

TWO THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER I—CONTINUED

But the courage of the little maid was equal to the occasion, and she gave back trill for trill and shake for shake. Kevin lurked behind the tree and listened, and Fancha's voice sank deep into his heart.

"I told you the birds would be looking after her," said Shawn Rua, when Kevin told him of her strife with the thrush. "He's one of her goatherds, never fear, and it's himself that came to give her a lesson. I'll be thinking, I must teach her some verses to sing to their music."

Fancha's mother was very proud of the child, and loved to keep her curly locks bright and trim, and to arrange her little scarlet coats so as to enhance the whiteness of her skin and the softness of her dark eyes. There was a fantastic daring about the mite in her out-door sports, and a sweet, sympathetic expression in her dealings with other creatures, which made her the pet and playmate of everything that lived. When the mountain children held their play in the grass, going round and round with linked hands, in a living chain, it was little Fan who sang the tune to which they were all listening to the little leader was in a carolling mood, there were endless varieties introduced into the music and the game. As she grew older, she acquired a habit of singing almost everything she had to say; and when a story was told to her, she was sure to make a song about it. She soon came to be known among the cottagers as the little singer; and Sibbie, her grandaunt, long famous for her shrill ballads and weird laments, pointed with half-melancholy pride to the melodious little creature, explaining that this beautiful and promising voice could only reach perfection through the extinction of her own.

The tiny girl was likely to be spoiled with praise and kindness, and the pious young mother consulted the priest as to the difficulty of rearing such a fascinating child. "If she were pretty without the voice," said the fond mother, tossing back her darling's curls with one hand, and smoothing them down with the other, "or if she had the voice without being so pretty—Should you like her better?" asked the old man gravely, studying the child's innocent face with a benign and serious eye. "Well, no, Father," said poor Maury, "I cannot say that I would."

"I wanted him to be a clerk, and see, he can't hardly as much as read his Prayer Book." "Well, can't he pray?" asked the priest, "and can't he also dig? If he will not learn to read, you cannot make him; and saints and heroes have lived and died without knowing a letter."

"He isn't a saint nor a hero," said the father, disconsolately. "I wanted him to be a clerk and a book-learned man like Shawn Rua. His mother and myself were set on it; but he's that stupid that the neighbors remark it, and laugh about him. He makes no companions with anybody but that quare little singing girl of Maury Oge's. It's not natural for such a big lout to be set upon a baby?"

That very evening, when the priest was taking his solitary stroll, breviary in hand, he came upon the young pair, the baby and the big boy, perched in an eyrie of moss and rocks, and enjoying life after their own fashion. Fancha, which Kevin had strung together for her, and was singing in wild glee. "What is she singing," asked Father Ulick, sitting down in the grass beside them. "Oh, it's only out of her head, sir; about everything she sees."

Father Ulick lived in a cabin no better than Shawn Rua's, with a large crucifix, a small bed, a pot of mignonette, a table covered with books and papers, were nearly all that the saint discerned in his chamber besides his threadbare, and his biretta had been many times mended and re-covered by unskillful hands. A heavy cloak, hanging in the corner, with a riding-whip above it, told of distant sick-calls upon stormy nights; the ink splashes on the table-cover hinted of communion with the far world beyond the mountains; the books betrayed intimacy with another world, companionship in lonely hours, and tranquil enjoyment when labor was done. Various notes and papers at his hand could have borne witness to active interest in the welfare of his parishioners; and above all this the smoked stained crucifix on the wall suggested the manly patience and of his deep contentment with his life.

ing wild ballads over a sleeping babe. "Take the bellows and blow, Kevin," said Fan, "and I'll sing you a song about the sparks flying up the chimney! Only I must whisper singing, because Aunt Sibbie is telling baby about the angels."

CHAPTER III. CHANGES When little Fan was seven years old troubles fell upon Killeevy. The potato-plant hung out its little gay flags with promise of plenty for the peasants' simple meal; but a mysterious breath passed over them, and shrivelled and scorched them to the root. Then came the fever, creeping like a hideous ghoul up the mountain side, and sitting at every darkened hearth in turn.

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of her angel-guardian which he himself had framed and hung up on the wall above it; then dipping his finger in the holy-water vessel he crossed his forehead with simple solemnity, and bidding them all good-night, took his spade from beside the door and went home.

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WOMEN ARE QUEER

By Helen Moriarty in St. Anthony Messenger

It is strange what an influence the veriest trifle may have on the fate of an individual. If Mrs. Wise's shoe string had not come untied, and she had not stopped on the Hewitt's front porch to adjust it, she would not have caught the bit of conversation which floated out to her through the open door.

"I had no idea matters were that serious with the Wises," the listener recognized Mrs. Gobeys sharp little voice. "Neither had I," was the reply from Mrs. Hewitt. "He told William himself—said he couldn't stand it much longer. He loathes style, and visiting, and parties; and that's all she cares for."

"Mrs. Wise, in a cold horror, realized that the voices were approaching. What on earth would she do? She couldn't get away now without being seen, and yet she couldn't face them without showing that she had heard—her countenance would betray her. She stepped back, and bearing on her high heel, twisted viciously. She gave a gasp of pain and leaning against the wall pushed the bell. The two women were almost at the door."

"Oh, I don't think so! You know she said it was at the corner. Oh, it would be horrible if she did, wouldn't it?" "Unspeaking! She mightn't understand, you know—she might think it was worse than it was."

"I gathered that they were unhappy—that he was tired of it all. You said Mr. Wise was tired of it all! You said—"

"I said Mr. Wise was tired of the 'society racket' as he calls it," Mrs. Hewitt stated desperately, her face very red. "He told Mr. Hewitt that, but he didn't say anything against his wife, you understand. He said she loved that sort of thing, but that it bored him. That's all."

band would be to hear about the Wises. He was a great admirer of Phil Wise—always said he was such a level-headed fellow, and he liked Mrs. Wise, too. Wise people, and the volatile little wife, whose continual chatter served to brighten his life, even if he did sometimes tell her she talked too much. She wondered now shamefacedly if there had not been just the tiniest little hint of enjoyment in the prospect of being able to tell him that his paragons, the Wises, did not get on very well together. She had been saved from carrying a false tale! She would never have heard the last of it from John A. for trust him, he wouldn't believe it and he would soon ferret out the truth. And more than all she rejoiced in the depths of her kind heart that it was not so. For she really liked Grace and Paul Wise.

Meanwhile her ankle banded and the pain soothed, the sharp agony in Mrs. Wise's heart began to make itself more keenly felt. She almost wished that she had broken her ankle, perhaps the physical pain would take her mind off this other anguish which was driving her distracted.

She lay there after the doctor had left, her mind one mass of wretched, anguished thoughts. "Phil widowed, anguished thoughts," she could only groan his name over and over, and the dreadful words she had overheard danced like hideous gnomes before her terrified vision. "He couldn't stand it much longer!" "Matters were serious!" "He loathed style and parties."

Alas, how true she knew that was, but she didn't know that he loathed her! Oh, he had not seemed to! He had always been dear and nice. "Of course, Grace, if you want to go," he had not ever objected strenuously, if he had. And besides, they had never had an argument about it—not one that she could remember. No, it wasn't that. It must be something else.

And running through all the twisting, searing thoughts of her own disappointment in him, that she could stoop to discuss her, to talk to Mr. Hewitt or any one else of family affairs, was worse, infinitely worse, than any disagreement that they might have had. But they had had none—that was the curious thing. Oh, it must be all a mistake! She would ask Phil when he came home. She would have come home. How could she face the horrors of the long night? When he came home Phil Wise was concerned to hear of his wife's accident and he ran upstairs two steps at a time.

"Why, Grace, how did it happen?" he wanted to know. "Twisted the poor little ankle, eh? Oh, well, if it's only a tendon—eh? Does it hurt so much?" she answered quietly. "It's better."

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BOY LIFE

THE GANG AND THE PATROL

In a real sense the patrol is the gang. Patrol life at best will partake of the best in gang life. The strength of a gang lies in its unity. Adventure, combativeness, enterprise, daring, and all those qualities commonly revealed in the life of the street-corner bunch, knit its members together and make possible the development of a common purpose. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, by reason of their common interest, which often is hostile to those of the community at large, the individual members are welded together, each acquiring the characteristics dominant in the group. Like public calamity, these boy gangs are mighty levelers. The tragedy of the poor gang is, however, that the levelling process is downward.

But the nature of gangs is greatly misunderstood. There is no virtue in the life of a natural gang, so called, that cannot, under adequate leadership, be improved upon or better developed in any heterogeneous group of normal boys near the same age. The much-talked about "gang instinct" is nothing more than the social instinct at work among boys, thrown together by chance circumstances of environment. This fact is substantiated by abundant instances, where boys who have been arbitrarily removed from gangs wherein certain interests and practices were common, have immediately, without any apparent inconvenience, adapted themselves to wholly new conditions and opposite expression in their gangs. Boys upon moving into other neighborhoods may become prominent members of groups toward whom, under old conditions, they would have been desperate enemies. Conspicuous culprits in bad gangs, have been known to become reliable, and have exhibited fine qualities, not evidenced among old associates. When boys of good repute have been thrown in with bad gangs, the converse has been demonstrated.

In the ordinary street gang, leadership is determined chiefly by physical force. Membership is determined by chance. Acknowledged leaders in them hold their positions only so long as they are able by force to compel recognition. In the Scout gang — to call the Scout patrol by its other name — a higher basis of estimation must be held. Membership is retained by qualities of good-fellowship.

These boy leaders must be selected according to character, ability, and capacity for wholesome influence. Their fitness for membership must be determined by thrift, mutual interest, ability, or their opposites. The Scout gang must cultivate a spirit, based on prestige, of effort and achievement, such as directs the strongest and best of street gangs and which, by supplying different motives, develops only virility, intelligence, and manhood.

Scoutmasters are encouraged to understand that the boy who has a desire for "group" life is the boy for whom Scouting is intended. Indeed, the supreme virtue of Scouting lies in its ability to direct and develop this group spirit, providing through its utilization a liberal amount of fun, and cultivating by means of it the best side of a boy's nature. Just as in playing ball the boy is taught that all members of the team must work together in order to secure the benefits of combined strength, so the Boy Scout in the patrol, a much more inclusive form of organization, must be taught in preparation for citizenship to yield his will to the will of the group whenever he realizes that it is for the benefit of the group, and in this way add his support to the success of a project of common interest.

Scouting was never meant for, and has never appealed particularly to, the mollycoddle or the dandy. It claims its support from the active, responsive boy who is brimful of life, able and willing to meet emergencies, in which he can be of service, and who as a man will dare to stand squarely by what he knows to be the right.

Remembering this, men of sound reason say: "Take the boy who has life enough to get into mischief and direct his energies into paths where they will become productive. Good effect is sure to result."

The adolescent boy of this type is sensitive to the best. He is plastic, impressionable, buoyant, and eager to forge ahead, desiring to explore the untried and the new. Imagination, hope, and ambition open for

him the springs of creative pleasures. The Scoutmaster, with a keen perception and a national interest in the welfare of the boy, should teach him to enjoy, appreciate, and use his life so that he may in reality become a Scout.

"Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who each day more surely learns
That an impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence,
To the words, Hope, Light, Persistence,
Strongly sets and truly burns."

IN ENGLAND

PROTESTANTS JOIN CATHOLICS FOR SOCIAL ACTION

London, Dec. 15.—The movement in favor of co-operation among the various Christian churches in England for social action is spreading, and hardly a week goes by but that in some town or other there is made a real effort for united Christian action.

The movement began in London, when Jesuits and Dominicans united with Anglicans and members of the Free Churches to put Christian principles in the first place in social, political, and industrial action.

The latest phase of this movement has unfolded itself at Brighton, an important seaside resort on the south coast, which bears a relation to London something like that of Atlantic City to New York.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the London Jesuit, met on the public platform with Bishop Gore, a former Bishop of Oxford, and local Anglican and Protestant dissenting leaders, to form a Christian Social Council for the town.

The chairman of the meeting, who was the Anglican Vicar of Brighton, said that the meeting showed that the Christian people of the town desired to act together in visible fellowship. The aim of the Council, he said, would be to look for solutions of moral and social questions that could best be solved by the united action of all Christian believers.

Brighton itself has had a rather remarkable religious history. It was at one and the same time a center of extreme Protestant Evangelicalism and of extreme High Anglicanism. A few years ago the whole Church of England was startled by the conversion to the Catholic Church of the vicar of a well known advanced church in the town, together with his clerical staff. About seventy years ago there were very few Catholics in the town, and only one Catholic Church. Now there are five churches, an extraordinarily large number of Catholic schools and academies and several convents.

ORDINATIONS IN ENGLAND

London, Dec. 16.—Ordinations to the Anglican ministry have fallen off until they no longer far outnumber those of the Catholic Church, according to a contributor to The Month, who comments on the article recently written for The Tablet, in which A. H. Nankivell commented on the steady progress being made by the Catholic Church in England.

The average number of Anglican ordinations for each year between 1881 and 1891 was 701, it is pointed out, while in 1920 there were only 158 ordinations as compared to 110 Catholic priests ordained for service in England and Wales.

The number of confirmations in the Church of England has fallen off from an average of 298,000 a year between 1898 and 1907 to 210,235 in 1920.

"It is only fair to note," says the writer, "that the inferences drawn from these figures ought to be checked by remembering the great decline in the birthrate. In the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century more than a million children were born in England each year, and though the rate of infant mortality was much higher, still the survivors at the age of fifteen must have been considerably more numerous than can be the case now when the total births stand normally at well under 900,000."

"In the year 1919, 692,438 children were born in England and Wales, and in the same year the number of Catholic baptisms, as we learn from the Catholic directory statistics, was 58,092. This implies that very nearly one-twelfth of the newly born were Catholics. If the same proportion be assumed to hold for the population as a whole, the figures would show that the entire body of the Faithful in this country, excluding of course Scotland and Ireland, numbered 3,153,455. The objection to this reasoning, is, first, that these children are in many cases the offspring of mixed marriages (a fact which implies that we get more than our fair share of baptisms), and secondly, that birth-control has become so prevalent amongst the populace in general, that Catholic parents, who, as a rule, respect the law of God in this matter, have a much larger proportion of children born to them than is commensurate with their numbers. In countries like Germany and Holland, where a religious census is taken, it has long been recognized that this is invariably the case.

"Now, in the year 1920 there was a sudden and quite unprecedented rise in the birth-rate of England which showed that to a large extent the practice of birth-limitation had been for a time suspended after the conclusion of the war. It will be interesting to observe whether under these conditions the figures for Catholic baptisms maintained the same high proportion of 8% when the general birth-rate suddenly leaped up by two-fifths. If this is the case we shall be inclined to agree that our Catholic population cannot now fall very far short of an aggregate of three millions."

FRANCE AND ROME

Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—Proof of the favor with which the press of Paris has received the vote of the French Senate approving the Government's re-establishment of Embassy at the Vatican is given in a special copyrighted cable dispatch received by the Public Ledger of Philadelphia.

The Petit Parisien, proclaims the Senate's approval as the result "of a desire to have an Ambassador in the pontifical court which is one of the great centers of European diplomacy and one of the best political observatories of the world, a desire to efface by this mark of striking deference toward the Holy See the harm our unjustified reputation of anti-religious sectarianism does us in all Catholic countries which are so easy to exploit against France; a desire to profit by our presence at the seat of all Catholic missions to care for French interests in our colonies and foreign propagandists of our language and our interests."

"Besides, many lay Republicans wished to show a mark of sympathy for their Catholic compatriots who, for sentimental reasons, were so anxious for this mark of respect toward their religious head. They gave it hoping French Catholics and the papacy would, in return, accept loyally the 1905 Separation Law, with its regime of associations, cultuelles of which the Republic never wished to make a fighting machine against religious beliefs. If all the freethinkers and all the Catholics of France will now show a little good will there will be a little less reciprocal intolerance and more national concord in France tomorrow."

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SPLENDID WORK AMONG THE FOREIGN BORN

San Francisco, Dec. 26.—More than one thousand men and women who have come here from foreign countries have received instruction and many of them have become citizens through the class conducted here for the past four years in the Salesian School under the auspices of the Catholic Professional Women's Club, of which Miss Eleanor Tierney is president. These include about 700 men and 300 women.

Four evening classes and two afternoon classes are now being maintained by the club, it was disclosed during the annual celebration of Citizenship Week, with an attendance of two hundred in the evening. The night classes, at first restricted to men, have now been thrown open to women and in many cases husband and wife or brother and sister attend together. Men and young boys who work at night are also permitted to attend the afternoon classes, which were originally intended only for women.

Not only is social life given an impetus by acquaintances formed through these classes, but there are also frequent entertainments and receptions held by the Club. A trained kindergarten teacher is employed to care for the little ones whose mothers are attending classes.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD) THE HEROES OF TODAY

While other soldiers serve their king
For mercenary gain,
No glittering gold nor paltry thing
Inspires you brave Sinn Fein!
Your country's prayer your one reward,
Your tent the starry sky,—
No Spartan chief nor Roman guard
Could teach you how to die.

When Freedom for defenders cried,
You pledged your life in faith,
Though well you knew the plight
implied
Toil, misery, or death;
And you have proved in many a fight
Against oppression's hosts
Nor Spanish Don, nor Norman knight
A nobler courage boasts.

The martial sons of Greece and Rome
Were glorified as gods,
Yet ne'er did they defend their home
Against such awful odds;
No fabled knights half-deified
Surpass the gallant Gael,
And friends of freedom hail with pride
You sons of Innis Fail.

The Persian's might the Greek defied
At famed Thermopylae,
And bards have sung of those who died
For right and liberty.
They sing of flags nailed to the mast
In many a by-gone fray;
But ancient heroes ne'er surpassed
You heroes of today.

—SEN COLLINS, MOORE JAW, SHAK.

U. S. SCHOOL MISSION TO PERU

Lima, Peru, Dec. 9.—Recent sessions of the Peruvian Parliament have devoted considerable attention to the American Educational Mission which has been working for the past year to effect a reform in the educational system of the Republic. The criticism has been freely offered that in some sections of the Republic this Mission has taken on an anti-Catholic character. There has been no disposition to criticize Dr. Harry Bard, Director of the Mission, as responsible for these isolated incidents of interference, but it is felt that close surveillance over the Mission is required if the interests of the Church are to be completely safeguarded.

The need for reform in the educational system is denied by no one, but there is universal feeling that this reform should be brought about with the fullest co-operation of the Church authorities. The Archbishop of Lima is universally recognized as a progressive ecclesiastic who has at heart the interests of both Church and education, and it is believed that with the introduction of more Catholic elements into the personnel of the Mission and the establishment of a working agreement with the Archbishop, the reform can be brought about very effectively.

It is well known that the Archbishop made recent efforts to secure congregations of American religious for the establishment of Catholic schools in Peru on the plan developed so well in the United States.

SOCIAL STIGMA FOR ATTENDING BAD MOVIES

Montevideo, Dec. 11.—The appointment by the International Union of Catholic Women of Mrs. Maria Garcia Lagos de Hughes, ex-President of the League of Catholic Women of Uruguay, as a member of the committee for the censure of dramas and films, give strong hope for a successful conclusion of this movement.

Mrs. Hughes originated this movement in Montevideo in 1905 and the local success of theatrical censure has been remarkable. A catalog of 6,500 plays was prepared under her direction, and it was understood that social stigma would affect all persons attending any plays classified as undesirable by this catalog.

THE POPE'S BLESSING

Dublin, Dec. 15.—A remarkably striking description of an audience of the Pope written by a Protestant appears in the "Irish Independent." Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Byham, the writer, not being a Catholic, did not think at first that he would be accorded the privilege of being received by the Pope. When he received the invitation he was filled with excited curiosity. He goes on to describe how he and the visitors with him on the occasion were received at the Vatican. He gives the following personal sketch of the Pope:—

"A short slender figure, with black hair, wearing glasses perched on the bridge of the nose through which he looks in a paternal, if perhaps, a trifle quizzical manner, dressed in a cream-colored robe with a cape, a round cream cap, scarlet shoes with a simple design worked on them in gold cord and round his waist a broad cream-colored watered silk sash the two ends having a gold cross worked on

THE HEROES OF TODAY

While other soldiers serve their king
For mercenary gain,
No glittering gold nor paltry thing
Inspires you brave Sinn Fein!
Your country's prayer your one reward,
Your tent the starry sky,—
No Spartan chief nor Roman guard
Could teach you how to die.

When Freedom for defenders cried,
You pledged your life in faith,
Though well you knew the plight
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Toil, misery, or death;
And you have proved in many a fight
Against oppression's hosts
Nor Spanish Don, nor Norman knight
A nobler courage boasts.

The martial sons of Greece and Rome
Were glorified as gods,
Yet ne'er did they defend their home
Against such awful odds;
No fabled knights half-deified
Surpass the gallant Gael,
And friends of freedom hail with pride
You sons of Innis Fail.

The Persian's might the Greek defied
At famed Thermopylae,
And bards have sung of those who died
For right and liberty.
They sing of flags nailed to the mast
In many a by-gone fray;
But ancient heroes ne'er surpassed
You heroes of today.

U. S. SCHOOL MISSION TO PERU
Lima, Peru, Dec. 9.—Recent sessions of the Peruvian Parliament have devoted considerable attention to the American Educational Mission which has been working for the past year to effect a reform in the educational system of the Republic. The criticism has been freely offered that in some sections of the Republic this Mission has taken on an anti-Catholic character. There has been no disposition to criticize Dr. Harry Bard, Director of the Mission, as responsible for these isolated incidents of interference, but it is felt that close surveillance over the Mission is required if the interests of the Church are to be completely safeguarded.

SOCIAL STIGMA FOR ATTENDING BAD MOVIES
Montevideo, Dec. 11.—The appointment by the International Union of Catholic Women of Mrs. Maria Garcia Lagos de Hughes, ex-President of the League of Catholic Women of Uruguay, as a member of the committee for the censure of dramas and films, give strong hope for a successful conclusion of this movement.

THE POPE'S BLESSING

Dublin, Dec. 15.—A remarkably striking description of an audience of the Pope written by a Protestant appears in the "Irish Independent." Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Byham, the writer, not being a Catholic, did not think at first that he would be accorded the privilege of being received by the Pope. When he received the invitation he was filled with excited curiosity. He goes on to describe how he and the visitors with him on the occasion were received at the Vatican. He gives the following personal sketch of the Pope:—

"A short slender figure, with black hair, wearing glasses perched on the bridge of the nose through which he looks in a paternal, if perhaps, a trifle quizzical manner, dressed in a cream-colored robe with a cape, a round cream cap, scarlet shoes with a simple design worked on them in gold cord and round his waist a broad cream-colored watered silk sash the two ends having a gold cross worked on

EXCHANGE STUDENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

Santiago, Chile, Dec. 9.—The South American record for the pole vault was broken recently by John C. Powers of the Catholic University of Santiago. Mr. Powers is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame and is doing post graduate work at the University of Santiago where he is on an exchange student. He will be eligible to compete in the South American Olympic Games after the completion, in February, of his first year of residence in Chile. These Olympic Games will be held in either Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires next August.

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Moffat's Electric Ranges advertisement featuring an image of a Moffat electric range and the slogan "The Moffat Way Is The Better Way".

Sherlock-Manning Piano Co. advertisement titled "What You Must Consider When Buying A Piano---". It lists factors like Tone, Construction, and Finish, and includes an image of a piano.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"IF I MAY CALL YOU FRIEND"

If I may call you friend, I wish you this— No gentle destiny throughout the years, No soft content, or ease, or unearned bliss...

PEACE ON EARTH

Emerson tells us that a brief visit to the land of solitude is of the greatest advantage to the man who has long dwelt amid the roar and traffic of the market-place and the street.

breathless struggle for money, power, of pleasure "which they pursue at a pace which keeps them stretched out on the rack of this tough world, and finally kills them."

In the retreat of the soul there are pleasant ways, paths "redolent of peace, serene musings and fair thoughts dwell therein as in their native home, and peace wells up from silent depths like waters of a spring that rise hiddenly from the secret reservoirs of the earth."

As earthly friends wait sometimes through a whole year for a visit or a letter from one beloved, as they look forward eagerly to some anniversary when they know that one at a distance will recall them with loving thought, so the Infant Saviour waits all through the year for this, His Own peculiar festival of Christmas.

Our Holy Father, speaking recently of the Treaty of Peace, said that there were yet many souls divided by dissensions and strangers to this sacred peace. But peace, he tells us, cannot come save through the individual effort of each one, striving after personal holiness in these restless times.

Another year has come to a close, bringing with it a train of memories. Many things have happened during the past twelve months, some for good; others for ill, but all calculated to bring peace to men if rightly interpreted.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FIND TIME OR MAKE IT

Opportunity tapped at the door With a chance for the brother within; He rapped till his fingers were sore, And muttered: "Come on, let me in; Here is something I know you can do."

But now all this has been left behind, like the chain of the passing months of the Old Year. The grown folks have done their best in order that Christmas may be a joyful festival for others.

At last Opportunity came To a man who was burdened with cares, And said: "I now offer the same Opportunity that has been theirs. Here's a duty that ought to be done."

Of all the excuses there are By which this old world is accursed This "haven't got time" is by far The poorest, the feeblest, the worst. A delusion it is, and a snare; If the habit is yours, you should break it.

THE POWER OF RELIGION

When Victor Hugo was about twenty years of age, he sat conversing with the Abbe de Rohan one evening in the cell of the young prince, who had become a seminarian. As they talked a decrepit old priest entered. His head, which he had not strength to hold erect, dropped on his breast. He walked with a trembling step, leaning heavily on his cane.

ing heavily on his cane. His clothing was faded and threadbare, but his countenance was radiant. "You seem very happy," said the Abbe. "Has something pleasant happened to you?"

"Yes," replied the venerable man. "I received 850 francs a year, as vicar of Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet. My salary has been cut to 450 francs. I thank God. I was afraid that I should lack time to be rested, being so near to death."

Victor Hugo looked closely at the man to see if he were pretending. His expression, however, gave evidence of perfect sincerity. Some days after, the Abbe de Rohan went to visit the poet and found him sad and worried. The caller made reference to the old priest. He said: "He is old, infirm, and poor. He had only a mere mouthful of food. Half of that was taken from him, and still he is cheerful. That is religion. My dear friend, if you see in it only a philosophy of life, is it not the very best of all? What other, I ask you, has power to turn our trials and misfortunes into real joys?"

WISDOM RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE

My words are as sweet as honey to those who love My teaching and keep My Commandments. But to the proud, who despise My precepts and make use of their knowledge to sin, My voice is a tempest that roots up the cedars of Lebanon.

Iniquity triumphs only in misfortune, but justice triumphs in glory. The sinner is exalted only that he may fall from a greater height, but the just man is humbled that he may be exalted.

Only the humble man will hearken to it; he will find therein consolation. The more you practice virtue, the more you will delight in My words. The more the learned man delights in himself, the less he understands what My words reveal.

Humility enlightens the intellect more than all the knowledge of men. Listen faithfully to the Church, and your knowledge will increase by the knowledge that has come down from past ages and from God.

WHAT TEMPER REALLY IS

You know there are many young women—we hope those of more mature years have learned to know better—who take not a little pride in the fact that they have a very quick temper. They find it a very effective means of getting what they want from those in the home circle who would rather give them anything than get them into a tantrum.

We have lately seen a new way of looking at temper that is not so flattering to the one possessed of it. It is probable that those who habitually pat themselves on the back for their temper get it somewhat mixed up with a strong will, which it certainly is not. Perhaps when they begin to regard an uncontrollable temper as cruelty they will be well on the way to harnessing it and keeping it within bounds.

they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity.

"I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory."

"You ought to be able to bring out," he goes on to say, "what you feel and what you mean, as well as to feel it and mean it; to expose to the comprehension of others the fictions and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction, not indeed of bigots, but of men of sense of whatever cast of opinion."

IRISH COURTESY

The rising generation in Ireland inherits a long tradition of good manners and geniality attributes which are commended in the "Itinerary of Prince Alfred," and which, nearly twelve hundred years later, moved Sir Walter Scott to write of the Irish: "I said their poverty was not exaggerated; neither is their wit, nor their good humor. There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin."

What Alfred found, and Sir Walter found, and hundreds of chroniclers in between have found, you will find today in the elders of the Irish people, an instinctive courtesy, friendliness, consideration and tact, that might set an example to many a diplomat "the butter coming through the strabout," as the homely old proverb has it.

It is simply impossible to conceive them condescending to a display of that unqualified rudeness which just at present distinguishes the youth of Europe. Far too often does one encounter the juvenile glories in being aggressive, contradictory and surly, who disdains his seat to a woman, who butts into crowded trams in front of old people carrying heavy parcels and goads the over-driven restaurant waitress to reciprocal incivility.

So far it is only a few of the very immature among the Irish nation who show any leaning towards the noisier cult, but why, one asks, should even one Irish boy or girl follow a bad alien example, when there is a super-excellent national standard? Why wear Irish tweed and discard Irish manners?

Almost every expression in daily use a few years ago bespoke a kindly thought: "God bless the work," "God save all here." "That's the journey may prosper with you." These and a dozen other phrases like these, were commonplace of Irish country life twenty years ago.

If Irish children deliberately turn aside from the spirit which prompted such speech, the world would be the poorer, and who will benefit? Certainly not Ireland! —Miriam Alexander in Dublin Independent.

VOCATIONS

In beginning another scholastic year, our young people should make up their minds to put to good use the time allotted to them for study; and always with a view to perfecting themselves in all things necessary to their vocation in life. A neglect of this duty results in the many worthless men and women today who have missed their vocations and whose lives are miserable in consequence.

The mind of youth as it develops, manifests various aptitudes; and so long as opportunity be given to cultivate these aptitudes, so long will the child be in the way of attaining the place marked out for it. Some parents force the mind of the child into uncongenial channels and give it an education wholly unfit for its state in life. Catholic parents will often send their boys to school, to college, or the seminary, without first ascertaining whether or no they show signs of a vocation. They dedicated him to God in his infancy and feel that now their chief duty consists in making him a priest. By such means parents easily exert a contrary influence upon children and instead of leading them to the open road in life, they leave them bewildered in the darkness of a woods from which it is almost impossible to find an exit; and so they wander about confused through life.

Let the holy Will of God work out the destiny of your child under the influence of religion. Not 11 men and women are called to the religious life; not all can be doctors, lawyers or mechanics; not all can save their souls in any one occupation. There is the grace of vocation; and to the father and mother belongs the duty of assisting to develop that vocation with the growing years.

The boys and girls of today are to be the men and women of tomorrow; and on them will rest a great individual responsibility. Fathers and mothers, then, think seriously of your duty, and the account you will one day be obliged to render for the souls of your children. Prepare them for their state in life; force them not into occupations that they despise. Teach them that education and vocation are

simply means to be employed in attaining Eternal Life. We are not preaching, but talking hard common sense, as every intelligent parent can testify. Give your children a Christian education compatible with your means and happiness will result.—Michigan Catholic.

SOME HEARTENING STATEMENTS

An optimist is one who sees with unclouded vision the good and evil in the world and pins his faith on supernatural motives that good will ultimately prevail; a pessimist is one who looks downward at the earth, allowing the gloomy forebodings that rise from below to cloud his vision and clog his footsteps in the path of progress.

Some very heartening statements have recently been given forth from high dignitaries in the Church, who have given more than a passing thought to the subject, on the reasonableness of being optimists and the folly of being pessimists. His Eminence, the Cardinal, in his recent pastoral on Religious Ideals in Industrial Relations voiced his faith in these strong words: "It would be false optimism to say, 'All is well,' when we know that with the rapid growth of wealth the selfishness of men has kept pace; that the gap between rich and poor is constantly widening; that the very basis of society is being disrupted; that irreligion and infidelity are blasting away the very foundations of faith. Not with a wall of pessimism do we raise our voice but with affectionate warning. Modern paganism has done its work, but the God of our fathers is with us still. He will save us. We have but to put into practice the justice and charity of Christ. When Christian ideals rule the world, then and not till then, we shall have peace."

In a recent address in England Cardinal Bourne asked his hearers to look over the past and see the long periods of alarming unhealthiness, the great stretches of centuries in which the world was very sick. Such periods as the early pagan persecutions, the invasion of the barbarians, and the French Revolution passed, and regeneration followed. If mankind had given way to pessimism and relinquished the struggle, Christianity would not have triumphed, and God would have been restored life to the world when all seemed lost.

From far off India the Archbishop of Bombay has added his voice to the defence of optimism and the defeat of the pessimists. He said recently: "We human beings look around and do not see the good that has been done and is being done in spite of and in the midst of all the failures. We do not see the force for good that underlies it all, never killed though it has been crippled, rising from its wounds more alive than ever. Christianity is no accident; it is not one of the many phases through which a portion of the world has passed. It is a permanent uplifting; and it has power to uplift today as much as yesterday, in Asia as well as in Europe and America. What is more, the work is being done and gradually the whole mass is being leavened. Failures there are now as in the past. But as then, so now, these are neither the fruits nor the manifestations of Christianity; to judge it by them is the devil's own justice. There are other signs more true, more in accordance with her declared design; and these are growing every day, and will grow till the world is won."

Utterances such as these from such diverse quarters of the world from those who have the opportunity of accurate judgment, is stimulating in these anxious times. Such assurances of firm belief in Our Lord's promises to His Church at a time when Christianity is assailed by so many hostile critics are the best answer that can be given to those of little faith. They are in full accord with the attitude of the head of the Church.

The Holy See has had to bear much of the storm that has raged against Christianity, but even in moments when most fiercely attacked, no language is heard from the lips of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., but words of hope and encouragement. The world sunk in dejection has much to remember, but it has also many lessons to learn. But it can learn them best by hearkening not to pessimists, but to its true leaders, who profess not destructive pessimism, but true optimism based on faith and on Christ's infallible promises to His Church.—The Pilot.

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE WORRIES In the first place, expect them. Make them the subject of our morning prayers, and say to ourselves: Here is my daily cross, do I accept willingly? Surely for it is God Who sends it. After all—these little troubles, looked at calmly, what are they? Ah, if there were never any worse!

Secondly, we must be prepared for them. You know, if you wish to break down the force of a blow falling on you, you naturally bend the body; so let us act with regard to our souls.

Accustom yourself, wrote a pious author, to stoop with sweet contentment, not only to exigencies (that is your duty) but to the simple

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