

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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"FAR AWAY"

"Far Away" what does it mean?
A change of heart with a change of place?
When footsteps pass from scene to scene,
Fades soul from soul with face from face?
Are hearts the slaves or lords of space?

"Far Away" what does it mean?
Does distance sever there from here?
Can leagues of land part hearts?—I ween
They cannot; for the trickling tear
Says "Far Away" means "Far More Near."

"Far Away"—the mournful miles
Are but the mystery of space
That blinds our eyes, but parts our smiles,
For love will find a meeting place
When face is farthest off from face.

"Far Away" we meet in prayer,
You know the temple and the shrine;
Before it bows the brow of care,
Upon it tapers dimly shine:
'Tis mercy's home, and yours and mine.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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ANOTHER CAREFULLY PLANNED CAMPAIGN

The Belfast riots, directly instigated by Sir Edward Carson and his fellow-orators in their twelfth of July demonstrations are, after the Derry riots, just one other step in the carefully planned scheme of the backstairs Government for using the Orange tools in desperate effort to give a set-back to the overwhelming success of Sinn Fein. If they can get all the well armed bands of Orangemen in Ulster, shooting down their Nationalist neighbors and burning their houses and property, provoking the poorly armed Nationalist to fight back in self-defence, this Ulster war will, it is expected, prove to the world that for Irish themselves, if for no other reason, England can not quit Ireland. And it will also be a good excuse before the world for the institution of unmerciful warfare against Sinn Fein in the other three quarters of Ireland.

Again in estimating the terror that is brought home to the Nationalists of Ulster, in this carefully planned campaign, it is to be remembered that while there isn't a gun among every thirty Nationalists in North of Ireland, every single Orangeman in every single county of the North, has had, since the establishment of the Ulster Volunteers, six years ago, arms and ammunition galore. So the poor Orange tool, showing some method in his madness, knows that in this fighting no lives are risked except those of the Nationalist, enemy. There are a hundred and fifty thousand fully armed and equipped Carsonites in Ulster. All the ranks of the Nationalists, from end to end of the province, could not, under any circumstances, furnish three thousand armed men. So when the valiant Orangeman of the North goes out to riot he knows it is going to be a pleasant picnic for him.

THROW STRANGE LIGHT UPON TERRIBLE PLEA OF COOTIES

Readers of this paper will remember how, last year, when the Ulster Cootie delegation was here, they proclaimed almost tearfully from every platform that the loyalists of Ulster must not be left a prey to the intolerant Nationalist majority in Ireland. It is well to remember this tearful plea of theirs in the light of recent events. During the past years of guerrilla warfare in the South of Ireland, where Sinn Fein has been fighting the Army of Occupation, and where isolated Protestant loyalists reside in the proportion of about one loyalist to twenty Nationalists—there has been no solitary case of Nationalists rising against loyalists. There has been not one single case of even one isolated Protestant being shot, or shot at, and no single case of his even being threatened, intimidated or molested; no single case of defenceless Protestant stores in Cork, or Dublin, or Limerick, or Kilkenny; no single case in any of these cities of Nationalists driving out of any factories or from any work, any Protestant Unionist there engaged. In fact the isolated Protestant Unionists who are to be found here and there through the East and the South and West of Ireland, have not only been absolutely unmolested by their political opponents, but furthermore, Sinn Fein courts operating during recent months, have again and again earned the thanks of these Unionists for protection afforded against common criminals, and for restitution of property taken from them by ordinary thieves. Now, turning to Belfast and other such places in the North as have this

Nationalists in the minority, observe the treatment meted out to Nationalists by the men who were afraid of Nationalist intolerance! The tens of thousands of Orange workers in the Belfast shipyard drive out the two thousand Nationalist workers who are there, pelt them with nuts, and bars, and bolts, and fire at them with guns and revolvers, as the victims swim the river Lagan, seeking safety. And these men who "are afraid of Nationalist intolerance" march, in their armed thousands then, to the Nationalist quarters, shoot, burn and pillage, loot the Nationalist stores and take Nationalists' life!

And moreover, the armed forces of the British Crown, there with their machine guns, look on when the Orange loots and open fire with the machine guns, only when Nationalists are seen coming out from their quarters in self-defence. The contrast between the actions of the tolerant loyalist of the North-east, and the intolerant Nationalist of the East, South and West, is striking—and throws a strange light upon the fearful entreaty of the Cooties—and of Carson—that the Orange lams be not thrown to the mercies of the intolerant wolves.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY ORANGEMAN

Among the intolerant Nationalists in the other three parts of Ireland no record can show, and no living man can remember, a case of a religious riot being precipitated. In the North east, in every city town, and village, where there is a large proportion of Orangemen—the "tolerant" ones—religious riots are the common thing. And the twelfth of July (the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne) is, by tens of thousands of them, looked upon as a failure, and a disgrace, if some of the minority aren't beaten up, or killed.

The Orangeman of the farming district, the young farmer Orangeman, is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a really decent, fine fellow—who only loses his balance when, around "the Twelfth" the wave of fanaticism strikes him. But the Orangeman of the towns and cities is a different brand. While the farmer Orangeman is a good decent fellow, who attends to church duties and is a credit to his church—whether that be Presbyterian or Episcopalian—the Orangeman of the town and cities is usually not in any way noble or decent, and is certainly not a martyr to church duties. Usually he goes to church three times in his life—to be baptized, to be married, and to be buried. His sole religion consists in a consuming hatred of everything Catholic, and his sole prayer, morning and night is "To hell with the Pope!" But he considers that the height of religious devotion.

They tell the anecdote of a County Antrim Orangeman who was being cross-examined in court regarding the character of a fellow-religionist who was accused of an assault. "Now," said the cross-examining counsel, "isn't the prisoner Andrew McCaw a provocative kind of fellow, who would take a delight in marching through a Catholic quarter of the town with a rifle in one hand and a sword in the other crying out: 'To hell with the Pope?'" "Na, na," replied the witness. "That isn't Andrew. Andrew isn't a religious man at all."

"IF SINN FEIN COULD ONLY BE KEPT QUIET!"

The efforts of the Government to parley with Sinn Fein are getting more desperate every day—as the troubles are multiplying in Russia and Mesopotamia, and in India. By having the Irish crisis on his hands, Lloyd George is badly hampered in dealing with those other quarters, and losing much that he would not otherwise lose. If Sinn Fein could only be kept quiet until the other troubles were settled, then the Government would have a free hand and a clear field to crush the pestiferous Sinn Feiners. With his old adroit trickery, Lloyd George is now trying to accomplish a quieting of Sinn Fein. If Dominion Home Rule would quiet them, they could have it—or at least they could have the promise of it. And just as the promise of the job that was named Home Rule quieted Raymond and his followers during a most critical period, Lloyd George thinks he might possibly repeat the trick, and quiet Ireland now with the bigger promise. The labor leader, Mr. Thomas, M. P., who has for some years made himself more or less a tool for Lloyd George is the latest instrument employed by the Prime Minister for asking Sinn Fein to parley and to say that they will accept Dominion Home Rule—or rather the promise of it.

NEED WATCHING

Mr. Thomas, a straddler, who wants to keep his hold upon the Labor party at the same time that he keeps a hold upon the Government, very unfavorably impressed the Sinn Fein leaders when a year ago he went to Ireland to inquire into conditions there. They had little faith in him—and with good reason; they have far less faith in Lloyd George. Over and over again George has

proved himself such a slick little trickster, not only in his negotiations with the Irish, but in his negotiations with every Continental country, that his word now counts for very little in Europe. The French, and the Italians, and every other nationality, realize that when the diplomats are dealing with Lloyd George, they need to keep very wide awake—and above all need to accept no promise from him, that isn't set down in black and white, witnessed, sealed, and countersigned. And even after that, they are far from being sure that he will observe the written contract—if he can by any possible trick wriggle out of it.

DECLINED TO BE RELEASED BY BRITISH OFFICIALS

The antipathy of the police—who have proven traitors to their people—has grown so intense that some men would sooner lose their life and liberty than owe it to one of the British forces. The latest story illustrating this comes from West Clare where two men who had been tried by a Sinn Fein court for some unjust dealing, were sentenced to be taken off to an island on the Clare coast, and marooned there, for a three weeks' detention. The Royal Irish Constabulary somehow bore down to the island to rescue the men. But when the marooned men saw the Constabulary approaching the island, they gathered a pile of stones and fiercely attacked the incoming boat, driving it out. The police shouted that they had come to rescue them, but the prisoners replied that they were citizens of the Irish Republic and the police had no authority to release them. And with some emphatic profanity they declined to be released by British officials.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Intending Irish emigrants who visited the American Consuls in Dublin, Lower O'Connell, to secure the visa of the American Consul to their passports, had an interesting experience. On the landing on the stairs leading to the offices was posted the following typewritten statement:

"Notice to Irishmen Leaving Ireland."

"Lord French complains that the conquest of Ireland is rendered an impossible task largely because there are too many young men in Ireland. You are helping Ireland's enemies in the conquest of your country, which you are about to desert."

The paper on which the notice was typed bears what seemed to be the official stamp of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The American Consul was unable to say who put up the document.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
OF Donegal.

THE ARMENIAN TRAGEDY

The policy of the Allies in delaying the settlement of the Turkish question since November, 1918, has hastened the Turk and, under Mustafa Kemal Pasha, they are insisting that there shall be no dismemberment of the Empire. French troops have been roughly treated in Cilicia, and the remnants of the Armenian people in that province are being rapidly butchered. At the Peace Conference, which assembled at San Remo, America was not represented. The Eastern question and all of its dangers were again submitted for solution. The failure to settle it with courage, decision and disinterestedness has been the cause of three great wars. The settlement at San Remo carries the seeds of still further war.

A radical settlement of the Near Eastern question would involve military occupation of the strategic points in Turkey, the deliberate dismemberment of the Empire, the building up of a strong Armenia with the Provinces of Trebizond and Cilicia and all of Turkish Armenia, the confining of the Turkish people within the boundaries of Anatolia, with the ancient capital of Broussa or Konia, the autonomy of Syria under a French Protectorate and of Palestine and Mesopotamia under an English Protectorate, until those countries can become self-governing, and the Arabs to have such form of government as they think proper, but to be confined within their natural boundaries of Arabia with no claim on Syria. The problem of Constantinople would be much easier if the political domination of the Turk were removed. As between the claims of Greece, Bulgaria and Russia to sole dominion, one may suspend judgment, but there seems no good reason why a free city government might not be set up that would neutralize the water ways and thus disarm very largely the jealousy of Russia and of Black Sea countries which need this outlet to the West. One must be cautious in dogmatizing upon so intricate a subject. Any plan seems better than to permit the bloody rule of the Turk over Christian peoples.—Walter George Smith, in the July Catholic World.

RELATIONS WITH THE VATICAN

In accordance with a decision reached by the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies on June 18, the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, which was so confidently regarded as an all but an accomplished fact and which it was hoped, was to be a settled reality before the adjournment of the French Parliament, was postponed until October. The anticlerical press professed itself surprised and shocked. There is no reason for either one feeling or the other. The delay is to be charged to the Government which has made a political blunder. Opportunism and an unchangeable determination to disregard the lessons of history have blocked the movement which France, not excluding its radical elements, earnestly desires. France needs an ambassador at the Vatican. This is recognized by men such as Millerand, Briand, Barthou. Already considerable loss has been sustained by the French Republic through lack of representation at the heart of Christendom. The Pope has met the advances of the Government more than half way and desires to set up anew a nunciature at Paris. But the anticlericals of France, unmindful of the Gravissimo office of August 10, 1906, have insisted on annexing conditions to reconciliation which a little effort of memory, not to say political sagacity, would have foreseen were impossible of acceptance. As a consequence, M. Noblemaire, when making his report before the Finance Committee declared that the discussion of his report concerning the voting of credits for the establishment of an embassy of the French Republic at the Vatican, had been postponed with the consent of the Government to the month of October. The Finance Committee unanimously accepted his suggestion.

The obstacle to the discussion, it is said, was the realization that neither the Pope nor the Episcopate of France was prepared to buy the resumption of diplomatic relations by the sacrifice of principle. M. Millerand, when proposing the law which would effect rapprochement between France and the Vatican, insisted with great clearness that the step was necessary to the best interests of the country. On the other hand, he realized that he had to reckon with the anticlericals, whose hatred for the Church, in spite of the union sacrée and the devotion of Catholics to the cause of France, remains unchanged. In order to win them over, there was manifested a disposition to do what the Vatican except the Separation laws—and in particular the associations *cultuelles*—that is, parish associations for religious worship, excepted to the Government, to which certain consecrated Church property was to be handed over under conditions laid down by law. This, it was hoped, would serve to placate the radicals.

It was strange that it should be forgotten that the Pope and the united French episcopate were willing to sacrifice property valued at not less than 500,000,000 francs rather than consent to the establishments of the *associations cultuelles*, and that the Pope had expressed himself on the subject unequivocally in his letter to the French Bishops of August 10, 1908.

"With regard to the *associations cultuelles*, which the law requires, we decree that it is absolutely impossible to form them without violating sacred rights which are bound up with the very life of the Church."

"Setting aside the *associations cultuelles* which our sense of duty forbids us to approve, it may seem possible to inquire whether it is licit to attempt, in their place, any other form of association which shall be at once legal and canonical, and in this way to save the Catholics of France from the grave complications by which they are menaced. Certainly nothing is so constantly in our thought or so near to our heart as these events; and would to God that we had even a glimmer of hope of being able, without sacrificing God's rights, to make this attempt and by so doing to deliver our beloved sons from the fear of many serious trials. Since, however, we have no such hope, so long as the law remains in its present form, we declare that it is not permitted to form this other kind of association, unless it be made certain, by legal enactment, that the Divine Constitution of the Church, the unshakable rights of the Roman Pontiff and of the Bishops and their authority over the faithful are necessary to the Church, and in particular over the sacred edifices, shall be irrevocably and securely vested in the said associations. We cannot do otherwise without proving false to our sacred trust, without risking the loss of the Church of France."

As a consequence of this Pontifical pronouncement, the Catholics, in 1906, refused to form the associations contemplated by the law. Nevertheless, with this solemn decision before their eyes, the French anticlericals, wishing to attack to their scheme of resuming diplomatic relations the demand that these same associations

cultuelles, so explicitly forbidden by Pius X., should be sanctioned by Benedict XV. The proposal was absurd and was doomed to failure. Not understanding that the action taken by Pope Pius X. was based on doctrine and was not a mere measure of expediency, and hence would not and could not be reversed, this project was discussed on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies; and although the expression, *associations cultuelles*, was carefully avoided, it was clear what was in the deputies' minds. Meanwhile the French Bishops were gathered in Rome for the canonization of Joan of Arc, and it was understood that they were in consultation with the Holy Father. No matter what may have been the opinion of certain Catholic politicians, who thought that concessions might be made, there was no doubt as to the stand of the Hierarchy. Just what conclusion was reached by the Pope after his conferences with the Bishops, or whether Rome's attitude became known, does not appear. The outcome of the matter, however, was that the discussion of the embassy was postponed.

When the decision to postpone the discussion was made known, on June 17, there was a storm of protest in the anticlerical press, in which it was asserted, in spite of the record of the Chamber's proceedings, that there had been no question of the *associations cultuelles*, that the Pope was meddling in France's internal affairs and attacking the Government, that the French episcopate had forced the Pope to take action contrary to his wishes, and that France was meditating a new rupture with Rome. Some of the papers, however, were frank and confessed that they did desire a return to the *associations cultuelles*, and the Temps went so far as to hint at a renewal of persecution of the Church.

The journalistic explosion, aimed at stirring up old discords, was not taken seriously. M. Guiraud writing in La Croix, declared that it was absurd to speak of breaking off the *pourparlers* in the face of their actual continuance. He reminded his readers that the French Government had to desist from making the embassy at Paris in the previous attempt to set up the *cultuelles*, and he recalled the fact that M. Millerand made no secret of the necessity under which France lay of renewing relations. He scored the politicians who have no guiding principles but hate, rancor and personal interest, but he declared that the majority of Parliament are inspired by true concern for their native land and society.

Another combination besides that which involves a return to the *cultuelles* must be found. When this is discovered, the majority of the Chamber will be happy to vote for the embassy, for there is no doubt that they are favorably disposed to the step. The Senate, also, despite radical intrigues and the secret machinations of the Freemasonry, will pass the measure.

Commenting on the announcement of the postponement of the discussion of the credits to be voted for the embassy at Rome, the Carriere d'Italie, on June 21, declared that negotiations between France and the Vatican were proceeding with the same cordiality with which they had begun; and the following day the question of discussing M. Noblemaire's report was unexpectedly revived in Paris in the Finance Commission, when M. Maurice Colrat, one of the members, announced that he had been informed by the Government that the *pourparlers* with Rome had been concluded, and that, therefore, there was no reason why the matter should not be discussed, first by the Committee, and later by Parliament. The Committee made plans accordingly. M. Colrat was interviewed on the subject, and made the following statement:

"As the basis of the negotiations entered into between the French Republic and the Holy See, and as a preliminary demand, it was agreed by the two parties to the negotiations that no question should be raised concerning the internal legislation of France. The fact that an agreement has been reached does not in any way imply any modification of the laws of Separation. Throughout, the negotiations were considered by Rome and ourselves as a question which affected only external policy. It is possible that the French Bishops intervened with the Holy See to express a contrary opinion. In doing so, they would be exercising their right. But this fact could not modify in any way the demand accepted to the Holy See at the outset of the conversation. The conclusion of the negotiations is the proof that both parties kept their agreement. The truth is that politics were wrong in seizing on an incident that took place in the Committee, which, through gross exaggeration, deceived the hopes of some and encouraged the opposition of others. Nothing of the kind would have taken place if we had remained on the ground taken by the negotiations, a ground which we must maintain obstinately, namely, the external policy of France."

When the matter was eventually discussed by the Commission, the members voted against granting the

credits for the embassy at Rome. The question is not, however, definitively closed, and Premier Millerand will probably endeavor to bring it before the Chamber.—America.

THE GREAT MARTYR-PRIMATE

Last Sunday, the 230th anniversary of his martyrdom, in every Catholic church throughout England and Wales was celebrated, by special injunction of the whole Hierarchy, the beatification of Ireland's great Martyr-Primate. The Mass *pro martyre et pontifice* was said or sung, the Blessed Sacrament exposed from the last Mass until the evening service, and a continual stream of intercession offered all those hours by uncounted thousands for the native land of Blessed Oliver Plunket, and for that other land which has done her such grievous wrong.

With so much that is gloomy in the present conditions and the lowering clouds that hide the future there is surely here a bright shaft of hope that tells us not to be dismayed or despairing. The great Archbishop, last victim of the "Popish Plot" conspiracy, and last Martyr of Tyburn, has come to his own on both sides of the Irish Sea. It was surely a mighty benediction of Divine charity that gave Ireland's heroic Primate to be England's latest Martyr. Such triumphs as his have the promise of the future, while those of the Church's foes carry within them the seeds of the swift destruction of the persecutors.

The Hierarchy bid us invoke the Blessed Oliver both for Ireland which suffered and for England which did the wrong. Catholics must not doubt that, notwithstanding all that is so very and seemingly hopeless for the moment, he will prove our prevailing intercessor. When the hour of his canonization comes—and may it be hastened—the sun will shine, we trust, on a free and happy Ireland and a Great Britain that has learned the true meaning of that liberty of which her people are always prating.

IRELAND TODAY

To an Englishman, it seems that great things are being done in Ireland today. Violence is not the utterance of the real nation's voice. The splendid self control of the people at large, and the marvellous sense of justice (not to mention the ability) shown in the Sinn Fein Courts compare magnificently with what we should see, probably in every other country of the world where the present conditions of Irish Government might prevail. This celebration of the victory of one of her very greatest sons may well give us courage. For when men learn the truth, that is one step at least out of darkness. And everything that sheds light on Irish history, while it shows still more darkly the horrors of a tyrannical foreign rule, makes an appeal to both the minds and the consciences of men of good will that cannot be gained.

The solemnities of last Sunday will, we believe, bring enlightenment to many an English Catholic who only needs to know in order to understand and sympathize. Blessed Oliver, pray for us that, in the words of Frederick Faber, "one Faith may make one heart in Saxony and in Celt."—Edinburgh Catholic Herald, July 17.

SACRED STIGMATA

CAPUCHIN MONK IN ITALY BEARS MIRACULOUS WOUNDS

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
New York, July 19. — Members of religious orders returning from Rome are verifying reports received here that a Capuchin monk in Italy bears the sacred stigmata on his body.

He is Father Pius of Pietra Elcina, who is stationed in the small town of San Giovanni Rotondo; and hundreds of witnesses have seen the wounds, which give forth a very sweet and fragrant odor. The stigmata are permanent and visible at a distance. According to eye-witnesses, the wound on the heart measures a little less than three inches in length and is shaped like an inverted cross. On Fridays the pain is more intense than usual, and the blood flows copiously. The temperature of the saintly Capuchin rises as high as 130 degrees. Several reputable medical men, who examined the wounds, attest to their supernatural character.

Not only has Father Pius the stigmata, but it is declared that he also has the gift of prophecy and the faculty of bilocation. Not long ago his father came to the monastery to thank the Father Superior for having permitted his son to spend a few days with his people. The son during the time had never departed from the monastery. According to best information, Father Pius is the first son of St. Francis to be distinguished by the sacred stigmata since the Saraphic Father himself, although several other persons, including Anna Maria Taigi, lately beatified, are known to have had the stigmata.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Professor Scott of the National University of Ireland has designed a church which Canon Keown is about to erect at Lough Derg, the scene of the great annual pilgrimage of St. Patrick's purgatory. An ancient and trustworthy tradition consecrates the spot as being the place where the Saint performed his self-inflicted penance.

The Holy Father has conferred the insignia of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great on Signor Angelini, the veteran Catholic journalist, who leaves the editorial chair of the Osservatore Romano, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, after nearly a quarter of a century. The Papal Brief accompanying the decoration exalts the merits of Signor as a writer, and as a journalist.

New York, July 19.—Ground has been broken for the first church in America, and probably the first in the world, to be named after the newly canonized St. Joan of Arc. The church will be a temporary structure in Fillmore Street for the members of the newly-created parish of St. Joan of Arc, created by Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn on the very day that pilgrims from all parts of the world were assembled in Rome to celebrate the canonization of the hero maid.

New York, July 19.—Girolamo del Libri's famous picture, "Madonna and Child with Saints," painted for the Church of San Leonardo, near Verona, has been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city, and will be hung with other Italian masterpieces on the south wall of one of the principal galleries. The picture comes from Hamilton palace outside of Glasgow, Scotland, where it was set in the stairway. It has been the property of the Duke of Hamilton for many years.

London, July 16.—The British minister to the Holy See, Count de Salis, has conferred on Cardinal Camassei, late Patriarch of Jerusalem, a British decoration on behalf of his Government. The decoration is conferred in recognition of Cardinal Camassei's benevolent activities in the Holy Land, not the least of which were connected with the British troops. The Cardinal is the first non-British member of the Sacred college who has received a decoration at the hands of the British Government.

At Manchester, England, on the Friday after Whitsunday the Catholics of the city held a procession through the town, an annual event suspended since 1914. The Bishop of Salford presided with the Lord Mayor of Manchester, who is a Catholic. A large foreign contingent figured in the exercises, including Italians, Poles, Lithuanians and Ruthenians. The procession took two hours to pass a given point. From this it would appear that Manchester is rapidly becoming a very cosmopolitan city; it is one of the most important strongholds of Catholicism in England.

Cardinal Bourne and the sixteen archbishops and bishops of England and Wales have published a short pastoral letter ordering the national observance of the anniversary of the martyrdom of Blessed Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed by the English for the faith in 1681. The pastoral directs that the Blessed Sacrament be exposed all day in every Catholic Church in England and Wales with continuous devotions. Cardinal Bourne has ordered that in every church in the archdiocese of Westminster there be sung a votive Mass in honor of the martyr Archbishop, for which the Holy See has granted permission.

Arians, France, July 15. — Father George M. de Butler, who died here last week, was one of many Jesuits who returned from the United States to France to give their lives in the service of a Government which fifteen years ago first despoiled and then exiled them. Father de Butler was a member of an ancient Catholic family and was by right of birth a count. For the last eleven months Father de Butler had been working night and day in the sections devastated during the War, and was constantly exposed to cold and compelled to go for long periods without food or rest. It is believed that these hardships and privations caused his rather sudden death.

Kaunas, June 20. — (Kipa). — In the new Lithuanian ministry, the portfolio of foreign affairs is held by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Joseph Paryskis, D. D., Ph. D. Dr. Paryskis is only thirty-eight years of age. He studied at the ecclesiastical academy in Patrograd and took the course in theology at the famous international Catholic university at Fribourg, Switzerland. He won the doctorate with the unusual distinction, his dissertation being the Reformation in Lithuania. As Lithuania envoy to Berlin, the priest-diplomat gave proof of a high order of statesmanship. The Lithuanian people view his appointment with great satisfaction.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXXII

FINALE

The sun rose brightly on the second day of October, the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, shining through the purple haze of autumn, and tinting with rosy fingers the scattering clouds of vapor that lingered near the horizon. The high altar in the Church of Our Lady of Angels was decorated with rare and beautiful flowers. The usual hour of the morning Sacrifice had been a little delayed for the administering of another Sacrament, Harry Greenwood and his bride knelt in devotion before that altar, offering to God the vows they were there to make; while Captain Hartland and his restored wife bent the knees with the bridal party, and as the priest, receiving the ring from the bridegroom, placed it upon the proper finger of the bride, Aleck Hartland, unobserved, slipped the bright circle he had so long worn with a heavy heart, upon the finger of his wife, now nearer and dearer to him than ever. Mass for a newly married pair was celebrated, Harry and Rosine still worshipping at that altar, where they together received the Living Bread, while at the conclusion of the services, Father Roberts pronounced the solemn nuptial benediction. It was a peaceful, holy scene, where the joy of earth mingled with the blessed hopes of heaven, not a jarring thought, not a passing shadow even on those young hearts, here pledged to each other, and together to their dear present Lord, for all time and eternity. Marion had contrived to steal from her princely home with the little Lily, to witness a ceremony that recalled to her only weary, heart-saddening memories. Mr. Benton could not be persuaded to come to town for even this occasion; but the mother was with her beloved daughter, Colonel Hartland gave away the bride, the little Philomena, now a fine grown girl, standing as bride's maid, while Harold had come all the way from St. Louis, as he asserted again, and again, solely to do his duty as "best man."

That was a charming bridal party, as they took the cars for dear Hawthorndean, not one missing, and only one with the old heart ache clinging to her—the drooping Marion; the light-hearted, outspoken joy, contrasted with a very desolate well-remembered bride, followed by no nuptial benediction. Harold brought news, which he told privately to his mother, of the reported engagement of Horatio Leighton with some grand lady in Washington. "O, Marion! what did she want with that old fool?" he inquired contemptuously, as he ended his communication.

"Hush, my boy," said his mother, laying her hand reprovingly on his arm. "It is your brother."

Dr. Hartland and his father had had quite a little friendly quarrel about giving the bride away, Ned declaring that it was his right, but here the Colonel was positive, so the son was obliged to submit.

"I haven't given you away, Rosa," he said, as the wedding party reached the lovely home at Hawthorndean, "and tomorrow I want you for Paradise, Sunny Nook and Purgatory. Shall I have to ask his permission?" he added, looking quizzically at the bridegroom.

"Never," said Harry, smiling, "she is just as true yours, only I may sometimes break in on your *tele à tete*."

"You mean to keep that right, ha! Well, we'll circumvent him, won't we, Rosa? What does he know of the lovely places about Hawthorndean?"

It was suggested by the Doctor next day in that ramble, which perhaps it is unnecessary to say was not made without Harry, that Rosa could not possibly be expected to set up a separate establishment; what were two lone men like his father and himself to do? At first the husband's resolution was quite fixed, that it was only right and proper that they should make a home for themselves; but his persistence was shaken by the earnestness and warmth of the Doctor and Rosa? "It would be so nice, Harry, to have the dear Colonel and Ned at our table" and at last he gave his consent to the pleading look of those brown eyes, and the touch of that little hand as it lay in his, to leave things as they were at present; to give up the rooms he had proposed to take till they could get a house, and suffer Rosine still to be the head of the Colonel's family. Colonel Hartland had provided very generously for his beloved daughter, but to keep her in his home—how he longed for it, but his delicacy had forbidden him to make the request. When he heard of the decision made under the sweet skies of Sunny Nook, he was like aboy again, thanking Harry with so much emotion and simplicity, that the young man almost blamed his own heart for the wish to have her all to himself.

Dr. Hartland could not as yet be quite cordial in his manner to Laura, there was for some time a restraint between them; cold, formal politeness on his part; but at length, the quiet, shrinking course which she maintained, wore its way even into his obdurate heart. As for the restored wife, she knew

no pleasure now but Aleck's wishes, and the tiny cottage below the lawn was a home of sweet content, made sweeter by grateful loving hearts, that had both drank deeply of the bitter cup of sorrow.

The young growing parish at Hawthorndean, with its increasing numbers, afforded a field for Laura's energies, so freely employed at the Home of the Orphans, and the poor and the sick, the destitute and forsaken, found in her a friend and helper, and she had the pleasure in time of marking a growing interest in these things in her husband's heart. Willie, the dear blind boy, was at first a little grieved and sensitive about Mrs. Hartland coming as she did between him and the dearest love and fondest care of the Captain, but Laura's affectionate nature soon won the boy to herself, and in the end he came back to his own little room in the cottage, and was quite as much at home there as his grandfathers, Philomena Nelson, or "Mina," as she was called, had been his playmate, but she was now gone back to her brother; much to the regret of Laura, who, though older, (now her heart was at rest), was no greater than the sedate little girl, and they had become the fondest of friends.

Dear, patient reader, you who have kindly travelled through so many years with me, shall I impale the romance of this story, founded on unquestionable fact, by bringing down my living heroes and heroines to this gracious year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty five? or shall I leave the remainder of their lives to your fertile imagination? Preferring the latter you can here close the book, leaving these few last pages for the prosaic eyes of your Uncles and Aunts.

Dear Hawthorndean! lovely, unsurpassed as ever, with thy verdant hill tops crowned with the rich and varied hues of autumn tide! Time, the great innovator, has wonderfully spared the beauties of this lovely region.

The village has not developed into a country town; the same undisturbed quiet lanes open their stores of beauty to the eye and to the heart of the seeker. The mighty steam power has not dated to invade these hills, but ab, in the distant valley, as in the very shadow of "Paradise," and "Purgatory," the fire-horse darts through the embowered beauties of "Sunny Nook," friendly hands sought to save from desecration this well-beloved spot, but railroad corporations have, no souls.

Hawthorndean boasts now no hotel, all the business of the region crowding toward the valleys, consequently the multitudes of summer strangers from the cities, who import into our plain country home their artificial town customs, and laugh at our rural habits, are but just beginning to find out our snug quarters. But our early friends from the city, linked by ties of blood and friendship with the Hawthorne estate, have never forsaken lovely Hawthorndean. In the old mansion, Philip Benton and his wife, in "gentle life's descent," wit hand in hand their summons; full of peace and calm joy, their last days happiest. Our kind-hearted Colonel, on the retired list of his country's servants, passes his time between his two homes, equally at hand quarters in town or country.

In the year of our Lord above named, on such a morning "yellow clad autumn," our Rosine, stood where she stood on well-remembered June day long ago, when she pointed out to Mr. Greenwood, for the first time, the beauties of that loved spot. Harry is by her side, they are many years older, but the fresh, kindly look that never grows old, shines from both their faces; his bearing expresses always that same deferential admiration of his wife, which she says so plainly, "The heart of her husband trusteth in her." They are prolonging the vacation from their busy town life for their children's sake; they are now watching a party on the lawn, earnestly engaged in a game of croquet. I speak advisedly when I say "earnestly," for persons never in earnest elsewhere are aroused to energy here. Beyond the band of players, two ladies of mature age are also watching intently the neatly completed game. Down go the mallets at length, the winning party running to the veranda. A blooming young girl was the first to reach the destination and bring the news. "There, mamma," exclaims the little Hebe, addressing Rosine, "Uncle Ned and I beat Uncle Aleck and Cousin Lily."

"Yes, Isa, we did it handsomely. Comp. sit on my knee; chairs seem to be a scarce article in these quarters."

"At once we are, carried back to the voice and manner of our old friend, Dr. Hartland, now considerably past middle age, but as erect in his carriage, and curt in his speech as erst."

"I want come if you call me I—s—s," replied the pouting young damsel, prawling out the name.

"Well, Dora then; Isadora, my beloved, will you condescend to meet yourself in these arms?"

Then began a tussle, and the bird was at length captured by the all-conquering Doctor; evidently very glad was the Miss of her seat on his knee.

"Has anybody told you the news, Harry?" he said, when the little lady had fixed herself to her mind; turning to the father and mother who watched with delight the fond

friendship ripening each day between dear old Ned and their first-born darling. "I saw by the Times last week (I don't suppose you read newspapers in this hermitage) that Leighton's brigade, which includes Harold's regiment, were all ordered out; a very sensible arrangement in the Department, as most of the soldiers belong west of the Mississippi. Father is as pleased with the uncommon praise they shower on this brigade as if his own were the commanding officer."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greenwood, no brigade has seen more constant, active, honorable service than this, and the Heads of the Department make special mention of General Leighton and Colonel Benton. I suppose Harold will be ready to marry any day."

"Yes, Dora dear," interrupted the Doctor, "you will have a real live fighting Colonel all to yourself for awhile, who will play croquet with you all day long."

"O, that will be much nicer than 'old Uncle Ned'!" cried the child, giving his hair a smart pull as he pinched her blooming cheek.

"But he's going to be married," he retorted, "and will care no more for you."

"Dora knows better than that," said the Mother. "Uncle Harold's heart is a large one; but did you know, Ned, the marriage may be here? Father Nelson has been ordered by his physicians, as well as his superiors, to try a change of climate, and he is to bring his sister with him. His health is much broken, and papa hopes to persuade him to rest here this winter, and we all think perhaps you may be able to help him."

Doctor Hartland shook his head. "No, hope for a Catholic priest," he said, "if he once begins to run down, for they will not stop work. I have had several on my hands—never succeeded in saving one."

There was a grave pause for a moment when Mr. Greenwood remarked: "Then we may really have a wedding in our midst before we think of it. I'm sure the young couple have waited patiently for this cruel war to be over."

"A double wedding, possibly," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, and elevating his eyebrows as of old, when the lady in black approached the veranda with her companion.

"What, are you going to be married Uncle?" inquired the playful, teasing child, who still held her position on his knee.

"No, darling," he replied; "I'm waiting for you, so make haste and grow up."

"Indeed!" she said pertly, drawing herself up. "I guess it isn't right to marry under a tree, is it? Roberts says cousins mustn't marry."

"Little pitchers!" whispered the Doctor, in quite too serious a tone; for the small miss jumped from her seat with a great frown on her face, and ran to meet her Aunt Marion. There was a very sweet, subdued face under that widow's cap; ten years of heavy cross-bearing had graven their lines on her cheek; she was still the elegant, graceful Mrs. Stapleton, with money and servants at command, but in the early stamping out of her earthly ambition by the heat of shame and sorrow, like those plants that give out greatest odors when crushed, her better nature had revived, and she had learned through much tribulation, that there are nobler ends in life than the applause or envy of the world; in training her little Lily came many a lesson to her own aching heart, and in teaching her infant lips to pray, she had learned the use of this, the human soul's most powerful weapon. 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Once more the General looked keenly at his officers and aids. Then he addressed a young captain of the Rainbow Division.

"Captain Frye," he said, "you look as if you had such a man in mind. Am I right?"

The Captain saluted. He was one of the youngest officers present but the regiment he commanded had already made a brilliant record.

"I believe I have the very man we want, General,—Private Joseph Smith of B. Company. He was a skilled carpenter before he enlisted. He is only twenty years old but brave, cool and quick. If anyone can carry out your plan he can."

The General touched a bell and a sergeant appeared.

"Sergeant Miller," said the General, "please send me Private Joseph Smith of the 87th Regiment, B. Company."

Fifteen minutes later Private Smith was ushered into the presence of his commanding General. The boy stood at attention. Tall and slim, clear eyed, and with just a little color coming and going in his cheeks, he listened while the General outlined his plan.

"You think you can carry this through?"

The boy was modest. "I will try, Sir."

"Good! be ready as soon as it is dark. You will receive a set of carpenter's tools, and remember that everything depends upon how quiet you can be. In some way you must work on those defenses without making a sound."

Among his comrades the boy was already a hero. Everyone of the men in his regiment would have given all they possessed to be in his shoes. Many wondered why they had not chosen carpentry for a trade so that they might have been eligible for just such a chance. At seven o'clock they bade him goodby and good luck and, fully equipped for his task, he set forth.

But before he left, it happened that he had some ideas of his own. Asked by his Captain, who had unbounded confidence in him, if he had anything to suggest, he modestly replied that he thought two men would be more successful than one. If he had a companion in his enterprise, he himself could stay behind on guard while the other soldier went back to summon their regiment.

The idea appealed to the Captain who speedily carried it to the General by whom it was readily endorsed.

The heavy fog was everywhere, but the boy's sense of locality was strong. Slowly, making no sound, he mounted the hill, followed by his companion. They passed now and then to listen; for well the boy knew that, because the fog was too thick for flash light to be of any use, the sentries and men at the listening posts would be doubled.

He possessed one advantage which, curiously, he had not thought to tell his commanding officer, chiefly because military discipline required a soldier in the ranks to answer questions and not proffer gratuitous information—he spoke and understood German. His mother had been the daughter of German-American parents. From the grandparents the boy had learned the language.

It took the boy and his companion half an hour to climb the hill; but at last they were at the top and had deftly skirted the tall rocks. Now, looming high and grim through the fog, was the formidable defense, extending in a straight line for nearly two hundred feet from rock to rock. At the extreme end, furthest from where they stood, the land made a sheer descent to the valley below, so smooth and straight that it could not be scaled. The great strategic value of this point lay in the fact that here was the only opening for several kilometers that led from the plain below to the country behind the farmhouse where the Germans were firmly entrenched.

Bidding his companion, who had been made subject to his orders, wait for him behind the rocks, the boy began slowly and without making a sound to creep back and forth in front of the defense, feeling his way and pausing many times to listen, every nerve and sense keyed to the highest pitch.

Five times he made the passage below the wall before he was satisfied. He soon found that the listening posts were at each end of the barrier, close to two small doors in the wall. The center and largest door seemed to be without any observation post, but it was guarded by a sentry whose measured tread back and forth could be heard distinctly.

The young soldier thought rapidly and then decided on his course. To work at the locks of the door from without was useless; he knew it must be barred and bolted from within. It remained, therefore, for him to cut out a panel in the door if he could, squeeze his way through and open the door from the other side. It was the only course that held any possibilities of success.

He noticed with satisfaction that the fog was growing heavier every moment. Even if any one looked over the top of the wall they could not possibly see him, so until the veil lifted he was safe.

His first act was to walk the length of the wall from the central door to the listening post on the east, and count his steps. This done he returned to the door, knelt down and opened the knapsack that held his tools. Selecting a saw that was sharp as a razor and run by a small electrical apparatus, he applied his ear to the door and listened. In five minutes the sentry passed and the boy counted his steps as he had

counted his own. When he knew that the man was near the extreme east end of the wall he began to saw at the panel, his perfect tools making almost no sound. Alternately sawing, stopping, listening and counting, he kept on for another half hour until the four sides of the thick panel were completely severed from the door.

He was about to take it out of its socket and prepare to enter when there was the sound of a quick step advancing from the west, just as the sentry, coming from the eastern end of the yard, reached the gate.

The sentry challenged:

"Half, friend, and give the counter-sign."

The answer came terse and sharp. "Damerlicht" ("dim light,") and the newcomer passed on.

Quick as a flash the boy knew what he could do.

Taken by surprise, the splendidly disciplined Germans rallied, while wave after wave of troops dashed up the hill and through the open door cheering their way to victory. Within an hour the combined French and American troops had taken the Germans on the road beyond.

"Where is Private Smith?" the Commander asked. "He must be recommended for honors."

They found him, after quite a long search, a mile beyond the farmhouse, lying face downward beside the road, in the hollow of the land. With care and attention he recovered consciousness and lingered for a week before his wounds proved fatal.

They brought the Croix de Guerre and pinned it above his heart, and he smiled and was happy; had he not fought and fallen for a glorious cause?

A French Abbe who loved America also came and to him the boy whispered the messages he would send his mother. His restless fingers touched the green and red ribbon on his breast, and under it the crucifix which they had allowed him to continue wearing.

"Send them home, Monsieur l'Abbe," he said. Then his mind wandered. The shadow-of-the-flag-is everywhere—save on—the Cross," he said.

They wrapped him in the American flag and buried him in the little cemetery behind his sector.

The Abbe received from the nurse the crucifix and Croix de Guerre and wondering he gazed on the beautiful figure on the Cross. What master hand in the New World had carved it? It was perfect, even to three tiny drops of blood near the pierced heart of the Christ. The Abbe did not know that these crimson stains were the life blood of the boy.—But his mother knew.—Georgina Pell Curtis, in the Ave Maria.

"VIGILATE"

It is related that in one of His conferences with His disciples our Lord warned them: "Watch ye therefore, because ye know not what hour your Lord will come." There are in the Gospel many such instances of solemn warnings given by the Lord to His disciples. In many cases His followers paid only little attention at the time the words were spoken, but in later years, after the Lord had ascended into heaven and they were doing the hard work of converting a pagan world alone, the burden of the meaning came back to them. They realized then what He meant when He said "Watch ye therefore."

Now any such warning demands a certain amount of explanation and amplification. Take this word, "Watch." How are we to interpret it? First, we must be on guard against enemies outside, just as a visitor in a strange city would guard his purse and safety. Everyone knows that there are numerous people ready to entrap the unwary. So the Christian must be on the watch against occasions of sin, against bad companions and wayfarers who would lead him into forgetfulness of God's law and perhaps even, eternal death. A sentry on duty can afford to take no chances. To every one who comes he calls out: "Who goes there?" and prepares for any eventuality.

Secondly, we must be on guard against ourselves; against the passions, wayward feelings and indefinable longing for amusement that may be dangerous. A man or woman may yield to interior temptations and base impulses that contain the germs of mortal sin and eternal punishment—and this without anyone else in the world approaching to enact the part of the tempter. You often hear it said of a man: "he is his own worst enemy." The proverb applies to every one of us. We must be on guard against ourselves.

Thirdly, this necessity for vigilance is not an affair of a few hours, of certain days. The need of vigilance never ceases. We must be vigilant all the time if we are to be safe. Some people are apt to imagine that there are times when there can be a let-up, just as a man says: "I have been working pretty hard; I am going to have a good time." He calls it "a good time" when in reality it is far more likely to be a bad time for him. No sensible householder would admit that he need take precautions against fire and thieves only during certain hours of the day. He knows well that if he is to keep his house and its contents safe, he must never relax his vigilance. He must be on the watch all the time.

The daily papers, though not expected to preach sermons or act as censors of morals, have recently

given an example in this matter. Recounting the number of sad cases of death and degradation, they have editorially warned young women not to accept invitations from strangers, and even to be careful about accepting attentions from people with whom they are acquainted only casually or not at all.

It has often been remarked that young people on vacation seem to think that all laws and precautions are suspended or abrogated for the time. As a matter of fact, this is precisely the time when they ought to be more on guard than ever, for they are away from their own neighborhoods and separated from those who ordinarily would keep an eye upon them knowing what the world is and how weak a thing is human nature. Vacation time is to be compared to a time when fatal or dangerous disease prevails.

Another danger not to be overlooked is choosing for a vacation a place where there is no church or priest. If you take your vacation in a summer-resort where you cannot hear Mass or summon a priest in case of sickness, you are taking a chance no one has a right to take. In the first place, you deprive yourself of the ordinary means of grace—and you know by experience you need these always. In the second place, if you are taken dangerously ill, you are liable to be helpless and unable to send for a priest.

This is a statement of common sense facts. The newspapers with their accounts of outrage, disgrace and even murder prove it.

"Watch ye therefore, because ye know not what hour your Lord will come." Watch against enemies outside, against the evil propensities of your human nature—and lastly and most emphatically, watch all the time.—The Pict.

SAINT ANNE'S SHRINE AT BEAUPRE

MIRACULOUS CURES WROUGHT BY DEVOTION TO MOTHER OF BLESSED VIRGIN

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Twenty miles from Quebec, in the quaint little town of Beaufre, stand the shrine and the basilica of the good Saint Anne, the great wonder-working benefactress of the afflicted among men.

Nearly three centuries have passed since the devout settlers and missionaries from France introduced into the New World their special devotion to the mother of the Mother of God, so miraculous were many of the results of this devotion to St. Anne that thousands, even before the days of the steamship and the railway, annually made the pilgrimage to her shrine. With the advent and development of modern methods of transportation the shrine became more accessible until now every year scores of thousands of American and Canadian pilgrims journey to the shrine of Beaufre.

The pilgrimages this year will be during July and August and the number of pilgrims promises to be greater than usual, especially during the annual novena period which closes on the feast of St. Anne, July 26th.

On the very day, March 13, 1658, on which the foundation of the first church at Beaufre was begun the good Saint Anne showed her approval of the undertaking. Weakened in body by the grievous suffering he had undergone, he showed in his faith in the power of the good Saint to heal him, Louis Guimout, an inhabitant of Beaufre, came forward and placed three stones in the foundation of the new church. Immediately thereafter, he found himself completely cured.

MANY MIRACLES WROUGHT

This was but the first of a long and continued series of miracles wrought, of favors and blessings bestowed, the story of which has spread the fame of the good St. Anne and the renown of her shrine at Beaufre to the ends of the earth. The shrine of St. Anne de Beaufre has become scarcely less famous than that of her Immaculate Daughter, Our Lady of Lourdes.

The lame, the halt and the blind, the sorely afflicted in body and soul, come in thousands to the shrine of St. Anne to implore her intercession for their relief. The Annals of Saint Anne de Beaufre published by the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the Shrine and basilica, relates how in many instances the hopeful prayers and staunch faith in the supplicants find their answer at miraculous cures. The Annals likewise publishes the grateful acknowledgments of countless others who have received less extraordinary favors and blessings.

In his sermon to a congregation of pilgrims on the Feast of Saint Anne, July 26, 1919, the Reverend P. F. O'Hare, C. S. S. R. said:

"These columns of crutches rising over you, in the rear of the Basilica, and reaching from floor to ceiling proclaim aloud the power of St. Anne and her mercy and goodness towards afflicted humanity.

"Crippled have come here, unable to leave their beds, unable to use their limbs—and they were cured before leaving; they recovered the use of their limbs; they recovered their health, their sight, their hearing, their speech.

"The maladies of the body are many, and some of them are terrible; but more terrible, by far, are the maladies of the soul. How feeble and helpless is the soul in mortal sin, and how loathsome to God.—And

200,000 VISITORS LAST SUMMER

As the fame of the shrine goes abroad and knowledge of the great power of the saint to whom it is dedicated becomes more wide-spread the devotion to St. Anne increases. With each passing year the pilgrims to her Shrine grow more numerous. During the year from Nov. 1918 to Nov. 1919 118 organized pilgrimages aggregating over 54,000 souls visited

the Shrine. In addition private pilgrims and visitors to the number of 142,000 came to Beaufre. There were nearly 8,000 Masses celebrated and over 200,000 Communions during the same period.

We are God's own creatures, and God is our own God. All else will fall us, but He never. All is love with Him, love in light, and love in darkness, love always and love everywhere.

The only beauty that lasts is that of intelligence and kindness. Bright eyes lose their luster and rosy cheeks their bloom, but the beauty which comes from a trained brain or a loving heart grows as time passes.—Selected.

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If one is disposed to see only the evil in all things, persistently casting aside the good as merely visionary, he makes that evil his own. Life withholds its sublime lesson from him who willfully refuses to learn it, and appears only as a bitter tragedy. Naturally the life of such a self-blinded person becomes narrow, skeptical, supremely selfish. And so he becomes a potent factor for evil in the world, creating and increasing a general spirit of discontent wherever he moves.—M. L. Leibrock.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1920

"THOU SHALT NOT ENTER"

England holds herself secure from foreign invasion. Isolated in her castle, protected by the world's greatest navy she can withstand every attempt to desecrate her shores. Time was when she was known as "Merry England." Those days have passed. Time was when her shores offered sanctuary to every truth speaker who was persecuted abroad. Those days are passing.

Recently there has been issued a note from the English Officials forbidding the entrance of Archbishop Mannix. An Irishman by birth and an Australian by adoption, the intrepid dignitary has taken the public platform in defence of his native country. He has disclaimed England's right to mangle Irish politics and people. He has disclaimed what is called British citizenship. For these actions he has been refused admission to either England or Ireland.

His right to defend Ireland is, in his own language, the identical right defended by the illustrious Belgian Cardinal. His disavowal of British citizenship, although this is termed an act of disloyalty, is somewhat within his privilege.

A Britain is one who is a member of the British Empire. Now, according to the "British Encyclopedia," under the caption "British Empire," there is confessed that there is no actual empire. Consequently, the Archbishop is, only in a loose sense, a Briton. In so far as he is a British citizen, there is also grave question. Citizenship in modern political philosophy, is that status by which a rational being enjoys the rights and privileges of a country organized to govern, and a voice in determining its governing policy. Now it is a fact that a mere British citizen enjoys no voice in dictating the policy of Canada, or of England, or of Australia. In plain words, he has no vote until he becomes a Canadian citizen or an English citizen, or an Australian citizen. We in Canada and they in Australia have no vote in determining the policy of the British Empire. Consequently, British citizenship does not exist for Australians or for Canadians in the full sense of the word. It seems then that Doctor Mannix was not altogether incorrect in stating that he was no British citizen.

The Archbishop, evidently, is one of those old-fashioned yet logical thinkers who call things according to their proper nomenclature. He is not one of those mouthing propagandists and tall wagers who blisters his tongue with shouting that mere colonies such as Canada and Australia are full fledged nations. Canada is a colony. Canadians are colonists. The same is applicable almost in the same degree to Australians.

This is an unwelcome gospel of politics to preach. But despite any statements to the contrary it is the bald truth. Let there be stated a damnable half truth, let it be mentioned that Canada and Australia are colonies with the right to regulate their internal affairs, with no rights to declare war or make peace, and with practically no voice in the fashioning of those policies which embroil the British Empire in war.

Because Dr. Mannix has disclaimed British citizenship (which does not exist in exactitude); because he dreams of absolute Australian citizenship and of freedom for Ireland, he has had his way barred from Merry England. "Thou shalt not enter!"

He will land in Ireland and in England also unless physical force prevents him. Then the onus of action will rest upon the shoulders of ultra-imperialists and opponents of Irish freedom.

SEPTEMBER!

Soon the holidays will have closed for our boys and girls. Those of them who have been successful in passing their Entrance examination are the ones who have placed the question mark after "September." The problem with those boys and girls is ever identical: "What shall I do next year?"

First, a word to the parents: Do not allow the boy or the girl to determine unadvisedly what he or she will do. The parents have the right to control their children's school activities. Bearing this in mind make sure that the son or daughter will attend school be it the local High School, which your taxes assist in supporting, or the Diocesan College, if your means will permit. A modicum of parental persuasion used on the boy or girl will be most helpful in results where coaxing oftentimes fails. Again: Make it a point to discover if your son or daughter has a fixed ambition in life. If a discovery is made that there is no care for the future, take advantage of some confidential moment to suggest the topic in broad terms to the child.

Secondly, a word to the boys or girls: Now we take it for granted that no boys and few girls will voluntarily read this article. However, let those who read it mention it to their young friends. The "word" is this: How would you like to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or perhaps a priest, Freddie? Then there is pharmacy and engineering and forestry and a number of other professions which you might like. You had better call around to the rectory to see your parish priest. He will be delighted to talk over these things with you.

As for Mary—well, it is only a man who is writing this and he does not pretend to understand girls very well. But there is this much certain: Every girl likes to speak correctly; to write with a degree of style; to be acquainted with a few other things besides paint pencils and rouge sticks. Now all of you will agree that such is a fact. Perhaps some of you who are laughing at these remarks would like to become teachers or lady-lawyers, or druggists—or even Religious.

In all seriousness, there is a dire need of Catholic professional men. The sacrificial spirit of our ancestors who suffered to keep bright the torch of the Faith which we possess—that spirit still animates us. The Catholic parents of to-day are willing to make some sacrifice—small in comparison to what their parents made—; the boys and girls of to-day are more anxious to take advantage of the educational facilities which are offered to them. Next September, boys and girls, you and your parents and the parish priest will erase the question mark from this note. You will crowd the High Schools and the Colleges and Convent Schools. In the High Schools you will make felt the spirit of your Catholic homes, and you will try for all that is in you to lead the class.

A SICK PREMIER

No surprise is aroused by the announcement that Premier Lloyd George is suffering the effects of a mental fatigue. During a period of four years he has carried the burden of England's responsibilities in a manner which has evoked both the unstinted praise and unqualified condemnation of the English speaking world. Those who see eye to eye with him in matters politic, and all who are not forgetful of his successful war work are they who praise him. But the vast mass of those who appreciate his abject failure to remedy the situation in Ireland are leagued with his political opponents in open condemnation. Among those are numbered the Liberals and Laborites of England who by far outnumber his supporters.

Premier Lloyd George manifested considerable ability ever since he entered politics. However, he has been accused of being a gymnastic parliamentarian due to the facile manner in which he jumped from the Liberal to the Unionist Party. Others have dubbed him a paltering politician because of his equivocal dealings with the Irish people. Perhaps this criticism is unkind in the light of the present statement that

the Premier is mentally fatigued. His latest act has proven that he is verging on a breakdown, namely, his resolution to negotiate with the Bolsheviks. His desire to barter the jewels of civilization for the husks of mental barbarism stamps him as an opportunist whom even his supporters must condemn.

One almost ventures into the realms of prophecy when mention is made of the present Premier of England. Mindful that Ireland has been the graveyard of those political lives which were spent in a tyrannous effort to make of the Irish a people impoverished and unskilled, it seems that Lloyd George is in the thralls of a disease which he has inherited from his predecessors in Office. One exception, however, the germs of "dementia carnea" have eaten into his marrow and are conspiring to hasten the end which is not far distant.

His disease is acute; at the present stage he is willing to bargain and come to terms with the worst enemy the world has yet encountered in the persons of the Bolsheviks. Yet he will dodge behind every political hedge before he would come to terms with the Irish. Certainly he has been overcome by mental fatigue.

HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN

By THE OBSERVER

One evening, many years ago, I was present at a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." In common with the other Canadians present, I enjoyed that delightful bit of mild satire, "He is an Englishman." Do you remember how it goes? Something like this:

"He is an Englishman; Yes he is an Englishman; For he might have been a Rooshian, A German, Turk, or Prooshian; Or perhaps Eye-tal-eye-an. But in spite of all temptations, To belong to foreign nations, He is an Englishman, Yes, he is, he is, etc., etc. An Eng-lish-man."

It is years since I heard it; but that's about it, I think. Now, some English sailors, from a ship in the harbor, were present, and they enquired this tumultuously I wondered whether they had missed the point; and watched them. There was no doubt that they were in dead earnest. They took it as a compliment to their people, and to themselves. They were uneducated people. But one evening, some time ago, an English-Canadian of education and keen perception was in my house, and asked me whether I had any records of "Pinafore." I had. Had I one with "He is an Englishman." I had. Would I please play it. I would; and I did; and I watched my friend's face carefully. He looked his feelings; and he was unquestionably delighted. He felt flattered. He was an Englishman in spite of all temptations to belong to foreign nations; and, as the young ladies would say, he thought that record was just too cute for anything.

All of which is by way of leading up to Major Corkett-James, now in Canada; only recently arrived here; but who has been already good enough to enlighten the readers of the Montreal Daily Star on the nature and characteristics of the people of Ireland, and to inform them as to the best and surest way to deal with them.

He is an Englishman; yes, he is an Englishman. He would probably clap his hands at hearing the gentle satire of Gilbert and Sullivan. Being an Englishman, it is his privilege to miss the point; and, whether the matter be a comic opera, or the best way to misgovern a country, the Corkett-Jameses; the Gilbert and Sullivan Englishmen, are very expert at missing the point.

He is an Englishman; and that, in spite of all temptations to belong to foreign nations. "He might have been a Rooshian; a German, Turk, or Prooshian." If he had not resisted "all temptations to belong to foreign nations," he would have learned this at least, that the only way to apply Russian, Prussian, or Turkish principles successfully is, to be honest about it, and not to falter by the way in the applying of them.

Major Corkett-James says that all the Irish need is a "firm handling." Not so, by his leave; they need something more; they need consistency in the firm handling. The ideal which has always been cherished by the average Englishman is, the anglicization of Ireland. They began by a policy of physical extermination and here they broke down

first. The Turks are more thorough; they would have persevered until the last screaming peasant had been killed.

But the natural brutality of the Englishman towards people whose lands he wants, or whose faith he hates, has always been weakened by the hypocrisy which impels him to preach and give holy advice to his victims. And so, England has always wobbled between two Irish policies; both bad; namely, first, to get all the Irish out of Ireland; and, second, to permit them to stay there; in a state of due political and social and financial subjection; whilst she searched their pockets for money to appropriate, and exhorted them to turn Protestants.

The "Church of Ireland" did not want the Irish peasants driven out of the country; but wanted her 10% of their crops. The owners of huge landed estates did not want them all to go; but were satisfied to thin them out now and then; when they grew too thick, and bothered round to be allowed enough of the produce of the country to fill their hungry stomachs.

English fanatics hoped to convert them to some one or more of the three hundred or more brands of Protestantism.

By these considerations, the general policy of English politicians was modified; but their ideal remained the same, and remains the same yet. James I., Elizabeth, Cromwell, William III., the "statesmen" of Queen Anne, and of the Georges, and of Victoria, all had the same ideal; to get rid of the Irish people, and to put English people in their place. Modified by the above mentioned considerations, that ideal has remained the same at all times; and it is the same yet.

"The Celts are gone," said the London Times, after the "Great Famine"; and rejoiced in the supposed fact. "There are too many young men in Ireland," says Lord French, in 1920.

And all the "statesmen" of Victoria's reign favored, and openly advocated "State-aided emigration." In recent years, the idea has been expressed thus:

"If we could only tow Ireland into the middle of the Atlantic and sink her there."

Never fear, though; all they would really care to do would be to tow Ireland out there, and push the Irish—the Papist Irish,—off. They want Ireland all right. She pays big dividends to English high finance and English graft.

Now, Major Corkett-James is an Englishman. That's why he has nothing to suggest but "firm handling." I wish to say to him that that is not enough. England has not been consistently firm with the Irish.

The policy of England in Ireland has never, for one moment in 750 years, been constructive; it has always been destructive; and England has never quite got to the consistent persistence required to complete the destruction of a people. The Turks would have done the job more thoroughly.

Now, had Major Corkett-James been a Turk!!! But, he is an Englishman.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SWITZERLAND is now to be represented in the circle of national colleges in Rome. The new foundation is intended for Swiss ecclesiastics of the various dioceses and of the three languages of the Swiss Confederation. Thus is the former stronghold of Calvinism to be brought into close touch with the Universal Church.

A NEW convert of distinction and therefore a new Catholic peer is announced in England in the person of Hon. Evan Morgan, now by right of succession, Lord Tredegar. Not because of his family position, it is perhaps needless to say, or of the broad acres (said to be 40,000) which he inherits, he is entitled to the term "distinguished," but because of his intellectual attainments, his genuine piety and his honorable record during the War. He was among the first to offer his services, and has a record throughout for bravery and devotion to duty.

BUT WITH his succession to the ranks of the Catholic peerage, it is also intimated that he may not long remain such, at least to the public eye, for his entrance upon a monastic career is said to be not improbable. He was received into the Church in May by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, having been re-

siding in that city for many months as a member of the British staff engaged on the Peace Treaty. He is now said to contemplate becoming a Franciscan. It may be added that he is both a poet and an artist.

IN OUR references last week to Dr. Silliman Ives it was stated that with the exception of Dr. Kinsman he was the only convert in our time from the ranks of the Anglican episcopate. The conversion of Anglican bishops has indeed been a rare occurrence at any time, the only other we are aware of, since what is known as the "Elizabethan Settlement," being a Scots prelate of the seventeenth century. John Gordon, Protestant Bishop of Galloway, being unsettled in his belief, visited France and Rome in the year 1689, and, as some accounts say in the latter, others in the former, embraced Catholicism, and was later admitted to minor orders. He at one time had been in America, having before his nomination to the bishopric of Galloway been "chaplain to His Majesty at New York." On his return to Europe he followed King James to St. Germain's and remained throughout life attached to the Stuart cause. Surviving all the other Scots Caroline bishops he died in Rome in 1726.

IN A recent article in the Toronto Globe descriptive of some rare books in the library of McGill University, an edition of the unfortunate Blanco White's "Poor Man's Preservative Against Popery," published at Toronto in 1834, was mentioned as one of them. It may now perhaps be classed among the rarities, though it was common enough within our own recollection. The occasion of its publication, however, was not mentioned by the Globe writer, and having an interest in itself, especially for Catholics, a few words in regard to it may not be out of place.

IN 1833 the Hon. John Elmsley, who up to that time had been a regular attendant at St. James church, York (now Toronto), became a Catholic, being moved thereto by the reading of Abbe Travers's "Amicable Discussion," an "Extract" from which concerning the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist, he published in a pamphlet which was distributed through the Province gratis. This gave offence to Dr. John Strachan, Archbishop of York (afterwards first Anglican Bishop of Toronto) who fulminated against Mr. Elmsley from the pulpit of St. James church, and followed this up by the publication of a letter to his congregation in which he essayed to controvert the Abbe Travers's treatise. Not content with this, he also had printed and published the "Poor Man's Preservative," mentioned by the Globe writer as now among the treasures of the McGill library.

It was no part of Mr. Elmsley's character, however, nor did he deem it his duty to his new found Faith, to let the bellicose Archbishop have it all his own way. He therefore had printed at his own expense, and issued from the office of The Patriot (T. Dalton, Proprietor) "Husenb's Defence of the Catholic Church," being, as stated on the title, "a complete Refutation of the Calumnies contained in a work entitled 'The Poor Man's Preservative Against Popery.'" Nor did this end the matter. The Very Rev. William Peter MacDonald, Vicar General of the Diocese of Kingston, a trained theologian, educated in the best schools of the old world, entered the lists, and in a seventy two page pamphlet entitled "Remarks on Doctor Strachan's pamphlet against the Catholic Doctrine of the Eucharist," published at Kingston by James MacFarlane & Co., 1834, completely demolished the arguments of Blanco White, and the secondary arguments of the Archbishop.

THIS TREATISE of Vicar MacDonald's is indeed of permanent value and would well bear republication. We have not in Canada any too much to show in the way of Catholic literature produced by ourselves to be able to afford that such a treatise should remain forgotten and unknown. The author who died in Toronto in 1847, and is buried under St. Michael's cathedral, seems himself to be now forgotten entirely. Some day, when the English speaking Catholics of Canada awake to their opportunities and responsibilities in regard to the dissemination of Cath-

olic principles, this erudite scholar and champion of the Faith will come into his own.

REFERRING ONCE more to the Globe writer's classification of the "Preservative" as "rare," it may be readily admitted that it is, and for the fair fame of both Blanco White and Dr. Strachan it is just as well that it should be. As a bibliographical rarity, however, it is not in the same category as either the first Elmsley pamphlet, the Archbishop's "Letter," or Vicar MacDonald's "Remarks." We have ourselves the good fortune to possess all five, and it may be doubted whether the set can be duplicated in Canada. Whether or no, the five pamphlets remain as a memento of interesting episodes in the Catholic history of Upper Canada, and of a good man, the Hon. John Elmsley, who in a generation when Catholics in this Province were for the most part poor and despised, did not shrink from throwing in his lot with them at the call of conscience.

IRELAND—THE ONE SOLUTION

Henry W. Newman in the Nation

The writer of the following article, which appeared in the New York Nation, is an Englishman who is honestly desirous of placing the relations between Ireland and England on a basis of nearest possible approach to justice. He clings to the hope that there is yet a possibility of retaining Ireland within the British empire by England making liberal concessions.

As an Englishman I must apologize for saying any word about Ireland. I do not apologize to my own countrymen, for if there is one question that all Englishmen ought to lay to heart and seek to solve it is the Irish question. But I apologize to the Irish for the long record of England's relation to them may well make them distrustful, as they are, of any interference from any Englishman or other foreigner, however sympathetic. "No Englishman," they say, "can possibly understand us, or have the right to criticize or advise. Complete separation is the only way." I do not observe that Irish people hesitate about understanding, criticizing, or advising the English, though the English are not an easy problem for foreigners either. But still I believe the objection to be real, and so I apologize.

I have followed Irish history very closely for 30 years, and always felt passionate sympathy with the national cause. I have been very often in the country, and have known most of the great Irish leaders and most of their friends and enemies in England. I knew that, from the English point of view, the situation in Ireland is now more difficult and more dangerous than it has ever been within my memory. For the last 40 years the great mass of the Irish people have always looked with hope, if not with confidence, to a strong body of liberal opinion and leadership in England to obtain for them that measure of independence which was called Home Rule. Today they regard with indifference or distrust every English party alike, with perhaps a touch of extra contempt for the liberal party. I, indeed, it can be said still to exist. And they regard with indifference or contempt the very name of Home Rule.

For them that chapter is closed forever. It was too full of prevarication, deceit, half heartedness and hope deferred. The Home Rule act was passed. It was to come into effect directly after the War, if certain conditions were fulfilled. "We are ready to fulfill the conditions," they say. "We voluntarily enrolled 170,000 Irishmen to fight for the cause of small nationalities, which you assured us was the object of the War. Where is that Home Rule now? You have brought in a wretched substitute, framed by our greatest enemies, headed by Lord Birkenhead to represent your law as Lord Chancellor—Lord Birkenhead who, as (Gallopier Frady) was openly acting under Carson only six years ago in stimulating Ulster to rebellion against your laws! What is the good of talking about Home Rule and your precious bill 'for the better government of Ireland'? Certainly, it could not be for a worse government, but as for your bill, we will follow Swift's advice and burn it, together with everything that comes from England, except her coals and her people."

They will not burn the bill. They will take no notice of it. The lamentable history of the past ten years has entirely destroyed all belief in England's good faith and good intentions. It is a bitter thing for an English patriot like me to say, but who can wonder at the distrust? When at last some ten years ago, the liberals under Mr. Asquith plucked up heart to fulfill their pledges and bring in a Home Rule bill, the whole of the unionist party, headed on by the Northcliffe press, incited Ulster to rebellion. In September, 1912, Carson's covenant was signed, pledging the Ulster Protestants (rather less than half the population of the province) "to combine in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule solution in Ireland." The Ulster Volun-

teers were openly drilled for rebellion. They paraded arms and ambulances before Carson and F. E. Smith. They imported a large cargo of rifles from England and nothing was done against them. When the Irish or Nationalist Volunteers drilled and imported arms at Howth, British troops were sent against them and people were shot in the Dublin streets. When the War came, the Ulster Volunteers were allowed to form a separate division with their own emblems. The Irish Volunteers who offered divisions were not admitted to separate formations. Carson and F. E. Smith were appointed law officers of the crown in the coalition. After the Easter Week Rising of despair, the leaders were executed in dribsles—not in hot blood, but one or two for breakfast at intervals. Among the victims James Connolly—one of the finest characters that Ireland has ever produced, an Ulsterman—though severely wounded, was dragged out in a chair to be shot.

Then came the convention. It was not elected. It consisted merely of nominees. Yet it would have succeeded in an agreement had not the Ulster Club in Belfast remained uncompromising and obdurate. Next the attempt at the conscription of a nation that had been treated as Ireland had been. It failed, but over eighty of the patriot Sinn Fein leaders were deported and imprisoned without trial and without charge named. What wonder that at the election of December, 1918, Sinn Fein swept the country? Sinn Fein members numbered 73, the Irish party (old nationalists) 6, the unionists 26. If ever there was a case of "Self-Determination" it was that. Your President made "Self-Determination" one of his essential points. Lloyd George accepted the principle. Self-Determination was decreed for Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavians, Azarbaljan Tartars and other outlandish races of whom no civilized being had ever heard before. All the world had heard of Ireland, but there was no self-determination for her.

Consider the present bill. Six counties, cut out of Ulster's nine are to have a little parliament. The rest of Ireland is to have a little parliament. Each little parliament is to have equal powers. Each is to send 20 members to a shadowy and powerless council in Dublin. The Ulster 20 retain full right to render every proposal of the rest futile by their veto. Ireland is to send 42 members to Westminster (that does not matter, for outside the scrap of Ulster, not a single member will go or even be elected.) The two parliaments are to have little more function than a big county council has in England. England retains control of external trade, of navigation (merchant shipping), of wireless, cables, aeroplanes, coinage and trademarks. She controls the police for at least three years and the post-office and judges till the parliaments come to an agreement. She keeps in her own hand all the main sources of revenue—the income tax, the customs and excise. To maintain the British army and navy, Ireland is to send £18,000,000 a year over to be spent in England. On an average that works out at contribution of £18 a year from every family in Ireland. I do not know why Sir Auckland Geddes said his share in drawing up this scheme was a labor of love, but it is no wonder that the Irish people will not even consider it. The funny thing will be that the part of Ireland which has taken an oath never, never to have Home Rule, will be the only part to get it.

Still there are signs of hope. The English people, always so conservative, so slow to move or change, have now as a body come up to the line of the old Home Rule. They are genuinely anxious for a settlement. They see the demand always rising with refusal and delay, and terms that once would have been welcomed with joy are now despised. The English working people must be told the absolute truth. For true settlement certain conditions are essential; a single and separate Parliament in Ireland; complete financial control of all taxes and expenditures and trade; the withdrawal of the British army; and a clean sweep of Dublin Castle. Ulster might also demand the usual safeguards for religion and education and equal justice, such as Lord Middleton accepted for the southern unionists in the convention. My own belief is that the ultimate and triumphant settlement will come only when British statesmen have the good sense to go to Ireland with both hands open and to say: "Look here now, we are entirely honest; we want to do the right thing at last. Take the utmost you can ask. Take it as some compensation for centuries of wrong. Call yourself an Irish dominion or an Irish republic, or what you like. Be free, be independent. Only be our friend, instead of being always an enemy upon our flank. Think it over for a year or two in perfect freedom and then see if you would not prefer to join us as an ally or equal confederate. We know we are foreigners. We have different ideas, different history and rather different temperaments. But still nearly all of you can speak our language, and those of us who go to Ireland and marry there have a long established habit of becoming more Irish than the Irish. Think it over and give us an answer soon."

That, I am convinced, is the natural, high-spirited and ultimate way of escape from a tragic situation that with every year involves my country in deeper shame.

A CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY

Harold Ball in America

The first public utterance of Archbishop Mannix when he replied to Australia's welcome is worth remembering: "From this day I claim to be, and as time goes on I hope to justify my claim to be considered a good Australian, jealous of the interests and of the good name of my adopted country."

For Australia stands first and foremost as a democracy. Her traditions are democratic. She is proud of her power to lead her own life. A part of the British Empire she is as quite unlike the power that has fought for the freedom of small nations with intent to subjugate all nations as is the Republic of the West.

See how she acted in the World War. Convinced that the menace to democracy was the mailed fist that was smashing Belgium in 1914, she threw herself into the struggle when the tide was strongly setting against the Allies.

And at the Dardanelles she paid the price for freedom, she registered her faith in democracy. "See how the colonial rally to the Empire," was the cry of the British politicians.

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knood Catholic, he has gone into the battle for freedom of education as bravely as he went into the battle for freedom from conscription.

He is not a politician but he is very much of a statesman. A politician is committed to the policies of a party. A statesman is above every party in a democracy, looking for the principles that are right and giving his allegiance to the best principles that are written down into action.

The purpose of parties is to carry out principles, and if there is no divergence of principle to express the same principle by different methods of detail. So when the Catholic Federation of Australia, after repeated protests to the Liberal Party against educational discrimination, received no satisfaction, the Archbishop did not say, "It is too bad. We can do nothing."

That is a statesman's way. No compromise, no apology, no secret diplomacy, a clear statement of rights and the determination to secure those rights. No political party alliances with favors to be begged or friends to be helped. For in the statesman's mind the party is the servant of the people.

The educational struggle is not new in Australia. Like the educational struggle in most countries its pivotal point is the right of the parent against the assumed right of the State. And while bigtry is not always apparent, in nearly every State where the State has been set for a class of educational ideals, the bigtry is seen.

So it was in Australia when State aid was withdrawn from denominational schools in 1882. In Victoria the attorney general declared at the time that the law just passed was framed to "purge the colony of clericalism," and in New South Wales, Henry Parkes held up the bill on public inspection in his hands and stated, "I hold in my hand what will be death to the calling of the priesthood of the Church of Rome."

The result was passing strange. The Protestant primary schools in bulk closed. The Catholic schools began, and today care for 120,000 pupils. Australia today has 1,500 churches attended by more than 1,000 priests. There are 500 Christian Brothers and ten times that number of Sisters, the greater number engaged in teaching. There are more than 140 boarding schools for girls. Australia has about 800 Catholic primary schools, and 200 secondary schools. Her educational growth was marked a few years ago by the founding of Newman College by Archbishop Mannix. A very good record for the 1,218,678 Catholics who make up one-fifth of Australia's population.

America has welcomed to her shores many a visitor since the signing of the armistice. One and all they have spoken of democracy. They have told us that we are the crusaders of democracy. He who is with us now can well speak of democracy. He has fought for it and he is still fighting for it. A scholar and a man of action, a churchman and a statesman he cares little for criticism and much for principle. He stands for the best in Australia. Australia is a democracy and he is its champion.

Witness his stand on the educational question. "From the Catholic standpoint," he declared in one of his first public utterances in Australia, "the unequal treatment meted to you in the schools is, as far as I can judge, the one great stain on the statute books of this free and progressive land. It is a source of genuine regret that the Catholic body should be forced to buy twice over with their hard-won money and with the heroic and ill-requited labor of their teaching Sisters and Brothers, the right to educate their children according to the dictates of their conscience." Nor did he merely speak in one sentence the meaning of self-determination into educational rights. Without apology or "pussy-footing," fearless of criticism from sincere or bigoted Protestant, or insincere or weak-

ly once determined the Irish people will have no cause for maintaining any other than friendly relations with Great Britain. Ireland would never be used as a base of attack on England and Ireland as an independent nation would be willing to give guarantees. If England's only fear of a republican Ireland is that this country may be used as a base of attack by England's enemies, it can be met in the treaty of peace. Ireland should be the Switzerland of the seas and an independent nation.

It will take 100 years to develop this country economically and during this time there will be no inclination on the part of the people to fight Great Britain or any other nation. We want an army and navy, but no one in Ireland has sympathy for any plan for a large army or navy. "We will not discuss partition in any shape or form, because any partition worked out by British politicians is inconceivable. We are an existing nation. If we permit ourselves to accept what England says, we shall be subordinating ourselves to England. That Ireland will never do."

Years ago the workingman knew his "boss" personally. There was a human interchange of ideas. Difficulties capable of disrupting an entire plant were smoothed out by the wise employer who knew his men. As industrial plants and stores have been merged into great corporations, little by little a middleman has intervened between the employers and the employed. The middleman sometimes knows both human nature and the situation, and may often not be generally speaking his function was to increase output and speed things up.

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up to block its path and still it remains, giving that infallible evidence of life, movement. False friends betray its dearest interests at times. Weak friends hurt its message or belie its ideals in their lives. Still century after century bears testimony to its life, its vigor, its power, its soul. For it has a soul, it is living with the breath of God. He breathed upon it in the long ago. His spirit still breathes through its every fiber. It is human with all the pitiful weakness of humanity. It is Divine with all the glowing strength of Divinity, the great puzzling paradox to eyes that see not and ears that will not hear. Not a union of churches but a united Church, defying the limitations of time and space, its hands on earth, its Head in heaven, it moves through time and holds eternity.—America.

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stunned the apostles. The feast of Saint Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, Patron Saint of Catholic Quebec, occasions reflections that the pious Catholic will find rich in inspiration and edification.—The Pilot.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

BECOME AN ACTIVE MEMBER

Since the name of Christ is the only name under heaven where-by men may expect salvation the importance of faith in that name and a true knowledge of its power cannot be over estimated. Catholics who in baptism become heirs to that great heritage often do not practically realize the value of what God in His Providence has bestowed. Reflection often corrects however that state of mind. To lead us to a true appreciation of the benefits received by the gift of faith is the object of many a zealous pastoral instruction.

Does the possession of this great gift inspire you with the desire to have others share it? If it does not, can you really say that you appreciate, at its true value this wonderful gift of God? Doubtless there are many excuses advanced. "People will not heed the Gospel, there is little disposition to take the eternal truths as a guide of life; each man goes his own way and does not desire to be disturbed; the whole tone of the community in which I live is against any such propaganda, it would do more harm than good. St. Paul gives us a true picture of the spirit of the day in which he moved when he said, "For both the Jews require signs, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness," and as a comment on the hopelessness of the outlook tells us that the Apostles went on as they did "for seeing that in the wisdom of God the world, by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of our preaching, to save them that believe. . . . the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he might confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he might confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that he might bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his sight." The holy apostle would give us courage to do something. It is so easy to offer excuses for our sloth in the affairs of God. Have we not often been witness to the effect of good example, a timely word, a proper instruction given in the distress of another in the moment of need, in the day of tribulation to which no man on earth is a stranger? Do we ever reflect that there is such a thing as carelessness and indifference? To some a little exhortation brings immense benefit. We say we cannot give it ourselves and perhaps it is true, but do we take an interest in and help those who can or who at least make an attempt.

This position, the lot of every Catholic, drew the Holy Father to found missionary societies in the Church. The possibility and the great probability of having with him the active co-operation of the hierarchy, the ordinary clergy and the faithful laity led Pius X. to found the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. Are you an active member of that society to build up and protect the faith in Canada? With such great fields demanding our cultivation, with the needs of a church to be planted under pioneer and none too inviting conditions, what are you doing to contribute your share? How am I to cooperate you ask? You may: Donate \$250 to pay for one year in the Seminary for the education of a Missionary Priest. Donate \$500 for a chapel in a neglected portion of Canada. Donate \$5,000 and become a Founder of the Society and allow the interest on your donation to educate a priest every three years, forever, for the missions of Canada. Donate \$1,000 and become a Life Member of the Society. Give \$100 each year for ten years. Remember the Extension in your will. Cardinal Manning says that "the will that forgets the Church is not a Catholic will." You can only take your good deeds with you to the Judgment Seat of God. Invest your money in God's securities now and draw dividends for all Eternity. Send your Mass Intentions to the Catholic Church Extension so that your poor priests in the far West may be aided. Send \$100 to the Church Extension. It will keep a priest on the Missions for one day. Three hundred and sixty-five one-dollar bills will keep an active priest on the Missions for one year. Talk "Extension" and if you don't know anything about it, write and ask us. Pray for Catholic Extension. Say this Prayer every day for the Society: "St. Philip, our Holy Patron, who was so careful for the souls of his brethren when on earth, grant through thy powerful intercession, that we may care for the souls of our brethren, and ask God to bless the Church Extension Society, through

which our desires may be realized, through Christ our Lord. Amen." A plenary indulgence, to each member on the day of admission, on the Feast of St. Philip Neri, the Patron of the Society, the Immaculate Conception, St. Ann, St. Francis de Sales, St. Rose of Lima, the Holy Apostles, and at the hour of death. To every member of the Society an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for every good work done in the interests of the Extension Society. An indulgence of three hundred days as often as they piously recite the formula "St. Philip, pray for us." The above indulgences, plenary and partial, may be applied to the Souls in Purgatory. Priests who are moderators or directors of the Society may enjoy a privileged altar three times a week, Founders and Life Members, six times a week. (Brief of Pius X.) Moreover, all contributors share in the countless Masses and prayers offered up by the priests and people aided by the Society. Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$8,625 08 MESS INTENTIONS J. J. Penney, Grand Falls, Nfld. 3 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT
ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

IMPURE CONVERSATION

We read in today's Gospel that when our divine Lord was curing the deaf and dumb man, He looked up to heaven and *groaned*. Why was this? A learned commentator tells us that it was because He perceived in this one tongue all the evil wrought by the tongue in the history of the human race. He saw how godless men poison their tongues, and thus do more harm than venomous serpents, which kill only the body, whereas wicked tongues destroy both body and soul. One particular kind of wicked tongue is peculiarly evil and harmful, viz., that which carries on impure conversations and tells filthy stories. Hence I wish to warn you, in my sermon today, against this terrible habit, and to save you from ever forming it.

1. We may class as impure every kind of conversation that raises a blush on the faces of honest people, whilst only the shameless approve. Every word is impure that reveals what is unseemly and imparts a knowledge of evil to one's neighbor. In Holy Scripture this sin is described as a pestilence, a terrible sickness causing widespread desolation, being most contagious and hard to cure. A man sick of the plague infects his whole household, then the neighbors, then the whole community and perhaps the whole country, and in the same way it is no rare occurrence for one shameless tongue, uttering impure words, to poison and gradually corrupt a great number of people, who become infected one after another. There are mere children, whose minds are filled with impure thoughts and desires, whose hearts are poisoned with impurity and who talk freely of forbidden things—how could they have acquired any information on such subjects if they had not been infected by the impure conversation of shameless people, and had not heard their elders discussing matters unfit for innocent children to know? Parents who speak without reserve before their children are much to blame, and may be called a true pest as may all who indulge in shameless conversations and disgusting songs, either at home or in the workshops, when visiting their friends, or in public houses and places of amusement.

2. Some will try to excuse themselves by saying: "My offences against the Sixth Commandment are only fun; I only hint at things and do not mean any harm." Can it be an innocent joke to allude to things that are sinful—things of which St. Paul says that they should not be mentioned at all among Christians? Certainly not, immediate jokes and ambiguous expressions have robbed many of all tenderness of conscience, and made them consent to sin, so that they have lost their innocence and adopted an immoral life. In fact veiled allusions are often more infectious and do more harm than conversations which are plainly immoral, since a heart still incorrupt turns away from the latter in disgust.

3. Others perhaps will argue thus: "Whatever unseemly remarks I make before children and young people cannot possibly injure them, because they do not understand them."

Would God it were true that your foul conversations caused no scandal and produced no evil fruits among your neighbors, and especially among children! Unhappily it is not true, for we all know by sad experience what incalculable and irreparable mischief can be done by an evil word falling on the ears of an innocent child. He may not at the moment understand it, but he remembers it, broods over it, and in time the devil suggests its meaning; the evil takes root, produces foul desires and impels him to wicked actions. These latter are the result of careless words uttered in the presence of an innocent child. Each of us can probably call to mind some immodest remark or song heard many years ago, and the trouble that we have had in banishing it from our thoughts, and in preventing it from giving rise to foul desires and acts.

Take therefore to heart St. Paul's admonition: "Let not fornication and all uncleanness so much as be named among you." If you have hitherto allowed yourselves to indulge in shameful conversations, jests, songs and ambiguous phrases, resolve to avoid these sins in future, remembering St. Basil's words: "Impure persons with poisonous tongues do not only themselves perish, but they drag down to destruction all whom they infect. Wherefore listen not to their wicked words, for their tongues are like that of the serpent which deceived Eve in Paradise, and brought evil into the world for time and eternity." Amen.

It is not always easy to differentiate between a proper solicitude and worry. One ought to be solicitous that he does his full duty in the solution of any problem of life. This should not go to the worry station, for no train ever gets out of that station. To be properly solicitous is only right, for otherwise we become indifferent to some of the most sacred obligations of life. To be stoical is not evidence of superior control. To be calmly solicitous is evidence of a keen sense of obligation and of the highest self-control.

WHY MARIE SHOULD WORRY

JUST WHY MARIE SHOULD INDEED WORRY AND THEN REFORM

I do not think there is a Catholic paper published nowadays that does not contain an article of some length on the present day garb of women, writes Grace Keon in the Tablet. I wonder who reads these articles? Perhaps the ones for whom they are intended scan the headlines and no more. And if all that has been written has not seemed to make an impression will anything that I have to say in the matter be worth while?

The above was my first thought when it was suggested to me that I write something along these lines. Yet the idea was added that fathers and mothers might begin to consider what is really a dreadful problem if other fathers and mothers could be induced to give their views on the subject. I say might begin, for up to the present most parents do not seem to have taken the matter seriously.

SCOLDING MARIE

One woman remarks: "Yes, I do scold Marie for the clothes she buys. But she tells me you can't buy anything else! And when I look at other young girls, they dress even worse than Marie. Some of the older women too. Women as old as I am! So I guess I can't say anything. Marie must be right!"

WHAT MARIE THINKS

And Marie says: "Of course all the stores are showing these clothes—and you might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion—and if you dress like a dowdy no one wants to be seen with you. You never catch a man looking at a girl that isn't up-to-date! And you feel like a fool!"

"But my dear girl, it is much better to feel like a fool than to be the occasion of sin!"

"Occasion of sin! Who's the occasion of sin, I'd like to know?"

"You are—when you dress down to the waist and up to your knees. No men!"

"Men! The poor things! I suppose we must think of the men now! They don't have to look at us."

"But they do! Eyes were made for seeing!"

"Too bad about them! If a man can't look at us girls without thinking wrong things, that's his fault. We should worry!"

I wonder how many Maries will recognize the above conversation. A few will say I am quoting them verbatim. They dismiss the subject—and me—very red of face, very bright of eye and very light of head. They make one feel, these young, impulsive, thoughtless creatures, as if one were trying to induce a butterfly to behave like a bee.

THE "FOR SALE" SIGN

Nevertheless, dear girls, you should worry. And your mothers, you should worry too! And your fathers—you should do more than worry. It is your duty, if mother fails in her duty, to tell your daughters some strong home truths, without sugar-coating the pill. And all decent Christian men, young and old, will subscribe to every word I say.

Your girl, if she comes out unclothed because she must follow the fashions, writes herself down as a character without courage; a mind without matter; a poison without antidote.

INSPECTING THE GOODS

We read of the slave markets of days not so long ago; of buyers who were at liberty to inspect and handle the human things they purchased. Your girl, who appears unclothed in public, makes herself "For Sale," as much as ever a slave was marked for sale. There are eyes appraising her—and you fathers know it. If your girl wishes to display the beauty of her person before the gaze of man you—she—must not protest when you find that familiarity breeds contempt.

My dear girl, when every man who cares to have weighed your personality has ventured as far as he may go with you; has perhaps insinuated you covertly if not openly, you must not complain that you have done nothing to court such insult.

A GIRL'S MODESTY

When goods lie on a counter for any length of time they must be marked down and sold at a lower value. When a girl's modesty is stained by exposure of bosom and limbs before the common horde, she, too, deteriorates in value. The time may come when she, too, will wish that she had not so boldly displayed her price tag. Some girls escape dangers openly courted. Others are not so lucky.

can ornament their faces—the pity of it, their young, baby faces!—with the skill of women of the world, already practiced in the art. Oh, you mothers, what are you thinking of? And you fathers, where are your eyes?

A WORD TO FATHER

These are your children. Many things have gone out of fashion, but modesty never can go out. It is no longer modern to exact obedience from boys and girls; it is no longer modern to raise one's hand and lay it on in righteous indignation for some serious transgression. Oh, no! The father must control his anger, and not beat a little helpless bit of human flesh. The mother must control her impatience, and not scold the budding, flower-like child-mind! These little tender shoots must be carefully cherished. It is no longer the age of the parent, but the age of the child! What rot! Is there any man or woman living today who does not thank his or her father and mother for a well-deserved thrashing? I have still to meet one who has ever resented it.

You would not let your little baby plunge its hand into a kettle of boiling water. You would not give your boy or girl a dagger to cut and wound. Does your girl of thirteen or fourteen or sixteen or eighteen know that she is about to scald herself? Or to wound herself deeply? She doesn't perhaps—but you know it. Or if you don't, it is honestly true that you do not believe that any harm can come of this rage for dress then ask some one, anyone who has come into contact with life. You do not need to go but to your nearest police station. Ask any of these men who know what they think of the girls of today—who are trying day after day, night after night, to save some thoughtless creature from the result of her own folly.

And you, father! You are not blameless. You would rather cut off your right hand than take up such a subject with your girls. But you should. You should tell them how men look at them; tell them what thoughts are in men's minds; tell them that they are driving men to the devil!

MEN AND WOMEN

Oh, some women say, there it is again! The men! The men! We should worry! They have had their day! The world is changing. We women may do as we like now! We are to have some consideration. We are not here to consider feelings or impressions or emotions. It is not our fault if the world is evil minded. But it is. We women make the world in which we live. For the first time in centuries we can openly form public opinion. We can create the atmosphere that we choose to surround us! But our liberty—part of our evolution—gives us no right to create or encourage licence.

ANCIENT KITTENS

Our conservative men and women do not know what to make of it. Married women—and unmarried women of mature age—are unclothed to the waist, or with flesh shining through a shimmer of silk; bare arms from shoulder to wrist; bare limbs showing, instead of a foot below the ankle, more than a foot above. Our priests look on and deplore. Decent men marvel. Girls and women approach the altar rail seemingly unconscious of the incongruity of this lack of apparel in the house of God. If we saw a statue of Our Lady in the garb of the present day not one of us but would cry out in shame and horror at such a travesty. Yet the world not only approaches to receive the Precious Body and Blood of her Son in such attire. There can be no immorality in these things, says a priest, trying to find some light in the darkness, or they would not come. Rather they are unbecoming. But it surely argues a lack of reverence for the King and Lord.

Most of our girls, I know, work among many and diverse peoples. It is hard for such to hold to an ideal. But the only way to do so is to remember that one must not display a price tag. Our priests have talked and talked and talked. One appointed himself the censor of his flock, and stood in the rear of his church holding out safety pins to those whom he felt required them. Another bought a number of crepe-paper nappies and gave these to his offending women parishioners.

"And one of my girls—a good girl, too," said another priest, "stopped me on the street to talk to me—and, honestly I was afraid that some one might come along and see me! I never came in contact with such a sight in my life. And during our conversation she said, 'I am taking a course in designing Father.' 'Yes, I can see that,'" I replied.

And he held—for the painting and powdering and penciling of her face showed that she was studying hard.

LAST DRIVE AT FATHER

Catholic mothers, do not allow your girls, to imitate in their apparel the unfortunate creatures you would scold if they came into your backyard! Don't put short socks on your little girl of ten or twelve—do you know that dirty, lustful eyes are going to revel on that pure, white, innocent flesh? Do not hide your head in the sand when you see Marie dressed "like other girls." Don't do it. Catholic fathers, will you not, if the mother fails, take your girl to task and tell her what men think of the free display of her charms? Catholic girls, will you break the casket of modesty and set the priceless jewel of your purity

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Yes, we should worry!

PROUD TO BE CATHOLICS

We have reason to be proud to be Catholics. Because Faith is a gift from God. Because our Church was founded by Christ and not by any man. Because the Church has come down to us from the Apostles and the first Christians in an unbroken line of priests and Bishops, and of faithful believers. Because all the saints were Catholics, all the martyrs were Catholics, all the blessed souls in Heaven are Catholics, for even those who were admitted there before Christ came on earth to redeem mankind, were saved through Him and are a part of His Church, which includes all the elect. Because Christ is actually present among us today, at Mass and in the Blessed Sacrament. Because the Church is one, is holy, is universal, and is Apostolic. It teaches the same faith, has the same ineffable sacrifice, has the same sanctifying Sacraments, and preaches the same Gospel, all over the world. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceania. Its unity is a proof of its divine origin and of the continued presence of the Holy Ghost to teach it all truth.

Because all evil forces combine against it—to calumniate it, to represent it as vicious, and to do it injury. It is against the world, the flesh and the devil, and they are against it. That is another evidence that it is Christ's own, for as He was reviled, persecuted and put to death, so His faithful followers would be treated in the same way. No other Church is laid about, hounded, hated, misrepresented and oppressed, as is the Catholic Church. But the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. Let us lift up our eyes. Christ is our leader. Under His banner we cannot go astray. With His love and grace, we are sure of salvation. Be faithful. Pray often. Go to Holy Communion daily, weekly, or at least monthly. And for the rest, do all the good you can to everybody, love God, and fear not. As we are proud of Christ, God and man, in the right spirit, so we are proud of His Church and proud to belong to it.—The Columbian.

AN ANGLICAN MINISTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF SWITZERLAND

"As I went to the church at 8.30, I found the rustic path that does duty for a village street thronged with groups of men and boys, some in conversation, others sitting side by side on the roadside railing. This is probably their weekly club, where they get the chance once in seven days of exchanging family news—and smoking a pipe together. I wondered at first whether all these members of the 'nobler' sex were coming to church, as when I entered the sacred building there were only women and girls present, filling up the entire left side of the church, kneeling down or sitting quietly, looking neither to the right nor left—most of them with books of devotion. Presently, however, the male part of the community began to file in. In military order—each one making his genuflection and signing himself with the holy water—filling the right hand seats from the top to the bottom of the church and then overflowing into the space in the centre. There is no need to ask where are the men? In some parts of Christendom. As I sat there I could not help contrasting this Catholic village with Protestant Lausanne, in which it was my misfortune to have to be last year, and where most of the shops are open on Sunday, and no one seems to go to any place of worship but to be bent on loading about in Sunday attire!"

"The thought of 'Roman' had vanished from my mind—these people were Catholic Christians keeping their Lord's commandment on His day. Many of them had made their Communion at one of the Masses earlier in the day, and all had a long and toilsome journey to make before they could get home. No wonder then, if after service, some stayed behind in

the villages for refreshments and conviviality, yet all was quiet and without anything of disorder, and soon the village returned to normal state. One can not help being impressed by such scenes as this, and it is impossible not to see that instead of wanting to convert these

pagans and giving them bibles and tracts, we might well take many a lesson from them in their Christian devotion and simple piety.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KINDNESS IS THE WORD

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court; Koo wledge, said the school; Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool; Love, said the maiden; Beauty, said the page; Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage; Fame, said the soldier; Equity, said the seer.

Spoke my heart full sadly; "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom, Softly this I heard; Each heart holds the secret, "Kindness is the word."

-JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

FAITH AND WORKS

Two clergymen, it is said, once had occasion to cross a river in a small boat with only two oars in propelling it. On getting into the boat, they saw that the boatman had painted on one ear the word Faith, and on the other Works. This device induced them to inquire of the boatman what it meant. "Well," said he, "I have a great many people to take across this stream, and I wish them all to learn a lesson taught us in the Scriptures, which is, that faith without works is dead—being alone; and that works without faith is equally so. See, when I take hold of Faith and pull only on that, I simply go round in a circle, and make no progress; so also when I take hold of Works, the same result follows. But when I take hold of Faith and Works together, and pull with a steady pull, I shoot rapidly across the stream."—Young Catholic Messenger.

THREE CHEERS FOR JOHNNY BUTLER

The following interesting editorial is taken from Commerce Comments, the publication of the National Bank of Commerce of New York: "There is something downright inspiring in the story of Johnny Butler. You all know him—for many months an able member of the Night Force, just recently transferred to the Loan Department. If you have followed the fortunes of Commerce in athletics you know another side of him, for he has been one of the most dependable men on the basketball and baseball team. "The other night the graduation exercises of St. John's College in Brockton were held and one of the recipients of the B. A. degree was Butler. We take off our editorial hat to any man who can complete a four-year college course in the regular period, when he works during the last two years at a regular job, with regular hours, from midnight to breakfast time. When Butler had time to sleep and eat, not to mention studying and becoming an active member of the Commercial Club, is quite beyond our understanding. Incidentally, he has not been absent from the bank once this year.

"But doesn't his record prove pretty conclusively that a fellow can get anything if only he wants it badly enough? And doesn't it make you laugh when you compare this story with the complaints of some of the other folks in the bank, that they 'haven't time' to study three or four nights a week? "This clipping is an editorial in itself and its lesson is so convincing that further comment would be superfluous. All we can say is: "Three cheers for Johnny Butler" and may the story of this young hero's deeds inspire others.—The Tablet.

NEGLECT YOUR BUSINESS BUT NOT YOUR BOY

Every boy is going to have a confidant, some one to whom he can tell his secrets and whisper his hopes and ambitions, and who will not neglect to attend to them. We take it for granted that his mother will stand nearest to him than any other person, but every boy will have some male friend who will stand in a peculiar relation to him. This friend, this confidant, should be his father.

You cannot afford to have your boy feel that you are too busy or too indifferent to tell him how to fly his kite or bat his hook or make a toy or to play games with him. If you begin early enough, it is comparatively easy for you to gain your boy's confidence. From infancy he should grow up to feel that no one else can take your place; that you stand in a peculiar relation to him, which no one else can fill.

Any business man would be horrified at the suggestion that he would ruin his boy by neglect, that his absorption in business would result in the undoing of his own son. But, it is the easiest thing in the world to forfeit a boy's confidence. It will take only a little snubbing, a little scolding, a little indifference, a little unkind criticism, a little negating and unreasonableness to shut off forever any intimacy between you and your boy.

One of the bitterest things in many a business man's life has been the discovery, after he has made his money, that he has lost his hold upon his boy, and he would give a large part of his fortune to recover his loss.

I have been in homes where the relation between father and sons was so strained and formal that the latter would no more think of making a confidant of their father than they would of a perfect stranger.

They have been rebuffed, snubbed and scolded, so unkindly treated that they would never think of going to him for advice, or with any confidential matter.

It is a most unfortunate thing for a boy to look upon his father as a task master instead of a companion, to dread meeting him because he always expects criticism or scolding from him.

Some fathers constantly nag, find fault, and never think of praising their sons or expressing any appreciation of their work, even when they do it well. Yet there is nothing so encouraging to a boy, especially if he finds it hard to do what is right, as real appreciation of his effort. This is a tonic to youth. Boys thrive on praise. This is why most of them think more of their mothers than their fathers—because their mothers are more considerate, more appreciative, more affectionate, and do not hesitate to praise them when they do well. They are naturally more generous with them; less exacting than their fathers.

I know a man who takes a great deal of pains to keep the confidence of his pet dog. He would not think of whipping or scolding him because he would not risk losing his affection, but he is always scolding the dog, finding fault with everything he does, criticizing his conduct, his associates, and telling him that he will never amount to anything. Now, what chance has a boy to grow, to develop the best thing in him in such an atmosphere?

You should regard the confidential relation between yourself and your son as one of the most precious things in your life, and should never take chances of forfeiting it. It costs something to keep it, but it is worth everything to you and to the boy. I never knew a boy to go very far wrong who regards his father and mother as his best friends and keeps no secrets from them.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILD AND THE MOTHER

O Mother-my love, if you'll give me your hand, And go where I ask you to wander, I will lead you away to a beautiful land.

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder, We'll walk in a sweet-rosie garden out there, Where moonlight and starlight are streaming, And the flowers and birds are filling the air.

With fragrance and music of dreaming, There'll be no tired-out boy to undress, No questions or cares to perplex you.

There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress, Nor patching of stockings to vex you. For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream, And sing you asleep when you're weary.

And no one shall know of our beautiful dream, But you and your own little darlin', And when I am tired I'll nestle my head in the bosom that scathed me so often.

And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead, A song which our dreaming shall soften.

So, Mother-my love, let me take your dear hand, And away through the starlight we'll wander— Away through the mist to the beautiful land.

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder! —EUGENE FIELD

SIMPLE KINDNESS

An old woman of simple ways was speaking of another in the same community who was noted for her many good deeds, and she said of her:

"The best thing you can say about her is that she is just plain kind. When you say that about a body you've said one of the best things it is possible to say about them."

Of all human attributes none are of greater value than the attribute of simple human kindness. To be always "just plain kind" is to give proof of the fact that one has a Christian spirit, and a kind heart assures the doing of kind deeds.

One day two young women were talking and one repeated something that she had heard that another had said:

"I do not believe that Mary ever said that," replied the other woman, "she is too kind ever to say a thing like that. I don't believe that any one ever heard Mary say a downright unkind thing in her life. I wish I could guard my own tongue as well as she does here when it comes to what she says about others."

Here was some one else who was "just plain kind" and therefore a door of good. Simple kindness is a source of encouragement to those who have many troubles and cares. One cannot be constantly kind with out creating an influence for good and being helpful in the world.—The Echo.

THE CATHOLIC BOY AND THE ATHEIST

The following interesting anecdote is related in a Belgian Catholic newspaper:

Not long ago a Catholic boy was traveling in a train between Brussels and Namur. In the same train was an infidel school inspector. On

passing before a Catholic Church the boy uncovered his head in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew was kept in the church.

The inspector, who was up to this time had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid by the boy to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued:

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my First Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are those mysteries? I have forgotten all about these mysteries a long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God in three Persons."

"Do you understand that now, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mysteries three things are to be distinguished: to know, to believe, to understand. I know and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

CHEER UP

Not the least duty of mankind is happiness. It may seem just a little duty to speak of happiness as a duty, but it is nothing less than that. Men and women should strive to spread a little joy along the paths they tread. And busy's "Good Morning" club, which has the simple requirement of cheerfulness as one of the principle qualifications for membership, may lay the foundation of cheerfulness throughout life. It is almost a crime to spread bitterness among those with whom we come in contact. It is really a joy to come in contact with sweet-tempered children or men and women—people who care for their fellows and companions, and who spread the doctrine of "Cheer up" wherever they go.

There is plenty of room for improvement in this busy world. Too often we come in contact with men and women who have permitted their burdens to sour their dispositions and who go about spreading their discontent, treading on the toes of those about them, saying unpleasant things when it were better that nothing were said. It is not necessary that one should carry a vacuous smile about upon his beaming countenance at all times nor that he should be forever talking about things which would be pleasant if true. The person who can remain decently sociable in all walks of life is the one who has learned the secret of happiness and of giving happiness. It is the little things which count, and it everybody would devote a little time to little helpful things, the sum total of little things would soon mount up to a very sizable pile of pleasantness and happiness. It is a common fashion to be glad, anyway. So cheer up.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE CRIMSON TIDE

The ground was wet with it. There was a pool, too, which looked as if it might be blood and water. They had to avoid it as they waded back and forth. One of the soldiers picked up a garment, and his hand came away curiously stained. Then they began to cast lots. The garment, seamless, well-made, might be valuable. This was not work for soldiers, this execution of a tribal trouble-maker. They would get what they could out of it. Here and there, on the shoulders and along the arms, the texture was stiff with clotted blood. That removed, the garment might possibly be worn again, or fetch a higher price, sold to some huckster. But the blood, they grumbled, had almost spoiled it.

The world has not greatly changed since that dark afternoon when the pagan soldiers gambled for the garment of Jesus Christ. The Blood of Jesus Christ, the object of adoration for men and angels, to them was worthless. But they saw some value in the material out of which the seamless robe was woven. To-day too the world, gone mad in pursuit of temporal values, knows nothing of the values which are eternal. Gold is all, grace is nothing. A white figure still hangs upon the Cross. It has given the world all it could give, at the price of its Blood. But men pass by unheeding, save perhaps, as they may calculate the value of the wood of the Cross, or the commercial possibilities as real estate, of the Hill whereon was wrought the world's salvation.

Today the world looks out upon fields still wet with human blood, and in anguish mothers ask why this price must be paid in every age for a freedom which to most of them means only a continued struggle against starvation. The answer is found on Calvary and the soldiers casting lots. All children of the one Heavenly Father, brethren are masses against "brethren" because the world and its wisdom and its governments refuse to marshal at the Feet of the Cross. In human devices alone and in those compromises of principle with expediency which governments call statecraft, the world seeks to find, and always loses, peace. It does not know, or will not admit, that only under the Cross near the pool of Blood and



Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

water breaking from the Heart of Christ, is found the sovereign specific for the woes of men and nations.

We are living in troublous times. It is a mockery to turn anything less than the counsels of Heaven for relief. No process of reconstruction will remedy anything but deeper mockery if it has no part in the crimson tide that surges from Calvary. The philosopher may vaunt his wisdom, and the sociologist, backed by a pagan State, proclaim that in his program alone is found the cure for the wounds of the world. It is vain. There is no hope of sane reconstruction, except in the adoption of the principles preached with unyielding eloquence by the silent Figure of Jesus Christ Crucified.—America.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

WHY THE CATHOLIC'S ANSWER IS "NO!"

(By "M. C. L." in Catholic Herald)

A correspondent forwards a press cutting, which contains what is merely a variation of the fallacy: "One religion is as good as another."

If that be so, indeed, why did Our Lord teach one definite religion, and command the Apostles to teach the whole of it to all nations, to be observed by all? The command itself (St. Matthew xxviii. 19; St. Mark xvi. 15), the obligation of believing under pain of condemnation (St. Mark xvi. 16), and the promise that the Holy Spirit shall teach the Church all truth, dispose of the go-as-you-please-in-religion theory, to all who believe that there is a Divine Revelation. To say that it does not matter what religion one follows, is as long as he does right" is as sensible as saying that it does not matter whether a man has legs, so long as he can walk. To do right, as an American Catholic rector says, means more than keeping out of jail and getting on pleasantly with one's own neighbors and fellow men. To do right means determined effort to give God due honor and obedience in all things, to seek His kingdom and His justice before anything else. 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REV. FATHER FEENEY

PASTOR ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, DUNDAS

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., the feast of St. Peter and Paul, Rev. Father J. J. Feeny celebrated his fortieth anniversary...

It was on June 29th, 1880, Rev. Father Feeny was ordained by the late Right Rev. Bishop Connors...

After Dean O'Riley's death Father Feeny was transferred to Arthur parish, and later to Priceville parish...

Space will hardly permit our effort to but briefly review the many extraordinary improvements made in this parish...

The Separate schools, buildings, and grounds, St. Augustine's Cemetery all received Father Feeny's careful attention...

Though not as alert, as remembered by some in past years, time had treated him kindly...

BISHOP OF PRINCE ALBERT

PASSES AWAY IN FRANCE

Mgr. A. Pascal who died in France last week, was born at St. Genes de Beuzon in the department of Ardèche, France, August 3, 1845...

In 1890 he went to Europe to recuperate and also to solicit aid for the mission. Meanwhile it had been decided to divide the diocese of St. Albert...

Prince Albert, which his wisdom designated as the seat of the new diocese, was nearly wholly Protestant...

Such was the situation when Mgr. Pascal came to take possession. He immediately took steps to erect a cathedral on a more suitable location...

ARCHBISHOP DEPLORES WORLDLINESS

His Grace the Archbishop of New York, in his eloquent address before the Catholic Educational Association...

THE TRAINING OF LEADERS

The intention recommended by our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., for the month of August is "The Training of Leaders"...

bers and the influences of evil arrayed against them. Steadfastly they have persevered in word and example...

The Sovereign Pontiff in asking our prayers for this timely intention has indicated to Catholic parents the need of giving their children the best Catholic education...

THE WESTERN FAIR

London's Popular Exhibition will be held this year September 11th to 18th. The Prize List is a very attractive one...

Poultry breeders and Exhibitors have come to the conclusion long ago that a win at London's Exhibition means considerable...

Prize Lists, entry forms and all information from the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ont.

IN MEMORIAM

DRIVER.—In loving memory of John Driver who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John McHugh...

DIED

BARRETT.—At Rochester, Minn., W. S. Barrett, son of T. J. Barrett, 1066 1/2 55th Street, Edmonton, Alta. May his soul rest in peace.

FRANEY.—Suddenly, at Berwick, Nova Scotia, on Saturday, July 3rd, there passed away, after a few hours illness, Frances E., widow of the late John A. Franey...

TEACHERS WANTED

- TEACHERS WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate School, Fort William; holding second class Ontario certificate, salary \$750 per year...

PRINCIPAL WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate School, Espanola, experienced teacher holding Ontario certificate...

WANTED QUALIFIED ENGLISH, FRENCH teacher for Catholic Separate school, Espanola. Apply stating qualifications...

WANTED second class professional teacher for C. S. S. No. 4, Cornwall. Apply stating salary, qualifications and experience...

TEACHER wanted, one holding a list or 2nd class professional certificate, capable of teaching English and French for Catholic Separate school section No. 17, Township of Rochester...

WANTED a professional teacher with experience for Separate school No. 4, Asphodel, Rochester, County of Essex...

WANTED TWO EXPERIENCED LADY teachers for Brantford Separate school. Salary \$900 per annum. Duties to commence after summer holidays...

TEACHER wanted for Separate S. S. No. 12, East Toronto. State salary, qualifications and experience. Duties to commence September, 1920...

WANTED a qualified teacher for Stanleyville Separate school, capable of teaching the land work for senior room; also a qualified teacher for Junior room...

WANTED a teacher holding a second class certificate for Separate schools No. 14 Lancaster and No. 15, St. George's, St. Catharines. Apply stating salary and experience...

A NORMAL trained teacher wanted for S. S. No. 15, Huntingdon. Duties to begin Sept. 3rd. Apply stating references to Theo. O'Reilly, Madoc, Ont.

WANTED a teacher holding second class professional certificate for S. S. No. 5, Glenora, Grey Co. Apply stating salary and experience to Frane Meagher, Sec. 1, Markdale, Ont. R.R. 6.

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate school. Must be able to teach both English and French. Salary and qualifications. Location of school 15 miles west of Cechrana, Ont. Apply to Mr. J. L. Downey, Grant, New Ont.

WANTED experienced Catholic teacher, Second class professional certificate, salary \$500 per annum; for S. S. No. 1, Rutherford, Duties to begin 1st day of September, 1920. P. R. delamarandiere, Killarney, Ont. 2181-4.

WANTED A QUALIFIED teacher for S. S. No. 5, West William. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary and experience to Lachlan Steele, Parahil, Ont. R. R. No. 2. 2181-2.

TEACHER wanted with second class certificate for S. S. No. 4, Fife & Vespra, Simcoe Co. Average attendance for 1919-20, Rural mail delivery, telephone convenient to church. State salary and experience. School commences Sept. 1, 1920. Apply to H. J. Friel, Felpiston, Ont. 2181-4.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 1, Griffith. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1920. Apply stating salary and experience to Daniel Donovan, Balvenie P. O., Ont. 2181-4.

WANTED a qualified teacher to teach English and French at Burwash school, salary \$600 a year. Address Local Agent, Sec. 5, No. 1, Burwash, Ont. 2183-3.

WANTED a qualified Catholic teacher for St. Augustine Separate school, section No. 1, Sault Ste. Marie. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Duties to begin Sept. 1, 1920. Apply to J. W. Boyle, Sec. 5, R. R. No. 2, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 2181-3.

TEACHER wanted for S. S. S. No. 2, East Wellington Co. One holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating experience and salary expected. Number on roll 12. Apply to John Connolly, R. R. No. 2, Alma, P. O., Ont. 2183-3.

TEACHER wanted for Separate School No. 4, Doyle, Sec. Ossego, Ont. Apply to J. C. Doyle, Doyle, Ont. 2182-3.

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate school, No. 1, Township of Panneau, District of Nipissing. Duties to begin September. Apply stating qualifications and salary to C. Fink, Sec. Mattawa, Ont. 2183-3.

TEACHERS wanted for Catholic Separate schools, Peterborough, Ont., holding second class Ontario certificate. Duties to commence September, 1920. Apply stating salary and experience to James Drain, Sec. 1, Box 21, Peterboro, Ont. 2182-1.

HELP WANTED WANTED Firemen for City Fire Brigade, for Saskatchewan; also Policemen for city force. Give age, experience, references and salary expected. Address: Catholic Record, London, Ont. Apply Box 159, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2180-3.

COMPETENT TIMBER CUTTER for yearly position. Give age, experience, references and salary expected. Write to: Address: Hynes Mills, 1216 N. Sagam, Flint, Michigan. 2183-2.

WANTED A RELIABLE PERSON FOR general housework. Apply to Mrs. Higgins, care CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2184-3.

WANTED A REFINED EDUCATED GIRL to take entire care of children, seven and nine; one with knowledge of French preferred. Apply at once to Mrs. R. care of CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2184-1.

POSITION WANTED BRIGHT reliable Catholic young man wants position in furniture or undertaking establishment; would take moderate wages to learn business. Address Box 202, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2182-2.

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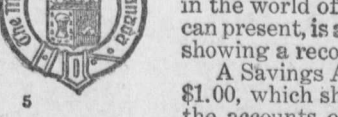
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