

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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2194

LORD MAYOR OF CORK DIES

AFTER HUNGER STRIKE OF 73 DAYS

London, Oct. 25.—(Associated Press Cable).—Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, died at Brixton Prison, this city, at 5.40 o'clock this morning. His death followed a hunger strike of more than 73 days, eclipsing any in the annals of the medical world.

MacSwiney, who had been unconscious for several days, did not recover his faculties before he died. Father Dominic, his private chaplain, and his brother, John MacSwiney, were with him when the end came. Mrs. MacSwiney, accompanied by her parents and the Misses Annia and Mary MacSwiney, sisters of the Lord Mayor, arrived at Brixton Prison at 9.30 o'clock. It is understood arrangements are being made to take the body to Ireland for burial.

MacSwiney was unconscious for 36 hours before his death occurred, it is stated. Father Dominic, therefore, was unable to give him the last Sacrament, but he administered Extreme Unction.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF THEIR RULERS

While the Celtic people of Ireland are having their towns sacked and themselves brutally butchered for the crime of fighting for Irish liberty the Britishers of Ireland, the men who threatened to rebel against England, if she permitted the Irish people the shadowy kind of Home Rule, are now occupying the leading places in the Empire. One of them, French, is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; another, Bonar Law, is leader of the House of Commons; a third, Smith, is Lord Chancellor of England; and the fourth, Sir Edward Carson is (without question) the ruler of the Empire. Lloyd George is his obedient subordinate. Here are a few simple phrases which are a Dublin paper extracts from the speeches of these worthies in the years 1913-14: "If the Home Rule Bill is put upon the Statute Book, we shall take the Government into our own hands." "We have the army on our side. The Government cannot rely on it." "Some of the greatest generals in the army are pledged to stand with us." "It is going to be a fight to a finish." "We are going to break every law that it is possible to break." "Do not be afraid of illegality." "We shall march from Belfast to Cork and tombstones will mark our way." The men who used these expressions are those who now are shocked at the rebellion of the real Irish and owners of Ireland against the invading foreigner!

CARSON DICTATOR—GEORGE A PUPPET

The fact that Carson is today the ruler of the British Empire is admitted both by friend and enemy in England. Gardner, the editor of the Daily News, wrote and published a special article on the subject, protesting in the name of England against such peculiar state of affairs—where, he says, the Prime Minister is only a puppet, the strings of which are pulled by Sir Edward—and that Lloyd George dances and has to dance to whatever tune Sir Edward desires. Even many of Lloyd George's friends pity him for his position, more than his enemies despise him. Carson, as leader of the English Tory Irreconcilables, the most extreme of the Junker Party, controls more than 120 votes in Parliament, and consequently can throw Lloyd George out any day he desires. As George loves his job, he consequently does Carson's bidding on all occasions.

IMPERIALISTS AND INTELLECTUALS APPEALED

The campaign of barbarism in Ireland although it is as far as possible suppressed by the British press, which only announces that "reprisals" are being taken—and eliminates all the brutal circumstances—still can not be kept from the more intelligent of the English people. The fact that Lord Grey and Asquith and others of them, who had been very harmless Home Rulers indeed, have now come out publicly, demanding Dominion Home Rule, is an indication of how the state of things in Ireland has compelled them to move forward. Gardner of the Daily News says he saw Asquith the other day, and never in all his career saw him so much worked up as he is over the outrage campaign carried on by the army in Ireland. Gardner confesses that even some of the Junker ones among the Imperialists are feeling it, not because of the terrible wrong of the thing, but because of the fact of world opinion bringing disgrace to the Empire. The novelist, Wells, Sir Gilbert Murray, Jerome K. Jerome and a few others of the intellectuals are persistently appealing to England to

come to its senses, and stop the horrors in Ireland before England is forever disgraced. But since they can not be stopped without Carson's approval, the outlook is hopeless enough.

REACTION ON FRENCH OPINION

The reactions of the happenings in Ireland upon the French provincial press is interesting. Here is an extract from an editorial entitled "Criminal Alibion," in a leading Nantes organ, *Pinle Sans Rires*: "In following the painful phases of the Martyrdom of the Lord Mayor of Cork it seems that we assist at the agony of the most famous Empire that the world has ever seen. The English people can form no idea of the universal exasperation invoked by their governmental methods, their trickery, their treasuries and their hypocrisy. In order to carry our indignation to its logical conclusion one thing was hitherto wanting and that was assassination, but even that has now been attained. English repression has always been ferocious, exercised in Ireland and the Irish people were formerly treated as pariahs who were excluded from all public or political functions. With a marvellous activity tempered by their indefectible faith, our brothers in blood and religion, the Celts of Ireland, conquered, inch by inch, their place in the sun, notwithstanding the gnashing of teeth of hypocritical Alibion. After having subscribed to the proclamation of the rights of peoples to self-determination, England, as usual, has been false to her engagements. She refuses that right to Ireland and now she grows their protests in blood. It is said that a free Ireland is a menace to England, but is not the freedom of Ireland already menaced by English oppression. If one of those two peoples should perish, why not England—the executioner rather than the victim."

CHAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES

When at the time that the Antislavery horrors were divulged (only by the action of the Labor Party of England, a long time after they had happened) newspaper readers hardly credited the statement that on the streets at Amritsar and other Indian cities the English soldiers had compelled Hindus, who were suspected of working for India's freedom, to crawl on hands and feet, accompanied on either side by soldiers with loaded guns. Now we know that this method of impressing conquered people with British greatness is not specially reserved for the Hindu. Henry Burke, shop assistant to the firm of McTigue & Co. of Tuam, Galway, was taken from his bed in the middle of the night by soldiers, and charged with having refused to supply drink to one of their sergeants the day before. The Dublin Daily Independent of October 2nd says that for this crime young Burke was dragged into the street in his night-shirt and made to crawl on hands and feet around the square in the center of the town. A party of soldiers with fixed bayonets marched on each side of him—under the direction of an officer, who when the ordeal was finished, told Burke that henceforth he could regard himself as a marked man. Tuam had been sacked and burned a few weeks before. On this night they also did a little shooting up of the town. Several men, members of the Transport Union, were taken from bed and brutally assaulted. One of them, Stephen Keane, was kept out all night, beaten repeatedly, and tortured, for refusing to sever his connection with the Trades Council. The Independent reported that he was then confined to bed and attended by doctors.

LETTER FROM AN IRISHWOMAN

From a letter which I have just received from a well-known Irish peasant who was a Unionist (but whose name for her own sake it is wisest in these days not to mention) I extract the following: "Your letter to me brought back old happy times that seem doubly beautiful now in face of the fearful suffering this country is going through. You have probably formed in your mind some opinion of the suffering, but I can tell you that the worst opinion you possibly have formed is still not nearly as bad as the actuality. Things are much worse than any one outside of Ireland knows. The sacking of Balbrigan and other towns by the Black and Tans was accompanied by brutalities that have not been made public and could not be made public. They are terrorizing Ireland as they did when they were goading it into rebellion in 1798. But it is no use. Nothing can tame the spirit here, and the people are now steeling themselves. English ministers, I am sorry to say, are given over to the devil. The worst crime done by the Black and Tans is desired and approved—and in all probability indirectly called for—by the Ministers. The English, I now see, have never learned humanity as rulers, and I doubt if they ever will."

SYSTEMATIC DEVILTRY

A new design seems to stand out of what had at first appeared to be the indiscriminate destruction wrought by the Black and Tans and the mili-

tary and police in sacking the towns. Now it is evident that there is even more method in the madness than had at first appeared. They are systematically destroying the creameries and the little factories that several towns were promoting. Every day it is more and more evident that their actions are being directed by very wise heads indeed. A new departure in the systematic destruction is that, in addition to raiding and burning the towns, they are now making sorties into the country to set fire to farmers' hay-stacks, corn-stacks, stables, and barns. In fact, the campaign to which Lloyd George (under Carson's command) gave public approval from a platform in Casement, is being reduced to a very fine and very effective system. The system evidently is to cripple her just as thoroughly as Germany has been crippled—and for the same reason—so that she may not again be able to give any trouble to England for a century. But God's in His Heaven.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

ENGLISH EX-M. P. IN IRELAND

LORD BRYCE'S BROTHER WRITES TO TIMES OF OUTRAGES ON PROTESTANT UNIONISTS

To the Editor of the Times:
Sir,—On September 16, at 9.45 a.m. a lorry full of soldiers from Bantry stopped in front of the Eccles Hotel, Glengarriff, where I have been staying since August 19. The managers went to the door and was handed by a soldier an envelope addressed in handwriting "The Managers, Eccles Hotel, Glengarriff." It contained an unsigned and undated slip worded as follows:

In some districts loyalists and members of His Majesty's forces have received notices threatening the destruction of their houses in certain circumstances. Under these circumstances it has been decided that for each loyalist's house so destroyed the house of a republican leader will be similarly dealt with. It is naturally to be hoped that the necessity for such reprisals will not arise and therefore this warning of the punishment which will follow any destruction of loyalists' houses is being widely circulated.

I at once sent a copy of this notice, mentioning the circumstances, to General Sir Nevill Macready, and said that, as it was contrary to his recent proclamation against reprisals, I presumed it was issued without his authority or knowledge. I received, to my surprise, the following reply:

Sir,—Sir Nevill Macready asks me in reply to your letter of 16th instant to state that he is acquainted with the distribution of the notices, a copy of which you enclosed.—Truly yours, WILLIAM BRYCE, Major-General, I.C. Administration, Ireland, G.H.Q., Dublin, 15th September, 1920.

On the 17th inst. I wrote a similar letter with copy of the notice, to the O.C. Bantry, asking that, as on the night of August 15 the garage of this hotel had been burned by police who had also threatened to burn the hotel itself, he would give an assurance against further molestation. I gave him as a special reason for protection that the present proprietress had acquired the hotel in 1916 for conversion into a convalescent hospital for officers, that it was the first such hospital in Ireland, and that with the title of "Queen Alexandra's Home of Rest for Officers," first under the Red Cross and afterwards the Dublin Command, it had—she being commandant—housed hundreds of wounded officers, while the only return for her pains and expenditure of many thousands pounds, which both the Red Cross and the War Office refused to repay, had been the burning of the garage. To this letter I received the following Gibraltar answer:

To J. Annan Bryce, Esq., Eccles Hotel, Glengarriff.

In reply to your letter of September 17, 1920, addressed to O.C. Barracks, Bantry. It appears that slips similar to the one to which you evidently refer are being distributed about the country. On investigation I find that an officer of my battalion picked one of them up. The officer having seen similar slips in Bantry and other places thought it would be a good thing to hand it in to one of the hotels in Glengarriff as he passed through. As you was the most convenient, being close to the road, he put it in an envelope and addressed it to the managers and handed it in to me, as he passed.

L. M. JONES, Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding Troops, Bantry and commanding 1st Battalion The King's Regiment, Bantry, September 20, 1920.

I also wrote to Sir Hamar Greenwood, but have received no reply. It will be seen that neither Sir Nevill

Macready nor Colonel Jones disavows the notice, and that Colonel Jones makes no answer to the request for an assurance of non-molestation.

I may add that there is no justification for the issue of such a notice in this district, where the only damage to loyalist premises has been done by the police. In July they had assigned for the outrages on Mr. Biggs, one that was employed Sinn Féin, and a life-long Unionist, with a damage of over £25,000, and the estate office of the late Mr. Leigh-White, also a Unionist. Subsequently, in August, the police fired into Mr. Biggs's office, while his residence has since been commandeered for police barracks. He has had to send his family to Dublin and to live himself in a hotel. Only two reasons can be assigned for the outrages on Mr. Biggs, one that he employed Sinn Féin—he could not work his large business without them, they being no Unionist workmen in Bantry—The other a recently published statement of his protesting—on his own 40 years' experience—against Orange allegations of Catholic intolerance.

The July burning was part of a general pogrom, in which a cripple, named Crowley, was deliberately shot by the police while in bed and several houses were set on fire while the people were asleep. A report was made to Dublin Castle by Mr. Hynes, the County Court Judge, who happened to be on the spot for quarter sessions. Questioned in the House of Commons, the Government refused to produce this report on the ground that production would not be in the public interest, which means—as Parliamentary experience teaches one—that it was damning to Government.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. ANNAN BRYCE,
Eccles Hotel, Glengarriff, County Cork, September 25.

ARCHBISHOP MCNEIL'S SILVER JUBILEE

Toronto Globe, Oct. 21

"Who is he that cometh like an honored guest,
With banner and with trumpet,
With soldier and with priest?"

Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto Archdiocese, scholarly Nova Scotian Scot, yesterday celebrated his 25th anniversary as a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop McNeil entered his Cathedral to the literal outpourings of the splendid music of the Catholic Church. He has ever ready for her great occasion.

The fine interior of the old cathedral was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The flags of many nations adorned the pillars of the central aisle. When the Archbishop, accompanied by practically the entire Canadian Episcopate, entered the sanctuary to celebrate his jubilee Mass the scene was profoundly impressive, the atmosphere veritably shimmered to the music of the fine choir gathered for the occasion, and the rich robes of the Papal Delegate, the Archbishop, Bishops, and clergy rounded out a scene quite worthy of one of the Church's great ceremonies.

ENTRANCE OF ARCHBISHOP

Through the many-hued windows there filtered a bright sunlight, and on the high altar the hundreds of candles glowed like so many jewels and rubies amid the white chrysanthemums and roses. A hushed silence had fallen over the multitude that thronged the vast nave of the cathedral, when suddenly the great organ burst forth, strengthened by the voices of the students of St. Augustine's Seminary, with the hymn "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" (Behold, a Great Priest).

At that moment Right Reverend Neil McNeil entered the church, preceded by some 200 clergymen of various rank, who moved up the aisle with slow and solemn dignity. At the end of the train of snowy white choristers and acolytes came the scarlet-robed Bishops and Archbishops.

GREETING OF PAPAL DELEGATE

Behind Archbishop McNeil walked the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Pietro Di Maria, Archbishop of Piacenza, in heavily brocaded scarlet robe, waving his right hand, on which flashed the diamond with Papal ensign, in salutation to the assembled crowd, which devoutly made the sign of the Cross.

Led to the canopied throne, His Excellency took up the position of honor, surrounded by dignitaries of the Church.

Both Archbishop McNeil and His Excellency the Papal Delegate had been given the commission to pronounce the Apostolic blessing on the people of Toronto. The instructions came in an autographed letter from the Holy Father, which was handed to Archbishop McNeil by Monsignor Di Maria at the opening ceremony the previous night.

By request of Toronto's Archbishop only the plain chape used for the singing of the Pontifical Mass. Impressive was the rendering of the

Royal Gregorian music of the Pontifical Mass, written by Dumont in the reign of Louis XIV., under direction of Reverend F. Cassick, Right Reverend Bishop O'Brien was the preacher for the occasion.

PERSONAL REFERENCE OMITTED

Truly in keeping with Archbishop McNeil's character, he had requested that all personal reference be omitted from the sermon. Right Reverend Bishop O'Brien was the preacher for the occasion.

"The priesthood is to carry forward the Cross and the teachings of Jesus Christ," said the preacher. "Christ's coming is not alone to redden the world, but to give humanity the means and point the way to Heaven."

Immediately after the consummation of the mystery and sacrifice of the Mass, while the odor of incense filled the great church, the Papal Delegate invoked God's blessing upon Toronto's highest prelate, praying that many years might be added to his life as a useful servant of God in His Church.

PRESENTED WITH PURSE

A testimonial "purse"—said to contain \$40,000—was then handed to the Archbishop, accompanied by expressions of diocesan esteem and devotion.

Rev. Dr. Arthur O'Leary addressed the Archbishop in name of the clergy.

"Your Grace came to us in the calm that preceded the War, and though peace now reigns, the outlook is ominous with distrust and agitation," said Dr. O'Leary.

"War problems confronted you which demanded an enlightened mind and steady purpose; peace reconstruction still demands clear Episcopal vision, for the interests of God and souls are at stake," continued the doctor.

"You realized when you came here that priests held the key to the problems I just mentioned, and your first thoughts in this diocese were for St. Augustine's Seminary."

St. Augustine's has rapidly outgrown its appointments, has given our diocese 34 priests, 27 to other Ontario sees, 43 to other Canadian Provinces, and has sent 11 elsewhere," he said.

GRAPPLEING WITH PROBLEMS

The doctor continued: "The future looms red with contempt for law in Church and State. With your finger on the pulse of fevered society, Your Grace has sounded the tocsin of alarm, and exhorted your clergy to labor the more to stem the baleful maelstrom of the hour, and to seek out speedy and permanent remedies in the pages of the Gospel. We have seen you studying and praying for light; we have heard your voice in conference and retreats warning us of all the present-day tendencies and advising us to expound practical reforms. The throbbing of your own Episcopal heart for troubled humanity has affected us, your words have fired us with zeal for social service. Your priests thank God for your guidance and example, and rejoice in the reputation Your Grace enjoys as the most enlightened and the most practical thinker and worker in the devotional avenues of social betterment."

"Your success in methods of education, your high note of patriotism, your breadth of view and your unbounded charity have won for Your Grace that admiration so oft expressed by leaders of thought and action outside the Church you honorably represent."

BETTERMENT OF EDUCATION

"Catholic Canada needs today united action toward the betterment of primary and higher education. How well Your Grace has read our needs and followed them up can best be seen by noting your efforts for efficiency and progress. You have encouraged our boards, both urban and rural, and been yourself directly responsible for the city St. Michael's and Holy Rosary Schools, and the outside schools of Oshawa, Port Dalhousie, Niagara Falls and Thorold. While militating for the rights of the child to a Catholic education by an equitable taxation, you have thrown every safeguard round our school system and encouraged our high schools, colleges and convents to graduate the best type of Canadian citizens, loyal to the Church and loyal to the Dominion, capable and willing to render unto Caesar the things that are God's."

A FORCE FOR HARMONY

"We wish to give expression today to the tact and skill displayed by Your Grace in destroying discord whenever the enemy has tried to rend our forces in this vast Dominion, where all nationalists have interests in common, sacred and Catholic. While promoting parish work and diocesan advancement, you have not been unmoved by domestic cares. Your vision has been beyond Ontario, beyond the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to the uttermost regions of the Catholic world. Not content with promoting Church Extension and rendering this movement financial aid, your pen has been busy and your voice ever raised in favor of unity, charity and true Catholicism. In the light of your past successful efforts our hopes are high that the burden of

the Episcopate may not pass from your shoulders until Canada is permeated with your own sense of Catholicity as the dominant note of the Church of Christ. May your influence spread through a wide dissemination of Catholic truth, and your able contributions to the press. "Patriotism has also been noted by us as outstanding in Your Grace. Though a lover of peace, you employed every means to advance the late War."

ADDRESS FROM LADY

Mr. J. F. Power, inspector of Separate schools, read the address from the lady. It offered sincere congratulations and gave assurance of "humble submission in all things."

"We have seen a zealous and successful effort made to spread the Gospel of Christ beyond the confines of any parish, or any diocese," it read. "We have seen the multiplication of schools, a marked increase in the number of students pursuing higher education. We wish to emphasize Your Grace's efforts to meet the religious needs of those whose native tongue differs from our own, but who are, nevertheless, faithful subjects of the Holy Church."

The address touched on the interest the Archbishop had taken in hospitals, fraternal societies and religious communities.

"As a native son of Canada," it concluded, "the breath of Your Grace's citizenship is second only to your Catholicity. Every public question has received Your Grace's interest and co-operation. You sounded the note of patriotism in the late War, and were one of the first to appear on the public platform to assist in recruiting."

"You have become endeared not only to the members of your flock, but also to those outside the fold."

THANKS OF ARCHBISHOP

Archbishop McNeil, in reply, stated that the message he had received from the Holy Father, who remembered him personally, was intended to be shared by his flock. He expressed gratification at the spontaneous expressions of good will which had been showered on him from all sides, and his indebtedness to the thousands of pious souls who had prayed for him and made his success possible.

"The Archbishop thanked the various prelates, of whom some had traversed seas and travelled thousands of miles to be present in Toronto at his silver jubilee."

MANY CLERGY PRESENT

Among the prominent clergy in attendance were: Most Rt. Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, D.D., Quebec; Most Rev. Michael Joseph Spratt, D.D., Kingston; Most Rt. Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D.D., Edmonton; Rt. Rev. Louis O'Leary, D.D., Charlottetown; Rt. Rev. Paul Larocque, D.D., Sherbrooke; Rt. Rev. Michael Joseph O'Brien, D.D., Peterboro; Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Emond, D.D., Valleyfield; Rt. Rev. James Morrison, D.D., Antigonish; Rt. Rev. John Thomas McNally, D.D., Calgary; Rt. Rev. Elle Anicet Latipette, D.D., Halifax; Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard, D.D., North Bay; Rt. Rev. Nicetas Budka, Bishop of the Ruthenian Rite, Winnipeg; Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Connor, V. G., London; Rev. J. E. Donnelly, Montreal, representing Archbishop Bruchesi.

HOME TRUTHS FROM ABROAD

MR. BALFOUR THE PHILOSOPHER AND MR. BALFOUR THE UNIONIST POLITICIAN

To the International Congress of Philosophy at Oxford Mr. Balfour has discussed with great reasonableness on the difficulties of treaty-making. When it comes to the redrawing of frontiers, nationalisms like patriotism in the famous phrase, is not enough. The creed worked all right if only the various "nationals" had managed to assemble themselves with greater geographical discretion. But, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, within the trouble and intricate confines of Central Europe there are little "islands" of Alien peoples which conflict with the nearest frontier that has been calculated on the requirements of their neighbors. These "pockets" of intransigent nationalism are as disturbing to the scrupulous treaty-maker as "air-pockets" need to be to the first race of aeroplane pilots. But as a practical treaty-maker Mr. Balfour was ready with a remedy. His advice to these "alien islands" is in effect that they must resign themselves, like the fly in the amber, to staying where they have managed to stick. This is excellent advice—and how much more soluble the problem of Ireland would be if the advice could be favourably considered by the Ulster Unionists. There is a country whose frontiers present no difficulty to the designer, because they have been ready made by the sea. And there is a "nationalist pocket" which has firmly decided to regard itself as incurably alien from the rest of the population within those natural frontiers. It has been so long and warmly encouraged in this attitude by Mr.

Balfour and his friends that it is perhaps too late to expect any great attention for this wider counsel—particularly as Mr. Balfour, the philosopher, has a habit of expounding a scale of virtues and values that sometimes differ decidedly from those expounded by Mr. Balfour the Unionist politician.—Manchester Guardian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, September 30.—A moving and picturesque ceremony was witnessed a few days ago at Port-Bezin when the Bishop of Bayeux, who had come to visit the fishermen, taking up again an old bygone tradition, wearing his full pontifical garments, got into a boat and sailed up and down the coast to bless the sea.

Rev. P. Darley, O.P., Consultor S. Cong. of Religieuses (Woodchester), writing to us from Atlantic House, Tromore, says: "The Holy See has granted by special indulgent the privilege of a yearly holiday of two weeks to nuns and sisters of the various Communities of Great Britain and Ireland, also the United States and Canada."

Amiens, September 30.—In a letter addressed to the rector of Miraumont in regard to the graves of Canadians at Courcelles, Monsignor de la Ville-Rabel, Bishop of Amiens, announces his intention to raise on the Courcelles territory a monument in commemoration of the Canadian heroes. This monument is to be erected with the assistance of the "Catholic Committee of French Antilles," which is under the direction of Monsignor Baurillat.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 11.—The Sister of the "Little Flower of Jesus" has sent to the Rev. Dr. Bernard A. McKenna, of the Catholic University, a copy of the old portrait of Sister Teresa, she painted in 1912. It will be hung in the Salvat Regina Chapel at the University. The painter of the picture is a nun in the Carmelite convent at Lizeux, France, where Sister Teresa spent her last days in this world, and is "Celine," of whom the "Little Flower" speaks so often in her autobiography—"The Story of a Soul."

Sixty thousand pilgrims attended the laying of the corner-stone of the new basilica of Notre Dame de Loretto on the hill towering above Lens in Artois, France. The basilica will take the place of the old chapel which was the scene of great pilgrimage before the War. During the conflict, in 1914 and 1915, the place was the scene of terrific fighting and the chapel, oftentimes taken and recovered, was completely destroyed. More than 100,000 were killed in the vicinity. In the great new church to be erected there will be a lantern tower, 200 feet high, with a permanent light in memory of the dead.

Springfield, Mass., October 11.—The Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, who died suddenly of heart disease at the episcopal residence last Tuesday, was born and reared in this city, and became not only one of its most distinguished residents, but also a figure of importance in the State at large. Many religious and charitable institutions in the Diocese of Springfield remain as so many monuments to the zeal and devotion of Bishop Beaven. In the twenty-eight years of his episcopal administration not fewer than twelve hospitals, homes and orphanages were established at his instance or with his co-operation.

London, Oct. 11.—Things have gone from bad to worse in Ireland; and constructive statesmanship seems impossible and voiceless. Declared Cardinal Bourne in preaching at Downside Abbey at the solemn translation of the relics of Blessed Oliver Plunkett. "Only one great message can go forth from this church," he said; "and that is truly on our lips and in our thoughts. Let young and old, learned and unlearned, priests and people, be on their knees not only today and tomorrow but day after day as long as need shall last that Almighty God, through the intercession of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, the very apostle of peace and pacification, may grant our two nations at the time, when 'hope is fast dying' through divine justice and understanding they may unite in true friendship."

Paris, Oct. 2.—The recent unveiling of a monument to the memory of Chaplain Abraham Block, formerly Grand Rabbi of Lyons, recalls to the minds of French Catholics a beautiful and striking incident of the War, when Chaplain Block, through mortally wounded himself, held a crucifix to the lips of a dying Catholic soldier. This charity of the rabbi to his fellow sufferer at the hour of death, even at the cost of the "negation of all traditions," was instrumental in bringing many Catholics, among them Mgr. Chiey, the representative of the Bishop St. Die, to the unveiling ceremonies. The Grand Rabbi of France was among those who took part in the exercise.

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BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

To say that Madge's heart did not sink as her quick eye took in at a glance the second-rate appearance of everything, would be to assert what was not true; she felt both sick and disappointed at all she saw and her heart almost failed her through no sign of it appeared in her face or manner. She had been weak and had broken down once that evening; with God's help it should not occur again.

"I shall be most comfortable, mother mine," she exclaimed, "and most happy to feel that I am near you."

For answer, Mrs. FitzAllan kissed her daughter and said fervently, "Good night, and God bless you, darling; we shall meet again in the morning." Perhaps she was taking leave of the girl's heart, and could not bear to witness it, for somewhat abruptly she turned and left the room.

Finding herself alone, Madge, with a heavy sigh, turned to examine the apartment more closely; by the aid of a tallow candle in a bright tin candlestick, she looked at the pictures on the wall. Hung up on one side were four old Dutch prints, representing the usual coarse stout figures—some engaged in culinary operations; two spooning lovers with very short waists, struggling through a wood of marvelously low trees; another of a very stout mother rocking an alarmingly fat limbed infant to rest; Madge passed them all. "Rubbish, all of them! horrid-looking things!" she muttered and passed on.

Her next move was to the looking-glass, that had lost one foot, and was propped up by a piece of wood. Holding the candle above her head, she paused for a moment to look at herself, and her thoughts ran thus: "Can I be the same girl who barely more than forty-eight hours ago stood within the de roid walls of St. Benedict, and who a few months ago thought of home with such loving and tender feelings? Ah, me, it is hard; it is like some terrible dream! Thank God Beatrice and Marie cannot see me now, though I am sure they would be sorry for me."

Then she walked to the fireplace, and the candle almost dropped from her hand as she exclaimed, "O my God, I thank Thee for this! You dear, dear old man! everything in this wretched house is strange to me but you and mother," and she gazed lovingly up in the face of her early friend, her dear old grandfather. It was a living likeness of him, and one he had painted expressly for her when she was a little child; there he sat in the old oak chair he loved so well, the heavy gold watch chain, from which hung the massive old seals she used to play with; the ring with its crest engraven upon it; the silken stocking and shoes with the beautiful buckles she always admired so much; but most of all the handsome old face with those steady, keen, and piercing eyes, that the upright loved and the scoundrel feared. There he sat looking at her, at his little grandchild, with the same expression of love that his countenance had always worn whenever his eyes fell upon her.

Tired as she was, the girl stood for a long time gazing at her in the vision before her, and recalling scenes which had had better not have thought of; for those two bright spots began to burn on her cheeks, and her brain, already worn out and tired, stood in need of rest, not excitement. She almost mechanically let the candlestick drop upon the mantelpiece, and resting her arms on its cold painted wood, allowed her weary head to droop heavily upon them, whilst she mused inwardly, "O grandpapa, grandpapa, watch over your little grandchild and love her still, for I am, oh, so lonely and miserable! I feel as if I were in a dream, and I am young to face it all. If only you were here, you would help me out of all our troubles, and teach me what to do! But I will come and talk to you when dull and lonely, and the sight of your dear face will cheer me, for I will fancy I am once more seated upon your knees with your strong arms clasped around me, and you will cheer your little darling, and tell me how I must comfort mother!"

In a recess by the side of the fireplace hung a large cross, with a beautifully carved figure in ivory upon it, the gift of her mother to Madge on the day she made her first confession. A bedroom chair with the legs set as a prie-dieu, a set of red and blue cushions, and a set of old but valuable rosary beads hung upon a nail close by; and the figure of a little angel holding a tiny shell for holy water, hung upon the opposite side, the gift of Willie to her when they were children together. Madge knelt upon the would be prie-dieu; she felt stupefied and dull; her eyes burned, and her temples throbed painfully; she could only repeat in broken sentences: "My God, help me! oh, help me! for I cannot understand things at all. Oh, make me brave and strong to aid my mother!"

Over her bed hung her favorite picture of the "Mother of Sorrows," and as Madge, worn out in body and mind, laid her weary head to rest, it was under the special protection of the "Queen of Sorrows,"

How differently the first morning after their return home dawned upon each of our girls. Upon Beatrice the day broke bright and joyous—by love and pleasure, joy and mirth, went hand-in-hand and danced attendance upon her at every turn. She was, as it were, mistress and queen of all around her, and she knew and felt it, for her young heart responded joyfully to it all.

Even the rays of the cheerful morning sun discovered our little Marie, and darting its bright beams through the oriel window, lit up with glory her silky hair and played amongst the roses on her cheeks, whilst the birds sang blithely in the trees close by, and the lark carolled his morning hymn above her head, so that she, too, rose joyous and bright, full of hope in the future. But for poor Madge it was different.

The morning broke dull and grey, footsteps on the pavement beneath her window awoke her, and she started up wondering where she was. Quickly she realized everything, but feeling rested, rose, and going to the window, peeped out. Tall, prim-looking houses opposite—in fact, houses to the right of her, and chimneys to the left of her, houses and chimneys everywhere; every now and again a mill cart, jogged past; then a poor shop-girl or clerk hurrying to his or her place of business; a boy with hot roller, and after him a cab rolled heavily by. "What a dismal place!" thought Madge as she drew the blind a little more to one side. "Poor mother! what has brought you here? Far, far away in the distance, through an opening amongst the houses, she could discern the outline of some hills, faintly lit up by the morning sun. "Oh, how I wish I were there!" she sighed; "it seems to me that anything would be endurable if only hidden from the eyes of men. How I detest the very sight of all this brick and mortar! I must will not stop to think: I will, I must be brave!" and she was. She tried to close her eyes to everything around her save her mother, and the next few days passed more pleasantly than she had hoped for. She realized with gratitude and joy how her presence and companionship cheered and consoled that good, kind parent. The dear grey eyes lit up with pleasure at every fond embrace and attention lavished upon her by Madge, and it was in a sort of rapture that she listened to the girl's voice as she sat and sang to her in the evenings. It was years since Mrs. FitzAllan had sung herself, but the clear notes of her daughter's rare voice raised to life the musical soul within her, and she poured forth her sorrow and grief in words and song so sad and musical as though all her long pent-up feelings had found a vent at last. Things would not have been so bad, could they have been permitted to pass on quietly like this; but their few days of rest and peace were drawing to a close.

"How close and warm it is, mother dear; do come for a walk. I simply crave for fresh air. Is there no mill near where we can walk onsen and breathe freely, for I feel stifled?"

"Dear child, no doubt you do. As soon as the sun sinks a little we will go and watch it set from Arthur's Seat, a hill not far off. It is long since I have walked abroad. I shall enjoy a stroll with you."

Madge had made up her mind to speak to her mother and question her upon many subjects that she longed to know, and felt that she could do so when out in the free air of that dismal house. They strolled at first through the streets, and then upon quieter and less frequented roads, until they reached the fine hill which is such a boon to Edinburgh. Madge had to support her mother up the steep walk which followed, and was much distressed to find how terribly fatigued she was with such slight exertion.

"Rise up well, mother darling, and let us rest awhile upon this seat. Do look at the lovely view; and oh, how delightful and refreshing is the breeze! O mother, mother, for a glimpse once more of my native hills!"

"Hush, hush, Madge! I cannot bear to hear you speak like that; you will break my heart," and Mrs. FitzAllan covered her face with both her hands, and what?—weep? No! only prayed that God would spare her darling child any unnecessary suffering. They rose and walked on higher still, and again seated themselves upon a secluded seat placed in the hollow of the hill.

"Mother," began Madge firmly, "you and I are here, apparently far away from every one else at present. See, from where we sit, there is not one soul in view. Open your heart to me, dearest, and tell me things I have a right to know; it will relieve you when you feel I know the world."

Mrs. FitzAllan shuddered perceptibly, but answered, "You are right, Madge; ask me any question you wish."

"Why did you leave the dear old home, and with it everything bright and beautiful, and come to live in Edinburgh?"

"Because, child, we lost nearly all our money."

"But how, mother?" Did a bank break, or what?"

"No, Madge; your father was unfortunate in business."

"Business?" and the honest eyes looked up inquiringly—"what business could he have to do?"

There was a pause; but an expression of mingled pain and shame hung over the mother's countenance as she replied, "I fear to understand it too well myself, darling; but after grandpapa's death, your father met

with unwieldy companions, and somehow they beguiled him into fearful losses."

Madge perceived how her mother's hand shook, and noted the trembling quiver in her voice, but felt she must probe the wound still deeper. It was her right and duty to know the worst, though she would strive to be as merciful as she could. "Can you not tell me how these men prevailed upon father to lose his money?"

"I can only guess, my child."

"I have heard how men gamble and bet, and thus lose their money, but surely surely my father is not one of those?"

There was no reply; but Madge noticed that, as if by accident, her mother's veil had fallen, and saw that her head drooped.

"You had a large fortune, mother, I know you had, what became of that?"

"By degrees I gave it all to your father to satisfy his creditors; it was mine to do as I liked; surely I could not have seen him cast into prison for debt, could I, darling?"

Madge had a clear head, and the more distinctly she began to see things the more ghanly did they appear.

"I see," she said slowly, and there was a harder tone in her voice. "You were forced to sell the home in order to have a little money upon which to live; otherwise we should have been beggars. But why come to a town?"

"Because I found that, for one reason, it would be cheaper to take a furnished house in town; and for another I heard that your father spent much of his time in Edinburgh, and hoped that perhaps if I lived there he might be tempted to spend his evenings with me instead of with those unfortunate friends."

"And this is the way he does it," said Madge bitterly. "Ah, I begin to see it now! After ruining his wife and turning her out of her home, he goes away and enjoys himself upon the few pounds she has left, leaving her to pine away or starve—in fact do the best she can in a dark and wretched house."

"Spare him, spare him, Madge; he is my husband and your father, and he loves me still, indeed he does. I swore at God's altar to be faithful and true to him until death, and with His help I will; besides, I may be able to reclaim him yet; and oh, Madge, if in his conduct you see much else to condemn, try and be merciful in your judgment of him. You know not how he may be tempted, nor, with a convulsive sob, 'what I have suffered.'"

"Dearest, dearest mother, for your sweet sake I will try not to condemn him," and with her strong young arm Madge clasped the slender form closely to her, as if she would faint protect her from all further suffering. "You are a veritable saint. To help and comfort you I will endeavor to be patient and kind to him; but I am young and wedded to mother dear, and at times the trial may be hard, I fear."

"It will—I know and feel it will; but remember," and Mrs. FitzAllan clasped her hands together tightly, "I can endure anything but the sight of your grief; that would almost kill me."

Does Lady Abbess know all this, mother?"

"Yes, almost all, for she has ever been my best and truest friend, and I cannot hide it from her. Her sympathy, counsel, and advice have always been my greatest earthly comfort and consolation."

For some time the mother and daughter sat silent and still, their hearts too full for words; both were abstractedly watching the changes in the sky. The sun had concealed itself behind a large dark cloud, the top of which was lit up hopefully with a bright golden edge, revealing a little of what was hidden behind, whilst at the bottom strong sparkling rays were shooting downward, which each instant grew more and more brilliant, until at last, little by little, the great golden orb itself appeared, dazzling with its glory the eyes of those two silent ones as they sat sad and hopeless.

Presently the girl, crossing her mother's hand fondly, said, "Look up, mother, and see how clearly and brightly the sun now shines after being hidden so long beneath that dark and gloomy cloud. It will be the same for us, dearest, Lady Abbess told me so. She said that the heavy clouds would roll away and that the sun would shine more brightly than ever afterwards. So do not lose heart; God will help us."

"For you, dear one, I seem to feel that the sun is but hidden for a time. For me—no; my sun is set; it will never shine upon me more, nor will it ever rise again."

"Nay, say not so, mother dear," pleaded the girl, with her sweet, earnest eyes. "God is good, and He will never try you beyond your strength. I cannot endure to see that hopeless look upon your face."

"Not hopeless, dearest," replied the mother tenderly; "but, Madge, I believe sooner or later we must each of us learn our lesson in the school of sorrow. Some, like you, learn it early in life, whilst youth and hope are strong within them; to others their task is set in later years, when, perhaps, like me, the untutored discipline, the unheeded carelessness of their previous lives may have been but a poor preparation for their hour of trial, and thus render the task all the more difficult to bear; besides which, in after years the bodily strength will sometimes give way, totally unable to bear the mental strain."

"And do you feel like this, mother darling?"

"Candidly, I do, Madge. In times of extreme sorrow my heart feels as though it would fall me entirely, by utterly refusing to do its duty longer; but I would die contentedly could I but see you happy and your poor father himself once more."

"Poor little mother!" was all that Madge could say. She arose, and drawing her mother's arm firmly within her own with an air of protection, they began to descend the hill together. Mrs. FitzAllan endeavored to be cheerful, but Madge was silent. She felt that from her mother's words there was still more room for her to learn, something worse than she already knew. They passed a quiet evening; the piano was left untouched—much to the disappointment of a few street strollers who had formed a habit lately of collecting outside the window in an evening and listening to the sweet melody within. Over their spirits a gloom seemed cast, a feeling as of coming evil, undefined but certain. Each felt and dreaded that soon there would be an end to those enjoyable, peaceful hours, during which they had been all in all to each other.

Madge had made a point lately of rising a little earlier, in order to be down before her mother, and help to arrange the frugal breakfast, so that everything might look bright and cheerful, and thus tempt Mrs. FitzAllan's failing appetite. This morning she noticed a letter lying face downwards on her mother's plate. She took it up and scrutinized it more closely. It bore the London postmark, and the address was written in a shaky, slovenly hand.

"From my father," thought the girl, "but what fearful writing! What is coming now, I wonder," and she dropped the letter with a trembling hand. She had only just done so when her mother entered. With a quick, anxious look she seized the letter, and seating herself wearily, tore it open. Madge watched her faintly whilst she read it. The fair white brow was drawn, and the blue veins stood out more conspicuously whilst care-worn lines appeared upon her face, and her grey eyes bore a timid look of dread as she raised them and met the earnest gaze of Madge bent full upon her.

"It is from your father," she said nervously.

"Oh!" replied the girl, not knowing what else to say.

"He is not well. I fear he has been very ill."

"I'm very sorry," was Madge's calm reply. "Come, mother, you are saying nothing; do try and take something to-day, and don't be so nervous."

"I really cannot, darling," she answered in an agitated tone. "Do not press me; perhaps later I may be able to do so."

"Poor mother!" thought Madge, "how long can you go on like this, I wonder?" but she said nothing.

She saw little of her mother that day. Madge thought she appeared wishful to be alone, but observed how occupied she was, going from room to room endeavoring to give an air of comfort to each dingy apartment. Mr. FitzAllan was expected home about seven, and towards that hour Madge, feeling restless and dull, wandered into the kitchen to see what Mary was doing. There was an unusually savory smell arising from that quarter; but at that time—though a bright fire was burning, and several pans were hissing and boiling upon the brightly polished stove—Mary, as usual, sat at her surroundings, was ironing at a side table. "Come in, miss," she said pleasantly. "I have not seen much of you lately. Sit down, and I will show you how to iron."

It seemed as though Mary guessed that her mistress desired to be alone, "or why," thought Madge, "should she press me so?"

TO BE CONTINUED

WHAT THE ROSARY DID

The swiftly darkening twilight of an October evening spread over the landscape, hiding the great, sullen, rain-filled clouds, and the wind rushed at the little house in a fury of rage, driving away in a soft moan when halted, and then coming in, it came and the little farmhouse shook under the strength of its fury. Mrs. O'Connor turned from the window with the listless manner of one who had been stunned by some great sorrow.

"Ely, darling, put on the things for your father's supper," she said, addressing the girl who sat by the fire busily knitting.

The girl smiled. "Yes, mother," she said gently.

A strangely beautiful girl this Eileen O'Connor, the highest lady in the land might have envied her delicate complexion and her shadowy violet eyes. She had been educated in the convent school of the little neighboring town of Drumgim. She was now eighteen, and had broken the news to her mother, told it simply, with a glad light of happiness in her eyes. In three months time she would return to join the Sisters of Mercy, her old teachers. And in the midst of her trouble, Mrs. O'Connor always thanked God for this grace; her one little girl a nun, how lonely she would be, and yet—how happy.

But things were going from bad to worse on the hill holding; debts seemed to have sprung from nowhere, and the rent was two months in arrears. Then too her husband seemed to have suffered some indefinable change, she tried to find an excuse for him, but in her heart of hearts she knew well he had taken

to drink. And her only son—that if he followed his father's example? And the wind came again in sobbing and mournful gusts. Depressed and worried, the poor woman burst into sobs; not the quick sobs of sudden emotion, but the quiet, passionless tears of a heart well nigh broken.

Ely quietly soothed her mother, by an effort keeping back the tears which she knew would only add to her distress. Then as she became more composed, Eileen said softly: "Mother, dear, you know this is Our Lady's month."

"Yes, Eileen," her mother answered tonelessly.

"But, mother," Eileen persisted, looking up with a sweet frank smile, "Our Lady will pay the rent for us, Rosary every night for—everything, and then," she added triumphantly, "by the end of the month everything will come right."

The mother felt slightly dubious; she had always had the greatest devotion to the month set apart for the Holy Rosary, but this time it was so clearly impossible that such an unlooked for event would come to pass in one month—to obtain £80, with no way of earning it except by selling the little household!

"Very well," she agreed, though without much confidence.

Ely helped her mother from her chair. "Come," she said with gentle persistence, "we will begin tonight." And kneeling before the little altar the mother and child earnestly prayed for guidance and help.

And so the month went on, but the mother's faith was sorely tried. How, now, could such a large sum as £80 be obtained in the remaining fortnight?

But Ely was firm. "It will come, mother," she smilingly persisted.

The remaining fortnight had at length shrunk to five days when, one morning, kind old Father Brennan paid them a visit.

After a few preliminaries, he drew a Times from his pocket. "Look!" he said abruptly, while his finger traced out a notice. Mrs. O'Connor confessed, "Yes, it was her own name, and I had something to do to her advantage." "What could that mean?" And then followed the name of a reliable firm of solicitors.

"But, Father," Mary said wonderingly, "what does it mean?"

The old priest smiled kindly. "Mrs. Thurston is dead about a week and she has probably left you some money."

Mrs. O'Connor had been employed for eight years as a housemaid with Mrs. Thurston before her marriage, and she had given her a beautiful tea-set when she went home, to marry her old lover, Denis O'Connor. And now her old mistress was dead.

"Oh, Father!" And Mary's voice broke. "What if it should be as much as £80, so that they might be able to pay the rent?"

Father Brennan got up briskly. "I am going to Dublin, tomorrow," he said, "and we will both go to see those solicitors. And with a kindly handshake he was gone.

Mary O'Connor could never recall how she spent that day; there had been the long railway journey, and then the visit to the solicitor. He was a kindly old man whom they had known, and he told her of the £100 which her mistress had left her.

A hundred pounds! And she had been hoping that it might be as much as thirty. "What would Denis say?" And Ely, who had all the time been so sure of help?

And that night Mrs. O'Connor told the news to her husband. At first the poor man could scarcely believe it. He, the pauper, threatened to be turned out on the road within a week! And the silent thankfulness seemed like new life after the aching hopeless anxiety under which he had suffered so long.

"Mother," said Ely, with gentle reproach. "I told you that Our Lady would not forget."

And the mother tenderly kissed her, thanking God with a new humility for this saintly child whose prayers had saved their home.

EXCESSIVE ADULATION

Macaulay, in his writings, was so given to exaggeration that a recent writer has said of him that all his genes were swans. By a similar process of excessive eulogy the great one came over in the Mayflower have lately been metamorphosed into swans. The flood of extravagant adulation, pouring forth in print and oratory, over the achievements of these early Puritans, contains, of course, the poison of British propaganda and the gullible millions who drink of it will never be reached by the requisite antidote. A tradition will doubtless be created here that the character of our American institutions was deftly moulded in the cabin of the Mayflower. We might, of course, continue smilingly to tolerate this fantastic idealism did it not tend so fatally to a dangerous realism. History doth record that we once upon a time, one of Great Britain even more sternly than Great Britain cast off the Pilgrims. Now

that repentant Britain is taking the Pilgrims again to her maternal breast there is grave—or Snigraev—danger that we may be seduced into taking up our abode again with her under the imperial foot.

That the "Pilgrims Progress" in this country was not so ideal a thing as some of our "Anglo-Saxons" would have us believe will soon become evident to anyone who reads the authentic accounts of their life and labors in the New England settlements. Stripped of the unreality that ignorance or excessive admiration has added to them, these accounts portray the Pilgrims and the other Puritans who followed them here as an intolerant crowd of religious fanatics. They came here in quest of religious freedom, but they denied it to others. Their religion was a caricature of Christianity and their hearts were as hard as the flint that tipped the arrows of the Indians whose lands they stole.

In the recent "History of the United States," Gilbert Chesterton, the English writer, drew a picture of these fanatics which is true to history. He says: "At about the same time that the persecuted Catholic found a refuge in Maryland, a similar refuge was sought by the persecuted Puritans. A number of these, who had found a temporary home in Holland, sailed thence for America in the celebrated Mayflower and colonized New England on the Atlantic coast far to the north of the plantations of Raleigh and Baltimore. From this root sprung the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont and Rhode Island, and later the States of New Hampshire and Maine. It would be putting it with ironical mildness to say that the Pilgrim Fathers did not imitate the tolerant example of the Catholic refugees. Religious persecution had indeed been practised by all parties in the quarrels of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but for much of the early legislation of the Puritan colonies one can find no parallel in the history of European men. Calvinism, that strange, fierce 'cream' which Wesley so correctly described as one that gave God the exact functions and attributes of the devil, produced even in Europe a sufficiency of madness and horror; but here was Calvinism out of from its European roots and from the reaction and influence of Christian civilization. Its records read like those of a madhouse whose religious maniacs have broken loose and looked up their keepers. We hear of men stoned to death for kissing their wives on the Sabbath, of lovers pilloried or flogged at the cart's tail for kissing each other at all without license from the deacons, the whole culminating in a mad panic of wholesale demonism and witchburning so vividly described in one of the most brilliant of Mrs. Gaskell's stories, 'Lois the Witch.'"

Our literature and our liberty owe something to the Mayflower, but the broad and tolerant genius of this republic owes it nothing—Catholic Union and Times.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF SPIRITISM

Domestic differences may be more disturbing than hostile warfare. Among Catholic today perhaps no difference of opinion is more fruitful in dissension than the phenomena of Spiritism. Behind the assertions of diabolical intervention is the undeniable truth of revelation, that the devil can and does interfere with wonders for the ruin of souls. Those who deny his intervention in the matter in question hold fast to the principle that recourse is not to be had to the preternatural without necessity. Each admits the other's principle; each denies its applicability in its holder's sense to the point under discussion.

Undue credulity is baneful. A too willing attribution of everything in Spiritism to the devil's agency, the devil must result disastrously. Of this the impetuous of Leo Taxis are a proof. No well-informed Catholic denies the existence of Luciferism. Not only were the first revelations of the pseudo-converts antecedently probable, but it is also possible that in them he mixed falsehood with a little truth. Having been thus caught, many accepted unquestioningly his boldest fabrications, and when these proved false caused the reaction in the unwarranted conclusion that Catholics were deceived by their over credulity in all their notions of Masonry and its allied mysteries. The true conclusion of the affair is that, knowing so much for certain, they were too easily into error by stories not inconsistent with the certain facts.

But here is no question of the over-credulous, or of the utterly incredulous. We suppose what is common in Spiritism a fact which natural forces or activities, as known, are inadequate to explain; and reasonable, well-informed disputants are inclined, the one to refer it to diabolical activity, the other to make it the effect of unexplored potentialities in partially known agents.

Notes that the disputants have not the same interests in the matter. Did both agree that the wonders of Spiritism some can be explained naturally, while others surpass the purely natural order, the discussion would come merely to this; to which of these classes does the fact in question belong? But such is not the case. The partizan of unexplored potentialities, though he does not deny diabolical activity absolutely, holds that in the matter of Spiritism it has no place. Hence, in

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every kind of case, he must show that there is no sufficient reason to suppose it. The defender of such intervention stands or falls by no particular case. At most he needs but to show a class of cases in which such an agency must be allowed.

Thus the supporters of natural causes are likely to fall unconsciously in justice to the other side. They have a universal assertion to establish. To show that their opponents are sometimes over credulous, though it may pave the way to a demonstration, is not the demonstration itself. To show how fraud often comes in, is not to prove the whole course of Spiritistic phenomena a series of frauds. To show that certain phenomena can be produced naturally is not to show that all can. Nor do the three arguments taken together account for all Spiritistic phenomena, unless the categories corresponding to them divide all such phenomena adequately. Yet some disputants never get beyond these. Hence it will be useful to point out some of the fallacies that too often enter this controversy.

The first is so patent that only the inexperienced fall into it. It is assumed that the opponent holds every Spiritistic phenomena to be diabolical. When this is proved false the conclusion is drawn that none is such. Evidently between the two extremes: "all diabolical," "none diabolical," lies the medium: "some diabolical, some not," which expresses the opponent's true opinion. This same fallacy of the undivided middle appears, however, under a more specious form. A phenomenon or its cause is taken to be necessarily purely diabolical, or purely natural; so that if anything natural can be shown in it, it is held to be altogether natural. Now this reasoning ignores the middle possibility of a mixed agency; and in matters supernatural or preternatural this mixed agency is so general, found that much of the practice of mystical theology is the determining of particular cases the respective shares of the good spirit, the bad spirit, and the natural faculties of the subject.

Let us pass then to another fallacy more subtle, which to preternatural causes opposes natural forces, sometimes merely hypothetical, generally doubtful but partially understood; whose undetermined potentialities are assumed to be capable of any assignable effect on the matter at issue. Were there question of an effect certainly natural, such a method of reaching a provisional hypothesis would be legitimate enough; but when the question is just whether the effect is natural or preternatural, to use a method that assumes it to be natural, is to beg the question. On the one side is the explanation by diabolical agency, no mere theory, but consonant with the great facts of mankind, the Fall, the Redemption, the opposed kingdoms of Christ and Satan, the latter's consuming desire to frustrate the work of grace in every soul; recognized, too, by the Church both in her rituals and in the restrictions placed on its use, as well as in the rigid prohibition, even to the clergy, of books treating magical arts; and indicated not obscurely by the ruin of faith and morals following the practice of Spiritism; on the other side are the supposed potentialities of psychic force, or of the subconscious, or of the subliminal self to produce effects that its subject is incapable of in his highest normal activity, and becomes capable of only when reduced to a state approaching, as nearly as possible, the inactivity of death. If there be here an adequate natural cause, the very conditions demand that it be manifested clearly. If this cannot be done, and if the state itself of the human subject does not compel one to see there the cooperation or domination of a superior being, at least one should be philosophical enough to admit that, for the moment, this is the only practical working hypothesis.

Another fallacy is the acceptance of the testimony of those who declare they reproduce all Spiritistic phenomena by purely natural means. Do they reproduce all or only some; and these, are they reproduced adequately, or only partially? But suppose the reproduction, and the question still remains, how far is the assertion of natural means to be believed? That man is naturally truthful and that his testimony must be received? This is a fundamental principle of human society. But another principle equally necessary is that when one has an interest in deceiving his testimony must be confirmed. Now we have here the assertion of men whose whole business is, as a rule, to mystify. Their success in life is in proportion to their ability to deceive. That their deceptions may be harmless is not to the point; it is their habit of deceit that matters. On the other hand, the public finds wonders acquiring a new zest from the apparently incredible statement. Hence the clear interest in it for the performer, and its evident need of confirmation. The strongest confirmation would be a complete exposition of the natural means employed. But this, even if possible, could not be looked for from men whose livelihood depends on concealment. Hence such assertions are rather objects of suspicion than grounds of demonstration.

Some reply that the defenders of diabolical agencies fall into the same fallacy. This is not so. Uncommitted to universal assertions, maintaining only that out of the mass of Spiritistic phenomena some must be referred to preternatural causes, they are safe from the fallacy of the undivided middle. So far as

they fail to follow their consciences. Others are dominated by a natural taste, even passion, for order and for work well done. But with many others nowadays, perhaps the majority, professional honor would seem to be on the decline. Ignorant or heedless of their obligations to their fellow-men, this third class allow their petty, selfish interests to dominate the higher interests of the social body of which they are members. They care little what effect their acts may have on the public welfare. The terms "justice" and "charity" have little meaning for them, merely words and nothing more. Will not this attitude explain the existence of false weights and measures among merchants? Have we not here the secret of those "get-rich-quick" schemes, frenzied finance, stock manipulation, etc., which the newspapers tell us about? Will not this attitude explain the greater number of the strikes among workmen in recent months which have resulted in so much misery and suffering?

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY AMONG MEN

The Almighty did not set us down in this world, fated to live alone like hermits in a desert and to work out our destinies alone; He created us to live with one another as social beings. There is a solidarity, an interdependence, among men which binds them together and enables them to carry out the designs of God. Just as the various members of the human body must be inter-linked before they can perform the duties assigned to them, so also is it in the social body. If one member of the human body is diseased, or ceases to function, the whole frame suffers, and the physician is called in to prescribe. Analogous effects are observed in the social body. As long as order is preserved in the various members of human society, that is, as long as men observe justice and charity, we have the reign of peace and harmony; but the contrary effect obtains when members abandon their duties or when they do not fulfil those which are indispensable to the welfare of the whole.

The social body is a vast organism, having its own life and laws and exacting the fulfillment of its own obligations. The agency which keeps it in health and vigor is the reciprocal service rendered by its trades, professions and other activities which are exercised by its members. It is on the faithful performance of this reciprocal service that the life and welfare of the social body depend. Trades and professions are more or less differentiated according to the degree of civilization reached by mankind. In primitive times and in backward countries each family unit usually sufficed for itself. In the matter of food and clothing, all that was needed to meet the wants of primitive peoples were hunting, fishing and elementary stock-raising. But as civilization advanced, specialization advanced also. In the present state of society we could not provide for our most elementary wants without the aid of numberless trades and professions. How could we clothe ourselves nowadays if no one raised cotton or wool? How could we feed ourselves and sustain life if there were no farmers to grow corn or meat or fruit? Where should we lodge if there were no architects, carpenters or masons? How should we have all these things at hand if there were no means of transportation? What security should we have in obtaining what we need, if there were no leaders to coordinate national service and maintain order? Finally, what would happen if there were none to see that justice were observed in the distribution of the necessary things of life? Surely we are all dependent on one another; we are at the mercy of one another.

It is easy to see that all these obligations of reciprocal service involve the human conscience, which warns men that they are not free to do as they please whenever the welfare of others is concerned. The sense of the present General Intention seems to be that all tradesmen and professional men are called upon to observe justice, to perform their duties with care, competency, and fidelity, so that they may have nothing to reproach themselves with either before God or their neighbor. Only in this way, it would seem, can the rights of every man be guaranteed, his needs satisfied, the public welfare assured, harmony reign among men, and the ideal of a peaceful Christian society be realized.

To what extent are tradesmen and professional men called on to fulfill these obligations? This is an important question to which we fear may give very little thought. There are undoubtedly some men who are moved by the desire of honorable dealing with their neighbor and who act according to the social sense, a keen instinct of human solidarity urges them and they feel guilty if

they fail to follow their consciences. Others are dominated by a natural taste, even passion, for order and for work well done. But with many others nowadays, perhaps the majority, professional honor would seem to be on the decline. Ignorant or heedless of their obligations to their fellow-men, this third class allow their petty, selfish interests to dominate the higher interests of the social body of which they are members. They care little what effect their acts may have on the public welfare. The terms "justice" and "charity" have little meaning for them, merely words and nothing more. Will not this attitude explain the existence of false weights and measures among merchants? Have we not here the secret of those "get-rich-quick" schemes, frenzied finance, stock manipulation, etc., which the newspapers tell us about? Will not this attitude explain the greater number of the strikes among workmen in recent months which have resulted in so much misery and suffering?

It rarely dawn on tradesmen and professionals of this mentality to ask themselves whether or not there is a danger of violating commutative justice, or whether their acts may not involve their consciences in the meshes of sin. Commutative justice controls all exchange of service between man and man; it exacts strict equality of value; it regulates contracts of buying and selling. It has a word to say in every deal one man makes with another. A seller who deceives a buyer either in quantity or quality of goods violates commutative justice and is bound to restitution, for he has in his possession that which he must not retain. Commutative justice also controls agreements made between employers and workmen, and by the term "workman" is meant not merely men employed in manual labor, but all classes, from the street-sweeper to the learned professor. This form of justice is violated by the employer who refuses his workmen a wage proportionate to their labor. Reciprocally, the negligent or indolent workman who does not furnish labor equivalent to the wage he receives also violates commutative justice. And thus the conscience of both employer and workman may become involved.

RASH JUDGMENT

Rash judgments are forbidden by the eighth commandment. If we judge a person to be wicked, without having sufficient reason for doing so, we commit sin, and if the matter be serious, it is a grave sin. All have a right to good esteem unless they have forfeited it by their bad conduct, and in judging others rashly, we take an authority upon ourselves that we do not possess. Judge not that you may not be judged, says the Lord. For with what judgment you judge, you shall be judged; and with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again. (Matthew vii.)

Rash judgments and evil doubts of others are a rather frequent failing. They are wrong but are not usually gravely sinful in persons striving to lead good lives, for our depraved nature is rather prone to them and they do not generally inflict serious harm on our neighbor's reputation when indulged in by the good. It is not sufficient to deem another wicked if we have proof that he is, and we may suspend judgment if we do not know whether a person is good or bad. There are so many bad persons in the world that we have to be on our guard, but it is not necessary to be suspicious of everybody. Rash judgments frequently arise from the malice of our own hearts, or from envy and hatred. Just as we are forbidden to make rash judgments, so we are forbidden to express them. The prohibition goes even further. We are not allowed to tell even what we know positively to be the secret sins of another. Every man has a right to his good name, whether he be living or dead. And not only men, but also corporate bodies, have a right to their good names, so that we are not allowed to detract or slander them. Tale-bearing, which consists in making trouble between friends by telling tales to the disadvantage of one of them, is an obnoxious form of sin against the eighth commandment.

If a man has been tried and condemned in an open court of justice for a crime, there is no sin in talking about it. But if such a man went to a place where his sin was not known, uncharitable harm might be done to him by telling of his downfall. Similarly, if a person committed a sin which became common report in one town, and another told of it in another community where knowledge of it would be sure to penetrate before long, the teller would not be guilty of sin. Nor would it be wrong to tell of another's sin if it were necessary to protect the innocent, etc.

It is sinful to listen to a slanderer, and he who slanders his neighbor must correct the injury done so far as he is able. A story is told of an old woman who was constantly talking about her neighbors. She confessed it over and over again. One day the priest told her to take a feather pillow to the top of a hill and scatter the feathers to the winds. The next time she came to confession, he told her to go out now and gather the feathers. "But it can't be done. I scattered them to the winds a month ago," she declared. "Yes, and you have been scattering your neighbors' good names to the winds in the same way for years," said the priest. "You can't repair that injury any more than you can gather up the feathers. But you will have to do your best. Gather up as many feathers as you can and it will teach you a lesson."

The gravity of sins committed in talking about our neighbors depends upon the harm we do their reputations. If we seriously harm their good name, and the sin is done with sufficient reflection and full consent of the will, it is mortal. In our daily lives, there are often things that occur which offend us, and we wonder just to what extent we can discuss them with others. Father MacEachron, in his Moral Series (vol. iii. starting on page 177), says: "One person is often offended by another. The evil deed is not known to others. He is sad and downcast over the offense. He may be excused if, for the sake of comfort or advice, he speaks of the offense to a friend. Servants may, in like manner, reveal the injustice done them by their employers. Wives may thus from their husbands. Children may mention mistreatment they have received from a parent. This must always be done prudently. The offender indeed suffers some injury to his good name. Yet the offended party is justified in seeking advice and even consolation. "Father MacEachron points out that it is sometimes necessary to reveal evil done by another for the sake of protecting a third

party or for his own sake. We can reveal the crime to those who should know it under such circumstances. Newspaper writers have the right to reveal secret crimes that would render a political candidate unfit for the office he seeks, but not simply to gratify the curiosity of their readers. Historians have greater privileges. They should tell the whole truth, but must guard against injuring the relatives of persons recently dead. Sometimes the revelation of a slight fault may cause serious injury and be a mortal sin, as when a person would remark, in idle gossip, that a certain private secretary was talkative and cause him to lose his job. Where material injury is done, it must be repaired, just as stolen goods must be returned. Shakespeare, in Othello, penned an immortal truth when he declared: "Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'twas his, and 'twas mine again, and he'll not care, for I'll have more yet; but he that filches from me my good name robes me of that which neither enriches him nor makes me poor indeed." In stopping others from detracting their neighbors in our presence, we can be guarded by prudence. We cannot encourage such conversations, but sometimes we cannot condemn the detractors or calumniators by speaking without causing a fight or serious annoyance to ourselves. Hence silence or a deft switching of the conversation would be all that would be required. Where we can do good by protesting, however! we should do it.

DIVORCE AND ITS REMEDY

We are gratified to note that even our secular editors are becoming awake to the evils that our easy divorce laws are bringing upon the country. We read in the Little Rock Daily News: "If something is not done to curb the divorce evil in this country, and to make the American vows a thing more sacred, the American fireside is doomed to destruction. The dockets of the divorce courts of the country are crowded as never before. Never has this docket been so heavy in Pulaski county before. Hasty marriages, growing out of infatuations of youth, formed largely on emotion and passion, are responsible for nearly all the broken vows, the shattered firesides and the ruined faces of the home. "Until death do us part" has come to mean no more to some people, than the idle summer romance. Many people are married now with as little thought of the future, and as little care for the consequences as though marriage was but for a day or a week; and knowing full well that the bans may be dissolved on the slightest pretext, they enter into a sacred contract with the reckless dash of heedless youth. "If only those who swear falsely or frivolously at the marriage altar suffered there would be little objection. If those who dug the pit alone could fall into it, innocent children and society not suffer the consequences, it might be all right. Even then, there might be some law to curb the wilful, and save the foolish from lives of sin and suffering. "In creating the married estate, the Almighty said, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' And the edict meant more than a rebuke to the wicked destroyer of the home; it meant, once people married, they became man and wife, and 'ye twain shall be one,' and it meant that they should be one for life, in all purposes, in thought, in action, united now, united tomorrow, united always, and in the sight of High Heaven no man made law can ever nullify the bans that God ordained. Courts may give divorces, decrees may disrupt homes and scatter families, but nothing save death can ever change the relations of a man and woman once joined in holy wedlock. "All this shows that the editor has imbibed the true Christian idea of marriage. We are rather disappointed then to learn that his remedy is to appoint a divorce commission!" There should be in every country in the United States a divorce commission, composed of men and women of unquestioned character, of unquestioned integrity, and before any man or woman could go to the court with a divorce proceeding they would have to submit their case to this commission, and have this commission make the recommendations to the court.

God's Will Be Done Grant me, I beseech Thee, Almighty and most Merciful God, fervently to desire, wisely to search out, and perfectly to fulfill, all that is well-pleasing unto Thee.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

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party or for his own sake. We can reveal the crime to those who should know it under such circumstances. Newspaper writers have the right to reveal secret crimes that would render a political candidate unfit for the office he seeks, but not simply to gratify the curiosity of their readers. Historians have greater privileges. They should tell the whole truth, but must guard against injuring the relatives of persons recently dead. Sometimes the revelation of a slight fault may cause serious injury and be a mortal sin, as when a person would remark, in idle gossip, that a certain private secretary was talkative and cause him to lose his job. Where material injury is done, it must be repaired, just as stolen goods must be returned. Shakespeare, in Othello, penned an immortal truth when he declared: "Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'twas his, and 'twas mine again, and he'll not care, for I'll have more yet; but he that filches from me my good name robes me of that which neither enriches him nor makes me poor indeed." In stopping others from detracting their neighbors in our presence, we can be guarded by prudence. We cannot encourage such conversations, but sometimes we cannot condemn the detractors or calumniators by speaking without causing a fight or serious annoyance to ourselves. Hence silence or a deft switching of the conversation would be all that would be required. Where we can do good by protesting, however! we should do it.

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LONDON SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1920

ANTI-BRITISH

We are getting pretty well accustomed in Canada to see in an emasculated press every protest against the horrible atrocities of Irish mis-government branded as anti-British.

What is British?

The most glorious pages of British history are those which record the struggle for freedom, the progress of liberty, the restriction and limitation of the powers of government to proper governmental functions.

In any case democratic institutions can function properly only in the breathing air of free criticism.

Is it British to stifle criticism? Is it British to uphold anything and everything done by a British Government? No, the best British tradition is to denounce tyranny at home or abroad.

Today the heirs and successors to the royal scoundrels are those who under pretence of loyalty defend every governmental infamy because, forsooth, it is done by a British Government.

to the British name and to British interests than to reproduce here some of those ringing British denunciations of the brutal tyrannies of British mis-government in Ireland.

A. G. Gardiner—whose "Prophets, Priests, and Kings" will be familiar to many of our readers—writes in the Daily News, Oct. 2nd:

"There was a time not long ago when we used to read much about 'frightfulness' in Belgium and France. I suppose nothing did more to intensify feeling against the Germans in this country than the methods of barbarism they employed to put fear into the hearts of the civilian populations they passed through.

And there is this difference between the frightfulness of the Germans in Belgium and that of the English in Ireland, that the Germans only aimed at terrorism. They did not destroy for the sake of destruction.

"This is the last depth to which English rule in Ireland has sunk. Beyond this it cannot go. Beyond this Tsarist Russia at its worst could not go.

It is not probable that the course suggested by Lord Grey will be adopted by the present Government. It is committed here as elsewhere to paths of ruin and disruption.

Mr. Gardiner adds something which we have always urged our readers to bear in mind, that is, the distinction between the people of England and the English Government in Ireland.

Mr. Gardiner makes this distinction clear in these concluding words: "It will not be the fault of the plain people of this country if it is not ended and that soon.

But it is not alone "the plain people" or their enlightened spokesmen, like the great journalist whom we have been quoting, whose conscience revolts and whose patriotism sickens at what is done in Ireland in England's name.

Lord Henry says just what friends of Ireland and friends of freedom and decency have been blackguarded for saying in Canada:

"I agree with General Gough that no truthful and sane person can doubt that the Government is encouraging the policy of reprisals by the armed forces of the Crown. Evidence is accumulating that these outrages are not spontaneous acts of savagery, but the deliberate policy of the Prime Minister, who has, at the dictation of Sir Edward Carson, adopted the strange doctrine that because the forces of disorder commit one murder the forces of law and order are entitled to commit two, and to ruin the homes and property of thousands of innocent individuals as well. Nowadays

there is so much Hunnishness in high places that one is forced to believe that there is much truth in the saying that the chief result of a great war is an exchange of qualities between the combatants!"

Farther on he answers the query that naturally arises as to why the English people do not oust a Government which misrepresents them. And who, with experience of the conflicting issues and confusing appeals of a popular election, can not feel the force of what he says:

"The prevailing pursuit of sectional interests obscures the reality. Public opinion in Britain is not divided into three groups, Liberal, Labour, and Conservative, as party managers would have us believe, but into two—that is, into those who believe in force and violence and those who believe in peace and conciliation. The first party is composed of violent revolutionaries and violent reactionaries, militarists and profiteers, who play into each other's hands and inflict infinite damage upon the body politic.

"Unfortunately, however, zeal for this faith has not yet developed sufficient heat and strength among the laity to cause them to unite in its defence.

Lord Morley bewails the shortsightedness rather than the barbarism of the present Irish mis-government; warns against the loss of reputation and prestige; yet feels that "Hunnishness in high places" rather than its denunciation is what is really "anti-British."

He writes: "It is the worst fault to forget among obvious and central truths that the long spell of coercion that Ireland is to use a dangerous and misleading figure of speech; moreover it confuses the issue.

"It is the worst fault to forget among obvious and central truths that the long spell of coercion that Ireland is to use a dangerous and misleading figure of speech; moreover it confuses the issue. The Nation, the mouthpiece of a thoughtful and very influential section of the English people, says: "Were Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman alive, a single speech on the methods of barbarism would rally the conscience of the nation.

"Mr. Asquith's new Irish plan must be taken, and undoubtedly will be accepted, as the Irish programme of the Independent Liberal party. He is a cautious man. He knows very well that in conceding to Ireland complete fiscal independence and the same right in military and naval matters as any other Dominion he is not going beyond the judgment of his followers, and, I may add, is not going beyond the judgment of many of the younger and more intel-

ligent supporters, both Unionist and Liberal, of the Coalition Government. "There is, I think, no doubt that Mr. Asquith will carry with him all the Independent Liberal party in the House of Commons. One wonders whether he will carry with him the Labour party too. So far the leaders of the Labour party have been more timid than he proves to be, but it will hardly be possible for them to hang back now that he has pushed aside as unpractical the strategic objection to full Dominion status for Ireland."

ARCHBISHOP McNEIL'S JUBILEE

"On one of the shelves in a certain museum lie two small boxes filled with earth. A low mountain in Arica has furnished the first; the contents of the second came from the Island of Barbados. When examined with a pocket lens, the Arica earth is found to be full of small objects, clear as crystal, fashioned by some mysterious geometry into forms of exquisite symmetry. The substance is siliceous, a natural glass; and the prevailing shape is a six-sided prism capped at either end by little pyramids modelled with consummate grace.

"When the second specimen is examined, the revelation is, if possible, more surprising. Here, also, is a vast assemblage of small glassy or porcelainous objects built up into curious forms. The material, chemically, remains the same, but the angles of pyramid and prism have given place to curved lines, so that the contour is entirely different. The appearance is that of a vast collection of microscopic urns, goblets, and vases, each richly ornamented with small sculptured discs or perforations which are disposed over the pure white surface in regular belts and rows. Each tiny urn is chiselled into the most faultless proportion, and the whole presents a vision of magic beauty.

"Judged by the standard of their loveliness there is little to choose between these two sets of objects. Yet there is one cardinal difference between them. They belong to different worlds. The last belong to the living world, the former to the dead. The first are crystals, the last are shells.

"No power on earth can make these little urns of the Polycystine except Life."—Natural Law in the Spiritual World, by Henry Drummond.

The Catholic Church is an Organism not an Organization. All Life from the lowest vegetable to the highest, most complex and highly organized forms of animal life are clearly, definitely, and forever distinguished from inorganic matter; and this is evident not to the scientist alone but to the rational perception of the average normal man.

What distinguishes living things from inorganic dead matter is Life. Scientists may discuss and dispute learnedly or otherwise about what constitutes life, just as they question the existence of the objective existence of the things of the material world; but man, every man, knows that matter exists and life exists. What matter is, what life is, are questions that in no way affect the certainty of human knowledge of the existence of life and matter.

The living thing living by some inherent, vital principle of its own, shaped, formed and vitalized by this principle, we call an Organism. The most wonderful and complex machine ever devised by the ingenuity of man lacks this inherent vital principle—it is not living, it does not and cannot possess life. In this it is infinitely inferior to, as well as absolutely distinct from even the lowest form of microscopic life.

Societies of men, from the smallest to the greatest, are social organizations, they are not organisms. The cementing bonds of language and religion, of common ideals and purposes, the strong, even passionate ties of national sentiment, do not give a living soul to any human society. There is but one living social organism among men, and that is the Catholic Church—the Mystical Body of Christ. This is no mere analogy. It is reality. It throws light on a hundred texts of Scripture and reveals the full depth of their meaning.

St. Paul indicates this truth very clearly in the Twelfth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. We are not going here to develop further this great truth: let it suffice to call it to mind on what is always a great occasion, the celebration of an Episcopal Jubilee.

For the bishop is an essential, vital organ, with indispensable functioning power in that wondrous Organism of which the soul and creator is Christ Himself. Catholics always and everywhere instinctively recognize this in their deep respect and

reverence for the Episcopal office; a respect and reverence that is deeper and more soulful than can easily be expressed in words. The enemies of Christ's Church—whether consciously so, or unconsciously misled by some diabolic illusion—also recognize the vital function of the episcopate; witness their invariable suspicion of and opposition to "the Roman Hierarchy." God knows what monstrous conception they have under that dread name.

The Church is an organism; if it were a mere organization like other human societies it would go to pieces in twelve months. Perhaps we might give here an illuminating definition of the office of bishop by a scholarly member of the Canadian episcopate, Bishop McDonald of Victoria. It will be instructive to Catholics not less than to non-Catholics: "The Bishop, in his Diocese, does not represent the people; he does not represent the Pope; he represents Jesus Christ. He does not represent the people, because he does not get his office nor his authority from them. He is set, as the Apostle has it, by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church. He does not represent the Pope, because in all ordinary Church affairs, he governs, not by delegated authority, but by authority inherent in his office of Divine Right.

Hence, as you may have observed on occasion of the late visit of the Pope's Delegate, he does not give up his throne to the Pope's own direct representative. In this the Episcopal Office is without example in the civil order of jurisdiction, as we know, though there is something analogous to it in our own local parliament. Viceroys and Governors of countries and Lieutenant Governors derive whatever power they have immediately from the Supreme Head of the State. But the Bishop's power of ordinary jurisdiction in his own diocese is derived from the very constitution of the Church founded by Jesus Christ, and is therefore by right Divine. True, he has to get canonical institution from the Pope, the Supreme Visible Head of the Church and Vicar of Christ on earth, and to give him an account of his stewardship from time to time, just as he will have to give some day a far more rigorous account of it to Christ Himself. But, though he has to do this, and though it is by the Pope that he is appointed to his office, and assigned to a given diocese, the Office itself carries with it the right to teach and rule the flock committed to his care in the name and by the authority of Him who said, 'All power is given Me in Heaven and on earth. Go, therefore, teach all nations . . . and lo! I am with you all days, even to the end of the world.'

His Grace, the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, apart from the high office he holds in the Church of God, has qualities and attributes that would give him distinction amongst men of high position irrespective of religion. Scholarly, urbane, quietly tenacious of purpose amid apparently insurmountable difficulties, always gentlemanly, always affable, always the serious, earnest Churchman yet always broadly sympathetic to whatever may be proposed from any source for the general good.

Archbishop McNeil is not the least distinguished nor the least successful of the chosen few who have been called by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God throughout the world.

The Catholic Record in the name of its readers and in its own name very sincerely wishes Archbishop McNeil ad multos annos.

THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE The magnitude and the stupendous consequences of the British Coal Strike almost daze the understanding. It has been freely and emphatically asserted, however, for six weeks past that Lloyd George would provoke this strike in order that he might have a plausible excuse for precipitating a general election and a popular catch-cry with which to obscure all other issues. When one considers that the coal strike must necessarily cause inconvenience and misery to the overwhelming majority of the English electorate it is easily understood that the merits of the dispute may be lost sight of altogether in the resentment at the consequences.

Our papers have informed us that the mine owners are quite willing to grant the increased wage demand provided the miners will guarantee increased production. Perhaps Canadian readers would just at this time

appreciate the following illustration of the meaning of this condition: Canadians would be quite willing to pay twenty one cents for sugar if the refiners would only give them two pounds instead of one for the twenty-one cents!

Mr. Smillie has pointed out that the condition of increased production is a most difficult one, because the output of coal at the present time was largely, if not entirely, in the hands of the mine owners and mine managers. The workmen had absolutely no voice other than the influence which the leading men among the workmen could bring to bear on it; they had no voice in making any arrangement for an increase of output.

Making an earnest appeal to the Prime Minister before the strike was declared for the two shilling increase in wages Mr. Smillie said: "If the increase were given and the output were not materializing, it would be the duty of the mine owners and ourselves to meet together and ask why it was not materializing. They say they have the capacity for putting it out; we say our men are willing to put it out if they have the opportunity. . . . It would be our duty to keep in touch with each other, the mine owners letting us know they were doing their best, and we proving to them that we were doing our best, and the output should reflect a joint effort of that kind."

Now this is exactly what the most enlightened students of industrial problems advocate. Joint control by the owners who invest their capital and the workers who invest their skill, their work, their lives. But apparently the British mine owners still want to regard work and workmen as mere items in a profit-making undertaking rather than as human beings who are partners in the business.

ONLY A CONSULTATIVE VOICE BY THE OBSERVER Mr. Asquith made a very interesting statement the other day; interesting to such Canadians as may have taken seriously the recent talk about Canada's status in the Empire.

Speaking in favor of Home Rule for Ireland on Dominion lines, Mr. Asquith said: "There are genuine friends of a dominion settlement who are perturbed by the special dangers they think they see in regard to the question of strategy and foreign policy. I see no difficulty whatever. No dominion has anything more than a consultative voice in these matters. We do not propose to give Ireland more than we give to any other dominion."

In other words, Canada has no vote on "foreign policy," though it may at any time involve her in a war, and call for the lives of 60,000 Canadians. More than that, England does not contemplate giving her any such vote. That is a very interesting situation. Sometimes it is necessary, when you want a man's real views on one subject to wait till you find him discussing another subject.

Mr. Asquith's idea of Canada's status in the Empire differs greatly from that of some people of Canada; but there can be no doubt that it represents the thought of English statesmanship at the present time. Despite hours of speechmaking about "the Society of British Nations;" and the "Commonwealth of British States;" and the "Sisterhood of British people;" and all the rest of it, I, for one, am not surprised to hear an English statesman say that Canada is to have only "a consultative voice" on questions of "foreign policy."

Indeed, I take leave to doubt whether she is to be given even that. Great questions of "foreign policy" have been under anxious discussion at London ever since the Peace; but no hint has ever reached the people of Canada that our opinion, or that of our Government, was wanted, even in consultation only. If anything so flattering to the dignity of Canadian statesmen had ever been mentioned, some whisper of it would surely have found its way down Parliament Hill; and some breath of political gossip would have carried it at least as far as the more English-than-the-English coteries of Toronto. But no such thing has happened; and we are constrained to believe that Mr. Lloyd George has endeavored to get along without even a suggestion from Ottawa.

At that, I do not see how his European policy of the last year could have been worse had it been made solely at Ottawa. But be that as it may; whether we have any diplo-

matic experts on Parliament Hill, or none, the fact remains that we have nothing to say in reality, and only "a consultative voice" in theory, on all the questions of England's relations with other nations; and that whilst we are expected to build a navy and to put it, when built, at the command of the English Government, we are to be as completely impotent as we were fifty years ago, in the determining of the issues which will in the future bring peace or war.

Russia; Persia; Poland; Egypt; Turkey; Fiume; Jugo-Slavia; Germany; Mesopotamia; India; Japan; in regard to every one of these, the most delicate questions of "foreign policy" have been for 18 months past, and still are, under consideration at London; and in regard to not one of them has Canada been asked to say one word; much less to give a vote. So much for "the sisterhood of British States;" and so much for "a consultative voice."

There are, in the affairs of Europe, the makings of a dozen wars yet to come; and in the affairs of the far East, the makings of an upheaval the results of which no man can even guess at. Canada has joined the League of Nations, it seems; and is expected to fight when required. But most of the member nations of the League expect to be consulted. Does Canada expect to be consulted? Who will consult her when her own "predominant partner," or "sister," or whatever you may choose to call her, England, has not the smallest notion of consulting her?

Mr. Asquith says we have only "a consultative voice" in regard to the attitude of the British Empire in foreign affairs; and yet there are some people in Canada who expect Canada to be taken seriously in the League of Nations!

Well, it is a very comforting and comfortable thing to be optimistic.

But perhaps true optimism would be to hope that we may be left out, and frankly shape our course accordingly.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE RAISING of a Fund for the restoration and preservation of Westminster Abbey, to which allusion was made in these columns some weeks ago, gives special interest to an article in the current Strand Magazine on the incongruities in regard to those buried or commemorated there, which are forced upon the attention of every discerning visitor.

THE ABBEY is a Christian temple, though far removed for some centuries now from the original purpose of its founders, and re-echoing no more the solemn strains of the Church's office, as it was so long wont to do. It is also often called the "Valhalla" of the English people, without regard to the fact that the term is essentially pagan, and, as applied to this Christian temple, is the first and greatest incongruity thrust upon its great storehouse of holy memories.

BUT WHILE the Abbey is in its foundation, its original designation, its traditions, and still in part in its associations, a Christian temple, it has in its more recent history undergone many melancholy changes. What first obtrudes itself upon the Catholic visitor, is the interminable array of monstrosities in the shape of monuments erected, to every conceivable sort of individual, Christian or non-Christian, who, themselves or their friends, happened in their day to have had sufficient "influence" in the right quarter to obtain admission to the charmed circle. Hence it is that, in the nave especially, and the transepts, the venerable edifices takes on the appearance of a museum or gallery of sculpture. This is the second incongruity, and while it is not the greatest, it is the most readily apparent.

THE THIRD has to do with the various types of individuals who have found sepulture within the Abbey walls, and this it is that is the text of the Strand writer. It is true that perhaps after St. Peter's, Rome, there are no more illustrious names than in any other church in Christendom—among them some (as St. Edward, King and Confessor), who are on the Church's calendar; many Kings and Queens (mostly Catholic) who have left an enduring mark on English history; statesmen, poets, philosophers, scientists, explorers, warriors, who have contributed each his or her share to the service of humanity. But there rest there also the bones of an astonishing collection of nonenti-

ties, possessing no claim whatever to distinction beyond the fact that their bones are there. In this motley assemblage are included a butler, a plumber, a prize fighter, a grafter, and a would-be murderer. In this it is, as well as in its essential secularization, that the Abbey is so far removed from the purpose of its founders, and its former preeminence as a shrine of the Most High.

Of so motley a character is this assemblage, that as the Strand writer puts it, "if the ghosts of the Abbey should assemble some night to take stock of one another, there would be (unless sojourning in the other world begets much greater charity than is usually found in this) much sniffling and tilting of distinguished phantom noses, and disgusted exclamations of, 'How the deuce came you here.' Wilberforce might find himself mistreated by a pugilist; Pitt might be moved to denounce a swindling Secretary of State; Wolfe might be confronted by a spy; Tennyson might find himself confronted by a writer of scurrilous verses;" and, it might be added, (what does not, however, come within the purview of the writer under review) bishops and abbots, and holy men of the old order, monks and nuns and devout Catholic laymen, whose mortal bodies had been laid to rest in the sacred precincts with solemn Catholic rites, might find themselves jeered at and mocked by truculent heretics of the new. There is, indeed, no limit to the jarring contrasts between the Westminster Abbey of today, and the Christian temple of pre-Reformation times.

IT MAY NOT be amiss to tabulate a few of the "worthies" whose bones are in this "Valhalla of the Anglo-Saxon race." A few are sufficient to emphasize its far removal from its glorious past. First, there is John Broughton, the prize-fighter who, after a life of strenuous endeavor, crowned with success in his chosen "profession," ended his days as a verger in the Abbey, and when the end came, found sepulture there. John Broughton was a worthy enough man in his way, and in character infinitely superior to others who affected to despise him. But to rest with England's greatest is surely an incongruity of a grotesque kind. Then, as if to keep John company, Philip Clarke, the plumber, whose mission in life was to repair the pipes and keep the drains in order at Westminster School, rests nearby.

OF ANOTHER kind, however, are James Craggs, Secretary of State, and Thomas Thynn, a court favorite in the reign of Charles II. Of the former, who as Secretary of State had made a reputation for honor and probity and of whom the poet Pope could write:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear; Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end, Who gained no title, and who lost no friend; Enabled by himself, by all approv'd, Prais'd, wept and honoured by the Muse he lov'd."

It is related that when the South Sea Bubble burst, and its books were overhauled, this same Craggs was discovered to be an ardent rogue, his name appearing on the subscription list for the fictitious sum of three hundred and thirty thousand pounds, the price of his "influence." Thynn, on the other hand, made no special pretension to virtue, but was an out-and-out scoundrel, and a would-be murderer. Having forced a child widow of property to marry him, who afterwards fled to Holland to escape his brutalities, and was befriended there by a certain Count Konigsmark, Thynn despatched six men to the Continent to murder the pair of them. That he should himself have shortly afterwards been murdered was—men might not unjustly term—a fitting climax. But his bones lie in Westminster Abbey, under a pretentious monument, and—of all incongruities—close to the tombs of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism.

In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but, in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.—Thomas a Kempis.

It is not to be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.—Pascal.

THE TIMES' COMMENTS

THE NAME OF ENGLAND SULLIED BY SAVAGERY IN IRELAND

London Times, Sept. 29th.

Day by day the tidings from Ireland grow darker. The accounts of the arson and destruction by the military at Mallow in County Cork as revenge for a Sinn Fein raid which caught the 17th Lancashire on Tuesday must fill English readers with a sense of shame. Despite the efforts of the local police force, whose members, our Correspondent reports, "spared no efforts to try to check the soldiers in their mad orgy of destruction," the town hall and a number of houses and business premises were burned, the population being driven to seek safety in flight or to camp in the open fields. The authorities would have been fully entitled, after the raid on the military barracks, which cost the life of a British sergeant, to arrest on suspicion of complicity any townsfolk against whom a prima facie case could be established. No complaint could have been made had they dealt summarily with any insurgents caught in possession of arms. But they were not entitled to reduce to ruins the chief buildings of the township and to destroy the property of the inhabitants merely as an act of terrorism. The name of England is being sullied throughout the Empire and throughout the world by this savagery, for which the Government can no longer escape, however much they may seek to disclaim responsibility.

We shall doubtless be told, with the imitable cynicism of a leading Ministerial organ, that Irish towns are not really towns, but only villages; that, to quote its own words, "comparisons with a great and populous university city like Louvain are farcical." Or we may be assured once again that "it seems improbable that many innocent people have suffered" by the reprisals. Apologies of this description do but deepen the discredit of the Government, for they are written, not in any Irish police organ, but in London, and bear manifest traces of official suggestion. Unless we are mistaken, the Government have not yet declared war upon the people of Ireland. Yet these "reprisals" are acts of war, and of very ugly war too. We are supposed to be engaged in maintaining law and order in Ireland with the aid of disciplined forces, but we are, in reality, employing lawlessness and disorder as a means of counter-terrorizing. The wrackings at Mallow are but the most flagrant instances of a system deliberately organized. We commend to our readers the striking letter we have received from Mr. Annan Bryce, a brother of Viscount Bryce, and member of Parliament for Inverness from 1906 to 1918. He writes from Glengarriff, County Cork. We imagine that the authorities will hardly take reprisals upon him or his for his courageous frankness. These reprisals are indeed, as our experienced and moderate Dublin Correspondent observes, a confession that the Government are either unable to control their own forces, or that they have abandoned the duty of government altogether. Every fresh reprisal puts a new obstacle in the path of any real Irish settlement. We have independent reason to know the truth of our Correspondent's suggestion that this danger is acutely appreciated by leading men on the civil side of the Irish Executive, and that some of them have not hesitated to express their opinions very strongly. We agree entirely with his statement that no moderate man of any Irish party will complain of rigour in the legitimate campaign against murder and outrages, but that, as matters stand today, with murder on one side and reprisals on the other, the conditions of terror and insecurity throughout the country are becoming almost intolerable.

Into this distressing and humiliating situation the manifesto issued by Viscount Grey through the Westminster Gazette comes with peculiar force as the honest opinion of an honest and experienced statesman. With his opening observation that "the Government of Ireland has never been such a reproach and discredit to British statesmanship as it is today," none can disagree, nor can any cavil at his verdict that "the British Administration, in fact, exhibits the helplessness of an extremely feeble Government while incurring all the odium of one that rules by force." He is right also in saying that "the permanent underlying cause of a failure so prolonged and persistent as that in Ireland is not to be found in the shortcomings of individual Governments, not even in those of the present Government." We doubt the entire accuracy of his further thesis that it has always been, and always will be, impossible to get Irishmen to agree to any British scheme for a settlement, though we believe his main conclusions, in so far as they apply to present circumstances, to be substantially sound. Fifteen months ago Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet might, we have reason to know, have solved the Irish problem by a bold, swift stroke. That moment passed unutilized. Now, nothing short of some policy of the kind which Lord Grey suggests can lead to a settlement. But if a settlement is ever to

BRITISH PROTESTS

SHALL WE TOLERATE IN OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WHAT WE DENOUNCE AS THE BLACKEST CRIMES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES?

In its issue of September 29th, the great English journal, Truth, after referring to the sack of Balbriggan by a British force, says:

"Here we have the official guardians of law and order running amok and treating an Irish town to an exhibition of 'frightfulness' exactly in the spirit in which the German Army made examples of Belgians and Frenchmen, killing, wounding and burning indiscriminately, and setting the women and children flying from the place for their lives. But as if this were not enough, we find the Commander in Chief in Ireland publicly represented as having, in a press interview, extenuated and condoned these atrocities, pleading provocation as an excuse for reprisals, declaring that when an officer is 'killed' it is only human that the men should relieve their feelings at the expense of the civil population at large, and actually asserting that 'punishment for such acts is a delicate matter'—liable to counteract the training that the officers have given to the men. You might have got such an apology for frightfulness from von Bismarck. . . . General Macready stands up and apologizes for the insubordination and crimes of the police, and informs them, as well as the rest of the world, that it is difficult to punish them, because it might weaken discipline further. Is this the way to keep your insubordinate spirits in hand at a difficult time? Why has not every officer been officially intimated to show lawlessness and outrage. As such it throws a lurid light on all that has been going on during the last few months. The truth is that resort to reprisals has long been systematically winked at by the Government, and has grown in consequence to what we now see. If the first act of this kind had been adequately dealt with, it would probably have been the last. But the spirit in which General Macready now speaks has been at work all the time, and, as invariably happens, the policy of reprisals has been carried out more and more methodically and mercilessly, until we have reached a point that because a police officer has been shot a flourishing town is to be sacked, while the 'higher command' looks the other way and pleads that it would be risky to interfere." After comparing the sack of Balbriggan to the Amritsar holocaust as having less excuse than that offered for General Dyer, the article concludes:—"If these acts and words are to be condoned, and if the policy which they express is to be continued, I trust that protests will be heard in this country [England] as loud as any that have been raised in the past against the calculated atrocities of Turks or Germans. If not we shall be branded for all time as the most shameful race of hypocrites that ever walked the earth. Whether we are or not, we shall certainly deserve to be regarded when we tolerate in our own Government what we denounce as the blackest crimes in the Governments of foreign countries."

THE REGISTER'S TRIBUTE

Toronto, since it became an episcopal see, has witnessed three silver jubilee celebrations of its spiritual rulers. The first was that of Archbishop Lynch, whose whole episcopal career was spent in Toronto, the second that of Archbishop Walsh, who for many years was Bishop of London, the third that of our present Archbishop, whose episcopal labours embraced the extremes of this North American Continent—Newfoundland and Vancouver—before he came to Toronto. From Newfoundland's fogs to Vancouver's flowers, and then to Ontario's fertile fields and Queen City—this is an experience which in point of latitude few bishops have enjoyed. His social life has been greater than even his physical differential. From St. George, Newfoundland, with its fisher folk, to Vancouver with its Western breadth and breeziness and disregard of pretences, to Toronto with its deeply furrowed racial, political and sectarian prejudices, has been indeed a series of contrasts. The world conditions which have prevailed almost since His Grace's arrival in Toronto, have served to deepen these contrasts. Over four years of War compared with which all previous wars were trivial, served to bring out all that was best and worst in humanity. The best was seen in larger measure during the War; in the two years of feverish restlessness which have followed, the worst seems to be in the ascendancy, at least as far as surface indications go. This made the Toronto situation peculiarly hard. The ombers of prejudice and bigotry which the present Archbishop sought to extinguish (as did his predecessors) were fanned into flame. The spirit of co-operation he has endeavoured so sedulously to cultivate, has been seriously set back. That very much more mischief of this kind has not been done is due to his persistent efforts. Whilst others have been discouraged he has not lost heart. Undismayed by the selfishness, Prussianism and hypocrisy which have come so prominently to the surface he has kept on his course. Because patriotism has been made in some quarters the ladder to prominence, plunder and power is no reason why patriotism of the right kind should not be cultivated. Because those who live and thrive by discord, masquerading under the name of religion, have been more than usually active in these disturbed times, does not in the slightest degree dampen the willingness of Archbishop McNeil to continue the policy of co-operation between all creeds and classes or shake his conviction of its success. His unassuming kindness of manner, his aversion to everything in the line of pomp, his knowledge of

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE

Toronto Daily Star, Oct. 29

At the solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in St. Michael's today both His Excellency the Reverend Pietro di Maria and Archbishop McNeil were empowered by the Pope to bestow upon the congregation and flock the Apostolic Blessing.

Before the service an awe-inspiring silence lay over the cathedral. In the shadowy darkness, the rich reds and the vivid blues of the great stained window behind the high altar glowed like a vision from a nobler and a kinder world. Tall tapers rose in stately whiteness and with their steady and gently burning tongues of flame offered up humble worship. Small jewels of ruby red glowed amid great banks of white chrysanthemum and shell-pink roses. At length the shadows were slowly dispelled and the cathedral flooded with light. The gold and white pennons of the Papal See, the pale greens and the burnt orange colors of the cathedral itself, the stone-groined Gothic windows with their colorful panes, all gave an atmosphere of mediaeval splendor that approached almost to Byzantine gorgeousness. Finally, the great organ burst forth with a triumphant procession of praise as the long procession of two hundred ecclesiastics moved up the aisle with slow and solemn dignity. The snowy white surplices of the choristers, the sombre black soutanes of the priests, the scarlet robes and the heavily brocaded white and gold vestments of the archbishops, bishops and other prelates followed one by one. Last

of all, with the scarlet train of his scarlet robe born by two small acolytes came His Excellency Monsignor Pietro di Maria, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland. Tall and powerful, with a firm but not unkindly mouth and with eyes deep-set beneath heavy brows and a beaming forehead, Monsignor gave an impression of almost majestic dignity and of driving power that was softened by a very human smile. Led to the canopy by two acolytes, he took up the position of honor, surrounded by dignitaries of the Church.

On the other side of the sanctuary sat Archbishop Neil McNeil, the silver jubilee of whose consecration to the office of bishop was the occasion of this ceremony. After the celebration of Pontifical Solemn Mass, and with the odor of incense still heavy in the air, Monsignor di Maria bestowed the Apostolic blessing on the congregation. Following this, Rev. A. O'Leary, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and a large deputation of the clergy of the archdiocese presented an address to Archbishop McNeil, in which his services to the Church were laudably extolled. A committee of the laity, headed by Mr. J. F. Power, inspector of Separate schools for Toronto, continued the sentiments on their own behalf, and heartily congratulated His Grace on this silver jubilee.

Archbishop McNeil, in reply, referred to the gratification which had been caused him by the whole-hearted and spontaneous expressions of good-will which had been shown upon him from all quarters during the past few days. He expressed his great indebtedness to the thousands of pious souls who had been combining to say prayers, communions and Masses on the occasion of his silver jubilee. His Grace said that he felt that the Holy Father in designating to remember him with a special message had intended that it should also be shared with his flock. This message which was signed by Pope Benedict XV, himself, expressed high appreciation of the work which was being done by the Archbishop in the discharge of his office and in advancing the welfare of his flock. In order that the congratulations of His Holiness might be the more productive on this occasion, he empowered Archbishop McNeil to bestow upon his flock the Apostolic blessing. The jubilee sermon, which was delivered by the Right Rev. Michael O'Brien, Bishop of Peterboro, dealt eloquently with the duties of the bishops towards their flock and of the duty of the laity in the matter of obedience to their prelates.

LOURDES MIRACLE CONFIRMED

RECOVERY OF A YOUNG BELGIAN WOMAN WHO WAS DYING OF CONSUMPTION

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

Paris, Sept. 20. — Miss Martha Maton, a Belgian lady of twenty-one years, suffering from tuberculosis in its last stage, was cured by a succession of illnesses since the age of fourteen, she had gone through the ordeal of forced evacuation from Furnes, her native town, in the first days of the War, and had been sent at last to the sanatorium erected for the Belgians at Chareway (Ain) under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth.

Dr. Hottlet, director of the sanatorium, gives the following description of her condition since December 1918: "Her pains are so frequent and so sharp that it takes six or eight hypodermic injections of morphine each day to give her some relief. The case appears to be desperate; for nine months the patient has stood between life and death, fed only with milk, coffee and a few biscuits; her evening temperature often reaches 104. Our treatment aims only at reducing her pain; peritoneal effusions compress the diaphragm and the heart, determines swoons and painful breathing, and never permits the patient to rise or sit in her bed. It is in this desperate condition that she was allowed on her express desire to start for Lourdes under the care of two Sisters. So intense was her suffering that she prayed not for the cure, but for death."

Miss Maton was plunged in the piscine of the Grotto on her arrival at Lourdes and came out extremely weak. The next day she was taken to the Grotto to assist at Mass, but she was so weak and worn out that she did not bring her to the piscine till the afternoon. She had hardly touched the miraculous water when she experienced sharp abdominal pains and lost consciousness. When, however, she came back to her senses, ignoring the warnings of the ladies in attendance and moved by an irresistible power, she stood up and started to walk. At the Bureau des Constations, where she was carried, she rose again on her feet and walked without any difficulty. One of the doctors who examined her affirmed that at that very moment all peritoneal effusions and abdominal pains had disappeared.

The next day at a supplementary examination of the patient expert doctors noted some hard spots in the right lung and frictions in the iliac region, but all pain had left the right hip, and the right leg, which was ten centimeters short, had gained seven centimeters. Miss Maton returned to the Chareway sanatorium, her strength returning so very rapidly, whilst her organs and functions came back to normal, that at the end of six weeks she was able to take up some work. She went back to Belgium, and on June 24th, of this year, she wrote to the Lourdes Bureau to report the completeness of her recovery and her entrance into the Franciscan community of Poperinghe. Of the extraordinary character of the cure Dr. Marchand, vice-president of the Bureau des Constations, wrote as follows: "This young lady had her lungs and peritonium eaten up by the bacillus of tuberculosis; coxalgia had reduced her right limb to complete incapacity; she was in the last stage of cachexy and she never left her bed for nine months. Now she suddenly starts to walk and to show a return to life; in two weeks, after two baths in the piscine at Lourdes all her lung and abdominal lesions disappear and within six weeks she resumes her normal existence. We can but humbly bow our heads and recognize that such a cure is not the result of natural pro-

cesses, but is beyond the limits of science, and that nothing outside of a supernatural action can explain it."

Coming to his ecclesiastical work, he has bent all his energies to two great objects—the supply of priests, the multiplication of parishes, and in this way the bringing of religious opportunities more closely home to the people. In this he has achieved much success and laid the foundation for much greater things in the future. He found a fine seminary, just completed through a princely act of individual generosity. The body was there, but it had not yet a soul. Archbishop McNeil breathed the soul into it, and today it is full of bounding life—life for which it is already too small.

This is just a sample of what has been done in more than one line. Another great object of the present Archbishop of Toronto is to unify the missionary work of the Catholic Church throughout Canada. He has fought localism and racialism quietly as he does all things, but persistently, and he has on the occasion of his episcopal Silver Jubilee the satisfaction of knowing that in this line also much has been done and the way prepared for far more. May many years of health and undiminished intellectual powers be his! May he see his projects and plans crowned with success! If he does, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, will be far better socially and religiously because of his labours.—Catholic Register.

THE FIRST BURSE COMPLETED

FATHER FRASER'S HEART OVERFLOWS WITH JOY

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada.

Friends of the Sacred Heart! Rejoice with me and all the members of China Mission College that the Sacred Heart Burse, to which you so generously contributed, is completed. This is certainly a victory—a victory of the Sacred Heart over Satan. With this Burse on hand, that is a sum of \$5,000 solidly invested, one more student for the missionary life will be accepted and supported in China Mission College, and when he has been trained and ordained and finally goes off to China to spend his life in the evangelization of the heathen, another student will be taken in and educated on the same Burse and so on indefinitely.

What a glorious work, therefore, has been accomplished in completing this Burse! What glory will be given to Our Blessed Lady by all the priests to be educated and supported on this Burse, and by the thousands of souls whom they will deliver from the clutches of Satan and introduce to the bright light of the Gospel.

There is no telling what far-reaching effect this Burse will have in Christianizing China. Will not the priests educated on this Burse raise other vocations to the priesthood among the Chinese youth and will not these in turn induce others to enter the holy state? Truly this Burse will be like a vine growing and spreading in every direction, radiating the love of the Sacred Heart, until that great nation will fall at His feet, in loving adoration and be borne a willing captive to His eternal mansion.

I cannot find words to thank all who have contributed towards this Sacred Heart Burse. All I can do is to promise them my prayers and a daily remembrance in the masses for our students, but especially a daily remembrance in the Masses and prayers of all the young men ordained by means of this Burse, and this as an act of gratitude to the benefactors who under God procured them the grace of ordination.

Yours gratefully in the Sacred Heart, J. M. FRASER. SACRED HEART BURSE Previously acknowledged \$4,985 70 Stanley & Jno. Murphy, Woodlee, 2 00 Mrs. Jas. Trainer, Chatham, N. B., 2 00 Friend, Sarnia, 1 00 K. D. H., Guelph, 5 00 Hugh Evans, North Collins 2 50 John Murphy, Melrose, N. B. 3 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,691 72 ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE Previously acknowledged \$990 05 K. Forrest, Jasper, 3 00 Wm. Gillis, Old Bridgeport 1 00 Miss Ethel Modler, 75

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$2,023 08 COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE Previously acknowledged \$827 60 ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,566 87 A client of St. Joseph, Kempville, 5 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$252 25 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$248 80 HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE Previously acknowledged \$218 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$682 25 LITTLE FLOWER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$420 55 SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,006 20 P. Marcotte, Lake Rosseau 3 00

SONG OF THE BLESSED ONES

Soul of humanity, Fire and clod! We are akin to thee, Saints of one family Blessed of God. In His infinity, Calm evermore, Patient, we wait for thee. "Come!" we cry lovingly, "Come and adore!" We're here and bow with us, Children of earth!— Praise Him all glorious, In whom, victorious, Love has its birth! Sing of His holiness, Sing of His grace; Sharing our joy's impress, Bending in lowliness, Seeing His Face. Learning, O wiltful one, Clamor's surcease, Saintry is union; Earth would have benison; Bid her have peace. Loving eyes bend on her, Saintry eyes yearn; Mindful, above, of her Burning with love of her Till she return. Children of vanity, Look up and live; Saviour, exalted high, Answer their loving cry, "Jesus, forgive!" —CAROLINE D. SWAN

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSBAERT

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE AWAKENING FROM SPIRITUAL DEATH

Dear brethren, when our divine Saviour entered the house of the ruler, of whom today's Gospel speaks, He said: "Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth."

(1) The first condition is the summing up of the past. Dear brethren when this girl had died the father realized that she was past human help, for what human being can recall to life a dead person?

Although the prayer of the sinner, like any good work performed in the state of mortal sin, has no merit for salvation, it is nevertheless required to secure for him the grace of conversion.

(2) The second condition was the help of Jesus. The dead girl remained lifeless until Jesus took her by the hand.

Mr. H. W. Nevinson, the widely known English author and journalist who recently visited the United States, pays the following beautiful compliment to the influence of the Catholic school in forming the daily life of its children:

ALL SOULS

The feasts of All Saints and All Souls bring the invisible world very close to us. The former unites us in spirit with the Blessed in Heaven; the latter recalls the ties that bind us to the suffering in Purgatory.

We see the Catholic Church as a mighty organization composed of three great units, the Church Militant, the Church Triumphant, and the Church Suffering.

On All Souls' day the church reminds us of our duty of sympathizing with the Holy Souls in their sufferings, and of assisting them by our prayers.

As nothing defiled can enter Heaven, these holy souls must pass through a period of purgation. Like gold they must be tried by fire so as to shine forth in the splendor of eternal glory.

They are powerless to help themselves, but they can be helped by our prayers. From the depths of their prison-house they stretch forth invisible hands in supplication to us.

The days of war and pestilence have increased the number of our beloved dead. The world will erect memorials to them. But if they could speak they would ask not monuments of bronze or stone, but a remembrance in our prayers.

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Liberty, then, in its broadest possible sense, is freedom, to do and think as I please. This definition could, of course, be being amplified, but made far more precise.

It is the same in the Catholic school. From morning till evening the children are surrounded by the plain and beautiful symbolism of protecting and merciful powers. The crucifix hangs upon the walls. The Virgin, with flowers round her feet, watches them like a mother more beautiful and considerate than their own.

In the Catechism, which is the base of the teaching, the children are given not only the doctrines of faith and prayer and forgiveness; they are given a rule of life and a form of daily exercise.

bed, and to begin the day by making the Sign of the Cross and saying some short prayer, such as "O my God I offer my heart and soul to Thee!"

LIBERTY AND RELIGION

One of the most striking curiosities of modern theology is the theory that Protestantism is in some unexplained way directly related to liberty.

This theory has, for many years, been so constantly impressed upon the public, that it is doubtless accepted by many as a truism. The superficial facts, which are the only facts with which a multitude ever deals, all seem to conspire in its support.

Residual liberty is that which every well-ordered State guarantees permanently to its citizens; something similar if not identical with what the framers of the Declaration of Independence meant, when they spoke of "inalienable rights."

Transient liberty, on the other hand, is merely a means to an end. It is liberty related to the investigation of fact, and in full consciousness that the fact, when found, will exterminate the liberty.

In order to illustrate this in a concrete sense, let us take the present medical problem of cancer. It surely requires no argument to prove that all possible freedom both of experiment and of thought is absolutely prerequisite to the discovery of a specific for this dread disease.

Liberty, then, in its broadest possible sense, is freedom, to do and think as I please. This definition could, of course, be being amplified, but made far more precise.

The distinction of which I spoke, is immediately suggested by the definition. Not all liberty is the same. And if we analyze, even slightly, our conception of it, we will find it separating into two

SUFFERED DAY AND NIGHT

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Relieved By "Fruit-a-lives"

LITTLE BRAN D'OR, C. B. "I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation for years. I had pain after eating, belching gas, constant headaches and did not sleep well at night."

divisions, or rather grouping itself under two heads. For the sake of convenience I will term one of these heads residual, and the other transient.

Residual liberty is that which every well-ordered State guarantees permanently to its citizens; something similar if not identical with what the framers of the Declaration of Independence meant, when they spoke of "inalienable rights."

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Liberty, then, in its broadest possible sense, is freedom, to do and think as I please. This definition could, of course, be being amplified, but made far more precise.

will, in this particular instance, at least, be indistinguishable from that which I have called residual. Mere duration of time, however, does not express the difference.

Again I am perfectly conscious that even if transient liberty does, in any instance, gain its end, yet that my physical right to persist in that liberty remains unimpaired.

So, too, it will be urged that the distinction, as I have made it, simply marks off the abstract from the concrete and that the liberty which I have termed residual, is simply of sufficient vagueness to render it universal in its application.

And now there remains the question, as to how all this is to be related to religion. Protestantism, we have been told a thousand times, is coextensive with liberty.

Let us then remember, that the precise claim of Protestantism is, that it offers us the fullest freedom to accept or to deny any doctrine of religion. Let us consider also that Protestantism applies, to all doctrinal discussion, that conception which I have spoken of as residual liberty.

In insisting upon the distinction I have drawn, and upon the fact that all human liberty must group itself under one or the other of these two heads, I am quite aware that more than one shallow or sophistical argument will be urged against me.

the conception which I have termed transient. Our task is therefore to examine whether its success is any the more assured.

Transient liberty is the means to an end, and that end is the acquisition of fact. I may relate it to a search for pleasure. If I am successful, my consciousness of the pleasure is my proof that the fact has been acquired.

We have, then, in applying this conception to the Protestant system, first of all to determine what standard it can supply. Let us remember that we are seeking facts of a class essentially unique, and that neither logic nor science, nor human experience can penetrate to the plane of transcendental faith.

Unless, then, I can measure these transcendental facts by some sort of supernatural approval or disapproval, I shall find myself forced to the conclusion that this second form of liberty is quite as impossible an ally as I have already found the first.

And as the problem is this reduced to only two heads, it will be not without interest to note the difficulties attending the application of each.

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In insisting upon the distinction I have drawn, and upon the fact that all human liberty must group itself under one or the other of these two heads, I am quite aware that more than one shallow or sophistical argument will be urged against me.

The first refused me an end other than itself; the second demands an end, but is ultimately incapable of its verification.

Yet, curiously enough, in that denial of all objective authority, which is the very corner-stone of its existence, Protestantism has itself removed the only standard which exactly corresponds to the demand of both reason and experience; and in so doing it has, of necessity, divorced itself from all rational alliance with liberty, in a transient sense.

It matters not how much a man may be warped by the rough usage of the world, or how moldered into another form by contact with adverse circumstances, there yet remains hidden in him the youth that, as a poet tells us, is the father of the man.—Donn Plett.

10 to 20 times the amount taken. That is the nourishing power (passed by independent scientific experiment) of BOVRIL.

Run Down. Do you suffer from headaches, followed by fits of dizziness, and an overpowering feeling of lassitude? Do you feel drowsy, listless and irritable? Are you run down?

Throw away your Wash Board—let this Vacuum Washer do the Work. You need never dread wash day or suffer with tired limbs and aching back again.

The Importance of True Tones for The Beginner. If your children were educated from inaccurate text books, what a handicap that would be to their education. The same principle applies to musical education—a faulty-toned piano creates a false sense of tone.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

JUST HUMAN
He was so human! Whether strong or weak, far from his kind, he neither sank nor soared...

TODAY
Yesterday is gone forever. Tomorrow never comes. Today is in my own hands.

WHY THEY ARE POOR
Their ideas are larger than their purses. They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

THEIR IDEAS ARE LARGER THAN THEIR PURSES
They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters. They reverse the maxim—'Duty before pleasure'.

A SERMON FROM BASEBALL
There are sermons in stones, and a powerful sermon for our American boys in the sordid story of the recent baseball 'scandals.'

DISPLAY COURTESY AT HOME
Courtesy in the home is vastly different from that which is practiced in public as an exterior form of kind regard and conventional politeness among strangers.

NO, DISHONESTY DOES NOT PAY
No, dishonesty does not pay. Not only our boys, but the young man who at the outset of life thinks, as he should, only of the wife and the kids 'can find a valuable lesson in the downfall of this ballplayer.'

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO A SMALL BOY
What shall I write in your album, Jack? Shall I tell you a tale of the sea? How you went to float in a beautiful boat...

BOYS MIGHT REMEMBER THEM
A very successful teacher of boys gave six 'reminders' to his pupils: First—That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlemanly man.

BETHLEHEM
The making of pearl rosaries is the chief industry of the little town of Bethlehem, in Palestine.

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX
Catholic teachers are so often asked why the Church forbids the reading of Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris'...

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
In the case of Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris' the poems of real greatness which the work undoubtedly contains...

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
As an illustration of the method employed by Hugo, he belittles and even to calumniate, as much as lay in his power, a sacred institution of the Church...

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
The divorce evil was the subject of some very pertinent and enlightening remarks by a Supreme Court Justice in Brooklyn recently.

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
Popular opinion ranks both books among the outstanding productions of world literature. Those who share this view are frequently unable to give any reasonable ground for their admiration.

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
Now it is precisely because Hugo attempts to show in his grotesque story of the Middle Ages that the Church is an incubus upon society...

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
No matter how one regards 'the Index of Prohibited Books' drawn up by the Church, the unbiased mind will recognize the wisdom of the precautionary measures taken by her to safeguard the spiritual interests of her children.

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
A novel falls short of the standard of literary perfection to the extent that it fails to give an accurate picture of the life, or times, or characters of the epoch or nation chosen for the background of the story.

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
Sane literary critics, as for instance, Schuler and Birch-Hirschfeld, in their 'History of French Literature,' have referred to Hugo's work on account of its contentions of historic facts and its wild fantastic ravings...

WHY VICTOR HUGO IS ON THE INDEX (cont.)
While Hugo thus gives his monstrous fancy free scope in the creation of scenes and characters, he leaves the reader in the dark as to the real meaning of the vast pageantry that is unfolded in the course of the story.

Lends Fragrance to the simplest meal



is pure, wholesome and delicious. Send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto.

"LES MISERABLES"
'Les Miserables,' a social romance, begun in 1845, was finished in 1862, and is an indictment against the existing order of society.

HUGO'S METHOD
As an illustration of the method employed by Hugo, he belittles and even to calumniate, as much as lay in his power, a sacred institution of the Church...

NO MATTER HOW ONE REGARDS 'THE INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS' drawn up by the Church, the unbiased mind will recognize the wisdom of the precautionary measures taken by her to safeguard the spiritual interests of her children.

THE DIVORCE EVIL WAS THE SUBJECT OF SOME VERY PERTINENT AND ENLIGHTENING REMARKS BY A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE IN BROOKLYN RECENTLY.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

THE DIVORCE EVIL WAS THE SUBJECT OF SOME VERY PERTINENT AND ENLIGHTENING REMARKS BY A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE IN BROOKLYN RECENTLY.

HUMAN NATURE IS HUMAN NATURE. YOU MUST TAKE IT AS IT IS. IT IS NEVER TRYING TO THROW OFF RESTRAINT.

Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes.

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Gatholic Record

LONDON CANADA. Prices Subject to Change Without Notice.

A SECRET AGENT EXPOSED

THE TYPE OF PRESENT-DAY SERGEANTS SHREDDERS

Last week one of England's numerous agents-provocateurs was effectually exposed in Dublin. Eng had always denied the employment of such wretches, and it was, therefore, necessary to make the exposure under circumstances that convicted her beyond the possibility of denial.

Less than two years ago this secret agent was sentenced at Belfast Assizes to five years for fraud. His record of crimes extending over 32 years, was read by the judge, who declared that, in the interests of the community, he could not give him a lesser sentence.

Yet, before a sixth of the sentence had been served, the prison doors were opened and this felon who had preyed upon society for 32 years walked forth free. No prisoner convicted as he was could be released in less than three years and nine months unless by special action of the English Government.

He was released to join the English secret service and to act for it as an agent-provocateur. He is not the only criminal who was specially released for the same purpose. If there were any public spirit, morality or intelligence left in England, it would demand a return of the number of habitual criminals released before the expiry of their sentences by order of the English Government during the past two years; it would demand the reason for their release, and it would demand why these releases are being surreptitiously made.

You are a scoundrel, Hardy, but the people who employ you are greater scoundrels. A boat will leave Dublin tonight at 9 o'clock. My advice to you is—catch that boat and never return to Ireland. You may use your peculiar talents as you like in your own country. I have nothing more to say.

Hardy, crushed and frightened, said in a piteous tone that he had never done anything against his country. He could not leave Dublin that night. Griffith waved him off and he walked quickly from the room.

The following record of Hardy, taken from the Belfast News Letter of December 9, 1918, was read out by Mr. Griffith in his presence before the Irish and foreign journalists at the dramatic exposure of this secret agent of England:

His Lordship (Judge Gordon) said the prisoner had had several other names. He had sent in a statement admitting that he had been engaged for some months past in a series of frauds, including a number of ones in Waterford, totalling £82 4s; in Carlow, of £15; Lisburn, £12; Portstewart, £10; Derry, £10; Liverpool £25; Leeds, £15; Cardiff, £15; Plymouth, £12; Portsmouth, £8; Wolverhampton, £4; and another place involving sums amounting to £225. Did that statement disclose all the frauds the prisoner had committed in the last few months?

him reinstated but these failed and then, said the prisoner, he got fairly desperate and would have committed murder if it had come his way. He acted with a recklessness for which there could be no excuse, but he asked His Lordship to deal with him mercifully and he would undertake to pay 20s in the £ to every one of those whom he had defrauded, spreading the payments over a series of years.

His Lordship said he had had prisoner's record before him. Prisoner talked about getting an opportunity of repaying the money but as a matter of fact he began his career of crime 32 years ago. In 1885 he got 6 weeks for forgery at Devon Assizes; in 1890 he was imprisoned for 6 weeks for stealing a bicycle and neglecting his family and in the same year at Plymouth he got 3 months for larceny and embezzlement. In 1896 he got 12 months at Winchester Assizes for stealing securities and forgery; in 1897—apparently just immediately after he came out—he got 18 months at the London Assizes for fraud. He then got 7 years at Surrey Assizes in 1899 for forgery, and another 7 years in 1910 for forging a bill in exchange and for stealing a check book. In face of this it was useless to accept any promise from him.

Hardy, says the Freeman's Journal, during the recital grew pale, his mouth twitched and his hands shook. When he had finished reading Mr. Griffith turned to him and said: "You were released from Marybone Jail for this work. You came here with suggestions which we all understand. Yesterday the country was flooded with leaflets offering rewards for secret information regarding outrages and murders supposed to have been committed by the Republican Army. There are scores of men like you going about the country suggesting outrages and assassinations to country boys."

And now, coming to practical work in the matter of fostering vocations, what line of action, it may be asked, should be adopted by the pastor? This, as it appeals to me, should be determined upon by each pastor, who makes it a point to ask himself, from time to time, what efforts he is making, and what is the extent of his zeal in extending the kingdom of God in the way of vocations. Some pastors seem to possess a special talent for seeking out the developing vocations, while others are a failure. I must confess I am of the latter class, though I have made an honest effort, and tried to develop the material that I considered would produce good results; but, with the exception of two cases for the convent, I have failed.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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ADOPT A PRAYER BOOK SIGNIFICANT STEP TAKEN BY ENGLISH CONGREGATIONALISTS

London, Sept. 28.—A remarkable development taken place today among the Congregationalists of England and Wales that should not be overlooked by Catholics. The Congregationalists, who were one of the fiercer sects that emerged from Protestantism shortly after the reformation, have set their face sternly against all kinds of prayer but that extempore prayer which, in their opinion, arose from the heart. They hated the Anglican prayer book as much they hated the Pope, perhaps worse, since they looked on the Pope as a banighted foreigner, while the Anglican prayer book as a native product, was a sheer perversion.

But the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which is the hierarchical body of the sect, has today put into circulation a small volume entitled "The Book of Congregational Worship," a manual of prayers and sacraments, that is to fulfill the purpose of a missal and breviary for the Congregationalists. The significance of this step is vastly important, since it means that the Congregationalists have abandoned one of the main points of their body. They have practically, by this step, abandoned the use of the extempore prayer for the use of the liturgical prayer. A person who prayed from a book was almost anti-Christ to them, yet here we have the hierarchy of the Congregationalists actually giving their imprimatur to a manual of public liturgical prayer.

A NOTABLE LIFE The death of Father Sebastian Bowden of the London Oratory removes one of the great English converts and churchmen who participated in the Oxford movement. A student at Cardinal Newman's Catholic University in Dublin, a convert to the faith in Father Faber's day, a leader among the Fathers of the Oratory, he was called to his reward on the anniversary of the death of Father Faber at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Had he lived another fortnight he would have celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood.

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of these states, which all are free to choose according as they feel called, after sincerely asking God to assist them in the choice they are to make. All three, considered in themselves, are not equally perfect as a means of salvation and sanctification. According to St. Paul, celibacy is more perfect than marriage, and the religious life, properly so called, the most perfect of the three, which is found in the monastic orders approved by the Church, embracing the perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Bearing this in mind, the good pastor knows that it is his duty not only to lead souls to God by way of justification, but, as far as he can, by way of perfection. He knows that Christian perfection consists, according to ascetic writers, in the union of the soul with God, by the bond of perfect charity; that the religious life affords the most efficacious means of arriving at the closest union of the soul with God; that no life on earth is more meritorious than following the Master, as near as we can, in a life of celibacy or virginity, especially in the consecrated celibacy of the priesthood. Consequently, the good pastor, in his life work of saving souls and bringing them to God, will be zealous in looking after, in a special manner, the choice flowers of his flock, and discerning signs of religious vocation will do all in his power to nurture the tiny seeds set in the garden of their souls by the Divine Sower, so that they may yield fruit a thousand fold in God's vineyard.

And now, coming to practical work in the matter of fostering vocations, what line of action, it may be asked, should be adopted by the pastor? This, as it appeals to me, should be determined upon by each pastor, who makes it a point to ask himself, from time to time, what efforts he is making, and what is the extent of his zeal in extending the kingdom of God in the way of vocations. Some pastors seem to possess a special talent for seeking out the developing vocations, while others are a failure. I must confess I am of the latter class, though I have made an honest effort, and tried to develop the material that I considered would produce good results; but, with the exception of two cases for the convent, I have failed.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA FOSTERING VOCATIONS The Catholic Church Extension Society is week after week seeking and calling for assistance. Our work though manifold is directed chiefly in one direction, viz., to the education of priests for the Missions of Canada. The supplying of vocations, the building of schools, the erection of chapels, etc., etc., all depend in a great measure on our success in giving missionary priests to the sparsely settled sections in Canada. When we have priests to minister to the people, organization follows and then, churches, schools, convents and everything necessary for the proper direction of souls to the end for which they are created.

the calls for help outside the limits of his own diocese or territory, and see in the distance the fields ripe for the harvest, but, as in the days of old, the laborers are few. A loud call is coming from Western mission fields for more priests to save the thousands of souls scattered over that vast territory—souls many of which are lost to the faith and caught in the net of the proselytizer. A piercing cry is heard from far off pagan lands—China for instance, with its 400,000,000 souls sitting in shadow of death, calling for priests to baptize, if only a few of the 38,000 pagans that die every day unbaptized. Father Fraser, the Chinese Missionary, now in Canada, is crying out for help to christianize those pagans for whom Christ died to save their souls. On account of the great number of priests killed and disabled during the late war, and the many cities and towns destroyed, the cry is heard from thousands of victims banished from their homes, to send priests to help them to raise their drooping hearts, and give them the consolation of our holy religion. The good and zealous pastor will not close his ears to these agonizing calls for help, but will pray to God to make him instrumental in raising help, guiding youths to the priesthood, Jesus Christ, to help to save souls purchased by His Blood.

Thousands have joined with Extension in this holy work. We want more and more assistance. This is why we call upon you to join heart and soul with us. Your kind, charitable action is a good investment for you and yours even in this life.

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