

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1921

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## CHALLENGE TO CATHOLICS

Denver, Colo.—The attempt to secure a court order in Denver to have the mother of five children undergo an operation that would make it impossible for her to have any more offspring was intended as the first movement in a well planned campaign to foist birth control and eugenics legislation on Colorado, is the opinion of the Very Rev. William P. Barr, C. M., D.D., Ph. D., president of the St. Thomas' seminary, who was interviewed by the Denver Catholic Register for the N. C. W. C. News Service.

The public press reported that a judge had actually given such an order, leaving it up to the woman whether she would submit to the operation or give up the custody of the five children she now has, but the judge himself declared later through The Rocky Mountain News that he had issued no such command. Nevertheless, it is known that deliberate attempts were made to have such an order issued, and the judge declared: "I said that such an order might be entered if the conditions made it necessary and with the consent of the parties concerned."

The surprisingly frank interviews in favor of the neo-pagan operation, given by the presidents of several large societies of women and by a clique of Protestant clergymen, are cited by Father Barr as proof of his charge that this movement was intended to launch a campaign of birth control. But the storm of protest with which the general public has received the suggestion of the judge, and the interviews given by the Catholic woman in whose case the infamous suggestion was made, have, to use Father Barr's own forcible expression, "gummed the works." The public has been aroused to the necessity of fighting if the "morals of the barnyard and kennel are not to be legalized in Colorado."

Mrs. Clyde Cossidente, of 1839 Platte Street, a member of Our Lady of Mount Carmel church, is the Italian woman concerned. The operation, it is said, was suggested by a medical student, whose proposal was endorsed by certain so-called social service workers—"official smelling committees," Father Barr terms them. Mrs. Cossidente did not keep her house as tidy as these persons wished; she was also poor; therefore, according to their pagan notions, she ought to be barred from having any more children. This, so far as can be learned, is the only charge against her.

The committees that have raised the most trouble are from Protestant "mission agencies," which are constantly invading the Italian district, particularly for the purpose of proselyting. Some of these workers are quoted by the press as saying that if Mrs. Cossidente does not submit to the proposed operation by January, her children are to be taken from her. However, they will find that they are not the law-makers of Colorado.

"I do not believe that Judge Graham realized the gravity of the order he was asked to issue," said Father Barr. "It was intended to use him as a tool in the hands of official 'smelling committees,' whose members are unable or unwilling to have children themselves and who are annoyed when they see large families. I also think I see in this movement the work of a sinister society which has a world-wide program for the overthrow of the Christian order of civilization and the setting up of a new order in which supernatural will be eliminated."

### SHOULD BE REWARDED

"The mere fact that Mrs. Cossidente has five children shows that she comes of stock that is not degenerate. When a woman starts to tamper with nature, one of the quickest ways in which this shows itself is in her inability to have a large family. I have studied in Italy, hence I know the high ideals of Italian womanhood. The large size of Italian families is proof of the purity of the women of that nation. Large families are not a menace to a nation, but its hope. Mrs. Cossidente, far from being punished for bringing many children into the world, should be rewarded."

"Some of the greatest men in history have been younger children of large families. Some of our greatest artists have come from large families. Enrico Caruso, who died only a short ago, was an example of this in our own day. He was the nineteenth child of an Italian mother. Merely suppose his mother had been compelled to submit to an infamous operation after she had borne five children."

"A punishment must be in proportion to the offense, and even if we would hypothetically admit that Mrs. Cossidente deserved any punishment, what proportion is there between keeping one's house dirty and being forbidden to bring children into the world?"

"The club women who have given interviews regarding the case have come out openly for birth control clinics, such as are held in Holland, and for eugenics. They allege certain diseases and poverty as their reasons. But these are mere effects; if they wish to help the nation, let them attack the causes. You cannot cure evil by evil. Education with religion in it is what they need. If they teach religion to the young, the evils that come from unchaste living will vanish and there will be no need of teaching sex hygiene or the other sex fads. In regard to poverty, the way to cure it is not by limiting the size of the family, but by working for a more even distribution of wealth and for living wages. A working man must earn enough to support and educate a good sized family. It will make conditions worse instead of better to make it impossible for him to have a large family, for then gougers will say that his wages can be safely cut further."

"The Cossidente case offers a real challenge to Catholics. We must engage in social service work ourselves. The women's organizations and the National Council of Catholic men ought to take up this activity. They should also keep their eyes on the next legislature, for I am convinced that this case is merely the first gun in a battle in which the forces of Christianity will be arrayed against paganism, to preserve the purity of the marriage state."

Bishop J. Henry Tihen and two Catholic doctors gave strong interviews to the Denver Post protesting against the alleged order of the court.—N. C. W. C.

## PRIEST IS VICTIM OF AN OUTRAGE

### ARRESTED ON FALSE CHARGE HE IS DRAGGED THROUGH STREETS

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

Santa Fe, New Mexico, December 17.—Catholics of New Mexico have appealed to the State authorities to remove from office the local officials of the town of Roy and Mora county on charges of having actively or passively participated in the outrage against Rev. Felix Vachon, O. M. I., who was dragged through the streets of Roy and subjected to the vilest insults at the hands of sworn officers of the law. Catholics who attempted to protest against this official violence were warned that they would suffer a like fate if they persisted.

After holding Father Vachon a prisoner for several hours, he was released on bonds of \$ 000, the charge being that he had a part in the burning of the new high school building of Roy. Last Sunday the officials of Roy entered Holy Family church during the celebration of Mass and took out two small boys whom they questioned along lines that indicated a purpose to blacken Father Vachon's character.

Although the population of New Mexico is preponderantly Catholic, Roy, a small place in Mora County, is a hotbed of anti-Catholic bigotry and a center of Masonic influence. Recently the corner-stone of a high school building was laid with Masonic ceremonies. In the course of the exercises an official of a Masonic lodge delivered an address warning all churches against interference with the Public Schools, over which he assumed for Masonry a sort of protectorate. On the cornerstone of the school was carved the square and compass of the Masonic emblem.

Father Vachon was outspoken in his condemnation of this Masonic claim to control the Public schools, which, he pointed out, were built and maintained by means of taxation to which Catholic citizens contributed a large share. The Masons and anti-Catholic bigots were inflamed by this plain speech from a Catholic priest.

A week ago the school, which was nearing completion, was burned. The bigots at once accused Father Vachon of the crime, and he was arrested and paraded through the streets of the town as a spectacle for the mob. The officers who had taken Father Vachon into custody refused to let any of his parishioners speak with him or approach him. When one of them appealed to the justice of the peace, the latter declared that it was none of his affair and that the parishioner might find himself being dragged through the town. The sheriff of the county made a similar response when he was urged to prevent the outrage against Father Vachon.

Catholics of Roy charge that the privately owned telephone exchange failed to connect them with the outside world when they attempted to communicate with an attorney. One man had to board a train and travel to Springer, whence he sent word of the affair to Santa Fe. Attorney E. P. Davies, former State deputy of the Knights of Columbus, went to Roy and took charge of the case.

Indignation has spread among the Catholics of the State and they are determined to use every lawful means to oust Public officials who not only refused protection to Father Vachon but actually had a guilty share in the outrage against him.

## CATHOLICS LEAD IN SOCIAL ACTION

Paris, Dec. 9.—"The success of Catholics in public life, the preponderance of their influence in the economic life of a country, would mean the victory of the spirit of the past, of the forces of retrogression and of social reaction." This is a declaration which enemies of the Church constantly are making, and one of the false ideas which the socialists, in particular, are trying hard to spread among the masses.

To this unjust contention the French Catholics make answer with facts. One of their young orators, M. Philippe de Las Cases, in a report to a congress of social Catholics, recently made a conclusive and eloquent refutation of the libel.

### CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

The first social law voted by the Chamber for the parliamentary year 1920-21, M. Las Cases said, was presented by a Catholic, General de Castelnau. It had for its object to supplement and improve, for the benefit of agricultural laborers, existing protective legislation with respect to labor accidents. Two supplementary motions of the same nature were voted by the Chamber. They were also presented by two Catholic deputies, M. de Gailhard-Bancel and M. Francois de Ramel.

One of the greatest questions handled by Parliament this year was that of the re-organization of the railroad system. The conditions of operation imposed by the State on the companies holding concessions have been modified. M. Cesar Chabrun who, in addition to being a deputy is also professor of law at the Catholic Institute of Paris, caused an important amendment to be adopted for both texts. By virtue of this amendment a supplementary bonus will be awarded to all railroad employees whenever certain conditions making for greater efficiency are fulfilled. M. Francois de Ramel then proposed that half of this supplementary bonus should be paid into a cooperative fund with which stock in the companies would be bought for the employees. In this way the employees would not be merely on the pay-roll of the big railroad companies, but through work and thrift would become stockholders, directly interested in the profits and responsibilities.

Unfortunately the motions presented by Messrs. Chabrun and de Ramel were rejected by the Senate. But the social Catholics can nevertheless claim the merit of having been the first to propose a reform containing the principle of a beneficial transformation of the status of the wage-earner.

It was also a Catholic deputy, M. Delachenay, who brought about the adoption by the Chamber of a motion urging the creation of a national fund for making awards to large families. The motion was conceived and put in form at one of the meetings of the Committee of Studies of the Social Catholics of Paris.

The Parliament now has before it an important project for organizing the insurance of working men against sickness and disability. One of the principal authors of this project was M. Boissard, a Catholic deputy from Dijon, who frequently in the past emphasized the necessity of such a reform before those attending the Social Weeks.

Several other important bills have been introduced by Catholics in regard to arbitration and conciliation in labor conflicts, on unemployment, etc.

Parallel with the action of the French parliament, there has been positive and practical action throughout the country.

Several groups of "social employers" have created new "supplementary salary funds" on the model of those advocated by the two great Catholic industrial men at one of the Social Weeks a few years ago: all the employers of a same district pay into a common fund a sum proportionate to the number of people employed by them, the amount thus collected serving to increase considerably the salaries of workmen who have several children.

The development of apprenticeship has been a matter of great concern to Catholic groups. The seventeen district unions of Christian syndicates have all organized professional courses for the benefit of their members. At Puteaux, near Paris, the members of a Catholic labor union took the initiative in opening professional courses in metallurgy. In Paris, the women's Christian syndicates have established thirty courses in sewing,

embroidery, lace-making, type-writing, etc. At Lille the alumni of the Catholic Institute of Arts and Trades give evening courses attended by 2,000 apprentices. Near Lyons a new agricultural school has been opened.

Cooperative and syndical action has not been less continuous. The Central Union of Agricultural Syndicates, all the directors of which are social Catholics, has registered the affiliation of more than one thousand syndicates during the past year. It now has 5,000 affiliated syndicates and a membership of 800,000. It is today the most powerful agricultural organization in the whole of Europe.

### ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS

The labor unions constituting the French Confederation of Christian Workers have won several important successes during the past year: at the elections of the council of experts, arbiters in individual conflicts between employers and employees they won three mandates in Paris and twenty-seven in the provinces from the retiring councilors who were all members of the C. G. T. (General Confederation of Labor, an organization of socialist tendencies.) For the first time they gained representation on the official commissions appointed to estimate the cost of living, on the mixed council for the supervision of labor in factories, on the Committee for technical instruction, on the Supreme Labor Council, in fact everywhere where the C. G. T. had hitherto had a monopoly in the representation of the working classes. The campaign of study, education, and propaganda has continued unceasingly.

The dominant factor of Catholic social action was the magnificent Social Conference or Social Week, 1,200 "sowers of action" from all parts of France, but local Social Weeks have also been held in Lyons, Dijon, Le Havre, Strasbourg. Social conferences which lasted all winter were held at Besancon and at Toul. Agricultural conferences were held at Metz and Lyons, not to speak of the other conferences organized from city to city and the social study circles which have long been in operation in numerous towns and villages.

## HOLY FATHER'S ALLOCUTION

### MUST REVIVIFY THE SPIRIT OF FAITH DECLARES HIS HOLINESS

Rome, Dec. 15.—The text of the Holy Father's allocution in the recently-held Consistory, appears in part in the translation as follows: "We feel renewed joy at finding ourselves in the midst of you, Venerable Brothers, although there are many cares which preoccupy us, especially those which concern the relations between the Church and several States."

"No one is unaware that, after the recent inhuman War, there are conditions of new States to be considered, and of others which, already in existence, have increased by means of added territories. We have then, continued the Holy Father, recourse to God's clemency, and not only do we implore Him with suppliant prayers, but strive to propitiate Him by holiness of life, as with the largeness of our beneficence toward the needy who today more than ever abound on every side."

"And, since there is a double cause of this general disturbance in the midst of which we live, namely, the very great number of minds corrupted by error and of hearts hardened by hatred, we exalt the goodness of the Saviour, 'rich in mercy' who, especially in the course of this year, has offered to men a double occasion wonderfully fitted to repair the aforesaid evils."

"We speak of the solemnization of the seventh Centenary of the foundation of the Third Order of St. Francis and of the blessed death of St. Dominic, since without doubt, Christian people in the emerald branches of these great Saints, ought to feel greatly animated toward the two celestial virtues of charity and truth."

"Splendidly the greatest of Catholic Poets whose seventh Centenary was celebrated with such honors by us, accounting in a single eulogy both Patriarchs, sang: 'The one was wholly seraphic in ardor. The other by his wisdom shed on earth a splendor of cherubic light.'"

"So, with the help of God, the honors perfected with such great zeal and abundance of faith, should not come to an end in vain and transient enthusiasm, but should revivify in the people the spirit of faith and of Christian brotherhood, truly solid and enduring."

"But, if we turn especially to God in order to obtain a prompt and efficacious remedy to heal the evils which have laid waste human society, we do not pass over or omit

those means or those remedies which right reason and experience suggest. With the help of these means or remedies, the rulers of people should certainly strive for the common good. But, to place confidence in these means without valuing the help of God, would be thoroughly culpable."

"It is because of this that We see with pleasure the representatives of many nations gathered in Washington with the intention of reaching an agreement on the reduction of armament. Not alone do We fervently wish for the happy result of their undertaking, but, united with all good men, We supplicate God that He assist them with His lights, to the end that not only may the people be relieved of a burden always insupportable which is no small thing—but, what is of greater import, that the perils of new wars so far as possible may be removed."

## NORTHAMPTON'S NEW BISHOP

London, Dec. 9.—The nomination of Very Rev. Canon Cary-Elwes to be Bishop of Northampton, in succession to Mgr. Keating who has been promoted to the archiepiscopal See of Liverpool, is one of those gracious acts on the part of the Apostolic See which shows how intimately it is in touch with the local sentiments of Catholics in different parts of the world.

The Bishop-elect is a native of the County of Northamptonshire in which his episcopal city is situated. He belongs to what is known in this country as a "county family," and his family have been for many years Squires of Billing, where the family seat is situated. The bishop of this diocese may claim to have some particular interests for Americans, for it is within the territory of the Northampton diocese that Sulgrave Manor is situated, the ancestral home of the Washington family to which the first President of the United States belonged.

Like his brother, the late Gervase Elwes, the Bishop-Elect of Northampton is a musical artist of considerable ability. But whereas Gervase Elwes specialized in singing, Canon Cary-Elwes is a master of the cello—as a matter of fact he is credited with being one of the finest performers on that instrument in England.

Except for a short period of three years spent in a curacy at Luton, Canon Cary-Elwes has spent practically the whole of his priestly life in the ancient cathedral city of Peterborough, whose fine Cathedral now in Anglican hands, was once the abbey church of the Benedictine monks. It was only in June of this year that the Canon celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, which took place in the Cathedral of Northampton in 1896, after he had completed his studies at the Scots College in Rome, and the Birmingham diocesan college at Oscott. Canon Cary-Elwes was appointed Rector of All Souls Church in Peterborough in 1910, and in 1912 he was made a member of the Northampton Chapter with the title of Canon.

## GENERAL DIAZ FETED, TAKES TIME FOR MASS

Boston, Dec. 17.—Gen. Armando Vittorio Diaz, supreme commander of the armies of Italy in the last years of the War, hero of many great battles, knelt humbly at Mass in a little Franciscan church in the Italian quarter of Boston last week, to do homage to his Maker and to honor His Blessed Mother.

It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was also the day of the Italian hero's visit to Boston, where he was almost literally swept off his feet by the thousands of enthusiastic Italian residents who swarmed around him all through a day of continuous activity.

Thousands, including Lieut. Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, met him as he stepped from his train at the railroad station. He was received by the Mayor of Boston in the City Hall, and by Gov. Fox at the State House.

General Diaz, as had Marshal Foch some weeks earlier, insisted that ample time be given in the day for a call upon His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell. Escorted by a detail of State Constabulary, the General went to the Cardinal's residence in Brookline. There he was met at the entranceway by Rev. Richard J. Haberlin, secretary to His Eminence, who accompanied the distinguished visitor to the house.

Cardinal O'Connell was at the door to greet General Diaz. The party, which included the Lieut. Governor, remained in the library for about 20 minutes, the Cardinal and General Diaz conversing in Italian.

His Eminence congratulated his visitor on his part in the great War and expressed the pleasure that his coming to this country had given to the people of America. The Cardinal referred to his own trips

to Italy, and said that the frequent visits to Italy by Americans are making the people of this country familiar with the wealth of art and literature which Italy has to offer.

To the religious-minded, he pointed out, these visits cannot fail to impress upon them the place that the Church holds in the world.

## PIONEER ENGLISH CONVERT

London, Dec. 9.—The funeral at the Cistercian abbey of Mount Saint Bernard in Leicestershire, of Mr. Bernard C. M. Phillipps de Lisle, when the solemn offices of the dead were chanted by the monks of historic Cîteaux, calls to mind one of the most interesting and romantic periods in the history of the Catholic restoration in England. For the late Mr. De Lisle was the grandson of that Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, who was one of the pioneer converts to Catholicism among the English upper classes, in the days before Newman and Manning had made the way plain.

Disraeli in his novels made a good deal of use of the English Catholics of his day as characters in his books. For example, Lothair, in the novel of that name, is said to have been the Marquis of Bute, whose conversion made a great stir in political circles. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle is also said to have found a place in one of Disraeli's novels, that of "Coningsby," where his personality may be studied under the character of "Eustace Lyle."

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle was squire and lord of the manor of Garendon Park and Grace Dieu Manor and his generosity as a founder of Catholic institutions made so great a strain on the family estates that his Catholic benefactions have swallowed up a great deal of the revenue. The manor of Cistercians, which he established and endowed on his property at Charnwood Forest, is the present Mount Saint Bernard Abbey, and was the first house of Cistercians opened in this country after the Reformation.

## PULPIT DIALOGUE

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

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2.—An innovation in the way of a Catholic service in America was introduced by the Jesuit fathers at St. Ignatius church Sunday evening and attracted a large congregation. It will be continued for four successive Sunday evenings, at least, and may become the regular Sunday evening service.

It was a debate, or "pulpit dialogue," between Rev. Claude J. Perrin, S. J., of Loyola University and Rev. William A. Padberg, S. J., of the faculty of the new University of St. Mary of the Lake, on the subject "The Marriage Tie, Dissolved by Death Alone." One of the fathers, occupying one pulpit delivered the discourse, and the other father from another pulpit, asked questions on such points as a layman might be puzzled over. The fact that the two priests were in accord in their personal points of view has little effect on the searching character of the questions and answers.

Because of the fact that congregations may be left puzzled or uncertain on certain points in a discourse, and have not the right to question the priest in the pulpit, is the basis of this form of service, which is carried on by the Jesuits successfully in England and on the continent. The interrogating priest is expected to appreciate the puzzles of the laymen, and ask questions he would ask if he had the right.

The program for the next three Sunday evenings include the following subjects: "Why Confess Your Sins to a Priest?" "Is the Bible the only Rule of Faith?" "Is One Religion as Good as Another?"

## "PROUD TO WORK WITH CATHOLICS"

Washington, D. C., December 17.—Some such safeguard as that afforded by the publication of the bans in the Catholic Church to prevent hasty marriages which contribute to the increase of divorce, is urged by Rev. Canon William S. Chase, of Brooklyn, chairman of the board of directors of the International Reform Bureau.

Canon Chase stated in Washington this week that he would work to have the pending Federal divorce law amended by the addition of a requirement that applications for marriage license should be published during a stated period prior to their issuance, so that parents, guardians and others interested in the proposed matrimonial contract might have an opportunity to investigate the legal eligibility of the parties.

The bill now before Congress seeks to make the grounds for divorce uniform throughout the several States.

Canon Chase also opposes birth control, and said that he "would be proud to be aligned with Catholic leaders" in their fight against this criminal practice.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

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

Prague.—Mgr. Francis Sramek, whose position as minister of railways in the new Czecho-Slovak cabinet singularizes him among the Catholic clergy of Europe, is facing a difficult task in the rehabilitation of the railroads of the country. From a financial viewpoint the ministry of railways is one of the most important in the government.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 9.—To insure the readiness of the new Diocesan Seminary for occupancy at the beginning of its first term, October, 1922, work on the main building will begin shortly and will be rushed throughout next spring and summer. Most Rev. William J. Shaw, Archbishop of New Orleans, has approved the final plans.

Ossining, N. Y., Dec. 12.—Twenty-two postulants were clothed in the habit of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic in St. Teresa's Chapel at Maryknoll on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The ceremony was characterized with the usual Maryknoll simplicity, only the relatives of the newly-made novices being present. The Maryknoll Sisters are increasing so rapidly that the housing problem has already become a serious one.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., Dec. 8.—In a competition in which more than twenty colleges, including the University of Wisconsin, were represented, Campion College of this city won first prize in the magazine section for the excellence of its institutional publication, Campion. This is the second time that Campion College has taken first honors in this competition, which is conducted under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Press Association of Wisconsin Colleges. The prize for the best college newspaper in Wisconsin went to another Jesuit school—Marquette University, Milwaukee.

New York, December 9.—Special Masses for theatrical folk, at which actors serve as ushers, take up the collection and join in the congregational singing, are being celebrated each Sunday in the Church of St. Malachy, on West Forty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Rev. Edward F. Leonard, pastor of the church, has made a special effort to provide for the religious needs of the thousands of people of the theatres living in the neighborhood of St. Malachy's, and has seen the attendance at the special Masses rise from a few score to several hundred within a few weeks.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11.—Timothy D. Hurley, for many years identified with the Holy Name movement in Chicago, and head of the Big Brother work of that organization, was installed during the week as judge of the Superior Court, to succeed Judge Theodore Brentano, for thirty-one years an incumbent of the bench. Judge Hurley has been one of the leaders in the movement for the close censorship of the film, and a year ago made a fight for a city ordinance tightening the censorship by taking it from the hands of the police and placing it in the hands of a citizens' board of censors.

Boston, Dec. 12.—St. Francis Xavier's College of Antigonish is expected eventually to receive \$1,000,000 through the sale of the late Mr. McNeil, filed for probate in Suffolk county. In addition to giving the institution an automobile and the contents of two houses, the will provides that the remainder of the property, personal and real, is left in trust to Isaiah R. Clark to be paid during their lives to sixteen nieces and nephews. At the death of each beneficiary his or her income is to be paid to St. Xavier's College. When the trust terminates, the principal with accumulated interest will be turned over to the college, which it is expected will eventually receive \$1,000,000.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 15.—More than 17,000 students are enrolled in different Jesuit institutions in the Missouri province of high school grade or better, according to figures compiled here. There are 5,609 high school students, in fifteen high schools and twelve colleges. There are 2,346 commerce and finance students in five schools, 1,538 sociology students in two schools, and 1,384 law students in three schools. The list of institutions includes three dental schools, four medical schools, two engineering schools, three extension departments and one school each of music, journalism, pharmacy, nursing, commercial art and foreign trade. Summer schools and schools for ecclesiastical students are not included in the list.

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEALL

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED

"Fair?" repeated Jeff defensively. "Miss Fielding did the most of it herself. Did I tell you that I had been here all the time? Well, that was a lie. I went to Texas; was gone ten days. I found out the amazing fact, one that even the Colonel begrudgingly acknowledged—that this Mr. Fielding is an honest man. It required neither my brilliant intellect, nor my forensic ability, to convince him that we had a clear case. You see the old letters that you had proved your grandfather wasn't in Texas at the time and Jessica had sent her father a peck of special deliveries with Miss Fruney's story in them. We spent the best part of a day digging out the old deed, and the signature was a sort of caricature on your grandfather's. The trouble was old man Mike couldn't cart the blackboard copy around with him. Then there was another point: Mike was your grandfather's overseer, and acting as his agent, and according to the laws of Texas—well, I won't go to the legal aspect—I learned a lot. Claims are different down there. The fact that Texas was a republic, and came into the union owing its own land, seems to make a difference, and I tell you the rights of women and minors are respected."

"Go on," said Richard, anxiously. "Well, Mr. Fielding, who proved to be a very pleasant, fair-minded person, said he thought the matter could be arranged out of court. Nobody had gobbled up your land. It was still there, and he proposed to give it back to you. He said that he had never questioned his father's legacy; that the ground had given him his start; he was down and out when he went there eighteen years ago and began raising cattle. Every time he made an extra dollar, if he didn't buy cows, he bought land. Then he struck oil, not on your land, but on his. Now—well, his best way would even make Wall Street sit up and take notice. There was a syndicate wanted to buy your ground; offered half a million. I nosed round there long enough to find that that was a good price for it. Colonel wired me to close the deal."

"Then—then what did Miss Fielding mean by saying that she would have to work for a living?"

"I don't know. Maybe she thought so, maybe she didn't. That girl would keep anybody guessing. She's been here since the accident. I heard her ask Betty what she thought you would do next?"

Jefferson paused. The question was very vital to him, and he had chosen this way of asking it. "I'm going back," said Richard simply. "I'm going back. They won't need me now. I've been lying here half-awake wondering if the way wouldn't open somehow. I didn't speak because it hardly seemed worth while. I believe I've been vaguely conscious for a long time. I seemed to feel people moving around me, waiting on me. I seemed to hear voices without being able to understand what they were saying. My soul, the spirit part of me, seemed to be caught in a trap—trapped in my body. I believe suffering makes people feel like that, unless they are wide enough awake to take the transcendental view. As soon as I'm free I'm going back."

"Do you want to go?"

"Want—what do you mean, Jeff?"

"I mean do you want to go, or do you feel that you must?"

"Both," he smiled feebly. "The want seems to make the must. In my dreams I've felt the old force pushing me on. Down in that mine helping that poor little sinner to the daylight, I felt that I would have to go back to the seminary. That mine seemed to symbolize what I wanted to do—lifting people out of the blackness to a glimpse of the supernatural. Since I've been home I've been too tired to think. I even fancied I might have been mistaken in my purpose in life. I dreamed of settling down here and living forever, writing a thing now and then to settle world-wide questions."

Jefferson sat up waiting eagerly for his next words. His hands crumpled his hair nervously.

"It was only a passing mood," continued Richard. "My grandfather's extravagant love letters set me wondering why I didn't have some sentimental emotions of my own. But a wife—I wouldn't know what to do with one. If I married a girl I should always feel that she deserved some consideration, and I wouldn't want to consider her. I have always wanted to be free."

"Poor girls!" said a mocking voice in the doorway, and looking up they saw Jessica standing in the dim light of the sick room, her arms full of flowers. "I'm glad you've waked up at last!"

Betty came bustling in behind her. "Oh, Dick—Dick—did you know that we were really going to Washington? I'm so excited I can neither eat nor sleep!" she knelt down beside the bed and clasped Richard's hand. "I feel like a fairy princess."

Jessica came nearer and scattered the flowers over the bed. "They count you a hero, even if you are a woman hater," she said.

"I feel more like a corpse," said Richard humorously, viewing the flowers.

"Nonsense," said Jessica, "you look like Sleeping Beauty in my fairy book."

"I'm sure I do."

"And I'm sure you must all get out of here," said Jefferson. "I hear the nurse coming. If she sees you she will blame me for letting you in."

Richard made no protest as Jefferson hurried his visitors to the door. His attempt to think, to adjust his mind to his new situation, had exhausted him, and when the nurse came in a few minutes later she found that he had fallen into a restful sleep.

Jefferson walked through the shadowy woods with Jessica. He had formed the habit of seeing her home every afternoon that she came to inquire for the invalid. Usually they rode on horseback, but to-day they walked leading their horses through the fern-bordered path. It was Jefferson's suggestion that they dismount. It was easier "to talk," he said. Jessica had demurred at first. With a woman's quick intuition she had guessed his reason.

"We have known each other for six weeks," he began after a long silence.

"Seven," she corrected him.

"It is a long time."

"Wouldn't it be more flattering to consider it a short time?" she teased.

"Oh, it's no use to play with words," he said hopelessly, and his eyes looked careworn and afraid. "During those weeks we've talked about birds, and bushes, and the Lord only knows how many other things in which I did not feel a particle of interest. I believe you know what I want to say, Jessica, and you know, too, that I don't know how to say it."

She stopped beside a big oak, and let her horse walk deliberately between them.

"Is this intended as an ardent proposal?" she asked.

"It is—it is," he cried, pushing the horse aside and clasping both her hands. "You know that I love—love—you, and I did not feel free to tell you so until today."

Her soft eyes had lost their look of mischief now.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—I thought Dick Matter—son—I thought perhaps—"

"Go on," she urged.

"I thought perhaps you cared for him."

"And suppose—suppose, Jeff, I confessed that under some circumstances I might have cared?"

His face looked haggard in the sunlight.

"What circumstances?"

She hesitated. "Perhaps—the most important circumstance: if he had cared for me."

"You are in love with him?"

"No—no," she contradicted. "I only had symptoms—you see—he was indifferent."

"How could he have been?"

"Of course it was amazing," she smiled. "But he wanted something else in life. I knew it all the time. That was one reason I cared."

"I don't exactly see."

"Of course you don't. It was too complicated an emotion even for me, for if he had given up all his high aspirations, his religious ambitions, and loved me, no doubt I should have hated him."

"Then you really did not want him after all?"

"I suppose I didn't."

He took her unresisting in his arms, and smiled happily down upon her.

"I believe I've had a few symptoms myself," he said.

THE END

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

(LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER I

KILLEEVY

Kevin, a lad of twelve years, working in his father's field, looked up at the blazing sun, saw it was noon, and sat down on a stone to eat his dinner. It is not given to every one to dine in the midst of such splendor as surrounded Kevin. A sky, blue and clear, hung over his head; glittering mountain crags soared above him; a dazzling ocean lay at his feet upon one side, and on the other rolled plains, tawny, purple, and olive, to the verge of the horizon. Midway between glories—under the crags, but above the valley—nestled the scattered hamlet where Kevin was born; the fields, pastures, and little woods which supported the mountaineers; the rude church where they prayed; and the graveyard where they buried their dead.

As Kevin munched his potatoes, he turned his face to the ocean, and watched the white sea-birds, winging, winging their glancing flight to the northern countries of which Shawn Rua would tell him over the turf logs on winter nights. His heart echoed with Shawn Rua's stories, for, though not a bookish boy, he loved the beautiful when it met his eye, or was poured into his ear by a voice. The uttered tale or song was greater to Kevin than the written page; he loved the notes of birds, the cries of animals, the whisperings of trees, and piping and thundering of storm and sea.

He took up his spade again, and the strong, active young form bent itself generously to the laborious

task. All his movements were steady and determined, if a little slow; every stroke of foot or arm was well-directed and produced results, while they kept a quiet, rhythm-like regularity that would have suited well with an accompaniment of music. "What are you listening for Kevin?" his father would cry, as the boy paused sometimes, throwing back his head, as if arrested by sudden sound; and though he only laughed at this question, Kevin had told Shawn Rua, in a moment of confidence, that he "heard things" which he could not describe. This listening habit of his annoyed people at times, and caused them to look on the strong, somewhat clumsy lad as tiresome and stupid.

The sun set, the crags glowed crimson, Kevin's spade turned into the semblance of a warlike weapon, blood-red in his hand, a whistle from the next field warned him to gather up his tools and join his father on the homeward path. Connor Mor owned one of the best of the scattered homesteads which nestled on the mountain-side, a long, low-roofed, tiny-windowed house, with a straw thatch, and strong stone walls stolen out of the overhanging crags; a few large trees at one gable, a little garden, a golden hay-cock, and many brown pyramids of turf clustering behind the little farmyard.

Maury Oge has got a little daughter, said Connor to his son, speaking in Irish, the language of the mountain. "Shemus is wild with delight: we must call in and give them joy."

Maury and Shemus were a young pair in whom Kevin's parents had a particular interest, and at whose wedding Kevin had amused himself a year ago. At their door the happy father was now beckoning, and Kevin felt very awkward as an old woman thrust a bundle of flannels into his arms, out of which a little round, red face was seen to blink.

"Her eyes are open," said Kevin, uncomfortably.

"Of course they are," said the old woman, insulted. "Did you think it was a kitten?"

"Oh, no!" said Kevin, and got out of the house as fast as he could. "I never saw such a little knowing baby," he said to his mother, when he went home. "She looked at me as if she had got something to tell me!"

"It must be something good, then," said his mother; "for newborn babies come straight from heaven."

Kevin ate his supper in silence, and when he had done, mended his mother's old spinning-wheel, the long wheel on which she spun wool for the family clothing; till Shawn Rua came in with his story-telling face, pipe in mouth, finding, as usual, the warmest chimney corner for did not his presence make the fire-sprits leap out of the turf logs and fly laughing up the smoke-ladders?

Shawn was a man who could read both Gaelic and English, and had in his house a strong chest in which were treasured certain Gaelic manuscripts, containing, as Kevin believed, all the precious lore of the world. These books had been bequeathed to Shawn by his father, and were the pride of the mountain. Where they had come from originally nobody asked. Kevin had a vague belief that they had grown up out of creation, like the rocks and trees; but, at all events, poetry exhaled from their yellow leaves, and was scattered by the breath of Shawn into the daily thoughts of a simple and imaginative people. When it was known that Shawn was at Connor Mor's, people came dropping in to spend the evening. Sibble, the aged singer, arrived with a hundred ballads on the tip of her tongue; Rosheen, a buxom maiden, who had already earned some reputation for telling homely fairy tales, and was thought to be slyly stealing lessons from the great master himself, brought her laughing face and an apron full of wool which she carded while she listened; mothers of families unfolded their knitting, and fathers lit their pipes. The kitchen filled, and was at once lighted and perfumed by a fish-oil lamp; the turf blazed and mingled its fragrance with that of the luminary on the table; a few pet hens in the rafters, roused out of their first sleep, clucked their terror to each other, but, recognizing Shawn and his audience, recovered their composure, and retired behind their wings and among the bacon-ditches.

Shawn had a long, thin face, with large, lumpy temples, about which the "foxy" hair grew scantily. He had an exceedingly sonorous voice, and when he made a telling period, he had a way of lifting his eyelids and overlooking his audience with a moonstruck gleam in his long grey eyes, which movement had a thrilling effect and always caused a sensation among his listeners. Shawn knew his power and gloried in it and was more proud of the audience he could command at any moment than a king might be of his standing army. Mighty and heroic was his narrative: kings and queens figured in it; battles were fought and feasts spread; or his theme was wild and weird; spirits walked the earth, ghostly phantoms flitted across the firelight; or he suddenly became playful and fantastic; fairies sported around him, happy mortals laughed, danced, and sang.

"Kevin, my boy," said his father, when Shawn had ceased, and Kevin sat immovable, "if you were as

good at book-learnin' as you are at listenin', you'd do for us all to be proud of some day."

"Let the boy alone," said Shawn, loftily. "It isn't every man that is born to book-learnin', Connor Mor. The boy is well enough. What he hears gets further than his ears."

"I don't see that," said Connor; "but as he handles the spade we can't complain of him."

Kevin blushed, and his head sank on his breast. He knew that a dull lad, disliking book-study, slow of speech, confused and wandering in his mind, always missing points, passing some things over, and pondering amazed upon other things which most people accepted as matters of course. He brightened up, hearing his father praise his skill with the spade, but dropped back into his listening dream, while rosy-cheeked Rosheen took her turn as story-teller, and, later, Sibble, the ballad-singer, poured forth a shrill ditty, the lament of the enchanted swans, unfortunate children of Lir, who wandered so many ages on the stormy waters of the sea of Moyle. The wind roared and whistled round the cabin, the thunder of the sea boomed up from the distance, and the last high note of the keen wailed itself away and was lost in the crash of Nature's orchestral music.

As often happened Kevin went home with Shawn for the night, as the latter had a long, lonely way to walk; and we cannot say that the book-learned man was quite free from a certain superstitious dislike to the desert mountainside at the hour of midnight. His way lay past the churchyard, and Shawn loved not the glimmer of its pale gable in the moonlight, nor the grey streaks made by the tombstones against the darkness, nor the peculiar minor key into which the wind was sure to fall as it swept around the spot. Arrived at his cabin, he roused with a few artful touches the fire that slumbered in the ashes, showing by its light a clean-swept earthen floor, a window garnished by a little green curtain, a basket of unwashed potatoes, and an object which was the pride of the mountain-side, to wit, a carved oak chest, which had been thrown up among the rocks after a wreck, and now held the treasure of ancient manuscript that made Shawn Rua the delight of his fellowmen.

Shawn placed two large potatoes on the embers to roast, lighted his pipe, and sat down by the hearth, while Kevin opposite watched the smoke curl, and gazed curiously at the meditative face of the book-learned man. The storm still strove outside, and the boom and splash of the sea could be heard more plainly than at Kevin's home.

"Shawn!" he said, "tell me about the sea-king Olaf!"

"Well, boy, his ghost has enough to do if it's out on the ocean tonight. Have I ever told you how he sailed to Red Bay among the Antrim hills and carried off the Irish wolfhound?"

"Yes!" said Kevin, eagerly, "in his gayety of the sea-serpent, with his banner of the ravens, and in his armour of green and gold. He came at night and walked on the strand till daylight. I wish I had been alive to see him."

"That was a queer meeting of his with Jarl Thover and Rand the witch in the middle of a mystic wind. I'd rather have seen that," said Shawn, with a meditative puff.

"Do you think, did he ever see Hy-Brasil when he was sailing about the seas?" said Kevin, anxiously.

"Most likely he did," said Shawn. "Why should he not as well as another?"

"Did you ever see it, Shawn?" asked the boy, his eyes growing larger.

"I can't say quite that I did," said Shawn, with hesitating honesty. "I thought I saw it often, but it was sure to turn out to be one of the real solid islands, or a shadow, or a cloud, or something. Once I was full sure I had spotted it: I spied it out far at the line of the sea with the loveliest pink hills and golden cliffs. I pulled off my hat, and I called on the name of God. 'Hy-Brasil!' cried I, and my heart leapt up and stood still. But in a moment afterwards the sun faded and the evening changed; and Hy-Brasil was only a lump of cloud that had strayed down from the sky a bit, and was lying on the sea!"

"Ah," said Kevin, "what a pity! And it only comes once in seven years."

"Isn't your mind looking for it," said Shawn, shaking his head. "Many have wasted their lives in that search. Don't turn out a wild goose, but stick to your spade!"

Kevin turned his head abashed, but presently raised it again with a new idea.

"Shawn," he said, "in King Olaf's country the storks bring the babies to their mothers. You told me that once. Do the storks come to this country?"

"So," said Shawn, "I think not often. The storks come from Egypt, and it is long enough for them to fly as far as Norway and Denmark. They are tired by that time, and they have a long way to go back."

"Well," said Kevin, thoughtfully, "I am sure I saw a great bird flying away over the roof of Maury Oge's house, just as we came up to it and looked behind her back and her eyes fixed on a fat thrush that sat singing on a twig above her head. The beak of the thrush was open wide, so was the little maiden's mouth; the thrush swelled his throat and

barred when they are born. They are always rather rough-and-ready people to deal with; can bark a bit, too, when they like. Others are like cats, or like cows; and I have even known people with a likeness to asses. So this little stranger has got her friends among the birds, has she? I hope they'll give her a godmother's gift. They'll lay golden eggs for her; or perhaps she'll sing like her grandaunt, Sibble. And, by the way, Shemus asked me to find a name for the little daughter—a real saint's name of the rich old Irish stock."

He got up and took some curious volumes out of the wonderful oak-chest, while Kevin held the fish-oil lamp, staring with admiration into the magic recesses which were the treasury of Shawn Rua's lore. The good man's spectacles were poised on his nose and the volume was coned.

"Fanchea is the name," he said, solemnly, at last. A real holy, delicate saint, great and grand as the rocks, mild as the dove, and as old as King Olaf himself. Father Ulick won't object to it, I think. We have Brides and Marys enough on the mountain."

Kevin went to sleep upon a bed made on the top of the oak-chest, and dreamed of King Olaf riding in his regal galley through the moonlit seas, with the little babe, Fanchea, in his arms. His armour gleamed; his long hair floated on the wind; the mystical island, Hy-Brasil, rose out of the waters on his path, and upon its pearly cliffs he laid the weeping babe; then steered northwards to meet the Vikings. Kevin had followed his track, borne on the wings of a great, strange bird, and made wild attempts to stoop for the little perishing creature whose wails mingled with the cries of the wind which beat him back and back again, till the wings of the brave bird drooped, and he sank upon the waves. Just as the waters were engulfing him, Kevin awoke, sobbing, and saw the dawn light peeping through the chinks of the door.

The following Sunday the little baby was brought to the church to be baptized. It was a fine, sunny, windy day in the very early spring, and the storm made military music round the whitewashed walls of the poor church. Piping reeds, the clash of gymbals, and the roar of drums were all to be heard in the mysterious music with which Nature celebrated the font. Fanchea's appearance at the font, a chorus of singing birds, who had their nests in the rafters, and were used to sing their hallooings undisturbed above the altar, whirred down from the roof and perched upon the edge of the old carved and mutilated font, where they chanted their silver psalms in the pauses of the storm. Kevin heard them with glancing eyes, and secretly strewed grain from his pocket upon the earthen floor that the choristers might have their festival a little later in the day. The grandaunt, the babe in her arms, and Shawn Rua was one of the sponsors. It was told that when the priest said "receive this burning light," the child grasped the candle in its little hand. The priest looked grave when some one objected that she did not cry when the water was poured over her. "Do not be superstitious," he said, "but leave the child to God." The sun shone through the little pointed windows; on the rough, wooden altar; the rude crucifix; the simple, sorrowful pictures of the Way of the Cross; on the damp-stained walls; the broken font and fluttering birds; on the venerable head of the priest, and the group of peasants with their scarlet and blue cloaks and kerchiefs, their earnest faces and faith-lit eyes. A tear was on Sibble's withered cheek as she kissed the little new-made Christian and refolded it in her cloak. "I don't know what Maury will say to the name," she said, doubtfully, "but Father Ulick says it's a beautiful saint, and I made him tack Maury to it for fear. We can call her little Fan, as the mother is Maury."

From that day forth, neither the boy nor the birds forgot to have an interest in little Fanchea. As soon as she was able to walk and speak, Kevin used to call for her every evening to carry her on his shoulder, and sit with her on the green ditch under a certain thorn-tree which was haunted by fairies, and alive with birds. He instructed her early that she belonged to the birds, and put grain in her little fist that she might find favour with these friends and teach them to watch for her coming. Perched on Kevin's back, her dimpled face thrust through a hole in the foliage, she would peep breathlessly into a nest full of gaping fledglings, or sit contentedly among the daisies with the robins and sparrows feeding out of her lap. Before she could speak, she tried to imitate the piping and chirping of the swallow and wren, the cry of the curlew, and the wailing of the plover. As she grew older, she would measure her own voice with the voices that came down from her out of the trees and clouds, practising their warblings with an exquisite mimicry. Missing her from home one evening, Kevin found her standing on tip-toe on the ditch under the thorn-tree, in her small red petticoat, with her hands fixed behind her back and her eyes fixed on a fat thrush that sat singing on a twig above her head. The beak of the thrush was open wide, so was the little maiden's mouth; the thrush swelled his throat and

pouring forth floods of melody upon the air; the little scarlet-coated girl threw back her dimpled chin, and, taking up the key-note he dropped, uttered in the pauses of his song sounds as sweet and as ecstatic as his own. The bird heard her with astonishment, his head on one side in critical attention, and then, suddenly fired with a spirit of emulation, he distended his little heart, pointed his beak at the sky, and bursting forth again, hurled at his daring rival a whirlwind of song that ought to have swept her away.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

(By Zoe Marie Hager)

The big city clock boomed the hour of eleven just as the lady of the house wiled into a rocker to mop her face. It was another of those sweltering, sizzling days when one wonders if life holds out anything beyond ice-water and an electric fan.

Just what effect all this had upon the family cat is unknown but Susan Jane opened one eye, blinked a second, stretched herself, and leisurely soft-footed it to the front door.

Whether it was the sound of approaching footsteps or Susan Jane scratching vigorously upon the newly painted screen that aroused Mary Martin to immediate action doesn't matter much, but certain it is that Mrs. Martin made one bound, pushed open the door and Susan Jane dodged out between the feet of the unsuspecting postman, who was in the very act of depositing two letters in the box.

"Why—good morning, what's up?" he cried.

"I beg your pardon," laughed Mary, "that cat gets on my nerves; just look at that screen door," and she made a wry face.

The postman smiled good-naturedly—for such a hot day. "Well, now, forget the damage and read these." So saying, he handed her the letters and continued his journey down the street.

Mary turned them over to examine the postmarks, as she made her way to the inviting rocker. One she threw unopened to the table. The significant advertisement in the corner:

"Apartments to Let, W. J. Hall, Agt., Boone, Iowa."

was reminder enough that \$90 must be forthcoming for the month's rent. The other letter proved more interesting.

"Eureka Springs, California—I don't know anyone there," she mused. She tore open the envelope and immediately turned to the signature and read:

Affectionately your friend,  
MARGARET KENT

What memories this called up! So this was Margaret Russell, the girl pal of other days. They had been raised together, as it were; they were both graduates of the little parochial school conducted by the Presentation Sisters down on Eighth and Harrison, for both had belonged to St. Catherine's parish in the good old days of Father Kenna. Later, she had become the wife of John Martin and moved to the South end of the city, and Margaret went West after her marriage to Henry Kent. With time and family cares, letters became less frequent until they had ceased to come at all.

Mary Martin read the letter through eagerly and then she turned to the beginning and read it through once more, this time with thoughtful care. It dropped to her lap and Mary was lost in the past—and the future, as well. Soon big tears coursed their way unheeded down her cheeks as she compared her lot with that of her old time friend, and finally she sobbed outright.

How long she had been crying, she couldn't have told, but when the city clock boomed twelve, she realized that she was very hot, that she had a headache and that Margaret's letter had made her very blue. What was worse, the children would soon be romping in from the near-by park where they had been playing, and there would be no lunch ready.

She hastily arose, washed her tell-tale eyes, went to the kitchen and turned on the gas. It took but a moment to prepare the noon-day lunch and soon the romping children were back in the park, where the Play Ground teacher had her hands full managing a hundred or more children on a hot, sultry day.

All through the lunch hour Mary had been thinking of Margaret's letter, and at the close of the meal, she had fully made up her mind to speak to John when he came home from work at four o'clock.

After the dishes were finished, Mary sat down at a little table in the parlor, pulled out a bunch of bills and began to figure. Mechanically she opened the latest bill from W. J. Hall for the current month's rent. She figured and figured during the afternoon, all oblivious of everything save that she was suffocatingly warm. Once in the middle of a column of figures which she was adding, there came a flash of light followed by a mild crash of thunder, which made her lose her place and she had to add them all over again.

The city clock struck two, three-four, and still Mary was engrossed in the figures. Then suddenly she became aware of someone behind

her. "What are you doing?" she asked, looking up.

"I'm adding up the bills," said Mary, without looking up.

"You're doing it wrong," said the other person.

"No, I'm not," said Mary, looking up.

"You are," said the other person, "you're adding the wrong figures."

"No, I'm not," said Mary, looking up.

"You are," said the other person, "you're adding the wrong figures."

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her, and a voice said: "Well, what on earth—"

"Why, John," she cried, "is it possible that I've figured out these bills all the afternoon?"

He looked disgustedly over the table, littered up with scraps of papers, bills, columns of figures and east-off letters.

"Lovingly yours, MARGARET KENT"

Mary laid down the letter. Now, John, let's go—let's get ready as soon as we can—"

"That's different—a man's got to support his family—but speaking of weather, the thermometer's crept up until the heat's registered highest this summer, and when I came home I noticed an ugly looking cloud over in the Northwest—guess we're due for a storm."

He had hardly finished speaking when another flash came, followed by a rumbling, and the rumbling had hardly subsided when the two children bounded into the room and fled to the arms of their father.

"Oh, papa," they said simultaneously, "It's a awful dark outside and those clouds got funny tails on 'em, and we're scared—it's lightning, and the thunder makes such a noise."

"There, there, now; that will do," he said, patting their heads, "is this the first time we've had a thunder storm? Run along now, papa must clean up, and you get your blocks and play in the kitchen—nothing's going to hurt you."

Mary caught up the bills, together with Margaret's letter, and sat down on the davenport waiting for the re-appearance of her husband.

Presently he came in and sat down beside her. "Well, Mary," he said playfully, "What's on your mind—it's plain to see that something's wrong."

"John, I'm just tired out trying to make our money cover those horrid bills, and it simply can't be done. We're always in debt, and I've managed and managed until I'm sick of hearing the word, 'manage.'"

"We don't seem to get ahead—you drudge and slave all day in that foundry and we eat it all up in groceries, meat bills, drug bills, gas bills, light bills—yes, and rent—here's the last one I got from Hall this morning for another \$900—it seems just yesterday to me since I made out that last check for the rent. Then there's our clothes—the bills are terrible and we don't get anything either—the children are actually so shabby that I'm ashamed to send them to school—"

"we're all together." They looked about them and surveyed ruin and desolation everywhere. The storm had passed as quickly as it came, leaving destruction in its wake, while to the East they could hear the ominous rumbling growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Houses blown down and debris wherever they looked. Rescue parties were just organizing to seek the missing and the wounded though for the most part, there was a dazed aimless rambling on the part of those who had been spared even as miraculously as they were. A few minutes before, this had been a city of homes, now it was a city of the dead and dying. In the distance the big chimney of the foundry had toppled over and the building was a mass of flames.

Her husband pressed Mary to his heart and there were tears in his eyes. "Yes, thank God, we are all here, and now we'll start to California before the week is over." He looked at the splintered house and his shattered pieces of furniture and remarked grimly: "I don't fancy we'll be bothered about shipping that furniture."

Just then Mary felt something rubbing against her and she looked down. "Why if it isn't Susan Jane," she exclaimed, grabbing up the family cat, minus a good bit of fur. "You poor kitty—you've been through the cyclone with the rest of us. We haven't any furniture, John, but Susan Jane's got to go with us—ain't you, pussy," patting her.

Susan Jane purred her assent, then suddenly spied the clothes basket. She jumped down, hopped into it and rolled herself up for a snooze as contentedly as if there had been no cyclone.

In the events which followed, it did not take more than a week for the Martins to close up affairs and start for their Western home—even Susan Jane had her own particular basket and behaved as well as could be expected under such trying circumstances, and long before Christmas, John and Mary were established in their new home adjoining the Kent's, and when that day came they went to Midnight Mass at a nearby monastery in Harry Kent's flivver.

After the bounteous repast held at Kent's as an old-time reunion, Margaret leaned over to Mary. "Aren't you glad you came out—really that cyclone was for your good—maybe you wouldn't have gotten the courage to pick up and come way out here."

Mary smiled and then frowned. "But, Margaret, think of all our nice wedding furniture—there was nothing left to bring along, but Susan Jane—oh, those darling chairs and the parlor suite—I'll never get over it, and—"

Margaret shook her head. "No, Mary, it's just a blessing in disguise—you'd have paid a fortune to have shipped it all out here,—" then she whispered—"now, you can make John buy you some new furniture." Then Margaret grew serious and her eyes filled with tears. "We, too, have had our losses—you know we lost our eldest, but God sent other children—what was it, the Sisters used to tell us about God's Providence and misfortunes being blessings in disguise?"

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MOTHER LOVE

Hon. James A. Reed, United States senator from Illinois, paid an eloquent tribute to mother love in a speech on the maternity bill before the senate in Washington. He showed that no other person can replace a mother in the home, that nothing else can be an adequate substitute for a mother's instinct and a mother's care. His tribute to mother love deserves wide circulation. It should be printed in our school readers to teach the children what they owe to a mother's fostering care. Many persons do not realize that there is no love like a mother's love, or they do not realize it until the day one is forever gone and gratitude is too late.

Senator Reed shows that the maternity bill has two primary purposes: one socialistic and the other mercenary. It is intended to supply work for a host of unemployed spinsters by authorizing them to poke their official nose into the sanctity of the home. Such a practice smacks of communism.

Mr. Reed lends lustre to the senatorial toga. He is usually on the right side of every public question, and, what is more, he has the courage of his convictions. He is tireless, fearless and incorruptible in championing every worthy cause. Long may his tongue hold its eloquence! Senator Reed said in part:

"Official meddling cannot take the place of mother love. Mother love! The golden cord that stretches from the throne of God uniting all animate creation to the divinity. Its holy light glows as bright in hovels where poverty breaks meagre crust as in palaces where wealth holds Lucullian feasts. It is the one great universal passion, the sinless passion of sacrifice. Incomparable in its sublimity, interference with it is sacrilege, regulation is mockery.

"The wild beasts hear its voice and answer to its call. A tigress, finding her cubs slaughtered, pauses to lick their wounds, and then with raging hearts seeks out their murderer. A wolf, standing at the mouth of her den, with gleaming fangs and blood-red tongue, dies in defence of her whelps. Tiger's cub or wolf's whelp, I would rather feel the rough caress of the hairy paw of my savage mother. I would rather have her care and protection than that of an official animal trainer. I once saw a little timorous mother quail, with marvelous intelligence and still more marvelous courage, protect her brood by exposing herself to the hunter's deadly aim. It then realized that nothing can take the place of mother love.

"If its divine fire so warms and thrills the heart of beast and bird, with what intensity does it consume the bosom, with what ecstasy inspire the soul of a woman for the child of her body. Although she knows that she must risk her own to bring forth a new life, she does not draw back. Her love-lit eyes behold only visions of happiness, of glory and of power to be realized by her unborn child. With smiling lips and eager heart she enters the vale of shadows. The first cry of the new-born falls on her ear sweet as the music of paradise. Her trembling hands caress the tender skin, her soul cries out the anxious question: 'Will my baby live?' The torturing days of convalescence fly swiftly upon wings of hope. She nestles the tiny, helpless thing to her bosom; sustains it with the milk of her body, every drop drawn from a fountain of infinite love.

With indescribable solicitude she watches over her offspring. Even when her body slumbers her soul keeps vigil, and her hands in unison with her spirit will stretch forth to soothe the baby back to sleep. With glowing pride she watches the growing child, shields it from harm, guides it along the paths of rectitude, inspires its soul with lofty sentiments of honor and of faith in the eternal God.

When time has piled the snows upon her head and turned her brown or raven locks to white, her love will still abide riper and sweeter with the passing years. Though she may live until her children are themselves grown old and gray, she yet will see the silken locks of youth, their roughened hands have yet the caressing touch of baby fingers; their voices bear to her the tender and melodious notes of infancy. And when at last she approaches the portals of death, there is no solace so sweet as the presence of those she bore "to people and replenish the earth."

For mother love there is no substitute, even though it bear an official stamp. If there be truth in religion, then this holy sentiment was planted in woman's heart by the hand of God. It has made life possible. It is in truth the very source of life itself. When all other passions are dead, it survives. It will pass through the fiery furnace of disgrace and yet live. It will endure the scorching breath of contumely with unwavering fidelity. A mother will enter prisons of shame and kiss a felon hand thrust through the bars. She will sit beside the accused in the courts of law, when the mob jeers and the heartless machinery of justice grinds its grist of agony, and with unwavering faith maintain her child is innocent. She will stand at the foot of the scaffold and, when the trap has fallen, cover the condemned body with kisses and with flowers. It is still to her the innocent suckling she once hugged to her breast.

"But if the path of life has led her son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride ineffable. If he is called to war, she will bid him good-bye with dry eyes although her heart be filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien, that he may gain sublimar courage from her sublime example. When he sleeps upon the tented field her spirit will keep watch. Whilst he is slumbering she will pray. In the agony of waiting she will die a thousand deaths, but she will choke her sobs and hide her torture. She will search for him amongst the slain, and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body, and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of a deathless love.

"Mother love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired and glorified all of the shadowy hosts who have passed across the bank of time since man first raised his eyes towards the heavens. It is, I say again, the golden cord that binds the earth to God. Official interference between the mother and her babe is tyrannical and criminal."—Catholic Union and Times.

PROHIBITION, LIBERTY AND THE MASS

What does the Eighteenth Amendment forbid? According to the text of the Amendment, "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited."

The Amendment is specific. It is inclusive. It states definitely what is prohibited. It also states definitely what is not prohibited. But the fanatics whom Congress in shameful indifference to its solemn oath has permitted to usurp the legislative functions of the Federal Government, insist upon prohibiting what the Amendment does not prohibit and was never intended to prohibit. Out of the Amendment they have torn three important words, "for beverage purposes."

Assuming a high moral tone, they set at naught the supreme law of the land. By this desertion of the Constitution they have begun a campaign which, unless the American people forthwith assert themselves, can easily end in the destruction of civil and religious liberty. If the plain intent of one Amendment can be disregarded, the intent of any Amendment, or of any clause in the Constitution, can be disregarded. Under this procedure, the Constitution is less than a scrap of paper. It is a mockery and a lie, the cloak of knavery and the shield of hypocrisy.

By what right does Congress define as "intoxicating" a liquor that is not intoxicating? Yet Congress has enacted that absurd definition. By what right does Congress impose any restriction, even the slightest, upon the manufacture or sale of a liquor that is not intended "for beverage purposes?" The answer is plain. Congress has no powers whatever, except the powers conferred by the people in the Constitution. But the Constitution has given Congress no power "to define a non-intoxicating liquor as intoxicating. It has confined to Congress no power to interfere with the manufacture or sale of a liquor which is not intended "for beverage purposes."

But Congress has usurped these powers. Upon the medical profession it has imposed tyrannical restrictions, by destroying the physician's freedom to prescribe an intoxicating liquor not as a beverage but for the alleviation of pain. It has imposed restrictions upon the use of alcohol, not intended for beverage purposes, but for essential processes in science and the arts. Worst of all, it has dared, directly and through minor officials, to impose conditions upon the manufacture and sale of wine, not for "beverage purposes," but for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. No such power in any of the cases alleged is conferred by the Eighteenth Amendment. It has no more vital connection with wine for the Mass, with intoxicating liquors prescribed by a physician, or with alcohol manufactured for scientific and commercial uses, than it has with economic conditions in Patagonia. Whatever regulations have been issued in restriction are a simple usurpation, to be borne with for the avoidance of greater evils, yet an open usurpation of powers not granted by the Constitution.

What Congress may yet do, under the lash of the Anti-Saloon League and allied fanatics, remains to be seen. The danger of this amendment, not only to the Mass but to civil liberty, was stressed again and again by this review, and the warning was met by those who should have known better, by the ridiculous accusation that America had been purchased by the "liquor interests." Fanatics, bought and paid for, cannot understand that all men are like themselves. This reflection, however, while pertinent, is but incidental. The fact of real importance is that Congress has openly violated the Constitution and that further violations, that of the Fourth Amendment, for instance, are now pressed by the fanatics.—America.

This Jesus Christ, in whom we are created, of whom we are members, this Lord of our spirits, this Light of our understandings; this He in whom alone we can find true God. This is He whom men have been seeking in heaven and earth, and in the waters under the earth. This is He in whom alone they can find that eternal life for which they are thirsting, and which they are trying to find in the visible earth, or in some fantastic heaven, or in some depths which none have been able to sound.—Selected.

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NEW YEAR WISHES IN VERSE

The poets' New Year wishes are worth remembering, not only for their rhyme, but for the sentiments they convey: kindly, reverent, hopeful. It must be a recompense to poets that they can say so well the things we who are not poets feel so much, but express so blunderingly. An anonymous "Wish for Your New Year" leaves but one regret—that it is anonymous. So reverent and generous a well-wisher should be remembered by name. Here is his wish:

May its light  
Be the sunlight of God's love;  
Its night,  
His sheltering wings above;  
Its storms  
Reveal the wonders of His grace;  
Its calms  
Reflect the beauty of His face;  
Its winds  
Breathe whispers of His care;  
Its showers  
Bring blessings rich and rare;  
May its cares  
Bind closer to His heart;  
Its joys  
Be of heavenly joys a part!

Another poet voices doubts and questionings that come with each new year:  
Some years lie rose-crowned in their joy;  
Some rue-entwined with shame;  
Some cypress-bound in sadness,  
Some laurel-wreathed with fame.  
How shall it stand, loved Saviour,  
The year begun today?  
Shall blooms of trust or thorns of doubt,  
Strew the untrodden way?  
What will it matter, Father,  
Throughout the eternity,  
If happiness or sadness  
But draw our hearts to Thee!

In similar strain yet another poet reviews the past and looks forward to the future:  
With feet the threshold of the New Year pressing,  
I turn to look upon the path o'er-trod.  
So filled with sadness, sweetness, fear and blessing;  
I joy to trace in all the hand of God.  
His hand I see in friendships' precious keeping,  
In trials braved, in tearful eyes made bright,  
In life prolonged, in smiles of heavenly greeting,  
In sins outlived, in conquests thro' His might.  
What shall this year, before mine eyes now holden,  
Bring unto me as swift its moments fly?  
What shall I bear from all its treasures golden  
Unto that life unseen beyond the sky?

The claims of friendship are expressed in this quaint verse entitled "A Friend's Greeting."  
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me,  
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be,  
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day,  
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.  
I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,  
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue;  
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,  
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.  
I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,  
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;  
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on  
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.  
I'm wishing at this New Year time that I could but repay  
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way.  
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:  
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

The following little wish says in four lines all that lips and heart can say in prayer for the welfare of another.  
The bells ring out the passing year,  
The bells ring in the new;  
My wish is what it ever is—  
God's blessings be on you!

Mary, it's just a blessing in disguise—you'd have paid a fortune to have shipped it all out here,—" then she whispered—"now, you can make John buy you some new furniture." Then Margaret grew serious and her eyes filled with tears. "We, too, have had our losses—you know we lost our eldest, but God sent other children—what was it, the Sisters used to tell us about God's Providence and misfortunes being blessings in disguise?"

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her, and a voice said: "Well, what on earth—"

The Catholic Record

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum. United States and Europe—\$1.50. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors (Rev. James T. Foley, P.A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., Associate Editor—H. V. Mackintosh, Manager—Robert M. Burns. Address business letters to the Manager, advertisements for teachers, situations, vacant etc., 50 cents each insertion. Intimations must accompany the order. Where Catholic Record has address is required and 10 cents to defray expense of postage upon replies. Ordinary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 30 cents. The Catholic Record has been approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconio and Russell, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshesburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion. St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 230 Main St., and John J. Dwyer. St. Sydney, N. S., single copies may be purchased at Murphy's Bookstore. In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Milroy, 241 St. Catherine St., West. In Ottawa, Ont., single copies may be purchased from J. W. Birkin, 14 Nicholas St. The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for The Catholic Record: General Agents—M. J. Haggarty, Stephen V. James, George J. Quilley, Residents Agents—Mrs. Marie Scudamore, St. John's; St. J. Costello, 151 10th Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Elias Johnson, 210 Lochester St., Regina; Mrs. G. E. Smith, 2321 Manse St., Montreal; Mrs. Edward McPhee, 223 Martin Ave., Elmwood, Waukegan, Ill.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1921

To all our readers and friends we wish, in every good sense of the time-honored greeting, a happy New Year.

INDEPENDENCE AND INTERDEPENDENCE

Seven years ago Professor Eoin MacNeil, in an article in the English Review, emphasized the point of view that national independence is necessarily limited by the fact of the interdependence of nations. Briefly, he advocated the recognition of the equal national status of Great Britain and Ireland before adjusting that relationship between the two nations in the manner that their acknowledged interdependence made necessary or desirable.

We recall the expressions of surprise and pleasure that such an article should not only be given space but welcome by an English publication. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then; that proposed solution of the Irish problem which seemed so audacious, so improbable seven years ago is, in all essentials, realized by the treaty just concluded between Great Britain and Ireland.

Nor does this mean the definite and final measure of Irish national freedom. Her status is that of Canada; and the writer, more years ago than he cares to specify, remembers hearing Edward Blake advocate the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties. He was as a voice crying in the wilderness. Emphatic and all but unanimous was the condemnation of this audacious, if not seditious, demand. Treaty-making, it was declared, was the exclusive prerogative of sovereign states. Mr. Blake's demand meant the absolute severance of Canada from the Empire; the demand for the absolutely independent and sovereign status of Canada amongst the nations of the world.

But now Canada without a "by your leave" exercises that right; and so far from having received its death-blow British connection is immeasurably the stronger for it.

That is one definite step made by Canada; innumerable others might be mentioned that have been taken within living memory. It was loudly proclaimed, and the boast was no idle one, that the equal status of the sister nations of the British Commonwealth received international recognition at the Paris Peace Conference. True, General Smuts protests that the acceptance by the Dominions of a position subordinate to that of Great Britain at the Washington Conference is a surrender of the status whose recognition was secured at Paris. But this very protest is a vigorous assertion of Dominion right; it assures its reassertion and its achievement. Progress here is much more rapid and pronounced than in the matter of commercial treaties with its logical corollary of distinct and separate representation of Canada—and therefore of any other Dominion—at Washington, and elsewhere if or when desired.

The world is coming to realize that no nation lives to itself alone. Reporting the Washington Conference, Oswald Garrison Villard, in a recent number of The Nation writes:

"The spirit of nationality rages like a pestilence; it is the curse of Europe," wrote Lord Hugh Cecil recently in the London Times. We have had a pestilence of nationality in the progress of the Washington

Conference this week. . . The spirit of nationality overshadowed everything. Nowhere an attempt to deal with an issue solely from the point of view of the interest of the world as a whole, or even of that of the masses here represented—only a nationally inspired desire to examine every proposal from the narrowly selfish point of view and to squeeze out of it all possible advantage by interpretation or bargaining. This is the reply to Mr. Harding's appeal to the nations here represented to do jointly what he said they could not do individually!

Perhaps I am all wrong about it, but I look upon this whole scene here in Washington as one of the dying flurries of the old system."

The old system is doomed; a way must be found to reconcile desirable national independence with the manifest interdependence of the nations. The "little diplomats so cursed with their nationality" must give place, as Mr. Villard suggests, to "common-sense men actuated by the ordinary moralities and the desire to do unto others as they would be done by."

The restoration of the Christian spirit to international relations is the sole hope of civilization. In that spirit Professor MacNeil's ideal will be that of all civilized nations.

The independent self-governing nations within the British Commonwealth point the way of salvation to the nations of the world.

The accession of Ireland to this league of nations makes it a thousand-fold more effective as an actual achievement to be studied, an example to be followed.

Hitherto the condition of Ireland was a ruffing sore on the face of the British Commonwealth. The professions of democracy, equality and justice were but so much cynical hypocrisy in the ears of the world so long as Ireland gave the lie direct to such professions.

That Ireland herself should beslow to see the new status in this light, should be suspicious and distrustful, is not only not surprising but most natural. That Irishmen should have a repugnance to taking an oath of allegiance to the King was inevitable. It was in the name of the King that Irish boys were beaten, tortured and murdered. It was in the name of the King that Irish villages, towns and cities were shot up, sacked and burned. Nothing done by the "Huns" or attributed to them, nothing done by the black hundreds of the Czar, nothing done in their excesses by the Bolsheviks in their wild reaction against the friends of Czarist terrorism, exceeded in ferocity and savagery the Black and Tannism of the Crown forces in Ireland while wearing the uniform of the King and acting in his name.

But when the English Sinn Feiner, Erskine Childers, in the words quoted below plays on this natural feeling of the Irish people it is hard to believe in his sincerity: "The Constitution of Ireland, he said, was going to depend on an Act of the British Parliament. The King could refuse to consent to Irish legislation, he declared, and the King would mean the British Government and the Governor General, in telephonic communication with Downing Street, would be the centre of the British Government in Ireland."

The Constitution of Ireland will be drawn up by Irishmen themselves in accordance with the treaty concluded between the two nations.

Even if it were as Mr. Childers stated, the Constitution of Canada was embodied in an Act of the British Parliament; but it was based on resolutions passed after years of discussion, for the most part unanimously by the representatives of the provinces concerned. In the case of Ireland an Act of the British Parliament is necessary to give effect to the provisions of the treaty; to its own abdication in favor of the Parliament of the Irish Free State.

But to say the King could refuse to assent to Irish legislation is to betray crass ignorance of the Dominion status, the subject Mr. Childers was discussing. The relation of the King to the Irish Free State is determined not by legal quibbles but by the concrete fact of his relation to Canada. And the King interferes in Canadian legislation no whit more than he does in the legislation of the United States of America. The same practical test applies to the Governor General. The Governor-General of Canada is bound to act on the advice

of his Canadian ministers. He is in a very real sense but a figure-head; and yet he is of transcendent importance as the symbol of that unity which obtains amongst the self governing nations of the Commonwealth.

We cannot believe that any such gross misconception of the Dominion status will mislead the Irish people or their representatives into the criminal folly of refusing to ratify the treaty.

FOCH IS A CATHOLIC

The Montreal Star, Friday, December the 9th, in answer to a correspondent, G. S., states tersely, "Foch is a Protestant."

The great Marshal of France is a Catholic of course. He was a devout Catholic in his boyhood when he lived in the immediate neighborhood of the famous grotto of Lourdes. He was educated in his youth in the Jesuit College of St. Clement's at Metz. He is and always was a pious Catholic whose devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar never suffered intermission even during the War. When the burdens and anxieties of his office were greatest the Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies, when at all possible, spent daily an hour on his knees before his Eucharistic Lord.

We quote a passage from a biography of the great general:

"Foch made the men who served under him [in the School of War] love their work for the work's sake and not for its rewards. He fired them with an ardor for military art which made them feel that in all the world there is nothing so fascinating, so worth while, as knowing how to defend one's country. . . It was tremendously, incalculably important for France and for all of us that Ferdinand Foch was eager and able to impart this enthusiasm for military skill. . .

"In five years, 1895-1901 this work was interrupted by politics in 1901, 'many hundreds of officers, as Rene Puaux says, 'the very elite of the general staffs of our army, followed his teaching and were imbued with it; and as practically all, at the beginning of the War, occupied high positions of command, one may estimate as he can the profound and far-reaching influence of this one grand spirit.'"

"Then [in 1901] came the anti-clerical wave in French politics, and on its crest a new commandant to the School of War—a man elevated by the anti-clericals and eager to keep his elevation by pleasing those who put him there.

"Foch adheres devoutly to the religious practices in which he was reared, and one of his brothers belongs to the Jesuit order."

Foch then was "dumped" at Leon as lieutenant-colonel of the 29th artillery. And his biographer continues: "Ferdinand Foch, with his brilliant knowledge and high ideals of soldiering was now past fifty and not yet a colonel."

Later on, a man strong enough to beard the anti-clericals, surmounted the hitherto insuperable obstacle of Foch's religion and restored him to the place for which he was incomparably better fitted than the military friends of the anti-clericals.

The story is thus told: "On June 20, 1907, he was made brigadier-general and passed to the general staff of the French army at Paris.

"Soon afterwards, Georges Clemenceau became Minister of War, and was seeking a new head for the School of War.

"Everyone whose advice he sought said, unhesitatingly: Foch. "So the redoubtable old radical and anti-clerical summoned Foch and said:

"I offer you the command of the School of War." "I thank you," Foch replied, 'but you are doubtless unaware that one of my brothers is a Jesuit.' "I know it very well," was Clemenceau's answer. 'But you make good officers, and that is the only thing that counts.'"

Amongst the good results of the War is that French anti-clericalism—so beloved of a certain class of Protestants in this country—is dead or at least impotent. Its counterpart here which thrives on ignorance must—except with those so densely ignorant that they can be fooled with the assertion that "Foch is a Protestant"—squarely face the notorious and, for them, awkwardly significant fact that the man to whom more than to any other our victory is due

is and always was Catholic by birth, by education, and by constant faithful practice.

LOST LAUGHTER

By THE OBSERVER

The more that men and women try to be all sufficient to themselves, the more it is borne in upon them that there is something amiss with their calculations, and that they are not getting the results they expected.

If there is one thing of which the majority of men and women feel perfectly certain, it is that they could make themselves happy if they could only choose and possess the things which, in their opinion, would give them happiness. Such opinions, of course, vary greatly. The little negro boy thought he would like to be a governor, so that he might "go down on a lasses wharf, and lick 'lasses all day long." And there is a story of a man in a steel mill whose idea of having a million dollars was, to set a dozen alarm clocks about his bed, and when they rang at six in the morning to throw them all out of the window.

I suppose if the much-spoken-of "man-in-the-street" were asked whether he would be happy if he were made King of England, he would at least consider the proposal favorably: though there is record of an Italian who was being examined on the A. B. C.'s of the American Constitution, and was asked: "Could you be President of the United States?" who excused himself: "No, please, ain't gotta da time." Still, I think most men—such is human vanity—would hesitate to refuse the Crown.

Yet, King Edward VII., it is said, was unable to do without entertaining companions for even a short time; and his great dread was being unentertained or bored. He was king; had no very onerous duties to worry about; had had a long life of considerate attention from all those about him; and had, as a matter of course, all sources of entertainment at his command; yet, he was in continual danger of being bored.

Many wealthy people, especially when they are idle as well as rich, have had a similar experience. Pleasure flees when pursued too eagerly; and comes to those who cannot, and do not, engage in such pursuit.

Have you ever noticed city tourists in the country? They enjoy themselves after a fashion; but look at the fresh-faced, smiling, faces of the country people; and then look again at the city-worn face. Which class contains the most happy people?

Laughter is a lost art; if not an art, what you like; it is lost anyhow. I am just old enough to begin to appreciate the people of the last generation, now dead; their characteristics, their habits, and their philosophy. Measured by standards of today, they had no fun at all; and, in terms of today, one might prove to his own satisfaction that they could not possibly have been happy. Yet it is a positive fact; and I and all men of my age are personal witnesses, there were more hearty laughs to be heard in an hour when a dozen of those old-timers met of an evening than can be heard now in a whole evening in the biggest vaudeville theatre in the land.

What made them laugh? Happiness, bubbling up within them. But where did they get the joy? Out of the simple things of life, where it is yet, though "the madding crowd" seems to suppose it lies in disgusting abnormality or monstrous caricature, or in feverish piling up of one sensation upon another.

"Oh," says the sophisticated young man or miss, "those old folks did not know what a good time was." Is it indeed so? And you do? Then laugh and prove it; laugh! The best you can do is a feeble grin or a mirthless smile; and why can't you do better than that?

Because God has provided compensations in this world; and you have missed its operation by taking the manufacture of happiness into your own hands. Your grandparents lived simply and piously and depended on God, and He breathed a joy into their hearts that you know nothing of. They had few chances of seeking pleasure, and so pleasure was sent to them. We, of today, start out in life with "a good time" as our main aim and object, and as God leaves us to find happiness

without Him; and we don't find it, and that's all.

Yes, laughter is lost. To laugh heartily is almost impossible to the worn and tired mind of pleasure-chasers; and anyhow they wouldn't if they could. It would mark them as inexperienced; green; and the ideal now is to be blasé, and to belittle the pleasures to which we give so much of our time and our money.

Does our surfeit of pleasure-seeking content us? If so, why don't we laugh? Laughter is Nature's gift to us, as a way of expressing joy. And, speaking generally, we do not laugh.

And that is one of the most curious and cogent facts concerning this age, its ways, and its manners: We have lost laughter.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SPEAKING on the subject of religious education, the Rev. Dr. Seager, who has just succeeded to the provostship of Trinity College, Toronto, the leading Anglican institution of learning in the Dominion said: "No education could be true education unless it aimed to meet these requirements. The great peril of the world today was the development of knowledge without religion, a godless intellectuality."

COMMENTING on which weighty words the Presbyterian editor of the "Outlook of the Church" column in the Globe, has this to say: "All true educators are coming to see this more and more. To train the body alone will only make man a fine animal. To instruct the mind only will make him merely an encyclopedia. But when the spirit is brought into contact with God the result is a full, strong, balanced character, with mentality and morality so blended as to dominate, guard and guide the body and lead to the complete expression of the life God intended man to live."

THIS BEING so—and no friend of human welfare will dispute it—why should Catholics be hampered, and criticized, and abused for putting the principle into practice? Why in this Province of Ontario should they have to exercise constant vigilance in defence of even the small percentage of constitutional rights heretofore accorded them—rights vital to the proper carrying out of a principle which others acclaim in words but disclaim in practice? It is the old story of preaching without practicing on which moralists of every generation have descanted, and which was never so rife as now.

THE DEATH of Dr. Theobald Spetz, C. R., is a distinct loss to the Catholic educational forces of Ontario. As a member of the staff of St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, and for a time its President, he was a familiar figure to two generations of students, who will have carried away from their Alma Mater ineffaceable recollections of the kindly, unassuming preceptor, who knew so well how to temper discipline with forbearance, and who never considered his own ease or comfort where their welfare was concerned. He lived to see the college grow from very humble beginnings to the proud position it now occupies, and throughout his entire connection with it the college had no more loyal or more devoted son.

To Dr. Spetz' zeal as an educationist was added zest as an historical student, and it was in this capacity that he was best known to us. The history of the Diocese of Hamilton, and of the Catholic German settlements of Waterloo County more particularly, which he wrote as a memorial of the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese, will long remain as his memorial. We had the privilege of co-operating to some degree in this work, and of reviewing it at some length in these columns, and the impression we then formed and still retain is that despite certain incidental defects which under the circumstances of its production could not very well have been avoided, it is one of the most important contributions to the Catholic history of Ontario yet compiled. Dr. Spetz spent many months in visiting the several parishes of the diocese and personally examining their records, and the result is a body of fundamental detail which will be of incalculable value to the historian of the future. As a grandson and namesake of the first Catholic settler of Waterloo

County, Dr. Spetz had every title to be its historian. R. I. P.

THE OUTBREAK of a species of religious frenzy which press despatches of the past few days describe as being rampant among a section of the fishing population of Northern Scotland is one of those incidents which seem inseparable from the Protestant theory of religion under given circumstances, but from which Scottish Presbyterianism has been pretty well exempt since the fanatical Covenanted outbreaks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The present outbreak has indeed, if we may depend upon the word of the despatch writers, a strong flavor of the eighteenth century, and may be in the nature of a long deferred relapse of the fanaticism of that period. It is emotionalism without a guide or director run wild, and it need excite no surprise that many ill-balanced minds have, as reported, given way under the strain. If the very father and "patron saint" of Presbyterianism in Scotland could have precipitated, as he did, such an outbreak as left his country a spiritual desert, it need not occasion surprise that its reverberations should from time to time be heard still.

BOY LIFE

BOY SCOUTS AND MILITARISM

By many, Boy Scouts are looked upon as soldiers in the making. If by making soldiers is meant training boys for intelligent public service, cultivating character, self-reliance, mutual helpfulness, and the capacity to achieve success in the field of chosen endeavour, then the Boy Scout Movement may properly be regarded as military. If by making soldiers is meant cultivating a spirit of pugnacity and the glorification of war, then the Boy Scout Movement is non-military. These elements are not found in it. Only gradually does it become clearly evident to the public at large that both professionally and in practice the organization of the Boy Scouts in Canada is, always has been, and, so far as one can predict, always will be first of all a peace organization. "Peace scouting for character and citizenship," has always been its platform.

Many still believe, in spite of what has publicly been said and written and in spite of the most substantial proof to the contrary in the conduct of the leaders of the boys, that the movement trains boys for war. Two causes chiefly are accountable for these false impressions: the first inheres in the terms "scouting" and "Boy Scouts." For criticism of these there is little justification. The term "scouting" while, perhaps, more frequently employed in connection with military manoeuvres and war operations, has peaceful uses. Not improperly, we think of a scout as one disciplined to hard work—watchful, self-reliant, observant, straightforward, unselfish, and pleasant in his dealings with others—in short, a very companionable, alert, and helpful fellow. Such a person every normal boy at his best wants to be, and it is the purpose of the Boy Scout training, by supplying activities that assist in the development of those qualities, to help him reach his goal.

The second cause of mistrust arises from the use of the uniform. Resembling in color and cut as it does the present service uniform worn by militiamen in Canada, it has served to create in the minds of people everywhere, both young and old, an idea of the Boy Scouts as a military body.

To this fact, no doubt, is attributable the first interest which ultimately leads many boys into the organization, as well as the subtle mistrust that has prompted the severe adverse criticism to which the organization has been subjected.

The questions therefore naturally arise: If the organization is not military, what right have its promoters to exploit or profit by the peculiar attractiveness which a military uniform offers for a large number of growing boys, and why should they thus lay themselves open to misinterpretation? The answer must be evident to the man who knows intimately the boy's desire to wear such a uniform, and the value such a uniform has in giving the organization individuality and in cultivating democracy and a feeling of common brotherhood. A boy looks upon the Scout uniform as a distinguishing mark of manliness and dignified

standing. A man who knows its real significance looks upon a uniform as a cloak, which, to some extent, represents the character and purpose of the organization, and which thereby serves as a valuable means of claiming allegiance to those principles for which the organization stands. Moreover, it establishes a bond of brotherhood and unity. Differences of social standing are reduced to a minimum. Feelings of comradeship, unity, goodwill, and equal opportunity are increased to a maximum. If the boy's respect for the organization is increased and the good effects of unity and democracy are increased, there certainly can be no objection to his using the uniform that can accomplish such results. More than any other uniform the adopted uniform does this. Where the conservation and fostering of the innate ambitions of a boy to wear a uniform is directed to militate against destruction and bloodshed, instead of for it, and against vice, corruption, and moral and economic waste, its use is not only justifiable but commendable.

Those responsible for the development of policies for the Boy Scouts Association have drawn a sharp distinction between educational values that are directed toward subjection and those, which, by the inculcation of self-control, resourcefulness, and fondness for group action, are directed towards independence, alertness, mutual helpfulness, and a sense of moral responsibility.

Though disciplined, Boy Scouts are not bellicose. They are not a junior militia nor its adjunct. The fact that the organization is adversely criticised by some peace advocates because it does not substitute other activities for those of drilling in simple formation, signaling and camp-craft, and the fact that it is condemned by ardent militarists on the ground that it robs military discipline of much of its glamor, and thereby impedes recruiting, suggests the intelligent conservatism that has characterized its general policies. The general public is beginning to see that the programme and policies which have been adopted by the Association contribute admirably to the development of business ability, interested public service, patriotism, and good citizenship.

We must, in this country, develop the stamina, the precision, and the power of self-direction that make a man more useful in war, infinitely more useful to himself and others in time of peace. The restrictions of conduct necessary in war and popularly termed military, such as closely regulated co-operation or prompt and implicit obedience to orders, have value in developing virility and manliness. These values should be conserved. But in order to preserve them from the objectionable feature of militarism they must be dominated by right purpose and leadership. That these values should be considered objectionable because they have a military appearance is unjust and unreasonable.

FEAST OF NATIVITY

CARDINAL VICAR RECALLS SACRED SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

Rome, Dec. 15.—His Eminence, Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Bishop of Velletri and Vicar General of His Holiness, has issued the following letter urging the faithful to a fitting spiritual preparation for the feast of the Nativity of Our Saviour:

CARDINAL'S LETTER

"With a joy that is always new and unspeakable we celebrate every year the Day on which the Eternal Word of God wished to be born in time of the Virgin Mary.

"In these days of so great rejoicing for all peoples, Christ appears to be newly born, and truly so, for it would seem that a new religious and moral life began throughout the entire universe. The life of each individual Christian not alone derives new being from this most blessed Nativity, but it becomes so much more vigorous and fertile as the mind, the heart and the imagination are the better disposed toward this sweet Mystery of hope and of love.

"The spiritual rejoicing of the faithful in these sacred days appears in all their words and actions; hence it is that they offer one another kind and good wishes. God desires that this joy of soul may be tasted by all men, but, unhappily in our day, a great many souls are strangers to this sacred joy.

"The Divine works are constant and enduring. Although twenty centuries have passed since the first Christmas, unhappily there are still many souls who sit in the shades of darkness and of paganism.

"The Bishops and priests of the Church co-operate with Jesus Christ in the perennial manifestation which He made of Himself. He loves all His creatures with an infinite charity and wishes to make them co-operators in the various great works of His beneficence. The sublime and tender words of St. Paul bespeak this desire of the Saviour: 'My little children, whom I bring forth again until Christ be formed in you.'"

Love, then, the Church, love her priests, her Bishops and her August Head, the Pope. In you Jesus Christ manifests Himself in a spiritual Birth and Epiphany of mercy and grace, of gifts whereby you may be the children of benediction and great in the sight of God.

"In order to obtain from God that the priests and prelates may be worthy instruments of the work of Jesus Christ, the faithful should unite in prayer and other good works, according to the admonition of Christ: 'Pray therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His vineyard.'—The Pilot.

YOUNGEST BISHOP

BISHOP SCHREMB'S ELOQUENT SERMON

Toledo, O., December 1.—Right Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, new Bishop of Toledo, is the youngest member of the American Hierarchy, having attained episcopal dignity at the age of thirty-four years and three months. The distinction, which comes to him in recognition of profound learning and great administrative ability, is all the more notable because in the last few years some of the most brilliant of the younger men of the Church in this country have been elevated to the Hierarchy.

BISHOP SCHREMB'S SERMON

Bishop Schrems' sermon was a powerful presentation of the historicity and divinity of Christ and of His Church. The preacher showed that no attack, whether by rationalists or atheists or "high critics" had impaired the validity of Christ's claim to Divinity.

"Nineteen centuries have passed before Him with their love and with their hate, with their problems and their soul longings, and each in turn has confessed, either willingly, by its successes and achievements, or constrained by its failures and its defeats: 'Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'" Bishop Schrems declared.

"The triumph of Christ is manifest in Constantine, as the standard of the Cross snatched from the clouds of heaven leads his legions to victory over the pagan hosts of oppressors. It is no less glorious and convincing as the dying accents of a Julian the Apostate as he hurls a handful of his blood to Heaven and cries out: 'O Galilee, Thou hast conquered.' Constantine and Julian are but types of the faith and the unbelief of all the ages.

"One of the grandest pages of the writings of the great old pagan orator and philosopher, Cicero, describes the transcendent happiness that would fall to man's lot were it granted him to behold the highest ideal of moral excellence and perfection, personified in a form of flesh and blood. Such a living and pulsating ideal, he thought, would be a heaven-sent model, the very contemplation of which would, again and again, rouse our poor mortal conscience, and lead it safely in the paths of virtue. 'Oh, what joy and consolation,' he cries out, 'to possess a divine teacher whose lessons of unchanging truth would remove the confusion of ever-changing human opinions and vagaries, and whose precepts of life would safeguard us against the caprice of the fickle human heart.'"

"Plato, too, perhaps the greatest of all pagan philosophers, thought a God alone, come to earth, could lead mankind out of its deepening misery. What they sighed after and longed for, but though impossible, has appeared on earth in the person of Jesus Christ. His person and his work alike are authenticated by the clearest and most stupendous works of divine power. His language is the language of divine authority that forced even His enemies to confess: 'Never did man speak like this man.' And yet there was a sweetness, too, in His accents, that reached to the very depths of the human soul, and stirred the long-lost chords of heavenly love. His teaching, so full of divine earnestness and overwhelming power, holding up before us the sublime motives of God-given duties and eternal responsibilities, together with the goal and sanction of everlasting reward and punishments, would at last enable man to break the spell of the bewitching siren song of earthly passions that lures him to destruction.

"The incomparable beauty and splendor of His own life is so attractive and intelligible that the simplest child may lay hold of it, and yet so sublime and exalted that the mightiest minds of all ages have stood in reverent awe and admiration. The research of modern historians has wrought havoc with many accepted stories of antiquity, and have fallen under the mighty blows of its destructive hammer. One short period of history alone has been able to withstand the terrible onslaught and that is the short period from the year one to the year thirty-three. What do we find

here? In spite of all the combined efforts of the enemies of the religion, in spite of the mighty tunnelings of the highest of higher criticism, we behold the sublime image of Jesus Christ in the undiminished splendor of the historic certainty, and crowned with the indestructible diadem of His divinity. Jesus Christ yesterday, today and forever!

"Fifty years ago the bold word was spoken, 'Jesus Christ is a fable; He is a myth.' Renan and Strauss, and their unholy tribe of scoffers, thought to have disposed of the very existence of Christ. And now, today their greatest disciple, towering high above the masters, Harnack makes this acknowledgement: 'The chronological framework within which tradition has co-ordinated the great charter deeds of Christianity is, in all its main points, from the Pauline letters to Irenaeus, correct, and constrains the historian to cut loose from hypotheses that deny this fact.' Thus speaks Harnack, who, while denying the divinity of Christ, yet feels constrained by the overwhelming force of historical evidence to accept His existence.

MOST IMPORTANT DATE IN WORLD'S HISTORY

"The Hon. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, one of the noted socio-political writers of the last century, in his great work, 'The Bases of the Nineteenth Century,' uses these remarkable words: 'The birth of Christ is the most important date in the world's history, and unless a regeneration be soon effected through the contemplation of the Crucified One of Golgotha, there must follow a cataclysm of science and of society.' The same Mr. Chamberlain calls Christ 'the absolute religious genius.' Such is the confession of the rationalist philosopher Chamberlain. Now all this is simply impossible if Christ be a mere man. Chamberlain even goes one step farther when he makes this daring apostrophe: 'Do then certain professors take us for fools when they assert that Socrates was the equal of Christ, and that Buddha must be placed along side of Christ? Surely they cannot believe that they have idols for their hearers.' Christ then is and ever will remain the greatest educator, the only Saviour of the world. However much the science and the culture and the progress of the world may go on increasing, and however much man's mind may expand, the transcendent sanctity and the sublime morality of Christ, as it shines forth in the gospels will never be equalled, much less excelled. To Christ then must our century turn for inspiration. He alone can be its Saviour.

WHAT THINK YOU OF CHRIST?

"And now a last question. What think you of Christ? In union with the million of Catholics today, in union with the Catholics of all ages, in union with Peter, the chief of the Apostles, we proclaim it fearlessly and loudly: 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.

"Whoever would destroy or shake the confession of faith, to him we say with Tertullian: 'Parce spei totius mundi'—Spare, oh, spare the only hope of the world.' Of what use would be the Christ of the infidel or the rationalist, made up out of the torn shreds of the gospels—of what use a Christ that did not come forth from God and does not return to God—a Christ born of the spirit of the world, and like it doomed to death? Such a Christ is a mere shadow, an empty thing, and the world will never accept his yoke. Let me here quote a remarkable extract from a sermon preached recently by the Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, a Congregationalist minister and a nephew of the famous Henry Ward Beecher.

"Our Puritan fathers never would have made the break that they did with Catholic Christianity, could they have foreseen, as a result thereof, the Christless morbid, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of sin. Thank God this is not true of all Protestantism! The great doctrines of Catholic Christianity are still believed and preached in many of our churches. But, alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan father yearned for and sought with prayers and tears, has become to many their Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun, with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth.

"As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall all these transcendental ice mountains melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified, but now risen and glorified Lord.

"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'Advanced' thinkers God save the mark and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless emaciated Syrian ghost, He still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth-century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion has been already spoken.

"Then in their boundless arrogance and self-assertion, they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. 'But this is no, then, for me, most gratefully and lovingly, I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

"We are hungry for God, yes, for the Living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and dryer every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects life was brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is today. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled into the dirt.

ADDRESSES NEW BISHOP

"Bishop Stritch, you are indeed now a bishop of that blessed Catholic Church which has never surrendered the faith, and to which the earnest believers of all shades of faith outside the Catholic Church are turning. The same glorious shield of Christ's divinity once held up by the hands of the great Apostle St. Peter to the wondering gaze of a pagan world must shine with undimmed splendor in your hands as a successor of the Apostles. In the holy blessedness of that faith begin your episcopate."

UPPER SILESIA

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent N. C. W. C. News Service)

CATHOLIC PARTY FORMED

Cologne, Germany.—Steps towards the organization of a People's party in Polish Upper Silesia to take the place of that which lost its connection with the German Centrists were taken at a great meeting in Koenigsbuehne early this month. The slogan of the new party will be "Silesia for the Silesians."

In the manifesto adopted at this meeting it was declared that, as result of the "unhappy separation" of the Catholic People's party has been deprived of its former affiliation with the Centrist Party, and a new party must be founded, comprising all ranks, classes, nationalities and creeds represented in the population of Upper Silesia.

The fundamental principles of this new party, it was declared, should be, first parity, so that all Upper Silesians, Poles, Germans and others, should enjoy complete equality in respect to political rights and appointments; second, Christianity to insure that the ideas and ideals of the State and the government be Christian; third, autonomy, to guarantee to the Polish parts of the Province full self-government within the Polish state; fourth, democracy, that justice and liberty be proclaimed and all classes of the population be permitted and exhorted to work for the undertakings of the state and society; fifth, social progress, that the party may be brought to strive for the realization of the social aims of the times.

RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS

Cologne, Germany, November 16.—As more than a third of Upper Silesia hereafter will be Polish territory, American Catholics will doubtless be glad to learn something of the Province whose final disposition has been a subject of so much strife.

The whole territory comprises 338 parishes and 31 benefices called curacies. Of these 108 parishes and 15 curacies will go to Poland, while Germany retains 230 parishes and 16 curacies. There were in all 549 priests in Upper Silesia. Three hundred and forty-nine of these will remain under German control.

Catholics in Upper Silesia numbered 1,800,000. As a result of the partition, 974,000 will be in Polish territory and 826,000 will continue as citizens of Germany. The non-Catholics in Polish Silesia number 64,000 and those in the German part of the province 109,000. Thus about one half of the total population of the original province goes to Poland.

The districts awarded to Poland are relatively more populous than those allotted to Germany. The condition of the priests in the Polish territory is not, however, so favorable as is that of those in the German parts. In the latter a curate embraces 8,849 Catholics, while in the Polish districts there are 7,432 Catholics in a curate and an average of one priest for each 4,571 Catholics.

A small part of the German territory belongs to the Archdiocese of Olmuetz, that is, the "Kommisarjat" Kaschar, with 41 curacies, 88 priests, 78,253 Catholics, and 4,196 non-Catholics. There are now 2,420,000 Catholics in the German part of the Archdiocese of Breslau instead of the 3,350,000 living there prior to the separation. As there are not many non-Catholics in the new Polish district, the German territory under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Breslau will hereafter be much more a diaspora than it was in the past. Whereas the Catholics in this district were formerly 25% of the population they are now scarcely 20%.

Germany has lost by alienation of her territory more than 7,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom 5,000,000 were

Catholics. This takes no account of the Saar district. Always a minority, the Catholics of Germany are still further reduced in numbers. Their proportion to the whole population has shrunk from 66.7% in 1929 to about 35%, which means that henceforth they are only a third of the German people.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR GREAT WORK

The world needs peace and the Prince of Peace. The appeal of the Holy See for a cessation of hostilities and for the ending of the world's destruction and famine, with the endless social and religious difficulties that are inevitably the result of great wars, seems to get a hearing from the great personalities on whose judgment the conditions that prevail in human affairs largely depend. When the Pope issued his plea for peace amid the clash of arms, the response was a negative. Today the whole world, groaning under the burdens of conflict and satisfied that a basis of permanent peace exists, has now turned to define the terms which will make possible continued good will among nations. It needs no demonstration that the working out of the necessary details will take time. In the meantime it is important that all should recognize the genuine necessity of individual co-operation. No matter what may be the mind of legislators, the best laid plans will be frustrated where adequate support is not given by the people concerned. It is consoling that the general attitude is favourable, nevertheless it is equally important that it be maintained.

The Holy Father, not unmindful of the present deliberations of statesmen, points out the position which religion must necessarily occupy in the affairs of the world. In an allocution to the Cardinals in secret Consistory, Nov. 21st, His Holiness said with reference to the Washington Conference: "In striving for the good and well-being of the peoples through the operation of reason and experience, it would be a mistake to count alone on these means and not invoke the aid of God.

"For this reason we view with pleasure how the representatives of several nations have met in Washington with the aim of reaching an agreement for the reduction of armaments and not alone do we warmly hope that their labours may have a happy success, but, unitedly, for the good of all, we pray God that He may aid them with light, that they may determine not alone how to lighten the heavy burdens of the peoples, which is no small thing, but a thing which matters much more—to make as remote as possible for evermore the dangers of new wars."

Without doubt this expresses the attitude of Catholics. But we must immediately reflect that this entails upon all very definite duties. If we are to expect that men will recognize the necessity of divine guidance in such supreme moments we must constantly remind them that our duties to God are matters of every day concern. The providence of God is with us always whether sunshine brighten our path or cloud overshadow us. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Hence the very definite appeal to the Conference is directly an appeal to all people to seek in God the answer to many of our questions rather than to depend entirely upon ourselves and our environment.

The Catholic Church keeps constantly before our minds the truths which the Holy Father proclaims to all in the allocution pronounced when such important events are being enacted. And she keeps them alive by fulfilling the divine mission imposed upon her by Our Lord Himself. "The seed is the Word of God." He ordered that it be sown everywhere in the world to bring forth in due time an abundant harvest. This distinct command imposes upon the Church the duty of preparing and sending the sowers. Christ has handed over to His ministers the same work which He Himself was sent to do. "As the Father hath sent me I also send you." The ordinary means of converting souls to God is through the power of the ministry of the priesthood. They are to offer sacrifice, to administer the sacraments, to bless, to preach the word of God and to organize the whole work of the Church. When they are present, when they are faithful to their sacred duties, then all may expect that peace which the world alone can never give. Without their ministry nations would never learn nor practice the divine commands. The results would be disastrous for the spirit of good will among men. Before the days of Our Saviour force was the only law which men generally obeyed. The idea of a common Father of all uniting men in the love and fear of Him, came into being only through the preaching and practice of Christian virtue. But this became possible only where the ministers of Christ were able to carry on the work which Christ Himself commanded.

It is exactly this view and necessity which has given in our day such impetus to missionary endeavours. It is this which has made all realize how the work of Extension is an essential part of the every-day life of the whole Church. Like the vine to which Our Lord compared her, she, when alive, naturally brings forth new tendrils. The new church and the young priest become, then, the best evidence of life and energy that have their source in the never failing graces promised through the abiding presence of God the Holy Ghost. A well-known journalist, writing of the outlook in North America, says: "When America is known to the world as 'Catholic America,' one of the most potent influences which will have contributed to that desirable end is the influence of Home Missionary enthusiasm, which the Catholic Church Extension Societies have engendered." He adds that "the phenomenal success of the societies' work seems to stamp them with Heaven's approval for no purely 'ornamental' work could have secured national patronage and have retained it."

We ask our friends to not forget therefore the great needs of our missionary dioceses. We appeal especially for our Burses for the education of missionary priests. To us they are our greatest asset. Good men in the field are the real hope of the Church. 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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CHINESE MISSIONS

CONDITIONS DESCRIBED BY MGR. DE GUEBRIANT

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

Paris, November 24.—Mgr. de Guebriant, superior general of foreign missions, who has just returned from a trip to the Far East, made the following interesting statements to a Parisian newspaper man concerning the present situation of the Catholics in China. "There are about two million Catholics in China," said Mgr. de Guebriant. "This is a little and it is a lot. It is 'little' compared with the total population, although here some reservations are permissible; people easily speak of 400,000 and even 470,000,000 inhabitants in China. These figures are absolutely fantastic, for there has never been a census in China. "Before the War, the Almanach de Gotha, which is generally well informed, gave the figure of three hundred million inhabitants in China, in view of the earthquakes, plague, cholera, famine and civil wars which have decimated the country since 1914, the figure of three hundred million would seem much nearer the truth than that of four hundred million. "Nevertheless, two million out of three hundred millions is little. But if we take into account the persecutions and difficulties of every nature which have hindered missionary work in China it is really a lot, especially since the progress of Catholicism both in the towns and in the country is slow, even if sure and continuous. "We must acknowledge here that the new government is more benevolent, more tolerant and more liberal than the old regime. "The number of vicars apostolic in China, that is to say, the number of missionary bishops increases steadily. Only yesterday two new ones were created, one in the Pechili district and the other in a southern province. At the present time there are nearly sixty vicars apostolic. "We have in all one thousand native priests, that is to say, Chinese who have been converted to Catholicism and who have been ordained priests. Some of them are former bonzes. We also have about one thousand three hundred and ninety European priests of various nationalities and belonging to various congregations: the Lazarists who are the most numerous; the priests of the Foreign Missions of Paris, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Foreign Missions of Scheul-les-Bruxelles, the Missionaries of the Incarnate Word, the Dominicans, the Foreign Missions of Saints Peter and Paul of Rome, the Augustinians, the Foreign Missions of Parma, the Salesians of Don Bosco and some Missionaries of the diocese of Macao, in all an average of one priest for one hundred and twenty-five thousand Chinese for a population scattered over a country larger than Europe."

Questioned concerning the Protestant Missions, Mgr. de Guebriant said: "The Protestant Missions, both English and American, have more resources than ours. This is a well known fact. Thanks to their means of action they have been able to create in China various educational institutions, professional schools, colleges, commercial schools, courses, conferences, etc. "These establishments are attended by the children of the lettered middle classes, and in this way the Protestant missions exercise an undeniable influence over a

large part of the Chinese middle classes.

"The Chinese authorities were at first satisfied with the creation of these educational institutions. But little by little they changed their attitude, for political and nationalist aspirations became mingled with the religious teachings in these missions.

"The following is an example: A few weeks ago a Catholic bishop was consecrated in Korea. The governor of the province attended the religious ceremony and the banquet which followed it. At the banquet he made an address in which he paid a significant homage to the Catholic missionaries 'Who,' he said, 'never mix religious propaganda with political and nationalist questions, while the same cannot be said of certain other missionaries.'"

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 twenty-two 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 them daily.

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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FRENCH PAPER FINED FOR LIBELING CLERGY

Paris, Dec. 11.—A Communist paper of Blois and its printer have been condemned by the court for having put up posters containing insults against the clergy.

Last August when a statue of Joan of Arc was solemnly unveiled at Blois in the presence of delegates of the American Legion, the Communist paper Le Progres published a poster attacking the priests and accusing them of having been the accomplices of all the great injustices of history.

In the name of the clergy of the town, Abbe Chechereau began a suit against the paper and its printer. The court has just rendered its decision on the case. It recognizes that Le Progres and its printer are guilty and condemns them to a fine of 16 francs and costs. It also orders that the judgment of condemnation shall be made known to the public by means of posters at the expense of the paper.

URGE READING OF CATHOLIC PAPERS

London, Dec. 5.—Striking references to the duty of the laity to read Catholic newspapers were contained in the pastoral letters of the Archbishop of Cardiff and the Bishop of Aberdeen published for Advent.

"It would be well," said the Archbishop of Cardiff "if on Sunday more time were given to reading Catholic newspapers rather than those that are known as Sunday papers, which as a rule are neither helpful nor conducive to faith or morals. If we wish to keep our faith a real living faith we must make use of those means which we have at our disposal, the want of which was the cause of the loss of faith to the Catholics of Wales after the Reformation. There are some excuses for their losing the faith, but for us, who have so many helps to keep our faith alive, there will be no excuse."

The Bishop of Aberdeen made a plea for wider distribution of Catholic literature, pointing out that many good Catholics ascribe their conversion to pamphlets sent them by friends or picked up at some Catholic church door.

POPE LEO'S WORDS ON DISARMAMENT

In view of the great movement among statesmen and people for general disarmament, the words of Pope Leo XIII., written nearly fifty years ago, may be profitably recalled: "We behold the condition of Europe. For many years past peace has been rather an appearance than a reality. Possessed with mutual suspicions, almost all the nations are vying with one another in equipping themselves with military armaments.

"Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control, to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture, or ennobling studies, or trade, or the arts, to be put under arms. "Hence, the treasures of States are exhausted by the enormous expenditure, the national resources are frittered away, and private fortunes impaired; and this, as it were, armed peace, which now prevails, cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society?"

"Yet we cannot escape from this situation, and obtain true peace, except by the aid of Jesus Christ. For to repress ambition and covetousness and envy—the chief instigators of war—nothing is more fitted than the Christian virtues and, in particular, the virtue of justice; for, by its exercise, both the law of nations and the faith of treaties may be maintained inviolate, and the bonds of brotherhood continue unbroken, if men are but convinced that justice exalted a nation."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. J. J. BURKE

THE FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION

THE BAPTISME

"His name was called Jesus." (Luke II, 21)

My dear friends, our Divine Saviour received His Holy Name on the feast of the Circumcision. That name is the holiest of all names, because it was chosen by God Himself, because it is the name of the holiest of beings and because it means Saviour. "There is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we may be saved."

Since the name of Jesus is so holy, we should honor it at all times by our words and by our actions. We should never dare to take the holy name in vain, to curse to swear, or blaspheme. God has given us a tongue—the use of speech that we may give Him glory, and praise His holy name. How ungrateful we are, then, when we turn this gift against Him.

I have even seen infants,—I shudder to think of it,—I have seen them when scarcely able to lisp take God's name in vain instead of to bless His name and pray to Him. Then the admiring parent would sit back and laugh at what he considered manly in his little hero. It is no wonder that in such persons the habit grows and spreads untold evil and that God is sorely dishonored, insulted and outraged. That tongue given to bless God is turned to curse man who is made after the likeness of God. Far better would it be not to be able to speak, than not to be able to restrain the tongue from cursing. It will not do to say "I did not mean it: I would not for the world wish such an evil to befall any human being, I was in a passion." For there is a fault somewhere. You have reason and you have prayer as a means of grace. With reason and prayer you can control your passion and restrain your tongue.

Swearing is as common as cursing. Whenever the name of God, of heaven, of the soul or any of the nobler works of Creation is used with "by" or "upon" it is swearing; and even the common use of God's holy name is a sin, for, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that shall take the name of the Lord his God in vain."

If you were in prison bound by chains which you could not sever, and some kind and generous benefactor would come along and deliver you from prison, loose your chains, or even give his life to free you, would you not be the lowest, the meanest of mankind to talk badly, insultingly of such a person or listen while others insult him?

Our Saviour is this kind and generous benefactor. He freed us from the chains of sin. He gave His life for us and how do we repay Him? By cursing, by swearing, by taking his name in vain, by insulting Him, by our blasphemous language? See, then, if you have contracted such a habit. If so, begin at once to correct it. Resolve not to curse or swear tomorrow; or at least reduce the number of times until the habit is broken up.

Did you ever consider what a fearful example it is to others—to the young and especially to your own children? We all have an influence over others. And as nothing so easily inclines to virtue, so nothing so powerfully attracts to vice as the conduct of those around us.

Our Lord says, "Woe to that man by whom scandal cometh; better were it for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and he were cast into the sea." And particularly, woe to the parent who scandalizes, who gives bad example to his children. The wicked example of the parent is frequently seen in the crimes of his posterity. For "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

How can an immoral parent teach the doctrines of morality? What effect will it have, if the parent who gets drunk and curses and swears teaches his child not to do so? The child thinks the parent is about perfect. If the parent curses and swears, the child, no matter what he is taught, will say, "I am going to do just as papa does." If you love your children, then, if you love your neighbors, give them a good example.

The blasphemer is sure to be punished; if not in this world, in the next. In the Old Law promulgated by God Himself, we learn from the book of Leviticus xxiv. 16, that the blasphemer was taken outside the camp and stoned to death by the people.

Blasphemy is still as great a crime, though not always punished in this world. The blasphemous kings, Antiochus and Herod, were literally devoured alive by worms. In recent times we have heard of instances of blasphemers being instantly killed or struck dumb after uttering a horrible oath without being given time for repentance. And is it any wonder that God should at times show His utter detestation of that unnatural, ungrateful crime, the total depravity of which will be known only in Eternity?

The great wonder is that He does not instantly strike down every one who dares to insult His Holy Name. Beware! blasphemer! the next time you curse and swear may be your last.

Abhor blasphemy, because nothing is more shocking than to curse God and His creatures with a tongue which has been sanctified by the body and blood of Jesus Christ in Holy Communion.

Blasphemy is the sin of the Jews who crucified our Lord, and it is the sin of the damned in hell. It is a scandal especially to the young. Woe to the parents who teach it to their children. It draws down God's malediction, His curse on those guilty of it.

Prayer is the best remedy for blasphemy. Pray devoutly, pray frequently, and you will not swear. Make a good confession in reparation for the past and resolve for the future to avoid bad companions and other occasions.

If you are about to curse or swear, or if you hear another blaspheme, say, "Blessed be God; Blessed be the name of the Lord; or, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," or even politely ask him not to speak irreverently of God's Holy Name. By so doing you will gain merit for eternal life.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL PEACE

Thirty years ago, Leo XIII, in his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, described in a few graphic touches the elements of conflict which were then disturbing the world and preventing the reign of social peace. They were found in the expansion of industry, the changed relations of masters and workmen, the enormous fortunes of a few individuals, the utter poverty of the masses, the increased self-reliance and closer mutual combination of the working-classes, and finally a prevailing moral and social degeneracy. "The momentous gravity of this state of things," wrote the illustrious Pontiff, "fills every mind with painful apprehension, wise men are discussing it, practical men are proposing schemes, legislators and rulers of nations are all busied with it, and actually there is no question which has taken a deeper hold on the public mind."

Evidently our world has not improved much since 1891, nor have the evils complained of by the Sovereign Pontiff disappeared. Class is still at war with class, the rich and the poor are antagonistic, capital and labor cannot agree to be reasonable, masters and servants are in the grip of selfishness, unionism is opposed to individual freedom of effort, strikes, actual or threatening, are disrupting industry and commerce. All this sounds ominous for the promotion of social peace.

The War is undoubtedly responsible for the present state of affairs; for the conditions which the world has had to face since that horrible crisis ended show that, while war can subdue nations, those who survive war make little or no effort to crush the bitterness, suspicions and hatreds which war engenders. Ordinary people may not be able to define or to give a concrete name to what they know is wrong, but they feel that something is needed to stimulate kindlier feelings in the world, in order to bring people back to normal life, to enable men to live peaceably together, and thus contribute to the material prosperity of their nations as well as to their own spiritual welfare. The problem of arousing these kindly feelings is the one which presents itself at the present day and it ought not surely to be beyond the wit of men of good will to find the solution.

As the man in the street understands it, social peace means simply the tranquillity which pervades human society when the various elements which compose it are coordinated and in running order. In the wheelwork of a watch every cog has its place and its own work to do. As long as in this delicate piece of mechanism is in good shape, it ticks off the minutes and the hours correctly, and gives its owner satisfaction. Similarly, human society has its wheelwork composed of different classes of men, its rich and its poor, its employers and its employees, all of them beings to whom God has given intelligence which he wishes them to use for the purpose of finding peace and happiness.

It is true we need never expect complete peace or happiness in this world. The life of man is a warfare, and warfare in some form or other will always keep him busy here below; consequently the tranquillity of order, which is another name for peace, can never be anything but relative, depending as it does upon human wills, which are always changeable, and only too often perverse. All we may hope for socially in this life is not absolute peace between man and man, but merely a betterment of social relations.

Various methods have been suggested for the attainment of this end. Some people look for it in individual progress, aided by education and by the strength of public opinion; once a sense of solidarity becomes developed among the masses, personal ambition and selfishness, which are barriers to social peace, will fade away like mist before the morning sun. Other people, living in the glamor of a

false idealism and relying on what they term the innate goodness of the human race, feel that universal brotherhood will come eventually, but only after the present forms of society have disappeared; for instance, the golden age of peace will dawn when all men are proclaimed equal—whatever that means! Other people still, relying possibly on their own experience and on a closer study of the ills they meet with, put their confidence in institutions which teach civic virtue; they would regulate and limit the play of authority and consolidate social forces, even in the face of opposition.

No matter how absurd it may appear at first sight, there is usually a grain of common sense in suggestions made for human betterment; otherwise none of them would appeal to the intelligence of men. One should pick out what is sound and leave what is false. But is there not too much paganism in modern social theories? Why should not those who inject a little Christianity into their methods, and look for a solution of present ills in the organization on a Christian basis of that in which all men are most interested, namely, the ways and means of living? The question of labor is universal in its application. God condemned all men to labor as a punishment for the sin of the head of the human race. "Cursed is the earth in the work," we read in Genesis; "with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." (Gen. iii. 17-19.)

Labor, then, is the law of life, a law universal in its interest and in its application, and all who share in the loss occasioned by the sin of Adam have only to submit in a spirit of humility and obedience to the inescapable decree. If the problem of labor could be disposed of to the satisfaction of the multitude, men's mutual relation would evidently be improved, and social peace would be in sight. Were one dilating on social peace to pagans who know not the true God or His decrees, one might invoke the dictates of the natural law imbedded in every human heart; but in treating with those who believe in God, who accept His doctrines and who recall the promise of heaven, which is to be fulfilled after the trials and sufferings of this life are over, one can only appeal to what Christianity teaches, namely, the obligation of tempering all our relations with our fellow-men with the virtues of justice and charity—charity being the nobler of the two.

The majority of sane thinkers are convinced that the condition on which social peace in this age depends lies in the Christian organization of labor, which under some form or other is imposed on all men. What is really needed for sound peace in the world is that spirit of brotherhood which our Lord, in His discourse at the Last Supper, outlined for His followers in all ages. Prayer for a peace that the world cannot give fell from His Divine lips, and the members of our League do not forget this tradition. Inspired by the example of His Master, every time they repeat His words, "Thy Kingdom Come," they pray for the extension of the gift of peace and good will among men.

However, prayer without conviction and without the desire to give it practical effect, will not avail much; we must feel the need of what we ask for. As Christians we cannot look at social peace as something external to ourselves, something good enough for our neighbor, something in which we have no part. Justice and charity in our thoughts towards all men, whether they be capitalists or laborers, rich or poor, is the way to social happiness. Each one of us, according to his station in life, has a responsibility to promote this spirit, something we shall not do if we do not, first of all, excite in ourselves the conviction that justice and charity are the two virtues which are sadly lacking in human relations in this world today.

So much for personal conviction; but are they looking for peace and good will among men who in their daily conversations keep wounds open that should have long been closed? We must admire the wisdom of the labor leaders who gave some sound advice to their followers in the recent transactions with the United States Railway Labor Board, when they asserted that "all good Americans should refrain from loose talk and provocative language about either side of the controversy." Neither of the parties should be blamed or irritated by unwarranted denunciations or insinuations from irresponsible sources. Venomous tongues are the enemies of social peace.

Finally, actions count more than words. Neither justice nor charity is shown when men will act in a way that causes dissatisfaction among those with whom they have to deal; for instance, when a captain of industry by his injustice gives his thousands of workmen reason for revolt; or when a merchant bent on profiting, exploits the poverty of his customers; or when a workman, becoming too exacting and ambitious, is not satisfied with a just wage. Such men, no matter what their grade in society may be, are not trying to promote social peace.

It is not the world which is going away, but the men who live in it, and when we speak of the world we mean not Christianity as a whole, but individuals who profess it. Let each one examine his conscience and see how much or how little he is contributing to the work of setting the world straight. Justice tempered by charity will conquer in the end; mutual love and forbearance is the secret of social peace. The early pagans admired the disciples of Christ for their charity, and exclaimed, "See how those Christians love one another!" Our latter-day pagans should take note of this and should at least try to adopt it experimentally, for the abyss which has been dug and which separates men would not exist if they realized the far-reaching effect of charity and justice.

If we desire, however, to go deeper and get at the root of existing evils, we shall see that it is to be found in the lessening of men's faith in God and in His promises. The ruin of faith draws after it the ruin of the two virtues so essential to social peace. Leo XIII, merely gave expression to a very old experience when he asserted that charity grows less in proportion to the loss of faith. The desire of wealth and honors and pleasures dries up the heart rapidly in circles where Christian air is no longer breathed; and as riches are inevitable when men's hopes run no higher than the wealth and the luxury of this world. The same Pontiff, in a practical example, outlined one of the results of the loss of faith; and asserted that every principle and every religious sentiment disappear from laws and public institutions when defenceless workmen find themselves handed over to the mercy of inhuman masters and to the cupidity of shameless competition.

But workmen who form the mass of population in every country have also their responsibilities. They, too, may become tyrants when sweet reasonableness ceases to control their counsels. "Live and let live," is a maxim that has many practical applications. The sooner these classes of human society learn that all things here below are relative, that there is no such thing as absolute happiness this side of the grave, the sooner they will perceive that humble resignation to many inevitable ills is the road to social peace.

If men will recall the words of St. Paul: "Let each esteem others better than themselves," each considering the things that are his own but those that are the other's as his, we may hope for the betterment which our present Pontiff desires and for which he asks our earnest prayers during the present month.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE CHALLENGE TO AUTHORITY

The unprecedented challenge to authority is the first of the five great plagues which Pope Benedict recently enumerated as afflicting humanity. The scholarly address of Mr. James E. Beck before the American Bar association has served to accept in America this profound utterance of the Holy Father. But how many who read the Holy Father's words ever pause to consider that the spirit of lawlessness denounced therein takes its rise from the disregard of religious principles. Whatever authority there is in the world comes from God. Therefore the conscious or unconscious elimination of Almighty God as a factor in daily life must in the last analysis be the malefic force that is destroying authority.

The basis of authority can be logically traced back to God, if anyone will take the trouble to reason the thing out for himself. To save people this trouble however Father Hull in the *Bombay Examiner* has reasons to set out himself for the benefit of busy mortals who have no time to think. This is how he puts it:

"The source of authority is authority; and authority is the basis of respect, reverential love, obedience and loyal service. God is the Supreme Author, the Creator of men. Therefore He is our Lord and Master, and the proper object of our respect, reverential love, obedience and loyal service. Parents are secondary authors of their own children, and from this fact derive a title to the respect, reverential love, obedience and loyal service of their children. These two authorships are direct, and the authority based on them is also direct. But besides this there is such a thing as indirect or derivative authority in the world. By Divine constitution the family is the unit of the human race. Under Divine Providence, families have coagulated into tribes, and tribes into nations. The unity of these larger units is only achieved by some kind of government. A nation is built on the analogy of the family, so that the government takes the place of the head of the family or parents. We can soundly interpret Divine Providence to mean therefore that the government as an institution, not as an individual or group, derives from God a delegated authority to rule the nation and hence possesses a derivative title to respect, reverential love, obedience, and loyal service such as is due from children to their parents, and from all mankind to God. Providence has placed me by the circumstances of birth in a

certain family, and thus determined for me the parents to whom respect, reverential love, obedience and loyal service are due. Providence has also placed me through birth in a certain nation, and this determines for me the Government to whom respect, reverential love, obedience and loyal service are due."

The reverend author gives this exposition to prove that patriotism is not only a sentiment but a virtue. Similarly we may take it as a proof that obedience to lawful authority, Divine as represented in God and His Church, or human as represented in the parent, the family and the government is not a pretty sentiment to be observed according to individual caprice, but a stern duty to be inexorably performed at the risk of God's punishment. A more general realization of this truth and its effective translation into action, will do more than all the courts and parliaments of the world to check lawlessness and to bring erring humans back to peace, freedom, and prosperity.—The Pilot.

A NON-CATHOLIC'S TESTIMONY

The Dublin Irish Times, a Unionist organ, prints a letter from Howard Hely, who, a leading Dublin Unionist, is also a member of the Dublin Board of Guardians—in which he says: "At first I thought my presence on the Dublin Board of Guardians would prove unpleasant to me. I have come to change my opinion after a year and a quarter's work with my Sinn Fein colleagues. Although a non-Catholic and a non-Sinn Feiner, I have always been allowed to give free expression to my views of the tactics and aspirations of the Sinn Fein movement. Although a non-Catholic and a non-Sinn Feiner, I have always been allowed to give free expression to my views of the tactics and aspirations of the Sinn Fein movement. Although a non-Catholic and a non-Sinn Feiner, I have always been allowed to give free expression to my views of the tactics and aspirations of the Sinn Fein movement."

Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world, has not changed the tone of their holier feelings or broken those musical chords of the heart the vibrations of which are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their lives.

A STRIKING ANALOGY

The striking analogy that exists between the world today and the close of the Great War and the world that existed in the year 340 at the close of the reign of Constantine has been remarked by many present day scholars. Signor Guglielmo Ferrero is the latest writer to compare the Roman with the modern civilization. In his latest volume, *The Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity*, with *Some Considerations of the Europe of Today*, the Italian historian surveys the period between the death of the Emperor Severus in 235 and the close of the reign of Constantine in 340. He traces the decline of the spirit of authority and the ultimate dissolution of the mighty pagan empire. It collapsed under the weight of its own corruption and before the onslaught of the barbarians.

With many of the views of Signor Ferrero Catholics cannot agree. They cannot admit for instance that Christianity was one of the disintegrating factors of Roman civilization. The first part of St. Augustine's great work, *The City of God*, was written to expose this very fallacy, and with irrefutable arguments the great doctor absolutely pulverized the pagan contention that Christianity was responsible for the internal troubles of the Roman empire. He likewise advanced the explanation that if Christianity could be said in one sense to accomplish the demolition of old Rome, it was by sapping the foundations of paganism and im-

morality just as a builder clears away rubbish and debris, in order that the noble structure of the City of God could supplant the city of the world.

Drawing a parallel between the world at the close of the reign of Constantine and the world today, Signor Ferrero sees the many radical vices at work, that caused the ruin of Roman civilization. Paramount among these vices is the destruction of the principle of authority. The growing tide of anarchy if not stemmed, joined with the corruption of morals he contends will engulf every country of the world. The lesson that such a history teaches is clear as sunlight. The civilization which Christianity introduced on the ruins of old pagan Rome saved the world of that day from chaos and gave birth to the most magnificent centuries that civilization has ever witnessed culminating in the thirteenth and greatest of all centuries. Only by a return to the same Christian civilization today will the world be saved from the disaster that it is openly predicted will follow the rejection of authority and the deterioration of morals.

It is a matter of common historical knowledge," Theodore Maynard reminds us, "that the unity of our civilization which is common to Europe and America, was destroyed at the Reformation. As is usual in such cases, its full effects were not immediately apparent. The world had its store of acquired momentum, which carried it along after the motive supplied by the Catholic Church was taken away, but the acquired momentum is almost exhausted, and either the original motive power is to be brought back or a new motive power if such there be, discovered." The only remedy to escape the precipice to which the bypath that modern society has taken is leading, is for the world to alter its course and get back on the straight highway of Christianity. The former way leads to the abyss, the latter to peace, progress, and ultimate happiness.—The Pilot.

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Headaches Gone

Perhaps you can imagine what this means to one who had suffered terribly with headaches for ten years.

Read about it in this letter. Mrs. Tena A. Smith, Country Harbor Cross Roads, N. S., writes:

"I feel that if anyone can recommend Dr. Chase's medicines I certainly can. I suffered for ten years from severe headaches, and although I took all kinds of headache powders they just relieved me at the time. I became very nervous and run-down, and everything seemed to trouble me. I have taken eighteen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and it has made an entirely new person of me. I felt that I could not live without it. I do not have one headache now for every hundred I used to have, and my nerves are good and strong. I just weighed 109 pounds when I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and now I weigh 121. Knowing what this treatment has done for me, I cannot too highly recommend it to others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

WHAT CAUSES SO MUCH SICKNESS

Constipation Responsible for 90% of Disease

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Corrects It

It is generally recognized among the medical profession that Constipation or Insufficient Action of The Bowels, produces more disease than any other one cause. Constipation is responsible for at least 90% of the disease in the world today—because Constipation is responsible for the Indigestion and Dyspepsia—the nervousness, Insomnia and Rheumatism—the Eczema and other skin troubles—the Headaches and Backaches.

Why is this? As you know, it is the duty of the bowels to carry off the waste matter in the system. If the bowel muscles are weak or the liver inactive, then this waste matter remains in the body and poisons the blood. As a result, every organ in the body is poisoned by this waste.

"Fruit-a-tives" has been wonderfully successful in relieving Stomach Troubles, Nervous Troubles, Liver Troubles, Kidney Troubles, Skin Troubles and Blood Troubles, because "Fruit-a-tives" positively and emphatically relieves Constipation. "Fruit-a-tives" will always relieve Constipation, even though the trouble has been chronic for ten, fifteen and twenty years. Thousands of grateful users proclaim "Fruit-a-tives" the greatest remedy for Constipation that the world has ever known.

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

Raw Furs



Highest Market Prices Paid for Raw Furs. I Pay Express Charges.

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Vapo-resolene advertisement. A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds, easy to use and effective. You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresole and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the sore throat and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Croup, and Nasal Catarrh. Cresole has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet. Sold by newsmen. VAPOR-RESOLENE CO., Limited, 516 Rdg., Montreal.

Gu-Solvo Dissolves GOITRE advertisement. Write for free Booklet 2, which tells how a Monk's Famous Medicine will dissolve your goitre at home. Taken inwardly acts through the blood. Operations unnecessary. One bottle has shown remarkable results. Write today. THE MONK CHEMICAL CO., Ltd. Suite 24, 43 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada Phone Main 548

New Catholic Supply House advertisement. New and Complete Stock of Religious Articles Arriving from Europe. THIS WILL BE "The House of Service" The Canada Church Goods Company LIMITED 149 Church Street Toronto

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

With feet the threshold of the New Year pressing, I turn to look upon the path o'er-trod. So filled with sadness, sweetness, fear and blessing; I joy to trace in all the hand of God.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

A thought worth pondering over at the present season is that the end of our life will very likely find us in much the same spiritual condition as does the close of each successive year. We can not too often reflect upon the momentous truth that "as a man lives, so shall he die."

MISTAKES

If you made mistakes yesterday, forget them. No strength was ever built upon continued regret. Today is the result of yesterday, but it is more important to remember that tomorrow is the result of today.

SOME RESOLUTIONS

It was one of the commendable customs of our forefathers to start the New Year with a number of good resolutions. Of late this healthful and hopeful practice has largely fallen into innocuous desuetude.

11. To be a gentleman at all times and at all places. 12. To so live that when the sun goes down each night we can look into the dark and say, I have tried to play the man and I believe this day, which brings me nearer to the grave, also brings me nearer to God.—Intermountain Catholic.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

The old and the young experience different feelings as the New Year comes in. The young with a sort of abandon give scarcely a thought to the dying year and turn with joyous expectancy to welcome the stranger.

No one, indeed, wishes the new year to be quite like the old. There have been slips and mistakes and weakness and the abandonment of ideals and the closing of the eyes to the better things and the following of the worse.

The bishop was assigned to this department of the archdiocese by Archbishop Mundelein, shortly after the latter took charge of this see six years ago.

The organization of a legal aid society whose members numbering scores of prominent and able lawyers have looked after the boys in the courts, helped them get another chance, and watched over them back to the shelter of their homes and relatives.

It is more likely that they will become Episcopalians like Bishop Garland, and be Low Church. Even then they will have to provide themselves with prayer books and renounce their practice of ex tempore praying.

held in the Mansion House under the presidency of the Lord Mayor in support of the Society. Judge Wylie, a Protestant, moved the principal resolution declaring the St. Vincent de Paul Society worthy of support.

The young are always enthusiastic over the new year. They are sure a little door opens somewhere at midnight and a gorgeous procession of wonderful happy events starts.

Chicago, Ill.—Announcement is made here that the Right Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, auxiliary bishop of the Chicago archdiocese since May 1899, who has been appointed as Bishop of the Diocese of LaCrosse, Wis., will go there next fall.

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ing of teachers, Dr. Boelitz's views are practically those of his predecessor. Dr. Boelitz's accession to the office of Minister of Cults is at least a refreshing change from revolutionary conditions which put Adolf Hoffmann in that office in Berlin and a laundress in the corresponding position in Brunswick.

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Capital Trust Corporation Authorized Capital - \$2,000,000.00. Board of Directors: President: HON. M. J. O'BRIEN Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: J. J. LYONS, R. P. GOUGH, A. E. PHOYST, E. W. TOBIN, M. P. Ottawa, Toronto, Ottawa, Bromontville.

possess. It is even possible that they may ask the bishop to be as good as his word, and in the interests of fraternal charity to kneel down and accept the rite of ordination himself from a fully qualified presbyter of Calvinistic ministers.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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A Luxurious Cruise of the Mediterranean. Combining a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Rome and Lourdes, and Tour of Europe. LEAVING NEW YORK FEB. 18th. By the magnificent S. S. Adriatic of the White Star Line. Visiting: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Genoa, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Palestine, RO.ME, Florence, Nice, Monte Carlo, Toulouse, Lourdes, Bordeaux, Paris, London. (Germany and Ireland optional).

British Household Bedding--- at 1/2 Store Prices. OVER \$35.00 WORTH FOR ONLY \$18.95. EACH BALE CONTAINS: 2 BLANKETS guaranteed 100% all wool, heavy, fleecy white Scotch blankets, large size, colored borders, strongly whipped edges. Store price, \$18.50.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. MY NEW YEAR'S WISH FOR YOU, DEAR FRIEND. From morn till noon, from noon till night, From night till hours of waking light; From days to weeks, from weeks to years; Through rain and shine, through smiles and tears; God Bless You!

PROTESTANTS PRAISE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. Dublin, Dec. 2.—During the year 1920 the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Dublin paid 62,000 visits to 4,730 families comprising 18,100 individuals. It distributed \$32,280 in relief and the expenses of administration amounted only to \$2,000.

PRUSSIAN MINISTER PLEASURES CATHOLICS. By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine. Cologne, Germany, Nov. 30.—German Catholics, somewhat relieved, if not wholly reassured, by the public statements of Dr. Boelitz, new Minister of Cults of Prussia with regard to his attitude toward education.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR. Beats Electric or Gas. A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps.

