

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## CARDINAL MERCIER REPELS ATTACK

SILENCES SOCIALIST EDITOR BY A VIGOROUS LETTER

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden (Louvain Correspondent, N. C. W. C. News Service)

Louvain, April 8.—The leading Brussels Socialist paper, Le Peuple, shamefully calumniated Cardinal Mercier during the late electoral campaign.

The Cardinal felt he could not leave the calumnies go unchallenged without harming the Catholic cause. He therefore addressed to the guilty sheet a letter of protestation, which by virtue of the Belgian press law, it was forced to print in its entirety and without delay, in the same-sized type as the one used for the libel and in an equally prominent place.

The letter is typical and so scorching that Le Peuple winced under its fiery darts and at once stopped its scurrilous ink-flow against the man who represents in Belgium all that which is held the dearest and the best. The Cardinal's letter was as follows:

THE CARDINAL'S LETTER OF PROTEST

To the Editor of Le Peuple Brussels.

Several times lately, namely in your issues of the 12th and the 15th, you gave yourself the pleasure to insult me, both in your writings and through caricature. Coming from you, it would be of no significance whatever, but for the super-added perfidies whence you expect an electoral profit and which, therefore, I may not in conscience permit to go unheeded.

As long as you are carried along by the sincerity of your anti-religious feeling, I am for you the man against whom every meanness is justifiable; and I suddenly become an authority, under cover of which you would find hide your hatred of Christianity and of the Church, the moment you begin to think that by a travesty of my episcopal teaching you may chance to ensnare some poor upright souls who have not yet learned to know you such as you are.

What do you want with me?

It is not my poor person you aim at for I am neither a "bourgeois" nor a "capitalist." My life is much more the humble life of the workman than that of the greater number of your own sort. Enquire if you will, of such of your followers as have sometimes the opportunity to look at close range into my modest country home "Hermite." Ask the common folks, they are legion: workmen, recruits, old war soldiers, small employes, whether they be socialists or not, who have recourse to me. I love them and I am devoted to them, as much and more than you are, and I prove it to them by something more substantial than discourses, by my acts, whenever they give me an occasion to do so.

Not my person, therefore, serves you as target. No, it is the Bishop that disturbs your peace of mind, the sincere servant of the Church, the interpreter of Catholic truth. You fear truth and therefore you would fain prevent me from upholding it. You fear the light, because it condemns you; you hate it and seek to quench it. All means appear to suit your purpose, all, including insults, lies and libel.

THE SOCIALIST'S ACCUSATIONS ANSWERED

Insults! You borrow from a Vienna Bolshevik journal a bogus plate showing gallows stared at by affrighted women and children.

It is quite likely that those gallows served Bela Kuhn and his red guards; for it is well known, and a commission of enquiry has composed of delegates from the United States proved, that in the cellars of Batthyani palace, in Buda Pesth, Bolshevik emissaries hung up and butchered hundreds of hostages brought in by the "Service of Political Investigation," that, out in the country, eighty Lenin men were entrusted by the Hungarian Bolshevik dictator with the organization of a regular service of terror.

It is possible that at the overthrow of the Soviets and the hurried flight of the Commissaries of the People, August 2, 1919, the gallows were used by the counter-revolutionists and that reprisals answered the crimes of the dictatorship. Who will ever be able to tell where the real guilty parties were in this means of revolutions and counter-revolutions? How much of the responsibility belongs to the fomenters of the insurrection, how much to the decision or the powerlessness of those whose duty it was to repress it?

Criminals are not wont to photograph, for transmission to future generations, the instruments of their misdeeds.

Therefore, you do not know any more than I do if the government of Horthy or his partisans are responsible for the cruelties which your odious cut leaves us to imagine.

But what you know, or ought to know, before speaking and acting is that Admiral Horthy is not what you are pleased to call "a cleric," that is a "Catholic" in the language you speak.

O! You do not say so; you are far too craven to say it, but you insinuate it.

Over the cut you write in heavy type: "The white terror in the clerical Hungary of Admiral Horthy;" and below the ghastly picture you print: "In the medalion Cardinal Mercier, who accepted a decoration from the hangman Horthy."

NEVER HAD DECORATION FROM HORTHY

Quite a few of your socialist writers, and not the least among them, have found it witty or smart to descend upon that decoration. They took their fancy for a reality. I did not receive a Hungarian decoration; I never had occasion either to accept or refuse any distinction whatever from Regent Horthy. He never offered me one.

And he did well not to offer me any.

I encouraged to the best of my ability the admirable hospitality of our Christian families who shelter in their intimacy their homes more than seven thousand Hungarian children of the middle and lower classes. There are more than three thousand of those children in my diocese now, being restored to health in our Campine and Brabant homes. That magnificent effort of charity I have blessed and supported. It would have cost me something, forsooth, merely to have the appearance that I expected, or received from whomsoever it may be, any other recompense but the satisfaction of duty fulfilled and of the encouragement given to the disinterestedness of our dear Catholic population.

Where are your own works of charity, gentlemen philanthropists? True, class-fighting organizations you have; millions for your electoral propaganda, too. But your works of generosity, virgin of electoral ransom, where are they? Take your Diogenes lantern and seek; you'll not find a single one.

CATHOLIC CHARITY IN EUROPE

Charity, that is devotion to humanity without distinction of creed, of race, of party, of age or of sex, is the monopoly of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XI. sent a relief commission to Moscow, to snatch from famine millions of non-Catholic children; but lately the Belgian Church lavished its aims upon Viennese children; we ourselves support, at the price of strenuous efforts, in the Belgian universities, and in our boarding-schools, hundreds of orthodox young men and children exiled from Russia. These are but a few recent samples of Catholic action with which nothing that you have done can compare.

I sum up what I have written; your illustration of the 18th of March is silly, odious and slanderous.

That is the first reason for taking advantage of my legal right to place an answer in your columns.

Here is a second.

In your issue of March 12, you dare to affirm that the Popes have never condemned Socialism and that Cardinal Mercier has recently affirmed that one may be a Socialist and a believer at the same time. Your two assertions are contrary to truth and you cannot be ignorant of it.

They are, therefore, not mistakes addressed to us Catholics.

What shows your consciousness of error is the sanctimonious tone of your invitation "to the workmen," whom you call, in a voice redolent with honey and piety: "Christian believing workers."

You are evidently proud of your manifesto; for it is spread in fly-leaf form throughout all the provinces of the land; it is posted in yellow colors—the Pope's colors—upon the walls of our cities and villages. I know of people who sickened at the sight.

CHURCH OPPOSED TO SOCIALISM

To your two assertions I oppose these two clear and categorical statements.

First statement: all the Popes who were witnesses of the dissolving action of Socialism, Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., Benedict XV., condemned Socialism. The present Pope Pius XI. condemns it.

If you will promise me to publish the texts of their successive condemnations, I'll assist you, and willingly so, in enlightening your readers.

Second statement: Never, neither recently nor at any other time of my life, have I written or acknowledged that it is possible to be at the same time Catholic and Socialist.

On that point I am in perfect agreement with your political chief writing in his "Essais Socialistes," page 148: "To be at the same time Catholic and Socialist is not only a contradiction but a practical impossibility." (E. Van der Velde.)

With all my colleagues of the Belgian episcopate, I concur in the language of the Communists, whose Marxist logic vexes you so much, because to your sense, it unfolds itself too soon: "Some weaklings among the Communists hold that they may at the same time believe in God and in Communism. They err: Religion and Communism are incompatible, theoretical as well as practically."

I end by saying: The conclusion of everything that I have written, is that, under pretext of the electoral campaign, you have misrepresented the acts and the words of the Archbishop of Mechlin.

From my personal standpoint I forgive you, whilst pitying you for lowering as you do dignity of the press and for transgressing so outrageously the laws of good breeding.

From the Christian and Catholic standpoint I cannot refrain from formulating a wish: O could our sweet Saviour visibly come back for a single hour upon this earth. He, so compassionate for all human weaknesses, was pitiless in the face of Pharisaism.

Were He but here to apply to both your cheeks, with that sovereign mastery of His, His cutting anathema: Hypocrites! Whiteden sepulchres!

I summon you, Sir, by virtue of my right to answer, to insert the present letter in the next issue of your paper, upon the first page, where your articles appeared.

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Mechlin.

## EXTOLLS CATHOLICITY OF McGEE

OTTAWA COUNCIL, K. OF C. PASSES RESOLUTION

Ottawa, April 15.—At the regular meeting of Ottawa Council, No. 455 of the Knights of Columbus, held last evening, the following resolution, moved by Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman, P. P., and seconded by E. J. Daly, passed unanimously: "Whereas, one hundred years ago yesterday, April 15, 1825, Thos. D'Arcy McGee was born in Carlingford, Ireland, and, fifty-seven years ago yesterday, was buried in Montreal, Canada.

"Whereas, last night in the Capital of this Dominion, the leading Canadian statesmen, irrespective of ancestral nationality, maternal language and religious belief, united to extol McGee's deeds as an Irish patriot and Canadian nation builder, thus giving an official recognition long due to the invaluable services unselfishly rendered by an outstanding genius;

"Whereas, a national gathering such as that last night, being necessarily composed, as is this nation, of men of different religious beliefs, could not make more than a passing reference to McGee's contribution to the progress of Catholicity;

"And Whereas this Centenary of McGee would be incomplete if some corporate expression of gratitude were not uttered in praise of his singularly fruitful Catholic lay apostleship;

"Therefore be it resolved, that Ottawa Council No. 455, of the Knights of Columbus, an assembly of Catholic gentlemen of the city in which McGee died, and of the Capital of the Dominion of which he was the most zealous prophet, feels it an imperative duty and an exalted privilege, publicly to proclaim that the services which Thos. D'Arcy McGee rendered to the Irish race and the Canadian nation, were not greater than the services which he rendered to Catholic truth and Catholic charity; that from his year 1852, when he embarked on his career as a Catholic leader, till the hour of his tragic death, he devoted the marvelous powers of his oratory, the tireless ministry of his pen, his constructive genius of his statesmanship and the magnificent qualities of his Christian character to the defence of Catholic truth and diffusion of Catholic charity; as is witnessed, first by his work as the literary lay sentinel of the Catholics of the United States during the dark days of Know-nothingism; secondly, by his career as the parliamentary leader of the Catholics of English speaking British North America during the decade when the Confederation of the Provinces was effected, a career which resulted in constitutional guarantees for Catholic Separate schools being inscribed in the Constitution of our Dominion; thirdly, by his activity as a peace-maker, as a preacher of the beauty and all-embracing scope of Christian charity, an activity which undermined the forces of bigotry, hatred and dissension and did much to bring internal peace to our native land; and finally, by his Christian resignation on the eve of his death, when his few faults were atoned for by bitter suffering of mind and body, his marvelous intellect was enriched by profound meditation on the eternal truths of the Faith and his supernatural life was preserved unto eternity, by that Paschal Com-

munion which became his Viaticum.

"Be it further resolved, that this Council considers it the duty of its members to familiarize themselves with the life of this noble knight errant of Catholicity, who served his God with humility, his native land with undying affection, the country of his adoption with all the wisdom and force of his maturity, and his fellowmen of every race and creed on this globe with an all-embracing charity.

"And be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be given to the press."

## POPE TO SCOUTS

A THING IN ITSELF BEAUTIFUL YOU TURN INTO AN AFFAIR OF HEAVEN

The Holy Father's interest in the Scout movement was exemplified when His Holiness addressed a thousand Italian Scouts recently.

"You are Catholic Scouts," said Pius XI. "Scouts who bring to your exploring work, your scouthood, the beautiful and sublime characteristics of the profession of the Catholic faith and the Catholic life. And so, in what might be a purely material preoccupation and, in the last hypothesis, purely human, you bring what is the exercise of the Christian life."

"A thing which in itself is very beautiful but which, in itself, is of the earth, you turn into an affair of heaven."

"THE CHURCH IS WITH YOU"

The Holy Father exhorted the Scouts to have prudence and courage.

"The Church is with you, Jesus Christ Himself is with you. Courage, then! In this companionship, with these friendships, there is nothing at all for you to fear. The purity and dignity of your life will be protected by the dignity of your Christian profession, and you will remain without stain and without reproach, without baseness and without any defilement whatsoever.

"May God protect you, and may Mary, our Most Dear Mother, always count you among her privileged children. May Your Guardian Angels also watch over you; those angels whom We commend always to the devotions of the Scouts! The Scout is often left to his own devices and resources. Never forget that there is a heavenly guide, that the Angel of God watches over you. This thought will give courage, with the confidence of having a very powerful aid."

The Right Rev. Joseph Butt, Bishop of Cambysesopolis, has consented to lead the English Catholic Scouts' pilgrimage to Rome in September.

The Chief Scout's Commissioner, Mr. F. F. Corballis, in the letter to the Universe says:

"The Catholic Scouts of Italy announce that the Holy Father invites us. I trust our Catholic people will enable us to respond to the call."

## APOSTOLIC DELEGATE VISITS LEPERS

By Mgr. Enrico Pucci (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

How Monsignor Pucci, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, visited the leper colony maintained by the American Government on the island of Culion, is described in recent reports reaching here. The visit was no mere perfunctory and formal affair; the Apostolic Delegate remained on the island for four days, the time being devoted to work for the welfare of the unfortunate leprose segregated.

Culion is a small island having an area of 300 square kilometers situated between Luzon on the North and Palawan to the South. It was taken over by the Government in 1907 for use as a leper colony where those suffering from that disease in various parts of the Philippines might be concentrated and given treatment and care. At present there are about 6,500 lepers on the island. Their spiritual care is entrusted to the Jesuits who are assisted in the hospitals by the French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. The Government supports the colony, supplies food and medicine, pays doctors, nurses and other employees and is represented on the island by a Director who has administrative and judicial powers.

## SURELY A RECORD!

Tours, March 27.—Mgr. Negre, Archbishop of Tours, has just returned from Chedigny where he went to preside at an extremely rare ceremony. He had been asked to give a diploma and a medal of honor to three singers and the organist of the parish. Those four veterans have a total of two hundred and forty-eight years of service in the same church. First of all as altar boys, then as singers, they have shown an admirable devo-

tion equally only by their disinterestedness, for they have never received any salary during this time.

During their long life they have edified the whole parish by the constant practice of Christian virtues and have won the respect even of non-believers.

One of the singers has served continuously for 76 years, two others belonging to the same family as the first, have served 73 and 70 years, respectively, and while the career of the organist seems short compared with that of his friends, he has nevertheless occupied his position for 80 years.

## CONSECRATION OF MGR. DESCHAMPS

Montreal, April 23.—Mgr. Alphonse Deschamps was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Montreal as Bishop of Theneuse at St. James' Cathedral here today.

The great cathedral was filled to overflowing with church dignitaries and citizens of Montreal and the consecration was the most elaborate and impressive religious ceremony held here in some years.

Archbishop Gauger, of Montreal, was the consecrating bishop and he was assisted at the throne by Mgr. Pietro Di Maria, Papal Delegate.

Present in the sanctuary were five archbishops, 24 bishops and nine vicars-general. Places in the great nave of the cathedral were reserved for notables of the province, including Lieutenant-Governor Ferroux, Premier Taschereau and members of his Cabinet and Mayor Duquette, of Montreal.

Bishop Alphonse Deschamps is one of the youngest prelates in the Dominion. He was born 52 years ago at St. Genevieve, Que. He studied at Montreal College and with the Jesuit Fathers and for 17 years was chaplain at the deaf and dumb institute on St. Denis street. Then he became parish priest of St. Brigid's and for the last three years has been Vicar-General of Montreal.

## SALZBURG UNIVERSITY COMING INTO ITS OWN

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

The ancient University of Salzburg, established by the Benedictines and a flourishing seat of Catholic learning until it was practically abolished by the "secularization" program of the Napoleonic era, now seems destined to regain some of its former glories.

The faculty of theology which for many years was the only vestige of the ancient University has recently been acknowledged by the Government and its right to award the Doctor's degree confirmed. During the present school year a Faculty of Philosophy has been established and some of the best known professors in the country make up the department. It now appears certain that faculties of Law and Medicine will be established within the next few years and thus a complete university constituted.

Much of the recent progress of the University is attributable to the University Union, formed about fifty years ago for the purpose of collecting funds with which the University could be restored. These funds were needed to replace the income from lands and other properties of the University seized during the "secularization" period.

## PEGGY O NEIL'S STATUE OF VIRGIN

London, Eng.—Peggy O'Neil keeps a little statue of Our Lady constantly on her table in the theater dressing room, a reporter discovered recently when he went to talk to her on the first night of "Sea Urchin" in which she is starring.

The statue had the place of honor on Peggy's table. "Though it looked odd among the powder boxes and make-up jars, I took off my hat to the charming American actress who keeps always before her this emblem of her religion," wrote the reporter.

Peggy O'Neil has just returned from Ireland. "I've always wanted to play there," she said, expressing delight at the welcome extended her.

## MAKE WAR UNPROFITABLE

Dublin, Ireland.—In the Catholic periodical press Joseph Clayton, a Fellow of the Historical Society, maintains that the only way to abolish war is to make it unprofitable to the businesses that thrive on it. His line of facts is pretty direct. Countries, he says, are always impoverished by war. Yet war persists, although unprofitable to governments, ruinous to nations, and a scandal to the Christian conscience. The reason is this—war pays: not the governments or the nations, but certain private individuals.

Mr. Clayton passes in review the classes of contractors, financiers, and armament manufacturers who live upon war and who are the special obstacle to peace. Purely commercial, they are ready to trade with friends and foes alike, just as London firms supplied Napoleon with army requisites.

Mr. Clayton hopes to see Catholics taking the lead in declining to subscribe capital for such concerns, no matter how high the dividends they yield. He observes—"As a first step towards 'No more war' let us as Christian people keep out of the making of weapons for war, and so help to end the making of fortunes by non-combatants." He believes that when war and the preparation for it are no longer sources of individual profit, there will be a great world majority on the side of permanent international peace.

## PRESIDENT MASARYK

We published recently an N. C. W. C. news item giving Mr. J. K. Matejov's interview with Masaryk as printed in the Daily "Slovak." "I am now busy studying Catholicism," the President of Czech-Slovakia said in this interview. And further he is quoted as saying:

"I realize that the development of the whole world declines from Protestantism and inclines to Catholicism. It is no use hiding that from one's self. All my studies have revealed it."

The Universe, which has exceptional facilities and a record for accuracy in the matter of European information, prints the following interesting description of President Masaryk "by one who knows."

Recent pronouncements of President Masaryk concerning the Catholic Faith have aroused much attention owing to the fact that he has been considered in some quarters as an agnostic and an irreconcilable enemy of the Church.

His real attitude, as explained to the present writer some years ago, and again in a recent conversation, is that of a man diverted from religion in early youth by contact with unworthy clergy. Indeed, the slack discipline and general laxity prevalent in the State Church of the Dual Empire paved the way for the subsequent schism in Czechoslovakia.

The highly-strung sensitive youth had rashly attributed to an institution the faults of certain of its members without pausing to sift the truth, as he is doing today. Concentrating all his ardour on national ideals and philosophic study, he still felt the need of a spiritual life, and found consolation in the deep religious convictions of an American Protestant fellow student, his future wife.

Professor Masaryk's happy family life enabled him to support the vicissitudes of his stormy public career. His magnificent and self-sacrificing labors in the cause of Czechoslovak freedom won for him, least ostentatious of patriots, the highest position in the State immediately on its formation.

Thomas Masaryk's exemplary private life, his recognised integrity, his intellectual honesty, gave him the suffrages of his Catholic countrymen as well as of the others. It is true that he afterwards aroused their indignation by his support of the Hussites and "National Church" propagandists. It must be remembered, however, that the President of the Republic is not responsible for all Government decisions or Parliamentary measures. In this sense may be interpreted a remark made to the present writer in 1919: "Catholics will obtain everything they are really eager to obtain."

President Masaryk is not partial to the union of Church and State, maintaining that the obligations entailed are detrimental to both. Discussing the Slav Religious Reunion Congress at Velehrad last August, the President remarked that he was very glad to see Catholic Czechs coming forward as religious factors and Slav patriots. Appreciative of religious unity, he recently hindered the appointment to a high post of a lapsed Catholic priest, more ambitious than conscientious.

Catholicism in its true conception has no enemy in President Masaryk, although he will not accept its dogmatic character. He was never a believer in the divinity of Christ. The following is a passage in Masaryk's treatise on suicide: "We are forbidden by the Greatest Teacher the world ever saw to give way to despair. Job's torments are endurable under the soothing balsam of divine love preached by the Son of God. Christianity makes the ordinary man far superior to the noblest pagan philosopher."

Throughout the Slav Catholic world prayers are being constantly sent up for the restoration of President Masaryk to the Church wherein by baptism and by virtue he rightfully belongs.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

London, Eng.—Writing a letter to the Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. F. W. Keating, a child began her letter, "Dear Frederick William," inspired no doubt by His Grace's signature.

London, Eng.—A grandmother at the age of thirty-three, Mrs. S. Flanagan, of Middleborough, thinks she is the youngest grandmother in the world. She married at fifteen.

Washington, April 20.—The Right Rev. Mgr. James F. Mackin, eighty-seven, Rector of St. Paul's Church here since the parish was established in 1886, died yesterday morning after an illness of nine days of pneumonia.

Jerusalem, March 9.—The Right Rev. Francis J. Tief, Bishop of Concordia, Kansas, Pontificated at the Solemn High Mass celebrated at Holy Sepulchre here today as part of the observance of Holy Thursday.

Brooklyn, April 10.—Patrick F. Scanlan, Managing Editor of the Tablet and president of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada, has sent out the first call for the annual convention of the Association, May 15 and 16 in St. Louis.

Madrid, April 7.—The sentence of death has been pronounced by the Military Tribunal upon Torres Escartin who murdered the late Cardinal Soldevilla in June, 1923. Two other men accomplices in the crime were sentenced to six year terms of imprisonment.

Baltimore, April 10.—Announcement has been made here, on receipt of notice from Rome, that the Rev. William J. Hafey, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of the newly erected Diocese of Raleigh, North Carolina. Father Hafey will be consecrated in the Cathedral here during the latter part of June with Archbishop Curley as the consecrating prelate.

London, Eng.—The ancient market cross in High Street, Stairbridge, Dorset, has been bought for 25 cents by the parish council from Lord Stalbridge, when the parish council took the cross over to maintain it as public property. The cross dates back to the fourteenth century. Though much weather-worn, it is in fair preservation. Many crosses up and down the country have been copied from it.

Sisters of the Good Shepherd have established, with headquarters at San Jose, Costa Rica, a new province that includes Central America, Mexico and the West Indies. Mother Mary Herran, the Mother Provincial of the new Province, is now making a visitation of the two houses of her province in Havana. Mother Mary Herran comes from a prominent family in Columbia.

Washington, April 14.—The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, arrived here Thursday night after an extended trip to Rome where he and Mgr. Face had gone on university business. The Pope, he said, is deeply interested in the university and determined to give it every encouragement in his power in its mission of becoming one of the greatest educational centers in the world.

Cleveland.—Mothers and relatives of Cleveland boys who have entered the Society of Jesus have established the John Carroll Guild to aid their sons in any way possible. The movement was inaugurated by Mrs. Clara Westropp, mother of the Rev. Henry I. Westropp, S. J., now engaged in missionary work, at Patna, East India. Father Westropp has been a member of the Order for thirty years. The Guild already reports fifty mothers.

London, Eng.—Catholic missionaries beat the Protestants in many ways, admits Mr. F. C. Linfield, a Primitive Methodist, writing in the Methodist Times. Catholics win, he says, "first in the splendidly definite character of their doctrinal teaching, and, secondly in their attention to what may be called, not exactly technical education, but certainly craftsmanship. All their scholars are taught some useful craft—agriculture or something of that sort. It is absolutely a dead loss to teach these boys and girls merely to read and write and count, and then leave them alone."

Chicago.—Modern colleges and universities do not destroy their students' faith in God—the faith is generally gone before the student enters college, according to Professor J. McArtman of the University of Chicago. Addressing the first annual meeting and general conference of the Chicago Council of Religious Education here, Professor McArtman told of the results obtained from investigation of the religious beliefs of several freshmen classes at various colleges. Approximately 80% of the students when they enter college have given up Christianity, do not believe in prayer and do not consider it necessary to take God into account in making their plans, he said.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT  
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XV.

NEW BORN TO GREATNESS

Tulane's horse frightened by the thunderclap fled before him through the brush. Circling the camp the drenched man dashed under the dripping trees and reached a sheltering rock. He felt that Pemella had hidden Louise somewhere near the camp and was waiting for nightfall to hitch the horses and move on under cover of darkness. The riderless pony, the deserted gulch and no trace of Louise convinced him that she had been captured by Pemella and carried off to a rendezvous. But eventually he must come to camp by the rock guarding the trail. From his position Tulane could observe the trail running red with water and the tents rocking under the gusts of wind.

Not until the storm had passed and twilight fallen did he stir from the rock. He would go back to the ranch. It was possible that Louise already was there and Pemella in town moored by the storm. As he trailed back over the path it carried him upward before it veered off toward the clearing to the south and the ranch.

It occurred to Tulane as he was sealing the incline that Pemella might have carried Louise to the cave. The surmise forced him to a new decision. Instead of turning out on the plain he continued on up the mount. Guided to decisive action he climbed hastily through the gathering dusk. Not once checking his footsteps he arrived at the top breathless, puffing out suspended gasps, expecting to see Pemella and Louise struggling furiously, as if they could have fought on through the storm until night.

At the very summit Tulane crouched low in surprise. There before him lay a man face downward. His trained eye told him he had been lying there a long time for his clothing was soaked by the storm. He swept the rocky shelf with his eyes searching for the man's face. Only the displaced boulder sealing the cave transfixed his attention. Tulane walked slowly forward expecting an attack from ambush. Nervously he turned the man's body.

It was Jack Corcoran. Mystery piled upon mystery in Tulane's wondering brain. An intense show of consternation crept to his eyes. The incomprehensible situation of Jack lying there near the overhanging cliff, alone, seemingly lifeless, stirred his imagination into a phantasmagoria of puzzled pictures. Tulane bent to touch Jack's arm. Before his finger nerves could register the sensation he looked up, startled, to see Louise and Singing-in-the-Rain approaching from the side of the cave.

Tulane stepped back speechless. Louise fell forward and placed her hands on Jack's face. It was wet and warm, and the warmth sent a bound of hope through her body. Behind her the Indian stood immobile. "Jack are you hurt? Tell me," she pleaded urgently. A large blue mark showed above his forehead. Louise wiped the dirt and grime from his face and raised his head but it fell back against her breast. She rubbed his hands animatedly, pushed back his dripping hair and spoke to him, her voice quivering as that of a mother bending over a sick child.

"Jack! Jack!" she whispered. "Won't you speak?" A long tremor shot through his body. She thought she saw his hand move—just a semblance of motion. "Jack speak to me. Are you badly hurt?" He opened his eyes slowly for a moment that passed as a year. When he reopened them her face was over his and he caught the gleam of her eye.

"Jack this is Louise." "Louise!" he ejaculated, as if unable to understand. "Yes, Louise. Do you recognize me?" "Yes, yes, but he's gone." "Who's gone?" "Pemella!" Tulane leaned closer as he heard the name. The scowl of contempt shot from his twitching face.

"Where is he?" inquired Louise. "Gone, the lightning struck, he's gone." Tulane's black eyes glinted with a new fire. He gazed awkwardly and with an intensity that showed some great thought had swung into his brain. Then he leaped toward the brink of the cave. Far below on a small ledge he saw the dark form, twisted, broken, caught among the crags. Tulane's eyes peered down through the gloom as an animal's seeking prey, his quarry in sight. Overcome by a feeling of exultation, a cry of triumph as if it had been stored up for years, sprang from his throat. In a bound he reached the head of the trail and plunging, sliding, hurried down the slope. Near the bottom he dashed under the wet trees, slipped along high boulders and climbed toward the ledge where hung the body of his brother. In the blackness of the small gorge he perceived a red sear across his face

turned blue in agonizing death. Even his eyes seemed to be shot with a ghastly color accentuated by the livid flesh. The sight of Pemella's body in the rocks filled him with fear, the outstretched arms appealed to him for aid. Instead he unleashed his impounded desire for unlimited possession. Tulane cringed for a moment. Flinching and cowering until the gathering shadows hastened him to his purpose, he reached up, pulled the ring with the large blue stone from Pemella's finger, gazed over the prize momentarily and turned quickly toward the camp. Gross, dominant, flushed with triumph in that supreme moment he felt a mastery over space, the stars, the sky. The camp under the trees was his vehicle to move to greatness, the world was his kingdom. What cared he now for a mere woman. Louise slipped up from the surrounding darkness and shouted in stentorian voice: "Fetch the horses! Hook the teams! We go now—Arizona, California, Mexico, on to the fiesta."

Nava was near the evening fire. A long line of shadows rocked back and forth before her, on her, like phantoms in ribald action. Tulane slipped up from the surrounding darkness and shouted in stentorian voice: "Fetch the horses! Hook the teams! We go now—Arizona, California, Mexico, on to the fiesta."

"The lone word flung telly in his face chilled and then heated his soul. "Get ready I say you daughter of Pojar. We go now, now! On! Pemella is dead, I lead the band. I go to Orizaba and speak for the tribe this winter." "My curse will—"

His answer was to glide snake-like toward her and dangle the ring in front of her startled eyes. The light from the campfire glinted on it until it assumed huge proportions.

Nava gasped in dismay and painful surprise. Inwardly she blazed with indignation, but she must obey. With sluggish step she turned and shouted commands to the men. Tulane slipped through pools of water to Pemella's tent. It was dark and the objects smelled damp. Queerly, he thought, the ring felt heavy upon his finger. He looked at the stone and rubbed it slowly. He vigorously. It seemed to light with his eye searching for the man's face. Only the displaced boulder sealing the cave transfixed his attention. Tulane walked slowly forward expecting an attack from ambush. Nervously he turned the man's body.

It was Jack Corcoran. Mystery piled upon mystery in Tulane's wondering brain. An intense show of consternation crept to his eyes. The incomprehensible situation of Jack lying there near the overhanging cliff, alone, seemingly lifeless, stirred his imagination into a phantasmagoria of puzzled pictures. Tulane bent to touch Jack's arm. Before his finger nerves could register the sensation he looked up, startled, to see Louise and Singing-in-the-Rain approaching from the side of the cave.

Tulane stepped back speechless. Louise fell forward and placed her hands on Jack's face. It was wet and warm, and the warmth sent a bound of hope through her body. Behind her the Indian stood immobile. "Jack are you hurt? Tell me," she pleaded urgently. A large blue mark showed above his forehead. Louise wiped the dirt and grime from his face and raised his head but it fell back against her breast. She rubbed his hands animatedly, pushed back his dripping hair and spoke to him, her voice quivering as that of a mother bending over a sick child.

"Jack! Jack!" she whispered. "Won't you speak?" A long tremor shot through his body. She thought she saw his hand move—just a semblance of motion. "Jack speak to me. Are you badly hurt?" He opened his eyes slowly for a moment that passed as a year. When he reopened them her face was over his and he caught the gleam of her eye.

"Jack this is Louise." "Louise!" he ejaculated, as if unable to understand. "Yes, Louise. Do you recognize me?" "Yes, yes, but he's gone." "Who's gone?" "Pemella!" Tulane leaned closer as he heard the name. The scowl of contempt shot from his twitching face.

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Misty clouds floated in detached quadrants here and there, train bearers of the storm. The Indian stood picturesque by her side, his arms folded, as a spirit watching over the hush and calm of the world.

"Do you know where the Circle H ranch is?" Louise inquired anxiously. "I know long time," he answered in monotone. "Well, that's its light down there. See?" "Me no see light but, me find ranch. Pony down there."

"Well hurry to the ranch and tell the boys to come for Jack and me." The Indian disappeared down the trail. A little later Louise saw him in the dusk crossing to the south. It would be only a matter of a few minutes now until help would come. Jack's announcement that Pemella had gone puzzled her. She would have liked to have questioned him further but he seemed to be resting. His head against her breast awakened faint dreams within. It unlocked a store of thrills to be so close to the one whom she—she dare not mention it. Who was she anyway, to presume love from such a man as Jack and she in turn to love him? After all she was only a waif risen from the rut of gypsy life, rescued from a slave pen of cruelty, of crushed despair, of stunted life. A product of sordid places and loved with the unquenched love of an uncouth gypsy, dragged from city to desert, cursed, mistreated, she had ceased to hope for another life or another love. She had felt herself an unutterable part of creation, one of its lowest order. She could not gaze upward for all the light had been shut out from above. Her part was to grovel, to crawl in abasement, at the feet of those to whom she owed even her miserable existence. Now, tonight, had come the answer to her questioning of years. Was she born just to suffer and die, could that be all? Was there no glimpse of Paradise on earth? Must one wait until the next life for even a shadow of happiness? Was there never to be spoken a kind word into her ears or her heart to thrab under the wonderment of love? Must this strife and pang and pain within her breast forever endure until struck down in the dust or crushed by savage hands? Yes, the answer had come. It was created from the night's silence closing in about her from the throbbing heart of her lover pulsating against her side. Strong and full and free the answer came in her transport from agony and shame and filth to flowers and stars and peace. What was the answer? It divined from this heart roll thudding against her bosom, this fullness of life, this music within her ears? It had come now and she knew. She was in love.

TO BE CONTINUED

DESIREE

Under the flowery canopy of a pink myrtle tree in a secluded corner of the gardens of Ashwood Manor, Reine, the twelve-year-old daughter of the great house, and her playmate, Desiree Ford, were reading together with intense interest a well-worn life of Saint Teresa. When they reached the end of their favorite chapter Reine lifted her head dreamily; her blue eyes, grave and tender, rested pensively on the vague outline of distant hills, and her slender white fingers caressed the coral rosary hanging loosely from her wrist. Desiree watched her without speaking. She knew very well what was in her companion's mind, for she and Reine Ashwood had loved and understood each other from babyhood, dissimilar though they were in many ways, Reine being of patrician birth, exquisite to look upon in her frail, delicate beauty, talented, accomplished, and possessed of quite remarkable piety, while Desiree was just a sturdy, ordinary child, the daughter of the Manor head gardener. They had been drawn together chiefly by reason of their being both Catholics, and of Anglo-French parentage, and by their mutual clinging to French, the language of their cradle-songs, as the language of love and prayer. Reine's mother, Lady Ashwood, who had early learnt to regret her impetuous marriage with a Protestant and dreaded the influence of the Protestant atmosphere on her child, had been too glad to encourage the intimacy between Reine and the little girl born in the same year to Celeste Martin, the faithful maid who had come into exile with her when she had left France as a bride, and who had gone afterwards married Ford, the gardener. So it was that Desiree became a constant visitor to the Manor, the companion of Reine's daily walks, and the occupant of a seat in the luxurious motor which took Reine and her mother to daily Mass and frequent Benediction in the little Church of Saint Cecilia in the sleepy old county town three miles away. Under the shadow of the pink myrtle, Reine, after a little while, spoke her thoughts aloud. "And when I am grown-up, Desiree," she said softly, "I, too will be a nun."

Desiree nodded eager assent, feasting her eyes adoringly on the speaker's lovely face, angelically fair and sweet in its frame of flowing golden hair. She had heard Reine say that very often before, but the repetition never wearied her, so entirely delightful and appropriate did she find it that God should call this saintliest, loveliest and altogether most wonderful creature in the world to belong to Him alone, and that Reine should look forward longingly to the time when she would be able to respond. "Desiree thought she could have imagined no other future" for Reine Ashwood. So choice a flower could never have been meant to bloom for the world's delight, or for a mortal's plucking. Silently she interpreted the changing expressions on Reine's face, and sharing the joy and the fervor and the awed gratitude of her friend's innocent heart, she pictured to herself the holy, calm, exalted life of the cloister, and thought how her beloved little playmate would shine out in it, a star even amongst chosen souls. "Oh, how happy you will be, Mademoiselle Reine!" she exclaimed warmly. You will become a great saint, oh, a very great saint indeed!" Reine kissed her. "I am not to go to school, as I had hoped. Aunt Blanche said that, as Mamma had always considered me delicate to be sent away from home, she preferred me to share Rosalie's governess. She, Mile. Delorme, is very lively and witty, and Rosalie seems much attached to her, but I fear she is neither as intellectual nor as devout as my dear old Miss Winter, to whom I owe so much."

"Rosalie does not care very much for lessons, except in singing and dancing, but she reads a great many novels. So do Aunt Blanche and Mile. Delorme. The house seems full of them. Yesterday I began one, but I did not understand it very well. Rosalie thinks I am very stupid."

"Aunt Blanche continues to load me with pretty things, and when I told her that, indeed, I did not think differently soon. Then she took me into her room and showed me first a wonderful new gown which had just arrived from Paris, and afterwards her jewels, the magnificence of which almost took my breath away; and when I admired them all, she picked out a beautiful pearl necklace and held it up to the light, saying with a smile: 'You shall have this, Reine, when you make your debut.' 'Oh, but that will never be!' I exclaimed in reply. 'I have long ago made up my mind to become a nun the moment my education is finished. I do not wish to enter society.' She seemed a little displeased at my saying this, and bade me never speak of it again, for, she said, my father had other views for me. I was so hurt and bewildered that I could do nothing but cry, but I felt better when she embraced me and explained that he thought I was too young as yet to know my own mind, but, no doubt, if I were still set on it! 'Oh, Desiree, how little they know! As though any one could change, having once heard the Voice of the Beloved! There are times—it is only to you that I could bring myself to mention this—when I feel a great doubt as to whether Aunt Blanche and Rosalie love their religion very much. They and Mile. Delorme never go to Mass except on Sunday, and even then they are often late. One of the maids accompanies me on week-days, for it is not thought 'becoming' here that I should walk through the village alone."

The letter concluded with an appeal for many prayers and a sad little confession of homesickness which wrung the reader's loving heart. The second epistle was shorter, Madame Verdreuil was entertaining lavishly. The house was full of guests. Reine and only been able to scribble a few lines before starting for a matinee at a Paris theatre. The third! Desiree had wept over that again and again, for it contained a piteous farewell. Madame Verdreuil did not approve of Reine's corresponding with the daughter of her father's gardener. Such an intimacy might be permissible in childhood, but now that Reine was growing up it was better discontinued.

"But I will never forget you, Desiree dear," wrote Reine. "We will always be sisters in soul, and as long as I am older and able to please myself, we shall meet again. Pray for me, Desiree, that the years may pass quickly, and that the future may bring me all the desires of my heart. And so Desiree, lonelier than she had ever been in her life before, sought to comfort herself by haunting the places richest in memories of Reine. She made no other friends, for no one, she felt, could take Reine's place, and fragrant recollections of her absent playmate were sweeter to her than the tangible presence of one less dear. Her happiest moments were spent in the little Church of Saint Cecilia, for it was there that she felt most closely united to Reine; and, although there was no swift, luxurious car at her disposal now, she kept up her habit of daily Communion, trudging cheerfully to and from the town, regardless of what the weather might be. Christmas passed, spring came, then summer, and with it the news that the local prophets had not been mistaken. Sir Edwin had married again, and was returning to Ashwood Manor with his bride. Desiree cherished a hope that Reine would also return now that the Manor was so open to be open again, but it never materialized, and her very first glimpse of the second Lady Ashwood decided her that it was better so, and with Sir Edwin's cold admission that Reine was well and still with Madame Verdreuil she strove to be content.

"Aunt Blanche is very handsome but she is not in the least like Mamma. She dresses more magnificently than any one I ever saw, and she and my cousin, Rosalie, who is only a year older than I am, look exactly like elegant fashion-plates. They laughed a little at me for being so dowdy and contrived. "But that does not mean, dear me, that they are unkind to me, for I am happy. Aunt Blanche has bought me some very pretty frocks and takes me about a great deal. Paris is not very far away from here, you know, and I have already seen my dress of a convent school, with dear, gentle nuns for teachers and disappointed at having to give up innumerable places of interest in that wonderful city. "I am not to go to school, as I had hoped. Aunt Blanche said that, as Mamma had always considered me delicate to be sent away from home, she preferred me to share Rosalie's governess. She, Mile. Delorme, is very lively and witty, and Rosalie seems much attached to her, but I fear she is neither as intellectual nor as devout as my dear old Miss Winter, to whom I owe so much."

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**The Catholic Record**

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925

**"THE PRIVATE MIND"**

We have already drawn attention to a discussion going on in the Forum from which we may hope many non-Catholics will get a clearer notion of Catholic principles and practice; that some, at least, of the popular misconceptions of the Protestant tradition will be cleared up; for these traditional prejudices strangely and strongly survive even when all positive religion has been abandoned.

Mr. John Jay Chapman thus states his case against the Catholic Church:

"The Roman Catholic question in America is an aftermath of the Reformation, which was essentially a struggle against two opposing forms of thought, one of which relied on Authority and the other on the Private Mind. The struggle will probably go on indefinitely."

Passing over for the moment this estimate of the Reformation it is unquestionably true that the Reformers justified their revolt from the authority of the Catholic Church by the appeal to Private Judgment. They substituted the authority of Holy Scripture for that of the Church and to make good and sufficient the authority of the Bible they were driven to assert the principle of Private Judgment in the matter of the interpretation of Holy Scripture. It is interesting to note that Mr. Chapman abandons the time-honored historic term, Private Judgment, and substitutes that of Private Mind. Why? Private Judgment connotes the authority of Holy Writ; and countless thousands of Protestants so-called reject the authority of Holy Scripture as completely and unreservedly as they do that of the Catholic Church. "Private Mind" then, in our day, is the more accurate and appropriate term.

In the May Forum there is an article on Common-Censorship which illustrates admirably the reason for substituting Private Mind for Private Judgment; and for that matter Private Mind is the necessary offspring and legitimate successor of the old Private Judgment with its implication of Scriptural authority.

In this article on Censorship, Mr. Washington Pezet protests vigorously against the exercise of any sort of authority over the individual Private Mind. In this he carries the Reformation principle of Private Judgment to its rigidly logical conclusion.

He inveighs against the disease that vitiates the full and free play of the Private Mind—"the Puritan moral code."

"This Puritan moral code," he continues, "which we have inherited from a pre-scientific age is a code that holds to the reality of abstractions. It believes that there are such things as Right and Wrong, Good and Bad, capitalized."

So far have we progressed with this glorious liberty of Private Judgment!

Mr. Pezet continues: "In the April Forum, John Jay Chapman maintained that the Catholic Church is un-American because it stands for external Authority in religious and moral matters, whereas the essence of Protestant 100% Nordic Americanism is to be found in reliance upon the Private Mind. Heretofore we have thought the Private Mind, exercising its freedom of choice at the box office, a sufficient guardian of public morals as exhibited on the stage. Now we have abandoned our historic attitude, shackled the Private Mind, and accepted the Catholic doctrine of external Authority—for by derivation, a censorship means an authoritative guardian of morals and manners. "The irony of it is that this surrender to Catholic principle has

not been brought about by the priests of Rome,—it is not they who have shrieked for censorship,—but by our Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, the spiritual descendants of the men who first fought the good fight of the Private Mind."

The men who fought the good fight of the Private Mind were not concerned with freedom. Acts of Supremacy, of Uniformity, the crime of Recusancy, the Penal Laws, deprivation of citizenship, outlawry, imprisonment and death imposed by the civil power on those who refused to follow the Reformers surely show that freedom of the Private Mind was not their chief concern. The Reformers substituted the authority of the civil power for that of the Church. And for the civil power to exercise spiritual authority is the extreme of tyranny.

The Reformers would have accomplished little or nothing if politics had not come to their aid. The history of the Reformation might lead one, at first sight, to assert that the fundamental principle of Protestantism was the supremacy in spirituals of the civil power. To that it owed its success. Why then be astonished that Protestants invoke the civil power today to suppress whatever they think is wrong and to uphold what they think is right? Their ideas of Temperance, their notions of Sunday observance, their decision as to how much or how little religion may be taught in the schools, their legislation against the teaching of Evolution, these and many other things they impose on all without exception when and where they can by means of civil enactment and the police power of the State. So far from being a matter for astonishment, it is in strict keeping with the methods by which their spiritual forbears "fought the good fight of the Private Mind."

But the modern champions of the untrammelled Private Mind as the supreme "authority in religious and moral matters" are entirely right in tracing their denial of all external standards of right and wrong, good and bad, to the Reformation principle of Private Judgment.

Let us have a few more samples of the logical development of Private Judgment from Mr. Pezet's article:

"Today we know that as an abstraction morals have no existence. There is no absolute good or bad, right or wrong. . . ."

"If we are to progress morally, if we are to develop a new code to fit the needs of this scientific age, it must have its roots in science and not in superstition. . . ."

"It is the most arrant absurdity to say that the present-day public wants only clean plays. The public finds some clean plays acceptable and others merely dull. People want to see risqué plays. They want plays with a dash of pornography; and the proof is that they pay to see them and they don't walk out. . . ."

"What this common-censorship actually accomplishes is to substitute the Private Minds of a chosen few for the Private Minds of the majority of theatre goers. Since there exists no moral standard for them to judge by, they will base their judgments upon their own opinions, and inevitably their own opinions will be colored by the self-consciousness due to their roles as censors. They will represent not the public taste as it is but public taste as they think it should be—that is, public taste dressed up in the tawdry raiment of its hypocrites. . . ."

"I believe this censorship marks only the beginning, only the initial triumph of that minority which is trying ceaselessly to establish the supreme authority of its narrow unscientific moral code. . . . If I am wrong in this conjecture, it is small consolation. If this censorship really exists in response to the will of the majority, it means that most of us have abandoned the faith of our fathers, that we have so far degenerated that we are willing to establish a moral tyranny among us. . . ."

There is something revolting in all this as there is something saddening in the disintegration of Protestantism in so far as it stood for the positive in faith and morals. But how confidently the neo-Protestant appeals to the basic principle of Protestantism! What Protestant can deny his claim to be the true heir to the heritage of the

Reformation? Logically, Protestants are utterly inconsistent; historically, they are absolutely consistent when they appeal to the civil power to enforce their own peculiar views of religion and morals.

By way of comment on this latest and most logical development of the Protestant principle we shall quote a passage from Brownson written nearly eighty years ago:

"But Private Judgment itself is not, strictly speaking, ultimate; and therefore, though it be the principle of Protestantism, is not its ultimate principle. The ultimate principle of Protestantism lies a little farther back. Rights are never in themselves ultimate but must always, to be rights, rest on some foundation or authority. The right of Private Judgment necessarily implies some principle on which it is founded. Every judgment is by some standard or measure; for when we judge it is always by something, and this, whatever it is, is the principle, law, rule, criterion, standard, or measure of the judgment. In every act of private judgment this standard or measure is the individual judging. The individual judges by himself, and to judge by one's self is precisely what is meant by private judgment. In it the individual is both the measurer and the measure—in a word his own yard-stick of truth and goodness. But rights to be rights, must not only be founded on some principle, but on a true principle; for to say they are founded on a false principle is only saying in other words that they have no foundation at all. The right of all men to unrestricted private judgment, then, necessarily implies that each and every man is in himself the exact measure of truth and goodness. In laying down the principle of Private Judgment as the principle of dissent from the Catholic Church, Protestantism, then, necessarily lays down the principle that each and every man is in himself the exact measure of truth and goodness. . . ."

"This conclusion is undeniable, for the acutest dialectician will find no break or flaw in the chain of reasoning by which it is obtained. . . . There are few things more disgusting than the cowardice which shrinks from avowing the legitimate consequences of one's own principles. The sin of inconsequence is, as the celebrated Dr. Evariste de Gypendole justly remarks, a mortal sin,—at least in the eyes of humanity: for it is high treason against the rational nature itself; and he who deliberately commits it voluntarily abdicates reason, and takes his place among inferior and irrational natures. If your principles are sound, you cannot push them to a dangerous extreme; and if they will not bear pushing to their extreme consequences, you should know that they are unsound, and not fit to be entertained; for it is always lawful to conclude the unsoundness of the principle from the unsoundness of the consequences. . . ."

The logical analysis of Private Judgment by "the master mind of America" is borne out today by countless thousands who openly, proudly, claim the right to push the principle of Private Judgment to its logical conclusion regardless of consequences.

Principles good or bad, once accepted, have a way of working themselves out in practice. **THEY HAVE LEARNED SOME LESSONS** A change of government in France is not an event, that usually calls for much attention. For there they have not the two-party political system which seems almost an essential condition for the satisfactory functioning of the parliamentary form of government. Consequently a majority must be secured by combining several more or less conflicting groups into a "bloc"; each group thus has a disproportionate influence in shaping the government policy; and a disgruntled leader of no national weight or importance may at any time by withdrawing his group's support bring about the downfall of the administration. . . .

But the shameful revival of anticlericalism by the Herriot government caused a profound feeling of resentment throughout France. The pre-War supine attitude of French Catholics in the face of political persecution gave place to a

vigorous determination to assert their full rights as citizens of France. They left no room for doubt as to their high resolve to insist on justice and equal treatment. Nothing like their monster meetings of protest, in which ex-service men everywhere took a leading part, had been hitherto known in France. Herriot's ineptitude became patent and unpardonable; and his downfall a mere matter of time and expediency.

The inclusion of Caillaux, anti-British, pro-German, who had only a short time before been restored to civil rights, has received much attention and comment. But his eminent financial abilities are conceded even by his enemies—and he has implacable enemies; so the exigencies of national finance demanded the services of the country's greatest financier.

The anticlerical policy is definitely abandoned; the embassy to the Vatican will be maintained; that the anticlerical policy with regard to the schools, which so profoundly stirred the restored provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, is also reversed is assured by the appointment of Mr. de Monzie, a staunch and ardent Catholic, as Minister of Public Instruction.

All this is the more arresting and significant when we bear in mind that the new Government is not formed from the groups politically opposed to Herriot, but from the same cartel des gauches, the Left bloc, which supported Herriot and his policies.

The orderly and law-abiding, yet virile and vigorous protest of French Catholics has achieved a victory for justice and decency, unprecedented in the political annals of modern France.

**HERRIOT DROPS OUT**  
By THE OBSERVER

Premier Herriot of France has resigned. A premiership in France is a very tottery and uncertain position. Advocates of the group system in politics may find in the quick ups and downs of political life in France matter for grave reflection; for France is par excellence the home of the political group.

But Mr. Herriot has had more than the usual amount of political trouble in the group whirpool of the French Parliament. He took up a policy of antagonism to the Catholic Church; possibly as a sop to the more extreme groups from which he drew his support. He evidently did not reckon sufficiently with the changes that have taken place in public opinion and the temper of the people.

Like other countries, France has failed to learn the lessons of the War in their full extent; but she has not failed to learn some of those lessons. The years of fighting for freedom have not wholly failed to stir the conscience of the people in what concerns individual liberty and fair play. Thus it is that Mr. Herriot has found that his policy of renewed aggression against the Church left the general public cold. The old embers were not dead; but they were slow to rekindle; and in fact he failed to make a fire out of them.

Besides that, the old, easy-going submission of that large body of the people who are still enthusiastically and practically Catholic was found to be a thing of the past. The politicians who had become accustomed to see the first whisper of the magic word 'law' still the voices of millions, saw to their great astonishment, that submission to a law, merely because it was a law, could no longer be depended upon if that law was flagrantly unjust.

All over France immense throngs of people openly announced that henceforth they would distinguish between just laws and unjust laws, and would hold themselves free to disobey laws which were persecutory, cloaked; and that they meant to have, and to enjoy, the freedom for which they had fought and bled.

In vain the persecutors raised the old cry of "treason to the Republic;" in vain they called bishops and priests by the old opprobrious names; in vain they denounced them as disturbers of the public peace. They found that a people who had not been frightened by the Germans could not be excited much by the dangers of a rising of bishops and priests.

In fact, that is one thing that a great many Frenchmen did learn

from the War: to see the difference between political dangers and political realities, on the one hand, and political shibboleths and political party cries, on the other. A country that had been threatened by a Hindenburg and a Ludendorff, was not to be stamped by childish cries of danger from their own fellow-citizens who had put shoulders to their shoulders against the real enemy.

It may not last, this revival of real patriotism; and France may again support a persecuting policy. But Mr. Herriot and his associates will not be the persecutors.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

OVER HALF a century ago (or, in 1870, to be exact) Sir John Skelton, so well-known to the readers of polite literature a generation ago as "Shirley," hailed Newman's "Grammar of Assent," then just given to the world, as the "strongest intellectual food," which "by reason of its logical splendor," was "one of the most interesting of books." He also thought it "one of the most distressing of books," because of the "intellectual havoc which it disclosed."

JUST WHAT he meant by the latter may be inferred from the lament to which he gives expression later on, that, as against Newman's remarkable treatise, there existed no "Grammar of Dissent." "Never," he says, "was a Protestant theology—a theology constructed on the basis of Christian experience and the human conscience—more urgently needed." For, he affirms, "it cannot be too often repeated that the Protestant apologists who deny the validity of consciousness and the veracity of conscience, cut the ground from beneath their feet." "The Protestant who puts an infallible book in the place of an infallible Church, is disloyal to the principles of the Reformation, if not to the practice of the Reformers."

If "an infallible book is disloyal to the principles of the Reformation" what possible sheet anchor is the constructive theology for which Sir John Skelton longed, to be reared? If it were conceivably possible in his day, it is certainly impossible now. Bishop Butler tried his hand at it in the eighteenth century and the Oxford Tract writers of the nineteenth essayed to build upon the foundation that great man had laid. But they too failed in this heroic endeavor, and in the eighty years that have since come and gone the trend has been all the other way. Protestantism as a theological system has made gigantic strides towards disintegration. One now never hears of the formulation of a constructive theology; it is all an explaining away. Viewed in its most favorable light the so-called Church Union of which we read and hear so much is but an attempt to save the shreds and patches of revealed religion to which four centuries of rationalistic teaching have reduced the flimsy garment of the Reformers.

ON THIS subject Mr. G. K. Chesterton, always as interesting as he is illuminating, thus writes in the New Witness: "I am firmly convinced that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was as near, as any mortal thing can come, to an unmixed evil. Even the parts of it that might appear plausible and enlightened, from a purely secular standpoint, have turned out rotten and reactionary, also from a purely secular standpoint. By substituting the Bible for the Sacrament it created a pedantic caste of those who could read, superstitiously identified with those who think. By destroying the monks, it took social work from the poor philanthropists who chose to deny themselves and gave it to any rich philanthropists who chose to assert themselves. By preaching individualism while preserving inequality, it produced modern capitalism. It destroyed the only League of Nations that ever had a chance; it produced the worst wars of nations that ever existed; the wars in which not only the man but even the gods were enemies. It produced the most efficient form of Protestantism, which was Prussia. It is producing the worst part of paganism, which is slavery."

**NEW YORK WILL RAISE \$1,000,000 FOR CHARITIES**

New York, April 22.—The Archdiocese of New York opened its annual drive for Catholic Charities of the archdiocese on Sunday afternoon. The following report was made by Catholic Charities of last year's activities: The amount realized from the drive was \$1,121,773.47. This sum was appropriated as follows: Boys activities, \$66,462.29; for girl's activities, \$31,251.98; health, \$81,028.81; family relief, \$169,296.04; care of children, \$63,398.05; Newman Clubs, \$11,908.54; protective care, \$140,806.21; Summer vacations, \$26,194; education, \$240,689.97. The number of persons helped during 1924 were: Health division, 55,797; family division, 36,588; social action, 43,711 and otherwise classified 45,903—a total of 181,889.

As to the Church of England, which Newman once spoke of as a "breakwater against errors more

fundamental than its own," its trouble is now that it does not know what it stands for. And while conservative churchmen are seeking a remedy for the prevailing chaotic state of religious belief others seem bent on accentuating it. The most trenchant criticism that comes from their own ranks is that their leaders no longer guide thought but confuse it with conflicting and vague words. "It is not the rival attraction of Sunday golf," writes "M. A. Oxon" in the Review of Reviews, "not the doctrine of evolution or the other advances of science that are keeping the more intelligent and educated classes of Englishmen and women out of the Churches and out of sympathy with the clergy, but the profound and growing belief that the Church of England has ceased to have intellectual honesty. The logic of its priests, the sense in which they use words and phrases, the overt and esoteric significance which they attach to ceremonies, convey the impression that they prefer a superficial conformity to an identity of doctrine. If the Church of England is Christian, let us know, but in clear intellectual statement, and not in terms of vague emotion."

IN OUR review of Raymond's "History of Somerset" last week reference was made to the work of the ancient monasteries in the preservation and fostering of learning. On this subject, and on the debt which the printing art owes to the monks the following extract from an article in the La Salette Missionary is timely: "What the printing industry owes to the fostering influence of the Catholic Church is indicated by the old ecclesiastical terminology still used by the craft. Printing was developed by the Church in her monasteries, scriptoriums and universities. The first printing-press in England was set up by Caxton and Benedictine monks in Westminster Abbey. Caxton still remains an honored term in the craft to denote superexcellence in printing. As a result of being fostered in the abbeys and monasteries, it is curious to observe the churchly and Latin terms that still survive on the lips of printers. The composing-room is still called the 'chapel'—the first composing-rooms were monastic chapels. The foreman of the chapel is 'the Father. There are 'aisles' or runways in the chapels. A case of type or a particular style of type is a 'font,' because the old holy water fonts were convenient receptacles for wooden blocks which formed the letters. 'Brevier' type was originally reserved for setting up breviaries. 'Copy' of old was, and among old-fashioned writers yet is, 'manuscript'—most of the ancient terms were in Latin. The printer was the 'compositor' or man who placed the types together. Laying out type in orderly arrangement is still 'imposition.' The 'hell' box—or 'hell'—is the receptacle for bad type. The old prentice boy who raised general hob around the premises was happily dubbed 'the devil.' In proof-reading we have such Latin terms as 'caret,' 'dele' 'asterisk.' A slug or square of metal is a 'quad,'—it is 'quadratus,' or four-sided. In book-binding we have 'folio' (folium), 'quarto,' 'octavo,' 'duodecimo,' etc., to designate the different foldings of the original sheet of vellum or paper. Latin came naturally to the lips of the monks, hence their terminology survives to the present in the art preservative as a curious but interesting reminder of how much the world owes to the Church in scholarship as in other things."

THE STORY OF YESTERDAY As boys, John and Thomas D'Arcy must have borne but little resemblance to each other, save in one feature—those brilliant, penetrating, yet at times thoughtfully-sombre eyes that an Irish cradle has a million times lulled to rest. In one more year Mr. McGee will be just double the age at which his brother was martyred, but, as he reminisced this morning, he was telling of only yesterday.

It was not a brother flaunting the glories of his own blood; not a kinsman flinching warmth from the radiance of another kinsman that was outstanding in the quick memories that came back to John J. McGee.

A GREAT CANADIAN It was just an Irishman, a Canadian, who had drawn deep confidences of a great statesman, of a fiery patriot, of a militant gospeller of tolerance, and he told the story in that way. He did not speak of "Tommy" nor of D'Arcy. He thought only in terms of McGee. History and posterity have stolen the Christian name. The blood of brotherhood no longer belongs to mere family unit, even that family unit had come to see in "McGee" a bond of brotherhood, or perhaps of parenthood that has become nation-wide and political.

"Yes," he said, "McGee brought me here and he tried to bring my other brother, James, here from New York. McGee was a great Canadian and he wanted us all here, but James never would come. He stayed in New York and when the Civil War broke out he joined Meagher's brigade and later won its command. Our other brother Laurence was a sea captain who sailed from Wexford to Boston, and who died as the result of his ship being drifted and waterlogged for nearly six months in the Atlantic. When he was rescued he and the crew were waist deep in water. He died as a result of the experience."

**TWO AT BEGINNING**

"But, of course, that has nothing to do with what McGee means to Canada. I really don't see why they go so far back into his life anyway. McGee stands only for what he was in Canada, and that was the last ten years of his life. His life was his work for Confederation. There were, of course, others associated with him in his work, but the idea was his and it was not a very popular one at the time. Why, I remember there were but two of them really at the beginning, himself and George Brown. Sir John A. Macdonald was not in favor of it by any means then."

In a voluminous manuscript that he had once planned to publish in book form and which is now carefully safeguarded in Ottawa, Mr. McGee has written scores of intimate reminiscences of his life with his brother, particularly in Montreal.

HE WENT TO ROME One incident that remains prominently in Mr. McGee's mind is the battle waged by Thomas D'Arcy for the establishment of a separate church in Montreal for the Irish Roman Catholics. As the bishopric was overwhelmingly French-speaking, there were innumerable difficulties to overcome. "But, he did it, as usual," smiled his brother. "He just went to Rome and, of course, when he was heard why he won. They have the church now."

**MR. JOHN J. MCGEE "LISTENS IN"**

Ottawa Evening Journal, April 14 While a hundred thousand listened in on the pangyric of Thomas D'Arcy McGee as it filtered through the ether, broadcast from the Chateau Laurier last night; while others flipped radio dials in the attempt to tune in on outside jazz programmes; in the front room of a Wilbrod street home a snow-white patriarch's eyes were brilliant and moist as he listened to the eulogies of his beloved "Tommy."

IN THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE The listener was Mr. John J. McGee, youngest brother of the martyr-patriot, and, as he listened, sixty-years topped back as an avalanche and made for the time a living present of those days when the flaming meteor of D'Arcy McGee's genius dazzled a continent and lighted the hopes of millions two thousand miles across the Atlantic.

At the Chateau the audience of more than 500 punctuated the orations with bursts of applause in the front room at 183 Wilbrod little audience of some dozen listened in eloquent silence. They were the intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

HEARD IT ALL At the McGee home this morning there was but one topic of conversation—the speeches of last night. The radio instrument was silent on the table but the message it carried until near midnight was still alive. "They had it installed for us," Mr. McGee explained as he surveyed the apparatus. "We couldn't go out but we heard everything wonderfully. And it was wonderful, wonderful."

Though well before noon, Mr. McGee suggested that he had deserted his bed many hours previous. His 55 years have served him in the main to the building up of a treasure chest of the lore of his illustrious brother.

As boys, John and Thomas D'Arcy must have borne but little resemblance to each other, save in one feature—those brilliant, penetrating, yet at times thoughtfully-sombre eyes that an Irish cradle has a million times lulled to rest. In one more year Mr. McGee will be just double the age at which his brother was martyred, but, as he reminisced this morning, he was telling of only yesterday.

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Of McGee's Canadianism and his ideals, Mr. John McGee is both an encyclopaedia and an expounder. It is a subject upon which he never tires. He is saturated with the orations and poetry and philosophy of his great kinsman. Had he lived, he declared, "he would have been as great a poet as either Burns or Shakespeare."

A PLEASANT HALF HOUR The affection in which Mr. McGee held his brother finds some expression in the naming of his son, Thomas D'Arcy, a name which, apparently promises to reach through the generations, as a grandson is also Thomas D'Arcy.

The meeting with McGee was a rarely charming half hour. That inimitable Celtic courtesy that is not a mere formal politeness, but a warm sympathy that touches two persons who have a subject in common, in his cachet. As he exhausted each item and patiently replied to a score of questions, he would then ask kindly:—"Now is there anything else you can think of that you want to ask me?"

But there wasn't unless it might be to learn the secret of one who has made of himself the idol of a large family, a gentleman of culture, a linguist, yet, withal, a simple, unassuming informant to an inquisitive newspaper man, eager to help and asking no reward save the satisfaction that he has perhaps added a slight paragraph to the general knowledge of the life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

THE MARTYRS OF BOLLENE

BEATIFICATION OF SIXTEEN URSULINE MARTYRS OF ORANGE, MAY 10, 1925

By The Countess De Courson

Among the "beati" of the near future, who, before the end of 1926, will be publicly honored by the Church, are thirty-two religious women, who, in July, 1794, were done to death at Orange, France. On the day of their beatification there will be great joy in a little city of no particular importance, that stands some miles off the great railway line from Paris to Marseilles. Its name is Bollène.

Circumstances have made me well acquainted with this quaint, Old-World town, built at the foot of one of the advanced posts of the Alps, and swept by the wind that rushes through the wide valley of the Rhone. Being far from the railway, and possessing neither an important local industry nor a garrison, it has kept its primitive aspect. In these days, when ancient landmarks are ruthlessly swept away, this is a privilege valued by lovers of the past. Except for the magnificent plane trees that make its "place" delightfully cool, Bollène has an arid aspect. The windswept hills are bare, but the narrow, twisting streets, the dark little shops under their arcades, the bubbling fountain under the plane trees, are charmingly typical of Provence.

A hundred and fifty years ago, this quiet, Old-World town had the gift of drawing to itself, and of keeping within its walls, many people of good birth and culture; some of them have left memoirs that bring before the twentieth-century reader curious glimpses of the past. These gentlemen and ladies of the old regime, who made Bollène their home, sometimes belonged to the country, but others had spent their lives in Courts and camps, and preferred the dignified retirement of Bollène to the more brilliant atmosphere of Avignon.

Two convents dominated the spiritual life of Bollène; one, where I was privileged to spend two days, was that of the Sacramentines, an Order founded in the Seventeenth Century by a holy Dominican, Pere Antoine Lequieu. Their convent at Bollène, where their martyrs were trained, was the gift of a converted cavalry officer, M. de Roquard, who, having become a priest, turned his family mansion into a convent, and was the chaplain of the nuns. The convent, that of the Ursulines, was governed, when our story begins, by Madame de Roquard, a relative of the officer to whom the Sacramentines owed their monastery.

Upon the little city on the hill, the French Revolution of 1789 came as a hideous surprise. The Bollène of those days belonged to the Comtat property of the Popes of Avignon. The pontifical Court had long since returned to Rome, but the Comtat was governed by Papal Legates, whose rule was singularly paternal; the people paid no taxes, and were not required to provide soldiers; they were perfectly content with their lot, and had no wish to be annexed by their neighbors, the French Republic. Indeed, in some villages, the Papists, as the Pope's partisans were called, made a brave defence, and stood out for their independence. However, neither then nor now, were the small voices of a minority listened to, and in January, 1791, the Comtat was annexed by France.

At Bollène, an essentially religious and aristocratic centre, the nuns were the first to suffer. They were spied on, visited, tormented in the name of the new laws; and finally, in October, 1792, set adrift. Their superiors at this crisis was

Madeleine de la Fare, whose mother, the Marquise de la Fare, a very great lady, was the leader of the select circles of the little town. I was shown the house where she lived and her grave in the windswept cemetery. Her daughter, brave and tender, was an ideal leader of her community; she had been prepared by a vision of a field studded with crosses for the trials that awaited her. The palm of martyrdom, won by many of her daughters, was not hers; but poverty, imprisonment, harsh treatment, were her portion, and for months she lived in sight of the guillotine.

The superiors of the Ursulines, Madame de Roquard, was cast in the same mold, and in both communities, the nuns, when offered their "liberty" by their official rulers, expressed their earnest wish to remain in their convents, faithful to the rule that they had embraced in better days. It is a matter of history that the attitude of the French nuns at the outset of the Revolution was in general, most excellent. They clung to their vocation in the face of persecution, and persevered in it unto death.

At Bollène, Ursulines and Sacramentines continued to practice their religious rule. They seldom consented to join their families, but lived in rented houses, with their superiors, supporting themselves as best they could by needlework. Their poverty was great. We read of them, when fuel ran short, as going to pick up dead wood on the hillside; and, in a moment of dire distress, an old soldier, the Chevalier de la Fare, sold a much-prized gold snuff-box to relieve the need of the starving Sacramentines.

Although sorely pressed themselves by present privations and anxiety for the future, Madame de la Fare and Madame de Roquard opened wide their doors to other nuns, who, their communities having been dispersed, returned to Bollène, their birthplace. Thus, under the protection of the superiors of the Ursulines, we find four refugees belonging to one of the great families of the country, De Justamont. This aunt and her three nieces, Bernardines and Ursulines, who that day crossed the threshold of Madame de Roquard's borrowed refuge, unconsciously took the first step on the path leading to their martyrdom.

Given their poverty and obscurity, the expelled nuns might be supposed to pass unnoticed, not so, however; they were considered by their spoilers as dangerous to the safety of the Republic, and twice, the municipality of Bollène required them to take the oath—liberte egalite—demanded of religious women. The question of this oath is somewhat complex. The oath demanded of priests was clearly unlawful; it was distinctly contrary to their duty towards the Holy See, and was condemned by Rome. The oath demanded of women was simply absurd; they were to promise to defend the Republic unto death. The formula was ridiculous only; but opinions were divided as to its deeper meaning. In Paris, it was generally considered harmless, but some bishops held other views, and forbade their subjects to take it. In the South, this opinion prevailed; the oath was considered as "an act of apostasy," implying, as it did, adhesion to an evil government. The nuns already beatified—the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes, and the Sisters of Charity of Arras—all rejected it as unlawful, and were punished by death. The Bollène nuns thought the same, and unhesitatingly refused to take it, because "it was contrary to their conscience."

At this crisis, when their arrest was probable, the Sacramentines had to part with their superiors; she was informed that, unless she left the town, all her community would be arrested. In order to avoid compromising her daughters, she reluctantly retired to Pont St. Esprit, where, some months later, she was imprisoned. Another departure, that of their chaplain, the Abbé Tavernier de Courtoine, deprived the Sacramentines of the Sacrament. Presently, with infinite precautions, they had been able to retain. Their chaplain was able to say Mass for them in secret, and the Sisters, kneeling before the cupboard where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, observed the hours of adoration appointed by their rule.

The Abbé Tavernier went to Italy; eventually, the Pope, having named him administrator of the diocese of St. Paul trinis Chateaux, to which Bollène belonged, he was able, only a few months after the executions at Orange, to send an accurate and detailed account of the tragedy to the Pope and also to the scattered priests of the diocese. This document, confirmed by other testimonies, is first-class evidence; it was written and dispatched only six months after the events that it related.

At the end of April, the nuns were informed that, in consequence of their rejection of the oath, they were to be transferred to Orange, where the Revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine were in operation. The mountains had put on their Spring raiment, when, on May the 2nd, at six in the morning, fifteen Ursulines and Bernardines and thirteen Sacramentines, dressed in secular clothes, seated themselves in the open carts that were to convey them to Orange. Madame

de la Fare's place was filled by her assistant, Aimée de Jesus, whose personality seems to have been as sweet as her name, Madame de Roquard headed her faithful Ursulines and her refugee guests.

Among the Ursulines was volunteer, Marguerite de Rocher, a native of Bollène, who, upon the dispersion of her community, had been sent to her home to take care of her ailing father. When she heard of her Sisters' arrest, she felt as though she had deserted her post, and she laid the case before her father. The old man, after a few moments' thought, thus solved the difficulty: "My daughter, you might easily escape; but, before doing so, examine whether God may not have chosen you to be one of the victims whose sacrifice will appease His justice." This was enough. Marguerite immediately rejoined her community, and was transferred to Orange to be judged, condemned and executed. Her willing sacrifice was rewarded. From the day she joined her community, she was filled with joy; she thanked the Scriptures for the faithfulness of her ailing father, and was mysteriously informed of the day when she would win her crown.

When I was privileged to visit Bollène, I heard Marguerite de Rocher's story from the lips of her great-niece. In an Old-World house, filled with memorials of the past, where the martyrs' forbears looked down from the walls, I realized the heights of heroism that are reached by souls in whom a human sense of honor is beautifully combined, as it was in Marguerite's father, with a supreme love of God.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOLY SCRIPTURE WEEK

Ottawa Citizen, March 15

When the curtain lifted at the Franklin theater last evening, the large and enthusiastic audience beheld in the chair one who ably bears the historic name which he has inherited from his uncle, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and at his right, left, his Excellency, Most Rev. Pietro di Maria, Apostolic Delegate for Canada, and His Grace, Most Rev. Joseph Medard Emard, D. D., Archbishop of Ottawa; and at their right and left, Rev. Dr. John R. O'Gorman, the Bible lecturer of the week, and Mr. W. L. Scott, K. C., president of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa.

Numerous representatives of the secular and regular clergy of the city occupied the boxes, and the audience, which filled nearly every seat in the theatre, consisted of members of every Roman Catholic parish in Ottawa and numerous adherents of other faiths.

A DECIDED SUCCESS

The Holy Scripture Week, sponsored by the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, which the Archbishop of Ottawa, so admirably brought to a close last evening, must be pronounced a decided success. The opening and closing conferences of that scholarly, but some bishops held other views, and forbade their subjects to take it. In the South, this opinion prevailed; the oath was considered as "an act of apostasy," implying, as it did, adhesion to an evil government. The nuns already beatified—the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes, and the Sisters of Charity of Arras—all rejected it as unlawful, and were punished by death. The Bollène nuns thought the same, and unhesitatingly refused to take it, because "it was contrary to their conscience."

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VERNAICULAR BIBLE READING

Dr. O'Gorman's lecture last evening was on the attitude of the

Roman Catholic Church towards vernacular Bible reading. While it covered the historic aspect of the question it was principally an inspiring appeal, couched in the very words of saints and Popes, for the daily and devout reading of the divinely inspired Scriptures.

It has always been a source of pain to the teachers of the Church, since the lecturer, that the faithful have not, in spite of encouragement, taken more to Bible reading. There was less excuse for this negligence of the Word of God today than there was when manuscripts of the Bible were hard to procure. At all times the Church has taken care that the faithful should be acquainted with the contents of the written Revelation. Actual reading of the text of Scripture by the laity had been encouraged when they were duly prepared for this wonderful but difficult task. The clergy, needless to say, have always had to devote a portion of every day to the reading of Scripture.

It is true, nevertheless, that, subsequent to the Reformation, in 1564, a law was passed to the effect that permission might be granted to read the Scriptures in the vernacular only to those whose faith and piety were strengthened by such reading. It was a case parallel with modern state censorship of printed matter in war time. The evils caused by the reading of unauthorized translations led the ecclesiastical authorities to take steps to prevent unapproved translations from falling into the hands of young and persons of little education and discrimination. But the Bishops administered the law wisely. And it is noteworthy that it was precisely in those countries where religious differences were most accentuated that in the two following centuries, that is, until the law is revoked, the Catholic Bible was read most widely in the vernacular. The law of the Church since 1757 allows the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, provided that it is an approved version provided with explanatory notes taken from the Fathers and other orthodox writers.

ADVANTAGES OF BIBLE READING Dr. O'Gorman advanced two principal reasons for the reading of Scripture. It will, he said, give us a better understanding of revealed truth and will stimulate our spiritual life. "To be ignorant of the Scripture is not to know Christ," said St. Jerome. Pope Benedict XV. expressed the desire for the children of the Church, that "being saturated with the Bible they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ." Reading the Scriptures develops the spiritual life. Therein we find, wrote Pope Leo XIII., "encouragement to virtue and attraction to the love of God." Pius X. endeavored to propagate the daily reading of the Gospels. And Benedict XV. and Pius XI. have echoed and re-echoed that desire.

To read the Bible with profit, declared Dr. O'Gorman, we must, in the words of Pope Leo XIII., be men of holiness, humility and prayer. This was illustrated by copious extracts from the encyclical of Pope Benedict XV. on the centenary of St. Jerome, wherein the Pontiff by that holy and illustrious lover of the Bible points out that Jerome became a saint through his assiduous and pious reading of the Scriptures.

In conclusion the lecturer pleaded for a daily reading of the Bible, particularly the Gospels. Reading the Bible aloud in the family circle was warmly commended as a means to insure the conservation of a real Christian family spirit, and advancement in virtue.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, in his concluding remarks, spoke in a very happy vein. He stated that in listening to the learned and pious lecturer all week he had felt forty-seven years younger, for he had listened to the same doctrine on the same Bible when a student in Rome in 1878.

Dr. O'Gorman, he said, spoke as well as did his Roman Catholic professors of half a century ago. He congratulated the audience on its wonderful attention, and also the Catholic Truth Society for having so successfully organized the Holy Scripture Week.

In a magnificent peroration he showed that the Bible was the word of life, love and of justice. Peace will come to individuals when the Word of God is read and obeyed, he said. And peace and justice will come to nations when legislators have the Gospel as the basis of their code of laws. The solution of all ills is found in the Gospel of God.

CLAIMED AS PRIEST'S INVENTION

Paris, France. — The Niepce brothers are generally credited with the invention of the internal combustion engine, in 1806.

In a study published in the "Matin," Charles Nordmann, the physicist attributes to a priest the honor of being the first to have devised an internal combustion engine. It was in 1678 that such a motor was devised by Abbe Jean Hautefeuille, son of a baker at Orleans, who became one of the most remarkable mechanics of his time. In the engine which he invented, the explosion of gunpowder was used to drive a piston which

returned to its original position by atmospheric pressure. The Abbe's discovery was the result of research and undertaken to find means of lifting the waters of the Seine to Versailles—a distance of 10 kilometers—to satisfy a wish of Louis XIV.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WORK AMONG THE INDIANS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

We have just received a letter from a missionary priest, who for sixteen years has devoted his energy to the heroic work of bringing the light of faith and consolations of religion to Indian tribes scattered along the lakes and rivers in the far North.

He does not complain of the difficulties with which he meets, such as swarms of flies and mosquitoes that infest those undrained, desolate regions in summer nor even mentions the extreme cold of the northern climate in winter when at the head of dog sleighs he tramps hundreds of miles, camping at night rolled up in a blanket by a fire under the blue dome of heaven, as he journeys to visit the poor Indians in an effort to teach them about the Great Spirit and console them as they die.

The good Father has headquarters situated about 200 miles west of Lake Athabaska, but he writes from Grouard, whither he has made a journey, mostly on foot at the head of dog sleighs, of 400 miles, to greet the venerable Bishop of the diocese on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday.

This missionary shows great wisdom. He has important favours to ask and has timed the visit so that his arrival will take place on the birthday of the venerable bishop. During the long journey he has hoped and prayed for two things. He wants a priest, as an auxiliary, that his people may receive more frequent visits; and he requires money with which to have a catechism printed in the Indian language so that the children who are being taught to read may learn from it something about their religion in the absence of the missionary.

The poor old Bishop in his zeal for the souls of his children would, were it possible, be delighted to grant the first request, but even though it is his birthday, and his good friend has travelled so long a journey to greet him he must refuse because there is not an available priest that His Lordship can send. The second one he cannot comply with directly, because he is unable to spare the sum of money required, but in this case there is a way out of the difficulty—help from Church Extension. So, at the suggestion of the Bishop, the Father writes as follows:

Monsignor: I have not the advantage of knowing you personally, but have heard many times of your generosity toward the missionaries. However, it is not on my own initiative that I address myself to you, but on the advice of our venerable prelate, Right Rev. Bishop Grouard. Today is the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birthday. May God grant him many days to live on earth!

I have made a long journey, 400 miles, walking most of the way at the head of dog sleighs, to have the joy of greeting His Lordship on this anniversary and to ask him great favors.

First I need help to accomplish the missionary work to which the Indians to which for about sixteen years my life has been devoted. From Fort Vermillion I visit many posts: Red River, with Crees, 60 miles away; Keg Prairie and Wolverine Point, 100 miles in the opposite direction where there are Cree and Beaver Indians; Hay River, 90 miles in another direction where are Slaves; and Hay Lake, 60 miles further on. These journeys are sometimes very painful and fatiguing, but I feel quite repaid if I can do some good to these poor people who are quite miserable in every way, but especially regarding their souls. This latter condition is caused by scarcity of priests, on account of which many are ignorant of the principal truths of our holy religion, though they show a great desire to learn them.

I have come, then, to beg from Bishop Grouard, an auxiliary priest, that we might visit more frequently the Indian people, but His Lordship's reply was, "I have none to send you; I cannot make them." What, then, is to be done? Behold the souls in my care! They are dearly redeemed at the high price of the Blood of Jesus Christ. In order that they may not be lost while waiting until such time as I can have the assistance of another priest, I think of furnishing them with a small catechism in their own language; but for that purpose money is necessary. I have the approbation of my prelate, but he cannot spare the money. Two hundred dollars is the amount required, nothing excessive when now-a-days so much is spent on amusement and frivolous things. Surely some can be found for the extension of Our Jesus' kingdom in the souls of His people. "I cannot give you this sum," said the Bishop, "but apply to Monsignor Blair. Then I come to you, Monsignor, full of trust, and beseech

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you in the name of God and for the sake of His dear souls to help me. Yours very faithfully, J. H.

This petition bears the recommendation of the Bishop as follows: "I cannot but endorse this application of the Reverend Father, hoping that you may help him to get this little book of prayers and catechism in Beaver Indian language. I published it myself long ago, but the supply has been exhausted and I can do no more."

Will some charitable friend send \$200 to Extension that we may help this good priest in his difficult and necessary work among the Indians. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$10,538 99

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ARRANGE C. Y. M. A. MEETING IN ROME

New York.—Announcement has been made here that the International Secretariate of the Catholic Young Men's Associations at Rome, has asked the Catholic Young Men's Association of America to invite all organizations of Catholic young men in the United States to send delegates to the meeting of the international organization in Rome September 15-18 of Holy Year. The communication from the International Secretariate came from its Secretary, Signore Constantino Parisi. The Catholic Young Men's Association, through its Chairman, Dr. Michael J. Slattery, and through its other officers will appeal to the local officers of all Catholic young men's societies urging an acceptance of the invitation to send delegates to Rome for the meeting which has the approbation of the Pope.

The task of organizing this gathering in Rome has been confided to the Catholic Young Men's Association in America because that organization was instrumental in organizing the International Secretariate of the Catholic Young Men's Association three years ago.

At the international gathering in September it is anticipated that delegations will be present from young men's societies in Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, the British Isles and many other nations of Europe as well as from most of the nations of South America and from the United States. The convention program will include magnificent religious ceremonies in St. Peter's Basilica, a solemn audience with the Pope, and several civic ceremonies. There will also be a series of conferences and discussions between the delegates from the various countries, carried out where necessary, through specially qualified interpreters.

Dr. Slattery has announced that any further information desired concerning the convention may be obtained from him at 45 Broadway, this city.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D. THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR RELIGION
Thou art My beloved Son: in Thee I am well pleased. (Luke III, 35)

At first sight appears strange that God the Father should have expressed His delight in the person of Christ. He was God's Son—therefore, God—and hence, necessarily must be perfect in all his qualities. Whatever perfection was found in the Almighty Father—and it was infinite—existed in no less a degree in Jesus Christ Himself, who was of the substance of the Father, begotten from all eternity. A moment's reasoning is enough to convince any one of this truth.

In a sense, this statement from God the Father was needed. Not, however, because there could be any real, well-founded doubt concerning the infinite perfections of Christ, but because the people needed this instruction, in order that they might have the proper idea of Christ and of the truth of His mission. They were yet infants in Christianity. The sublime truths regarding it and its Author had to be taught them, so that they could grow into strong adults in the knowledge of their faith. Christ appeared to be a human being like themselves, and they might have considered Him only a simple man. So God, His Heavenly Father, made it clear to them that He was His Son. This action of God the Father was also a consolation to Our Saviour in His humanity. He was doing His Father's work well, both as God and as man. As God He enjoyed the beatific vision and no happiness on earth could come to Him that would be new. But as man He could suffer. He could, as it were, yearn for a word of cheer and appreciation from His Father, to accomplish whose ends He had descended to earth. It was, therefore, a demonstration of God's goodness, both in sight of the people and before His divine Son, when He said those sweet encouraging words to Christ.

But it was also done for another reason, with another purpose in view. It was to serve as practically a command to us to learn well who Christ is, and to become familiar with the doctrines of our faith. In other words, we must take an intellectual pleasure and delight in the great truths that God has revealed to us, through His divine Son. These revelations were not made known to us in order to be forgotten, nor was there lacking on the part of God an intention that we take a lively interest in them. We must realize their importance, for they are the noblest of all truths, and our minds may profitably dwell a lifetime upon them. It is true that they may not help us in our material welfare, but we never should forget that there is a higher, spiritual welfare to be kept always in view. We must endeavor to learn everything we can relating to it, in order to attend to it in the best way possible. We were made principally for this latter life, and we have the eternal command to value it more highly than the material. In other words, we must care more for our souls than for our bodies.

It is not pleasant to note the numbers of people of all classes, even Catholics, who are ignorant of so many of the great truths of God and religion. And it becomes more unpleasant to observe how the majority of them make no real attempt to step from their ignorance into light; nay, it is quite evident that they have no such desire. The heart does not occupy itself with the things of which it knows little or nothing. Attachment comes really from knowledge. The knowledge upon which we base our attachment may sometimes be false; but even then the attachment remains until this fact becomes known to us. With regard to religious truths, they can not be false, since God is their author, and the love we form for them never can discover any reason for its discontinuance. Through these truths, in a certain sense we pass to the love of God, whose infinite goodness and amiability never can be anything but true. This mutual affection is so strong that it never will lessen, unless we render false the qualities that cause God to love us as friends, or destroy their goodness. Where there is no interest manifested, or even only a passing one, no real love is found. So it is true of our connection with God. And what are we, bereft of God's love? We can not exactly blame all those who are ignorant of the Faith, since many never were given opportunities of learning it. They may have lived in distant places, which were but seldom visited by a priest. Some have been prevented from learning the truth through the negligence of their parents. But this can not be said of those who are ignorant of their religion in the present generation. Literature, treating all the phases of our holy faith, and written in language that all can understand, is within easy reach at a nominal price. There are numerous Catholic publications, overflowing with instruction for old and young, which can be brought into the home at regular intervals at little expense. There are the sermons of the pastors, and of missionaries who come at regular periods, to instruct and arouse the people. All these help wonderfully in this direction. In the rectories,

instruction will be given cheerfully and willingly to any one who needs it. For the young, there are the parochial schools, the maintenance of which necessitates sacrifices being made by teachers and people. Yet how many send their children to other schools where they are never taught, even indirectly, anything that would tend to lead their thoughts toward God and religion. Ignorance today regarding the tenets of religion is in most cases due to carelessness and sin. It is no wonder that so many will stand by deaf, dumb, and mute, when they should be raising a voice of defense! And how can it be otherwise, for, not having weapons with which to fight their enemies, they must yield. Shame on them! Christ has said that he who refuses to confess Him before His Father He would not confess before Him in heaven. Those who fail to confess Him through culpable ignorance are no doubt as guilty as those who fail to do so through negligence.

Let Catholics arm themselves for the fight against ignorance, errors, and prejudice, by filling their minds with the truths of their religion, and, as far as possible, with solid reasons for the faith that is in them. Their interest, too, in the things that made them and who they expect will reward them, should urge them on to the work necessary to acquire this knowledge. To be good Christians, in the true sense of the word, they must be acquainted with their religion. Otherwise they become like quacks in the worldly professions, though even lower, for the latter make a pretense at true knowledge and often deceive people into believing in them. The quack Christian, however, can do nothing, for sincerity and love of his great God, of blessings should be his only arms: but these he is absolutely unable to have if God's grace reigns not in his heart and a true knowledge of religion dwells not in his mind.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

THE PRACTICE OF FREQUENT COMMUNION
Since the publication, twenty years ago, of the Papal Decree Sacra Tridentina Synodus, the topic of frequent Communion has been discussed so often and so thoroughly that it would seem there is nothing more that can be said about it. Books, pamphlets, even General Intentions of the League, have treated this important affair from every angle and have told Catholics throughout the world what a practical and unparalleled help to holiness frequent Communion is; so that no one should ignore what the doctrine of the Church is or what the practice of her children should be.

And yet we are asked again this month to revert to the subject of frequent Communion. Can it be that in a matter so important in the life of our souls we are beginning to forget essentials? Or are we growing indifferent in presence of God's great Sacrament of Love? Conformably to the wish of the Holy Father, let us put before the members of our League what is really nothing more than a restatement of a few obvious truths and the reasons why they should go to Communion frequently. When treating this subject we should distinguish between what is ordered by the Church and what she merely counsels. As a divine precept, outlined in the Gospel, the obligation of receiving the Body and Blood of Christ is imperative. It is not a mere invitation, which we are free to accept or reject; it is a command addressed by our Lord Himself to all who wish to save their souls. These are His words: "Amen, amen, I say to you except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you" (Joan. vi, 58). Here we have an ordinance serious enough to make even the most callous reflect, since the Divine Legislator inflicts on the transgression of it the most terrible of sanctions, namely, the loss of eternal life.

In order to keep this severe legislation before her children, the Church, the official and infallible interpreter of the wishes of her Founder, has prescribed two Eucharistic laws of her own; one applying to the faithful while they are in health, the other to those in danger of death. She has laid down the law that all who have reached the age of discernment—seven years, more or less—shall go to Communion at least once a year, at Easter, and she has made the observance of this law one of the essentials of Church membership. So rigorous, in fact, is this Easter duty that those who die, having neglected to perform it, are deprived of the suffrages of the Church and of burial in consecrated ground. Nay more, a person who, legitimately or not, has failed in this duty within the specified time, is obliged under pain of sin to go to Holy Communion at the earliest possible moment, even before the coming of the following Easter; for a time limit is set not for the cessation of the obligation but rather for its enforcement. Again, all who have the misfortune to make a sacrilegious Easter duty have not satisfied the precept and are obliged to make a good Communion as soon as possible.

So much for the precept as it affects the faithful who are in good health; now for the further obligation of receiving Communion imposed on all who realize that they are in danger of death. So serious is this precept that when the sick are unable to help themselves, the duty of providing them with this strengthening food involves the consciences of doctors, nurses, families, and all who are near the sick in a position of trust. This double legislation shows the Church to be a wonderful Mother who wishes to be assured as to the spiritual health of her children during life and especially when they are about to leave this world. She knows that Holy Communion strengthens them to meet the trials and temptations of life, and that when they are fortified by the Holy Viaticum, they are able to enter the final struggle and bravely and confidently face the passage from time to eternity.

But it would be an error to conclude that this is all the Church asks her children to do in so grave a matter. In her legislation she lays down a precept which measures the minimum of what all are obliged to observe; but knowing what the wishes of her Divine Founder are, as well as the great profit those who would distinguish themselves in God's service might draw from Holy Communion, she counsels something more. Far from being satisfied with a cold, perfunctory Easter duty, she lovingly insists on the frequent, even the daily, reception of the Body and Blood of Christ. She teaches Catholics that in the Lord's Prayer it was the Saviour Himself who ordered them to say, Give us this day our daily bread. Did Christ have in mind merely the food that gives health and strength to the body? The martyrs, the saints, and all other holy men and women in the history of the Church, answer with an eloquent negative. Invariably they interpreted the words of the Lord's Prayer in a spiritual sense. St. Hilary tells us that the Saviour had so ardent a desire to come to us daily and to live within us that He ordered us to ask every day for our daily Bread. How often unheedingly do we recite the Our Father! "If this Bread is a daily bread," exclaimed St. Anthony, "why do we wait so long before partaking of it? Receive it every day, so that it may meet the needs of your daily life."

Every morning in our parish church the priest celebrates the Sacrifice of the Mass, a Sacrifice which is complete only when those present share with the celebrant the Divine Victim immolated on the altar. Not that the Communion of the faithful is in any sense an integral portion of the Holy Sacrifice, but it is the ideal fulfillment of the law of sacrifice, and was the universal practice of the Apostolic Church, when, according to a modern writer, "faith was almost veneration and charity was a consuming fire." In order, therefore, to respond to tradition as well as to the wishes of the Saviour to seek daily the Heavenly Bread, the faithful should receive with the priest at Mass. What a marvelous transformation would be effected in the lives of Catholics throughout the world if everyone assisting at the Mass were to receive Holy Communion; and how conformably this sublime act performed daily would be to the desires of the Sacred Heart!

All the members of our League should take as addressed to themselves the words of Christ to His apostles "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you" (Luc. xxii, 15). He wants them to share in the feast of His love. "Tell them," says a pious writer, impersonating the Divine Saviour, "tell them that I came down from Heaven and now live with them on earth to show them that My delight is to be with the children of men. I have hidden myself under the form of bread, in order the easier to nourish them. Designedly I have depouled myself of the brilliancy that should surround Me, so that they may not be dazzled. All my pleasure is to speak with them and enter into an alliance with them; so close that they may be all in them and they all in Me. Why do they shun Me? Do they count all My signal graces for nothing? I am the Life, and those who receive Me shall live forever. I came to love, not to be feared; to be received as food, not simply to be honored. It is to purify their bodies that I give them My Body and Blood; it is to sanctify their souls that I give them My Soul; it is to unite them to My Divinity that I give them My Humanity united to it. All wise though I am, I cannot conceive anything more advantageous for them; all rich though I am, I have nothing more precious to give them; all powerful though I am, I can give them nothing greater than My Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist. We have in the sacraments the wish of Christ our Lord urging us to frequent Communion; how can we remain cold and unmoved at such manifestations of love?"

This desire of our Lord to be united to the children whom He redeemed was a fact appreciated in Apostolic times and in the ages immediately following. Those who lived with Him and heard His doctrines, as well as the converts of the succeeding centuries, understood so well what His intentions were that they frequently gathered together and "preserved in the communication of

the breaking of bread" (Acts ii, 42). While the teaching of the Church on the reception of Holy Communion has not changed, her members, in the course of centuries, ignoring their most sacred interests, have failed to follow the example set by their primitive brethren. Little by little they got out of touch with the early traditions and yielded to the chilling influences of a pagan and materialistic environment. But the Catholic Church, vigilant Mother that she is, recalled them now and then to their duties. She legislated for them in a solemn way when, in 1215, her Pontiff, Innocent III, laid down the stringent law concerning the Easter duty. Seven hundred years later, in 1905, the solemn voice of another Pontiff, the saintly Pius X., the Pope of the Eucharist, was again heard by three hundred millions of Catholics, urging them to go to Communion often, daily if possible. He told his vast spiritual family, a three hundred millions strong, and dispersed throughout the Universe, that "frequent and daily Communion, as a thing most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord and by the Catholic Church, should be open to all the faithful of whatever rank or condition of life; so that no one who approaches the holy table with a right and devout intention can lawfully be hindered."

These words, sounding like an echo from the Primitive Church, should be taken to heart by all. Let Catholics shake off their timidity and lukewarmness and receive the life-giving Sacrament frequently, daily if possible. It is not too late to make up for the time that has been lost; God has many precious graces still in store for those who will make some effort to show their love for Him by receiving Him often. Let them persevere in the practice of daily Communion until it has become a habit. For those who shall have acquired the habit, what a consolation when the supreme moment arrives! It is then that the meaning of our Lord's words will reveal itself in all its fulness: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day."

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

N. Y. TESTS PLAN FOR RELIGIOUS STUDY

New York.—The Board of Education of this city has selected Public School 46, St. Nicholas Avenue and 156th Street, for the purpose of experimenting on the systematic religious instruction for children of the Public schools according to an announcement made yesterday by William J. O'Shea, Superintendent of schools. The decision to inaugurate the experiment, was the direct outgrowth of the meeting held last Sunday at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel by Chapter Theta Pi Alpha, of the Association of Catholic Teachers of the Public Schools. The experiment is to be conducted under the direction of the city school authorities and representatives of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergy.

Although the subject of religious instruction for the Public school children has been discussed among educators and clergymen in this city for many years no definite decision could be arrived at by the members of the Board of Education as to the proper regulation of the course to be pursued, and if the plan to be tried out within a month in the school designated proves satisfactory systematic religious training and instructions for Public school children may become a reality.

Under the proposed plan of operation the children will be sent for religious instruction to the churches or synagogues of their respective faiths for one hour a week. Later this may be extended to two hours or a longer period. It has not been decided as yet just what day of the week will be selected, nor has it been decided whether the period set aside for such instructions will be held after the regular classes are dismissed. It was understood however, that it is the purpose at this time to close the regular school sessions one hour earlier than usual, and the children, assembled according to their faiths and under the direction of their teachers, will be taken to the centers of religious instruction.

It was also made known that no child will be compelled to attend religious instruction if there is parental objection and no instruction of a religious nature is to be given in the Public school building itself.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MARY IN ITALY
This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MONTH OF MARY
Green are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,
And rich the hues of May;

OUR LADY'S MONTH

Devotion to Mary, the Mother of God, has always been an outstanding characteristic of practical Catholics.

MAY DEVOTIONS

These are the days of the May devotions, when opportunity is offered for all of us to come as children to the feet of the Mother who understands.

cles surpasses in human interest and story interest the adventures of any hero in fiction. There was much to be done before he could even make application.

Twenty years later, while ministering to the war prisoners in a German fortress, among whom small-pox was raging, he contracted the disease.

UNITED PLEAS FOR BETTER FEELING

GREAT MEETING HELD WITH VIEW TO END BIGOTRY

Youngstown, O.—Residents of this city of Jewish, Catholic and Protestant faiths met in mass meeting here a few days ago and put under way a movement that had for its purpose creation of a better feeling among the entire population.

That reputation is no longer deemed desirable by the great majority of the people and the gathering of members of all religious faiths to the number of nearly 3,000 persons was a striking demonstration of the wish to end the activities of the Klan and its supporters.

Y. M. C. A. SPEAKER'S PLEA

As to the purpose of the meeting Mr. Skeggs said in opening: "It is entirely fitting that we should here meet together to consider as one mind that which every discerning man must covet—a closer bond of sympathy, a growth of mutual understanding, confidence and faith in each other.

"I cannot forget that Cecil and Leonard Calvert, the two Lords Baltimore, Catholics, and founders of the colony of Maryland, pronounced as one of their first acts, complete religious freedom in their colony. And I would say, and in perfect good humor, that what we covet most is a desire to know you better.

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 5

What 'Orange Pekoe' Means

Many buyers of tea have come to ask for 'Orange Pekoe' believing that it signifies fine quality. This is not, however, necessarily the case. In the trade 'Orange Pekoe' is only a name given to the first leaf below the bud or tip on any Indian or Ceylon tea bush.

"SALADA"

ing among our people," Mr. Skeggs continued, "I wish to make this statement: On the public square of Youngstown, there used to stand a cheaply constructed billboard on which were the names of all those who gave their lives in the World War.

Dr. Birnbaum: "There can scarcely be a matter of greater importance than the abolition of racial hatred and religious prejudice. The fruits of the spirit of a people remain inarticulate, except in an atmosphere of tolerance and of brotherly love.

Dr. Philo: "The melting pot of which we have heard much is not for religion. America stands for unity, not for conformity. A perfect Jew, a perfect Catholic, a perfect Protestant are three mighty forces for genuine Americanism.

For Clergy and Students

Dr. Kirby: "There is one fundamental principle upon which we must agree—the principle of justice. That is the foundation of the teachings of the Talmud, the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount.

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HOLY YEAR-1925
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ENGLISH MARTYRS

THE TRIBUTE OF A GREAT LONDON NEWSPAPER

Some little time back the Times published a picture of the signature of Blessed Henry Walpole on the wall of a dungeon in the Salt Tower of the Tower of London, lately opened to the public. Under this picture it printed gross misstatements against the martyr, for which no apology has been forthcoming in an article on the same subject by Mr. Walter G. Bell, printed in last Saturday's Daily Telegraph, from which we take the following:

PRISONERS FOR FAITH

"But the abiding interest of the Salt Tower is in its upper floor. It has more light than the dark age which built this turret ever intended; the stone, having kept its whiteness, looks surprisingly new. Here visitors will linger, pouring over the many inscriptions cut into the wall. At once it becomes obvious that the captives held here were prisoners for faith, and mostly, so far as this evidence tells, of Elizabeth's age of intolerance. In one place you see a palm and fingers roughly scratched, with the piercing nail that indicates the Crucifixion. Opposite are the Holy Feet, pierced in like manner.

"No name accompanies these rude graffiti, yet how poignant they are! They will excite more emotion than does the finest sculptured piece here, the horsecap above which are clear cut the words, 'Hew Draper of Bryotwad made thus Spher the 30 day of Maye Anno 1561.' Draper was imprisoned on a charge of sorcery and magic, so was daring to do this.

GENTLEST OF MARTYRS

"Of the men commemorated by their self-carved names, the greatest is one of the gentlest martyrs. 'Henry Walpole,' you read clear and distinct, in tapering letters. Of the Norfolk Walpoles, he had kept the Roman faith, and he stood by the scaffold at Tyburn whereon the priest Edmund Campion suffered, when during the customary barbarities blood splashed into the faces of the crowd pressing round, and some fell upon Walpole's clothes. This he accepted as a call to continue the work; he went on the Continent and was admitted a Jesuit, and ultimately returned on the English mission.

"Burgley's spies captured him, and he was handed over to the notorious persecutor Topcliffe, the cruellest tyrant of England, a man most infamous and hateful to all the realm of England by his bloody and butcherly mind. Topcliffe kept a private rack—more terrible, he boasted, than the Tower's own. It was told significantly that in July, 1594, Walpole was still able to write; the silence thereafter tells enough. The following spring he was taken to York and there hanged."

In an editorial comment The Universe says:

Like the Times, the Telegraph has been publishing articles about the Tower of London, in connection with the opening to the public of four of the turrets hitherto closed. But, unlike the Times, the Telegraph has done justice to Blessed Henry Walpole, and it has done reverence as well as justice, in a really beautiful passage which we quote on another page. The thanks of the Catholic public are due both to Mr. Walter G. Bell for penning this tribute, and to Lord Burnham's great paper for publishing it. We have failed to notice in the Times any editorial retraction or apology for the outrageous statements made about Blessed Henry Walpole, and the incident remains a deep discredit to that paper. It is an un-

pleasant duty to expose such incidents, but fortunately they are generally offset by incidents of a very different color such as it is a pleasure to us to record today! On Monday the Times printed a leading article on the Salt Tower in which Father John Gerard was mentioned with decent respect, but no correction was made in respect of Father Walpole.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

PAGAN GOOD WILL

Seldom free from trials, difficult missions such as middle Tonkin, are sometimes very consoling in their fruits. Bishop Eloy, Vicar Apostolic of this field describes the mandarins who have opposed the mission for years, as their first and foremost difficulty. Every missionary knows what men in authority can do to hamper and harass the work. And yet the Bishop found on his episcopal journey one of his richest consolations. He discovered in one village situated in the very heart of paganism that all dying children had been baptized by the chief, although he was not a Christian.

Having been friendly in former days with a native priest who impressed upon him the importance of the Sacrament of Baptism, and the merit acquired by those who performed the holy rite which opened heaven to souls, this old pagan chief never failed to administer the Sacrament.

THE VALUE OF A CATECHIST

A catechist on the mission means much more than a Sunday School teacher at home. The lonely figure of a missionary in an immense field of paganism must be surrounded by capable men and women who will act for him in his absence, keeping alive the spark of Faith which he has ignited, by reciting the prayers, teaching the Catechism and instructing pagans who are attracted to the New Doctrine. And so these catechists are expected to give all working hours—daily and Sunday—to the task. The catechist is usually married and the wages paid must be enough to cover the simple needs of the family. How remunerative this calling is from a worldly standpoint may be gathered from the fact that one day's pay of a Canadian bricklayer would keep a catechist and his family for a month.

A BRAVE MISSIONARY

A story that recalls the days of early Christianity in Rome, when confessor defended the doctrines of the Church in face of dire punishment, comes from Father De Grasse of Br. West Africa.

Lahain who was subchief of Gerihun was faithful in church attendance, but persistent in refusing Baptism. "Father," he said, "I know I am not living a good life, and I believe you teach truth. But, we old people are weak, and have not the courage to abandon our bad habits. To accept baptism before all men and then to fall again into evil ways would hurt you and condemn me. Nevertheless, I ask God's Mercy. If ever I come to die, will you not bring me the blessed water and make me a Christian before the end?" He understood his influence on the people and his own weakness and in his sincerity he feared to displease his Creator after promising to observe the Christian life. The Giver of Grace however did not abandon him, and when Lahain was dying, in spite of guards and attendants, Father De Grasse sought him out and having prepared his soul, was about to pour the water on his head, when one of the counsellors interfered. "Do not do it! If you pour that water upon him, he will die!"

In spite of all that this powerful opposition meant, the priest completed the Sacrament, and encouraged the good old Lahain until he died. Then he determined on a bold stroke. Going to the king he said, "If what your counsellor has said about Baptism is correct, then I am guilty of murder, and of many murders, for I have baptized a great number of your people. It is your duty to bring me before the District Commissioner.

This courage so impressed the king that he replied, "Father, you are our friend, and we know you come among us to do us good. Never would you harm us."

"Then," replied the priest, "Talafele has done a grave offense against the mission and myself. All your family have heard him publicly insult me, therefore the reparation should be public also; He should be imprisoned 24 hours."

"But," anxiously replied the king, "Talafele is an important man and one of my chiefs. Let us consult together."

All the chief men were called in council and Talafele most humbly begged pardon for his statement, and the chief of the village was instructed to go among the public, announcing: "The words which Talafele, the headman, used in regard to baptism is not true."

THE YEAR OF THE TIGER

Time is counted, in China, in terms of seventy years, by a combination of twelve and ten letters which are called the "trunks" of heaven and the "branches" of the earth. Each of these combinations bears the name of an animal, such as, ox, mouse, rabbit, tiger.

Girls born in the period of the tiger and believed to be influenced by the bloody instincts of that beast, and that no man will ever marry them. Some are sacrificed to the fury of the tiger, for the father inscribes them as being born the preceding or following year, but this is rare indeed; most of them are killed at birth. The Holy Childhood Asylum which receives an average of 4,000 children a year, took in 6,000 in the year 1914 which came under the tiger. The number killed that year was correspondingly large.

SPEAKING OF ESTATES

"If our monuments are of marble, they will perish; if our good deeds are written in brass, time will efface them; if our life-work ends in hoarding a great fortune for our dear ones, they will dissipate it, and it will accomplish their ruin.

But if we work upon immortal souls—or aid others who are imbuing the souls of men with just fear of God, we are accomplishing something that will never die.

Instead of leaving an estate to be dissipated by ungrateful heirs, why not set aside a sum for educating a priest for China? For \$5,000 you can establish a Perpetual Bursar; the interest alone will pay for a priest's education. You will have a share in all the work he does. But your share does not end with him. That priest influences young boys to study for the priesthood; they in turn influence others. So your money never ceases its good work. It touches every soul of the race.

THE OPEN DOOR

We have lately received and read with interest a copy of a publication entitled "The Open Door" which gives some account of the attractions of a trip down the River St. Lawrence from Montreal, enroute for Rome.

With a preliminary discourse on the origin and meaning of the Holy Year Ceremonies in Rome, the author goes on to show that the early missionaries to the North American Continent came by way of the St. Lawrence River and pushed across the prairies and into Northern Canada from the Great Lakes. The St. Lawrence it is claimed is the natural inlet and outlet to and from Canada and the United States, and many thousands of pilgrims are expected to sail for Rome this year via Canada's inland waterway.

Copies of the booklet may be procured by application to the Cunard Steamship Company.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, May 10.—St. Antoninus, Bishop, was born at Florence in 1389, and after a childhood of singular holiness he was admitted to the Dominican House at Fiesole where he received the coveted habit in his sixteenth year. He wrote several works on theology and set as Papal Theologian at the Council of Florence. In 1446 he was compelled to accept the archbishopric of that city and his administration of this office earned for him the title of "Father of the Poor." He died in 1459.

Monday, May 11.—St. Mammetus, Archbishop of Vienna in Dauphine. He is noted for having instituted the fasts and supplications called the Rogations. On one occasion when a fire was ravaging the city and had defied the efforts of men to put it out, it was miraculously quenched through the prayers of the Saint.

Tuesday, May 12.—St. Epiphanius, Archbishop, was born in Palestine about 310. In his youth he began the study of the Holy Scriptures, embraced a monastic life, and went into Egypt to perfect himself in the exercises of that state in the deserts of that country. He returned to Palestine about the year 383, and built a monastery near the place of his birth. Later he became Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus. He died in 409.

Wednesday, May 13.—St. John the Silent, was born of a noble family at Nicopolis in Armenia in the year 454. After the death of his parents he built a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin at Nicopolis and also a monastery in which he shut himself up when only eighteen years old with ten fervent companions with the view of making the salvation and sanctification of his soul his only and earnest pursuit. He seldom spoke and when obliged to it was always in a very few words and with extreme discretion. When only twenty-eight he was consecrated Bishop of Colanias but after nine years found means to abdicate this charge and retired to a monastery. He died in 558.

Thursday, May 14.—St. Pachomius, Abbot, was a recruit in the Roman armies in the fourth century who was kindly treated by some Christians through whose village he passed. After his discharge from the army he was baptized and entered upon a life of great austerity. He founded a monastery at Tabenna and established a rigorous rule for the followers who flocked to him. He died in 348.

Friday, May 15.—Sts. Peter and Dionysia, were martyrs at Lamp-

saecus, a city of Asia Minor, during the Decian persecution. St. Peter was the first victim of the persecution at that city.

Saturday, May 16.—St. John Nepomucen, was born, in answer to a prayer, of poor parents at Nepomuc in Bohemia, in 1380. He was consecrated by his parents to God and his holy life as a priest led to his appointment as chaplain to the court of the Emperor Wenceslaus. When the Emperor sought to extort the confessions of the Emperor from the Saint the latter refused and was thrown into prison. After cruel tortures he was finally, made another effort to force the Saint to talk and when this failed, had the latter bound and thrown into the river. The body was miraculously recovered and buried with honor and when the casket was opened three hundred and thirty years later the flesh had disappeared but the Saint's tongue remained incorrupt; thus still, in silence, giving glory to God.

NEW BOOKS

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STATUE OF CHRIST TO BE RESTORED

By Mgr. Enrico Piacelli (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. G.)

Papal approval has been given to the project of the Catholic Youths of Rome to restore the famous statue of the Redeemer on Mount Guadagnolo which was struck by lightning and partially demolished last winter. The statue owes its origin to the piety of Italian Catholics in the last Holy Year of 1900. In response to a letter from the Cardinal outlining their proposal to restore the statue, Cardinal Gasparri, acting for the Pope, has sent them the following letter: "The proposal of the Catholic youths of Rome to restore the statue of the Divine Redeemer on Mount Guadagnolo to its former state is both noble and worthy. In this way, on the highest summit in the Lazio, will rise again more beautiful and resplendent the image of Him Who, through His Vicar, diffuses on this blessed Roman land the perennial and unvarying light of the eternal truths which are the sole guides along the sure paths of justice, truth and virile well-being. "This beautiful undertaking cannot lack the enthusiastic praise and encouragement of the August Pontiff. The Holy Father is delighted at the generous proposal of the Catholic Youths and is confident that the ardor of those who are invited to respond will not be less than the youthful fervor which inspired the proposal. "In this way might come to pass the wish of all good people, together with the most ardent desire of their common Father, and the divine image of the Redeemer will return to bless the Eternal city and the country and suburbs surrounding it, from the highest Lazial summit."

In 1900 the Catholics of Italy, as a demonstration of faith, consecrated the Italian mountains to God and initiated a practice of erecting statues of the Redeemer on some of the more prominent peaks. One peak selected was that of Mount Guadagnolo in the Lazio, on the estate of the Duke Leopold Torlonia. The Duke worked at the site and the statue, the work of a noted sculptor, Professor Zaecagnini, was formally unveiled September 18, 1908. The figure of the Redeemer was of heroic size, five and a-half meters in height. On the base was an inscription reading, in translation, "To Jesus Christ, God,—in the year 1900 of the Redemption brought about by Him—the Roman, Sabini, Equi, Ernici, and Volsci" (Latin names of the ancient peoples inhabiting the region where the monument was erected.)

Many prominent personages attended the unveiling ceremonies. Those present included: Cardinal Vannutelli, the Duke and Duchess Torlonia, Prince D. Francesco Massimo, the Marquis Theodoli, and many prelates, representatives of Catholic organizations and pilgrims.

Go to Mary for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed.—Cardinal Newman.

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A Perpetual Novena to the Wonder-Worker The grateful clients of St. Anthony are still sending their letters of thanksgiving to the Wonder-Worker for the many favors he is obtaining through his powerful intercession. We are only publishing a few of the many letters we have received at Graymour: Mrs. N. L. W. Penn.: "Enclosed find thank-offering for St. Anthony's Bread for my prayers being answered. I found my ring on the Thursday after the Novena concluded." Mrs. H. J. B., Ohio: "Enclosed find a thank-offering for St. Anthony's Bread Fund for a favor received. I was very ill with neuralgia of the heart. I asked St. Anthony's help, and I got better at once." J. O. T., N. Y. C.: "I ask your acceptance of the enclosed offering in thanksgiving to St. Anthony. Some weeks ago I sent a petition requesting the help of St. Anthony through the kind prayers of the Friars, so as to enable me to obtain work, and I am happy to say it has come to me in generous measure." Mrs. J. D. Manchester, N. H.: "I enclose money order which I promised to St. Anthony for the cure of my baby of eczema. He is coming along fine." These wishing to participate in this Novena may send their petitions, which will be entered in the Novena and placed at the famous shrine of the Wonder-Worker at Graymour, and be prayed for daily. Those not having the prayers to be recited during the Novena may have them upon request. Address your petitions to: St. Anthony's Graymour Shrine The Friars of the Atonement Box 316, Peekskill, N. Y.

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SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Wharf and Reconstruction of Breakwater at Goderich, Ont.," will be received until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving), Tuesday, May 2, 1926, for the construction of a wharf and the reconstruction of the breakwater at Goderich, Huron County, Ont. Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the offices of the District Engineer, Royal Bank Building, London, Ont., Equity Building, Toronto, Ont., and at the Post Office, Goderich, Ont. Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained therein. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent. of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security, or bonds and a cheque if required to make up an odd amount. Note.—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted cheque for the sum of \$2, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending bidder submit a regular bid. By order, S. E. O'BRIEN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 20, 1926.

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