

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THIS "BACKWARD AND FORWARD" ADVANCE OF BELFAST

In the confused and trying situation that holds Ireland at the present time, one encouraging thing is to find the Belfast Corner coming to sanity. The public may sometimes be a bit discouraged by observing that immediately after Belfast makes a notable stride forward, it invariably follows by receding a step. The reason for the receding, however, is easily explained. The mob raises such a terrible clamor every time Craig goes forward that to please them he must then hop back a little bit. But, if closely examined, the backward step is seen to be small in comparison with the forward one. The forward steps will be longer and more frequent in future since men like the Protestant Bishop of Belfast are speaking to the citizens in such fine words as those to which he gave utterance when presiding in his Cathedral on a recent Sunday. "Let us all try," he said, "to create a strong public opinion that will restore the moral tone of society. Let no country blind our judgments as to true moral distinctions. Let each one of us feel it our duty not to rest until our city is cleansed from these horrors, and its character restored in the world's opinion. I believe there is need for a corporate civic repentance. Belfast has sinned grievously. It would be difficult to over-estimate the guilt of a city where murder is followed by murder. Rather let us pray that we may as a people realize the greatness of the guilt, and then turn with contrite hearts to the Lord and crave His forgiveness; as the city of Nineveh repented, so let the city of Belfast repent, and thus may the wrath of God be turned away from us, and His grace lead us into paths of righteousness. Thus we will be once more a Christian community, where God is honored and men live in peace one with another."

"UNITY" REPLACES "UNIONIST"

Even before he spoke, it was rumored that the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast, having gotten an overdose of persecution and murder, and having their trade half ruined, are now forming what they call a Unity Party. They aim to get Irish Nationalists as well as Unionists into the Unity Committee. The purpose of the party is, in the first place, to stop the persecutions and the killings; in the next place, to substitute for the bigotry that now prevails in Belfast a spirit of tolerance and good-will; and in the third place, to bring about a better understanding between the Northeast corner and the rest of Ireland, and to smooth the way for making Ireland a unit. Of course, the party is being founded somewhat *sub rosa*. Sanity dare not yet assert itself openly. But when these business men find the party strong enough to come into the open and bear the brunt of the javelins of bigotry that are sure to be showered at it, they undoubtedly will come in the open, and will rally to them a great host of Unionist people who, though grieved and disgusted with the way things have gone in the Northeast, have not hitherto dared to express disapproval. Many of us who were most pessimistic about the Northeastern corner are inclined to revise our judgment. The caniness of our Belfast Scot, after all, shows him on which side his bread is buttered.

PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP A BIG MAN

The man of big calibre who is at present Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland has ever held aloof from the prejudicial things that many of the clergy of the Northeast were prone to preach to their congregations. While undoubtedly he was pro-British and a Unionist—in accordance with the traditions in which the Northeasterners are brought up—he considered himself an Irishman, and Ireland his country. It is well known that the conduct of the Unionists of the Northeast disgusted him, and that the sixteenth century bigotry of Belfast which expressed itself in persecution and slaughter, intensely shocked him. He now raises his voice, paternally advising his people in words worthy both of a truly religious man and a patriot. In the desire that Ireland may flourish and there may be peace among all the people in Ireland, he issued to the clergy and laity of the Protestant Church throughout the country a masterly manifesto, the pith of which is concentrated in the following paragraph taken therefrom: "It is our duty, whatever political order may be established, to go steadfastly forward with the work which is especially entrusted to us, in the assurance that the quiet doing of this work is the task laid upon us by our Divine Master; and that, in the doing of it, we are also laboring for the restoration of confidence and peace. Nor, again, must those

of us who are Unionists in politics, and who, in the past, have striven with all our power for the maintenance of the Union with Great Britain, lose anything of our sense of duty towards Ireland on account of recent changes. Whatever happens, Ireland is our country, and her people are our fellow-countrymen; and we are bound, not only by duty but by all the ties that belong to the land of our birth, to do all that in us lies to help forward every movement that makes for the common good. We must cooperate, each in his own sphere, with all who are working for the restoration of order and for the well-being of the whole people of our land."

HIS GRACE OF DUBLIN NOT BEHIND HIS BROTHERS OF BELFAST AND ARMAGH

The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Gregg, is not behind either the Archbishop of Armagh or the Bishop of Belfast in his patriotism. To a great congregation of his clergy and laity in the Mariners Church in Dunleary (Kingstown) he delivered an address that attracted much attention and won the warm approval of all Ireland. He pointed out to his hearers that they belonged to the Irish people, and that, if they were to be rightly governed, they must contribute such gifts as they possessed to the common stock for the benefit of their common land. He sincerely hoped that such weight as the Church of Ireland possessed would be thrown into the scale when the time came for Irishmen to take over the task of self-government; and that they would acknowledge the bond of responsibility towards the country into which God had cast their lot.

UNIFORMED RASCALS AS POLICEMEN

While the pronouncements of these patriotic men are mightily encouraging to the country, smoothing the way for cooperation between the two elements—the British element which happens to be almost entirely Protestant, and the Irish element which happens to be almost entirely Catholic—the one discouraging symptom is the terribly provocative and cruel conduct of the rascals in whose hands the Belfast Parliament has placed the keeping of the peace! In the Northeast corner, a year or so ago, when things were at their bitterest, the Northeast leaders formed the worst of the Orange mob into regiments of police, armed them with guns, bayonets and revolvers, and turned them loose upon the Nationalist minority—to keep the peace! The chief liaison officer for Sinn Fein in the North of Ireland, O'Duffy, has again and again told the world a little of the fiendish atrocities brought upon the minority by these armed and uniformed scoundrels. Readers would consider it almost unbelievable if they heard that there occurred in the Balkans or in Armenia the atrocities which these Northern "Police" have perpetrated. But it is recorded that, in their demonic hate of their fellow citizens of another creed, these barbarous scoundrels have in some cases gone so far as to cut the tongues out of their victims, and to dig the eyes out of their heads before finally killing them! These fearful happenings happened six months ago, but even now, when their good Bishops are preaching Christ's Gospel at them, and calling for Christ's peace among all Irishmen, the newspapers, day after day, are still recording tortures to which these fiends subject their fellows of the minority, and the highly provocative conduct with which, throughout the Six Counties, they are terrorizing all of the Nationalist element. It is the fear of the influence of these rascals that is the cause of the backward steps constantly being made by Craig and his fellows. The Belfast Government deliberately chose and armed this banditti, gave them power and gave them handsome salaries to go out and spread terror broadcast—and now when Craig and his fellows would find it to their advantage to restrain the banditti, they find it almost impossible and are certainly afraid to do so. The curse that Craig put upon the Northeast of Ireland by establishing this fiendish force, is, like all curses, coming home to roost!

SEUMAS MACMANUS
OF DUBLIN.

PROTESTANTS PRAISE DR. O'DONNELL

Dublin, Jan. 26.—From Protestants as well as Catholics Archbishop O'Donnell has received congratulations on his appointment as coadjutor to Cardinal Logue. All the Irish Bishops and hundreds of priests and laymen have sent their congratulations. At the Congested Districts Board of which His Lordship is a member Sir David Harrel, a Protestant, and Lord Orammon, and Brown, a Protestant, supported a resolution congratulating the Irish Cardinal's coadjutor. Mr. Andrew Lowery, a Unionist and Protestant, speaking at the

Donegal agricultural Committee, said they were all pleased that a distinguished son of Donegal had been so honored. Sir E. Anderson, a member of the North-East Parliament, sent a telegram to Dr. O'Donnell expressing pleasure at his appointment.

A MISCHIEVOUS LIE NAILED

DR. DICKIE GIVES THE LIE DIRECT TO MR. HOCKEN'S ANONYMOUS AUTHORITY

The Rev. Doctor R. W. Dickie, Chairman, Protestant Board of School Commissioners, Montreal, Que.

Reverend Dear Sir:—In the London Free Press of Feb. 1st, Mr. H. C. Hocken, M. P., of Toronto, quoted the following statement: "Two thousand or more Protestant children are walking the streets who should be attending school, many being turned away from the very threshold of the school buildings simply for lack of room and teachers."

I write to enquire if this statement is accurate. And will you have the kindness to allow me to make public your reply, if you see fit to make one?

Thanking you in advance,
I remain, Reverend dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
M. F. FALLON,
Bishop of London.

DOCTOR DICKIE'S REPLY

Montreal, 3rd Feb., 1921.
The Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London.

Reverend and Dear Sir:—I am not familiar with the situation of the school question in Ontario of late years but from reports coming to me recently I regret to notice that a great deal of heat is being generated over it, and that consequently wild rumors seem to thrive. I regret that there seems to have been some false impressions about the situation of our Protestant School Board in Montreal going the rounds of a section of the public press in Ontario.

I wish to assure you that our Protestant schools in Montreal have not for years turned away a single pupil applying for admission to our schools for want of room or teachers. Our school buildings have been described by a publication of Columbia University as equal to the best in America. Our teachers' salary scale is on the whole about on the level with that of other Canadian cities and we have not had a year in which we did not have a sufficient supply of applications from qualified teachers, and our standard of qualifications is equal to that of any Canadian Province.

The only trouble we have had has been that connected with the education of foreigners—Jews, Greeks, etc. In the case of the Jews we have been bearing a heavy burden, which at the time of their admission to the Protestant panel was not foreseen. Some twenty years ago when their children only numbered a few hundred, and it was decided in the courts that they had no school rights, our Board offered voluntarily to have them made Protestants, for purposes of education, in law. They have increased now to almost thirteen thousand in our schools and their taxes are not at all commensurate with their costs of education. This we think is a burden that now should rest on the whole community and not on the Protestants alone. Not until this year have we approached the Government and asked for a redistribution of taxes. In response the Government have recognized the present inequalities and have promised to study the question and bring in some new measure of legislation for next year. Up to the present so far as my experience goes we have on the whole received fair treatment at the hands of the majority and it does not occur to me to look for anything else in the future. You are at liberty to use any or all of this in any way you may deem wise, for it seems to me the only basis on which I may build a united and harmonious and Canadian life for which we all hope and pray, is that of truth, fair dealing, and mutual respect.

Yours very truly,
R. W. DICKIE,
Chairman, Protestant Board of School Commissioners, Montreal.

NEW CATALOGUE OF CATHOLIC BOOKS

Pittsburg, Feb. 4.—The Carnegie Library of Pittsburg has just issued a new Catalogue of Books by Catholic Authors in the Pittsburg Library. The volume is the largest and finest work of its kind that has yet appeared in this country, containing 326 pages, with each book annotated. The work is due to Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., who collaborated with the Carnegie Library authorities in its compilation.

Doctor Coakley read the proofs, arranged for expert consultants, and made the final decision as to the inclusion or exclusion of the names listed. The work will be invaluable to librarians and others who are stocking small libraries, or who are arranging with public libraries for the inclusion of Catholic books.

THE NEW PONTIFF

CLEAR-HEADED APPRECIATION BY SECULAR NEWSPAPER

N. Y. Times Editorial

Cardinal Ratti's election so early in the conclave is a surprise to the sage vaticators and believers in precedent. He was the candidate most in the public view, and from his very conspicuity seemed likely to be one of those "Popes before the conclave" whose expectations have so often been disappointed by the choice of obscurer men. His scholarship, his intellect, his experience and his character are worthy of that majestic office. As Papal Nuncio in Poland he exercised with great wisdom and tact in a difficult time the ecclesiastical and political powers now to be broadened over the world. As Archbishop of Milan, the most famous historically and still the most eminent Italian archdioceses, he has shown himself equal to the duties and problems of a region, the heart of the industrial life of the peninsula and filled with the most intense anti-clerical, Socialist and Communist activities.

It is rather idle, it seems to us, to talk of his "liberal" tendencies or to predict his course as the head of the Church from his course in Italian affairs and politics, or to assume that he is more or less "liberal" than Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, much spoken of as a candidate. Italian politics, or the relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, are but a facet of the many-sided international contacts of the Papacy. Collisions and contentions arise, are smoothed over, modified or left unsettled. Politicians and political and diplomatic questions are born and die. The Church, regarded always sub specie aeternitatis, goes on in its unending and ecumenic career. It is not Italian but universal; and its general ecclesiastical powers and policies transcend immeasurably the necessarily shifting and mutable accidents and compromises of diplomacy.

The fruitful labors of Benedict XV., so bitterly misunderstood and calumniated in the distresses and passions of the War, remain to praise him; and time has largely justified him, even in the minds of his former detractors. He left the Church much stronger than he found it, for all the sixties of war. Pius XI. is in his sixty-fourth year, unusually robust, young as Papal age is reckoned. Talent, energy, will and a comprehensive and statesmanlike mind are his. He should be a strong, perhaps even a great, Pope.

FOCH ON SUCCESS

"INTELLIGENCE, JUDGMENT AND WILL—STUBBORN WILL"

Paris, Feb. 6.—Le Petit Parisien publishes an interesting interview with Marshal Foch by Charles Le Goffic, a well-known French author, whose book on his experiences when fighting with a brigade of Breton marines classed him among the foremost descriptive writers of the great War.

Marshal Foch, having briefly sketched to Le Goffic the history of his youth and military career, of which the salient facts frequently have been told, continues by refuting certain stories spread lately. The great soldier denies, for instance, that during his recent American voyage he was won over to teetotal doctrines and practices. "The truth is," said the Marshal, "that I drink two glasses of wine with every meal—two glasses of Bordeaux. That's not too much, I think, but it is enough, and in all things I like a reasonable measure. Without being anything of a gourmet, without having a marked preference for any special cuisine, I have an appetite and eat well—and quickly. It is not good to sacrifice too much to the beast. And, anyhow, I am always in a hurry to get back to my pipe. My pipe is my vice."

"I no longer ride horseback, perhaps because I did so much riding in the past. Yes, for forty years, less from conviction than from duty, because it formed part of my military creed that in wartime one would always have to be on horseback. I rode every morning, Summer and Winter, from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock. And look at the irony of fate. When the War broke out for four years, except during a few parade ceremonies, I never had occasion to show off my equestrian talents. In other words, I ceased to ride when I began to fight. It's funny."

Replying to the question whether it was true that he was an optimist in life, General Foch replied: "People are wrong about optimism and pessimism—words without meaning. Optimism is nothing but a temperature. In any case it has nothing to do with war nor with action, generally speaking. "Yes, I know. One may well have taken me for an inveterate optimist. Why? Just because I always turn my eyes toward success, not failure. I involuntarily turn my back on disaster, and eliminate the hypothesis of failure. "This is my philosophy of action: Every time you've a task before you examine it carefully, take exact measure of what is expected of you. Then make your plan and in order to execute it properly create for yourself a method. Never imitate for good execution of a plan are, first, naturally, intelligence; then discernment and judgment which enable one to recognize the best methods to attain it, then singleness of purpose, and, lastly, what is most essential of all, namely, will—stubborn will. "A leader is, above all things, an animator. His thought and faith must be communicated to those he leads. He and they must form but one at the moment of executing a plan. That is the essential condition of success."

NEW POPE FAMOUS AS ALPINE CLIMBER

HIS CROSSING OF MONTE ROSA IN 1889 STILL CELEBRATED IN MOUNTAINEERING ANNALS

Pope Pius XI. has won some fame in the past as an Alpine climber. The Tablet, a Catholic periodical in London, in its issue of July 2 last prints an article headed "A Climbing Cardinal; Cardinal Ratti as Alpinist." It says in part: "Enrolled as an active member of the Italian Alpine Club, he already belonged to the ranks of militant Alpinists, even at a time when this form of sport was less easy and less well organized than now. "In the summer months he left behind his professional chair in the Ambrosian Library to seek recreation and health among rocks and glaciers. "He had had a thorough scientific preparation for the work in the Geographical School of Stoppani and Mercalli. He studied carefully beforehand his mountain excursions at his desk with books and maps. Then he set off, secure of his program, of his objective, and of his physical forces, always thoroughly well equipped with his rucksack, his alpenstock, aneroid, the best topographical maps, and all that is necessary to master a difficult situation, even in cases of surprise and the unforeseen, so common in mountaineering. "His companion was usually the late Mgr. Grasselli, rector of the College of San Carlo in Milan, who accompanied him in 1900 on his visit to England. "Enthusiastic as Alpinist

"Mr. Ratti had all the 'style' of an Alpinist—enthusiasm, courage, balance. Once afoot, he knew not weariness; his steps firm and measured like those of a mountaineer, his eyes open to all views and the charms of nature. "In difficult moments and in crises he displayed a majestic calm and perfect serenity, as when, on the glacier of the Tribolazione, beneath the summit of the Gran Paradiso, the rope suddenly escaped and, after a few critical moments poised on the edge of an abyss, he skillfully recovered it. "Mgr. Ratti, had a special weakness as an Alpinist climber. He loved to pass the night in the open air in the midst of the great rocks. His crossing of the Monte Rosa in 1889 from Macugnaga, athwart the Marinelli gorge, and passing for the first time on record the hill Zumstein, has remained celebrated in Italian Alpine annals. "He described the adventure himself in The Bulletin of the C. A. I. of this year. "Having reached the Marinelli hut, then in a very primitive condition, the following day, July 30, was spent in arduous climbing across the much-deadened gorge in the direction of Imsegrucken, then across the glacier upwards between the Zumstein and the Dufour, finally an acrobatic feat across the masses of reddish gneiss forming the summit, the party himself, Mgr. Grasselli, and the guides, Gadia and Prosent of Courmayeur, eventually

cause it formed part of my military creed that in wartime one would always have to be on horseback. I rode every morning, Summer and Winter, from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock. And look at the irony of fate. When the War broke out for four years, except during a few parade ceremonies, I never had occasion to show off my equestrian talents. In other words, I ceased to ride when I began to fight. It's funny."

touching the Punta Est, which together with the Allerhochste forms the Dufour peak. "The victory was won, but it was 8 p. m., 'driven by the wind,' he writes, 'which at this attitude was insupportable, and by advancing night, we quickly descended until about 80 metres lower we found a ledge almost clear of snow, and here we took shelter as best we could. ALL NIGHT ON NARROW LEDGE. "The aneroids indicated 4,600 metres above sea level about 15-180 feet). All that night they had to remain on foot on the narrow vertiginous ledge, unable to turn around or advance, under penalty of being precipitated into the abyss, only able to stamp their feet to prevent them freezing. The coffee, wine and eggs were frozen solid and unusable; they had only a few drops of kirschwasser, and woe to the man who should yield to sleep. "Yet Dr. Ratti gives a poetic description of that wondrous night watch amid the magnificent silence of the great peaks, broken only once by the thunder of a colossal avalanche on the lower glaciers beneath them. "The next day the telegraphic wires between Macugnaga and Zermatt conveyed the news of a catastrophe; nobody supposed it possible to spend the night on the Dufour. "But meanwhile the interpid climbers, instead of taking the normal descent to Zermatt, were trying a new route on the Italian side. "One more night they had to spend in the open on the moraine of the Grand glacier, finally reaching the Riffelberg, to the amazement of all the spectators. "Two days later Mgr. Ratti set off without his companion to make the ascent of the Matterhorn, which he carried out without staying at the hut, and, once more overtaken by darkness in the descent, he spent the night in the open. "The following year he negotiated Mont Blanc by the ascent of the Rocher, and descended by the Dome glacier, a descent that at that time was a novelty. NEW RECORD IN SACRED COLLEGE

"The new Cardinal's feats will probably create a new record in the Sacred College and very likely in the Episcopate. "The Tablet remarks that Cardinal Ratti is a worthy follower of St. Charles Borromeo, as well as of his immediate predecessor Cardinal Ferrari, "though far excelling them both. "It is well known," says the Tablet, "how St. Charles in making the visitation of his vast diocese, which in those days stretched away into Switzerland, used to penetrate, often on foot, into the most inaccessible hamlets high up among the mountains, fastenances, sometimes obliged to crawl upon hands and knees, exposed to the rigors of the Alpine climate."

NEW POPE CHOSEN

CARDINAL RATTI, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN, SUCCEEDS BENEDICT XV.

Rome, Feb. 6.—Cardinal Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, was elected Pope on the first ballot taken today in the conclave of Cardinals, and will reign under the name of Pius XI. Announcement of the election of the new Pontiff was made by Cardinal Bisleti to a crowd of more than 10,000, who were waiting in St. Peter's Square despite the rain. "The bells of St. Peter's immediately rang out. The chimes announcing the election of the new Pope were answered at once by the bells of all the other churches in Rome, but were not answered, as was the case fifty years ago, by the booming of the guns of the Castle of San Angelo, which now belongs to the Italian Government. "The Italian troops in the square presented arms at the announcement. The people in the crowd threw their hats into the air or waved handkerchiefs, shouting, "Long life to the Pope and all glory to his Pontificate!"

POPE APPEARS ON BALCONY

When comparative quiet had been restored, Pius XI. appeared on the balcony. A spear-headed Pontifical cross was held over his head, and around him were grouped the Cardinals of the Pupal Court. The Pope by this time was dressed entirely in white, his costume contrasting sharply with the scarlet gowns of the Cardinals and the richly colored costumes of others with him. "Those in the square fell to their knees to receive the Pope's blessing. He intoned in Latin: "Blessed be the name of the Lord." "And the throng of ecclesiastics responded: "From this time forth and forever and ever." "Again the clear powerful voice of the Holy Father sang:

"Our help is in the name of the Lord." And the entourage chanted the response: "Who hath made the Heavens and the earth." And then, thrice raising his right hand with the first two fingers extended, on one of which shone the Fisherman's Ring, turned to each of the four points of the compass and imparted his first apostolic benediction "urbi orbi" invoking the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost to descend upon the City and upon the World and to remain forever.

CATHOLIC NOTES

New Orleans, La.—Women will attend the annual banquet of the Jesuit Alumni Association for the first time in the history of the organization, February 18. The affair is to be given in the Elks' Home. The banquet will initiate a campaign for the collection of a large fund with which to erect five new buildings at Loyola University. Los Angeles, Cal.—The latest development in Maryknoll activities in this city was the formal opening of a new school for the Japanese. The erection of this building was made possible largely by the generosity of the Japanese themselves who evidently appreciated the need and the value of such an institution.

Manchester, Jan. 25.—In memory of the 94 brethren of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who fell in battle or died of wounds received in action, a memorial has been erected in the Cathedral of the Salford diocese. The memorial consists of a series of tablets, engraved with the names of the fallen Vincentians, and placed in position in the Calvary Chapel of the Cathedral. The Religious Bulletin, organ of the Archbishop of Rouen, commenting upon the renewal of relations with the Vatican, affirms that Mgr. Fuzet, late archbishop of Rouen, had occasion to speak with M. Briand at the time of the Separation, and made use of the following words: "Having denounced the Concordat, you will be forced, for the good of the nation, to return some day to the Pope; you will negotiate with him the status of the Church in France. And I predict that it will be you yourself, M. Briand, who will do so." The prediction has been fulfilled by point.

Paris, France.—A touching religious ceremony, held at the request of the officer marked the last day of the official existence of the 34th infantry regiment ordered disbanded. Soldiers and officers attended a solemn Mass in the Church of Saint Madeline, where they prayed for their comrades who fell on the field of honor, and thanked God for the victories He had enabled the regiment to inscribe on its flag. The mayor and all the civil authorities were present at the Mass, which was celebrated by the priest who had been the chaplain of the 34th infantry during the War. Charlottetown, P. E. I.—The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the first Scottish Catholic settlers on Prince Edward Island will be fittingly observed by the Catholics of this province, if present plans are carried out. The landing was made at Scotchfort, along the Hillsborough or East River, and twelve miles from here. Plans at present call for the erection of a monument in memory of all the original Scottish Catholic settlers and it is hoped to have the movement extend to every place throughout the continent, where descendants of these Scottish settlers may live. Forty-two and a half acres of land adjoining the tract owned by the Detroit Golf Club in the North Woodward district, have been purchased as a new site for the University of Detroit, conducted by the Jesuits. Sixteen and a half acres of this property will be covered by a stadium of concrete and steel capable of seating 70,000 persons, and by other features of the University's athletic plant. The remainder of the tract will be occupied by new buildings for all the various departments of the University, whose rapid growth since it was chartered in 1911 has made larger facilities necessary to meet the increasing enrolment. Paris, France.—Following an interview between the Bishop of Langres and the mayor of the town, the Little Seminary of the diocese, will soon be established in a building formerly used as a barracks. Ever since the Separation the seminary had been located in a distant town of the diocese for lack of suitable quarters. The Langres barracks was practically empty, and the Municipal Council asked the Minister of War for permission to take it over. The Council then offered it, in a spirit of kindness, to the Bishop, for use as a seminary. The Minister of War and the Bishop of Langres were both willing to accept this arrangement, thanks to which the Seminary will again be located near the Cathedral.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER IX

FAN AMONG THE GIPSIES

On the outskirts of an English village, under trees just fringed with autumnal gold, the gipsies were encamped, and in a recess of the tents Fancha was being dressed for a performance. Naomi, the sad-faced gipsy, plaited her long hair, laced her scarlet bodice, and arranged her gaudy beads glittered on her neck; round her waist was clasped a belt of imitation jewels, and tawdry ornament was heaped on her till she looked like some bird of strangely brilliant plumage from which no song could be expected.

Outside, in the sunshine, a crowd was expecting the appearance of the little dancing and singing girl, the greatest attraction of the show, and among the villagers and country people stood a group of ladies and gentlemen who had ridden from a neighbouring watering-place, and passing the encampment had dismounted from curiosity to see what was going on.

Fancha bounded out of the tent into the sunny open, and rattling her castanets, had already begun her dance. At first the little figure dazzled the eyes with its glowing colours, flying draperies, and glittering tinsels, but soon the graceful motion of the slim, brown limbs became noticeable, and gave an artistic value to sandals and bangles, to streaming scarves of scarlet, and purple and gold. Thistleton Honeywood, one of the riders who had dismounted to look on, was captivated by the brilliant little apparition even before the beauty of the child's countenance was discerned by him.

"It is the poetry of dancing," he said, "as only a child can render it. Exuberant life and joy in every movement, unconscious grace in every attitude!"

He pressed through the crowd, and drew nearer to the dancer. Fancha's little oval face, glowing like a promise-grate, was turned towards him. The dark eyes burned with excitement; lips and cheeks were rippled over with a smile of glee. She looked at no one, but seemed laughing at the moving clouds above the heads of the people as if she described her own fitting counterparts among their bright and fantastic shapes. She looked the very ideal of picturesque joy and ideal of picturesque looks carried to excess. Her eyes blazed under her garments, for little Fan had had a beating since she left Killeevy mountain, yet her delight in her dancing was as real as her life. The free movements in the open air gave her liberty for the moment, the clashing of bizarre music exhilarated, the breezy scudding of the autumnal clouds overhead inspired her. Her dance under the sky was the short-lived rapture of a too-often miserable day.

The dance came suddenly to an end, and Mr. Honeywood was startled to see how quickly the look of joy vanished from her face, the buoyant expression of the limbs disappeared, and as the little dancer fell into an artless childlike attitude of waiting, he noticed how heavily the mouth and eyelids drooped.

"Poor little thing!" mused he, "her face is too good for her fortunes. Only a child could endure such a life, and in a year or more she will be too old for it. What is this? She is going to sing!"

A gipsy had brought her a guitar, and she was all animation once more. Seating herself on the grass against a background of waving sombre-hued trees, this bird of glowing plumage began to pour out a song that startled the hearts of her hearers. It was a wild, stirring gipsy ditty, with strange refrains, mirthful and impassioned by turns; and the little songstress sent it forth with head well thrown back (as of old she had held herself veiling with the thrush), eyebrows elevated in droilery or disdain, foot and shoulders helping to give fierceness to the wrath, or humour to the gaiety of the theme. Mr. Honeywood listened attentively, with his face leant forward, a keen light in his eye, and an unusual colour in his cheek.

"Brava! brava!" he murmured quickly under his breath.

"Poor little thing!" he said, pityingly, as his eyes rested on her where she sat drooping as before with the guitar on her knees. "Ask her to sing again," he called to the gipsy near him, holding up a piece of gold as he spoke, and observing with interest how quickly energy waked up again in the sorrowful face.

Fancha considered for a moment and then there rose suddenly from her lips a sacred strain, curiously in contrast with her former song, sweet, solemn and thrilling, a hymn that alternated between triumph and the Virgin Triumphant, sung in every cabin on Killeevy mountain; the words were in Irish and incomprehensible to her listeners.

"The music is as delightful as the voice," said Honeywood, when she had finished. "Of what language are the words of the song?" he asked of the gipsy.

"Romany, our own language," said the gipsy.

"A lie," said Honeywood to himself, and then glancing at Fancha again he was struck by the paleness that had crept over her face. She sat with her small hands clasped on her knees, white and weary, and looking lonely and forlorn in the crowd. Her eyes were looking at Killeevy mountain, and it taxed all her young strength to hold back the tears which were threatening to fall.

"Where did you get your little girl?" asked Honeywood, of the gipsy mother who was now hovering about him, noting all his movements. "She does not appear to be one of you."

"She is a gipsy. That is her mother who is taking her into the tent."

"Falsehood number two," said Honeywood aside.

"She has a very remarkable voice."

"It goes in the blood," said the gipsy.

"My dear fellow," said a friend, "my wife sent me a quarter of an hour ago to hurry you away. If we do not come we shall hear of it."

Thistleton Honeywood turned on his heel and accompanied his friend, mentally resolving to return to the spot next morning and make such discoveries as he could concerning the charming little creature that had interested him so much, and the party remounted and rode home.

The performance over, Fan was despoiled of her finery, and habited in an old woollen garment, was soon busy among the gipsy children, and she was her duty to nurse and amuse all the infants of the camp, by turn or in flocks, being well watched herself the while by many a vigilant eye. As evening advanced the little swarthy babies were, one after another, sung by her to sleep, outside the tents, away from the clatter of their scolding mothers' tongues. Even here she was closely watched, and yet she did not want to run away. She had tried it once, indeed; but now she would wait patiently for Kevin to come for her. All the children were asleep except one, who persisted in keeping his black eyes open till the trees hid their gold under mists of gray, and finally became a solemn dark mass against the sky. The high road glimmered in the distance, and Fan watched it while she sang, pouring out her heart in a monotonous chant that served for a lullaby, while the Irish words betrayed none of her secrets, no more to the men and women who passed her to and fro than to the child into the wrinkles of whose chubby neck she shed her secret tears between the stanzas. Her broken and fitful song, half complaint, half lullaby, ran something like this:

"Are you coming along the road, Kevin? The world is bigger than we thought it was, and I am always afraid you will pass us by in the dark. But they are lighting the great fire now outside the tent, and you will see it as we saw it at Killeevy. Hush, baby, sleep. Avourneen, avourneen!"

"Kevin, don't think I am dead. I awakened in a vessel, and we were far away at sea. The sea was beautiful, but I cried the whole day. And they did not put me in a light-house! The trees here are lovely, and the fields are sweet, and I was walking by your hand and would be glad to see the world.—Sleep! acushla, sleep!"

"Sometimes I am happy when we are travelling through the trees, and sometimes I am merry when I am dancing in the wind. But when I stop quite still, oh, then I am so lonely! Once I ran away and they gave me a beating; not Naomi at all, but the big cruel gipsy herself. I can't bear it again, and so I will stay with them, and be good till you come."

"Aron, come quickly, for they quarrel, and I am frightened.—Hush, little darling!—Sleep!"

"I try to see Killeevy mountain, but the gipsies' faces get in between. Sometimes I am afraid there is no Killeevy any more. Has the sea washed it out, and is there now only England? Oh, Kevin, are you there, are you anywhere? Is there Killeevy, is there Kevin any more?"

Ending thus in a burst of grief, Fan buried her face in the baby's fat shoulder.

"Don't you see the child is asleep?" said its mother, shaking her.

Fan delivered up her charge, and being called to eat her supper, joined the gipsy circle round the fire. She sat full in the light of the blaze, thinking Kevin will be able to see me if he comes by."

After supper she lay on the grass, half hidden in Naomi's gown, trying to walk with all her might to "see Killeevy." But it was not to be seen. The frelight flashing over swarthy faces, and backed by the inky masses of the trees, extinguished the mellow landscape that she struggled to descry. Neither could her fancy catch murmurs from her home because of noisy oaths and shouts of laughter. Her last thought was a fear that the fire was getting low, and that Kevin might pass by in the dark without seeing them. And then she fell asleep.

Out of her sleep she was roused by the order to march. The camp was on the move. The gipsy mother had no desire to be questioned next morning by the gentleman who had taken an interest in her little singing girl. Her shrewd-

ness suspected that he would return to have his curiosity gratified. So the tents were folded and the horses were yoked, and after much noise and clamour the caravan moved away into the stillness of the night.

During the early night hours Fan was kept under cover for the sake of her voice, but by daybreak she was released from her moving prison and allowed to trudge along the road by Naomi's side. How sweet to see the gray mists part on the brow of the hill, disclosing the brown fallow, the dim hedges dashed with red, the russet grove and the emurpled dale! Autumn was far advanced; a faint, sweet smell that hinted of decay hung with the mists upon the morning air; the throats sang his last song upon a branch bare, but for a few gray tassels of foliage that, even as he piped, kept fluttering one by one to the earth. Fan was glad and hopeful moving through the invigorating air, and her heart beat high with expectation as she pressed forward between the berried hedges.

CHAPTER X
SHE RUNS AWAY

But Kevin never appeared upon the road, and Fancha's heart began to fail. Could it be possible that he thought she was dead, and would never come to look for her at all? If this were so, how unhappy he must be, and how dreadful for her to live for ever with the gipsies! But a bright idea came to her. Why could she not write him a letter? She wondered she had not thought of it before.

It seemed impossible to carry out such a scheme. Materials were beyond her reach and she had no means of communicating with the post; yet Fancha kept her purpose in mind.

It chanced one day that some school children visited the gipsies, and Fan made overtures of friendship to a bright-eyed boy.

"Oh, but it's nice to be a gipsy!" said the boy, gazing admiringly at Fan. "Your frock is splendid. Tell me what they have in their cooking pot."

In an instant Fan saw her way. "Everything good," she said, smacking her lips. "Would you like to have a taste?"

"Aye!" said the little gourmand with sparkling eyes.

"Well, then," said Fan, "will you bring me a clean piece of paper and a pencil tomorrow, and I will keep you a share of my own. But you must not be seen giving it to me, nor taking anything from me, because—"

"Why?" asked the boy, lowering his voice as Fan's eyes grew wide and mysterious.

"The gipsies might burn your father's house."

This was a daring stroke on Fan's part, but having been beaten herself, she thought the gipsies capable of almost any vengeance.

"Laws," said the boy, "we must mind what we are about," but he did not think of relinquishing the enterprise.

Fan got what she wanted, and the lad was rewarded with the succulent and savoury leg of a fowl that had probably come out of his father's farmyard.

"Now," said Fan, "you shall have more tomorrow if you will bring me an envelope and a postage stamp."

"I'll do it," said the young glutton; and was as good as his word.

Fan's letter was scrawled in trepidation and secrecy.

"Dear Kevin, I am not dead. I know you will be looking for me as if I was the princess. I am not in a lighthouse. I am in England. The gipsies took me and we are always going about. If you keep walking on the road you will be sure to meet us.—FAN."

The envelope being addressed as well as she was able to do it, the letter was delivered with great care to her friend; and Fan returned to her dancing with glee. The sequel of her little adventure was unknown to her. As the boy gnawed his bone under a hedge in the fields on his way home he was overtaken and interrupted by a gipsy who took possession of the letter. The child fled home, crying that his father's house would be burned. The father hearing that such a threat had been uttered by a girl among the gipsies immediately communicated with the police. But when the police arrived the next morning on the spot, the common was deserted, the gipsies were gone.

After this Fan's hopes ran high; but as weeks passed on and the berries vanished from the hedges, the pleasant excitement began to ebb away. Even perpetual wandering and movement could no longer amuse her into forgetfulness; and the poor little heart grew chill as the wintry wind grew keen. The novelty of the life was gone, the school-crowd of children at the place where she was staying. She would watch and see. Perhaps some day the big sister would come out and recognize her, waiting there so patiently, and say, "Lo, Minnie Belle! Come on here now and behave yourself!" It was what she had heard other big sisters say, straightening a hair ribbon importantly or buttoning up the smaller child's coat with a carefulness that somehow made Minnie Belle feel infinitely lonely. Even to have a big sister to scold her would be something, thought Minnie Belle. Mrs. Crossen sighed again as the child gave a brief "g'bye," still without turning, and all the

way home the small, pathetic figure haunted her, watching so wistfully for the big sister who would never come. She wondered who the child was, and if the Ransomes had adopted her. She was neatly dressed and looked well nourished. No doubt she was well cared for. It was foolish, Mrs. Crossen told herself, to worry about anyone in whom the Ransomes were interested. They were wealthy and reputed to be very charitable. Nevertheless she did think about her often, and once again as she drove by in her car she glimpsed the small form at the corner of the academy grounds, watching, and watching. Another day she found herself walking again merely to see if the child were there. The little one seemed to remember her and was a little more communicative.

Yes her name was Minnie Belle. She was four. She liked candy. She accepted the offering with a smile, but the strange lady really held only the smallest portion of her attention. Her eyes were on the girl.

"Won't you open the candy and have some?" the strange lady asked.

"Minnie Belle thrust the box into her hand. "You open it," she insinuated gently. "Give Minnie Belle choc'let." As for herself she pressed her face more closely against the palings. To her at that moment there was something more vital than even chocolates.

Almost in spite of herself, for it wrong Mrs. Crossen's heart with the old unbearable pain to see the children, she found herself passing the academy oftener and oftener and stopping to talk with the watching child, who never seemed to miss a day. Gradually she won the little girl's confidence and sometimes when the children had all disappeared she would yield her hand to Mrs. Crossen and allow herself to be escorted to the Ransome gate.

She was a grave child, never skipful at any time, never giggling or running, or breaking out into childish ebullitions of merriment. Her very smile was restrained as though unused to play about the small features, and a wistful dignity in her childish figure. There was something about her that tore at Mrs. Crossen's heart.

"What of that child at the Ransomes?" she asked a friend one day. "Is she a relative, and have they adopted her?"

"Oh, I don't think so," was the reply. "She's from the Children's Home, I believe. They had her and a couple of others for Christmas, and she got sick. They got a nurse for her and gave her every care, of course. They don't seem to be particularly fond of her, for neither of them really cares for children, but they just let her stay on because they do want to be good to her, and then she's such a little mouse, they hardly know she's in the house."

"A lonely little mouse, I'm afraid," was Mrs. Crossen's comment.

"Oh, I don't know," indifferently. "Children are happy playing around with dolls and things."

Mrs. Crossen wondered if the Ransomes intended to keep the child, but she did not wish to ask. It might indicate an interest which she was not exactly sure she herself wished either to display or foster. There was no doubt the little girl made a strong appeal to her, but this might be attributed to her own condition of loneliness and sadness. She felt sorry for the child, she experienced a desire to dispel the unchildlike gravity of the sober little face, but she harbored no wish to take her herself, even if the Ransomes should not keep her. In fact, she shrank away from the mere thought. No, no! Her heart was dead, her affections bruised and broken. What could she do for a child, she whose heart was in the grave with her dear ones? Besides, she was travelling, and she could not hamper herself with a child, who was, after all, in good hands.

It was a bright spring day when Mrs. Crossen told Minnie Belle that she was going away. The children had all dispersed and the child was just leaving her place at the fence. She ran to Mrs. Crossen, slipping her little hand confidently into that of the tall lady whom she had come to love. She had brought the child a doll and a box of candy, and she watched with a curious mixture of pleasure and pain Minnie Belle's quiet delight in the pretty doll. She lifted it out of the box and clasping it close in her two little arms, looked up at the giver with shining eyes.

"My dolly!" she murmured, hugging it close. "My dolly. My dolly."

A choke came into Mrs. Crossen's throat. "You like her, don't you?" she asked. "I'll have to bring you another one when I come back."

The child tore her entranced eyes from the doll and looked up doubtfully. Another one? She was not sure there was room in her heart for another one, this one so filled up every nook and cranny of her starved little being. It was her first doll, for it so happened that Mrs. Ransome did not hold with make-believes, and the joy was somewhat bewildering.

"Tomorrow" she asked with her slow baby lisp.

"No, not tomorrow. I'm going away, dear, and I can't come to see Minnie Belle for a long time."

The child seemed to catch some of the finality in the "long time,"

and the delight in her new possession faded a little. Her hold on the doll relaxed and the old absent-widfulness came into her gaze. Did people always go away, and leave Minnie Belle? She remembered the day her mother had called her to the bed and had told her she was going away. She had kissed Minnie Belle and cried and told her to be a good girl always and to pray for mother and father every night. Father, it appeared, had gone away, too. Minnie Belle did not remember him. Maybe, her small mind struggled on, maybe everybody went away.

The strange lady on whom she had fixed lately the hidden affections of her lonely little heart now spoke cheerfully.

"You mustn't forget me, will you, dear, while I'm gone?"

The child's lips quivered. "And pray for you ev'ry night?" she managed to whisper interrogatively.

Mrs. Crossen drew her into her arms and held her there. "You dear child!" she murmured. "Yes, do pray for me every night, and I'll come to see Minnie Belle as soon as I come home."

The child watched her until she disappeared around the corner, the old, empty, lonely feeling stealing back into her heart. Minnie Belle would never see the kind lady again. Here she began to cry, not loudly as children do, but quietly in a piteous, unchildlike way, the tears dropping down on the pink cheeks and bright hair of the doll still cradled in her arms. Soon her gaze fell on the new treasure and her nervous little sobs grew less. Here was something to love, anyhow, not very responsive, it is true, but dear, and lovely, and her own.

"My dolly," she breathed between sobs as she trotted soberly toward the Ransome gate, "my dolly—my dolly!"

Mrs. Crossen went away in May, and it was September before she returned. The wistful figure of Minnie Belle had become somewhat dimmed in her mind, and it was two or three weeks before it occurred to her to drive by the academy and see if the child was still waiting for her "big sister." She wanted to see her anyhow—she had promised her another doll. But there was no Minnie Belle at the corner, no wistful eyes yearning toward the bright stream of girlish figures rushing out through the tall gate. She stopped the car and called to one of the children who ran over eagerly.

"Where's the little girl who used to stand here every day watching the children?" she asked.

"Do you mean Minnie Belle? Oh, she's gone back to the Children's Home," answered the girl. "The Ransome's went away, traveling, and they sent Minnie Belle back."

Well, of all the selfish things to do, thought Mrs. Crossen, resentfully, as she drove away. To keep the child as long as it suited their own convenience, and then when they wanted to go away to decline any further responsibility and send her back to the Home!

Here a salutary reminder checked Mrs. Crossen. Was not that what she had done herself—gone away and evaded the distinct appeal which the child's lonely little figure had made to her? Gone away deliberately because she wished selfishly to forget the appeal and to escape from her heart the yearning that it was beginning to entertain.

"Oh!" she groaned, remorsefully. "I have no right to blame the Ransomes. They probably did all they intended to do, but I—I—was false to the poor little thing's affection—to my own best instincts."

It was still early, and following a sudden impulse Mrs. Crossen drove out to the Home. The sound of children's voices raised in play reached her as she guided her car up the drive, and as she stopped two children came slowly around the corner of the house, hand in hand. One was a slender girl of about twelve, and the other tot, clasping a doll in her arms was none other than Minnie Belle. As soon as she saw her Mrs. Crossen knew exactly what she intended to do.

"Well, Minnie Belle," she cried gaily, "here you are and I'm just looking for you! Have you forgotten me?"

The child's eyes widened for a moment, she stared unbelievably, and then she ran to Mrs. Crossen and was folded closely in her arms. Minnie Belle clung to her convulsively, as though she never wished to let her go. Tears of remorse and a curious new gratitude filled the woman's eyes.

"You're glad to see me, aren't you, dear?" Then as the child nodded mutely: "Would you like to come home with me and stay always and be my little girl? Would you, Minnie Belle?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little child from her safe shelter. Then she drew away and looked at her little friend who had been watching the scene interestedly and a shadow crossed her face. Here was herself or given to the lonely child the tenderness for which she had always yearned. Did it mean that Minnie Belle must leave now? Slow tears formed and began to roll down her cheeks. Truly for one small mite the strange problems of a strange life were proving too much.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Crossen asked, as the child raised piteous tear-filled eyes, at the same time

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HER BIG SISTER

Mrs. Crossen made it a point never to pass St. Mary's Academy about the time for dismissing school—it was painful to see the children run out gaily, while her own little Elizabeth, who used to be under the daisies, but today she had been detained at a meeting, and having decided to walk home, found herself approaching the academy just as the girls came out. At the corner of the grounds, her face pressed against palings of the fence, she spied a child of about four who was earnestly watching the school children. Mrs. Crossen stopped to speak to her.

"Waiting for someone, dear?" she asked.

The child nodded. "Lookin' for big sister," she replied without looking around.

Mrs. Crossen's heart contracted with a poignant memory. She saw again her own little four-year-old Molly climbing on the big chair by the front window, announcing joyously her intention of "lookin' for big sister!" Alas, it was big sister who had now gone to look for Molly in that far country to which the little one had journeyed five years before, leaving the widowed mother alone and lonely. She stopped and laid a tender hand on the strange child's shoulder.

"What is big sister's name?" she inquired.

"There was no answer.

"What do you tell me?"

The child gave her a fugitive upward glance but still said nothing, fastening her eyes again on the trooping youngsters. One of the girls spoke shyly to Mrs. Crossen.

"Oh, do you know Myra?" she responded. "Do you know this child's big sister? She's waiting for her anxiously."

Myra Wilson smiled. "Why, that's Minnie Belle," she said. "She has no big sister. Mrs. Crossen. She's waiting every day."

"Why, she said—" Mrs. Crossen paused, glancing down at the silent mite. "Where do you live, dear?" she queried.

"She's an orphan. I guess," Myra volunteered. "She stays with the Ransomes. They live right over there, and she hasn't any sisters or brothers, or anything. Have you, Minnie Belle?" with the unconscious heartlessness of youth.

"Dear little thing," said Mrs. Crossen, sighing. As clearly as if she had looked into the child's heart she knew what was passing there. Other little girls had big sisters, tall girls who played with them, walked with them, petted them. Why had she no big sister? What had there no big sister? In all that crowd of children at the place where she was staying. She would watch and see. Perhaps some day the big sister would come out and recognize her, waiting there so patiently, and say, "Lo, Minnie Belle! Come on here now and behave yourself!" It was what she had heard other big sisters say, straightening a hair ribbon importantly or buttoning up the smaller child's coat with a carefulness that somehow made Minnie Belle feel infinitely lonely. Even to have a big sister to scold her would be something, thought Minnie Belle. Mrs. Crossen sighed again as the child gave a brief "g'bye," still without turning, and all the

away from her companions became daily and vividly present to her mind. Yet she behaved with prudence. Nothing is more catching for a child than distrust, and though candid by nature, Fan was in a fair way to pick up the cleverness of cunning.

As the days grew shorter the quarrelling of the gipsy women increased. Even the slight confinement between canvas boundaries made necessary by the hours of darkness disagreed with their liberty-loving tempers, and loud voices rang fiercely from tent to tent from twilight until far in the night. Wild scenes sometimes took place around the fire in the open air, and on these occasions Fan was almost driven out of her senses with fright.

They were now encamped near a thick wood, and even the presence of this wood was a trouble to Fan. It surrounded them on every side but one, and it loomed upon them in the darkness after nightfall, making a fitting background for unholy firelight warfare. Fan's fairy lore supplied her imagination with troops of wolves that, even as he piped, kept fluttering one by one to the earth. Fan was glad and hopeful moving through the invigorating air, and her heart beat high with expectation as she pressed forward between the berried hedges.

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Mrs. Crossen's heart contracted with a poignant memory. She saw again her own little four-year-old Molly climbing on the big chair by the front window, announcing joyously her intention of "lookin' for big sister!" Alas, it was big sister who had now gone to look for Molly in that far country to which the little one had journeyed five years before, leaving the widowed mother alone and lonely. She stopped and laid a tender hand on the strange child's shoulder.

"What is big sister's name?" she inquired.

"There was no answer.

"What do you tell me?"

The child gave her a fugitive upward glance but still said nothing, fastening her eyes again on the trooping youngsters. One of the girls spoke shyly to Mrs. Crossen.

"Oh, do you know Myra?" she responded. "Do you know this child's big sister? She's waiting for her anxiously."

Myra Wilson smiled. "Why, that's Minnie Belle," she said. "She has no big sister. Mrs. Crossen. She's waiting every day."

"Why, she said—" Mrs. Crossen paused, glancing down at the silent mite. "Where do you live, dear?" she queried.

"She's an orphan. I guess," Myra volunteered. "She stays with the Ransomes. They live right over there, and she hasn't any sisters or brothers, or anything. Have you, Minnie Belle?" with the unconscious heartlessness of youth.

"Dear little thing," said Mrs. Crossen, sighing. As clearly as if she had looked into the child's heart she knew what was passing there. Other little girls had big sisters, tall girls who played with them, walked with them, petted them. Why had she no big sister? What had there no big sister? In all that crowd of children at the place where she was staying. She would watch and see. Perhaps some day the big sister would come out and recognize her, waiting there so patiently, and say, "Lo, Minnie Belle! Come on here now and behave yourself!" It was what she had heard other big sisters say, straightening a hair ribbon importantly or buttoning up the smaller child's coat with a carefulness that somehow made Minnie Belle feel infinitely lonely. Even to have a big sister to scold her would be something, thought Minnie Belle. Mrs. Crossen sighed again as the child gave a brief "g'bye," still without turning, and all the

and the delight in her new possession faded a little. Her hold on the doll relaxed and the old absent-widfulness came into her gaze. Did people always go away, and leave Minnie Belle? She remembered the day her mother had called her to the bed and had told her she was going away. She had kissed Minnie Belle and cried and told her to be a good girl always and to pray for mother and father every night. Father, it appeared, had gone away, too. Minnie Belle did not remember him. Maybe, her small mind struggled on, maybe everybody went away.

The strange lady on whom she had fixed lately the hidden affections of her lonely little heart now spoke cheerfully.

"You mustn't forget me, will you, dear, while I'm gone?"

The child's lips quivered. "And pray for you ev'ry night?" she managed to whisper interrogatively.

Mrs. Crossen drew her into her arms and held her there. "You dear child!" she murmured. "Yes, do pray for me every night, and I'll come to see Minnie Belle as soon as I come home."

The child watched her until she disappeared around the corner, the old, empty, lonely feeling stealing back into her heart. Minnie Belle would never see the kind lady again. Here she began to cry, not loudly as children do, but quietly in a piteous, unchildlike way, the tears dropping down on the pink cheeks and bright hair of the doll still cradled in her arms. Soon her gaze fell on the new treasure and her nervous little sobs grew less. Here was something to love, anyhow, not very responsive, it is true, but dear, and lovely, and her own.

"My dolly," she breathed between sobs as she trotted soberly toward the Ransome gate, "my dolly—my dolly!"

Mrs. Crossen went away in May, and it was September before she returned. The wistful figure of Minnie Belle had become somewhat dimmed in her mind, and it was two or three weeks before it occurred to her to drive by the academy and see if the child was still waiting for her "big sister." She wanted to see her anyhow—she had promised her another doll. But there was no Minnie Belle at the corner, no wistful eyes yearning toward the bright stream of girlish figures rushing out through the tall gate. She stopped the car and called to one of the children who ran over eagerly.

"Where's the little girl who used to stand here every day watching the children?" she asked.

"Do you mean Minnie Belle? Oh, she's gone back to the Children's Home," answered the girl. "The Ransome's went away, traveling, and they sent Minnie Belle back."

Well, of all the selfish things to do, thought Mrs. Crossen, resentfully, as she drove away. To keep the child as long as it suited their own convenience, and then when they wanted to go away to decline any further responsibility and send her back to the Home!

Here a salutary reminder checked Mrs. Crossen. Was not that what she had done herself—gone away and evaded the distinct appeal which the child's lonely little figure had made to her? Gone away deliberately because she wished selfishly to forget the appeal and to escape from her heart the yearning that it was beginning to entertain.

"Oh!" she groaned, remorsefully. "I have no right to blame the Ransomes. They probably did all they intended to do, but I—I—was false to the poor little thing's affection—to my own best instincts."

It was still early, and following a sudden impulse Mrs. Crossen drove out to the Home. The sound of children's voices raised in play reached her as she guided her car up the drive, and as she stopped two children came slowly around the corner of the house, hand in hand. One was a slender girl of about twelve, and the other tot, clasping a doll in her arms was none other than Minnie Belle. As soon as she saw her Mrs. Crossen knew exactly what she intended to do.

"Well, Minnie Belle," she cried gaily, "here you are and I'm just looking for you! Have you forgotten me?"

The child's eyes widened for a moment, she stared unbelievably, and then she ran to Mrs. Crossen and was folded closely in her arms. Minnie Belle clung to her convulsively, as though she never wished to let her go. Tears of remorse and a curious new gratitude filled the woman's eyes.

"You're glad to see me, aren't you, dear?" Then as the child nodded mutely: "Would you like to come home with me and stay always and be my little girl? Would you, Minnie Belle?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little child from her safe shelter. Then she drew away and looked at her little friend who had been watching the scene interestedly and a shadow crossed her face. Here was herself or given to the lonely child the tenderness for which she had always yearned. Did it mean that Minnie Belle must leave now? Slow tears formed and began to roll down her cheeks. Truly for one small mite the strange problems of a strange life were proving too much.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Crossen asked, as the child raised piteous tear-filled eyes, at the same time

TO BE CONTINUED

HER BIG SISTER

Mrs. Crossen made it a point never to pass St. Mary's Academy about the time for dismissing school—it was painful to see the children run out gaily, while her own little Elizabeth, who used to be under the daisies, but today she had been detained at a meeting, and having decided to walk home, found herself approaching the academy just as the girls came out. At the corner of the grounds, her face pressed against palings of the fence, she spied a child of about four who was earnestly watching the school children. Mrs. Crossen stopped to speak to her.

"Waiting for someone, dear?" she asked.

The child nodded. "Lookin' for big sister," she replied without looking around.

Mrs. Crossen's heart contracted with a poignant memory. She saw again her own little four-year-old Molly climbing on the big chair by the front window, announcing joyously her intention of "lookin' for big sister!" Alas, it was big sister who had now gone to look for Molly in that far country to which the little one had journeyed five years

reaching out a hand to her little companion.

"Big sister!" she asked, pathetically. "Minnie Belle's big sister! Can't he come, too?"

Whether it was the unselfish sincerity of the child's appeal, or the wistful something that flashed into the sweet, innocent eyes of the older girl as Minnie Belle spoke, certain it is that a noble decision was born on the instant. The next day Mrs. Crossen came and took home two happy children, Minnie Belle and her big sister—Helen Moriarity, in The Magnificent.

THE PREVAILING CODE

There are those who tell us that crime is on the increase, that we are living in very bad times, that morality is lessening and that carelessness standards are being adopted more easily by the vast majority of mankind than those high ideals which make for true nobility of mind and heart.

To the onlooker this aspect of the world appears as self-evident. Men see about them extravagant fashions setting the pace for their votaries to follow, sensational inducements toward which they may easily incline without the exercise of strength of will and determination.

The late Cardinal Gibbons once opportunely said: "Crime is not more rampant today than it has been in the preceding generations. The cry of the public for sensational and scandalous news has led to the publication of the vices, leaving unsung the virtues that unobtrusively continue as they have in the past."

A casual glance about the world tells the tale. Take for example that most popular form of all American entertainment, which in the last decade has usurped to a great extent all other forms of mental recreation, the cinema.

So far as the cinema follows along the right lines, it may be a source of instruction, relaxation and keenest enjoyment. The great events of history have been portrayed through this medium so that once again men find themselves transported to those early times in the life of great nations when customs, manner of dress and even the face of the country was strangely different from the present. Great conquests have been faithfully rehearsed in most realistic manner; classical novels have been retold with all their quaint charm, pathos and humor; the passions, have been portrayed in all their good and evil effects upon the soul of man, and all this in a manner calculated to bring about healthful instruction and recreation, with no element of the sensational or harmful to alloy the integrity of that which is portrayed.

But, alas, "the cry of the public for sensational and scandalous news has led to the publication of the vices." A casual glance at the billboards of certain playhouses will tell the tale. Titles calculated to arouse morbid curiosity, scenes depicted in glaring colors on paper posters announce the lurid theme of the latest offering. From the story is carefully selected that portion of scene which is detrimental to morality, and suggestively worded expositions or unwholesome themes are calculated to draw the largest possible crowd to view this creation of an unworthy brain.

For the edification of the children, long lines of whom can be seen any Saturday afternoon waiting outside the ticket offices for admission to amusements far beyond their tender years, the immoral, are openly offered. In public places it is not unusual to hear discussions among the little ones on the popular heroes and heroines of the screen, and these characters who are not rightfully children's heroes or heroines, but the sensational type of performers whose specialty is the breaking up of home circles.

The exhibition of highly sensational posters in the public streets of large cities is hardly in keeping with the dignity and integrity of good government.

"A word," says a modern essayist, "is an act of the mind projected into the world of spirit where it does an unknown work for good or evil. Often affecting other men's minds profoundly, it acts upon the imagination, moulds feeling, directs life and so exercises an influence commensurate with the duration of our being, and that influence continues even after the voice that gave it birth is stilled in death."

An evil tongue is hardly tolerated in good society, if for no other motive than that it represents "bad form" to those persons who at all hazards must follow the prevailing code. Men have been done to death by evil tongues, perhaps more by the printed word which represents such tongues than by that which is spoken. But, unfortunately, the evil which is effected through the exploitation of sensational and unwholesome pictures, and through the columns of certain newspapers and magazines, is the deepest and most deadly.

Surprising to relate, the headlines of such papers seem to be deliberately calculated to arouse the morbid interest and the dangerous passions of the human mind. And it may happen that the real news, the worthwhile matter is hidden in some obscure paragraph because,

forsooth, it lacks the element which the writer imagines will appeal to the minds of readers. Truly a doubtful compliment to the mentality of the great number who in train or street car, in the privacy of the study or at the breakfast table, unfold the daily sheet which purports to present to them the news of the day.

"The cry of the public for sensational news . . . has left unobtrusively continue as they have in the past. Man is an imitative being. He follows the example given by those about him. He imbibes the thoughts and aspirations of his friends, and by friends may be termed not alone the men with whom he has special bonds of sympathy, but the books and papers which he is in the habit of reading, the very thoughts which course through his fertile brain."

"Every report of the senses, every process of the mind, every form and figure in the soul's secret chambers of imagery is the result of contact with other creatures about us. The very trees and fields of our native village and the blue dreamy outline of our native hills, can so possess our souls as to sway them through a long life of travel, of moneymaking or of ambition," says Father Faber. So it is true that the images placed before men's eyes by those who, in their unscrupulous desire for money care nothing for the harmful effect of their works upon men's souls, can in time so possess those souls that they will retain the impression throughout life.

The popular apology of satisfying one's curiosity because others are doing a certain thing, is not a satisfactory excuse for the evils of the hour. Unfortunately the votaries of the sensational and harmful recreations of the day will not realize the truth, and so live their lives until the passions are worked out like worn-out actors they are forced to withdraw from life's stage realizing that the tragedy of the presentation has been their own story.—The Pilot.

MARVEL WROUGHT BY PRAYER

Rev. Charles Charroppin (who died a few years ago) professor of astronomy in the University of St. Louis, who was a member of the expedition to the Pacific coast to view the solar eclipse of Jan. 1, 1889, relates an interesting and edifying incident in connection with the work of the party.

The place selected for their observations was the village of Norman, near San Francisco, where a cottage had been placed at their disposal through the generosity of Senator Boggs. We give the incident in Father Charroppin's own words, in a letter addressed to a relative in France. It will be entirely new to English readers:

Our party consisted of five astronomers, among whom was the only Catholic; but my companions—Professors Pritchett, Nipher, Engler and Valle—besides being men of learning, were perfect gentlemen, so that the expedition was in every respect agreeable.

After our arrival at Norman, there remained only five days in which to make our preparations. We had to determine exactly our latitude and longitude, which could be done only by stellar observation. We were obliged to work day and night, and it was only on the eve of the eclipse that our astronomical clock was put in working order.

That very night the weather became cloudy and threatening, and the probabilities were that the next day, Jan. 1st, would be the same. We were very much discouraged. After tiring our brains over mathematical problems, and having completed all our preparations, it looked as though a mean little cloud was going to spoil everything.

According to the calculations we had made, the first contact would take place at 12 o'clock, 12 minutes and 15 seconds; and the totality of the eclipse would begin one hour and a half later. After supper we lit our cigars and chatted about the prospects for the morrow. Not a star could be seen through the clouds, and my companions were almost in despair. At last, to give them courage, I told them that we would have a clear sky for at least the two minutes of the totality.

Professor Pritchett remarked: "Father, are you a prophet?"

"Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," I replied.

"How then, can you be so sure about tomorrow?" asked another.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am fully confident, and I have the best of reasons; but you can neither believe nor understand them."

"Will you please tell us what they are, Father?" they all exclaimed.

"With pleasure. We have a good Mother in heaven, whom you Protestants do not know. She has all power with God, and she loves and protects in an especial manner all who honor her. Well, whenever I am very anxious to obtain a particular favor, I manage to have a good number of her devoted children unite with me in prayer, and she never refuses to grant what we ask. Now, there are at St. Louis hundreds of religious and innocent children who are praying to her, and saying: 'Dearest Mother, give Father Charroppin only two minutes of sun.' And I am sure that we shall have those two minutes: for she is a good, kind Mother."

My fellow astronomers smiled incredulously, and Professor Pritchett exclaimed: "Father, I wish that I had your faith."

Then Professor Engler said: "Father, if you are so sure about it, will you agree to walk to Ogden" (a distance of 500 miles), "in case the sky remains cloudy during the whole time of the eclipse?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I have been a devoted child of Mary my whole life, and I am sure she will not let me travel 500 miles on foot."

"Will you sign an agreement to that effect?"

"Gentlemen," said I, "it is not fair that a contract should be all on one side. I will sign for what you ask of me if you will sign for what I ask."

"Well, what is it?"

"If the sky is cloudy I shall walk to Ogden; but if we have a view of the sun, you promise on your part to kneel down and adore the providence of God and the protection of the Blessed Virgin."

The contract was accepted and signed by all. Then Professor Engler exclaimed: "Father, you have burned your ships!"

Professor Nipher said: "Suppose the sun does show a little through the clouds, or that there is a kind of hazy atmosphere useless for purposes of observation, will you claim that you have won?"

I replied: "Our Mother does not do anything by halves. We shall have a full view of the eclipse. But, mind you, I have only prayed for two minutes. We may possibly lose the first contact on account of the clouds, but I am certain we shall have a clear and beautiful sky during totality."

Next morning, the day of the eclipse, the sky was covered with clouds. Breakfast was served but remained untouched. We were all disheartened, and at 10 o'clock my companions gave up in despair. I left them for a while, and began to say my beads, with this introductory invocation: "O Blessed Virgin Mary, my Mother, your honor is at stake! Do not give those unbelievers a chance to say you have no power." I felt assured that my prayer would be heard.

The time of the first contact came, but nothing could be seen on account of the clouds. My friends were in despair, but I tried to reassure them, and prevailed upon them to remain at their posts, each one with his instrument, telling them positively that the clouds would surely disperse when the right moment would come.

"Do you think that there are angels coming to sweep away the clouds?" asked Professor Nipher.

"That is exactly what I think," said I.

"Perhaps your camera will take a picture of those angels?"

"Angels," said I, "have no impression upon the sensitive plate. But they will be present all the same."

While we were talking in this way Senator Boggs and his family came up to us, all with looks of disappointment. The moon was encroaching upon the sun's disc and the obscurity became sensible. It was, indeed, an impressive moment, and the dim light shed on the surrounding country was awe-inspiring.

But just ten minutes before totality the clouds dispersed. Then there was a grand outburst of joy. Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, all near the sun, shone forth with great splendor. A little crescent of the sun remained, and nature seemed plunged in deep mourning. A greenish light appeared, shedding a strange halo over the surrounding mountains. Then the last luminous beam disappeared, and the corona appeared in all its grandeur and glory.

A total eclipse of the sun is certainly the most sublime of all the phenomena of nature. At our station it lasted exactly two minutes, and was a perfect success. As soon as it was over, the professors all rushed to me and shook my hands most enthusiastically. Professor Pritchett said: "We will all be Catholics now. We believe in the Mother of God. This is certainly her work." Whilst they were yet speaking the clouds again obscured the sun.

We accepted the kind invitation of Senator Boggs to dinner, but I took an early occasion to go and develop my photographs, which I found perfect. I told them not to wait for me, as it would take an hour at least to complete my work. But they all declared that they would not touch a morsel before I had blessed the table, and everything was sent back until I should be ready.

After dinner I remarked that there was a part of the contract to be fulfilled. At once, all knelt down, and we thanked the Blessed Virgin for the wonderful sign of her patronage. Professor Nipher said it was the first time in his life that he got on his knees.—Ave Maria, Aug. 23, 1890.

THE WORLD WITHOUT GOD

As the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments draws to a close, the high hopes that flushed when in the name of America Secretary Hughes made his brave and astounding proposals, grow cold. The nations and the men who represent the peoples of the world have settled back into the old ways. And what can the end be, unless—

On a bright morning, 2,000 years ago, a zealot breathing slaughter against an innocent people spurred his horse down the road to Damascus. Suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him, and falling to the ground, he heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Who said, "Who are thou, Lord?" and He, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

So is the old story told, for the consolation of souls that after persecuting Christ have turned to God. But the world today is persecuting Christ, scourging Him by lying and rapine and murder, nailing Him to the Cross when nations send their peoples intended by the common Father of all to live in peace and brotherly love, into the fields of death. The innocent are oppressed, the weak led into captivity, and the land is red with blood that has been shed by brothers. Because the Governments of nations have lied, lied shamelessly one to another, not one nation will trust another. Because every nation has seen its neighbor prey upon the helpless, not one nation will sheath the sword. There is no peace, no trust, no love, because today nations boast that as nations they can know nothing of Almighty God, and knowing nothing of Him may disregard His eternal law.

God's might is not shortened, although for the time He withhold it. Of Saul, who persecuted Jesus, He made Paul whose heart was the Heart of Jesus, a man boasting that no power was able to separate him from the love of God. There is no salvation for men or for nations save in the Name of Jesus. The world needs God desperately as every human heart needs Him. There is no peace, no rest, if He be rejected. May His power beat down the world, as of old it threw to the ground the most ardent of the Apostles, so that in its abjection it may find God, and with Him lasting peace.—America.

35,000 CHURCHES WITHOUT PASTORS

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.—There are 35,000 more congregations of all denominations in this country than there are pastors to attend to them, according to a census taken under the auspices of the Federal Council of (Protestant) Churches. The census is said to include not only Protestant organizations but Catholic and Jewish and non-sectarian bodies as well.

In the summary of this census issued by Rev. Dr. E. O. Watson, secretary of the Washington branch of the Federal Council, the total number of church organizations, is given as 236,588. The total number of ordained ministers is said to be 201,280. Dr. Watson has announced that a supplementary analysis of this census will show that there are now more persons affiliated with religious organizations than ever before in the history of the United States.

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MANY MARTYRS NUMBERED AMONG THE PONTIFFS

Of the first thirty Popes, twenty-nine were martyrs, except St. Dionysius, who was the twenty-fifth. The total number of martyred Popes is thirty-three; we venerate eighty-two Popes as saints. One hundred and four Popes have been Romans; 108 were natives of other parts of Italy; 15 were Frenchmen; 9 were Greeks; 7 were Germans; 5 were Asiatics; 8 were

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MAJOR EUGENE F. KINCAID, "I am positively delighted with it. So recently remembered for me Thanksgiving Day, 1921."

REV. BISHOP HICKEY, Providence: "It has refreshed and enlightened me. It is a valuable contribution to the literature on Ireland."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1922

PIUS XI

Long live the Pope!
To whomsoever the Cardinals might have chosen to fill the Chair of Peter the loyalty and devotion of the Catholic world would have gone out wholeheartedly; for we know that God's ways are not our ways, and had the new Pope been as humble and obscure as Simon, son of Jonas, the simple fisherman to whom Jesus Christ first gave the Keys of His Kingdom, we should know that He was again making use of the weak things of this world to confound the strong. But we know too, in the ordinary Providence of God, He takes not at all from His human instruments that inalienable attribute of free will; nor does He interfere with the personality of the instruments of His will.

Therefore we learn with joy that amongst the scholars of the world Pius XI, is pre-eminent for learning as wide and varied as it is given to a single human mind to compass.

Amongst men of action few would seek comparison with Achille Ratti. The Cardinal Primate of Belgium, in a tragic hour of the world's history, was much in the world's eye; and the heart of the world paid homage to his heroism. In the crisis of the world's fate the military genius of Ferdinand Foch saved civilization; and the world will ever pay tribute to the genius of the French Marshal and to his indomitable spirit.

Of the hundreds of millions who humbly and joyfully hail Pius XI, as Vicar of Christ and visible Head of His Church on earth none will do so with more loyal recognition of his office or with more profound appreciation of the qualities of the man as will the Cardinal Primate of Belgium and the modest hero who commanded the Allied armies. In Pius XI, Mercier, the scholarly champion of the things of the spirit, and Foch, pre-eminently the man of action, will recognize a kindred spirit; and amongst the countless faithful of all colors, races and conditions in life none will bow with more childlike faith or more sincere loyalty to the exalted office this kindred spirit is called upon to fill.

In our columns will be found an adequate summary of Achille Ratti's life history.

Recall to the imagination the time when as Nuncio to Poland the red tide of Bolshevism surged at his very feet; when despair filled the soul of Poland, and a great fear almost stopped the world's heartbeat. In Warsaw prudence, necessity counselled flight; indeed flight seemed the only possible course left. The Nuncio quietly announced: I stay. And how much the calm intrepidity of the future Pope influenced the almost miraculous change in the course of events perhaps will never be known in this world.

Again, as Archbishop of Milan; all Italy was trembling under the imminent Socialistic upheaval; and Milan was the very centre and heart of the ominous anarchistic movement. The whole world sensed Italy's danger. Again the immeasurable influence of the Cardinal Archbishop saved Milan, saved Italy's Royal Family and saved Italy.

Perhaps nothing so captivates the imagination of the English-speaking world as the athletic feats of Achille Ratti as a mountain climber. For we recognize athletic training as a real and important factor in education, as one that,

perhaps more than any other, contributes to the shaping and upbuilding of the character of the man.

Another priestly mountaineer, Father Placidus, wrote:
"It is there [in the mountains] that the rulers of the world and the heads of the nations ought to hold their meetings. Raised above the arena of passions and petty interests, and placed more immediately under the influence of Divine inspiration, one would see them descend from these mountains, each like a new Moses bringing with them codes of law based upon equity and justice."

Aye who shall say what signally apt preparation for his exalted office was the mountaineering of the boy, the youth, the man, who now more than "the rulers of the world and heads of nations" in his mighty task needs to come "more immediately under the Divine inspiration."

However we know that on the Vatican Hill the Vicegerent of Christ is always on the mountain top, "raised above the arena of passions and petty interests." And yet we cannot but feel that Pius XI, has been in an especial sense prepared for the great work of guiding the Church and the world that it is destined to save through unprecedented storms and trials.

"The Lord preserve him, and give him life, make him happy upon earth and deliver him not to the will of his enemies."

MR. HOCKEN'S REPLY TO THE OPEN LETTER

To Mr. Hocken, the delegated or self-constituted champion of the Toronto Board of Education in its anti-Separate school campaign, it seems to be a sore point that the Quebec majority have loyally and generously carried out their constitutional obligations toward the schools of the Protestant minority of that province.

Such an assertion runs directly counter to a pharisaical tradition religiously fostered by a section of Ontario's population. It must not be allowed to stand. It must be denied—but, the facts? Ah, yes, but of course the facts must be what we have always asserted them to be. Prudence and prejudice finally agreed, we may suppose, that it would be better to have some facts to support the denial, the inevitable and necessary denial, of this disgusting and demoralizing assertion of Bishop Fallon.

Well it is an easy matter. Montreal is only a few hours away and His Majesty's mail service between there and Toronto is fast and reliable. Did Mr. Hocken and his friends consult Montreal? And if so did they address themselves to the one man in Montreal most competent to answer their inquiries? We may credit them with this sense of fairness and desire for accuracy. For the Rev. L. R. W. Dickie, Chairman of the Montreal Protestant School Board, said in the Star of Jan. 31st:

"It appears that in Ontario they are much more troubled about what they consider the unfair treatment of the Protestant minority of this Province than we Protestants are in Quebec. The question seems to be a living one there, for twice in the past week I have been interviewed by Toronto agencies. In both cases I have replied: 'So far as my experience runs, the Protestant minority of this Province has, on the whole, been fairly treated in school matters.'"

Quite evidently this was not the sort of facts to support that necessary denial. Nor are they to be found in the official or other pronouncements of those in charge of Protestant education in Quebec.

But "facts" must be had;—ah, a deep and impartial student of the question provides the documents: two anonymous letters published in Montreal newspapers. One veracious correspondent amongst other delectable and relevant "facts" says that the "Roman Catholic trustees did not have a tithe of their children going to school, therefore they received money which not only they did not earn but applied it to lighten their own burden of taxation!"

That's the sort of thing to go down with people whose prejudice is stronger than facts; and who believe only in such facts as justify their prejudice.

Mr. Hocken has more such "facts."

We take the following from his reply to the Bishop's Open Letter:

I quote from another letter in The Montreal Gazette by "W. J. P.," who writes: "Two thousand

or more Protestant children are walking the streets who should be attending school, many being turned away from the very threshold of the school buildings simply for lack of room and teachers, while wholly private corporations pay 90% of their school taxes to the Roman Catholic schools."

And having thus firmly established his solid basis of fact, Mr. Hocken triumphantly asks:

"Is that the kind of justice the people of Ontario are asked to copy? Is there any fairness or equity in such an arrangement? Is that the magnanimous treatment of the minority, about which we hear so much?"

Bishop Fallon promptly addressed himself to the Chairman of the Montreal Protestant School Board inquiring whether or not these allegations, so avidly swallowed by Mr. Hocken and published broadcast to fan the flame of prejudice, had any basis in fact.

After expressing regret that "wild rumors seem to thrive" in Ontario on this question Dr. Dickie states:

"I wish to assure you that our Protestant schools in Montreal have not for years turned away a single pupil applying for admission to our schools for want of room or teachers. Our school buildings have been described by a publication of Columbia University as equal to the best in America. Our teachers' salary scale is on the whole about on the level with that of other Canadian cities and we have not had a year in which we did not have a sufficient supply of applications from qualified teachers, and our standard of qualifications is equal to that of any Canadian Province."

So Mr. Hocken's startling "facts" are but wild and utterly baseless rumors.

Now we shall not imitate the indignant rhetoric of Mr. Hocken; but we shall leave him and the Board of Education to the luxury of their own meditation, and to the judgment of their honest constituents.

Let us turn to another charge of Mr. Hocken where he insinuates what he dare not charge openly:

"We don't hear anything from the bishops about the inequities of the Legislative grants, because the act of 1863 works out greatly to the advantage of the Separate schools. Mr. George Spotten, of Wingham, drew attention to this phase of the question and gave some startling figures that showed the Separate schools to be in receipt of grants that are enormously in excess of those received by Public schools in the same townships. I happen to have made some inquiries in another part of the province, and find in the County of Frontenac that the Legislative grants made to the Separate schools are more than sufficient to pay all the costs of the school districts. Here is a list of half a dozen schools, their grants and salaries paid in 1921:

	Grant Salary
No. 1 Howe Island.....	\$ 987.20 \$750
No. 2 Howe Island.....	1,146.20 800
No. 3 Howe Island.....	869.25 750
No. 10 Loboro.....	978.20 600
No. 11 Portland.....	1,052.70 700
Portsmouth.....	581.45 500

Now Mr. Hocken knows, or has no excuse for not knowing, that the whole provincial grant to schools is divided between Public and Separate schools according to attendance of the preceding year.

For instance; suppose the total amount of school grants is \$1,400,000; suppose the average attendance of Separate schools is 76,000; and the average Public school attendance 476,000. That is in the proportion of 1 to 6. The total grant would then be divided thus: Public schools \$1,200,000; Separate schools \$200,000. No matter how this \$200,000 allotted to Separate schools may be apportioned amongst them it can not affect in the remotest degree the apportionment of the \$1,200,000 amongst the various Public schools.

The injustice of the apportionment of unduly large grants to some Separate schools, if injustice there be, is to the other Separate schools.

There are, as is well known, many bases on which the amount of the grant is determined. We have long thought that the distribution of the grant amongst Separate schools should be based on Separate school considerations solely. There is no good reason why the basis of distribution should be the same for Public and Separate schools. For instance, the basis of teachers' salary is wise and commendable where, as in the Public schools, it is sought to encourage the payment of adequate salaries to secure the best type of teacher. But that problem is solved for us in an entirely different manner. Our teachers are for the most part men and women who belong to teaching communities, who consecrate their lives to their chosen work, and who neither

expect nor receive anything like the salaries that they could command as secular teachers.

Mr. Hocken and the Board of Education know that the Separate schools do not receive one dollar more in school grants than do the Public schools. Why not compare the purpose of unfair insinuation and utterly unwarranted assertion.

"The Act of 1863 works out greatly to the advantage of Separate schools" writes Mr. Hocken.

That is absolutely untrue; and the unduly large grants to certain Separate schools show just one thing; that is the unwisdom of apportioning the Separate school grant on Public school bases.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A BAPTIST divine sojourning temporarily in Moscow writes that the Baptists in Russia were not persecuted under the Soviet regime, but that the ire of the communists was mostly directed against the Orthodox Church. May it not have been that the Soviets failed to see any difference between the Baptists and themselves. Or, possibly, they failed to see any Baptists at all!

BISHOP GRAHAM, condjutor to the Archbishop of Edinburgh, in an address to a Catholic audience at Sterling strongly urged greater cultivation of Scottish song. He told them they should never forget that they were in Scotland, and that they had a proprietary right in a large part of the heritage of national melody bequeathed to them by past generations. Let them, therefore, work out their salvation nationally as Scotsmen, and not as other people. Let them keep to the old Scottish way of doing things, and to singing Scottish songs.

INCIDENTALLY, THE Bishop had some excellent advice to offer, which might apply with equal pertinency to this country. There are, he said, a great number of songs turned out now-a-days that were of no use to anybody, for they imparted neither enlightenment or pleasure to an audience. What are called popular songs today lack every essential quality of harmony and wholesome sentiment—qualities which gave to the songs of even a generation ago a lasting hold upon popular regard.

SPEAKING DIRECTLY to his Catholic hearers the Bishop went on to say that the old Scottish and Irish songs were far more instructive and did far more good than the "high-class unintelligible concerta given to classical audiences." Let programmes, therefore, be put before the people containing something they could appreciate and derive benefit from. Solid substantial lessons could be conveyed through the medium of the undying compositions of Burns, Hoger, and these other masters of Scottish song who had won for them a lasting place in the hearts of their countrymen.

IN REGARD to Robert Burns it cannot be too often repeated that when he found himself in opposition to the puritanical sentiment of his day, and was denounced and ostracized by the Kirk, it was a Catholic bishop in the person of Dr. Alexander Giddes, Vicar apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, and predecessor, therefore, of Bishop Graham himself, who readily recognized his genius, befriended and encouraged him, and first procured for him recognition abroad. This fact the poet always remembered with gratitude, as his letters preserved to this day in the archives of the archdiocese of Edinburgh, proclaim.

THAN SCOTLAND perhaps no one of the allied countries was harder hit by the industrial and financial collapse of 1921—that period, as it has been termed, of sombre depression which settled like a cloud over the business world. A year ago the world was just finding out that the wealth prodigally shot away during the War and the cessation of production during that period had left it poorer than it had been before. Scotland being an important industrial factor, with much of its prosperity depending upon its iron and coal industries and in a very special manner upon its world renowned shipyards on the Clyde, could not escape the all prevailing reaction. Where Glas-

gow and the Clyde environs had before and during the War been enjoying a ceaseless hum of activity the cessation of ship-building fell upon it like a pall. Ships by the hundred having been laid up all over the world through the lack of demand for cargo space, new work was very slow in coming forward, hence the entire machinery of industry was thrown out of gear. And the process of recovery is likely to be slow. This fact is of interest to Canadians since Scotland in common with the rest of the United Kingdoms is among the greatest consumers of Canadian products. But recover it will and it is to be hoped that the process will not long be delayed.

IN A sermon before a leading Presbyterian congregation of Toronto, the statement was made that if the Bible were not the final rule of faith and practice, theological colleges, Bible schools and even the church would have to go, as "the Church came out of the Bible, not the Bible out of the Church." So that man's unaided intellect is the final arbiter in the matter of revealed religion! The reverend gentleman did not explain how, since the Bible as we know it now did not exist until the Church was in its fourth century, the latter could not very well have "come out" of the former. That Protestantism which the preacher meant by "the Church," grew out of misuse of the Bible is true enough, but that is a horse of another color. The truth is that "modernism" or the qualifying of all supernatural belief which characterizes present-day Christianity outside of the Catholic Church, is but the working out of the first principle of Protestantism. And that probably is what in his heart of hearts was the preacher's meaning.

THE LATEST vagary of Protestantism appears in the English mission at Bangalore in eliminating the name of Christ from hymns and prayers used there, so that forsooth no offense might be given to Buddhists and Mohammedans. This action appears to have been upheld by the London Missionary Society which controls and finances the Indian "evangelizers." It is only fair to say that this action has raised a storm of criticism from the more conservative element in the Church of England. It is not new, however, as on two previous occasions the board of management of the L. M. S. has sustained the action of their missionaries in India in deleting the name of Christ from religious books addressed to the Hindus and Mohammedans. In face of which the affirmation of an Anglican dignitary at home that if Christ, Buddha and Mahomet had been contemporaries they would have been collaborators.

BOY LIFE

BELLEVILLE JUNIOR COUNCIL ALL SCOUTS

At the recent election of a Boys' Junior Council in Belleville, it was interesting to note that each of the ten elected aldermen were connected with one of the two Boy Scout Troops in that city. In addition to this, Troop Leader Charles Hayes was chosen to be their Junior Mayor by acclamation. The fact that Scouts were chosen to fill all the eleven offices is certainly significant. It is indeed a splendid tribute to the organization of the Boy Scouts as a boy training movement and also to the reputation which the Scouts must have amongst their fellows in Belleville. All the junior aldermen-elect are, or have been, students at the Belleville High School, and have received their primary education in the Public or Separate schools of that community. They are Belleville boys by birth, education, and in spirit. And above all they are Boy Scouts. They have shown that they are the popular youths of their city and that they have many of the qualifications which make for success in life. The total number of Boy Scouts in Belleville is only about seventy, and proof of their popularity is to be found in the fact that the lowest elected candidate received many more votes than their total number. It looks as if the problems of the boys and youths of Belleville are at last in safe hands.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR REVIEWS BRANTFORD SCOUTS

His Honor Col. Harry Cockshutt, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, made an inspection of the Brantford Dis-

trict Boy Scouts and Girl Guides recently. About 600 Scouts and Guides assembled at the local armories and gave many demonstrations of their splendid training. The boys received great commendation by His Honor on the efficiency they had shown both in drill and routine, especially the boys of St. Mary's Troop as they had only been organized for two weeks previous to the inspection. We might remark in passing that this troop is one of the two recently formed amongst the Catholic parishes of the city, the other troop being connected with St. Basil's Church there. During the evening His Honor gave a short talk to the boys stating that he was more than surprised, as he had no idea that the movement had reached such proportions in the district. He commended District Commissioner Harry Fleming on the excellent organization he had been able to gather round him and for the great interest he took in boys' work. His Honor instilled into the boys' minds the need and the seriousness of practicing economy and encouraged them to put their full amount of energy into this as they would at some future time become men who would be a credit to the nation. He specially commended the Scoutmasters for the interest and enthusiasm they were putting into their work. The parents of Brantford are evidently taking a great interest in Scouting as the balconies and floor of the armories were crowded to capacity.

RETURNED MEN FOR SCOUTMASTERS

An effort is being made by the Manitoba Provincial Council of the Boy Scouts Association to Canadianize the 10,000 foreign boys in Manitoba through the medium of Scouting and the efforts of returned soldiers. The plan to recruit "Red Chevron" men throughout the province as Scoutmasters would be of immense value in the Canadianizing of our many foreign boys throughout the West. "Red Chevron" men are already being lined up in Edmonton and in the rural districts of Alberta.

JEWISH ORGANIZATION FOR TRAINING BOYS

At a recent meeting of the National Boys' Council in Toronto, the field covered was thoroughly surveyed. It was pointed out by Mr. M. Cohen, statistician for the organization, that a large number of Jewish boys had to be taken care of by Christian organizations. This was recognized by Mr. Cohen to be, from a Jewish standpoint, highly unsatisfactory. While the Jewish boys were treated as equals, still their Jewish faith was undermined, and was not replaced by any other spiritual guide. To remedy this, Mr. Cohen conceived the idea of a Jewish organization for the training of Jewish boys and wherever possible to centre this work about the synagogue. The programme to be followed is a four-fold one, that is, the development of the physical, mental, devotional or religious, and social instincts of the boy, inculcating the Jewish ideal into the work. The boys are divided into groups according to age, nine to eleven, twelve to fourteen, fifteen to seventeen. The groups have Jewish names, as also have their officers, the ritual similarly is based on references from Jewish history.

PIUS XI. A DIPLOMAT AND DEEP STUDENT

VIGOROUS IN BODY AS WELL AS MIND AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

Pope Pius XI, the new head of the Roman Catholic Church, which has over 300,000,000 members were born at Desio, a town of 9,000 inhabitants eight miles north of Milan, May 30, 1857.

He is of medium height, with a muscular body and a face remarkable as indicating both physical and intellectual strength. His youth and later years have been judiciously divided among outdoor exercises, secluded study and intercourse with the world in such a manner as to produce firm convictions in regard to material as well as spiritual things. The new Pope is a member of the Italian Alpine Society and before the War was one of its most active members. He is one of the most scientific librarians in Italy. His short, although stirring, term as Papal Nuncio at Warsaw, just before the World War closed and through the first period of reconstruction, proved him to be a diplomat of exceptional qualities, for he preserved the unity of the Church in Poland when assailed by Bolshevist propaganda and various schisms which were unconsciously promoted

free for their shipping for the next by friends of Poland seeking only her material advantage.

Then as Archbishop of Milan he returned to the diocese of his birth and youth. He found that ancient city of Lombardy distracted by a revolutionary movement which at one time had not only threatened the security of the State but also the dynasty, and to which almost daily expression was given by encounters between the Fascisti and the anarchist Communists.

Although never conspicuous in the organization or development of the Catholic Political Party, the Partito Popolare, whose creation was permitted by Benedict XV. in January, 1919, and which keen observers say was quite as much an instrument in saving the country and Crown in a moral way from the doctrines of Communism as the Fascismo had been in a material way, he nevertheless, encouraged organizations of the Christian Democratic movement in the Archdiocese of Milan, but in such a manner that these manifestations never obscured his churchmanship. In regard to the civil government and the House of Savoy the attitude he maintained was very much like that of the late Pope—a gracious welcome ready for the Government's initiative.

His studious churchmanship, however, so overshadowed these other things that just before the conclusion he was claimed, it is said, by the extreme conservative party; finally the "Peace Party" of Cardinal Gasparri, let it be known that the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan would be quite acceptable to them as Pontiff. In this year Cardinal Ratti became a compromise Pontiff, with the advantage decidedly with the "Peace Party." This, whether well founded or not, is but the gossip of press men, reputed as well informed; the proceedings of the conclave, as everybody knows, are secret.

The new Pope was educated at the Lombard College at Milan and was made a deacon in 1877, and a priest; March 30, 1879. He was appointed a teacher in church history, then in homiletics and then in dogmatic theology at the Seminario Maggiore of Milan. There his learning as well as the precision with which he prepared his work attracted the attention of the Congregation of Seminaries and of the University Studies at Rome and in the first decade of the present century he was appointed librarian at the Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan. There he became Prefect on the death of Mgr. Ceria in 1910.

A year later the same congregation again interposed and he was called to Rome as sub-Prefect of the great Vatican Apostolic Library, then under the distinguished but aged Dr. Ehrle, whom he succeeded as Prefect in 1918. While Prefect of the library he was made a Monsignor, on the recommendation of Cardinal Cassetta, the Bishop of Frascati and Librarian of the Pope. He was of great service to Cardinal Gasquet, then completing the translation of the Vulgate.

During the War, aside from attending to his duties at the library, he came into intimate communication with the Chaplain General appointed by the Pope to direct the chaplains who were with the army at the front. He is said to have been largely influential in their organization and on their conduct toward the men. At one time he became the messenger between the Christian General and the Pope and furnished the latter with material which enabled Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, at the instance of the Pope, to refute the charges that were made after Caporetto that the Church, by Assyrian intrigue, was responsible for that military disaster.

All these things revealed to the Pope that in Mgr. Ratti he had a diplomat of the highest order, and in the Spring of 1918, in anticipation of the complete freedom of Poland, Mgr. Ratti was appointed Nuncio at Warsaw. The work he did there was of the most delicate kind, for although the Poles had never wavered in their adhesion to the Church, there was the opposition of the refugees from the Russian Holy Synod, which constantly obstructed the work of progressive unity.

Again his labors met their reward; while still Nuncio, on June 6, 1919, he was elevated to the titular archiepiscopal see of Lepanto. This title may be considered of peculiar significance, as it was at the Battle of Lepanto, Oct. 7, 1571, that the Christian powers defeated the Turks and made the eastern Mediterranean century. In that battle the Venetian fleet was in the van.

In April, 1921, Mgr. Ratti was made Archbishop of the diocese to which he was attached by his birth and early studies and work—that of Milan. Here he succeeded Cardinal Ferrari, who had died on Feb. 2.

Archbishop Ratti was created Cardinal on June 14, 1921 in pectore, and two days later received the red hat at the hands of Benedict XV. in the Sala Regia. He had been Cardinal nearly eight months when elected Pope. The late Pope had been a Cardinal not four months when elected.

The fact that the Pope appeared on the outside balcony of St. Peter's to give the Apostolic Blessing is considered as very significant as it is the first time this has occurred since the breach between the State and the Church in 1870—for fifty-two years the blessing had been bestowed from within the Basilica.

DETAILS OF CAREER

HOLY FATHER GAVE GREAT PROMISE FROM EARLY BOYHOOD

The newly elected Pope's father was Francesco Ratti, a native of Rogeno, Italy, and his mother Teresa Galli, a native of Savonno. Achille was the third of six children. His oldest brother, Fermo, and the youngest sister, Camilla, are still living.

Francesco, the father, was a flandiere, a weaver and spinner—and, at the time of the birth of Achille, was in charge of the weavers employed by the Counts of Piusella and then to Carugate to take charge of the weaving shop of the Gada firm. The Ratti family was neither rich nor poor, but belonged to the respectable middle class of artisans.

Achille was sent to a school in Desio conducted by Don Giuseppe Volonteri, a priest noted around Milan as an educator. Volonteri had started this school before Italian law made education obligatory and conducted it forty-three years, in his own house. While it was an elementary school, Don Giuseppe took extra pains with the more promising of his pupils singling them out for special training. So with Achille Ratti—he was one of the best of the contadini, or children of the middle classes, singled out by Volonteri for more intensive training.

Under this guidance, young Achille was able to enter the gymnasium of St. Peter Martyr. One who knows the new Pontiff stated tonight that in 1884, after he had been ordained as Priest and had become a professor at Milan, he went back to Desio to deliver the funeral sermon in commemoration of the humble father who had conducted this school and who had given Achille the rudiments of education. This sermon was delivered from the piazza of the parochial church. Ratti also wrote the epitaph for his teacher's tomb.

HELPED BY HIS UNCLE

Another man who had much to do with the formation of the mind and character of Ratti was his uncle, Don Damiano Ratti, who lives at Asso. Young Achille had been in the habit of spending his Summers at his uncle's home for several years. Numerous seminarians also followed the practice going to the Don's home during the Summer, making it almost a small seminary at that period of the year.

There are priests still living who were among these seminarians. They remember the uncle as a man of cordial and expansive good nature toward the young men who participated in these Summer studies and rare perspicacity in finding which of these were regarded by himself as qualified for the priesthood.

It is declared that his judgment rarely failed in this latter respect, and that he never hesitated to tell the young seminarian the blunt truth as to whether he was regarded as fit for the priesthood. One of the seminarians whom Achille Ratti met at Asso was Mgr. di Calabiana afterward a Cardinal, who used to call young Ratti a giovanevechio—a young old man.

In appreciation of the influence of the uncle upon his life and character, Mgr. Ratti in 1901, went back to Asso to preach at the silver jubilee of the uncle as a priest.

From the gymnasium of St. Peter Martyr Ratti was sent to the lyceum in the seminary of Mombello, where he pursued for the first two years his classical studies, the third year of these studies being undertaken in the College of St. Charles Borromeo in Milan. Thence he went to the major seminary in Milan for three years, and so impressed the Archbishop that the latter sent him to Rome as a student in the Lombard College, where he took his classes in the Gregorian University, a Jesuit institution. Spending three more years in Rome, the man who is now Pope took his doctorates in philosophy, theology and canon law.

EMBARKED ON LIBRARY CAREER

Returning to Milan in 1882, he first taught theology and sacred eloquence in the major seminary for five years, and then embarked on a notable career in the great church library in Milan.

On Nov. 5, 1888, he was chosen one of the college of doctors of the Ambrosiana Library, which has a very extensive collection of old codes and manuscripts, with an art gallery and museum. Achille Ratti devoted nearly twenty years of his life to his work in this library, and in that period was also zealous in the continuation of his pastoral work.

The Prefect of the Ambrosiana Library during most of that period was Mgr. Ceriani Antonio, a very learned man, and he too had strong influence on the education of Ratti.

During the time that he was connected with the Milanese Library Ratti went to Rome from time to time to pursue studies and research work in the Vatican Library and to obtain needed data on church documents. When Mgr. Ceriani died in March, 1907, Ratti was chosen to succeed him in charge of the Ambrosiana Library. He continued at this post until 1911, when he was called to Rome to become Vice Prefect of the Vatican Library by Pope Pius X. and assistant to Father Ehrle, a Bavarian Jesuit,



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

who resigned in 1914 and went to Germany at the outbreak of the War. Ratti was then placed in charge of the Vatican Library as Prefect and for some time was connected with both these great libraries.

When Ratti returned from Rome to Milan in 1882, the first thing he did was to ask that he be sent to take charge of the tiny parish of Barni. When he went that Fall to teach in the major seminary in Milan he became the chaplain of the convent that was then being started in Milan by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle and has since been their chaplain.

He helped in the establishment of this convent and joined in all its work, using the convent as a retreat for women. He established various organizations and associations in that connection and was their spiritual director. In 1888 he organized an association of Catholic school teachers in Milan, of which he also has continued to be director. All classes of women from factory girls to women of the nobility attended the meetings in the convent.

During this period Ratti taught catechism to the children on Sundays and holy days and prepared them for their First Communion. He became well liked by the priests around Milan.

INTEREST IN SCIENCE AND HISTORY

On the death of Monsignor Ceriani he started to teach Hebrew in the major seminary and was appointed to the Chapter of Canons of St. Ambrose, with the title of Monsignor. In Milan there are numerous academic and scientific bodies. Ratti worked with them, particularly in the restoration of the registers and fabrica of the Cathedral of Milan, the records of which he is vice president. These various positions have won him a wide circle of friends throughout the Cathedral city.

Mgr. Ratti served as Prefect of the Vatican Library from the Summer of 1914, shortly before the War, until the Spring of 1918, when he was delegated by Pope Benedict XV. to the important position of Nuncio of Poland. During the four years of War that he was in charge of the Vatican Library, antipathies ran high between the Germans and Italians, as well as between clerics and anticlericals. His position was accordingly a difficult one, in dealing with the men of various nationalities using the library and its archives.

"During all that difficult period," said an ecclesiastic tonight, "Mgr. Ratti remained a true Italian in sentiment, but his temper was most equable, and he treated everybody well."

"Mgr. Ratti worked with splendid tact and prudence in the Vatican Library. Nobody ever accused him of giving that library a tendency. All who came on work of research or seeking documents received free access to all the facts and treasures of the library. He had faith in the cause of justice, and never doubted but that this cause would prevail against that of arms. He made no mystery of his attitude, but did everything in such a tactful way that he never compromised the Vatican in the responsible position the Holy See had given him."

DIFFICULTIES IN POLAND OVERCOME

Mgr. Ratti started for Poland under Pope Benedict's commission on April 25, 1918, and what was

known in advance to be a hard diplomatic and ecclesiastical mission. Before that he had no previous experience in diplomacy except for some trips which he had made with Mgr. Giacomo Radini-Tedeschi to Vienna in 1891 and to Paris in 1893.

His trip into Poland was made about the time of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which the Germans had imposed on the Russians. Poland was at that time occupied by German military forces. Leopold of Bavaria was the German Governor-General and General Von Bessler commanded the German army of occupation. Warsaw was under the control of a council of regents composed of Archbishop Kakowski, Prince Lubomirski and Baron Ostroski.

There were many Poles who at that time suspected the regents, thinking that they were about to act as instruments of German domination. In this situation Mgr. Ratti was entrusted with the duty of stating that his mission was ecclesiastical and spiritual and without political significance.

He was in Poland practically throughout the period of the restoration of that country into an independent nation, and his duties were extended by the Vatican to cover the former Russian Provinces along the Polish Eastern frontier. Throughout these parts of Russia he traveled. He was entrusted with the task of establishing new dioceses where German bishops had resigned in Poland, and also established Bishoprics that had been suppressed in those parts of former Czarist Russia which he visited.

POPULAR AMONG MILANESE

His selection as Cardinal Archbishop of Milan was well received by the Milanese, despite the fact that there was considerable anticlericalism there. It is stated that his appointment was highly praised by all the papers, including those of the Socialists, particular mention being made of his scientific knowledge, the veneration in which he was held, his equality of temper, scholarly attainments and his generosity of soul, and the fact that he had been a deep student of history and archeology.

His interest in archeology resulted in his election in 1915 to be a member of the Roman Pontifical Academy of Archeology, before which he delivered two lectures, in one of which he dealt with the basilica of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way as recounted in ancient records in the Vatican Library. While in charge of both the great libraries he became the author of numerous publications based on his research activities in their archives. Others he now has in course of preparation. Some of these works of the new Pontiff are to be found in the proceedings of the Lombard Institute of Sciences and Letters, the historical journal of Italian literature, the Lombard Historical Archives, and in various catalogues of old manuscripts.

Desio, in the archdiocese of Milan where the Pope was born and where his youth was spent, is on the road from Milan to Monza, where on July 29, 1900 the father of the present King of Italy was assassinated. It lies at the foot of the Brianzole hills and from it can be seen the campine of Seregno, twenty miles away. At the neighboring Colégio Lombardo, young Ratti had as classmates Cardinal Luadi, Archbishop of Palermo, and Mgr. Radini Tedeschi, now Bishop of Bergamo.

The Seminario Hagioro of Milan, at which he first became a teacher, is one of the architectural beauties

of the Lombard city. It is on the left of the Corso Venezia and is entered through a magnificent courtyard; the grandiose entrance is the work of Francesco Richini, while the interior was designed by Medox. The two other edifices of Milan intimately associated with the life of the Pope, are the Ambrosiana Library, where he was first sub-prefect and then prefect, and the Archiepiscopal Palace.

AT MILAN AT STORMY PERIOD

Ecclesiastically, politically and industrially the Archdiocese of Milan is one of the most important in the peninsula. Its Hierarchy is in number of officials and organizations second only to that of Etruria, which includes the dioceses of Florence, Pisa and Siena. When Cardinal Ferrari was Archbishop there the Communists for a time gained the upper hand and on the great metallurgic works waved the red flag.

The See had been without an Archbishop for over two months when Mgr. Ratti established himself in the palace fresh from his academic honors at Rome and his diplomatic victories at Warsaw. From the time of his arrival in April until he departed for the conclave in the last week in January, he only interrupted his work of Christian as well as of secular reorganization in the archdiocese to attend the consistories in June, when he returned to his palace a Cardinal.

When he first came in April, the great strike organized by the anarchists Errico Malatesta was still in force. He found the personnel of the palace disorganized on account of some of the servants joining the numerous committees, which, organized under the guise of Christian democracy, were, even against the will of their members, turned over to the Reds. His moral persuasion, however, might not have been such a powerful factor in restoring order, had he not been measurably aided by a party just organized for the protection of the State. This was the Fascismo, started in Milan by Benito Mussolini, who, from an extreme Socialist, had been converted by the War to patriotism. Although remote in many things, yet, in bringing order out of chaos in Milan, Archbishop Ratti was the complement of Mussolini, and the latter's paper, the Giornale d'Italia, while usually ignoring or attacking the Church, gave the Archbishop valuable support. It is reported that when Mussolini would have turned against the monarchy, as so many Fascisti did just before the election, it was the influence of the patriotic Archbishop which preserved his allegiance to the House of Savoy.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

A Burse of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER

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ants were panic stricken, Polish Government officials were in despair and getting ready for flight, the population made ready for Bolshevik horrors, and the Russian Reds were hammering at the gates of Warsaw, Mgr. Ratti stood at his post without losing his serenity and inspiring others to do his work. This was compared tonight that ecclesiastic to the period in his early life as a mountain climber when he had to keep his head when clambering around precipices in the Alps.

Another mission was later performed by Mgr. Ratti when he was appointed high ecclesiastical commissioner for the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, a delicate task, for which he was chosen with the approval of the Polish, German and interallied commissioners. While serving on his mission in Russia he was active in helping to obtain the liberation of prisoners detained in their homes by the Bolsheviks. He treated for the liberation of some high personages, at times being instrumental in effecting the release of the Archbishop of Mohilew and the Bishop of Minsk, in whose behalf Pope Benedict had written him at the time.

Mgr. Ratti also aided in the distribution of food among the children and others of the Russian and Polish populations. A large part of the money for that purpose sent by Pope Benedict was sent to Mgr. Ratti for his supervision in its distribution.

It was on account of the ability displayed by Mgr. Ratti in his Polish mission that he was designated by the Pope for the red hat. Meanwhile, on July 3, 1920, he had been appointed titular Archbishop of Lepanto and was consecrated as such on Oct. 28, 1920, in the presence of officials of the Polish Government. Members of the Constituent Assembly and the Episcopacy of Poland. On April 19, 1921, he was created titular Bishop of Agano.

POPE BENEDICT'S PRAISE

In the secret consistory of June 18, 1921, Pope Benedict created Bishop Ratti a Cardinal and promoted him to be Archbishop of Milan. On the occasion of the ceremony of conferring the red hat on Cardinal Ratti at Rome on June 15, 1921, Pope Benedict said in part:

"If we turn now our attention to the second of those who have been made cardinals, upon whom we have imposed this new dignity, we hear thousands of voices lifted in praise of this choice among the ranks of those who are students of diplomacy. Behold the students of the schools of diplomacy bowing before the former Prefect of the Ambrosiana Library of Milan and of the Vatican Library of Rome, praising the zeal with which he has always favored them in their search for the hidden treasures in ancient documents; beyond these students of diplomacy and with them their masters bowing also before the Apostle nuncio of Poland who with firmness and yet with exquisite tact and imperturbable calmness has known how to establish concord between the State and the Church in times that were most difficult and under circumstances most dangerous."

After he received his red hat, Cardinal Ratti said to some of the large contingent of Milanese who had gone down to Rome for the ceremony:

"I thank God that He has granted it to me to devote the last efforts of my life to my fellow citizens."

When he first came in April, the great strike organized by the anarchists Errico Malatesta was still in force. He found the personnel of the palace disorganized on account of some of the servants joining the numerous committees, which, organized under the guise of Christian democracy, were, even against the will of their members, turned over to the Reds. His moral persuasion, however, might not have been such a powerful factor in restoring order, had he not been measurably aided by a party just organized for the protection of the State. This was the Fascismo, started in Milan by Benito Mussolini, who, from an extreme Socialist, had been converted by the War to patriotism. Although remote in many things, yet, in bringing order out of chaos in Milan, Archbishop Ratti was the complement of Mussolini, and the latter's paper, the Giornale d'Italia, while usually ignoring or attacking the Church, gave the Archbishop valuable support. It is reported that when Mussolini would have turned against the monarchy, as so many Fascisti did just before the election, it was the influence of the patriotic Archbishop which preserved his allegiance to the House of Savoy.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST A TRIP UP THE BRANCH

The patient readers of these Missionary Notes will doubtless remember that I began them when Father Pat went away to visit the Indians. Recently he returned, and in consequence, I found myself confronted with a free Sunday. You may be sure that it was not long before Father Louis got wise to the fact. "In that case," said he, with the undisguised satisfaction of one who has an unanswerable though difficult proposition to suggest, "You will be able to take a trip up the Branch." I don't mind admitting that I did my best to put the good man off, but all excuses were of course, in vain. Up the Branch I hadn't been and up the Branch I would undoubtedly have to go. "Otherwise," said he, "you will never know the Branch."

While I thought myself that I could survive that calamity, there was no getting out of the proposition. To make assurance doubly sure he came down himself from the Branch — to help me to hop on to it, so to speak. The train was timed to leave at nine. His Matutinal Reverence was therefore on deck at six. Until seven he had mercy on me (I am awfully lazy in the mornings,) and then he virtuously and respectfully intimated that the hour of my own rising was at hand. I got up with some acerbity and teased the heater into renewed life and warmth. Then I dressed and washed and put on my beautiful purple Gothic vestment—a souvenir from overseas—and began the long Mass of Ember Saturday with as few distractions as possible. I say "as possible" because the total avoidance of distractions is hardly to be attained when one's altar is so near to the cook stove that even the discreetest rattling of pots and pans, mingled with the grateful aroma of coffee, are bound to assail at least two of the senses and trouble one's meditations on the numerous collects and epistles which precede the Gospel of that day. I did my best, however, and, having doffed my vestments, sat down to a hurried breakfast, while grumpily accepting the polite apologies of Father Louis for his culinary interruptions. Time fled with its usual pertinacity. In a few moments I was getting into my mackinaw, and Father Louis was pushing his poor feet into the enormous boots which he finds most convenient for his walking tours. Everything freezable having been relegated to the cellar, and all doors locked, we made for the depot, bade a sad farewell to the sympathetic ticket agent, and boarded the shabby-looking train, which was already fairly full. Miners and would-be miners sat cheek-by-jowl with the chubby-faced Anglican clergyman, and the grim-looking "Union" minister, whose efforts were to be added to my own at Mountain Park. Everybody looked as if they were unpleasantly conscious that they were in for a thoroughly uncomfy, and nearly everybody had a smile for him. We sat together and discussed Ecclesiastical Polity until we reached a desolate spot called "Weald," where the good soul got off and shouldered his pack for a seven-mile walk. I went out into the cold vestibule to see him off and, as I returned into the car, bumped into a rough-looking individual who said in a tone of deep conviction, "There goes a good man."

That passenger car was like most of its kind on rural routes. At first it seemed too warm, and then it undoubtedly got too cold. It is locally known as the "Blue Flea." —F-l-e-a, note well, and not F-l-e-e,—that is something that it was never known to do! It goes, and stops, and sticks, and shunts, and goes again. It should really be called the "Daily Snail" — the trouble with that name would be the fact that it only professes to be tri-weekly—and even so, it has been known to vary quite a bit in its performances. At mid-day we reached Coalspur, where the wise ones made a bee line for a box-car restaurant and consumed seventy-five cents worth of mulligan, tea and pie. The clergyman, having eaten by my side, returned to the car with me and shared my seat while I endeavored to beguile our tedium with reminiscences of my Anglican days. After a little preliminary cantering and snorting, the Cerulean Insect decided to scale the heights of Mountain Park. The car got colder and colder. The landscape outside swirled in snow, and a nasty gust of cold wind caught us in the legs every time the door opened. Conversation, however, waxed congenial and a good Scottish Presbyterian lady on the other side of the car-aisle came, so to speak, "into the body of the kirk" and offered her quota of praise for the excellent Father Louis, who, I began to think, must have sent me out to collect testimonials all along the route.

At long last in the waning afternoon we steamed into our destination. I stepped out of the train into the arms of a smilingly pleasant youth who hurried me across

the trestle bridge and up the steep hill to a house whose door, open in defiance of the thermometer, framed the figure of his mother, whose welcome was the renewal of a friendship as old as my residence in Canada. Inside the house, with its cheerful stove and the crucifix enthroned in the living-room, I met the greeting hand of my host, and felt that Mountain Park could be neither strange nor uncomfortable with friends so old and true as these.

TO BE CONTINUED

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:

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GENERAL BLISS LAMENTS — DEATH OF POPE

Maj. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, who was a member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at the end of the World War, and previously representative of the United States on the Supreme War Council at Paris, has written to Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, to express his condolence for the death of Pope Benedict. The untimely death of the two most beloved Popes, Benedict and Pius X., General Bliss says, was caused by the War. The Pontiff's death he calls a "loss to the whole world."

General Bliss' letter to Bishop Shahan follows:

"My Dear Bishop Shahan:

"To me one of the saddest things about the recent War is the fact, as is generally believed, that it has caused the untimely death of two of the most beloved Popes, loved and honored by Protestants as well as Catholics. The one died while attempting to prevent the strife; and now the other, after fruitless attempts to end it and then wearing himself out in efforts to mitigate its horrors and in binding up its dreadful wounds.

"But, if the prayers of the righteous avail much, after death as well as before,—as I am sure they do,—he is still praying for the peace on earth which he had so much at heart while here.

"I join with you and your associates in sorrow for this loss to the whole world, and because it is a world loss it can be so no less to me than to you.

"With warm and sincere regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

(Signed) TASKER H. BLISS.

At present General Bliss is governor of the Soldiers Home, Washington, D. C. He has been retired from active service after a distinguished career as a soldier beginning with his graduation from West Point Academy in 1875.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls—Cicero.

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SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

A LESSON FROM ST. PAUL

"And He said to me: My grace is sufficient for thee: for power is made perfect in infirmity. Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Any one even slightly acquainted with the life and works of St. Paul can not help admiring this great Apostle of the Lord. After his wonderful conversion on the road to Damascus, he completely gave himself up to the work of the Gospel. His labors were untiring, his zeal without bounds, and his sufferings very great. No obstacle he ever encountered could check him in his progress of evangelizing the Gentiles. One almost shudders when he reads the accounts written by St. Paul of the difficulties and dangers attending him at his work; but he is filled with great admiration for the Apostle when he realizes how courageously he met them all. His whole life, once he had received the grace of God, was a continual sacrifice.

We certainly would imagine that all these labors and sufferings for Christ strengthened St. Paul beyond measure in spiritual things. In truth they did. It could not have been otherwise with him, for his habitual correspondence with grace made of him one of God's most privileged creatures. Yet, who is there that will fail to admire the great humility of Paul and his total dependence on His Maker? As he tells us himself, when he was tempted, he sought God to help him. He trusted not in his own strength, and though he knew that he had labored faithfully for Christ and had thereby gained much merit, nevertheless he looked to heaven for the aid that he knew he needed. God urged him to trust in Him, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee." These words made the Apostle feel even more humble, were that possible, and he cried out that he would glory in what he considered his infirmities, so that grace would dwell in him. How wisely he turned his defects into blessings for himself. The power of God could then abide with him and do its work perfectly.

Every Christian should consider well this instance in St. Paul's life, and draw from it a great lesson for himself. He should remember that God is anxious to perfect him by His grace, but He always does not find the opportunity to do so. But, why are things thus? Man certainly is tempted as St. Paul was—even more so. But what is lacking in man? There is, first of all, a lack of the consciousness of duty well done, and in the second place, an absence of the knowledge of total dependence upon God for spiritual help.

Had every Christian a conscientious conviction that he always had done his duty, God would make him feel that His grace would be at hand to strengthen him in his weaknesses yet remaining. But how few Christians there are who strive habitually and with great efforts, even at the cost of sacrifices, to live entirely for God! We have only to look about us to see the influence of the modern world which knows no self-denial. How great is the number of those who try to live as it wishes them to live, yet who, not being able to obtain honestly the means of gratifying their passions, fall still further into the mire of iniquity, in their efforts to keep up the pace they have begun. Such people know they neglect God's law and are endangering their souls; but they can not, like St. Paul, strip themselves of many earthly things, and live contented with what honest labor brings them. They must try to keep up with modern progress in everything, and not be outdone by their neighbor. Catholics, above all, should not be thus influenced; and many customs now existing among people should not be adopted by them. They, for instance, should never think of divorce, of styles unbecoming to Christian modesty, or of originality in thought regarding God. By encouraging such things as these, they will lose what opportunities they have of being enriched by God's grace.

Man is slow to realize that he can do nothing spiritually without God, yet unless he does admit this deficiency in himself, he can not be strengthened by God's grace. St. Paul rejoiced in his infirmity, in order to have a great amount of Christ's grace dwell within him. How different it is with some present-day Christians, who regret their infirmities and almost blame God because they have them. These troubles will be a blessing to them, however, if they endure them in the proper spirit and prepare themselves for the power that will strengthen them. We should not complain of our difficulties; rather should we rejoice, for we know that they can be turned into sources of great blessing. To accept them, when we do our best otherwise, is really to praise humility—one of the greatest of Christian virtues. It is also an acknowledgment of the truth before God.

Let all Christians, therefore, know and cheerfully accept their infirmities. The more they do this, the greater strength will they receive from Christ. We all have weaknesses, let us admit it, and thus obtain the power to overcome them, having done what we could

ourselves. If we do this, we may feel sure that the time will come when we fully will realize what occasions of real merit they were for us, and what reward, as a consequence, they will have brought to us.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MECHANISM

No single event in the history of American Protestantism has been more discussed than the failure of the Inter-Church Movement within the past year. Its advent had been heralded as the dawn of a new era in the religious life of America; a new contribution, distinctly American, to the world's religious development. It promised to win back for a weakened Church an almost forgotten preeminence and power, and to reestablish a waning influence by the magic of efficiency. For the Inter-Church was novel, at least in this, that it planned to realize its purpose not by deepening faith or quickening religious fervor, but by establishing efficiency in organized religious life. It would eliminate every wasteful action and correct all duplication of effort; it would coordinate and simplify and centralize. It aimed to put business into Christianity.

Churches of the various sects heard these fine promises eagerly, and that they were earnest in their cooperation is evident from the incredibly large sums of money they pledged the movement. Not only this, but men of eminence in business and in professional life offered their services to the cause, so that the Inter-Church commanded the best in the way of an efficient personnel. Large and commodious headquarters were secured in New York City to house the venture, and the Inter-Church Movement began its career in a blaze of glory.

Suddenly the whole thing fell to the ground like a house of cards, and the Protestant world was aghast at the completeness of the failure. Some claimed that the movement was premature, or at least that it was launched with too great precipitancy. Others, more friendly, asserted the antagonism of big business was responsible for the debacle; an antagonism occasioned by an industrial investigation of the steel strike begun by the movement.

The most illuminating theory of failure, however, seems to be that propounded by the president of a non-Catholic University in his commencement address of June last, when he laid the failure of the Inter-Church Movement to its attempt to do by business methods a work that could be done only by the grace of God. Dr. Gates termed the movement, with its naive trust in organization, the "apotheosis of mechanism." Principles and methods of efficiency, perfectly feasible and successful in business matters, had been estimated as equally efficacious in the development of Christianity. This he termed a fatal mistake.

The doctor's theory, we think, explains not merely the failure of the Inter-Church Movement, but also interprets the obviously growing weakness of the Protestant Church in America. Non-Catholic religious life here has largely lent itself to a mechanical theory in the spread of Christianity. As a matter of fact, the predominant force in Protestantism today is not the Church, but an institution whose chief claim to distinction is its efficient work in establishing respectable lodging houses for young men, and providing well-equipped gymnasiums. But the Y. M. C. A.'s contribution to real spiritual life and experience is altogether negligible.

Today, as of old, it must be realized that the Kingdom of God in its growth is like a grain of mustard-seed—silent, patient, developing under the Providence of God according to the laws of its being. It must be rooted in faith and hope and charity. It cannot be stimulated by mechanical arrangements nor advanced solely by power of great wealth. Plans of organization may be so elaborate and efforts at co-ordination and simplification so successful that they defeat their very purpose where the things of God are concerned. What America needs most, is not business in religion, but more religion in business.—The Missionary.

CHURCH RE-OPENED ON SITE OF CHAPEL OF PENAL DAYS

London, January 13.—The Lancashire Catholics of Preston have just reopened their church of St. Mary at the Friargate, with which are connected some of the proudest memories of Catholicism in this most loyal of all the provincial Catholic strongholds in England. For the church is not only the oldest Catholic place of worship in the city of Preston, but it has perhaps the most ancient and certainly the most thrilling history of all the Catholic places of worship in the county of Lancashire.

The church which has just been reopened dates from 1856; but its ancestry goes back to a much older structure, an ancient barn that was used as a secret place of worship in the penal days, when Catholics had to meet for worship in the closest secrecy for fear of their lives. The old barn was the only place of worship for Catholics when to be called a Catholic meant death by all the

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horrible contrivances that a savage persecution could devise.

The first church in Preston to be dedicated under the title of St. Mary since the Reformation was opened in an obscure yard, known then as Chapel Yard. This was in the year 1605, and the chapel was put up near the Friargate.

The very name goes back to old Catholic times; for this Friargate took its name from the fact that in pre-Reformation times the friars had a monastery at the rise of the hill. On this spot too a Catholic chapel was erected in 1761. But seven years later, at election time, a feathery mob, infuriated by anti-Catholic political bias, rushed on the chapel and utterly destroyed it.

But the Lancashire Catholics were not to be put down by this. They built another chapel on the site of the destroyed building, which was opened in 1793. Somehow evil days fell on it, and it was degraded from its sacred use and converted into a cotton warehouse. However, in 1815 it came again to be used for Catholic worship. It was restored but the fabric was unsound, and in a few years the roof fell in. The Church made growth, and in 1836 the little chapel was insufficient to accommodate the increasing number of Catholics. So the old church was rebuilt, and the church which has just been reopened is the successor of the old buildings dating back to the penal days.

A HEREFORD VICAR REBUKED

Mr. Ernest Charles, K. C., Chancellor of the Diocese of Hereford, at the Consistory Court, Hereford Cathedral, on Saturday, publicly rebuked the Vicar of All Saints, Rev. A. G. M. Rushton, for an unlawful act in the parish church, consisting of the removal of a crucifix above the pulpit and substituting another without a faculty. The incident arose out of an application for a faculty for the erection of a rood, to hang at the entrance to the chancel as a war memorial, and for a mural tablet in oak, bearing the names of the fallen. There was no opposition from the parishioners.

While in the witness box the Vicar was searchingly cross-examined by the Chancellor as to High Church practices in the church.

Asked the Chancellor: Why do people in your congregation genuflect to the reserved Sacrament?—Because it is the Sacrament.

Why do you have a lamp burning over it?—To show people that the Sacrament is there.

Do parishioners when they pass near it, genuflect to it?—Certainly. Would they bow to the hanging memorial?—I should not think so.

The Chancellor while sternly rebuking the Vicar for removing and substituting the crucifix over the pulpit, accepted his statement that the rood would not be the object of superstitious reverence by his congregation. He, therefore, granted the faculty asked for.

The crime of the poor vicar was that he had removed a crucifix from the pulpit and replaced it with another. The alert and penetrating mind of the Chancellor detected in this not only disobedience to the established laws of the diocese, but—what is much more serious—a leaning towards the hated superstitions of Rome. It was for this reason the cross-examination on the genuflections to "the reserved sacrament" took place. The vicar evidently had not the courage of his convictions. He genuflected to the sacrament "because it is the sacrament."

The lesson of this episode is not far to seek. Recently churchmen, in exalted positions in the established Church of England, came together to pull down the corner stone of the Christian religion, and to tell the world that they no longer believed in the Divinity of Our Saviour. We have not read that they were censured by any ecclesiastical authority. The Chancellor of the diocese was probably too busy, seeing that crucifixes, or other such trappings of superstition, were not installed in Anglican churches, lest the purity of the Anglican faith might be tarnished by putting up the Sign of our Redemption over the pulpit.—Malvern News.

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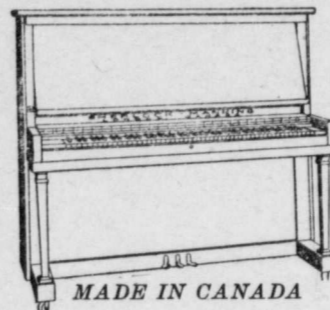
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