

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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IN THE SANCTUARY

He is waiting, ever waiting,
Through the brightness of the day,
Through the sound of many foot-
steps
And the clamor of the way,
From the first glad hours of morn-
ing
To the solemn hush of noon,
Through the bleakness of Decem-
ber,
And the sultriness of June.

He is waiting, ever waiting,
Through the stillness of the night,
When the moon rises high in
Heaven,
And the silent stars are bright;
Where the pale lamp burns forever,
Like a guide to weary feet,
And the very silence murmurs;
"Wanderer, pause, the rest is
sweet."

He is waiting, ever waiting,
Through the days and months and
years
He has space for bruised spirits;
He has balm for bitter tears.
On the cross, through death and
anguish,
Once he made us all His own,
O ye thoughtless sons of Adam,
Shall He wait and watch alone?

—MARY E. MANNIX

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

At first mention that the English Government might make use of Carson's Volunteers to preserve the peace in Ireland it was thought a joke. Now it almost seems that the joke may be turned into a tragedy. It is now said that the Orange Volunteers will be so used. And indeed the English Government in Ireland has become so desperate that one might almost cease to be shocked by any further outrages on their part. But if it uses Carson's Orangemen, the only parallel in the world's history for such astounding action will be the similar use that the English Government made of the American Indians, when, under like circumstances, the Americans were struggling for their freedom. People, however, thought such an era was past, and never could occur in the world's history again. But the English Government in Ireland during the past two years has clearly demonstrated that anything which was permissible against an enemy in the worst and darkest centuries that are gone is permissible against England's enemies today in Ireland—against men who dare to struggle for the freeing of their country from the tyrannical foreign yoke.

THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF CARBONISM

The English Government, putting out its feelers on the subject to see how the world will take it, camouflage Carson's Volunteers under the title of "Special Constabulary," one portion of which is to be in constant employment, under regular pay, and the other large portion to be used for night service once a week or whenever special occasion calls. This means that the same savages who have driven every Catholic out of the city of Limerick and robbed and burned their homes and driven every Catholic out of employment in Belfast, looted and burned their homes, and shot them to death in the street are now by the English Government to be given all the accoutrements of war, and with the force and strength of the British army behind them, let loose over Ulster upon all their citizens who profess a different religion. If this most atrocious crime be perpetrated by the British Government, then may the heavens have mercy upon the one-half of Ulster which is not of the same religious persuasion as the Orangemen. Ireland has, through the centuries, undergone many terrible ordeals, but we will have to search far through history to find any ordeal as terrible as would be this one.

ULSTER ORANGEISM NOT IRISH PROTESTANTISM

It needs to be pointed out—for thousands of Americans do not seem to be aware of it—that the Orangemen of the North of Ireland do not represent the Protestants of Ireland. There are no people more ashamed of them than are the decent Protestants of the other three-quarters of Ireland, who are constantly notified by the actions of this band of ignorant bigots. Even the decent Protestants of the North, though they live among Orangemen and have reason to fear them for any disapproving action, even these Protestants never did, nor would, associate with the Orangemen of whom they are always heartily ashamed. In this column some weeks back, I gave samples of letters printed in the Dublin daily papers, from southern and western Protestants, and told of the resolutions passed by their Vestries, which letters and resolutions testified to the fact that they, a small minority, living one to twenty in the midst of Catholic Ireland, have never had

intolerance exhibited toward them, but on the contrary have ever been treated with the utmost respect, kindness, good will and neighborliness. These letters and resolutions were of course called forth by the Orange pogroms of the North—in Belfast, Derry, Limerick, Banbridge, Drogheda, etc.—and were meant as a slap at the Northern Orangemen who, in the eyes of these southern and western Protestants, brought infinite disgrace upon their religion.

PROTESTANTS TESTIFY TO CATHOLIC GOOD WILL

These letters and resolutions have been constantly appearing in the Dublin press now since the Orange killings, looting and burning began several months ago. From the last issue of The Dublin Freeman's Journal just to hand I copy verbatim for the benefit of your readers, the following, an average sample of the hundreds that are constantly appearing: "Mr. R. J. Stackpoole, D. I., presided at a meeting of the Protestant residents of Drumcliffe, Co. Dub., when the following resolution was carried unanimously:—That we view with the gravest concern the outrages and reprisals which are taking place in Ireland, and deeply regret that while we in our churches are praying for the peace and welfare of our country, our co-religionists should commit outrages which are in direct contravention to our prayers. We desire to record the fact that we live in peace and goodwill with our Catholic fellow-countrymen; that religious intolerance does not exist in our country and we sincerely hope that nothing which has been done will disturb the harmony which has always existed in this parish."

PROTESTANTS ASK FOR DOMINION STATUS

And from the vestry of a Protestant church in Longford comes the following cry for dominion self government, which is also one of a hundred such from the Protestants of the south and west, intended as a counterblast to the Carsonian anti-Irishism and bigotry of the northern Orangemen: "We realize that, in recent years the British Government has failed to secure the observance of law, and lost the confidence of all classes. We, therefore, have been forced to conclude that to save our country from anarchy, the Government of Ireland Bill, now before Parliament, which is unacceptable to any party, should be withdrawn and a new Bill substituted, which, while preserving Ireland within the Empire, and safeguarding the security of Great Britain, will give effect to the desire of the majority of the Irish people for self government with an adequate control of all local affairs."

ORANGE INTOLERANCE IMPELABLE

By the public in general it is thought that it was only through the outbreak of Orange frenzy that Catholic workers in Belfast and other northern towns were driven from their employment. The Irish newspapers show that the process is going on as surely if not more quietly in the intervals between the frenzied outbreaks. The Dublin Freeman, of October 16th for instance, tells us that though the Catholics were driven out of the big works, the shipyards, foundries, mills, factories, ware-houses, during great outbreaks, now during the intervals the corners are being swept up and they are being forced from the hotels, restaurants, clubs, railways, and every place in which a workman is employed. On October 15th the number of them in Belfast receiving relief was 23,140. That means twenty-three thousand who by the sweat of their brow had been living in ease and comfort and many of whom were wealthy and the owners of their own large establishments, are now beggars on the streets. So, while in the outbreaks Catholic residents were forcibly dragged and driven from their homes and some of them shot down, and their homes set fire to, now in the interval they are being cleared out in more civilized but just as certain fashion. They have been served with notice to quit, and usually given twenty-four hours' notice to clear out of the district.

The Freeman gives the case of the driving forth even of two poor Catholic girls living alone in a little house far on the outskirts and removed from all other houses—and which is considered outside the Orange war zone. These two poor girls were warned to clear out, and had to depart from their little home in tears and wander forth they knew not where, and it is the blackguards who do such work as this, that the English Government is now going to enroll to aid in preserving peace and order through Ulster? If this terrible crime be perpetrated, and that the conscience of America and the conscience of the world awake and demand that such shall cease, America and the world will have reason to hide its head under a mantle of infamy.

POSTERED TO PROMOTE STRIFE

It is to be noted in this regard that the Orange Society was fostered

a hundred years ago for the express purpose of digging an unbridgeable gulf between the two religions in Ireland. Just a little while before that, in the "centuries of the 18th century, the two religions had coalesced and formed the great United Irishmen organization for the purpose of freeing their country. The British Government resolved never again to permit such dangerous coalition, and consequently the Orange Society was fostered, and in the Rebellion of 1798 was done just what the English Government proposes to do to-day. These Orangemen were armed under the name of "Yeomanry," and let loose upon the country in an orgy of carnage that has made the name of "Yeoman" a curse ever since. And from that day to the present day the Orangemen have sedulously done the dirty work of the British Government in Ireland. For that government they have kept the gulf deep and wide between the religions—that is so far as Ulster is concerned. Thank God the other parts of Ireland have already shown that the gulf has been bridged, and Catholics and Protestants, free from the curse of Orangemen, are living in the kindest neighborliness, as brother Christians should. Not only that, but both of them are joining in love of Ireland and love of Ireland's freedom. And both of them together pray that God may speed the day when the virtue of Orangism shall have been killed in the north, and that the two religions there will come together as fellow Irishmen in the same bond of brotherly love that holds their fellows in the south and west.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Douglas.

MACSWINEY

Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, died of starvation, self imposed in Brixton prison in devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. As an Irish revolutionist he had refused to recognize the authority of the British military court which tried him. He was convicted of having the cipher code of the Royal Irish Constabulary under his control and of having seditious documents in his possession.

MacSwiney's position was that he, an official of the Irish republic, was in the hands of the military power of another nation. He refused to take food and allowed himself to die. He hoped his death would promote Irish freedom and he gave his life with the determination of a patriot to make the extreme gift to a nation. We have thought that the decision of the British Government to permit what has happened was a blunder, a blunder worse than a crime, and we think so now. The British officials fixed their minds on the idea that it was an impossible compromise with law to permit a man convicted of offenses against authority to break authority down by his own determination. The consequences of such a compromise, they said, would be disastrous and would displace all control in Ireland.

The dilemma was apparent, but the authority and yielding to a revolutionist whose spirit was stronger than consequences of compromising the law which held him were not the only consequences which would evolve from the situation. The issue was not the relation of MacSwiney and the law, but the relation of England and Ireland. If an uncompromising law strengthened and embittered the enmity Great Britain had won a skirmish and lost a battle.

The objective in the Irish controversy is the establishment of relations between England and Ireland which will permit peace. That is the hope of most Englishmen, and it is the hope of Americans who are not unconcerned.

The Irish question is almost as much a part of American politics as it is of British. The rigidity of British law cannot go unbowed through the course of a revolution. The unveiled acquiescence of British law in the retaliatory work of the Black and Tans in Ireland is evidence that the law can be compromised to attain an end. This compromise embitters the Irish. A compromise with MacSwiney would have been an expedient, but it might have been a successful one.

We felt that it was dangerous to the major interests involved to allow the Lord Mayor to die in his protest against his imprisonment. The authorities could have found in his falling health and in his physical weakness a reason for mitigating his sentence. That would have been the wise course for British authority. Wisdom would not have allowed the injury which his death could do to English and Irish relations. The British could or would see only the demands of the law.

MacSwiney was even less flexible than his enemies. He gave his life to his cause in a fashion which required indomitable purpose, not in a flash of resolve or in a moment of peril, but in a submission to slow, wasting death, imposed by his own will, extending over an agonized period of seventy-four days. People may differ in their valuation of the

principles for which he died or in their estimate of his cause. They may deplore the sacrifice and doubt its utility, but the unconquerable spirit of the man and his devotion to his cause are high in the annals of sacrifice to a national cause.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAR IN IRELAND

By A. G. Gardiner in London Daily News, Oct. 2

There was a time not long ago when we used to read much about "frightfulness" in Belgium and France. I suppose nothing did more to intensify feeling against the Germans in this country than the method of barbarism they employed to put fear into the heart of the civil populations they passed through. Certainly nothing did more to prejudice them in the eyes of the neutral world and to mobilize public opinion against them in all countries. Well, we owe the Germans an apology. Their excuse was that in war the undisciplined and the hostilities are confined to the armed forces and that where civilians take up arms they are offending against the rules of the game and must bear the consequences. But in Ireland there is only one army, and that is that army and its collaterals that is carrying on a reign of terror against the civil population of the country. In all our annals there has been nothing to parallel this record of organized and senseless savagery. If there was some pretence of revenging ourselves on the actual authors of crimes it would be possible to claim that a wild justice was being done. It would be indefensible, as all lynch law is indefensible, but it would be at least intelligible.

THROUGH TERROR TO RUIN

But there is no such pretence. Night after night lorry loads of armed men descend on towns and villages with machine guns and kerolins and burn them to the ground. Up to the present over a hundred towns and villages have been shut up. At the present rate of destruction Ireland will soon be a desolation as complete as five years of war accomplished in the zone of battle itself. And there is this difference between the frightfulness of the Germans in Belgium and that of the English in Ireland, that the Germans aimed at terrorism. They did not destroy for the sake of destruction. But a feature of the devils in Ireland in the deliberate and calculated destruction of factories, shops and creameries. The object in these cases is not to create terror but to leave ruin, to reduce whole populations to worklessness and impoverishment.

INCITING TO CRIME

This is the last depth to which English rule in Ireland has sunk. Beyond this we cannot go. Beyond this Tarrist Russia at its worst could not go. We are gibbeted before the world as a nation of hoodlums, and before the world and before the bar of history we shall be condemned as the Germans were condemned. There will be no mitigation of the judgment on the ground that these crimes were reprisals for other crimes. No country can officially sanction wholesale attacks on the innocent as a substitute for punishing the guilty and retain its claim to be civilized. And these crimes are official. They are organized by the forces of the Crown. They are condoned by the Government. They are explained away by the egregious Sir Hamar Greenwood, the measure of whose intelligence is represented by his grotesque plan that the "towns" destroyed are only "villages." Not a hand is lifted, nor a voice raised to stop the terror. The men are not punished, they are not withdrawn, they are not rebuked. They are told officially in terms that cannot be misconstrued to go on and do their worst. They may burn and destroy and shoot with impunity. General Macreedy tells an American correspondent that punishment for such acts is a delicate matter, inasmuch as it might be interpreted as setting at naught the hoped for effect of the training the officers have given their men. Could there be a clearer incitement to crime?

OFFICIAL COMPLICITY

In this indiscriminate lawlessness not only the innocent but the friendly are overwhelmed in equal ruin, and Mr. Annan Bryce tells us, in Times that in one district Unionists in politics have had their stores and offices destroyed, damage being done in one such case to the extent of £25,000. And of the complicity of the authorities he in the Times and Captain E. N. Bennett in the Westminster Gazette give conclusive proof. A threatening notice was handed, not by the Black and Tans but by a subaltern of the Army, to the proprietress of the Eccles Hotel at Glengriff, a lady of known loyalty who turned her hotel into a hospital for convalescent officers during the War and gave generously both in labor and money for their comfort. Mr. Bryce sent the notice to G. H. Q. at Dublin and received this curt but damning acknowledgment:

"Sir Nevill Macreedy asks me to state that he is acquainted with the distribution of the notice, a copy of which you enclosed."

In the presence of such admissions and of the continuance in office of that trinity of incompetence and destruction, Lord French, Sir Hamar Greenwood and General Macreedy, it is clear that terrorism is the considered policy of the Government, that it is Mr. Lloyd George's final word to Ireland. The belated "denunciation" by Sir Hamar Greenwood is worthless and worse than worthless until there is a drastic change of policy exhibited in the punishment of the criminals and their withdrawal from Ireland. At present the only real sign of decency comes from the men themselves, 197 of whom have resigned in protest against the work they are called upon to perform. One of them, a Londoner, Mr. Alfred Flint, says that Englishmen have been misled into joining what is nothing better than a corps of bandits.

IF IRELAND IS WIPE OUT

If the policy is persisted in it may have a superficial success and may serve as a prologue to a triumphant election. Ireland may be wiped out. There is nothing to prevent the fate of Mallow becoming the fate of Cork. Send enough soldiers, organize enough incendiaries, supply enough tanks, machine guns and kerolins, and the country can be of course be laid waste. We can make a desolation and call it peace. But the end of Ireland will not be the end of the Irish question. It will only be a new beginning. It will only inaugurate a phase which may leave the British Empire as much a ruin as Ireland. For the Irish question is a world question, and we only enlarge its scope by exiling Irishmen to other lands. We might still make terms with them at home; we shall never make terms with them when we have driven them all, with hatred in their hearts, abroad. The more we succeed in devastating Ireland the more dragons' teeth we scatter to the winds for the world's sowing. That is the story of the past and it will be the story of the future. The Nations of Irish past and present await us on the shores of the remotest seas.

IS THERE NO ESCAPE?

Is there no escape from this appalling and humiliating tragedy? Is there no alternative to these counsels of despair and barbarism? The choice is woefully narrowed by the dreadful doing of these late years. It is no use harking back to the expedients of the past. Those chapters are closed and cannot be reopened. A very distinguished American, an ardent friend of England and a high Conservative in politics, when on a mission to this country recently was asked at lunch one day by an English Conservative leader what he would do with Ireland.

"That is a large question to answer," he said, slowly, "but I would say this—for hundreds of years you have been offering Ireland something she does not want. I would try offering her something she does want!"

THE TALE OF FAILURE

"Try offering her something she does want." For generations we have been offering something less than she would take. Always we could have settled ten years ago on terms which today everyone would rejoice to concede. Thirty years ago we could have settled on still easier terms, and so on back to the golden moment when Charles James Fox seemed to have solved the age-long issue, only to find the dark forces too powerful and to see the hope and the promise he had awakened flounder in the miserable infamies of the Union. And all through the years we have seen the wise and moderating and friendly forces in Ireland sabotaged by the reactionaries only to be succeeded by forces less moderate and less friendly. In the end constitutionalism is destroyed, the Nationalist party extinguished and John Redmond sent to his grave a disowned and defeated man. His conqueror Carson teaches Ireland anew the doctrine of rebel lion, and De Valera and Sinn Fein sweep the land.

No, it is no use harking back to the solution of the past. Their virtue is gone from them. And their reign of terror is only a last crazy phase of the oft tried, oft abandoned, always defeated policy of force. It has left us at last without a friend in Ireland. It has completed the tale of failure, and has turned the whole nation into a nation of rebels. English rule in Ireland is at an end and all the King's horses and all the King's men will never set it up again, no matter how many towns they burn. The longer we continue the struggle the more hopeless it will become, and

the more disastrous will be its reactions in America, in Australia, in every country where Irishmen live with one sleepless thought of revenge.

LIFT THE CURSE

There is only one path of wisdom and statesmanship left to us. It is the path pointed out by Viscount Grey—the path out of Ireland. The course we have laid on the land for seven centuries must be lifted, if not for the sake of Ireland itself, then for our own sake, for it is destroying us no less than it is destroying its victims. Given such securities as are necessary for our own safety, nothing remains but to leave Ireland to the Irish. Let them work out their own salvation in their own way. They may not find it easy, but they cannot well find it harder than we have found it. It is not probable that the course suggested by Lord Grey will be adopted by the present Government. It is committed here as elsewhere to the paths of ruin and disruption. But the path of ruin and the Government is a command to all the forces of reason and sanity in the nation to combine to end this humiliating scandal. It will not be the fault of the plain people of this country if it is not ended and that soon. There are no terms consistent with reason, justice and our own security that the English people would not agree to in order to get rid of this intolerable shame. If it is not got rid of it will be the fault of the party managers. If for no other reason than this of making an end of the Irish question it is the capital duty of Liberals and Labor to subordinate all their exclusive aims to the one task of sweeping away the present Government and substituting one which represents the true mind of the country and its passionate desire for domestic peace.

IS IT RIGHT OR IS IT WRONG?

"RIGHTS OF SMALL NATIONS HOWEVER SMALL ARE AS SACRED AS RIGHTS OF BIGGEST EMPIRES"

By Arthur Griffith

(Special Cable Dispatch to Universal Service)

Dublin, Oct. 22.—The English Prime Minister will not succeed by distortion and falsehood in obscuring the issue at stake—an issue which has been defined in his own words—"The rights of small nations, however small, are as sacred as the rights of the biggest empires."

The root issue is Ireland's claim to national independence. Is it right or wrong?

If it is right the English Government has no authority in Ireland. If it is wrong, let England attempt to prove it, not by murdering Irish civilians, sacking Irish towns, burning Irish homesteads and factories, imprisoning Irish citizens, blockading Irish ports and torturing Irish captives, but by argument before the court of the civilized world.

Since January 1, 1919, the British forces in Ireland have murdered 77 civilians, including women and children; sacked 102 towns; committed 1,604 armed assaults; arrested and imprisoned 4,982 persons and have made 38,720 armed raids on private houses.

Twenty nine years ago I followed Charles Stewart Parnell to his tomb. The callous, shortsighted English politicians thought on that day that it was the Irish nation they had struck dead. Today as they find the Irish nation throbbing with a tenfold increased life they face the appalling truth with disgusting calmness, and the stupid belief that by the dying of the Irish leaders today they can slay the indestructible Irish nation.

What can be the estimate of the intelligence and the courage of the English people possessed by the Premier who seeks to certify them by the grotesque fable that a free Ireland with a population of one to England's ten, would raise an army and destroy England?

UNIQUE HONOR BESTOWED UPON FRENCH CHAPLAIN

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

Paris.—In front of the whole Strasbourg garrison, assembled around their standard, General Humbert, military governor of the town, bestowed the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor on the Rev. Father Umbrecht, chaplain of the garrison. It is the highest honor ever awarded any chaplain, the decoration of Commander being usually conferred on generals alone.

Father Umbrecht, who obtained this exceptional distinction was cited eleven times during the War and sustained several wounds. His left arm was amputated.

Near the Bishop of Strasbourg and the six generals belonging to the garrison were five other generals in whose commands Father Umbrecht had served. These had come over from Mayence, Aix-le-Chapelle and from Brittany.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris.—Monsignor Lemaître Vicar Apostolic of the Sahara, has just been appointed by the Pope, coadjutor to the Archbishop of Carthage. In mentioning this appointment, one of the Paris papers remarked that Mr. Clemenceau, during his tenure of office as Premier of France, one day had a long conversation with Monsignor Lemaître, at the close of which he declared: "One hour's talk with this priest has taught me much more than day long discussions with many deputies."

London, Oct. 18.—The Most Rev. John Aloysius Maguire, D. D., Archbishop of Glasgow, died yesterday in that city, after a long illness, during part of which the disease has been administered by the Bishop of Galloway, Monsignor McCarthy, Archbishop Maguire who succeeded to the Archbishopric in 1902, was the first Archbishop to be invested with the Pallium in Glasgow since the time of the Reformation. He was born in Glasgow of Irish parents in 1851, consecrated auxiliary in 1894 and succeeded Archbishop Eyre in 1902.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—American colleges and universities are teaching agnosticism and skepticism under the guise of philosophy, William Jennings Bryan declared in an address to the Christian Young People of Washington, a Protestant organization, last Thursday. "We have allowed the doctrine of neutrality in religion to be carried too far," Mr. Bryan declared. "Our universities and colleges are teaching agnosticism and skepticism under the guise of philosophy, and the minds of young men and young women are being corrupted." Mr. Bryan advocated the prohibition of the teaching of philosophy that does not coincide with the doctrines of Christianity.

The Mayor of Erquy, Oise, France, recently pronounced judgment suppressing the traditional ringing of the Angelus at midday, and only permitting the bells to be rung for civic functions or for alarms. The Cures, Abbe Duponchere, brought the matter before the Council of State. The Council held that the bells belonging to the edifices of the Cures cannot be employed for civil purposes at all, except in cases of common danger, demanding prompt aid, or when such use is authorized by local usage or prescribed by local laws and regulations. As no such reasons exist in the commune of Erquy, the Council annulled the judgment of the Mayor. Thus the bells are to be used for the Cures alone and at such times as the Cures prescribe.

The first church to be erected in the New World was that erected in the island of Santo Domingo shortly after the landing of Columbus, and was consequently a Catholic Church. It seems a pity to think that this historic edifice should be allowed to remain a ruin. Time has not yet obliterated the staunch old walls and they stand in more paths and appeal amid the more modern church of a neglected spot. The church is situated across the river from the old city of Santo Domingo, and once a year, on Columbus Day, a procession comes from the city and a service is held, but that is all the poor people of the island can do to show that they love and revere the house wherein the Divine Sacrifice was offered by the good Franciscan who accompanied the discoverer of the New World.

Paris, Oct. 1.—The Catholic Congress of Metz, in Lorraine, brought together 10,000 men and was presided over by Bishop Pelt, assisted by Cardinal Dubois and several members of the French Senate and Chamber. After the usual telegram to the Holy Father, the following telegram was sent to M. Millerand and arrived in Paris two days before his election to the Presidency: "Ten thousand men gathered at Metz for the Catholic Congress, happy of their reunion with the great family of Frenchmen, beg to express their undying loyalty to their fatherland, and to thank you for the comforting assurances you have recently renewed to them regarding the maintenance of their religious traditions. They look upon the fulfillment of these promises as the surest token of social peace and national unity."

Rome, September 25.—Ecclesiastical and scientific Italy is mourning the loss of the eminent archeologist, Canon Gasparo Milnuzzi, who was found murdered in his country home, near Palermo, where he was superintending the vintage, with three bullet wounds in his chest. The bullet wounds are believed to have been members of the mafia, are supposed to have fallen upon their victim while he was reading his breviary, which was found clutched in his hand. Canon Milnuzzi was distinguished in many walks of life and had been made a Chevalier by the King of Italy in recognition of his scientific achievements. He belonged to the commission for the preservation of the monuments in Italy and was universally loved on account of his charity and admired because of his piety.

continued wickedness and deception of Catholicism in our faces. It is their pet topic of conversation whenever we are near, and it is recent if they shrug pitying shoulders. What can one expect of a person who still believes in an outworn creed? Of course, everything—about Catholicism, the things we may hold inflexibly sacred, has over might become obviously absurd and false and wicked and deceitful. How they pity us, when they do not frankly laugh at our gullibility!

The Pope? Reactionary, petty despot, surviving the outworn days of Star Chambers and Divine Right of Sovereigns! Catholic history? A tissue of crimes of which even Catholics must be ashamed, of dark days and darker deeds, of weak-minded sects and cruel despots and women in the throes of religious delusion. The Church of the present? Helplessly out of touch with the advance of science, an anachronism, a relic in the midst of living, pulsing realities. And their laugh rings out, loud and clear, and, too often, boisterous.

Possibly they believe all that, though you may have noticed that their arguments are weakest when their vehemence when their own advantage seems most ridiculous and necessary with flat feet. But even if they do, what I object to most is the utter lack of courtesy in the whole proceedings. Supposing that they believe Catholics wrong, they have, in laughing at us and ridiculing us and slapping us in the face, taken a decidedly unmannerly way of convincing us of the error of our ways. No day in no one takes the bladders and slaps them as serious arguments, while a glove on the cheek never convinced anyone.

If I believe your mother is a silly old gabbler with a carotid of words floating out for ideas, I may think it my duty to inform you of that fact; still I do not come up and slap you on the back as you stand in the midst of your friends and with a loud guffaw shout out, "Of all the old blabbermouths in this world, your mother is the supreme queen!" My opinion of your mother may be perfectly sound; yet if you do not knock me down for a lout and a cad, there is something wrong with your mother. In the same way I may be perfectly aware that your family tree is a gallows from which your ancestors form the interesting crop, that every closet in your paternal mansion boasts its skeleton, and every page of your family history is stained with black and red. Still, if I am a gentleman, I hesitate before I about it out at the dinner table in some such fashion as this: "What was the name of that ancestor of yours that was hung for murder? Is it true you intend to donate your family skeletons to found a medical college?" Possibly you are utterly ignorant of what I consider essentials of education, say for example that the sun is the center of our solar system and that the earth isn't flat. That hardly gives me an excuse for calling your friends to get in a drawing room and with great glee pointing you out with, "Here's a poor idiot that thinks that the earth is as flat as his little head and that the sun is hung from the heavens with a chain of stars. Isn't that a glorious joke in this enlight-ened day and hour?" Zeal for truth must sometimes be tempered with a pinch of courtesy.

Suppose that the Christian Faith is an outworn and obsolete thing, still millions of people love it and live by it, and courtesy demands that about the dead, especially the beloved dead, we speak with respect when the relatives are present. The fact that I am aware the father you love was an out-and-out crock and libertine doesn't give me the right to blurt out the fact to you with loud shouts of joy.

But if, far from being a dead thing the Christian Faith is very much alive and of vast importance in my life, so much so that I regulate my conduct by it, the common etiquette between civilized men requires that, though you think me a fool, you treat my beliefs with at least silent sympathy. A loud guffaw, a sneer, a contemptuous trust never turned any man from his opinion; they merely brand the person from whom they issued as an ill-mannered fellow with no sense of the ordinary decencies that regulate human conduct. If you seriously wish to save me from my folly, sneering and bolstering with me a mighty power of going about it. Before you can convince a man's intellect, you must act as if you thought he had one; and a sneer or a hardly repressed giggle are scarcely the way to convince him of that.

I have noticed, as I hinted before, that the men who are absolutely sure of their ground are usually very calm and very willing to treat their opponent's arguments with at least courtesy. In the heat of debate they may be betrayed into a biting retort or a stinging bit of sarcasm, but they seldom go out of their way in cold blood to use those ill-bred arguments. But a man who is not sure at all points forth first a torrent of ridicule and laughter and ends with the most convincing argument of abuse. That is just the way most fallen-away Christians act toward the Faith they have left. On the religion of men like Paul and Augustine and Michelangelo and Dante and Beethoven and Bach they turn arguments that are not tinged with scathing pity and deep contempt. They are not like men perfectly sure of their ground, for they are constantly looking for a chance to smash the other fellow's position. A man

who is sure of himself and really convinced his opponent is wrong, is unless attacked, quite content to let the innate weakness of the other man's position fall into its natural and inevitable dissolution.

It is, I am inclined to believe, just the calm and unruffled attitude of Catholics toward their Faith that infuriates one time Christians. If worried and nervous and uncertain, it would cause their sometime comrades such infinite joy. Instead, they receive each other goodnaturedly, with the calm of a lion under the attacks of a single goat. They are willing to laugh at a joke on themselves, provided it endangers the faith of no weak brother in the Faith; and under jokes and sneers that should make them tear their heads (if they have such unfashionable adornments) and gnash their teeth, they go serenely on, confident of the truth of their belief and its superiority to the petty attacks of the ignorant and prejudiced. They are like Whistler who used to meet the criticism of forward amateurs with a good nature displayed on few other occasions. Why should they like or dislike either him? He knew that his work was good, affected it as little as their laughter flies about his points of a hot summer afternoon.

The Catholic knows that from unbelievers who never were Catholics the sneer and the mirth rise from an ignorance so gross that if it were displayed toward anything but religion it would cause its possessors to be laughed out of court. And from the Catholic who has lost his faith. Well, we can imagine that Benedict Arnold never thought of the United States with any particular love or affection or admiration. We can imagine that, when the traitor of Thermopylae went to Persia with his buyers, he had little good to say of the Greeks he had tried to ruin. There is no enemy, you know, like a traitor; no hatred like that of one who has done another wrong. Perhaps much unnecessary hatred and lack of courtesy might be explained by that simple fact.

MIRACLES

GOD'S TELEGRAMS TO MEN

By Rev. C. Mennis, D. D.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers ways, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by His Son." (Heb. 1:2)

Indeed, if God did not speak or show Himself to us, we could hardly be expected to speak to Him. A blind, dumb fool were as meaningless as a sun without a light. On the first page of the long love letter, which we call the bible, we read: "God blessed them saying: 'Increase and multiply and fill the earth.'" Then He told them what they were to do.

The whole bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse is God's conversation with His children. When the bible was finished God spoke into silence? Has He said nothing since? He hath loved us with an everlasting love. Hence, a self-imposed necessity was upon Him to speak to us everlastingly.

But God speaks many tongues and He speaks in divers ways. Every word is crystal clear. The only way of escaping the clarity of God's tones and of missing His meaning is to do as the murderers of St. Stephen did when they did not want to hear: "They stopped their ears." (Acts 7:56) A miracle is God's word, God's warning, God's appeal, God's pathetic pleading with His children.

How do the children receive the Father's new love message? Many a boy was seen in the late War reading the letter from home through his tears, kissing the writing and folding it to his heart. A love message was sweeter than honey and the honey-comb over there where hot hate dried and poisoned the air.

Every new miracle is another message from home. We are all in the trenches, exiled soldiers far from our native land; our life on earth is a warfare and the hand of death alone will sign the armistice.

Again I ask: How is the letter received? Is it read? Reread? Once our divine Lord said with intense sorrow: "All the day long have I stretched My hands to a people that believeth not and that contradicted Me."

Could human perversity, or fiendish malignity further go than to contradict God? To tell Him that His yes was no, and His no, yes? To call Him—what words man like a dagger—the short ugly word, Liar?

There are men who make mock of miracles. Their superior laugh is in itself the most atrocious insult to the Author of miracles. We will dispense with that unfortunately too large class, by praying "Father for give them, they know not what they do."

When a man denies the possibility of a miracle he by that fact denies the existence of God. A miracle is something that God alone can do. It is like the individual tone in one's voice that can not successfully be imitated. When one sees or hears of a true miracle, one sees the Hand of God or hears the music of God's voice. Or, to change the figure, one reads God's handwriting. The purpose of a miracle is definite and clear as the message in a letter from home.

One man objects: The scientific temper of the age is set against miracles. And the answer is: So

much the worse for the age and its spirit. What God does is always good and meaningful.

A miracle is not an ordinary message. God's every day ordinary speech is through His Church. He that heareth her heareth Him. But a miracle is a special message—a telegram legibly writ, and no cipher. It is an urgent message as every telegram is. One may reasonably set aside a letter under the pressure of business, but a business man who has no time to read a telegram will soon have no business to lose.

There are those who read God's letters, but who refuse to read His telegrams. I am employing plain figures to make my meaning clear. A miracle, considered under the figure of a telegram is a miracle unchanged by the change of figures. Adhering for the moment to the illustration of the telegram, why do some good people refuse to read it? When one refuses to read a telegram one fears the worst, one knows by intuition what it means. Are there any people who have subconscious fear that if they for instance studied the miracles at Lourdes they would discover that the Blessed Virgin is the Immaculate Conception and that the divinity of the Catholic Church would dazzle and draw them? Miracles are signs and mighty deeds and wonders but always wrought in the Catholic Church and nowhere else. She can say as Her Founder said: "If you do not believe me believe the works. They give testimony for Me."

Or she could say, as He said to John's disciples: "Go and relate to John what you have seen and heard: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed."

Over there in Spain at a village named Limpas there is a miraculous crucifix. The figure of Christ on that crucifix appears as if alive, suffering and crying again.

The people who have seen say so. They are from all classes, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, saints and scoundrels, because many who went there to mock remained to pray.

If the evidence for the truth and the reality of these miraculous facts be rejected, then our faith in man is vain. They are fools and liars all. If it is a fact, then it is God's telegram. No time to read it? Not worth reading if one had time? A serious man could not read a telegram as a practical joke. God is serious, sweetly serious indeed, but sensitive to snobbery. A miracle is God's last word to sinners. If they refuse to heed that word, God is, at it were, at His wit's end. He cannot do any more. When a people believe Him not, and contradict Him, Jesus weeps. That's all.

"The age of miracles is gone," is a trite, equivocal old saw. If you see a blind man suddenly restored to sight, it is puerile and insane to press into service the dictum of a would-be fact-slayer. In a miracle, God appeals to the plain man as well as to the scientist. A miracle is a fact as patent and palpable and readable as the paper you hold in your hand. You may know nothing of the process of converting, pulp into paper. But your testimony of the paper in your hand is as reliable as the testimony of the most expert scientist when St. Paul (1 Cor. 15) gives living proof of our divine Lord's resurrection he calls upon a crowd of plain people, more than five hundred of them, but never mentions an expert or scholar as such. Our faith is based and builded upon the rock floor of the empty tomb of Him Who died and was buried and rose again from the dead. No consistent Christian can deny the doctrine or the fact of miracles.

LITTLE FAULTS OF CHARACTER

Our ill-humors grow upon us and betray us into many unbecomely manners and little vices. Because they are called small, and need not disgrace the one infected by them, they are too much disregarded and their danger and subtle meaning is not sufficiently dreaded and avoided. Still there is much evil in these little vices, which mar the character and embitter many of the sweeter opportunities of life. They are a chill to the social affections, take the aroma and bloom off the finest relations and most precious moments.

The peculiar difficulty to counteract these little faults is that they may consist with high moral integrity and real worth of character. Great virtues overshadow them and transfigure their subject that the defects are frequently withdrawn from observation, and sometimes even pass as an attribute or accessory to the virtue. But they are strict vices and they must be guarded against and combated.

Example, good example, especially if accompanied by the right word, may do much to counteract such faults in others.

We find at times that persons are weary of their own meanness and faults. You will see the expression of disgust on their own faces when the thing is brought to their consciousness in the right manner; it flashes upon them with a new and surprising aspect; by the contrast the baseness of the thing is borne in upon them with distinct coloring and discloses an aspect of viciousness which they had never realized could exist in themselves. These faults of the character are like the sunlight: they are not visible until they strike an object, they cannot be detected and classified, or described, until they manifest themselves in

actions on definite objects. And then the act and its object must be presented to the judgment as that of another person in an alien garb. This can be done by a person who is but an onlooker better than the subject of the action.

And then after the meanness of our hearts is known to ourselves, what a long distance to the redeeming of it, the renovation of the heart in purity and sincerity.

It is a very significant observation in the master of character, how those little vices make for the undoing of the good that real merit seeks to establish. There are strange contradictions in some characters. Sometimes in the finest character graced with the most amiable virtues and winning qualities there will be a discordant tone; a grating, painful note which at times seems to destroy all the beauty and harmony of the composition. There is, then, some peculiarly repulsive in those manifestations, though they are morally of a slight nature, and seemingly of little significance. For, by persons who are not keen and far-sighted they are easily overlooked, mistakes in the view of the greater virtues. But their action is positive and detrimental, and their knowing persistence mars the fair work of the master.

One of the commonest sources of anger and ill-humor is the neglect and unkindness which we receive at the hands of those we love or with whom we are obliged to live. When we become enlightened by experience and our eye grows keener, to perceive our relations to men and things, we cannot but become aware of the sad incompleteness of all men to realize our ideals of life, and satisfy our craving for congenial companionship.

The keeper the power of enjoyment, the keeper also is the sensitivity to pain, both in the physical and the moral order. The more we cultivate our faculties, the more we develop our nature and refine the sensibilities, the greater and more numerous are the disappointments and afflictions to which we expose ourselves. Thus pleasure is always bought with pain.

When we wish to be charitable and kind to others, then their unkindness is more cutting, their coldness more chilling.

But the balance of the account is in favor of the wise and the virtuous. We always pay for what we get; but still we purchase with satisfaction and deem ourselves happy that we can purchase. Thus in the material relations of the world we purchase still we think we are the gainers, and indeed we always are for the thing we have obtained for our money is of more value to us than the thing we give; in fact its whole value consists in the possibility of procuring something else with it. We deprive ourselves of one thing, but we do not regret to part with it, because the compensation is not only equable, but redundant in our favor.

But in the intellectual and moral world we make bargains with fate, with nature and necessity; we always give something for what we receive, but the order of nature is balanced that there is always a prize for worth and virtue. Material gain is rewarded by material enjoyment, and that means material enjoyment. There is no gain without enjoyment. Every faculty that is capable of aspiring and desiring is capable of enjoyment. Everything in nature that is worth working for is a source of enjoyment; all the creatures of God are endowed with the property to contribute to the enjoyment and well being of man, the climax of creation. Therefore, when we establish that we have made a definite gain in any matter, it follows as a natural and necessary consequence that we have increased our capability of enjoyment in that order.

But it must be strictly qualified as to refer to that order in which the gain lies. For we may gain in one respect and lose in another and higher respect; and then the general result is a loss and not a gain. But it remains true that that one particular thing is increased and the power of enjoyment in that order with it.—A. J. E. in The Echo.

SMILE

"Smile and the world smiles with you. Weep and you weep alone." When the author penned these lines little did humanity realize that they would eventually circle the globe and be taken into millions of homes, for it is possible that the truth of the words was not indelibly stamped in the mind at the time. After many years the words seem to ring a message for the benefit of mankind and if we would only attempt to analyze the purport of the author's work we would undoubtedly obtain a lesson therefrom which would be of inestimable value to us in our everyday life.

The reason we select "smiles" as a basis of an editorial is due to the extent and expanse of what "smiles" really mean. A smile radiates hope and happiness and reflects the soul of contentment. The trouble with us is that we are too prone to complain and that we are pitifully small in our viewpoint of life.

We have just come out of the fire of war. The war did not provoke such a happiness. It provoked the sadistic smile of the destroyer. The war taught us that there is a wrong smile. Peace should teach us that there is a right smile.

Hats is unfortunately bound up in the business world. The idea of an

individual seems to be to get the best of a competitor, feeling that unless he does the competitor will get the best of him. "You have got to do this in this country to get ahead," declares the materialist. It is a wrong conception. It is the conception of the coward who is afraid to do right. Men and women take what they call the "easiest way."

From time to time we are all condemned by others for some slight mistakes. We know not why some persons should set themselves up in judgment, but that they do is undeniable. There are times when a blunder merits rebuke or punishment, but in the majority of cases in this complaining world the better plan would be to smile and admonish with kindness. A kindly admonition might seem impossible in that to admonish one should impress upon the culprit an individual's own opinion. Be that as it may, the smile accompanying an admonition will do much to alleviate the severity of the latter and when the intention is shown to correct through kindness rather than through force better results will be gained.

We are altogether too eager to gain financial or social glory at the expense of others. We can see the shortcomings of others, but apparently are blind in so far as ourselves are concerned. We are all, more or less, stained with guilt, yet we do not hesitate to adversely criticize and to condemn.

Man's littleness is regrettable. He is irritated because of the slightest of disappointments. Take for instance the man who loses a collar stud. He fumes and frets because he cannot find it and makes himself generally miserable and obnoxious to all in the vicinity.

The losing or the finding of a collar stud is a very small matter. When a man shows irritation in such a matter it clearly shows how really small he is. Would it not be better to smile and to take a little about such "misfortunes." It would at least convey to others that such a man was too big to consider trivialities.

The word "trivialities" brings us to the point of declaring that many men are too small in their outlook on life. They wish to make a mountain of trivial things and, of course, a mountain made of trivialities is bound to crumble to practically nothing.

This world needs big men and women—men and women who will stop complaining and think of the best things in life. If you would be happy smile aright. It is worth more than all the medicine in the world. Your smile will help someone along life's path. You will be the beacon of encouragement to the persevering, while to those who seem to be discouraged your smile will illumine the way and lend reality.

Let's stop hickering about small things. Women, instead of gossiping about their neighbors should strive to think of something good about them instead of always attempting to ferret out something bad.

As Bobbie Burns, the famous Scottish poet, said: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

We must all be a little more tolerant. We must all be a little more happy. There is too much grief here and everyone, more or less, subscribes his quota to help the world get along backward. There are smiles that are worth a million and there are smiles beyond price. We will get great happiness which counts for the most success in our journey here if we will smile. Now, altogether, smile! —Intermountain Catholic.

CONFESSION

The anti-Catholic bigot and the hired renegade find in the Catholic doctrine of Confession a mine of ammunition for their characteristic attacks on the Church. They go to works on moral theology, with like certain medical treatises, are written only for those who have to cure disease, for matters with which to satisfy the prurient minds of their paymasters and paymistresses. But the only thing they never do is to tell honestly what decent and clear-minded Protestants have to say in praise of the Confessional. Many beautiful testimonies from collected on this topic, but we content ourselves by quoting one from the late Mr. Stead. Speaking on morality in Edinburgh, February 23, 1888, he said:

"I am a Protestant, and I presume most of you are Protestants, but there is no blinking this fact. The Catholics are in this matter, in this country and in Ireland ahead of you. You can take a Protestant family into a London slum and put them into a dirty room on the right hand of the top stairs, and then put a Catholic family on the other side of the stairs, and you will find that after two or three years half the girls in the Protestant family have gone to the bad, and every member of the Catholic family has retained her virtue."

I heard (in Ireland) from Protestant and Catholic alike, that, although they may be packed together as if in a style, in Kerry and elsewhere, you will find that they are the most virtuous peasantry in the world. How is that? I tell you it is because the priests for the last fifty or one hundred years have preached sedulously and in families the duty of parents to children and the duty

of young people to each other. In this matter the result is, I say, a moral miracle, before which we Protestants, Presbyterians, whatever we may be, have reason to bow our heads in shame.—Truth.

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LONDON SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1920

LORD MAYOR MACSWINEY'S DEATH

The long martyrdom of Terence MacSwiney is over. The high-souled and single-minded patriot is at last free. In a rhetorical outburst Patrick Henry exclaimed: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Quietly but with deliberate resolve MacSwiney determined that death would be for him the only alternative to liberty. "I wish to state," he said on hearing the finding of the court-martial, "that I will put a limit to my term of imprisonment you may impose. I have had no food since Thursday, Aug. 12th. Therefore I shall be free in a month." The President of the court asked: "If sentenced to imprisonment you will take no food?" "I have decided the term of my detention," replied the Lord Mayor, "whatever your Government may do, I shall be free, alive or dead, within a month." To that resolution he inflexibly adhered despite the fact that a month did not put a term to his agony. "It is not with those who can inflict most," he declared in his election as Lord Mayor of Cork, "but with those who can suffer most that the victory will rest." Before the world Mayor MacSwiney typified Ireland and the cause of Irish liberty. May not the long-protracted suffering before death came to his relief suggest that the country which he loved so passionately has also a capacity for patient suffering far beyond the dreams of the callous Government that could not break his indomitable spirit?

It is well to note here that the British press and people condemned the obduracy of the Government, and sensed the fact that with the dying patriot who suffered most the final victory would rest. On the authority of C. F. G. Masterson, one of the sanest and most enlightened of England's public men, there is convincing proof of this. In an article in the Daily News in reply to Bonar Law he enumerates those who in the interests of England as well as of Ireland demanded clemency for the Irish patriot:

(1) Practically the whole body of the old Unionist stalwarts of the South and West of Ireland, who have fought for Unionism all their lives, who have nothing but hatred of rebellion, and who may be presumed to have spoken with a certain sense of responsibility when they appealed not so much to pity as to reason against the forcing in this case of an irrevocable issue; (2) Practically the whole newspaper press of Britain, outside the "kept" Government newspapers, from the Times at one end of the scale to the Daily Herald at the other; (3) The unanimous opinion of the Labour Party and the Liberal Party outside the Government, which between them represent a substantial majority of the electors of this country; (4) The public opinion, wherever vocal, outside these islands, of the whole civilized world.

"These are formidable forces to defy and to condemn," adds Mr. Masterson. But they were defied, and this thoughtful and scholarly young Irishman whose philosophy of patriotism was suffused with passionate love for Ireland was given the victory through suffering. This is acknowledged by the Westminster Gazette which had this comment when death finally set MacSwiney free:

"The Government may urge a thousand reasons to prove that it could do nothing but what it did do. Nevertheless, it has been beaten by Lord Mayor MacSwiney. Englishmen have never failed in generous respect for those who resist them

to the death. They know that the death of this man is not a victory for them."

Even the very pro-British New York Times which, like some Canadian papers, unconsciously insults decent English sentiment by con founding pro-British with pro-Government, is constrained to admit as much in the course of a very pro-British article:

"Use and wont have somewhat dimmed the pathos of the self-inflicted death of Mayor MacSwiney, but its appeal will go far and wide. . . . The world will at present consider only the outstanding result, it sees an Irishman willing and glad to die if only the cry of his nation can be better made itself heard. Call it folly, call it madness, there it is just the same—a gesture of deep tragedy on a stage where all mankind look on.

"Not the individual self-immolation is the thing to be reckoned with, but the intensity of the national aspiration and demand embodied in it. To this the most stolid Englishmen cannot be dull. They are not. It is now the almost universal admission of men of all parties in England that the Government of Ireland has been one long reproach to British statesmanship."

The Chicago Tribune, also pro-British, but not quite so obsequiously pro-Government as The New York Times, has this quiet but caustic comment on the stale, outworn excuses usually advanced for "firmness":

"The Irish question is almost as much a part of American politics as it is of British. The rigidity of British law cannot go unbowed through the course of a revolution. The unveiled acquiescence of British law in the retaliatory work of the Black and Tans in Ireland is evidence that the law can be compromised to attain an end. This compromise embitters the Irish. A compromise with MacSwiney would have been an expedient, but it might have been a successful one."

The first quiet but firm statement refers to the "domestic question" claptrap; and the plain spoken reference to what is now being perpetrated in the name of the law in Ireland is obviously a rapier thrust at Lloyd George's Lucerne statement in which he said: "A law which is a respecter of persons is no law. If the Cabinet departed from its decision, a complete breakdown of the whole machinery of law and Government in Ireland inevitably would follow."

The Tribune article, which we give in full on page 1, is marked more by plainness of speech to England than by sympathy for Ireland. It thus concludes:

"MacSwiney was even less flexible than his enemies. He gave his life to his cause in a fashion which required indomitable purpose, not in a flash of resolve or in a moment of peril, but in a submission to slow, wasting death, imposed by his own will, extending over an agonized period of seventy-four days. People may differ in their valuation of the principles for which he died or in their estimate of his cause. They may deplore the sacrifice and doubt its utility, but the unconquerable spirit of the man and his devotion to his cause are high in the annals of sacrifice to a national cause."

The Daily News of London, England, which reflects the decent English sentiment outraged by the Black and Tan Government, says:

"Every day Ireland is being wadded more surely and more irresistibly by the Premier and his armies into a nation that will not be conquered. Irish nationalism will be given a stimulus almost inconceivably effective by the Lord Mayor's death."

The French papers, so far as the cable informs us, are generous in their appreciation of the motives and clear as to the effects of the tragedy just ended:

"One can only bow down before the man who has died for his ideal," declares The Journal. And The Echo de Paris says: "The sacrifice made by MacSwiney will resound throughout the world as a heart-rending appeal of a suffering nation."

That, there can be no doubt, was the motive that inspired MacSwiney in his suffering and his sacrifice. Nor can there be any doubt that he succeeded to a large extent in arousing the conscience of England and of the world; how effectively time alone will tell.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

There are some moral questions arising out of the late Mayor MacSwiney's death that have occasioned inquiries on the part of readers of the RECORD. A word or two of explanation here, supplementing articles already published, may suffice to clear up their difficulties.

Mayor MacSwiney refused to take food and consequently died of starvation. Was this suicide?

There is a well known and universally accepted principle which many competent theologians hold covers the case: It is allowed to place an act indifferent in itself from which two effects follow—the one good, the other bad; provided that the good effect alone is intended, the bad merely permitted. This principle, whether explicitly so held or not, is, as we have said, of universal acceptance in practice. For instance, in the retreat from Mons it was often necessary to detach a small force to hold some point of vantage and delay the pursuing enemy long enough to enable the main body of troops to make good their escape.

The detachment thus sent on rear guard action was sent to certain death. Here the evil effect is the certain death of the rear guard; the good effect is the saving, or it may be only increasing the chances of saving, the main body. To make the parallel more complete suppose that a number of men volunteer for such rear guard action. No one thinks of charging them with suicide; everyone recognizes heroic self-sacrifice. Why? Because everyone recognizes that the good effect alone was intended, although the bad effect was foreseen, as a necessary and inevitable consequence.

Instances of the application of this principle might be multiplied, but this will suffice for the purpose of illustration. The Chief Magistrate of Cork believed that his course of action, whether it resulted in death or in his liberation by the Government, would focus the attention of the English people and of the world not so much on himself as through him on the barbarities of English rule in Ireland. He knew the indifference and apathy of the English people were due to ignorance and misinformation with regard to Ireland. Englishmen after Englishmen has acknowledged and deplored this fact; the most courageous and high-minded amongst them tried to awaken the English people to what was being done in Ireland in their name. Mayor MacSwiney desired one thing, intended one thing and one thing only: to serve the cause of Ireland. That was the positive good effect, the evil, if the Government proved obdurate and merciless, he permitted, but did not intend or seek.

In suicide there is always an element of cowardice, of seeking to escape the burdens, the trials or the sorrows of life. In the patriotic hanger-striker's case there was unconquerable courage, unflinching devotion to duty as he conceived it, even to the ghastliest of deaths. He used the only weapon possible in the circumstances for him to use and died a soldier's and a hero's death.

We can understand that even the suspicion of suicide offends the Catholic conscience; for nothing is clearer in Catholic moral teaching than that suicide is murder, self-murder. The report that the moral issues involved has been referred to Rome for definite decision is most probably true; there is a question of fact as well as of principle involved, hence the diversity of opinion. To take the example already used by way of illustration. Suppose that it is charged that the tires and pieces for the rear-guard were so ill-chosen, that it resulted in a wanton sacrifice of life without any good whatever being accomplished. A court-martial might find the responsible officer guilty of criminal recklessness, or of an error of judgment culpable or excusable. So the judgment of fact in MacSwiney's case may differ. For our own part we have not a doubt in the world that he accomplished the good effect intended; and in any case since we know from his whole life that he would shrink in horror from the suggestion of suicide, his sole object in abstaining from food while in prison was the good he believed he could accomplish—this alone was intended, death if it came was accepted, welcomed, for he was dying for the freedom of his beloved country.

Whatever be the final decision as to the morality of the act, in future it is quite evident that the hunger-strike as a means of protest can accomplish little if any good. If staled by custom the appeal would lose all efficiency.

Another question arises from the fact that the dead patriot deliberately and unequivocally denied England's right to rule Ireland; denied the jurisdiction of her courts, the authority of her officials; and gave his full allegiance to the Irish Republic. How can Canadians, loyal and contented British subjects, prize British ideals and cherishing British connections, how can such Canadians countenance the setting up of a republican government in Ireland? Why not advocate agitation within constitutional lines for the recovery of Ireland's right of self-government?

To any one whose memory carries back ten years the answer is evident. Carson and Carsonism killed forever Constitutionalism in Ireland. Carson defied Parliament, flouted its authority and nullified its decrees. Parliament weakly and basely yielded to this arch-rebel and thus abdicated its functions so far as Ireland is concerned. Carsonism was aided and abetted by Bonar Law and the present Lord Chancellor, and indeed by practically every supporter of the present Government's brutalities and barbarities in Ireland. They publicly in press and on the platform furnished what Asquith, then Premier, characterized as "a complete Grammar of Anarchy." A sufficiently full, very accurate and dispassionate recital of these facts of recent history is furnished by the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman in "Ireland Since the Larne Gun-running."

The Irish Republic is the logical and inevitable sequence of Carsonism. And this tremendously significant fact is recognized and proclaimed by honest Englishmen. It must be taken into account. It is taken into account by all Englishmen except those who share the responsibility with Carson for the present chaotic state of Anglo-Irish relations. It is, let us hope at least, not anti-British to stand with the most enlightened and courageous of Englishmen in facing the facts. No, it is what Lord Bantock calls the "hunnishness in high places" that is un-British or anti-British, and it is those who condone and applaud the "interchange of qualities between the combatants" that are traitors to all that is worth while in British traditions and British institutions.

ous. Owing to the proximity of Ireland she must have some concessions from you, such as the use of all or some Irish ports for her navy, and the denial of similar privileges to a foreign power. As regards your internal affairs, England has duties and responsibilities towards Ulster and Ulster, and she asks you to give guarantees which will satisfy her. Subject to this, you can discuss any form of Government, including even a Republic, if you really wish. Britain will faithfully help you. Now, what do you say to this? Will you not realize that she is in earnest and meet her halfway on the path of friendship?"

Instead of heeding the counsels of General Gough and many other enlightened Englishmen the Government has given Ireland what The Times and many other British journals have branded as "Legalized Lynch Law," which, by the way, is a libel on the lynching mobs, for these at least confine their barbaric rage to the real or supposed culprit.

THE REAL LABOR DIFFICULTY BY THE OBSERVER

The first principle in the payment of employees is that they should have a living wage. And this should be estimated in a reasonably generous way, and not in a niggardly way. Men have a natural right to live, and to live in the married state, and to bring up a family. Whatever may be added to the general cost of living by the paying of such wages ought to be accepted by all good citizens.

Now, in and about every industry today there are men who are paid high, and men who are paid low. When I speak of men who are paid low I mean men who are married and have families and get less than four dollars a day: I think that is a fair statement, in view of the present prices of the necessities of life. When I speak of men who are paid high I mean men, married or unmarried, who get upwards of six dollars a day; and I think that is a fair statement, even in view of present prices.

The low-paid men ought to be brought up to standard; and this ought to be done before any further increases are given to the high-paid men. In the past, increases in wages have usually been given on a percentage of previous earnings. Thus, a man who was getting \$3.50 a day when a ten per cent increase all around was given, went up to \$3.85; while a man who was getting \$7.00 a day went up to \$7.70.

It seems plain enough that it was the \$3.50 man who really needed the 70 cent increase; while the \$7.00 man could have got on well enough with the 35 cent increase. This unevenness in the payment of wages puzzles public opinion; and creates coolness in sympathy where sympathy would come freely and fully if the case of the low-paid men were dealt with as it ought to be dealt with.

I do think that the labor unions ought to take up this question, and level up wages. Much of the resentment which is felt throughout Canada at the repeated strike, is felt because the public know that a very large number of high-paid men in coal mines, machine shops, and other industrial plants, are now getting incomes exceeding very much the incomes of professional men; exceeding, in many cases, two or three times the income of the more prosperous farmers; and that these high-paid men are not satisfied and are still trying to drive their wages up.

It is not the demands of the low-paid men that have aroused a cold, slow anger in the general public. It is not the four dollar man that is thought of when you hear the average citizen say, "If they want to strike, let them strike and keep on striking. It's time they had their lesson."

No, when people talk like that they are thinking of high-paid men, and of high-paid agitators who keep the situation warmed up all the time. There is no doubt whatever that neither employers in general nor the consumers who pay all costs of production, would oppose a proposition to bring the low-paid men up to standard: but unfortunately for the low-paid men and for their families, they get the rough edge of the situation every time. The increase that they need goes to the high-paid man, when wages are increased on a percentage. I have inquired why labor unions do not put the case of the low-paid workman in the forefront of their

agitation; and I am told that labor unions cannot be run in that way; and that in order to keep men together solid in a union, all must get an increase, when any get it.

If that is so, the sooner that situation in the labor unions is changed, the safer will be the future of labor unionism. The excessive demands of high-paid workmen are consolidating against the unions a tremendous weight of public opinion; and powerful as the labor movement is it cannot afford to encounter that obstacle.

And, the methods which give some workmen far more favorable treatment than others in the same unions, can only end, if persisted in, in creating divisions within the unions themselves; especially when those who get the least are those who need the most.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE INFAMY IN IRELAND A GREATER DANGER THAN ANARCHY

The impulse of decent Englishmen here is to say nothing of the political effects of the Irish outrages; and simply to offer a prayer to whatever gods they know that some day or another they may be disinfected of this Black and Tan Government and its works. But the results are pretty calculable. The Government cannot escape them. One may dismiss its half-apologies, which are three quarter confessions. The black and tans are simply a cellar-organization. They are not the front rank agents of Downing Street any more than Mr. Philip Kerr is a paragon agent of the Foreign Office. The Government enlisted them, paid them, and clothed them. Probably it did not provide the infamous journal in which they were egged on to their work. But it found the men who planned it. Put honors aside, for no man in power today regards her. But it is still a political consideration that friendly relations with America will become impossible until this effence has been purged away.

What is the political remedy? There is none. The country's political life is in the hands of a man equally deficient in conscience and intellect, whose guide is expediency, totally divorced from the sense of right. Against him, the Lads of Liberalism, who have been looking out from their ruined sanctuaries on the sack of Balbriggan and Trim, can do nothing. The Labor Party means well, but it is simply beginning to be a party, and the moral force to arrest the political decadence of England is not yet given to it. And the trouble is that there is no great independent and upstanding power in British politics. The Parliament is a debased George III. type; while the quality of the Cabinet (which is not a Cabinet at all, but a quorum for getting Georgian decrees stamped as Bills or administrative orders) may be judged by the fact that every "Liberal" in it prefers his salary to the honor of his country. In our institutionalism there is little hope. The War has killed it, and the destruction of the party system, with its limited but real morality, and its definite intellectual appeal, seems to forbid its revival.

Ne self-respecting man can have any dealings with a Government which reveals itself in such apologies as those of Sir Hamar Greenwood and the Daily Chronicle. I was told the other day that the most distinguished living exponent of imperialism had frankly given it up, and to scores of thinkers and journalists who (like myself) have for six years tried to think of the modern British power as a (much battered) vessel of the Lord, or at least have aimed at fashioning it that way, it now appears merely as guilt among the guilty. Having got rid of our alibi rage of righteousness, and stood revealed for what we are, we can perhaps begin to realize our responsibility not merely for the 100 or so Irish towns and villages our servants have gutted or assailed, but for the 100 or so murdered Irish policemen whom these acts have "avenged." This is what is done in the name of the British Empire, because all Empires come at some time or another to the stage when such things happen. And we can add that at least the mass of the British people do not do them or wish them; that they are very different people from Lloyd George; and that they do not deliberately desire to serve his ambition, or to cover up his blunders, by such crimes as were committed at Mallow and Balbriggan.

What, then, of public opinion? This infamy in Ireland has placed the British people in a position unfavorable to a moral judgment of politics. For it is in far greater danger than from the War. The Government which writes the dread word Anarchy on its banners has lost control, moral and political, and can never regain it. It is itself the thing it seeks to suppress. All that one can look for is that the people will (literally) govern themselves this winter, and summon to their aid such natural piety and sensibilities as the War and the rule of Lloyd George has left them. There is one good omen. The press is improving.

months ago, the ceremony taking place in the beautiful and historic Henry VII. chapel. This ceremony was notable because of the revival of medieval rites and the appropriation of beautiful prayers from the Catholic ritual, even the actions—as when the Sovereign genuflected to the altar because of the Real Presence which should be there—being retained. The drawing of their swords by the Knights at the same time, and turning them towards the altar because the handles bore the cross—this too was redolent of the Ages of Faith, and their consecration of chivalry to the Most High. It seems clear that while faith in the multitudes decays a section of the English people realize more and more the great loss which the sixteenth century revolt brought upon the nation, and while current amenities may delay the day they draw nearer and nearer to the only re-union that counts.

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The Government has no press worth the name; and if the Times could forget its fanaticalism, and become for imperial policy the power for good that it has been ever Ireland, the material for a new order, based on a revived sense of public honor, might gradually appear. That is a famous aspiration, but it is the best I can offer.

These would be no need to mention the Daily Chronicle in this or any other connection, save for the reason that in other hands it was once a respectable and even a Liberal paper. Wish that remembrance it becomes possible to mention that it is now an organ of the Government, to quote the article with which it polluted the British press on Wednesday last. In that writing the Chronicle offered as an excuse for the sacking of Irish towns that they were only little ones.

"Halbriggan (it said) has about 2,000 inhabitants; Trim about 1,500; the scenes of the Clara reprisals were a few hundred each. A single main street; a police barracks; one or two places of worship; anything up to a dozen public houses; a few scores of small dwelling houses; and possibly a factory or creamery—that is in Ireland a town. Comparisons with a great populous University city like Louvain are farcical."

Having thus suggested that the measure of a crime distasteful with that of its victim, the Chronicle proceeds to defend the murder by Government troops and policemen of innocent Irishmen on the ground that it is unlikely that there are many of them. Thus:—

"Much as we deplore them, it seems improbable that many innocent people have suffered by them. Where houses and shops have been burned, they will usually have been those of active Volunteers; where men have been killed they will usually have been commandants or section leaders."

Under this particular diabolism, which bears obvious traces of Ministerial inspiration, it is therefore permissible to a man (or a Government) to murder innocent people, because in a gamble with death he (or it) has decided that he (or it) will "probably" kill a greater number of criminals or patriotic extremists. What is this but the literal fulfillment of Shelley's prophetic picture of Anarchy?

Then all cried with one accord, Thou art King and God and Lord; Anarchy, to thee we bow, By thy name made holy now."

K. OF C. WELCOMED TO FRANCE

A MOST INTERESTING AND TRIUMPHANT TOUR

By John B. Kennedy, in Detroit Free Press

The Knights of Columbus have no false notion of the underlying reasons for their triumphant tour of Europe. They know the honors heaped upon them, the enthusiastic, even zealous receptions they met—the eagerness of the greatest men of France to meet them—these things came to them because they represented to France the men of the A. E. F., their sons and brothers, and, in some instances themselves—the men who had fought for France.

The K. of C. pilgrims had departed from New York with mixed emotions concerning France. These emotions were often voiced on the S. S. Leopoldina en route to Le Havre, for much misinformation concerning France had been propagated in the United States. The Knights returned to America convinced that France is gloriously grateful to America, convinced that those of the A. E. F. who returned prejudiced against France were so prejudiced because, in the stress and bitter circumstances of their fighting life in France, they had no opportunity to see or know the real France. The France they knew was a France tripartite but exhausted, worn and nerve-shattered after years of grinding struggle and torment.

GREETED BY OLD GLORY

Now France is different—not forgetting the sufferings of the War; in fact, firmly determined to seek and maintain justice against the ruthless power that inflicted those sufferings.

Before the Leopoldina touched dock at Le Havre the warmth of the welcome to France was felt by the Knights. Old Glory flew from the harbor flagpole that stands like a tall sentry by the gates to the sea; the whistles blew and the largest crowd ever assembled in Le Havre roared delighted, "Bienvenue aux Chevaliers de Colomb." The mayor of Le Havre, the Bishop of Le Havre, the admiral of the port and other high dignitaries awaited the Knights. A toast in champagne was drunk to les Etais-Unis, to France and the Chevaliers de Colomb. The official welcome was pronounced, and the Knights went on their way to Paris. By arrangement with the French government a special train de luxe had been provided—and this train carried the Knights not only through France, but through Switzerland and Italy. Its accommodations were superior to anything offered in America, and throughout its passage in France it was greeted by cheering crowds at every railway station.

FIRST DAY FOR SIGHT-SEEING

Arrived in Paris the Knights were welcomed at the Gare St. Lazare by Dr. Marcel Knecht, representing Prime Minister Millerand, now president of France. After berthing at their hotels, the Knights were

escorted to the palace of the Arch-bishop of Paris, His Eminence Cardinal Amette—the primate of all France—who welcomed the Knights in the name of the French hierarchy. The Cardinal died three days after receiving the Knights, although at the time of the reception he appeared to enjoy robust health. One of the last letters he wrote—to Monsignor Beaudrillet, member of the French academy and rector of the Catholic University of Paris, was to state that he would be unable to welcome the Knights at the reception held for them at the Catholic university on their return from Rome. Strangely prophetic!

The Knights were allotted one day in Paris to accustom themselves to their new surroundings, to visit the Eiffel tower, the Louvre and other world famous places of interest. On the day following their active program began, and they had some intimation of the cordial reception in store for them everywhere by the smiles and nods that greeted them wherever they appeared in the boulevards with their pilgrim badges shining in the sun.

General Mangin, one of France's greatest soldiers, took the Knights to Chateau-Thierry, where they were received by the mayor and maids of the town the Americans saved in the crucial drive of summer, 1918. Proceeding towards Belleau Wood, General Mangin passed before the huge steel star of the United States that marks the point at a cross where the First division of the U. S. A. went into action for the first time—America's initial grapple with the enemy. At Belleau Wood, where the great cemetery of the United States marines lies in a valley now fertile, but two years ago torn and ravaged by recurrent battles, General Mangin narrated eloquently the story of the fighting by American troops over that terrain—the most hard-fought for terrain, next to Verdun, on the entire western front. For almost an hour the old French general spoke, at one time tears streaming down his face as he paid a glowing tribute to the bravery of American fighting men. "You Americans have the secret of successful warfare," he declared. "Attack, attack, constantly attack!"

The Knights laid a floral tribute at the foot of the monument in the cemetery and returned to Chateau-Thierry. There the mayor presented Supreme Knight Fishery with the cornerstone of the Chateau-Thierry bridge so valiantly defended by American marines, for presentation to the American Legion. On the Soissons, General Mangin, with other generals of his staff, led the Knights—explaining more American campaigning to them. The Knights returned to Paris more privileged than any American tourists who have ever visited France.

But that was only the beginning of privileges. The following day the K. of C. special traveled past Chateau-Thierry and on to Rheims. There they were met by the venerable Cardinal Luçon, after they had driven through the shell wrecked skeleton streets of Rheims to the cathedral. The Knights saw the process of rebuilding in operation in the interior—which, despite ruthless bombardment, yet remains a gem of Gothic architecture. Cardinal Luçon narrated to the Knights the intensity of suffering through which Rheims and its ancient cathedral had passed. He presented the knights with a marble stone from the high altar of the cathedral.

The cardinal proceeded with the Knights to the Castle of the Princess de Poignac on the outskirts of Rheims. There a luncheon had been prepared by the princess for the K. of C. pilgrims, and for the first time since the French revolution the church, represented by Cardinal Luçon, sat down at the same table with the state, represented by Prime Minister, now President, Millerand, President Bourgeois of the League of Nations and several French cabinet officers besides many distinguished generals, were present. The Princess de Poignac informed the Knights that the luncheon was the first public event given in her home since the beginning of the War. She is a charming, beautiful blonde, the widow mother of eight children—her husband, the prince, having been killed early in the War.

PLEDGES AID TO POLAND

It was at this luncheon that Prime Minister Millerand, responding to an energetic speech by Supreme Knight Fishery, of the K. of C., declared that France would never desert Poland. At the conclusion of the luncheon, the Knights visited the famous cemetery with caves, owned by the Princess de Poignac. For pilgrims from a dry country to find themselves walking through caves that stored 10,000,000 bottles of champagne and to be hospitably given the privilege of quaffing to their hearts' desire, the temptation was urgent. But the Knights showed commendable restraint. The Princess de Poignac afterwards described them as being "gay," but in France the word has in it a gentle significance than in America.

The Knights were guided over the battlefields surrounding Rheims—some of the hottest fighting of the War took place about Rheims—and they had the opportunity of observing how the French people are gradually, through indefatigable labor, reclaiming the devastated fields for cultivation. France is smiling through her scars.

The following day was spent in Paris paying various appropriate tributes to memorials of the great men of France. At the Invalides the

leaders of the K. of C. party were extended the unusual privilege—reserved for royalty—of entering on the floor where rests the catafalque of the great Napoleon. The military governor of Paris led the Knights round the tomb. Wreaths were laid and appropriate addresses given at the statues of St. Jeanne d'Arc and Pasteur.

Friday followed and the Knights proceeded to Metz for the climax of their tour of France. As their special rolled through the beautiful Lorraine country thousands of youngsters cheered them at the various stations.

RECEPTION AT METZ AMAZES

Their receptions at other French towns had surprised the Knights, but in Metz it was amazing. The train had no sooner arrived than the Knights found themselves alighting on a carpeted walk that led to the street. The governor of Lorraine, General Bachelot, military governor of Metz, the mayor and the bishop of Metz welcomed them. They walked through isles of French blue devils to the street, where in the square before the station, where tens of thousands of Lorrainers—hundreds of pretty girls and young women in native costume. Kisses were showered on the Knights, and a perfectly arrayed military band struck up the air of the March Lorraine. Automobiles carried the Knights to their hotels through streets thickly lined with cheering Metzians. They first paid their respects to the French and Allied dead at the famous Metz cemetery and then returned to the station to meet Marshal Foch, who had gone to Metz by a different route.

"I want to shake hands with each of my Catholic brothers from America," was Foch's first words to Dr. Marcel Knecht, who acted through the Knights' stay in France as their master of ceremonies in behalf of Premier Millerand. Marshal Foch, amid the acclaim of the crowds, greeted the Knights. He dined with their chief officers and then attended the special gala performance at the Metz opera house arranged by the municipality in honor of the Knights. An immense military torch-light parade was held at midnight as a salute to Marshal Foch and the K. of C.

On the following morning all Metz awakened early to witness the ceremonies attending the gift of the K. of C. statue of Lafayette to France. The bells in the old cathedral chimed joyfully, after having remained silent through the entire German occupation of the city since 1871. Marshal Foch led the Knights through dense crowds to the cathedral for a solemn requiem Mass in honor of the French and American dead. He went to Communion with the Knights, and after the Mass, led the procession on foot from the cathedral to the exhibition park, where the K. of C. statue, prepared for unveiling, looked out over a valley that sloped to the beautiful Moselle. After an impressive military review by Marshal Foch and the supreme Knight, the unveiling ceremonies were promptly put underway. Ambassador Wallace, of the United States, and his military and naval attaches, with members of the French cabinet and French hierarchy, occupied the front seats of the unveiling stand. Supreme Knight Fishery presented the statue; William P. Larkin, of New York, made the dedicatory address, and Minister of Justice L'Hopiteau, of France, accepted the gift in the name of the French president.

STATUE IS UNVEILED

With Marshal Foch and the 5,000 troops present standing at the salute and with wild shouts from the 50,000 citizens of Metz crowded around the park, Mr. Fishery pulled the cord, and the heroic bronze of Paul W. Bartlett's equestrian Lafayette, sword in hand, glided under the brilliant sun. The Knights then presented Marshal Foch with the gold baton of his rank, a gift from their membership throughout the world, and the marshal, in a stirring speech, thanked them for their aid to France and pledged the eternal friendship of France to America.

That afternoon the Knights attended benediction with Marshal Foch in the chapel of the college of St. Clement, where Marshal Foch received his baccalaureate education and from which he was expelled as a boy when the Germans seized Metz in 1870. In the evening a monster banquet was held in the Circle Mairie, Marshal Foch, General Maudhuys and Minister of Justice L'Hopiteau speaking. All the mayors of Lorraine were present. On this occasion, Marshal Foch declared his intention to visit the United States. The French government conferred many decorations on the Knights on the day of the statue unveiling.

The following day—Sunday—the Knights proceeded to Verdun where they were met by Marshal Pétain, who led them to the ruined cathedral for Mass celebrated by the Bishop of Verdun, who afterwards presented the Knights with a golden monstrance that had survived the terrible bombardments of the impracticable citadel. The reception followed at the hotel de ville, after which Marshal Pétain entertained the Knights at luncheon and then personally guided them over the defenses of Verdun, explaining the intense battles of the sector he commanded throughout the War. The marshal then led the Knights to Douaumont, where, with their aid, he laid the cornerstone of the caserny that will be built to contain the bones of 300,000 unknown dead.

After that he took the Knights to Roumagnac, the greatest of American cemeteries, where 22,000 heroes of the A. E. F. lie buried. Scores of the pilgrims found the graves of their sons and brothers at this cemetery. The Knights were forcibly impressed with the quiet demeanor of Pétain.

POPE GRANTS SPECIAL AUDIENCE

The following morning the Knights proceeded to Strasbourg, where the most surprising demonstration of their entire tour awaited them. The streets were literally jammed—10,000 troops being required to keep back the crowds from swamping the Knights. At the great red stone cathedral the Bishop of Strasbourg received the Knights, and for them the famous clock of Strasbourg was made to strike—for the first time in its career out of time. Miclester Alapetite of the Lorraine General, Lysate, governor of Morocco, and other notables greeted the Knights in the public square, where Supreme Knight Fishery laid a wreath at the foot of General Fleber's statue. General Castellan had previously greeted the Knights at Nancy and at Pont-a-Mousson, where the first American sailors were killed in France, the city had greeted them en route to Strasbourg.

The crowning event in Strasbourg was a magnificent banquet in the Ansonia hotel, by Kaiser Wilhelm II, of Germany, for great official functions. From Strasbourg the Knights went to Basle and on to Lucerne, where the city authorities made things pleasant for them during their brief respite in Switzerland.

From Lucerne they proceeded to Chiasso and on to Florence, spending the night in the home of the immortal Dante. From Florence they traveled all day over the slow, coal-starved Italian railways to Rome. After a night in Rome they were received in special audience by Pope Benedict, who delivered to them the longest address he has been known to make in the audience chamber. He welcomed the Knights to Rome and urged them to maintain welfare work in the Eternal city, promising them his utmost co-operation. He praised their educational work for American ex-service men and applauded America's part in reconstruction work. From the steps of the papal throne he did the unprecedented honor to the Knights by crossing Supreme Knight Fishery, commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The next morning the Pope celebrated Mass for the Knights at the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes in the Vatican Gardens, distributing Holy Communion with his own hand to each member of the pilgrimage.

MOTION PICTURES MADE

On this occasion Pope Benedict consented to have moving pictures made and two camera-men, to the vast astonishment of attendants at the Vatican, fixed their tripods and made shots never before made in the history of moving pictures—of the Pope vesting for Mass, imparting the Apostolic Blessing, seated with the Knights (a close-up was made of this) and leaving the chapel to the accompaniment of a royal salute by the Vatican heralds, entering his carriage and driving through the gardens to his palace in the Vatican. His Holiness gave the Knights authority to transmit his blessing. That night the K. of C. tendered a banquet in honor of Archbishop Corsini, Papal Secretary of State for extraordinary affairs. At this banquet the lights went out when the electrical workers of Rome suddenly struck. The banquet was finished by candle light.

The next morning the Knights spent in sightseeing through the ancient Roman landmarks and outskirts. This occupied the entire forenoon, and on the following morning they entered for Genoa, the birth place of Christopher Columbus, the patron of their order, where they visited his home—a dilapidated hovel up an evil-smelling side street. They were received by the acting mayor of Genoa and shown the relics of Columbus. From Genoa the Knights proceeded to Nice, where they were cordially received. The Prince of Monaco invited the K. of C. pilgrims to spend a day at Monte Carlo, which they did—patronizing the famous casino and being entertained to luncheon. Returning to Nice they entrained for Lourdes by way of Pau, where huge demonstrations awaited them. As Lourdes the Knights were triumphantly welcomed. The bishop of Lourdes declared the day a religious holiday and the Knights were the center of the most impressive religious program ever held in that town. Mass was celebrated for them in the miraculous grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes and 50,000 people made an open profession of faith before them.

Returning to Paris the Knights were royally received. Marshal Joffre led them to the tomb of Lafayette in Picpus cemetery, praising their mission to France. A grand reception by the bishop of Versailles and the minister of the navy followed at Versailles in honor of Admiral de Grasse. The minister of finance gave the Knights a luncheon attended by Marshal Foch, Judge E. R. Gary and other notables and the pilgrims came to a splendid close with a magnificent banquet at the Palais d'Orsay, Paris, the Minister of War presiding, and practically the entire French cabinet, with Ambassadors Wallace and Jasserrand, Marshals Foch, Pétain and Joffre and a galaxy of other famous generals and statesmen present. It was the most impressive banquet ever given in Paris. The Knights left Paris after a visit to the Catholic university, with the heartiest wishes from the heart of civilization.

ADDRESS OF THE CLERGY

ON OCCASION OF ARCHBISHOP McNEIL'S EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

To His Grace, the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

May it please Your Grace—On this twenty-fifth anniversary of Episcopal consecration, we the clergy of the Diocese of Toronto, with affectionate deference for you, our chief pastor, have assembled to tender you our jubilant congratulations. We rejoice, and give thanks to God for giving to us a prelate distinguished for ability in defending and promoting religion, a fearless leader in the struggle to extend Christ's Kingdom upon earth. As your spiritual children, we salute Your Grace on this day of Silver Jubilee, fondly hoping that you may be spared to celebrate the golden one. This greeting is not confined to your clergy. The Representative of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. is here to honour you and to bestow his blessing. Many of your Brethren of the Hierarchy are also present to share our joy, to felicitate Your Grace and to shed lustre upon our festivities. We are happy to give testimony in their presence of the tender veneration we feel for you. And now we beg that Your Grace will bear with us while we attempt to enumerate some of the special reasons for which, in the course of your eight years among us, we desire to express today our filial gratitude to you, to acknowledge our appreciation of your paternal care and to renew our solemn pledge of loyalty to you as our ecclesiastical head.

We know that before coming to us, Your Grace had a long and varied experience of Episcopal responsibility. The pastoral staff which you had borne faithfully for seventeen years, had grown familiar to your hand. Your first field of labor was the Vicariate of St. George, which through your zealous efforts became an organized Suffragan See. In your transition thence to the See of Vancouver, you severed the ties of affection and in humble obedience to duty, you set yourself to practise again and with renewed energy, the virtues of a good pastor and to render service to religion such as were fitly rewarded by your subsequent promotion to your present sphere. Thus you were prepared by years of wide experience in the farthest limits of Canada, East and West, for the onerous duties of this important charge. How well and with what marked success you have discharged those duties, will, we trust, give your friends great satisfaction to hear and to us much pleasure to recount.

Though Your Grace came hither in the calm which preceded the War, the period of your regime in Toronto has been attended with conditions potential of agitation and distrust. The loyalty, generosity and heroic self-sacrifice of your people have been tried as never before. The differences of opinion and the conflict of interests inevitable among congregations of the laity embracing so many nationalities have, at times, strained harmonious relations to the breaking point. The situation resulting from confused ideas about moral rights and patriotic duties during this time of social unrest has often been precarious in the extreme. With tact and prudence and timely counsel you have prevented discord. With diplomatic keenness, calmness and foresight you have exercised a salutary control, thereby preserving unity and tranquillity for which we are eagerly grateful. You spoke, and the impactment of our loyalty fell to the ground. You made appeal, and we were ready to offer our service. You wrote defending the attitude of the Holy Father towards the belligerents during the War, and the difficulties of misunderstanding were removed. Your influence has been felt over the mind of both clergy and laity. Your example of humble submission and respectful deference to lawful authority has been followed with remarkable fidelity. With your encouragement and inspiration we have taken new heart to labor in peace and patience to meet the new emergencies of our times.

Despite the war cloud which lowered over us for more than half the time of Your Grace's administration of this See, the past eight years mark a Golden Age of development in the Archdiocese. We find that since January, 1913, there have been nineteen new parishes founded, including congregations of which one is Syrian, two are Polish, one French and three Italian. Twenty new churches have been erected and twenty-two priests' residences have been built or bought; twenty-five priests, still laboring for souls, have been brought from other dioceses and from Religious Orders, who together with thirty-four seminarians

ordained, raise the number to fifty-nine more priests today than were in the Diocese at your installation, and many of whom have since passed beyond this earthly scene. Thanks to your energy and zeal the Diocese is well supplied with priests today.

Convinced as Your Grace is, that the work of the priest is that of the Right Hand of God, your first thought on coming to the Diocese was for St. Augustine's Seminary, the novitiate of the priesthood. Strongly have you inspired your clergy with love for the Seminary, evidenced by our zeal in fostering vocations to the priesthood and strengthening your hands by financial support. St. Augustine's has rapidly grown its appointments and realized our most sanguine hopes. It has given already to our Diocese thirty-four priests, to other Ontario Sees twenty-seven, to other Canadian Provinces forty-three, to Newfoundland two and to the United States nine. With the next Pentecostal ordination this seminary will claim the feat of one hundred and forty-five duly ordained Ministers of the Holy Sacrifice. Shall we not then gratefully proclaim that our Seminary of St. Augustine is a monument of noble achievement? Our earnest prayer shall be for its material and spiritual growth, that you may find capable and zealous assistants and supporters in its graduates.

In Your Grace's untiring efforts to spread a knowledge of true religion and to enliven the faith of your people, you have always considered educational work a special part of your pastoral office, believing that the primary teacher as well as the college tutor or the seminary professor has the more score. You have insisted on united efforts for securing an equitable taxation as a means of helping Catholic education. You have aided in the erection of schools in Oshawa, Port Dalhousie and Niagara Falls, also of St. Michael's and Holy Rosary schools in this city. Here incidentally, let us not fail to note, that by the timely provision of churches, schools and dwellings Your Grace has saved the Diocese immense expenditures, which would have been necessary to-day when the cost of building has become prohibitive. In a word, we may add, that the cause of education has received direct encouragement at your hands by the steady promotion of every sound scheme for intellectual advancement. In this wide field, and in the still wider one of social service, Your Grace has stirred both clergy and people to greater exertion in meeting difficulties and seeking remedies for the evils that exist. Your presence, thank God, for your guidance and example. You have distinguished yourself in the mind of the public as a most enlightened and practical thinker and worker in the devious avenues of Social Betterment. It was for this as well as for parish work that you increased the number of Religious Orders in the Diocese by four. Every man, whatever his belief, must esteem our Archbishop, who has taken means for each good unto the neighbor as his holy militia of the Church carries on.

Great are the claims of those material benefits upon us, even greater are the claims of Your Grace's spiritual character and personal influence as our exemplar. We cannot tabulate religious genius; we cannot estimate by formula the value of that inner life which is hid with Christ in God; but we are proud to say, that our good Archbishop is one who knows in to love, whose sincerity attracts, whose serene sublimity, whose humility amidst honours is the very dignity of dignity itself. Your zeal for education, your patriotism, your charity and your usefulness have won for Your Grace the reputation of being one of the most admired and best beloved Churchmen in Canada.

On this day of grand and splendid jubilee for Your Grace, may joy and peace and heavenly benediction fill your soul and strengthen your courage for the Government of this Diocese through many fruitful years! May God, to Whom be all the glory, prolong your earthly sojourn with us till the silvery age of active labor ripen into the Golden Jubilee of Rest!

Signed on behalf of the priests of the Diocese of Toronto.
Mgr. Martin D. Whelan, V. G.
Mgr. J. T. Kidd, D. D.
Mgr. T. J. Sullivan, LL. D.
Dean Maria.
Dean Hand.
Dean O'Malley.

MISREPRESENTING AMERICA

The critical nature of the Irish crisis due as charged by Henry Asquith, John Morley and Lord Robert Cecil to the action of the ministry in acquiescing in the policy of indiscriminate murder and pillage on the part of the army of occupation has been given an airing in the House of Commons. If all the statements credited to Sir Hamar Greenwood, the chief secretary for Ireland, said to be responsible for the horrible conditions in that country, are to be judged by one of them, we know to be untrue he is rather an unreliable authority. When he says of the Sinn Feiners that "hundreds of these desire to emigrate to the United States but the United States is averse to augment the forces of disorder," Sir Hamar is clearly drawing on his imagination. In the first place it is not in the least probable that many Sinn Feiners care to leave Ireland at this time when they so

clearly have the advantage. In the second place this country has never found the Irish people in the forces of disorder. On the contrary they have shown themselves wonderfully and almost instantly adaptable, and have played a most conspicuous part in every line of national activity. They constituted a very large part of the revolutionary army, and most of our presidents have had Irish blood. They have shown themselves industrious, and as a race, law abiding and law respecting. It is strange indeed that the secretary for Ireland should have had the temerity to make a statement so violently at war with the truth.—Fort Wayne Journal Gazette.

A PLEA AND A PROTEST FROM P. E. ISLAND

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Sir:—Some few years ago, an office was organized in the province of P. E. Island for the collection of Federal Income tax, with headquarters in Charlottetown, under the Inspectorship of Percy Pope, Assistant Receiver General, with an augmented staff. A special staff has been created for this work, and is gradually growing in numbers from year to year. The pay list, no doubt, sets up a fairly respectable sum, which will in the nature of things grow with the years, as the exigencies of the war reach out for taxes and more taxes. It is interesting to note that the officials under Mr. Pope, have been hand-picked with very much care—seemingly with as much care as we all might expect to see exercised in a city which delights to call itself the "Belfast of Canada." Notwithstanding the fact that the Catholic population of P. E. Island is over forty-five per cent. of the whole, and Charlottetown about the same, not a solitary Catholic could get a place on the staff of our Income Tax Office. The "Belfast of Canada" will need to look to its laurels.

Who did the hand-picking so finely and so accurately? That's the question. I would say a Knighthood is in store for him. The Civil Service Commissioners say they had nothing to do with this job. The leader of the Federal Opposition in Parliament represents a P. E. Island Riding, the majority of which is Catholic. What does he think of such treatment in view of the fact that many Catholic fathers and mothers in this province lament the loss of their sons sleeping their last long sleep on the battle-fields of France and Belgium.

Yours,
FAIRPLAY
Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
Oct. 20, 1920.

FATHER FRANK'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unburied! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to that rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and more are applying for admission. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.
Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary
J. M. FRASER.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$1,917.72
James Copeland, Belle-ville..... 2 00
Mrs. H. O'Brien, New-castle..... 1 05
Mrs. Hugh Holland, Doug-lastown..... 1 00
Mrs. E. F. Boyle, Orma-town..... 50

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... 994 80
Anonymous..... 1 00
Michael Ryan, Treague, Nfld 10 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$2,028 08

COMPOSITOR OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$27 60

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF ORINA BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$1,671 37

A. Toronto..... 1 00
M. C. D..... 1 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$252 5

John Dougan, Peake St..... 5 00
C. N., Montreal..... 5 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$348 80

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Previously acknowledged..... \$218 00

HOLY SOULS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$662 35

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John Dougan, Peake St..... 1 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... 429 58

Mrs. F., Montreal..... 2 00

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSAR

Previously acknowledged..... \$1,009 20

"Asking a Favor," Van-couver..... 5 00
E. R., Muskoka..... 25

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

DEVOTION TO THE DEAD

"He that is a friend loved at all times, and a brother is proved in distress." (Prov. xvi. 17.)

There are several misconceptions widely prevalent concerning devotion to the souls in Purgatory. It is often regarded as a recent devotion sprung up in these latter days, as May being the month of Mary. Again, it is regarded as the devotion for men and women and children, as if men had something more important to remember and trouble about. And, lastly, there are those who speak slightly about Purgatory, and who declare that they will only be too satisfied if they ever get there! Let us find answers to all this from the Saints of the early ages and the days of faith—Saints who compel attention and respect from the names they bear as doctors and illustrious writers of the Church.

In all the most ancient forms of Mass express mention is made of prayer and sacrifice for the dead. Tertullian declares that the custom came down from Apostolic times. St. Cyril of Jerusalem in his "Instructions" says: "We pray for all among us who are departed this life, believing that this will be the greatest relief to them, for whom it is made, whilst the holy and tremendous Victim lies present." St. John Chrysostom also says: "To pray for the faithful departed in the tremendous mysteries was decreed by the Apostles." St. Ambrose preaching at the funeral of the Emperor Theodosius—whom once he had rebuked and denounced and who had repented—says: "I loved him, and therefore I follow him into the country of the living. Neither will I forsake him till by tears and prayers I shall bring the man whither his merits call him, unto the holy mountain of the Lord." Again, the same Saint preaching on Valentinian the younger: "Give the Holy Myrtle to the dead. Let us, with pious earnestness, beg release for his soul. Lift up your hands with me, that at least by this duty we may make some returns for his benefits. No day shall pass you ever in silence, no prayer of mine shall ever be closed without you. You shall have a share in all my sacrifices."

St. Augustine writes: "Nor is it to be denied that the souls of the departed are relieved by the piety of their living friends, when the Sacrifice of the Mediator is offered for them, or alms are given in the Church." But St. Augustine did more than write or preach about it: we know how lovingly he fulfilled the duty. St. Monica, his mother, when dying had said to him: "Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that. The only thing I ask is that you make remembrance of me at the altar of the Lord wherever you are." At her burial, the sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her. "I pray for the sins of my mother" he writes; "hear me by the remedy of our wounds, who hung on the Cross and sitting on the right hand, intercedes for us. . . . Forgive her, forgive her, I beseech Thee, who hast promised mercy to the merciful" ("Confession," lib. 9, c. 13).

More powerful, indeed, than their words are the examples of the Saints; and coming down from these remote ages to the glorious monastic times of Cluny and Cîteaux, let us seek proofs there for devotion to the souls in Purgatory.

St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, in the year 998, was moved by God's grace to institute in his monastery the commemoration of "All Souls." It seemed so natural to him that celebrating one "All Saints" that the next day prayer should be made "for All Souls" waiting and longing to join the Saints in heaven; and whose hour of bliss could be so accelerated by the prayers, Communion, and Masses of the devout. "All Souls' Day" soon was known and adopted from abbey to abbey, from cathedral to parish churches, till shortly the voice of Rome spoke, and it became the universal practice of the Church. From Odilo's love and pity for the suffering souls, what a harvest for nine hundred years, of graces and blessings has been gathered by the Church for its poor children in Purgatory!

St. Bernard likewise gives us an example of devotion to the dead, and how pleasing it was to God. After his mother's death, he resolved daily to recite seven Psalms for the repose of her soul. He was only young then, but he persevered for a time. One night, however, wearied and somewhat remiss, he omitted the prayers for his mother. Next day the Abbot St. Stephen called him and asked: "Whom did you commission yesterday to say the prayers for your mother?" God had revealed the neglect of his pious practices to his superior! He absolutely no longer knew either of his practice or its neglect. How pleasing to God, then, are prayers for the departed, that a miracle should be worked to warn Bernard lest he should grow careless! This rebuke was never forgotten, and throughout his life St. Bernard was a devoted and zealous friend of the souls of the faithful departed.

A little boy gives us another lesson on this same subject. Peter Dunsian was left an orphan at an early age, and one of his brothers gave him a home, if a home it could be called, for his biographer tells us that Peter was treated not like a slave, but as a beast! As soon as he was able, he was sent to tend the

swine. His life was one of abject poverty and neglect. One day he found a piece of money—a silver coin. Picture what that was to such a boy! A fortune! It would seem: perhaps he had never had a penny of his own before. What pleasure would that coin represent to a half-starved, bare-footed boy. And what did he do with it? A pious boy took the money to the parish priest, and asked him to say Mass for the father's soul! That simple fact groves two things: First, that in those days the poor were instructed about Purgatory, for Peter must have heard of it on Sundays in the church, and, secondly, that the poor then, as now, love to have Mass said for their dead departed ones. We cannot say that his fame and sanctity had this act of charity and self-denial for its foundation; but it is something to remember that the first thing we learn of the great Benedictine monk, St. Peter Dunsian, Cardinal and Archbishop, was that, even as a boy in dire poverty, he gave his all for a Mass for the dead.

Let us reverence, then, this devotion of prayers for the dead, as one of the earliest and even apostolic practices of the Church; to reverence it as favoured by the lives of the greatest Saints; and as a practice that will obtain mercy for us, because we ourselves have been merciful to others.

A last word to those who speak lightly of Purgatory. This is no new thing; and we find such men recorded many hundred years ago. St. Cæcilius of Arles, who died in 442, speaks of such. "A person may say, I am not much concerned how long I remain in Purgatory, provided I may come to eternal life. Let no one reason thus. The fire of Purgatory will be more dreadful than whatever torments can be seen, imagined, or endured in this world. And how does anyone know whether he will stay days, months, or years? He who is afraid now to put his finger into the fire, does he not feel he be then all buried in torments for a long time?" And Venantius Bede asserts: "The fire of Purgatory will be more intolerable than all the torments that can be felt in this life." And St. Augustine writes: "These souls suffer by wonderful but real ways more than our imagination can represent."

Alas! those who think little of Purgatory now will realize its punishments when it is too late. As they despised it in life, and as they neglected to show mercy to others, when they were on earth, it will come home to them when they are helpless there "that a hard heart shall fare evil at the last." (Ecclus. iiii. 27.)

"ADORATION OF THE LAMB" RESTORED TO BELGIUM

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

Belgium is rejoicing at the restoration to the Cathedral of St. Bavons, in Ghent, of the wings of the great altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," the crowning work of Gerard and Jan Van Eyck, which Germany had been compelled to yield as part of the stipulation of the treaty of Versailles. As a result the artistic world will again see the scattered panels of the Adoration, a unique monument in the history of art, united once more, for, to the twelve wings ceded by the Kaiser Frederick Museum will be added those which have been preserved in the Brussels gallery, giving the world once more a reconstruction of the masterpiece which inaugurated a new era in painting and which has been one of the enigmas of art.

"The Adoration of the Lamb" has been called by many a moral encyclopedia of the middle ages. Its scope approaches that of Dante's Divina Commedia in literature. It treats of all things in heaven and on earth and there was a predella to it, depicting hell, which disappeared in the sixteenth century. It portrays God and man in all their historical and mystical relations. It tells of the heavenly and the earthly paradise, of the ages that have followed one another in the flight of time, of the degeneration of the fall, of the death of Abel, of the years of expectation of those who awaited the Messiah and of the mystery of the Trinity and the Incarnation. It shows the world subject to Christ; it depicts the life of the Church in her saints, her hermits, her virgins, martyrs, confessors, warrior princes and it shows all Christendom filled with Cathedral spires. It reaches out from the beginning to the consummation of the world and ends with a glimpse of the eternal life to come with an arrangement as orderly as that of the Divina Commedia itself.

From the point of view of the artist this monumental work has supreme interest in the fact that it unites in itself the styles and the genius of two opposing epochs, for whereas the general plan belongs to the middle ages, its execution and manner of seeing things and putting them on canvas are truly modern.

The majesty of the Gothic love of the abstract is blended with the genius for what is realistic and concrete which is typical of the Renaissance. Nature, which prior to their day, men had looked at through a veil of formulas and symbols, is, by the painters of this masterpiece, seen suddenly to be unveiled and the world of realities disclosed. If the object of the painter is to depict the visible world, if his aim ought to be not so much the expression of a thought as to hold up the mirror to life, then, according to the distin-

guished critic, Louis Gillot, for the first time in his history, painting entered into its birthright in "The Adoration of the Lamb."

Never was richer shrine of nature and of life combined in Art. In 200 figures of every size, sex, race and costume we behold a résumé of the human race. We see before us all the beauty of the physical world, the woods, the fields, the rocks, the desert places, a geography of earth with its climates and its flora, palms, aloes, and cacti. Architecture in all the varieties—towers, cupolas, statues, and bas-reliefs, is summoned to the painting. There are simple and colorful interiors such as that of the room of the Blessed Virgin, portrayed as a young Flemish maiden with prie-dieu, his neatly tiled floor, his washstand and basin and its open window looking out to the pointed roofs of a row of brick houses. There are portraits of marvelous realism, such as those of the donor, Jodocus Vyt and his wife. There are epic figures such as that of God the Father, crowned with a triple tiara, type of a Pontifical King. There are figures full of charm and poetry, such as the singing angels and others, such as those of Adam and Eve, that are fearful in their naturalism.

The twelve panels now ceded by the Kaiser Frederick Museum include "The Just Judges," "The Kolyths of Christ," "The Singing Angels," "The Music-Making Angels," "The Holy Hermits," "St. John the Baptist," "The Archangel Gabriel," "The Blessed Virgin," "St. John the Evangelist," and some minor panels, as well as one of the donors of the work, Jodocus Vyt and Elizabeth Borlout.

To take these panels from the Kaiser Frederick Museum was to tear its very heart out, but through the combination of the wings and the center piece again the world is the gainers.

Another art work which has been ceded to Belgium by Germany under the terms of Versailles treaty is the wings of the polyptych, "The Last Supper," the central panel of which, until lately in the church of St. Pierre in Louvain, was at first believed to have been engulfed when ruin and destruction overtook the university city.

THE POPE AND SCOTS' INDEPENDENCE

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

There have been sent me several press reports of speeches on the sixtieth anniversary of Scottish Independence, whence it would appear that certain orators have eagerly seized upon the event as a peg on which to hang denunciations of the Papacy, and as an opportunity to make big game out of very false impressions. They refer to the famous Arbroath Declaration as if it were a manifesto of the Protestant supremacy of the Pope. Those who signed the Declaration subscribed themselves obedient sons of the Vicar of Christ, whilst claiming freedom and independence for Scotland in matters temporal. It is true that Bruce refused to receive certain Papal documents, but he did so because they were not addressed to him as King of Scotland, not because they came from the Pope, whom even in his refusal he described as his spiritual Father, and also described the "Roman Church" as his spiritual Mother. If Bruce's Parliament charged the Pope with partiality for the English, the King of England accused his Holiness of being unduly influenced by the Scots. When the Pope refused to confirm King Edward's claim to the Scottish Crown, Walsingham asserted that he must have been bribed by the Scots. Both nations appear to have thought that fate arbitration should mean "a leaning to our side," but neither refused to acknowledge the Pope as Vicar of Christ. (History repeats itself to some extent. In our days there are those who think that papal neutrality they need not allow it to mean excommunicating the enemy. A Serbian lady recently told me that the German press accused the Pope of being pro-British, and she was greatly astonished on arriving in England to find the British press denouncing him as pro-German.) One of the aforesaid anti-Papal orators stated that "Scotmen have long memories," and at the Reformation were not inclined to defend the Papacy because of its treatment of their forefathers who had gained freedom for them. It is most unkind to his "reforming" countrymen to suggest that they changed their religion less from conviction than to spite the Pope, and in the spirit of revenge rather than of yearning for the Gospel; but he may understand them best. The fact is totally ignored that the independence gained by Catholics under their Catholic King was given up by the long-memoried "reformed" lords, who were pensioners of England. They were in the pay of the very Power which Bruce and his followers resisted and overcame; in other words, they were hirelings of the English Crown. The last Scottish Catholic King to rule over an independent Scotland refused to listen to his "reformed" uncle Henry VIII, but his nobles accepted bribes, and later agreed to deliver their infant Queen into English hands. Cardinal Beaton, as true a patriot as Bruce, blocked the way to success of these schemes, and so Henry resolved to have him removed by murder, the crime to be paid for by his Majesty's Treasury. It was

ANOTHER VICTIM OF RHEUMATISM

Entirely Well After Six Weeks' Treatment With "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. AMEDEE GARCEAU

32 Hickory St., Ottawa, Ont. "It was for many years a victim of that terrible disease, Rheumatism. In 1913, I was laid up for four months with Rheumatism in the joints of the knees, hips and shoulders and was prevented from following my work, that of Electrician. I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a week I was easier, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again. I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives,' as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial."

AMEDEE GARCEAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. All dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

duly committed, and duly rewarded. The first Protestant Regent and the first Protestant King of Scotland were both pensioners of England. So much for "reformed" independence. The "reformed" Scots cast off the Pope, but not the need of appeal; they appealed to England, the "old enemy," for men and money to be used against their own lawful ruler; they got what they begged for, but they forfeited their national independence. They have none now; and certainly the Papacy cannot be blamed for there being no longer a free and independent kingdom of Scotland. The orator quoted asserted that "the Papacy repudiated the Church of Scotland in the days of Bruce. The Papacy repudiates the Church of Scotland today, but as their fathers made light of the matter, they need not allow it to bear too heavily upon them today." The Papacy did not repudiate the Church of Scotland in Bruce's day; that Church, to be accurate, was the Church of Christ in Scotland, a totally distinct and different institution from the Church, or Kirk, of Scotland today, with which the Papacy never had anything to do. Can you be referred to an instance of the Scottish clergy in Bruce's days rejecting the authority of the Pope in matters of doctrine, or on the ground of their professing a different faith? Papal authority was not rejected until 1560, and then by an Act of Parliament, which abol-

ished also under most severe penalties the Mass and other doctrines believed and taught by the Church "in the days of Bruce."

The Church to which Bruce and Scotland then belonged is a Divine institution, built by Christ upon the Rock, Peter, universal, for all ages and all nations, teaching everywhere and always the same truths. "The Church of Scotland today" is a modern, human invention, limited to one nation, variable in doctrine with a creed subject to revision, and which has been described by one of its own preachers as presenting "a monstrous travesty of the Divinity." It was superfluous to state that the Papacy repudiates that Church. To suggest that the Church in the days of Bruce is the same as the Church of Scotland today is not honest. Moreover, it is very silly, for the majority of men can read, and could easily discover that if Bruce returned to Scotland now, he would want to assist at Mass, as he did before at Bannockburn. To join in singing psalms in a building without an altar would not do just as well. He would want to pray for the faithful departed, seeing that he built a chapel wherein Masses were to be offered for the soul of his friend Seton; the Church of Scotland has neither Masses for the dead nor belief in purgatory. He would want to confess to a priest, or an abbot, and would not regard a talk with an elder or even with a Moderator as just the same. He would want a confessor, and neither a picture of Knox nor a copy of the Shorter Catechism would content him. Nothing of what he wanted, of what he and his forefathers and his children had until the "reformation," would he find in the Church of Scotland today. But he would find all still in the Church to which he belonged six hundred years ago, and a chilled and baffled stranger in the finest Presbyterian kirks. He would be a son at home in the humblest Catholic chapel. If, as the orator seems to imply finally, Papal pronouncements are of no account, why all the fuss because there was not a Papal condemnation of Germany? Why the desire that the Pope should speak on the side of the Allies, and the wrath and resentment when he remained silent?

FRANCE RETURNING Recent developments in France indicate the changed attitude towards religion that has taken possession of the nation since the great War. The testimonies of appreciation from all quarters upon the work of the late lamented Cardinal Amette including the splendid appreciation of his war work by the ex-president of the Republic, M. Poincaré, in the Revue des Deux Mondes batten the return of France to the ideals of religion. France has passed through many crises in the past. She has even given evidence at times of becoming atheistic. But the unhappy past betrayed rather a superficial weakness, than a constitutional taint. France is Catholic by birth, by vocation, by temperament, and by heredity. And the crisis through which she has successfully passed only serves to show that France cannot be kept alive except through Catholicism.

Writing in the Constructive Quarterly the Bishop of Versailles gives an optimistic summary of religious conditions in France, and

demonstrates that his country having passed through the period of destruction now enters upon a period of edification, and of restoration to life. Thirty six years ago Renan declared that the ancient beliefs were disappearing and that France was living on a shadow, on the fragrance of an empty vase. "These who come after us," he said, "will live on the shadow of a shadow." Renan was mistaken. The ancient beliefs are not disappearing. They are reviving and giving life to new generations.

The Bishop of Versailles declares, "On the field of battle our Christian soldiers proved much more numerous than was supposed, and scattered through our regiments twenty-one thousand priests raised aloft the cross, and erected the altar beside the flag. We invoked the saints to save France, some drops of pure blood to wash away the stains of the nation. We were unaccustomed to public prayer. And Paris fell on its knees before God in Montmartre, at Notre Dame, in all the ecclesiastical. And what was done in Paris was done in the provinces, in the humblest villages and those apparently most adverse to religion. The bishop gave the signal and the people followed. There have been prayers in the families and in the churches. With some inevitable and foreseen exceptions all France has turned to prayer. Within a few months from the commencement of hostilities an active religion was produced by a change of emphasis in moral force. The national conscience returned to its normal orientation which is Catholic orientation. From day to day changes have been evident in our dear country, that it is returning to God after long forgetting Him."

The same hopeful note is sounded by a correspondent in a London daily paper who portrays Rheims Cathedral as the Calvary of France.

To stand before its shattered pinnacles, its defaced and mutilated statues, its gaping window places it is to realize how the work of centuries has been laid waste in four terrible years. From the inarticulate stones the tones convince that the task of rebuilding will be impossible. But when he sees the living spirit of the people who reared it, he cannot doubt that a spirit that has undergone such martyrdom will surely surmount all difficulties. The spirit of hope is resurgent in the gallant attempts of the people to preserve the ghost of beauty by flowers, by decorations and by rebuilding. The same spirit is manifest in the countryside. All this leads the writer to conclude that "from this Calvary rises a voice that shall not be silenced. In the heart of France it finds answer in the unshaken determination of her people to attain the fulfillment of its desire. The hands that have clasped the beloved dust rest not in their toil, which is prayer unceasing for the restoration of the land bequeathed to blood and agony."

France in the words of her great apostle: De Maistre is "an impetuous nation that cannot return to the truth, until it has exhausted error." The rebound has come, and France is returning to her vivifying principle which is Catholicism.—The Pilot.

St. Felicitas was the mother of seven children; yet this Christian woman feared more to leave them behind her on earth than other mothers dread surviving theirs.—St. Gregory the Great.

We are not called upon to leap and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence is a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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When the heart within you falters and the shadows upon you creep...

THE HOPE OF THE HARVEST IS IN THE SEED

The following paragraphs are taken from a lecture to young men given by Rev. J. W. Sullivan at San Francisco...

crevice, dark corners, secret holes harbor for rats and vermin where no trap can catch them...

The hope of the harvest is in the seed, if the seed be good and well cared for we need not fear for the result...

ing that a prejudice betrays weakness, we regard it as a proof of special insight, and flaunt it on all occasions...

SHE WOULDN'T QUARREL One of the stenographers in a certain large office was distinguished by her charming manners...

A GREAT TIME SAVER How many of the mistakes of life are due to the "didn't think" failing! Some of the greatest tragedies of life have come from the "didn't think" habit...

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GRANT THEM REST Grant them rest, for they are weary. Waiting for Thy promised light; Grant them rest, O Lord, for dreary is their banishment in night...

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

A young woman who works in an office—their supplies lead pencils to all of the employees was walking home from her work with another who had dropped a new lead-pencil that had just been sharpened...

PREJUDICE

Every one knows that a prejudice is the basest thing in the world to get the better of. It is like certain words which you can cut off or start up again at the next shower.

THE CHILD

It is not difficult to understand that in the mind of the Church the establishment of the Holy Family is a place before her people that model life which was beautifully exemplified in the home of Nazareth where Jesus, Mary and Joseph formed that earthly trinity of the home in which love, obedience and sacrifice made perfect happiness.

Family life has lost much of its savor because individuals have less sight of God, and have grown indifferent to the great obligations of married life. Society is wandering away from the old-fashioned idea of home, in which father and mother and child lived for one another...

WIPING AWAY SORROWS

Neighboring charity has nothing of the epic about it. The good housewife, hearing of sickness next door or down the street, and hurrying with some nourishing food or rapidly accomplishing her own home tasks to have an hour to help in a home nearby where distress or sorrow has come, may seem a homely figure in the busy of modern life.

WIPING AWAY SORROWS

It is interesting to compare with these liberal episcopal views the opinions of another man eminent in science. Mr. W. H. Mallock, the nephew of Froide, and a non-Catholic, in his newly published memoirs, declares: "That the universe was created inside of a week, 4004 years before the birth of Christ and that every word of the Bible was super-naturally dictated were to me facts as certain as that the earth is globular or that the date of the battle of Hastings was 1066."

In these times of hesitating doubts and trepidating faith the attempt to deny the historicity of Adam and Eve is deplorable. In contrast with this destructive attitude is the consistent attempt on the part of the Catholic Church to safeguard the treasures of the Bible from profanation by irresponsible interpreters.

Yet the sweetness of divine love has not left this fruitage of the second great Commandment without royal sanction; and the woman whose measure of kindness, hopped up and running over, is always ready for a sufferer's need, cannot enter her church without finding a reminder in the greatness of Jesus to Veronica, that the Master still is loving the homes of the poor and that the towel of service that wipes away tears of sorrow or even the blood of suffering will be found bearing the imprint of a great-faith God.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

A NOTABLE CONVERT

The most notable conversion that has taken place in Ireland for a considerable time is that of Miss Barton, sister of Mr. R. Barton, member of Parliament. Mr. Barton is at present undergoing a three years' penal servitude in a convict prison in England for a political speech labelled "seditious" by Dublin Castle. The Bartons are Wicklow stock, being an old Protestant family residing near Glendalough of the Seven Churches. They are connected with the Childers, one of whom was Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and with other celebrated English houses. Mr. Barton, M. P., the sole male survivor of his line, joined the British army at an early stage of the War. As a British officer, he was in active service in Dublin during the rebellion of 1916. Revolted by some of the cruelties which then came under his notice he joined the Irish volunteers and the Sinn Fein organization on his release from the army. He had been educated at Oxford, where he took his degree in economics. He worked his estate in County Wicklow on scientific lines. It was his chief delight to train all the young men in his neighborhood in up-to-date methods of agriculture. Although in prison he has been chosen chairman of the newly elected Wicklow County Council. The excessive severity of his sentence is regarded as a crime. It will be remembered that he made a daring escape from prison, but was recaptured. His sister, who has been received into the Church, is exceedingly popular. It is stated on trustworthy authority that Mr. Barton himself, when asked at Portland prison, what religion he should be registered as, "the Catholic religion." A formal acceptance of the faith may probably be the next phase of the pilgrim's shining progress.—The Missionary.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

ON THE MISSIONARY TRAIL

Occasionally we have from the missionaries themselves the best picture of the day and its labors on the Western track. It cannot but show how true is the picture of hardships we have so often drawn of the pioneer priest who faces daily the life of travel and toil inevitable in such circumstances. Let us quote an old and tried missionary, Father Louis, who interested so much a chance acquaintance that the Edmonton reporter gave it more than ordinary attention in his columns. "On May 11th I left Edson at 6 a. m. on the east bound train, got off at Niton, thirty miles from Edson. My programme was to reach Hattonford, thirteen miles north. I stopped at the post office to inquire about the trail. 'Not very good,' they said. 'Potson Creek is awfully high; the bridge has been carried off.' "I had four letters to write, which I did there in the little store. Meantime I heard some one state that people had crossed the creek on logs. When through with my letters I started for Hattonford, with my chapel and catechism quids. Thus equipped, I walked nine miles in the thawing snow, across the creek safely on logs, and tired with my kit, left it near an abandoned shack and got to my destination, four miles further on. I had walked five and a half hours. At night some one went to the shack with a team to bring back my outfit, as we needed it for the morning. Apart from mental conversation, I always teach catechism, and here my hobby serves me well. I have a flute and large pictures, which delight children, and so our lessons, with the help of nicely-colored pictures, are interspersed with hymns and school songs. The morning service consisted of Holy Mass, Communions, baptism, more homily talk. . . . We hitched up the horses and I got back to Niton at 8 p. m. on Wednesday, May 13th. "Did the people miss you any donation?" asked my friend. "None that I know—their prayers, I suppose! No money offering, because they could not. They had not yet received their wages for their winter work in the bush, and they needed every cent to buy seed." "At Niton I made a good fire in the depot, and slept on the bench like a lumberjack. The fire went out by 2 a. m. rekindled it, and at 7 a. m. I again took the train, going east. My destination was Lobatto. "I said Holy Mass there for the benefit of one family. After Mass I taught catechism to four children. Late in the evening I retraced my steps to Junkins, where I stayed over night. "After Mass on Friday, May 14th, I walked to Ravine—eight miles from Junkins to the particular homestead I had to reach. Of course I carried my outfit. There is no other way at the present time, of travelling; rigs, wagons, automobiles, aeroplanes, are all very good in their own place and time, but here and now, a saddle pony is the only practical way of reaching outposts. Yet I can have none, because my district is too extensive. It does not pay to ride a pony between Edson and Stony Plain, and back (round trip 300 miles.) Of what use would the pony be when I am tied up on the Alberta Coal Branch for two weeks? Stable fees at Edson would ruin me."

Here my friend maliciously remarked: "Father, you play the part of the pony yourself!" I retorted, "Yes, but I carry the Lord, so it is Palm Sunday over again!" "Thus from post to post to visit the Catholic families few and scattered, goes the missionary and he pertinently adds: "It is the same kind of pastoral work everywhere—sermon-like talk, catechism, confessions, Holy Mass, Holy Sacraments, etc., walking across country, driving, meantime saying of the holy office, psalter, or rosary, as circumstances permit. It is plain that if one has to ride or walk fifteen miles, he cannot read his breviary; the holy rosary is the best substitute. You may imagine that when I carry my outfit ten miles, or even five, I think of our Lord carrying His Cross, and that counts for the recitation of my breviary that day. I often say Holy Mass right after midnight, returning from a late trip, or train, and my sleep on such occasions is limited to about three hours out of the normal seven or eight; it reminds me of the Holy Thursday night, part of which Jesus spent in the garden of Olives, part in the guard room. "For expenses the good missionary has to depend largely on what he can collect on the road, often a mere pittance. "I look after any expenditure connected with travelling and the upkeep of my portable chapel. I spend my Sundays at Mount Park, usually twice a month, rather than twenty a year. At Lovest once a month, and by rotation at Coalpar, Mussel, Junkins, Carvel, Rosevear. I intend to spend a Sunday at Tomahawk. There is nothing absolutely definite in a new country like this. I just learned that Lovest, where I counted fifteen families, will be closed down, and so I have to turn my exertions towards the new little mining camps of the Coal Branch. Rumors have it, too, that Cadomin and Mount Park may undergo great improvement, that a new mine will be opened up some seven miles from

Cadomin. Catholic people will be carried by the usual tide and go there. Under such circumstances I am kept trudging along like a hobo. "Here is a good summary. Carvel group—22 families, 4 racial elements, 25 miles of country. "Gainford group—20 families, 8 racial elements, 20 miles of country. "Junkins group—15 families, 3 racial elements, 20 miles of country. "Mahaaka group—15 families, 3 racial elements, 25 miles of country. "McKenzie group—5 families, 1 racial element, 15 miles of country. "Rosevera group—10 families, 3 racial elements, 10 miles of country. "Wolf Creek group and Yates—10 families, 3 racial elements, 20 miles of country. "It is for such men and such territory that the Catholic Church Extension Society appeals. It needs no further emphasis from us. These men do more in a month to preserve the faith than many of us in our whole lives. Let us think of them and their needs. The Catholic Church Extension is to aid these laborers in the scattered districts where the name of God must penetrate and the gospel preached to all his creatures. Help Extension finance these works. Even a small gift is appreciated. 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 \$8,882 08 Mrs. E. F. Boyle, Orms-town 50 MASS INTENTIONS Mrs. D. H. McGillivray, Reserves Mines 2 00 May McNaill, Gardinar Mines 2 00

DIED WALSH.—At 5320 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, on the 16th inst. Matilda, beloved wife of S. J. Walsh and sister of the late Very Rev. E. P. DeCantillon, O.P. On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

Whoever eats the bread that another has reaped and kneaded, is under an obligation to his brother, and cannot say he owes him nothing in return. The poorest of us has received from society much more than his own single strength would have permitted him to wrest from nature.—Emile Souvestre.

Our flesh and blood, mingling with the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ are fitted for a glorious resurrection. Leaven or yeast, when mixed with dough, soon penetrates the entire mass imparting new qualities to it. In like manner the glorified body of Jesus Christ penetrates through our entire being and endows it with qualities—the qualities of glory and immortality.

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Study this Map

It tells—but only partly tells—the Story of Misery in Central Europe. Within the great territory between the black lines millions of destitute children are doomed to grow up weak and deformed through want of fats, milk and sugar, unless immediate help comes from without.

HERBERT HOOVER, invited to speak at a Canadian Red Cross meeting, said:

"Our problem over the forthcoming winter appears to be about 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 children.

"These children are the obligation of every man, woman and child in the Western Hemisphere, for we have suffered less; but, beyond this, they are a charge on the heart of the whole world."

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