

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919

2102

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919

SANELY AND BRAVELY

We have often been impressed by the considerable proportion of people asking for advice, or for the comfort and support of sympathy, who are feeling that age is closing in gradually upon them and that life is becoming a restriction rather than an expansion. That youth should ask for advice or that those who are interested in youth should ask advice on its behalf is natural; and a warm response is assured, for beyond the good of the individual the good of the world is involved in the right guidance of youth; but to advise those who have passed their middle years may be regarded as somewhat intrusive. They have seen the world and presumably have registered its lessons. Yet we are convinced that friendly counsel and good cheer will be welcomed by many who are beginning to be conscious that the disadvantages of age are gathering more closely around them. If we are asked what we mean by age we reply that no time can be fixed to mark its coming. It is not measured by the number of our years but by our surrender to the various drawbacks which the years are certain to bring to us sooner or later. By letting ourselves go we may grow old at any age; by keeping young in spirit and acting wisely in the exercise of our physical and mental resources we may postpone by tens of years that chill of age which paralyses man's being; but if we are to keep freshness of heart and the alertness that enjoys life, we must bring ourselves to accept gradually, without useless repining, the natural accumulation of untoward consequences which accompanies length of years. That, unfortunately, is what numbers of people fail to do. They will not face the inevitable squarely. They rebel, "grouse," make themselves unhappy, become disagreeable, and so ally themselves with time against themselves. They never think once for all the question of growing old and adopt a settled theory of life that will lay the hobgoblins of Time. They are not adroit enough to accommodate themselves to what must be, and then go on cheerfully holding every advantage that remains. They are so deeply out to the heart when they have to give up a piece from life's chess-board that they do not continue nearly so well as they ought the contest with the pieces that are left.

Yet the lesson of acquiescence in loss and readjustment to suit the altered conditions begin very early for most of us. It ought to be suggested by the first extraction of a tooth. That is a loss that admits of amelioration, but is without a cure. And it is the beginning of endless lessons to the same effect. On the physical side we can look backward or, if we are more fortunate, forward to innumerable occasions when resignation to unwelcome changes has been or will be demanded. The need for it comes with some loss of the grace of figure, some fading in complexion, some falling away of facial contour, the arrival of gray hairs, the insidious creep of baldness, a recognised slackening in bodily alertness, a weakening of the spontaneity with which our muscles once made co-operative combinations—the eye with the arms and feet in golf or football, the brain and eye with the hand and fingers in music and shorthand—

"The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again."

As such changes as these are bound to find us out personally, it is well that we should be prepared to accept life's great relinquishment, which is as true, wise, and necessary as that of growth. Only so can we hope to preserve throughout life a reasonably balanced happiness and avoid disillusionment.

What are the penalties that age most certainly bring? Let us not shirk the outlook. It is better to know beforehand than to be cast down by a surprise. Some of the

physical encroachments have already been mentioned, and there are others more serious, such as chronic maladies.

Our observation supports the view that men and women who have made up their minds that they will never be well again, but have to live out their days in some degree of suffering, are usually far more contented and open to happiness than those who have greater hope, but who cannot drag themselves from the dreary marshland of unavailing regret. The blind are proverbially cheerful, the deaf much less so—partly because the blind entertain no false hopes, but accept the situation, whereas the deaf are inclined to encourage themselves with expectations of relief, and so postpone the time when they will settle down to making the best they can of a life admittedly limited by an infirmity. It is true that the deafness which is so complete that it almost shuts out speech on one side is a peculiarly harassing condition. It brings a liability to misunderstandings and suspicions. The deaf live in a region of half-truths and guesses. They see so much they cannot fully understand that they are sure to find themselves following clues which lead nowhere or to wrong conclusions; and we fear that the public generally fail to give them the sympathetic help which their limitations demand.

Helpfulness for the blind is spontaneous and universal, but sometimes the deaf are treated as if they were actuated by dulness instead of suffering from misfortune, and they are therefore the more liable to become sensitive and to be driven in on themselves. But these difficulties and dangers being very well known, it is particularly desirable that the deaf should be close students of a wise comportment; that they should, for instance, be frank about their deficiency in hearing, cheerful and agreeable, and so draw out the better qualities of those with whom they are in contact. In short, by accepting thoughtfully the disadvantage they cannot remove, they may fit themselves more easily into their human surroundings than would otherwise be possible. Ills borne with fortitude lose half their sting.

If we are not willing to accept with a good grace the necessarily accumulating penalties of age, the punishment of failure is inevitable. It will be that we shall make ourselves a nuisance to those about us, and this will react on ourselves and add to our unhappiness. It is a merciful provision that often in advanced years the acquiescent temperament is developed, the spirit grows less rebellious and its fires burn themselves out, a mellow contentment supervenes, though in occasional cases cantankerousness is accentuated and everything in the world seems wrong. As these possibilities both lie ahead of us it is a wise forethought to grapple firmly with signs of age as they arrive and never to allow them to disturb or distress us. Some people fight a kind of despairing battle through a long series of years in hatred of the idea of living suitably for the age at which they have arrived, and they finish embittered by the loss of a fight which they ought not to have waged.

These comments on age are not offered to the aged alone. They concern youth and many prime as well. Particularly is that so in two respects—the provisions of a financial reserve that will secure a modest independence of spirit and the winning and keeping of friendships that will endure to the end of life. Without these two safeguards the disadvantages of age have a redoubled keenness.

Dependence is a fate that should be dreaded from our earliest years. It adds weight to every cross. As for friendships, they thin out with the years just when they are most needed, and ought to be sustained and renewed and reinforced with sedulous care, for they are the best of all secular fortifications of the spirit when the stress of active life is over and only years of quiet defence against time remain.

Let no one regard this subject as doleful. The dolefulness comes when men and women fear age and

shirk it. Our plea is for a frank acceptance of it as in the natural sequence of life an experience to be welcomed, its disadvantages allowed for as they arrive, and its special enjoyments heartily enjoyed. For age, we must remember, has its own rewards for those who have filled their place in the world with fidelity, energy, and good sense. It brings, or should bring, release from strain and stress, a time for the quiet pursuit of one's most favored objects, a mellowed wisdom and preparatory rest, and time to learn the great truth that "who the race of man doth love loves also Him above."

POLAND, GALICIA AND THE UKRAINE

Everyone who loves liberty must rejoice with the Poles on their re-entry, after so many years of bondage, into the family of nations. The idealism and patriotism by which Poland has preserved her national life through more than a hundred years of suffering and oppression has been the marvel of other more fortunate peoples. Her well-wishers cannot however do otherwise than regret that one of the first uses to which her new found freedom has been put should have been an attempt to coerce others. Yet that appears to be what is happening. In so far as her conquests in Polish Prussia are concerned there cannot be any great objection. Territory the population of which is preponderantly Polish should by all means be annexed to the Polish state. That would seem to be the intention of the Allies. It is all events in accordance with the principles of self-determination. Galicia, however, is in a different position. The Eastern portion of it is not Polish, but overwhelmingly Ukrainian and the population vehemently objects to passing under Polish rule. Yet the Poles have undertaken the conquest of it by force of arms and are already in possession of some of it, including the Ukrainian City of Lemberg, which has been for generations the intellectual and literary centre for the whole Ukraine. The total population of Galicia is about 8,200,000 of which the majority are Poles but about 42% are Ukrainians, otherwise known as Ruthenians or Little Russians. The two races however for the most part inhabit opposite ends of the province. They hate each other heartily. In 1907 the Austrian Government at the price of Polish support in the Parliament at Vienna, handed over the Government of Galicia to the Poles and permitted them to restrict the use of the Ukrainian language in the schools and elsewhere and to pass other measures which the Ukrainians considered oppressive. The Ukrainians are therefore not in a frame of mind to look forward with equanimity to a continuance of Polish domination. Moreover their intense desire is for annexation to the Ukraine.

A local contemporary likens the situation in Galicia to that in Ireland, but the cases are not parallel. The people in Ireland are all Irishmen and the cleavage is over a difference of opinion between them as to how the country should be governed. But there is no such thing as a Galician in the sense that there is an Irishman. Galicia is a province with arbitrary boundaries, the western portion of which, adjoining Poland, is inhabited almost exclusively by Poles and the eastern portion of which, adjoining the Ukraine, is inhabited almost exclusively by Ukrainians. The province therefore lends itself readily to dismemberment. If Galicia has hitherto happened to form a single province, is that any valid excuse for handing over to Poland against the will of its inhabitants a territory which is overwhelmingly Ukrainian?

The Poles are also making claim to the Russian Province of Cholm, assigned by the Brest-Litovsk treaty to the Ukraine, a proceeding which the Poles characterized at the time as a new partition of Poland. Here their Polish population of Polish dominion only fifteen per cent. while the Ukrainians form sixty per cent. Again the Poles are proposing to occupy Lithuania. If this were only a temporary measure for the protection of the country against the Bolsheviks there could be little objection to it; but that it will be confined to this is by no means clear. The truth seems to be that the Poles are not concerned with ethnological considerations unless when they tell in their own favor. What they aim at, perhaps naturally enough, is the inclusion in the new Polish Republic of all of the territory which once belonged to the old Kingdom of Poland. This would include not only Lithuania but the whole of the Ukraine as well. But both the Lithuanians and the Ukrainians are bitterly opposed to being again subjected to the Polish yoke and if ethnological considerations and the principle of self-determination are to have any weight they certainly should not be given again to Poland. The Ukraine was an independent and powerful State as far back as the ninth century. In the fourteenth century it was conquered and annexed by Lithuania and in the sixteenth it passed with that principality to Poland. But the Ukrainians never lost their intense feeling of nationality, and have not to this day and in the seventeenth century they revolted and the bulk of them regained their independence. From the Poles however succeeded in retaining Eastern Galicia and Volhynia. The Ukrainians were later conquered by Russia but, like the Poles, have always hoped and strived for a day of deliverance and freedom. It is said that the feeling in the Ukraine today is unanimously in favor of independence and against reunion with Russia. As the population number some thirty-seven millions and the soil is extremely fertile the Ukraine should in that event constitute a powerful State.

The Ukraine has been sometimes spoken of as being infected with Bolshevism but for such a statement there appears to be no warrant. Immediately after the recognition by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk of the independence of the Ukraine war was declared by the latter against Bolshevik Russia and hostilities have continued ever since. What has perhaps led to the confusion is the fact that there is in the Ukraine an acute agrarian question which the people are determined to settle. There are immense estates many of them thousands of acres in extent owned by foreigners, often Poles or Germans, and the people insist that these conditions shall be put an end to and the lands given to those who cultivate it. The demand will no doubt have to be eventually complied with. But this is very far from being Bolshevism.—The Ottawa Evening Journal.

The Ukraine has been sometimes spoken of as being infected with Bolshevism but for such a statement there appears to be no warrant. Immediately after the recognition by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk of the independence of the Ukraine war was declared by the latter against Bolshevik Russia and hostilities have continued ever since. What has perhaps led to the confusion is the fact that there is in the Ukraine an acute agrarian question which the people are determined to settle. There are immense estates many of them thousands of acres in extent owned by foreigners, often Poles or Germans, and the people insist that these conditions shall be put an end to and the lands given to those who cultivate it. The demand will no doubt have to be eventually complied with. But this is very far from being Bolshevism.—The Ottawa Evening Journal.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT COMING

GOVERNMENT KNOWS ONLY THREE CLASSES OF IRISHMEN

POSTERS EXTREMISTS OF THE NORTH; COERCERS EXTREMISTS OF THE SOUTH; AND IGNORES THE MODERATE MAN

London, Jan. 11.—Sir Horace Plunkett, who presided over the Irish convention, which after long deliberation failed to reach an agreement on a scheme of self-government for Ireland, will leave for the United States next Wednesday. He intends to confer with prominent Irishmen in America on the grave situation in Ireland and counsel against impatience, which, in his opinion, constitutes one of the gravest menaces in view of the existing conditions. "We cannot expect the world to be reconstructed in a few weeks after the ending of the war," Sir Horace said to The Associated Press correspondent, "and attempts to unangle quickly the complicated Irish problem, I fear, may lead to more serious consequences than possibly most of us believe."

With the exception of standing for Home Rule, Sir Horace is not aligned with any Irish faction. He recently said:

"The Government divides the population into three sections—the extremists of the north, who are fostered; the extremists of the south, who are coerced, and the moderate man everywhere, who is ignored."

He maintains that the man who is identified with neither of the extremes has no means of making his opinion felt. "The future of civilization," continued Sir Horace, "depends upon the relations of the United States and the British Empire, and with all that has been said and all the misrepresentations which have gone on, the Irish question forms a dangerous shoal in the way of those friendly relations."

"This is no time to jump at conclusions. I hope to explain to the Irishmen in America the phases of the situation which have been so rapidly developing in the last few weeks, some of which doubtless are obscure to them, and to emphasize to them what I believe—the necessity for the calm and careful consideration of each problem as it arises."

THE CANADIANS AS INTERPRETERS

Chas. H. Grasty in N. Y. Times

In the effort for this good understanding, in which a large majority of thinking people on both sides of the Atlantic share, there is an interpreter respecting the two points of view who could be brought in with vast advantage. The Canadians are loyal Britishers and near Americans. They are citizens of Britain with the American temperament. This war has somehow brought the Canadians and ourselves closer together than ever before. No American soldier has come in contact with the Canadian troops in this war without feeling his heart warm toward them. It has been my good fortune to see much of them. It is no partiality,

but an informed opinion shared by the very best observers, that all things considered, the Canadians made the best corps record of any troops who fought in this way.

Of these troops no inconsiderable portion were citizens of the United States. For this reason, and perhaps for others, the Canadian soldier has conceived a deep and sincere feeling of brotherhood for America. From the magnificent commander of the corps, General Sir Arthur Currie, down to the last private in this respect and affection is shared by the Canadian forces. They all predicted what afterward actually happened in the rapid development of the green American into an efficient soldier. The like thing had already happened to them in their experience of over four years, and they know that the American was made of the same stuff.

If the war had lasted another year or two the American Army would have contained many corps precisely like the Canadian. The Americans and Canadians had the same qualities; that is to say, they had all the courage that any other soldiers had, plus that resourcefulness and ability to take care of themselves peculiar to the North American weed.

I recalled that when I visited Canadian Corps Headquarters, about June 1—the darkest hour in the war—I found there a sentiment that filled me with awe. The Canadians were prepared for extinction. Not one of them expected anything except to sell his life as dearly as possible. The boche was thundering toward Paris, and apparently at that moment he could not be stopped. But every Canadian officer and man was ready to give himself to the end that, if and when Paris was reached, the Germans should be in such a state of exhaustion as to make their victory empty because they would not have strength enough to stand against the oncoming tide of fresh Americans. The Americans got in sooner than was expected and through their help at the Marne and elsewhere the Canadians were enabled to form the spearhead of a victorious advance instead of offering themselves up as a sacrifice. Their losses were heavy as it was, but the corps, with its replacements is still a corps. I say again that these brothers in arms from North America are the best interpreters of the real Britain to America and the real America to Britain.

"HE IS LIKE A MONK"

THE CATHOLIC GENERAL GOURAUD

Attention has been repeatedly called to the fact that the great French Generals are mostly staunch Catholics. In the current issue of "Studies" Charles Haussan gives an interesting account of General Gouraud, a noted and fearless Catholic, whose name is now of world-wide fame for his great exploits in the late war. He is only fifty-one. When he was sent to the Sudan in 1894 he carried with him a copy of the "Imitation of Christ" which his sister had given him (he is the eldest of six children, one of whom became a priest). When the doctors decided that his right arm must be amputated, after being crushed by shrapnel in July, 1915, he said: "All right, doctors, amputate the arm since it is necessary; I offer it to God for France." After recovery, his first attempt to walk was on September 8th (Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady) in order to receive Holy Communion in the little chapel. In the hospital he used to recite the "Angelus" and make the morning meditation with the nuns. "He took the greatest delight," we are told, "in listening to their hymns and had not forgotten them. In his sick room he had an altar in honor of Jeanne d'Arc which the great officials of State—the President, the Prime Minister and others—could not fail to notice on the occasion of their visits. The Rosary, novenas, all ordinary acts of piety are familiar to him. He is faithful to the devotion to the Sacred Friday, he did not miss it even on the day of his operation. . . . his first steps as a convalescent were to the Communion rail. . . . General Gouraud does not conceal his faith. At Paris in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires near the altar on the Gospel side, plainly visible to the kneeling faithful, is the six-voxe in white marble—A Notre Dame des Victoires on reconnaissance du 30 Jun. 1915. General Gouraud." He decorated the altar of Blessed Joan of Arc with the hospital flowers that came to him every day. "He is like a monk," say some as they see him passing along in Paris. His character is well summed up thus: "He has the generosity, the loyalty, the sincerity, the deep faith of a true knight. He is a fervent Catholic in public as in private life"—and beloved of all, especially his own soldiers.

In one way, it is a lamentable thing that we should have to single out a French General here and a General there, and say "he is a genuine Catholic," for they should all be genuine Catholics, these Frenchmen; the natural thing would

be to have to say "General So-and-so is not a Catholic." Let us hope that these exemplary Catholic Generals will do something now to make their influence felt by the unbelieving French Government leaders.—Catholic Herald.

"THE PUPPET SHOW"

ENGLISH PAPERS ASSAIL NEW LLOYD GEORGE CABINET

Special Cable to The New York Times

London, Jan. 11.—Lloyd George's new Ministry is the subject of strong criticism in this morning's editorials. Nowhere is complete satisfaction expressed.

"A reshuffle when the country was looking for a reform, a careful balance of old party interests instead of a bold advance with like-minded men from every party, so many palpable mistakes and such a pervading air of staidness—it is impossible that there can be any real permanence in a Government composed of lines like these. The Prime Minister, we suspect, fully recognizes that fact."

"His notion is to carry on for the period of the Peace Conference with something like his old administration and then to see what comes of his reconstruction program. If so, he has merely postponed one set of difficulties while creating another. The final test will come when the Prime Minister unfolds his detailed domestic policy. We look forward to it now, we confess, with far greater belief in his good intentions than in his capacity to carry them out."

"The Daily Mail says the new Ministerial list makes it too clear that Lloyd George has succumbed to old influences which were too strong for him, and The Mail, like the Times, is particularly opposed to the appointment of Chamberlain as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Walter Long as First Lord of the Admiralty, and Winston Churchill as head of the Joint War Office and Air Ministry."

"The Daily Express says: 'In the main it is the old troupe performing in slightly different roles. If the Prime Minister had schemes of grandiose reconstruction the party machines have been too much for him.'"

"The Morning Post (ultra Tory) is severely critical of Churchill's appointment. 'An appointment,' it says, 'which makes us tremble for the future.' It declares that Churchill 'is even more unsuited to direct the affairs of the army than any other Department of State.'"

"The Daily News condemns the new list from top to bottom. It says: 'The easiest explanation of this extraordinary list of new Ministers would have been that it was a malicious joke played by an enemy who realized the difficulties which beset the Prime Minister. If a man were to sit down and deliberately assign to the posts concerned the public men most manifestly unfit for them his nominations would probably coincide very closely with those now published.'"

"The Chronicle (recently purchased by friends of the Government) alone shows some restraint. It says: 'We all know that there will be changes in any event after the Peace Conference when the public will have become familiar with fit and proper candidates for office who are still in the background, and the opportunity may then be taken for fresh reconstruction mainly dictated by domestic and not international considerations.'"

Over the names of the new Ministers published in The Daily News is the heading, "The Puppet Show."

NOTES

Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, Minister of Labor in the new Cabinet, was one of the discoverers of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, during the war. Sir Robert was largely responsible for the transportation system behind the British lines in Northern France. He never sat in Parliament before, but was returned in the recent general elections.

Sir Eric Geddes is expected to take the place of General Smuts in the War Cabinet after the latter's return to South Africa.

Sir S. H. Sinha, Under Secretary for India who is a member of Parliament, will probably be elevated to the peerage so that he may sit in the House of Lords.

If a man stumbles it is a good thing to help him to his feet. Every one of us needs a helping hand now and then, but if a man lies down it is a waste of time to try to carry him.—Roosevelt.

Would you like to know the secret of happiness—a secret that no navigator ever brought from the sea; a secret that no merchant prince was ever rich enough to purchase? I will tell you. The secret of happiness is the appreciation of the beautiful in Nature; the appreciation of God's unwritten poetry. Ah! you are disappointed. You expected me to tell you how to make a fortune, how to be famous. Do not be mistaken. The secret of happiness is the love of the beautiful; the secret of happiness is the appreciation of unwritten poetry.—Joaquin Miller.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Catholic Tyrol is now a republic. It is governed by a National assembly of Parliament of 110 members. Its capital is Innsbruck, the seat of the great University.

The great Cathedral of Metz is undamaged. It is a Gothic structure, of the Rheims school of architecture, begun late in the thirteenth century. Its fine stained glass is of that century. Its tower is 287 feet high.

The Rev. Wilfrid Moor, formerly an Anglican minister, who was recently ordained in Rome has taken the Doctorate of Philosophy in the International College of the Dominican order.

Paris, Dec. 14.—A votive chapel of imposing dimensions is to be built on the battlefield of the Marne, on the spot where the German troops received their decisive defeat in 1914. The chapel will be in the fashion of a national memorial, and a committee of prominent French Catholics has been formed to carry through the project.

The men of the Archdiocese of Boston, under the inspiring leadership of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, have for many years considered it a point of honor to celebrate the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus in every public manner that testifies to their reverence for the Name of the Saviour and their detestation of blasphemy and profanity. Fully one hundred thousand men participated.

Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S. J., professor of chemistry and regent of the School of Medicine, Fordham University, has been appointed president of the university to succeed the Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., who has been obliged to retire because of ill health. Father Tivnan is one of the youngest university presidents in the country, being only thirty-seven years old.

In a statement concerning Col. Roosevelt's death, Cardinal Gibbons said on Monday: "It was a terrible shock to me to learn of the death of former President Roosevelt. I had been intimately acquainted with him from the time he was elevated to the high office of President of the United States, and we were very dear and good friends. It is a terrible loss to me and to the whole country."

Washington, Jan. 7.—The project to erect an arch of triumph in Washington to the men, who fought in France, has been endorsed by the Governors of a large number of the States, who have written to Robert H. Harper, chairman of the Arch of Triumph Committee. The idea is to secure an appropriation from Congress large enough to make the arch a fitting monument to the deeds, which America's Army performed in the War.

London, Eng., Dec. 19, 1918.—King Albert of Belgium, accompanied by his Prime Minister, visited Cardinal Mercier in his Cathedral city of Malines on Sunday last to invest His Eminence with the Grand Cordons of the Order of Leopold. The King thanked the great prelate for his devoted patriotism during the war, and after an hour's intimate conversation His Majesty inspected the damage to the Metropolitan Palace, which suffered considerably from bombardment.

Magr. Sigourney W. Fay, a distinguished former Episcopalian clergyman, who on June 8, 1908 was received into the Catholic Church at Deal, N. J., died of pneumonia in New York last week. He was forty-three years old. After he became a convert, Magr. Fay attended the Catholic University in Washington. He was ordained to the priesthood on June 21, 1910, at the Baltimore Cathedral by Cardinal Gibbons, who later entrusted him with special missionary work. Some months ago he went abroad at the invitation of the Red Cross. He was attached to the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

The Cathedral of Cologne is one of the great architectural wonders of the world. The whole edifice covers an area of 7,570 feet wide with three aisles. The height of square yards. It has a nave 45 feet long, five aisles, and a transept 283 feet. The Germans are proud of such a masterpiece, and prince and peasant have all contributed their share to make it what it is—namely, the greatest Gothic structure in Germany. Took over 600 years from the laying of the cornerstone to the day when it was formally opened for public services October 16, 1880. The architect's name was unknown for centuries.

Cardinal Mercier of Belgium has sent this message on the justice of Ireland's demand for liberty to Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland: "It is inconceivable that Ireland's right to self-determination and Nationhood be not recognized by the free nations of the world at the peace Conference. Your country, the most faithful and venerable daughter of the Church, deserves justice from all mankind and must surely receive it. The Irish people are the oldest and purest nationality in Europe and their noble adherence to faith and nationality, the most glorious record in history."

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

Published by permission of the R. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

INTO THE SIERRA

"Oh, no," he said, "that won't do. I know Lloyd. He isn't afraid of anything."

"He certainly isn't afraid of breaking his contract," Armistead returned. "I found him, dead broke, in the streets of San Francisco, and brought him down here with me on the understanding that he was to give me the aid of his knowledge of the country, the people and the language whenever I needed it. Yet now, when I need it most, he goes off and leaves me in the lurch—for what reason I can't pretend to say. Perhaps he wants to marry the Santa Cruz girl."

"That would do either. Lloyd isn't a marrying man."

"I don't care what kind of a man he is," Armistead said irritably, "further than that he is not the kind of a man that suits me, or who can be relied on to keep his word. So I want somebody—and want him as once—who has the qualifications I require. I believe that you have them, so I offer you a rare opportunity. Will you take it?"

"I am not sure of possessing the qualifications you are good enough to take for granted," Thornton answered. "You had better tell me what you want me to do."

"The first business I shall want you to undertake will be to assist me in getting together a number of men sufficient to take possession of the Santa Cruz Mine."

"By the same kind of force you would employ in ejecting a tenant from a house he refuses to leave, Trafford's title to the mine is good; but the people who are in possession of it now will neither resign possession nor accept any terms of compromise, so there is nothing to do but to eject them. I hope to accomplish this without a conflict, if I can succeed in surprising the mine. But I must have a force of men I can rely on, and some one who understands managing Mexicans. You, I think, are the man for the purpose; and therefore I offer you inducements which are very well worth your while to consider."

"They are certainly very considerable inducements," Thornton replied, rising to his feet; "and I am much flattered by your opinion of my qualifications. But I'm obliged to decline your offer. I'll stick to the Caridad, thank you."

Armistead, rising also, regarded him frowningly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "I never thought that you were distinguished for indifference to your own interests."

"Neither am I," Thornton answered. "I'm as keen for my own interest as most men. But there are some things a man can touch and some he can't. I mean no reflection on you, but I'll be hanged if I touch this business of the Santa Cruz. Good-morning. They'll be looking for me at the office."

As he walked rapidly up the road, Armistead gazed after him with a slightly sardonic expression.

"Some things a man can touch and some he can't!" he repeated. "It's very plain, my good fellow, where your scruples have been developed. Miss Rivers has got in here, work pretty well. What a fool a man is to believe that a woman thinks any the better of him for accepting her opinions! Take a big tone, let her understand that she doesn't know what she is talking about, and go your own way—that's the only course to adopt with a woman." He turned and went on toward the town.

"Evidently there's no help to be had from anybody connected with the Caridad," his thoughts continued; "so where the deuce am I to turn for the assistance I need?"

It was a difficult question to answer, and he was considering it as he walked down the long, narrow street of the town, past the open doors of the one-story dwellings and shops, until he reached the flowery plaza. Here he sat down on a bench; and still absorbed in the consideration of his problem, did not observe any of the loungers—few at this hour of the day—who occupied the other benches in sight.

But one person who lounged on a seat not far off observed him closely. This was a man, evidently not a Mexican and probably an American, of dissipated and shabby appearance, but about whom there hung the indefinable and almost ineradicable air of a gentleman. Presently he rose, walked deliberately over to the bench where Armistead was seated, and sat down beside him.

"How do you do, Mr. Armistead?" he said in a refined and educated voice. "I didn't know you were in Mexico."

Armistead started, turned around, and with a single glance took in the condition and probable needs of the man who addressed him. Figuratively, he buttoned his pockets, as he said coldly:

"I don't remember having met you."

"Probably not," the other answered with a faint, bitter smile. "Times have changed with me since we met last. But you'll probably remember me when I tell you that my name is Randolph, and that I was connected with the Silver Queen Mine when you visited it three years ago."

"Oh!" Armistead adjusted his eyes, glasses and scrutinized the good looking, dissipated ravaged face before him. Of course he remembered the visit to the Silver Queen—a mine in Arizona which had been offered to Trafford, and the manner in which he had been entertained by the staff of the mine, of whom Randolph was one. Armistead had thought that he knew something of the way in which managers of mines frequently spend the money of toiling capitalist-owners afar, but even his eyes had been opened at the Silver Queen. Such extravagance of expenditure and unchecked dissipation on the part of all concerned he had never seen elsewhere. The staff had left nothing undone to give him a good time, and the memory of it was not likely to be forgotten. He thought it probable that he should now have to repay a little of that exuberant hospitality.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Randolph," he said politely but not warmly. "Of course I remember you now; but you have—altered a good deal since I saw you then."

"A little, no doubt," said Randolph, dryly. "Those were rare old times at the Silver Queen, but the bottom fell out of that when you reported against the mine (rather shabby of you, by the by, considering all the champagne we poured out to give you a rosy view of it); and since then I've found it rather hard to find or keep a good position."

Armistead did not think this remarkable, but forbore to say so. "You have been long in Mexico?" he asked.

"I've been at one or two mines, but—didn't stay. Yes—as he caught Armistead's significant glance—"of course you can see what the trouble is. My habits are bad."

"That's a pity," said Armistead. "No man with bad habits can keep employment very long, you know."

"If I had ever doubted the fact, my experience lately would have convinced me of it, so I've sworn off—no not in the usual way. I believe I've a little will-power left; and it's life or death with me now to exert it. I have got as far down as a man can go and not be a beggar. I haven't come to that yet, though I've seen ever since I sat down here that it's what you are afraid of. Don't be afraid. I've no intention of asking you for money; but I would like some work, if you have any to give."

A singular expression came over Armistead's face. He did not reply immediately, but gazed at the other for a moment with eyes so keen and cold that they seemed searching him through. Then he said slowly:

"It's a little odd. I am just now in need of a man to do some work for me, and I have not known where to find him. You might do—if I could have any assurance that you would keep sober."

"I can give you no other assurance than my promise," Randolph answered. "But, as I've told you, it's a life and death fight with me now; and if I fail, the remedy's in your own hands. You can discharge me."

"I should certainly do that without a moment's hesitation," said Armistead, coldly. "Meanwhile I'll give you a trial. He rose as he spoke. "Come to my room. We can settle matters there."

CHAPTER XV. AT THE SANTA CRUZ

The Santa Cruz Mine, over which such conflicting interests were struggling, and around which old wrongs, exasperations and bitterness were waking to new life, lay deep in one of those mountain fastnesses where Nature seems to delight in hiding her richest treasures. The only practicable approach to it was by a canon which opened out of the valley of Las Joyas, and with a constant companion in the Sierra, was as stern and wild of aspect as the plain was gentle and pastoral. A narrow road or trail—it was no more than the last, worn by the passing feet of innumerable mules and men, wound along the side of the canon, with precipitous heights rising above; while below there was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to dark, green depths, into which no ray of sunlight ever pierced, and where a ceaseless stream filled the chasm with the tumult of pouring waters. Wild enough at its outset, the gorge grew wilder as it penetrated farther into the heart of the giant hills, until at length it terminated in a natural cul-de-sac, where a great mountain, like a couchant lion, closed the way, and where, high in the side of this height, lay the Santa Cruz Mine.

Six hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge, into which the stream, leaping in a white cataract down an arroyo, plunged with a thunderous roar, was the arched entrance of the main tunnel into the mine; and before this the patio for the sorting of ores, buttressed on its outer side by an enormous dump of waste rock. And here, crowning a mass of boulders, stood a tall cross, the first object to meet the gaze of any one advancing up the canon.

"In hoc signo vinces!" Lloyd murmured to himself, as he rounded a corner of the gorge and caught sight of the great symbol, so high uplifted and so impressively relieved against the mountain side. He felt himself suddenly thrilled, not only by its marvellous picturesqueness, towering at the head of this mountain defile, and by the poetry of the faith which placed it there, but also by a conviction that it stood as an omen of victory for those who held the mine beneath it. The words of Dona Beatriz recurred to his memory. "I swear by the holy cross that stands over the mine!" she had

said. And what she swore was that neither the man who claimed it nor any one whom he sent should ever possess the Santa Cruz. At this moment Lloyd, too, could have sworn that they never would. For, as he walked his horse along the narrow way, with the roar of the torrent below filling his ears, the stern heights encompassing him and the majestic cross dominating the wild grandeur of the scene, he saw how admirably situated the mine was for defense, commanding as it did the head of the canon, with no other way of approach than the trail which he was following, and which, winding along the side of the gorge, finally entered the patio on a level. Unless surprised, the Santa Cruz could never be taken by force, if those who held it were minded to resist. And that they would be minded he could not doubt, knowing as he did the indomitable temper of one at least of the women who were its possessors. It was impossible not to smile at the thought that Trafford, whose progress had been so triumphant for many years, and whose road to fortune had been marked by the ruin of whoever opposed him, might now at last have a taste of defeat at the hands of his own daughter.

But they should not allow a stranger to ride unchallenged into their patio!" he thought impatiently, as he entered, and looked over a scene of a kind very familiar to him—men bringing ore out of the mine; groups of boys seated on the ground rapidly breaking and sorting it into heaps, from which numbers of mules were being loaded, to carry all, save what was known as the export ore, down to the arastras at the mouth of the canon, for reduction by the ancient process of Mexico.

It was a busy and animated scene; and so absorbed was each person in his particular occupation that it was several minutes before any one approached the newcomer, who, drawing up his horse, quietly waited. Presently a young man, detaching himself from a group of men and mules, came forward. It was not altogether a pleasant surprise that he proved to be Arturo Vallejo, who on his part was evidently astonished as unpleasantly as possible by the sight of Lloyd.

"Buenos dias, señor!" he said coldly and with evident suspicion. "You have business here—in the Santa Cruz?"

"Else I should not be here, señor," Lloyd answered. "I wish to see your father, Don Mariano Vallejo."

"My father is just now in the mine, señor. But I am in charge of the patio. You can tell me your business."

"I would prefer to speak to Don Mariano," said Lloyd. "With your permission, I will wait for him."

"The words were civil enough, but it was, perhaps, the manner of the other which exasperated Arturo. At all events, his reply was distinctly rude:

"It can not be permitted, señor, that you shall stay here. We do not allow strangers—who may be enemies or spies—in our patio."

"A very good rule," returned Lloyd, coolly; "but it would be better if you took more precautions to enforce it. You should certainly not permit a stranger to ride, as I have done, unchallenged into your patio."

The young man flushed angrily. The admonition, so plainly justified, would not have been agreeable coming from any one. Coming from this source, it was intolerable.

"I stand in no need of advice from you," he said haughtily. "We are able to take care of ourselves. You would not have entered if the watchmen had not been off guard just then. It is, however, impossible that you can be allowed to remain."

"In that case," said Lloyd, with the same exasperating coolness, "I will trouble you to say to Don Mariano when he comes out of the mine that I will see him at Las Joyas."

This was something Arturo had not anticipated.

"At Las Joyas!" he repeated violently. "It is impossible—you can not venture to intrude there!"

Lloyd smiled.

"You may be in charge of the patio of the Santa Cruz, Don Arturo," he said, "but I hardly imagine that you are in charge of Las Joyas. Kindly give my message to your father."

He was about to turn his horse, when the young Mexican laid a quick hand on the rein.

"I may not be in charge of Las Joyas, señor," he cried, "but I feel it my duty to prevent such an intrusion on the ladies who are there alone. If you must see my father, you can wait in the office yonder"—he waved his hand toward a small building beside the mouth of the tunnel—"until he comes out of the mine."

"You are extremely kind," said Lloyd, with subdued sarcasm; "but I think it will perhaps be better if I go."

To Las Joyas, he was about to add when the words were stopped on his lips by the appearance of a figure which suddenly rode into the patio. It was a feminine figure, rebozo shrouded about the head and shoulders, but not so closely that it was possible to mistake the beautiful face and eyes of Victoria Calderon. As she entered, she halted, lightly and easily without assistance from her saddle to the ground, and called to a boy from one of the ore heaps to take her mule. At the same moment Lloyd also dismounted and advanced quickly toward her.

"Dona Victoria," he said, "I am happy to meet you!"

She started as she turned toward him, extreme surprise in her face

and manner, but, as he felt at once, no trace of suspicion.

"Senior Lloyd!" she exclaimed. "It is very unexpected to meet you here."

"I am sure of it," he answered. "I am here to see Don Mariano, but I am told that he is in the mine just now."

"But no doubt that he never remains there very long," she said. "So you can wait a little, or"—she looked at him with sudden keenness—"if your business relates to the mine, you can transact it with me. It is as you like."

"It is as you like, rather," he said. "My business certainly relates to the mine; but it was because I was unwilling to disturb your mother and yourself that, instead of going to Las Joyas, I came here to see Don Mariano."

"Whatever concerns the mine concerns my mother and myself first of all, señor," she replied; "and you need not have hesitated to disturb us. What is your business? Do you, perhaps, bring some message from the man who is trying to take the mine from us?"

"No, señorita. I have no connection with Mr. Armistead in the matter of the Santa Cruz, and bring no message from him. I shall be glad to tell you what I have come to say to Don Mariano. But"—he glanced at the people around them—"I do not find a more quiet place in which to talk."

At this moment Arturo approached them.

"I have told the señor that he can wait for my father in the office," he said stiffly to Victoria.

"It is not necessary that he should wait; he can speak to me," she rejoined, with an air of authority which somewhat amused Lloyd.

"Give your horse to José," she said to the latter, indicating the boy who had taken her mule; "and we will find a place to talk."

She turned as she spoke, not toward the office as he expected, but in the opposite direction—toward the outer edge of the patio, which, being enlarged by the vast accumulation of waste rock from the mine, sharply overhung the mountain side. Here, on a pile of timbers awaiting use, she sat down. There was no thought of the surroundings in her mind, but Lloyd could not but be struck by them: the great heights towering into the burning blue of the jewel like sky, the thunder of leaping waters, the strong sunlight smiling the rocks and pines and wealth of verdure in the wild gorge below. It all made a frame of stupendous grandeur and picture-queens for the busy scene around the mouth of the mine and for the figure of the girl, whose face looked up at him out of the blue folds of her rebozo with steady dark eyes.

"Will you not sit down, señor?" she said. "This is a good place to speak, for no one can overhear you here."

"Thanks, señorita!" he answered. And as he seated himself beside her on the timbers, he drew from his pocket the pale gray note with its faint violet fragrance, which seemed before him. "As I have said, I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting you," he went on; "but, nevertheless, on the chance of doing so, I thought it best to bring this."

With a wondering expression she took the note, and the wonder had evidently deepened when, after reading it, she looked at him again.

"This," she said, "is from the señorita Americana—the daughter of the Gerente of the Caridad, with whom I travelled up the quebrada?"

"The same," Lloyd answered. "Miss Rivers remembers you so well that she hoped you would also remember her."

TO BE CONTINUED

HUCKLEBERRY MOLLY

Huckleberry Molly trudged up the steep path to the little house at the foot of the mountain. The long basket on her back, partly supported by the band of cloth that passed across her forehead, was half full of huckleberries. As she sank down wearily on the top step she slipped the heavy basket from her shoulders.

Alice Gordon came out on the small porch. Her cheeks were flushed and there were berry stains on her apron. The pleasant odor of boiling fruit came from the house.

"What! Alice saw Huckleberry Molly she frowned a little. At times Alice, in common with some of her neighbors, got a little tired of Molly's visits; but the girl's natural kindness of heart always came to the top as it did now.

"My, you're tired, aren't you, Molly?" she said. "And it's so warm! How far have you carried that heavy basket?"

Molly smiled up at her. "Eight-nine miles, to-day, over on Pine Mountain. Huckleberries thick over there. You want some more?"

Alice Gordon considered. "Well, I've got sixteen quarts put up already. That ought to be enough, with the rest of my fruit."

Without a word Huckleberry Molly reached for her basket and began to slip the supporting band round her forehead.

"Wait!" said Alice. "I think I will take them, Molly. I'll get a pan and you measure them out. How much are they now?"

"Two bits quart. Me give you big quarts, you good to me long time." When Molly had measured out the berries Alice brought her some cool lemonade and something to eat. The

old shanty was plainly glad to sit on the shady porch and rest while she ate the luncheon. When at last she rose to go, she looked up at the towering peak of Old Eagle that reared its rocky summit a thousand feet above the house.

"You stay here this winter?" she asked. "You live in this house?"

"Why, of course!" said Alice. "While my husband's work is here we'll live right here. This is our house." She said it a little proudly as she glanced round at the porch and the bright little flower garden in front.

"I like better you not live here this winter!" Molly muttered. "Heap snow! Big, big snow—more than for long time. Me? I know—Injun know 'bout big snow. Old Eagle slide—mebbe kill!"

Alice Gordon laughed. "Mercy!" she said. "Are you a witch, Molly? How do you know there'll be big snow this winter?"

"Injun buck bill bear last week—much fat, heap fat. Injuns know. Can't fool Old Molly."

Mumbling to herself, she shuffled awkwardly down the path.

When John Gordon came home from work that night, his young wife told him of Huckleberry Molly's doleful prediction.

"Well," he said, "I guess if any one knows, it's an Indian. People up here say they never fall. Seven years ago was the last big snow—more than twenty feet deep on the level."

Alice laughed incredulously. "How absurd! Why, twenty feet would be clear over the roof of this house!"

"I should say so!" John Gordon replied smiling. "This house is only fifteen feet high. We're likely to get snow under if we stay here, but there's no danger of Old Eagle's sliding. There've been plenty of slides round here—the railway knows all about them—but Old Eagle has never slid. They say it's too steep—the snow keeps sloughing off and doesn't stay on long enough to form an avalanche. So don't you worry, dear."

After supper they took the baby out on the cool porch, and sat in the dusk swinging slowly in the hammock. The baby in his white nightgown was asleep on Alice's arm. Their young hearts were full of content as they watched the stars come out one by one in the small patch of sky over the high peaks round them.

At first when the young railway man had brought her to this wild, deep nook in the mountains, Alice had been filled with something almost like fear. From the pleasant, level stretches of southern California, to which she had always been accustomed, to these deep, dark canyons and towering crags of the High Cascades had been for her a marvelous and not altogether pleasing change; but gradually she had become used to the place, and had grown to love the great gray rocks and the hardy green ferns that grew round them, the swift cascades, from which the mountains got their name, and the wild, unconquered fierceness of it all.

August with its hot, dreamy days melted into September and the smoky, hazy days began. Far off there were mountain fires. Some days the sun shone only as a yellow ball and at night the moon was red. Then October came and with it the flaming colors of changing leaves. Old Eagle was a-fire with red and yellow.

In October, Alice rose one morning and, looking from her window, could not repress a cry of wonder and delight. Halfway up Old Eagle the wonderful colors were suddenly blotted out by an expanse of glistening white.

It was the first snow that Alice had ever seen, and for long periods that day she stood at the door and looked up at the mountain peaks. John enjoyed her childish delight in the spectacle.

"Come early," he said, with a laugh. "Here it is only the 7th of October and the first snow! I guess Huckleberry Molly knew what she was talking about, all right. It's likely to be a tough winter. The fellows down at the station say there'll be trouble a-plenty on the railway, just as there was seven years ago when not a wheel except the rotary snowplough turned for a whole month."

Alice looked at him with shining eyes.

"Oh," she said, "what an experience! How glad I am there to be lots of snow this winter! Think, John, I never even touched it in my life!"

October slipped into November. The days were short and dreary, and each brought either rain or snow. Early in December the snow began to fall in earnest. Flakes of almost incredible size floated down steadily all day and all night and all day again. Trains became irregular, and at last stopped running altogether.

Six miles below the mountain hamlet a freight train was stalled between two slides, and while standing there it was caught by another slide and carried bodily down into a canon seven hundred feet deep. A few days later a mountain slide covered with green timber tore down in an avalanche and wrecked a long bridge over a ravine.

The railway men worked long hours and risked their lives every day. Accidents occurred but no fatalities, and the men unconsciously went on keeping the road as clear as possible.

In the little house at the foot of Old Eagle, Alice Gordon did not fear any danger. Her neighbors from the valley below often came up to see her, and they assured her that no house in the hamlet was safer

than hers. Old Eagle had never slid—would never slide.

Day by day the snow crept higher; it completely covered the windows and then the roof. John had cut a narrow passage-way upward from the porch so that he and his wife could go up to the surface by steep, hard-packed snow steps.

People on snowshoes walked over one another's houses and in some places over the snow-buried electric light wires. In the hamlet the long, covered snow shed that had been built years before for the children to use in going back and forth between home and school was in constant use. Leading off from it at intervals were smaller sheds that connected the various houses with that main artery of passage. Thus the women could visit one another without exposing themselves to the cold and the snow. Little by little, however, the snow sifted into the sheds through the openings that had been left for light and in time you had to bend almost double in order to get through. Fortunately, the little town was supplied with electric light; otherwise life in the darkened, buried houses would have been much less endurable. No shed connected John Gordon's house with the main artery, but there was a hard packed path that went straight from the steps in the snow to the nearest covered passage.

At Christmas every one of the twenty homes in the place had its own Christmas tree, and there were happy gatherings, good dinners and much laughter. Turkeys and chickens had been brought in on the rotary snowplough and the one store of the village was well supplied with necessary staples. There was no fear of famine as yet, but no one knew at what moment a slide more disastrous than the others might cut off the supplies from outside.

At last, a week or two after Christmas, the snow ceased falling and it began to rain. For two days rain fell without ceasing. A warm chinook wind had blown up from the south and the snow began to loosen on the mountain sides. The men in the village became anxious. More than one would have given much to have sent his wife and children out of the place, but no trains had been running for three weeks. Several families had moved to the schoolhouse to sleep; the seats had been taken up and school dismissed until conditions should become better.

Anxious eyes were lifted to Old Eagle, the tallest and steepest of all the mountain peaks. But many sloughs and minor slides that occurred renewed the feeling of confidence. Old Eagle could not slide.

On the second day of the rain Huckleberry Molly clambered awkwardly down the steep, narrow snow steps of the Gordon's house. When Alice opened the door, the old squaw stood looking at her strangely.

"You come!" she said. "Wrap baby. I carry. You get what you want—you come! Old Eagle going to slide soon—tonight—mebbe tomorrow—you come!"

Alice stared at her. She refused to be alarmed; she even felt a little indignant with the old squaw.

"Why, Molly," she said, "I should say not! I guess my husband knows whether there is any danger. And baby is sick, too—he had a touch of croup night before last. I shouldn't think of taking him out in this rain. There isn't a particle of danger. Every one says Old Eagle is safe!"

Huckleberry Molly listened patiently. Then she repeated stolidly: "You come. Old Molly know—Injun always know. You come. Old Eagle going to slide. Where your man?"

Alice became angry. "Molly," she cried, "I will not go! My husband would come and get me if there were any danger. He's off on the snowplough. He knows these mountains—he says Old Eagle is safe—they all say so."

Huckleberry Molly hesitated a moment, and then pushed her way into the house. "Where baby?" she asked. "Go get blanket. I wrap him up—carry him. You come!"

Alice Gordon was almost in tears with vexation. "Molly," she said, "you go away! I promise you that if I hear any noise that sounds like a slide I'll take baby and go. I'll run down through the snowshed."

"You no hear slide—all this snow over house! Rain now—much rain make snow loose on Old Eagle. You come—please!" The Indian woman began to coax. "We go down to depot or somebody's house down there."

"Molly, I tell you once for all—no! These other people who run away from their homes—they're afraid! I'm not afraid! I shall stay here!"

Without a word Huckleberry Molly gathered her blanket close round her and went out.

That night at 8 o'clock when John Gordon should have come home, Alice went to the door; she thought she would go up and watch for him. She opened the door and gave a low cry of horror. Before her rose a solid mass of frozen snow—the door way was completely blocked. The snow had caved in and the rain had turned it to ice.

For one moment her heart seemed to stand still—then it leaped violently. Trapped! It was utterly impossible to get through that wall of ice and snow. When John came—so she tried to assure herself—he would know what to do. He would break a way through that awful barrier and come to her and the baby down there under the snow.

But suppose he did not come! Last night Andy McDowell had not come home, and his wife had walked the floor all night. It might be

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 2811

Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Bureau of Information

Special Attention Given to Employment

Cast of Clothes Always in Demand

25 Shuter St. TORONTO

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

WATT & BLACKWELL

Member, Ontario Association of ARCHITECTS

Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

M. P. McDONAGH

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.

426 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ONT.

U. A. BUCHNER

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

SPECIALTIES: Estates, Collections, Money Loaned

426 TALBOT ST. LONDON, CANADA

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Hon. J. J. Foy, K. C., A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan

E. L. Middleton George Keough

Cable Address: "Foy" 251 Eighth Avenue West

John's turn tonight to be out on the snowplough—or something might have happened—a short time!

She thought of Huckleberry Molly, and said to herself, "Oh, why didn't I go! Why didn't I go!"

With her hands clasped together and her heart full of sudden panic, she walked up and down the room. Ladies, the big collic, evidently shaming her, she excitedly stalked beside her. She imagined that she heard a queer muffled noise—a sliding, rumbling sound that meant—that could mean nothing except death!

Suddenly she became aware of a rasping sound outside. John! John! John! He was in! Flung open the door she cried out, but only the rasping sound answered her. Suddenly, as she watched with dilated eyes, the floor broke through the crust of ice and snow and in a moment Huckleberry Molly had forced her way through the wall.

This time she did not stop to talk. Her big, coarse hands were cut and bleeding, but she took no notice. She shuffled into the bedroom and catching up the sleeping baby, wrapped him in his blankets. His little face had drooped sleepily upon her shoulder and she lifted a fold of the blanket and covered it. Then she pointed to a heavy coat that hung on the wall.

"Put on!" she ordered. "Your man—he no come home tonight—hear big slide—snowplough no come back. You come now."

Mechanically Alice put on the big coat and wound a scarf round her head.

Huckleberry Molly looked round. "Money? You got money? You take em! Take clothes for baby—hurry!"

As in a dream Alice Gordon obeyed. She called the big collic, and lighted a lantern.

Then the strange little procession started. Huckleberry Molly carried the bundled sleeping baby on one shoulder and the lantern in her other hand. Alice followed with a suit case hastily stuffed with clothes and the dog. Behind them came the dog.

Somehow they clambered up to the level and out into the open. Ahead of them a short distance was the entrance to the snowshed. Alice looked round. The rain had ceased. All the world, apparently, was one great expanse of snow. Not a house roof was visible! And over all, high and menacing, towered Old Eagle!

Suddenly panic seized Alice. It seemed to her excited fancy that she could see something moving, far up there under the tall, thin, blue of the moon. Everything was still, but she imagined that she heard a distant muffled sound.

"Oh, hurry! Hurry!" she cried to the dark figure before her.

Crouching low, they entered the mouth of the long snowshed, which the lantern feebly illuminated. Several times Alice, less sure footed than the old squaw, fell into the snow that banked the narrow path.

The baby woke and cried. A projecting shelf of snow along one side had struck him in the face. To the frightened girl the quarter mile that they slowly traversed through the dark, low shed seemed interminable.

At last Huckleberry Molly turned into a side passage that led from the main shed. A gleam of light shone through the cracks round a door, and the squaw stumbled toward it. The baby still cried, and Alice was calling:

"O Mrs. Maloney, open the door! Open the door!" The door was at once flung open, and a broad good natured Irish woman looked out.

"My soul, 'tis Mrs. Gordon!" she cried. "Come in! Come in!" She caught the baby from Huckleberry Molly's arms and cuddled him against her motherly bosom. Then she reached out and pulled Alice into the warm kitchen. "Come in, Molly, you, too!" she cried. "Now, then, what does it mean?"

Alice told her. "My soul alive!" cried Mrs. Maloney. "I thought there wasn't a livin' soul up on the hill to-night! I heard you had left and—"

Mrs. Maloney broke off and held up her hand. "What's that! Hark! 'Tis all the same!" she cried in great excitement. "I know the sound—I was here seven years ago. Listen!" A long, low, rumbling, sliding, grinding sound came dully to their ears—a vibration, a roar—an ever-increasing volume of sound that finally died away into silence.

The next morning John Gordon, haggard from lack of sleep and filled with terror at the thought of what might have been, came up from the station where he had heard the news, and walked into Mrs. Maloney's warm kitchen, never thinking to knock. He held his wife and baby in his arms and looked at Huckleberry Molly, who was sitting beside the stove.

"You good to me long time," she said, with a wide gesture. "Me? I good to you little short time. Ugh! Nothing much."

"Come now," broke in Mrs. Maloney. "Look at this smokin' hot breakfast. Sit up to the table, every one of you, and thank heaven you're alive and eat the good griddlecakes!"

"Harriet Crocker, Le Roy in the Youth's Companion."

EDUCATION IN THE HOME THE FOUNDATIONS MUST BE ACQUIRED AT HOME

If only I could give my children a good education, many a discouraged mother, "I would gladly work my fingers to the very bone. But there is no opportunity in this place, and we cannot afford to send them away from home."

Why look afar for what lies at our own threshold; nay, within the narrow boundary of our own home? Home life is the greatest educational agency in the world, for good, if the home is good, for evil if the home is bad. In it all physical, all mental, all moral qualities take root and grow. If the soil is good, and if the young plants are tenderly and carefully nurtured by the mother, the harvest, with God's help, will be good; but only with God's help. The home is the true garden where children should grow up. Not one helpful feature in the kindergarten as planned by Froebel, not one help-ful feature in the kindergarten as introduced into our public school system, nor one helpful feature in the primary school, that is not ready at hand in every simple, well-ordered home.

Education is not book-knowledge. Boys and girls of fourteen so trained that they work intelligently, obey willingly, are reverent, courteous, prompt, self-controlled and observant, are educated, even if unable to pass a sixth grade examination. On the other hand, the university graduate who lacks one or more of these essentials is not educated. It is neither possible nor desirable that all become Senators, but it is highly desirable and possible to educate every normal child into a good upright, trustworthy, God-fearing citizen. To attain this will be worth any trouble, any anxious care, it may cause. It will be attained as soon as parents realize that they are the law and God appointed educators and follow the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go."

The home, and the home only, can successfully educate. The school, at its best, can only build, according to its lights, upon the foundation given by home instruction, supplementing and developing the teaching given by wise parents. The school does not, cannot remodel the child that has made a false start at home. Men and women are what they are, because the home trained them right, or failed to train them aright. The teacher-mother has been, and will ever be the greatest educational asset of mankind. Every mother who does not have to support her children should herself teach them until they are prepared to enter, say, the third grade in our grammar schools and with credit to the mothers and themselves, take their places in these schools.

Now as to the results of such home teaching. It relieves the congestion in the lower grades, just where mass-teaching is most destructive; it prepares the children so that they will advance safely in school because they have learned how to work and because they understand what they have learned.

It is far more important that the child who enters an school should be well trained, than that the new teacher should be competent. Even a poor teacher can teach something to one who has been trained to learn, and therefore wants to learn; the best teacher cannot teach one who has not been trained to learn. Natural ability, ambition, eagerness to excel will not bring success to one who can read, is justified in saying that she does not know how to teach her own children. She can learn how, even though she has had only primary schooling herself. At work in her home school, she becomes clever as she never was clever before. She learns by teaching. Her instinct, her patient and understanding love, as she watches her children's growth and development, guide her to find the right way to take her all important part in their education. She does not need a rigid system. She does not need much theory. She is not dealing with theoretical children but with children as they are.

Here is a test of the mother's ability to conduct her own kindergarten and primary school: Can you teach your children the Lord's Prayer?

Can you teach them to sew on buttons? To tie a knot? To set the table? To use a broom? To draw a straight line?

Can you teach them the names of the birds that visit your yard? The trees and flowers growing near your home? The common garden vegetables? The six primary colors?

Can you teach them Mother Goose rhymes? The printed capital letters? Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

If you can do these things, or can learn to do the other things that will be required of the teacher-mother. The mother need not sacrifice long hours to give book-instruction to her children. As one mother writes: "I have been teaching my children at home, but it has taken me such a little while each day to do what the teachers spend all day in doing, that I was afraid there was something wrong with my teaching." There is no need to spend money for costly devices, patented apparatus and multi-colored books. The very best teaching a little child can have is that given by the mother who does her own housework. The very best lessons are those dealing with home surroundings, the child's world which may seem common place to us, but in the eyes of that child are new and wonderful.—John Stevenson, in America.

Can you teach them Mother Goose rhymes? The printed capital letters? Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you, and this is not so easy, can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

THE LOSS WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN. Perhaps there was no other way for wayward, willful, blinded man to realize the sublimity of the sacrifice of the Redeemer and his love for His children, except by treading in His blood-stained footprints up to the summit of Calvary.—America.

DRIVES NINETY MILES TO MAKE SICK CALL AN HISTORIC BELL

The Rev. C. F. O'Farrell, Rector of St. Mary's Church at Montrose, Colo., recently drove an automobile seventy-six miles, then rode a horse fourteen miles at night to administer the last rites to a dying miser. Several times during his priestly life Father O'Farrell has displayed remarkable heroism. On one occasion, during an accident in construction of a great irrigation tunnel, he rode on a hand car through the tunnel at a time when every person around about fully expected him to be killed in the attempt. But the priest merely remarked that he would not die at least until he had given the last Sacraments to some man dying at the other end of the tunnel—men whom he could not reach in time without imperiling his life.—Buffalo Echo.

POWERS OF DARKNESS The war that tore so many loved ones from their families has given a new impetus to the fad of spiritism. It is claimed that we can enter into communion with the souls of the dead, hear them, see them, speak to them and get messages from them. The desire to do so, if it could be realized, would seem to be a legitimate expression of affection, and men of no mean distinction say that it can be done.

Mr. Godfrey Raupert, a member of the Oxford University, our best Catholic expert on this subject, who is now lecturing in the United States, says that two things have been established by psychic research as incontrovertible facts: the occurrence of abnormal phenomena, which allow no natural explanation, and the existence of extraneous disorganized or spiritual agencies. The material conception of the universe has received a death blow. Henceforth no one can be both a scientist and a materialist.

Quite another question is this: whether these spiritual agencies are the souls of the dead or something else. What the scientists, like Sir Oliver Lodge or Prof. Barrett of Dublin, who champion Spiritism, do not tell us are the baneful consequences entailed on those who practice Spiritism. They become physical, mental and moral wrecks. Add to this that the answers given by the supposed deceased relatives are mostly frivolous, often contradicting, and always mischievous in their final consequences. Nor has science been able to raise the identification of these spirit agencies to any degree of certainty.

Now apart from many marvelous phenomena that seem clearly beyond the powers of disembodied souls, can such effects as the above mentioned reasonably be traced to them as their source. Mr. Raupert is convinced that they cannot. It is urged that the appearing spirits identify themselves by their acquaintances with particulars that transpired so exclusively between them and their interlocutors that they could not possibly be known to others. For this difficulty Mr. Raupert has a plausible explanation. All the knowledge we get through the various channels of information is indelibly impressed on our mind. What we do not actually use is kept stored up in the recesses of the subconscious mind. Whether we are able to recall it upon our effort or not, it is there, and sometimes bubbles up spontaneously or flashes into consciousness in a crisis such as a danger of death.

Under normal conditions the conscious mind of man has control over the subconscious region, opening or shutting the "trap-door" between the two as will. But when the conscious mind has surrendered its control and become passive—which is a condition without which there is no success in spiritualistic experiment—the subconscious mind is open for invasion to spirit intelligences. There they can read all the impressions, all our past experiences, and since every encounter of ours with our departed relatives is recorded there, it is plain how they can start us up with the rehearsal of situations that were strictly private.

Since then departed souls would not be parties to the mischief done to their surviving relatives, and since all their proofs of identity are lacking the force of demonstration, the spiritists are obviously dealing with another kind of spirits. That they are not good spirits is shown by the baneful effects of communing with them. To the Christian who has firm faith their messages destructive of Christianity are proof incontrovertible. We have therefore in Spiritism a revival of paganism when the "prince of this world" had swayed over the hearts and minds of men. Christ the Saviour being discarded, the Liar from the beginning is coming into his own again. This is the meaning of Spiritism.

All men, Catholics as well as others, need to be warned against this frightful danger. It will not do to play with this pestilence. It works like morphine on the body. Before a man is aware, he is a slave to a habit he cannot shake off any more. So by opening the mind to the spirits of darkness man gives them a possession

from which they will not be ousted. Mr. Raupert tells us that many inmates of insane asylums, brought there in consequence of Spiritism, show all the signs of demonic obsession or possession. In reference to Spiritism, then, it is necessary to strictly observe the "Hands off!"—S. in The Guardian.

THE RETURN With a delicate sense of the yearning of the great world's human heart at the close of the frightful conflict which has taken its awful toll of the best blood of all races of men, crusaders who have fought that oppression might end and freedom might spread from shore to shore, Scribner's has placed as the frontispiece of its first issue of the New Year, a drawing which for its deep spiritual significance might well have served as a symbol of the entire life-work of the artist who died of a broken heart at the war's end, so well does it sum up his restauraromonia in Christo. Even more forcibly does it crystallize into a moment of tragic pathos the outpourings of the soul of the present Father of Christendom and those of his children in every land weary with the suffering of the past four years and more.

In a little chapel there rises a gaunt figure of the crucified Christ dimly lit by the flickering flames of some half-burned votive candles. At the foot of the Cross, clinging to the wood in a posture of agonized relief, a lonely, solitary soldier is kneeling; his head is bowed with the air of one who has made his way through immeasurable trial but in the end, beyond his fondest hopes, he finds peace, where there seemed no hope of peace. Every line of the drooping soldier tells of innumerable fatigue and his whole figure seems to be crying out: "Oh Christ, was there no other way?" The Saviour is gazing down with infinitely gentle compassion on his brother-in-arms, and seems to be answering: "Hast thou, indeed, found Me at last?"

No other picture has caught with such tremendous power the supreme significance of the fearful struggle, mankind finding its way through much tribulation to the feet of Christ. Should this lesson be fully impressed on all men, the pain and

THE LOSS WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN. Perhaps there was no other way for wayward, willful, blinded man to realize the sublimity of the sacrifice of the Redeemer and his love for His children, except by treading in His blood-stained footprints up to the summit of Calvary.—America.

DRIVES NINETY MILES TO MAKE SICK CALL AN HISTORIC BELL

The Rev. C. F. O'Farrell, Rector of St. Mary's Church at Montrose, Colo., recently drove an automobile seventy-six miles, then rode a horse fourteen miles at night to administer the last rites to a dying miser. Several times during his priestly life Father O'Farrell has displayed remarkable heroism. On one occasion, during an accident in construction of a great irrigation tunnel, he rode on a hand car through the tunnel at a time when every person around about fully expected him to be killed in the attempt. But the priest merely remarked that he would not die at least until he had given the last Sacraments to some man dying at the other end of the tunnel—men whom he could not reach in time without imperiling his life.—Buffalo Echo.

POWERS OF DARKNESS The war that tore so many loved ones from their families has given a new impetus to the fad of spiritism. It is claimed that we can enter into communion with the souls of the dead, hear them, see them, speak to them and get messages from them. The desire to do so, if it could be realized, would seem to be a legitimate expression of affection, and men of no mean distinction say that it can be done.

Mr. Godfrey Raupert, a member of the Oxford University, our best Catholic expert on this subject, who is now lecturing in the United States, says that two things have been established by psychic research as incontrovertible facts: the occurrence of abnormal phenomena, which allow no natural explanation, and the existence of extraneous disorganized or spiritual agencies. The material conception of the universe has received a death blow. Henceforth no one can be both a scientist and a materialist.

Quite another question is this: whether these spiritual agencies are the souls of the dead or something else. What the scientists, like Sir Oliver Lodge or Prof. Barrett of Dublin, who champion Spiritism, do not tell us are the baneful consequences entailed on those who practice Spiritism. They become physical, mental and moral wrecks. Add to this that the answers given by the supposed deceased relatives are mostly frivolous, often contradicting, and always mischievous in their final consequences. Nor has science been able to raise the identification of these spirit agencies to any degree of certainty.

Now apart from many marvelous phenomena that seem clearly beyond the powers of disembodied souls, can such effects as the above mentioned reasonably be traced to them as their source. Mr. Raupert is convinced that they cannot. It is urged that the appearing spirits identify themselves by their acquaintances with particulars that transpired so exclusively between them and their interlocutors that they could not possibly be known to others. For this difficulty Mr. Raupert has a plausible explanation. All the knowledge we get through the various channels of information is indelibly impressed on our mind. What we do not actually use is kept stored up in the recesses of the subconscious mind. Whether we are able to recall it upon our effort or not, it is there, and sometimes bubbles up spontaneously or flashes into consciousness in a crisis such as a danger of death.

Under normal conditions the conscious mind of man has control over the subconscious region, opening or shutting the "trap-door" between the two as will. But when the conscious mind has surrendered its control and become passive—which is a condition without which there is no success in spiritualistic experiment—the subconscious mind is open for invasion to spirit intelligences. There they can read all the impressions, all our past experiences, and since every encounter of ours with our departed relatives is recorded there, it is plain how they can start us up with the rehearsal of situations that were strictly private.

Since then departed souls would not be parties to the mischief done to their surviving relatives, and since all their proofs of identity are lacking the force of demonstration, the spiritists are obviously dealing with another kind of spirits. That they are not good spirits is shown by the baneful effects of communing with them. To the Christian who has firm faith their messages destructive of Christianity are proof incontrovertible. We have therefore in Spiritism a revival of paganism when the "prince of this world" had swayed over the hearts and minds of men. Christ the Saviour being discarded, the Liar from the beginning is coming into his own again. This is the meaning of Spiritism.

All men, Catholics as well as others, need to be warned against this frightful danger. It will not do to play with this pestilence. It works like morphine on the body. Before a man is aware, he is a slave to a habit he cannot shake off any more. So by opening the mind to the spirits of darkness man gives them a possession

from which they will not be ousted. Mr. Raupert tells us that many inmates of insane asylums, brought there in consequence of Spiritism, show all the signs of demonic obsession or possession. In reference to Spiritism, then, it is necessary to strictly observe the "Hands off!"—S. in The Guardian.

THE RETURN With a delicate sense of the yearning of the great world's human heart at the close of the frightful conflict which has taken its awful toll of the best blood of all races of men, crusaders who have fought that oppression might end and freedom might spread from shore to shore, Scribner's has placed as the frontispiece of its first issue of the New Year, a drawing which for its deep spiritual significance might well have served as a symbol of the entire life-work of the artist who died of a broken heart at the war's end, so well does it sum up his restauraromonia in Christo. Even more forcibly does it crystallize into a moment of tragic pathos the outpourings of the soul of the present Father of Christendom and those of his children in every land weary with the suffering of the past four years and more.

In a little chapel there rises a gaunt figure of the crucified Christ dimly lit by the flickering flames of some half-burned votive candles. At the foot of the Cross, clinging to the wood in a posture of agonized relief, a lonely, solitary soldier is kneeling; his head is bowed with the air of one who has made his way through immeasurable trial but in the end, beyond his fondest hopes, he finds peace, where there seemed no hope of peace. Every line of the drooping soldier tells of innumerable fatigue and his whole figure seems to be crying out: "Oh Christ, was there no other way?" The Saviour is gazing down with infinitely gentle compassion on his brother-in-arms, and seems to be answering: "Hast thou, indeed, found Me at last?"

No other picture has caught with such tremendous power the supreme significance of the fearful struggle, mankind finding its way through much tribulation to the feet of Christ. Should this lesson be fully impressed on all men, the pain and

Standard Library

60c. Each Postpaid

Aunt Honor's Keepeke, by Mrs. James Sadler. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are met with in every walk of American society, in every trade and calling, in every mood and condition. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-Rider's Daughter, The. By F. von Bracke. A high-class novel—a love story that every reader will feel better for having read. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggoner. Captain Ted is a Catholic college boy forced by circumstance to leave his home and plunge into the battle of life. His youth is a struggle with adversity and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamarre. The story of a struggling home, bright thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials of various phases of life are depicted in a most interesting and touching manner. The story is by Mrs. Sadler, of The Heroine of Vauxhall, by Rev. A. O'Reilly, A thrilling story of the seventeenth century. Between Friends, by Richard Amerie. Joe Davis is a leader among the boys of St. Nicholas' school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. His mother, who is in the city, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Circus-R

The Catholic Record

Price of subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00.

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B.A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Hallivan, R. F. Mackintosh. Manager—Robert M. Burns.

Advertisements for teachers, situations, wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Valerio and Sibert, late Apostolic Delegates in Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

- General agents: M. J. Hagar, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Jessie Doyle; resident agents: Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bridget Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 222 1/2 Ave. West, Vancouver; B. C. S. S. Johnson, 211 Rochester St., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKenney, 149 D'Agulino St., Quebec; Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, 229 St. Ursula St., Montreal; M. J. Meriva, Montreal; E. F. O'Toole, Lebrat, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, 111 St. Patrick St., St. John, N. B.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919

THE COW-PUNCHER

There is a war-picturer by Lady Butler, already famous as painter of the Roll Call, which takes its inspiration from the present War. A group of wounded soldiers—walking cases—trudging their painful way along a road in France come to a way-side shrine where the life-size figure of the Christ on the Cross preaches with silent eloquence the old yet ever-new story of Calvary. "Eyes Right!" At the word of command each war-weary and war-stricken soldier turns reverent eyes toward the symbol of that divine love and divine sorrow which explains and illuminates and sanctifies human love and human suffering. There is here nothing of the pomp and circumstance of war; but there is something greater; the dignity and worth and personality and individuality of each nameless Tommy. Democracy may be a much-abused term; but we think amongst other and perhaps better things "Eyes Right" interprets the real progress of the human race in true democracy. And we feel that the age of chivalry is not dead; for in all the pictures of the past painted by brush or pen there is nothing of which the common every day man has not proved himself capable; nothing of knightly valor which the average man has not in these latter days achieved.

In literature, too, this truth is making its way. We may still need to meditate on Burns' emphatic assertion: "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that," but it is coming to be accepted as a matter of course.

These reflections were suggested by a new Canadian novel, by Robert J. C. Stead, The Cow Puncher; for here again it is the common man who is the hero of the tale. Born on a run-down ranch, forty miles from school or church, his only companionship that of a father-brother-spirited through drink, Dave Elden grew up to active and vigorous youth without education or religion; at least without either the one or the other in the ordinary acceptance of the terms. This fact affords the opportunity of considering, almost compels the consideration of what essentially constitutes these mighty forces which in other circumstances both author and readers might take for granted. Now we are not going to detail the plot nor summarize the history of David Elden. We shall dip here and there into the story and give a taste of its quality.

After his father dies the youth comes to the cow-town—soon with Western magic to be transformed into a modern city—and here while working as a coal-freighter comes under the influence of Mr. Duncan, an educated gentleman, who with the true Western spirit of hospitality and brotherhood, which one cannot help feeling is very closely akin to Christian charity rightly understood, undertakes to supply the deficiency of Dave's education.

His methods may be worth thinking about even in these days when methodology and pedagogy are reduced to exact sciences. "Reduced" is the word, for they often have less soul than mathematics.

Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis on learning to write, and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the elder man sought to lead the younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fall him in the strain of later life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon, it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson. One evening they had a long talk on success, and Mr. Duncan had gradually stripped the glamour from wealth,

fame and social position. "The only thing worth while," he said, "is to give happiness. Every man who lives long enough and has brains enough comes to know this in time."

To Dave's observation that money and position were necessary as a means to make people happy Mr. Duncan replies:

"That is a good thought but not a conclusive one. In reckoning the happiness a man gives we must subtract the unhappiness he occasions. . . . And I am disposed to think that many a philanthropist, if weighed in that balance, would be found to have a debit side bigger than his credit. No matter how much wealth a man may amass, or how wisely he may distribute it, we cannot credit him with success if he has oppressed the hireling or dealt unfairly with his competitors or with the public. Such a man is not a success; he is a failure. In his own soul he knows he is a failure, that is, provided he still has a soul, and if not, as I said before, he is a greater failure still."

"Out of this discussion Mr. Duncan evolved the copy line: 'The success of a life is in direct proportion to its net contribution to human happiness,' and Dave sat writing it far into the night."

Now we submit that the teacher trained in the latest methods might get inspiration from this. The trouble with the ex-professors treatises is that they lack inspiration—you can't see the woods for trees. We have talked "education" without having any clear conception of the term. The War has opened many eyes to this fact. A few years ago the world was conceding the "intellectual supremacy" of Germany, and not merely in words. The Germans were regarded as the most highly "educated" people in the civilized world; to them we had to look for leadership and guidance in this all-important matter. Now we are agreed that it was precisely his "education" that put the German beyond the pale of civilization. We have begun to realize that education is a mighty power for evil as well as for good. "We must no longer," said the Minister of Education for Ontario the other day, "interpret education in terms of knowledge, nor even of intellectual development, but rather in terms of character." If Dr. Cody can impress that ideal on all concerned it will mean an educational "revolution of values" devoutly to be wished.

"One thing I have been trying to drill into you," said Dave's tutor, "is that education is not a thing of books or studies or formulae of any kind. It is the whole world; particularly the world of thought, feeling and expression. It is not a flower in the garden of life; it is the garden itself, with its flowers, and its perfumes, and its sunshine and its rain. Yes, and its weeds, and droughts, and insects and worms."

This about reading we cannot refrain from quoting. Mr. Duncan took Dave one day to a public library where he was overcome with "a strange sense of inadequateness." "I can never read all those books," he said. "I suppose one must read them to be well-informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Why—"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all that fruit; crates and crates of it, and carloads more in the warehouse? Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now, just apply the same sense to your reading. Read enough to keep your mind fresh, and alert, and vigorous; give it one new thought to wrestle with every day, and let the rest go. . . . Ob, I know that there is a certain school which holds that unless you have read this author or that author, or this book or that book, you are hopelessly uninformed and behind the times. That's literary snobbery. Let them talk. A mind that consumes more than it can assimilate is morally on a par with a stomach that swallows more than it can digest. Gluttons, both of them. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think, but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Such passages make us suspect that the proverbial breezy Western views are merely the letting in of a current of fresh air on ill-ventilated traditions and conventions.

And we might learn to readjust our view-point of the thousand and one things that go under the elastic term of Socialism.

"What about Socialism?" asked Dave, still unpeopled by "education," fresh, eager, open-minded.

"Very good, insofar as it is constructive. But there is a destructive brand of Socialism which seizes the fancy of disappointed and disgruntled men and women, and bids them destroy. There is a basic quality in all human nature which

clamours for destruction. You see it in the child pulling his toy to pieces, or in a mob wrecking buildings. Destruction is easy and passionate, but construction demands skill and patience."

"I have been at some of their meetings," said Dave. "They lay great stress on the war between Labour and Capital—"

"Between husband and wife in the family of production," interrupted Mr. Duncan. "Nothing is to be gained by that quarrel. I admit the husband has been overbearing, offensive, brutal, perhaps; but the wife has been slovenly, inefficient, shallow. Neither has yet learned how hopeless is the case of one without the other. Doctrines and policies are helpful to the extent to which they help men to think, either directly, or by creating environment conducive to thought; but they will never bring the golden age of happiness. That can come only through the destruction of selfishness, which can be destroyed only by the power of love."

In the matter of religion Dave's first experience in church was unfortunate. The preacher, unlike the Redeemer Himself, presented the doctrine of the Atonement in hard light of sheer justice; and rebelling at the thought of putting the innocent to death because of the sins of which others were guilty, the youth walked out of the church. He had been given the wrong key to the understanding of vicarious suffering and sacrifice: for that key is love; God is love, Infinite Love.

Years later dying on the field of Courclette curious as to "what was on the other side" yet reverent, he speaks to the nurse, his old friend Edith Duncan, of religion:

"I never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word—"

"In one word—sacrifice."

"I walked out of church once because of some doctrine about sacrifice," he continued. "I couldn't go it. And yet—there may be something in it. It's sacrifice here, Edith. War is sacrifice. Sacrifice for other people. It's not all on the surface. There's something deeper than we know."

He had begun to see as through a glass darkly what he was on the verge of seeing face to face.

Before he had left home while in the throes of a great temptation to kill a despicable enemy who had done him grievous wrong, Edith had persuaded him to forgive. It is a passage that tempts one to quote; but we yield only to the extent of a pregnant sentence or two:

"Nothing it seems to me is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The popular idea is that the whole benefit of forgiveness is to the person who is forgiven. Really there is a very much greater benefit to the person who forgives. . . ."

"Is that Christianity," Dave ventured?

"It is one side of Christianity. The other is service. . . . Creeds after all, are not expressed in words, but in lives."

Which by the way is but a paraphrase of what every child learns in Butler's Catechism in answer to the question "Are we justified by faith alone?" The answer is taken from St. James' epistle: "No; as the body without the spirit is dead so also faith without good works is dead."

The correlative and complementary truth that "good works must be enlivened by faith that worketh by charity" if not so fully grasped is more than half understood.

If we have dwelt, for reasons which will be, perhaps, obvious, on its moral tone, we would not have it understood that the book is pedantically didactic; it is a stirring story of deep human interest, clean, wholesome and well told. This is true even of the love-interest of perennial and universal appeal, which is not given undue prominence; but like the occasional charming and artistic pen-pictures of the Great West, that give a pleasing and effective background for the story.

There is another reason why we extend a hearty welcome to the Cow-Puncher. Over fifty years ago in prophetic vision D'Arcy McGee saw the marvellous Canada which is now actually before our eyes; if they are seeing eyes. The marvels of D'Arcy McGee's vision may otherwise be places, unappreciated and uninspiring.

In one of his eloquent addresses this Irish Father of Canadian Confederation gave wise counsel which is yet sound. Amongst other things he said: "We must treasure up every gleam of Canadian literature." Were he living to day he would see in Mr. Stead's Canadian novel a new realization of one of his ardently patriotic hopes and aspirations.

It is not a Catholic story; but the Catholic painter of the famous war picture to which we referred

had probably no idea of making the heroic Tommies all Catholics. The novel for the majority is one of the greatest mediums of education good or bad. From the religious point of view the Canadian novel and the English painting point the same moral: "Eyes Right!" in reverent salutation to the great symbol of love and sacrifice.

FATHER FRASER'S LETTER

We gladly give editorial prominence to this letter from Father Fraser which needs no comment of ours to help it carry its vital message to earnest souls:

Almonte, Ont., Canada, Feast of the Epiphany, 1919.

Fellow Catholics,—The feast we celebrate today reminds us of the first tidings of the light of the Redeemer's coming to our forefathers while they were still worshippers of idols. The three kings from the east represent at the Crib of Christ the gentile races, who have since that time been so highly favored by God in sharing the inheritance of His chosen people, and even in supplanting them. We have, however, still many millions of gentiles, who have not yet shared in the privileges we enjoy, the highest privileges that God can bestow upon man, and surely this is an opportune season of the year wherein to call attention to the sad spiritual plight of those multitudes of our brethren of the gentile races. We may also add that of those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, none are more important as to vastness of numbers, and as a keystone to the whole deplorable situation than are the great uncounted multitudes who inhabit the present Chinese Republic.

However, a brighter day seems to be dawning for China. In Ireland the Irish Mission to China is making giant strides; in the United States the Foreign Mission Society of America has chosen China for the scene of its first missionary labors, and here in our own dear Canada the work of organizing a China Mission College to train missionaries for China is making favorable progress. Letters of sympathy and approval are coming in from all sides.

It, Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, writes: "I have heard about the Mission College which is started at Almonte. I hope it may be a success. The harvest is great in many countries but especially in China and the laborers are so few."

Very Rev. H. Carr, C. S. B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto, says: "You are quite right that the need of such an institution is very great. You have the prayers and good wishes of the college staff, and the students."

Very Rev. H. P. MacPherson, D.D., President of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, writes: "I was very glad to learn that your China Mission College is now a reality. Congratulations. You deserve infinite praise for your faith and energy. I hope you will meet with great success. . . . We shall be very glad to see you any time you come. I hope you will get some support from this quarter. We shall have your prayer recited by the boys."

Father McPhail, the famous Redemptorist missionary, writes from Montreal to the parish priest of Almonte: "I just read you are to have a college to form missionaries for China. I was always expecting some extraordinary work like this would yet fall to you some time or other."

"The idea is grand and the location should be ideal. It may take a little time but all great works began on very small lines. However, I wish and pray that God may bless the undertaking."

In fact it would be hard to imagine a person with a Catholic mind who would not approve of sending missionaries to China, and do all in his power by prayer and alms to train men for that work. As the Bishop of Peterboro remarked to me: "I do not see how a person could be a Catholic, and not sympathize with the work."

Let us then all pull together, and as in our battle with the enemies of our country we strained every nerve to win, so now in the more important battle with the powers of darkness in that great nation, where Satan rules supreme and is adored by hundreds of millions, let us leave nothing undone until we see Catholic missionaries going forth in a continuous stream to preach the Gospel to these poor creatures, who still sit in darkness and the shadow of

death, and help to bring low and crush forever the empire of the Evil One.

The Protestants are wide awake to the opportunity of making proselytes in China, and send many missionaries and much money there for that purpose. We read in the daily papers under the conspicuous headline: "Methodists Set Big Objective"—Will raise quarter million in Toronto for Chinese Missions. Toronto, Jan. 4.—A quarter of a million dollars is the objective of Toronto Methodists for 1919, adopted by an enthusiastic standing vote at a meeting of the representatives of the missionary committees of the churches in the city, held at Sherbourne Street Church last night. The reason for this great advance in aim, which is more than double the objective of 1918, when \$114,000 was the mark set, is that exchange has fallen so low in China that a dollar is not worth there now more than half what it was worth before the War. The intention was to raise the aim of the Methodists of the whole Dominion next year from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, but Toronto has decided not to wait till next year to double up, so it has set for 1919 as the aim for this city's churches one-quarter of what is being asked this year from the whole of Canadian Methodists. This objective of \$250,000 for one city is much more than was given for missions by all Canadian Methodists twenty years ago.

The example of non-Catholics ought to spur us on to do as much and more for the spread of true religion. And here is our opportunity—let us make the China Mission College a great success by endeavoring to complete all the Burses this year, and thus enable a number of students to prosecute their studies for the Chinese missions. Thanking you for your continued generosity, I remain,

Yours gratefully in the Babe of Bethlehem.

J. M. FRASER.

THE CRINGING SPIRIT OF CANADA

The thing that strikes most forcibly an intelligent visitor to our country is the little pride that Canadians take in the land of their birth. There are few if any countries in the world that can compare with Canada in natural beauty, in the variety and extent of her resources and in the romantic charm of her history. Notwithstanding this, Canadians will grow enthusing over the green fields that are far away, will lament the lack of business opportunities at home, will ape the manners, customs and speech of their less favored neighbors, and will bask in the borrowed glory of a nation one thousand leagues of ocean removed from them.

What, we may ask, is the cause of this unpatriotic spirit? The cause is not far to seek. It is the training that generations of Canadians have received in our Public and High Schools. Those of us who have passed through those institutions will remember the hours we spent in learning all about the character and the genealogy of the many disreputable vikings that have disgraced the throne of England. We knew by heart the date of every domestic skirmish and border foray from Stamford Bridge and Chevy Chase to Marston Moor and the Pass of Killiecrankie. We were fed up on the glorious deeds of Britain's fleet and the prowess of her armed men; but we learned very little about the country of our birth.

To all intents and purposes the history of Canada began for us when: "In days of yore from Britain's shores, Wolfe the dauntless hero came And planted firm old England's flag on Canada's fair domain."

As well may we learn the history of civilization without any reference to the Martyrs of the Colliseum and the Monks of the West, as the history of Canada, in which a few begrudging paragraphs are devoted to the labors and the sufferings of the early missionaries, the zeal and the wisdom of her pioneer bishops, the foundations of her institutions of learning and charity, and the intrepid valor of her colonizers, who planted the lilies of France beside the symbol of redemption everywhere throughout a land that extended from Acadia in the east to the Rocky Mountains in the west, and from the Hudson Bay in the north to the Rio Grande in the south.

Every impartial historian must concede that as far as England is concerned the history of Canada since the Treaty of Paris does not evoke undiluted sentiments of filial

gratitude. There are some bright spots in that period of our nation's growth, but they have been contributed largely by Canadians whose loyalty, as it should, began at home, and by English statesmen like Carleton, Durham and Elgin who were worthy exponents of a sane view of colonial politics. What is the record of England and her satellites' dealings with Canada since 1759? For fifty years, that is until the War of 1812, there was a determined effort to impose the penal laws upon the new British subjects and to make religion a department of the State. Then there was the Family Compact that ruled Canada from Downing Street in return for its own aggrandizement. Then came the burning of the Parliament Buildings at Montreal by an ultra loyal mob and the threat, a la Carson, to cast their lot with the new Republic to the south. England's solicitude for Canadian interests has been manifested in the Ashburton Treaty, the Alaska Boundary Award and the perpetuation of a trade policy that is in direct contravention to the laws of nature. And now we have the apotheosis, the Premier of a nation that has contributed billions of golden treasure and nearly half a million men to the cause of world freedom, sitting, as Dooley would say, on three inches of a stool in one of the outer halls of the peace palace at Versailles.

As we listened recently to an address by the new Minister of Education on the occasion of a High School commencement exercise, all the impressions hidden in our memory of early school days and of the old time teacher were revived again. One would naturally expect, at such a time and from such a dignitary, to hear something enlightening in regard to educational matters. But we were disappointed. The only reference to his policy was the declaration that returned soldiers would be given the preference in the selection of teachers, because they were best qualified to inculcate the virtue of patriotism. The whole burden of his speech was "Be British." He dwelt upon the paltry sacrifices that Canada had made in comparison with those borne by the Motherland during the War, and reminded his youthful hearers that they were not so much prospective Canadian citizens as units in a greater entity that in some mysterious manner was to secure the peace of the world and safeguard their liberties. Is this man, we asked ourselves, the victim of a policy that has so long dwarfed the national ideals of our people, and that would perpetuate that cringing attitude that has belittled us in the eyes of the world?

It is surely high time that Canada, following in the wake of other nations, declared for self-determination, so that the words of our national anthem might find a responsive echo in the hearts of the rising generation: "O Canada land of our forefathers! thy brow is crowned with glorious wreaths, for thine arm knows how to wield the sword and to carry the Cross. Thy history is an epopee of the most brilliant exploits, and thy valor, steeped in faith, will protect our hearths and our rights."

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PRINTING of the new Canon Law in America, which marked a new departure in the issuance of Pontifical publications, may be regarded as a direct result of the Great War. Owing to the disturbed state of Europe and the enforced inactivity of ecclesiastical publishing houses in France, Belgium and Italy, it was deemed expedient and desirable to entrust the work to publishers on this side. The departure has already been amply justified: The volume issued by Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, for example, is in every respect up to the traditional standard.

WE NOW learn that the same house has been authorized to publish the newly revised "Missale Romanum," the type matter of which is in course of preparation by the Vatican Press. Immediately on arrival of this from Rome Messrs. Kenedy will commence work upon it, so that this monumental work will appear in exact duplicate in New York simultaneously with the Roman edition. This event signals a new epoch in the matter of Catholic publishing in America.

THE LAUNCHING by the newly established Canadian Province of the Congregation of Our Most Holy Redeemer of a campaign for funds for

ecclesiastical education will meet with hearty sympathy wherever the apostolic work of the Redemptorists is known—and where in Canada is it not known? For over thirty years these zealous Fathers have gone up and down the country preaching penance and the remission of sin. The importance of that work and its rich results cannot be overestimated. There are thousands of people in every part of Canada who owe their conversion or spiritual rejuvenation to Redemptorist missions, and who, now that an appeal is made to place the Canadian Province of the Order upon a substantial, self-sustaining basis, will as some sort of return, however inadequate, give it their enthusiastic countenance and support

THE TRAINING of Redemptorist priests in Canada is a new departure. Hitherto all their Canadian subjects have had to depend upon colleges of the Order in the United States. Canada until recently having been included in the American Province. This, unavoidable as it was under the circumstances, had in many ways its disadvantages, which recent developments have been intended to obviate. The widening of their sphere of labor in Canada, the prospects of still further extension, and the increase in the number of Canadian recruits to the Order have rendered it necessary that such subjects should be trained in Canada. This of course involves the purchase of properties, the erection of suitable buildings and their endowment, and it is to make provision for this that an appeal is to be made to the Catholics of Canada. That such appeal will meet with the response it merits is devoutly to be wished by all who have at heart the interests of the Church and of humanity.

WHILE the work of the Redemptorist Order has largely lain in settled communities it has an honorable share also in the foreign mission work of the Church. Since the taking over of the Philippine Islands by the United States the sons of St. Alphonsus have carried on very successful work among the native tribes there. This began with the foundation of a mission at Opong in the Island of Mactan in 1806. This town, which is separated from Cebu by a narrow canal, forms part of the diocese of that name. Their second establishment was made at Malata, near Manila, on the Island of Luzon, in 1818, and, as we learn from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, from these two bases of operation the influence and activity of the Fathers has extended throughout the whole Archipelago through the missions which they preach with unwearied zeal.

THE PROMINENCE given by a Toronto daily paper to certain alleged spiritualistic manifestations in that city and to a book embodying some account of them, is at once significant of the chaotic state of religion in non-Catholic communities, and a real menace to the very foundations of religion and morality among a class of people whose hold on revelation is tenuous in the extreme. The immediate effect of the free advertising which the book has had, is, we are informed, an immense sale, and an appalling increase in the sale of "ouija boards,"—that monstrous invention, we might almost say, of the Evil One himself. The result upon the community cannot but be disastrous to its spiritual well-being, and to the mental balance of a large circle of credulous and weak-minded people.

CATHOLICS, TOO, sad to say, need to be reminded of the warnings of their Church in regard to this unholy thing. According to theologians of authority, spiritualism, faked or real, is quite the most dangerous thing for anybody to trifle with, and should be shunned by all who value their immortal souls. As to the Toronto sensation, the shocking association of the Name of the Redeemer of mankind with blasphemous unbelievers and scoffers of the Voltaire and Ingersoll types, should be sufficient to condemn the whole affair in the minds of decent people.

Knowing human frailty, Jesus did not hesitate to teach us to walk warily. His own prayer in Gethsemane is the exact counterpart of this petition. He shrank from the trial whose shadow was deepening over His life yet He did not decline to meet it. The bravest are not those who know no fear. He who alone of all men was never found wanting, taught that the only way to be safe was never to be over confident.

THE OPENING AGE

Edward F. Garscha, S. J., in America

From every Catholic heart the cry and prayer should go up without ceasing these momentous days: "God give us men to guide the opening age!"

After some fire or earthquake there comes a desire for reconstruction that sometimes carries the city far beyond the glories of its former state.

The world is recovering now from the shock of a stunning cataclysm, and all the vital forces of mankind will react with tremendous energy to build up and beautify the earth.

In the obvious order of things this nation should bear a part altogether glorious and great in the opening era after the war.

Our country has never seen a time when the full appeal of Catholic doctrine, principle, tradition could be brought so strongly to bear on the fine and true spirit outside the fold as now, when the war has shown the strength and loyalty of the Catholic body in the United States and has brought the flower of our young men in intimate contact with Catholicism abroad.

Why the farmers smile MISPLACED INFORMATION BEGETS CONTEMPT No department of the Federal Government is more generous with its advice than is the Department of Agriculture, for, when it comes to conclusions regarding the culture of cotton or corn in Mississippi, it spreads the glad tidings in Maine, Wisconsin, and Montana.

When they come home again, their energies immense, their desire of achievement heightened by what they have seen in Europe, their powers deepened and their industry whetted by long absence from the activities of civilian life, if we can but catch them up in some vast movement of truly Catholic reconstruction, guide their keen interest and their high aspirations along those heaven-given courses which only can bring enduring accomplishment, put them in possession of the rich, secure achievement of Catholic thinkers and planners in the past and send them out into the nation, balanced, secure, with a compass and a rudder of faith and principle, then we may hope to see even in our day a revival of something of that union of deep faith and high achievement which made the best days of the Middle Ages so glorious.

It is only our cowardice and sloth that put all the glorious pages of the Church's history in the past. Why should there not be eras to come more shining and magnificent with Catholic achievement than any that have gone? Granted leaders who can inspire and then guide and sustain, we have the material of hearts, intelligences, imaginations and all else that makes great men with which to reproduce here in this new world all the greatest glories of the old. Our one vast need will be consummate leadership. We shall have to besiege Heaven for brave men like those mighty ones of old, who could fire a whole people with faith and courage, and then work out in the agonizing trials of petty details the shining fabric of success.

Among those who have stayed at home there is likewise a new receptiveness to Catholic teaching and suggestion. A vast curiosity at least is in the rear of men's thoughts concerning the true meaning and teaching of this age-long Church which has suddenly showed such young efficacy and vigor, here and in other warring lands. Old barriers of insuperable prejudice have fallen down, unremarked in the swift rush of wartime activities. One has seen elements and influences thought hostile to the Church waking and rubbing their eyes as they looked at the undeniable efficiency and obvious holiness of an institution which they had simply known as an impossible and obsolete survival of old superstitions. It is difficult for us who are Catholics to realize what some otherwise intelligent outsiders thought of the Church and what a revolution it is in their thoughts to concede that she is a living force for good almost unequalled—the "almighty" is theirs—on the earth.

Therefore when the great buzz and stir of rebuilding comes, and the interchange and counterchange of ideas begins, these newly awakened folk will begin to inquire what the Church has to say and to suggest on every ethical and religious problem that comes up in the course of planning and discussion. But they will wish to know, not in the terms in which great minds of the past have formulated Catholic dogma, morals, ethics, with explanations that will catch the ear of the intelligent non-Catholic, give him in his own idiom the solid gist of Catholic doctrine and appeal to him with the simple eloquence that truth always has when presented in the proper way.

The thrilling opportunities of the time should stir us to the depths of our soul's capacity for enthusiasm, energy and sacrifice. Our response should be a great increase of personal effort in all the unselfish ways before us. Our realization of the needs and chances of the Church and the world should stir us to the utmost of personal effort, and in particular to that highest and most effective of all forms of personal effort, prayer for great leaders of the Church and the nation in this opening age.

WHY THE FARMERS SMILE

MISPLACED INFORMATION BEGETS CONTEMPT

No department of the Federal Government is more generous with its advice than is the Department of Agriculture, for, when it comes to conclusions regarding the culture of cotton or corn in Mississippi, it spreads the glad tidings in Maine, Wisconsin, and Montana. Within a few days it has suggested that if low temperatures continue in the North it may be possible to cut and harvest wheat which can be used to advantage next Summer, and this information will be sent to the Southern States.

Now, however, The Conrart and other folk in New England are told that a plague of grasshoppers may be expected in Indiana next Summer, and no doubt in Illinois and Ohio. Because of this we of New England are told that the grasshoppers may be put to confusion if the farmers will plow and harrow their fields this Fall and Winter.

If they do not plow, with two feet or more of frost in the ground and a foot or so of snow on the surface, they may utilize the grasshopper crop next Summer as poultry feed. The article gives direction for the construction of an instrument for gathering in the insects, and then we are told that they are rich in protein and that the fowls are fond of them. This brings to mind certain memories of John the Baptist and suggests the possibility that the department is preparing to suggest that our little friends Malonopus and Locusta are to be dehydrated and utilized in unexpected ways, but further developments along these lines may be awaited calmly.

It is not worth it. If the department has ideas as to the extermination of aphids and for the prevention of blights, Connecticut should be considered among the first of the States, but the grasshopper is not a burden here.—Hartford Courant.

Nothing is more important to farmers and to the entire country than agricultural information based on scientific investigation; but there appears to be room for common sense improvement in the matter of its distribution. An American farmer told us the other day that Washington, suddenly waking up to the importance of the peanut crop, sent to southern farmers and posted in public places an official document pointing out the serious loss from harvesting immature peanuts along with the fully ripened ones; and advising that at the peanut harvest the immature pods be left on the vines until matured. The reason why the growers laughed and scoffed at the official advice was not immediately apparent to a Canadian. It appears that the peanut vine is something like the pea-vine; but the peanut pods are low down and strike into the soil, and the nuts are gathered by pulling up the vine. So that the farmers of the peanut country saw the joke, just as farmers here would if told when digging potatoes to leave the small ones on the stalks until they grew to a reasonable size!

Canada spends several million dollars annually in Agricultural Departments, federal and provincial; when farmers take a more direct, personal, and intelligent interest in this department of government, and an active part in its control, the country will get a much more adequate return for the millions spent.—E. C. R.

THE FEDERALIZED SCHOOL

Paul L. Blakely, S. J., in America

Bigotry dies hard in Michigan. But, be it said to the honor of the citizens of that great State, for several years the legislature and the voters alike have done their best to hasten the day of its dissolution. Last month the legislature again refused to pass an amendment to the State educational law, which would compel all children between the ages of five and sixteen to attend the local public school. The sole purpose of this measure, urged by an anti-Catholic group styling itself a "Civic Association," was, in the words of the Adrian Telegram, "to abolish all church schools." The single and avowed purpose of this "Association," according to the same journal, is to awaken and spread religious fanaticism. Happily, the issue in Michigan was so plain that it at once aroused the quiet but determined opposition of every fair-minded man in the State. The Michigan bigots had set out to destroy the parochial school and made no secret of their plan. It is usually easy to kill the snake that wriggles across the garden path. It is only the snake in the grass that is dangerous. Nag, the cobra in Kipling's tale, crawled in through a drain and thereby set the fashion for nine out of ten anti-Catholic zealots. But occasionally, as in Michigan, the American spirit of fair-play, easily breaks his writhing back.

Unhappily, however, the evil issue of the Smith bill for the federalization of American education, now pending in the Senate, does not come out in the open. It would be quite unfair to assert that Senator Smith is moved by hatred of the private, or, more specifically, of the parochial school. It is altogether possible that any consideration of the inevitable effect upon the religious school of State-controlled education has never entered the Senator's mind. It is also possible that those Catholics whom the bill has not jarred out of their customary indifference are likewise unaware that it will, humanly speaking, make the maintenance of the parochial school a burden to which even the richest and wealthiest of our city parishes will scarcely be equal. And the extinction of the parochial school means much more than the cessation of our educational activities. It means empty churches a century hence, and cathedrals that see vast tombs of their former glory. Today six out of every ten Americans have no affiliation whatever with any kind of religion, and there is nothing in current public or private life which indicates a gradual diminution of this irreligious majority. All indications point the other way. Where do our 25,000,000 American children, the rank and file of the next generation, receive religious instruction? In the home?

The cry of religious and social leaders is that the home is disappearing. Of course there are thousands of real homes in which Christian fathers and mothers have a care over those of their household, but in the average non-Catholic family, and in too many of our own, religious training does not seem to hold an honored, or even an important, place. Father and mother are either too "busy" or unable to teach the child; the public school has no room for Christ, and hence this important

task, if not wholly neglected, is thrust upon the Sunday school. Of this forlorn institution, our Protestant brethren themselves are the most caustic critics. The schools are represented as conducted by superintendents and teachers whose good intentions and pedagogical competency are equally undoubted. As a result the typical non-Catholic child regards Sunday school as a curious survival of the Puritan Sabbath, and finds his sole source of religious education a bore and a nuisance, a thing to be shunned except for its temporal rewards. A religion that is a penalty does not get into the heart. Even were the Sunday school all that it should be, it happens but once a week, and the only "weather permitting." A series of bad Sundays, followed by an outbreak of measles and other juvenile plagues, may put an end to the religious education of the children.

Earnest non-Catholics are now recognizing these shocking conditions, and some among them, notably the Lutherans, the Jews and the Episcopalians, are endeavoring to correct them by founding the equivalent of parochial schools. But the passage of the Smith bill subsidizing the public school will completely block their praiseworthy efforts. Federal domination over the schools will mean in the long run the complete triumph of education without God. Destroy the Catholic parochial school, the only complete system in the United States which dares to teach the child something about God and His rights over His creatures, make other religious schools equally impossible, and how much Christianity will be left in these United States by the year of our Lord 2020?

Even as matters now stand there are very few Catholic parishes that do not find great difficulty in providing teacher, buildings and suitable equipment for their boys and girls. Add the Federal tax under the Smith bill, increase the already heavy State tax, open to every wad of raw public schools housed in magnificent buildings; staff them with officers whose words are as music in the ears of careless or climbing Catholics, one day to merit the penalty of eternal punishment for scandalizing their children, and what will be the result? Just this: The heart-breaking toll of the pariah priest and of all who do not wish the children in schools which teach them that God is a gas, a myth, or a prejudice, and religion a subject not to be mentioned in polite society, will be almost as futile as Mrs. Parington's attack on the tides.

Catholic opposition to the Smith bill is not mere special pleading. In America there are at least a few million American citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic, who have given serious thought to the subject held that if this country is to continue to be what it has ever been in the past, one of God's greatest gifts to the world, the rights of the respective States in those matters over which, by the Constitution, they have exclusive jurisdiction must be upheld in their integrity. And education is one of those matters. The fear that the Smith bill will by degrees overturn the constitutional balance of power between Federal and State authorities is not a monster conjured up for the occasion. It is an actual and present menace, the embodiment of a semi-Socialistic, paternalistic spirit seeking to confer powers which every community worthy of freedom must reserve to itself, upon a governmental bureaucracy. Governments, as governments are organized nowadays, know very little of God; He has no vote and is not a corporation; and the Smith bill specifically excludes schools which acknowledge the sovereignty of God from the financial benefits of its provisions. All that the Smith bill requires is acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Federal Bureau of Education. Furthermore, Catholics believe, with other millions of Americans, that this country cannot safely afford to neglect any factor which will preserve it, as it has been declared to be by the Supreme Court, a Christian nation. The Catholic parochial school, in their belief, is the greatest force in the United States, next to the Church herself, which today actively works to that end. There is no other school system even pretends to be founded on the precepts of Christianity is plain.

We are not asking, as conceivably we might, either our share of the school funds, or exemption from the tax. We only ask not to be crushed by further taxation, State and Federal, for the maintenance of schools which we cannot in conscience use, and we protest the injustice of special governmental favor towards all schools which formally disavow God and His Christ. We will pay for our own schools, poor as they are, and we will pay gladly. They are part of our contribution as Americans to the true prosperity of our beloved country, and the monument which we raise to the glory of the one true God.

MAYOR KYLIE RETIRES

In the retirement of ex-Mayor Kylie from municipal life, the town loses the services of a gentleman who worked enthusiastically and unceasingly for its advancement. Twenty-nine years ago Mr. Kylie entered municipal life and for fifteen years gave the town splendid service in different capacities. For the past two and a half years he filled the Chief Magistrate's chair and it can truly be said that the town never had a better

Mayor. During the period of his municipal activities he may have made mistakes, but these are trifling when compared to his splendid record in the public service. He is credited with introducing Lindsay's waterworks and sewerage systems, the organization of the fire brigade equipment on modern lines. His record in relation to permanent roads can be seen in the miles of good, substantial pavement laid down as a result of his efforts. It is unfortunate, indeed that the town loses the services of one who has served faithfully and well. In his retirement Mr. Kylie leaves a record which is indeed worthy of emulation.—The Lindsay Post.

Mayor Kylie is the father of the late Professor Edward Kylie whose death three years ago at the early age of thirty six was so great a loss to the Church and to Canada.—E. C. R.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE RESPONSE OF THE EAST

Has the Church at large in the East heard the call of the West? Has that voice of distress gone through the ranks of our Catholics like a shrill cry of the bugle call? Has it awakened our Catholics from their lethargy and quickened their sense of responsibility? Has the call been answered, or has it gone out like a cry in the wilderness, lost in the noise of our busy world, stifled by the clamor of other voices, buried under other diocesan and parochial claims?

In the Church of Canada there have always been generous and noble souls for whom the missions of the West have had a mysterious attraction. Who can read without emotion of the heroic deeds of the first Jesuits who followed the explorers and couriers de bois in their perilous adventures? What tribute of admiration and gratitude do we not owe to the Oblate missionaries who lived and died with the wandering children of the plains, who have kept the fires of Faith burning from the banks of the Red River to the Pacific Coast, from the winding shores of the Missouri and Mississippi to the everlasting snows of the Arctic. Their lives of heroic heroism furnish a bright splash on the rather drab and bleak landscape of what was known as the North West Territories. The Church of Canada will never remain indebted to these noble pioneers of the cross, apostolic bishops and priests of the first hour; their saintly lives are forever emblazoned on the pages of Canadian history; the western trails murmur their names in gratitude and the children of the prairie still bless their memory by the dying fires of their camps.

Indeed the Province of Quebec for years sent her money to help the struggling schools of Manitoba. The Catholic Church of Canada has pledged itself in the plenary Council of Quebec to help the Rhenish cause; the Catholic Church Extension Society of late years is enlisting the sympathies of eastern Catholics for our western missions; with the help of their motherhouses our various sisterhoods have dotted the West with convents, schools, hospitals and charitable institutions. We all recognize the beauty and the heroism of their Catholic charity and apostolic zeal. Notwithstanding these noble efforts can we safely state that the Church of Eastern Canada, as a whole, is deeply interested in the Catholic welfare of the West? Have we kept pace with the changing conditions the last decade brought throughout our Western Canada?—No! . . . And this is our national sin. The Church as a whole has not awakened to its responsibility, as individuals, as parishes, as dioceses, Catholics here and there have nobly done their duty. As a body, as a living Church of Canada we have failed to help the struggling West as we should have done. We have not thrown all the energies of our great living, organizing Church into this Missionary work. The Catholics of our Eastern Provinces are not yet united in one great generous effort to protect and spread the Kingdom of God in their own fair Dominion.

The Call of the Church in the West has not been heard! Never has the importance of the West loomed up before the public mind as it has since the beginning of the War. To realize this you have only to remark its growing influence in our political life. It cannot be otherwise; the possibilities of the West are so great and so numerous. Immense virgin prairies are still waiting for the plough. After the war, during the period of reconstruction, necessarily so pregnant of great events, the growing powers of our agricultural West will be tremendous. This is therefore a trying period for the Church in the West. Beyond the waving wheat of the prairie we should contemplate the ripening harvest of souls. Like a growing youth the Church in Western Canada needs more than ever help and support from the Mother Church of the East. The assistance in this stage of the Western Church is a pressing duty of conscience, not only for the individual Catholic but particularly for the Church as a whole, in Eastern Canada.

This duty is the duty of the hour, a duty most serious, most imperative. How can it be accomplished? By the united action of the Eastern dioceses of Canada.

Each diocese is a constituted unity in itself, but not for itself alone. Like each particular organism in the human system it exists for the benefit of the whole. The Catholicity of the Church implies this idea of solidarity whereby the strong help the weak and the rich come to the rescue of the poor. Never perhaps has the Church suffered so much from the wastefulness of energies. The torrent if not directed spends its energy on itself; in the mill race, every drop counts.

One of the great lessons the War has given to the world is the absolute necessity of centralized effort and the advisability of central organization rather than multiplying organizations. We are living in an age of efficiency through co-operation. "Was est ab hostis doctus."—The lesson coming from our separated brethren should strike home. One has to go West to see the feverish activities of the different denominations in that new field. Ask the mission organizers of the various non-Catholic bodies how much money comes from the East to support the struggling churches of the West; visit their immense printing establishments which are producing and distributing the literature you will find on the table of the lonely Western settler; study these organizations which are supplying field secretaries, teachers, social workers to our foreign Catholic settlements, then you will begin to understand this word of Pius X: "The strength of the enemy lies in the apathy of the good."—The mass of evidence, which can be had by the simple reading of the non-Catholic mission reports, as to their activities in Western Canada is nothing short of staggering. What examples! What lessons! Should they not turn our apathetic Catholics into enthusiastic apostles, stir them into watchfulness and action? And what could we not do with more unity of action?

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged...\$1,119 25 A Friend, Hamilton..... 2 00 Mrs. F. Connolly, Holden..... 1 75 M. P. Halifax..... 1 00 J. O. C..... 5 00 A Reader..... 500 00 Mrs. Fader, Halifax..... 2 00 MASS INTENTIONS A Reader, Ottawa..... 5 00 E. G. P., Ottawa..... 4 00 THE COST OF VICTORY Catholics least of all will forget at what price this victory has been won. As Canon Ritchie reminded his hearers, in his notable sermon at Glasgow, Scotland, recently, over 51 millions of men had been faced to face with death; over 27 millions had become casualties. The English losses in dead were over 650,000, and those of our enemies are numbered in millions. Twenty-five thousand priests of France alone had shown on the field of battle what Catholic patriotism is, and their casualties too had been heavy. "These brave men," said King George, "have died for Right and for Humanity. Both have been vindicated." Would they have had it otherwise? So with our Te Deum goes our prayer for the men that made the song of thanksgiving possible. They were not forgotten in our rejoicings, nor will they be forgotten.—St. Paul Ballestin.

Keep your face always turned toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.—Whitman.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursary. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription:

SACRED HEART BURSE Previously acknowledged.....\$795 92 In honor of S. H., Little Bona. 4 00 Arthur J. White, Little Bona. 5 00 Bernard Montague, Bellingham..... 100 00 Friend, North Sydney..... 2 00 Rev. Geo. W. O'Toole, Cantley 10 00 J. O. C..... 1 00 Mrs. S. Kinlin, Trenton..... 5 00 Friend, Hamilton..... 2 00 Mrs. Fader, Halifax..... 1 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE Previously acknowledged.....\$1,172 50 Mr. Benfillers, Almonte... 5 00 J. O. C..... 1 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$61 10 James Robert, Ottawa..... 50 J. O. C..... 1 00 A Friend, New Aberdeen..... 2 00 Mrs. Fader, Halifax..... 1 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$139 00 A Friend, B. C..... 5 00 J. O. C..... 1 00 Mrs. Fader, Halifax..... 1 00

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$49 00 J. O. C..... 1 00

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$109 50 Miss H., Toronto..... 7 00 Rev. M. J. Carey, Toronto..... 2 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$66 50 Jos. Dohberstein, Webb..... 1 00 Mrs. D. C. Macdonald, Antigonish..... 2 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$50 50 Mrs. H. Mathewson, Ampror 5 00 HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE Previously acknowledged... \$57 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$113 50

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$91 00 Eleanor E. Dray, Little Bona 1 00 N. J., Iona..... 1 00

A man can combine patriotism and profit by increasing and improving his flocks and herds. "Breed for quality that will produce maximum weight in shortest time," says the Live Stock Expert.

Every ordinarily unused nook and corner of the farm should be brought to growing feed for stock next spring.

Raise two crops of pigs a year. It is the common practice in the Eastern and Central States and might well be a more common practice in Canada.

Your Money is Safe in War-Savings Stamps Buy now for \$4.00 Sell 1st day of 1924 for \$5.00 Government Security Your W-S.S. can be registered to secure you against loss by theft, fire or otherwise. Thrift Stamps cost 25 cents each. Sixteen on a Thrift Card are exchangeable for one War-Savings Stamp. SOLD WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

TEPIDITY

"Lord, my servant bath at home sick of the palsy" (Matt. vii. 8).

As leprosy is frequently, my dear brethren, spoken of as the figure and type of sin, so palsy represents tepidity. As the man afflicted with the palsy lieth at home powerless of limb, unable to move, dependent on friends for food and comfort, so the tepid man is sluggish in the service of God, useless, and at a standstill in virtuous work and all that concerns his salvation. It is the opposite to the fervour of Divine love. Tepidity is a languid and miserable dejection, which causes a man to have no zest in prayer, or in any spiritual or virtuous exercise.

Tepidity commonly arises from sloth, which is fed on idle leisure; has a repugnance towards and curtails anything, prayer or services, which is for God; flies self-denial, hates work, but loves comfort, self-indulgence, and the good things of life. So to the tepid man, the Divine things have no savour, and even become loathsome, but foolish and vain things are a delight. Spiritual bread begets a loathing, sinful poison, so it is pleasant, a craving.

And the growth of tepidity is rapid, though insidious and unnoticed. The palsied man, lying useless, makes no note day after day, that his limbs grow more powerless; that movement is more and more an impossibility; that each day he might be called more truly a living corpse.

Death is a release to the palsied, but there is no release for tepidity, unchecked. Its effects are mortal sin, an evil life, repentance put off time after time, callousness to sin, and a bad death, when God's patience is worn out. St. Jerome says: "Through tepidity man loses all the gifts of grace and Divine love, is saturated with vice, loses his time—the time for repentance—becomes the sport of the devil, and is eternally lost."

It is in our very nature to be tainted with this vice. And its growth is so imperceptible, its effects so urgent ruin, that it is of the most urgent necessity that we do our utmost to free our souls from this spiritual palsy. Let us cast off this accursed vice, and become prompt, strenuous, and fervent in the service of God before it is too late.

To enable us to do this, remember the honor and privilege it is to be called on to serve God. A soldier does not regard the hardships, the danger to life and limb, when chosen for some heroic task, but the glory and honor of having been chosen, and the still greater glory if he is successful.

Miserable creature comforts, paltry pleasures, satisfy, or, rather, pretend to satisfy, a tepid man in this life, and he forgets to lift up his eyes and see the eternal reward awaiting those who obey the Church, practice virtue, and are earnest in every good work for the sake of their Divine Master. For St. Paul, says St. Paul, "that the suffering of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come." (Rom. viii. 18) Oh the joy and the eternal glory rewarding the light, the short labors of this life!

And remember, above all, the necessity to begin at once. Do not plan for the future, but lay your hand to any good work waiting for you. Begin, and begin strenuously, do not fear, do not delay. Remember how abundantly and lovingly God comes to the help of those who call upon Him, and seek Him with all their hearts. Implore His aid; begin like men, at once, lest delaying, you sin afresh and perish. "Know ye that no one hath hoped in the Lord and hath been confounded. For who hath continued in His commandment and hath been forsaken, or who hath called upon Him and He despised him? They that fear the Lord will seek after the things that are well pleasing to Him." (Eccles. ii. 11, 12, 19)

And, lastly, break with sin, guarding against even small and habitual falls. They lead, if carelessly indulged in, to mortal sin. And after being warned and forgiven by God so often, even our most mortal sin, the outcome of tepidity once again, might anger God so much that death might be allowed to overtake us. And death in even one mortal sin is eternal ruin.

If tepidity is spiritual palsy, and we are powerless to move and cannot go to Christ, who is the good friend, the centurion, who will go and bring Him to us? The centurion did not ask our blessing. He came to his servant, and expressed his unworthiness when our Lord had said: "I will come and heal him." The centurion, then, is the embodiment of humility and faith. These are the graces we need, and then we shall be cured of tepidity. Humility arising from the knowledge of our sad state. Helpless, powerless of ourselves, waiting hour after hour for the approach of death, surely we can be humble and try for mercy. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." (Ps. cxlii. 7). And faith we need—faith in the goodness and willingness of our Blessed Saviour. "I will come and heal him." It all depends on our faith. "As thou hast believed, so be it done to thee." O Lord, there is urgency in our request. The sight of the past fills us with fear. Years we have spent idly, uselessly, languidly,

NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-lives"

78 LEES AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-lives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-lives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT. 50c. a box, 4 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

ushing in tepidity. How short the future may be, we know not. We cannot trust it. It is now at once that we must turn to Thee, and in all our humiliations and in all our Divine things have no savour, and even become loathsome, but foolish and vain things are a delight. Spiritual bread begets a loathing, sinful poison, so it is pleasant, a craving.

HOME AND MOTHER

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN LIFE IS A MOTHER'S LOVE

A man may own a handsome and well furnished residence and yet may not possess a home—that is, a home in its best and purest sense, where domestic felicity reigns supreme: for only amid such surroundings can we find the happy home.

So understood, there is no sweeter word in the language than "home," and one has well said, "Few words lie nearer the heart than the word 'home.'" To those of us who were trained in good homes, how deep, how heartfelt is the pity we feel for those who were deprived of that moral and social stimulus that is concomitant of the happy home!

"Where is your home?" A little boy was asked by an acquaintance. "Where mother is," the little fellow replied, as he looked lovingly across at her.

The little boy's philosophy would be endorsed by many of maturer age. Undoubtedly the mother of a family, the mistress of the house, has much to do with the "tone" or quality of home life. The author of the epistles of an old and distinguished family says: "Of our mother I cannot think of anything to say. She is just the mother—our own dear, patient, loving little mother; unlike everyone else in the world, and yet it seems as if there was nothing to say about her by which one could make anyone understand what she is."

Washington Irving must have known the full and abiding faith of the true mother heart when he wrote: "A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves and still hopes that a child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy."

The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal love and blessing, together with the piety and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never entirely effaced from the soul."—Buffalo Echo.

PRAYER OF MARSHAL FOCH

Beating the man who brought victory to the Allies and saved the world from materialistic forces and the fruits of man made religion seeking the destruction of Christianity, the following beautiful prayer in time of war, truly Catholic, was written at the request of a French lady by Marshal Ferdinand Foch, supreme commander of the armies of the United States and the Allies. Styled the "Grey Man of Christ," General Foch is known the world over as a dutiful child of Holy Mother Church. The prayer follows: "O Eternal Father, God of armies: I offer Thee the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, Redeemer and Prince of Peace, at whatsoever hour of day or night, in whatsoever spot on earth it may be, when this Thy good gift flows upon Thy alters: in atonement for my sins; for all the needs of Holy Church; for the consolation of the souls in purgatory; for the conversion of unbelievers and of sinners; for the dying now and throughout the day. I offer it also for the expiation necessary for the dreadful dead of war; for our poor soldiers and sailors; for their families; for those who command and for those who obey; for those who live and for those who fall; for those who suffer and for those who die; for wounded, for sick, for

afflicted, mind or body; for all poor prisoners, and for all helpers of each and every degree. "By the saving virtue of the Blood of the Lamb, ever living, yet ever immolated by the holy faith and hope and charity given by Him, O God, our God, hear our prayer! O grant that each one may do, by Thy grace, his duty as he ought, strong and brave, casting away despair! O grant, Father of mercy, all compassionate, that Thou Thyself be with us, to Thy glory and the salvation of our souls! O hear our cry for France, for her friends and for her enemies, too, within and without! O Thou from heaven help us, and by Thy Holy Spirit send true peace on earth, and good will amongst men; that all may love Thee, and for Thy sweet sake that all may love their fellowmen! Amen. Heart of Jesus, have pity on us all! "Queen of heaven, hear our cry!"

DIVORCE

It is not a rare thing for the evening paper, in its recital of the day's happenings, to record a list of granted divorces quite as long, if not longer, than the accumulated list of marriages of two or three days. The divorce question in the United States has been an alarming one for some time, and its dangers have been pointed out by men and women who, while not of the Catholic faith, emphasize that the Catholic doctrine with regard to marriage and its indissolubility, is the only remedy for the hideous disease which is eating away, with cancerlike growth, the life of the family and of society.

While treating of the Sixth Commandment, which lays such emphasis on the sacredness of Christian marriage, it cannot be out of place to say a word with regard to this foul, moral plague, the origin of which can be traced to a widespread disregard, or indeed, defiant contempt, for the law of God and the teaching of the Church which speaks in His Name.

Every person who calls himself a Christian must recognize that marriage is not merely a human contract. It is that, too, but only in a certain sense. Inasmuch as the well being and prosperity of human society as a whole is dependent on the regulation of the families that go to make it up, certain measures are obviously necessary to preserve the order and harmony of the family units. Viewed in this sense only, the various regulations in various communities concerning the union of individual couples, the formalities for obtaining a license, etc., the laws of inheritance and the division of property, give matrimony the nature of a civil contract, in the guarding of which the State must have a hand.

But, first and foremost, matrimony is a Sacrament. It is the sacrament by which Christian man and woman are united for life in the bond of lawful marriage. Its holiness is traceable to its very institution by God Himself, who, after He had made man and woman, joined them together with the injunction: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth." And when the Son of God, the regenerator of human society, gave forth His teaching regarding matrimony, He inaugurated new principles in its regard. "Have ye not read," He told the Pharisees, "that he who made man from the beginning made them male and female?" and He said: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Therefore they are not now two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let man not part asunder."

Having been made a Sacrament, one of the seven channels by which the Blood of Christ was to be poured into the souls of His faithful, Matrimony, together with the other mysteries of God, was given over to the guardianship and custody of the Church, who alone can claim the right of declaring what are the conditions for constituting a true and valid marriage in the sight of God. When it attempts to touch the bond of marriage, the essence and substance of the union between Christian man and wife, the civil power is interfering in a matter outside the limits of its authority. It is acting beyond its jurisdiction, and the Church, however insistent she be that unto Caesar shall be rendered the things that are Caesar's, will suffer no tampering with a matter that is peculiarly and directly God's. Hence her unchangeable attitude in the question of divorce.

The Catholic Church teaches that where Christian marriage has taken place and has been consummated, that is, where the lawfully married parties have been living together as man and wife, nothing but the death of one or another of them can dissolve the bond and set them free to marry again. In her eyes, therefore, those so-called "divorced" persons who marry again are not living in lawful wedlock, but in sin, the sin that is expressly prohibited by the Sixth Commandment, whatever decree may have been issued by any civil authority, or whatever the civil law may say to the contrary.

We are speaking here of what is known as "absolute divorce." Quite another thing is what is sometimes termed "limited" divorce, more generally referred to as "separation," in which there is no dissolution of the marriage bond, but a temporary or permanent separation of the married parties from married life. It is possible that conditions may arise where

further cohabitation between the parties to a marriage becomes undesirable, or even morally impossible. In justification of the step that she may see fit to take in such cases, the Church, through the Council of Trent decreed that "if any one shall say that the Church errs, when she, for many causes, decrees a separation of man and wife in respect to bed and dwelling-place for a definite or an indefinite period, let him be anathema." Such is the separation mentioned by St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians, in which he demands: "If she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband." There is here, of course, no relation to what is known in the world today as divorce, for here the marriage bond remains intact and indissoluble.

The permanence of marriage, set down by the natural law for the whole human race, and confirmed and ratified by Divine ordinance, has been maintained by the Church from the beginning. However weighty have been the forces brought to bear against her stand, the Church has always refused to sanction the setting of those who have been joined by God in a fully completed marriage. Had she been ready, in the sixteenth century, to profane the Sacrament of Matrimony by allowing Henry the Eighth to enter the second of his many "marriages," she would perhaps have avoided the separation of England from its allegiance to the True Faith. She preferred, however, to suffer the loss that she has since endured, rather than countenance a violation of the marriage bond.

Incidental to our consideration of the Sacrament of Matrimony, reference was made in these columns to the conditions under which that Sacrament could be validly received. Through some essential flaw in the marriage contract, the Church eventually decrees that there has been no marriage, i. e., that the contract has been null and void from the beginning she is not countenancing divorce, but rather emphasizing the holy and solemn nature of Christian marriage, of which she alone, and always, has been the stout and consistent champion.

As Catholics we cannot place too high an estimation upon the sanctity of marriage, the holy nature of which is so frequently overlooked in the world today, that married life is being brought more and more into degradation. Nor can we fail to see that the one great hope of society, threatened as it is more and more by the evils of divorce, lies in that conception of Matrimony which is so uniquely and characteristically Catholic.—Catholic Transcript.

SANCTIFICATION OF THE NEW YEAR

Here we are at the end of another year. Like all that end, forgetfulness will soon enshroud it, and on the morrow of its last day with radiant countenance and light heart friend will greet friend, neighbor will exchange bright smiles and good wishes with his neighbor, promising themselves long and happy years filled with endless joys. But for every earnest and thinking man the thought of the past year is a very serious one, since just that much more of his life has passed away with it.

The closing year means a numberless, priceless graces of Heaven. It is the Heart of God incessantly showering upon us a rain of love and benefits that far outnumber our days.

For Eucharistic souls, the closing year is more especially the annihilation of the August Victim of our Altars, unceasingly renewed day and night, bringing with it the unparalleled application of His reparation and infinite merits. It is, moreover, the total gift of Himself that Jesus makes in the Most Blessed Sacrament to an innumerable multitude of souls, an ineffable gift that is for each and every one, and a vast source of light, strength, holiness and devotedness—an infinite gift that exhausts all the liberality of the God Man.

Let us be thinking of these graces seriously before bidding adieu to this year that is gliding into eternity. Let us begin by a glance toward Heaven, a glance that will carry with it our whole soul with this thought: "Thanks!" And in those days when all who love one another visit one another, when the most forgotten benefits are recalled, let us endeavor that the Divine Benefactor, He the first, the most loving, the most constant, may not be the most forgotten.

If we are grateful, a far different sentiment will fill our heart. We shall weep over the past year—we shall weep not so much for the life that is escaping from us, as for the uselessness of that life. Let us today examine whether its current is carrying us. Let us make a moral inventory of all our thoughts and actions, examining them in the light of the Gospel, weighing them in the scales of conscience, seriously asking ourselves: *Quid hoc ad salutem meam?* Of what value is all this for eternity? So many thoughts have passed through my mind, so many dreams, so many plans, so many cares! But the thought of God—has it had a place among all this mental labor—the first place, soaring above all others? Of what value is all that for eternity? So many sentiments have engrossed my heart! Can I without blushing acknowledge them all to be for God and my own conscience? Alas! how many thoughts against

"SALADA!"

In infusion is worth every cent of its cost, the flavor is Delicious and the strength Abundant.

Beyond All Question... The Most Economical Tea Obtainable Anywhere.

humility and charity in which nature dominates or the supernatural is entirely absent! Of what value is all that for eternity?

So many words have crossed my lips! Have they profaned those lips that should pay to God the so well earned homage of adoration, gratitude, and prayer? Of what value is all that for eternity?

And my actions, all that fills up my hours, my days—what now remains of them before God? Of what value is all that for eternity?

Oh, how worthless! If at this moment, we could retreat from our life all that has not been for God and according to God, what would remain? And yet, perhaps tomorrow, an account of it will have to be rendered!

Let us at the feet of Our Lord shed bitter tears, we who have mingled so much self love with His love, so much tepidity with His service, harkened so little to His inspirations, given so little return for His graces, showed so little courage to follow Him, above all to Calvary and upon the way of discouragement and sacrifice!

Let us above all, weep at this hour over the remembrance of our want of thought, our negligence, our fidelity, even our ingratitude toward Our Lord truly present through love for us in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Let us deplore the hours of adoration too frequently made without preparation or fervor, and the time spent in Communion in which routine has taken the place of love, and which, consequently, have been without consolation for the heart of Our Lord, and without profit to our own soul.

After shedding tears of regret, let us now, beginning the New Year, ask God for a heart of good-will. Oh, how good, how infinitely good is our God, and His mercy is never exhausted! It "endureth forever" even in the face of ingratitude. From those hands that we have forgotten, from that heart that we have despised—behold a new year, which means new graces. A new fountain has jetted up from His bosom, and to it He invites us in these words of inexpressible tenderness: "Come to Me, My friends, come to Me! You who thirst, I shall refresh! You who hunger, I shall nourish! You who suffer, I shall relieve!"

Woe to him who again turns a deaf ear to the voice of the Father of our days and the Master of our years! God is not obliged to allow Himself to be always despised. Time it is true, is always for mercy. He is just, but His justice on the threshold of eternity. But this year may bring us to the threshold of that kingdom and into the hands of that justice into which it is terrible to fall!

Then, while a little light still shines upon us, let us walk on. While a patient God, because He loves us, allows us a little time, let us do good without deterring it until the morrow—for tomorrow belongs to God alone—without waiting for the evening which, it may be, shall never reach, without putting off till that fatal night on which, "no man can work."

Among the tears of Jesus mentioned in the Gospel, the most bitter were shed over the abuse of time allowed by mercy; "Jerusalem, ah! if thou didst know the value of the time that remains to thee, and the graces that I am still bestowing upon thee!"

May Jesus never weep over us! Let the first moment of the New Year be His, and may the last find us still faithful! It will bring to us many blessed hours laden with graces and favors. Ah, when these beneficent clouds pass over our heads, may they pass not over indifferent souls! May prayer attract them! May they rain on hearts, become good ground! May they fructify by patience and for the eternal year! Thus the New Year will be a good year.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

The more unhappy I am, the more I trust in the mercy of my Lord, my God.—St. Francis.

Story-Writing FOR PROFIT

Have you literary inclinations? Have you ever wished you could write a story? Have you ever tried to sell a story? We can make you a successful writer in a few months under our expert instruction. Our students sell their stories to leading publications. Some sell their stories after a few lessons. Write to-day for particulars and letters from our students.

SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Dept. C. R. TORONTO

The yoke is sweet indeed and the burden light but for all that there is a yoke and a burden. There is something to be borne by us, some difficulties to be overcome, some disappointments, some agonies in the garden, some cross-carrying in the busy streets, some loneliness, some betrayals, some jeers. We are free, yet have called ourselves followers, and He will take care that we do follow Him.—Bede Jarrett, O. P.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP advertisement. Text: "THE health of your skin is important for you to be careless about the bath soap you use. Keep the skin clear and smooth and prevent skin troubles by using LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP. It is the best of all soaps—yet it is more than a cleanser it disinfects too." Includes a small circular logo for Lifebuoy Soap.

Chronic Diseases Take Hold Slowly

Kidney and Bladder Troubles don't attack you suddenly. Chronic diseases of these organs are generally the result of neglect. Nature gives you plenty of warning when your Kidneys are out of order and need assistance; you notice a dull pain in the back; you are dizzy, have headaches, feel languid, tired and lifeless. There is no mistaking the symptoms, and when Nature warns you—obey—later you will regret it.

Putting off never cures. Gin Pills do. At the first sign of Kidney or Bladder Trouble, buy a box of Gin Pills and take them. They will help your Kidneys to perform their proper function and renew your previous strength and vigor. Among our hundreds of testimonials is one from Mr. B. C. David, King's Co., N.S. Mr. David writes: "I was suffering from a dreadful lame back and hips, so much so that I could hardly straighten up. I got a box of Gin Pills and they helped me immediately. I have continued to take Gin Pills, and now the pains in both hips and back are gone. I shall always recommend Gin Pills to my friends and other sufferers."

Mr. David's case is only one of the many to which Gin Pills have brought immediate relief. Sufferers from Kidney or Bladder trouble should heed what has been done in such cases and try Gin Pills. Sold almost everywhere throughout Canada—50c a box. A free sample will be sent you if you write to The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont., U. S. residents should address Nat. Drug Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 274

Rennie's Seeds

Always Grow and Produce the Best Sold Everywhere Write to-day for Catalogue—Now Ready

THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED KING & MARKET STREETS, TORONTO ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. TORONTO

Hennessy advertisement. Text: "DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIBS Order by Phone—we deliver Watch our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday"

The Catholic Highlands of Scotland The Western Highlands and Islands 2 Vols. \$2.75 Postpaid

CONTINENTAL HOTEL ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Tennessee Avenue, near Beach; 200 feet from St. Nicholas' Catholic Church; always open; private baths; running water in rooms; elevator; excellent table; white service; orchestra. American plan; \$3.00 up daily; \$17.50 up weekly. Booklets. M. WALSH DUNCAN.

Wish I Could Knit Dollars You Can—and right in your own home, too. In your spare time you can knit for three years. The Auto-Knitter No experience essential, and no time limit. Sets on any table. Does the work of about twenty hand knitters. We want more workers as there is always a good demand for hosiery and woolen goods. If you will consider spending part of your time in a profitable, fascinating employment, send us 3c stamp for interesting full color literature. Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co. Ltd., Dept. 215 G, 587 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Bookkeeping Shorthand Subjects Taught in Western School LONDON, ONT. By Expert Instructors 84th Year. Send for Free Catalogue. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

DENNISTEEL Made in Canada Lockers Save Time, Space and Money! CANADA'S industrial leaders use our all-steel lockers and shelving, because they find it pays. The locker shown herewith is particularly suited for use where space is limited and many employees must be accommodated. Theftproof, rotproof, verminproof and FIREPROOF. Indestructible—a good, permanent investment. DENNISTEEL products are used by Canadian railroads, departments, stores, colleges, schools, hotels, factories, banks, seminaries, convents, institutions, clubs, etc., throughout the Dominion. Illustrated folders free on request. We make Steel Lockers, Steel Shelving, Steel Chairs and Stools, Steel Bins, Steel Cabinets, Steel Hospital Equipment, etc. THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED LONDON Halifax Montreal Ottawa Toronto Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE
St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish
Requests are often made for lists of books that may be recommended as suitable for Catholic reading.

With Catholic books on social questions, written in the English language we are not so well provided. There is a magnificent sociological literature in French, and those who read that language will find a wealth of fine books in the publications of Blond and Co., Paris, and the Action Populaire, Rheims. The annual reports of L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Francaise contain most inspiring and informing addresses on Catholic social principles and actions.

Coming to literature written, or translated, in English, the first and most important document for the Catholic student is the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on "The Condition of the Working Classes."

There is a great need for an elementary text book of social science, bearing particularly on American and Canadian conditions. The nearest approach to a satisfactory book that I know is "A Primer of Social Science," written by Canon Parkinson, D. D., Ph. D., and published by the Catholic Social Guild at 75 cents.

Next to Devas there is no Catholic who has done so much writing in English on Economics than Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America. Dr. Ryan's chief book, "Living Wage," is published by the MacMillan Company at 65 cents and for sheer usefulness to the Catholic student it is second only to Pope Leo's Encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes."

A FAMILY OF KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Prof. J. W. M. Wallace, C. E., Principal of Wallace College, Quebec, is a 4th degree Knight of Quebec Council.
Rev. E. P. Wallace, Parish Priest of Campbellton, N. B., is a Charter Member and 4th degree Knight of Chatham Council.

degree Knight of North Cobalt Council.
Mr. P. A. Wallace, Superintendent of Plumbing and Heating on the Transcontinental Railway from Quebec to O'Brien is a 3rd degree Knight of Quebec Council.

"SWEET INNISFALLEN"

When the noted Irish tenor, Bernard Daly, appears at the Grand Opera House, London, next Friday and Saturday, January 24th and 25th, in his famed success "Sweet Innisfallen," theatregoers will have the opportunity of hearing him sing "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Mavis," "Foggy Dew," "Hide and Seek," "Wearing of the Green," "Sweet Innisfallen," "Song of the Dove" in his own inimitable manner.

OBITUARY

MRS. JANE HALLORAN

After a short illness, the death of Mrs. Jane Halloran occurred at her home, 91 Barton St. E., Hamilton, on Saturday, January 4.

Mrs. Halloran was born in Co. Sligo, Ireland, in 1852, but had been resident in Hamilton for the past seventy-four years. She was a well-known and highly respected member of St. Mary's Cathedral Parish.

She leaves to mourn her loss four sons, James, at home, John of Seattle, Wash., Patrick, of Anacosta, Mont., and Edward, of Toronto, and three daughters, Catharine, at home, Sister M. Bonaventure, St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, and Mother M. Mechtild, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Madame S. N. Rheume

Ottawa Press Journal, Jan. 18th

Reverent and solemn to a superlative degree were the services which marked the obsequies of the late Madame Rheume, Saturday morning, surrounded by her surviving relatives, the orphans of St. Joseph Orphanage, whom she loved so well and for whom she was a mother as president of the institution for many years past, and by a large number of esteemed citizens of the city in which she had spent the greater part of her life, all that was mortal of the late Madame Rheume lay amid gleaming lights and sombre black at the foot of the altar at which her own son, Rev. Fathers Rheume, parish priest of Portage la Prairie, Man., chanted the funeral Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Armstrong and Killian, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, D. D., a lifelong friend of the deceased, presided at the throne and pronounced the final benediction. As the body entered the church Rev. Father Cornell was at the door to receive it. Rev. Fathers L. Rheume, O. M. I., rector of Ottawa University, and Fay, parish priest of St. Bridget's, were in attendance.

The chief mourners were the husband, Mr. S. N. Rheume, C. E.; Rev. A. D. Rheume, Portage La Prairie, Man.; Mr. E. J. Rheume, Winnipeg; Miss Eugenie Rheume, Mr. A. A. Rheume, barrister, of Quebec; Mrs. Blain, of St. Aubin, and Miss Dorion. Those attending the funeral services were the reverend sisters of St. Joseph's Orphanage, congregation of Notre Dame and Rideau Street Convent, Messrs. A. D. DeCelles, R. Yatts, M. P. Davis, M. Brady, D. Jolan, Pelletier, J. C. Jeffery, M. J. O'Connor, Wm. Kearns, W. Richards, G. C. Henderson, and many others.

The spiritual and floral offerings were many and a number of letters and telegrams of sympathy were received.

LAUDS CHURCH'S LOYALTY

During the epidemic in Philadelphia Dr. Krusen received a letter from the Rev. Robert Johnston, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Saviour, in which the minister refers to priests and seminarians digging graves. His letter in part reads as follows:
"if the painful fact of our unburied, our hurriedly buried, our inadequately buried dead, were widely known, I am sure that your decision (closing churches) would be sustained by the thoughtful and Christian sentiment of the city. Men digging graves for their own wives; children their parents' graves; devoted Roman priests the graves of their own parishioners, are evidence enough of the grave situation.
The Roman Catholic community, which for centuries has attached the gravest importance to the attendance of Mass on Sundays, is one which should feel the closing of the churches most. Their churches, generally full from 6 a. m. to 10 a. m., on Sundays, are loyally closed. It is hard not to express one's admiration for their self-restraint and their loyal acceptance of the situation."—St. Paul Bulletin.

DIED

BLANCHFIELD.—At his late residence, 880 West 53rd Place, Chicago, Ill., on November 22, 1918, Joseph Blanchfield aged seventeen years. May his soul rest in peace.

BLANCHFIELD.—At his late residence, 880 West 53rd Place, Chicago, Ill., on November 25, 1918, John Blanchfield, aged twenty one years. May his soul rest in peace.

O'BRIEN.—At her home in Vinton, Que., on Monday, Jan. 6th, Emma Kavanagh, beloved wife of Thomas J. O'Brien, aged twenty two years. May her soul rest in peace.

BASLER.—At Hesseo, Ont., December 31st, 1918, Joseph M. Basler, dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Basler, aged 19 years. May his soul rest in peace.

BASLER.—At Hesseo, Ont., January 2nd, 1919, Catherine M. Basler, dearly beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Basler, aged 16 years. May her soul rest in peace.

QUINN.—At her late residence, 19 Sophia St., Ottawa, on 13th Oct., 1918, Florence May Quinn, aged eighteen years and six months. May her soul rest in peace.

WATTERS.—At Ottawa on Thursday, January 2nd, 1919, Virginia Lane, wife of Lawrence Watters, aged twenty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

DIKNOETHER.—On Monday, Jan. 15, at his late residence, 38 Ashin street, London, Ont., John Martin Diknoether, dearly beloved husband of Frances Diknoether, and father of Mrs. John Loughlin, in his seventieth year. May his soul rest in peace.

MACNENNY.—At the family residence in West Luther Township, on December 29, 1918, Mrs. James MacNenny, aged seventy eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

HALLORAN.—At 91 Barton St., Hamilton, Jan. 4, 1919, Mrs. Jane Halloran, widow of the late Patrick Halloran, aged eighty-seven years. May her soul rest in peace.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editors of The Catholic Encyclopedia announce a supplement containing revisions of the articles on Canon Law, additional material and some new articles, in accordance with the new Code.

The Encyclopedia contains a complete treatise on Canon Law. Indeed, it is the only complete treatise in English on this subject. It has over 400 articles in Canon Law proper, an article on every notable Canonist, and numerous other articles giving the canonical provisions for administering the sacraments.

For divine worship, education, etc. All this is treated historically as well as practically.
Many of the articles in Canon Law were written after parts of the Code had already been published, and these need no revision. All the others are now made to conform with the new Code, so that in this respect the Encyclopedia is in every way up to date.—The Encyclopedia Press, 28 East 41st St., New York.

FREE PUZZLE PRIZE \$4500.00
In Cash has been Given Away FREE also hundreds of Merchandise Prizes \$200.00 more IN CASH will be Given Away as follows
1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash. 2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash. 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 in Cash
TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

Here with will be found the picture of an Aviator who has just dropped a bomb on a pile of Shells. At first glance the Airplane and the Explosion appear to be all there in the picture, but by careful study the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 7 of them in all. Can you find them? It is a noisy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. May have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly on a separate slip of paper, and enclose it with your picture and marked faces. This may take a little of your time but by two hundred dollars in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away. It is worth your time to make here all you have to do to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST
Send your reply direct to GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46 ST. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.
Full compound interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards
Branches and Connections Throughout Canada
London Office: 394 RICHMOND STREET Six Branches in District
DELAWARE, ILDERTON, KOMOKA, LAWRENCE STATION, MELBOURNE, THORNDALE

STAMMERING
of uttering overcome positively. Our natural method permanently restores natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH ASTHMADOR
OR MONEY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST or write Lyman-Knox Co., Montreal, P. Q. Price 50c.

TEACHERS WANTED
QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 5, West Williams. Apply stating certificate and salary expected. Apply stating name and address to Dominion Art Company, P. O. Box 222, London, Ont., R. R. No. 5.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER-HOLDING second class professional certificate for S. S. No. 1, Stanley, Huron County. The school is conveniently situated to boarding house and has excellent attendance. Duties to commence after the Christmas vacation. Apply stating salary and references to L. Laurant, Sec. Zurich, Ont. R. R. 2, 2102-2

CATHOLIC BOY WANTED IN EVERY CITY and town for spare time after school. For full particulars send name and address to Dominion Art Company, P. O. Box 222, London, Ont.

MAN WANTED
AN UNMARRIED, CATHOLIC MIDDLE-AGED man to tend to furnace and chimes around house. Steady employment. Apply Box 199, Catholic Record.

Earn \$40 to \$60 a Week AT EASY, PLEASANT WORK
Men and Women, boys and girls, in city, town or country, can earn big money selling the famous Gold Medal Patriotic Calendars.

SEND US NO MONEY
Just write stating your willingness to sell and we will send you an assortment on trial. Do it now! When filling your order we'll tell you how you can make 50% profit. Don't delay. Now is the time to start. Be first and get the cream of the trade.

Friday & Saturday Evgs, 8.15 Jan. 24-25
SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE 2.30
ENGAGEMENT OF THE SWEETEST SINGER ON THE STAGE
BERNARD DALY
IN THE DRAMA THAT APPEALS TO EVERY LOVER OF ERIN'S ISLE
"Sweet Innisfallen"
A Refreshing, Romantic Play of Smiles, Tears and Joy
Hear the Famous Irish Tenor Sing "Hide and Seek," "Call of the Wind," "Song of the Dove," "Mavis," "Foggy Dew," "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Wearing of the Green," and others.

SPECIAL PRICES
Nights—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
Sat. Matinee—25c, 50c, 75c.
SEATS WEDNESDAY AT 9 A. M. Mail Orders Now

Fires Break Out and thieves break in. Don't risk the first, or invite the second, by keeping money in the house.
Put it in The Merchants Bank, where it will be safe from loss—always available—and earn interest at highest current rates.
THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Established 1884
2 Branches in Ontario, 32 Branches in Quebec, 19 Branches in Manitoba, 15 in Saskatchewan, 53 Branches in Alberta, and 8 Branches in British Columbia.
Write or call at Nearest Branch.

Free!
Mail the coupon below for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is FREE. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, do not fail to send for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases.
D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itching, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small bottle. Mail the coupon today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the World are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief. Send the coupon today sure.
The Standard Skin Remedy
D. D. D.
Read Amazing Indorsements from Grateful People:
I was a great sufferer with eczema, the weeping kind, about two years ago. Was laid up all winter. Tried all the doctors in reach and got no help. Saw an ad. of D. D. D. The first bottle helped me, but I was so bad one bottle did not last long. Both hands, arms, and legs to my knees were a sight to see. I used several bottles of course, but it was cheap after doctors, on well of the terrible disease now but I keep D. D. D. close at hand.
PETER MERCER, Pt. Burwell, Ontario.
Would my few lines help some sufferer from skin disease. A year ago I was a fright, you could not put a pin on my whole body. I was tormented beyond words. I could not sleep. I tried several doctors. At last they said, "it is eczema." Then Mrs. Ruler of Brockville said, "try D. D. D." It helped me and I think it will help you. I used two sample bottles and three dollar bottles and I think I am cured as I have seen no sores or pimples for six months. Thanks to your wonderful D. D. D.
JOHN M. CLARK, Brookvale, N.B.
I had been troubled with eczema off and on for over 40 years and four years ago it broke out on my neck. I was completely unable to work. One leg was raw from my toes to my knee. No living man could ever believe what I had to suffer for over a year. I have been laid up for 10 months. I have tried every medicine I could get, but I have not been cured. I have tried D. D. D. 4 years ago when the eczema broke out on my leg and found it was doing me good, so continued using until I was completely cured.
I took only 13 bottles and for three years haven't had a spot of eczema. Some people ask me why it is that you don't advertise more and I tell them you don't need to advertise all the time for just to try a bottle is sufficient advertising. When I was using your medicine and was a "veritable man" for C. Antwerp, and after I was cured, I sent you a school teacher came to see if I could tell her what was the secret of the cure and I told her D. D. D. "Send it and now she is back in her school teaching and not a sign of eczema."
With our baby the rash started on his chest. Let us try the lot, then it appeared on his wrists. We tried doctors and salves for more than a year. He became worse and worse. His wrists were so red and swollen. I had to make little cotton slips to pull over his hands to keep him from scratching. I spent \$20.00 in salves alone. Finally I got a bottle of D. D. D. and after reading the causes of eczema and the directions for using D. D. D. I commenced its use and soon saw a change. In about three weeks the spots were healed. He has been perfectly well now for a year. His hands and wrists are like velvet. I would feel if I neglected to return thanks to the D. D. D. Company, I should be like one of the nine lepers. I would feel if I neglected to return thanks to the D. D. D. Company, I should be like one of the nine lepers.
Mrs. W. H. SPENCE, McGregor, Manitoba.
D. D. D. COMPANY
27 Lyall Street, Dept. R 59 TORONTO, Ont.
Gentlemen: Please send me that bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Name _____
Address _____
Mail the Coupon Today for Free Trial Bottle
Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Read above how this wonderful remedy has been of unexampled benefit to others. See their grateful letters and prove it to yourself before you turn this page. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Send today.
D. D. D. COMPANY, 27 LYALL STREET TORONTO, ONT.