

# 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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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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#### PLEASANT MEMORIES

As, out of the night, our ship—and let me say that it was a true American ship—came within sight of the dark headlands of Cork, with bright stars on their brow, the welcome sight inspired me to declaim to my fellow-watchers, (a Boer Doctor of Medicine, and an American Doctor of Philosophy) on the ship's deck, some stanzas of John Locke's fine poem of the returning exile:

*M'nam le Dha!* but there it is! The dawn on the hills of Ireland, God's angels liftin' the night's black veil,

From the fair sweet face of my sire-land.

Och Ireland! isn't it grand you look, Like a bride in her rich adornin', And with all the pent up love of my soul

I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

One hour like this pays lavishly back,

For many a year of mournin', And I'd almost venture another flight,

There's so much joy in returnin', Watchin' out for the hallowed shore.

All other attractions scornin'—

Och Ireland! don't you hear me shout,

I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

—My soul to God.

#### CORB HARBOR

The Cobb (cove) o' Cork—which under the British regime used to be called Queenstown—is far from being as busy as it was. In pursuance of their centuries-old policy of checking Irish commercial growth, the British steamship lines, several years ago, began to omit the Cobb as a point of call. And, when, then, a German line, with true German enterprise, began patronising Cobb, the big English interests, or the English Government, brought such pressure to bear upon the German Company that they had to drop Cobb.

The ships of the British fleet that were almost always found riding in Cobb Harbor are less plentiful there now. Furthermore, the British military activities on the Islands and Forts are abating. So Cobb of Cork is now leisurely drawing its breath, and awaiting the renewed traffic that a new Irish Government is expected to draw to it. As it is, not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the best, most secure, harbours in these three Kingdoms, the future of Cobb is secure.

To go gliding into Cobb harbor, between the narrow headlands, at one o'clock of a beautiful, calm, starlit, moonlit, night was a happy experience for us who had been storm-tossed for days before. In the clear calm night the outlines of the encircling shores were comparatively plain, and the many lights twinkling their welcome from the land were reassuring. Over the glassed waters of the harbor the moon laid a golden path, as if to greet the returning feet of the exiles, and hurry them to the Land of Promise. The soft, and soothering, deluder, Cork accent, which greeted us from the tender that came alongside our ship, was welcome music indeed.

#### FRIENDLY GREETINGS

On the tender we saw the first Irish soldiers. They were Republicans—what the newspapers usually describe as "irregulars"—only in half uniform, and unarmed. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that no arms were visible to the naked eye. These fine, upstanding, clean-cut boys impressed one favorably. They greeted every one of the returning Irishmen in friendly fashion, and wanted to know if any of us had with us any material of war, to replenish their low war stock. Every Irishman on the ship, however, came back to Ireland seeking peace, not war. And the boys, who, despite some years of intense struggling, and intense suffering, are not yet fed up with fighting, went away disappointed. But it was evident to us that they, and their comrades, had been in the habit of getting succor—in the shape of arms, and ammunition—from returning Irish-Americans, who yet believe, with the sweet poet Lionel Johnson that:

Ere Freedom dawns on Innisfail, Some weapons on some fields must gleam, Some fiery ardour stir the Gael.

#### CORK REBUILT

Before hieing for my home in the Northland—in Donegal—I paused in Cork, and stopped in Dublin. I was particularly anxious to see what I might of the handiwork of the incendiary Black and Tans in Cork. I was also wishful to get some impressions of that far-famed city. And in the third place I wanted to visit the grave of Terence MacSwiney.

Because little stores, of one storey in height, have been erected along the burnt portion of the streets of the city, the crime of the fearful burning does not, any longer, present itself to the visitor in the stark nakedness with which at first it must have appalled the sightseer. The tragedy of the burning can now only be appreciated by getting interior, and back views, but one can readily realize the fearful sinking of heart with which Cork citizens gazed upon the blackened, ragged ruins, on a dreary morning after the awful night of Black and Tan orgy—that terrible night when the savage demons, who were in Ireland to uphold the British Empire's glory, danced the savage war dance, sang, screamed, and yelled around the sacrificial fire. As soon as Cork was permitted to do so, it quickly raked and scraped among the ruins, ran up its shacks, and resumed its life again.

BARRY EGAN

One of the very worthy, and interesting, citizens of Cork—one who, in the dark days, led the strenuous life of the hunted, and who is now, again doing a good trade on the ruined steading of his former establishment—is Barry Egan, who runs the famous Cork jewellery business of William Egan & Sons. Mr. Barry Egan, a typical, pleasant, soft spoken Corkman, can tell the visitor to Cork more stories of the days of the terror than would fill a very large volume. And, listening to that soft-spoken Cork man relating what he saw, and what he came through, and what Cork came through, you might easily close your eyes, and fancy yourself east of the Bosphorus—hearkening to an Armenian relating some of the sorriest episodes in his race's recent history.

But Barry Egan, after harrowing your soul with red records of the doings of England's saints in Ireland, can then quickly uplift you with proof of the progress which Ireland may easily make, once she is mistress of her own destinies. He can take you into his own establishment, and exhibit to you truly beautiful examples of the Irish Metal Workers art—magnificent work for which Ireland was famed in olden times, which was, later, wiped out by the conqueror's power, but which, thank Heaven, Mr. Egan's house is showing us how to bring back again today. Mr. Egan specializes in chalices, thuribles, and other church supplies, and in this he has developed a good Irish trade which, until recently, had to be supplied from outside the shores of Ireland. He has shown that Ireland, and Irish workmen, can supply articles as beautiful, as serviceable, and at least as low-priced, as any foreign country. Through the various lines of manufacture which he has taken up, he has given new crafts, and plentiful employment, to the workmen of his native city, and he has kept in Ireland a little flow of gold that had steadily been slipping away from it. By the example of what he, himself, has accomplished, he easily convinces you that, given a Government of Ireland by Irishmen, a little capital, a little enterprise, and a little practical patriotism, Ireland would be a prosperous country again within the next twenty years.

#### IRISH TRADE PROGRESSING

If any doubt on this point has lingered in your mind, you only need to visit Liam de Roiste, Secretary of the Irish Industrial Development Association—in his office a few blocks away from Barry Egan—to be shown with inexorable logic, and mathematical precision, by facts and figures adduced, that there is an unworked mine of wealth in Irish trade. De Roiste has been, for many years, laboring in the cause of Irish Industrial Development, is saturated with his subject, and laden with his facts, and can send you away from an interview with your heart, and hopes, very high indeed, for Ireland's material future. A talk with him, and one with Professor Webberley, of the Cork University, an expert on Agriculture, convinces you, however, that the development of our Agriculture is of greater importance to Ireland, at the present time, than any other material asset she possesses.

The church is particularly interesting for Americans, for not only did it possess some of the sacred relics of the Martyr Deacon Saint Lawrence, but these relics were brought from Rome by a Catholic ancestor of the well-known Miles Standish. In the year 1442 Sir Rowland Standish procured the Relic of the Saint, which he gave to the parish church at Chorley. There still exists a niche in the church, over which there is an inscribed brass plate, which states that:

Here lie the bones of St. Lawrence to whom this church is dedicated, which were brought from Normandy by Sir Rowland Standish, Kt., and deposited by him in this Church A.D. 1442.

The church has in its baptistry the font in which Miles Standish, of Duxbury Hall, who was one of the

happier prosperity in store for any country than that which comes from husbanding and reaping the fruits of the soil.

In its general appearance, and in its trade atmosphere, Cork, to the casual visitor, compares quite favorably with American cities of the same size. Its population is between 30,000 and 100,000. It is open, bright, pleasing, well and substantially built, its streets pleasantly brisk, and its people apparently comfortable and happy. Having got along so satisfactorily under all the many hardships imposed by a foreign power that has ever sought to crush, in its conquered possessions, all competition with the trade of its own citizens, it is easy to speculate how prosperous will be the Cork of a generation hence.

#### A VISIT TO ST. FINBARR'S CEMETERY

The beautiful day on which it was my good fortune to be in Cork, I sauntered over the two miles of pleasant country road that leads from the city to St. Finbarr's cemetery, where is the Republican burying plot. It was a truly delightful walk; soft hills arose on each side of me, clad in that imitable cloak of green which can never be matched in the world again, outside the four shores of Erin. Trees had already covered themselves with leaves; the daisies, the primroses, the buttercups, had come thickly out, and were festive in the gay sunshine. The many birds were twittering in the bushes; the blackbird was whistling his seductive tune, and the musical thrush telling his love in liquid notes, from the tree top. One of the loveliest of God's days it was—a day ideal for a returned exile's first day in Erin. That two miles walk was to me worth more than gold—it filled the thirsting heart and hungering soul with the intoxicating joy, long denied, of the rare and rich homeland. Yet, blending with the pean of joy that my heart sang, was an undertone of poignant sadness—for thinking how my every step followed the steps of those heavy-hearted, grief-stricken ones—boys and girls, men and women—who, only a few brief months ago, wended this same way, behind the coffin of the savagely murdered Mayor MacCurtain—and of the martyred MacSweeney—and of many other young heroes of Cork, who gladly died that Erin might live. It was the *Via Crucis*—every stone on the way might also be said to have been stained with blood, and washed with tears.

#### SAD YET CONSOLING

The Republican burial plot is just inside the main entrance to St. Finbarr's cemetery. Around MacSwiney and MacCurtain about forty other Irish heroes rest in their last dreamless sleep—they did their work, and went on. Their loss was at once Ireland's loss and Ireland's gain. Their lives, and their deaths, brought Ireland forward—their memories remain an eternal heritage of inspiration to the young Ireland of today, and to the young Ireland of tomorrow, and of all future centuries.

Above the green sod which lies upon the breast of Terence MacSwiney and Thomas MacCurtain, and their gallant fellows, the gay sunshine danced, the flowers bloomed, the trees bent in benison, and the birds in the branches above sang sweet songs, in which there was no slightest trace of sadness. All growing, and all living things—God and nature—spoke aloud, not of any grievous loss, but of a grand triumph. I knelt upon the green grass, and, while the birds chorused musically above my bowed head, thanked God for the priceless gift he gave to Erin in the glorious deaths of these true men.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.

MILES STANDISH'S ANCESTOR  
WAS AN ARDENT CATHOLIC

London, May 26.—Lancashire Catholics in the Blackburn district have just made a pilgrimage to one of the most interesting of all the ancient churches in England. This is the Church of St. Lawrence, which was built in the year 1200, and which passed into the hands of Protestants at the Reformation.

The church is particularly interesting for Americans, for not only did it possess some of the sacred relics of the Martyr Deacon Saint Lawrence, but these relics were brought from Normandy by a Catholic ancestor of the well-known Miles Standish.

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The church has in its baptistry the font in which Miles Standish, of Duxbury Hall, who was one of the

Pilgrim Fathers, was christened. The church still possesses the ancient pew of the old Standishes, a wonderful product of carving, and considered to be the finest of its kind throughout the whole country. Over the pew is the ancient crest of the Standishes, three stars and four stripes.

#### KU KLUX KLAN

ALABAMA CITIZENS TO CRUSH  
ORGANIZED LAWBREAKING

Birmingham, Ala., June 5.—Aroused by a series of outrages which culminated in the brutal whipping of Dr. J. D. Donnelly of the county health board, the Birmingham Bar Association has adopted a series of resolutions intended to aid in stamping out masked lawlessness and which are aimed directly at the Ku Klux Klan and similar organizations.

The resolutions, three in number, were adopted by rising vote at an indignation meeting of the Bar Association during which Captain Frank S. White in a fiery address, denounced the principles of the Ku Klux Klan and challenged any member of the audience who belonged to that organization to stand up and avow his membership. The purpose of the resolutions adopted included:

Calling upon the State legislature to enact such additional laws as were necessary to restore the dignity and prestige of duly constituted authority:

Requesting candidates for public office to state whether or not they are connected with the Ku Klux Klan.

Urging the city commissioners to take action banning demonstrations by the Ku Klux Klan or other masked organizations.

#### KU KLUX KLAN DENOUNCED

The whipping of Dr. Donnelly, who was lured from his home on an errand of mercy, was followed by an offer of a reward by Governor Kilby and by denunciatory resolutions by the International Civilian Club, and the Civil Association, the Exchange Club, and various Protestant church and Sunday school organizations, but the resolutions of the Bar Association, although they do not charge the Ku Klux Klan with the outrage, are of such a character as to link it with the commission of the deed.

#### FRENCH CHURCH TO BE RESTORED

By M. Massani

Paris, France.—Granting the wish expressed by the deputies and senators from Normandy, in the name of the Catholic population which they represent, the Government has decided to restore to the public as a place of worship the famous basilica of Mont-Saint-Michel, located on the border of Normandy and Brittany, on a rugged island which is visited each year by more than 150,000 tourists.

Since the Revolution, which closed the abbey and profaned the basilica, Mass has been said in it only at rare intervals. The last time was on the occasion of the visit of some pilgrims from New York, when Msgr. MacMahon was the celebrant.

#### BUILT IN ELEVENTH CENTURY

The present basilica was built in the eleventh century by the Benedictines, upon the site of an old Carolingian church. The three naves, the central tower, and the transept are Roman; the choir and the apses, built at a later period, are in the flamboyant style. The basilica was the abbatial church of a monastery, the buildings of which cover the entire island.

This agglomeration of buildings: almonry, cellar, chapter, knight's room, refectory, cloister, hostelry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, towers, ramparts, fortified gates, etc., dominated by the lofty spire of the church formed a magnificent and imposing group which some chroniclers have named the eighth wonder of the world. The name "Merveille" (wonder) has been retained by the abbey.

The origin of the devotion to St. Michael in this spot dates back to the year 708. The rocky island in the Bay of Pontorson was then known as Monte-Tombe. Saint Aubert, bishop of Avranches, was honored by an apparition of the Archangel Saint Michael, patron of France, who ordered him to build a sanctuary in his honor on the summit of Mont Tombe.

Consecrated in the year 709, on October 16, the sanctuary rapidly became famous throughout Christendom. Braving the perils of the sea, crowds of pilgrims came to visit the modest oratory. In the language of the people Mont Tombe became the Mont-Saint-Michel. From Germany, Italy and England pilgrims flocked to Saint-Michel-du Peril.

In the fourteenth century there were many pilgrimages of children—"pastouraux," as they are described in the ancient chronicles.

From all time the Kings of France, the dukes of Normandy and the dukes of Brittany have been known for their devotion to Saint Michael, the frequency of their pilgrimages and the generosity of their gifts.

In 966 a Benedictine monastery was established on the island, and it was the monks who erected the famous basilica of today. Fortress as well as abbey, the Mont-Saint-Michel has withstood many a long siege. It was never captured.

In 1790 the Revolution dispersed the monks and converted the monastery into a prison. But the closing of the basilica did not interrupt the pilgrimages. However, the pilgrims honored Saint Michael in the little parish church of the town on the eastern slope of the Mount, and large celebrations were held in the open on the esplanade. In 1809, when the 12th centennial of the foundation of the pilgrimage was celebrated, 42,000 people and 23 parishes assembled there.

It is hoped that the solemn opening of the basilica can take place on September 29, the feast of Saint Michael.

#### BUILDING KEPT IN ORDER

The building has been kept in perfect order by the administration of the Beaux Arts, but before it can be used again for religious purposes, many necessary accessories must be provided.

The Government has also taken another decision much desired by the friends of Mont-Saint-Michel as well as by the artists and archaeologists, and has agreed to cut the long dike which was built to connect the Mount with the mainland, under pretext of facilitating communications. This dike caused the bay to gradually fill with sand so that the Mount almost ceased to be an island. The suppression of the dike will restore to the Mount its picturesqueness, its historical past, and its traditional personality.

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#### OUTRAGES SEVERELY CONDEMNED

GEORGE RUSSELL'S FORCEFUL LETTER TO CO-RELIGIONISTS

Dublin, May 26.—Outrages perpetrated by Protestants on Catholics in the north of Ireland were severely condemned at a convention of Dublin Protestants held here recently, at which several of the speakers bore testimony to the absence of any bigoted feeling amongst the Catholic population.

The original scope of the Society has been widened, and it assists convert clergymen of all denominations. Some of the convert clergymen are married, and in such cases the Society helps to find a home for them and employment. In the case of certain of the Anglican converts the Society renders them absolutely homeless, since in practically every case of a benefited clergyman a house forms part of the benefit.

But some of the unmarried converts show a vocation for the Catholic priesthood, and the Society makes itself responsible in a number of cases for the maintenance and education of these candidates for the priesthood. Out of 84% convert ministers no fewer than 19 have gone on to the priesthood.

The annual report of the Converts' Aid Society, which has just been published, shows that the

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
(LADY GILBERT)

## CHAPTER XXVII

VERONA

In the meantime the years had been spent by Mr. Honeywood and Kevin in travelling over the greater part of the known world. On a certain summer day they turned their backs upon the Rhine, the banks of which they had thoroughly explored, and set their faces towards Italy.

Arrived in Innsbruck, they felt already the exhilarating spell of the mountains. Passing down the street where the famous gold-roofed house glitters against an Alpine wall of purple, they turned into the church, where furred-peaked peasant women knelt at prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the same solemn ceremony.

"Who are all these people?" asked Kevin, hardly distinguishing between the brown-cheeked devotees in their wild head-dresses and the weird bronze figures, as large as life, that stood as if engaged in some solemn ceremony.

"These in the middle are royal personages," said Honeywood, "and they are standing around a tomb. One would think they had come here to witness the burial, and had forgotten to go away again. The others are mere common-place peasants, who are so accustomed to the presence of all this splendor that they do not stop to wonder at it as we do."

"It is like a witch-meeting, a Walpurgis-nacht," said Kevin. "Fancy this church in the dead of night, with the moon glimmering through the windows, and all these bronze people standing gazing at each other."

"You think they take hands and skip over the tombs and chase each other through the aisles?"

"They are too ponderous for that," said Kevin. "They seem to me riveted to the earth with the weight of their own experience. Look at these massive robes of bronze, these jewels and headgear which they wear here still, long after they have been stripped even of their flesh, and have gone destitute into eternity. Knowing all they know, they are standing here aghast at the dreadful pageantries of life."

A magnificent thunderstorm came on while our friends were on their way to Verona; the train sped through fire; the ancient city was weirdly illuminated for their arrival. As they drove through the streets at midnight the lightning furnished a royal torch-light; by it they could fitfully discern the yawning Roman arches, under which the horses passed, and which seemed to soar suddenly into a sky of flame and vanish; the black pile of the amphitheatre; the lofty towers; the tall mediæval houses, with their shutters and balconies, their quaint roofs, and their long, deep shadows that lie about their base, surrounding them with grandeur and mystery. The great courtyard of the hotel was like a well of shadow covered in overhead with dark, intense purple, till a flash of lightning discovered the airy balconies hanging out above, with their clumps of flowering plants, and all the tiled intricacies of the roofs and chimneys, and the upper windows with their fantastic hoods and cowls.

Who can tell the delights of a first walk through Verona?—the rare old mediæval city, strong and beautiful in its antiquity, though so hacked at and notched by time; set like a jewel among blue hills and mountains; its towers and spires hanging so high in the bright air, that one almost reels to look up at them; with its gigantic Roman gates and arches, its sumptuous tombs and palaces, its Gothic fountains and faded frescoed dwellings, and its solemn and venerable churches.

Kevin wakened in the morning with a thrill of recollection, and rose in great excitement. "I am in Verona," he thought, "where Juliet loved and Dante dreamed, and where the grand signori of the Middle Ages held their court. Here walked the poet of the Paradieso, guarded and watched by the mighty Mastiff lord."

It was very early, some hours before his friend was likely to appear, and he went out alone to ramble about the city. As he passed through the courtyard a flock of pigeons swooped across it, and the flash of their white wings startled him, like a message from the past. It had not needed this to bring Fanchetta's little form to his side; he always called upon her in spirit to share any new joy that fell to his share; and now, side by side, he and the ghost of his child-loved travelled through the streets.

In the Piazza delle Erbe business was already going forward; the Square, with its rich ancient architecture, its Palace of Justice, its old Market House and House of Merchants, looked as if the contents of a hundred gardens had been emptied into its lap, while countless huge, white umbrellas spread their grotesque wings over the treasures of fruit and flowers set forth for the buyer. Under the umbrellas sat brown-cheeked, dark-eyed women in brilliant kerchiefs, guarding their juicy merchandise, and making striking groups against the background of the surrounding

buildings with their dim, rich frontage of time-worn sculpture and faded fresco. It was a gay, brilliant, noisy scene; loud clatter, ringing laughter, flashing colours; and above the heaps of green melons and groves of glowing oleanders, the squat forms of the quaint umbrellas, and the animated figures that moved among them, rose the marble sanctuary-column, the Gothic fountain, with its exquisite pinnacles, the soaring arches and lofty towers solemnly looking down, as on children at play, and tragically mindful of other scenes.

"Who were these wonderful Scaligeri?" asked Kevin.

"They were the great lords of Verona in the middle ages," said Honeywood. "The first was a mere soldier of fortune, elected by people weary of the rule of a tyrant. He was called by a strange name, Mastino della Scala, the Mastiff of the Ladder; and wherever he went he carried this extraordinary ladder, which by the way, always reminds me of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. He passed it on to his descendants along with his canine name, and you may see it today; and the ladder repeated all over these tombs. Mastiffs support each sarcophagus, and the ladder is everywhere; as indeed it is everywhere over Verona: see it woven into these wrought-metal screens."

He almost felt inclined to ask some of them if they had seen a little girl, with blue eyes and long dark hair; but with a sigh shook off the folly, and passed under the mighty arch into the Piazza dei Signori.

This piazza was comparatively silent and empty, and Kevin leaned against a column and surveyed in peace the gorgeous palaces of the great Mastiff race, with their lofty cornices, and gigantic Gothic arches; with their massive pillars, delicate, graceful loggias, and the huge, towering campanile that pierces the clouds and once threw its solemn shadow upon Dante's exiled head.

Thrilling with excitement, Kevin ran on the rows of frowning and sculptured windows. "What eyes have looked out from them?" he thought. "At which of them did Dante's strong, sad face come and go, watching for the form of his beloved lady in the golden blue of the morning sky?" He was happier than I, for he knew that his love was in heaven. He looked to her on high; I search for her vainly on earth. Come along, little imaginary Fanchetta, he continued, "and we will pass on through this wonderful city; and I will tell you as we go of all the good things that have fallen to my share since I saw you; you are only a pale little ghost, but you are all I have to console me for the Fanchetta I have lost. As Beatrice was to Dante, so you have been the inspiration of my life. The great Master, who knew so much of human weakness, will forgive me for my audacity in drawing the parallel."

Climbing the steps of the great amphitheatre, he sat down, and gave himself up to the imagination it suggested. His thoughts were the dreams of a poet, and took forms that may hereafter give delight to the world; his eyes had wandered away to the deeply coloured horizon against which, wrapped in ether, stood up the great fortress towers of the Scaligeri, and the dark cypresses like sombre sentinels, ghostly streaks of shadow in the glowing landscape. He marked the paradisaical hills and the transfigured mountains, the rushing Adige with its bridges, and the rude, grand, lovely and picturesque masses of the city at his feet. Suddenly sounds from below caused him to look down, and see that some vulgar show was going on in the arena of the amphitheatre. A tent had been erected and gypsies were holding an entertainment for the benefit of some straggling spectators; a girl with floating hair was dancing and singing, and shaking a tambourine. A few notes from her fresh young voice rang up to where he sat; but he could not see her face. Startled out of his dreams, he thought he beheld the scene that was so often present to his thoughts; he rushed downward to claim and take possession of Fanchetta.

"I feel your idea deeply," said Kevin. "Hark! how near to us is the hum of life, and yet how deserted, how isolated are these shrines of death!"

"Before we go, look well at the resting-place of Can Grande," said Honeywood, "for you will find marks of him wherever you go in Verona. He was the greatest of this sovereign race. His monument forms the entrance to the church behind. See the open windows within the columns that support his sarcophagus. The tomb is in three stages; first, the lower columns; then the sarcophagus, supported by great dogs, and bearing the sleeping lord, who even in his death-robe is girt with the sword of State. His shield is decorated with the famous ladder, and the mastiff's head crests his helmet. The third stage rises fifty feet aloft, and ends in a pyramid, bearing on its pinnacle the statue of the full-armed warrior on his war-horse. His, as being the entrance of the church, is the most central monument, though it is not so sumptuous in sculptured ornament as that of Can Signorio, surrounded by his warrior saints."

CHAPTER XXVIII  
IN THE OLD CHURCHES

Besides the sensations produced by the mere presence of vastness enriched with beauty felt by the wanderer in foreign churches, he will often, if at all peacefully minded, be conscious of an influence which grows on him as he proceeds, and springs from the continual association with the large and gracious company of the saints, whose images people the walls. Gathered from all ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel, remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and sealed the heights of eternity. Cecilia, with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among roses, the great

Christopher stemming the torrent—who shall call the roll of the beautiful army? Far over our heads, our thoughts, they are gazing, wrapped in the contemplation of their ineffable secret, or they look down pityingly on pilgrims still faring below. Weary, poverty-stricken, heart-broken, they dragged themselves to God's gate, too feeble even to knock: what they knew when it opened to them is not told. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," aught of the mystery whose sweetest lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whether they have penetrated we too may come; the bliss they taste we also may share. Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Beauty, Fortitude, Meekness, Fervour, each embodied virtue has a face that he has learned to greet as the face of a friend. Stately Barbara, with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lepers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall.

EVEN A MIND little given to religious thought will find a soothng influence from the presence of this white company. Gradually and almost unconsciously the hearts of Honeywood and Kevin were swayed by the silent meanings of holy faces, whose smile when living had given help and hope to humanity; of folded hands, whose toil had been the charity of Christ. Great must be the Master whose servants are such, is the thought such meanings lead up to, and eyes of those whose work may still be waiting for them, whose pilgrimage is far from its close, will turn, laden with it, to the face of the Redeemer, whose behests these strong ones have fulfilled.

DAY AFTER DAY our travelling friends explored the strange old churches of Verona. Leaving the noisy, deep-colored streets and piazzas where the strong sun burned fiercely down on haughty palace, ancient dwelling, and tower frowning with all the arrogance of bygone warlike days, the strangers raised the heavy curtain meant to shut out a world of passion, and stepped from glow and glare into dimness and mystery. As strange, in their own way, as its colossal fortresses and fantastic tombs, are the churches of Verona, with a solemn, half-barbaric splendor all their own. One afternoon Honeywood and Kevin stood before the portal of San Zeno, that curious portal, with its columns supported by leonine, sphinx-like creatures that seem to guard jealously the hoarded treasure of nine centuries accumulated within. Rich, bizarre, unique, are the outer forms and expressions of this old church. A sort of magnificent grimness in the design of the building, lightened and softened by the delicate quaintness of the ornamentation encrusted upon the entrance and front, takes a curious hold upon the imagination. Weird sculptures enrich the portal, including a version of the story of the wild jager, Theodoric, at a stag hunt, surrounded by hounds; the demon, to whom he has sold his soul for pleasure, grinning at him from a corner; scripture subjects surmounting and emphasizing this uncanny legend; while a strange benediction surrounds all—the hand of the Almighty raised in blessing and warning, carved out of the stone above the door. Higher still the wheel window, with beauty to attract the eye, startles the fancy with its almost mocking meaning, showing fortune at her pranks, a king at top of the wheel, a beggar at bottom. The whole seems the work of a Christianity powerful and gigantic, but only half-tamed, with a soul vividly awake to God, but an imagination still darkened by influences of paganism, and crossed by an innocent and child-like freakishness; a Christianity still of the sword and club, needing and receiving aerial visions, sooths its savage fervor into peace, a Titan with one foot in hell and the other in heaven, but both arms grasping the cross.

"To BE CONTINUED

## FATHER TIM CASEY

It was an ugly night for a sick call, and Father Casey should have hurried home to the enjoyment of a warm room and dry clothing. Yet he picked his way among the deep ruts and heaps of brich and steele where the Western Construction Company was erecting a row of immense concrete grain elevators, in the watchman's shanty. Its cheery glow had more fascination for him than the blazing log in the grandest mansion.

"A wet night Larry," he called out. For the watchful guardian had spied him and thrown open his hospitable abode.

"Glory be to God! Father Tim! Is it yourself that's in it?" And he gave him the only chair in the shanty. "Sit forinst the fire; 'twill take the chill out of yer bones. Sure, it's lying on the flat of yer back wid the infunzy y'll be. Arrah, why can't these o'madhuans call a priest in broad daylight? They haven't the sense of

an unwan child. Shure if wan was sick enough to have the priest at eleven o'clock at night, he was sick enough to have him at six in the evening." In his excitement, he poked viciously at the fire that was already roaring like a furnace. Finally he dragged a tool chest up to the stove for himself, and they settled down for a quiet chat.

"That misfortune agasthore, O'Bryne," said Larry, balancing a glowing coal on his pipe, "has been drinkin' again. I made him promise to come before yer Reverence wid me Winsda' night and take the pledge."

"But wouldn't it look queer,

Father Tim, to see a poor ignorant night-watchman at the altar every day?"

"It shouldn't look queer to see a Christian doing what Christ and the Church want him to do. The first Christians had not like you, enjoyed the blessing of the true faith from infancy, yet they received every day. It was only later on, after false teachers had tried to corrupt doctrine, that good people began to have a false fear of receiving so often, and this fear still withholds many from the Holy Table. That is why I say that you would be fostering a movement of untold value to souls, if you would by your example encourage daily Communion among the men of the parish. Many of them could go and, I am firmly convinced, would go, if somebody would make the start. They need example; words do not suffice. In spite of all that, I can say, they hesitate about breaking away from old traditions."

"Old traditions" were evidently exerting influence on Larry and contenning in his soul with the joy awakened by the thought that he might be allowed to receive his Master daily. He asked falteringly: "Could I—do ye think, Father Tim—would I be able to do all that I ought, to get the benefits of daily Communion?"

"Larry," he said, "you are an apostle. God bless you!"

"Father Tim," replied Larry, "when I see the chance to help the soul of a fellow-man, I never purposely miss it. 'Tis little I can do, however. Here durin' the long nights I've been readin' of a Frenchman that promoted what they call Catholic Social Action. 'Tis he did the great good, though he was but a plain layman. How it made me wish that I was young and had book larin' so that I could take part in some grand movement of that kind for the benefit of the immortal souls for whom Our Blessed Saviour died!"

"Larry," returned the priest, "there is a movement of untold benefit to souls—it requires no youth or learning—I want you to promote it in St. Mary's Parish."

"Father, tell me what it is. Wid God's help, I'll do my endeavours to foster it."

"It is daily Communion among the men."

Pain and disappointment darkened his kindly, wrinkled face, as he replied:

"God forgive ye, Father Tim! What figure'd I cut prechin' daily Communion! Who'd listen to me?"

"I don't ask you to preach. Larry, I do enough of that myself to suffice for two parishes—at least so they tell me, when I forget myself and talk them all to sleep."

"To sleep is it! Before they'd rise early, and thravel far afore they'd hear such eloquence as we have Sund'a in St. Mary's, Father Tim, asthore!"

"Begorra, I suppose so," said Larry uncomfortably.

"Now, I can easily understand why the majority of men make no effort to receive Communion daily. It is because they are supremely indifferent to all that regards God and their own souls. They would not sacrifice fifteen minutes of sleep nor fifteen minutes' smoke for anything supernatural—they haven't enough faith to see the value of it. I can understand their case well enough, but what puzzles me is this: How can good men, who rightly make the salvation of their immortal souls the principal business of life, be so foolish as to attempt this difficult task by themselves and neglect the immensely powerful aid of daily Communion?"

"Then it will be easy for you to begin to practice daily Communion."

"Shure, Father dear, I'm not fit to receive Him wanst a day!" said Larry, his alarm growing apace.

"I goes want a month wid the Holy Name," said Larry hoping to sidetrack his unexpected proposition.

"I know you do; but I want you to go every day."

"Every day!" cried the watchman in alarm.

"Exactly. You are at Mass every day, are you not?"

"Yes, yer Reverence, I stop in six o'clock every mornin' on my way home from watchin'. God forbid that I should miss a chance of assistin' when Mary's Son is offerin' Himself on the altair for my sins!"

"Then it will be easy for you to begin to practice daily Communion."

"Shure, Father dear, I'm not fit to receive Him wanst a day!" said Larry, his alarm growing apace.

"Listen, Larry. I'll tell you what daily Communion will do for you. And, mark you, this holds true, even though you feel no devotion, even though you have a natural repugnance about receiving so often—provided only you receive free from mortal sin and with a right intention. Every Communion will increase in your soul divine grace and the love of God. Your faith tells you that one degree of divine grace and the love of God is worth more, infinitely more, than all the gold in Alaska. Secondly, it will give you the victory over your sensual passions. As a rule, it actually weakens these passions, and in every case it gives you the strength to hold them in subjection. Thirdly, it protects you against mortal sin. If you can spend the rest of your life without committing a mortal sin, you are as sure of heaven as if you were already there. Daily Communion will assure you of this glorious privilege. Fourthly, it will take away your venial sin. In spite of all of your good resolution, you will commit many faults every day. Now, provided you regret these faults, at least in a general way, Holy Communion will forgive every one of them. What a privilege—to begin each new day with your soul as pure and white as that of a baptized infant! Is the difficulty of daily Communion too great a price to pay for such a boon?"

"Tis not the difficulty that's houlden me, yer Reverence. Tis, I'm afraid, our Blessed Lord would think me over bold."

"Our Blessed Lord has clearly said He wants you to receive Him daily. He knows no greater joy than to come into your heart and fill it with His grace. He keeps Himself a prisoner in the lonely tabernacle precisely in order to be able to go to His children whenever they make up their minds to receive Him. It pains His loving Heart to see them remain away. Even the best men in our parish cause Him this pain. After coming into their hearts on the first Sunday

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of the month. He must wait for thirty long days and nights before they will let Him come again. 'Tis in His name that I am pleading with you to begin daily Communion and set the example that many of them will gradually venture to follow."

The clay pipe shook in the old watchman's hand; he seized his greasy hat and slowly bared his grizzled head, while the light of heaven shone in his honest blue eyes.

"Father Tim, dear," he said, quietly but gently, "by the help of His holy grace, I'll do it."—C. D. M., In The Sentinel of The Blessed Sacrament.

#### MODERN STYLES AND CATHOLIC PARENTS

"Artists," observes Mr. Joseph Pennell, "think the present styles for women shocking. Only idiots admire them." Himself an artist as well as a critic of fine susceptibilities, Mr. Pennell was speaking from the depths of an outraged soul. But when asked by the inquisitive reporter, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mr. Pennell had no course to suggest.

The controversy has passed beyond the stage when the critic can be accused of seeing evil where none exists. Even the creators of the reigning styles are beginning to ask if the limit has not been reached and it is noticeable that the chief argument offered by wearers of the offending costumes is that they are no worse than those of fifty years ago. Some weeks ago a Chicago newspaper published sketches of draperies in fashion at different periods beginning with 1820, and labeled them, "Are the present styles worse than they were one hundred years ago?" The reflection which the question cast upon women seems to have escaped the editor. If the argument meant anything at all, its force was that in all ages women have been both willing and anxious to dress in a manner which offends good taste and good morals.

To lay down general canons of style from which there can be no deviation is, of course, impossible. Yet it is absolutely true that no good woman can adopt any style which, to paraphrase a significant paragraph in Huntington's "Civilization and Climate," stresses the physical sex-characteristics. That this "stressing" is the glaring sin of the modern styles, no sober observer can deny. That it is the cause of much immorality, as competent social students point out, is highly probable; that it degrades woman, is beyond question. There was a time when mothers taught their daughters to believe that modesty and reserve were indispensable to good breeding, and that the last thing a good woman desired, or would permit, was the attention of the casual public. Now, unfortunately, there are mothers who teach their daughters to dress for the deliberate purpose of attracting this attention, and permit them to appear in public painted and attired in a manner which only a few years ago was restricted to women of uncertain reputation.

Whatever the attitude of our anti-social press or the force of public opinion, there are no doubt that Catholic parents are under a grave obligation to forbid their daughters to garb themselves in a fashion which offends against the canon laid down by Huntington. No precise directions can be given, and no good woman needs them, for she knows instinctively what is improper. The dress, as Beecher once observed, should show the lady, not her person. And if there be any Catholic mother inclined to take refuge in the excuse, "Well, it's the fashion," let her ask herself in all seriousness, if she is willing to let that excuse plead for her when she goes before Almighty God to be judged.—America.

#### BAD BOOKS

Realism in fiction is very much the vogue today. Holding the mirror up to nature, however, can be and very often is carried to extremes. There are some things in life, according to St. Paul that should not even be mentioned among Christians. These are the very things that the exaggerated realists of the present day seem to delight most in spreading before their readers.

The number of popular novels aptly designated "best" sellers, which reek with obscenity is alarming. It has become almost the exception in our day that a book can rise to the status of a "best" seller without being permeated with a salaciousness that borders upon the obscene.

Such indecent novels masquerading under the guise of realistic literature are not realistic at all. Realism that is realism presents a true picture of human life as it is the average. Such was the realism of Shakespeare, of Scott, of the authors whose works have been enshrined among the classics of literature. But the present day realistic school gives merely one phase of life, and generally the worst phase.

They spread the false impression that all human nature is tinged with the same vices as their so-called heroes. The vices so luridly depicted are unfortunately real enough, but they are not typical of

the generality of mankind. They are morbid, abnormal types, which misrepresent rather than represent human nature as it is. There are plenty of decent men and women in the world, from whom to take types of human nature, without descending to the sewers and gutters for material.

To call attention to any of these novels by name is simply to advertise their wares. In fact this is one of the means whereby they thrive and become popular. Give a book a bad name and immediately throngs rush to buy it. The author of the Nick Carter detective stories died the other day. Years ago parents strove to keep such stories out of the hands of children for fear of instilling desperate schemes of robberies and adventure.

Today hundreds of books are doing more harm in corrupting the youth than these former penny thrillers ever could do. They are bound in paper covers, but in gaudy cloth bindings, they sell for two dollars, and they are allowed to pass into the hands of impressionable youths without a parental protest.

Recently a clean wholesome story of Catholic French Canadian life rose by sheer merit to the position of a best seller. The advertisement that recommended it to hosts of readers was this, that it is a book "that your mother can read." What a commentary on present day novels that it should be necessary to advertise the fact that a book is fit for a mother to read! It carries the implication that hundreds of other popular books are unfit for a mother to read.

Best sellers as we find them are generally "worst" sellers. That is to say, they have no element of good in them, if we mean by good, better and best, the elements of purity, truth and beauty. The slime of irreligion, infidelity, and bestial passion is over much of the popular literature of the present day. The heroes that strut through their pages are generally devoid of religious and moral principles, men and women who in real life would be shunned by honest people. It is surprising, if it responds in a characteristically youthful way?

The evil must be attacked at the root. A mild warning to those, who play with fire and toy with moral ruin, will avail nothing. What is needed to repair the grave damages done and to prevent similar corruption of the next youthful generation is a reorientation of our educational policies. We must again learn to cultivate reverence, respect and a sense of responsibility.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Modesty it brands as hypocrisy. It glorifies the instincts and praises revolt against existing conditions. Can young people, who have been reared in such an atmosphere of irreverence, have left in their mental and moral makeup any reverence? Can anything be sacred to them when science makes it a point to besmirch whatever it touches?

To the ideas that are presented to them the young react in emotional responses and in practical ways. They do not reason upon them, but by some unerring instinct they draw from them their practical inferences and embody them in their behavior. The inhibitions are less developed in them; consequently, they are more reckless and more consistent in acting out the ideas and theories of their age. What youth is at this moment, we have made of it.

The iniquity and perversion of modern youth is summed up in one expressive word, flapperism, which very aptly conveys the intended idea of moral irresponsibility, mental instability, emotional impulsiveness and uncontrolled craving for pleasurable excitement. This flapperism is no isolated phenomenon. It is plainly the logical outcome of the mental and moral disintegration of the age. The flapperism, which we see on the street and in the dance hall, is but the echo of the professional and educational flapperism which have been so long tolerated and encouraged in universities and in school rooms. If men give utterance to unverified theories; if they deliver themselves of startling statements in order to attract attention and gain notoriety, since they are unable to achieve fame, they are intellectual flappers, lacking mental poise, devoid of a sense of responsibility, giving way to the itch of publicity and acting upon impulse. To such intellectual flappers our youth has listened in university, college, school room, lecture hall, news paper, magazine, novel. Is it surprising, if it responds in a characteristically youthful way?

The evil must be attacked at the root. A mild warning to those, who play with fire and toy with moral ruin, will avail nothing. What is needed to repair the grave damages done and to prevent similar corruption of the next youthful generation is a reorientation of our educational policies. We must again learn to cultivate reverence, respect and a sense of responsibility.—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### SIMPLY PATHETIC

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, upon his arrival in this country, in which he hopes to deliver a series of lectures on Spiritualism, congratulated the United States on being the country in which "spiritualism" originated. If this is true, that the once famous Fox sisters were the originators of Spiritualism, it is something in which the United States as a whole takes little pride.

The sporadic waves of Spiritualism that have afflicted this country have generally followed in the wake of so-called scientific or literary men from over the seas, who for various reasons have tried with indifferent success to interest a long suffering American public in the exploitation of their purely subjective theories. We may expect the same ephemeral result from Sir Arthur's much advertised American tour. There will be a flare up of interest, then sudden surrender of the popular mind to the next purveyor of sensationalism.

European lecturers have repudiated this country during the past few years. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur's precursor on these shores, and in a certain sense his mentor in the "science" or "religion" of Spiritualism, is said to have returned to Europe with more than a modest competency as the fruit of enlightening the American public on Spiritualism. One New York paper estimated that \$75,000 would represent Sir Oliver's net return from his American tour. And now Sir Arthur, after a visit to Australia comes to tell his story.

For two years thinking people in England have shown up the absurdities of Sir Arthur's claims for his brand of Spiritualism, and more in sorrow than anger have rebuked the creator of Sherlock Holmes for lending the weight of his name to a fraud that this great detective would have little trouble in exposing. But Sir Arthur still continues serenely impervious alike to kindly criticism and to logical refutations.

The New York Times voices the attitude of the average normal minded American to Sir Arthur and his impending American crusade, in the following paragraph: "Attempts to argue with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as to the nature of his experiences with the supernatural, if he prefers that word, will be, as they have been, quite useless. When from the same opposite conclusions have been drawn, discussion is a waste of time. Judging from what he says, Sir Arthur has read little of modern psychology—knows nothing about the advances made during the last ten or twenty years toward an understanding of the so-called subconscious. Yet with the will to believe always goes the will to disbelieve—to reject and ignore. That he has come over here to proclaim his faith is something that may be viewed from several aspects. In doing it he is unquestionably exercising a right that nobody will

deny. None need hear him who does not desire to do so, and the American public is not worth protecting if it must be protected from such propaganda as his. He will do some harm by lending the weight of his name—wholly irrelevant weight by the way—to the pretensions of a lot of people who lack his sincerity and ruthlessly exploit the yearning for consolation felt by those in the sorrows of bereavement. He will justify the credulity of the ignorant, turn some from the acquisition of real information about themselves, and their minds, help in the elevation of superstition over science, and do half a dozen other things that are regrettable, but there is no silencing him and there should be none."

And we venture to say that all sensible people will subscribe to the verdict so well expressed by the Times, that the fact "that a man like Sir Arthur, a man to whom in other years the English reading world was indebted for no small amount of real pleasure, should now be devoting himself to the exploitation of such 'spiritualism' as this, is simply pathetic." —The Pilot.

#### LINES TO A THOUSAND FATHERS AND TO MINE

On him the world conferred no rank.

He seeks not laurels in forum; Nor does the golden guinea's clank Embitter his soul with yearning—*The man who is my father.*

Yet God, in Justice, dealt him fair— Warm heart, deaf hands, Mens' real regard; And Womens' tribute—"Clean and square."

Are his chequered decorations—*The youth who won my mother.*

Memory keen and torso sound, Vision that rivals the eagle; In twilight hours with books he's found,

Warblers, at dawn, serenade him—*Studs of beautiful him.*

Stalwart saplings—fair, emblem tree,

He nurtured and guarded with pride; Spread east, flow west—a sylvan sea,

Sanctum of songbird and zephyr—*Monarchs serene and regal.*

To him Dame Earth reveals her power,

Forsaken, he hath been her disciple;

They whisper hours of plant and flower

That unfold while the stars rejoice—*A seer among the posies.*

POPE BLESSES BOYS' BRIGADE

The extension of the Catholic Boys' Brigade movement in the United States is the hope of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, who has expressed his wish in this respect in a message conveying the Apostolic blessing upon its officers and members, sent through the Archbishop of Nicomedia. The Apostolic blessing was imparted to members of the New York branches at the quarterly vesper service, held in St. Joseph's Church.

A notable tribute was paid to the Catholic Boys' Brigade by the Countess de Markievicz, who was the organizer and supporter of this movement in Dublin, and not of the Boys' Scouts, as often erroneously claimed.

If more people were alive to the need of bringing up our boys as Catholics and of organizing them along Catholic lines, said the Countess, "there would not be so much cruelty and oppression in the world. I wish every good wish to the Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States."

#### A GRAVE MENACE

Insidious propagandists are just now encircling the earth with their literature and pamphlets, and in lectures and meetings trying to disseminate their abominable doctrines throughout the nations of the world. Contraception according to a recent proponent, "marks the beginning of a new social era that will not only emancipate woman, but childhood and child life."

The ostensible purpose of the champions of birth control is to improve the human race. It does not occur to them that they propose to do this by popularizing a practice that makes the continuance of the human race impossible. Nor does it occur to them that the law of nature and of nature's God forbids such limitation of offspring for the very same reason, to improve the human race.

The position of the Church has ever been unalterably opposed to birth control, because it is against the law of God. We need no supernatural revelation to show us the immorality of interference with the natural law. That is indelibly written on the human heart. It rests upon the natural law, the rule of conduct found in the constitution of our being.

Man cannot attain the development demanded by nature without society; society cannot exist if the laws of nature are interfered with. Hence right reason and order forbid the use of the abominable methods of birth control.

The position so nobly championed by the Catholic Church is not founded on the arbitrary basis of man-made morality, or upon changing reasons of expediency, but upon the natural law, which as St. Augustine says, is "the reason or will of God commanding the observance of the moral order and forbidding its violation."

How unstable is the basis of the argument for birth control may be seen from the remark of a speaker at a large convention in a western city, that she "never answers the

den. None need hear him who does not desire to do so, and the American public is not worth protecting if it must be protected from such propaganda as his. He will do some harm by lending the weight of his name—wholly irrelevant weight by the way—to the pretensions of a lot of people who lack his sincerity and ruthlessly exploit the yearning for consolation felt by those in the sorrows of bereavement. He will justify the credulity of the ignorant, turn some from the acquisition of real information about themselves, and their minds, help in the elevation of superstition over science, and do half a dozen other things that are regrettable, but there is no silencing him and there should be none."

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#### Pres. Publications

Nov. 18, 1920

READERS of Parkman's vivid pages know something of the heroic labors of the early Roman Catholic missionaries in the savagery of Canada. In the book before us, as in several previous works, Dr. Harris continues the story of their remarkable history. The present volume tells particularly the story of the Jesuits on among the Algonquins of the Saguenay river. Here the name of the heroic Jesuit, Paul Le Jeune, is shown, who, though his hardships and suffering as he shared the cold and squalor of the Montagnais lodges and followed the Indians through the winter forest, constitute a record of Christian devotion that has rarely been surpassed. Dr. Harris' book is more than mere history, more than a missionary narrative. His chapters on the Saguenay country and on the Indian Tribes who made their homes there are full of information and absorbing interest to students of Canadian history.

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side made an impressive picture. There were more than ten divisions of scouts in column formation radiating from the altar. The band played 'Nearer My God to Thee' as the procession of acolytes, censors and altar boys, followed by the officers of the Mass, moved to the altar. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. B. J. McEntegart; the Rev. Daniel F. O'Sullivan, deacon; the Rev. John J. Nestor, sub-deacon, and the Rev. Edmund V. Radford was master of ceremonies.

"Representing the administrative staff of Catholic Charities of the archdiocese of New York was the Rev. John J. McCahill, who has charge of the Social Action Division, under the direction of His Grace Archbishop Hayes. Father McCahill is assisted in this work in the Catholic Bureau of Boy Scouts of America by the Rev. John F. White, director, and Frank J. McCormack and John K. Whalen as organizers. The Mass began with the singing of the 'Kyrie Eleison' by the boys choir of old St. Patrick's Cathedral. They are the Italian youth of the parish trained by the organist, Prof. Wm. Judge. The Proper of the Mass and all the responses were sung by them as well as a beautiful 'Ave Maria' as an Offertory piece.

"After the first Gospel an eloquent and masterly sermon was preached by the Rev. Dominick A. Girigliano, S.J. It was an inspiring and patriotic appeal to the Boy Scouts to honor their country's President and its laws and to fear God.

"At the Elevation of the Sacred Host the bugles sounded, all the Boy Scouts stood at attention, and the flags were held at salute. At the end of the Mass the buglers sounded taps, making the whole ceremony very impressive. The choir then sang 'Holy God, We Praise Thy Name,' in which the vast congregation joined. The band took up the strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner'; and the March pressed in review, began.

"All the priests formed at the head of the column with the visiting scout executive committees, and, escorted by the 1,500 Boy Scouts, marched down Convent Avenue to the Knights of Columbus Club-house, St. Joseph's Council. There the procession disbanded.

"In the great stadium were many thousands. The Hon. Alfred J. Talley was present with his family. It was particularly gratifying to see so many Sisters among the interested attendants at the Field Mass. There were devoted friends from every parish in the five boroughs, and there were also present a number of non-Catholics, both clergymen and lay people, who so value the scout movement that they lose no opportunity to support all its public functions."

#### CATHOLIC BOY SCOUT WINS AWARD

Boys' Week opened in Toronto with an immense parade of almost 18,000 boys who marched from University Avenue to Exhibition Park, where demonstrations were given by the Boy Scouts, Naval Brigade, Separate School physical training class of 450, and other Boy Organizations. An interesting feature of the program of events was the trooping of colors by the Boy Scouts, and the presentation of awards. Three awards were made for life saving, one being the Gilt Cross to Scout George Calvert of the 24th Toronto Troop. This troop is connected to St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Roncesvalles Avenue. Scout Calvert has the honor of being the first Catholic boy in the Toronto District to receive an award for gallantry from His Excellency Lord Byng.

#### METHODISTS PUBLISH THE PROGRAM OF N.C.W.C.

Washington, June 5.—The Methodist Federation for Social Service, New York, under the direction of the Rev. Harry F. Ward, has given over the entire last issue of its Bulletin to an account of the labor program of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. The Bulletin comes out monthly and in its late issue quotes extensively from the Bishops' program, the Bishops' pastoral letter, Pope Leo XIII's encyclical on labor, from the news service of the social action department, from its publication "Aid to Social Study Clubs," and from the letters of Pope Pius X. and Pope Benedict XV. Besides outlining the general program of the department, it has given special attention to the department's attitude on wage reduction, open shop, freedom of contract, relation between the rich and poor, cooperation and co-partnership.

#### THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

##### HOLY FATHER IS MOVED TO TEARS OF JOY BY GREAT DEMONSTRATION

(N.C.W.C. Special Cable)

Rome, May 30.—Pope Pius XI. was moved to tears of joy by the great demonstration of piety, loyalty and enthusiasm given all during the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress and especially by the magnificent devotion and homage paid by the hundreds of thousands to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In a letter addressed to Cardinal Pompili, the Holy Father congratulates the whole Congress.

In this letter His Holiness recalls the hope expressed in the inaugural discourse for the success of the Congress, and declares that the reality fully corresponds to those aspirations. Pope Pius followed in spirit all the events of the Congress, he says, noting the piety and enthusiasm of the faithful. The glorious culmination of the Congress was the triumphal procession, in which the Blessed Sacrament was borne through the applauding throngs in the city of the Popes and martyrs.

##### PONTIFF'S TOUCHING PRAYER

Such events will leave a luminous page in the annals of Christian Rome. His Holiness thanked God for procuring him such consolation in the midst of the present bitterness. He gave his gratitude to the committee and all cooperating with its members for the happy issue of Congress. His prayer is that the fruits of this Congress may not be lost, but that they may be a pledge of eternal life to all who gathered about the tombs of the Apostles and upon ground purified by the blood of martyrs, in the majestic basilica and in the recesses of the catacombs. His hope is, he says, that these treasures are the promises of the beginning of a second series of Eucharistic Congresses. Jesus, the Prince of Peace, he implores to extend His kingdom to every class of society so that all may be united in fraternal embrace and that the rainbow of concord may arise anew and that the dove bearing the olive branch may take flight from the mystic ark of the tabernacles.

The Holy Father received the committee of the Congress warmly and congratulated them most cordially. Three times he was interrupted by weeping for the joy he felt. Members of the committee assembled after all the ceremonies were ended. Speeches were given by Bishop Palica, vice-regent of Rome, and by Bishop Heylen of Namur, praising the splendid demonstration which Rome gave of its faith and piety.

##### BLESSING OF GOD AND HIS VICAR

At 11 o'clock, the hour of closing the Congress, the Holy Father intoned the "Te Deum" at St. Peter's. The parish priest of St. Peter's placed the Blessed Sacrament on the altar. Cardinal Merry del Val presented the Thurifer to the Pope, who then offered incense while he chanted the "Te Deum." All present joined their voices with the Holy Father's in singing the hymn. After the "Tantum Ergo," the Pontiff gave the Urbi blessing. His Holiness entered and left the Basilica in the sedis gestatoria, loudly applauded by the great concourse. Before leaving, the Holy Father stopped to impart a last blessing to the multitude, which once more burst into a thunder of plaudits. There were present in St. Peter's for this final ceremony Cardinals Vannutelli, Cagliero, Merry del Val, Gasparri, Maffi, Vico, Scaparelli, Bourne, Ragonesi, Maurin, Dubois, Laurenti, Ranuzzi, Gasquet, Faulhaber, Piffi, Cagliero, Bisleti, Giorgi, Boggiani, Fruehwirth, Vidal y Barquer, and Tacci, besides the prince who assisted at the Mass on Ascension Day, members of the diplomatic corps, Roman nobles, personages of the Pontifical court, hundreds of bishops and prelates and thirty thousand members of the Congregation.

Rome, May 29.—With the last Benediction given tonight at St. John Lateran, while many thousand torches lighted the scene and the voices of a multitude chanted the "Tantum Ergo" in scores of different tongues, the great Eucharistic Congress came to a close as the most glorious tribute to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ever witnessed. While the myriads of men, women and children of every nation were paying this honor to the Eucharistic King, all Rome was ablaze with lights, and the cross upon the cupola of St. Peter's shone resplendent upon all the city.

Members of the international committee who have attended former Congresses and witnessed the vast processions and solemn ceremonies which marked them, declare that none equalled this one in impressiveness or numbers.

##### HOLY FATHER AROUSES ENTHUSIASM

The Holy Father's response to the address of Cardinal Vannutelli on Wednesday moved the assemblage of thousands to indescribable enthusiasm which manifested itself in a thunderous outburst of applause.

Beginning Wednesday with an immense concourse of people in the streets and churches, and ceremonies at which many Cardinals, more than two hundred Bishops and a host of priests were present, the

Congress continued to gain in magnificence and solemnity until the very last hour of the final day of its sessions.

Ten thousand children were gathered in the Coliseum Sunday morning to receive Holy Communion and attend the Mass celebrated by Monsignor Bartolomasi, Bishop of Trieste. It was an unforgettable scene. The amphitheatre was filled with people. The central space was occupied by the boys and girls dressed in white, and singing hymns and uttering invocations. The altar stood in the centre of the amphitheatre. The Bishop invited the parents to bring their children as flowers to Jesus—the little ones mystically blossoming for their Saviour. Fifteen thousand Communions were distributed.

At the Church of St. Ignatius members of associations of youth received Holy Communion at a Mass celebrated by Cardinal Giorgi. Father Venturini, a Jesuit, preached the sermon. Three thousand Communions were given here. There was a Mass for students at the Church of St. Clement, and two thousand received Holy Communion. Cardinal Laurenti celebrated the Mass and preached.

Cardinal Vannutelli read an address recounting the eucharistic triumphs having for their aim the restoration of the worship of Christ denied Him by modern unbelief. Such aims were never more solemnly proclaimed than by this Roman Congress, he said, opposing as did modern apostasy and marking the triumph of Jesus, of whom he implored unity and spiritual and temporal peace.

##### RESPONSE OF POPE

Pope Pius XI. gave an eloquent response, expressing the hope that the Congress inaugurated the desired social pacification. Mankind, having banished Christ, suffered the loss of peace, which will return only with Him, His Holiness declared. Eucharistic triumphs herald Christ's return.

"You have called Him back, and He returns. You come from all parts of the world to Rome, the common fatherland of Christian souls. You represent true peace. Welcome! You renew Christ's triumph, carrying Him victoriously through the streets of the Eternal City full of glorious historic memories. Your triumphal procession signifies the re-consecration of the city and the whole world."

All the church bells pealed as the procession started. Two aeroplanes hovered over the vast throng, dropping printed salutes to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Five hundred pigeons were set free in the piazza of St. John's. At the Church of St. Mary Major, on the south side; the second Benediction was given at an altar standing on the north side; the third at Constantine's arch; the fourth near the obelisk of St. John's and the fifth in front of the loggia of St. John's.

AEROPLANES DROPPED SALUTES

His Holiness noted that the beginning of the Congress was in the month of May, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. He derived from this a pledge of the special protection of the Blessed Mother upon the Congress. He concluded by imparting the Apostolic blessing. The Holy Father's discourse prompted the utmost enthusiasm. Applause frequently interrupted him, and an ovation followed.

On Thursday (Ascension Day) the Pope celebrated Mass at St. Peter's. This was attended by Cardinals Vannutelli, Vico, Granito, Cagliero, Pompili, Cagliano, Merry del Val, Gasparri, Maurin, Van Rossum, Piffi, Fruehwirth, Scaparelli, Sharrett, Ranuzzi, Boggiani, Dubois, Sili, Ragonesi, Faulhaber, Vidal y Barquer, Marini, Billot, Gasquet, Lega, Bisleti, Giorgi and Laurenti. Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, his consort, son and daughter sat in the tribune reserved for sovereigns. Duchess Blanch of Austria, with her daughter, also was present. There were also in the Basilica three hundred Bishops from all parts of the world, members of the diplomatic corps, many nobles and numerous prelates. The Holy Father was acclaimed unceasingly all through the ceremonies. These services began at 9 o'clock and continued until 12. There was perfect order.

The afternoon meeting was held near the catacombs of St. Callistus. The Cardinal-Vicar and Bishop Heylen of Namur, Monsignor Marucchi, the noted archaeologist, spoke from the platform erected in the open. Then followed a solemn procession of three hours' duration to the Church of St. Paul. This procession moved through the Roman campagna, evoking memories of the early Christian martyrs. Four thousand youths preceded the numerous clergy wearing their sacred vestments. The Blessed Sacrament was born in turn by Bishop Heylen of Namur and the Bishop of Trieste. Cardinal Giorgi gave the Benediction in the basilica, evoking the memory of the early Christian martyrs. Four thousand youths preceded the numerous clergy wearing their sacred vestments. The Blessed Sacrament was born in turn by Bishop Heylen of Namur and the Bishop of Trieste. Cardinal Giorgi gave the Benediction in the basilica, evoking the memory of the early Christian martyrs. 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## FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOY, D. D.  
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

## THE ABUSE OF FREE WILL

"At that time Jesus spoke to the Pharisees the parable of . . . A certain man made a great supper and invited many. And when the servant at the hour of supper, to say to them that were invited that they should come, for I have prepared for you a great supper; and if you will come, it is to make excuse." (Luke xiv, 16-18.)

How often man abuses his free will. It was given to him to use principally in the service of the Lord; and it never was intended to be used in a way that would not ultimately redound to God's glory. But man, in many instances, uses it for far different purposes. The Gospel of this Sunday clearly shows how much we can abuse this free will of ours, and if not sin thereby, at least neglect opportunities that perhaps never will come to us again.

When the supper spoken of—by which Christ intended to typify the kingdom of heaven—was ready, the invited guests were told to come. Immediately they made excuses. The result was that others were called in to take their places. These former invited ones went their way, occupied with different worldly affairs, and seemed not to heed the great blessing they were allowing to slip by.

It is the same today with so many people of the world. God invites them to great and holy things, but they heed not His invitation and go their way, wrapped up in secular pleasures and occupations. These invitations of God are destined, if they had freely responded to them, to fit them more and more for the great banquet in God's heavenly kingdom, after their worldly pilgrimage.

God will not force them to accept these invitations, or to respond to these aspirations; but, possessed as they are of free will, He wished them freely to accept what He suggests. They but too often abuse their free will, by rejecting the favors intended for them by their Maker; and, like the invited guests of today's Gospel, they devote themselves to something else. This substitute for God's banquet may not be sinful in many cases, but even where it is not, that which is gained by performing it is nothing compared to the merit they would have earned by following out God's wishes.

It is no surprise to the faithful pastor in God's Church that so many of his people, apparently good and pious, do not make progress in the spiritual life. The same faults they were guilty of years ago they commit today: the sacraments are not frequented by them any more than they were formerly; no greater interest is taken in church affairs now than was taken when, perhaps, the Church was needed less to meet the spiritual needs of their children. But this is not all. We see some who do not even practise their religion, as they did some years ago. It is very difficult, in fact practically impossible, to remain at a standstill in religion for any great length of time. To gain heaven we must perfect ourselves on earth. We are not fit for heaven unless we do this. Now, those who do not carry on this perfecting process are not doing God's will; and whoever fails to do God's will soon retrogrades in spiritual things. Hence it is that great numbers in many parishes have fallen from their former height in religion.

This loss of fervor is often noted not so much in the backsliders themselves as in their children; and from the conduct of the children we are almost always justified in concluding regarding the present action of their parents. How often pastors will note a lack of respect for themselves in the children of those who once gave the priest the deference rightly due him; again, a proper respect for the Church and sacred things is wanting. But the change is noted especially in regard to their conduct in the world. Practically no restraint is put upon the child; it catches the spirit of liberty that floats over this land, and, too often, regardless of right and wrong, propriety and impropriety, the child is swayed by it. It is true that times are changed, and very often parents are heard to say that they wish their children to enjoy more liberty and freedom than was given to themselves. This is, no doubt, a good thought; but they must not forget that unbridled children will make sensual men and women later on. And a child is to be trained not for this world alone, but first of all for God. The spirit of the world and the spirit of God are in a state of conflict; and it should appear evident to any parent that, where the child is given complete worldly freedom, the spirit of God will not find a resting place in its soul. Parents should not be deceived nor carried away by a false worldly way of thinking in these matters. They ever should be conscious of God's eternal command to train their children God-fearingly, and they should realize that the man of God is the best citizen, and the one most respected by the worthy part of humanity.

It is necessary, particularly at the present age of the world's existence, that people listen to and heed God's invitation. Things that distract from God and religion are more numerous than they were in days gone by; and but too easily will the person not particularly cautious be some blind to the need

of increasing in religious fervor. And if there be no increase in spirituality among Christians, this world will soon become a place where little true piety exists. The history of many countries testifies to the truth of this assertion. It shows us how for years the people of certain countries had made little or no spiritual progress; thus offering an opportunity to the spirits of darkness, who were not slow to avail themselves of it. Biding their time, they prepared for an attack; and at the most opportune moment struck their blow, and religion was deeply wounded. People who had been at a standstill during a great part of their lives easily fell victims to the enemy and joined his forces. The innocent suffered also; but it was all due to the negligence of their fellow-countrymen. The Church then must enter again and evangelize anew these fallen nations, but the work will not be as rapid nor as complete as before, for error has been rooted deeply, and many will tenaciously cling to it.

Catholics should answer every invitation, no matter how silent, from God. These invitations come to us in different ways; sometimes directly from God; sometimes through attendance at the Church's different devotions; sometimes through the pastor's words. Let us endeavour not to neglect any opportunity of being present in the church during the different services and let us try in every other way to receive God's sacred messages, and to carry them out faithfully and minutely.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH

There is an old saying, attributed to many authors, that the Catholic religion may not be an easy religion to live in, but is a good religion to die in. Bishop Vaughan in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record demonstrates the truth of the second half of this saying by interesting examples drawn from his own observation and from the history of Catholic deathbeds. To see how some great Catholics have faced the adventure of death is one of the best arguments for the truth of our holy religion, and a source of consolation to all mortals who must one day pass into their eternity.

Death is a punishment justly inflicted by God on man on account of sin. Therefore it is but natural that man should stand in some fear of it. But it has been remarked as one of the mercies vouchsafed by our Heavenly Father, that this fear which persists as long as a man is in health, generally disappears when death actually approaches.

Cardinal Manning's explanation of this phenomenon is this. "So long as God intends a man to live, He instils into Him the fear of death; when He intends him to die, He mercifully withdraws this fear so that most people at the very last, deliver up their souls into the hands of God as peacefully and as calmly as a healthy child composes himself to sleep."

St. Teresa found that it was harder to suffer than to die. Indeed St. Teresa like St. Paul and other saints in whom the love of God had grown so strong that they longed "to be dissolved and to be with Him" had a fear of life rather than a fear of death.

"When Cardinal Wiseman was on his deathbed," writes Bishop Vaughan, "he is reported to have said that he had no misgivings, but felt full of joy, 'like a schoolboy going home.' The great theologian Suarez during life had an almost abnormal fear of death, yet when it was actually on him, he smiled, as he exclaimed, 'I little thought how sweet a thing it is to die!'

A few years ago a holy religious was dying and one of his companions after he had given him Extreme Unction asked him if he were not terrified at the thought of meeting our Divine Lord. "What?" he exclaimed, "afraid to meet Him Whom I have served and labored for, during the past forty years, and Who is charity itself? Certainly not; I would be much more afraid to meet the Provincial."

Death may be regarded from two points of view, as a punishment of original sin or as the especially appointed means of attaining our sublime destiny. Considered from the first point of view it is only natural that we should fear death and dread its approach, but from the second we should look forward to it as to our friend and deliverer. A holy man once wrote that "although it be in anyone's power to deprive thee of life, yet nobody not even the uncontrollable violence of kings can deprive thee of death."

"To the soul in grace," concludes Bishop Vaughan's consoling reflections, "free from all attachment to sin, what is death but the flinging open of his prison gates, the breaking down of all earthly barriers, and the setting of the captive free?" What indeed is death but the sweet voice of the Bridegroom, inviting His spouse, the redeemed and glorified soul, to the heavenly nuptials. When the cold sweat of death betrays the brow, and the last moments approach, and the ear grows insensible to all earthly sounds, it will open to the silvery echoes reaching from another Land; and the departing soul will cry out in the hidden depths of its being: "Behold, my Beloved speaketh to me: Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. Winter the winter of sin and of all spiritual bleakness and barrenness is now past; the rain (the rain of trial and tribulation

and temptation) is over and gone; and the flowers (flowers of virtue and holiness) have appeared in the land. My beloved to me, and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies." Who would wish to tarry a moment longer in the cold, dreary, dismal land of exile, when once the entrancing voice of the Beloved is heard calling him away to the inexpressible delights of Heaven, and to the nuptials of the Lamb. Surely in an ecstasy of joy he will cry out: "I have found Him Whom my soul loveth, I hold Him and I will not let Him go!"—The Pilot.

## CATHOLIC WOMEN TO COUNSEL MODIFICATION OF FASHIONS IN DRESS

Rome.—The banning of certain crude dances, the boycotting of motion pictures, and theatrical productions that fail to observe certain standards, and the inauguration of a campaign for more modest dress were among the suggestions made at the International Congress of Catholic Women's Leagues, held here last week. Cardinal Merry del Val presided at the first meeting.

Fashions in women's attire were discussed at length at the conference and it was decided that inasmuch as Paris is a world fashion center a committee of members drawn from the highest society in that city would be formed with instructions to watch the evolution of fashions and urge modifications in consonance with the ideals of Christian womanhood. This committee will communicate with member branches throughout the world whenever concerted action is necessary.

Certain dances said to have originated in America were severely criticized at the session which recommended a return to classical national forms. The Holy Father celebrated Mass at the opening of the Congress.

## THE CAUSE OF CRIME AND CRIME WAVES

How to stop the crime wave is just now a favorite subject of popular discussion. Remedies innumerable have been proposed ranging from the drastic to the absurd. All have this saving grace that they are well intentioned, but most have the same vital defect, that they fail to touch the real root of the evil. They are palliatives rather than cures.

Years ago Pope Leo XIII. said a wise thing about crime and its remedy. It deserves wide publicity at the present time. Speaking of the evils existing in his day, which were similar to the evils of the present day, the Holy Pontiff declared with the brilliance and force that characterized all his utterances, "they who strive by the enforcement of law to extinguish the ever growing flame of popular passions, strive indeed for what is right and just; but they will labor with little or no result so long as they obstinately reject the power of the Gospel and refuse the assistance of the Church. These evils can be cured only by a change of principles, and by returning in public and private conduct to Jesus Christ and to a Christian rule of life."

This letter, of great importance from the viewpoint of ecclesiastical history, has not previously been published, and now appears in print for the first time. It was obtained in Italy by the Vienna municipality during the life of Dr. Karl Lueger. It was presented to this great leader of the Austrian Catholics, and at the time Mayor of Vienna, as a memento of his patron saint. The following inscription appears on the front page of the document:

"To Most Illustrious and Most Reverend, Highly Esteemed Sir: Together with the letter of Your Most Illustrious Magnificence, dated the twenty-third of last month, I have received your synodal stipulations, which I found great pleasure in reading, and I was fully satisfied by the same. I should like to know regarding them whether Your Most Illustrious Magnificence has obtained the votes of the Synods or whether they have been issued by himself and of his own accord.

I agree to all material requirements qualified as being indispensable in every church. It is quite good thus. Having the intention of making up a similar list, I shall use yours, not only to save time but also for the sake of greater security. By imitating the form which is a result of your wisdom and experience, more chance exists that it will turn out well. For all this I offer my thanks to Your Most Illustrious Magnificence, requesting you also to send me those two newly published writings about the celebration of Mass, though they may not be your own work.

It is imperatively necessary for mankind to abide by the laws and ordinances of duly constituted authority. But how to make men realize and act upon this truth is the question for eradicators of crime waves to consider. Will it be by presenting the fiction of individualism popularized by the sixteenth century, or will it be, as Pope Leo has pointed out, by a change of principles and a return to a Christian rule of Life?

The Catholic Church teaches that authority comes from God. Authority, as its name implies, is that which is possessed by an "author" or creator. God is the author of the universe, and possesses authority.

Parents are authors of their children and possess authority, the civil power derives its authority from God, the author of all. To despise legitimate authority in whomsoever it may be vested is to oppose Your Most Illustrious and Right Reverend Most Devoted Servant,

CARDINAL BORROMEO.

Millan, November 18, 1866.

CARDINAL PIFL'S LETTER

The last words, "Most Devoted Servant," and the name are in the Saint's own handwriting. The remainder was written by his secretary.

The precious document, which is

still in a very good state of preser-

vation, is accompanied by a letter

addressed to Archbishop Mundelein

and signed by Cardinal Piffl as well

as by a number of distinguished Catholic personages of Austria, such as Senator Dr. Kienboeck and Monsignor Seipel, the chairman of the Christian-Social party of the Austrian National Council.

Cardinal Piffl is head of the Herold which publishes the Reichspost and other large Catholic daily newspapers of Austria.

## 50,000 FRANCS GIVEN BY POPE TO FRENCH CHURCH RESTORATION

Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Reims, having reported to the Holy Father the success of the loan for the reconstruction of the French churches, has received from the Cardinal Secretary of State a letter from which the following important passages are quoted:

"Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has read with lively satisfaction the letter in which Your Eminence had the filial thought of informing Him of the very opportune and laudable initiative of the Bishops of Northern France in order to raise the funds necessary for the reconstruction and restoration of the devastated or ruined churches in their dioceses.

"It was particularly agreeable to His Holiness, and comforting to His paternal heart, to learn of the generous haste with which the sons of France, always so devoted to great and noble causes, answered the appeal of their Bishops and covered a first loan of two hundred million francs destined for this great undertaking.

"The success of the loan, Your Eminence has justly said, proves the sympathy inspired in France by the cause of the devastated churches, and the interest which the country has always felt in the Holy House which is the center of souls, the home of spiritual life and the dwelling-place of God among men."

With the letter came a gift of 50,000 francs sent by the Pope for the devastated churches.

The Saint's letter was addressed to Cardinal Pallotti. It contains a confirmation of the receipt of the synodal regulations then lately issued, together with a report of the inspection made in the diocese of the Saint on the Swiss frontier. It is to be noted that during the lifetime of St. Charles Borromeo the ecclesiastical synods had been re-established, and formed the chief means of a revival of the Church, especially through the support given by the great Saint.

## OBTAINED IN ITALY

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I have returned from my tour of inspection, lasting two months, through those parts which seemed to be most in need of it; that is, in the mountainous districts towards Graubünden. Thank God, I am perfectly satisfied on account of the piety which becomes manifest among the people, in spite of the fact that their neighbors are heretics. I now shall supervise the parishes, making arrangements for holding the Synod of the Diocese. Upon this I humbly send my respects to Your Most Illustrious Magnificence.

Your Most Illustrious and Right Reverend Most Devoted Servant,

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Millan, November 18, 1866.

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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE COMMON TOUCH

I would not be too wise—so very wise  
That I must sneer at simple songs  
and creeds,  
And let the glare of wisdom blind  
my eyes  
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high  
that I  
Could never hear the children at  
their play,  
Could only see the people passing by,  
Yet never hear the cheering words  
they say.

I would not know too much—too  
much to smile,  
As trivial errors of the heart and hand,  
Nor be too proud to play the friend  
the while,  
And cease to help and know and understand.

I would not care to sit upon a  
throne,  
Or build my house upon a mountain-top,  
Where I must dwell in glory all alone  
And never friend come in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth  
And face the tasks which every morning brings,  
And never lose the glory and the worth  
Of humble service and the simple things.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

## OLD LETTERS

They lie in neatly-folded piles in attics, locked securely away from the rude gaze of those who would not appreciate the secrets which they contain. Stored away in trunks, in disused bureau drawers and the remote pigeon-holes of desks—years pass and they remain untouched. A pale sickly hue steals over their pure countenances. They turn from saffron to brown, and sometimes a light mould creeps over the faded inscriptions traced by careful pens in the long ago, when the old aristocratic chirography was in vogue, and to write a poor hand was almost as bad as not to write at all. When letter-writing was an art as needle-work or any other of the more delicate arts. Now letter-writing, like embroidery of the early type, has nearly passed away.

In the stress of modern life people give themselves scant time to put their thoughts into shape. The modern invention of the telephone, that boon to mankind since we must accomplish so much in a limited space of time, has done much to eliminate the old-time correspondence which was apt to begin: "I take my pen in hand."—People do not take time to think nowadays, and there is little opportunity to cultivate the friendship of literature as in the long ago. Penmanship has suffered somewhat from the ravages of phonography: if we write at all we must write with speed, and speed is not generally on equal terms with beauty of the early type.

Recently a busy man of the world received a letter from an old-schoolmate from whom he had not heard in a long time. In responding to this letter, he made the significant remark: "Your letter was a delight. I had really thought that the art of letter-writing was a lost art, and that no one wrote letters any more."

Fortunately for us, there are many interesting specimens of letters extant, some of which have been collected into volumes, and we know from experience how fascinating such a collection can be. In the biographies of great men who have left behind them indelible traces of their brief passage through life, we come across frequent charming bits of personal correspondence which serve as no other item as an index of the writer's character.

Unfortunately there sometimes creeps into such a collection letters which should have been destroyed, which introduce a discordant element into a story otherwise flawless and inimitable. We like the truth about our heroes, but sometimes a very little may be omitted with discretion.

"The written letter remains." The old wise adage might often have been put to more popular usage and the world have benefited thereby.

Men are usually frank in their correspondence. There is a tremendous temptation to suffer the facile pen to race at will over the smooth sheet when one has a clear field for expression of his thought.

But—to view the situation from a more pleasing aspect, how much mankind owes to the kindly cheerful letters of those beautiful souls who walked a short while among us and passed on. In the letters of poets, of novelists, of men of science, of saints,—how much we have gained by the outpouring of the whole soul on the written sheet!

How many a one, struggling against a swift current of despair, has been encouraged by the kindly suggestion of a letter, and how many a one, endeavoring vainly to progress amid the commonplace things of life, has been renewed in trust by the sympathy of a kindly written word! And what grand inspirations have come to all of us from the faded pages of old letters penned by the wisest men of

ages, whose noble intellects bowed humbly before the great simplicity of Christian truths.

How charming are the letters of Frederick Faber,—written to the grave and learned men of his day,—how much more charming his letter to the "Little Lady Minna" on the day that she was seven years old: "This is your birthday, and you say that you mean to be a nun. Well we must begin right away!" And then in his sweet way he tells the little one that in order to begin to be a nun, she has only to learn to sweep the floor correctly, to do all her little tasks in obedience to the wishes of her elders, beneath the eye of God. The noble lady, in mature years, must tenderly have cherished this letter which, after her death and long after the death of the holy man who wrote, was deemed worthy of a page in his beautiful "Life."

Witness the glowing descriptions of nature penned by a man already far from his sunny home in France, about to begin his last martyrdom: "Without doubt the country is beautiful, as you say. The heavens are high above us, the earth is verdant, the sea wonderful in its depths—but more beautiful is the Creative Hand which formed all these things. And then he goes on to describe the touch of that Hand on the throbbing pulse of Nature, the stilling of her restless impulses under its magic spell.

Many sweet errands of charity have been worked through the instrumentality of letters. To those who are sick or sad, who are confined in a narrow sphere from which circumstance renders escape impossible,—how many a bright ray of hope has been infused through the medium of a gracious letter! Truly kind letters may be compared to the angels, being messengers of goodwill to men.

There are letters left behind which tell of yearnings in many a human breast for the sympathy which was denied during their brief earthly pilgrimage. There are longings for something higher, something nobler than they have known, and the way to which is blocked by unnumbered obstacles.

It was a favorite axiom of a great man that one should always make a point of saying at least one beautiful and elevated thought in every letter which he wrote, even though the correspondence be of the briefest kind.

It is sometimes good for us to unearth old letters, too beautiful to have been destroyed, and go over them in some quiet moment. They bring kind thoughts, sometimes reproachful thoughts—they whisper to us "to go and do likewise."—The Pilot.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## TRY TO BE THE FELLOW THAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

While walking down a crowded city street the other day, I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say: "Say, Jimmie, don't you know I'd be happy as a clam, If I only was de feller dat me mudder tinks I am."

"She tinks I am a wonder, and knows her little lad Would never mix wit inot' dat was ugly, mean or bad."

I often sit and tink how nice 'twould be, ge whiz!

If a feller was de feller dat his mudder tinks he is."

So, folks be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,

You still can learn a lesson from the small, unlettered boy;

Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star—

Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

## POOR LITTLE TONY

"Here, boy. You can't sell papers on this corner!" Officer Carney shouted to a small boy with a large pack over his bent shoulders. This is Vanni Maestro's place."

"Please, sir, I'm Vanni's brother. He's one of Father Martinelli's Boy Scouts, and this afternoon he is selling Thrift Stamps, and I'm just taking his place."

A sudden and severe spell of coughing interrupted the explanation.

"Ah, I know. You're little Tony." He looked with pity upon the white pinched features, with the deep spots of red on either cheek. "Will Vanni be here soon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll try to keep an eye over you until he comes."

As the officer turned away, a car containing two ladies stopped at the curb.

"Give me a Post, boy," one called to Tony. "How much? Three cents?" Here, Mildred, hold Fido for a minute. Oh, here's a nickel," she exclaimed, after considering fumbling in a bag. "Now give me my dear little doggie, Mildred. Poor little darling, I fear he has taken cold. I must wrap his blanket about him. Now, we are ready to go. Oh, the change—my change, boy!"

With eyes that fairly bulged in surprise and indignation, Tony watched the women cuddle the poodle with the same loving attention that mother in the neighborhood gave to their babies. And he knew of so many poor, chilled, little bodies without a blanket to warm them.

"The change, boy!" the woman demanded, angrily. Don't you hear? Give me my change."

"Lady, I gave you the change—two cents. You had the pennies in your hand when you put the cover over the dog."

"Oh, the little prevaricator! Did you hear what he said, Mildred? Give me my change at once, my boy, or I will have you arrested."

Tony shook his head. He knew he had given her the change, but he was so interested in the attention lavished upon the dog that he did not notice what she did with it. If it were his own money he would be glad to give her another two cents and avoid trouble, but it was Vanni's money, and he must make no mistake.

" Thief!" the woman shouted, angrily. Another spell of coughing kept the boy from answering. "Do you see his trick, Mildred? He is pretending to cough? Here, officer!"

"What is the trouble?" Officer Carney demanded, as he ran toward them.

"He is a thief," she pointed to the boy. He refuses to give me my change."

"Well, Tony?" the officer demanded.

"I gave her the change—two cents," he insisted, gasping from weakness.

"Two cents!" the man shouted.

"I thought perhaps 'twas a ten dollar bill you were making so much fuss about!" indignantly.

"I gave him a nickel. It isn't the money—the two cents. It's the principle of it. He must give me my change!"

The officer's eyes were steely. He thrust his hand into a pocket and drew out a dime. "Here's your two cents, madam, with interest. The boy's all right, and sick, too. I know his family. He's honest through and through."

The woman's face flamed in wrath. "How dare you insult me so? Take that boy to the Police-chieftain at once. I shall report you, sir, for your insolence!"

"Come, Tony, we'll go up to the station and explain it to the chief," and, taking the boy's hand, he turned his back upon the occupants of the car.

Glancing again at the child's face, he saw a faint little smile curve the boy's thin lips, wrinkling the chin, mounting up past the vivid, red spots on the cheeks, till the black eyes caught and held the glow, so much like the faint ray of sunshine after a storm, as it chases cloud after cloud from its path.

"That's right, boy. I like to see that smile."

"Oh, I'd almost forgotten we were going to the chief. I got to thinking of what Father Martinelli told me last week. I'm thinking of it most all the time, now."

"What did he tell you?"

"I was so discouraged. I heard the doctor tell Vanni it wouldn't do any good to send me to a farm now, cause I'm too far gone. The pain's all here," he pointed to his chest. "They don't know, at home, that I heard Vanni talking to the doctor, so I didn't dare cry or say nothing 'cause they would feel so bad, and they're all good and kind to me. But I was scared and disappointed. I always thought I'd get well and be a priest, like Father Martinelli, and try to help all the poor people just like he does. And then to hear that I could only live a little while! I went to church and Father found me there and took me into his house. I told him all about it, and do you know what he said?"

The child's black eyes danced with pleasure and excitement.

"Tell me what he said, Tony."

"He said I would not go, to my heavenly home until my work was done here, and by being patient when the pain's so bad and helping mother all I could, I was making a big bouquet of red roses to carry to the Sacred Heart when I went to Heaven."

"A beautiful thought," said the officer, huskily.

"Father said each good deed, each pain endured with patience, for His sake was a rose for the Sacred Heart, and I've such a little time to finish my bouquet. And this trouble now, don't you think it will be another rose?"

Surely it will, Tony. Another rose—and a thorn."

"A thorn!" cried the boy, in distress. "Oh, not a thorn for the Sacred Heart."

"The rose is for the Sacred Heart, Tony, and the thorn will one day prick the heart of that woman," he pointed toward the curb where the woman still held the dog, awaiting their coming in front of the church.

Officer and boy, followed by the woman, entered the chief's presence. Somehow, Tony had lost all fear. His thoughts were centered on the huge bouquet he was making daily, through patience and suffering, for the Sacred Heart, and today, by enduring this injustice with humility, he could add another rose, a great velvet rose, to the bunch. A smile played about his lips, his eyes had a faraway look.

"An extra rose," he muttered, "for the Sacred Heart!"

Loud voices broke the stillness, but for some time they could not break into his prayerful reverie.

"Two cents, two cents, two cents," buzzed about his ears. What were they saying? What about two cents? Then, suddenly, he remembered.

"I gave the change—two cents to her," he pointed to the woman who held the dog. "But the rose—the big, red rose. . . ."

With eyes that fairly bulged in surprise and indignation, Tony watched the women cuddle the poodle with the same loving attention that mother in the neighborhood gave to their babies. And he knew of so many poor, chilled, little bodies without a blanket to warm them.

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## Rather than Sacrifice Quality

**As the result of the abnormally high prices prevailing for tea on the market today, we have been forced to advance the price of our popular "SALADA" Brown Label Blend to 65c. per pound—Prices of**

**BLUE, RED AND GOLD LABELS ARE UNCHANGED**

**"SALADA"**

354

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OUR CHIEF WORK IS EXECUTOR OF WILLS

Free advice given on all financial matters. Call on us or write to 10 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, or to Temple Building, Toronto

The first Christians had all things in common, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles; but when that equality of possessions ceased, as it did even in the Apostles' time, the agape, or love-feast, was substituted in the stead of it. Upon certain days, after partaking of the Supper of the Lord, the Christians met at a common feast in some large room, the rich bringing provisions, and the poor, who had nothing, being invited. This meal was a symbol of brotherhood and Christian fellowship.—St. Chrysostom.

"For the motives of a man's actions, hear his friend; for their prudence and propriety, his enemy."—Guesses at Truth.



THE FIRE SENSATION OF 1922  
WILL BE YOUR CHOICE FOR 1922



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Mutual Insurance is a scientifically conducted league of neighbours organised to protect each other's families and dependents in case the breadwinner is called by death. It embodies the principle of "all for each and each for all."

The entire net profits of its wise investments are applied to the reduction of the cost of insurance to its profit-participating policyholders. There are no other shareholders.

## PUBLIC PROCESSIONS

London, May 27.—The public attitude towards Catholic outdoor processions, in London at all events, seems to have changed greatly since the memorable year 1908, when Premier Asquith at the time of the Eucharistic Congress, called upon the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster to cancel the public procession through the streets of Westminster, in which the Blessed Sacrament was to have been carried by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vanutelli.

On that occasion the political objection does not seem to have been to the procession, as such, since as a matter of fact there was a procession with the Papal Legate as the presiding prelate; but it was the public carrying of the Blessed Sacrament that seems to have frightened the Liberal Premier.

## PROCESSIONS NOW FAMILIAR

But for all that prohibition, Catholic public processions have very much increased, and the annual pilgrimage along the Martyr's Way, that is from Newgate Prison to Tyburn, which is organized by the Ransomers, has accustomed the average public to the sight of Catholic symbols being carried openly in a public act of devotion. Manchester has its annual Catholic procession, while in the archiepiscopal city of Birmingham one of the most splendid pageants ever seen in that city is the procession of the Relics of Saint Chad.

But these processions are probably more frequent in London, where, on the whole, there is never any sort of attempt at interference. The South London parish of Walworth, in the Southwark diocese, is very rich in memories of the English Martyrs, and a procession that was organized through the parish a few days ago passed by some of the spots that have been hallowed by the sufferings of the Martyrs. Altars erected on the streets, and flags and flowers mustered on the spot where the Walworth Martyrs, died with open reverence paid to the passing statue of the Blessed Virgin, are the signs of a spirit of religious tolerance far removed from that of the bitter times when the citizens of Walworth were cast into prison for no other crime than that of professing the Catholic religion.

## IRISH ORGANIZE PROCESSION

In one of the northern London suburbs there is an annual religious procession that attracts Catholics from all parts of the Metropolis. With the band of the Irish Pipers, and religious tableau representing the Mysteries of the Rosary, this famous parochial procession, which was held last Sunday, was watched with reverence by vast crowds of persons who have no more than this passing acquaintance with the Catholic religion.

London's Cathedral of the East End, as the great Irish church of St. Michael and All Angels at Stepney is called, is also the starting place of one of the most magnificent Catholic processions ever seen in London. Each year a procession starts out from this church, joined in by thousands of Catholics, the majority of them Irish, and the drab streets of this crowded industrial district see, for one day in the year at least, a little beauty and color. The procession at this church, organized last year in honor of the Beatification of Blessed Oliver Plunket, was the greatest public demonstration in England in honor of the new *Beatus*.

## VIENNA CATHOLICS RALLIED TO FAITH

## AN ELOQUENT APPEAL TO CONCOURSE OF 200,000 PEOPLE

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Vienna, May 20.—Standing on a platform erected in front of the church "Am Hof" and addressing some 200,000 people gathered there for the biggest of the demonstrations of the Catholic Conference held early this month, Cardinal Piff quoted George Washington to enforce his appeal for the practice of religion.

Cardinal Piff first read to the multitude the words of blessing sent to the Austrian people by the Pope, and then added:

"Who dare remain fearful in the background when the Holy Father himself admonishes you to close your ranks more resolutely and undertake the fight for your faith, for the sanctity of the family and for the liberty of the schools?" To those who seek to stop our work of reconstruction upon the immovable foundation of our holy faith, I want to say that we have at last grown weary of suffering the scorn and the blows of those who are filled with hatred for belief in God.

I speak to them the words of the great statesman, Washington: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

## CROWD RESPONDS TO EXHORTATION

The Cardinal then asked his hearers: "May I write to the Holy Father that his words have swept through Austria like a spiritual storm at Whitsunide, arousing everywhere those who have been asleep and listless? May I write that the Catholics of Vienna, who have given proof of the most marvellous self-denial and sacrifice

during four years of War and in the tempestuous days of the Revolution are now ready to throw themselves into the work, unwearyed and eager for every trial, to rebuild the moral structure of our people and to save our native land—pioneers, all of them, holding in one hand the trowel and in the other the cross?"

The ready response came in a great thunder from two hundred thousand throats. Thanking them, the Cardinal called to the vast assemblage: "Your acclamation, my dear Catholics, gives me the answer. You deserve thanks for your firmness. Take the Holy Father's benediction with you to battle and to victory!"

This manifestation surpassed by far the demonstrations on May Day, which usually represent the greatest exhibition of power on the part of Austrian Socialism. Socialist leaders and Socialist newspapers are unable to conceal the uneasiness they feel regarding this development of Catholic strength, which is directed against the measures taken by the Socialist magistrates in the schools and the municipal administration of Vienna. Many thousands of individuals and especially numerous organizations of young men were in the procession and the gathering of Catholics, yet the Social-Democrat press described it as a manifestation by "women and a few old men."

Children were not permitted in the procession. In spite of this rule, which was observed, the Social-Democrat organs report "many groups of girls from ten to twelve years of age." It is by such misrepresentations that the Socialist papers are endeavoring to deceive the public as to the importance of this show of Catholic force.

## THE IMPRESSIVE PROCESSION

Twenty-eight meetings were held in the different districts of Vienna during the sessions of the Catholic conference. It was decided to have a great and final gathering on Sunday, May 7, in front of the Town Hall. An hour before the time set for this meeting all the main streets leading to this center were black with masses of people marching in close formation to the place of assembly. At its maximum this concourse was estimated at not less than 200,000 strong. Several columns of processions moved for two or three hours through the streets, with flags flying and bands playing. At thirteen different points there were speakers to address the throngs.

The principal topics of the addresses were: How to refute all charges against the Christian education of youth and against Christian marriage; the need for propagating the Catholic press and for promoting Catholic organization, and the upbuilding of Catholic works of charity. Outbursts of applause testified to the enthusiasm of the people. After the exercises and addresses in front of the Town Hall, the masses of humanity streamed through the streets until they reached the church "Am Hof," in the big square in front of which they surged like a sea. It was here in the shadow of this ancient and venerable landmark of Vienna, that Cardinal Piff's eloquence begot courage and determination in the hearts of the thousands who heard his address.

## BRITISH JOURNAL RETRACTS LIBEL

London, May 26.—With an expression of apology and the payment of a considerable sum of money to a charitable institution, the London Express has sought to make partial amends for the scandalous libel which it published a few weeks ago regarding His Eminence Cardinal Skrbensky, until recently Archbishop of Olmuetz. The money was paid by the Express to a charity designated by the Cardinal.

The libel in question was contained in a dispatch which the Express printed, ostensibly from Geneva. This story, now humbly acknowledged by the Express to have been false and libelous, was repeated in substance in the United States, where the New York Herald, among other papers, gave it wide currency. The fabrication imputed scandalous reasons for Cardinal Skrbensky's absence from the Conclave at Rome, pictured him as a Don Juan, with a history resembling that of the Borgias" and implied that he had abandoned his see, carrying away with him an immense fortune.

No one, either at the Vatican or in Bohemia, had the least idea what had become of Cardinal Skrbensky, the story declared, and then went on to make the most infamous allegations about the private life of the venerable churchman. Not the least false and damaging of these statements was that which described him as a fugitive from justice.

From the Papal Nuncio at Prague came a letter completely refuting the falsehoods in the story published by the Express and giving facts which show that far from being the sort of man he was painted, Cardinal Skrbensky is a hopeless cripple as the result of an accident, and unable to attend to his duties. It was for this reason that he resigned his see, notified the Czechoslovak Government of his retirement and withdrew to the home of one of his brothers near Aussig, in Silesia.

The matter was then taken up by persons of influence in Catholic

circles and the Express was brought to retract and apologize, yet the fact remains that it was only after strong measures had been used, the scandalous libel was withdrawn, and nothing but the foreign nationality and residence of His Eminence has prevented the inventors and disseminators of the story from seeing the inside of an English prison.

The Express has been obliged to pay the legal expenses of the Catholic solicitors who pressed the matter.

## MAUDE ADAMS' GIFT IS FORMALLY ACCEPTED

New York, June 5.—The Lake Ronkonkoma estate of Maude Adams, a gift of the distinguished actress to the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle, was formally accepted by that order last week with ecclesiastical ceremony in which His Excellency, Archbishop John Bonzano, took part, assisted by the Right Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of Brooklyn.

Miss Adams was not present at the ceremonies, which were inaugurated with a low Mass celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate, who later gave the papal blessing to two hundred guests present and delivered an address on the work being done by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle. The donor of the estate sent word from Tannersville, New York, that indisposition prevented her from attending. She sent as a representative her companion of twenty years, Mrs. Hugh Reilly.

Archbishop Bonzano stated in his address that the present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, had heard of Miss Adams' gift and was greatly impressed by her generosity. The thirty years he spent as chaplain of Our Lady of the Cenacle at Milan had impressed the new Pope with the splendid work done by the order, declared Archbishop Bonzano, who expressed regret that Miss Adams could not be present to receive from him a personal message from the Supreme Pontiff. His Holiness, according to the Apostolic Delegate, was the more impressed by Miss Adams' gift because of the fact that she is not a Catholic.

The noted actress formed a decided attachment to the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle during several retreats which she made under the direction of institutions conducted by them. She had not occupied her estate at Lake Ronkonkoma for several years and learned that the capacity of the convent at 440th street had become inadequate for the needs of the nuns, she donated them the Long Island estate, which is valued at \$200,000.

## FRENCH COLLEGE HONORS MEMORY OF 968 PUPILS KILLED IN WAR

General Serrigny, Assistant Chief of Staff of the French Army, presided at the unveiling of a monument erected by the Catholic College of St. Stanislaus in Paris, to the memory of the 968 pupils of the college who lost their lives on the battlefields of the World War. The monument was blessed by Msgr. Du Gueriant, Archbishop of Marianaopolis and Visitor Apostolic to Siberia and China who, like General Serrigny and five other generals who came to Paris for the ceremony, was a former pupil of the college.

The principal topics of the addresses were: How to refute all charges against the Christian education of youth and against Christian marriage; the need for propagating the Catholic press and for promoting Catholic organization, and the upbuilding of Catholic works of charity. Outbursts of applause testified to the enthusiasm of the people. After the exercises and addresses in front of the Town Hall, the masses of humanity streamed through the streets until they reached the church "Am Hof," in the big square in front of which they surged like a sea. It was here in the shadow of this ancient and venerable landmark of Vienna, that Cardinal Piff's eloquence begot courage and determination in the hearts of the thousands who heard his address.

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DIED

SLAVIN.—At her late residence,  
Oxford, May 26, 1922, Catherine  
O'Meara, beloved wife of John  
Slavin in her eightieth year. May  
her soul rest in peace.

SCHOOL.—On Tuesday, May  
22, 1922, at the home of her son,  
Charles Schooley, 450 Driscoll  
Terrace, Peterborough, Ont., Julia  
Schooley, widow of the late Wm.  
Schooley, La Salette, Ont. May  
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