

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

VOLUME XLIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10 1921

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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SYMPATHY OF FRANCE GOES OUT TO IRELAND

France continues its trend toward the side of Ireland, as it gives itself voice through its public press. After the article of Gustave Terry, from which I quoted last week, the article that has perhaps fixed most attention and created most talk, is one by Andre Fribourg in Les Annales in which he not only challenges the British assumption that the question of Ireland is a British Imperial question but also goes so far as to defend the Irish Rising of EasterWeek, 1916—a rebellion which, owing to the critical time at which it occurred, bitterly antagonized the people of France, who could only look at it from their own selfish point of view, as they were then in a struggle for life or death. Among other things M. Fribourg writes: "It would be wrong to believe that the Irish question is a question purely of English internal politics, and that it is our duty to remain indifferent. Today it has become of world importance. Already during the War it was charged with consequences for us. America would perhaps have intervened in our favor if we had not been allied with the English, because United States citizens of Irish descent are counted by the million, in the hearts of whom the memory of green Erin—the crucified nation—has remained fresher because they are the sons of those whom the Government of London imprisoned, proscribed, or suppressed. I wish to say it openly," continues M. Fribourg, "that the Irish people who revolted in 1916 in the height of war, were not only excusable but that they did only their duty. And if anybody protests against this statement I ask what they would have thought of the Alsations who, profiting by the war between Russia and Germany, would have revolted against Prussia even in the case of France remaining neutral. Lloyd George does not see that this reasoning as applied to Ireland could be applied by us with infinitely more reason to the Palatinate. The security of England requires the occupation of Ireland. That is yet to be demonstrated. At all events Ireland is nine or ten times less populous than her neighbor, who is protected by the sea, whereas France is face to face with a people who are almost twice as numerous and who have invaded our territory three times during the last century."

"A STILL MORE REMARKABLE ARTICLE"

Yet, since writing the foregoing, there has come to me a still more remarkable article, one which has created quite a stir in political circles in Paris—because it comes from the pen of a military man of high repute, who is looked upon as a great friend of England—and also because it is featured as the leading article in the most conservative paper of the whole French press, La France Militaire. This paper is the organ of the Army and Navy, and it has always previously avoided comments on political problems which affected England, no matter how remotely. The writer, who signs his name, is General Mallette, the Commandant of the 1st Cavalry Regiment, and he begins by feigning indifference to the Irish cause. He would not otherwise have been free to make so many damning statements about England in such a peculiarly exclusive paper. All things considered the article in La France Militaire will probably prove the most important yet published in that country.

"France is no longer so passionately enthusiastic about Ireland as years ago. I remember when I was a young man how we linked the names of Ireland and Poland together. Both recalled terrible tragedies and both fed the flames of a century-old hatred. We do not wish to recall the sad story of Ireland. She is still bleeding as she has been for centuries. It is astounding, almost beyond belief, that the Irish people have not succumbed. By their extraordinary endurance they have well deserved that justice should be done to their claim. But the unbreakable resistance of the Irish people has not been limited to the shores of Ireland. Unaided, Ireland could not have escaped extermination. She has found the secret of her unwavering strength in the Ireland beyond the seas where millions of Irish emigrants have settled down and have continued to supply money and lives to their motherland in revolt.

"The Irish problem exists not only in England but in the United States and in the Dominions. That is why it must be solved. It is a question of life or death for England. Whether Ireland becomes a free Kingdom or a Dominion there must be an end to political and religious hatreds. Orange Ulster must no longer be a thorn in the side of Ireland. In France our ardent desire is to see a happy issue to this conflict. We wish it because

we put justice and right above petty rancor. We wish it above all because we believe that the restoration of Ireland—as of Poland—is the necessary guarantee of the alliance which must exist between England, France and America to secure the peace of the world."

An intensely Irish Irishman has been lifted to the Archbishopric of away. The new bishop, Dr. Byrne, is Dublin in the room of the true Irishman, Dr. Walsh, who passed a young man, a strong man, and a quietly but intensely patriotic one. He is an enthusiast for the Gaelic language, and spoke to the citizens of Dublin in that language, when they recently presented him with addresses. At his accession, the Irishman of the man and of the occasion were strongly emphasized by several references made in a powerful sermon preached by Very Rev. Canon Downing. One of the most touching and beautiful things in the sermon was his reference to the poor, brave boys, who have in the last eighteen months been hung in Mountjoy prison—a reference that brought sobs from the vast congregation. Here is a part of it: "And oh! how the Rosary has softened, soled and soothed the terrible hours we have passed through here! Can I ever forget—I, whose home lies in sight of the prison walls—can I ever forget to tell how, in the still of the night and in the calm of the dawn, the voices of brave men going to death, and the voices of ten thousand true hearts gathered round, rose, combining and commingling—one Rosary, one anthem of pity to Heaven. I have seen the Rosary beads twined through the fingers of them that died, and I thought of brave Dominican martyrs in this land, of whom it is written: 'They kissed their Crucifix and died.' And I may say of these dear lads, the purest, the bravest, and the best, 'They kissed their Rosary beads and died.'"

"'Tis past, 'tis past! The poor fingers that counted the beads, the dear lips that kissed them, are gone to dust and are mouldering now within the prison walls. They are buried there. But there is another place where they are buried—they are buried in the grateful heart of their country. 'Tis past, 'tis past! Sleep, brothers! Sleep on, in the loving heart of Erin.'"

ULSTER MURDERERS NOT TO HAVE IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY

Even those who, now accustomed to reading of the terrible atrocities done in Ireland, are inured to horrors, will have their feelings harrowed by the terrible revelations just made by Commandant Eoin Duffy, chief Republican Liaison Officer for Ulster. Eoin Duffy had a great deal of English feeling, when a couple of months ago, speaking in Armagh on the same platform with Michael Collins, had said that, if the Carsonites could not be induced otherwise to cease their atrocities, lead would have to be used on them. Now, speaking at Armagh again, and showing why he had been forced to make this threat, he makes the following disclosure: "The stand I take today is the stand I took at Armagh, and it is this: If the Orange mobs come to murder our defenceless people in cold blood to use not only lead on them but butchers' knives and sledges, as they did in Belfast; if they can drag unarmed young men from their beds in the middle of the night and, before shooting them, take out their eyes and their tongues and break their bones as they did in Droimore; if our young men have to leave their homes, even during the truce and while they are away the aged parents are dragged from their beds and forced to walk through rivers, miles from their homes, as happened in Cookstown, and if, when such outrages are reported by me, as Liaison Officer, to the British Police and Military Authorities, and my reports are ignored, then, I say, that it is time we should take steps to protect ourselves. While I am even now prepared to extend the hand of friendship to these people, I will not stand aside and see Irishmen and women murdered because they are Irish."

If we heard of such fiendish atrocities being committed in the Balkans, by the Turks in Armenia, it would seem to us unbelievable. Americans may never come to realize the terrible truth of the fearful atrocities perpetrated upon the Irish people in the last few years, by both English and Carsonites, vying with each other in demonic barbarism.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

NOTED CHEMIST DEAD

Washington, D. C., Nov. 21.—The death of the Very Rev. John J. Griffin, professor of chemistry at the Catholic University, since 1895, and director of the Martin Maloney Chemical Laboratory, removes from the University one of its oldest faculty members. Father Griffin died at Notre Dame convent in Baltimore, where he taught special

classes in chemistry. He had suffered for more than six months from throat trouble.

Father Griffin organized the Maloney Memorial Laboratory and rendered valuable assistance to government experts who were occupied in making researches concerning toxic gases during the War period. He was born at Corning, N. Y., sixty-two years ago and graduated from Ottawa University in 1881.

The funeral was held last Saturday from Notre Dame school in Baltimore.

MAYNOOTH PRIEST ON IRISH FINANCE

BELIEVES COUNTRY SHOULD LEAD WAY AS COOPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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

Dublin, Nov. 12.—Economic and labor problems are rapidly developing in Ireland as issues of supreme national importance. During the European War abnormally high prices for goods and labor created an artificial prosperity but this is passing away. Prices of commodities are to consumers still high and labor is unwilling to surrender any of the increases in wages obtained during the War.

Broadly speaking what is the position in Ireland? The total external trade of the nation in 1920 represented in value \$2,040,000,000 but measured at the prices of 1904 the value of this trade was only \$645,000,000. Although the value-to-day looks remarkably high the actual volume of trade between 1915 and 1920 fell considerably. Ireland depends mainly on her agricultural industry operated chiefly by Catholic farmers.

Cattle and products of the lands account for more than half the export trade of the country. Prices for cattle and agricultural produce have fallen with alarming rapidity. The farmer as producer is hard hit. There is, however, this curious anomaly while all the food produced by the farmer is selling at almost pre-war prices, consumers have to pay retailers for these same commodities prices not appreciably lower than the rates charged in war times. Labor on the land is as costly as it was in the height of the War. Thus the farmer is already reduced to the position in which he has no assurance that revenue will be sufficient to meet expenditure. A conflict between farmers and laborers is apprehended. Should it take place it would be disastrous.

MAYNOOTH PROFESSOR'S SCHEME

Rev. P. Coffey, Ph. D., Maynooth College, formulates in one of the daily newspapers an economic policy for Ireland. Assuming the existence of a new Irish state he submits that the object of all sections within that state should be to work towards the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth. His case is that economic production and distribution under existing conditions in all countries have become so utterly chaotic, productive energy is so completely hampered and misdirected, the whole machinery of the system is proving so disastrously unworkable that not only is society morally justified but it is morally bound, and for the sake of its own preservation, will be obliged to modify profoundly and speedily the conditions under which goods are produced and distributed among men through the application of human labor to the sources of wealth. He asserts that the interests of the capitalist financial system are sectional, anti-social and have sacrificed the blood and lives of millions. Civil Governments, up to the present, have failed to deal with that system.

"The task of changing all that belongs not to any section of the community but to the whole people. Of course, inasmuch as the poor and the propertyless are the main victims of the present system all efforts in the direction of modifying it may be regarded as efforts on behalf of 'Labor' and as belonging to the 'Labor Movement.' But notwithstanding the astute attempts of the English Capitalist press to represent it as a sectional movement and to insinuate a distinction between the interests of Labor and the interests of the Public it will scarcely be forgotten in Ireland that the interests of Labor, i. e., of all who do useful work for society by hand or brain, are no mere sectional interest.

WOULD CHECK EMIGRATION

"The immediate concern of Irish Labor leaders must be, of course, to secure the necessities of life for the Irish working population. The Irish people have a first claim on Irish sources of wealth; and the tide of emigration which was stopped by the War must not be allowed to resume its flow under pretext of 'economic necessity.' While the wage system continues it is imperative to regulate both wages and prices that sufficient purchasing power for a decent livelihood be distributed to all."

"The adult worker has no moral right to such a 'minimum wage' as will support himself and his family in decent comfort. The evils of unemployment spring from the existing economic system. The economic ruin in which the Capitalist system is involving society in other countries will be escaped in Ireland only if the Irish State has the wisdom and the courage to think out and to carry out an economic system under which the cooperation of all classes would be directed to the utilizing of Ireland's sources of wealth for a fair distribution of the product of industry among the Irish people."

How can the products of Irish industry be more equitably divided than at present among the Irish people? Addressing himself to this question Rev. Dr. Coffey starts by saying that nationalization can effect no improvement. He argues that the main object of economic legislation should be in the direction of the widest possible diffusion of the capital ownership in moderate shares or holdings among the greatest possible number of the whole population. He holds that:

"The basis of financial credit must be shifted as much as possible from capital ownership to labor energy. That form of investment must be encouraged in which the inducement of remuneration lies not so much in the receipt of unearned income as the increase of industrial output, the general diffusion of purchasing power and the consequent all-round lowering of the cost of living."

WOULD REDUCE INTEREST RATES

The foregoing suggestions are, Dr. Coffey observes, by no means novel. In order to give full effect to these suggestions it is, he says, necessary to reduce gradually the legal rate of interest or dividends on investments and all forms of income from capital-ownership until it reaches 2%. He admits that this proposal may appear novel and startling and even revolutionary. His object is to put an end to the scramble for profits and the operations of financial jugglers and speculators. He reminds all concerned that this change would be a reversion from the pagan to the Christian conception of capital-ownership. Such ownership would then be in practice and in fact what Christianity had always proclaimed it to be in theory, and in truth—a power of stewardship and administration, not an engine for an owner's enrichment from the fruits of other men's toil. Under this scheme the people would put their savings into their own industries. Workers would obtain a certain proprietary interest and the stimulus to investment would be not unearned income but increased remuneration, increased efficiency and output. His general view is that:

"Our only hope of Irish industrial development, prosperity and peace lies in keeping our capital, our currency, our whole machinery of financing industry from being made a mere pawn in the colossal swindle of international world finance."

The suggestions put forward and the scheme propounded by Professor Coffey have made a profound impression in labor, financial and commercial circles. Already they have evoked some criticism. The Irish Independent in which the articles appeared, submits that it would be useless to make the changes in finance suggested in one country alone if the other nations of the world did not agree to make similar changes. It objects to making Ireland the experimental ground of doctrines. In its opinion what is required is more thorough co-operation of labor and capital.

"CHAPLAIN OF DIXMUDE"

Paris, Nov. 17.—In the heart of Paris, in the court of the barracks of La Popiniere, the passers-by recently noticed a most unusual sight. Detachments of soldiers and marines formed a square surrounding a priest in his cassock. Then an admiral appeared, gave the order to present arms, and giving the official "accolade" to the priest, pinned on his cassock the rosette of officer of the Legion of Honor.

The priest was the Abbe Le Helloco, professor of history in a college at Rennes and former chaplain of the Mediterranean fleet. The Admiral was Admiral Charlier, the commander of that fleet.

Abbe Le Helloco first went to the front with the famous marines who covered themselves with glory in 1914 on the Yser, and was seriously wounded at Dixmude, where he won the cross of knight of the Legion of Honor. Too seriously hurt to return to the trenches, he obtained permission to embark on one of the ships patrolling the Mediterranean. Admiral Charlier, in his speech, proclaimed the admiration and respect which the chaplain had inspired in the officers and marines. "You teach history after having lived it, M. l'Abbe," he said. "How

I should like to hear your teaching, full, I am sure, of nobility and greatness, for it is based on that which has been your whole life in the past and will still be your whole life until your last breath; the love of God and country."

A large crowd had assembled in front of the gates of the barracks, and when the priest left, all heads were bared when it became known that he was the "chaplain of Dixmude."

TO SAVE HISTORIC FRENCH CHURCH

Paris, Nov. 10.—The Academy of Arts and Belles-Lettres of Clermont-Ferrand has just sent to the Minister of Public Instruction and Beaux-Arts a petition describing the lamentable state of dilapidation of the celebrated abbatical church of La Chaise-Dieu. The work of restoration which was interrupted by the War must be taken up again immediately in order to avoid irreparable damage.

La Chaise-Dieu is a small town of about 1,200 inhabitants, but it possesses an abbey which was one of the richest and most important of Auvergne and which gave its name to the locality: *Casa Dei*. It was founded about 1086 by Saint Robert and owes its celebrity and power to Pope Clement VI, who was first a monk in this abbey, then abbot of Fecamp, Bishop of Arras, Archbishop of Rouen, Keeper of the Seals of France in 1394, Cardinal in 1397 and elected to succeed Benedict XIII, in 1342. Remembering his humble, peaceful years spent at La Chaise-Dieu, the Pontiff granted the abbey many privileges and desired to be buried in the church.

WHERE RICHELIEU WAS ABBOT

Later the monastery of La Chaise-Dieu had as many as 300 religious and its abbot included several cardinals, among them Mazarin and Richelieu.

The church of La Chaise-Dieu which has now fallen into such a lamentable state of dilapidation was built between 1348 and 1352 at the expense of Clement VI. It is one of the finest specimens of monastic ogival architecture. It is entirely built of enormous blocks of granite and has for its foundation the solid rock. It is approached by a flight of 48 steps. The principal nave is 75 meters long and the average width of the church is 22 meters.

In the choir are the celebrated stalls which are considered one of the finest masterpieces of wood carving. The archeologist Branche, writing in La Revue de l'Art Chrétien in 1857 says of them: "These stalls represent an admirable piece of work. There is nothing so curious as the bas-reliefs of the medallions, all of the same shape, but illustrating different subjects. Here is a monkey or a pig dressed as a monk, there a donkey playing some musical instrument; here again monsters such as the monkey has never seen: griffons, chimera, enthuse more fear. Astonishment often exceeds admiration on beholding the wonderful carving; embroideries so delicate that it seems that the breath might make them ripple, filigranes so fine that an insect might break them. And yet the fiber of the oak would resist not only a strong hand, but the ceaseless action of dampness and time. These stalls are still intact. The lower seats served for the lay brothers and the servants of the abbey, and the upper seats, with the carved dais, for the dignitaries and professed monks."

Above the stalls there are rich tapestries of the XVI century, said to have been woven at Arras from designs made by a pupil of Giotto. They represent subjects from the Old and New Testaments.

HAS TOMB OF CLEMENT VI.

In the middle of the choir is the tomb of Clement VI., a quadrangular monument of black marble surmounted by a reclining figure of the pontiff in white marble. In a lateral nave there is a tomb said to have been erected to Edith, Queen of England, wife of the last Anglo-Saxon King. Above this last tomb there is a curious fresco representing the Dance of the Dead.

The pavement of the church is entirely composed of tombstones, the partly effaced inscription on which show that the abbatical church had become the burying place of the greatest lords in that part of the country during the Middle Ages.

Invaded and pillaged by the Protestants in 1562, the abbey again suffered great damage during the Revolution. It was at that period that the monks were expelled and that the abbey lost its two spires. The abbey never recovered. But the magnificent church survived the ruin of the monastery, and it is hoped that immediate restoration will definitely save this admirable example of the Christian art of the fourteenth century.

PAN-AMERICAN MASS

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN STATESMEN AND FOREIGN DIPLOMATS

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

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28.—With the nation's capital thronged with diplomats of world powers who have foregathered to endeavor to bring about a new era of peace on earth, the annual Pan-American Mass celebrated in St. Patrick's Church on Thanksgiving Day was this year an event of more usual impressiveness and significance.

Seldom, if ever before, in the thirteen years that this religious service has been held in Washington did the representatives of the different nations gather at the Mass of thanksgiving with a deeper realization of the blessings of that peace which has been maintained between the United States and the Republics to the south of us. Seldom, if ever before, was there a more solemn note sounded than in the words of the Rev. Dr. William McGinnis of Brooklyn when he warned the representatives of nations that "at this hour, when men are calling loudly for straightforward dealings among nations, intrigue and secret diplomacy, trickery and subterfuge spell ruin for international understandings and friendships."

As in former years, when the representatives of these nations, bound together, under God, by common ideals of freedom, gathered in St. Patrick's, the ceremony was one that carried the mind back to the days of faith, when in the mighty cathedrals of Europe the princes of the Church and the heads of States came into the presence of God that they might thank Him for His favors and beg His blessings upon their peoples.

Right Rev. Bishop Corrigan celebrated the Pontifical Mass; Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate, presided on the throne.

Representatives of the United States Government and of fifteen Republics to the south of the United States attended the ceremony. Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty and Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall were present as members of the President's household, and other distinguished Americans at the Mass included Ex-Secretary Lansing, Senators David I. Walsh, Thomas J. Walsh and Henry F. Ashurst. Representatives W. Bourke Cockran of New York and Ben Johnson of Kentucky, Admiral Robert Coontz, Admiral William S. Benson, Brigadier General Tasker L. Bliss, and a score of others whose names are high in the nation's councils. The Ambassadors of all the South American countries were also present.

BUGLE PEAL AT ELEVATION

The church was decked with flags and the colors of the different Republics that make up the Pan-American Union, many of them bearing indications of that trust in God and faith in His holy religion that characterizes their peoples. A military aspect was given the ceremony by the presence of a corps of cadets from St. John's College, bearing the colors of the United States and the Pan-American Union. They stood at attention during the Mass. At the elevation the silver peal of the bugle served as a salute to the Prince of Peace descending again upon the altar.

CONSTITUTION MUST BE UPHOLD

The sermon preached by Dr. McGinnis was well worthy of the occasion. He decried the efforts of those who seek to mutilate American history by casting aspersions upon the wisdom of our patriotic forefathers, and he warned American statesmen against interfering with the inalienable rights of American citizens by meddling with the Constitution.

Dr. McGinnis spoke with courage and conviction. Pointing out that in only sixteen legislatures, 5,765 new laws, good, bad, and indifferent, were enacted last year, he cautioned jurists that the ultimate results of a new law might be far more disastrous than the evil conditions it sought to remedy.

"If it be necessary," he said, "to abrogate the fourth section of our Constitution, designed to protect the American home from unreasonable searches and seizures in order to enforce the eighteenth amendment, then the fourth section must stand and the eighteenth amendment must go.

"If, to lighten our taxes, no other plan be available but to take from Congress the power to provide and maintain a navy and to make rules for the Government and the regulation of the land and naval forces, then the eighth section of the Constitution must stand and we will cheerfully pay the taxes.

"If, in times of peace and where the supreme welfare of the people be not clearly imperilled, writs are called for preventing a man from leaving his work and taking another position, then such writs must not issue from an American court."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The first Governor and Chief Justice of Maryland was Leonard Calvert, a Catholic, and the first missionary in Maryland was Andrew White, Jesuit.

The Catholic Church Extension Society, which turned railroad coaches into movable churches, states that the removal of bigotry has been a big feature of the Chapel Car's travels, and that many hundreds of prosperous parishes flourish in their trail.

The Hierarchy of England, Scotland and Wales, it is announced, intend to petition the Holy See to hold the Apostolic Process in order to raise the 253 English martyrs, now styled Venerable, to the honor of beatification.

The largest Catholic library in America is that of the Catholic University at Washington. In fact, a new building is made necessary to house its collection of over two hundred thousand books. Louvain University had a library of two hundred and fifty thousand books.

The Maryknoll Foreign Mission Sisters, already past the 100 mark, have lately received as a postulant Miss Barnadette Tam, a Chinese girl, born in Honolulu. With a Japanese novice lately admitted, and three Korean aspirants on the way, the personnel of the Maryknoll Sisterhood is beginning to reflect its foreign mission purpose.

Three Sisters of the Order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd sailed from New York for Cape Town recently to take up missionary work in South Africa. The Cape Town mission will be the second to be established in Africa by the Sisters and a third is expected to be opened in the near future.

Paris, Nov. 17.—From the report made public at the recent international congress of Christian Syndicates of Working Women, it appears that 140,000 working women are members of these syndicates in Italy, 45,000 in France, 18,000 (of whom 5,000 are Protestants) in Holland, 30,000 in Belgium, 20,000 in Austria, 19,000 in Hungary, 7,000 in Switzerland, and 200,000 in Germany.

Paris, Nov. 17.—The municipality of the little town of Vieux, in Ardeche, has recalled the Sisters to the hospital from which they were sent away at the time of the secularization. Several other municipalities, among others that of Calais, had already decided, during the last few months, to again entrust to the nuns the care of their hospitals.

New York, Nov. 28.—Three officers of the Knights of Columbus were decorated for their services during the War by Lieut.-Gen. Baron Alphonse Jacques, Chief of Staff of the Belgian army, before he sailed from the United States. Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty and Supreme Secretary William J. McGinley were made commanders of the Order of Leopold II. The Silver Cross of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold was given to John B. Kennedy, editor of Columbian.

Paris, Nov. 17.—Reports from Beyrut, state that at the opening of the Law School, which is under the direction of the Jesuits, General Gouraud, French High Commissioner in Syria, presented the cross of the Legion of Honor and the Medaille Militaire to three religious who won these decorations during the War on the Champagne front, in the army he himself commanded. In his speech General Gouraud praised the spirit of sacrifice of the religious.

Knowledge of the Bible and Shakespeare as a subject upon which candidates for admission to the bar would be examined is proposed by Daniel W. Iddings, former president of the Ohio Bar Association. He urges that all associations of lawyers insist on the passage of such an examination as a requisite for a taking of the bar examination proper. "The source of all law is really the Bible, while Shakespeare pointedly brings out the foibles of the law," Mr. Iddings declared. "An examination such as I suggest would compel the reading and study of these two great literary masterpieces."

Paris, Nov. 17.—Statistics covering fifteen dioceses and religious congregations in France, published by the Livre d'Or, show that 1,344 citations and decorations were conferred on clergy and religious for distinguished service during the War. These include 977 priests and religious who received the croix de guerre, 61 who were nominated to the Legion of Honor and 118 who received the military medal. The Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny received 59 of the 1,344 citations. The figures show that of the 572 religious and priests who died as a result of war causes, 12 were members of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny.

TWO

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL CHAPTER XII JESS ENTERTAINS

The summer fashion, common in the county, of reducing rooms to funeral darkness, and shrouding furniture in drab petticoats, had not been followed in the Fielding household. When chairs and sofas looked uncomfortably warm, they were covered with art-linens as beautiful in coloring as the brocade or velour beneath; the paintings on the walls were not befogged with layers of mosquito netting; the valuable art objects were not stowed away; the doors were not left wide open, and the carefully screened and then the sun was too bright, awnings had been added, or tall shrubs had been arranged to produce shadow without gloom.

As Richard entered the long, cool library, and looked at the rare volumes that stretched from floor to ceiling, he felt that he had returned to a cherished world from which he had long been banished. To own books had always been one of his day-dreams. The few volumes that he had been able to purchase in the past had meant denial of his actual necessities. He had delved into vault-like second-hand shops where dim gas-jets seemed to burn unremittently, and he had spent hours poring over the dusty shelves, while the thin, faded proprietress eyed him suspiciously. He had bought his favorite authors in ragged cloth and paper, bringing them into the daylight half-ashamed that he could provide them with no worthier habilliments. Poets, saints, and sages—here they were, familiar friends arrayed as they deserved to be, attesting to the art of book-binding.

"I'll never leave," he said, "I'll stay here for a year or so." He sank down in an armchair by the table, oblivious to the fact that the ladies were standing, and picking up a volume of Ruskin he began to read, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was not alone.

"Leave him," said Jefferson smiling. "We'll go eat our luncheon and forget him." "Forget him?" repeated Miss Fielding. "Yes, that's what he deserves. We will try to forget him if we can."

"There was something about her tone that arrested Jefferson's attention, and he asked curiously, "You two are old friends?"

"Friends? Well, I don't believe he would acknowledge it. This is his first visit, and you see how he behaves."

Her half-laughing words found their way to Richard's ears. "Forgive me," he said, getting up. "I'm a barbarian when I get among books. I haven't seen any for so long. I believe the sight of such riches went to my head."

"It is a fine library," she admitted. "It was owned by an impractical dreamer, who spent his days and nights shut in from the world while his sons gambled his fortune away, until there was nothing left but the books. Then, when the old dreamer was dying, he sent my father. These books have been my only friends," he said, "I have spent a lifetime among them. Now I must sell them to some one who will promise to keep the collection complete." So father bought even the bookcases, and then had the walls of the room built to fit. It's a tosy-tusy story, for a man usually selects his own library, and his books typify his own tastes, his own ideals. But father had had to fashion his mind and build his room to fit."

"Don't we all do that?" said Richard. "Do what?" "Fit our minds to receive the best things—the noblest things of life?"

"I thought some of us were ready-made," she laughed. "As for myself—"

"No, I'll not talk about myself. Pruney says I talk too much. What I need is criticism. I've never had enough of it. In fact, I've had so little that I don't receive it patiently. I'm headstrong, domineering, thoroughly unpleasant when I get ready. Didn't I bring you all here today in spite of your protests? Perhaps after luncheon you will forgive me."

"Forgive you?" repeated Jefferson. "You never heard me protest."

"Nor me," said Betty. "Well, then it was Dick. One would fancy that he was half-afraid of me."

Richard stood in the doorway holding aside the light portiere for the others to pass. "Perhaps I am," he said lightly. Her face flushed. She looked at him, but made no reply; and the next moment she was busy placing her guests, and introducing little Miss White, who presided over the silver tea urn.

It was a merry meal. Jefferson's joy was contagious. Betty loved the good things that she was "dreadfully tired" of home products. Grape fruit, olives, salted almonds, bonbons, all the luxuries of the table were partaken of with unfeigned delight in their novelty. Miss White kept her gold-rimmed spectacles focused upon Jessica, and adoring look of maternal solicitude in her watery-blue eyes; Miss Fielding seemed brimming over

with good will toward the guests she had captured. "It was very unflattering, Pruney," she explained; "but I had to bring my company by force."

"Don't say that again," pleaded Betty. "You know I wanted to come."

"Bless you, child, I believe you did, but then you weren't going to law. I know it's very bad form to mention it, but Dick here thinks and has a claim to our Texas land, and this is Mr. Wilcox, his lawyer, employed to prove it."

"Miss White dropped her fork. It rattled against her plate, and left a dent in the flowered rim."

"What—what's that?" she asked, and her voice quavered.

"Pruney, dear, I know my unforgivable manners have always given you grave concern; I know I shall be a source of great embarrassment to my husband, if I ever find one."

"Are—are you looking for one?" asked Jefferson audaciously.

"Of course. All girls look more or less, though they won't acknowledge it. Women keep on hugging the delusion that they are sought—sought by half a hundred suitors, when half the time they until they go and look for one."

"My dear—my dear!" remonstrated Miss White. "I'm sure—"

"Sure of what Pruney? Times have changed since you were a girl. You wore hoop-skirts and an adorable scoop-bonnet, and if you hadn't lived in cold-blooded Massachusetts no doubt you would have been a coquette instead of a conservative. Don't be sure of anything, now, except your eternal salvation. Don't be too sure of me."

"But, my dear, you know you have been greatly admired."

Jessica laughed. "Oh, I know it's unconventional to talk about one's matrimonial chances, but you know, Pruney, and I don't mind confessing, that I have not seen any brilliant openings as yet. Let me see," she began to count gravely on her fingers, "there was the count, a ridiculous little idiot who wanted my money. The German professor who wanted my help in the house. That college boy we met on the steamer—he needed a mother. And that bald-headed old bachelor who wanted to be rejuvenated by some young companionship. Men are selfish. I'll stick to you and Beppo, Pruney."

"Fortunate Beppo," murmured Jefferson. "Is he man or bird or beast?"

"He's over there," she said, pointing to a canary that hung in a gold cage by the window. "He will come if I call him." She gave a faint whistle. "Oh! I forgot the cage is fastened. Open it, Dick. Remember how you used to charm birds in the old days when you were a boy? I suppose you have grown too intellectual, too bookish, for that sort of thing now."

"Unfastening the gilded door he made a strange sound with his lips, and the bird fluttered to his finger."

"See," he said triumphantly, holding the bright bird at arm's length. "I don't believe the mind has anything to do with sympathy."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about sympathy," said Betty. "Sit down, Dick, and finish your luncheon. I think hearts and heads are the same."

"My dear Betty," laughed Jessica, "you couldn't be as unattractive as that. I will acknowledge that hearts are continually getting in the way of heads, but then I suppose that was ordained since the beginning."

"And if you could choose between them," suggested Jeff, "would you prefer the 'brilliant matrimonial opportunity' to have a heart or a head?"

"A heart," answered Betty promptly. "My dear child," said Miss Fielding, "her eyes twinkling, "your wedding would be a painful affair—a guillotined groom to begin with."

"You know what I mean, Jess. Would you rather a man loved you with his heart or his head?"

"For a moment Miss Fielding fed sugar to Beppo without answering. "I think I should prefer his head," she said at length. "My dear, you are right, my dear," said little Miss White with startling emphasis. "A man who loves with his head knows the reason why, and if he loves with reason—"

"But isn't all love unreasonable?" said Jefferson. "I don't think so," answered Richard. "You're right, the last thing I expected you to say."

"Why?" "Because," interrupted Betty. "You don't know anything about it. You never knew any girls; you never had anything to say to them when you were at college, and I'm sure since you have been home I can't drag you out to see any."

Richard pushed back his chair. "You people—south of Mason and Dixon's line are all sentimentalists," he said good-humoredly. "There's all kind of love in the world. If you don't know one kind, you may know another, but I know there's not enough of any kind to go round."

Miss White looked up, and fingered her dessert spoon nervously. "I wish you would tell me exactly what you mean," she began. "Is there any doubt as to your Texas claim, Jessica?"

"I don't know," said the girl still smiling. "Dick and Mr. Wilcox are the conspirators. They say grandfather forged the title."

"Forged!" repeated the old lady. "It's a long time ago," said Jessica, "and, of course, if father has no right to the land he will give it back. I know I'm not going to quarrel about it. I'm tired of having money anyhow."

"Aren't you getting your similes a little mixed?" asked Richard. "Well, perhaps," she admitted. "If you didn't have a sense of humor to save you, Dick, your solemnity would make you unbearable."

"If I have to retire to a cave or a hut I'll take you with me. If I'm reduced to a state of penury I'll study trained nursing or keep a candy shop, and sell innocuous lollipops to children."

But Miss White was not listening. "Forged!" she repeated again dully. "Did any one ever accuse your grandfather before?"

"My dear Pruney, I never knew my grandfather, and I don't know that I regret the slight divergence in our ages that kept us apart. From all I ever heard of him, he seems to have been a sort of thug, beating his way through the world, and flogging my poor father whenever he felt in the humor."

"But if he forged?" repeated the old lady. "Then you had better pray for the repose of his soul. I'm sure he needs it."

She turned the conversation to other things. She criticized Richard's speech, then, finding that her praise worried him, she invented more fulsome compliments. No one noticed when little Miss White, pale, trembling, and without apology, arose from the table and hastily left the room.

Jefferson was in his happiest mood. To have the company of his best friend, combined with the society of pretty girls, seemed to him a most fortunate occurrence. He was charmed, and at the same time puzzled, by Miss White. If Dick and she were such old friends, why had not Dick mentioned her name before? Was Dick's indifference to her overtures real or fancied for she was certainly making overtures of friendship that any other man would have found irresistible. Or perhaps she was merely flirting with him because she was curious to know how he would respond to such treatment. Animated by some half-formed sense of loyalty that he did not stop to analyze, Jefferson strove to preserve Richard's pinnacle of prudence; he began to tell absurd stories of their college days that accentuated Richard's position of aloofness.

It was a gay party, and the guests did not leave until twilight. "Have you had a good time?" said Jessica at parting, as she stood for a moment with her hand in Richard's. "I tried to make you feel uncomfortable. It's my way of getting even."

"For what?" "For you being an ice man," she taunted. Richard smiled, and said good-by without comment. Jefferson was industriously cranking his machine.

"I don't care for the French as a nation," he said, "but I believe they know everything. Who was the fellow that wrote 'Woman is like a shadow, fly and she follows, follow and she flies'?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Richard, "but your judgment is bad, Jeff. Besides, French epigrams sound more sensible in French."

"My fragile French—" began Jefferson. "What's the matter with your French? Didn't I teach you myself?"

Jefferson laughed. "That's the reason I'm afraid to use it," he said.

CHAPTER XIII IN THE ARBOR

Early next morning when Richard was busy in the garden, he received a fragrant note from Miss Fielding, asking him to call as soon as he conveniently could, and beg- gling him not to say Mr. Wilcox to start for Texas until the next day.

The postscript added: "Can you imagine Pruney the heroine of a melodrama? Where does one buy lollipops wholesale?"

The possibilities that this final sentence implied haunted him all day, and he was so distracted at luncheon that even the Colonel noticed his abstraction, and called him to account.

"You're about to put the sugar spoon in the gravy. For the Lord's sake, what's the matter with you, Dick?"

"I've just had a most extraordinary note from Miss Fielding," he said. "I believe she has discovered something about the Texas land claim."

"Don't believe her," stormed the Colonel. "But she seems to think it will be to our advantage."

"She wants to compromise, that's what she wants to do. She's afraid of a lawsuit. She knows they will lose. Her grandfather ought to be in jail."

"Why he's been dead years and years," said Betty mildly. "Then no doubt he's somewhere else," said the Colonel with great finality. "Mike Fielding was a scoundrel; I haven't any use for any of his brood."

Jefferson opened his lips to protest, but realizing that any contradiction would increase the Colonel's irritation, he turned the conversation to county politics.

The Colonel at once waxed eloquent. The laryngitis days of forced silence has left him more than usually loquacious. Jefferson was a flatterer, listener, and the Colonel had not yet recovered from his sense of surprise that Dick should make such an agreeable and presentable friend during the years that he had seemed barred from all normal desires by a bulwark of nooms.

It was not until after 3 o'clock in the afternoon that Richard felt free to obey Miss Fielding's summons. All kinds of trifling tasks had claimed his attention. The hogs had rooted into the cantaloupe patch and had to be driven out, and the sty boarded up at the bottom to prevent further devastation; a pest of some sort was on the potatoes, and he had spent two hours in an atmosphere of Paris green; Aunt Dinah complained that a part of her lean-to was full of smoke; he wrestled with this unaccustomed problem until his hands and face were as black as a chimney sweep's, and he had to go for a bath in the swimming pool before he was recognizable.

Then he dressed, mounted Spangles, and rode along shaded bridle-paths until he reached the black barrenness of the mines. The cabins of the miners, built like lean-tos in the shadow of the hill, looked unbearably warm for human habitations. The July sun, slanting toward the west was beating down upon the worn door-sills, where half-naked children played listlessly. In front of one or two of the cabins an imaginative woman had straggled for a bit of green in her garden, and the few sickly plants that had struck root below the layers of coal dust bloomed bravely, making the dullness around them more complete.

But it was a short stretch of sterility. All the wooded hills seemed full of life and color, and the creaking of the machinery in the old shaft house sounded a discordant note among the bird calls. Spangles passed quickly up the road, around the bend of encircling Italian garden now blooming with rare exotics. Jessica was waiting for her visitor in a rustic arbor, which was overgrown with climbing roses.

"I've been watching you for some time," she said, making a place for him on the bench beside her. "See, if you part these rose vines, you can look through the road making the houses are built the valley will not seem so dismal."

He realized vaguely that she was in a softer mood than he had yet seen her; her eyes were full of tenderness and sympathy instead of dancing light; she was dressed in some thin blue stuff that accentuated the bronze in her hair; her hands played idly with some wisps of honeysuckle that had crept sinuously along the lattice work, threatening to choke the roses with its ing. "Richard was silent, comparing the heat, the dust, the crime of the mines with the charm of this breeze-swept paradise. He had always found sharp contrasts mystifying. The silence continued for some time. Then she began again, in her old bantering way:

"Your promptness is very flattering. I'm not waiting for you any day."

"I did not know the sun had set," he said quietly. "Weren't you interested in my revelations?"

"I haven't heard them yet."

"Don't you want to hear them?" "Of course."

"Does it seem amazing that I tell you?"

"Nothing that you do seems amazing."

"Is that a compliment?" "I don't know," he answered truthfully. "It happens to be the truth."

"Do you know that this is the first time you have been to see me?"

"I thought I was here yesterday."

"You were brought yesterday."

"And today?" "You were summoned," she laughed. "But there was a lack of spontaneity about it that he noted dimly. "I sent for you because Pruney told me a story last night, and I want to tell it to you."

He made no reply, waiting patiently for her to go on. From the first she had bewitched him, and now, as he sat watching her, her companionship seemed very pleasant and desirable. Or—was it? Perhaps, after all, it might be the charm of this rustic retreat after his long hot ride up the hill.

"Did you notice that Pruney was agitated yesterday?" she began.

"No."

"And she left the room before we were quite through luncheon?" "I did not notice."

"I knew that something had happened, for she possesses so much formal politeness, and she went without apology, without bidding you good-by. She told me the

reason last night. Between her New England conscience and her fear of doing me harm, she was almost incoherent, but I'll catch the facts together as well as I can."

A RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S STORY

An old man lay dying in a French hospital. To him came the priest of the parish, with kindly inquiries and the advice that he make his peace with God, as his end was approaching. To the first he responded in a polite manner, but the admiration was not so well received. Knitting his brows fiercely, he replied:

"Do not approach me on that subject, Father. I am old enough and ought to be wise enough to know my own business on that score. I shall be grateful for an occasional visit, for the time passes very slowly here, but you must never speak to me of religion. Besides, I am not of your faith."

"You are not a Catholic?" inquired the priest. "Have you not just told me that you are called De Ragignan? That should be a Catholic name."

"It is—I can not explain further," said the sick man, petulantly. "But let it be sufficient that I am not a Roman Catholic. The priest understood the reservation."

He has the features of a Russian, with his French name, he thought. "Probably it is a disguise. And he passed on. The good father came the next day and the next, chatting pleasantly with the old man each time, though never alluding to the subject of religion. But it was the month of November, and he had an extraordinary devotion to the souls in Purgatory. To them he recited his dying fellow-creature, and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing his prayers answered in a most singular manner.

One morning as he was passing, the sick man called him. "Father," he said, "are you coming to sit with me today?"

"I fear not," returned the priest. "It must only be 'good-morning,' as I am obliged to go out of town."

"I have an old habit of praying to a soul in Purgatory," the old man went on. "What do you think of it?"

"It is a habit of my own," answered the priest, with a reassuring smile. "I am glad we share it with each other."

"The one to whom I pray has long since been in heaven, no doubt," said the other. "But I always address myself to him as though he were still in Purgatory."

"Your friend will not desert you wherever he may be."

Several days had elapsed when the cure once more made his appearance in the hospital. The old man had been much in his thoughts during his absence, and he went at once to the ward in which he lay. He was welcomed with shining eyes and a hearty clasp of the hand.

"Father," said the sick man, "I would like very much to have a talk with you. When shall it be?"

"After I have made my rounds there will still be a half hour at my disposal," replied the cure. "Will that answer?"

"Yes," said the old man. "I shall await your return with impatience. I have a confidence to make, if my courage does not fail me."

"Pray to your soul in Purgatory while I am gone," suggested the priest, with a pleasant smile, as he left him to make his customary visits.

An hour later he seated himself close to the bedside of the sick man. "Father," said the patient, "I am not a Roman Catholic, but a Catholic of the Russian Church."

"I suspected as much," said the priest. "My mother was a French woman, married while very young to a Russian officer. She never really gave up her religion, although outwardly conforming to her husband's faith. I know this through having observed that when alone she always made the Sign of the Cross as Roman Catholics do. The knowledge irritated me, as soon as I had begun to understand the difference. For I admired my father above all human beings, and his religion was mine. However, I loved my mother very much, and her secret was safe as I dislike for everything Catholic was twofold. She died when I was twenty-one years of age. I also entered the military service, and led from the first a very hard life. I was not lacking in bravery, and received several honorable promotions. Finally I was placed in command of a company of troops sent with others into Poland in order to keep the refractory Catholics in order. I was pleased with the appointment. They gave us less trouble than we expected."

"One day while we were exercising we came across a little herdsman, about fourteen years old, and I thought it would relieve the monotony to have some sport with him. We suddenly enclosed him in a circle, presented arms in order to frighten him, and called out in the gruffest tones I could assume."

"Of what religion are you?" "I am a Catholic, he replied, promptly.

"Ah! So are we all," I remarked. "Let me see you make the Sign of the Cross."

"He at once complied, using of course, the Roman Catholic form, first placing the hand on the forehead, then on the heart, then on the left shoulder, and then on the right."

"That is not the way," I said. "You must make it in this fashion—first placing my hand on the right shoulder instead of the left, as is the custom in the Russian Church."

"Both hands dropped at his sides; he shook his head. "Make the Sign of the Cross?" I commanded in an angry tone. "I have made it," he answered, firmly.

"Swing him up to the arm of yonder tree!" I cried, now furious, but still with no intent to bring the incident to a fatal ending. The soldiers seized him. "Hang him!" I continued. "He is not worth the powder and shot you would waste upon him." Then, with a less angry voice, I turned to him again, saying, "One more chance. Make the Sign of the Cross in the manner I have told you."

"He shook his head. "Determined to conquer him, I cried out— "Wait, men—wait! Do not spoil a rope with him. Take him to the river."

"The soldiers prepared to obey. I led the way. It was bitterly cold weather—the ice was two feet thick in the narrow but deep little stream. He came without resistance, standing calmly, with hands folded over his heart, while the soldiers began to break the ice with their heavy boots, finishing the work with the ends of their bayonets. Very soon they had made a hole about twice the thickness of a man's body."

"Look!" I exclaimed, catching him by the shoulder and making him bend over the black orifice. "You see that water? You see how swiftly it is running to the sea? Unless you make the Sign of the Cross they will throw you into it, and you will be swept away. And your father and mother will never know what has become of you."

"Father and mother I have none," he replied. "But if they were living, they would not, for all the riches of this earth, have had me deny the religion they taught me to revere. And now I say to you, once and for all, captain, I shall not make the holy sign either in my fashion or yours. To do the first would only expose it to ridicule; and to do the second would be to me but a mockery."

"Boy!" I cried out, almost beside myself with rage and that humiliating feeling which comes to one when he sees himself baffled by an apparently insignificant object, "until now I have been playing with you—trying to frighten you; but it is so no longer. Unless you make the Sign of the Cross in the manner commanded by the most sacred majesty, the head of the Russian Church, I swear to you that before five minutes have passed you shall be drowned in that river."

"The lad simply shook his head. "Do your duty at once!" I cried to the two soldiers by whom he was held on either side.

"They lifted him from the river bank. "Captain," he said, giving me a swift but penetrating glance, "in Purgatory a soul will soon be praying for you."

These were his last words—the next moment the waters closed over him! Father, from that day to this, his dying promise has seldom been out of my mind. Try as I would I could not banish it; the remorse which I felt for my crime served to impress it still more deeply on my memory. It was the darkest deed of a reckless and irreverent life. It is not necessary to relate to you why and how I became an exile; but, after a checkered career, it became incumbent upon me to leave my native country. I came here, taking my mother's name. I had a small income which has served my needs. For several years I have been presumptuous enough to hope that perhaps that pure and faithful soul sent by me too early to the Maker has kept its dying promise. At first I rejected the thought; of late it has served to console me. It has almost become a superstition with me that the poor child whom I murdered is in some sort a guardian angel; little appreciated until now, it is true, although for some years past—since I have grown old and have seen the world and myself as they really are—I have got into the way of asking his intercession."

"There is no superstition about it," said the priest. "In my opinion, you have been wonderfully favored. I have not the least doubt that the dear child has never ceased to pray for you; although not from Purgatory, but in heaven, at the feet of the Master whom he would not deny. Bless God, my friend, and thank Him for His great mercy."

"That is not all," said the old man. "I have long struggled against a desire to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. Two things have restrained me—a reluctance to abandon the faith of my fathers, and the fear that I was entirely unworthy to offer myself. But during the last fortnight I have felt an irresistible impulse to speak to you on the subject. It came, I think, only a couple of days after the time you advised me to make my peace with God."



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"About the beginning of the month, when I was endeavoring to interest the holy souls in your behalf," said the cure.

"Will you receive me, Father?" asked the sick man. "All the pains and miseries I have suffered here—and they have not been few—would be insufficient to atone for my wicked life, and all the punishment a wrathful God may see fit to inflict hereafter would be only small satisfaction for my sins. But I wish to make my peace with Him, and it seems such heroic martyrs as began immediately after his baptism, had yielded up his soul to the Almighty. His death has been edifying in the extreme, and in the mind of the priest there was not the slightest doubt that, secure in the promise of eternal happiness given to those who shall have expiated either here or hereafter, the sins of mortality, he had joined the great army of suffering but holy souls who people the shadowy realms of Purgatory.—Catholic Columbian.

PARISH IS SUPPORT OF CHURCH

BISHOP SHAHAN TRACES ITS INFLUENCE FROM FIRST ESTABLISHMENT

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

New York, Oct. 17.—An impressive description of the place of the parish church in the life of the Catholic community was given by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, in the sermon delivered in St. Bernard's Church in West Fourteenth Street on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that parish yesterday.

Bishop Shahan sketched the history of the parish back to the days of ancient Rome and indicated how it is the center of the sacramental life of the people of public prayer and of instruction in religious truths, as well as the social heart of the Catholic community.

He spoke in part as follows:

"The Golden Jubilee of Saint Bernard's parish, fifty years of Catholic religious life in the heart of this wonderful city, is no small theme. One year's story alone would be like a cross-section of American Catholic life in the fulness of its youthful vigor at the height of its living creative faith, its ardor and vision. How then can we honor rightly in one brief hour the labors of fifty years?"

"Not every one, however, even among Catholics, grasps fully the meaning of the title religious community of men, women and children, that goes by the name of the parish. When Saint Paul preached to the people of Athens, some of his hearers, no doubt, came from nearby hamlets and districts, and would surely have been surprised if told that the new religion which that small unseemly Jew was preaching in poor Greece would soon borrow their humble local term of neighborhood or neighborhood, and eventually carry it over a wider world than Alexander or Caesar ever dreamed of.

PARISH IN ANCIENT ROME

"Since then the Catholic religion has conquered the Old World, and the New, has overcome countless enemies, has been on the verge of extinction, has survived a hostile civilization and created out of its ruins a new one, has dealt as a friend and an equal with philosophy and science, the arts and government, but has never known a time or a place when her ordinary work was not based upon the parish, and when she did not deal with the individual soul, man, woman, and child, through its religious mechanism. When the curtain lifts on the victory of Constantine, and the old false gods vanish from the earth, there are twenty-five parishes in the city of Rome nor would any historian dare to say that they were recent in origin.

"What, then, is this human unit, so old at once and so new, that has survived every loss and humiliation known to men, and still thrives and grows amid the wreckage of languages and polities, of races and peoples and nations? Why is it still the irreducible nucleus of the Christian religion and why does it still make possible the application of the Gospel, letter and spirit to the human life that surges about us no less heavily than it did when martyrdom was a daily occurrence in Rome, and our beautiful burial service was first sung in those first little parish churches that rose above the sepulchres of the men and women who died gloriously for the divinity of Jesus Christ.

"The Catholic parish is the immemorial centre of the sacramental life of the people, the usual channel of its most intimate relations with our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Here, by the blessed font of baptism are kept the ordinary registers of the Kingdom of Heaven, and here the Holy Spirit descends regularly in the fulness of His wisdom and power upon the

faithful. Here the growth and preservation of Holy Church are secured in the sanctified affection of man and woman. Here is the blessed portal through which we hope to enter on immortal bliss and within these sacred walls goes up intercession without end for all the dear ones who have gone before. Here the penitent soul casts itself at the feet of the minister of God's infinite mercy, and is forgiven for the love of the Divine Victim on Calvary.

"At this altar is daily commemorated in the Holy Communion that intimate union of the soul with its creator which is at once the deepest mystery and the most perfect act of religion. Here, too, the overflowing faith of the Catholic people finds its natural and sufficient outlet in the devotions that flourish nowhere so richly as in the churches of the people. In the Stations of the Cross Calvary is forever before their eyes and in their hearts. From all sides our Blessed Mother and her Divine Infant look down benignly upon them, and the Saints of God assure them from every altar that a Christian life is both possible and happy, and that the divine promises of Christ to His followers are always fulfilled.

CENTER OF PUBLIC PRAYER

"Every parish church resounds continually with public prayer in every form—novenas, tridiums, processions, and overshadowing and sanctifying all the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when for one brief spell the whole people are prostrate before Jesus Christ, and He is truly and really among them, Lord and Master, in majesty and power, in goodness and mercy.

"This is, indeed, the true secret of every Catholic parish. Jesus Christ is really and truly in it and with it. Daily He descends upon its altars at the call of His priests, and forever He remains with His people in the Tabernacle, blessing and comforting, guiding and protecting, encouraging and rewarding. He is truly here the author and the finisher of the Sacraments and the object of all popular devotion, but He is also brother and friend, consoler and counsellor to every soul in the parish. In the parish churches of this great city how many thousands of men and women cast themselves daily at the feet of Jesus Christ in the Tabernacle, as their only refuge and security.

"Amid the countless distractions of industry and commerce what mysteries of self-recollection and what deep probings of the soul! Amid the reign of sin and all the iniquity what miracles of repentance and conversion! Amid the excesses of folly and passion what intimate unions of loving and devoted hearts with the Divine Pastor of their souls! Amid the attractions of secular life how often do men and women lead lives of innocence and sacrifice! Truly, it is in and through the parish that the Catholic religion holds its way regularly among men as the dispenser of the mysteries of Jesus Christ and the herald of His Kingdom.

CENTER OF INSTRUCTION

"The parish church, dearly beloved brethren, is the normal channel of religious instruction. Every Sunday and holiday of obligation the great truths of the Christian religion, the substance of our faith and the rules of life are preached from thousands of pulpits as they have been for countless years.

"In countless ways the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as interpreted by the Catholic Church, is preached from the pulpit of the parish church, by sermons and instructions, in missions and retreats and conferences, in the direction of sodalities and societies, in the ordinary course of Sundays and feasts days and with all the solemnity of Advent and Lent, of Christmas and Easter. What can equal the beneficent impact of this great moral force, falling continuously on countless thousands of souls, and forever vitalized by the streams of divine grace which nowhere flow so steadily and so deeply as in these churches of the people?"

"What constitutes the parish, justifies it, protects it from decay, unites it, consolidates it, and keeps open through centuries its way of power and influence in the Catholic Church? It is the family. A parish is not primarily an aggregate of individuals, nor is its immediate purpose the individual as such. The parish is a highly social creation and its living irreducible self is the family, founded in religion, fed and nurtured by its teachings and its works.

UNIT OF PARISH LIFE

"It is only in our day that it could be necessary to insist on the parish as an aggregate of families rather than a disconnected body of individuals. The family is the true unit of the parish in as far as it has a social life, or works in a collective sense. The family arises under the solemn blessing of the pastor; its tender and lovely growth are incorporated by him into the glorious kingdom of God; he watches over the development of their spiritual sense and their moral training; he shields these young lives with incredible devotion and ingenuity; he calls to his aid thousands of saintly helpers who look to him for direction and encouragement; he visits with paternal zeal the homes he has blessed; he is interested in the

personal welfare of the whole family, to which he is father, guide, counsellor, and friend. The pastor shares their joys and is the confidant of their sorrows and trials. He is foremost at the wedding and the baptism, and his presence at the death-bed and the funeral robs these last and hours of their chief terror—the blank hopelessness of that cruel paganism from which the Gospel alone freed us.

"With Catholic subtlety of feeling the people of the parish feel that it is Christ Himself who moves among them in the persons of their clergy. Every Catholic family united with its clergy recalls vividly the Holy Family of Nazareth, nor is it in vain that Catholic art has for long centuries consecrated in noble masterpieces the interior of that original Catholic home of mutual love and service and devotion. If the family has come down to us through the ages, as the cornerstone of Christian civilization, the bedrock of our present order of human life, it is largely owing to those many thousands of little Catholic centres, the parishes of the Christian world, in which the family found ever its natural support and protection, through which it came easily to grasp its own meaning and uses.

SOCIAL HEART OF COMMUNITY

"The parish was ever the social heart of the Catholic community, meant to supplement and strengthen the activities of the family, not to suppress it or in any way weaken its rights and duties of divine origin. The parish is equally hostile to self-centered individualism and to civil absolutism, both of them fruits of the evil philosophy of materialism and that equally evil and fatal pantheism which would abolish life eternal and destroy the very idea of God Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth. All the larger social life of the Catholic family has grown up within the parish, all the wider and more effective groupings of families for mutual service and economic development, for the growth of piety and the spread of all the influence of religion. Thus have arisen in a thousand years guilds and confraternities, sodalities and societies, pious associations of every kind, the original roots of which are in the parish and which have lived or died in proportion as they were sustained or not by the deep strong current of its good-will and sympathy."

KYLEMORE ABBEY

PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT OF IRISH BENEDICTINE DAMES OF YPRES

On Thursday, September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the beautiful chapel at Kylemore Castle, now an Abbey of Benedictine nuns, was blessed by the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The occasion was in many respects gratifying and memorable. It marked the permanent establishment in Ireland of the Irish Benedictine Dames of Ypres. No order could be more welcome. For more than two centuries and a half the Ypres convent was regarded affectionately by the Irish people as a sort of outpost of Ireland on the Continent, enshrining its historic memories glorious as well as sad. The convent was destroyed in the War of 1914, and the community came to Ireland, receiving when they came a nation-wide tribute of sympathy and admiration. It was good news to learn that they have now acquired Kylemore.

A SITUATION OF RARE BEAUTY

Kylemore is a situation of rare beauty, the scenery around resembling and surpassing that of the Norwegian fjords. It was chosen as the site of his dream dwelling by a millionaire. It is a wonderful building, architecturally perfect, and with an admirable arrangement of its numerous rooms. The man who built it was a devout Protestant, and erected at a short distance from his home a lovely chapel, costing, it is said, about £75,000. That chapel was on Thursday blessed and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The house itself might have been built to be a Benedictine Abbey. It will be devoted to the higher education of girls, and the training given will be worthy of the high traditions of the Order. The property comprises altogether about one thousand acres.

On Thursday a large number of friends assembled, including many who had come from Dublin. There were present: Sir John and Lady O'Connell, Miss Deane, Mrs. Leigh Gogarty, Mr. Andrew Keogh, and Mr. John O'Byrne; Messrs. T. C. MacDonagh, A. Dwyer (manager of the National Bank, Clifden), J. O'Kelly Lynch (manager, Munster and Leinster Bank, Galway), and Monsieur Albert Marten, Conseiller de Gouvernement and Professor at Ghent University.

Subsequent to the blessing of the church, High Mass, at which the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin presided, was celebrated. The assistants at the throne were Canon McHugh and Canon Eaton; Canon McAndrew was the celebrant; Rev. C. Cunningham, deacon; Rev. J. Godfrey, sub-deacon; and Dom Aubert Merton, O. S. B., master of ceremonies. Right Rev. Mgr. McAlpine was also in the sanctuary. The choir, which rendered the sacred music effectively, was led by Right Rev. F. Bastien.

A WELCOME TO THE DAME OF YPRES

The Archbishop of Tuam, in the course of a touching sermon, traced the history of the Order, and said they were assembled to welcome the Dame of Ypres back to their native land and to install them in that beautiful church. The first Dames of Ypres left Ireland some 250 years ago to exercise in the lands of Flanders a right that was denied them at home. "The nun," said his Grace, "is a creation of the Catholic Church, and in vain you may search the world's literature for so pure a vision—a woman with prayers on her lips, the light of God's love in her eyes, the rose of purity in her cheek, and Jesus in her heart. Among those who ministered to Jesus on earth were the women who followed Him from Galilee. When His apostles almost deserted Him, they remained faithful. Amongst the few who stood by the Cross were three Marys. They were the last to leave the sepulchre on Friday evening, and the first to arrive there on Sunday morning.

"Of these brave women nuns are the spiritual descendants. In one form or another they have been in the Church from the beginning. Today their name is legion. While all have renounced a secular life, and are bound together by practically the same vows, they are divided into different congregations, according to the special services they have undertaken."

"FAX" IN IRELAND

His Grace said this Order did not seem ever to have acquired a permanent home in Ireland until the German guns shelled the Abbey at Ypres in October, 1914. His Grace recalled that an Irish general named O'Moran saved the convent from desecration and destruction during the French Revolution. It was the only convent that survived the revolution in Flanders. The story of their leaving under shell fire in 1914, and of their arrival in England, was told in a book it had a preface by Mr. John Redmond that was published in 1916. A temporary home was secured in Macmeac, Co. Wexford, where they were treated by the Bishop of Ferns with the greatest kindness. In seeking for a permanent place of residence, the sumptuous premises in which they were assembled that day were secured.

It was due to the memory of Mr. Mitchell Henry, who built Kylemore, to say that the church was not built for proselytising purposes. It was built as a place of divine worship for his own family, for all whose members the priests and people of the district had the greatest esteem. If the late Mr. Henry could express his wish that day his Grace felt sure that he would prefer to see the beautiful church handed over to the Irish Dames of Ypres rather than see it left untenanted and voiceless. Having referred to the labours of the Benedictine nuns for civilization, education, and learning as an integral part of European history, his Grace mentioned that their motto was "FAX."

BENEDICTINE EDUCATION

Enclosed from the world and its evil influences, those daughters of St. Benedict, said his Grace, proposed opening a high class boarding school. The basic idea of the Benedictine rule was that each Benedictine community should be a family.

The lady boarders became a part of the family. While no useful secular subject was neglected, the Benedictine education was to prepare girls for family and social life. Concluding, his Grace welcomed the Daughters of St. Benedict into the diocese, and was confident that the girls entrusted to their charge would receive the best type of education.

After the ceremony the visitors were hospitably entertained. Rev. Dr. Merton welcomed their guests in the name of the community, and suitable tributes were paid to the services of the Order by Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Right Rev. Mgr. McAlpine, and Sir John O'Connell.

THE IRISH DAMES OF YPRES

The first Irish Abbess of the Abbey at Ypres was Dame Mary Joseph Butler, who was born in Kilkenny in 1641. Sent to be educated at Ghent by the English Benedictine Dames, she petitioned at the age of twelve, to be received into the Order, and made her religious profession in 1657 at the English Benedictine Convent at Boulogne at the age of sixteen. When the foundation was made at Ypres in 1665, it failed to prosper under its first Abbess, Dame Beaumont, and in 1782 the house was converted into a national foundation for the Irish Benedictine nuns of various houses founded from Ghent. Dame Butler was instrumental in founding the Benedictine Convent at Dublin, in which King James II. took so great an interest. She travelled to Ireland, and opened a school for about thirty girls. Later, the convent was sacked by the soldiery of William III., and Dame Butler returned to Ypres, where she died in 723. Whilst passing through London on her way to Dublin, Dame Butler was presented with her nuns in their Benedictine habit to the Queen at Whitehall. On her return to Ypres she resumed her former duties as Abbess under conditions of extreme poverty. She died in

the sixty-sixth year of her religious profession.

The Times Educational Supplement contains the following sympathetic comment on the subject: "Residential schools for Roman Catholic girls in Ireland have, as a rule, been convent schools under the direction of the Bishop. It is somewhat of a novelty, therefore, to find a school opened on the well-known Benedictine lines. The Irish Benedictine nuns are transferring the school opened at Ypres in the seventeenth century to a new home at Kylemore Castle, in Connemara. Anyone who has seen that place of romantic loveliness must feel kindly towards the new venture. Loreto Convent at Killarney has a situation of equal beauty, but when we think of school after school for Irish boys, one high on the Dublin mountains, another guarding the lakes at Enniskillen, a third lonely among the Comeragh ranges, and many another, it must be admitted that Irish girls have had much less than their fair share of that education in the love of Nature which Ireland offers in such abundance."—The Universe.

THE SILESIAN VERDICT

The decision of the League of Nations Council in the partitioning of Upper Silesia, with the great coal basins of Rybnik and Pless going to Poland, is regarded as a supreme catastrophe. It is understood on all hands that a tremendous economic blow has here been inflicted upon Germany. According to the New York Times correspondent, Germany loses 64% of the Upper Silesian anthracite production, i. e., 67 anthracite coal mines which last year produced about 32,000,000 tons. She loses all her Upper Silesian zinc production or 60% of Germany's total zinc production, and, as appears, about 63% of the Upper Silesian iron industry, with about 1,500,000 tons of iron and steel product. The total loss of anthracite in the Pless district is estimated at 44,000,000 tons and in the Rybnik district at 27,000,000,000, since the coal veins have a minimum depth of 1,500 meters. The Council's point of view in making the decision is thus stated by the British representative, Arthur J. Balfour.

The Treaty of Versailles had placed the population first in importance and the industry of that region second, and, while there was no doubt that western Upper Silesia was German, the south-east was Polish. The real difficulty arose regarding the small area, which is a fraction of the whole of Upper Silesia, containing a large percentage of population much intermingled as to national characteristics. This made the drawing of the line complicated and the Council had to cut through a highly industrialized region. To be sure, no Englishman could travel in that area and not regard with dismay the severing of the district. There would even be a feeling of horror at this partition.

Writing in the Tageblatt, Theodor Wolff challenges in particular the impartiality of the four arbitrators, with the exception of the Chinese representative. The Spanish and Brazilian members, Count Quinones and Senor de Cunha, he considers hopelessly biased in favor of France on account of their social connections, while the Belgian, Paul Hymans, was bitterly hostile. No court of justice, he holds, would accept the verdict of such arbitrators. He further complains that none of the German experts who had gone to Geneva was able to obtain an interview with any of the arbitrators. The people he says have been bartered away like cattle. The diplomatic correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle criticizes the Council for handing over the question to an incompetent sub-committee of secondary nations, three of whom were not Europeans, one of them an Asiatic.

"At best, and with the utmost respect, the members of this sub-committee could hardly be described as having experience, training and authority commensurate with the enormous task imposed upon them. Moreover, all the vast mass of evidence available has been ignored; the experts have not been heard; the Germans and Poles have not been allowed to present their case and to undergo cross-examination.

The crux of the problem was that of the divisibility or indivisibility of the industrial area. To decide that was to decide everything. This critical, all-important issue was in turn handed over by the sub-committee to a secret sub-committee, which, we now hear for the first time, consists of a German, Swiss and a Czechoslovak, both of them as yet unknown; or rather, to be exact, the issue was not really put to them but only the hypothetical question: 'Supposing the industrial triangle is divided, how may the evil consequences be minimized?' And this was not the question at issue.

"We are told that this sub-committee heard German and Polish evidence; but what evidence? Who were the witnesses? How were they selected, and on what principle? What were they asked? Were they, too, faced with the same question-begging hypothesis?" The German Government is deferring action pending formal notification of the decision. It is difficult to foresee the far-reaching effects of this verdict which has

been accepted by the British Government. "Already it is hailed with the most complete satisfaction by France," cables the New York Tribune's correspondent, "condemned with great vehemence by Germany, and characterized as bold by one section of Englishmen and disastrous by another." This may be taken as correctly summarizing the situation. In the view of some British economists, like Paish and J. A. Hobson, it brings the day of Germany's default in reparation payments measurably nearer. They predict Germany's quick collapse, owing to the withdrawal of her large mineral deposits.—America.

TEACHERS OF FRANCE

TO UNITE FOR SPREAD OF THE FAITH
Paris, Nov. 3.—On the occasion of the opening of the school terms the Bulletin of Catholic University Professors has sent out an appeal to all Catholic teachers in public schools, inviting them to unite to serve their faith.

The appeal describes the great progress of the Catholic spirit among the personnel of the secondary and higher educational institutions in France.

A movement such as the one we are conducting in our old University which for so long has been indifferent or hostile; an effort such as the recent Work of Catholic Writers are, among many others, significant proofs of the change which is taking place in the minds of those on whom the orientation of our beloved country largely depends. The divine spirit, which bloweth where it listeth, is raising now, in our land of France, a rich harvest which wants only laborers in order to be garnered for the Master. Shall we let the promise fail for want of laborers to reap the harvest and make the sheaves still more abundant?

"The time has passed, if it ever existed, for Catholics to live for ourselves alone. More than ever before we must think of others, of the lost brothers who wait for us and whose whole future depends, perhaps, on some word we may speak, or some deed we may do at the right time."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1921

"CONNECTION WITH THE CIVIC SCHOOL SYSTEM"

"Dr. Claude Brown, Separate school member of the London Board of Education, has forwarded his resignation to that body, which will probably be considered at the next board meeting. "Both Separate school trustees have now resigned—Dr. W. J. Tillmann resigned last summer—and it is believed that the Separate School Board has thus severed all connection with the civic school system.

"The Board of Education asked the Separate School Board to appoint a member in Dr. Tillmann's place, but so far no action has been taken."

The foregoing news item appeared in the London Free Press, Tuesday of last week. No reason whatever is given or suggested for the action of the Separate School Board. Readers are left to infer that these peculiar people, the Catholics, have no reason worth mentioning for "severing all connection with the civic school system."

Yet there is a very good and easily intelligible reason.

The "civic school system"—to retain the reporter's strange phraseology—consists of Public schools, Separate schools and the Collegiate Institute. The Public schools are maintained and administered by those who use them; likewise the Separate schools. There never was any connection between these two Boards in so far as the maintenance and administration of these two distinct sets of schools are concerned. Therefore there has been no severance of this non-existent connection. And Separate schools equally with the Public schools remain part and parcel of the "civic school system." Remains the Collegiate Institute for the building, equipment and maintenance of which Separate school supporters are taxed dollar for dollar with the supporters of the Public schools. But in the expenditure of these taxes, in the policy of the administration, Separate school supporters have no effective voice. In this matter Catholics are denied the full rights of citizenship though they are forced to bear their full share of its burdens.

Since Public and Separate schools are administered by two separate and distinct Boards elected by the Public and Separate school ratepayers respectively, one would naturally expect that in the matter of the Collegiate Institute for which both classes of ratepayers are taxed there would be a Board elected by all the ratepayers. Such is not the case.

The whole elective Public School Board together with two representatives appointed by the Separate School Board constitute the Board of Education which controls and administers Collegiate Institute affairs.

This may appear to many fair-minded Protestants to be an equitable arrangement and doubtless it was so intended to be. But a little consideration will show that it is in reality a flagrant case of taxation without representation; worse, while denied equal status, though equally taxed, we are humbugged with a pretended representation that is worthless, farcical.

A year ago High School affairs here in London showed very clearly that this is no captious complaint, but an intolerable grievance that can neither be borne by self-respecting Catholics, nor endorsed by those of our fellow-citizens who make any profession of justice and square dealing.

Over a year ago, under the heading "Taxation Without Representation," we wrote as follows:

The High School situation in London illustrates very clearly the anomalous position of Catholics with regard to secondary education.

The Collegiate Institute building was burned down some months ago, and the question has arisen whether one central school should be erected to replace the burned building, or whether the city should undertake to erect three separate buildings on different sites each with its own staff and equipment. The present Board favors the three schools scheme.

The local papers inform us in flaring headlines that "Three Collegiate will be the Issue in a Hot Campaign in the Board of Education Election." Opinion is divided. In some quarters opposition to the increased taxation alleged to be involved in the second scheme is very pronounced. There is no doubt that this issue will dominate all others and determine the result of the election. But the six thousand Catholics of London will cast not one single vote for or against the proposal favored by the Board.

Yet every single Catholic will be called upon to pay dollar for dollar with his Protestant fellow-citizens in the taxation required to erect, equip, staff and maintain these schools.

Apart from the question of cost is the question of which plan will best serve the interests of secondary education in London.

In the "hot campaign" over this issue to help decide the question on its merits, not a single Catholic vote will be cast. In passing we may say that personally we favor the three-school plan. Experience has shown conclusively, we believe, that the successful working of High Schools is in inverse ratio to their size. The school with a very great number of pupils suffers both in efficiency and discipline. But that is not the question. The glaring anomaly is this, that in a matter to be decided by the votes of the people not a single Catholic will cast a vote, though every Catholic in London is equally interested in the cost involved and in the merits of the plan that will eventually be adopted.

It will be urged that the Separate School Board appoints two representatives to the Board of Education which controls our common interests in secondary education. That is a sop to Cerberus. It does not effect what we have said in the least. Catholics, like non-Catholics, will differ in their views on the question in issue. Why should they be deprived of equal rights at the polls? Why should not each and every Catholic, like each non-Catholic, have a voice in the decision of this matter?

A High School Board should be elected by all the people, if all the people are to be taxed to maintain High Schools.

Then each individual member of this Board would represent all the people, would be amenable to the general public opinion, Catholic as well as non-Catholic; and accountable to all alike for his stewardship. We might not have a single Catholic on the Board in that case; but we should be adequately represented, and we could exercise a direct influence over the Board as a whole and over each individual member thereof.

As it is, the control of secondary education is practically confined to non-Catholics, yet Catholics are compelled to bear their full share of the burdens of maintenance of secondary schools.

The present London situation should at least serve to bring home to Catholics the fact that in the matter of secondary education they are the victims of a law that imposes on them taxation without adequate or effective representation, a grievance that in more virile times was the occasion of historic protests.—THE CATHOLIC RECORD, November 13th, 1920.

This exemplification of the working out of our present sham representation on Boards of Education having been given to a prominent Protestant lawyer, he exclaimed: "Why that is a rank injustice!"

And we believe that many others, who like this Protestant gentleman have little or no sympathy with Catholic education as such, but who respect the Separate school principle as guaranteed by the

fundamental law of Canada, will on consideration of the facts agree with his verdict.

An awkward complication might have arisen a year ago in the London situation. In the Board of Education partial election the people—that is the Protestants, Catholics having not a single vote—decided at the polls against the three unit proposal, leaving the Board equally divided for and against. If the appointed Separate school representatives had chosen to do so they might have cast their votes in favor of the three unit plan, thus flouting the people's verdict in so far as the partial election could be taken as an expression of their will.

Very wisely the Separate School Board declined to interfere and by resolution, which was published at the time, instructed their appointees accordingly. Their present dignified and self-respecting action in withdrawing their representatives altogether is in logical sequence of this action of a year ago. And both were dictated by the demonstration of the farcical nature of such representation.

Perhaps, some one may object, we could not elect two Catholics if the Collegiate Board were chosen by all the taxpayers. We might not elect even one, but the Board would nevertheless be really representative of Catholics as well as of non-Catholics. Every member of the Board would have to reckon with our votes, would have to secure the approval or run counter to the disapprobation of every Catholic taxpayer when seeking election or reelection. As it is, who cares what Catholics think? They must pay their taxes, but they have no vote! A Catholic veriform appendix to a Protestant-elected Board of Education is a poor substitute for the franchise, and a poor excuse for depriving Catholics of their full rights of citizenship in the matter of secondary education.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE

The London Board of Education a few weeks ago passed the resolution adopted and sent out by the Toronto Board protesting against any consideration whatever being given to the claims of Separate schools for such legislation as will make effective the rights conferred by the Separate School Act of 1863 and guaranteed, with the unanimous consent of the Fathers of Confederation, by the British North America Act.

The Free Press reports:

"In approving the Toronto resolution the Board 'recorded an emphatic protest against the reopening of the school question by granting to the Roman Catholic bishops any of the concessions demanded, or by passing any regulations that would further extend the sectarian schools in this province at the expense of the public schools that are open to all classes and creeds.'"

This shows the temper and spirit in which the London Board of Education dealt with this important subject. The only extension of "sectarian schools"—by which term is meant our Separate schools—that is asked for is the right conferred by the Act of '63 and guaranteed by the Act which constituted Canada of providing where practicable our own secondary education in our own schools as we did from 1863 to 1871.

That we should ask for the restoration of this right may seem strange to the broadminded members of the London Board of Education who take our High school taxes, but who have to render no account of their stewardship to Catholic taxpayers. That is an unlovely and indefensible feature of "our splendid public and non-sectarian school system of Ontario."

The Free Press report continues: "It was further declared in the resolution that the division of taxes thus would not be in proportion to the taxable property, but in proportion to the population, and similar demands were denounced by Dr. Ryerson and were rejected by the Canadian Parliament in 1855, 1858, 1861 and 1862. To grant the request of the bishops would be a violation of the Act of 1863, and it would also define all Roman Catholics as separate school supporters, and result in crippling of the splendid public and non-sectarian school system of Ontario."

The Archbishop of Toronto in a letter to the press in answer to the allegations of the Toronto Board of Education made this clear and unequivocal declaration:

"The first paragraph attributes to us the advocacy of a basis of division which we have not advocated. We have not proposed any

basis of division. We have simply stated the facts which make it clear that the exemption clause of the Act of 1863 is not now made effective by the Assessment Act, and that it is the duty of the Legislature to make that exemption clause once more effective."

And yet here we have the members of the London Board of Education more than a month later repeating the false charge so explicitly and promptly denied by His Grace.

And so with other false imputations of the Toronto resolution. Now if the Board of Education, which is the irresponsible steward of all the Catholic Collegiate Institute taxes of London, were a little less violently "non-sectarian," and manifested a willingness to hear both sides of the question before taking action, no fault could be found. Indeed we think it would be quite within the province of the Board to discuss the question on its merits—hearing of course the side of its disfranchised constituents—and then make such representations to the Government as reason, not prejudice, might dictate. But that was not the way of the broadminded and non-sectarian Board of Education of London.

It is a pleasure to record that the Chairman, though he too knew that no Catholic might vote for or against him, had the moral courage and sense of decency to protest against the ill-considered and ill-natured action of the misinformed Board.

"Chairman Coleridge objected that the Board had no right to take any action. He could not see why the Roman Catholics should not have their rights, if they are not now receiving them, and he could not believe that the Legislature is not capable of dealing with the question if the need arises. The trustees should not presume that the legislators would take any action that was prejudicial to the general interests of the province," he thought.

One of the trustees referring to petitions circulated amongst Catholics urged this as a reason for protesting.

"Every denomination has the right to petition the Government for changes in the laws if the members of such denomination believe their rights are being violated," suggested the chairman.

But the resolution passed, the vote standing ten for the resolution with one not voting.

Irresponsible power is bad even for the sectarian-elected members of a non-sectarian Board of Education. It would be far better for them and for us if they were responsible to all the people whose taxes they impose and expend.

We believe, however, that Chairman Coleridge expresses intelligent Protestant opinion much more accurately than do the members of the Board of Education who decided an educational question in a partisan and sectarian spirit without hearing the other side about which they evidently know less than nothing.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It was in keeping with the antecedents of the Toronto Mail and Empire that in reviewing the career of Rabelais, the great French satirist of the sixteenth century, it should have made the most of the fact that he was once a monk, and his abandonment of the cloistral life the occasion for sundry ignorant and ill-natured slurs upon monks in general. Rabelais, of course, is one of the great figures in the world's literature, but he is all the more so, in the Mail's judgment, because his life as a monk was not all it should have been, and that his withdrawal was brought about by his free and easy attitude towards revealed religion, and the coarseness of his references to sacred persons and things. The Mail is constrained to admit that Rabelais' humor was a "trifle coarse," and his "exaggerations so gross as to take leave of reality," but nevertheless he would have been a "delightful companion in most companies," whereas the monks, who refused to smile upon his coarse sallies or to condone his religious vagaries were "bigoted and ignorant." It is, apparently, part and parcel of the Mail's creed to lose no opportunity of belittling or caricaturing anything Catholic.

As for the monks of the Middle Ages, they need no defence against the Mail's slanders. Time was when the almost universal tradition among dupes of the so-called Reformation was in line with the Mail's benighted ideas. The sixteenth

century champions of the new order had taken too good care to poison the wells of history and of literature against the Church and all her works to leave to those of ordinary opportunities of information any chance of breaking from its meshes. Hence English literature, especially of the last four hundred years, is what De Maistre termed "one long conspiracy against the truth," and it is only within the last fifty years or so that that cloud has been lifted and the much-slandered monks been revealed as they really were. So effectively has this been done, however, that no person who values a reputation for learning will now hazard it by repeating the foolish tales that so long did duty for history. The Mail writer is evidently not in that category, but is content to wallow in the slime of exploded tradition rather than bask in the sunlight of truth.

AND AS TO Rabelais, no one, far less a Catholic, is concerned to qualify his title to the possession of genius. His high place in the world's literature is now universally recognized, notwithstanding the coarseness and grossness which the Mail considers should have made him a "delightful companion" in any environment. The truth is that he was one of those individuals not peculiar to any age or country, who was like a fish out of water in any refined society, whether monastic or domestic. He certainly was entirely out of place in a monastery, as his brethren in religion soon found, and it was therefore a foregone conclusion that his wearing of the cowl could not continue indefinitely. And if the monks are to be blamed for looking with anxious eyes upon his fast and loose treatment of the dogmas of the Faith, why should not like blame attach to champions of Divine revelation in any age? It has ever been the way with the world to hurl the opprobrious term "bigot" against those who are steadfast and unyielding in their adherence to revealed truth, and even in our age the spectacle is not uncommon of fanatical individuals siding even with disreputable offcasts from the old Church under the mendacious plea of free thought. But whatever the vagaries of Rabelais, or the limitations of his genius, there is nothing in his life to warrant the presumption that he would have joined in a hue and cry of that kind. Indeed, we are convinced that he never intended his life as a warfare on religion, but was rather the creature of his own eccentricities, and passions, and like the mere man that he was, apt to meet correction with satire, and discipline with abuse.

ONE OF the most noteworthy incidents of the recent Dante commemorations was the renewal of interest in William Blake's illustrations of the poet's great work. In spite of the fact that Blake regarded Dante as an atheist (a monstrous perversion if ever there was one) and "a mere politician busy about this world," he had the highest admiration for his genius, and when in 1824, he was commissioned to make a series of colored drawings from the "Divine Comedy," to be afterwards engraved, set about the task with enthusiasm. To do this he set to work to learn Italian so as to read the poem in the original, and draw his inspiration therefrom. As a result he produced 68 colored drawings from the "Inferno," 20 from the "Purgatorio," and 10 from the "Paradiso," some of them being done on his sick bed propped up with his portfolio before them. Of these drawings many remained unfinished; seven only were engraved and published during his lifetime. It is said of all of them that Blake's wonderful imaginings, with all their extravagance and eccentricities, come nearer to realizing the creations of Dante than any other drawings extant. Their republication would be a matter of widespread interest.

THE BLESSED MOTHER

We cannot honor the Mother of God too much, nor can we too fully confide in her. We cannot honor her too much, because we know that every offering we make to Mary finds its resting place in the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son. We cannot too fully confide in her. She has held Omnipotence itself in her arms, and He communicated this attribute to her. She is the dispenser of the infinite blessings of Redemption.—Canon Sheehan.

BOY LIFE

WHY IS A BOY BAD?
Adapted from Dr. G. A. Dickinson's "Your Boy."

A boy is not a man—he is not like him either mentally, morally, socially, or physically. If we remember the differences already enumerated and consider what are the sources of conduct, we can easily understand why boys are said to be bad.

A normal boy only gains full control of his activities and emotions when his moral nature and intellect are developed in adolescence. In the progress of mankind a great development of man's higher nature has taken place, so that forethought and virtue are to some extent present in every child, and often their behaviour is better than could be expected. Nevertheless, the boyish traits are uppermost; the baby in the cradle when cramped kicks and cries for freedom, it struggles for liberty and action and often screams and kicks with temper. Older boys show their undisciplined activities and their uncontrolled natures—their outbursts of temper on little provocation, obscenity, passion—often the actions of a class of school-boys during play hours, yelling, running, and quarrelling, would lead an adult, if he had never been a boy, to call them savages.

Boys lack adult understanding in hoarding up that which is useless; they show a want of moral sense in taking that which does not belong to them, in thoughtlessly indulging their appetites, in not having due respect for age and authority, in want of reverence and devotion, and in their determined, destructive ways.

Youth is full of energy and power; these powers the boy must possess before he really knows how to check or to use them, so it is that the conduct during late boyhood and early adolescence, from twelve to sixteen, is two or three times as bad as at any other age. At this age the boy lacks the good sense and moral poise that develops very rapidly at seventeen or eighteen.

So we say a boy is "bad" simply because he lacks understanding and moral sense. Should we call him bad for this reason?

In the same class with the so-called "bad" boy can be placed the fool, the criminal, the insane, the rogue, the savage and the drunkard; their inactive, diseased, or undeveloped higher nature is seen—their conduct is not guided by kindness or consideration, and in each case they suffer accordingly.

As every normal human being is created with the same instincts and faculties, there should not be a very great difference between them, if reared under proper conditions.

Many of the human instincts are the same as those possessed by the higher animals, and when these energies are not under the guidance of man's higher self, conduct is then similar to the animal. It is not a question whether man should or should not possess faculties the same as an animal, neither is it a question of their suppression; in various stages of development and activity they are present in every healthy lad, and they are his by right, and the boy in whom they are strong, provided that in manhood they are blended with moral and mental virtue, will make the highest type of man.

Few will agree that the pranks which most boys play are his by right, but if we understand boy nature nothing will be gained by arguing this point. Boys always did and always will do hasty and what appears to adults unreasonable things, and in doing these things they gain experience that should be of great value in after life. In their pranks they show their boyish ways. They certainly have a right to self-expression and to play, but they need not be allowed to spend a great part of their time in pranks and sport, nor should they always be hampered by fine clothes and velvet carpets of cushioned seats. "A seat fastened to the floor is ill-suited to a boy's nature and needs. When he is kept in it a large part of his time his mind grows but slowly and imperfectly, and he suffers injury to his whole nature."

Allow a boy considerable freedom, shoulder him with some responsibility, provide him with material to use his activities, and keep him under proper control till he becomes responsible.

It is not natural for a boy at fifteen or sixteen to be a man—he has

a sense of right and wrong in process of development, and in time he will be a man.

If we could only know the meaning that a boy in the early teens takes out of certain acts—if we could see, think and feel as a child does, how innocent would not many of a boy's pranks appear! Who can say that a boy in late childhood or early adolescence understands the moral nature of a lie? Is this not one of the things he has to learn?

Boys do many things that are said to be cruel, but who would be so bold as to say that they fully realize what cruelty means, or that they understand what they do?

They must learn, they crave for experience, and if they do not cause suffering in another, and if they do not suffer themselves, how can they fully understand? To bring trouble on himself is to gain experience, is to fully grasp the consequence of his act; the boy is thus led to abstain from such acts in the future. Hence anger, passion, envy, and many other actions in the child are self-correcting, self-arresting.

If a boy were reared under such conditions that he never saw a fight, never was in one, and he never suffered from his own foolishness what sort of a man would he make? The very best way to sharpen a boy's wits and to cure him from wanting to ride every fractious horse that his father owns is to let him ride. Life is in living, it is an indefinite struggle and fight, and the boy who never did a foolish thing never did a wise one.

What would be called bad in an adult man can not always be considered such in a child. The child is a being in process of development, and can hardly be said to be either good or bad; though it is true, he will become one or the other.

If we change a boy's activities the habits will change. The bad will waste and die from disuse and the good will take its place.

BIRTH CONTROL REPUDIATED

ARCHBISHOP HAYES DID NOT STOP MEETING

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

New York, Nov. 25.—Officers and members of the executive committee of the New York Academy of Medicine refuse to have that institution included among the corporate advocates of birth control, in which category Mrs. Juliet Barrett Rublee of New York attempted to place it by declaring that the Academy had sanctioned certain practices which the Birth Control League encourages. Far from favoring birth control, officers of the Academy say, they repudiate the whole propaganda.

The formal statement issued by the Academy through Dr. Charles L. Dana, chairman, and Dr. E. H. Lewinski-Gorwin, executive secretary, is as follows:

"The Committee is emphatically opposed to the methods, principles and program of the Birth Control League. The committee endorsed a bill which simply confirmed by legislative action the decision of Justice Kelly of the New York Supreme Court interpreting the law as allowing physicians to furnish information to their patients when such information was essential for the preservation of their health."

CLEARS ARCHBISHOP

Statements made by Harold Cox, editor of the Edinburgh Review, Mrs. Sanger and other propagandists for birth control that Archbishop Hayes had prompted the police of New York to prevent a meeting in the Town Hall ten days ago, are refuted by members of the firm of Winthrop Smith & Company by whom full responsibility is assumed for complaining against the public discussion and advocacy of contraception.

In a letter to the New York World signed with the firm's name, the writer explains why the members of the company complained of the meeting, and compliments the Catholic Church on its vigilance in the interest of religion and health.

The letter is as follows: "On page 8 of this morning's World we observe that the so-called 'Birth-Control Committee,' whose meeting was stopped by the police last Sunday at the Town Hall accused the Catholic Church as behind the movement to stop the meeting."

"We should like to dispute this, because none of us here were influenced in any way by the Catholic Church, and there is only one Catholic in this firm. We were one of the complainants against the meeting, influenced to do so by Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg of Johns Hopkins University, whose articles in the Washington Post and other papers said that attempts at 'birth-control' in the manner proposed by those concerned with this so-called 'Birth-Control Committee' are unphysiological, lead to sterility

and the deterioration of the race, and are religious, immoral and illegal according to the codes of practically all States.

LEADS TO DISEASE

"Since Dr. Hirschberg, one of the eminent authorities of Johns Hopkins University, and others without selfish motives and who do not seek notoriety or publicity, are absolutely opposed to 'birth-control' as something leading to disease, we went out of our way to appeal to the police authorities and others to suppress what we consider a nuisance and a method of propaganda damaging to the human race, and we appeal to the Catholic as well as other churches to back up our facts in this matter.

"If the other churches would look to the interests of religion and health as well as the Catholic Church did in this instance, these misguided theorists would soon stop their absurd meetings.

"We send you this letter as a matter of justice to a church with which we are not affiliated, which is being made the scapegoat of these 'nuts'.

"WINTHROP SMITH & CO."

PREPARE TO TEACH FAITH

BISHOP McNICHOLAS' STIRRING APPEAL

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

Milwaukee, Nov. 5.—The time is at hand when the message of Catholic teaching should be delivered by militant Catholic laymen by the roadside and in the streets of our cities, according to the Right Rev. John T. McNicholas, Bishop of Duluth, who addressed a great gathering of men of the Holy Name Society here last Sunday.

Bishop McNicholas pointed to the barrier of ignorance that the Church must surmount if she is to survive and declared that the press and every other available method of education must be used to bring home the truths the Church has to teach.

He said in part: "Have we ever paused to reflect why there is so much ignorance about the Catholic Church? We Catholics do not like to think that there is malice, or hatred, or bigotry, or injustice in the press and hearts of our opponents, and the sublime code of our belief, but we are certain that there is great ignorance about the Catholic Church and ignorant prejudiced men.

"It is the barrier of ignorance. Error has refused permission to the erring to knock at the door of truth. May not the Catholics of every community in the United States look into their consciences, and ask themselves what they are doing to dispel the ignorance? What surveys have been made among the non-Catholics to ascertain the reasons of their prejudices, and the extent of their false information about the Catholic Church? What means are being adopted to give publicity to the truth of Christ? Catholic teachings, principles, and Catholic discipline are not being preached on the highways and byways. The great daily newspapers and the publications of large circulation are not carrying the message which the Catholic Church has to deliver.

WOULD ENLIST NEWSPAPER MEN

"Should not the Holy Name Society assume the obligation of coming to the defense of Christ? Why cannot the Holy Name Society enlist the services of some of the best newspaper men of the country who are devout Catholics and who would be proud to be constituted a guard of honor to defend the Divinity of Christ through the press? We probably could convene at once a hundred or more members of the Holy Name Society who are newspaper men or publicists. They would tell us the practical methods by which to approach this work. The Holy Name Society should also consider itself privileged to purchase if necessary space in our daily papers to give information about the doctrines of the Catholic Church, thus dispelling the dark enemy of prejudice.

"The press must be at once the pulpit and the university chair from which we must preach and teach multitudes, that we cannot reach otherwise at the present moment. There is another great work for us to do which perhaps the Holy Name Society can undertake. With the Agnosticism, Naturalism, Atheism, Materialism, that have been taught and are being taught in our universities we must not make peace.

"We must not fold our arms and say there is nothing that we can do. We must enter upon a long preparation to fit laymen who will become university professors; men who will unite in themselves both the latest modern science and the greatest wisdom of Christian centuries past. In this age and especially in our own country we need today as university professors staunch Catholic laymen whose profound and sound scholarship is recognized. We must never be satisfied until the Catholic Church is acknowledged as the inspiration of the highest learning.

"The Holy Name Society has a great opportunity to prepare Catholic laymen who will force the educated world to acknowledge the sublime teachings of Catholicity.

There is a call for us to exercise a far greater influence over the learned world. Let us begin to prepare for it.

STUDY CLASSES SUGGESTED

"Again there is probably not a Holy Name Society in any city parish that could not form a small group, of its younger members especially, who would constitute a class of men willing to study seriously the questions of religion. A very practical course covering a year or two years could be outlined for these Holy Name men. Such a course could embrace the Divinity of Christ, general theology, the Sacraments, and many questions of Church History. What purpose would such classes serve? There would not be a young man taking such a course who would not find a hundred occasions every year in which to employ his knowledge.

"Religious questions are a subject of discussions among men in the workshop, and among employees of every industry. These young Holy Name men should be commissioned to go forth as militant Catholics, men who would be champions of the Faith, men trained for the lecture hall. Is the time not at hand in the United States when the message of Catholic teaching should be delivered by the roadside and in the streets of our cities? With ninety million people knowing little about the Catholic Church and whose prejudices against the Church are due to ignorance, can we not find ten thousand or twenty thousand Holy Name men immediately to begin the work of dispelling the ignorance that exists?"

GROWTH OF CHURCH AMONG THE SCOTS

London, Nov. 18.—The census has recently been taken in Great Britain, and in connection with it the Registrar-General made a reference to an interesting computation of the population of Scotland, made by a Presbyterian divine in the year 1755. The minister was the Rev. Alexander Webster, who was in charge of the Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh, and apart from its general antiquarian interest, this computation tells something about the position of the Catholics in Scotland in 1755.

The minister in making up his figures distinguished, as he said, between Papists and Protestants. At that time the total population of Scotland was somewhere about 1,260,000, which is only slightly higher than the population of the single city of Glasgow as given at the last census.

The learned doctor hints that in certain quarters there were colonies of Catholics who grouped themselves together, which is possibly some kind of reference to the fact that in certain parts of Scotland there are said to be Catholic communities that have never lost the Faith. But it also appears that when he made his computation there were certain towns and cities without a single Catholic that in these days are considerable centers of Catholic life.

The burgh and parish of Dumfries in 1755 had some 4,495 Protestants and only 22 Catholics; but in the parish of Buittle in Kirkcubrightshire there were 85 Catholics to 814 Protestants, while in a little parish on the Solway Firth there were only 12 Catholics to 886 Protestants.

But the story is quite different when Maxwellton, which fell under the powerful influence of the noble and ancient Catholic family of that part, is considered. There were some 1,213 Protestants in this burgh, while there was the large proportion for that time of 118 Catholics. It is interesting to note from this record, that Glasgow which has the largest Catholic population of any diocese in Great Britain in 1755 had not a single Catholic among the population, whereas the diocese has now something close on the half million mark. Paisley had only one Catholic, but in the Highland parish of Ardnamurchan, where we may suppose that Catholicism had never been driven out by the Reformation, there were 2,900 Catholics and the Protestants could only boast of 400 in excess of this number.

Dundee, which is now the episcopal seat of a Catholic Bishop, in 1755 had only three Catholics in its population of 12,477. Aberdeen boasted of 135 Catholics, though in the total population of the shire which was 116,188 it had no fewer than 2,288 Catholics.

But it is when we get to the Islands, where the Protestant Reformation made no touch whatever, that we find how the Catholic Church stood in Scotland in 1755. These Islands never received the Reformation, and so in 1755, when Catholicism on the whole was not flourishing in Scotland, the Island of Barra had 1,100 Catholics and only 52 Protestants. In South Uist and Benbecula there were 2,040 Catholics, no inconsiderable population for these wild and sparsely-populated parts, with no more than 169 Protestants. Argyshire, which also boasts of Catholic communities with an unbroken tradition with the past, had 4,329 Catholics to 61,957 Protestants.

How far Dr. Webster's figures may be accepted as absolutely reliable is a matter for historians. But he appears to have been engaged in making a nation-wide compilation of men of fighting age and must have had access to sources of

information upon which to compile his figures, and he gives the total number of Catholics in Scotland in 1755 as 16,490. If the figures are reliable, the Catholics in Scotland during the 166 years that have passed since the computation was made have increased forty-fold.—N. C. W. C.

AFTER NINE YEARS IN BED

Paris, Oct. 7.—The Lorraine pilgrimage to Lourdes was marked by edifying and splendid offices at the Basilica, prayers at the grotto, processions and Ways of the Cross. The Bishops of Strasbourg, Nevers and Liege were present at all the manifestations.

Improvement of two patients from Sarreguemines and one from Strasbourg was observed. Another, woman, who had suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs for ten years was cured.

This woman had received the last Sacraments before her departure for Lourdes, and made the whole journey on a stretcher.

She left Lourdes in good health, able to walk. She made the following statement: "I am forty-eight years old. I am the widow Wiedenfoechen; my home is at 51 Rue du Parc at Sarreguemines. For ten years I have suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs and for nine years I have had to keep to my bed, as I fainted whenever I tried to go about from one place to another. I had hemorrhages about twice a month. I remember nothing about my departure for Lourdes. I only know one thing, and that is that on September 17, in the evening, they wanted to give me the last Sacraments because I was so ill. On Sunday the 18th, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, I felt a sharp pain in the chest, just as though my bones were scraping each side. Then I lost consciousness. I was told later that my face became purple and blue. When I regained consciousness I was standing in the midst of a crowd which was pressing about me, and from which the stretcher-bearers were trying to protect me. That is all that I can tell you. Since then I have been able to eat, and go and come; but the doctors of the medical bureau at Lourdes have told me to go slowly.

The circumstances were confirmed at Lourdes by four doctors of the Medical Bureau. However, on account of the nature of the illness, the final confirmation has been delayed for a year, according to the usual custom in such cases.

CATHOLIC HISTORIAN HONORED

Brussels, Nov. 17.—Belgium recently paid a solemn homage to the memory of its distinguished son, the historian Geoffrey Kurth. Kurth had occupied the Chair of Medieval History at the State University of Liege, Belgium, from 1872 to 1906, under the successive administrations of opposing political parties. In 1906 he had been made director of the Belgium Historical Institute in Rome to conduct researches among the archives of the Eternal City. Obligated to leave Rome during the War he had died broken-hearted at Assche, a village near Brussels, Belgium, and been temporarily buried in that village. According to his own wish his remains were transferred to his native village of Arlon with full civic and ecclesiastical honors.

Cardinal Mercier delivered the funeral oration. In it he feelingly referred to Geoffrey Kurth's two-fold characteristic: love of country and love of Church, declared him to be a writer of distinction, an historian of first rank, in whom were united a punctilious perspicacity of research and the power of generalization, a combination seldom found in one person.

Discussing his various historical writings the Cardinal singled out first his great work on general history, "The Origins of Modern Civilization" and next "The Church at the Turning Point of History," "that little masterpiece in which are to be found all the wealth of his generous nature and of his Christian faith." As characteristic of the writer, the speaker quoted the opening sentences of this work:

"In the history of mankind considered as a whole, there are two grand divisions. On the one hand, there is the ancient world groping in the darkness of death; on the other hand, the modern world which advances in the light of the Gospel. This is beyond compare the greatest fact of history. The opposition between these two worlds is sharp and well defined. The line of demarcation which separates them is very clearly drawn. It is not an imperceptible and gradual evolution that leads humanity from the one to the other; it is rather an inspiration, a mighty impulse which makes it pass directly from the former to the latter. We know the precise date of this great change, and we have taken it as the starting point of our chronology. It is the Christian era that opens the annals of a new creation and a new humanity.

"What is the vital principle of this new creation? It is . . . the Gospel of Jesus Christ . . . which became embodied in the incorruptible organism of the Church."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST

THIRD SERIES I.

Brule Mines is certainly a pleasant place for the missionary to visit. To begin with, the mines are working, therefore there is peace and plenty. The little village perched upon the mountain-side is neat and attractive. A fine recreation hall and a well-equipped hospital show that the workers are well looked after by their employers. Then there is always a welcome from those in authority. The general manager vies with his "outside boss" in welcoming the missionary, and, with a few exceptions, all those who own the name of Catholic, and many who do not, are pleased to see him and are kind to him. There is, alas! no chapel. The congregation was cosmopolitan. They prayed well, but they left one to the dance hall, and fortified by a notice on the wall to the effect that "cheek dancing" would not be tolerated on any account, I built up my altar with the aid of a faithful Polish workman and of two French-Canadian lads, one of whom afterwards served my Mass in a way that did credit to his natal parish of St. Pierre de Manitoba. The congregation was cosmopolitan. They prayed well, but they left one to the dance hall, and fortified by a notice on the wall to the effect that "cheek dancing" would not be tolerated on any account, I built up my altar with the aid of a faithful Polish workman and of two French-Canadian lads, one of whom afterwards served my Mass in a way that did credit to his natal parish of St. Pierre de Manitoba. The congregation was cosmopolitan. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRIST'S GIFTS TO US

And they asked him, and said to him: Why then dost thou baptize, if thou be not Christ, nor Elias, nor the prophets? John answered them, saying: I baptize with water; but there hath stood one in the midst of you, whom you know not. (John 1, 25, 26)

God created man to His own image and likeness. In other words, He made man to resemble Himself in some respects. Now, in order that any one or any thing resemble another person or another thing, it is necessary that they possess something in common—something that need not be the same in each, but at least approaching the same. God, therefore, gave us something like unto Himself, in order that we be made to His likeness. These gifts from God to man are principally in the soul—the greatest of them being intelligence and will. Had not God given us these faculties or powers, we could not have acquired them. They must come only from God; no other being, however great, can create them or communicate them. They are endowments that only a pure spirit like God Himself can give us. The angels could not impart them to us; they, though they are spirits, have not the power to do so. An infinitely perfect spirit can give them to us, and no other. This pure spirit, infinitely perfect, is God.

But, though we may, for the sake of clearness and by way of explanation, speak of how we came to have these great faculties, our intention is to assert that we have them, in order to use this fact to strengthen an argument we intend to adduce. Since we possess these great powers, we must admit that God can communicate them. In fact, no one following any rational school of philosophy or theology will deny it. It does not detract from God, for He is infinite. It does not conflict with any dictates of reason, but conforms to all of them. It excites our admiration to think that God has been so generous to us, and by these gifts has elevated us far higher than so many other beings around us. We would rather be what we are than something inferior. Many forgive this great blessing or do not heed it, but their attitude does not destroy it nor minimize it.

If God has given us the faculties that make us like unto Himself—nay, almost has seemed to share His spiritual powers with us—we deny that He can give us even more, or different gifts? There is nothing to limit Him, nothing to prevent Him, if He so desires. And there is no doubt that, if a reason exists, He does this. If some one possesses a gift that appears above the ordinary, may, is even endowed with a power that seems supernatural, gives a reason for it, and uses it only for right ends, must man necessarily conclude that he is not sincere, or is under the power of Satan? Certainly there is no reason why man should do so.

It was the method of the scribes and Pharisees, and Christ showed forth their insincerity and vanity. But even if some one claims to have a gift that does not appear to the human eye to be above any ordinary gift, and does not in its effects manifest anything extraordinary, we should not then deny its existence, if the subject has a reason for it, and is honest and just. The history of the human race, since its inception, shows us how God has endowed some individuals with extraordinary powers in order to carry out a particular work, or to effect something for the good of the whole or of a part of humanity.

We can see an exemplification of all this in today's Gospel. Some Pharisees were sent to St. John the Baptist to ask him who he might be. He, in all his humility, answered them, his questioners truthfully. Then, following their usual method, they began to try to ensnare him, asking him, in substance, how he could baptize, if he were only a "voice crying in the wilderness" and not Christ, nor Elias, nor one of the prophets. In reply he practically indicated to them through whose power, or in whose name, he did it. No doubt, they did not believe him and considered him an impostor. But had they been susceptible to the truth, they would have understood the reason for St. John's acts. He was the precursor of the Lord; he had been sanctified by Christ even before his birth, and God had given him the power necessary to fulfill his mission.

But has God ceased to do such things? Catholics can answer this question for themselves, for they reap the benefit of His continuance of it every day of their lives. He has given men power to do the greatest of wonders—to sanctify, to enrich, to make of people fit subjects for the kingdom of heaven. Consider the power He has given to bishops and priests—to change bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, to forgive people their sins, to administer to them the other sacraments through which grace continually flows into their souls. Considering the results that are brought about in the souls of the faithful, it is impossible to enumerate the blessings and powers God gives to man to execute in His name.

The unbelieving part of humanity continue, like the Pharisees of old, to look with scorn upon our cere-

monies. They ridicule us by word and pen, and make little of our forms of worship, but like St. John the Baptist, we will might answer that we, of ourselves, are nothing, but God worketh in us, or we work through the wonderful power He gives us, for the sake of humanity; or, like St. Paul, we might answer that we live, not we, but Christ liveth in us.

It is no argument to say that God alone can forgive sins. Any one using it is manifestly using open ignorance, for what God can do Himself, He can give the power to man to do for Him in His name, or as His agent. It would be limiting the power of God to argue otherwise. Then, also, those who say this are contradicting themselves, for they admit that their sins can be forgiven, and they generally arrive at the conclusion that they give them this knowledge? But who will probably answer—"God, through the Scriptures." We need only say, then, that God, also through the Scriptures, gives power to man to forgive sins. But God does not tell them each time that their sins are forgiven them. But we do not let the arguments of the ignorant disturb us. We have faith, a faith that saves, for in following it out we do all that God asks of us. This faith extends to God Himself and His ministers or representatives. And it does not allow us to think of what might have been, but what in reality is. And it is well for us that it is so, for otherwise we would be blown around by every wind of doctrine. Christ said to His apostles that they who hear them hear Him. We have these apostles yet, in their successors; let us hear them and be guided by them, for they will lead us to eternal life.

CATHOLICS IN REALM OF SCIENCE

A REPUTATION OF SOME STUPID FALSEHOODS

By Sir Bertram Windle, F. R. S., Sc. D., M. D., LL. D.

The stupid and belated falsehood that Religion and Science, and more especially the Catholic Religion and Science, are in fundamental and perpetual opposition to one another still lingers and flourishes on literary rubbish-heaps, although really instructed persons have long learned its inaccuracy.

Mr. Tabrum's book on the "Religious Beliefs of Scientists" which, however, only refers to those of the British Isles, and the more recent work in two volumes by Antonin Eymieu, "La Part des Croissants dans les Progres de la Science au XIXe Siecle," which embraces all nations sufficiently, show that materialism and agnosticism, not to say atheism, have been attributed to a minority—not, as is so often boasted by ignorant writers, a majority of scientific workers, even in the heyday, now at vespers, of materialism.

Let us merely name the late Lord Kelvin and Michael Faraday as men of the highest standing in science and convinced Christians though not Catholics. But it is to Catholic names that we wish to call attention, and, though it is impossible to mention a tithe of those who deserve it, may be well to remind our readers of a very few of the eminent men, without whose work science could hardly be said to exist, who were firm adherents of the Household of Faith.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GALILEO

Let us commence with astronomers, since Galileo is the usual stone flung by the ignorant at our religion. Galileo was a great but rather foolish person who, having first denounced, afterwards upheld the views of a much greater man, Copernicus (1473-1558), a priest and a canon and the real hero of the heliocentric controversy, although the first person amongst modern writers who sustained the thesis that the earth revolved around the sun, was Cardinal Nicolas de Cusa (1401-1464). As to Galileo (1564-1642), it may be as well to note, having regard to the ignorant falsehoods constantly appearing on the subject, that he died in his own house, not in the prisons of the Inquisition; after receiving the blessing of the reigning Pontiff, and therefore not under sentence of excommunication; and that he was buried in his parish church and not in unconsecrated ground.

Le Verrier (1811-1877) co-discoverer of the planet Neptune with Adams, justly claimed as one of the most astounding feats of science, was a faithful son of the Church. The Bishop of Coutances said in connection with his discoveries: "Now, dear Master, you are elevated to the stars," to which he replied: "Monseigneur, I hope to rise higher than that—to Heaven." He received the Last Sacraments from his parish priest, saying, "I am a parishioner as well as a Catholic." Schiaparelli (1835-1919), whose name is well known in connection with what some have thought to be the canals of the planet Mars, died, as he had lived, a firm Catholic. Amidst numerous other names we may recall those of the two distinguished Jesuit astronomers of recent times, Secchi (1818-1878) and Perry (1838-1889). Even Laplace, usually accused of

materialism on the strength of a story which is certainly susceptible—as M. Eymieu has shown—of another meaning than that generally attributed to it, died fortified with all the Sacraments of the Church, and few names are greater in the branch of science with which we are concerned than his.

A THIRD ORDER SCIENTIST

In Physics there are many names which may be recalled. Let us consider the greatest only, Galvani (1737-1798, from whom we get the terms "galvanism," "galvanized iron," etc.) was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Volta (1745-1827, from whose name we get the "voltaic battery" and the "volt," a term which meets our eye every day, left a very full and touching confession of faith behind him, in which he says that he was born in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, and has always remained faithfully to it both exteriorly and interiorly. Ampere (1775-1836), whose name is associated with another measure of electricity, was a most devout man and a bosom friend of Ozanam, and Coulomb (1736-1806), a third man honored by the selection of his name for attachment to an electric unit was also a lifelong Catholic.

Of modern Chemistry Lavoisier is commonly considered to be the father. Born in 1743, he was guillotined under the Terror in 1794: "Nous n'avons plus besoin de chimistes." "We no longer have need of chemists," said the free-thinkers of the day, concerning one who was not only one of the greatest lights of science, but also a faithful Catholic to the end. Perhaps it is here that one should include the name of Pasteur (1822-1895), though his discoveries range over so wide a field that it is difficult to know whether one should speak of him as chemist, physicist, biologist, or physician, for all of these he was. Perhaps greatest of all his great discoveries was the cure of hydrophobia; but indeed the whole science of aseptic surgery and the entire development of the great canning industry depend upon facts first definitely laid down by this greatest of modern men of science. Attempts have been made recently to detract from his position as a Catholic, with the result of affirming it more definitely, for no more fervent son of the Church ever lived. "Fas est ab hoste doceri": M. Le Dantec, leader of the materialist army in France, can only console himself by exclaiming: "Il est croyant avant d'être Pasteur et il l'est reste quoiqu'il Pasteur."

The Father of Crystallography was the Abbe Haüy (1743-1822), who built his edifice so well that all the work which has since been done has added to it, but in no way altered it. The Father of Modern Geology, thus acclaimed some two hundred years after his death by an International Congress of Geologists, was Nicolaus Stensen (1638-1687), who, in his earlier years, was an anatomist whose name is still connected with important discoveries in that science. Born a Lutheran, he became a Catholic, took Holy Orders, and died a Bishop.

THE FATHER OF ANATOMY As Anatomy has just been mentioned, it may be as well to state that a whole string of names of prime importance in that science might here be enumerated, whose possessors were papal physicians and surgeons. Let us content ourselves with naming Andreas Vesalius, universally acknowledged to be the Father of Modern Anatomy, who was born 1514 and drowned in a shipwreck 1564, as he was returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Space does not permit of a discussion as to the cause of this pilgrimage, which has been much misinterpreted by some Protestant writers, but no one doubts that Vesalius was a firm and consistent believer in the doctrines of the Church.

It is time to turn to a few luminaries of the Natural Sciences. Mendel (1822-1884), whose discoveries have had a more potent influence over biologists than any other writer with the exception perhaps of Darwin, to whose cherished theory of Natural Selection some say that Mendel has given the coup de grace, was the Abbot of an Augustinian Abbey at Brunn, Schwann (1810-1882) was with Schleiden, the discoverer of the Cellular Theory, one of the most far-reaching generalizations ever reached in biology, and he was a fervent Catholic all his life. So were Van Gehuchten, who, born in 1861, died of grief from the wanton destruction of all his specimens and notes by the Germans at Louvain, in 1914, and Van Beneden, another distinguished Louvain professor, great both as a zoologist and a palaeontologist.

SOME FAMOUS ENTOMOLOGISTS

Fabre (1823-1915), the "incomparable observer," as Darwin called him, and Latreille (1762-1833), called "the Prince of French entomology," "the Prince of the mind the moment that one begins to think of studies on insects, and to them may be added that of the distinguished Jesuit Wasmann, still alive and recognized as the greatest authority of all time on ants and their inclinations. One of the greatest of physiologists, although no very convincing specimen of a Catholic during his life,

died after receiving the Sacraments, and with his may be linked the name of Johannes Miller (1801-1868), of whom Huxley wrote as "the greatest anatomist and physiologist of my contemporaries," originally minded to become a priest, and always a steady-going Catholic.

Many scores of others could be added to the above, but space forbids, and these, at least, will prove the thesis outlined that Catholicity and love for science can flourish with equal luxuriance in the same personality.

CATHOLIC CENSUS OF GERMANY CITIES

Munich, Nov. 11.—Munich has the largest number of Catholics of any large city in Germany, although in proportion to its population Cologne takes the lead.

In Munich there are 595,000 Catholics and 116,000 non-Catholics. Cologne has 515,000 Catholics and 45,000 non-Catholics.

Berlin, which has claimed, during a recent celebration held there, to have the largest number of Catholics has 450,000. Berlin's non-Catholic population is 3,350,000. Next in line comes Essen with 294,000 Catholics and Duesseldorf, with 278,000.

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POINTE St. PIERRE, P.Q. "I suffered for three years with terrible Eczema. I consulted several doctors and they did not do me any good.

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Madam PETER LAMARRE. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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And Neck. Burned and Itched. Cuticura Healed.

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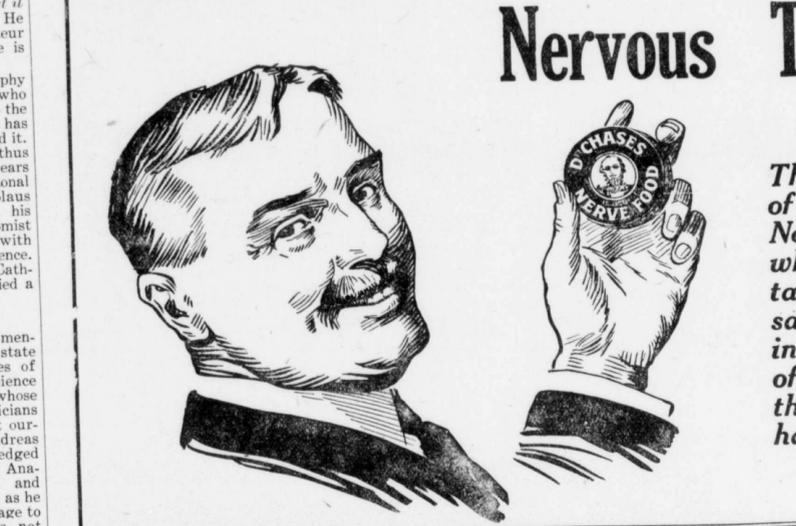
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"More Men Than Women Have Nervous Troubles"



This is the statement of a specialist on Nervous Diseases who comes in contact with many thousands of cases. The increase in diseases of the nerves during the last five years has been enormous.

Is it any wonder that men's nerves are giving out? Look back over the history of the last few years. Think of the enormous burden of responsibility which has been put upon the shoulders of business executives. The excessive mental strain. The worry and anxiety. The physical effort. This has surely been great enough to break the nervous systems of the strongest men. The war strain. The unsettled conditions of business and employment. These are responsible for the rapid aging of men which you notice everywhere. You feel out of sorts. You do not sleep well. You find yourself losing your grip on business. Your daily task is more than you can stand. There is, perhaps, no organic disease. But you find your energy and ambition petering out. Your doctor tells you to take a rest for a few months. But you do not want to be put up on the shelf. Your business cannot spare you at this critical time. Perhaps you cannot afford complete rest when living expenses are so high. But you can take things easier. And you can profit by the experience of others and build up your exhausted nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This is the most rational treatment available, and is endorsed by more common-sense, reliable people than any medicine recommended for the restoration of the nervous system. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is universally used by women as a means of restoring the nervous system. Your wife, or sister, or mother, will be able to tell you something about its remarkable upbuilding influence. But more men than women now have nervous troubles. And Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is no respecter of persons. It builds up new energy and strength in the most natural way imaginable by enriching the blood. It supplies to the blood in condensed, easily assimilated form the elements which nature requires in order to replenish the depleted nerve cells and restore the vitality of the human system. These certified letters may be from people you know. They are worth reading, anyway. For they are the honest opinion of people who have been benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Overwork

Mr. D. F. Armstrong, R. R. No. 3, Mallorytown, Ont., writes:—"Through overwork and an extra amount of mental strain, I became very nervous and rundown. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it certainly touched the right spot. It almost seemed for a time as though I fairly lived on it, and I can recommend this treatment to anyone requiring a medicine of this kind." (Sworn before me at Mallorytown, this 7th day of March, 1921.—D. S. Clow, J.P.)

Sleeplessness

Mr. W. J. Van Dusen, Centre St., Napanea, Ont., writes:—"For some time I suffered from sleeplessness and all the weakness and tired feelings that follow continual loss of sleep. Gas would accumulate in my stomach, and I touched the right spot. Upon the advice of a friend I began a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and soon found it to be just what I required. By the time I had completed the treatment my system was in splendid condition and I felt much stronger." (Endorsed by S. Casey Denison, Mayor.)

Rheumatism

Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, Kings Co., N.B., writes:—"I suffered with rheumatism and my stomach was in a very weak state. I could eat no fruit of any kind and suffered nearly all the time. I tried several doctors, but got no relief from any of them. I was in a drug store one day and overheard two men talking—one was telling the other about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food completely relieving him of rheumatism. I bought a box, thinking it would be like all the rest of them, but, after taking the one box, I felt so much better that I continued the treatment, and now I can eat anything and do not suffer any more with the rheumatism."

(This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement is true and, to my knowledge, correct.—(Signed) A. S. Mace, J.P.)

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ARE YOU NEEDED?

Have you made yourself important? Are you needed in your place? You complain that you are slighted? Gloom has settled on your face? Younger men are passing onward to Rewards you cannot claim, And you cry that luck betrays you; But is luck alone to blame?

Others blessed with little talent have been pushed ahead you say; But their services are needed, and they give the best they may.

Would the world care if, tomorrow, you sat an aching distant star? Have you made yourself important? Are you needed where you are?

A GOOD FRONT

A famous self-made man once declared that if he were out of a job and had only \$20, he would spend the money for a new suit of clothes, because he knew how important it was to make a favorable first impression—that is, he would put up a "good front." And that's all right. But another man—who lived a long time ago—whose influence will probably be felt long after the self-made man has been forgotten, made this observation:

"If I had two pence, I would buy bread with one, and with the other I would buy white hyacinths for the good of my soul." The difference between the two men was that one was concerned chiefly about the outer man, while the other was careful about the inner man.

Both bits of advice are valuable, and both are necessary. But the old sage who advised that the inner man be built up first was the wiser of the two; for the soul of a man is of greater importance. You can't hide a starved soul by putting up a good front—it's bound to show through. And, to those who see, it makes a man look hungrier and more pitiful than he who wears a shiny coat and dines on a crust of bread.—Michigan Catholic.

FINDING FLAWS

"All our perfection is attended by some imperfection," said a celebrated man some centuries ago who understood human nature and its limitations.

It is difficult for a man to find flaws in himself or in that which he does. It is ever so much more easy and so much more fashionable to find flaws in other men and in their works.

The conversation which takes place about us as we go to and fro in public places, amply fulfills the truth of the above axiom. Let a subject be mentioned, whether it be a man, a theory, a book, a new invention, a celebration, a motive,—immediately the critics begin to pull it apart. Not that honest and unbiased criticism is harmful; it is rather very helpful when prompted by the right motives, namely motives of zeal for the common good. But let us ask ourselves honestly how many times we are prompted by such motives, how many times the virtue of generosity is portrayed in the critics which we utter so lightly and which sometimes attack the very soul of another man's work.

There are a few small words in the English language which, introduced under certain conditions, wreak vengeance on the most innocent and most praiseworthy things under the sun. To choose but one such small word,—let us suggest to ourselves the use of the comparatively insignificant word,—but.

How often have we heard a person's character or works described by another; everything goes along innocently until all the good has been said. Then comes the division of thought; it is surprising how many imperfections loom up in the wake of that little "but."

He is an admirable character; he is kind to his family, he is a good business man—but. And then the listeners strain eagerly to catch the mysterious consequences of that which is inferred. They are careful not to lose a word which shall convert the honorable character of this man into something not quite so pleasant. They cannot bear to let him pass without picking some flaw in his life.

A famous preacher who was deeply versed in the ways of the human heart, once said: "How many men are damned by the use or rather misuse of that small two-edged sword, that little word of three letters,—but. How many reputations torn to shreds, how many noble impulses hindered, how many trembling hopes dashed to earth by the suggestions which it may imply! O, I would rather hear a man publicly revile his fellow-man in all sincerity, in the heat of passion, than hear him worming his way into the consciousness of others, suggesting by the clever innuendo things which may be so, which might be so, which possibly are so, but which in all probability are not so.

We may even say that the world hangs on the balance of little things, such as the misuse of one small word which brings a host of evil suggestions in its wake. "Who will dare to speak such a word?" asks Father Faber, reverting to the terrible fires kindled by the spoken word and which crumble into heaps of blanketed ashes the fairest flowers of genius, the tenderest hopes of human hearts.

There are those who, seeing the success of others, immediately conceive that certain works must of

necessity be the offspring of pride. They are willing to acknowledge that of themselves the works are meritorious, but—! And so, with distrust of their fellow-men, with the poisonous breath of evil suspicions clouding their vision, they pass judgment according to the little lights which they may have.

In many a quiet hour the victims of this universal unkindness reap the bitter fruits of the judgment passed upon them by the narrow standards of other men. It is only when, having passed through the deep waters of contradiction of which the Psalmist speaks, and having attained the peace which comes when no longer the judgments of men are feared or coveted, when they find themselves beyond the power of unkind words and enjoying that peace which is one of the most precious fruits of much striving after perfection,—that they no longer care.

It is no praiseworthy task to add wet wood to the burning pile of fuel which has been kindled by earnest ambition and Christian zeal. And yet, unfortunately, there are many men who perform this undesirable task.

Like the notable lady of the novelist's tale whose duty was to conduct the youthful daughters of the man who from abject poverty and a debtor's prison had suddenly become rich and proud—about the great memorials of foreign lands,—many men find it too common to praise that which other men find good. So it was that the renowned Mrs. General admonished her hapless charges who wandered exceedingly over the sights of Venice, that it was more polite not to wonder and point out to them that a certain celebrated tourist did not think much of it, and that he compared the Rialto, much to its disadvantage, with Westminster and Black Friars Bridges.

"It is a hard thing to live in the world, and to avoid the spirit of it," said a writer of long ago. And so we may say that it is a hard and impossible thing, to live in an atmosphere of kindly thought and charity toward our fellow-men without imbibing something of the sunshine which drives away the mists of distrust and doubt.

"Many a man," says the same writer, "looks to his neighbors a very monster of depravity, while the spiritual physician into whose ear he pours forth his woes, has been touched almost to tears with the spots of green verdure, the refined feminine sensibilities, the almost feminine sensibilities, the refined kindness, but above all with the moral shyness, the ground of so many virtues which he found in that great rough nature. Are we not learning every day how much good can dwell with so very much evil?"

The longer we live in the world, the less we are surprised at our own weakness and that of others, and the easier it becomes to pass over the little judgment of men to search for the bright light in the character of another.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"MOTHER"

There is one little debt that you can never pay, A debt that we regret when she's taken away, A debt that the best of us never have paid, To the best little sweetheart that God ever made, From the day that she gave you your first baby kiss, There's a love in her soul that could not go amiss; She's your pal, and the earth it has no other charms Like her own safe at rest cuddled up in her arms.

In the world there's no song half as sweet or as old As the sweet song of Mother, a theme pure as gold. It's been written and told since the bards started rhyme, Still it seems to grow richer and newer each time.

You may fall from the straight road to depths of despair—The world may forget you—still Mother is there. No matter how dirty or soot in sin, She'll open her heart and she'll snuggle you in. The debt that you owe her is quite an amount—'Twould be nice to pay something each day on account, So I've made up my mind to write each day a line To my real girl—that Old Irish Mother of Mine.

FRIENDS

In every heart, young and old, is a desire for friends. God put it there, and then gave us Himself to satisfy it. A certain writer has defined "friend" as "one who knows all our faults and loves us in spite of them." But who knows our faults more than the Saviour who lived and died for us? He, indeed, is our best Friend.

Being God, however, His generosity is as boundless as the sea. And, beyond Himself, He has given us other friends, most dear and most precious, too; a mother whom all the gold and gems that sparkle in the earth could not buy; a father whose daily toil tenderly makes it possible for us to live and enjoy so many advantages; sisters and brothers with whom to share our souls, to "divide our sorrows, to double our joys; and the companions whose kindness and considerate-

ness bring them as near to us as blood relationship, and make the day a thing of sunbeams.—Catholic Bulletin.

"THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY"

If your sense of social responsibility needs stimulation, read what a recent writer has to say about making yourself desirable company: "The pleasure of your company is requested" is the way the invitation reads. But it does not always happen that your company is pleasing. Yet no one has a right to accept such an invitation who is not pretty sure of being able to give pleasure as well as to get it. We think a great deal about our dress when we go into a company to which we have received a formal invitation. But important as it is that we should look our best, it matters a great deal more that the spirit should be in holiday attire. The young people who go into company in an unresponsive mood, who are self-conscious, casting shy glances this way and that to see how their apparel compares with that of others present, add little to the joyousness of the occasion.

If the pleasure of your company is to be real, go expecting to enjoy yourself. The people who accept invitations because they cannot think of any satisfactory excuse for staying away, make dreary guests. Go anticipating pleasure and you are pretty sure to give it. Every hostess welcomes the guest with a radiant face.

If the pleasure of your company is to be more than an empty phrase enter heartily into the entertainment provided. The hostess whose guests do not feel like doing anything she suggests, has a hard time. You may not care particularly for music, but that does not excuse you for looking bored, or still less, for whispering when someone is singing. You may not enjoy cards, but if that is the entertainment of the evening, enter into it as if there were nothing you liked better.

"The pleasure of your company!" Justify the trusting faith of the one who gives the invitation. Do not go to be a wall flower. Make up your mind that since the pleasure of your company is requested it shall be a real pleasure.—True Voice.

WHY NOT TRY THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA?

By G. K. Chesterton

Commenting in The New Witness on Mr. Bernard Shaw's new book "Back to Methuselah," Mr. G. K. Chesterton takes him vigorously to task for writing on the Immaculate Conception without knowing what it is.

It is refreshing to find Mr. Shaw still full of the very faults of youth; and the chief fault is impatience, with its natural result in ignorance. After really routing not only Darwin but Weismann and nearly all nineteenth century science, he calls a halt to warn us against going back to our "old superstitions." He then tells us what these superstitions are; and goes on to say that "if dwindling sects like the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and the rest, continue to preach them, they will dwindle to something yet more minute than their present microscopic insignificance. Members of the three Churches named, therefore, will naturally be interested to learn what their theology is; and it seems that their tenets are as follows: "That the world was made in the year 4004 B. C., that damnation means an eternity of blazing brimstone; that Immaculate Conception means that sex is sinful and that Christ was parthenogenetically brought forth by a Virgin, descended in like manner from a line of virgins right back to Eve; that the Trinity is an anthropomorphic monster, with three heads, which are yet only one head; that in Rome the bread and wine on the altar become flesh and blood, and in England, in a still more mystical manner, they do not; that the Bible is an infallible scientific manual, and accurate historical chronicle, and a complete guide to conduct; that we may lie and cheat and murder, and then wash ourselves innocent in the blood of the Lamb on Sunday, at the cost of a "Credo" and a penny in the plate, and so forth, and so forth." Amen.

Now I perfectly well understand that a man may make a rubbish-heap of Darwinism, and still wish to warn men against reacting towards Catholicism. I am myself in very much the same position about the rubbish heap of Capitalism and the apparent alternative of Socialism. But suppose, in the course of my many and delightful debates with Mr. Shaw, I were to write something like this: "A thoughtful citizen must see that there is no case for the Capitalist. But it does not follow that he need become a Socialist; that is, a man who believes that the date of the Class War is unalterably fixed for 1917 A. D.; that there is a great sea called Wages perpetually ebbing and flowing; that the Nationalization of the Means of Production means that all agriculture is wicked and that Lenin holds his position by hereditary right of descent from a long line of Socialist Presidents, sprung from the loins of Lycurgus; that the International is an anthropomorphic monster with millions of heads, and yet mystically all "of

WHY GIVE TO SULTAN WHAT WE DENY TO POPES?

London, Oct. 28.—Why should the British give privileges to the Sultan of Turkey which are refused to the Pope? asks the Anglican Church Times in falling foul of the Liberal Westminster Gazette, which thinks the Turks might be left to deal justly with the Armenians and the other Christian minorities who are being gradually exterminated under Turkish rule in the Near East.

The Church Times does not love the Pope, except as some kind of a superior Bishop, and it is strange to find this journal coming out more or less in defence of the Pope's position.

Particularly does it criticize the Westminster Gazette because it ventures to say that among the Mohammedans the Sultan holds a position similar to that which the Pope holds among Catholics. This, says the Church Times, is all humbug. It isn't true, and if it were true, which it is not, it would not be relevant. It would only be relevant, this Anglican journal goes on to say, if we (the British) guaranteed the temporal power of the Pope. If that had been done, then something might be said for backing up the temporal power of the Head of the Church of Turkey.

"In fact," continues the Church Times, "so far have we been from

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one mind"; that Hyndman is a Socialist because he justifies war, and Henderson a Socialist because he does and does not; that Das Capital is a lyric, an epic, a three volume novel, and an entertaining book of riddles for winter evenings; and finally that a Socialist may be encouraged to exploit, swindle, oppress the poor, and make millions by usury, so long as he puts everything right by wearing a red tie." If I were to gabble all this off with the greatest vivacity and confidence, as a complete statement of Socialist economics and ethics, and then tell dwindling sects like the Fabian Society that if they stuck to such absurd notions as the supernatural red tie and the intrinsic sin of agriculture, they would dwindle yet further—if I did all that, I fancy that certain impression would begin to form itself in Mr. Shaw's mind. I think he would silently conclude, even while I was speaking, that my conclusions about Socialism were not of very great value; since I obviously had not taken the trouble to find out what it was. He would perceive that my speech was a farrago of phrases that Socialists sometimes use, used for purposes for which they do not use them, with a few things which they do maintain mixed up with numbers of things that nobody out of a madhouse could maintain. That is how I feel when reading his summary of the popular religion and the three historic Churches mentioned. It does not annoy me; because it has nothing to do with anything I ever heard of. For instance; somebody (I cannot imagine who) is accused of holding that Immaculate Conception means that sex is sinful. Mr. Shaw himself does not know what it means. Why not ask? Why not consult a good encyclopaedia? He would soon discover that the Immaculate Conception has really hardly anything to do with sex, except in an ultimate sense of presenting a pattern of a perfect woman as well as of a perfect man. The dogma, true or false, says that the Mother of Christ was free, not solely or specially from sexual sin, but from all original sin; a mystical stain which Mr. Shaw might probably deny in any case. In short, as somebody truly pointed out, it merely says about the Mother of Christ what men like Mr. Shaw would say about the Mother of Christ and about everybody else. What he can possibly mean by the passage about the long line of virgins, or who on earth he imagines to believe in that particular pedigree, I have tried to imagine, but in vain.

I cannot even contradict a thing, for I cannot even conjecture to what it refers. The rest of the statement, however, I can contradict in complete confidence. There are some very queer things taught in the Church of England; and some I think should not be tolerated by any Christian Church; but I will answer for it that Mr. Shaw never heard anybody teach that all sex is sinful, in the Church of Rome it would certainly be heresy to teach it. In the Greek Church, I imagine, it would be if possible more heretical, for that Church blesses the marriage of priests as well as laymen. Why not try the encyclopaedia?

guaranteeing the temporal power of the Pope we excluded the Pope from the Peace Conference. Why we should give privileges to the Sultan which we refuse to the Pope is unintelligible, and certainly is the negation of those democratic principles for which the Westminster Gazette contends.—N. C. W. C.

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A WIDOW'S ROSARY

I bless myself and kiss the cross, And the holy Creed I tell; The Paters and Aves trip off my tongue, For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old beads, I've told in the same old way—I got them my First Communion morn, And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked, (And I said them joyfully,) When Our Lord was only a Child himself At His Blessed Mother's knee.

Ochone! But it's many and many a year I've turned from the joyful deeds; And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went, And 'himself' next morning died, Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries That end with the Crucified?

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead, A-kneeling beside my bed, We two women—God's Mother and me—Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell Her pains and her darling Son's— It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven, To think of the Glorious ones.

AN APPEAL FOR HOMES FOR CHILDREN

The normal human heart can never be satisfied or comforted by any creature incapable of responding fully to the pure affection God has placed there.

That is why it is so easy and natural for us to regard children as the most suitable subject for the investment of our best love, the richest treasure God has entrusted to us.

Under the care of the good Sisters of St. Joseph at the Orphanage at London there are many little ones for whom good Catholic foster-homes are desired—boys and girls who need all that normal family life can bring to them and who would repay a thousand fold the love and care expended on them.

A number of these children are wards of the London Children's Aid Society. They are Canadian boys and girls, bright, active children, any of whom would be a real asset in your home.

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Then there is another family of three little girls, sisters, about the same ages as the three brothers, eleven, eight and seven years—bright little girls who will gladden the homes into which they go.

A brother and sister, the little girl, six, and the little boy, eight years old, are also ready to go into foster-homes. Could not some childless home take them both in?

Would you like the companionship of an intelligent, well-mannered, little girl of thirteen years? Or is there room on your farm for a lad of fifteen years. A fine little fellow who recently came back to the Sisters from a foster-home through no fault of his own.

There are also in the Institution other children, a number of little boys from six to eight years of age who are wards of the Sisters and can be placed into foster-homes. In the Nursery there are some dear wee mites of baby boys and girls to whom your heart would go out if you could see them. To take one of them into your home would be the finest and the most satisfying act of your lives.

All these children need homes today and applications will gladly be received by W. E. Kelly, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, City Hall, London, Ontario, or by the Mother Superior, Mt. St. Joseph Home, London, Ontario.

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OUR WORK EXPANDS

HOUSE PURCHASED ON LAKE ONTARIO

We reprint the following from Father Fraser's China which is published at the China Mission College, Almonte, Ont.—E. C. R.

Two of the houses in Almonte occupied by our students are mere shacks deprived of every sanitary convenience and open to all the blasts of winter. Last year they all managed to crowd into the big brick house, but this year that is impossible on account of increased numbers, and we were looking forward anxiously to the approach of winter, when unexpectedly Providence came to the rescue. Strange to say, we began a novena to St. Francis Xavier, the first we had made to this Patron of Missions, and were at the last day, when His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, kindly wrote proposing that we take a large house for sale in Scarborough on the shore of Lake Ontario.

After examining the house and location and finding it suitable, we made the purchase, trusting that Divine Providence will send us the wherewith to pay for it, in His Own good time; Blessed be His Holy Name! Who prepares nests for the birds of the air, and covering for the beasts of the forest!

Really, when we contemplate how God has so quickly responded to all our requests, since we began this work, we tremble at His proximity. Not a single thing was denied us—everything came at its due time. We take this occasion to offer public thanks to Him, and ask our readers and friends to join with us in doing the same.

By transferring a number of our students to these newly-acquired premises we can pass the winter without the danger of any of them being frozen in their beds or losing their health.

The expense, however, of upkeep will be greatly increased, and we entreat our friends not to abandon us. We are doing everything for the Glory of God and the salvation of souls, millions of whom are perishing in far-off China. Send us now a donation towards the support of students preparing themselves for the missionary work in China—God will return it a hundred-fold.

MALTESE ASSEMBLY

MAKES CATHOLICISM OFFICIAL RELIGION

London, Nov. 12.—According to an announcement in the Osservatore Romano the Legislative Assembly of Malta, on the occasion of its first meeting after the recent elections, passed a resolution declaring that the Roman Catholic Religion is the only religion officially recognized in the islands of Malta and Gozo.

It now appears quite clear that certain Protestant agencies, totally unconnected with the British Government, have been greatly interested in preventing this official recognition of the Catholic Church as the only recognized religion in Malta.

The framers of the Constitution have been in the position of having to counter an energetic Protestant propaganda at home, and at the same time of not giving offence to the Maltese, who take the greatest pride in the fact that the Catholic Church was established in their island by the Apostle Saint Paul in the year 62 of the Christian Era.

The question has been settled by the Maltese Legislature itself, who following out the covering ordinance to the new Constitution, have proclaimed the Catholic Church to be the official religion of their island. On the day preceding the formal opening of their Parliament by the Prince of Wales, the legislative heads and all the Members and Senators with Lord Plumer, the Governor, attended solemn religious worship in the Cathedral of St. John at Valetta. As the Governor is the representative of the Crown, his official attendance at Mass in the cathedral of Malta settles the matter so far as the official representative is concerned.—N.C.W.C.

YOUNG BLASPHEMER MEETS TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION

By N. C. W. C. News Service
Baden, Nov. 11.—A terrible retribution has befallen a blasphemer of Waldshut, a small town in Baden. With several companions this young man went one Sunday recently on a walk to a neighboring village. In passing a churchyard on the way, they noted the large number of crosses, which prompted them to the most reviling language. Finally, the leader of the group climbed to the top of a wooden crucifix, removed the corpus and then replaced it with the head down and feet above, while his companions stood about and laughed.

Two days later there was a horrible accident in the Lonza factory. A young workman was caught by a machine and dragged in between the wheels with his head down and feet above. In a few seconds he was torn and crumpled to pieces. It was the same young man who two days previous had inverted the figure on the cross.

Thou wilt find all that in a manner loss, which thou hast placed in men out of Jesus.

OBITUARY

REV. MOTHER M. ANTOINETTE FLAHAVEN

On Friday, the 11th ult. Reverend Mother M. Antoinette Flahaven died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, and on Saturday the 12th ult. Sister Mary Petronella Roney departed this life at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. The reception at the Motherhouse of the remains of these two beloved Sisters was the occasion of a solemn and very impressive ceremony. In the dim light of fading day, amid the glow of flickering tapers the Sisters preceded by the Cross Bearer chanted in procession the prayers for the dead until the two coffins were placed side by side before the Altar where in the morning of life's early days the Spouses of Christ, now still in death had offered their vows to God.

Reverend Mother M. Antoinette Flahaven began her religious life on Nov. 1, 1875. For several years she was engaged as teacher in the Separate Schools. Later she was appointed Mistress of Novices and afterwards Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. It was as Superior-General of all the houses of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the diocese of Hamilton that her characteristic virtues became manifest. Self was annihilated, while zeal for the souls, love for the orphan child and desire for God's greater honor and glory inflamed her heart.

In August, failing health obliged the deceased to resign the office of Superior of the House of Providence, Dundas, and it was hoped a sojourn in Guelph would prove beneficial. A serious attack of illness on the first Friday of October gave evidence of the approaching end which occurred at St. Joseph's Hospital on Nov. 11th. Besides the members of the Community two brothers, John of Hamilton, James of Philadelphia, and a nephew, Rev. J. J. Flahaven of Teeswater, mourn her loss.

SISTER M. PETRONELLA ROONEY

Sister Petronella entered the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, on Jan. 6, 1875, and St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, was chosen for her as the vineyard wherein she was to labor for nearly forty years. Generosity and self-sacrifice in God's service added to proficiency and skill in ministering to the sick marked the daily life of this devoted Sister. Latterly she resided at the Convent in Hamilton. Her illness was of short duration and after the reception of the Last Sacraments at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, on Nov. 12th she resigned her soul into the Hands of her Creator and calmly slept in peace. The deceased is survived by two nieces, Sister Marcella and Sister Eusebia of St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, and a nephew, Mr. William Rooney of Toronto.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on Monday, Nov. 14th, by His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, assisted by Rev. J. J. Flahaven, deacon, and Rev. J. F. Hinchey, sub-deacon. Rev. A. J. Leyes was deacon of honor and Very Rev. G. Cassidy, sub-deacon of honor. Among the other clergy present were Very Rev. J. T. Kelly, V. G., and Rev. T. Malone, Dundas; Rev. G. Cleary, Hamilton Beach; Rev. J. A. O'Sullivan, Rev. J. E. McNeill, Rev. L. McBride, Rev. J. Ryan, St. Mary's Cathedral, Rev. J. Englert, St. Ann's Church, Rev. F. McHugh, Rev. A. Callaghan, Rev. J. McCowell.

Messrs. H. L. Humphrey, Frank Radigan, James Keating, P. Ryan, J. J. Ford and Dr. Downes were pall-bearers.

DAVID BOURKE

Vancover Daily World
New Westminster, Nov. 7.—Falling into a gentle sleep in the early hours of Sunday morning, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. W. E. Morrison, 13 1/2 Cariboo Street, Royal City's oldest poet crossed the bar at 4.30 a. m. David Dominick Bourke, the stalwart, great-hearted son of Erin, whose figure was so well-known on the streets of New Westminster has crossed the great divide, but in crossing has left behind the testimony of a good man; the sure and certain belief in immortality. His last poem, written on the thirteenth of September last, carries a wonderful touch of pathos, and it is characteristic of the then dying man that his last poetic prayer should be for others. He was a lover of his fellow men, and his great generosity to all sufferers was well known.

The late Mr. Bourke was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1845, and came to America when fifteen years of age. He was a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College, Nova Scotia, where he afterwards taught school. He was appointed hospital overseer and deputy warden of Stony Mountain penitentiary, and held that position for nine years before he was transferred in 1899 to New Westminster.

He held the position of deputy warden at the New Westminster Penitentiary until 1907, when he retired and devoted his time to writing poetry and prose. He was seventy-six years of age at the time of his death, and standing always erect to his full height of six feet four inches, he was probably the most commanding figure in the Royal City, as he was built in proportion.

He is survived by his widow, three sons, Walter Bourke, Abbotsford; Hubert D. Bourke, New Westminster; and Archie Bourke, U. S. A.

and five daughters, Mrs. James Clifford, Vancouver; Mesdames Francis Mahoney and W. E. Morrison, New Westminster; Miss Katie Bourke, nursing in Pasadena, Cal.; and Sister Wilhelmina Bourke, St. Patrick's Hospital, Missoula, Mont. The funeral took place on Tuesday from St. Peter's Cathedral to the Roman Catholic cemetery at Sapperton.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Dec. 4.—St. Barbara, whose father Dioscorus, was so engaged at her conversion that he caused her to be terribly tortured and later beheaded her with his own hand. While her soul was being borne to paradise, a flash of lightning killed Dioscorus.

Monday, Dec. 5.—St. Sabas, one of the renowned patriarchs of Palestine, who early forsook the world and entered a monastery. Later he dwelt in a cave on the tops of a high mountain. His sanctity became widely known and he was made superior of the anchorites of Palestine. He died in 532 at the age of ninety-four.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—St. Nicholas of Bari, patron of Russia. He is generally represented as standing by the side of a vessel wherein a certain man had concealed the bodies of three of his children whom he had killed, but who were restored to life by the saint. St. Nicholas died in 342 and his relics were translated in 1807 to Bari in Italy, where after fifteen centuries, the "manna of St. Nicholas" flows from the bones and cures many illnesses.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—St. Ambrose, governor and later chosen Bishop of Milan, who showed fearless zeal in foiling the impious attempts of the Emperor Justinian to give one of the Milanese churches to Arians. He rebuked and led to penance the Emperor Theodosius.

Thursday, Dec. 8.—The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a holy day of obligation in the United States, on which we honor the privilege of Mary, who was exempted from original sin.

Friday, Dec. 9.—St. Leodegaria, virgin and martyr of Toledo, who was executed by order of Dacian in the Diocletian persecution of 304. She is honored as the principal patroness of Toledo, in which city three churches bear her name.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—St. Eulalia, virgin and martyr of Merida in Spain whose sides were first torn with iron hooks and who was later burned to death during the Diocletian persecution.

TAKE US BACK, O FATHER

Thou art angry, O my Father, And Thine anger I can see In the great distress of millions Who have wandered far from Thee. We have left Thy well-marked road-ways, Where Thy guiding hand had led, And we sought new trails through forest, Growing denser as we sped. We are lost in wild amazement As we penetrate the gloom, And see nothing but affliction, Pressing closer to our doom.

On our highlands and our lowlands Happy flocks in millions roam, Feeding gently till the whistle Of the Shepherd calls them home.

Let us hear Thy call, O Father, For the night is drawing near, And the dangers which surround us Fill the hours with sudden fear.

Take us back, O Father, take us From the cursed new-made trails, Where the soul of man is purchased, And where woman's virtue fails.

Where the scoffer mocks Thy prayer, Given us in Galilee, And which calls to Thee, O Father, For the bread we do not see.

We are desolate and lonely, Since Thy guiding hand we lost, Take us back, O take us Father, For Thy Christ, who paid the cost.

—D. D. BOURKE
Sept. 30, 1921. New Westminster, B. C.

DIED

Du Brooy.—At Fallowfield, Ont., November 24, 1921, Jett Du Brooy, aged sixty-four years. May her soul rest in peace.

FARRELL.—At her late residence, lot 15, concession 7, on November 21st, Julia Nelson, widow of the late Thomas Farrell, aged seventy-nine years. Interment at St. Peter's cemetery, Nov. 24th, from St. Michael's church. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

A PRINCIPAL able to teach English and French wanted for the Separate School, Bilingual, No. 2, Massey, Wrie, Secretary, Separate School Board, Massey, Ont. 2259-3

TEACHERS wanted for Catholic Separate schools, Fort William, Ont., holding second class Ontario certificate. Salary \$850 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1921. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room 111, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2259-17

WANTED for North Bay Separate Schools Normal 7, in-d. teachers for intermediate forms. Salary \$850 per annum. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1922. Apply stating experience with testimonials to Secretary, Separate School Board, North Bay, Ont. 2252-2

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 5, West Williams. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1922. Apply stating salary, qualification and experience to Lachlan Steele, R. E. No. 5, Parkhill, Ont. 2252-2

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No. F15A 1 1/524288 " " 1/33554432 " 25c.
No. F15A 1 1/1048576 " " 1/67108864 " 25c.
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