

# 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 de-  
claim 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 re-  
turning exile:

*M'anam le Dhia!* 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',  
Watching 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.

#### COBB HARBOR

The Cobb (cove) o' Cork—which  
under the British regime used to be  
called Queenstown—is far from  
being as busy as once 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, be-  
gan patronising Cobb, the big Eng-  
lish interests, or the English  
Government, brought such pres-  
sure 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, harbor 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 compara-  
tively plain, and the many lights  
twinkling their welcome from the  
land were reassuring. Over the  
glassed waters of the harbor the  
mold 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 soothing,  
deluding, Cork accent, which  
greeted us from the tender that  
came alongside our ship, was wel-  
come indeed.

#### FRIENDLY GREETINGS

On the tender we saw the first  
Irish soldiers. They were Republi-  
cans—what the newspapers usually  
describe as "irregulars"—only in  
half uniform, and unarmed. Per-  
haps it would be more correct to say  
that no arms were visible to the  
naked eye. These fine, unpretending,  
clean-cut boys impressed me favor-  
ably. 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 disap-  
pointed. 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 ammu-  
nition—from returning Irish-Ameri-  
cans, 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 Denmark—I paused in  
Cork, and stopped in Dublin. I was  
particularly anxious to see what I  
might of the handiwork of the in-  
cendiary Black and Tans in Cork. I  
was also wishful to get some impres-  
sions 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 fear-  
ful 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 pluckily  
raked and scraped among the ruins,  
ran up its shacks, and resumed its  
life again.

#### BARRY EGAN

One of the very worthy, and in-  
teresting, citizens of Cork—who  
who, in the dark days, led the  
strenuous life of the hunted, and  
who is now, again doing a good  
trade on the ruined standing 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 Corkonian,  
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 relat-  
ing some of the sorest 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 estab-  
lishment, and exhibit to you truly  
beautiful examples of the Irish  
Metal Workers' art—magnificent  
work for which Ireland was fam-  
ous 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,  
chalice, and other church  
supplies, and in this he has de-  
veloped 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 Irish-  
men, a little capital, a little enter-  
prise, and a little practical patri-  
otism, 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 Develop-  
ment, is saturated with his sub-  
ject, and laden with his facts, and  
can send you away from an inter-  
view 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, how-  
ever, that the development of our  
Agriculture is of greater impor-  
tance to Ireland, at the present  
time, than any other material asset  
she possesses.

Professor Webberley, who has  
made a study of Agriculture in  
many countries, and specialized  
upon Agriculture in Denmark, is  
easily convinced that the happy,  
and evenly, prosperity of Denmark,  
can be realized in Ireland, also,  
within a dozen years. He is devot-  
ing himself to making a reality of  
his bright dream of a prosperous  
agricultural Ireland. He says there  
are few of the European countries  
—and certainly not Denmark itself  
—which can compete with Ireland  
in the possession of the pre-requi-  
sites for Agricultural achievement.  
I was much pleased, and satisfied,  
with Professor Webberley's argu-  
ments and assurances to me on this  
subject—because I, myself, so held  
for a long time—and because I have  
confidently felt that there is no

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 90,000 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 competi-  
tion with the trade of its own citi-  
zens, it is easy to speculate how  
prosperous will be the Cork of a  
generation hence.

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

On the beautiful day on which it  
was my good fortune to be in Cork,  
I sauntered over the two miles of  
pleasant country, walk that leads  
from the city to St. Finbarr's ceme-  
tery, where is the Republican bury-  
ing plot. It was a truly delightful  
walk: soft hills arose on each side  
of me, clad in that inimitable 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 primroses, the primroses,  
the buttercups, had come thickly  
out, and were festive in the gay  
sunshine. The many birds were  
twittering in the bushes; the black-  
bird 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 home-  
land. Yet, blending with the plea-  
sure 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, and 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 MacSwiney—and of the  
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 Mac-  
Swiney and MacCurtain about forty  
other Irish heroes rest in their last  
dramatic sleep—their did their  
work, and 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 heri-  
tage of inspiration to the young  
Ireland of today, and to the young  
Ireland of tomorrow, and of all far  
future centuries.

Above the green sod which lies  
upon the breast of Terence Mac-  
Swiney and Thomas MacCurtain,  
and their gallant fellows, a gay  
sunshine shined, their flow-  
ers 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 inter-  
esting for Americans, for not only  
it possesses some of the sacred relics  
of the Martyr Deacon Saint Law-  
rence, 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 Relics 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 Nor-  
mandy 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

Pilgrim Fathers, was christened.  
The church still possesses the  
family 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 in-  
tended 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 be-  
longed 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 demonstra-  
tions 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 resolu-  
tions by the International Civitan  
Club, and the Civil Association, the  
Exchange Club, and various Pro-  
testant 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. Massiani

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  
part 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 apsis, built at a later period,  
are in the flamboyant style. The  
basilica is the abbatial church of  
a monastery, the buildings of which  
cover the entire island.

This agglomeration of buildings:  
almshouse, cellar, chapter, knight's  
room, refectory, cloister, hostelry  
of the thirteenth century, buildings  
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 sum-  
mit of Monte-Tombe.

Consecrated in the year 709, on  
October 16, the sanctuary rapidly  
became famous throughout Chris-  
tendom. Braving the perils of the  
sea, crowds of pilgrims came to  
visit the modest oratory. It was  
the language of the people Monte-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 de-  
scribed 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 generos-  
ity 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 mon-  
astery 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 1909,  
when the 12th centennial of the  
foundation of the pilgrimage was  
celebrated, 42,000 people and 33  
prelates assembled there.

It is hoped that the solemn open-  
ing 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 pur-  
poses, 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 archaeolo-  
gists, and has agreed to cut the  
long dike which was built to connect  
the Mount with the mainland, under  
pretext of facilitating communica-  
tions. 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 pic-  
turesque charm, its historical aspect  
and its traditional personality.

#### OUTRAGES SEVERELY CONDEMNED

#### GEORGE RUSSELL'S FORCEFUL LETTER TO CO-RELIGIONISTS

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

George Russell, who is one of the  
leaders of the co-operative move-  
ment and one of Ireland's foremost  
writers on economic affairs, refused  
to attend the convention, and wrote  
to the committee saying that he  
could not take part in the proceed-  
ings because he would be expected  
to repudiate fears he did not feel  
and deny persecution he had not  
experienced, inasmuch as the Pro-  
testants in the south of Ireland had  
never been menaced.

#### ORANGEMEN NOT CHRISTIANS

He denied the right of the  
fanatics in Belfast to call them-  
selves Protestants, declaring that  
unless men were first of all Chris-  
tians, they could not be Protestants.  
If there were any genuine Christian-  
ity in the Protestant churches in  
Belfast, he wrote, the Protestant  
ministers at the very first attack  
on the Catholic population, would  
have patrolled the Catholic districts  
day and night to protest against  
the murders, the wrecking of homes  
and the outlawing from industry of  
the unfortunate people.

To him, through the action of the  
fanatics:

"Belfast appeared as a pagan  
city, which, in the name of Christ,  
spits on His precepts. Religion as  
it is proclaimed is simply a form of  
devil worship, where hate, fear,  
and pride are fostered in childhood  
until they become madness in old  
age."

Miss Cunningham of Trinity  
College said that the Protestants  
did not act when they should have,  
and that they had now to bear the  
shame and humiliation. Mr. J. J.  
Douglas, the treasurer of the Irish  
White Cross, said that when the  
White Cross was established the Lord  
Mayor of Dublin invited as many  
Protestants as Catholics to serve on  
the committee but only one-third of  
the Protestants consented to act  
because Mr. Michael Collins hap-  
pened to be one of the trustees.

On the day following the Protest-  
ant convention a deputation from the  
Protestant Synod consisting of two  
bishops and Sir William Goulding,  
a manufacturer and financier,  
waited on Mr. Collins, as head of  
the Provisional Government, to  
assure him and the Government of  
their loyalty to the new order.  
They brought under the notice of  
Mr. Collins some cases in which  
their co-religionists had, according  
to them, suffered persecution and  
asked for assurances that the Govern-  
ment was desirous of their retaining  
their residences in the south of Ire-  
land, or whether, in the alternative,  
it was desired that they should  
leave the country.

Mr. Collins assured the deputa-  
tion that the Irish Government  
would protect its citizens and  
would ensure civil and religious  
liberty in Ireland. It was, he  
added, obvious that the murders in  
Belfast had an effect on the present  
situation, but the Belfast massacres  
could not be considered justification  
for the alleged persecution of Pro-  
testants to which the delegation had  
alluded.

#### CARDINAL LOGUE'S LAMENT

On the very day of the Protestant  
Convention, three Catholic young  
men, brothers named McKeown,  
were taken out of their beds in their  
home in County Derry and shot.  
One of them was killed instantly.  
One received seventeen bullet  
wounds and the other fourteen  
wounds. These two it is said, can  
hardly recover.

Referring to the shooting of these  
three young men, Cardinal Logue  
said that they belonged to no politi-  
cal organization, and that such  
dreadful happenings revealed a  
dreadful state of society.

Further murders of Catholics have  
since been committed in Belfast.

#### CONVERTS AID SOCIETY

#### CONVERT CLERGYMEN AIDED BY SPECIAL SOCIETY

London, Eng.—One of the great-  
est charitable works ever under-  
taken by Catholics in England, and  
yet a work about which very little  
is heard, is the Converts' Aid  
Society, which was founded for the  
purpose of assisting convert clergymen  
whose acceptance of the Catho-  
lic religion has brought them to  
hard times.

The Society was founded original-  
ly to give assistance to clerical  
converts from Anglicanism, and  
one of its warmest supporters and  
most enthusiastic friends was the  
late Pope Leo XIII. whose Apostolic  
Letter of August 28, 1896, to Cardinal  
Vaughan urged the foundation  
of the Society.

The original scope of the Society  
has been widened, and it assists  
convert clergymen of all denomina-  
tions. Some of the convert clergymen  
are married, and in such  
cases the Society helps to find  
a home for them and employ-  
ment. In the case of certain of the  
Anglican converts the act of conver-  
sion renders them absolutely  
homeless, since in practically every  
case from a beneficed clergyman a  
house forms part of the benefice.

But some of the unmarried con-  
verts show a vocation for the Catho-  
lic 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 question  
of ways and means has often a  
very important influence in the  
decisions of a clergyman hovering  
on the threshold of the Church.

For it should be remembered that  
some of these clergymen are by  
no means young, and their separa-  
tion from the religious denomina-  
tion to which they belong, not only  
means a sudden cessation of all  
source of income, but the turning  
out from what has perhaps been  
their home for many years.

They have to face the world  
afresh, and not as clergymen but  
simply as secular laymen. So the  
Society often gets applications from  
Protestant ministers, asking what  
can be done for them if they be-  
come Catholics.

It is a difficult position, both for  
the Society and the would-be con-  
vert. But the Society has to make  
the same reply to all—that it can  
only deal with those who have  
actually taken the final step with  
all its consequences, and are  
actually practical Catholics.

#### JOHN McCORMACK WILL SING IN DUBLIN FOR HOSPITAL

Dublin, Ireland.—John McCor-  
mack's first public appearance since  
his recent illness, and perhaps his  
only public appearance while  
abroad, will be in Dublin, where in  
accordance with a promise made  
two years ago, he will sing for the  
benefit of the Mater Hospital, the  
principal Catholic hospital in this  
city.

After his visit to Dublin for the  
concert, the date of which has not  
yet been set, Mr. McCormack  
expects to visit Athlone, where he  
hopes to meet the Most Rev. Michael  
J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore,  
who is expected in Ireland next  
month.

Mr. McCormack is now domiciled  
at Netherwell Manor, Gloucester,  
England, which has been placed at  
his disposal by the Misses Scott,  
through whose influence he secured  
his first engagement at Covent  
Garden. Following his visit to  
Ireland he will go to Carlsbad. He  
has announced his intention of  
making another and longer visit in  
Ireland prior to his return to the  
United States in September.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Annual London, Ontario,  
Diocesan Eucharistic Congress takes  
place this year in September. It  
will be held at Sandwich College,  
with Pontifical High Mass on the  
Campus. Delegates from all the  
parishes in the diocese will attend.  
It will be a general Communion  
day for all present, as the Sunday  
before or after will be for all  
Catholics, in the Diocese who can-  
not visit Sandwich on Congress day.

Dublin, May 27.—The remains of  
Rev. Patrick J. Gallagher, who met  
his death in France while serving  
with the Knights of Columbus in  
the American Army, were buried  
in Mayo, his native County. His  
brother was the chief mourner and  
the funeral was attended by  
twenty-four cousins of the deceased.

Prominent and wealthy women of  
Spanish descent have organized a  
guild to support the Day Nursery  
which the Mothers of the Helpless,  
a Spanish Sisterhood, has opened at  
432 West Twentieth street, New  
York City. There is a considerable  
Spanish-speaking population in the  
neighborhood and many of the  
women are compelled to leave their  
homes by day to work in shops and  
factories. It is principally for the  
children of these women that the  
Nursery has been established.

New York, N. Y.—Central Catholic  
high schools for girls will be built in  
Manhattan and the Bronx, accord-  
ing to an announcement made by  
the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes,  
Archbishop of New York in an  
address before the twentieth annual  
conference of the Ladies of Charity  
of the Catholic Charities of the  
Archdiocese of New York. The  
Manhattan school, according to  
Archbishop Hayes, will be started  
next year. He also outlined plans  
for the establishment of parochial  
schools.

Dublin, May 27.—In appealing for  
funds for St. Vincent's Girl Orphan-  
age, Dublin, Rev. M. Quinlan, S. J.,  
mentioned some striking facts. A  
few years ago nearly 3,000 children  
were in the power of the prosely-  
tizers who spent 300,000 dollars  
annually on this nefarious work.  
Unhappily many thousands of  
Catholic children had been bought  
with the proselytizers' money and  
shut up in their institutions. Only  
the charity of the Irish people could  
save Catholic orphans from this  
danger.

New York, May 31.—A field Mass  
for the repose of the souls of former  
members of the Boy Scouts who  
lost their lives in the World War  
was celebrated at the Lawisohn  
Stadium at the City College here  
yesterday, under the auspices of  
the Catholic Bureau of Boy Scouts.  
An altar was erected in the center  
of the athletic field. Boys forming  
color squads flamed the altar. On  
one side were boys with American  
flags and on the other an equal  
number bearing the insignia of the  
various organizations of the Boy  
Scouts. About 1,000 Scouts were  
assembled in front of the altar.

Dublin, Ireland.—This year the  
golden jubilee will be celebrated of  
the Sisterhood of Daughters of Our  
Lady Help of Christians, familiarly  
known as the Salesian Nuns. They  
have two convents in Ireland, both  
in Limerick. In one of these they  
conduct evening classes for working  
girls. In 1871 Pius IX. expressed  
the hope that the religious denomina-  
tion would have for its chief object—  
"To do for the instruction and  
education of girls what the

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEVEY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND  
(LADY GILBERT)

### CHAPTER XXVII

In the meantime the years had 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-capped peasant women knelt at prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the nave.

"Who are all these people?" asked Kevin, hardly distinguishing between the brown-checked peasants 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 chafe and skip over the tombs and chafe 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 agast 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 fitly 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 medieval 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 wall 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 medieval 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 frescoes dwellings, and its solemn and venerable churches.

Kevin awakened 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 Paradiso, 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 of 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 childhood 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-checked, 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 cleanders, 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.

"Have you ever been here, little Fanchetta?" asked Kevin. "These buxom, black-eyed women are like sisters of the fiend in human shape who took you out of my life. Are you lurking behind their baskets, under their absurd umbrellas? Will you come forward presently, and ask me in bad Italian to buy a melon?"

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 cortices, 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 gazed 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 gaze upon 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 imaginations 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 transfused 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 gipsies 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.

The people gave way, and stood back, as the pale-faced gentleman advanced within the ring, with his eyes fixed upon the graceful little figure of the dancer. They thought he was going to give her money.

"Fan, little Fan!" he said, tremulously, "do you not know me?" A child's face with a bright brown skin, and white grinning teeth flashed suddenly round upon him; a flood of eager Italian was poured into his ears, and an outstretched hand was held out to him, to beg. He dropped some coin into it, and turned away to hide the tears in his eyes. What freak of madness was this that had surprised him? Seven long years ago Fanchetta might have looked, from a distance, like this. He saw tall, coarse looking young women standing round, with beads round their throats, and rude laughter on their lips; "Oh, Heaven! could she grow into one like these!" he thought, with horror, and hurried away from the spot.

All the way home to the hotel a little song, Goethe's, rang in his ears:

"Sie aber ist weggezogen  
Und weit in das Land hinaus."

Yes; she was, indeed, gone far out into the world of time and space; and how could he any longer hope to follow her?

In the afternoon Mr. Honeywood and Kevin walked to see the tombs of the old lords of Verona, with almost a stone's throw of the palace, where successively they held Court and made their home. There in the Piazza dei Signori they lived and ruled; here, as if in the next chamber, they lie in death.

An extraordinary Gothic pile of the richest beauty, crusted over with sculpture, and gilded and ornamented by screens of wrought metal, the tombs of the Scaligeri present an entirely unique appearance, startling and enchanting to the beauty-loving eye. One over another the rich piles of stone work soar into the azure air, having their roots, along with an ancient church, in a lonely and deserted graveyard. There is a magnificent weirdness about the conception of the whole thing, and a barbaric splendor that takes away one's breath.

"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 where ever 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 the dog and the ladder repeated all over these tombs. Mastiffs support each sarcophagus, and the ladder is everywhere; as indeed it is everywhere over Verona; so it is woven into these wrought-metal screens."

"What a curious startling design runs through these tombs!" said Kevin. "Below the solemn sepulchre with its reposing figure and the dark hollow of its Gothic arch; above the soaring pinnacles bearing a proud horse and rider aloft in the blue. The sharp contrast strikes one indescribably. One seems confronted by restless spirits that will not lie in death; and having broken the bonds of the tomb, still dominate arrogantly the city that once bowed at their feet."

"It always seems to me pathetic," said Honeywood, "that a painful lie, one of those lies that never get unearthed, is walled up in these sumptuous graves. You see this monument, the most splendid of all? It is that of Can Signorico; and he is said to have murdered the father whose tomb is next to his; but dates prove the story grounded on a mistake. The people will tell you that Can Signorico died early, stricken by a disease which fell on him in punishment of the fratricide, and they will not part with their tradition. There lie the brothers between whom such cruel malice has been put by a mere freakish blunder. Near neighbors, they sleep in their splendor; and aloft under their ride like trophies in single file, following to some aerial battle in the blue. Each soul, locked within its own stone prison-house; have they ever come to an understanding while the stars have gone wheeling round their heads in the course of the ages?"

"With all their extraordinary and fantastic beauty," he continued, "a strange blight has fallen on the neighborhood of these wonderful tombs. By a strange fatality this graveyard round their base is now set apart for the burial of criminals. It seems as if that lie had wrought inward and made an evil thing of the entire place, attracting the wicked to its centre."

"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 Cangrande," 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 door opens 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-ropes 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 Signorico, 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, merited by screens of wrought metal, the tombs of the Scaligeri, 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 sweetness lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whither 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, Fearless, each embodied virtue lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whither they have penetrated we too may come; the bliss they taste we also may share. 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of the month, He must wait for thirty long days and nights before they will let Him come again.

"Father Tim, dear," he said, quietly, but gently, "by the help of His holy grace, I'll do it."

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."

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.

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.

Whatever the attitude of our anti-social press, the force of public opinion, there is 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.

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.

The number of popular novels inaptly 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 age. Such was the realism of Shakespeare, of Scott, of the authors whose works have been enshrined among the classics of literature.

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.

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.

Today hundreds of books are doing more harm in corrupting the youth than these former penny thrillers ever could do.

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.

Purging the moving pictures of salaciousness has been progressing effectively. It is high time to turn the attention of censors to the harm in malodorous novels. At least timely warning is given to Catholic readers to avoid such things.

THE MALADY OF OUR AGE

That something is basically wrong with the youth of our days, is an opinion in which observers of our times almost unanimously agree.

The situation is truly grave and productive of much harm, for the indiscretions of the younger set are far from being an inoffensive nature. Things cannot be allowed to run their course. It becomes the imperative duty of the older generation to save modern youth from itself and to protect it from the serious dangers that beset its path.

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Modesty it brands as hypocrisy. It glorifies the instincts and praises revolt against existing conditions.

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."

deny. No one 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.

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 quill's clank Embitter his soul with yearning— The man who is my father.

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

Are his cherished decorations— The youth who soon 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— Student of beautiful nature.

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, Forsooth, he hath been her disciple; Thy whisper hours of plant and flower

That unfold while the stars rejoice— A secret among the poesies.

Dahlia, daffodil, mignonette, fern, Blossoms with fragrance exquisite; Cactus, hibiscus, garden urn: His crest a maple and thistle— Knight of yon flowery domain.

Carnation, rose, pink, columbine, Lady's slipper, snap-dragon plume; Throats of velvet, green trailing vine:

Each beautiful dream coming true— As God, in His Wisdom, designed.

Restless the head that wears a crown Of Anxiety, Envy, Greed; The Grand Seigneurs court not renown, Contentment reigns o'er their kingdom— Those philosophers—our fathers.

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.

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.

Man cannot attain the development demanded by nature without society; society cannot exist if the laws of nature are interfered with.

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

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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.

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.

CARDINAL AND ARCHBISHOP PLEAD FOR MORE TOLERANCE

Dublin, Ireland.—His Eminence, Cardinal Logue speaking in Dundalk said the people had troubled times before them in every part of Ireland.

Archbishop O'Donnell who spoke at Dundalk on the same occasion said that although every day brought its tale of woe and tragedy still it seemed to him that these were times of great hope.

"If our divisions continue it is pretty clear that history will be more severe on us than on those who went before us and allowed, through their dissensions, the country to be destroyed and enslaved.

"I am writing to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This fruit medicine relieved me when I had given up all hope of recovering my health.

TORTURED BY KIDNEY TROUBLE

Quickly Relieved By Short Treatment With "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MADAME LALONDE

"I am writing to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This fruit medicine relieved me when I had given up all hope of recovering my health.

"I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia and Weakness. I had these troubles for years and all the medicine I took did not do me any good.

Summer Camp For Catholic Boys

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By Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. Author of "Pioneers of the Cross," "Days and Nights in the Tropics," "By Faith and Trail,"

Pres. Publications Nov. 18, 1920

READERS of Parkman's vivid pages know something of the heroic labors of the early Roman Catholic Missionaries among the Indian savages of Canada. In the book before us, as in several previous works, Mr. Harris continues the study of that fascinating story.

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## The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1922

### MEANS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Outside the Province of Quebec  
there are not in Canada any two  
Dioceses which co-operate in the  
maintenance of an institution of  
higher education. By "maintenance"

we mean funds for current  
expenses over and above the amount  
received from students. No college  
can respond to the needs of Church  
and Country without proper main-  
tenance in the sense defined. In the  
case of Colleges administered by  
Religious Orders the sources of such  
maintenance are three: parishes  
administered in connection with the  
colleges, gifts and bequests of indi-  
vidual benefactors, and the self-  
sacrifice of the professors in teach-  
ing for little or nothing beyond  
food, clothing, and shelter. The  
gifts and bequests are few and far  
between. Both these colleges and  
the colleges administered by diocesan  
priests are on a diocesan  
basis as regards maintenance. Col-  
lectors approach individuals in  
other dioceses sometimes in a  
campaign for funds to increase the  
revenue of this or that college; but  
each college, outside the Province  
of Quebec, where the dioceses are  
grouped for the maintenance of two  
universities, is strictly a diocesan  
college as regards needed regular  
sources of revenue in addition to  
fees from students.

On such a basis our colleges are  
severely limited in scope and in  
future possibilities. The demand  
for higher education is growing  
rapidly, and soon there must come  
a conflict between this growth and  
the basis on which all our colleges  
work. In the United States the  
Catholics are not confined so com-  
pletely to the diocesan basis. They  
have at least one national university.  
But there the conflict between the  
demand, on the one hand, and the  
limited scope of Catholic colleges,  
on the other, became evident long  
ago. The number of Catholic uni-  
versity students in Catholic institu-  
tions of the United States is not  
over 17,000, while the number of  
Catholic students in non-Catholic  
universities is over 45,000. Theolog-  
ical Seminaries are not included in  
this estimate. One result of too  
many degree-conferring colleges on  
a diocesan basis is that our wealthy  
Catholic men, who do not care to  
have their names linked with weak  
institutions, contribute little of their  
wealth to higher education.

This condition of things presents  
a problem which has to be faced.  
In the Province of Quebec, where  
Catholics are in a compact group  
and numbered by the million, the  
only problem is that of arousing  
interest in the subject. In the rest  
of Canada and in the United States,  
where Catholics are widely scat-  
tered, an interest in the subject is  
only the beginning of a solution.  
It is practically impossible to have  
a fully equipped Catholic University  
under such conditions, and to aim  
at having a degree-conferring  
college in every diocese would have  
the effect of depriving our young  
men of important educational  
advantages or of sending them to  
non-Catholic institutions, for degrees  
held in higher public esteem. It  
is not merely the increasing number  
of students that make colleges more  
expensive now to those responsible  
for their maintenance. The equip-  
ment is also becoming largely more  
costly. Nowadays a successful  
college must provide courses in

science as well as in ancient and  
modern languages, and honor courses  
as well as pass courses. It is the  
honor courses that prepare future  
leaders. A few forceful men will  
always advance to the front without  
full educational advantages, or even  
without any college education.  
They are always few and cannot be  
counted on. Neither the Church  
nor the Nation has ever counted on  
a supply of such leaders. Both  
have always counted on forth-  
coming leaders through higher  
education.

A document of interest to anyone  
concerned with the history of Uni-  
versities is a decree issued in 1265  
by King Henry III. of England to  
prevent a multiplicity of Universi-  
ties. It is as follows:

"The King to his mayor and citi-  
zens of Northampton, greeting.

"On account of a great contest  
which arose in the town of Cam-  
bridge three years ago some of  
the clergy studying there unani-  
mously left that town and trans-  
ferred themselves to our said town  
of Northampton and desired, with  
a view to adhering to their studies,  
to establish a new University there:

we, believing at the time that  
town would be benefited by this,  
and that no small benefit would  
accrue to us therefrom, assented,  
at their request, to the wishes of  
the said clergy in this behalf. But  
now, as we are truly informed by  
the statements of many trustworthy  
persons that our borough of Oxford,  
which is of ancient foundation, and  
was confirmed by our ancestors,  
kings of England, and is commonly  
commended for its advantage to  
students, would suffer no little  
damage from such University, if  
it remained there, which we by  
no means wish, and especially as  
it appears to all the Bishops of  
our realm, as we learn from their  
letters patent, that it would be  
for the honor of God, and the benefit  
of the Church in England, and the  
advancement of students, that the  
University should be removed from  
the town aforesaid; we, by the  
advice of our great men, firmly  
order that there shall henceforth be  
no University in our said town, and  
that you shall not allow any  
students to remain there otherwise  
than was customary before the  
creation of the said University.  
Witness, the King at Westminster,  
1 Feb., in the 49th year of his  
reign."

PALESTINE

A news despatch from Geneva  
says that Cardinal Gasparri, Papal  
Secretary of State, has addressed a  
note on behalf of the Vatican to the  
League of Nations, protesting in  
strong terms against the British  
mandate for Palestine. The protest  
is on the ground that the mandate  
threatens religious equality. The  
creation of a Jewish national home  
in Palestine, it is argued, gives the  
adherents of Zionism a privileged  
position.

Of course the protest is not  
against the British mandate but  
against the Balfour Bill by which,  
according to the Jews, Palestine  
becomes the home of the Jews.  
Other interpreters of the Balfour  
Bill claim that it only gives to the  
Jews a home in Palestine. The  
Jews are acting as if Palestine is  
their home and all other races and  
religions are strangers only to be  
tolerated as long as it serves the  
interests of the Jews. It is against  
this condition of affairs that the  
Pope has protested to the League of  
Nations.

Palestine is hallowed ground to  
Christians. It is the scene of the  
active life of our Saviour. There  
He lived and died for mankind.  
Thither have Christian Pilgrims of  
every country from the time of the  
Apostles wended their way to  
pay homage to the Saviour at the  
very seat of His earthly labors. In  
the middle ages when faith was  
strong Crusades were formed to  
wrest the Holy Places from the hands  
of the Saracens. All Christian  
Europe heard the voice of the Pope  
calling for aid to restore to the  
care of Christians the places made  
sacred by the presence of Our Lord.  
King and peasant, noble and serf,  
each enrolled under the banner of  
Christ to fight His cause. England  
sent the flower of the land. King  
Richard, the Lion Hearted, with  
whose feats of valor every school  
boy is familiar, led the English  
army. King David of Scotland  
served as a private in the ranks. It  
has come, therefore, as a shock to  
Christendom that England, through  
the Scotchman, Earl Balfour, has  
turned its back on its traditional

Christianity and handed over the  
sovereignty of Palestine to the  
foes of the Christian religion.

In modern times the Sovereignty  
of Palestine was invested in the  
Turkish nation. It is true that  
there were minor clashes and dis-  
agreements between the Christians  
and Turks under Turkish rule. But  
each nation was quite capable of  
protecting its own subjects. There  
has been no organized attempt,  
either openly or secretly, to prevent  
the free exercise of the Christian  
religion in Palestine.

But as soon as the Jews took  
possession of the Government of the  
country, there immediately began  
a systematic, secret, annoying ham-  
pering of the free exercise of the  
Christian religion. This is the most  
natural consequence. The Jewish  
religion is not only opposed to the  
Christian religion, but openly  
hostile. It is so from the diamet-  
rically opposite principles on which  
each religion is founded. What  
compatibility can there be between  
religions, one of which considers its  
Founder Divine, and the other looks  
upon this Founder as a malefactor  
and imposter?

If the Founder of Christianity is  
an imposter, as the Jews claim,  
surely it is their duty to destroy the  
religion which He founded, or at  
least to take all possible means to  
destroy it. And it is just this that  
the Jews are doing, notwithstanding  
all propaganda that may be  
said to the contrary.

The Holy Places in Palestine,  
which are so dear to the hearts of  
Christians, and which have been  
consecrated by the different events  
in the life of Our Lord, are con-  
sidered by the Jews as unholy.  
And it is to the Jews that the Jews  
that these places have been  
entrusted by Christian England.  
Surely there is still sufficient faith  
in England to protest against such  
an outrage to the sentiment of a  
Christian people. No voice was  
raised in the secular press. Why  
is the Christian Archbishop of  
Canterbury silent? Why does not  
the Christian world hear the elo-  
quent voice of the Archbishop of  
York, and the leaders of the other  
Christian denominations? Among  
all the Christian leaders of England,  
the Catholic prelates, headed by  
the Cardinal Archbishop of West-  
minster, alone raised their voice in  
protest.

Now comes the protest of the  
Pope. He makes an appeal to the  
conscience of Christian nations. Is  
it too much to expect that this  
appeal of Pope Pius XI. to the  
League of Nations to safeguard  
for Christians the place, above all  
others, most dear to Christian  
hearts, the place made sacred by the  
Blood of Our Saviour and the blood  
of numbers of His followers, will be  
heeded? Or, has the Christian  
conscience of the whole world  
become atrophied and this appeal,  
like that made to the Conference at  
Genoa, will fall upon deaf ears?  
Time will tell.

OUR AGE

We are living in a materialistic  
age. Money and the material  
pleasures that money can buy seem  
to be the goal at which every one is  
aiming. No class of people is  
exempt. Laborers, artisans, busi-  
ness men, professional men, all are  
scrambling to acquire money and as  
much of it as they can lay their  
hands on. The limit of greed is the  
ability of the other fellow to pay.  
The ethics of the professional man,  
and the pride of workmanship in  
the artisan and the honesty of the  
business man, are sacrificed in this  
mad race for wealth.

In the medical profession we have  
an outstanding example of the in-  
fluence of Mammon. It is the  
noblest of all secular professions.  
No greater work from a pure human  
standpoint can be conceived than  
the alleviation of suffering with  
which so many are afflicted. The  
charity of the doctors is proverbial.  
But unfortunately the primary  
object of the profession and the  
charity, once so evident, are gradu-  
ally taking a secondary place in  
the life of a doctor. The old  
general practitioner is gradually  
disappearing and in a few years  
will be almost as extinct as the Mound-  
builders and other prehistoric races,  
whose history is the study of  
archaeologists.

In the place of the general prac-  
titioner there is springing up a race  
of specialists. The anatomy of the  
human body is divided into parts,  
and each part has its specialist.  
Not only is the body divided into  
parts, each with its specialist, but

the age of a man is divided and  
each period has its specialist. No  
doubt all this tends to greater effi-  
ciency and produces better results.  
It also brings a bigger fee to the  
physician. All doctors admit that  
there is more money in being a  
specialist than in being a general  
practitioner. All admit that there  
is more money, more interest, and  
less drudgery in surgery than in  
medicine.

A medical man has to make many  
a call to make the fee which a sur-  
geon receives for one case of ordi-  
nary appendicitis, which probably  
takes one half hour to perform. It  
is not in human nature to spend  
voluntarily one's life in merely  
reaping a respectable competence  
when there is an opportunity to  
gather in a real golden harvest by  
becoming a specialist.

The law of God and the law of the  
State forbid usury. This law is  
intended to protect people in finan-  
cial difficulties against those who  
would take advantage of them,  
when unable to protect themselves.  
The greatest difficulty in which men  
can find themselves is sickness. To  
regain health, they will sacrifice all  
their worldly possessions. They will  
pay out the last dollar of their  
hard-earned savings; they will  
place another mortgage on their  
homes; the family will deny them-  
selves every comfort, provided they  
are able to regain that most neces-  
sary and precious of all God's gifts  
—health. Who can justify the  
capitalizing of human misery to  
one's own profit? The morality of  
the fee charged does not depend  
upon the ability of the patient to  
pay. It is palpably unjust that the  
fee charged for an operation, even  
if successful, should condemn the  
patient to years of toil to pay what  
he considers his debt.

The medical profession is a noble  
one. For it there is the whole  
world, as a field, in which to work  
for the betterment of the human  
race. Let it not prostitute its  
greatness to the sordid greed for  
money.

STUDY OF GOVERNMENT

By THE OBSERVER

It is told of Napoleon that when  
he played chess, he liked to move  
the pieces anyway he chose, without  
reference to the rules of the game.  
That showed the bent of his mind;  
and yet, he did not play the game  
of war that way; he had too much  
sense for that. Great as was his  
confidence in his own intellect, he  
knew that there are rules which no  
man can change without running  
headlong into disaster.

Chess had its rules, and he chose  
to ignore them; but the only result  
of that was to turn a game that  
meant something into a series of  
motions which meant nothing.  
Every game must be played by  
rule; and some of the rules can be  
changed without destroying the  
game or changing its nature; but  
others can not.

The governing of a town, a county  
or a country must be done by rule.  
To have no rules would give us  
utter confusion and uncertainty.  
In creating a system of government  
a distinction is drawn between those  
rules which must be laid down with  
something approximating to perma-  
nency; and those which may be  
changed from year to year without  
any grave inconvenience or confu-  
sion. The former are called "con-  
stitutional" rules; the latter are  
called "municipal"; using the word  
"municipal" in the broader sense.

The more advanced and civilized  
States change their municipal laws  
freely and frequently; but their  
constitutional rules they hardly ever  
think of changing. The Constitu-  
tion of the United States has under-  
gone only 18 amendments since that  
country became an independent  
nation. One may institute a com-  
parison between constitutional  
structures and material structures.  
At Ottawa we have a Parliament  
Building. It is a comparatively  
small matter to put a new roof on  
it; or to change the window glass,  
or to re-arrange the interior fit-  
tings; but any man who should say,  
let us tear this building down; it  
has been in use for ten, fifteen,  
twenty, twenty-five years, and let  
us build another; such a man would  
be suspect of weakness of the  
mind. Parliament buildings are  
built to endure; the foundations  
and the main walls are made to  
last, and men would feel as foolish  
as children if they found that what  
their greatest constructive archi-  
tects calculated to last for a cen-  
tury or more torn down in a few  
years.

Constitutionally, a similar course  
is taken. Every civilized people  
regard with doubt and distrust  
proposals to change the basic and  
fundamental rules which they call  
their Constitution. Such a change,  
when it is a deep-cutting one, is  
necessarily revolutionary; whether  
made peacefully or by violence.  
Constitutions are not perfect; and  
they sometimes have to be radically  
changed; but nevertheless it is  
always a public misfortune that  
such a change should be needed.

A man may shingle his roof, or  
re-glaze his windows, extend his  
floor space, and not be thought ill  
of; but the man who should be  
always looking for an excuse to  
tear out the foundations of his  
house, and reconstruct de novo,  
would not command much confi-  
dence amongst his neighbors.

It is always a grave matter to  
re-build a public constitution. Let  
me illustrate: When the Canadian  
Constitution was framed, the ablest  
men of that time (who, by the way,  
have not their equals in Canada  
today) had to divide the legislative  
authority between Parliament and  
the Provincial Legislatures. They  
made that division. The language  
they used was as clear as could be  
expected to be used by anyone.  
They foresaw, and provided for,  
as many conflicts of legislative  
authority as they could have been  
expected to foresee.

Now, let me give only one instance  
of the difficulties of such work as  
constitution making. To the provin-  
ces they assigned the subject of  
"Property and civil rights in the  
provinces." That seems clear  
enough; and it is as clear as it  
could have been made. But the  
Dominion Parliament can make laws  
respecting customs, and fisheries,  
and railways, and a score of things  
which touch "property and civil  
rights in the province."

In the nature of the subject-  
matters dealt with; in the nature  
of human speech; in the nature of  
human understanding, it was inevi-  
table that the two classes or kinds  
of authority should cross each other  
at certain points. They have crossed.  
On that there has followed for fifty-  
five years, a judicial and adminis-  
trative development and adjust-  
ment of the Constitution. Without  
many amendments, which would  
probably have only increased the  
perplexities they were intended to  
clear up, Canada and her provinces  
have, with the aid of eminent  
judges, reached an understanding  
on most of the points of doubt and  
contention.

That is the natural and proper  
thing to happen to a constitution;  
and the fact is worth being noted  
by rash and thoughtless persons  
who think they could take the  
Canadian Constitution apart any  
day at all and put it together again,  
or substitute something just as  
good.

The substitute would have to  
start its course of misunderstand-  
ings, contradictions, uncertainties,  
and contentions, just as though the  
ablest men the country has pro-  
duced, had not labored for fifty  
years to develop, interpret and  
apply, the main rules of the game  
of government; and as though it  
were a light matter to manufacture  
a new constitution every few years.

These reflections have been occa-  
sioned by reading an article on the  
efforts now being made in the  
United States to promote the  
popular study of the American  
Constitution. The college of William  
and Mary has led off with the  
Marshall-Whyte School of Govern-  
ment and Citizenship. On the occa-  
sion of this opening, Mr. John W.  
Davis, former American ambassador  
to Great Britain, said:

"If our Government ideals and  
the structure of our Government  
are to survive, it can only be by  
persistent, constant education of  
our people in their essentials."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, the distin-  
guished Catholic writer, whose name  
is a household word in Britain, and  
scarcely less well-known on this  
side of the Atlantic, has recently  
published a book on the Islamic  
problem which has attracted much  
attention. A London critic who set  
out to review the book—"The Mercy  
of Allah"—and showed an inclina-  
tion to handle it somewhat severely  
wound up by paying tribute to not  
only Mr. Belloc's versatility, but to  
his uniform ability as well. This  
critic's estimate may interest some  
of our readers:

"Nobody's reputation has suffered  
so much from his versatility as Mr.

Belloc's and few men have ever  
been so versatile. He has not so  
far as I am aware, been a 'chymist'  
or a 'fiddler'; but almost every-  
thing else from the 'statesman' to  
the 'buffoon.' He is a politician, a  
historian, a theologian, an econo-  
mist, a lecturer, a poet, a satirist,  
a novelist, an essayist, a traveler, a  
geographer, a student of war; he  
has written nursery rhymes and he  
has illustrated his own books, and  
has been a professor, an editor, and  
a member of Parliament, and he  
farms his own land. He cannot  
help it. There is nothing of the  
dilettante or the poseur about him.  
His books of essays alone would  
entitle him to a very considerable  
reputation. There are several  
poets alive who are discussed every-  
where for work less impressive  
than the small collection of Mr.  
Belloc's verses. Had he written  
nothing but 'The Path to Rome,'  
'The Four Men,' 'Esto Perpetua,'  
and some of his marine sketches,  
everybody who ever wrote an arti-  
cle about the romantic or pictur-  
esque literature of travel would  
find it necessary to drag Mr. Belloc's  
name in. Had 'The Modern Travel-  
ler' borne the frugal name of Mr.  
Max Beerbohm instead of being  
hidden in the tangled luxuriance of  
Mr. Belloc's bibliography, it would  
have been treasured by every culti-  
vated reader."

THE DISPOSITION of an element in  
Ontario to put every possible hin-  
drance in the way of Catholic school  
rights under the law is in striking  
contrast to the treatment of minori-  
ties elsewhere. In Glasgow, for  
instance, the Jewish plea for Separa-  
te schools has met with sympa-  
thetic Catholic support. It is esti-  
mated that there are over 3,000  
Jewish children attending the Glas-  
gow Board schools, the percentage  
in one school running as high as 85%  
of the total attendance. In view of  
this fact it has been suggested that  
at least one school be set aside for  
the education of Jewish children,  
and the suggestion is likely to be  
acted upon.

"BESIDES SATISFYING this very  
natural and proper demand," says  
the Observer, (a Catholic paper) "it  
would be an administrative conveni-  
ence. Where there are a large  
number of Jewish children attend-  
ing a school, and these children are  
absent on certain days held in  
special observance by the Jews, the  
average attendance of a school is  
visibly lowered. London, Liver-  
pool, Manchester and Birmingham  
all provide schools especially set  
apart for Jewish children, and Glas-  
gow would act well and wisely by  
making similar provision without  
further delay."

IT HAS NOT BEEN generally  
remarked that one at least of the  
Catholic Martyrs under Elizabeth  
was a Scotsman. The Ven. George  
Douglas who suffered at York, 9th  
September, 1587, was a native of  
Edinburgh, and up to the time of  
the suppression of the Franciscan  
Monastery, Greyfriars, in that city,  
was a member of that community.  
After the suppression he went to  
Paris under Queen Mary's patron-  
age, where he completed his studies  
and was ordained priest. Crossing  
over to England, he passed for some  
time as a school-master in the Mid-  
lands. Taken finally at Ripon he  
was cast into prison, and after four  
months' imprisonment was, with 35  
others, hanged, drawn and quar-  
tered at York, as stated. He bore  
his sufferings with a quiet patience  
and fortitude which is said to have  
astonished all beholders.

WE REMARKED last week upon the  
revival of Catholicity at Langside,  
the scene of the defeat of Queen  
Mary Stuart which left Calvinism  
triumphant in Scotland. Another  
such site where, too, the Church has  
once more raised her head, is Craigh-  
head, near Bothwell. The grounds  
about Bothwell Castle, an ancient  
ruin which figures prominently in  
the wars under King Robert Bruce,  
abound not only in beautiful sights  
but in cherished Catholic memories  
as well. One of the fine features of  
this landscape is the old Priory of  
Blantyre, on the Clyde. It is now a  
total ruin, but as indicative of the  
Catholic revival in the district it  
may be remarked that Craighhead,  
nearby, is now the site of a Retreat  
House, frequented by the Catholics  
of Glasgow. Little by little Auld  
Scotia seems thus to be coming  
back to her own.

THE GLOOM which settled over  
Scotland when the "Reformation"

was complete has been graphically  
depicted in a little poem which  
we borrow from our contemporary,  
the Catholic Herald of  
Edinburgh. The defeat of Queen  
Mary left the new-fangled "Kirk"  
free to inaugurate its long night of  
tyranny and darkness. Thus:

Gone were the merry times of old,  
The masque, and mirth, and glee;  
And woe was the palace then  
Than prison needs to be.

Forbidden were the vesper bells—  
They broke the Sabbath calm!  
Hushed were the notes of min-  
strelsy—

They chimed not with the psalm:  
'Twas sin to smile, 'twas sin to  
laugh,

'Twas sin to sport or play,  
And heavier than a hermit's fast  
Was each dull holiday.

Was but the sound of laughter  
heard,  
Or tinkling of a lute,  
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,  
The tread of dancing foot—  
Then to a drove of gaping clowns  
Would Knox with unctious tell  
The vengeance that in days of old  
Had fallen on Jezebel!

A READER of the Catholic Herald  
of India asked for an opinion as to  
the late Viscount Bryce's qualities  
as an historian. "But for his relig-  
ion," replied the editor, "his history  
would have been all right. He had  
all the painstaking inquisitiveness  
of a born historian, his judgment,  
his balance, but the Catholic Church  
invariably upset it. Names like  
Rome, Pope, Catholic, Monk, Jesuit,  
affected his spleen, and obscured his  
historical sense. A man thus  
inclined should never have under-  
taken the history of the Holy  
Roman Empire, as Bryce did. It  
was not fair to his historical talent,  
leaving alone the Holy Roman  
Empire. He did his best to avoid  
the subject; he actually wrote the  
history of Europe without once  
mentioning the monasteries that  
built it; but the Church kept  
obtruding itself into his vision. It  
even spoiled his Latin, for he can't  
even translate in his text the Latin  
he puts in his notes."

WHAT THIS editor says of the  
"History of the Holy Roman  
Empire" might with equal truth be  
applied to Bryce's book on South  
America—it would have been all  
right had there been no Catholic  
Church, no priests, no religious  
Orders to obscure his vision. Then  
South America would have pre-  
sented itself to James Bryce, as  
making due allowance for the large  
proportion of the native element in  
its population, it is in fact, one of  
the most progressive and enlight-  
ened collection of communities in  
the world.

BOY LIFE

BOY SCOUTS ATTEND STADIUM  
FIELD MASS

The following extract from the  
Catholic News is of interest in that  
it shows one way in which the boy  
may live up to his scout promise in  
the outdoors—"To do his duty to  
God."

"Shortly after sunrise on the  
morning of Memorial Day a troop of  
Boy Scouts from the Right Rev.  
Bishop John J. Dunn's parish church  
of the Annunciation were erecting  
an altar borrowed from the private  
chapel of one of the parishioners.  
In the field of the famous Stadium  
of the City College was to be cele-  
brated a Solemn High Mass, the  
first held under the auspices of the  
Catholic Bureau Boy Scouts of  
America, Catholic Charities of the  
Archdiocese of New York. When  
the altar and serving table, the  
candles, the missal and finally all  
the vestments were prepared for  
the ceremony of the Mass they next  
secured a harmonium from the  
choir loft of Annunciation. To  
carry the voice to all parts of the  
field a large metal sounding board  
had been installed by the inventor,  
Mr. Wallace. It was their next  
task to build a temporary pulpit,  
which they tastefully decorated  
with American and Papal flags.

"About this time all the troops  
had assembled at the K. of C. new  
club-house of St. Joseph's Council  
at One Hundred and Twenty-third  
Street and Morningside Park, and  
the march began for the Stadium  
up Convent avenue, where they  
were due at 10 a. m. The Immacu-  
late Virgin Mission band led the  
way with spirited music, and when  
the column reached the field the  
grouping of all the national flags on  
one side of the altar and all  
the scout troop flags on the other

side made an impressive picture. There were more than ten divisions of scouts in column formation radiating from the altar.

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.

"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.

"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. Alfréd J. Talley was present with his family. It was particularly gratifying to see so many Sisters among the interested attendants at the Field Mass.

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.

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 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 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.

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.

"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."

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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.

At the Church of St. Ignazio 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.

The final procession, a marvelous triumph, started from the Basilica of St. John Lateran at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Blessed Sacrament was carried in turn by Cardinal Vannutelli, dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Boerne and Cardinal Pompili. The first Benediction was given at the altar erected 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

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 five girls, natives of five different continents, and representing five parts of the world, and twenty-five other girls typifying the twenty-five cities in which former congresses gathered, strewed flowers before the Blessed Sacrament as it was carried through the streets.

At Constantine's arch, twenty-four young women of the Roman nobility attired in costumes of the sixteenth century stood weaving a carpet of garlands before the altar. As the last Benediction was given at the loggia of St. John's, electric searchlights flooded the scene with their brilliance. The procession, which was formed of men only, ended at 9 o'clock last night.

Members of Catholic athletic associations, with banners and bands of music, students of various schools and colleges, members of the Society of Italian Catholic Youth with their society flags, the officials and members of university organizations, members of workers' societies and pilgrims grouped according to nationality and carrying their distinctive colors, members of the religious orders and secular clergy of Rome in large numbers, many representatives of all the Oriental rites, many abbots and three hundred and sixty Bishops, marched in an almost interminable procession.

Eight Thurifers of the various rites preceded the Blessed Sacrament, and members of noble Roman families, wearing rich liveries and carrying torches, acted as an escort. The canopy was borne by Roman princes. Immediately following the Blessed Sacrament were Cardinals Maffi, Piffi, Ranuzzi, Sbarretti, Vidal y Baraquero, Fruewirth, Tacci, Bileti, Laurenti, Billot, Giorgi Dubois and Gasparri wearing purple silk copes. Then came members of the Roman International Committee, of the Congress followed by many noted statesmen amongst whom were Signor Bertini, Minister of Agriculture, Signor Anije, Minister of Justice, four under-secretaries and many senators and deputies and mayors of various cities. Italian troops lining the streets presented arms in salute as the Blessed Sacrament passed. Carabinieri in full uniform escorted the procession.

RAIN OF FLOWERS

The enthusiasm of the city is not easy to describe. The windows everywhere were decorated with flowers and damask draperies. The Blessed Sacrament was borne through a rain of flowers. From every window there were displayed written salutations to Jesus, Eucharistic Lord. Hymns and psalms and acclamations accompanied the progress of the procession. Benediction was given in the piazza of the Esquiline at the Church of St. Mary Major. Scores of Bishops knelt upon the steps of the church at the Benediction. Thousands of devout faithful thronged the adjacent streets and applauded after the Benediction.

At the Arch of Constantine amid the ancient ruins recalling the sufferings of the first Christians for Christ's triumph so glorified today thousands gave another solemn demonstration of their love for the Blessed Sacrament. The success of the procession was beyond expectation. Four hundred thousand people were gathered at St. John's for the last Benediction. There were no deplorable incidents. Perfect order was maintained at all

points throughout the progress of the procession. The Red Cross had three first aid stations to care for any cases of sickness or accident.

The opening ceremonies of the Congress were conducted in the Cortile Belvedere within the Vatican. There were present Cardinals Vannutelli, Granito, Vico, Gasparri, Bourne, Fruewirth, Faulhaber, Tacci, Dubois, Piffi, Gasquet, Laurenti, Giorgi, Merry del Val, Van Rossum, Vidal y Baraquero, Marini Ragonesi, Ranuzzi and Sbarretti; all the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Vatican, two hundred Bishops and many thousand congressists. All sang eucharistic hymns.

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 it 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."

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, Fruewirth, Scapanelli, Sbarretti, Ranuzzi, Boggiani, Dubois, Sili, Ragonesi, Faulhaber, Vidal y Baraquero, Marini, Billot, Gasquet, Lega, Bileti, 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. The 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 Masini, Professor 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 campaign, evoking memories of the early Christian martyrs. Four thousand youths preceded the numerous clergy wearing their sacred vestments. The Blessed Sacrament was borne in turn by Bishop Heylen of Namur and the Bishop of Trieste. Cardinal Giorgi gave the Benediction in the basilica. There was a period of adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva during the evening. Bishop Ferri of Montalto delivered a discourse. On Friday the feast of St. Philip Neri, Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the church of Vallicella, which was richly decorated for the occasion. Cardinal Pompili was the celebrant. Numerous prelates and priests and members of the diplomatic corps attended the Mass. The strike stopped on Friday to the great satisfaction and relief of the pilgrims.

FIRST SESSION OF CONGRESS

The first session was held in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles with the Bishop of Namur presiding. Among the members of the Sacred College present were Cardinals Vannutelli, Giorgi, Lega, Bourne, Laurenti and Piffi. There were two hundred Bishops present and a very great audience. Illness prevented the presence of the French orator, M. Janvier. Bishop Keppler, of Rottenburg, spoke in German on "Domestic Peace"; Baron Carton De Wiart, of Belgium, spoke on "Industrial Peace"; Monsignor Cazzani, Bishop of Gremona, spoke in Italian on "Eucharistic Social Peace," and Senor Gabilan spoke in Spanish on "The Eucharistic and International Peace."

Bishop Schrems, in a short, thrilling discourse, delivered the greetings of the United States, declaring that the Eucharist alone can give peace to the world and pointing to the Pope as the hope of peace among nations.

Greetings on behalf of Poland were delivered by the Archbishop of Cracow and on the part of Czechoslovakia by Canon Hanus of Prague. The meeting could not have been a greater success or have aroused more enthusiasm.

Ten thousand men participated in the night vigil in St. Peter's in the presence of the Pope. His Holiness took part in the memorable ceremony without court pomp and recited prayers with the faithful. The Bishop of Trieste, who delivered the exhortation, compared the vigil to the mystic vigil of Bethlehem. Seven thousand Communions were given at the Mass celebrated by His Holiness. Eight Bishops of different nations assisted in distributing the Sacred Species.

The Apostolic Delegate to Australia delivered the greetings of Australian Catholics and Archbishop Braga did the same for the Catholics of Portugal. Bishop Severio spoke on behalf of the Catholics of Jugoslavia.

Bishop Heylen of Namur concluded the work of the Congress, expressing the hope that everywhere there would be local and national congresses and Eucharistic celebrations in preparation for the coming international congress.

BELFAST CATHOLICS REFUTE CHARGES

OUTRAGES ON CATHOLICS NOT DUE TO FACT THEY ARE SINN FEINERS

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

Dublin, June 1.—Absolute denial of the charge that the present outrages on Catholics in Ulster are due to the fact that they are Sinn Feiners has been made by the Belfast Catholic Protection Committee in reply to a misleading article which appeared in The Spectator of London and which attributed the reign of terror in the north to "Sinn Fein" gunmen.

The writer of the Spectator article also denied what he described as the "monstrous" charge that Roman Catholics were subjected to savage persecution because of their religion. Dealing with the first assertion, the Belfast Catholic Protection Committee says: "We wonder what the evidence is. This excuse has been made in the Orange press of Belfast to justify murder; but there was no evidence produced."

"As a matter of fact the only Sinn Feiners imported into Belfast were those imported into Crumlin Road Jail by the British Government, and these were not in a position to offend.

"Sinn Fein gunmen could not be served up as an excuse for the expulsion of the Catholic workmen from the shipyards in 1912. Neither could they be made to serve as an excuse for the expulsion of Catholics from the shipyards in 1886. At both these times, as in 1920, the Catholic workers, as such, were savagely attacked and beaten, some driven into the water and pelted when swimming to safety. One was drowned under particularly brutal circumstances in 1886—a boy named Curran, aged seventeen years. In 1872 and 1867 persecution of Catholics occurred without the incitement of Sinn Fein."

EXCUSE AN AFTERTHOUGHT

"We further read that the boycott of Roman Catholic workers in the shipyards was put into practice, not because these workers were Roman Catholics, but because they would not disavow the Sinn Fein policy of murder."

"Does the writer mean by this that an alternative was given to Catholics before being expelled? 'Here is the way the boycott was put into practice.' Crowds of thousands of Protestants, armed with sledges, rivets, and revolvers, and bars of iron, attacked the Catholics on a given day and at a given signal, beat those whom they caught so savagely that some died from the effects, hunted them for their lives from their work like wild beasts; some had to swim across the docks for safety. Over 4,000 were thus treated, of whom 1,500 were ex-soldiers who had served in France."

"Not one solitary individual was given the alternative. The only question asked that day was: 'Are you a Papist?' Later on, when it was found that religious bigotry had gone too far and had developed into savage persecution, the excuse of the alternative was made. Over a month after all the Catholics, without exception, had been driven violently from work."

"Ten thousand men are in receipt of White Cross relief; 4,000 of these were driven from the shipyards; 6,000 from foundries, mills, factories, and other works. One thousand Catholic women are in receipt of this relief. The dependents number about 80,000."

RELIGION THEIR "CRIME"

"To say that any of these 11,000 people were offered an alternative is a lie. To say that they were denied the right to work because they were Catholics, is a lie. They were denied the right to work because they were Catholics. 'Upwards of 500 Catholic shopkeepers have had their shops burned, looted and wrecked. 'Hundreds of Catholic families alone have been rendered homeless by being burned and looted and wrecked. 'Protestants married to Catholics have been hounded from their work;

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

MAY THE SACRED HEART REIGN!

The month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. This great devotion which emphasizes the love of Our Divine Lord for men, has spread with a rapidity that amazes all. In Canada it is firmly established in our Catholic life and the thousands who approach Holy Communion on the First Fridays are ample evidence of the attachment of our Catholic people to the Divine Heart. "It is my firm conviction," says the Blessed Margaret Mary, "that Our Lord intends to found His kingdom by the sweet and gentle influence of His love, not with the rigor of His justice." At a later period this thought was emphasized: "Behold the heart that has so much loved men, that it has spared nothing to testify its love for them, even to consuming itself for their sake." One day, when Our Lord showed me His Heart, glowing with charity, pierced and lacerated, He said: "Behold the wounds which I have received from My chosen people. The others content themselves with striking My body, but these transfix My heart which has never ceased to love them."

They who are endeavouring through our missionary labors at home to extend the Church, have placed their confidence in the Sacred Heart. No Church is erected by them in which that devotion is forgotten, a statue of that same Divine message stands in an honored place in our offices and its picture appears constantly in our missionary pages. We appeal with confidence this month to our friends to not forget the wishes of the Sacred Heart. We want religious vocations and we desire your help through prayers and donations to make our work effective. Perhaps you were contemplating a memorial for a dear relative. Let us build a memorial chapel in his honor. We gave last year the sum of \$13,246.64 and built or helped to build with this amount, 26 new homes for the Sacred Heart. Surely then, we are fulfilling the wishes of Our Divine Lord.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged \$6,291 48 MASS INTENTIONS R. J. C., Grand Falls..... 1 00

Each time you repeat the Lord's Prayer, think for a moment in what state of mind you are when you ask God that His kingdom should come.—Lacordaire.

Like the wide deep ocean, that pulsates into every bay and creek, and blesses the most distant isles, so God's heart throbs and pulsates into the uttermost parts of the universe, having a father's sympathy for His children who suffer.—Anon.

Table of Burses for Education of Priests for Chinese Missions, Queen of Apostles Burses, Excuse an Afterthought, St. Anthony's Burses, Immaculate Conception Burses, Comforter of the Afflicted Burses, St. Joseph, Patron of China, Burses, Blessed Sacrament Burses, St. Francis Xavier Burses, Holy Name of Jesus Burses, Holy Souls Burses, Little Flower Burses, Sacred Heart League Burses.

This Booklet Sent Free on Request to Readers of "The Catholic Record" It shows the amount at which an estate becomes liable for Duty and what property is exempt from payment of the tax. It gives the rates of Succession Duty charged in this Province and is a handy reference book on this important subject.

Write to-day for a copy.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation HEAD OFFICE 83 Bay Street, Toronto



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.

—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.

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."

Recently a busy man of the world received a letter from an old-schoolmate from whom he had not heard in a long time.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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 you, the earth is verdant, the sea wonderful in its depths,—but more beautiful is the Creative Hand which formed all these things."

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!

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 is sometimes good for us to uncover 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 not in' dat was ugly, mean or bad. I often sit and tink how nice 'twould be, ge whiz! I told him 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."

"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 not 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-Chief 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 holding the dog, awaited their coming in front of the station. 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, and 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!"

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

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"SALADA"

A sudden spell of coughing stopped him. A stream of red, blood red, that would match in color the petals of that rose stained his lips and clothes as he sank into the officer's arms.

After they had made the boy comfortable on a hastily improvised couch, Officer Carney turned to look at the woman. She moved uneasily under his stern gaze and nervously shifted the dog to another position. Something dropped from the folds of the dog's blanket and fell upon the floor. It was a copper cent! Then another dropped!

"The two cents that Tony said he gave you." "They must have caught in Fido's cover," she tried to explain. Then, overcome by the horror of what she had just done, she threw the poodle from her in disgust. "What have I done?" she moaned. "How could I have done it?"

Tony opened his eyes. "Shall I take you home, little Tony, home to mother?" the officer asked. "Home?" the child repeated, as his lips parted in a wondrous smile. "Yes, I'm going home—home—up there—to my Heavenly Mother—with a rose—a big, red rose—for the Sacred Heart!"

"Dear little Tony," 'tis a beautiful little rose you have for the Sacred Heart today," murmured Officer Carney, unshamed by the tears that ran down his cheeks as he looked at the little pinched face, so beautiful in the sleep of death. A gasping choking noise caused him to turn to the woman. She stood there, white-faced and stricken dumb, with eyes full of unspeakable misery gazing at two copper cents upon the floor.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION

The visit of the Archbishop of New York has revealed a remarkable story of conversion on one of the islands of the Bahama group, Harbor Island, which is situated about sixty-seven miles from Nassau, the chief city of the Bahamas, was the scene last year of a direct manifestation of grace from Almighty God.

Harbor Island has a population of about 2,000 persons, not one of whom was a Catholic. One of the inhabitants of the island, Miss Clotilde Johnson, a devout Methodist, and a school teacher, chanced to read an article on the Blessed Sacrament, and became instantly convinced of the truth of the Real Presence.

This young lady had never come into contact with Catholics, and had never made study of the teachings of the Church, so that her conversion is regarded as all the more remarkable. Not only did she herself receive the light of faith, but she was also instrumental in bringing the faith to others. Her Methodist pastor, hearing of her belief in the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, sent one of the sterner pillars of his church, a sort of woman missionary, to reason and pray with the young lady in an attempt to hold her to Methodism.

What was the result? Before the young lady had an opportunity of entering the Church herself, the good woman sent to prevent her conversion was herself converted to the True Faith, and had entered the Sisters of St. Joseph as a novice, and is now laboring in one of the southern States.

The young lady's own brother sought to reason with her in the family's attempt to keep her in Methodism. But she answered all his arguments. Their arguments failing, some of the girl's friends fell to reviling her and her new religion. The brother then, knowing his sister's irreproachable character and recognizing the loftiness of her ideals, began to come under her influence and to see the light of faith himself, and as a consequence, he is today a student for the priesthood at the Benedictine College at Collegeville, Miss.

Miss Johnson was assisted in her study of the teachings and practices of the Church by Father Chrysostom, to whom she applied for spiritual guidance. Father Chrysostom recognized in the conversion of Miss Johnson a direct manifestation of God's grace and favor. He immediately began preparations to open a Catholic mission on Harbor Island, and last November he purchased suitable property for a church, a substantial stone building, advantageously situated on a prominent street, which was quickly converted into a school and chapel.

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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.

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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 Vannutelli.

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.

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.

VIENNA CATHOLICS RALLIED TO FAITH
AN ELOQUENT APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE OF 200,000 PEOPLE
By Dr. Frederick Fander
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 Piffi quoted George Washington to enforce his appeal for the practice of religion.

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.

CALLAGHAN'S TOURS
Mr. J. J. Callaghan announces his first Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre and tour to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay. Boat leaves Toronto on Monday, July 3rd, returning on Monday, July 10th, eight days vacation. This will be the eleventh tour under the direction of Mr. Callaghan, as all his former tours were a decided success, all who patronize him this year will be assured of having a delightful outing. Descriptive booklets may be had on application to J. J. Callaghan, 615 Wellington St., London.

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 ceremonies in which His Excellency, Archbishop John Bonzano, took part, assisted by the Right Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of Brooklyn.

during four years of War and in the tempestuous days of the Revolution are now ready to throw themselves into the work, unwearied 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 reply 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 administration of Vienna.

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 procession was estimated at not less than 200,000 strong.

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. De Guebriant, Archbishop of Metz.

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MARRIAGE PAMPHILION—McQUILLEN—In St. Paul's Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, June 6, by the Very Reverend Dean Hand, Reta, second daughter of Mrs. Annie McQuillen, to Mr. John William Pamphilion, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pamphilion.

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