charity; but most of all He loved the poor men who had been rich and who for the love of the Kingdom had become poor. Their renunciation was the greatest act of faith in His promise. They had given that which considered absolutely is nothing, but in the eyes of the world is everything, for the certainty of sharing in a more perfect life. They had been obliged to conquer in themselves one of the most profoundly rooted instincts of man. Jesus, born a poor man among the poor, for the poor, never left his brothers. He gave to them the fruiting abundance of His divine property. But in His heart He sought the poor man who had not always been poor, the rich man ready to strip himself for His love. He sought him, perhaps He never found him. But He felt this longed-for, unknown brother man tenderly nearer to His heart than all the docile seekers who crowded about Him.

THE DEVIL'S DUNG Note well, you men who are yet to be born! Jesus was never willing to touch a coin with His hand. Those hands of His which moulded the clay of the earth as a cure for blind eyes, those hands which touched the contaminated flesh of lepers and of the dead, those hands which clasped the body of Judas, so much more contaminated than clay,

than leprosy, than putrefaction, those white, pure healing hands, which nothing could sully, never suffered themselves to be touched by one of those metal disks which carry in relief the profiles of the proprietors of the world. Jesus could mention money in His parables; He could see it in the hands of others, but touch it—no! To Him who scorned nothing, money was disgusting. It was repugnant to Him with a repugnance that was like horror. All His nature was in revolt at the thought of a contact with those filthy symbols of wealth.

But one day even Jesus was constrained to look at a piece of money. They asked Him if it was permitted to the true Israelite to pay the tribute, and He answered at once, "Show me the tribute money."

They showed it to Him, but He would not take it. It was a Roman coin stamped with the hypocritical face of Augustus. But He wished to seem not to know whose face it was. He asked, "Whose is this image and superscription?" They answered, "Caesar's." Then He threw into the faces of the wily interrogators the answer which silenced them, "Render therefore to Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's."

Give back that which is not yours, money does not belong to us. It is manufactured by the powerful for the needs of power. It is the property of kings and of the kingdom, of that other kingdom which is not ours. The king represents force and is the protector of wealth; but we have nothing to do with violence and reject riches. Our Kingdom has no potentates and has no rich men; the King of our Heaven does not coin money. Money is a means for the exchange of earthly goods, but we do not seek for earthly goods. What little is necessary for us, a little sunshine, a little air, a little water, a piece of bread, a cloak, will be given freely to us by God and by God's friends. Tire yourselves out, you other people, all your lives to gather together a great pile of those round minted tokens. We have no use for them. For us they are definitely superfluous. Therefore we give them back; we give them back to him who has had them coined, to him who has had his portrait put on them, so that all should know that they are his.

Jesus never needed to give back any money because He never possessed any. He gave the order to His disciples not to carry bags for offerings on their journeys. He made one single exception, and that a fearful one. The Gospel tells us that one apostle kept the common purse. This disciple was Judas, and even Judas felt himself forced to give back the payment for his betrayal before disappearing in death. Judas is the mysterious victim sacrificed to the curse of money. Money carries with it, together with the filth of the hands which have clutched and handled it, the inexorable contagion of crime. Among the unclean things which men have manufactured to defile the earth and defile themselves, money is perhaps the most unclean. These counters of coined metal which pass and repass every day among hands still soiled with sweat or blood, worn by the rapacious fingers of thieves, of merchants, of misers; this round and viscid sputum of the Mint, desired by all, sought for, stolen, envied, loved more than love and often more than life; these ugly pieces of stamped matter, which the assassin gives to the cut-throat, the usurer to the hungry, the enemy to the traitor, the swindler to his partner, the simonist to the bartender in religious offices, the lustful to the woman bought and sold, these foul vehicles of evil which persuade the son to kill his father, the wife to betray her husband, the brother to defraud his brother, the wicked poor man to stab the wicked rich man, the servant to cheat his master, the highwayman to despoil the traveler; this money, these material emblems of matter, are the most terrifying objects manufactured by man. Money which has been the death of so many bodies is every day the death of thousands of souls. More contagious than the rags of a man with the pest, than the pus of an ulcer, than the filth of a sewer, it enters into every house, shines on the counters of the money-changers, settles down in money-chests, proffers the pillow of sleep, hides itself in the fetid darkness of squalid back-rooms, sullies the innocent hands of children, tempts virgins, pays the hangman for his work, goes about on the face of the earth to stir up hatred, to set cupidity on fire, to hasten corruption and death.

Bread, already holy on the family board, becomes on the table of the Church the everlasting body of Christ. Money too is the visible sign of a transubstantiation. It is the infamous Host of the Demon. He who loves money and receives it with joy is in visible communion with the Demon. He who touches money with pleasure touches, without knowing it, the filth of the Demon. The pure cannot touch it, the holy man cannot endure it. They know with unshakable certainty its ugly essence, and they have for money the same horror that the rich man has for poverty.

THE KINGS OF THE NATIONS "Whose is this image?" asks Jesus when they put the Roman money before his eyes. He knows that face, He knows, as they all do,

that Octavius by a sequence of extraordinary good luck, became the monarch of the world with the adulatory surname of Augustus. He knows that falsely youthful profile, that head of clustering curls, the great nose that juts forward as if to hide the cruelty of the small mouth, the lips rigorously closed. It is a head, like those of all kings, cut off from the body, cut off below the neck; sinister image of a voluntary and eternal decapitation. Caesar is the king of the past, the head of the armies, the coiner of silver and gold, fallible administrator of insufficient justice. Jesus is the King of the future, the liberator of servants, the abdicator of wealth, the master of love. There is nothing in common between them. Jesus has come to overthrow the domination of Caesar, to undo the Roman Empire and every earthly Empire, but not to put Himself in Caesar's place. If men will listen to Him there will never be any Caesar again. Jesus is not the heir who conspires against the sovereign to take his place. He has come peacefully to remove all rulers. Caesar is the strongest and most famous of His rivals, but also the most remote, because his force lies in the slothfulness of men, in the weakness of peoples. But One has come who will awaken the sleeping, open the eyes of the blind, give back strength to the weak. When everything is fulfilled and the Kingdom is founded—a Kingdom which needs no soldiers nor judges nor slaves nor money, but only renewed and living souls—Caesar's empire will vanish like a pile of ashes under the victorious breath of the wind.

As long as Caesar is there, we can give back to him what is his. For the new man, money is nothing. We give back to Caesar, vowed to eternal nothingness, that silver nothingness which is none of ours. Jesus is always looking forward with passionate longing to the arrival of the second earthly Paradise and He takes no heed of governors because the new land which He announces will not need governors. A people of holy men who love each other would have no use for Kings, law-courts and armies. On one occasion only does He speak of kings, and then only to overturn the common established idea. "The Kings of the Gentiles," He says to His disciples, "exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so, but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." It is the theory of perfect equality in human relationship. The great is small, the master is servant, the King is slave. Since, according to Christ's teachings, he who governs must become like him who serves, the opposite is true, and he who serves has the same rights and honors as he who governs. Among the righteous, there may be some more ardent than others; there may be saints who were sinners up to the last day; there may be other innocent ones who were citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven from their birth. Different planes of spiritual greatness may exist as variations of the perfection common to all; but to the end of time every category of superior and inferior, of master and subordinate, shall be abolished. Authority presupposes, even if it is badly wielded, a flock to lead, a minority to punish, bestiality to shackle; but when all men are holy, there will be no more need for commands and obedience, for laws and punishments. The Kingdom of Heaven can dispense with the commands of Force.

In the Kingdom of Heaven men will not hate each other and will no longer desire riches. Every reason and need for government will disappear immediately after these two great changes. The name of the path which conducts to perfect liberty is not Destruction but Holiness. And it is not found in the sophistries of Godwin, or of Stirner, or Proudhon, or of Kropotkin, but only in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

TO BE CONTINUED



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1925

THE VISION OF THE POPES

The sweep of Newman's historic vision was wide and deep. And he gives us as an outstanding characteristic of the Papacy its detachment from all worldly considerations especially to such considerations as are included in the term, political.

People with no knowledge at all of history are wont to tell us that the whole organization of the Church with the Pope as its head is a huge machine essentially and primarily political, and only secondarily religious.

"Now this 'detachment,'" writes the great Cardinal, "is one of the special ecclesiastical virtues of the Popes. They are of all men most exposed to the temptation of secular connections; and as history tells us, they have been of all men least subject to it. By their very office they are brought across every form of earthly power; for they have a mission to high as well as low, and it is on the high, and not the low, that their maintenance ordinarily depends. Censur ministers to Christ; the frame-work of society, itself a divine ordinance, receives such important aid from the sanction of religion, that it is its interest in turn to uphold religion, and to enrich it with temporal gifts and honors. Ordinarily speaking, then, the Roman Pontiffs owe their exaltation to the secular power, and have a great stake in its stability and prosperity. Under such circumstances any man but they would have a strong tendency to 'conservatism,' and they have been and are, of course, Conservatives in the right sense of that word; that is, they cannot bear anarchy, they think revolution an evil; they pray for the peace of the world and the prosperity of all Christian States, and they effectively support the cause of order and good government. The name of Religion is but another name for law on the one hand, and freedom on the other; and at this very time who are its professed enemies, but Socialists, Red Republicans, Anarchists and Rebels? But a Conservative in the political sense of the word commonly means something else, which the Pope never is, and cannot be. It means a man who is at the top of the tree, and knows it, and means never to come down, whatever it may cost him to keep his place there. It means a man who upholds government and society and the existing state of things,—not because it exists,—not because it is good and desirable, because it is established, because it is a benefit to the population, because it is full of promise for the future,—but rather because he himself is well off in consequence of it, and because to take care of number one is his main political principle. It means a man who defends religion, not for religion's sake, but for the sake of its accidents and externals; and in this sense Conservative the Pope can never be.

And, thus independent of times and places, the Popes have never found any difficulty, when the proper time came, of following out a new and daring line of policy (as their astonished foes have called it), of leaving the old world to shift for itself and to disappear from the scene in its due season, and of fastening on and establishing themselves in the new.

"A great Pontiff must be detached from everything save the deposit of faith, the tradition of the Apostles, and the vital principles of the divine polity. He may use, he may uphold, he may and will be very slow to part with a hundred things which have grown up, or taken shelter, or are stored

under the shadow of the Church; but, at bottom, and after all, he will be simply detached from pomp and etiquette, secular rank, secular learning, schools and libraries, Basilicas and Gothic Cathedrals, old ways, old alliances, and old friends. He will be rightly jealous of their loss, but still he will 'know nothing but' Him whose Vicar he is; he will not stake his fortunes, he will not rest his cause, upon any one else;—this is what he will do, and what he will not do, as in fact the great Popes of history have shown, in their own particular instances on so many and various occasions."

After giving many historic instances Newman concludes: "I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the Sovereign Pontiffs have had a gift, proper to themselves, of understanding what is good for the Church and what Catholic interests require. And in the next place I find that this gift exercises itself in an absolute independence of secular politics, and a detachment from every earthly and temporal advantage, and pursues its end by uncommon courses, and by unlikely instruments, and by methods of its own."

This gift is not infallibility nor has it anything to do with that attribute of the Papacy which in its exercise is confined exclusively to articles of faith and principles of morals. Yet it is a very real gift; the grace of state, perhaps; or the guidance of the Holy Spirit which the Pope enjoys by virtue of his office. Nevertheless it is conceded that in matters of policy Popes have made mistakes involving serious consequences. Yet Newman sees in the light of history that this gift "shines the brightest, and is the most surprising in its results, when its possessors are the weakest in this world and the most despised."

Many may not be able to see adown the ages what history brought within the vision of Newman. But in our own times striking instances are not lacking.

Nowadays it is commonplace of platform and pulpit that the working man has human rights that must be respected by employers and protected by the State. That labor is not a commodity whose price is to be regulated like other commodities by the law of supply and demand. That is a truth now quite generally recognized. To the Catholic student of economics or sociology that is one of the most consoling things in modern civilization. For it was the fearless proclamation of this truth by Leo XIII. thirty-four years ago that its present general acceptance is due. It is difficult to realize the stupendous advance. Into a world of telephones, automobiles, submarines, flying-machines and radio a large proportion of the living population has been born. And yet it is not eighteen years since the first heavier-than-air flying machine, that is to say the first flying machine that was not a balloon, was successfully flown. It is hardly twenty-five years since the first submarine successfully stood the test of the American Naval Department. And so on. Many readers are alive who remember the invention of the oldest of them, the telephone. In another order of things: thirty-four years ago there was not a single Labor member in the British House of Commons; and the American Federation of Labor was not yet founded. (True, there was already a somewhat feeble attempt at such an organization in the Knights of Labor.) The working classes of the world groaned under burdens unbearable. Unrest and discontent were rife. But Communism had not yet subverted liberty and social and economic order in a great country like Russia, nor threatened to submerge Europe. Still Communistic Socialism had been proposed as the remedy for the ills of the working classes. Karl Marx's "Capital" had been published twenty-four years previously. However, Communism, Socialism, Anarchism, Nihilism were looked upon generally as forms of insanity hardly more or less dangerous than other forms of this disease. That they might prove a menace to Christian civilization was a thought that did not seriously disturb many.

But with that gift of insight into the very nature of social movements, that grasp of principles, that far-sighted vision of consequences, Leo XIII. faced the situa-

tion and issued to the world his immortal Encyclical, "On the Condition of the Working Classes." The great Pontiff did not shirk the issue. He realized and admitted that "it is no easy matter to define the relative rights and mutual duties of the rich and of the poor, of capital and labor." And this difficult task was enormously enhanced by the fact that the Pope had to speak to all nations and peoples, all races and tongues. He had to lay down principles that were true and would hold good for all places, for all circumstances, and for all times.

He started by recognizing that there had been no "progress" but enormous retrogression from the security and independence enjoyed by the workers under the mediæval guilds. Greed and hardness unchecked had finally enabled "a small number of very rich men to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

That was facing the question squarely and fearlessly. He condemned Socialism, Communism, Anarchy and all such subversive remedies that had been proposed. He vigorously defended the right of private property showing that the laboring man himself would be the greatest sufferer from Communism. Russia now is proof patent of Leo's wisdom.

"Religion teaches," writes the Pope of the workingman, "the laboring man and the artisan to carry out honestly and fairly all equitable agreements freely entered into. . . . And to employers: 'That it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power.'"

And again: "If owners of property should be made secure, the workingman, in like manner, has property and belongings in respect to which he should be protected; and foremost of all, his soul and mind. . . . It is the soul which is made after the image and likeness of God. . . . In this respect all men are equal; there is no difference between rich and poor, master and servant, ruler and ruled, for the same is Lord over all. No man may with impunity outrage human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence. . . . Nay more: No man has in this matter power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right. . . ."

Those whose memory goes back thirty-five years will recall the indignant denunciation of workmen who demanded more than they had agreed to work for. Breach of contract was a crime against economics, against business, and against ethics. That matter is fully treated in the great labor encyclical and this is the conclusion: "Let it then be taken for granted that workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to wages; nevertheless there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accept harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice."

It is hard to stop quoting this great Pope's great Letter. Suffice it to say that the principles enunciated by Leo XIII. have leavened all economic and sociological thinking and legislation throughout the civilized world. All, that is, that have been along the right lines; Communistic Socialism is not dead by any means; but in ages to come history will acknowledge that Leo XIII. was the greatest influence in saving Christian civilization from its deadly menace. Naturally the moral force of Trades Unions was greatly increased and extreme Socialism weakened; but what is of incalculable import is that employers throughout the world are more and more taking Leo's counsel to heart.

The magisterium, or teaching authority of the Church, says Newman, "acts in two channels, in direct statement of truth and in condemnation of error." In his great encyclical Leo XIII. did both. In 1907 Pius X. in his encyclical "Pascendi Dominici Gregis," con-

demned Modernism as "the synthesis of all the heresies." That was not long ago; and many will remember the contemptuous comment then current on the action of the Pope. Of course the head of a "mediæval" Church had to condemn "Modernism"; but the world moves all the same.

Well, seventeen years afterwards when any tendency to Modernism amongst Catholic scholars had been effectually checked, we saw the every Protestant denomination rent into two warring factions over Modernism. No matter what the denomination they belong to, those who still cherish their faith in the fundamental truths of Christianity acknowledge that Pope Pius X. was right; and they seek in vain for authoritative condemnation of preaching that would subvert the very foundations of Christianity. They are contemptuously dubbed "Fundamentalists."

But not alone the Fundamentalists but clear-headed sceptics and agnostics see that Modernism is the negation of Christianity. Algernon S. Crapey is something of a Modernist himself; he was deposed for heresy from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church some seventeen years ago. Reviewing two books, one by Dean Shaller Mathews, the other by Rev. Henry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Crapey finds that every doctrine of orthodox Christianity has been rejected by these two champions of Modernism who are still outstanding "preachers of the gospel."

In his article in the New York Herald-Tribune (literary supplement) Dr. Crapey says:

"The denatured Christianity of Dr. Fosdick and Dean Mathews can no more save human society from dissolution in the twentieth century than the abstract morality of Seneca and the pious meditations of Marcus Aurelius could arrest the dissolution of Roman society in the second century."

The growth of Modernism was insidious, it was camouflaged by learning, scholarly research, even piety; but the Vicar of Christ saw that it was a deadly poison and provided the antidote. Modernism in the Catholic Church is as dead as Arianism. This is another remarkable instance of the gift of guidance of the Papacy.

Yet another instance is Benedict XV's apostolic exhortation on July 28, 1915, to the peoples at war and their rulers:

"Lay aside your mutual purpose of destruction; remember that nations do not die; humbled and oppressed, they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge. . . . The equilibrium of the world and the prosperity and assured tranquillity of nations rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and dignity of others, much more than upon hosts of armed men and the ring of formidable fortresses."

We know that the nations or their rulers did not heed the Holy Father. Had they done so what misery and horror might have been averted! But no, we were fatuously determined to go on with "the War to end war." And not only of the baser sort of bigots, but men who are now ashamed that they did not know better angrily and eagerly proclaimed that the Pope was pro-German.

When the War to end war was won the Pope's counsels were notoriously flouted in the negotiations of the Peace to end peace.

But now there are millions even outside the Catholic Church who are proclaiming the principles laid down by Benedict XV: "That the equilibrium of the world and the prosperity and assured prosperity of nations rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and dignity of others much more than upon hosts of armed men and a ring of formidable fortresses."

The world is yet far from accepting and acting on the wise and Christian counsel of Benedict XV; but it is consoling to know that many, very many now recognize it as the counsel of wisdom, of truth, and of the teaching of Christ.

If God spares him and blesses his plans the present Holy Father at the head of a general council may soon give the world the light and leading it so sorely needs.

CONVERTS AND CONVERTS

"We hear a good deal about the number of converts to Roman Catholicism from the Anglican Church. It is not so well known that there is a strong drift from Catholicism to Protestantism in some countries of Europe. In England from 1916 to 1921, according to official figures, the number of conversions from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism was 61,755."—The Presbyterian Witness.

The above clipping was sent to us by a reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD who was evidently somewhat irritated by the RECORD's reference to the steady stream of distinguished converts to the Catholic Church in England. The Presbyterian Witness gives us no intimation as to the source of its information nor does it give us a clue to what is meant precisely by "official figures."

The conversions that are noted in the Catholic press are naturally only such as are notable. Conversions are taking place always and everywhere that lack the essential element of news.

As to England, when the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury becomes a Catholic and a priest it is news. Such was the case with the prolific writer and well known lecturer Father Benson who died a few years ago. Ronald Knox was the son of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester. He was converted in 1917 and became a priest two years later. Having made a brilliant university course at Oxford he was already known as a writer while still an Anglican.

G. K. Chesterton was known wherever the English language was read. His conversion to the Catholic Faith was news that could hardly be suppressed. His brother Cecil, in some ways hardly less noted, preceded him into the Church.

Henry Grey Graham was born at Maxton Manse, Roxburghshire, the son of Rev. M. H. Graham, minister of that parish. Henry Graham was himself a Presbyterian minister and Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in his Alma Mater, St. Andrew's University. He is now Auxiliary bishop to the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh.

James Britten, F. L. S., was a distinguished botanist and writer; but after his conversion to the Faith devoted his life chiefly to the work of the Catholic Truth Society.

Less than a month ago the English author Wilkinson Sherrin was received into the Church.

Sir Philip Gibbs, "the Ambassador from Fleet Street to the Front," and voluminous author, is a convert to the Catholic Faith. So also is Sir Esmé Howard, British Ambassador to the United States. Lady Gibbs, an enthusiastic Catholic worker, is the daughter of a minister.

Professor John Swinnerton Phillimore, son of Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, was, even before his conversion, one of Britain's most noted scholars and writers. He was received into the Church in 1905. He is now a Professor in Glasgow University. Like many other converts he is an active Catholic worker. He is a member of The Catholic Education Council.

His brother Captain Valentine Phillimore, C. B. E., D. S. O., R. N., a distinguished naval officer, subsequently joined the Catholic Church.

Sir Bertram Windle is a convert and his coming to Toronto added a scientific scholar of distinction to the great University of Toronto. He is recognized as an authority on comparative anatomy, and has a wide knowledge of the whole field of modern science.

And so we might go on indefinitely. But we desire only to give some idea of the character of English converts.

Newman, a convert, composed "The Dream of Gerontius." Sir Edward Elgar, another convert, set it to music. It was hailed as the greatest oratorio written by an English pen. In 1903 it was heard in the Westminster Cathedral.

Now this was an event of deep significance. Westminster Cathedral is the pre-eminent national expression of religious faith given by Catholics since the Reformation. Its architect, the late John Francis Bentley, was a convert. The author of "The Dream of Gerontius" was a convert; so likewise, was Sir Edward Elgar, the musical composer of the great oratorio and its director on this occasion. Newman had already been gathered to

his fathers; but Newman was alive and middle-aged in the middle of the nineteenth century when England was storm-swept with a very hurricane of bigotry and intolerance at the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy. And that was the occasion of his preaching that wonderful sermon "The Second Spring." The triple triumph of "The Dream of Gerontius," in Westminster Cathedral took place a few years after his death.

Speaking of cathedrals, the architect of the great Anglican Cathedral at Liverpool is a Catholic; though not himself a convert he is the son of a convert.

Cardinal Gasquet has just celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest. He says that the contrast between today and fifty years ago, so far as the position of Catholics in England is concerned, is most striking, incredible were it not self-evident to one who has lived through the last half century.

Addressing the students at the Salesian School, Battersea, Cardinal Bourne congratulated them on the opportunity that would be theirs of witnessing the great Catholic development that is sure to come in the next fifty years.

"You boys will witness extraordinary things in the future. You will take a great part in the future history of the Church in England. Statistics show a marvellous increase in the number of Catholics and will show more.

"Mere statistics do not mean much, yet alone with an increase in numbers there is a steady growth of Catholic influence and in the attention given to Catholic opinion. The future, I venture to prophesy, will see a still greater development."

Cardinal Newman in 1851 spoke of "The Second Spring" because of his great faith. Cardinal Bourne, in 1925, speaks with the knowledge of what has been accomplished in the last seventy-five years; his faith enlightened by that knowledge enables him confidently to predict great Catholic development in England during the next fifty years—without venturing into the realms of pure prophecy.

Our reader who so kindly furnished us with the Presbyterian Witness's "official figures" does not alarm us. Conversions gave us Newman and Manning and hundreds of priests drawn from the Anglican clergy in the last century. The stream is steadily widening and deepening. Converts are coming from all classes and conditions of Englishmen.

On the other hand, there are "expatriates" who fall away; but there are not many Protestants who boast of them. And there are ignorant and vicious laymen who drift into Socialism or infidelity. Others, neither ignorant nor vicious, lose the faith and become, like many so-called Protestants, agnostics or indifferentists. Sir Conan Doyle, a Catholic in his early years, is mired in the superstition of spiritism. Protestants can hardly claim him as a convert even if they cared to do so. There is one other Catholic of note that has fallen away, this one into theosophy or some such vagary. Of conversions of Catholics to Protestantism we know none save such as Dean Swift, contrasting them with those received into the Catholic Church, described as weeds flung over the Pope's garden wall.

WHAT THEY DID TO THE BIBLE

BY THE OBSERVER

There are few Protestants who have any idea of the history of the Bible. A great many of them still imagine that the Bible is a book containing all the truths of Christianity; a book which was suppressed by the Catholic Church for the purpose of keeping the people ignorant of what real Christianity was, while she proceeded to build up a system of moral and mental tyranny which should secure to the Bishop of Rome, whom we call the Pope, and to the hierarchy, whom we call bishops, and the clergy, whom we call priests, an unquestioned control over all the affairs of the world.

This idea was at one time so firmly rooted in the Protestant mind that there never was a dogma of the Catholic Faith more unquestioningly held by Catholics than this dogma was by Protestants. But, as history, in its realities, was all to the contrary of this absurd dogma, and as the theory on which

the dogma proceeded was in itself untenable because it gave credit to the Popes for the possession and the exercise of powers of control never known amongst men, ascribed to the people for a degree of ignorance and of slavish obedience never found amongst mankind in any age, it is not surprising that in later times Protestant scholars have found themselves compelled to reject the theory.

Unfortunately this theory of the history of the Bible lasted long enough to do a most serious ill-work in the world; nor is it yet by any means given up generally; for there are still millions of Protestants who believe that Luther in his young manhood found a copy of the Bible, which he had never seen before, and that, on investigating its contents, he at once saw all the iniquities of the Popish system and proceeded to set humanity free from the machinations of the Scarlet Woman, the Anti-Christ, who had so long enslaved their minds and their souls.

It is not long since a Protestant minister who has a great reputation both in England and in North America, addressing an audience in Eastern Canada, repeated the old fable that Luther found the Bible in the manner aforesaid, and that thus began the freedom of the human mind in matters of religion. There is no doubt whatever that Luther and others of the so-called Reformers did a work of great importance in regard to the Bible. The importance of that work may be judged by the results, seeing that their movement has been the means of finding two hundred religions in the Bible and that there is an excellent prospect of finding two hundred more if the Bible be not altogether given up and set aside before that number is reached.

That is an important work, whatever other term may be applied to it. It is no small matter to make two hundred religions to grow where there was only one before. It is a great accomplishment of its kind.

How did it happen? Today there are many Protestants of education and distinction who are much concerned at seeing the "modernist" attitude towards the Bible. "Modernists" are about ready to reject the inspiration of the Bible altogether. Not only are some of them reluctant to believe that God ever inspired it; but there are those who are not at all sure that there is any God to inspire anything. How did this state of things come about?

We may sometimes hear it said that in Catholic countries there is a good deal of atheism, a good many people who no longer believe in God; and that is true. In the Old Testament we read of many mental and spiritual rebellions against the revealed truths of God. In the life of Christ, as related to us by Saint Matthew, Saint Luke, Saint Mark and Saint John, we read of many rebellions against the teachings of the Saviour. It cannot be, then, that the mere fact of people drifting into unbelief is, itself, proof conclusive that the Church from which they departed is a false one. For, if mere rebellion against a form of religion were proof of the falsity of that religion, there would be proof of the falsity of Christ's teachings, in the refusal, for instance, of the Jews to accept His statement of the Blessed Eucharist. The truth of the Blessed Eucharist is not impugned by the fact that the Jews said it was a hard saying and turned away from Christ rather than believe it. Neither is the prevalence of atheism amongst Protestants, and especially in the teachings of Protestant universities today, proof in itself of the falsity of any of the sects from which those unbelievers have taken their departure. What then is the distinction? Why do Catholics say that Protestantism has brought the world into a moral chaos?

We say so because Protestantism proceeded on a principle which necessarily, when carried to its logical consequences, led to unbelief. When Catholics become unbelievers, they do so in utter defiance of the main Catholic principle which is that there are limits to the freedom of human thought and that Christ left on earth in His Church the power of judging and fixing those limits. When Protestants become unbelievers they do so in pursuance of the main Protestant principle which is that there is no limit to the right to think as one pleases.

What was done to the Bible shows that that principle was applied from the outset of the Reformation. We shall show that in another article.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

REFERENCE was made last week to Christiania as the capital of Norway. Recent cable despatches announce a change of name of this interesting Scandinavian city. By decree of the Storting, or Parliament of that country, "Christiania" made its exit on the first of January and "Oslo," its old name, once more enters. Notice has been sent to all foreign governments to this effect.

It is recalled by a contributor to the Edinburgh Scotsman that it is exactly 800 years since Christian IV., brother-in-law of King James VI. of Scotland, named the national capital in his own honor, thus arbitrarily setting aside the name, Oslo, which the town had borne for six hundred years previously. More than half a century ago Norse patriots such as Prof. Munch and Ivar Aasen advocated the reversion which has now taken place.

AFTER KING Oscar, in 1905, ceased to govern Norway constitutionally, the Norse people decided to sever all political connection with Sweden, and chose Prince Charles of Denmark to be their king. He ascended the throne as Haakon VII., and since that day the idea of restoring to their capital its ancient name, free from any associations with Denmark or Sweden, spread rapidly and took deep root in the hearts of the people of all classes and of all political parties.

It is also recalled that this original name has gradually been adopted for various institutions in connection with the capital, and that but five years ago the name of the Bishopric (Lutheran) of Christiania was changed to the Diocese of Oslo. In this way, says the Scotsman writer, "Oslo has again made its way into the consciousness of the people as the proper designation of their seat of government," and January 1st of this year was chosen as the time to make the change effective in regard to the capital itself.

AT THE time of the Reformation Norway almost completely broke with the past, and has ever since been preponderantly Lutheran in its religion. Yet the country has an interesting Catholic history stretching far back into the Middle Ages. Oslo was probably only a fishing village until Harold Hard-Ruler gave it a charter and various privileges in 1050. Within a decade of that time it had become the seat of a bishop, and, because of its advantageous situation on the fiord at the mouth of the Lovel, increased rapidly in importance, both politically and ecclesiastically. It possessed three monasteries, and the ancient church, dedicated to St. Halvard, whose figure still appears on the seal of the city.

AS IN England and Scotland the disaster called the Reformation was precipitated by the ruling authorities and that King Christian IV. had much in common with Henry VIII. of England is shown in the re-christening of the capital with his own name. Probably to intensify the change, he laid out a new Royal quarter, leaving the ancient Oslo as but a suburb and parish of the city, which characteristic it has ever since retained. The Lutheran Bishop's palace of today adjoins that of pre-Reformation times.

THIS OLD Bishop's residence has a special interest in that it is the house in which King James VI. of Scotland was married under romantic circumstances. His bride-to-be was the Princess Anne of Denmark, sister of Christian IV. Conveyed by Danish War vessels she sailed from Copenhagen in September. Her destination was Edinburgh, where the marriage ceremony was to take place, but was driven by storms into the bay of Flekkerø in the south of Norway. The storms continuing the Danish Admiral refused to proceed on the voyage to Scotland, the Princess, on the other hand, refusing to return to Denmark. She proceeded to Oslo and taking up quarters in the old Catholic Bishop's house, awaited the course of events. King James meanwhile had become impatient,

and sailed for Denmark, but was also driven by storms on to the coast of Norway. There learning that his prospective bride had gone to Oslo, he hastened to join her, and they were married there on the 23rd of November, 1589.

THE THREE oldest buildings in Oslo date back to old Catholic times, viz., the Gamle Akers church, of the twelfth century, the Akershus castle of the thirteenth, and the Bishop's palace referred to. The city is impregnated with a Catholic historical atmosphere, and the reversion by choice of the people to the ancient name points to revived interest in the past. In this the Catholic Church has nothing to lose and everything to gain. A study of the facts of history, untraveled from the meshes which have been thrown around it by three centuries of calumny and falsehood, must bring the Norwegian people to realize, as it is bringing other peoples to realize, that they had in an evil day parted with more than they knew.

MORAL DEBASEMENT

SPIRIT OF LAWLESSNESS AND IMMORALITY THREATEN WELL-BEING OF SOCIETY

The new personal freedom, unrestrained by standards of right and wrong, the lack of adequate moral training, and the widespread moral deterioration are among the evils condemned in a pastoral letter on the Holy Year just issued by Cardinal Hayes. The letter says, in part: "Today the claims of the new personal freedom, namely, to think and to do as one wills, unrestrained by standards of right and wrong, of law and order, bears a striking likeness to Lucifer's 'I will not serve, and to Adam's 'I will be my own God, knowing good and evil.'" Such a spirit of lawlessness in the individual cannot fail to produce an unhealthy reaction on society in general.

"The extraordinary measures taken by medical science to insure physical health and prevent the spread of disease might well teach us a lesson in the moral order. Public health will not tolerate physical conditions which may prove a menace to the community. Why less care with moral conditions, no less dangerous, to say the least, to the well-being of society? However, to suggest that precautionary measures for safeguarding the morals of our youth in reading, recreation and comradeship, brands as reactionary the parent, the teacher, or the priest, who may think such protection wise and necessary. Constant are the fears of many a father, and many are the tears of loving mothers, over the apparent revolution in the relation of child to parental authority. It is now a bit old-fashioned for the young to learn at the mother's knee.

"Certain groups of men and women, very much in the public eye, often themselves over-estimated, if not deeply scarred with experience, see no longer spiritual beauty in youthful modesty and reverent obedience. They laugh to scorn the idea of a danger zone of moral debasement for the youthful mind and heart. A naked and brutal realism with a boldness hitherto unknown challenges from the very household the distinction made by Church or State, school or family, between what is clean or unclear, healthy or putrid in literature, art, the drama and public exhibitions. "The larger freedom given to youth, the pronounced laxity of discipline on all sides and the ever present allurements to pleasure impose a corresponding grave obligation on all charged with responsibility for the training of the young. Our children must be solidly grounded in doctrine and virtue in order to face, with some degree of security, the temptations of our day."—The Echo.

AN ENEMY OF COMMUNISM

The Brooklyn Times recently published the following editorial: "The Catholic Church has always espoused the cause of the workers of every nation, but it has never been able to approve violent revolutions. Its objection to them is the objection that it always makes to violence whether committed by princes or peasants. Pope Pius knows the Russian social and political situation probably better than any statesman in Europe. He was the organizing legate of the Papacy in the Slavic dominions just prior to his elevation to St. Peter's chair. The Vatican has sent great sums of money for the relief of suffering Russians, but it has not approved the Soviet rule any more than it approved the Jacobinism of the French Revolution or the Commune of Paris. The Pope says: 'We have decided to continue as much as possible to help needy Russians, whether living at home or abroad. Nobody certainly can have thought that we, by creating the work of relief for the Russian people, have intended in any way to favor a system of government

which we are so far from approving. Indeed, we after having for a long time, with all our heart and with our force, tried to relieve the immense sufferings of that people, believe it our duty to exhort all, especially men in power, who love peace, the sanctity of family and human dignity, to make every effort to fight the very grave dangers and certain injuries coming from Socialism and Communism.' The Papacy has never opposed workers' associations for mutual benefit. It was the organizer of the guilds of the Middle Ages. What it does oppose is the movement that flows from the materialistic philosophy of Marx and Engels.

POPE PIUS RECEIVES RUSSIAN REFUGEES

BESTOWS SPECIAL BLESSING ON LITTLE CHILDREN

The Holy Father recently received in audience a group of Russian refugees, for the most part orthodox, who have found a shelter in the Villa Torlonia.

Assisted by the work, "For the Russians," in the Circle St. Peter, these refugees have benefited greatly by the paternal interest of the Sovereign Pontiff. The members of the Circle St. Peter, and the Sisters of the Holy Union, who have devoted themselves to the service of the Russians at the Villa Torlonia, were present at the audience which took place in the Throne Room.

M. Kreber, former Consul General of Russia, read an address to the Holy Father in French, thanking the Pontiff for His great goodness to Russia. In the name of all his colleagues, he expressed his profound appreciation of this great goodness, including all those who, in response to the appeals of His Holiness, aided the good work.

Before responding, the Holy Father called an aged man, over eighty years, to come and take a seat near the Throne.

Then the Holy Father expressed his joy in the audience and what it stood for.

ADDRESS OF PONTIFF "What We have done for you," said Pope Pius, "and what We have been able to do for your country, is little in itself, but especially it is little in comparison with what We would wish to have done for you, and what We desire yet to do. We shall continue to do what We can, according to the gifts which Divine Providence and the cooperation of the Catholic world have bestowed upon Us."

The Pontiff, in closing, declared that He bestows His benediction upon all most willingly, especially upon the little ones in the audience, for Pope Pius had graciously permitted that the mothers should bring their small children with them on the happy occasion. "We desire that these little ones," said the Holy Father, "should understand with what predilection We take them in our arms, and in what an especial manner We bless them, as We delight to do for the littlest ones who come to Our presence. And this we feel also for those who have traveled such a long distance to Us, and whose sufferings have been so considerable."

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS, THE SEED OF THE CHURCH

Accustomed to modern conveniences and comforts, and confined to the little world about us, it comes as rather a shock to learn that the "enlightened" nineteenth century has added hundreds of brilliant souls to the ranks of those Saints whom the Church petitions thus, "All ye holy martyrs, pray for us," for in China alone during the nineteenth century there were 118 martyrs. Of these privileged ones, France claims 78; Italy 16, Belgium 16, Holland 4, Germany 2, Spain and Ireland 1 each. Seven of the martyrs were Bishops; 84 priests, eight were brothers and 13 Sisters. What relationship does this glorious record bear to the great wave of missionary activity directed towards that land today? The soil watered by the blood of these saintly pioneers is waiting—ready for the harvest of souls; pleading—that other laborers be sent into the vineyard.

BISHOP FORBES OF UGANDA

This zealous Bishop whom some of the readers of THE RECORD had the pleasure of meeting when he toured Canada some time ago in the interest of his missions, has been seriously ill since his return to Africa, but it is pleasing to learn that the most recent news to reach the White Fathers of Quebec is that His Lordship is much improved. Let us offer an occasional prayer for this good Bishop who is a brother to the Bishop of Joliette, P. Q.

THE FRANCISCAN SPIRIT IN EGYPT

By means of the little group of Sisters (The Franciscan Missionaries of Egypt) who established themselves in a humble little quarter of Cairo in September, 1899, St. Francis has worked wonders for the Egyptian people. These good nuns first opened a school for the Musselman children, offering their services free of charge. The number of Sisters

was increased, and they soon entered into the good graces of the Khedive to whom they said, "We have come to do good, to instruct the ignorant, to succor the unfortunate." Ismail Pasha bestowed 50,000 francs on them, and they proceeded to open a Novitiate. The Sisters specialized in the education of the women and as a reward have been able to convert many Mahomedans and idolaters to Christianity. Every indication points to a rapid extension of the great work they are doing.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY RETURNS

The Rev. Eugene Dery of the White Fathers who is a son of Judge Dery of Quebec City has returned to Canada after twenty-one years of Missionary life in Africa. He left for Africa in 1903 and was ordained priest at Carthage in 1907.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN" "It is very wonderful," writes Sister Xavier Berkley from the House of the Sisters of Charity on Chusan Island, "to think of the special love and desire Our Lord must have for these Holy Child-hood children, that He should rescue each one, individually, from among so many thousands who are abandoned. A little dying mite, a few hours old, is handed to us in the middle of the night. What can humankind do for it? For what purpose is it brought? Our Divine Lord has chosen it; He wants that little soul. It receives the saving grace of baptism, and it goes to be with Him forever in the glories of heaven. And one sees the light of grace in the dying babe's face; the eyes open wide and a smile often comes in the last few minutes of life. A pagan woman nurse, watching a little girl one night with a Sister, said: 'Wait it Our Blessed Lady she sees, Sister?' This woman will, I think, become a Christian. When the Christian women are saying the rosary together, she comes and kneels down with them, and she has taught herself to make the sign of the Cross by watching others."

HEROIC VIRTUE Truly heroic has been the faith of many of the poor natives of the Marian and Caroline Islands who were without Catholic priests for three years until the mission was entrusted to the Jesuits of Spain some two years ago. The German Capuchins, their former missionaries had been expelled in consequence of the European War when the Islands were occupied by Japan, and the Catholic natives, after seeing their beloved missionaries depart also saw the islands invaded by a horde of Protestant missionaries who tried to win them to their sects by assuring them that the Catholic missionaries would never return. As a matter of fact they were kept from returning for about three years. Evidently many of the aborigines yielded during this time to the persuasions of the Protestants, but many, and one island "en masse," drove them away, saying, "We trust God that our own Catholic missionaries will return; but until they do, we mean to be faithful to God and to the Church."

Many posts of authority were held by Protestants and consequently this resistance provoked the anger of those in power and many natives underwent changes of fortune for this fidelity to the Faith.

During this month of the Holy Name, we ask our friends to add a mite to our Burses, especially Holy Name Burses. Such donations will be used expressly for the education of a missionary for China, whither he will carry the Holy Name of Jesus to multitudes who have never heard it. If you aid him to accomplish this project, you will have a share in this glorious apostolate. Help to carry to a pagan land the Name whereby all men shall be saved. Could there be a higher or a holier way of beginning the New Year, or a surer means of drawing down upon yourselves God's best gifts?

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE Previously acknowledged \$8,189 88 W. E. H., Vancouver..... 10 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,807 46 Peter Barron, King's Cove 2 00 Mr. & Mrs. J. A. M..... 5 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE Previously acknowledged \$2,991 43 COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE Previously acknowledged \$488 95 ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE Previously acknowledged \$8,402 88 J. O'Brien, Ottawa..... 3 00 Mr. & Mrs. J. A. M..... 5 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE Previously acknowledged \$645 80 Toronto..... 1 00 Friend, Lingan, N. S..... 1 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$418 80 SILENT NAME OF JESUS BURSE Previously acknowledged \$841 25 Friend, Westport..... 1 00 L. B. Knox, Ottawa..... 1 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,951 89 Waltham, Mass..... 1 00 Mr. & Mrs. J. A. M..... 2 00

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SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE Previously acknowledged \$8,518 70 B. & M., Ontario..... 25 00 Friend, Toronto..... 2 50

During this month of the Holy Name, we ask our friends to add a mite to our Burses, especially Holy Name Burses. Such donations will be used expressly for the education of a missionary for China, whither he will carry the Holy Name of Jesus to multitudes who have never heard it. If you aid him to accomplish this project, you will have a share in this glorious apostolate. Help to carry to a pagan land the Name whereby all men shall be saved. Could there be a higher or a holier way of beginning the New Year, or a surer means of drawing down upon yourselves God's best gifts?

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not need us or our possessions. He did not require gifts from the Wise Men who with their adoration offered Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh; yet their thoughtfulness made Him glad and He was pleased to accept their offerings.

What better way is there to bring blessings upon our temporal affairs than by making God, without whom success is impossible, a sharer in the profits and investing His part of the proceeds in what is best suited to promote His glory, the extension of His Kingdom upon earth. Some people are doing this and there is no anxiety about the safety of their investment. It is given for God's work and left to Him. The following is a copy of a letter just received:

President Catholic Church Extension, Right Reverend dear Father,— In company with the Three Wise Kings I wish to make my offering for Epiphany. The enclosed cheque will represent the amount I spent in Christmas gifts, and it is no more than fair that I should give the same amount for spiritual as I did for temporal things. Please use it for Mass intentions for the Poor Souls and please do not publish my name—only initials.

Hoping the New Year will bring you greatly increased help for such a worthy cause.

Yours very respectfully, "A. M."

We have friends who every month send us part of their earnings. How wise in their estimation of this world's goods and what judgment they employ in the disposition of them! They lay up wonderful treasures in Eternity by sharing their profit, month by month, with God Who will not be outdone in generosity.

There are many Catholics in a position to do great things for Church Extension. There never was a time when assistance was so necessary to take care of its ever increasing demands. May God inspire them to do something for a cause so dear to the Sacred Heart of His Divine Son.

Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$9,877 99 O. R. J., Vancouver..... 5 00 W. E. H., Vancouver..... 15 00 Friend, Westport..... 1 00 T. J., London..... 1 00 Friend, P. E. I..... 1 00

MASS INTENTIONS O. R. J., Vancouver..... 5 00 Mrs. P. Kealey, Ottawa 3 00 T. C., Montreal..... 5 00 For a conversion..... 2 00 K., Ottawa..... 1 00 Miss L. G., Picton, Ont. 60 00 J. P. C., Sydney Mines 2 00 Louis, Clarin, Peakes 1 00 Mrs. Wm. Gillis, Dominion..... 2 00

BURSES "IN THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW"

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Administrators and Executors of Estates Who are meeting with difficulties in their administrations, will do well to consult with us. We are accustomed to deal with difficulties and our charges are moderate Capital Trust Corporation 10 Metcalfe Street Ottawa Temple Building Toronto Under Dominion Government Inspection.

EGYPT HAS VIRGIN'S TREE PILGRIMS VISIT MEMORABLE SPOT Matarich, Lower Egypt.—Near the ruins of the ancient Eliopolis, not far distant from the city of Cairo, is the little village of Matarich. Its name is known to all visitors to Egypt for a dear relic which makes it forever memorable. In an angle of the village surrounded by a poor palisade is a tree named for the Madonna. It is here, so sacred legend affirms, that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph found shelter and repose in their flight from Egypt, before entering the city of Eliopolis. This tree is guarded with veneration by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who have charge of the little church constructed at the side. In this little edifice are a number of paintings picturing the anxieties and sorrows of the Holy Family during their hard voyage into exile. In a subterranean chamber repose the bones of many great missionaries among whom were Father Hyllio, S. J., the precursor of the great founder of the Mission of Central Africa, Mgr. Daniel Comboni. More distant, in the midst of a country deserted, there rises among the ruins of the ancient metropolis a great obelisk to a great height. It is of red granite, holding on its four sides inscriptions in hieroglyphics which up to the present have been very well preserved.

Special Value in Note Paper 100 Sheets Chevon Linen Finish Note Paper and 100 Envelopes 50c. POST-PAID The Catholic Record LONDON CANADA A fortunate purchase of this popular make enables us to offer this exceptional value. Act quickly, as our supply is limited. Regular \$1.25 Books at 50c. and 75c. A Limited Number ORDER EARLY 50c. Each

HOW TO PRAY Very brief reflection is needed to convince some, perhaps many, Catholics that they are not deriving from their prayers that spiritual union of which ascetic writers speak. Especially is this true of the young men and young women. Very often this is due to burdening themselves with private devotions. A prayer is read. It appeals to the imagination and straightway is adopted for daily use. After a while so much time is required for these prayers that concentration is impossible. The result is mechanical prayer, or at least distractions, impairing the value of prayer. A few prayers thoughtfully and reverently recited are quite sufficient. How many Christians appreciate the prayer—which is indeed a method of prayer—taught by their God! The "Our Father" rattled off in the "quantity production" method means nothing. Recited with attention, it brings home the significance, the importance of becoming, through Christ, heirs of the Father. Because we are His children, because we have been so taught, we address the Omnipotent Godhead by the loving name of Father. We assure Him that we will make holy His Name in our sphere of influence; that in our lives He will be King, and that as we will fulfil His Will in the world to come so now we wish to conform our will to His. Prayed thus there is a real elevation of mind and will, a real communication with the Author of our existence. Adoration, thanksgiving and petition, all are in the Lord's

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOU, D. D.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE LOVE OF GOD

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed." (Matt. viii. 8.)

The Gospel of this Sunday, among other things, tells of the entrance of Jesus into Capernaum, a town of a century coming to Him beseeching Him to cure his servant who was sick of the palsy. Jesus answered his request, saying that He would go to his home and heal the servant, but the centurion was overwhelmed at so extraordinary a favor from Jesus, and in all sincerity said: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed."

Jesus was struck with admiration at the great faith and humility of the suppliant, and in response bade him go, saying that his servant was healed.

Considering the infinite gulf dividing us from God, we all must wonder at the goodness of our Maker. He is infinitely perfect, we lamentably imperfect; yet we can approach Him and be to Him friends. He yearns for our friendship, for He loved us first and He wishes to love us always. With Him there is infinite majesty, yet infinite love, and the latter is what makes Him so approachable to us. True love, love that is pure, considers only the object loved and the reason for its being loved. Pomp, great qualities, extraordinary gifts, do not render a being more worthy of the love of God than do ordinary gifts, unless to the former is attached the quality that makes a creature lovable. To God this quality is innocence and virtue. In the infant it is the former; in the adult it is both, or at least the latter, after innocence, once lost, has been restored as much as possible by penance. God loves us also as the work of His hands; this love He always has for us, as is natural, for whatever He does or whatever He creates is, from the fact that it proceeds from Him, an object of love to Him.

But this love that God has for us does not necessarily make Him come the distance. He does, to show it to us and for us. This is an outward proof of His wonderful generosity and goodness. His love, though infinite, is also infinitely perfect; and did His other attributes not come into play, He might expect a worthiness on our part as commensurate as possible with the perfection of His own love. But, fortunately for us, He knows our weakness. He realizes our deficiencies, and considers the difficult fight we are ever forced to wage against the enemies of our soul. The condescension, so to speak, on His part, is a part of the fruit of His love for us. In His love we cannot, strictly speaking, call Him a God, but a friend. He Himself well expressed it to us, when He said: "I shall not call you servants, but friends."

If people meditated more upon God and His attributes, they would learn more about Him, and necessarily would be prompted to greater love for Him. To know the good is to love. What must be our love for the infinite goodness of God when it is well known! There is this, too, to God's love; while we are endeavoring to know Him and love Him, He is loving us all the while, and we are unconsciously receiving the fruits of this love. It is not so with man. How often we may love people before they even realize that we are pouring out our hearts to them and yearning for them to love us in return! It may be, as it often is, that they love us, but we want an evident sign of it; we want it to become a love of mutual action. When we love God, we need not consider these things. We can feel sure that our love is reciprocated more than we can know or experience. His ways of showing it to us in this life are not always plain to the human eye, but they are infallible to the rightly directed heart. We all know Christ's consoling words: "If any man love Me, My Father will love him and we will come to him and take up our abode with him." And what does it mean for God to abide with us but that He lavishes His spiritual gifts—the fruits of His love especially—upon us?

The principal way of obtaining God's love is by the path of humility. This means not only that we should recognize our faults, but also that we should realize our littleness in the face of the great God who created us, and that we should be fully conscious of how undeserving we are of further favors from God. We should feel in our hearts that, even when we perform works of merit, it is only through His generosity; without Him, we can do nothing. And even when God manifestly favors us, as He did the centurion, we should clearly protest to Him our unworthiness. Flesh and blood, as we are of ourselves we are not fit to receive the generous gifts of our Maker. In a moral sense, were it not for Him, considering ourselves bereft of His grace, we should be worse than the beasts. The air that we breathe is necessary for our existence, but we appreciate it but little. When it is in windy motion, we complain; when we imagine that it is laden with disease germs, we are fearful; when it is cold, we lament; when it is hot, we are depressed; but what would we be without it? It is a lifeless thing, yet we, living

beings, can not exist without it. How we must admit our inability to live—even with our wonderful intellects, our strong wills, our remarkable memories, our big hearts—without the air to breathe! Is it humiliating to us to admit this truth? Certainly it is not; it is elevating. What the air, itself from God's hand, is to us in a physical sense, God is to us in every sense. What humility, then, should we feel as we consider what our fate must be without Him! We never would have existed, would not exist today, and would be a nothing tomorrow, were it not for Him. And you, are you not glad that you do exist? Do you not feel more grateful to God for your existence than you can express in words? It ever will remain true that it is better to be than not to be.

We shall be greater if we humbly acknowledge our present unworthiness in the sight of God, our total dependency upon Him, and our inability to do anything without Him. "In Him we live, move, and have our being." Fortunate for us that it is so, if we are fully conscious of it and our living accordingly. We are blameworthy, however, if we are living otherwise, and moreover reducing ourselves to a worse state. To grow to something as humans is to realize that we are yet nothing, and must begin to work in an unworthy condition, but with a full realization of the generosity, goodness, and love of God who offers the aid sufficient for us to walk towards perfection. When we say that we merit a reward, it is not so much the reward that we merit; but it is only fitting ourselves for a reward that a kind Father will give us. Lord, we all should say that we are not worthy, but Thou canst make us so, and Thou wilt do so if we but remain Thy humble servants.

MYSTERY OF THE MASS

The Rev. Dr. William J. Dawson is the distinguished pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, New Jersey. He has written a religious essay for the September number of the Century Magazine in which he champions the cause of mysteries in religion. He claims that religion cannot be reduced to mere logic without destroying the great appeal of God's Holy doctrine. He abhors the present tendency to destroy the mystic side of religious practice and he claims that the modern attempt at rationalism has forced him to retain this view.

He endeavors to prove his point from practical experience and he penned this paragraph to help make his ideas clear:

"In this respect the Roman Catholic Church is perfectly right when it presents to the people the mystery of the Mass, with no attempt whatever to explain it. It says, 'Here is something that lies beyond reason: take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any logical explanation.' And the power of this appeal is witnessed by the fact that to multitudes of Christians the Mass, which they do not understand or presume to understand, is the living core of their religion. They submit themselves to the charm of mystery, which draws them out of the world of fact into a world of faith. During Advent I often attended Mass at St. Patrick's in New York, and always with a sense of astonishment. Here were hundreds of persons of all ranks of society bowed in impressive silence. There was no music, no exhortation; nothing in fact but a lighted altar at the end of the long nave, before which the celebrating priest bowed, murmuring ancient Latin words, which the distance alone made unintelligible. Yet it was evident that the worshippers were profoundly moved. What moved them? A sense of profound awe in the presence of what to them was a divine mystery."

Dr. Dawson speaks well and his idea is plainly understood even though some objection might be taken to the words he used to express himself. Catholics do explain the Mass, but they do not attempt to dissect the mystery of Transubstantiation. The Mass is the repetition of the great sacrifice of the Cross. One was offered in a bloody manner, the other in an unbloody manner. The Victim is the same and the high Priest is the same. The death of the Saviour is accurately and tragically shown by the separate consecration of the two species and the ultimate destruction is portrayed by Communion.

One of the greatest failings of the human heart is ingratitude. It is an easy thing to forget past favors. None recognized the results of this vice more than the Saviour Himself. He was to shed His last drop of blood upon the Cross for the sins of men, but what was there to prevent mankind from forgetting this sacrifice with the passage of time? There was only one way to avert this disaster. That sacrifice must be perpetuated for all time and continue daily so that men would have the tragedy of Calvary ever before their eyes. That perpetuation is the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Catholics do explain the Mass. They know exactly without any appearance of doubt, when it came into existence and the reason of its repetition. When the Catholic is asked to explain Transubstantiation he replies that it is a mystery

and does not attempt to explain a mystery. He gives thanks that this is so for the things that are thoroughly understood become very commonplace. Doctor Dawson agrees with this truth and hopes that mystery will ever remain in the practice of religion.

It is difficult to understand how ministers of the gospel stand in their pulpits and preach with much vehemence about certain miracles in Christ's life while they reject other miracles as impossible. Christ's walking upon the waters, the healing of the deaf, the lame and the blind are some of the favorite topics in use. But when the mystery of Transubstantiation is mentioned there is a complete and emphatic denial of this important action of the Saviour's closing days. The Church's triumphs throughout the ages crowd successfully round the tabernacle of the altar and it is there that Catholics look for the continuation of that spiritual power that daily renews the spiritual life of the world.—Catholic Transcript.

GREAT INCREASE IN TEA CONSUMPTION

The consumption of tea, it is estimated, increased in 1924 thirty-nine million pounds. The price, as a result, may go to \$1.00 per pound, but even then, tea is the cheapest beverage in the world—aside from water.

WHAT THOSE WHO KNOW SAY

Rev. James Benninger, (Methodist), Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"We have fumed and fussed and worked ourselves into a frenzy while the Catholic Church, without any effort on her part, has gone on in the even tenor of her way solving the problems to the satisfaction of her hierarchy."

"How does she do it? How does she get men out of bed on Sunday morning at an early hour—men who work late on Saturday night? How does she fill the streets on Sunday morning with worshippers when the Protestant world is fast asleep? I know some of the explanations that are offered, but they do not explain. Many that we have heard and read only seem childish twaddle. One man will tell you that the Catholic Church contains nobody but ignorant people. But is that true to the facts of the case? Do we not know of brilliant lawyers and judges and professors and business men who are devout worshippers at her shrine? But if it were true that she only had ignorant people, would not the criticism pay her a high compliment? For every Protestant clergyman in Christendom knows that the hardest people to get along with, are ignorant people. A church that can gather and hold the ignorant rabble has a vitality very much to be desired. But the criticism is not true."

"Another man will tell you that the Catholic Church scares people into her fold. How often have you heard that? But that explanation is no better than the first. You can readily see how one generation might be frightened into doing something, but who is willing to believe that twenty generations can be worked upon in the same way? The scarecrow method is bound to play out with the growing years. No, such explanations as we usually hear explain nothing. Her secret lies deeper."

"The reason the Catholic Church succeeds, in spite of our misgivings, is because she is true to the central fact of revelation. She makes the death of Jesus the centre of her devotion, and around that point she organizes all her activities. When you see a company of Catholic people Sunday morning on the way to church, you can be assured of this; they are not going for the sake of fine music; they are not going to hear an eloquent dissertation on 'Dr. Jekyll and Hyde.' They are going to that place of worship to hear Mass."

"What is the celebration of the Mass? It is what we call the celebration of the Lord's supper. That fact is kept prominently before the mind of every Catholic. What is the first thing you see as you approach a Catholic Church? A cross. What is the first thing you see as you enter the Church? A cross. What is the first thing you see a Catholic do as he seats himself in that Church? Make the sign of the cross. What is the last thing held before the eyes of a dying Catholic? A cross. He comes into the Church in childhood imbued with the death of Jesus;

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he goes out of this world thinking of the death of Jesus."

There is no life so narrow that it does not hold more than we at first think conceivable. If, instead of looking with covetous eyes upon the superior benefits which others enjoy, we set at work to live our own life in our own way, we shall be

surprised to find that flowers blossom in soil which we thought only productive of weeds. The great secret is to force ourselves into harmony with our surroundings—it is not always easy to do this—and compel them to yield their best product. This resignation is one of the loftiest of virtues and one of the most heroic.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PENANCE

Mortal! if e'er thy spirits faint, By grief or pain oppress'd, Seek not vain hope, or sour complaint, To cheer or ease thy breast.

But view thy bitterest pangs as sent A shadow of that doom, Which is the soul's just punishment In its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own Judge; hate thy proud heart; And while the sad drops flow, E'en let thy will attend the smart, And sanctify thy woe.

COURTESY TO GOD

"Punctuality is the courtesy of kings"—this has been attributed to Louis XVII. It is also the duty of a gentleman. We all have our opinions concerning the late comer to the theater or concert, the one who arrives just after the lights have been lowered and makes every one stand up to allow him to reach his proper place, perhaps in the middle of the row. Of course there will be a profusion of excuses and an abundance of apologies, but the audience does not hesitate to pour out malediction on him just the same.

People seem to forget the law of courtesy when it is a question of getting to Mass on time. The clocks all seem to run slow starting with Saturday at midnight. But the worst phase of the case is that they are so indifferent about their tardiness. They saunter into church as if they really had no obligation of being there, but simply wished, as it were, to patronize Almighty God and play the part of a magnanimous soul. They imagine the Church is only too glad to have them present on Sunday morning.

Poor ignorant Catholics! They are to be pitied if anything. They forget that they are the honored guests, that the Lord God of Hosts is entertaining them, that He has invited them to unite themselves in the noblest and most sublime act that it is in the power of man to perform. Let them apply their rules of politeness then! Let them realize that, if it is considered a breach of etiquette to come late when attending the social events of mere mortals, it is a thousand times more a lack of common decency, to say the least, to habitually arrive five or ten minutes behind the hour (through their own fault) at this sacred event in which the angels of heaven and God's elect are participating. Let the dilatory Catholics, who, willingly and knowingly, always come late on Sunday morning, realize what their crime is. They are disrespectful to God, they are a distraction to the priest, and a cause of scandal to the congregation who cannot help but begin to know them after so many repeated Sundays with its same sad story.

—Catholic Universe.

PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

1. I will never let a day go by without giving at least a few minutes to the study of Christian doctrine.

2. I will never sit down to eat or rise up from the table, wherever I may be, without making the Sign of the Cross and offering up a prayer.

3. I will do all I can to encourage and promote the practice of united prayer in my own household.

4. I will always use, in speaking of sacred things, the most reverent and significant language at my command.

5. I will always lift my hat or make the Sign of the Cross when I pass a church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and when I meet a priest or religious in a public place.

6. I will always lift my hat or make the Sign of the Cross, and at the same time say a prayer for the soul departed, whenever I meet a procession or pass a door hung with funeral crepe.

7. I will set apart one-tenth of my net income for almsgiving and the support of religion.

8. I will always have a crucifix on the walls of my bed-chamber, and, if possible, near my usual post in my office or workshop.

9. I will try to become more familiar with the Divine Office and the liturgy and ritual of the Church; especially the Ordinary of the Mass, the Recommendation of a Departing Soul, the Office of the Dead, and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

10. At Mass I will always beat my breast thrice in token of contrition and humiliation before God, at the Confiteor and the Dominus non sum dignus.

11. I will always cross my forehead, lips and breast at the reading of the Gospel.

12. I will always unite in spirit with the celebration in offering the Holy Sacrifice of Calvary for my own sins and those of the whole world, and in thanksgiving for all God's benefits.

into my soul by His grace and the gifts of His Holy Spirit.

15. I will always make a real genuflection, slowly and reverently dropping on one knee, when I enter or leave my seat in church, and whenever I pass the high altar or that at which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

16. I will always kneel upon both knees and bow my head in adoration for an instant, whenever I enter a church or pass an altar where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, as during the Forty Hours, or at Mass between the first Elevation of the Host and the end of the Communion.

17. I will always make the responses to the English prayers said after Low Mass, and all the responses called for in other popular devotions, in a clear firm voice, regardless of whether or not other members of the congregation are sufficiently intelligent and faithful to duty to do so.

18. I will always in my prayers give the preference to the Offices of the Church over all private devotions, and to indulgent prayers over prayers not indulgent.

19. I will cultivate the habit of mental prayer and communion with God—consecrating all my actions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and from time to time making little ejaculations of petition, love or praise, or placing myself in spirit in the presence of God.

20. I will more frequently visit Jesus in the Tabernacle.

21. I will assist at the Holy Sacrifice as often as possible during the week, especially at feasts of special devotion and those of my patron saints, etc.

22. I will fulfil faithfully and humbly the duties of my state of life, treating my superiors with respect and prompt obedience, my equals with courtesy and my inferiors with kindness.

23. If I am an employer I will be like a father to my servants and employees, treating them generously, and promoting their spiritual and temporal interests, so far as I can without offense or officiousness.

24. If I am a servant or employee I will make my employer's interests my own, and serve him as faithfully in his absence as when he is overseeing my work.

25. I will dress in accordance with my state of life, and not try to ape those of a higher position or greater means.

26. I will subscribe to a good Catholic paper before I do to any daily newspaper, and to a good Catholic magazine before I do to any secular magazine.

27. I will never purchase success by dishonest practices or by a denial of Catholic principles.

28. I will do all I can, by prayer and personal labor, within the limits of discretion, to promote the conversion of sinners to God and of separatists to Holy Unity.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO"

Hast Thou, my Master, sought for me to do To honor Thee today? Hast Thou a word of love for some poor soul

That mine may say? For, see this world that Thou hast made so fair, Within its heart is sad: Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and weep, But few are glad.

But which among them all is mine today? Oh! guide my willing feet To some poor soul, that, fainting on the way, Needs counsel sweet; Or into some sick room where I may speak With tenderness of Thee; And showing Who and what Thou art, O Christ! Bid sorrow flee!

Or unto one whose straits call not for words— To one in want—in need; Who will not counsel, but would take from me A loving deed.

Surely, Thou, hast some work for me to do; Oh! open Thou mine eyes, To see how Thou wouldst have it done, And where it lies.

THE WILD GESE OF WEDUNA

When one remembers that all wild animals were tame before the fall of our first parents, and that they grew afraid of man only after sin came into the world, it does not appear very remarkable that those who come the nearest to the original perfection of Adam and Eve, should have had, and should still have, such influence and control over beast and bird and fish. Even purely natural goodness has a great effect upon the different animals, so one need not be surprised that in the lives of the saints many marvels are accounted about their dealings with the animal creation.

One story, not so generally known as most others of its kind, tells of St. Werburg's experience with a flock of wild geese. She was a virgin princess, her royal estate, Weduna, being situated in the province of Hampton. One of her laborers reported to her on a certain day that some hundreds of

wild geese were ravaging her fields, and that he could not drive them away. The princess told him to bring the geese to her and to shut them up like cattle. Roslyn, the laborer, looked at her in amazement, wondering whether she hadn't gone crazy. The idea of driving wild geese like a flock of sheep! Of course they would fly up in the air as soon as disturbed—and fly back again to continue their robbery of the grain. St. Werburg, however, repeated her order: "Go, as quickly as you can, and bring all of them captive." Roslyn shrugged his shoulders, but went. His mistress was very holy; perhaps the geese might obey her commands; anyway, it wouldn't hurt to give them her orders. So he went out to the fields, and cried out: "All you geese walk right away, to the mistress; she wants you."

Now, not one of the wild fowl used its wings; but, like so many unfledged chickens, they marched before Roslyn, with their necks bent down as if in shame. Arrived at the palace, they were turned into an enclosed yard and kept captive until the following morning. Then the princess went out to them, and bidding them not to return to the fields, gave them leave to fly away. A servant of hers, in the meantime, had stolen one of the geese, intending to have a good stew for his dinner.

The geese flew up in the air and apparently took stock of their numbers; for, instead of departing, they kept flying all about the princess's house, making a great noise as if complaining of the loss of their comrade. The sky was covered with their scattered forces, and it really appeared that they were protesting against the detention of one of their number. The thieving servant, indeed, didn't have any doubt about it; he felt quite sure they were saying: "What is the reason, lady, that one of us is kept prisoner, when out of the kindness of your heart you have given us all our freedom?"

Of course the geese didn't use any words at all, but a guilty conscience can translate even sounds. Anyway, St. Werburg went out doors, and after listening to the clamour for a minute or two, seemed to understand what all was about. She summoned her servants, and demanded to know who had detained one of the geese. The guilty fellow confessed, and brought the bird to the saint, who at once set it free to join its companions.

Whereupon the immense flock, substituting honks of joy for their previous cries of complaint, sped away. And never afterward, it is said, were the fields of Weduna touched by any of these marauders of the sky.—Ave Maria.

ONLY A PENNY

"You dropped a coin, my boy!" Twelve-year-old Harold laughed. "Only a penny."

"It is worth picking up," said Mr. McIntyre, as he secured the penny, using his cane for support.

Harry's face registered disappointment, even disillusionment. "You think I am a tightwad, Harold, because I bothered to pick up that one-cent piece," Mr. McIntyre said. "That's the way I got my start saving pennies. I'll have to tell you about my fifth penny."

Harry looked interested, and Mr. McIntyre continued: "When I was small I seldom got my hands on anything larger than a cent. My mother encouraged me to save every fifth one that came into my possession. In time, this became a habit, and when I began to get nickels I saved every fifth nickel, and then every fifth quarter, and so on. I'll never forget what I did with these small accumulations.

Harry bought a runt pig for a dollar, fed him for three months on slop, with a little chop, and lots of weeds, and sold him for five dollars. I immediately invested one of the dollars in another runt pig. I really feel that the holding out of every fifth penny started me on the road to financial success. You know that old saying about great oaks—

Harry was visibly impressed. He knew this old friend of his father's was exactly worth half a million. That was why the lad was so astonished when he had bothered to pick up a mere penny.

"So you see, sonny, I treat pennies with a little more respect than the average person. It isn't that I'm tight or miserly, or anything like that. Simply a sort of tribute I pay to our smallest unit of currency—because I know so well what it has done for me and can do for you."

Mr. McIntyre balanced the one-cent piece on the end of his finger. "It is a small coin, so small that it has never been counterfeited. Have you any idea how many are lost every twelve months?"

Harry shook his head. "Between five and ten million. Enough to start any young fellow off in fine shape, eh?"

"I should say so," agreed Harry. "A nickel is a small coin, too," said Mr. McIntyre. "But let's do a bit of figuring. Say you spend three nickels a day foolishly. If, instead, you saved these three nickels every day, you would have, at the end of the year, \$54.75."

"I'll have to tell you about my fifty-dollar friend. He was working for a stated salary, and he never seemed to get ahead. Finally, he made up his mind to save at least \$50, and then invest

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it. He began by saving the one-cent pieces, the nickels, and such other small coins as he could spare. He bought a bond with his first \$50. Then he began to gather another \$50. Today he holds \$50,000 worth of good bonds! You see, when he had accumulated \$10,000 in 5% bonds, the interest alone would purchase another \$500 bond each year."

"If you don't mind," said Harry, "I'd like to have that penny. I'll keep it for a good-luck piece."

Mr. McIntyre laughed as he handed him the copper coin. "Peace be with thee, my boy; and please don't hold the pun against me. Now go to it. Only takes a hundred of them to make a dollar. And a hundred dollars—well, you know what that means, and what it leads to."

The boy tucked the coin carefully away in one of his trousers pockets. "You must watch me go," he said, and striding off manfully down the street waved a cheery good-bye.—St. John Freeman

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TORONTO-WEST ST. JOHN THROUGH SLEEPER SERVICE

In connection with the Eastbound sailings of the Canadian Pacific S.S. Montrose on January 23, and the S.S. Montreal on January 30, a through standard sleeper will be operated by the Canadian Pacific from Toronto direct to the ship's side at West St. John as follows: Leave Toronto January 22 and 29, 9.00 a. m.; arrive Montreal 5.40 p. m. Leave Montreal 7.00 p. m.; arrive West St. John (ship's side) 12.20 p. m. January 23 and 30.

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Answers for last week. Upper picture, Turning water into wine (Gospel last Sun.) Lower picture: 1 censer, 3 monstrance, 3 chalice covered with pall with pattern in front, 4 (left) ciborium open (right) covered with veil, 5 cruets (not cruets as one boy said) and towel, 6 incense-boat, 7 missal, 8 holy-water sprinkler.

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Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene makes a strong appeal to those afflicted with Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, at work, or in the morning, relieves the patient, and the patient calls it a boon to sufferers of Asthma.

Vapo-Cresolene

Creosole has been recommended and used with great success for forty years for the relief of cough, influenza, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough.

The first seven of these little pictures all come under the same heading. What is it, and what are they? Picture 8 is the scene where "Domine non sum dignus, etc." was first said. Answers next week.

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COMPLETE REPORT

OF THE BAZAAR IN AID OF SISTERS OF PRECIOUS BLOOD, LONDON

At the annual meeting of the London Catholic Women's League held on Sunday, January 11th, 1925, the following complete report of the recent bazaar was presented by the officers to a very large attendance of members:

Table listing items and amounts: French Settlement, Wyoming (in value), Faincourt, A friend, St. Augustine, Alvinston, C. W. L., Chatham, Tilsonburg, Big Point, Raleigh, Staples, Brussels, Zurich, Wingham, Belle River, Clinton, Forest, Hesson, Port Lambton, St. Peter's, Petrolia, Corunna & Courtright, Ridgetown, Strathroy, Thamesville, Ashfield, Dresden, Ingersoll, Kinkora, Leamington, Logan & Mitchell, Biddulph, St. Joachim, St. Columbar, Stoney Point, Stratford, Im. Con., Tecumseh, Tilbury, Walkerville, West Lorne & Wallace town, Dublin, Coderich, Maidstone, Parkhill, Seaforth, Woodlee, Woodstock, Bl. Sac., Chatham, La Salette, Amherstburg, Simcoe & Port Dover, C. W. L., Stratford, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's, Mt. Carmel, M. Con. Windsor, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Windsor (St. Alphonsus), (O.L.P.S.) (St. Clare), London Bazaar, From outside the Diocese.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC FEDERATION

Paris, Dec. 15.—Cardinal Dubois has written to General de Castelnau a public letter congratulating him upon the foundation of the National Catholic Federation.

By federating all French Catholic groups, he says, in order to place them at the service of legitimate liberties, the bishops abdicate nothing of their right of direction and control. Everything pertaining to the development of the religious and moral life comes under their exclusive jurisdiction. But Catholic action proper has a parallel civic action. The Federation will have a civic role, and with due respect to the principles which underlie any Catholic claims, this role belongs to the layman and they are qualified to act on their own responsibility.

But let there be no mistake about the meaning of this action," the Cardinal writes. "You were right, General, in saying that the Catholic Federation will not engage in politics—neither dynastic nor party politics. It will always hold itself above all parties. Its members will remain free to affiliate with one or another. There is no intention to found any political party.

What they want is the triumph of the principles of Catholic life in our institutions, our laws, our customs; it is to defend them against attack by all legal means; representation, delegations, petitions,

Advertisement for Gillett's Lye featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'GILLET'S LYE EATS DIRT'.

press, lectures, etc. They will neglect nothing to influence authority, Parliament, public opinion.

"But whether one will or no, there comes a time when the Catholic defense must be made on the very ground of attack—the political ground. It is not enough to protest against bad laws—they must be modified, and how can this be brought about except through parliamentary pressure, well-ordered and alive. Is this not our right, as Catholics, like all other citizens of France? They would have poor grace in showing us any ill will because we want to exercise it. Free to vote, we shall cast our ballots only for men who are favorable to our cause.

"In the presence of projects which have alarmed Catholic opinion, of the manifestation of a malevolent majority and the agitation attempted by the elements of disorder, it is essential that we be ready to meet any measure of hostility and to obtain that share of justice and liberty which has too long been denied us.

"At the head of the Catholic Federation, you will help us, General, to realize this program of defense and conquest. "May God bless and crown your efforts.

Thanking the Cardinal for this approval, General de Castelnau wrote to him as follows: "I can but confirm today my unreserved adhesion to the principles which your Eminence has so happily and so luminously explained.

"Under my direction the Catholic Federation will not depart from them. Discipline is too dear to the sons of the Church and too necessary for the success of our work for us not to place it in the front rank of our constant preoccupations."

"Spiritism: Facts and Frauds." By Simon Augustine Blackmore, S. J. 1vo, Cloth, Net, \$5.25. Postage, 15 cents.

The occult and the mysterious have ever held a fascination for the human mind, and the modern mind offers no exception. Since the World War this dabbling with the unseen has become almost an obsession with numerous credulous Christians. To their own undoing, or at least with damaging results.

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THE MASS ROCK By Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. There are many glorious monuments today in Ireland that speak eloquently of her sufferings in those dark days—days when Christ's enemies, scattered the protecting walls and washed them in the blood of priests and people, knowing not in their blindness that they were fighting against Him, "cujus regni non erit finis." "of whose kingdom there shall be no end." But of those monuments, telling of the superhuman steadfastness with which the brave dead followed Christ, to me, by far the most touching is the granite block, a broad table of grey stone, with the sacred Name of Jesus carved deep upon it—that silent table, clasped firmly by the green turf and held close, as a treasure, to her bosom—Ireland's priceless Mass Rock.

home as they gathered in the dark and the cold around the Rock of the Mass!

Ah, Rock of the Mass! thou hast seen this land red with the ruin of war and black with the cloud of pestilence!

Rock of the Mass! thou hast seen the gaunt spectre of famine stalk across the plain, but ever and always, O Rock of the Mass, didst thou feel the soft touch of the lips of the brave sough and hear the murmured prayers of the stricken ones as all bent before their God enthroned on thy broad bosom!

From cave to cave on the hillside, along the hollows of the mountain, through the tree clusters on the plain, went the word with the softness and silence of light, "Corrig an Afrin" at dawn tomorrow" and from the caves, and from the hollows, and from the trees came a silent multitude creeping and stumbling through the darkness to where by thy side waited them, the only two friends they had on earth—their priest and their God.

Round thee, O Rock of the Mass! no cloud of incense floats, no pealing organ sounds, no blaze of holy light; no incense but the mountain mist, no sound but the whisper of the passing breeze, sighing in the bracken: no light but that of God's own stars, looking down on stricken Ireland. But little recked they who gathered round thee, O Rock of the Mass! They heard the soft beating of myriad angel wings that hovered above the Creator, and they felt the warm glow of Divine love that burned for them in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

How our hearts thrill with pride and our pulses quicken as we gaze at this monument of triumph and death—a monument, telling of generations of indomitable martyrs. Gaze at that dark stain on the grey stone. Oh, how it speaks to us of the lonely mountain in the silent dawn, the shadowy forms gathering and crouching on the grass, the priest holding God aloft, the loud cry of alarm sounding through the gloom, from the posted sentries, the low moan of misery from the broken-hearted kneelers, the flash of the musket, the priest lying across the stone, dyeing it with his life-blood—still clasping the chalice to his breast—dead!

There thou liest, O Rock of the Mass! an imperishable monument, telling of Ireland's sorrow and of Ireland's glory! For thou, O holy Rock of the Mass, art the Calvary of Ireland.

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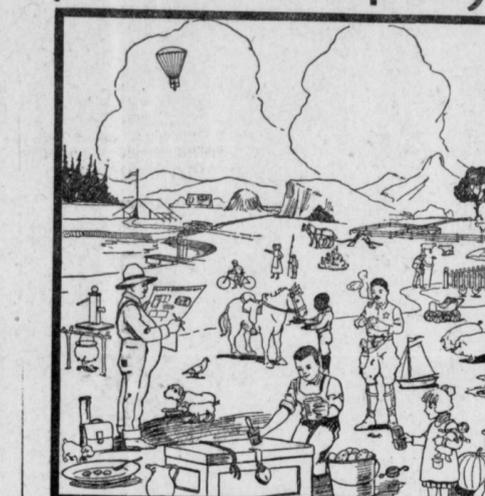
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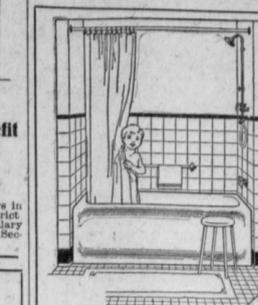
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