

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## REAL CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

By Capt. Francis McLaughlin  
Warsaw, Saturday.

For the last two months, I have been investigating the religious situation in Russia. There religion is closely allied to politics, and the keenest foreign diplomatists in Moscow are keeping a sharp eye on the religious barometer. The Bolsheviks are keeping a sharp eye on it too. There is nothing they are more afraid of than a religious revival of any kind in Russia, and they have made preparations against it. By the decree of January 21, 1921, they strictly forbid the giving of religious instruction to any one under eighteen years of age. By Articles 63 and 119 of their Criminal Code they inflict the punishment of death on any one who "utilizes the religious prejudices of the masses" against the Soviet Government. By Article 63 of the Constitution they disfranchise all ministers of religion, Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant, &c.

UNWILLING TO TALK THROUGH FEAR OF ADDED PERSECUTION

The Orthodox tried to hide from me the internal troubles in their church. The Roman Catholics, the Evangelicals, the Methodists and the other religious denominations which are at work in Russia were very unwilling to give me any information at all owing to the fear that, if published at the present juncture, it would do them no good with the Bolsheviks. They were unwilling even to speak of the persecution to which they are being subjected by the Reds lest that persecution should be redoubled in violence.

In the second place I had to avoid, as far as possible, offending the susceptibilities of any religious body, and especially of the Russians, who are morbidly sensitive not only to any criticism of their persecuted church, but even to the most restrained and sympathetic statements of that church's present position. They see a great church, persecuted but impregnable, besieged by infidels and schismatics but supported by the unwavering faith of the *muschik* and certain to emerge from the fiery furnace stronger and hater and greater than ever.

Why write about that dreary "Red Church and those unhappy divisions?" they cry. "Remain silent, and the whole thing will right itself."

This is a typically Russian appeal, but I fail to see anything in it. In 1916 these same *emigres* would have regarded it as absolutely unthinkable that the peasants would ever permit the "Little Father" to be dethroned and murdered, and would cheerfully divide up the estates, not only of the landowners but also of the church. Now they hug another illusion, namely, that the *muschik* will by some miracle remain Christian.

Religious Russia, like irreligious Russia, resembles the cone of a crater in active eruption and hidden by dense clouds of smoke. Where there are depressions today there may be protuberances tomorrow; where there are lava peaks today, there may be deep crevices tomorrow, and over peaks and depressions alike there always hangs a cloud of blinding and suffocating vapors which deceive the eye, affect the nerves and consequently disturb the judgment.

To apply this comparison to the Orthodox Church, nobody can say exactly what will happen save that if religion remains untaught, as it is at present, religion will inevitably disappear. But there may be a great Orthodox revival, and the Russian Church may emerge from this trial stronger than ever. There may be a drift toward Rome or toward Canterbury, or toward Methodism, but in any case this problem is the most important problem in Russia today. It is more important than the political question or the economic question, for, once it is satisfactorily settled, everything else will settle itself.

BOLSHEVIKI HAVE DREAD THAT THEY WILL UNITE CHRISTIANS

To look at the matter in a more cheerful light, the difficulties and the sufferings of the Russian Church may bring all the Christian churches together and thus heal the deepest and oldest wound in the whole of Christian history.

The Bolsheviks have a horrible suspicion that it is they who are destined, in spite of themselves, to bring all the various churches of Christendom together. In an article headed "The approaching Union of the Black Internationals" the *Bezbozhnik* (Atheist), a Moscow newspaper supported by the Soviet Government, fears that Bolshevism will, without intending it, accomplish what no other movement has ever done, namely, the restoration of Christian unity. "The religious differences which exist among these churches take a secondary place," it says, "when they all find themselves face to face with Communism."

And, most dreadful shock of all, it is America, the Land of the Dollar, the country of rank materialism (in the opinion of the Reds), which is most active for Christian unity and which is playing far the greatest part in the religious awakening which is going on in Russia today. The Bolshevik explanation is that America is the only country in the world which has got any money; but on the question of how it comes to pass that America is so full of religious zeal the Bolsheviks offer no explanation. They are simply "flabbergasted."

Behind every religious revival which is taking place in Russia you will always find American dollars and American religious energy. The Methodist organizations in Russia are all American. The Russian Missionary Society, which is operating from London, is largely supported by American evangelists. Rome itself was represented in Moscow by an American clergyman and the Papal Relief Fund is largely subscribed by citizens of the U. S. A. The Reds have been investigating religious movements; and whenever they ask in wrath, "Who is behind this?" the answer is always "America."

With the approach of Christmas the diabolical hatred of the Russian Reds for everything Christian had got the upper hand again, despite the fact that their own interests counsel moderation.

The Patriarch Tikhon again is under house arrest in the Donosky monastery. The Reds had become alarmed at the popularity which he had acquired in Moscow, where the incumbents of half the Orthodox churches declared themselves on his side, and the recent visit to Moscow of the Anglican Bishop Bury raised this alarm to fever pitch. Or, to be more accurate, the ignorant and ferociously anti-Christian force whereof the whole Bolshevik Government is founded and whereby it is maintained in power took alarm at the freedom permitted to the Orthodox during Bishop Bury's visit to Tchitehrin, Litvinov and other atheist leaders of the Reds who are more far sighted (and therefore more dangerous) than their humbler followers; hence the present arrests of priests and bishops and the recrudescence of persecution.

BREAKS CONTRACT WITH HEAD OF PAPAL RELIEF MISSION

Methodists, Baptists and all Protestant bodies are suffering equally with the Orthodox, but the Roman Catholics, and especially that branch of the Roman Catholics which calls itself the Uniat Church, are suffering most of all. The Uniat Church has, indeed, been completely wiped out, inasmuch as all its priests have been arrested, all its churches closed, and its one convent broken up. Dr. Edmund J. Walsh, the head of the Papal Relief Mission, has been forced to leave Russia not indeed by direct order of the Soviet Government but by petty persecutions which could not be tolerated.

In the first place it must be remembered that the Papal Relief Mission is a relief mission and not a diplomatic mission. It gives food and clothing to an enormous number of Russians whom the Soviet Government cannot feed or clothe or employ. It entered Russia under an agreement similar to that of the American Relief Association and other foreign relief missions; in other words, its agents were granted diplomatic privileges and allowed to communicate with the Vatican by courier. Recently Dr. Walsh, the head of this organization, rented from the Soviet Government a large house alongside the British mission on the Fovarskaya, and he had to rent it from the Government, as the Government is the owner of all house property and every other kind of property. He rented it for five years and paid all the rent in advance.

First of all, I should say, he got an agreement from the Government that it would not quarter any one on him without his approval. This agreement was necessary as the Bolsheviks have a law allotting so many cubic feet of lodging to every person in Moscow.

When the head of the "Burobin" (bureau of foreigners) had signed with Dr. Walsh a contract which gave him absolute possession of the house for five years, and stipulated that neither that bureau nor any other Bolshevik organization was to have the right of quartering persons in this house, Dr. Walsh spent the equivalent of \$5,000 in repairing and equipping it. When he had done this the Soviet Government told him that it had decided to place a Bolshevik commissar in the house, "whose business was to look after the drains, the electric light, &c." In reality he was to act as a spy on Dr. Walsh, to listen at keyholes, to steal documents and to report every day to the G. P. U. No foreign mission would, of course, tolerate such a person. If the Burobin had insisted on planting one of its spies in, say the British mission, Mr. R. M. Hodgson would leave Moscow if the first train.

THE ATTEMPT TO MANEUVER THE PAPACY INTO RECOGNITION

Consequently Dr. Walsh refused to receive the Red commissar into his house. At the same time the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs intimidated Dr. Walsh that his privilege of sending his letters to the Vatican by special courier would henceforth cease. Dr. Walsh protested, but Tchitcherin insisted that the letters of the papal mission must henceforth be sent by the ordinary post, "the ordinary facilities being now adequate," as he said.

The Vatican lodged a mild but definite ultimatum that it could not continue to maintain a mission unless that mission had the right, which the A. B. A. had to send out correspondence couriers, unless it were also accorded the right enjoyed by every private citizen in all countries outside Russia, of excluding from its house persons whom it considered as undesirable lodgers.

The Soviet Government thereupon presented a counter ultimatum, saying: "Sign the undertaking to let a commissar live in your house, or else leave the house." At the same time a Bolshevik agent, probably a cut-throat of the G. P. U., presented himself in the papal mission and proceeded to examine all the rooms with the object of selecting one as his own. He finally selected Dr. Walsh's own private room, locked it, put the key in his pocket and went away. The head of the papal mission went too. As soon as the agent of the Soviet Government crossed the threshold he left by another door. A kit bag containing his few personal effects had long been packed, ready for departure, and he had no difficulty in finding a place on the train. The Bolsheviks seemed, indeed, to regret his departure. They had not expected him to act so abruptly, and they must have counted on his giving way, or else obviating all difficulties by acknowledging the Soviet as a *de jure* government.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN RUSSIA PULLING TOGETHER VERY WELL

This latter indeed was the object of all the inconveniences inflicted on Dr. Walsh and the Papal Mission. They were inflicted deliberately in order that Dr. Walsh might see that the only exit from them was a complete recognition of Lenin's Red Republic by Pius XI, and the conversion of the Papal Relief Mission into a regular nunciature. The Bolsheviks themselves intimated clearly that the instant this recognition was accorded all difficulties would disappear, the mission would be allowed to use a papal courier, to enjoy extra territoriality, to possess all the diplomatic privileges of an embassy, to fly the papal flag, to do anything that the German Minister or the English commercial agent could do.

And no doubt the Bolsheviks would keep their word, for recognition by the Papacy would enormously increase their prestige. They would use it to excite the envy of Canterbury and the Methodists and the Baptists in order to make England and America accord *de jure* recognition also.

Canterbury and Rome, which they want to set at each other's throats, understand each other perfectly well, and also understand perfectly well the trap which the Bolsheviks are laying for them. The Orthodox, the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists and the other Christian bodies are all in the same boat, and all perfectly aware that Bolshevism wishes to wreck them. I cannot, for certain reasons, give further particulars; but all Christian churches in Russia are pulling together far better than the Red atheists imagine. Even the religious minded Jews are co-operating.

The bait held out to the Papal mission in Russia was certainly a tempting one. Were Pius XI to recognize *de jure* the Atrocities which call itself the Government of Russia he would instantaneously acquire in Moscow an impregnable stronghold wherein he could carry on any religious movement he liked, wherein he could shelter monks and nuns working for the redemption of the Eastern and Western churches, wherein religious services could be held even if they were forbidden elsewhere. And though this recognition would raise the prestige of the Soviet Government, it would also show the common people in Russia that the great Western Patriarch must indeed be a very powerful, most indeed be far above Patriarch Tikhon, to have such concessions made to him.

But Pius XI refused to recognize the Soviet as a civilized Power, though he would be willing to keep a relief mission in Russia in order to succor the naked and famished victims of Bolshevik misgovernment. Even this relief mission he will withdraw, however, unless he is allowed to communicate with it by other means and not through the

Bolshevik post office, where every one of his letters would quite certainly be opened.

An assistant of Dr. Walsh's is in charge of the mission premises, and if Rome decides that the relief work should be continued it will be continued. If it thinks that Dr. Walsh should be replaced, by some one else he will be so replaced. It orders the mission to leave, I have it must. In this latter eventuality, however, Catholicity will have received a knockout blow in Russia. All its bishops are now living in exile. Archbishop Clelak is dying in prison. A person who saw him two months ago says that it is very doubtful if he will survive till the end of the month. The Exarch Fedorov, the head of all the Catholics of the Slav rite in Russia, is also in prison, undergoing a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. There are twenty-two Catholic priests in the Butyrka prison alone, and it is not known exactly how many are confined in other jails but it is quite certain that owing to the number of Roman Catholic priests who have been murdered, imprisoned or exiled, the Catholic Church cannot, humanly speaking, continue to function in Russia.

ARREST OF THE STUDENTS; THE REDS RAID A CONVENT

The Uniat Church, a Russian church which acknowledges Rome, has been completely obliterated by the Bolsheviks. On November 7, the Bolshevik police made a raid on a house in Prechistensky Boulevard, Moscow, which had long been used as a seminary where Catholic ecclesiastical students were secretly prepared for the priesthood. Such neophytes in Petrograd and Moscow carry on other occupations during the daytime. Some are waiters, some street sweepers, some Red soldiers, some shop assistants. At night they study their ecclesiastical books, and pray—but they must needs pray cautiously, as their work is in the highest degree illegal, and throughout Russia there are sharp ears listening for the sound of prayer.

A raid was made simultaneously on a house in the same boulevard which was occupied by twenty-three Dominican nuns under the direction of Madame Abrikossova, and all of them Russian converts save one, a Polish girl. This convent had been teaching religion to children, assisting the poor, comforting the sick and the orphans. The raid began at 11 p. m. Just as the sisters had finished saying their night prayers and were preparing to lie down on the floor, for such is their extreme poverty they have no beds, the door was burst open by a band of Red soldiers, who had drawn their revolvers. Along with them came seven agents of the notorious G. P. U., or Department of the Secret Police, one of those agents being a woman. These ruffians gathered all the sisters into one room and kept them there till 4:30 next morning, subjecting them all to a most savage interrogatory, casting ridicule and scorn on their religious practices and terrorizing them.

The sisters thus passed a night of agony. Then at 5:30 a. m. an automobile arrived from the G. P. U. and in it Madame Abrikossova, the superior, and seven or eight sisters were carried off to prison. On the same night similar raids and arrests were made at the houses of adherents of the Uniat Church all over Moscow, and thirteen such adherents are now in prison. (Later information places the number at nineteen; the arrests and raids are still going on.)

Next day Father Nicholas was arrested. Another great trial like that of the *Cherny* will apparently follow to enliven the Bolshevik.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE BIRDS

Paris, Nov. 24.—M. Jean Delacour, president of the French League for the Protection of Birds, has received the following letter from Cardinal Gasparri:

Mr. President,  
The League for the Protection of Birds, the aim and activity of which you have described to the Holy Father, did not fail to attract the very kind attention of His Holiness.

This is a cause which finds in the Gospel its greatest claim to the sympathy of the faithful. How, indeed could one be cruel toward the joyous creatures of the air who—as Our Lord warns us—are cared for by the Heavenly Father? This is why His Holiness expresses the desire that this initiative of kindness and gentleness may find among Catholics the welcome it deserves.

P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

M. Jean Delacour is a young scientist of ample means who devotes his fortune almost entirely to the study and climatology of birds. On his estate at Villers-Bretonneux he had formed a collection, unequalled in France, of rare birds from all parts of the world. The

birds had the greatest freedom possible, in an immense park especially arranged for them. The bombardment of Villers-Bretonneux destroyed the park and scattered or annihilated the collections. Not discouraged, M. Delacour is traveling through the world since the armistice, in an effort to reorganize his collections.

## PROGRESS OF FAITH IN ENGLAND

WORK OF THE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD

By H. CHRISTOPHER WALTON

Cardinal Bourne has just paid a visit to the university city of Cambridge for a double purpose; first to attend the reunion of the Cambridge University Catholic Association, and secondly, to bless and enclose a new Carmelite convent in the city.

The second of these objects is of more than passing interest, since the establishment of the new convent means that both Oxford and Cambridge have now each a Carmelite in their midst, and both these houses have been established this year.

CATHOLIC VOCATIONS INCREASE

But of greater interest still is the fact that while organized Protestants in this country appear to be falling apart, and splitting up into diverse factions; while religion is generally supposed to have lost its hold on the religious life, among women of all events, and especially to the austere orders like the Carmelites and the Clares, are more numerous than that they have been, certainly for some four centuries. This increase of religious vocations amongst the Catholics, and the apparent falling off of religious interest amongst those outside the Church is one of the most significant religious developments of the times.

The reunion of the Cambridge University Catholic Association, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was the guest of honor, was a striking incident of the good relations that exist between the University authorities and the Catholics who are members of the various colleges. Catholics were predominant amongst the guests on the occasion; but Cardinal Bourne had as his fellow guests the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who is a Protestant clergyman, and the Master of Magdalen College, who is the elder brother of the late Mr. Robert Hugh Benson and himself a Protestant.

CARDINAL SPEAKS ON LATIN CULTURE

In proposing the health of His Eminence the Cardinal, the President of the Catholic Association called attention to the extraordinary progress made by the Catholic Church in England during the past twenty years; a progress which, the speaker said, was very largely to be accounted for by the truly remarkable personality of the Cardinal Archbishop.

In his reply, Cardinal Bourne avoided the personal reference and spoke of the enormous influence that Latin culture has had on the formation of the English arts. There was, the Cardinal said, a whole range of intellectual culture which grew out of, and was dependent on, the worship, the liturgy and the doctrine of the Latin Church. If the Latin Church exercised her due influence those spheres of culture flourished and extended. If for any reason the activities of the Latin Church were curtailed, those particular spheres of culture diminished and ultimately perished.

On the Sunday during his visit Cardinal Bourne gave an address to the Catholic undergraduates in the chapel which is restricted to Catholic members of the University. The oratory is quite small, and both it and the adjoining room and even the staircases were packed with undergraduates who had flocked to hear the Cardinal's address.

Speaking on the subject of developing their intellectual endowments, Cardinal Bourne told the students that they could never understand secular legislation unless they understood the history of the Catholic Church. The reason why the good politicians of England were always going astray, the Cardinal asserted, was because they did not understand where the Catholic Church came in.

RECORD OF CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD

The Bishop of Miletopolis, Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Westminster, presided at the annual conference of the Westminster Catholic Evidence Guild at the Cathedral Hall.

The account of the activities of the Guild, whose mission is to carry the Gospel of Catholic Christianity into the parks and public places of London.

The Guild has now 122 speakers, of whom no fewer than 80 are taking the platforms regularly. Every week addresses are given from 35 public platforms, and the

average speaking for the week is about 80 hours.

The Guild, so the report stated, has aroused the widest interest in all parts of the world. Founded originally to bring the truths of Catholicism to an English public brought up in an unreasoned tradition of anti-Catholicism, the work of the Guild has given ideas to Catholics of many countries in the direction of the lay apostolate. Father Gavan-Duffy, S. J., spoke of the great change in the attitude towards the Catholic Church by the non-Catholic English public. The grandparents of the present Catholic generation—Father Gavan-Duffy said—could tell that when they were born the liberal professions were closed to Catholics, the professions of whose faith was a disgrace in the eyes of the world and a hindrance to success. But now the Church was no longer on the defensive. She had come almost into her own, and was thundering her message throughout the land. One found today very few non-Catholics who had not a relative or connection in the Catholic Church.

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## CATHOLIC NOTES

New York, Dec. 14.—Convicted of violating the postal laws by publishing a birth control advertisement, Carlos Treasa, radical editor, was sentenced to Atlanta penitentiary for a year and a day.

Cleveland, December 12.—Sister Mary Irene, fifty-five years old, superior of Charity Hospital for two terms, died last Monday. She had been a member of the Sisters of Charity for thirty-five years, and was a recognized authority on hospital management. She was Elizabeth Kelly and a native of Ireland.

The Center or Catholic Party of Germany has issued a proclamation announcing its opposition to any attempt to dismember Germany. The statement announces that the Centerists will support the unity of the country at all costs declaring: "Even the vilest misery shall not make us traitors to the Fatherland."

At the Third Annual Book Week session which opened on Monday, Nov. 12, at the Wanamaker Auditorium, New York, Joel Townsley Rogers, author of "Once in a Red Room" one of the six authors who spoke at the opening session, made a plea for more laughter. He argued that the Ku Klux Klan could better be routed by being made ridiculous than by serious treatment.

Madrid, Dec. 4.—In the comments published on the subject of the speech made at the Vatican by King Alfonso, considerable emphasis is given to the request that the Holy Father increase the number of Spanish members of the Sacred College and of the Noble Guard. This request is interpreted as demonstrating the necessity of giving a more international character to the Roman Curia.

St. Columbans, Neb., Dec. 12.—Nine more priests have arrived at St. Columbans, Han Yang, China. Accompanying the new arrivals were four Christian Brothers. The six Sisters of Loretto (Nerinx, Ky.) who departed from Seattle in September have also reached Han Yang where they will labor as auxiliaries of the Columban Fathers. In the Hupeh District there are now 50 Columban Missionaries.

Jerusalem, Dec. 1.—Official announcement has been made here that His Eminence Orestes Cardinal Giorgi, general penitentiary of the Church and Cardinal protector of the Franciscan Order, will be present at the dedication of the Basilica of the Transfiguration on Mount Thabor next April. Cardinal Giorgi will be one of the few Cardinals who ever have visited the Holy Land.

Two diamond studded crowns stolen from the heads of the Virgin and the Child in the Covadonga Cathedral at Oviedo were recovered from the river at Gijon. A German who was arrested in connection with the robbery is said to have confessed to the police that he stole the jeweled crowns and threw them into the river intending to fish them out later. The jewels were the gift of the Austrians in America in 1918.

St. Columban, Neb., Dec. 12.—Father E. J. Galvin reports that during the twelve months ending in the early fall of this year 2,057 Chinese converts were baptized in the missionary district committed to the Fathers of St. Columban. This brings the number of Catholics in the area up to 14,719. The Columban missionaries have set up 188 schools at which 4,072 pupils attend. A large number of pagan boys are flocking to the High School at Han Yang. The three medical missionaries report a very busy year.

The Right Rev. George J. Waring, pastor of St. Ann's Shrine Church, 110 East Twelfth Street, New York, has just received a beautiful marble statue of St. Anthony which is regarded by experts as a masterpiece of sculptural work. Made in Italy by an artist of international reputation, the statue was brought to this country by the late Countess Annie Leary and was presented to St. Ann's through the generosity of Mrs. George Leary, a relative of the Countess. It stands, exclusive of base, five feet high and is hewn from a block of the finest Carrara marble.

The Right Rev. Paolo Perini, S. J., Bishop of Mangalore, will move shortly to Calicut to take up his residence there as the first Bishop of the newly erected diocese of Calicut. It was at Calicut that Vasco De Gama landed in 1498, the first European navigator to touch the coast of India. Mr. Perini in a farewell letter to the clergy and faithful of Mangalore describes the circumstances that led the Holy See to hand over the administration of Mangalore diocese to the Indian clergy and expresses the satisfaction of the Jesuit Order in bringing about such a consummation.

## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FAHRE  
 Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.  
 CHAPTER LXVI.—CONTINUED

The young priest repaired to one of the inner apartments to which the attendant, summoned by Dennier, conducted him. Lord Heathcote met him; not sitting, as Father O'Connor had seen him on the two previous occasions, but standing, and nervously tapping the floor with a cane.

"Mr. O'Connor," he said, speaking rapidly, "I cannot convince myself of the truth of the strange tale you have told me; reflection but makes me think that this man, Sullivan, fabricated the whole to hide his own guilt; you see there are no proofs further than Sullivan's own statement, and though he has been imperatively summoned here, there is not even a reply from him."

"Pardon me, my lord, Father Meagher is here, and he can testify to the insanity of your dead wife; he can also bear evidence to the fact that Carter came to reside in Dhrummacool with a boy in his charge who answered to the description of one of your sons."

"Pshaw!" said his lordship impatiently, "the assertions you make are not proofs—my wife having died insane is no evidence that she was not guilty, and this boy whom Carter had in his charge—who is to prove that he was my son?"

He paused, waiting some reply, but Father O'Connor was silent.

"No," resumed his lordship, "I am not convinced; and if Carter, who is here in the castle by my order, denies the charges brought against him, I shall refuse to credit what I have heard."

The priest ventured to say: "Even, my lord, in the face of the evidence given by the picture about your neck?"

"No, no; I do not mean that; this young woman whom you brought to the castle, and whom I saw, I know to be my daughter"—his voice trembled—"but I mean regarding the guilt of Marie Dougherty."

"Well, my lord," Father O'Connor said again, "if you rely for your full conviction on a confession from this man, Carter, you will be disappointed—unless some influence can be exerted which will force him to confess; otherwise, if he finds there are no important proofs against him, he will have effrontery enough to perjure himself."

"And in that case," said Lord Heathcote sharply, "in the case of his refusal to confess, and my refusal to believe, and consequently to acknowledge my offspring, would you still keep my secret—would you retain from this young woman the story of her birth?"

"In justice to her, my lord, I could not do so; she has bitterly sacrificed herself for a man whom she still believes to be her father, as you are already aware from my recent tale, and so devoted is she, that she has not ceased to be anxious about this poor wretch since her arrival in Dublin. No inducement can make her leave him, can cause her to abate any of that self-immolation which she deems to be her duty; would it be just, my lord, to permit this to continue for the sake of sparing your pride?"

"You would then tell her," said the nobleman somewhat bitterly, "that she is the daughter of an English peer?"

"Yes, my lord; but when with that information must also tell her that the English peer, refusing to credit the testimony which has been given him, refusing to obey the promptings of his own heart, believes his wife, the mother of this girl, to have been a wretched, guilty woman, how much of sweetness will be left in my announcement?"

"Ah! my lord, your daughter would rather have an heirloom of virtue than all your titles and estates."

The nobleman bit his lip, and was silent for a moment; then he said with startling abruptness: "You have not yet told me the name of the boy whom Carter had in charge, nor where he can be at present be found."

"Pardon me, my lord, I think I told you at our first interview that he was leading an obscure life among the Irish poor, with no desire save that of performing well his humble duty; he will not trouble your lordship."

"But who is he—I would know—give me his name—speak!" And the stern eyes were bent upon the priest.

"Since you would know, my lord—I am he."

And Father O'Connor stood with folded arms and bowed head. He made no motion to approach Lord Heathcote—he did not even look at him, but kept his eyes turned to the floor.

"My God! my God!" came from the white lips of the peer; still neither did he make any motion to the clergyman; he only continued to look, his gaze growing more wild and thrilling as it traversed every part of the priest's person. "If I could only fully believe," he said, gaspingly; "but it may not have been my son whom Carter had in charge; and yet my heart misgives me that it was, and the resemblance comes out now as I did not notice it before—the profile of the face, the form, are like Walter's—yes, it must be my son!"

The thrill of that heart-cry pierced Father O'Connor—and his simultaneous movement the priest and

the peer were in each other's arms.

The delay seemed long to the little party which Father O'Connor had left—all the longer because every nerve was strained with hope and expectation; and the excitement and anticipation of the two girls were increased by Dennier's unusually joyous and animated manner. Even Father Meagher had caught the extraordinary eagerness, and watched with restless longing for one of the doors of the apartment to open and admit some one who would put an end to all this suspense.

At last his wish was gratified; a door opened, and Lord Heathcote, accompanied by Father O'Connor, entered. Both bore traces of recent agitation, but the nobleman had recovered his wonted manner sufficiently to bear himself with his accustomed dignified carriage, and to throw upon all sides of him his old piercing glance; the latter, however, was tempered by a smile which softened his countenance, and imparted to it a singular charm. Dennier immediately approached him.

Introduce me to these people, Walter," he said quietly; and Dennier, with his own courtly grace now enhanced by the joy which shone so unmistakably in his manner, offered his arm to the nobleman, and conducted him first to Father Meagher. The gray-haired priest returned the kind salutation in his simple, hearty manner, and Clara was next introduced, her heightened color and animated eyes forming a pretty picture as she responded to his lordship's greeting. Nora was next, and to her Lord Heathcote said, as he extended his hand: "We have met before, and I have not forgotten, young lady, the request which you asked of me then."

His manner, even more than his words, seemed to indicate that he had given her plea some favorable reflection; her heart beat high with hope and gratitude, and she could have fallen at his feet and embraced them in the excess of her joy. Her ardent feelings were portrayed in her beautiful face, never more beautiful than at that moment when she stood directly under the rays of the chandelier, and the nobleman, as if suddenly impressed, and struggling with feelings which he could not master, continued to hold her hand and to gaze into her eyes. But he conquered himself at last, and he turned away, saying to the other of the little party: "I thank you, good people, for obeying so promptly my mysterious summons to you all. Your presence here was necessary to help to prove the innocence of a certain party, and I have adopted this means in order to attain my end—must crave your patience a little longer, and then all shall be explained to you."

He gave a signal to Dennier; the latter left the room, but returned in a moment, and in a few seconds more—seconds that were like hours to some of the mystified and anxious party—another door opened, and Mortimer Carter was ushered in. With his very first glance of the assemblage he comprehended its purpose, and he braced himself to meet it;—throwing about him an unflinching look, he advanced to the nobleman, and with startling firmness made his obeisance.

"Look about you, Mortimer Carter," said Lord Heathcote sternly, "and meet the evidences of your guilt—acknowledge the innocence of Marie Dougherty—confess the crime which despoiled me of my wife, and stigmatized my children!"

"I know not what you mean, my lord!" and Carter drew himself up undaunted, even defiantly.

Lord Heathcote, despite his efforts to be calm, was growing strangely agitated.

"Restore to me my son, whom you abducted from his home after you had caused his mother to leave him! here is a witness—with a sweep of his hand indicating Father Meagher—who can prove where you fled to on the disappearance of my family, and also that you carried with you a boy who corresponded in age to my son."

"Which does not prove, my lord, that it *was* your son," answered Carter, "and knowing my innocence in this matter, shall not take the trouble to show that the boy you speak of is the son of one who was an intimate and dear friend of my own—a Charles O'Connor; the baptismal certificate of the boy has proven his identity long ago. I perceive that you have him present, my lord,"—and he indicated with a most brazen bow Father O'Connor.

The nobleman, to Carter's secret triumph, was evidently disconcerted; a look of bitter disappointment came into his face, but he resumed after a moment's painful silence: "Will you deny, also, that my daughter lived in your vicinity, within your sight, from her infancy to her womanhood?"

"No, my lord, for that would be a falsehood." The same effrontery marked Carter's manner.

"And you suffered this," resumed Lord Heathcote, "without acquainting me—you knew of her whereabouts and you did not tell me?"

"I forbore to tell you, my lord, for this reason: when I arrived in Dhrummacool with the child of my friend, intending to make my home there, I found that strange accident had brought me to the very spot where Marie Dougherty's child had found a home as comfortable as that from which her

mother had taken her; but her mother was dead—had died insane, I learned, and her reputed father had disappeared for the time. Your lordship, if you remember, had already told me at our final interview that you wished never to look upon the children of her who was so deeply disgraced you; that her infamy might shroud her and hers; of what use, then, would it be for me to acquaint you with the whereabouts of your child? she was well done for, and so long as a comfortable home was assured to her, it could make little difference to her who was her father; after, when chance threw me in the presence of him who had reported himself to be her father, and I saw the miserable vagabond-beggar he had become, and I knew also, that he did not seek any longer to claim the child, pity for the unhappy creature—for I saw that he was unhappy—deterred me from endeavoring to bring him to justice—beside, no justice could restore the innocence of her whom he had caused to fall."

Lord Heathcote groaned, and passed his hand wildly across his forehead; but again he quickly recovered himself. "When, in your business of informer," he said with bitter irony, "you met and recognized me in the garb of Tralee, why did you not speak of these things?"

"Your stern manner to me, my lord, forbade it—I felt that my revelations would but further anger you, since the guilt of your wife would still remain."

"There was a taunting emphasis on the last words, Lord Heathcote flushed angrily. "After," he said, "when you became courageous enough to brave my manner"—speaking with stinging sarcasm,— "and you dropped hints of the past in my presence, why did you not speak of these things then?"

"You forget, my lord; you yourself closed my lips by commanding me to stop, and to continue to bury within my own breast all that I knew of your history."

"But again," said the nobleman, "when this child, claimed herself by this wretched man, sacrificed herself for him—leaving home, friends, and all that was dearest to her,—why did you not speak then to save her?"

"Because of my desire to save you, my lord."

"It is enough!" said the nobleman, and he waved him away.

Carter, with an unflinching look about him, walked triumphantly from the room. Lord Heathcote turned to Dennier, who had not left his side, and said faintly: "Assist me to another room—I would see you alone; and ask these people to wait a few moments."

Dennier did as he was requested, and the little party were once more left to themselves.

Clara, so widely expecting to hear favorable tidings regarding her brother, felt her heart sick with disappointment; perhaps this was all they had been summoned for—to listen to some revelation which for her had no special interest; for so far, all that she had heard had not caused her a suspicion of the truth, further than to think from the conversation which passed relative to Father O'Connor that his might be a case of mistaken identity. Neither did Nora dream that she was the daughter spoken of, and while she too was disappointed that the nobleman had not as yet made good the promise he had seemed to imply by his remark to herself, hope did not leave her, and she sought to cheer Clara by whispering her own reasons for confidence.

Father Meagher was so bewildered and so agitated by all that he had heard that he could not keep his hands behind him and his head down—his whole appearance indicating a troubled thought. One by one he was linking incidents of the past; going over in minute detail the death of Marie Dougherty, every circumstance that had attended that strange and sad demise; then his thoughts reverted to the arrival of Carter in Dhrummacool—Carter having in possession a noble looking little boy,—and succeeding these reflections came others, equally as agitating, on the remarks which had passed relative to Father O'Connor; and then with still more startling anxiety, his thoughts reverted to all that had been said of the poor dead mother. He looked at Nora; could it be that she was the daughter of whom Lord Heathcote had spoken. Unable to contain himself longer, he hurried to impart his startling conjecture to Father O'Connor, who, absorbed in his own melancholy thoughts, sat with his head so deeply bowed that his chin touched his breast. He never for an instant doubted Rick's story—the earnestness, the truthfulness of the poor creature had been too unmistakable; and he grieved now, not that his father's heart, which had but just opened to him, had closed again because of Carter's miserable falsehood, but because of the sorrow which Carter's wretched lies would bring to other hearts than his own. He looked up at Father Meagher's touch, but at that moment Dennier entered.

What had occurred to so change the young man? his joyful mien had entirely disappeared, and his mouth was compressed as if from intense inward suffering.

"I would see, Father O'Connor alone for a moment," he said;

"and you, my friends, be patient a little longer."

The two withdrew into one of the adjoining rooms, and there, when the door had closed upon them, Dennier turned abruptly, and faced his companion. All the mysterious longings which on the occasion of their first meeting, six months before, had shone in his eyes, came into them now, and the singular feeling by which he had been actuated then aroused again with renewed force; but now he understood its cause. He extended his arms, and cried:

"William! I have heard the whole story, and I feel that you are my brother."

The young priest needed no second invitation to clasp to his heart one whom he had already learned to esteem and to like, and long and tender was the embrace which they united at last the twin brothers.

"And you are the son of Lord Heathcote who was taken to England in your infancy?" said the priest, when each had released the other.

"Yes," and then followed from Dennier, or rather Walter Berkeley, brief accounts of the strange events in his life. "But I cannot linger," he said abruptly, "I am only here on Lord Heathcote's bidding. He desires you, Walter, to tell the others all, but only on proviso that they pledge themselves to keep it a profound secret. He intends to have another interview tonight with Carter, the result of which will determine our fate—whether we are to be acknowledged as the children of his lordship, or whether we are to lock within our own breasts the story of our birth; should Carter confess, it will be the former; should he persist in denying, Lord Heathcote's stern pride will not allow him to acknowledge to the world that we, the offspring of such a guilty mother, are also his children. Go, William,—how sweet the name was to the ears of Father O'Connor, or rather Father Berkeley!—take them back to the hotel and tell them all this—later, I shall join you with the result of the approaching interview with Carter. Now you understand why I kept away from you; I could not trust myself in your presence, and that of Nora, without betraying myself. Tell her so, William, and tell them all—how it was my proposition to bring Carter here and confront him with you all. I suggested to Lord Heathcote that, since we were denied direct proof of the truth's guilt, perchance a sudden accusation, before the world, and that of Nora, without betraying myself. Tell her so, William, and tell them all—how it was my proposition to bring Carter here and confront him with you all. I suggested to Lord Heathcote that, since we were denied direct proof of the truth's guilt, perchance a sudden accusation, before the world, and that of Nora, without betraying myself. 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leave the empty rooms to a night's her—poor girl," he interrupted himself to exclaim. "What must her feelings be?" and the eyes that so long had been bent upon columns of figures now gazed out of the window which framed for him a girl's lovely face lined with grief because he and his fellow citizens had not cared for the dozens of helpless little ones daily exposed to the carelessness of public traffic.

A grey mist aging the man before the very eyes of his visitor seemed to fall over the face of Vincent Mackey. The priest, familiar with the signs of real contrition, yet ignorant of the man's true feelings, gently recalled him to the present and its issues.

"Would you care to go with me now, Mr. Mackey? Perhaps seeing the little girl would ease your mind?"

The offer and the need for quick action brought Vincent Mackey to his feet. Putting the machinery of the office into the hands of the grievous-looking undersecretary, "the Boss" was ready to follow the priest and chafed inwardly at the older man's methodical movements. He could hardly resist pushing him into the depths of the Mackey limousine so great was his haste to set out on this errand of mercy. Father Ryan, unused to such rapid transit, anxiously gazed out upon the swirling faces of the pedestrians, with a priest's fear of missing some member of his flock.

Right in the heart of the little city stood the grim, grey stone hall of learning which was crowded to capacity with the sons and daughters of his people and as the luxurious car in which he rode approached Michigan Avenue the Angelus pealed out the message of the Incarnation from St. Stephen's high tower. It was noon and the tide of youngsters poured out of the open school doors. The grey-colored line could be seen blocks away and at the school corner traffic became fearfully congested because of it. Vincent J. Mackey was not able to escape the disagreeable process of having to stand in line with the trucks and florists' autos. Impatient of the delay he consulted his watch a half dozen times and took advantage of each chance to edge on a little further towards his goal. He peered through the wind-shield with the intent gaze of one slightly near-sighted, and the drama being enacted before him held him in speechless fascination.

In the centre of the street half a block away at the point where two car-lines crossed, stood a slight figure in a trim blue suit and snug fitting tam, and the great flow of vehicles and humanity was being held in check by some strange wand which the girl held in one up-flung hand. At the curb opposite stood a nun whose keen eyes watched the flashing motions of her assistant "traffic cop" before allowing the group of eager children behind her to cross the tracks. Until the last child was safely over the impatient line of chugging autos and clanging street-cars was held back by the magic of a girl's defiant signals and a nun's sweet protestations.

Then, gradually, the procession began and when Vincent Mackey's car was abreast of the bowing, smiling girl he found himself gazing with dumb appeal into the face of Rosemary Donovan! He sought recognition of her but she was far too busy returning the salutes of chauffeurs and motormen to notice a mere millionaire.

"I call that pretty plucky work," shouted the priest from the back seat not identifying the girl, and Mr. Mackey agreed with a nod. Words would have choked him just then because of the pounding his heart was giving his ribs. To think of "the future Mrs. Mackey" playing the part of a "common street policeman" was to the orderly mind of the bachelor almost an impossibility, yet his flaming love so warmed his heart that he felt admiration rather than censure for her act, which he knew must have been in behalf of the little hurt sister on her bed of pain.

The big limousine after a tedious detour caused by the hold-up drove up to the curb in front of Mercy Hospital directly behind a yellow taxi. The passengers from both cars alighted simultaneously with the result that Father Ryan was greeted joyously by none other than Miss Rosemary Donovan! The owner of the limousine suddenly found something wrong with the car which he drove more frequently than his chauffeur did. He hung around out of sight of the girl and the priest quite like a shy school-boy and in so doing he overheard some of the conversation. Miss Donovan was explaining her reason for using the position of a traffic cop to bring the men of the town to their senses.

"Why Father just think of it! Two children were killed and a third lamed for life, probably, at that dreadful crossing during the past year! When Theresa was hurt and my appeal to the mayor did no good I just took things in my own hands."

"Well, well, so it was you there in the street just now? Bless my soul, I didn't know you," laughed Father Ryan. "But how long do you intend keeping up your duties, my child?" he asked more seriously.

"Until the millionaires and politicians think it best to station a policeman at that dangerous corner! Sister Marie has permission to help me save the lives of those blessed

children—we'll shame them yet!" And Rosemary tossed her hair with a belligerent air that was amusing. At least there was a twinkle of amusement in the eyes of Vincent Mackey as he stepped from the front of his car and tipped his hat.

"Are you no longer in my employ, Miss Donovan?" he asked with attempted gallantry, but the brown eyes of his one-time stenographer flashed such scorn upon him that he suddenly felt old and withered.

"No, I am no longer working for a man who breaks his promise—I am only waiting for Theresa to get well before going to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph."

With all the dear hopes of life and happiness lying in ruins before him, crushed by the words he had just heard, Vincent Mackey stood before the girl he had learned to love just in time to save him from the perils of egotism. Never had she seemed so necessary to him as at this moment of her final break with him and his interests. With all his soul he wished that he were again a little chap, who could bury his head in his mother's lap and cry because he could not have the things he coveted.

Seeing the light of an inspired vocation shining from the girl's eyes, his own fell in shame that he had even dared to think of her as his. Father Ryan sensed the awkwardness of the interview and suggested that they pay the visit to Theresa and resume the conversation later. With quiet grace the little stenographer first led to a cosy room, former employer chatting unobtrusively as they went. The grey-colored line could be seen blocks away and at the school corner traffic became fearfully congested because of it. Vincent J. Mackey was not able to escape the disagreeable process of having to stand in line with the trucks and florists' autos. Impatient of the delay he consulted his watch a half dozen times and took advantage of each chance to edge on a little further towards his goal. He peered through the wind-shield with the intent gaze of one slightly near-sighted, and the drama being enacted before him held him in speechless fascination.

Just then a low-voiced nun opened the doors for the priest who was always a welcome visitor in her house of aches and pains.

"Yes, Father," she said, "you may all see Theresa but only for a short time. She's resting nicely and out of immediate danger, but she must not be excited by too much talking."

Father Ryan went down the long corridor with the nun in attendance as he knew the sweet child would want to see her priest before any one else. She had asked for him the first conscious moment she had known after the cruel truck had knocked her down. Left for a few precious moments alone with Rosemary, Vincent Mackey used them to clear himself in her eyes.

"I am able to rejoice with you in your happy choice of a useful life," he lied bravely. "But I would like to tell you before you go away, perhaps forever, that I did not break my word to you that day. I cannot bear your mental accusation against me."

"You mean?" questioned Rosemary breathlessly.

"I mean," declared the lumber king, "that I made out a check for Father Ryan the very day you left my office, but for some reason he has never received it. I must trace it up."

"Letters are seldom entirely lost," mused Rosemary half-doubtingly. "It seems strange what could have become of it."

Here is my check-book—see for yourself my stubs will prove to you the truth of my statement," urged Vincent Mackey in evident distress of mind.

"Oh, I do believe you, Mr. Mackey," cried Rosemary quickened to compunction by the unusual humility of the lumber king. Her heart lay at the feet of Jesus but for all that she was woman enough to catch the yearning note in the man's vibrant voice and she put one little unglowed hand on his arm impulsively and spoke with sweet earnestness.

"I am so glad my faith in you need not be spied. Now I shall go to my convent secure in the thought that my dear ones will have a good friend in you. Am I asking too much?"

Reverently the man placed his great hand over the one that still held the ruler and at the touch of the bit of yellow wood he smiled tenderly as he answered her plea.

"On the shores of Green Bay, not five minutes' walk from my mills, there is a cozy five-room cottage, which I own and used to occupy when I was merely the 'mill boss.' The house needs a tenant; would you be willing to let your mother and the little girl live there for as long as they wish so that I may feel that someone is near my mills who cares what is going on?"

"Green Bay," murmured Rosemary thoughtfully. "Why that is not far from my convent. How lovely, I could see my mother and Theresa once in a while. Oh, thank you, how can I thank you enough?"

Vincent Mackey slipped the ruler from the girl's hand and held it aloft in mock solemnity.

"Let me keep this token of your belief in God's Providence. It is indeed a mighty ruler which has awayed the conscience of men, who like myself have been so taken up with making more millions that we

have not wisely spent the ones we had. This shall be my talisman—whenever I grow greedy I shall stop and consult it before I turn down some worthy petition." And as the girl watched him carefully bestowing his ruler in a huge pocket of his overcoat the priest beckoned them to come for a glimpse at the little sister whose sufferings had insured the safety of thousands of her kind.

THE HAIL MARY

Before we can propose our petitions and explain our wants to the Blessed Virgin we must gain her ear and attract her attention, says a writer in the Irish Catholic. This is accomplished by the first part of the Hail Mary, which contains a salutation and the praise of the Blessed Mother. We salute Our Lady by the same words by which the archangel honored her.

They must fall agreeably upon the ears of Mary, as the lingering echoes of a dear voice. And then we extol her greatness. We praise her. Praise is the tribute we pay to excellence. It is not flattery. Flattery comes from a mean and selfish heart; praise flows from a generous and noble soul. Love has praise. Envy never praises; it belittles and censures.

A noble soul despises flattery; but it accepts sincere and honest praise. And so does our Mother delight in the praise of her children. It sounds sweet to her ears. That praise which we bestow on our Mother in the Hail Mary is not exaggerated, not pompous, not obtrusive.

It has the ring of sincerity. It proceeds from our love of the Blessed Virgin and from our admiration of her virtues. It is filial praise; sober yet glowing with the warmth of affection. It is couched in a few words, it is rich in meaning.

"FULL OF GRACE"

"Full of grace, the Lord is with thee" (Luke i. 28). What more could we say; yet how could we say it with less pretention? These few words recall the great privilege of Mary, gratuitously conferred on her by God, and also her personal merits. Our Blessed Mother loves to hear her praises done for her; she herself chants not her own glory, but the grandeur of God: "He that is mighty hath done great things for me; and holy is His name." (Luke i. 28.) But God has lavished His graces on Mary; and He has given her the choicest and finest graces; He has given her a purity of immaculate brightness, as that of a star elevated far above the dust of the earth. He has not given her a measure of grace; but the very fullness of grace. He has heaped upon her His gifts and exhausted the treasures of His bounty.

But even more. Not only God's gifts fill the heart of Mary; nay, the Lord dwelleth there Himself. His power overshadows her. His luminous presence surrounds her. She feels His wonderful nearness. Her heart leaps with joy, more so than that of John, who also felt the thrill of the Divine presence. Mary was the living tabernacle, where God made His abode.

And, truly, God was with her. He was with her as a helpless babe, when she clasped Him to her loving bosom; He was with her as a growing child, when she held His little hand and guided His faltering steps; and He was with her when she held the lifeless form of His bruised body in her arms; He was with her in life and in death.

But our Blessed Lady was also with God. Never did she separate herself from Him. Her thoughts were with God. Her will was united to His. Her heart burned with everlasting love for Him. And she might well cry out with St. Paul: "For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth; nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38-39.) -Mary deserves our praise.

St. Ambrose exclaims: "Mary ever Virgin, is the greatest wonder of God. Who has ever been more holy than Mary? She surpasses in sanctity the prophets, the Apostles and Martyrs; the angels, the thrones, the principalities, the seraphim and the union among all creatures, visible and invisible, there is no one equal to Mary in grandeur and sanctity; not one who like her was, at the same time, the servant and the Mother of God, a Mother and a Virgin." As a solitary star on the brow of night the glory of Mary shines forth. And rapturously we cry out: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the glory of Israel; thou art the honor of our people." (Judith xv. 10.)

Mary rejoices in our praise; because it is prompted by love and filial devotion and because it brings glory to God. "God is wonderful in His saints" (Ps. lxxvii. 37.) Especially is He wonderful in the Blessed Virgin, who is the masterpiece of all His works. She is the resplendent mirror reflecting His beauty, as the surface of a placid lake reflects the splendour of the starry heavens.

And now we have gained access to our Blessed Mother; the first words of the Hail Mary have attracted her ears; she listens to its beautiful strains. And always can we obtain a hearing with our Blessed Lady when we strike the sonorous sounds

of the Hail Mary. For it penetrates the very heavens and rings out above all other prayers catching and holding the attention of our Blessed Mother.

A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE

The second part of the Hail Mary contains a delicate tribute of gratitude to the Blessed Mother. Now, we know that nothing speaks more in our favor, gains more rapidly the affection of others, unlocks the hearts and wins sympathy so readily, than gratitude. He who is grateful is considered worthy of many benefits.

We never rue a gift conferred on an appreciative person, and we are willing to multiply our favors if we know that they are received with a sense of gratitude. Thus we also enlist the good feeling of Mary by our demonstration of gratitude in the Hail Mary. And such a noble, finely tuned, well-balanced expression of thankfulness! It is not as a full blown rose in glaring colors, but as a half-closed bud, revealing the daintiest tints and suggesting rich and glorious dyes.

"Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." We bless thy name, the memory of those to whose hands we have received great favors. Mary has been to us a blessing and a source of many blessings. Ah, we do not bless the name of the unfortunate, ill-fated mother of our race! Sad memories cluster around the name of Eve! Woe has it brought to mankind. It spells of sin and death! It is a disastrous, ominous name!

But the name of Mary is a luminous name! It is synonymous with grace and life! It conjures up before our eyes the happy events of the incarnation and redemption. No evil has come through her! And rightly do we bless her name! To no woman do we owe as much as we owe to Mary.

And we acknowledge this debt of gratitude by calling her "blessed among women." Behold, all generations shall call me blessed (Luke i. 48.) And Him whom she has given to us, her only begotten Son, we also bless. Gratitude will touch the heart of Mary, and will incline her to grant us what we ask and need.

Gratitude prepares new favors. There is nothing more repulsive, nothing which makes us more undeserving of future kindness and benevolence, than to forget and ignore our benefactors. Ingratitude will chill the kindest heart, and harden it against our petitions.

It dries up the foundations of generosity and clogs the channels of kindness. Therefore, aspiring to new graces, we first show ourselves thankful for what we have already received. Gratitude for kindness of the past softens and chastens into the selfishness which lies in every petition. No! we do not come to our Mother only to ask and receive favors; we come also to offer her the tribute of praise and of love and of gratitude. But must not a prayer combining these elements in such beautiful harmony be acceptable to our Blessed Lady? We now understand the efficacy of the Hail Mary and its high excellency as a prayer.

A PRAYER OF PETITION

But someone may object that this is taking things in a very human way. Be it so; but we are human, and can only represent heavenly things in our human way of thinking and feeling. Did not Our Lord condescend to clothe eternal ideas in terms and images drawn from our everyday experiences? If we wish to speak of the Blessed Virgin and her relations to us, we must resort to terms and illustrations that savour strongly of this earth, where we poor mortals are at home.

And, after all, our Blessed Mother had a human heart; pure it was, stainless, foreign to everything low and mean; but withal human. And every noble and lofty human sentiment we may attribute to her. Nor will the Blessed Mother be displeased if we speak of her according to our poor stammering human fashion.

Following upon the prayer and thanksgiving by which we have honored our Blessed Mother, our supplications will now be most favorably received. Let us now forget the glory of our dear Heavenly Mother, let us set aside her exalted position, let us close our eyes to her dazzling splendor; and let us think only of our misery and our needs. Let us pour into her ears the sad tale of our woe! There is a responsive chord in the heart of Mary thrilling to every human suffering. Mary has also borne the heavy weight of earthly life. She has been familiar with tears and sorrow. Her life-path was rugged and thorny; and her feet were sore and weary. She will understand our sighs and prayers.

The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's greatness and man's dignity.—Archbishop Ireland.

It is a perception of the beauty of God, a delight in it, a desire after it, which distinguishes the spiritual man from others. They may feel that God is great and right; he feels that God is beautiful. Hence it delights and soothes and refreshes him to think of God. It is a sense of the beauty of God that inspires devotion, that makes the Bible full from beginning to end of the aspirations of the saints of God, and enriches it with outbursts of jubilation.—Leckie.

limbs and body all swollen

"Fruit-a-tives" Relieved Both Dropsy and Sick Kidneys

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"Our little girl

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1924

### RUSSIAN CONDITIONS

We call particular attention to  
Captain Francis McCullagh's letter  
from Warsaw which by special  
arrangement with the New York  
Herald we are privileged to give to  
our readers.

### HAS "DEMOCRACY" RUN ITS COURSE?

We put "democracy" in quotation  
marks for it is a most elusive  
term. It means anything or nothing.  
As it is generally used democ-  
racy means just those political  
forms to which we have grown  
accustomed in so-called democratic  
countries. These forms were  
designed to make the government  
responsible to the governed people  
through their representatives in  
Parliament. The representatives  
were supposed to be democratically  
chosen when the majority of the  
electors voted for them. These  
representatives were then presumed  
to act according to their own best  
judgment on all matters that might  
come before them during their term  
of office and to render an account  
of their stewardship to the  
electorate when that term ex-  
pired. They were representatives  
not tied delegates. Soon the  
people were called upon not only to  
select worthy representatives in  
whose honesty and competence they  
had confidence, but to pass on  
measures and policies. In the  
course of time all means were used  
to secure votes. Appeals to passion,  
to class interests and class hatred,  
to religious prejudice and racial  
antipathy, have become so common-  
place as to be taken as a matter of  
course. The old flatterers in the  
courts of absolute kings were and  
are outdone by the mean dema-  
gogues who flatter the prejudices of  
the crowds. For the divine right  
of kings is substituted the divine right  
of majorities no matter how  
obtained. And, owing to the in-  
creasing number of parties and  
candidates, even majorities are get-  
ting to be the exception rather than  
the rule in choosing parliamentary  
representatives. A very large pro-  
portion of the members of the newly  
elected British Parliament are  
minority representatives. Still  
people who make a fetish of  
"democracy" oppose proportional  
representation. Great Britain is  
supposed to be a very democratic  
country yet it is hardly more than  
the span of a single life since one  
hundred and forty three members  
openly bought their way into Parlia-  
ment through the purchase of  
"rotten boroughs." The great  
Reform Bill when enacted into law  
enfranchised only the merest frac-  
tion of the people. No great step in  
advance was made until 1884; and  
the refusal to indemnify members  
for attendance in Parliament very  
effectively confined the membership  
to the wealthy governing classes  
until a few years ago. Not until  
the Great War did England have a  
franchise at all democratic. Never-  
theless people were startled on read-  
ing Lloyd George's declaration last  
year that democracy was an untried  
political experiment in England.

Recently the Globe had an editorial  
on the result of the elections  
in England. A correspondent writes  
and the Globe publishes this com-  
ment:

Speaking of a prospective party  
government, you say, "Without  
control of the House, they must  
submit to be controlled by the House,  
able to carry only such measures as  
the House approves, and bowing to  
the will of the House in return for  
the voting of necessary supplies." And  
later, "The Government  
would not be in a strong position.  
The arrangement would be a tempo-  
rary tiding over of a diffi-  
culty."

You could not have expressed  
more forcibly the absurdity of some  
of our time-honored political

assumptions than by this mock  
seriousness in lamenting the con-  
dition to which a British Govern-  
ment may be reduced in being  
"controlled by" instead of "con-  
trolling" the House of Commons.  
Perhaps it will be not a bad thing  
that Governments are "controlled by"  
Parliament rather than vice  
versa.

Mr. Good should not have said  
"mock" seriousness. The Globe  
was serious, genuinely serious.  
And we venture to think that the  
vast majority of fetch-worshipping  
democrats who read it did not even  
smile at this evidence of "the  
absurdity of some of our time-honored  
political assumptions." Nevertheless  
we believe in democracy rightly understood.

When the intelligence and sense  
of humor displayed by the Globe  
correspondent enter more generally  
into the consideration of things  
political, outworn forms that have  
ceased to function may be replaced  
by something better.

The foregoing reflections—and  
many others like them—were sug-  
gested by the doleful comments on  
the reaction against "democracy"  
in Europe. Italy and Spain are  
cited as awful examples of coun-  
tries that have apostatized or  
acquiesced in the apostasy from the  
sacred cause of "democracy."

History is a fascinating study.  
We of this generation are witness-  
ing momentous events of history in  
the making. Few of our readers  
but are interested. Italy and Spain  
are Catholic nations and for this  
reason the interest is intensified.

The whole world rocked from the  
shock of the Great War. It has by  
no means recovered its pre-war  
stability. The astounding collapse  
of Russia before the War was over  
almost certainly saved other Euro-  
pean countries from similar social-  
istic experiments. The hope of the  
Moscow communists for a general  
revolution in Europe was not so  
fantastic as it now appears. Hun-  
gary and Bavaria fell into their  
hands for a time. Italy was on the  
ragged edge of the precipice. The  
multiplicity of political parties re-  
duced Parliamentary Government  
to impotence. Communist revolu-  
tion was imminent. Moscow had  
good ground for the belief that  
Italy would succumb to its propa-  
ganda. Then Fascism emerged.  
The fascies were the old Roman  
symbol of authority. Italians of  
vision and intelligence saw that the  
one great need of Italy was com-  
petent authority. "Liberty" like  
"democracy" had been a fetch.  
Democracy wedded to outworn  
forms was impotent to secure real  
liberty. The liberty that had been  
deified was leading to anarchy.  
The Fascists substituted for the mad-  
cry of liberty the stern watchwords  
of duty and of authority.

Even here in Canada we often  
hear authority referred to as the  
antithesis of liberty. Whereas  
there never was, there never will  
be, there never can be liberty with-  
out authority. Authority is an  
essential condition of liberty.  
Without it there is anarchy not  
liberty; and anarchy is worse than  
tyranny or is the worst form of  
tyranny. When the ship is foundering  
and the captain is ill or im-  
potent, if someone forceful and  
competent man leaps to the command  
and saves the ship no one questions  
his credentials. After the im-  
minent danger is passed those on board  
may even depose the captain and  
give the competent substitute  
charge until he brings the ship  
safely into port.

The ship of state in Italy was  
perilously near shipwreck. The  
Government was impotent. As  
head of the Fascists, now nationally  
organized, Mussolini took command.  
He saved the ship. He was  
acclaimed by the vast majority of  
the nation. He was unquestionably  
the interpreter of the national will.  
There are a thousand and one evi-  
dences that Mussolini now governs  
with the consent of the governed.  
Those who see "democracy" peter-  
ing out everywhere, but who, never-  
theless, think that it is treason,  
apostasy to abandon a single out-  
worn form, may rant and rave as  
they will, but without a "majority"  
in Parliament Mussolini's govern-  
ment is truly democratic.

So also in Spain.

F. Britten Austin in the Saturday  
Evening Post of December 1st shows  
that General Primo de Rivera, the  
dictator of Spain, is a thousand-fold  
more truly the choice of the people  
than the "democratically" chosen  
government which he displaced.

Of the general European situation  
he observes:

"Viewed broadly from the stand-  
point of comparative sociology, the  
revolution which has made General  
Primo de Rivera, Marqués de  
Estella, the dictator of Spain is,  
within twelve months, the second  
highly significant symptom of a new  
and as yet scarcely realized social  
tendency in Europe. Before this  
article can be printed a third may  
quite likely have manifested itself  
—in Germany. It is a tendency to  
jettison, even violently to destroy,  
the whole theory of democracy on  
which the constitutional States of  
Europe modelled themselves when  
they took shape during the nine-  
teenth century."

"The liberal revolutions of the  
first half of the nineteenth century,  
inspired by high-souled literary-bred  
theorists, took the powers of Gov-  
ernment away from the narrowly  
restricted aristocratic caste which  
had hitherto wielded them more or  
less—often, it must be admitted,  
less—altruistically, and gave them  
not to the sovereign people those  
idealists glorified but to a newborn  
caste of glib-tongued and mercenary  
politicians."

"But now Europe, struggling  
desperately to reconstruct herself  
after her four-year-long disaster, has  
suddenly realized that neither high-  
sounding eloquence nor the capacity  
to manipulate an election, but only  
a stern efficiency in public adminis-  
tration, can save her from irrecover-  
able ruin. . . . She cannot afford  
the professional politician any  
longer. And with the professional  
politician is going—for the time at  
least—the theory of government  
which produced him. Hence Musso-  
lini—and hence Primo de Rivera."

"There is this much of living  
truth in the principle of democracy  
whatever the country—that neither  
Mussolini nor Primo de Rivera  
could for a week maintain himself  
without the acquiescence of at least  
a majority of the people over which  
he rules."

"There is another aspect, too, of  
this new spirit in Europe. Just as  
the human organism, when sick and  
overstrained, may develop suicidal  
tendencies, so the political organism  
of Europe, drained and overstrained  
by the War, developed a suicidal  
complex which threatened it with  
destruction. It decked itself plausi-  
bly, as is the way of all uncon-  
scious psychological impulses, per-  
verted or not, with the alluring  
theory of a world state of inter-  
national fraternity in which war  
would have no place and the ideal  
of communism, no rich and no poor,  
would reign triumphant. To the  
suffering masses of Europe it  
sounded good."

"In practice, this nice-looking  
theory speedily showed what was  
the real instinct at work: it was the  
perverted instinct of an over-  
strained organism towards self-  
destruction. In practice, commu-  
nism meant murder, social chaos,  
a bitter, rabid hatred towards the  
national emblems and national  
identity of whatever country the  
communist happened to be a citizen;  
it meant a deliberate sabotage of  
the means of existence; it meant  
ultimately chaos, starvation and  
a relapse to barbarism, as in Russia.  
It meant suicide. Now Europe is  
convalescent. She is reacting with  
growing strength from those im-  
pulses which threatened her civiliza-  
tion with death. The real deep-  
flowing vital current underneath  
the new spirit in Europe is a reac-  
tion against communism and the  
vague and certainly premature  
internationalism which was the  
cover for the attack upon its life.  
Fascism in Italy and the new  
Government in Spain are each, in  
their essence, vehement reaffirma-  
tions of the national spirit and the  
national existence which the old  
political system had failed to safe-  
guard. And it will be surprising if  
Europe does not see yet more such  
reaffirmations in the near future."

Mr. Britten thus concludes his  
illuminating article:

"But behind and transcending the  
conscious purposes of the men who  
happen to carry great revolutions  
into effect is frequently a deeper  
subconscious purpose of the nation  
itself of which these men have been  
merely the instruments. The revo-  
lution in Spain, following as it does  
upon the Fascist revolution in Italy,  
is a phenomenon of great signifi-  
cance in Europe. It could not have  
been made without the tacit sup-  
port of the Spanish people. And  
the Spanish people, whatever they  
think about Primo de Rivera—and,  
in the main, they are reserving

judgment—hold no two opinions  
about the "democratic" régime  
which has ceased. They spit upon  
its grave."

That makes pretty clear that  
there is no very alarming reaction  
against democracy, rightly under-  
stood, in either Italy or Spain.  
Those who think that counting  
heads or votes is absolutely the only  
way in which a democratic govern-  
ment can be chosen may find it  
difficult to see anything but reac-  
tion in these revolutions of our own  
times. In English-speaking coun-  
tries our form of democracy works.  
It is real even if it is very far from  
the democratic ideal. Many people  
imagined and still imagine that,  
therefore, it must be good for every  
nation and tribe and people and  
tongue. That is a stupid mistake.  
Each nation must work out its own  
political salvation, must develop its  
own form of government according  
to its genius, its temperament, and  
in keeping with its own historic  
political experience. Even in  
English speaking countries democ-  
racy, in its present form, is quite  
evidently not final. We shall have  
to face that fact.

### BRITISH CATHOLIC M. P.'S

There have been twenty-four  
Catholics elected to the British  
House of Commons. Seven are  
Conservatives, three Liberals,  
eleven Labor, and three Nation-  
alists. Of these last two, from  
Tyronne and Fermanagh, will not  
take their seats. The other is T.  
P. O'Connor from Liverpool,  
the "Father of the House."

Of the others, three Liberals,  
three Unionists, and seven Laborites  
are, to judge by the names, of Irish  
birth or descent. Many of these  
are prominent in their respective  
parties. Mr. N. Grattan Doyle,  
(Newcastle-on-Tyne) Conservative,  
one of the founders of the Northern  
Tariff Reform Association, was  
born in Wexford. Major Hennessey,  
O.B.E. (Winchester) also Conserva-  
tive, is a junior Lord of the Treasury.  
Though born in England, Mr. James  
O'Grady is not, we take it, 100%  
Anglo-Saxon. But, then, neither is  
any one of the other 600 and odd  
members of the House of Commons.

The simon-pure Anglo-Saxons are  
all on this side of the Atlantic. Mr.  
O'Grady is the general secretary of  
the National Federation of General  
Workers and has sat in Parliament  
for the last sixteen years. In 1919  
he went on a special mission to  
Russia with reference to the  
exchange of prisoners. Mr. J. J.  
O'Neil, (Lancaster) Liberal, is  
only thirty-five years old but has  
already attained an enviable success  
in journalism. He is the London  
manager of the Manchester Guard-  
ian, one of the greatest newspapers,  
which chooses its men. From Mr.  
O'Neil, who was born in Glasgow,  
much may be expected.

This list is in no sense exhaustive.  
It is intended merely to indicate in  
a general way the political stand-  
ing of Catholics in the various  
parties.

Scarcely more than a life-span  
ago public life and the liberal  
professions in England were closed  
to Catholics and the profession of  
their faith was a disgrace in the  
eyes of the world and a bar to  
success.

Today this ugly intolerant spirit  
has passed away as if it had never  
been. Apart from the number of  
Catholics in public life—parliament-  
ary and municipal—the fact  
that practically all the candidates  
of all the parties publicly pledged  
themselves to give fair and equal  
treatment to Catholic schools is a  
welcome evidence that anti-Cath-  
olic prejudice in England if not dead  
is surely dying.

### SIR ESMÉ HOWARD

The newly appointed British  
Ambassador to Washington is the  
Right Hon. Sir Esmé William  
Howard, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.V.O.,  
at present Ambassador at Mad-  
rid. Like so many in the diplo-  
matic service of England Sir Esmé  
Howard is a Catholic, though not a  
member of the great Catholic  
family of Howard of which the  
Duke of Norfolk is the head. He  
was received into the Catholic  
Church in 1898 at Port of Spain,  
Trinidad, in which year he was  
married by Cardinal Merry del Val  
at Rome. Lady Howard is the  
daughter of the Italian prince  
Giustiniani-Bandini and is descended  
from the Scottish Earls of New-  
burgh, her father being the tenth to  
bear this Scottish title. They were  
involved in the Jacobite rising in

1745 and in consequence were  
obliged to go into exile.

The new Ambassador is sixty  
years old and has had a long and  
distinguished career in the diplo-  
matic service of England. Great  
regret is expressed in Spain at his  
transfer from Madrid. He was  
attached to the British Embassy in  
Washington 1906-8.

It may be too much to hope that  
those who find it profitable to play  
upon the ignorance and credulity of  
American anti-Catholics will not  
see in this appointment the first  
step toward the fulfilment of their  
prophecy that the Pope is coming to  
take up his residence in Washington.

There is some ground for believ-  
ing that this tide of childish belief  
in bogies on the part of Protestant  
Americans is beginning to ebb.  
Dr. Sherwood Eddy, of New York,  
Associate General Secretary of the  
International Committee of the  
Y. M. C. A., addressing the interna-  
tional convention of the Student  
Volunteer Movement in Indiana-  
polis, had the courage to condemn  
some of the fomenters of bigotry  
and bearers of false witness.

"I find," he said, "Protestant  
Christians also starting a campaign  
of hatred and of falsehood against  
the Catholics, sending Boy Scouts  
and members of the Sunday school  
from house to house, circulating  
that false and bogus oath which  
they have attributed to the Knights  
of Columbus, and which they do  
not and never have used."

If that sort of plain and honest  
speaking were as common as it  
should be, the all too prevalent  
anti-Catholic superstition would  
soon die out in the States. But  
evidently it is still rare enough to  
be considered news.

The Imperial Wizard of the In-  
visible Empire will surely notify  
His Britannic Majesty that Sir  
Esmé Howard is a persona non  
grata to his masked millions of  
enlightened subjects.

### STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS

By THE OBSERVER

Two conflicting decisions have  
been recently given in Ontario in  
regard to the Federal legislation  
about strikes and conciliation  
boards. It is understood that one  
judge has decided that the Federal  
legislation in this matter is beyond  
the legislative powers of the  
Dominion Parliament and belongs  
to the powers of the respective  
provinces; while another judge has  
taken another view; and that now  
the matter goes up to a court of  
appeal.

This legislation has been acted  
upon for a long time, and has not  
been criticized much by anybody,  
at least as to the principle of it. It  
has been regarded as reasonable  
enough that before a strike is  
called, some effort should be made  
to settle the dispute by the media-  
tion of a conciliation board of in-  
dependent men. And that does seem  
reasonable. The workmen, for the  
most part, have not complained of  
this law; and its operation has, in  
many cases, led to a settlement  
which might have been harder to  
make after blood had been warmed  
up in a strike.

It is to be hoped that the court of  
appeal will be able to decide that  
this law is constitutional, and that  
it will go on operating for the  
future. It is not obligatory on any-  
body to accept the findings of a  
conciliation board under this act,  
but nevertheless the intervention of  
disinterested parties who have no  
bias in the matter is always likely  
to lead to a reasonable settlement,  
and is therefore to be desired.

But there is another question  
which is closely associated with  
the subject-matter of this act, and that  
is, the right to lock out. In Nova  
Scotia, recently, there has been a  
good deal of shutting down of  
mines, in some cases temporarily, in  
some cases permanently, in the coal  
mining sections. The same logic  
that calls for submitting to an in-  
dependent tribunal the question  
whether to strike or not to strike,  
calls still more loudly for the sub-  
mission to an independent tribunal  
of the question of whether a shut-  
down is necessary or justifiable. It  
is impossible to go on limiting the  
absolute right to strike and at the  
same time to grant an absolute  
right to shut-down.

Why should there be a limited  
right to strike and an unlimited  
right to shut down an industry? It  
seems to us that there is in this  
matter a fair field for the interven-  
tion of the State as much as in the  
case of the strike, and perhaps  
more so. That thousands of men

should be dismissed or put on half  
time is quite as serious a matter as  
that thousands of men should go on  
strike. There is no certainty that  
the right to strike will be used  
fairly; but neither is there any  
certainty that the right to shut  
down will be exercised fairly.

There is the possibility of unfair  
advantage being taken of the work-  
ingmen by their employers; and  
there is also the possibility of un-  
fair advantage being taken of the  
employers by their workmen.  
There is the possibility of the strike  
being used unfairly when the  
affairs of a company operating an  
industry are known to be in a po-  
sition that will bring immense  
loss if a strike comes on; and there  
is the possibility of a company  
shutting down a mine or an industry  
for the purpose of diminishing the  
output with a view to higher prices;  
as American mine operators have  
sometimes been accused of doing; or,  
of shutting down for the pur-  
pose of impressing the men with  
the danger of opposing them.

Some people seem to think that no  
operation of a mine or other in-  
dustry will ever shut it down unless  
he absolutely has to do so. We see  
no sure foundation for such a belief.  
There may come times and seasons  
when an operator may find it more  
profitable to shut down for a time;  
but it does not follow that he ought  
to be allowed to do it. If an opera-  
tor has had good times and has  
made much money in a good period,  
he ought not to be allowed to shut  
down merely because, for a certain  
other period, he is going to lose  
some part of what he formerly  
made. Companies operating what  
are practically public utilities, such  
as coal mines, railways, tramways  
and such, cannot be allowed to  
claim the right to make all they can  
in good times and then to shut down  
in bad times; and in the case of a  
tramway or a railway no such claim  
would be listened to for a moment.

Subject to the opinion of those who  
know better, we offer the opinion  
that the same principle ought to be  
extended to all operations upon  
which great bodies of the citizens  
depend for their livelihood.

Therefore, as soon as the question  
is settled as to whether the power  
to make such laws belongs to the  
Dominion Parliament or to the Pro-  
vincial Legislatures, the question  
ought to be taken up at once; How  
are unjustifiable shut-downs or  
lock-outs to be prevented? One  
might very well expect to see the  
employing companies restrained  
from shutting down an industry  
which has been operated for, say,  
more than three years, without first  
laying before an independent tribu-  
nal the reasons for that step, at  
least when that step is going to  
throw a large number of wage  
earners out of employment.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHEN NEWMAN in his Anglican  
days wrote of the "majesty" and  
"glory" of Rome, he but voiced  
the sentiment of every visitor with  
a soul open to impression. Histori-  
ans and philosophers, poets and  
painters, Catholic and non-Catholic  
alike, having imbibed the spirit of  
the Eternal City, have with one  
voice paid tribute to that indefin-  
able sovereignty over the mind  
which is hers as that of no other  
city in the world. "All other cities  
that I have ever seen," wrote New-  
man, "are but as dust and ashes as  
compared with her." And Shelley,  
as opposite as the poles to the great  
English divine: "Rome is a city,  
as it were, of the dead, or rather of  
those who cannot die, and who  
survive the phyical generations which  
inhabit and pass over the spot  
they have made sacred to eternity."

WE ARE reminded of these impres-  
sions in reading in Chamber's  
Journal, the musings of one who  
signs herself "An Old Woman." Old  
she may be in years but she  
writes of the Rome of fifty years  
ago with all the freshness and  
impressionableness of youth. We  
do not know that we have ever read  
a happier description of an Italian  
summer day, and make no apologies  
therefore for passing on one or two  
paragraphs for our readers' benefit.  
The picture of an incident in a  
religious festival, peculiarly Italian  
as it is in its character, might  
inspire the brush of a great artist.  
The reader will note the allusion to  
St. Peter's Dome, that mighty  
creation of Michael Angelo, the first  
sight of which, silhouetted against  
the deep blue sky, has been the  
signal to pilgrims of many genera-

tions that their weary journeying  
was at an end.

"REMEMBER happy walks and little  
adventures alone with my mother  
in out-of-the-way corners, chiefly  
among those deep lanes that always  
closed in with the vision of that  
wonderful and ubiquitous dome.  
Sometimes we took our provisions  
and spent long afternoons under the  
trees in some quiet wood. There is  
one picture in particular that  
remains. It was a day of beauty,  
and we found ourselves at the little,  
old, and gray church of San Pan-  
crazio on the Janiculum. It has an  
avenue of chestnuts (you, who know  
it, may remember) leading up to the  
door, and a tall cross with the  
symbols of the Passion—the spear,  
the sponge, the crown of thorns—in  
the open space in front. There was  
a priest that day who wandered in  
and out with a little pet lamb, with  
a streak of scarlet ribbon round its  
neck; sometimes shepherding it in  
his arms, and sometimes letting it  
follow at his heels. When he went  
into the church he set it down at the  
base of the cross to nibble the thin  
grasses that grew round the step.  
There were the shining spaces of  
sunlight and the deep shadows of  
the chestnuts, backed by the church  
as the setting, and the cross, the  
shepherd, and the lamb, 'as it had  
been slain' as the subject—the  
three great emblems of our faith."

"I HAVE said nothing yet," con-  
tinues this reminiscence, "of the  
Alban Hills colored in the spring-  
time like opals, with their flush of  
peach blossom and shining villages  
perched above the orchards. When  
we footed them we found whole  
hill-sides of wild thyme, and when  
we penetrated their woods we found  
them clothed with hellebore and  
cyclamen, wild asparagus and  
butcher's-broom. When we were  
tired of gathering we looked back—  
we were never tired of looking—at  
that vast sea of country, with Rome  
lying like the gray guardian of all  
the ages on the plain, St. Peter's  
still and always the dominant note.  
Oh Rome, incomparable Rome!"

ONE MORE quotation: "Old Rome  
(the Rome of 1871) which has since  
died, but which was then alive.  
There was what is now called in  
New Rome the Ludovisi Quarter,  
with its high, unlovely houses,  
street opening on street, with hotels  
de luxe and tramway lines. In  
1871 it was the Villa Ludovisi. The  
great Juno still *in situ*, and the  
delectable Alban hills in view—  
with alluring gardens of box-  
hedges, stone pillars and statues,  
glistening pools and plashing foun-  
tains—treasures alive today because  
my young eyes saw and can never  
forget. There were lanes and  
fields where we wandered, which  
are now streets—fields where the  
purple-stared anemones grew; and  
giant walls where the birds had  
dropped the seeds of wallflowers  
and poppies in the crannies, so that  
'out of the strong came forth sweet-  
ness.'"

"PLANTS are often witnesses of  
things that have been long for-  
gotten," says a writer in that  
wholesome periodical, Open Air.  
'Most people know what it is to  
have wandered over miles of moor-  
land, and then to find a patch of  
ground where there is green grass,  
nettles, other weeds, and, quite  
likely, an elder bush. You may be  
quite sure that, at some time,  
perhaps centuries ago, there was a  
cottage with a small piece of  
ground which the occupants culti-  
vated as a garden. Hunt among  
the grass, and probably you will find  
some piece of stone or a few rough  
bricks which were part of the  
original building. Yet, in many  
cases, no local person has any  
knowledge that there ever was a  
house on the site; but you may be  
certain that wherever you find such  
weeds as nettles, plantain, and  
groundsel the land has been at some  
period under cultivation."

THIS APPLIES especially to Eng-  
land; we are not so certain that it  
would apply equally to Canada,  
though on investigation it may be  
found to do so. But the Open Air  
writer cites an example of the idea's  
real utility, in its aid to antiquaries  
in making important discoveries.  
In these days of extended research  
into the past, and of the interest  
which more than ever before centers  
in old buildings, or their ruins, it  
is interesting to know that in at  
least one instance the site of a pre-  
Reformation monastery has been  
brought to light in this curious way.

It was but two years ago that attention was drawn to the fact that on an old lawn at Winchester the grass kept fairly green even in that dry season, except in certain long strips, about three feet wide, which followed a very regular plan. Excavations where the grass was brown and dead revealed only nine inches below the surface a wall of solid masonry, which on old records being consulted proved to be the ruins of an ancient religious house, demolished during the "great pillage." All trace of it had been lost, until the grass by dying in the shallow soil revealed to knowing eyes the existence of the wall beneath. The entire ruin has since been uncovered to the great joy of antiquarian students.

THE LENNOX JUDGMENT

BIGRAS vs. THE CHILDREN'S AID OF PRESCOTT AND RUSSELL

Supreme Court Ontario In re the Children's Protection Act of Ontario, and in re Rene Bigras and Noel Bigras, children under the age of sixteen years.

Copy of Judgment of Lennox, J., delivered 8th December, 1923. W. L. Scott, K. C., for applicant. Ritchie, K. C., for Children's Aid Society.

By arrangement between counsel, and to save expense, a writ of Habeas Corpus was not issued and the infants, hereafter referred to as children, were not in Court. Their names as herein set out are in the inverse order of their ages: Noel will be fourteen next December; Albert was eleven last March; Manuel was ten last May and Rene was eight last April.

No question has arisen as to Rene, but he is included in the application and will be embraced in the order.

The mother was a Roman Catholic, and died about three years ago. On the 30th of December, 1922, Adolph Bigras, the applicant and father of the children, executed an instrument under seal called a Transfer of Guardianship, committing the children above named "to the care, guardianship and control of the Children's Aid Society of Prescott and Russell Counties," purporting to release to the Society all his control over them, and constituting the Society their guardian during minority. The instrument recites that he does this voluntarily and of his own free will and accord. The "Transfer of Guardianship" is accepted on behalf of the Children's Aid Society by Rev. P. A. MacEwan, Local Inspector of the Children's Aid Society. I would be doing him an injustice if I interpreted literally his expression, "I happen to be a Baptist."

The instrument of transfer contains this clause: "I direct that said children shall be placed in a good and approved family home where they shall be treated kindly, brought up in the tenets of the Protestant (A X B his mark) faith, shall be taught habits of truthfulness, etc." An Order of Commitment followed, and it embodies the provision above set out as to the religious education and training of the children, and the children other than the last named, have been placed by the Society in Protestant foster homes. It is conceded that they are well provided for, by respectable Protestant families, and are apparently comfortable and happy.

I have a letter of the 10th instant (I think I had one before) from Mr. MacEwan, which should have been written. Amongst other things he says: "The parties who have given adoption to the boys do not now wish to part with them, nor do the boys wish to leave them. It would be unfortunate to disturb present relations."

Proselytizing is no part of the duty of an officer of the Children's Aid Society. He should have been content with giving evidence at the hearing. I intimated to counsel, by letter, that if the foster parents are disappointed in what they probably regarded as a permanent arrangement, they should be paid some reasonable and moderate sum for the expenditure for clothing and the like, of which they would not get the benefit, and suggested that counsel tentatively agree on the amount. Mr. MacEwan appears to have got track of this in some way, and accordingly argued the propriety of exacting payment of a little bill of Mr. Lefebvre—to whom I shall presently refer as a witness—for \$188.20. Writing Mr. MacEwan this gentleman says: "I take pleasure in forwarding you a copy of our claim for the four Bigras boys, 13 days \$6.00, \$78.00, etc." I would think he would, and pleasure, too, in any order conditioned upon payment of the total claim; and a few such claims, allowed, as my correspondent suggests, would be well calculated to prevent any disturbance of "present relations." And this, unfortunately, is not all. As supplementary evidence, and to contradict and offset the sworn testimony of the applicant, Mr. MacEwan encloses a letter from Mr. W. T. Erskine, J. P., in reply to Mr. MacEwan's letter written after the motion had been launched, and in his possession actually or impliedly, when the motion

was heard, although not referred to at that time. Contrary to the common adage, "second thoughts" are not always best. As appeared upon the return of the motion, Mr. MacEwan was somewhat in evidence—though I did not then think unduly so—when the change of custody was brought about and upon the argument I expressed the opinion that the society acted in good faith and it is undoubtedly a fact that as a body the Society has done and is doing a work of incalculable value to the Province; but it can only act through agents and I regret that as concerning this branch or County Committee, I cannot, now, in view of the matters just referred to, confidently reiterate that opinion, although it is quite possible that they did.

The Society, as a Society, has not strenuously opposed this application. The decision turns upon the effect, if any, to be given to the clause as to the religious training or education of the children; and, whether this should be enforced contrary to the father's wishes, depends upon all the facts and circumstances immediately preceding the commitment. He is not asking to take the children out of the guardianship and legal custody of the Children's Aid Society; he is only asking for an order directing that the children be placed in Roman Catholic foster homes as the Act provides in order that they shall be instructed in the religion of their father and mother, the religious faith in which they were born and have hitherto been educated, and in the meantime until they are of an age to knowingly deliberately decide for themselves, that they shall have the ministrations of the church to which the three boys are already placed according to the evidence of Exh. 15 (Bigras) and Noel and Albert at all events, I presume, canonically belong, they having made their first Communion. However, be this as it may, the religion of the father is the religion of his infant children; if this father is a Roman Catholic, his children are for the time being, legally Roman Catholics, the provision as to how they are to be placed or brought up, whether binding upon the father or not, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Upon the evidence I am thoroughly convinced that the applicant is and has always been a Roman Catholic, and the contention to the contrary is wholly unfounded. Granted that the foster homes selected are in all other respects satisfactory, and assuming without deciding, that these are "neglected children" within the meaning of section 2 (1) (h) of the Children's Protection Act of Ontario, nevertheless there is no discretionary power whatever vested in anybody as to the religious character of the foster home of a Protestant or Roman Catholic child, and so far as I am aware, there is only one instance in which the statute recognizes or sanctions any modification of the Legislature's clearly defined policy—a Statutory recognition and adoption of the common law. By sub-sec. (3) of sec. 2 For the purposes of this Act, a child shall be deemed to be a Protestant child if its father is a Protestant, and a child shall be deemed to be a Roman Catholic child if its father is a Roman Catholic, unless it is shown that the agreement had been entered into in writing, signed by the parents that the child should be brought up in the faith of its mother, and that faith is not the faith of its father." The exception provided for here does not apply, for there was no agreement between the parents, and the mother and father were of one faith.

And the functions, duties and jurisdiction of the Children's Aid Society are specific, limited and thereby statutory; negotiations or bargaining, or contracts with parents is not sanctioned or contemplated—provision is not made for lazy and indifferent parents to throw the responsibilities of parentage upon the State, by bargaining with the Society as to religious education or otherwise; the sphere of its action, and the duty of spontaneous action, by the Children's Aid Society, within its sphere, and solely by virtue and under the provisions of the Act—are alike unmistakably provided for; and the result is that in cases within the Act, the Society must function, and functioning, be guided solely by the provisions of the Act, without reference to whether the father consents to or opposes what is done; and if the case does not fall within the Act, the Society, whether with or without the parents' consent, has no jurisdiction to do anything whatever.

The religious faith of the father is a question of fact, and the ascertainment of this question is almost an initial proceeding under the Act, sec. 9, sub-sec. (2). The applicant's father and Lefebvre, the most active parties in bringing about this blunder, both thoroughly well knew that the father of the children was born and was still a Roman Catholic, and desired to have his children Roman Catholics. If evidence was taken by the Police Magistrate under section 9, it has not been put in, although the order of Commitment is on file—Mr. Lefebvre and Mr. MacEwan attended.

As a matter of record it would be quite proper, and advisable I should say, when it is possible, to have the father declare his religious faith in writing under his signature. As a matter of record it would be proper

and perhaps advisable, where it can be obtained, although the action of the Society is in no way dependent upon it, to have the consent of the father to the taking over and guardianship of the children, under the provisions of the Act.

And the Legislature had fortunately stated its intention in unmistakable language, the clearly expressed intention is the law; and no private or semi-private convention, or contract, or consent, or direction can over-ride or change or modify it. "Notwithstanding anything in this Act, no Protestant child shall be committed to the care of a Roman Catholic Children's Aid Society or Institution, nor shall a Roman Catholic child be committed to a Protestant Children's Aid Society or Institution, and in like manner no Protestant child shall be placed out in any Roman Catholic family as its foster home, nor shall a Roman Catholic child be placed out in any Protestant family as its foster home." Sec. 28, sub-sec. (1).

The facts ascertained, the Statute operates automatically, and, in the face of a provision so plainly and pointedly inhibitive, and impliedly mandatory as well, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the action of this local branch of the Children's Aid Society, in obtaining and acting upon the alleged agreement, was not only beyond their jurisdiction, but was distinctly contrary to the policy and, clearly expressed intention of the Legislature, and, if allowed, would be subversive of the fundamental principles of the Children's Aid Protection Act, and a denial of the Common Law rights of the father as well.

This in itself, of course, affords ample ground for making the order, but it is not the basis upon which the motion was argued, and it is right that I should deal with the phase of the case so ably argued by Mr. Scott, principally turning upon questions of fact. I have already incidentally touched upon some of the relevant facts and circumstances, and I have dwelt upon the construction of the Act on account of its importance as affecting the public interest, and not too long, perhaps, seeing that upon the judicial and absolutely unbiased observation of its provisions the continued success of this singularly well conceived and provident Statute depends.

What I have already said makes it unnecessary to discuss the dominant right of a father at Common Law as fully as I otherwise would have done. The cases are almost innumerable, and the paramount right of the father as a rule, to retain or obtain the custody of his infant children, and control their education, religious and secular, has been recognized by the Courts for time almost immemorial. I dealt with this recently in re Carwood, 25, O. W. H. 283, the case of a child only two and a half years old, and I gave the custody to the father, as against the mother, although there was no morally improper conduct attributable to her. A number of the leading cases are collected in that case. As regards the law affecting this case, it will be sufficient to refer to re Faulds (1906), 12 O. L. R. 245, D. C., affirming the judgment of Anglin, J., where most of the leading authorities are collected and discussed, and, if I may say so with very great respect, the most illuminating and convincing judgment I have come upon, as to the right of a father to insist that his religion shall be the religion of his children until they are of an age to decide for themselves. And the Legislature has, I think, always been careful to recognize this sacred right, for instance in The Infants Act, R. S. O. 1914, ch. 153, sec. 36—"Nothing in this Act shall change the law as to the authority of the father in respect to the religious faith in which his child shall be educated."

It was mentioned that one of the applicant's daughters may come back to her father, and they together provide a home for those children, but there is nothing definite as to this, and I am asked to make such order as I think ought to be made, without reference to the re-establishment of home.

I took viva voce evidence and I have no doubt as to the main facts. The father, as I have said, is a Roman Catholic and he did not at any time determine, as a matter of choice that his children should be brought up as Protestants. He is a decidedly illiterate man, and the circumstance that he does not speak or understand the English language was a contributory factor in the blunder he committed. He was in poverty, he could not even supply his children with necessary food and, having to work for a living, he could not even keep his children off the street. He says he applied to his own church people for help in securing a home for his children and failed. He was "at the end of the way" helpless and hopeless. In this situation he applied to his father and Arthur N. Lefebvre, a cousin, for advice and he was advised that there was a way out, namely, to give the children into the care of a Protestant (?) Society to be brought up as Protestants. He was made to understand and he did, as I find, understand that the Children's Aid Society of Prescott and Russell was an exclusively Protestant society, and that he must do as he did, or let his children starve or become vagabonds. There are many kinds of duress! I can think of no more benumbing condi-

tion than the alternative presented to this man. He never knew that he had a choice, he had no chance to know; he never knew the truth, never knew that the basic principle of the Children's Aid scheme, so wisely and beneficently planned, and crystallized in the Act, I have referred to, absolutely forbids what was done in this case.

I do not know whether these men committed an innocent mistake or otherwise, and it is of no immediate consequence. They were born Roman Catholics, and became Protestants. The unregulated fervor of proselytism to either side is verbiat. The whole thing was a blunder as far as the applicant is concerned, and it was directly contrary to the Act, as I have pointed out, as regards the Society. The duty of the Society was to find out the religious faith of the father, and place the children accordingly, and they certainly would have found out, had they enquired. They had authority whatever to obtain the execution of an instrument of the character in question. It was contrary to public policy, and revocable; re Hutchinson (1912-13), 26 O. L. R. 601, 28 O. L. R. 114. It was wholly ultra vires as above stated and cannot stand in the way of the father's rights, both Common Law and statutory.

The people who have given a foster home to these children, in the meantime, have been put out of the policy, and will be subjected to disappointment. They should each be paid by the applicant, as partial repayment, the sum of \$25. Upon payment of these sums the order will go directing that the Society remove the children from their present foster homes and place them in suitable Roman Catholic foster homes, as the Act provides.

As to the costs of the application I make no order.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

FIRST FRUITS

To those of our readers who have been following for the past few years our advocacy of the Ruthenian problem in Western Canada, the news that the Extension Society's efforts for the solution of that problem have begun to bear fruit, will be heartening news.

The Extension Society has maintained a clear and consistent policy relative to the Ruthenian question ever since it started to cope with it some years ago, when the proselytizing methods of non-Catholic missionary societies were revealed to the Catholics in Canada in all their shallowness, crudeness and baldness, and so revolted our instincts that, from one end of the Dominion to the other, it was realized that some thing had to be done to save those hundreds of thousands of New Canadians to the faith of their forebears. In season and out of season, we have affirmed and proclaimed the work which confronting the Catholic Church in Canada today, and that the very best energies of all right-thinking Catholics should be bent towards its solution.

The better and more directly to meet the need we held that the heart of the whole question lay in providing institutions of learning in which Ruthenian boys and young men could receive the education under Catholic auspices that would fit them in the highest possible degree to return as leaders and teachers among their own people. It was in accordance with this conviction that the Governors of the Extension Society in 1918 decided upon the erection of St. Joseph's College in Yorkton, Sask., the centre of greatest Ruthenian activity in Western Canada. An agreement was subsequently made with the Christian Brothers of Ontario by Right Rev. Bishop Budka, to take over the direction of the projected work. In May, 1919, four Brothers left Toronto under the leadership of Brother Ansbet to make the preparations for the work which the peculiarly trying difficulties of language and place demanded. In September, 1920, the College was formally opened for the reception of students. Since that time the work has gone on, with difficulties that stamped it as the work of God, but yet with a quiet and substantial success, that gave the greatest possible amount of satisfaction to the President of Extension when he made his official visitation of it last February. Accompanied by His Grace, Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg.

Three years is a very short span in the history of an educational institution and much too short a period on which to base an ordered, well-informed and mature judgment of its work. But it may be enlightening to our readers to cite a few statistics which, in our humble opinion, go to show that St. Joseph's College is justifying its existence, while adhering strictly to the demands of the Extension Society, that it should remain an exclusively Ruthenian institution and lend itself only to the needs of that nationality and rite. The College opened in 1920 with 36 pupils. In 1922 this number had grown to 53, and in 1923 to 56. This steady increase in numbers, in spite of the adverse crop conditions which the farmers of the West have had to meet for the past three years, including the present, settles conclusively that the Ruthenian people,

instead of looking askance at the College as a Latinizing institution, designed to win their sons away from their own beautiful rite that is solidly established in the Church, have rather welcomed this new centre of culture with open arms, and intend to patronize it to the extent that their conditions warrant, as it becomes better known among them. There are a number of students in the College at present who are studying in view of the priesthood. Already it has sent forth nine young men who have qualified for the highest teaching certificates demanded by the Province of Saskatchewan, and who are now engaged in schools in various parts of the settlement. But the crowning work of the institution, in so far as its ultimate continuance by the Ruthenians themselves is concerned, making it a self-supporting and self-recruiting institution, is an event to which we shall now advert.

On December 15th, at De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont., three young men—William Kozlak, Nicholas Sasse, and William Gayski—were clothed in the holy habit of St. John Baptist De La Salle, and received into the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools by the Rev. Brother Bernard, Provincial, acting in the name of the Superior-General. They received in religion the names of Brothers Methodius, Athanasius and Peter respectively. These men, as their names amply indicate, are of Ruthenian birth, and represent the three Provinces, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, in which the vast bulk of the 300,000 Ruthenians now in Canada is to be found. Two of these Brothers are graduates of St. Joseph's College, Yorkton, the third, a native of Winnipeg. Not being of the Latin rite, special authorization had to be received from the Holy See before they could be admitted to the Institute, but in so doing they do not abandon their rite. In so far as can be ascertained just now, this establishes a precedent in the history of the Christian Brothers. These young men will complete their years of training at Aurora in the same manner as the other Novices and Scholastics of the Institute, but on the completion of their religious and professional studies they will carry on their work in their own rite.

Those are the bare facts relative to the event, and to many they may seem very common-place and ordinary. But, to the truly wise in the ways of God and His Church, these facts take on an importance which is well nigh transcendent. These three religious vocations are the first religious fruits of Extension's work among the Ruthenians in the West, and who can say what a harvest may follow it, redounding to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, as the work of St. Cyril and a St. Methodius in another century? If, like God, we could look into the seeds of time and tell which would grow and which would not, what a phalanx of future missionaries might we not see wending their way into the ripening mission fields of the West to continue and develop the work which the faith and zeal of the little band of pioneer Brothers made possible.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. Previously acknowledged \$7,003 97 Mrs. Wm. M. 2 00 A friend of the missions 2 00 M. C. B., New Waterford 2 00 M., Theford, Ont. 2 00

MASS INTENTIONS M. M., Prescott..... 5 00

2,000 FREE STUDENTS

Education week was marked at St. Louis University by the announcement made by the Rev. William F. Robison, S. J., the president, that a plan has been completed by which the University will be able to educate without charge 2,000 students. Father Robison stated that 1,000 of these would be accommodated in the High school department and the other 1,000 in the college department. He said that the plan had been under consideration for two years and that it would make the High school and college departments as free to students as the Public High schools and State university. The enrollment this year in the college department is 559 and in the High school department 683, the latter having 500 scholarships. It is the aim to increase the enrollment to 1,000 in each department, and this will be made possible with the completion of the new George H. Backer Memorial High School at Kingshighway and Oakland avenue, which will occupy a \$500,000 building.

NO GENERAL APPEAL FOR FUNDS

A number of citizens, Father Robison said, have interested themselves in the plan, which would require a fund of about \$350,000, but no general appeal to the public would be made. Further, the University will not wait for the raising of the fund, but begin shortly to operate the plan by increasing the number of students admitted through scholarships. He said the

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free scholarship fund would have no connection with the St. Louis University Endowment Fund, towards which \$1,226,027.99 has been accumulated, which is for the support of the professional schools of the institution.

NEED OF EDUCATED LEADERSHIP

When announcing the free tuition plan, Father Robison said, in part: "What the world needs today more than anything else is trained leadership and statistics show that leadership, in the broad sense, is vested in the men who have educated minds. To provide leadership for the future, it is necessary for us to see that more of our young men receive the training that only the High school and college can give and to do this with equal opportunity for youths of sound mentality and good character, whether rich or poor, the training should be free of cost to the student. It has long been the ambition of St. Louis University to aid in this great work by making our High school and college free to all who are qualified to take advantage of the opportunity these schools offer, and now the plan has been formulated which should bring about this condition within the next few years. Fortunately, St. Louis University is in a position which enables us to make such a plan possible at a cost much lower than would be the case in the ordinary institutions of the same rank, as we have a staff of trained educators, members of the Society of Jesus, who receive only their bare living expenses and no pay for their services. In this way we contribute to the foundation services that are worth the annual interest on several millions of dollars."

ST. JOSAPHAT

RUTHENIAN MARTYR HONORED

The following manifesto was issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church, of which His Eminence Cardinal Tacci is secretary, on the occasion of the third centennial of the martyrdom of Saint Josaphat Kuncsevich, the Ruthenian Archbishop of Polotsk:

"Three centuries have passed since the day on which a conscienceless crowd, spurred on by the enemies of the Union, flung itself with sacrilegious impulse on the Holy Archbishop of Polotsk, Josaphat Kuncsevich. It was the morning of Sunday, November 12, 1623. At Vitebsk, while he was preparing to immolate in the sacrifice of the altar the Divine Host of peace, the apostle of unity, the zealous propagator of the love of Catholic Church and of the Roman Pontiff, sweet Christ on earth, fell, a victim in propitiation for the sins of his people and offered his life for the triumph of the holy cause: the return of the separated brothers to the bosom of the Universal Mother the Roman Church.

"Born at Vladimir, of Ruthenian parents, he went while still very young to Vilna, capital of Lithuania, and under the loving and illuminating guidance of the excellent Jesuit Fathers, Fathers Fabrizio and Gruzewsky, he attained a high degree of perfection in the practice of the most beautiful virtues. A Basilian monk and later Archimandrite in the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Vilna, he was a splendid example of religious observance.

But the work for which his heart and his fervent activity as an apostle yearned was the sincere union of his Church with the See of Saint Peter, and in the pursuit of this high aim he neither spared fatigue nor feared persecution. Appointed Archbishop of Polotsk, he traveled several times through the diocese carrying everywhere his fervent invitation to unity. The field of his ardent labors was to be drenched with the blood of the apostle in order to give abundant fruits. God heard the generous wish several times expressed by the Archbishop of Polotsk, and the Ruthenians had in him their protomartyr.

"At Rome, therefore, the centre of the Catholic Church, toward which the gaze and the sighs of the Saint were turned, it is fitting solemnly to glorify his memory on the occasion of this tri-centennial. As with the Roman Church there will unite in the common manifestations of rejoicing and gratitude, first among all the Orientals, the Ruthenians who boast of the great martyr as a brother, the noble sons of Poland who entrusted to him the celestial protection of their country, the Catholics of all the world who saw with joy a new era of glory for the brother peoples of the Christian East open with the martyrdom of Saint Josaphat and perpetuate itself under his auspices.

In the Church of the Gesu, on November 18, a solemn High Mass was celebrated at which a Bishop of the Ruthenian rite pontificated and with a co-operation of all the prelates and priests of the Byzantine rite (Ruthenians, Greeks, Rumanians and Melchites) present in Rome and sung alternately in Slav, Greek and Rumanian. In the afternoon a solemn liturgy was celebrated at the Ruthenian College.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

What is a Burse? A Burse of Free Scholarship is the amount of \$5,000, the annual interest of which will perpetually support a student, till he becomes a Priest and Missionary in China. The sum itself is securely invested, and only the annual interest is spent for the training and education of a candidate for the priesthood. When one student has reached his goal, another takes his place, and thus all who are contributing towards the Burse Fund will be helping to make Missionary Priests long after they have been laid to rest. Imagine how much good can be done by one priest and missionary! Let everyone, therefore, according to his means contribute to such a meritorious work. Send your contributions to Father Fraser care of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

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Peace hath her victories no less than war.—McGee.

The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of ourselves.—Martineau.

We approach perfection in proportion as the divine love enlivenes and rules us.—Archbishop Keane.

January Funds

Not only is the long trend of bond prices upward, but there are more immediate factors, such as the smaller volume of refunding issues and larger volume of investment funds during the coming year, which further indicate that prices of investment issues will, in all probability, continue their gradual appreciation throughout the coming year.

It is estimated that thirty-five million dollars will be distributed in the early part of January, much of which will be seeking investment. It is advisable, therefore, to make early selections of the securities you may desire.

Keep Investment Funds Working

Copy of January List on request

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

OCTAVE OF EPIPHANY

OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S LAW

"When Jesus was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and His parents knew not." (Luke II, 42.)

"When Jesus was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast." Who will not be struck with admiration for the Holy Family when reading these lines in the Gospel? Jesus, the new Law-giver, the very Son of God, equal to His Father in all things, obeys His earthly parents, Joseph and Mary, and goes to Jerusalem to celebrate the accustomed feast of the season. Soon new feasts would be celebrated, but He had not as yet abolished the customs and ceremonies of the Old Law, and so long as it existed, it was to be obeyed. He was not bound by any law, but as His Father had ordained, at the present time He wished His parents to act and Himself to obey. There is more in this instance of our Divine Lord's actions than the world of today is wont to follow. Here is an exemplification of absolute obedience to a fulfillment of God's law; the world would like to obey as it pleases and fulfil if it pleases. The spirit of regard for God's commands and subjection to them is not as reverential as it should be, save among a very limited class. If we consider the scene laid before us in this Gospel and the ordinary behavior of this generation, we cannot help noticing the amazing contrast.

The lesson taught us by the Holy Family should be learned in its entirety. We, as Catholics, above all the rest of the world, still retain a great reverence for God's law and a more or less conscientious obligation to fulfil it in every minute particular. Some may be swayed a little by the spirit around them, but they are not a majority. The most delicate regard for God's law and the purest conception of its obligations exist among the true members of Christ's Church; but, in the midst of customary practices and beliefs, one must be strong in order to be faithful to convictions and prompt in duty. A study must be made of God's law, to some extent at least, and ceaseless prayer for perseverance, and ascend to Him who gives the faith to believe and the grace to live accordingly.

The world has come to consider that wherever a reform is needed, a change is required in practically every particular. As a rule this is true of any work of man that has deteriorated or run into a dead end. The works of man are necessarily fallible and imperfect. He has but limited intelligence and power, and can as a consequence attain but limited perfection, even in the greatest and best of his accomplishments and institutions. When there comes failure, as is often the case, his successors consider him to have made a mistake, and their method of reform is to destroy the original and to substitute something new. Men have endeavored to extend this method to the works and laws of God, and, of course, have erred. We must always bear in mind that God's works are perfect—man can not improve them in any respect whatsoever. God, in His infinite intelligence and with power absolutely unlimited, does what is best in the best way. When it appears that His works are decaying—or His laws unsuited—it should be only a sounding note that man is failing in his obedience to God's eternal decrees and is losing respect for them and is losing the right conception of God and His work.

When a difficulty as regards the fulfilment of God's law seems to exist, we must conclude that disorder man is to blame, and not that the Maker's commands no longer are suited to the world. We do not speak of physical disability now, but of that worldly difficulty so many are accustomed to make capital of and use by saying that the world is not what it was formerly. Be that as it may, no change incompatible with God's establishments is lawful. His institution—the Church—must remain the same from the foundation to the first Pentecost, to its end on the last day of the world. If a reform ever were needed, it was not in the Church, nor in her practices and laws as given to her by God, but among the people claiming adherence to her, or standing afar from her and loudly denouncing her impracticability and her superstitious rites. They are like the Pharisees who claimed that Christ worked through the devil. How fortunate should man consider himself in having a Church that an inflexible unchanging God has established! What would we be if we had to submit to the ideas of man in matters of religion? What are the religions of man today but the products of disordered brains, or the results of violations of the sacred laws of charity? According to some modern opinions, any one may establish his own religion; but as a matter of fact, many do without any religion at all, as this course leaves them much freer.

There never will be unity in the world, or one religion among men, until all realize that God has established a Church which can never change, and never grow old. Her practices and laws are binding in conscience on all occasions and dur-

ing our entire lifetime. She will remain so, until God Himself changes her, which will never be. She can not be improved upon; our notions of reform regarding her and of her betterment are but signs of our pride and our unwillingness to subject ourselves to her. The example set us by the Holy Family is the one to follow. There should be no question of righteousness, no discussion of opportuneness, but willing obedience. If we do not obey, we shall be destroyed spiritually. As we must obey the legitimate demands of nature in order to live spiritually, so must we obey the demands of our Church in order to live and thrive spiritually. We need not expect to face God on judgment day and find His smile benign, if during life we have found fault with and disobeyed His laws as given us through His Church. Imagine our confusion in the realization that we had made a futile attempt to reform His Church, and had endeavored to change things after our own fancies, rather than conform to His immutable wishes. What we have, God has given us; consequently it is good. If it does not seem to us to be what it should be, let us conscientiously examine our own selves, and we shall find that it is we who are not what we should be.

A MODERN FOOL OF GOD

Myles Connolly in America

Those gentlemen who consider Christian mysticism a sentimental philosophy productive only of stupor or hysteria would do well to read the life of Charles de Foucauld, French nobleman, scholar, soldier and priest, who offered himself as a sacrifice in the Sahara for the conversion of the Mussulman, as adequately and sensibly told by M. René Bazin, and satisfactorily translated into English by Peter Keelan. (Charles de Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer, New York, Benziger Brothers, \$4.00.) This biography is not the story of a sentimentalist seeking to drown himself in fine feelings, or that of an emotionalist taking refuge in the easy latitude of obscure ideas. It is the story of the terrible practicality of the true mystic, a story of a man moving arduously toward God with a reason like a torch and a will like a sword.

Viscount Charles de Foucauld was a man of this century and, in every sense, a man of this world. As a French nobleman, an officer in the French army, a classmate at Sains; Cyr of such men as Generals Petain and Mazel, he moved in the first plane of his contemporaries. As an artist and scholar and, in young manhood, a Parisian, he became somewhat of an epicure and cultivated man-about-town. He was not very old when, as he says of himself, there was not a trace of the Faith left in his soul.

He served in Africa with his troops, and later, at risk of his life, disguised as a Jew, he made a difficult tour of Morocco. The records of this perilous trip, published in book form as Reconnaissance au Maroc, became the most complete authority on Morocco of the time. This work, unusual for its carefulness and tenacious attention to detail as well as for its information and courage, brought him fame as an intrepid explorer and a scholar. He was honored at home and complimented abroad.

At the age of thirty-six the Viscount was on the first step of what was predicted to be an extraordinary career. The success of a scientific explorer demanded daring, ingenuity, resourcefulness, scholarship, and enormous sound sense. Charles de Foucauld demonstrated that he had all these. The world awaited him with interest. Then, there happened one of those little things that may often mean so much. The explorer, while in Paris preparing for a second expedition, met the Abbé Huvelin, a curate at St. Augustine's, a young man of unusual sanctity, culture, and good judgment. He was immediately impressed by the character of the Abbé. A Faith that has such servants must have some virtue, he said to himself. The thought stayed with him.

One day he went to St. Augustine's to question the Abbé. He entered the confessional and, without kneeling down, said: "Abbé, have not the faith, I have come to ask you to instruct me." M. Huvelin looked at him. "Kneel down, confess to God; you will believe." "But I did not come for that." "Confess."

He knelt down and made a confession of all his life. Then the Abbé asked him: "Are you fasting?" "Yes."

"Go to Communion!" So Charles de Foucauld came back to the Faith. He did not talk of his conversion. There was no revivalist trumpeting about it. His life is silently remolded on the recovered ideal," writes his biographer. "In this renewal all is profound, discreet and simple."

There followed two years of work on his book, and fame on its publication. The second Christmas he spent in Nazareth. This white town with steep and winding streets on the flanks of Nebi-Sain, touched the penitent heart of Charles de Foucauld. It inspired him with an unquenchable love for the hidden life, and for obedience, the state of

voluntary humility. It re-echoed to him Abbé Huvelin's magnificent saying: "Our Lord took the last place in such a way that nobody can ever rob Him of it." So reports his biographer. To the Charles de Foucauld's life may be described as one long, unremitting effort to take the place next the last, beside His Lord.

From now on, M. le Vicomte Charles de Foucauld ceases to be a man of the world. The same will that drove him through the perils and hardships of his African priest-ations now drives him on to imitate the absolute obscurity and hidden life of His Lord. He seeks to imitate himself for the sake of his Master.

He became a novice with the Trappists, but even their rigid rule did not satisfy his desire for severity and solitude. He left for the Holy Land, where he devoted himself to the service of the Poor Clares of Nazareth and Jerusalem, living in a miserable outhouse, keeping mainly to the Trappist rule, doing chores and errands, and in every way, in the poverty of his meals, his dress, his manner, humiliating himself. Many American travelers in the Holy Land twenty-five years ago must have seen this French nobleman and explorer, "who dressed like a pauper, spoke and wrote like a scholar, and prayed like a saint." After three years of this life, he went to the Trappist monastery of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges where he studied for the priesthood and was eventually ordained.

For some time, Africa, the continent of his explorations, with its immense solitudes and its thousands of infidels, had been drawing his heart. Now that he was a priest, he yearned to go back to bring Jesus Christ to the Mussulman. After some difficulties, he obtained permission to go, and, in 1901, at the age of fifty, alone, this modern Father of the Desert pushed into the Sahara.

Father Foucauld did not become a proselytist. He did not harangue the Mussulman. He did not preach, he did not preach, except in that his desert life was of itself a magnificent sermon. His was the way of the mystic. "If I can do miracles of self-abasement and devotion for Jesus," he says, "then Jesus will do miracles of conversion for me. He lived a life of privation and hardship, in absolute poverty, with his two meals of a bowl of rice or a few figs a day, with his scant, broken sleep, his long journeys back and forth over the desert, always on foot, disdaining the camel by his side, plodding along mile after mile in rags that left him an easy victim of the heat of the sun and the cold of the night, or stopping for hermitage in a crude hut for hermitage with his time spent almost entirely, asleep or awake, at the foot of the altar. Thus, this French nobleman and scholar, now a solitary priest in a parish some 1,250 miles long and 625 miles wide with 100,000 souls, for fifteen years slowly immolated himself for love of God, and the conversion of the infidel. In 1916, during the disturbances of the Great War, he was slain by desert assassins outside his retreat, from which he was lured by the treachery of a native he had often befriended.

That, briefly, is the sketch of his extraordinary career. The whole story is admirably told by M. Bazin. Saintly men have often been unfortunate in their biographers. But not Charles de Foucauld. M. Bazin sees into the great sanity of men of solaces. Saints are never fanatics, and are usually men of good worldly as well as heavenly sense. Victims of minor piety are fanatics, and it is they who hang on to the saints and who, too often, alas, write their lives. It is too true of all men that their humor and good sense die with them while their eccentric traits live on. In the lives of saints, these eccentricities are very often held up, unrelieved, and we are forced to look upon the picture of a man who is neither of earth or heaven.

M. Bazin's record is made in a very scientific and sensible manner. There is an abundance of fact and little of fancy. The result is that we see Father Foucauld as he really was: scientist, philologist, soldier, gentleman, a man of measurements and details, of lines and facts and dates and names, a practical man to the last, compiler of lexicons between devotions, translator of the Gospels into desert tongues while on hazardous journeys. We see a man who is the companion of military strategists; indeed, a strategist himself as his correspondence with several of the French generals on the Western Front reveals, a man who has left France some shrewd advice on the successful rule of her colonies.

Yet, in his own work, Father Foucauld could point to no signs of success. In his fifteen hard years in the desert, he converted only one person, a poor, old mulatto woman. He baptized two little white children before death and a youth already converted by a French army sergeant. Many of those among the natives whom he loved most and did most for turned on him. They kissed his hand, as their proverb advised, because they could not cut it off. He prayed for some helper to come to sacrifice with him, but only one came and he did not stay. At times the apparent futility of his work struck him and he would cry in anguish at the unworthiness of his sacrifice that achieved so

little. He prayed, he worked, he loved, and saw nothing arise from his sacrifice. He begged for martyrdom, and even martyrdom, in the strict sense of the word, was marauding ruffians. It is true, but only indirectly because of his Faith.

Those pragmatic gentlemen, already mentioned, who are hostile to mysticism, will look far in the life of Father Foucauld to find any trace of fanaticism. His life may have appeared futile, but it was never foolish. There was no hysteria about it. He would have told you, as well as St. John of the Cross, that "Virtue consists not in apprehensions and feelings about God, however sublime they may be, nor in any personal experiences of this kind; but, on the contrary, in that which is not matter of feeling at all—in great humility." It is interesting to note that even in his last years Father Foucauld was a man who could laugh. He told a French surgeon who was sent to him for advice (a not uncommon occurrence) about the power of laughter. "I, as you see," he said, "am always laughing, being very ugly teeth. Laughing puts the heart, which is drawing men closer together, allows them to understand each other better; it sometimes brightens up a gloomy character, it is a charity." One who acts and talks thus can hardly be a fanatic.

The story of Charles de Foucauld is largely a story of self-abasement, not passive, but active, with the incredible energy of the mystic who seeks to strip the soul of body even before death. It is possible, perhaps, only for a few souls, and in the eyes of the many it may appear folly. But who can say it is folly? The story of God? Charles de Foucauld is gone from the Sahara, and there is little left but his grave, the sand-covered ruins of his hermitage hut, and his lexicons and translations for those he hoped would come after him. But who can say that the sacrifice he made was in vain? If he has not sown seed in the Sahara, may he not have sown seed in the heart of God? He, too, was but a voice crying in the wilderness. But he, too, may be the precursor of the Lord.

LONGFELLOW IN EUROPE

Robert Senouart, in Catholic World

Longfellow was in Sweden in the summer of 1835 and has spoken of the white light which, like a silver clasp, united today and yesterday, and there is a memory of Sweden in his translation of Tegner; but for the rest his memory is almost altogether of Catholic scenes, of Bruges and its belfry, and of Bavarian Nuremberg, of Wurtzburg's towers, which were called "Walter von der Vogelweid," whose statue is at Bozen in the Tyrol. But, most of all, his thoughts return to Italy, which had not the beauty of the Tyrol within her borders in his time, yet was beautiful enough—that delightful land where season follows on season among the wildest and the fairest scenes of nature; where first law and government, and then culture, were built up for Europe and for the world; where, through unbroken centuries, the people have never wavered in their devotion to the Mother of God; where a city was chosen by God in His eternal councils to be the capital of His Church, and is sanctified today by the presence of the Vicar of Christ on earth as a metropolis for the faithful. In Italy the Faith is like the sun rising in the morning, hope looks vividly to the better promises of eternity, and a serene and radiant charity gives already to this world something of the graciousness which it will realize perfected in paradise.

In his assiduous study of the great masters of the arts in Europe, which takes him at one time to Spain and at another to Sweden or to Germany, there are two men who on the other are the borders of Florence, as they were then for the traffic which went between the North and Rome. And a knowledge of Tuscany makes Dante far more vivid.

But what is still more remarkable is the vigor with which Dante has written of the Church, as she was then and as she is today. There are the fervors of St. Francis and St. Dominic; the philosophy of St. Thomas; the Psalms and the Canticles in which the Church celebrates the prerogatives of Mary; the fight which she makes incessantly against schism and sin; and the weakness of human nature, which, even within her own army, keep on fascinating him and they are both Italians. One is Michelangelo, whose stupendous frescoes he had admired in the Sistine Chapel, and whose statuary he had seen elsewhere in Rome and Florence; Michelangelo, who himself wrote a succession of sonnets on art and clericalty, and whose genius was haunted by the grim huge figures and the severe standards of the Old Testament, and who, in his brief life, remains, like Dante, one of the most tragic of the great geniuses. Longfellow's drama of Michelangelo is not as well known as it deserves to be; for it is not only a faithful picture of the great sculptor, but, as the Lays of Ancient Rome are vivid with scenes remembered by Macaulay, it is full of scenes of that which Longfellow remembered

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from his travels, Clitumnus, Veauvis, Florence, Venice, Rome the Galleries.

Longfellow's other great Italian was Dante. Now Dante finds his inspiration in two subjects which are intimately connected: the Church and Italy. He was busy, not only with the contemporaries he loved and hated, but with the scenes of Italy, and especially of Tuscany, scenes which are much the same in the thirteenth century as they are seven hundred years later. Still in the May evening, when the mosquitoes take the place of the flies, the herdman on the hillside sees the darting of the fire-flies; still Fiesole, with its mountain and its quarry, rises to the north of the Arno valley, still Galuzzo on the one side and Trespianto impede her in her fights; and, finally, the glorious end of faith, and hope, and charity in the eternal contemplation of the Blessed Trinity. There they were then, and there they are today, proof of the fact, always cogent, that Faith once and for all delivered to the saints; and changed in our day only by the spread of the Church around the full circle of the earth, by the yet more central place of Eucharistic worship, and the greater wisdom and sanctity of the successor of St. Peter. And this is the theme of Dante, this guides his observation, as with Virgil he makes his way through hell and purgatory, and with Beatrice through paradise.

MISSIONARY TELLS OF NEEDS OF CHINA

An interesting analysis of the school conditions in China is given by the Rev. George M. Stenz, S. V. D., who has labored as a missionary in China for thirty years. The League will ask its members to work on the missions and will organize lectures and press campaigns.

"Schools modeled upon our latest and most modern systems were introduced in China more than fifteen years ago," said Father Stenz. "Many schools of the old type, based purely upon Chinese ideas, still exist, but the new schools are increasing steadily in number. The law of compulsory education already is on the statute books, but it is not being enforced. This is not strange, for they have not the teachers to carry out the work. Then, too, the over enthusiastic devotees of the modern school system, carrying their fiery zeal to the extreme destroyed the good qualities, as well as the evils of the old schools. The ancient respect of parents was brushed aside, and the very idols of the gods were shattered into bits or cast into some nearby pond. These things, which I witnessed myself naturally angered the older people.

"Schools, based upon modern methods, however, are being introduced everywhere. The Protestants have been wide awake to the opportunities afforded by this new era. At present they have 5,637 primary schools, 962 high schools, and 291 intermediate schools, with a total enrollment of 199,894 students. In addition they have 28 universities. In these matters the Catholics have been far behind. This is due partly to lack of men and means, partly to the doubt and distrust formerly entertained as to the success of modern methods among the Chinese. We now realize these doubts and fears were groundless. We should have used all the men and means then at our disposal, sent though they were. Now it is far too late, and what makes the outlook for the

future still more disheartening is the fact that all the text books are saturated with atheistic and Protestant colorings, and it will now mean a tremendous struggle to thoroughly purify them of these doctrines. The Protestants also have affiliated with them a number of prominent Chinese who were educated abroad, either in Europe or America. The Catholics have none.

"To counteract this, I determined in 1908 to start a foundation of an intermediate school in an old Chinese house, but soon had to move to a larger one. I earned the money necessary, as there was no such thing as aims for the school. I secured the funds by writing books and doing odd jobs for Catholic foreigners for which they paid me. In this way, by 1914, I had enough to erect a large building. The first enrollment soon mounted to 180 students, and up to the present time more than 4,600 graduates have gone forth. Many of these I assisted to get prominent positions. Now, a number attend the universities. The Chinese Government has recognized the school and the students receive their diplomas and credits from Peking.

"By this means I also have been able to baptize more than seventy persons coming from the most highly respected families. One young man of seventeen, of very rich and respected ancestors, converted to Christianity within a few years practically his entire family, his mother, sisters, brothers and their wives. At present students come from five different provinces, so the school accommodations again are too small. It must be enlarged and a number of others built and among these must be an up to date technical school. This means more men and means.

DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED

"One often hears that the Chinese are slow of comprehension and averse to the introduction and study of modern sciences. That is not true, for we find them not only men of talent, but some of them real geniuses. One thing, however, is all important. If these people are to be educated at all, they must receive a good, solid, Christian education. Otherwise, we are spending our lives only to rear another and far worse generation of pagans. Even now there is creeping in a spirit of dislike and hostility to foreigners. The Chinese youths should become acquainted with all the facts of modern science which other nations have discovered and perfected, but they must above all lay the foundation of all their knowledge upon the one and only true basis which will prevent the superstructure from toppling over and crushing them, and this is the firm and immovable rock of Christianity."

FRENCH WOMEN TO AID FOREIGN MISSIONS

A Congress has been held in Paris by the delegates of the various women's organizations who are disposed to come to the aid of the Catholic missions throughout the world.

At the session devoted to the work of young people's organizations, it was decided that more sewing should be done by these organizations on behalf of the missions and that in the girls clubs and "patronages" the work should be encouraged by means of talks and lectures. Christian educational establishments will be requested to direct the attention of their students to the work of the missionaries, particularly in the teaching of geography and history.

Similar resolutions were passed in the name of the Ligue Patriotique des Françaises, which has a membership of 500,000 Catholic women. The League will ask its members to work for the missions and will organize lectures and press campaigns.

The League later adopted the suggestion of a religious from Cameroon, presented to the Congress by the Archbishop of Carie, Mgr. Le Roy, asking the Catholic women of France to undertake a crusade in behalf of their Sisters of the dark continent who are still oppressed by slavery and polygamy. Madame de Gourmier, vice president of the Apostolic Society, reported that that association had created 15 needle-rooms in Paris and 52 in the provinces. These needle-rooms supply not only the rectories and the sacristies of the missions, but are radiating centers of the missionary spirit. The Apostolic Society has distributed already more than a million objects to the Missions and has spent 17,000,000 francs for them.

At the closing session of the Congress, in the presence of Cardinal Dubois, M. Georges Goyau, member of the French Academy, delivered a remarkable address on the great Frenchwomen who had helped the Missions in the past; Mademoiselle de Guerecheville, who opened the road to Canada to the Society of Jesus; the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who helped the sicklepickers in their leproisariums; the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Cluny; the Sisters of Charity and the Religious of Saint Paul of Chartres.

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The following story was written with the hope of contributing a little to the literature which seeks to delineate fully the Irish character—the faults of the latter have served too often as a fruitful theme, while its virtues were either ignored, or so caricatured that they failed to be appreciated, or even understood. While the genial and spontaneous humor of the Irish people remain almost without a parallel, but side by side with those faults are virtues rare and bright, and to depict these virtues, with the hope of winning just regard for a people so long suffering, has been the aim of THE AUTHOR.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A RULE OF PEACE

My book of life contained a page with black smears on its face. It told of things against a friend, I tore it from its place. It was the truth? Well what of that? I did not know for sure. I do not think I want to see The hurt I cannot cure.

I like to keep a memory. When night begins to fall, Of morning sun and dewy grass Which happy hours recall, My ears I close to slander winds; Shut out the driving rain; And bring young happy faces back To live with me again.

I smooth their every wrinkle out, If wrinkles on them be. I shut my eyes while at the task. For shut eyes cannot see. If there's a wound, I cover it With flowers, that had been pressed Within a book of friendly thoughts, Where they had lain at rest.

MOMENTS

A single moment will suffice to strike you through every moment of your future life, has said an eminent French writer of a past decade. How true is the axiom is strikingly borne out in the biographies of mankind. The clock strikes the hour. The bell in the belfry chimes out melodiously over quiet plains or through the busy city streets. They who hear it, may simply think of the warning signal as something that marks the present hour. It is five o'clock or twelve o'clock. It is an hour nearer dinner or an engagement at the theatre. It is no more. At such an hour, the ambitious man says to himself, I shall reap the fruits of a deep-laid scheme to further my commercial interests. At such an hour, says the envious man, I shall triumph over my despised opponent in the social world.

The worst catastrophes that have ever happened in the great world have taken place suddenly—in a moment. A tiny jet of ruddy flame spurts up from no one knows where. In a moment the wooden paling of a vast warehouse is a tomb of fire. A few hours later, a heap of ashes and charred fragments marks the birthplace of a mighty project which has perished in the dust. A single moment would have sufficed to quench the greedy tongue of the destroyer. But there was no one at hand to mark its pace. A single moment has sufficed to scorch a human soul like a piece of white paper, into a blurred ruin that shall never rebuild itself again. O momentum quo pendet aeternitas! breathed a great saint and seer in the long ago. O momentum on which Eternity depends! The clock strikes the hour. The bell in yonder belfry takes up the refrain and sends it out through the quiet air, seeming to re-echo the warning: O momentum on which Eternity depends!

Every moment the great drama of life is being enacted in hidden sanctuaries, in crowded thoroughfares of the world, in lonely mountain declivities, in the hidden depths of souls. "It is not a drama acted before the footlights, but a drama of life itself, dumb, icy, yet living and acted with throbbing hearts." We think with sober reflection on the great mass of men, idly wasting the precious moments which shall all count in the hereafter. The ruin of a soul has been in reality the work of one moment of consent to grievous wrong. We see the wreck of the once stately edifice as it lies beneath our feet, a mass of charred debris, stifling us with its nauseating odors. In the faces of men, in pages of biographies we read the facts more grievous and saddening story of the wreck of a most precious and beautiful work. With the old philosopher we are forced to reecho the sad truth: To fail so low one must be born so high!

"I shall succeed," so says the gambler, so says the great commander. Superstitious words, that have ruined more men than they have saved! A moment's sober reflection might in most cases have saved the sword of the destroyer. But a moment is too long for some men to devote to interior things. Life moves swiftly, and they only think of keeping ahead in the maddening race for the goods and honors of this passing world. If the human heart, a great writer tells us, pauses to rest by the wayside as it mounts to the summits of affection, it finds no stopping place when it starts on the down decline. A moment of honest, sincere and humble reflection may be the stepping-stone to Heaven for the meanest man on earth, just as a moment's consent to evil may be the beginning of the swift downward flight that ends in misery and despair.

Who shall say which is the more awful to watch the withering of a human heart, or to gaze upon the mouldering of skulls and bones? asks one who never boasted any pretensions to faith or piety, but who clearly recognized the hideous results of a moment's consent to definite wrong. The clock on the mantle strikes the solemn warning that another hour of life has passed away, never to return. The chimes in yonder church-tower in resonant tones speak to the children of men, eloquent tongues although dumb

and icy, seeming to say: Now is the acceptable time!

There is a portrait of the Abbot Mendel whose first centenary is being commemorated at the present time—in the little town of Brunn where he was born. Great biologist and man of God, for the space of many years he governed his Augustinian monastery, in his spare moments managing to continue with unwearied zeal his arduous researches into the great mysteries of living things. The portrait represents the man keen, yet gentle of countenance, holding in his hand a simple flower. It is the fuchsia, the flower which he loved best and upon which many of his important experiments were performed. As a human document, vibrant with life and interest, his life story is unsurpassed. And we find that in all his labors, whether in choir stall or office, or in his garden, loved spot of his predilection,—every moment was made to count. Hence it is that not only men of faith, but men of no faith bow before his genius today.

The clock in the belfry chimes the hour that has passed, never to return. The moment at hand is the most precious yet in man's existence. What treasures for Time and Eternity does it hold? Each man must answer for himself.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BEFORE COMMUNION

I am not worthy, Lord, to come to Thee; And yet I know that Thou art calling me; And Thou didst die for me upon the Tree. O Christ, my Lord, my God, my Heavenly King! My poverty and want to Thee I bring; I know that Thou canst give me everything. Lord, I am blind. I come to Thee for sight. Thou art the Brightness of Eternal Light! Oh, take away the darkness of my night!

My soul with all its sins to Thee I show: It was for me Thy Precious Blood did flow: Wash me, and make me whiter than the snow. Bring all my ills beneath Thy sweet control. Thou art the great Physician of the soul! Speak but the word, and I shall be made whole. I make no sacrifice to Thee my King: A broken heart is all I have to bring; And Thou wilt not despise the offering. I am not worthy, but Thou bid'st me come: So I draw nigh—ah, Lord! 'tis comethome to Thy Sacred Heart, no more to roam!

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

- 1. If you are ordered or forbidden by your parents to do a certain thing, never ask the reason why. You have simply to obey. 2. Close the door behind you without slamming it into the lock. 3. Do not shout about the house, or run to and fro. 4. Do not call anyone from up or down stairs, if you wish to speak to any one, go to where the person is. 5. Always speak friendly to the servants or workmen if you expect similar deportment from them. 6. Mind your own faults and imperfections instead of lamenting those of your brothers and sisters. 7. Never set down at table with soiled hands. 8. Do not join in with the conversation of adults, but wait until you are questioned. 9. Never keep your good manners reserved for company only, but at all times be polite—at home and elsewhere. 10. Regard your parents as your best and most intimate friends.

MOTHER'S PARTNER

A sturdy little girl was trudging bravely with a pail of water. So many times had she passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance. "You're a busy little girl today," "Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'm, but it takes a heap of water to do a washing." "And do you bring it all from the brook down there?" "Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly." "And there is nobody else to carry the water?" "Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'." "Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it one at all; but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered:

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n' me's partners." Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—The Universe.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

On a serene spring morning a blithesome shepherd boy tended his sheep in a blooming valley between wooded mountains, and sang and danced for joy. The prince of that country, who was hunting in the neighborhood, saw him and calling him said, "Why is it, my good little boy, that you are in high spirits?"

The boy, who did not know the prince said: "Why should I not be joyous? Our gracious prince himself, is not richer than I." "Indeed," said the prince, "tell us all that you possess." The boy said, "The sun in the beautiful blue heavens shines as pleasantly for me as for the prince; mountain and valley display their beautiful verdure and flowers for me as well as for him. I would not sell my two hands for a hundred thousand guildens; and my two eyes are not to be obtained for all the wealth of his treasury. Besides that I have everything that I want, because I want nothing more than is necessary; every day I have enough to eat. I have clothes that decently cover me and receive yearly for my labor and trouble as much money as I require. Can you tell me what the prince has more?" The good prince laughed and revealing himself, said, "You are right, my good boy, and can now say that the prince himself has told you so."

STRANGER VISITS POMPEII

AND SEES VISION OF PAST

Rev. F. Joseph Kelly, Ph. D.

When Sir Walter Scott in his last days visited Pompeii, in company with Sir William Gell, the expression which passed his lips ever anon was—"The City of the Dead." That was the only exclamation he uttered, and a pregnant one it was. It was golden summer time, when a wanderer from the land which the proud Pompeians themselves deemed barbarian visited the City of the Tomb. He approached the bay from Sorrento's glorious bay, and fruit and flowers bedecked the pathway he trod. The green laurel twined above the lovely violets springing in clusters from its roots, and the vine crept over rock and rivulet, and clung to the graceful poplars which pointed their tops to heaven.

The stranger paused awhile to recall to mind all that he had read of the people who once flourished here—the proud, the intellectual, the exquisitely gifted, yet alas, also the cruel, the epicurean, godless race of Campanians—and of their boasted city, replete with objects of beauty and splendor, of heroic pomp, of artistic triumphs all that could delight the eye and administer to sensual gratification, of all that could confirm the enervated dwellers in their avowed devotion to bacchanal joys, of all that could tempt them to unstrainedly and insatiably indulge in the daily practice of development of their ruling idea—"Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

And then he wandered with amazement and awe through the excavated streets of Pompeii—disinterred after a sleep of seventeen hundred years—streets once rife with music and with song, with sacrificial processions, with festive gatherings, with choral dances, with joyous crowds; the streets proudly trod by mailed warriors, by white-robed priests, by lovely virgins, by classic poets, by stern senators, by young nobles clad in Tyrian purple, and by the thronged with glittering chariots and prancing steeds; the streets redolent with the fragrance of flowers, vibrating with laughter and exclamations, echoing with thousands of glad voices. With what do they echo now? With naught but the faltering footsteps of the solitary stranger from afar.

THE DAY OF DESTRUCTION

Years before the catastrophe occurred, earthquakes shook our land, and on its very eve, dread omens warned the devoted city of its fate—but warned in vain. Gigantic figures hovered in the air, as Dion Cassius relates, and mysterious voices came from the mountains, besides renewed shocks of earthquake. But the Pompeians were intoxicated with lusts of the flesh—deaf to their impending destruction—and up to the last dread day, they indulged in all their wonted pomps and vanities. Pliny yet pursued his philosophical researches, and Sallust, the witty epicure, stinted not his accustomed orgies. Brightly rose the last morn of the fated city. The soft glories of autumn were spread on every side, and the sun shone unclouded for the last time on the temples and towers of Pompeii. The people were crowding the theatre, at the moment when the air was suddenly darkened, and the awful Mount of Vesuvius, that for ages had been at rest, vomited forth dense clouds of ashes and stones, and torrents of boiling water and streams of liquid lava, and volcanic lightnings that melted even bronze statues, so fearful was their potency. What imagination can adequately conceive the appalling scenes of that tremendous

hour? It was a minor Day of Judgment—a second destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the guilty cities of the plain.

The stranger resumed his pilgrimage amid the trumpet tongued ruins. He visualized every object as undecayed as it was, ere the kneaded ashes of Vesuvius hermetically inclosed it in a tomb of long ages. Here is a graceful public edifice half built. The workmen were surprised at their labors, and the last strokes of their chisels may yet be seen on the unfinished columns, as fresh as if struck only yesterday. Lo, over the doorways of the houses, the word of welcome (salve) is carved. Enter; for the portal is wide, and there is none to share the banquet with thee. See, the dog is wrought in rich mosaic at the threshold—"cave canem." Pass through the columns—"vestibulum," with its tessellated pavement, undimmed in hue—gaze on the household Lares, yet at their posts—pass by the "impluvium" into the chambers on either hand, and behold the bronze couches, the vivid frescoes, the paintings, the iron-bound coffers, the flower-vases, the fountains, the delicate boxes to incense perfumes; enter the "triclinium," the marble dining-hall, with its roof of felted ivory and gold, and see the tables yet marked with the impress of libations, see its amphora with wine yet congealed at the bottom, see its candelabra, its chairs and its couches. But where are the bacchanals who were wont to hold unhallowed revels in this marble hall? Where are the glowing beauties who reclined in yon perfumed chambers? The hand of the stranger may withdraw the draperies of Tyrian purple—the courtier is tenantless. The eye of the stranger may glance at the polished steel mirror—he sees only his own image there. The footsteps of the stranger may pause beside the graceful fountain—its waters no longer sparkle in the sun. The voice of the stranger may echo through the desolate rooms—the creak of the green lizard, and the shrill cry of the cicala is the only response.

EXPLORING THE GREAT BATHS

The stranger retraced the silent streets. He passed by the public entertainment with the sign of the "chequers" over the doorways—never more will wine be quaffed, songs be sung, and caged dice rattle within their walls. He explored the voluptuous "thermae," or public baths, fitted up with every thing conducive to enervating luxury; he passed the triumphal arches with their bronze trophies, and paused awhile in front of the noble Forum, destined never to be completed; and then he mused for hours within the shattered Temple of Isis.

The white-robed priests, the public impostors, here did offered impious sacrifices to Isis and Osiris; here daily expounded mystic oracles to the deluded people who sought a knowledge of the future. The juggleries of the Egyptian priests are now bared—the mummeries of the creed which even they despised in secret, are exposed to the scorn of the world. The oracles are forever dumb; never more will victims be offered on the altars, amid clouds of myrrh and frankincense, and music and song. In the dark day of wrath did the miserable professors of the false worship cling to their sacrificial altars in hope to be saved? Did they who so long had deceived others, end by deceiving themselves into a belief that Isis could interpose between them and destruction? Were they found at their posts, faithful amid the crash of annihilation, like the Roman sentinels at the city's gateways? No; they, with the golden sensors and jewelled ornaments of their temple—fled in the vain hope of renewing their licentious careers in a safer clime.

The stranger finally reentered the vast amphitheater with the ghosts of the dead. He saw its tiers of seats crowded with ten thousand spectators, in the combat of the gladiators—trained combatants butchering one another to make holiday for the Pompeians. No simulated scenes of tragedy were these. The game was indeed one of life or death; and when the excitement of bloody conflict between man and man palled, the lion or the tiger was introduced, and man fought beast—himself the greater beast of the two—to give renewed zest to the spectacle.

A CHAPLET FOR REMEMBRANCE

The olive buds and the flowers bloom amid the grey walls of Pompeii. Ivy and acanthus twine around her fallen columns of Parian marble. Life and Death are hand in hand, and music of the sunny breeze plays a perpetual requiem. The stranger twined himself a chaplet of ivy, and acanthus, and olive, and fragrant wild-flowers, to preserve the memory of Pompeii green, when he shall have returned to his native land. "But here," says he— "But here, if still beneath some nameless stone, By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown, Lurk the grey spoils of poet and of sage, Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictured page; If sweet Menander, where his relics fade, Mourn the dark refuge of oblivion's shade; Oh; may their treasures burst the darkling mine; Glow in the living voice the breathing line.

Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumine, And kindle learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb."

Then the solitary stranger vanished forever from the scene—but Pompeii remained to sleep out its slumber of eternity.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

By Mgr. Canon Harry, D. D., in Catholic Opinion

That we are living in a time of extraordinary interest, as the Times declared not many days ago, will be doubted by none who reflect ever so little on the news arriving from all parts of the world. If it were only a play the spectacle would be entertaining. But we are all on the stage, and know few of us know our parts! Some indeed act with decision, relying on a text they have typed for themselves. Kemal Pasha sets up a Turkish Republic; Signor Mussolini becomes the Napoleon of Italy; and the French Premier splits Germany asunder. Britain, however, cannot frame a foreign policy; and her Ministers drift into a General Election without one. We are all bewildered in a thick fog, voices calling this way and that, when what we need is light on the future. How shall we find it, "amid the encircling gloom?" "DO RIGHT AS WE SEE RIGHT"

My quotation from one of the most touching pilgrim-songs ever written will show where I should look for an answer. The light must come from above. It is not to be sought in party manifestos, neither will it be kindled by politicians hurling reckless charges against one another. Sorrowfully the nation must confess how much it stands in need of guidance on the course it should follow, and how little it receives. Let us, then, beware of personalities, which do but darken the air, and look first into our own hearts. However great the perplexities in which we are entangled, there is one resolution within the compass of every man's free will, to do the right as he sees the right. These very simple, very noble words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural will lead us on, though it be only a step at a time, until events reveal the issues of human conduct subject to God's Law. Choosing to act rightly, according to our best unselfish judgment, we shall have acted as good Christians ought to do. There is nothing far-fetched or impossible in obeying our conscience. And conscience will give light as well as power.

TURNING TOWARDS GOD

In a dim fashion, so it seems to me, the British people are beginning to feel their want of a supernatural leading as they did in olden days. Tokens, slight or serious, may be perceived, multiplying rather than falling off, which announce that defiant unbelief has met a stronger power with which it cannot cope. The new influence or appeal has created even a visible symbol for its manifestation in the Cenotaph, with sacred silence as of homage to presences unseen but not to be questioned, and more than the memorials of those who have passed away. Our long Catholic defence of prayers for the departed has in substance won consent at last from Anglicans, Nonconformists, Presbyterians, and the crowd lately so careless who have been converted, we may say, by seeing the field of their dead to faith in the life beyond. Grief is to them a revelation of possibilities after which they yearn; and, in Virgil's tender language, "they stretch forth hands with longing towards the farther shore." But if thus, by dying, man has conquered death, Religion will surely come back; there is help in the unseen; and once more the light shines in darkness. We can now pray, for we shall be heard by Him "unto whom all creatures live"—as our office of Requiem boldly chants in its solemn dirge. Death is found to be not an end, but a beginning.

TRUE FREEDOM

With prayer to God freedom returns—true liberty of judgment and choice, making us independent of party-talk, platform rhetoric, and every other bribe offered to our emotions. For I will not suppose, in the kind of man or woman I have been considering, such vulgar motives possible as the corrupt elections of bygone days took for granted. The nation, I would suggest, is in a serious mood, recovering from the somewhat desperate temper with which it greeted a most disappointing peace after winning the War. It is not that any lively enthusiasm moves and drives on to certain victory a single one of the parties in conflict. Each of the programmes advocated bristles with problems which lend to it the air of a venture into the unknown. So it surely must be, with Europe in dissolution, Germany a raging anarchy, and our alliance with France apparently sick unto death. The whole future is capable of interpretation according to our hopes or fears. And these, at last, are determined by the ideals we cherish.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE

What, then, do the Christian's deepest convictions bid him take as his working philosophy? Not despair and drifting with the stream; but hope for mankind, effort to the utmost, and courage that will never give in because it trusts in the God

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and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. More than once before it was the task of Religion to create a new Europe from the ruins of the old. By what means was that miracle wrought? Not by the spark of life left in those ruins; but by faith and prayer. The makers of civil society thus restored were Saints—holy men of God—before they built up cities, opened courts of justice, softened the horrors of war, taught Barbarians the Bible, and so established a more glorious world than Greek or Roman had dreamt of. Without prayer nothing of all this would ever have been done. The Litany of the Saints, at once a procession representing the past and a supplication imploring divine help for times to come, is in fact the marching-song of Western Christendom. Its united petitions, which are therefore termed Collects, or prayers of the whole Church, are drawn up in majestic Latin and have been chanted under every "Gospel Oak" in England. They are always in season, and their high religious tone braces the temper, while enlightening the spirit, of all that recite them devoutly.

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