

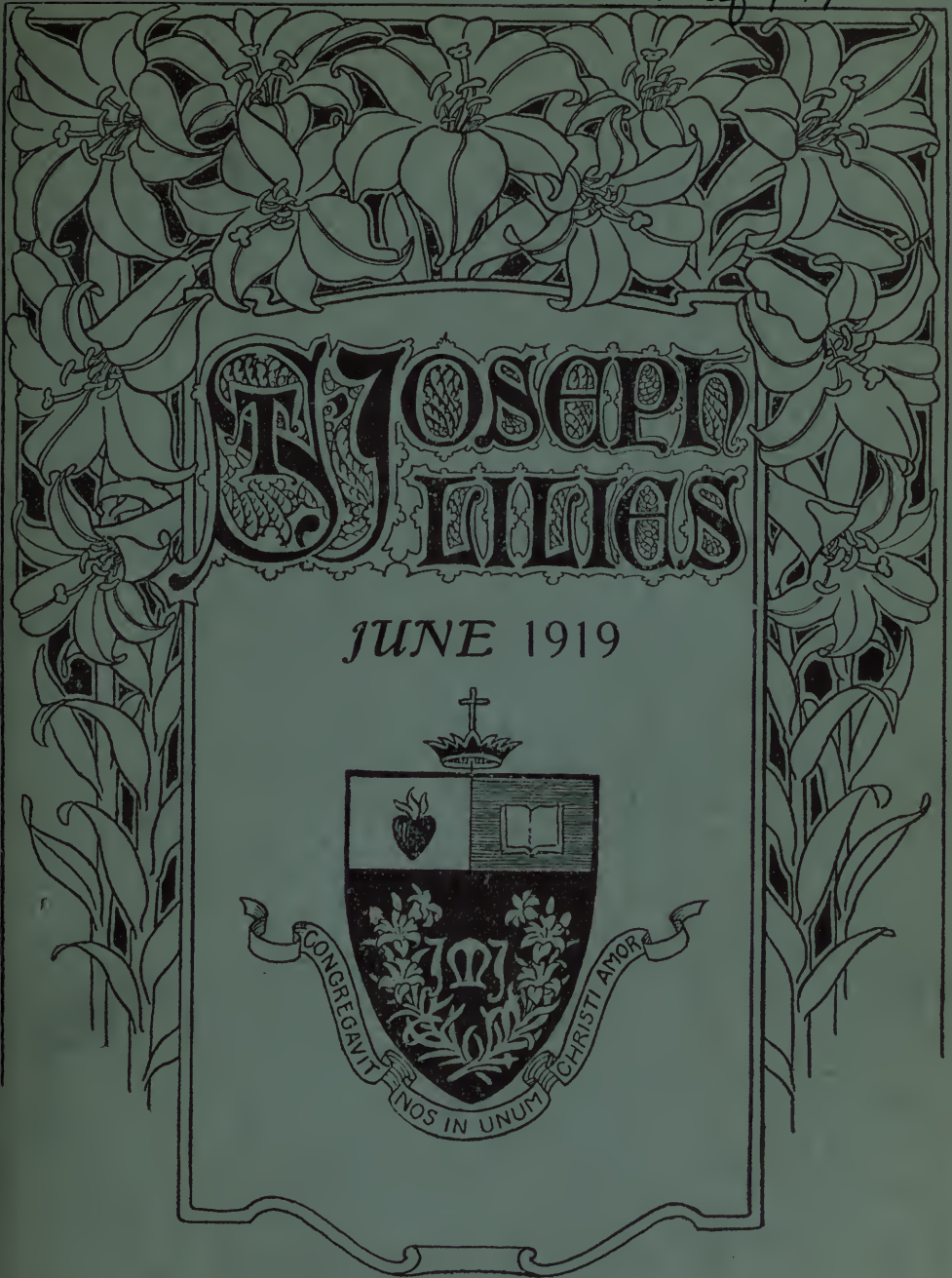
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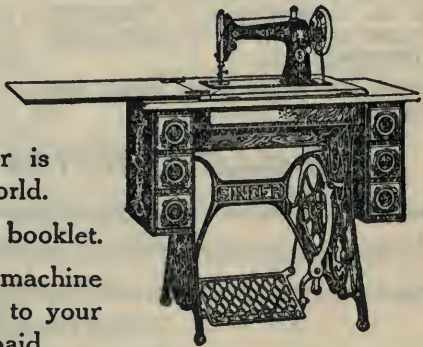
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ST. ANTONY.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1919.

NO. 1.

Three Legends of St. Antony of Padua

(Written for the Lilies).

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

I.

The Saint and the Child Jesus.

St. Antony of Padua, one day,
A guest, retired into his chamber, where,
He soon was reading from a book of prayer.
His host, whom Anthony deemed far away,
Spying upon him by his door did stay,—
And Lo! as he this monstrous freedom took,
He saw a Child stand on the open book—
A Child Divine Who kissed the Saint in play!

Oh, Antony, what innocence was thine,
What purity and spotlessness of soul,
That Jesus thus His heavens did resign,
And, to be with thee, from His angels stole!
Would that such holiness of soul were mine,
Then might I live with thee while ages roll!

II.

The Opening of the Walls.

At Coimbra, the novice who was called
Fernando, (which name afterwards was changed
To Antony), was sent outside the church
To sweep the cloisters, though he much desired
To hear the Mass that was being chanted then.

With heavy heart the mandate he obeyed,
 Till as he worked he heard the chimes ring out
 The Consecration. Straightway he knelt down
 Adoring Christ, when lo, a miracle!
 The massive walls, torn by the hands of God,
 Parted like rended curtain, and his eyes
 Beheld the priest raising the Sacred Host,—
 Heaven's privilege to him who loved the Mass!

III.

The Sermon to the Fishes.

At Rimini St. Anthony did preach
 God's gospel many days without effect,
 For heretics were there so hard of heart,
 That they but mocked his words and turned away!
 Then spoke the Saint unto these wicked ones:
 "Since that you show yourselves unworthy all
 To hear His Word,—behold I turn and preach
 Unto the fishes, that your unbelief,
 They, listening, may put to utter shame!"

Then Antony approached the sedgy bank
 Of the Marecchia, and began to speak
 With fervour to its finny denizens!
 He told them of God's goodness to themselves
 In their creation, making them so free,
 And giving them the crystal wave for home;
 And, as he spake, the fishes in great shoals
 Assembled, lifting up their little heads,
 Opening their mouths, and gazing on the Saint
 With deep attention! Nor would they depart
 After the sermon's close, till Antony
 Blessed them and sent them on their joyful ways!

Humors of the Book Mart

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL.D.

ONCE upon a time lovers of reading loitered and lounged in the book mart as if it were the anteroom of another world. Therein silence and decorum reigned, and splendour was masked by simple bindings, which held the music of master minds, music from ethereal spheres, locked and sealed to all but the initiated and illumined. Now the book mart differs from Fulton market only in the matter of smells. Its wares are set forth with loud-resounding words, uproar, rattling of monies, cries of rage and madness, and the best seller has the best place and the loudest trumpets, even if it smells like decadent fish. The book-lover goes thither to laugh at the ways of the world. The traffic in flesh is odorous, the traffic in souls is devilish, but the traffic in books is laughable. Commercialism is laudable, dealing with supplies of food and other necessities; dealing in literature, it becomes either monstrous or burlesque. Formerly the author wrote what his thought suggested, the publisher presented it to the public, and the public read and rejoiced or lamented. Criticism passed judgment on the book, the author, the publisher, and the public, and held high the standards of culture and of taste. All that has nearly passed. The publishers now decide what kind of books their particular trade demands, and constrain the authors to write them; if these have made a hit previously, they must write in the same style upon a cognate theme with the same method and almost similar incidents; the reviews and the reviewers are tipped off what and how much to say, according to the advertising received from the publishers; the book-stores, or the book agencies, are directed how to display books to purchasers, and the news agencies order their wares displayed or concealed according to the rate they wring from the publishers. It is all very much like the grocery business. Therefore, the book mart is now a place for laughter.

Here, for example, is the spring book supplement of the New York Times, with brief descriptions and much advertising of two hundred new books. More than half the twenty-eight pages are devoted to advertisements, and more than half of the book notices are mere "puffs" of the various wares. Among the two hundred books scarcely ten are worth reading, except as entertainment of a cheap kind. But the Times made some money on the supplement, the publishers hope to make some money on the books, the authors will share in the profits, and the critics or reviewers or "boosters," as they are properly called, are already paid for their kindly labours. The public alone suffers from the publicity of the Times. It buys the books and wastes time in reading them. In order to induce the public to read its supplement the Times prints an introduction which gravely informs us that there is a return to the normal literary product before the war, and regrets that books of poetry are rather rare. After this profound utterance one is quite prepared for the banality of the succeeding twenty-seven pages. A resounding title is *The New Era in American Poetry* by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, printed by Henry Holt & Co. at the modest price of \$2.50. Of this essay the Times "booster" says rather cautiously: "Is American poetry still merely English verse that happens to be written in the United States? What marks the sharp line of cleavage between the original New England group and the more original new American ones? What have Frost, Landburg, Robinson, and Amy Lowell in common? These are a few of the questions that the author has attempted to answer. A summary of the leading 'movements' in American poetry since Whitman is given." Then the booster fled into the dark! But could anything be more delicious than the "boost," except the author and his book? In the sweet repose which has followed the uproar of war naturally almost any question would be worth discussing, for the sake of hearing your own voice on mere trifles. I have heard ladies discussing the price of a stuff called crim and denouncing the exorbitant prices; it has even been my happy lot to

hear grave discussions in Yiddish on the high price of food; but never has it fallen to me in a long experience to hear or read a discussion on the sharp line of cleavage above mentioned, or on the writers mentioned, or on the movements in American poetry since Whitman. Because there happens to be no line of cleavage between earlier and later American poetry, except the line which marks off mere verse from true poetry. Because also there have been no movements since Whitman. There have been wriggings, of course, and once or twice there may have been a ripple. Whitman was a ripple. All the rest have been wrigglers. America has only one great poet, and his name is Longfellow. The others have yet to prove their title. The names employed suggest nothing but verbiage, and Amy Lowell can beat James Gibbons Huneker to a frazzle on verbiage any day. Daniel O'Connell silenced a termagant by flinging at her geometrical terms; a column from Lowell or Huneker would have made the orator and the termagant dumb forever.

The wonder is, how do such books get into print at such a price and with the Holt imprint? Is it the promise of a new era in American poetry? I confess that any reputable literary prophet could sell me his book of phophecy on that rainbow. A new era when the old one has not begun would surely be a portent worth \$2.50 a volume! All our poets are of the minor chord, for which I have admiration and respect. Out of a million minor poets we get one day the great bard, and without them we do not get him. Their achievement is to prepare the way for him, and it is no small achievement. If Mr. Untermyer had only discussed a new era in minor poetry, and the feasibility of exterminating Amy Lowell, the free versifiers, and other poets of poetry, he would have done the state some service. (Put the American emphasis on some, not the Shakespearian).

But the essayist does none of these things, writing straight on of questions that do not exist outside of his own mind, and of versifiers that are not worth while. The market is full of

this stuff. Already the discussion about the proper valuation of the Victorian Age has begun, and the publishers and press agents who started it are getting ready the books of authors, who may again become popular in the book mart. The wonder stories of Poe are selling in subscription form, the writer called O. Henry has a syndicate behind his books to persuade the reading world of his genius, in his wake follow the writers of detective stories, backed by quotations from Theodore Roosevelt and President Wilson, and so cleverly is the scheme carried out that the most acute are deceived by its naturalness. I find myself occasionally resisting the temptation to take up Jack London, Mark Twain, O. Henry and others of the same ilk, and give them another chance to prove their value. Evidently considerable money must be made in this business, so much has been invested in it beforehand. If Louis Untermeyer had analyzed the new era in American "boosting," his talent for making much out of nothing in particular would have been better displayed.

While his book receives a genteel but ambiguous notice from the reviewer, the books of Ralph Adams Cram get no attention whatever, although his publishers have advertised in the Times supplement. And it may be said without undue fervor that the essays of Mr. Cram are worth the entire two hundred books in the Times review. Ralph Adams is a Boston architect and engineer who has made a deep study of Gothic architecture and of its modern successors, and printed his studies in various books of small size, but of tremendous interest. His books have the usual technical value, but in addition, since he speaks the whole thought in his mind when discoursing on the arts, his opinions on the Mediaeval Age are so fine and so startling, also so scathing for our sloppy times, that Catholics will enjoy his essays immensely. He considers the Middle Ages the most glorious and perfect product of true civilization; in contrast with them the age of Luther and Henry VIII. and Voltaire is petty and mean; its education has been the most elaborate and expensive in history and yet it has failed because it could

not develop character. While other ages, even in their ruin, handed on a spark of the divine fire of art to relight the altar flame in the next cycle, this age has not even a spark to hand on. His dignified and academic way of skinning the modern enemy of true culture rejoices the weary Christian pilgrim, staggering along under the burden of modern persiflage and camouflage called artistic opinion by the literari and 'bunk-and-punk' by the man in the street. Let every reader and every library invest in the essays of Ralph Adams Cram, published by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston. Maurice Francis Egan appears in the book mart with his "Ten Years Near the German Frontier," and this book will be worth while in many respects. For a decade the author was the American Minister to Denmark and had a clear view of what was going on in the European world previous to the recent war. Moreover, as a journalist and a novelist he knows the art of telling things well. It is to be hoped that Mr. Egan will once more take up his literary work and crown the promise of his maturity with splendid things. And I may as well say a good word for John Galsworthy and John Ayscough, two English writers now lecturing in this country, whose books are listed in the supplement. Of Galsworthy's book of essays the reviewer notes their timeliness, as dealing with problems of reconstruction and future relations between Britain and America; but a better thing than their timeliness is the sweet reasonableness of John and the delicate style of his English. Nothing is said about John Ayscough, except what is printed by his publisher; but his Letters to his Mother, a chaplain's letters from the front in the recent war, filled with wonderful descriptions of personages and events and scenes, are bound to be interesting, and the style is as good as Galsworthy's. Ayscough is a priest, all his life a British chaplain, known to his neighbours as Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, and to Catholics as the author of San Celestino and Marotz.

The section of the book mart devoted to the novel has more laughs than books for those who have followed the stream of fiction into its development as a Niagara of wild entertain-

ment and uproarious propaganda. One cannot open a journal in New York just now without encountering the gorgeous name of Vicente Blanco Ibanez and his novel of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has been so great a success that four more novels have been translated and are now on the market. William Dean Howells is quoted as calling the Four Horsemen a masterpiece; the critic or "booster" of the Tribune clamours that "the impassioned elan of the Toreador's song, Toreador, attente! sweeps through every chapter, with the dust and blood of the arena and the roar of the acclaiming multitudes," trumpeting another novel called Blood and Sand; while the ecstatic praise of the publishers almost burns the page. Thus allured by Howells and the reviewers, I invested my spare cash and time in The Four Horsemen, only to discover my sinful waste of both. The best thing about the book is the title, which has no relation whatever to the story. It is a story of the recent war, with that group of seedy characters peculiar to the materialists and the sensualists, displayed in a style which essays the lofty and the spiritual, but attains only gimcrackery. As entertainment it is useless, as a picture of the war it is worthless, as an illustration of artistic power and expression it is mediocre. Moreover Ibanez is clearly a materialist, or an "ist" of some sort, a fact which intrudes painfully on his purely artistic work. Materialism and artistry do not go well together. A Spaniard cannot write a French story, particularly of the recent war. That must be done by a Frenchman and a Catholic, who has the vision which embraces the entire French scene. To Ibanez and others of the Ist stripe, the French situation is merely an episode in France's relations with Germany; whereas to Bazin it is part of the price to be paid by the French for their desertion of Christ, part of the expiation of their political apostasy, one more station on their dolorous return to faith and sanity. France is the actual battleground of Christianity versus Neo-Paganism. The Revolution of '89 struck the first blow, Clemenceau struck the last blow, and the first blow in return is this present destruction of France. Others coming are its diminishing popu-

lation, its lost prestige, its inferiority to Germany and its dependence on Great Britain. In a few years France will no longer be one of the so-called great powers. Of course Ibanez cannot see these incidents at all. Very few care to see them, but no novel can treat of France in the war without recognizing them, and accounting for them. Hence, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is a flat failure from any angle. Nevertheless it will sell, the critics will write rhapsodies on it, and Ibanez may get a vogue and a fortune.

Someone is blowing hard through a trumpet in the hope of reviving the vogue of Henry James. It will take a long time to decide just what Henry James was worth to literature, and the end of that period may find him in the sad dustheap of time. An American who became an Englishman, and yet could no more become an Englishman than Balfour could become an American, he was so backed by the British press propaganda as to become a power in the world of letters, independently of his artistic qualities. This plain statement gets immediate support from the review in the *Times* supplement of a volume of short stories written by James at the beginning of his career. They cannot be of any value, but the reviewer is well trained and he plays the following delightful fantasy on his little trumpet: "While these tales look pale in the strong light of the twentieth century, the pallor of Henry James is more impressive than the red blood of some of his contemporaries! The first articulations of genius are dear to all who believe that genius is the most precious thing in the world! One of America's foremost literary artists! Analysis worthy of his master, the flawless Turgenev! The profoundest depths of passion sounded with a reverence foreign to present writers! Wholesome and sincere patriotism, devotion to America, his one sure characteristic! The publication of these tales marks an important addition to American literature! An inspired genius and conscientious artist, who gave his best to every page he wrote!" This may playfully be called inspired "bunk," but it is the usual jargon of the hireling reviewers, and fits any writer with a few changes.

As a matter of fact, the writings and the life of Henry James are something of a joke to the people on the inside of things, but the publishers still hope to make money on his books after their trumpeting has started his vogue once more. As great writers no longer exist, and if they did, would be no more popular than they ever were, the publishers have adopted the trick of presenting the author of each best seller to the world as a new kind of prophet. Galsworthy is writing essays and lecturing, Conan Doyle is investigating the next world and writing about it, and so on down a long list. The literary mart has at last reached the goal of commercialism; it is a fish market. I think the time is near, perhaps it is at the door, when writing that will make literature will have to be printed by the author, who will sell it from door to door. The middleman in music, books, art, poetry and drama will look at nothing which does not hold the promise of a fortune. The writers and other artists are working for the middlemen, not for the public, not for artistic expression, simply for instant success. This is why the Times literary supplement is so ridiculous, superfluous, and delightful as burlesque.

A coming name in wild fiction is Arthur Somers Roche, whom many will welcome into the field as his father's son, James Jeffrey Roche, former editor of the Boston Pilot, a genial wit, and companion of Boyle O'Reilly. He has adopted the methods of Wilkie Collins and Dumas Fils, and is turning out stories so regularly that few readers can escape him. The market for fiction is very strong. Never has there been such a demand for frivolous reading. It is no longer the sloppy stuff of fifty years ago, which writers turned out as they sawed wood. There are innumerable fiction-readers who know the obvious and avoid the commonplace. The plots must be strong, the characters distinct and elegant, the incidents extravagant, the atmosphere brilliant, yet so presented that everything seems ordinary and human and explicable. Roche has the recipe for this tale to perfection, he has become popular, and will some day succeed to the income of Jack London. If he can get into some movement for the improvement of Pata-

gonia, and stump the country for it, his career will be assured. The booming of Mark Twain has never ceased for two decades. A syndicate seems to have charge of his books, for their trumpeting follows the rising sun, and seems ever to be just beginning. Once upon a time Mark had the happy idea to write a burlesque on Joan of Arc, for he was just that kind of an ignoramus. However, he had to read her history first. Then a miracle happened. He fell in love with that wonderful story and wrote a genuine romance of the Maid of Domremy. The publishers have just issued a new edition with the new title, St. Joan of Arc, and thus the Mississippi vulgarian has to his credit the best story on the Maid now in the market, vivid, substantial, honest, and beautiful, an honourable contrast to the work of Anatole France. It is likely the uproar and confusion of the commercial book mart will bring about in time the separation of the educational, scientific and literary sections from the others. In its present state the book mart confuses the trivial with the true, makes more money on the froth than the substance, gives the useless all attention and the useful none, and thus mixes up values in the mind of the public. The Times supplement is a good illustration of vicious conditions. Its relation to literature is precisely that of any grocer's. Its critical utterances are banal, but harmful, because the honest reader is deceived. The more serious book reviews are a shade better, but jargon is so large a part of their expression that one doubts their editorial knowledge and sincerity. In their pages no Catholic book is ever noticed, unless the conditions are peculiar; and usually the notices are very poor, even when obtained through influence. It is worthy of note that Catholic reviews of books are somewhat tainted with the prevailing poisons; such as too much praise, jargon, indirect lying, and unwarranted poetic allusion. There is some excuse for their extravagance, since Catholic writers are not many and not eminent in this country, and need high coloring to attract attention; but the indiscriminate and tasteless use of the trumpet has a nastier effect upon the decorous Catholic air than the Times calliope in the book mart.

Sacrifice

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

Sing not to me of earthly power,
For winds make sport of the dust of kings;
In many an immemorial hour
Men fought and bled for trivial things.
Sing me the prayer that lifts from some white heart
As Earth's immortal part.

For deeds that live to gain reward,
And dreams that barter Love for Fame:
These all shall die as with a sword,
And be forever linked with shame.
The great white visions born of pain and death.
These have eternal breath.

And as a comet sweeps the sky,
To reappear through cycling years,
So shall Love's deeds supreme and high
Enkindle hope again from tears.
Sing me Love's utter sacrifice and loss—
Christ's death upon the Cross.

Professor Maurice de Wulf

BY REV. E. J. McCORKELL, C.S.B., M.A.

IT is one of the paradoxes of the Great War that Louvain was immortalized by the enemy who would destroy it.

In the minds and hearts of all who read, it is linked inseparably with the name of the great Belgian Cardinal as the pride of his great undaunted heart. But in a narrower circle Louvain was famous in the happier days before the war. Mercier the philosopher was celebrated before Mercier the patriot, and Louvain was the scene of his labours, and its University in large measure the work of his hands. There was the centre of the Neo-Scholastic movement, the aim of which was to bring the Scholasticism of the 13th century into touch with modern science and modern philosophical systems.

Professor de Wulf is one of the men whose glory it is to have been associated with Mercier in this important work. He was the pupil of Mercier in the days when Leo XIII. was writing the great encyclical which gave official sanction to the philosophic movement which, for some years, had been in progress at Louvain and elsewhere. When the Philosophical Institute was founded by Mercier in 1892 he was chosen to fill the chair of History of Mediaeval Philosophy. This position he held till the outbreak of the war, a period of 25 years, during which time he gave diligent and painstaking study to the Middle Ages, whose problems and their solutions he has treated in his "History of Mediaeval Philosophy" with a competence that has won universal recognition. The volume has gone through four French editions, and has been translated into English, Italian, German, whilst a Spanish edition is in course of preparation. But de Wulf was much more than a Professor in the Philosophical Institute founded by Mercier. He was more than one of a small group who made Neo-Scholasticism a vigorous current in modern philosophy. He

was, as it were, the spokesman of the group, its advocate before the world. His professorship in history made him the logical choice for this position. His volume on "Scholasticism, Old and New," is a statement of the meaning and aims of the movement and a brief record of its achievements. As editor of the "Revue Neo-Scholastique," the organ of the new movement, it was he who kept scholars of other universities and of other countries in touch, with the work of Louvain. In this respect as in others the mantle of Mercier seems to have fallen upon him. Mercier founded the Review in 1894 to give due advertisement to the labours of the Institute and to provide a forum for discussion among scholars. A year later he was made Archbishop of Mechlin, and his former pupil succeeded him as editor. De Wulf's position among the Louvain philosophers is, therefore, an unique one. Movements are greater than men. Neo-Scholasticism, even in the Nineties, was vaster far than Mercier. But if there is one man to-day more closely identified with Neo-Scholasticism than any other, that man is Maurice de Wulf.

Many academic distinctions have come to him. He is Doctor of philosophy and letters, and Member of the Royal Academy of Belgium. During the war several French, one Spanish and one American University, secured his services for brief periods. Since his coming to Toronto many requests for lectures have come to him from different universities across the line. He found time to accommodate three—DeYouville College, Buffalo; Cornell University, and Wisconsin University.

At St. Michael's College Professor de Wulf's lectures on Mediaeval Philosophy were given to the students in Special Philosophy of third and fourth years. It was felt, however, in University circles that an opportunity to hear him should be provided for the students of other colleges and for the public who might be interested. Accordingly, on the invitation of President Falconer, a course of eight lectures was arranged on "Civilization and Philosophy in the Heart of the Middle Ages." It is safe to say that no lecturer in recent years at the Uni-

versity made a greater impression. He was greeted by a large audience, and a most unusual one. There were priests, ministers, Christian Brothers, Catholic Nuns, Anglican Nuns, University Professors and Students of many different faculties, and professional men from the city. These lectures interested and held all. To many they must have been a revelation in the light they threw on a period too long misunderstood and too much maligned. Some at least were not prepared to learn that the rise of the individual took place long before the period of the Italian Renaissance; that the importance of the individual was the dominant characteristic of the civilization in the heart of the Middle Ages. Some were not prepared to learn that the principles of democracy, which the present age boasts of as its own discovery, were clearly taught by the Scholastics of the 13th century. Some were not prepared to learn that the difference in the philosophical temperament of the Neo-Latins and Anglo-Celts on the one hand, and of Teutons on the other, is traceable to the 13th century, when the latter under the guidance of Eckhardt abandoned some of the leading principles of Scholastic Philosophy which were embraced and perpetuated by the former. But of the points made by the lecturer, the one most likely to give pause to the average listener was that which dealt with the intimate relation of philosophy to life. It is a fashion of our day to belittle metaphysics; to look upon philosophy as of no consequence in the world of men and action, though perhaps interesting as a diversion. It is on the contrary a noble and true conception, as the lecturer showed, to regard metaphysical principles as the corner-stones of an entire civilization.

Professor de Wulf has won many new admirers in Toronto. He is well pleased with the prospects for Catholic Higher Education, and will continue his work here.

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June

BY ROSE FERGUSON.

Sweet as the roses' bloom,
 Rich as their loved perfume,
 Bringing a joy that aye borders on pain,
 Cometh the month of June
 (May we our lives attune!)
 Cometh the month of God's dear Heart again.

March, as the infant Spring,
 Tears with rare smiles doth bring.
 March hath life's grey much suffused with the gold.
 Well that its patron be
 Rich in humanity—
 Joseph, the leal, prudent father of old.

April's the growing child;
 Sunshine and showers mild
 Call forth the beauties that dormant have lain.
 Earth's resurrection morn,
 Blossom that hides the thorn,
 Glorious season of joy after pain!

May is the maiden fair.
 Lo! in her flowing hair
 Pure woodland lilies and windflowers wild!
 Free as the streams that run
 'Neath the yet tempered sun,
 Mother of purity, she is thy child!

June, and the woman stands,
 Roses within her hands,
 (Do the thorns prick her? She knew they were there).
 Brilliantly beams the sun,
 Life is it last begun,
 June has its thorns, but its roses are fair!

'Tis love's fulfilling time,
 Poetry's perfect rhyme,
 Rose of the year as 'tis month of the rose.
 'Tis when God's Heart in love
 Stoops from His home above,
 Drawing us closer, our joys and our woes.

My New Faith

BY MABEL L. JUDD.

FOUR questions have been put to me by as many different Protestant friends. Since I believe them to be typical questions that rise unbidden to the minds, if not to the lips, of all non-Catholics in regard to their convert-friends, and since I think that they may be questions which one hesitating on the threshold of the Church may be asking himself, I should like to answer them out of my four years' experience as a convert.

The first question came from one who was originally a Baptist, but who is now an Episcopalian. It was: "How do you like your new faith?" The second was asked by one who in her youth was a Methodist, but who has drifted away from religious influences: "Do you find your new faith satisfying?" The other two inquiries came from Congregationalists. The first of these two was this: "Do you find any more 'helps' in the Catholic Church than you did in your old church?" And the second was like unto it, except that it was put in a form and tone which suggested that the answer must agree with the belief of the interrogator: "Of course the Catholic Church cannot give you anything that you did not already have in your religious life."

Before answering the first of those questions as to how I like my new faith, I would recall one remark that was made to me the day after I had declared my intention of going into the Church. One who was very near to me said solemnly, and with deep conviction in his tone, "I believe that you are taking a step that you will regret all your life." Then, in spite of my belief that no other course was open to me, a quaver of apprehension passed over me; but never since that time, though I have missed the old associations, have I felt the slightest impulse to return to Protestantism. I can still say as

I did to the first inquirer, "I am more thankful every day for the gift of faith in the Catholic Church." Many a time, as I have come from Holy Communion on a week-day, or early Sunday morning, and have passed my old Church home—a church, too, to which I owe much—and have seen it standing there, cold, silent, its doors locked, I have thought of the Church from which I had just come, and I have said, "I thank God! I thank God!"

Before I leave this first question, I must correct one false impression which it conveys. The Catholic faith is not so entirely a new faith to an orthodox Protestant. Everything that was vital to me in my old faith is a part of the teaching of the Catholic Church—everything. Not one thing that was essential is missing. I do not feel that I "gave up" my old faith. I used it for a foundation and built upon it.

"Do you find the Catholic faith satisfying?" My answer to this question may readily be inferred from my reply to the first. But someone will say, "Weren't you satisfied before? I am perfectly satisfied with my faith." To him I would reply: "You are satisfied because you are in ignorance of the riches that you might have." In 1910—four years before I went into the Church—a Catholic said to me, "Did you never feel any lack in your religion?" And I answered quite truthfully, "No, never." It was not until I had begun to read a great deal of the Catholic faith, and to frequent Catholic churches, and to spend time in the quiet, "under the Sanctuary lamp," that I began to realize the riches of Christ revealed in His Church, and I could no longer be content outside.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to answer the second question is to reply to the last two in regard to the "helps" given by the Catholic Church. "Of course the Catholic Church cannot give you anything more than your former Church." The frame of mind which these words bespeak arises from two assumptions common to Protestants, first that Catholicism stands for doctrines utterly unrelated to life, and second for a Church service full of emptiness—of vain and idle ceremony.

That these two assumptions are baseless I have proved from my own experience. Through its dogmas which are vitally related to life, and through its services which are full of meaning to a devout Catholic, the Catholic Church gives me one of the greatest gifts—a gift that no Protestant church can possibly—certainty for doubt. In a Protestant church, great doctrines and miracles are a topic for discussion; in the Catholic Church, a matter of faith. Through the Catholic Church—His body—our Divine Lord still speaks as He did in Palestine with the voice of authority.

But the up-to-date Protestant will say: “Why is that certainty a gain? What do we care about religious dogmas, and miracles? The spirit of Christ in our lives is what counts; nothing else matters. Whether Jesus was born of a virgin, or whether He rose from the dead is of little importance; the main business of life is the acquiring of a Christlike character.”

Granted that “to put on the mind of Jesus” is the essential thing in the life of a Christian, the best way to acquire that spirit is through a knowledge of Jesus, and I have found that knowledge in the Catholic Church; for the great doctrines are not a mere matter of intellectual assent, or submission, but great truths which vitally affect the religious experience, and hence he lives of the children of the Church. When I first went for instructions in the Catholic faith, I thought that I believed in the divinity of Christ. I was quite indignant at the mere suggestion of the priest that perhaps, after all, my grasp of that truth was not very strong. I knew that, unlike many of the people in my own denomination, I accepted the “miraculous” birth of Christ, and His resurrection.

What I did not know was that unconsciously I was making the distinction between deity and divinity, a distinction something like that which the Unitarians make when they say that they believe in the divinity of Christ, though not in His deity. It was not until I had gone a great way in the Catholic faith that I began to realize the meaning of the Incarnation as taught by the Church—that Jesus is God indeed. On that

truth all our hope rests. The Saviour, whether in the crib, on the cross, on the altar, or upon His throne in Heaven, is ever the same—ever worthy of our adoration, our reverence, and our love. The truth of the Incarnation that was presented to me clearly, with all its significance, for the first time in my instructions, I am realizing more and more through the repeated celebration of the Mass. As I listen to the words of the Credo, “Who for us and for our salvation came down from Heaven,” and as I kneel in the hush that accompanies the solemn words “and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man,” I am thrilled with the thought of what that truth means to me, and to every Christian. To me, this is one of the vital truths that affects me in my relation to Jesus Christ. The consideration of His descent from Heaven to the manger in Bethlehem is the beginning of the proof of His divine love; a love which makes possible the union of the soul with our Divine Lord; a union which according to my instructor, is the essence of Christianity. If Christ came as every other human being and differed from us only in that He had more of the Godlike spirit, He might be inspiring as an example, but He could not enter into my life to-day as He entered the lives of the little family at Bethany. He would not be my divine Friend.

Another doctrine which I believe vitally affects my life as a Christian is that which teaches the Resurrection of Jesus. The voice of St. Paul coming across the centuries proclaims the same belief: “And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.” It is the only proof that Christians have of a personal immortality, and how it comforts and sanctifies our lives! It gives that assurance that our Divine Lord, Whom we worship, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

I have chosen to discuss somewhat at length these two great doctrines because they are still in dispute in Protestant circles. Of the others totally rejected by them, each bears directly upon life in this world. Take, for example, the Com-

munion of Saints—the belief that those who have gone before can plead for us. It constantly sets before my mind the reality of that eternal life. It emphasizes the personal immortality that Jesus taught by His resurrection. The saints have attained it. I can speak to them. Not only can I speak to them, but I can receive their help to enable me to enter with them into immortality.

A second great gift which the Catholic Church gives to her children is the opportunity for frequent and satisfying religious worship. Wherever there is a priest established in a parish, there is the open church and there is the Host reserved—which to the Catholic means the Real Presence of Jesus. At any time of the day or evening, those who long for help can find the sanctuary. Then there is the opportunity for daily attendance at Mass, and daily Communion. Anniversary days, of meaning only to the individual, may be made sacred by attendance at Mass, and the receiving of Holy Communion.

Church-going upon Sunday takes on a new meaning to the convert. A Catholic can never say, as I have often heard Protestants say, "I might as well have stayed at home to-day; the minister's sermon didn't touch me at all." Though the sermon be dull, or even though there be no sermon at all, and though there be no music, the devout Catholic will go away satisfied. The greatest truths of his religion have been brought home to him. He has bowed his knee at the thought of Jesus Incarnate; he has seen enacted before his eyes "the holy drama"—the great sacrifice offered on Calvary. He has been in the presence of Jesus, and has had opportunity for individual worship. If his soul has been unresponsive, he has had a prayer-book to furnish him wings to lift him toward God.

Besides the gift of faith, and the gift of opportunity for religious services, the Church has a third great gift for use in my daily life—the sacraments, especially those of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. In my days of Protestantism I had thought that I believed my sins forgiven as soon as I lifted a prayer of penitence to God, but old sins haunted me. I never realized the

meaning of the forgiveness of Christ until I knelt in the confessional. Then for the first time, I felt the significance of the words: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our iniquities from us." Not only does confession give me peace in regard to sins of the past, but it also is a help in keeping me from fresh sin. The necessity of entering into myself at stated intervals, and the acknowledging of frequent failures arouses me to a sense of my own weakness, and the need of greater effort.

The greatest gift of the Church is that Sacrament called the Blessed, because in it Catholics receive their Lord Himself. It is the "Lord's Supper" of the Protestant churches, but with a vast difference. I have received communion in the Protestant church, and had honestly thought that so long as my Catholic friends and I both believed that in our respective communion services, each came nearer to God than at any other time, it made no difference whether one believed in the Real Presence of Jesus, and the other only in a memorial of Jesus. To me, as a Catholic, there is all the difference between the shadow of a thing and its substance. I could never again be satisfied with a church which teaches, as mine did through its minister, that there is nothing for anyone at the Lord's Supper except what the person himself brings to it. The Catholic Church invites me to a feast in which our Divine Lord gives us, not a memorial, but Himself.

Protestantism has no help that can compare with this greatest gift of the Catholic Church.

These, then, are the great gifts of the Church—certainty for doubt, religious services, frequent and satisfying, and the Sacraments. There are still other "helps" to be found in the Church. One is the close relation that always exists between Holy Mother, the Church, and her children. The little child born of Catholic parents belongs to the Mother Church from the time of its baptism, and she never relinquishes her claim upon it. The little Protestant child, though he be baptized, is not considered a part of any denomination until he is old

enough to make a covenant with it publicly. I shall never forget the look of consternation that came over the face of a little child who had been brought up in a Protestant church, when she was told that she was "not a member." "Why," she protested, "I've been baptized, and I go to church and Sunday School." No wonder that so many Protestant children are lost to their respective churches. The Catholic Church not only claims the child, but is his guide through life, reproof and cleansing his sin, nourishing his spiritual life, and sanctifying his sorrow and joy.

Another help that the Catholic Church can give is a changed outlook upon life. The insistence of the Church upon heaven and hell as realities, and hence upon the possibility of losing one's soul—in other words the constant reiteration of Christ's solemn question: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" have made me place a new value upon my own soul, and that of others. I have a desire that I never had before to pray for the spiritual welfare of others. The suffering of the world has a new meaning to me. So far as I can find, the Catholic Church is the only one which teaches that suffering is not necessarily a thing to be shunned. Other churches teach resignation, but not a joyful, loving acceptance of pain as a means of spiritual grace, and of union with our Lord. These two points alone enable the true Catholic to place a more correct valuation on the things of this life—to distinguish between the things that are temporal and those that are eternal. The teaching of the Catholic Church centers about the cross. To me there is a significance in the church-spires of my home city; they all, Catholic and Protestant alike, point heavenward, but the Catholic spire alone points with the cross.

These are some of the gifts which the Catholic Church has to give. Taken and used, they result in the best gift of all—an intimacy with our Lord. The Catholic Church has brought Jesus nearer to me. Now, I know that there are devout souls in the Protestant churches to whom Jesus is an intimate friend.

They, with little help, because of deeply spiritual natures, have found our Lord, but I was not one of them. "O Jesus, Thou are Standing Outside the Fast-Closed Door," used to be one of my favorite hymns, because it seemed to picture my condition. I felt that He was outside. Now I no longer care for those words, because, to me, have been fulfilled the words: "Behold, I stand at the gate and knock. If any man shall hear My voice and open to Me the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and be with Me."

I believe that the best definition of religion is the one that I have already alluded to—it was given me by my confessor: "True religion is the union of the soul with Jesus Christ." I believe that the Catholic Church tends to make and keep that union, as no other Church can. I believe that it is only through such a union that my soul can put on the spirit of Christ. Therefore I pray that those who are longing to know our Lord intimately may find their way to Holy Church.

A Little House

There are so many mansions in God's street,
 And ours shall be a very little house . . .
 The things of earth we love shall be with us,
 White cities and the funny, silly things
 That make us happy . . .
 Only the smallest saints will visit us . . .
 Yes, ours shall be a very little house,
 For we were always over-fragile souls,
 Brought up in God's great nursery with all care
 And kept alive by tender cossetting . . .
 And He, I know, Who bade the children come,
 Will not disdain to take His pleasure there.

MARGARET MACKENZIE.

The Fairy Dance

BY AENGUS MACLIR.

See yon band of Fairy Pipers,
List the notes already stealing!
All the Fairies dance together,
Then dart off across the green
In and out among the bracken,
Circling round the iris flowers,
Adding music to the music
Of their band of Fairy Pipers
By their laughter's merry pealing
As they dance across the green.

Sparkling wands they wave above them,
And their feathers go a-nodding,
Like the nodding in the breezes
Of the sprays of meadow-sweet.
Faster, faster comes the music—
Faster, faster dance the Fairies,
Till one wonders how can music
Ever play to fairy feet;
Till one wonders how can Dancing
Dance as fast as plays the music,
Dance in time to fairy piping,
See—Ah, no, ye cannot see them!

Mortal eyes must long have gazed on
Ocean spray in winter weather
Making clouds for clouds to rest on;
Learnt to read the Rainbow's secret,
And the Torrent's wondrous message;
Seen the Lightning's angry flashing
Fall on sea, and plain, and mountain;

Long have watched the restless Ocean
 In its never ending tossing,
 And the angry Tempests wrestling
 Thro' the hills, and down the valleys;
 Known the message of the Snow flakes
 When they signal in their falling;
 Learnt to read the tender greeting
 Of the Evening Star in summer,
 Of the rising Moon at Harvest,
 And the Sunset on the ocean.

Mortal eyes must learn the meaning
 Of these Sights and Signs and Signals;
 Know the Spirits of the Twilight,
 That of Night-fall, and of Day-break,
 And of Hail, and Rain, and Sunshine,
 Ere they see the Fairies dancing
 To the music of their pipers,
 Till they wonder how can Music
 Ever play to fairy feet;
 Ere they see the Fairies dancing
 In the laughing silver moonlight
 With their feath'ry plumes a-nodding
 Like the sprays of meadow-sweet.
 Till they wonder how can Dancing
 Dance as fast as plays the music,
 Dance in time to fairy piping.

List! Ah, no! ye cannot hear them!
 Cannot hear the Fairies piping,
 Piping 'neath the "Gentle Bushes,"
 Cannot see the Fairies dancing,
 Dancing in the silver moonlight,
 Cannot see them!—Cannot hear them,
 Dancing in their Fairy Circle.

—Studies.

Democratic Education

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

THE spirit of democracy is a spirit of equality; it, indeed, is much more concerned about equality than about liberty. When, therefore, we hear of the advance of democracy, we cannot but be desirous to know what kind of equality it aims at diffusing,—whether it is an equality of enlightenment, culture, liberality, and refinement, or an equality in materialistic comfort, in narrow-mindedness, prejudice, and vulgarity. A fanatical passion for equality and an envy of all distinction was the chief cause of the massacres by the French Jacobins; and is one of the causes of the atrocities in which the Russian Bolsheviks have surpassed the Jacobins. Anyone who was familiar with the real history of the French revolution and its ideas cannot have been surprised at the course of the Russian, or at the means by which the Bolsheviks have obtained success. Without imputing any such extremes of envy and hate to our own democracy or that of the U.S.A., we naturally cannot but feel desirous of having clear notions upon this question of equality. And since the character of the age to come depends upon the education of the rising generation, we should make up our minds what sort of education is suitable for democracy. There are issues to be decided between liberal and professional or technical education, and between the literary and the scientific, or the proper combination of both. Men need to be able to earn their living, certainly, and women too; but man does not live by bread alone. Religion and morals are, of course, the great equalizers; all men have an equal right to religious and moral instruction. It was for the sake of the poor, that is the multitude, that churches originally were established and

endowed. Religion, too, is the great source of equality in happiness and in civilization.

The Ideal of Education.

The ideal of education was long ago set forth by St. Paul in his epistle to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are reverend, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good fame,—if there be any virtue, if there be anything praiseworthy,—think on these things."

The people to whom the Apostle held up this ideal and addressed this exhortation, were not wealthy or high-born, but, as we know, poor and lowly. "There is more true democracy in the Catholic Church," said Disraeli, "than in all the secret societies of the world."

It is the literary education rather than the scientific which tends to produce an equality, or an approach to it, in mental culture. Newman in a lecture which he delivered in 1849, is reported, in part, as follows: "Some persons now considered that the useful arts alone ought to be followed and that literature, especially poetry, was a thing of a by-gone age. It would be absurd not to entertain for those who pursued the useful arts the highest reverence. But the useful arts do not cultivate the mind. This is the province of literature, of poetry, and of criticism. These refined the mind by making it what it was not before; and thus these subjects tended to remove the distinction between the higher and the lower classes; for now anyone may secure the advantages of intellectual attainments, which formerly were confined to those few who alone had a liberal education. After all, however, the useful arts are so necessary and so profitable that they hold sway. But when a man has mastered their elements, he puts aside the books from which he has gleaned his instruction; he perhaps even sells them. He has no inclination to repeat the task except for the sake of perfection. There is no attractive beauty in them. Now, poetry always delights; a book of poetry may be

read with pleasure again and again. It is, emphatically, the beautiful which cultivates and refines the mind; by long association with the beautiful and contemplation of it, the mind itself becomes beautiful in the process. But they must be on their guard against poetry which made the vices appear beautiful. Byron's imagination constantly led him into misanthropy, and in his Cain the character of the first murderer has been made an attractive one."

Matthew Arnold, who was a school inspector, and a very good one too, in a report in the year 1852, taught the same lesson as Newman. Speaking of the education of pupil-teachers for the elementary or primary schools, he mentioned the contrast which he found between their vast amount of information—"the minutest details of geography and historical facts, and above all of mathematics"—and the low degree of mental culture; and recommended as a remedy the study of literature and the practice of composition. "Too little attention has hitherto been paid to this side of education,—the side through which education chiefly forms the character, and to the development of which it is the boast of classical education to be mainly directed . . . The pupil-teachers (for elementary schools) can seldom have the time to study ancient or modern languages to much purpose without neglecting other branches which it is necessary they should follow. But I am sure that the study of portions of the best English authors and composition might with advantage be made a part of their regular course of instruction to a much greater degree than it is at present (1852). Such a training would tend to humanize and elevate a number of young men who at present, notwithstanding the vast amount of raw material which they have amassed, are uncultivated. And it would have the same social advantage of tending to bring them into intellectual sympathy with the educated of the upper classes."

This last remark is all the more forcible when we remember that the upper class in Britain is above what is called the upper class here, for this would only be the middle class in Britain.

He does not forget that it is easier to get an entrance to boys' minds and awaken them by means of music or physical science than by means of literature; but the way to arouse and cultivate their minds through literature is by having them learn extracts by heart and recite them. Arnold speaks in the same way of the habit of having children learn poems and speeches by heart. "Rhetoric and grammar are allied, and the rhetorical exercise of paraphrasing a passage of prose or poetry often finds a place in our examinations . . . The learning by heart extracts from good authors, is a lesson in good taste . . . It is strange that a lesson of such old standing and such high credit in our schools for the rich should not sooner (he writes in 1860) have been introduced in our schools for the poor. In this lesson you have first of all the excellent discipline of a lesson which must be learned right or it has no value, a lesson of which the subject matter is not talked about, but learned. This positive character of the result is a first great advantage. Then, in all but the rudest natures, out of the mass of treasures thus gained (and the mere process of gaining which will have afforded a useful discipline even for rude natures) a second and more precious fruit will in time grow; they will insensibly be nourished by that which is stored in them, and their taste will be formed by it, as the learning of thousands of lines of Virgil and Homer has insensibly created a good literary taste in so many persons who would never have got this by studying the rules of taste."

"If we consider it, the bulk of the secular instruction given in our elementary schools has nothing of that formative character which is demanded. But good poetry is formative. It has too, the precious power of acting by itself, and in a way managed by nature, not through the instrumentality of that somewhat terrible character, the scientific educator."

The Sisters' Schools.

In Arnold's Report on the Popular Education of France, this fair mind and generous spirit took pleasure in telling a

prejudiced world the truth about the Sisters' Schools: "Apart from the mere instruction, there is something in the Sisters' Schools which pleased both the eye and the mind, and which is, even in Paris, more rarely to be found elsewhere. There is the fresh, neat schoolroom, almost always more cheerful, cleaner, more decorated than a lay school-room. There is the orderliness and attachment of the children. Finally, there is the aspect of the Sisters themselves, in general of a refinement beyond that of their rank in life; of a gentleness which even beauty in France mostly lacks; of a tranquillity which is evidence that their blameless lives are not less happy than useful. If ever I have beheld serious, yea cheerful benevolence, and the serenity of the mind pictured on the face, it is there."

The character of the teacher, assuredly, is the greatest of all influences in the education of the children. Lord Morley in his *Recollections*, remarks, after his official visits to the Convent Schools in Dublin, that he no longer wondered that the workmen in the great towns in the North of England where he lived, or which he represented, preferred to send their daughters to the Sisters' Schools for the sake of their manners.

And Arnold says of the Sisters who had charge of the Infirmary in a Lyceum at Toulouse which he visited in 1864: "The cleanliness, order and neatness of the passages, dormitories, and sick rooms were exemplary. The aspect and manners of these nurses, the freshness and airiness of the rooms, the whiteness and fragrance of the great stores of linen which one saw ranged in them, made one almost envy the invalids. In no British school that I have seen were there arrangements for the sick to compare with these."

German Kultur.

The world has now learned by experience that the Germans did not mean by Kultur what we mean by the word culture. Arnold, no enemy of the Germans or of things German, warned us of this long ago. "The power of knowledge

is eminently an influence with the Germans, as the Italians are pre-eminent in the feeling for beauty, and the French for social life and manners. The Germans have a strong sense of the necessity of knowing scientifically the things which have to be known,—knowing them systematically, by the right and regular process, and in the only real way. But this by no means implies, as is sometimes supposed, a high and fine general culture.” And he warned his own countrymen—and the warning is needed by ourselves far more—that all the liberty and all the industry in the world will not ensure a high reason and a fine culture. “Liberty and industry may favour these things but do not of themselves produce them; liberty and industry may exist without them. But it is by the appearance of these two things, in some shape or other in the life of a nation, that it becomes something more than an independent, an energetic, a successful nation,—that it becomes a great nation . . . In the decline of the aristocratic element, which in some sort supplied an ideal to ennoble the spirit of the nation and keep it united, there will be no other element present to perform this service, unless the middle class (i.e., our “upper class”) accept culture from the State. They will rule the country by their energy, but they will Americanize it; they will deteriorate it by their low ideals and their want of culture.” “The difficulty for a democracy is, how to find and keep ideals. The individuals who compose it are for the most part persons who need to follow an ideal, not to set one.”

The author of *The Clash* impresses upon us the need of having a culture of our own instead of aping the foreign ways of our southern neighbours. And he points out that those who have been busiest in attacking the French-Canadians have not been trying to promote British culture, but have been abandoning that and introducing American ideas.

The Catholic Church is recognized by all intelligent men in every country as the greatest school of civilization and refinement. William Hazlitt, who belonged by birth to the

Unitarians and Radicals, was struck when he became acquainted with Catholics with the different tone. "As to manners, the Catholics must be allowed to carry it, all over the world. The better sort not only say nothing to give pain; they say nothing of others that it would give them pain to hear repeated." Thackeray observed in his *Irish Sketch Book* that all of the Irish people had good manners except the gentry.

But it is sad to see the people of Celtic descent in this country as well as in the U.S.A., forgetting the old fairy-tales, legends, nursery stories, and popular lore of their ancestors, and becoming as prosaic as the environment in which they live. In such an environment how can there ever be produced great poetry, or humor and wit, or great oratory? Nay, the decay of imagination affects the intellect itself. About twenty years ago, a group of French mathematicians were conversing together in the courts of the Institut de France after one of the Monday sittings of the Academie des Sciences, and were discussing the best way to teach young minds to advance in mathematical power. The great Hermite came out of the building and joined them; and he said "Cultivez l'imagination, Messieurs; tout est lá. Si vous voulez des mathématiciens, donnez à vos enfants á lire des contes de fées." Give your children fairy-tales; expand their imagination, if you want mathematicians.

Democracies as a rule are lacking in wit and humor. There are exceptions, of course, such as the Irish and the Cockneys. The Irish are as remarkable for comical humor as the French men of letters are for wit. Burke in the years before the American Secession told the English that the Americans were not as Mercurial a people as they. And when Tocqueville visited the United States before the Irish immigration he found the country as much more prosaic and duller than Britain as Britain was more prosaic than France. The hundred millions of North America have indeed produced a considerable amount of political economy and political philosophy and of history; but what is their accomplishment in humor and wit any more

than in poetry? The writers of the "joke-columns" in American newspapers have persuaded their readers that they are an extremely witty and humorous people by the simple process of stealing the jokes out of British newspapers and books and covering up the theft by telling their readers that "the English have no humour," as if it would follow from this premise that the Americans have humor! It is one of the good signs of the American people that some of their own writers at last have had the courage to tell them plainly that they are inferior in humor to the English. But perhaps the most significant feature of democracy is its attachment to the hereditary principle. Thoughtless talkers say that the late war has killed that principle, whereas it has produced a new form of it; for the people have cried out to have the Victoria Cross granted to the families whose fathers have earned it, but died before receiving it. However, in twenty years' time people will be able to see how the Europeans like republicanism and independent nationalities. It may be that they will like such things no better than the thirteen independent republics on this side of the Atlantic after 1783 liked their particularism and their democracy. A European confederation will probably be the next act in the drama.

The Aim of Education.

"The grand aim of education," says Arnold, "should be to the middle class (which corresponds to what in this country is the "upper class") to give largeness of soul and personal dignity; to the lower classes, feeling, gentleness, and humanity."

"The dominant tendency in modern Swiss democracy," he reports, "is socialistic in the sense in which that word expresses a principle hostile to the interests of true society—the elimination of Superiorities. The most distinguished, the most capable, the most high-minded persons in French Switzerland are precisely those most excluded from the present direction of affairs, and are living in retirement. Instruction may spread wide among a people which thus ostracises its best citizens, but

it will with difficulty elevate such a people." This is a warning for us.

In times when the advocates of a merely useful, i.e., technical or professional education are advising us in the name of democracy to imitate American rather than British systems and methods, it may be worth while to listen to the testimony of a very competent American witness, Captain Edward Victor Rickenbacker, an "ace of aces" among the Flyers, who writes as follows, in "The United States Air Service," which is the official organ of the Army and Navy Air Service Association: "There have been stories of the recklessness of American fliers, and no doubt they went for the Hun wherever they could get at him . . . Now, our men when compared with the French, indeed, seemed reckless; but compared with the British, they seemed cautious. But of course the three different systems had nothing to do with the courage of the three nations or of individual Frenchmen, Americans, or Britons. The British were dare-devil as a matter of morale and principle because they found that they could get the best results with their men in that way. Right here I may mention as a matter of interest that in point of maturity for this work the Englishman of eighteen is about even with the American of twenty-two. I have been asked why; and I think it is due to differences in early education in the two countries rather than to anything directly connected with the British and American practice for training fliers." This generous confession is more creditable because this witness seems from his name to be of German descent.

The system of education which makes the Britisher of eighteen equal in manhood to the American of twenty-two deserves something else than the unfavourable comparison which English "Reformers" are always making between everything in their own country and the foreign countries which they idealize because they know nothing about them (*Omne ignotum pro magifico est*). Matthew Arnold was an educational reformer; but though a friend of the United States, he did not

place their education among the foreign systems to be admired.

Arnold says, "The university (e.g.) of Mr. Ezra Cornell, a really noble monument of his munificence, yet seems to rest on a misconception of what culture truly is, and to be calculated to produce engineers, or architects, not light and sweetness."

It seems, however, that the directly and immediately technical or specialist education is not, after all, the best for the professions.

"The two great banes of humanity are indolence and self-conceit. Self-conceit is so noxious because it arrests man in the career of self-improvement; because it vulgarises his character and stops the growth of his intellect." "It is not fatal to Americans (or to the Western half of Canada) to have no effective centres of high culture; but it is fatal to them to be told by their flatterers, and to believe, that they are the most intelligent people in the world, when of intelligence in the true sense of the word, they . . . come short." And he quotes with approval a great French scholar who says of the United States what will apply to some of our own Provinces: "The sound instruction of the people is an effect of the high culture of certain classes. The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their low standard of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Observe that the word general is here used as opposed to special. Special intelligence, that is, technical and professional instruction is general, i.e., common enough, in the United States. But liberal education is not found in many persons there, any more than here.

"The conception of a 'ladder' in education," wrote the Anglican Bishop Creighton to a schoolmaster, "is quite wrong; it does not correspond to the facts. If an education is to stop at twelve, it will be on one line ab initio; if it stop at fifteen, it will be on another; and if at eighteen, on another. In the study of every subject you have to allow for the length of time

for which the course can be carried on. If a boy is going to be educated in a subject till eighteen, it does not matter that his knowledge of it at fourteen should be in a confused state. But if his education ends at thirteen or fourteen, it is necessary that he should understand then why and what he was taught." But if those who have to leave school at an early age in order to go to work are to have literary culture, and are ever to acquire a love of reading and of knowledge, they must not be crammed in school with a multitude of different subjects. The more one sees of the young, says Arnold, and we may all from experience say, "the more one realizes how limited is the amount which they can really learn, and how worthless is much which they are taught. Nothing is taught well except what is taught often and known familiarly. The Greeks used to say, "Give us a fine thing two or three times over!" And they were right."

Newman in one of his private letters, concerning a controversy going on in 1859, about education, says: "It has struck me that not enough is made, in comparing systems of education, of the test—which enables a man to write best? Now the desultory education which Davison and Copleston (of Oriel College, Oxford) opposed against the Edinburgh Review (and which Newman found prevailing in the Catholic Colleges) has no teaching to make men write well; that is, it furnishes the mind neither with the fulness of thought nor the power of composition which is necessary for good writing. If this is the case, it is beside the mark for A. B. to claim for the one that it is 'more extended' if the other is 'more exact or thorough.' The question is, which makes the mind the more effective? This is an apposite utilitarian argument. How few Catholics can compose!" Things have changed indeed since then. An account of Copleston and Davison's defence of Oxford against Edinburgh will be found in the 7th of Newman's Discourses on the Idea of a University. And in the eighth division of his 6th Discourse you will find his censure upon that desultory smattering which "progress" under the

guidance of the Edinburgh Whigs after 1830 had introduced in place of the old education, and which had infected even the Catholic Colleges. Real education has revived in England, thanks to Newman and Arnold, and no one could now say that few Catholics know how to write.



Our Lady of the Lilies

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

I know the way My Lady went
 From humble Nazareth,
 When to the hills her steps she bent,
 To greet Elizabeth.

I know the way My Lady went,
 I know it by the mystic scent
 Of lilies tall and lilies sweet,
 That bended them with joy replete,
 To lay their glories at Her feet.
 Ah, lilies, ye were not so fair,
 Until My Lady journeyed there.

I know the place My Lady 'bode
 In Hebron's lovely vale,
 When to Elizabeth she showed
 Her young heart's wondrous tale.
 I know the place My Lady 'bode,
 I know it by the light that glowed
 From lilies tall and lilies fair,
 Transfigured as they listened there
 To her Magnificat's meek prayer.
 Ah, lilies, not so sweet ye grew
 Till Israel's Lily breathed on you.

From the Chronicles of a Religious House

IT was on the last Friday of May, in the year in which I myself had been made guest-master of the *aula pauperum*, that there came to the house, begging food and shelter, that mad fellow (as we thought him then) who made such a good end of it in the event. He was a very white-skinned young man, as red as a fox in his hair, with eyes as blue as the sea; he had nothing with him but a great cudgel and a little cur-dog that barked at me when I came out; and his clothes were all in tatters.

I asked the fellow his name (when I had him set down at the table), and what he did, and whence he came and whither he went, and what he could do in return for his entertainment, as the custom was; and when he had set down his tankard empty and wiped his lips (for he was very dusty with his walking), he made a very strange answer.

"I can sing for you," he said, "or play for you, or dance for you, or limn a picture for you (if you have the necessaries, for I have none). But I have no name, for I have lost the one I had and have earned no other, and I do not know whence I am come nor whither I am going, any more than any other man; for the spirit bloweth as it listeth."

I thought him, when he said that, to be one of those troublesome, perverse fellows that haunt religious houses, that take all that they can get and will give nothing in return; and I answered him sharply, telling him that we wanted none of his tricks, but honest labour only, and that he must cut a great heap of wood on the morrow if he would get his dinner; and when I looked to see him grow angry at what I said, he laughed only in return and begged my pardon, and said that he would cut the wood willingly upon the next day if I wished it, or anything else that I desired him to do.

“And where do you come from?” I asked again.

“Oh! if that is all that you mean, I come from Malvern,” he said, and blessed himself, and set himself without further words at the dish of eels that was before him.

When I came back again a little later to see if he had done his supper, my heart was a little softened towards him, for he was sitting in a very melancholy fashion, staring before him, so that he did not appear to see me, but started when I spoke to him.

“Yes, father,” he said, “I have finished my supper; and I was thinking of Roger, my dog, who has had none.”

“I have given it to him myself,” I said. “But how comes it that your dog has a name and his master none?”

The light came back to his eyes as I said that; and he laughed once more.

“Why, Roger has earned his name,” he said, “by his faithfulness.”

“But you have earned one, too,” I said, “in the Sacrament of Baptism.”

“I have forfeited that a long time ago,” he answered me, and grew melancholy again. Well, it was then that I set him down for sure as a madman; for whoever heard that a man can forfeit his name; and I made up my mind that I would not treat him too hardly.

Now it has always been our custom in May to sing *Salve Regina* after compline with the ceremonies proper to our Order; and it was at the singing of that anthem that I remembered what the young man had said to me. For when we were all out of the choir and ranged before the Rood-screen with the candles lighted upon it, I saw that he was kneeling by the pillar where Saint Mary's statue is set; and when we began to sing, he sang too, and as I have never heard except, it may be, at Westminster and one or two other places. For his voice was high and shrill, and yet very tender too; so that I could listen to nothing else; and when we came to *O clemens, O pia*, my eyes were full of tears.

On the morrow morning, after *jentaculum*, I thought I would try him at one or other of the matters he had spoken of, instead of at the wood-cutting; and so I took him up to the *scriptorium* to see what he could do.

"Here be all the necessaries," I said, "the pigments and the quills and a fair piece of parchment. Let us see what you can do; and we will put by the wood-cutting for the present."

He said nothing, but sat down in the carrel by the window and looked at the pigments.

"There is no gold here," he said, "nor burnishers."

"No, nor will be," I told him, "till I see what you can do."

Well, I went away and came back again after text; and, behold! he had made a picture of that very statue of Saint Mary by which he had kneeled last night; but our Lady wore no crown on her head, nor bore a sceptre in her hand; for he had no gold to make them with. But the rest of the picture was as if our Lady lived in very deed, being presented as a maiden of about fifteen years of age, as she wes in the year of the salutary Incarnation, and I could scarcely restrain my praise, so fair and fine she was, only I remembered that over praise is an ill thing for the young.

"You have done that well enough," I said. "I had thought that you would make no more than a pattern or a diaper."

And at that I fetched from the press a missal that was but half done, for the clerk that had made it was dead; and one of the Religious had bought it at a sale of goods, thinking to finish it; but had not done so. And I asked the young man what he thought of it.

"It is well enough done," he said, "but it is nothing very wonderful."

"Could you do better?" I asked him.

"I could do it as well," he said.

So I set him down to an initial of one of the gospels—*Ibat Jesus in civitatem quae vocatur Naim*; and bade him do his best at it; and behold, when I came again to call him to dinner, it was all but done, except the gilding, and the diaper work.

It presented the young man whom our Saviour raised from the dead and delivered back to his mother, sitting upright upon the bier, and his skin was white and his hair red and his eyes all blue, as were the skin and hair and eyes of him who had limned him; and it was as good work as that of any Religious of our house, so that I wondered at it.

I said nothing at once, as I leaned over him; nor did he.

“But why have you made him so like yourself?” I said at last. “It is finely done indeed”; and at that I stopped; for when I looked at him it was his eyes that this time were wet with tears. “I did it,” he said, “for I am as that man was.”

Well; that was the beginning of the confidence that he gave me; and, indeed, I understood very well why he had made the young man so, so soon as he had finished; for this was the tale he told me:

He had left his parents five years ago, and he had never seen them again; he had left them, not as some do from simple perversity; but from that love of adventure that so often besets the young; and the quest on which he went was nothing else than the desire of beauty; at least that was what he said; and I think that I understood him rightly.

First of all, then, when he was come to town, he had tumbled straightway into that slough that awaits all simple country folk when they have no hand to guide them in the ways of the city; for it seemed to him then, he told me, that there was no beauty so great as that of the life lived in taverns and amongst roysterers. There was beauty, he told me, in the wine and the singing, and the merriment, and beauty in the women, too, that consorted there; and it was at this time, he said, that he had lost his baptismal grace. Then, when, like the young man in our Saviour's parable, he had come to himself, he had sworn that he would no longer bear the name that had been given him in baptism, partly as a punishment to himself, and partly lest shame should come to his parents because of him.

“But you confessed yourself to a priest, no doubt,” I said, when he had gone so far in his story.

“I did not,” he said, “and I will not, till I have finished my quest.”

“Well, tell me the rest,” I said.

“Next,” he said, “I fell in with a company of players, and from them I learned my music; and there again, for a while, I thought that I had found what I sought; for the singing would wrap me sometimes in a kind of ecstasy or swoon—till I found that the very beauty of singing might be used for lewd and evil songs; and that things that were evil might be disguised beneath its cloak; so there, too, I was disappointed; and I left the players in Buckingham.”

“But the abuse of a thing taketh not away its use,” I said. “*Abusus non tollit usum.*”

“Wait a little, father,” he said to me.

Then, it appeared that he fell in with an apostate Religious who travelled the country; and it was from this poor sinner—I will not tell to what Order he belonged—that he learned the art of limning on parchment; and here, too, for a while, he thought that he had found what he sought, till he learned that the fellow used his art to make evil pictures with, which he sold at a higher price than holy ones—a horror, indeed, and yet but one more illustration of our Saviour’s words when He tells us that the children of this world are wiser—aye and more open-handed, too, than the children of light. So here, too, he was disappointed.

Then he turned to the world that God had made, on which he had never thought greatly; and here, too, in the song of birds in the dawn, and in the high woods at noon, and in the sunlight, and in the white peace of moonshine, and in the colours of the sea and the clouds, he thought that he had found the beauty that he sought; till he learned that here, too, lay corruption beneath, and that the robin who sang so high and bravely had slain the parents that gave him life, and that the sun and the moon struck men mad, as well as lighting them, and that dead men’s bones rolled to and fro under the blue waves.

“It was very bitter to me, father,” he said, “when I found that in the very works of God Himself beauty was but a covering for something else; for what, then, is beauty? That there was beauty in the wine and the women, and in the singing of the players, and in the colours and lines of the apostate Religious, and in the world I lived in, I cannot even now deny. What, then, is this beauty that is not all alike? The sea saith, Holy Job tells us, It is not in me. Where, then, is the place of understanding? That was what I meant, father, when I said that I knew not whence I came nor whither I went. All I know is that I must seek that beauty till I find it. I have found it in but one thing on God’s earth which has not yet disappointed me; and that is, in my dog Roger, for his faithfulness to me.”

Now, when he said that, in one instant my understanding was enlightened; for I was all bewildered with his strange manner of speech and his fancies, and with the thought that a young man such as this should be still in a state of mortal sin and would not rise out of it. But when he spoke of his dog, God enlightened me as to what I should say. “Listen to me,” I said—for I had forgotten all about his dinner, and so, I think, had he—“Listen to me.

“You are on that quest,” I said, “on which every sort of man is bent, though few know it, and fewer still even of these have the words to speak of it in; and you have found what you seek in the one thing only in which it lies, which is Faithfulness, for in wine and in women it is there only so far as they are faithful to that for which God made them; and in music it is there only so far as the notes and the melody follow the laws which should guide them; and so, too, in limning—a false limner, or one who uses his art for evil, makes as great a breach against faithfulness (though in another manner) as one who sets colours together which God has never set together. And it is so even in the world which God has made; for its beauty is destroyed, as you yourself have said, so soon as death, which rises from man’s unfaithfulness and from the fall of our

First Parents, enters in. It is in faithfulness—that is in obedience to Order—that beauty alone can be found. How, then, will you ever find beauty, if you yourself are not faithful? For we cannot even seek God Himself Who is Absolute Beauty, since He is Absolute Order, until we first possess Him.”

This was what I said to him, waving my hands, for it was not I that spoke, but the Spirit of Counsel which, as our Saviour saith, shall be given in that day to those that ask. For when I had done the young man was staring on me with his face fallen and his eyes all amazed, so that I was abashed at the sight. Then he beat suddenly on the table before him with his open hand, so that the pencils danced on the table.

“By God! father,” he cried, “you have given me the key to all. I did not know that old men knew so much!” (But he said this without offence in his heart; for he spoke to himself rather than to me.)

This, then, was the beginning of his conversion; for it was then that he told me all those particular matters which he had held back—such matters as his name and that of his parents—for he was well born, though I had not guessed it at the first.

When I took him to dinner at last, which was all cold, though he cared little enough for that, he had given me his promise that he would confess himself and be shriven that same evening, and so he was. “For,” said he, “first I must have that order in my soul that is the key to all else. Tell me again, what was that which you said as to seeking and finding?”

I told him again that it was not I but some spiritual man or other who had first said that we could not even seek for God unless we had first found Him; and I added other words of my own, too, in comment upon our Saviour’s saying that the Kingdom of God is within us, whence we understand that the Kingdom within is the key to the Kingdom that lies without; and he thanked me for my words and marvelled aloud

as to how it was that a Religious man who had left the world should know more of it than another man who lives in it.

Well, the last that I saw of him was two days after when he went from us again with Roger, his dog, following at his heels, and I thought of how it is written that out of the mouths of infants—that is of those who cannot speak—*infantes*—God perfects praise; and how again it was an ass rather than an angel that converted Balaam. And the next that I heard of him was that he had made his profession in a house of Cistercians, where, I doubt not, to this day he not only follows after, but possesses also that Beauty which for so long he had sought in vain: for they who eat me hunger yet, and they who drink me thirst yet.

—ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Domine Tu Scis

BY SISTER M. LUCY, O.S.B.

Lord, Thou knowest!—then in silence
 Let me rest;
 Leaving every “how” and “therefore”
 Unexpressed;
 Placing, too, the slips and blunders
 In Thy Hands,
 Conscious only that my Jesus
 Understands.

For Thou knowest that I love Thee—
 Yes, I do!
 (Save Thyself, who would believe that
 It is true?)
 But Thou knowest—knowest,—KNOWEST!
 Love Divine.
 And . . . what else have I to tell Thee,
 Jesu mine?

Star Fairies

"Make friendship with the stars."—Mrs. Sigourney.

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

HERE is a beautiful, old, English fairy tale which tells the story of a child who, falling asleep on a mossy bank, in some thickly wooded glen, is visited by the spirits of the flowers. Primrose and Violet, and Anemone, Daffodil, Crocus, and Bloodroot, one by one, they present themselves, whispering to her all manner of beautiful truths from Nature. As the evening dews fall, they waken her, and pointing to the sky, explain that the dew is from the tears of their sister star-fairies above, and as the little one of our tale hastens homeward under the friendly guidance of the rising stars, we would linger awhile, in the mild, spring twilight, to make acquaintance with some of these fairies of the sky, so little known and so little loved by us cold mortals of modern days. They have not always been thus unloved, however, Eastern shepherds of the far, dim past knew them well and greeted them as friends; while the wandering Arabs of the desert hold silent commune with them still. Witness the words spoken by the Sheikh Ilderim, to Ben Hur, at the Orchard of Palms: "Thou canst not know how much we Arabs depend upon the stars; we borrow their names in gratitude and give them in love." Can not we, too, share a little in this fairy lore of the skies? No wonder that we lose sight of the multitudinous, glancing eyes above us, as we stand in the glare of the crowded city street, where gas and electric light combine to dazzle us with their earthborn rays, but if we turn to watch them rise through the solemn vista of the arching trees, on some soft, Spring evening, when their spreading branches have but just mantled themselves in raiment of tenderest green, when violet and anemone lie fragrant beneath our feet, shall we not feel some-

thing of their gentle influence? Longfellow, long ago, found a link between stars and flowers when he wrote:

“Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in Earth’s firmament do shine.”

Reciprocally, then, if flowers are stars of earth, the stars are flowers of heaven, and flowerlike, as the seasons change, they pass in ever varying array before us. Have we ever given a thought to these flowers? These fairies of the glancing eyes looking down upon us from the blue above? Look up, through the nodding, lace-like branches of the trees. What fairy star burns so brightly just above them? It is Arcturus, the herald star of Spring, who comes to us with the crocus and the daffodil. How his fairy crown glitters as he hangs poised in the far North East! He is marshalling the stars of his domain out of the airy fold we stupidly call the “dipper.” Merrily they come forth as he beckons them, one by one, to begin their mazy dance across the arctic sky. Even as we watch, point after point of scintillating light appears. Singly, or in groups of two or three, these twinkling, silver-footed elves take their places in the circling dance and, joining hands, drift slowly, slowly westward. Through the long hours of the night they play hide and seek through celestial depths, until at length advancing Dawn closes their roguish eyes with her roseate fingers, or catches them in her filmy veil and they vanish from our sight, yet not wholly; still here and there, a few of the brighter orbs persist till their starry eyes catch and reflect the deepening glow of morning, when,—on a sudden,—they fade and are lost in the fire-mist which hangs above the horizon. But as we stand, still watching, in the early even, we note one star who holds aloof from his fellows, taking no part in their merry rout. He is the lode-star of the sky, the sentinel star of heaven, Polaris, we moderns name him. But long ago he was known as the Guardian Star, for to him is committed the

care of the treasure trove of heaven, the celestial tree whose branches are hung with gleaming diamond and translucent pearl, ruby and carbuncle, and emerald, and all manner of celestial jewelry, or, as some would have it, he stands aloft guarding the treasure mountain of fairyland, whose jewelled halls lie hidden, fathom deep, beneath the pale, blue ice of the Northern Pole. Motionless he hangs poised above, with sword drawn, his keen eye fixed on that of the fiery dragon whom astronomers still know as Draco, the Serpent of the North. Even in star land, all fairy powers are not friendly, and the envious dragon draws his coils more tightly around our faithful sentinel as summer advances, and rears his venomous crest, while from his fiery eyes, Etanim and Rastaben, fierce lightnings dart, which descend to earth as meteor streams. We may have seen them at times during our May nights and thought of them only as vagrant spray from fairy fires above. Our sentinel stirs not, keeping faithful vigil till dawn appears to close the eyes of the great Serpent who is indeed the evil genius of the sky; envious of all, because deprived of the guardianship of this same fairy treasure once allotted to his care. The gentle Moon has incurred his anger, too, by crossing his path at night, as all knew who have read in Southey's poem, the story of "Rahu and Kitu" (see Southey's *Curse of Kehana*: Canto X., notes 40 and 41). But look! What is that star of turquoise hue, rising in the far South East? Like a blue corn flower she seems to stand alone amid summer fields, for the stars around her are far and faint. This is Spica, the harvest maiden whom the Arabs name, Al Sumballah. She bears a sheaf of wheat in her hand, for although she comes to us with the May flowers and sweet tokens of early summer, yet she lingers until harvest, when King Sol himself enters into her tent and she hides away from mortal sight, hoping to meet her royal bridegroom. For though she seems but a humble gleaner in celestial fields, Sumballah is an exiled princess, guarded by four royal stars until the King himself shall come to lead her once more to her throne.

We see one of her princely guardians in the lion-star, Regulus, who precedes her on her Westward way. We can know him at once by his tunic of gleaming white, as he glints down upon us from overhead, drawing his fairy bow at times (which bring our April showers) to disperse all hostile sprites. To each of the four royal stars it was granted to protect the exiled maiden for 3,000 years. Three of the guardians proved faithful to their task, but the fourth, alas! he of the fiery heart who chose the scorpion for his emblem, so far forgot his fairy honour and knighthood as to seek to win the enchanted princess for himself! Then the Sun King arose in his majesty and placed a star barrier between the two, so that the Scorpion prince could never approach the harvest maiden. We mortals know it as the constellation Libra, or the Balance. It is the constellation of the autumnal equinox, and when the sun passes between its two equally poised stars the fall days and nights are equal. It is said that since those days, the light of the traitor star has grown dimmer. We can see him if we will tarry now but a little, rising up in the South East. His eye is a fiery red; his tunic of palest green, shimmering around him like some wind-tossed ocean wave, flecked with phosphorus. (Astronomers speak of it as a nebula photographed by Barnard in 1895, but they know little of fairy lore). If we could watch till the sky darkened to ebony on some moonless night, we might see star after star, in the cohort of this traitor prince, drawing around him, until together they assume the shape of an enormous scorpion, which in late summer evenings, fills the whole South Western horizon. But we must turn our glance elsewhere. Look up again, and see where the "Seven Fairy Sisters" gleam in the West. Linked together by a pearly girdle, their twinkling feet powdered with star dust, they move through the devious ways of a fairy cotillion. Now in, now out, now hither, now thither; so swiftly, so bewilderingly, we poor mortals can scarcely discern them separately, but see them rather as a hazy tangle of light, known astronomically as the Pleiades. Yet these same seven sky sisters, hold a very

important relation to some earth-born maidens, who are wont on All Hallow Eve, to tempt the fates to reveal to them their destinies. For be it known, it is on this very night that the "Seven Sisters" hold their maddest, merriest revelry, for then they "culminate" or pass the meridian line of the sky at midnight, and stellar folk lore tells us they preside over all magic rites of that evening and control their issue. So maidens should beware! Poets innumerable have sung of the Seven starry Sisters. Of them, Tennyson says in *Locksley Hall*:

"Many a night I watched the Pleiades, rising through the
mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid."

Though we know them by their Greek name of "Pleiades," yet they are older than the Greeks. A mystery hangs around them we may not solve. For none can tell their age, nor, watch as we may, fathom the distance from which they throw their light earthward. There is no nation, nor even savage tribe, but knows these Seven little Sisters. Many hold festivals in their honour, as the old Hindu feast of Lamps, or that of Lanterns in Japan. So too the Aztecs, as described by Prescott, and the Druids. Some say their glancing feet mark the very centre of the celestial sphere. Others, that they are starry fortune tellers, who, as they throw their white arms upward, are staking the fortunes of men for the fairy walnuts they catch on their silver castanets. But for all their witchery, they have not been masters of their own fate; for many years ago, a fairy prince, known to us as the wonderful Southern Star, *Conopus*, stole away from the unwilling group, the youngest and fairest little sister, leaving but six remaining, although the name "seven" still persists. The lost Pleiad was borne by her bridegroom to his home in the far South, and, immediately, the beautiful star, *Eta*, blazed forth before his throne. For a while she shone radiant with her new happiness. But in time, she became homesick for her lost sisters. Then her eyes grew dim with tears and her light paled, till she won from her royal

bridegroom permission to return from time to time to revisit her old home. At such seasons, dwellers in the South mourn the extinction of their beautiful Star "Eta," near Canopus, while those Northern latitudes marvel at the unusual brilliancy of the Pleiades. Of course, astronomers pooh pooh the idea of stellar bridals,—and seek to explain the facts in terms of "stellar variability." This is not unnatural, since, versed as they are in stellar laws, they knew little of its lore, and fairies do not give their confidence to those who look on them too coldly. More remarkable it is that an old English poet should have written that he "envied not the stars in their courses," since "love" to them was "unknown." The stars could have told him far otherwise, had he but deigned to question them. Those who know our star fairies well, can tell of many a tale of true love among them. Time will suffer us to relate only one other; but this is a notable one, since it concerns the brightest star of all the galaxy. Turn your eyes toward the Southern horizon and you will recognize him at once by his surpassing brilliancy; he is the very prince imperial of fairy lovers! Many ages since, so runs fairy chronicle, two burning stars, Zulamith the Bold and Salami the Fair, dwelt on either side of the Milky Way. Across this shining chasm they gazed into each other's eyes and felt their hearts beat as one! For many centuries they sighed in vain to meet, but at length,—having toiled for thousands of years,

"In love's all powerful might,
From out the Milky Way they framed a bridge of shining
light."

On this they crossed, and then,—
"Straight rushed into each other's arms and melted into one,
And so became the brightest star in heaven's high arch that
dwelt,
Great Sirius, the mighty sun beneath Orion's belt."

For his modern name, "Sirius," means "brightness" and "heat." Although astronomers laugh at this tale, they are yet

obliged to admit that Sirius has a "companion," too near to be seen separately except by a most powerful telescope, through one of which it was duly discovered in 1862. Also the star's "proper station" is such as to show that at some remote time, possibly 60,000 years ago, it must have been located on the opposite side of the Galaxy, or Milky Way. So much science can tell us, but can it explain how all this should have been known to an Arab astronomer of the 10th century—long before telescopes were thought of, or "proper motions" recorded?

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are very grateful to our kind and learned contributor for this delightful bit of star fairy lore. The article on the Catholic astronomer, the late Miss Agnes Clerke, which appeared in our last issue, is also from the versatile pen of Miss Wilson, who is herself an astronomer of some note.

FAULTS.

They came to tell your faults to me,
They named them over one by one;
I laughed aloud when they were done,
I knew them all so well before—
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see
Your faults had made me love you more.

SARA TEASDALE.



The Return

Golden through the golden morning
Who is this that comes?
With the pride of banners lifted,
With the roll of drums.

With that self-same triumph shining
In the ardent glance,
That divine bright Fate-defiance
That you bore to France.

You! but o'er your grave in Flanders
Blow the Winter gales,
Still for sorrow of your going
All life's laughter fails.

Borne on flutes of Dawn, the answer—
"O'er the foam's white track,
God's work done, so to our homeland
Comes her hosting back."

Come the dead men with the live men,
From the marshes far—
From the mounds in No Man's Valley,
Lit by cross nor star."

"Come to blend with hers the essence
Of their strength and pride,
All the radiance of the dreaming
For whose truth they died."

So the dead men with the live men
Pass an hosting fair,
And the stone is rolled forever
From the heart's despair."

—Eleanor Rogers Cox, in the Century Magazine.

History and Methods of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul

BY IRENE C. BALL.

THE St. Vincent De Paul Society is a world-wide organization of Catholic laymen, associated for mutual encouragement in the practice of a Christian life by helping the poor and unfortunate. The aim and works of the Society are essentially supernatural, done for the love of God, for the sanctification of the members and for that of their neighbours.

The Society was founded over eighty years ago in the dingy back office of a Paris newspaper, through the efforts of Frederic Ozanam, a student at the University of Paris. He was born at Milan, April 23, 1813, to parents of Jewish origin. His father, a practising physician, soon moved to Lyons, and it was here that the first half of his life was spent. The circumstances of his upbringing were commonplace. He was a healthy child, distinguished from early childhood by great sensitiveness and kindness of heart and was intelligent and earnest at school, giving promise of a brilliant future. His parents were sincerely religious and very charitable. His father devoted a fixed portion of his time to the service of the sick poor, and was assisted in this work by his wife. In such surroundings Frederic learned to be tender and sensitive to the ills of others, never to separate his faith from his works and always to see Christ Himself in the person of the poor. Thus he was being prepared for the great work which God had destined for him, and which was to spread so promptly and so widely.

During the years he studied rhetoric and philosophy, he experienced bitter trials of unrest and temptations to skepticism. One day he went into church and prayed to be delivered from such trials, promising that "if God gave him light to see

* Newman Hall Prize Essay, University of California.

the truth, he would forever after devote himself to its defence." His faith triumphed over every doubt, and from that day on Ozanam was most zealous in the practice of his religion, and showed his loyalty to the Catholic Church in every act of his life.

At the age of seventeen he had finished his studies with great distinction. His father was anxious that he study law, but dreaded risking his faith and morals in Paris. He placed him in an attorney's office at Lyons, and here Ozanam stayed over a year.

The storm which had overthrown France a generation earlier, had in its way abolished religion. Charles X. in his fall seemed to pull down with him the power and influence of the Church of France. The forces of private thought, as well as those of public life, began to be directed in bitterness against her. So completely were men estranged from Religion, and so utterly did they neglect its practice, that the sight of a man in church caused great excitement. Priests were afraid to go in ordinary dress along the public streets. Practically no educated man, and few even of the uneducated, called themselves by Christian names. The schools, too, were frankly most unbelieving.

Such was the condition of Paris when Frederic Ozanam entered the Ecole de Droit as a student in the autumn of 1831, at the age of eighteen years. Dr. Ozanam realized that his son possessed an earnestness of mind and solidity of faith which would protect him against the dangers of the Capital. Frederic disliked pleasure-loving Paris from the very start. At his boarding house he was thrown among young men utterly destitute of religion and with no respect for its ordinances. He was ridiculed for his strictness, so he finally isolated himself from their society by taking his recreation in his books. He commenced to take a strong interest in the philosophical discussions which had begun to agitate society. He grieved over the universal irreligion and spread of skepticism around him, and longed to establish a countervailing influence. He was

deeply impressed with the conviction that "there was a grave and very important mission to be carried on by young men in society." He rejoiced that he was born at a time when he might be useful in doing good, and the dream of his youth and the aim of his studies was to prove the beauty, excellence, and truth of Christianity, and to show how religion is glorified by history. He felt that the present needs of society required a new order of things, but what the new basis of it was to be was a problem yet unsolved.

He found only a few Catholic students at the Sorbonne. He cultivated their acquaintance, and soon the many differences which separated them from their fellow-students made them sincere friends. Many of the professors were Voltaireans, and they never lost an opportunity of casting ridicule upon the doctrines of Christianity. One of these, the professor of philosophy, Jouffroy by name, tried in his lectures to prove the impossibility of Revelation. Ozanam was indignant at the unsoundness and one-sidedness of the arguments, and drew up a protest which he forwarded to the Professor, who promised to reply. After a few weeks' delay, however, he dismissed the objections with a few contemptuous remarks.

Nothing daunted, Ozanam then summoned all the Catholics he could discover among the students, and drew up a formal protest, which fifteen of them signed. This protest was read out in the lecture room before the whole body of students, with the result that Professor Jouffroy apologized, and promised that in the future he would not attack their religious beliefs. Such a bold step could not fail to attract the attention of the public. Many Catholic students rallied to the support of Ozanam and his little band. Evening meetings were organized for the discussion of subjects of common interest. Little by little these meetings grew into a debating society. Through the generosity of a friend a large hall was hired and students of all religious beliefs were invited to join in the debates. Many noted men soon began to attend these meetings.

Ozanam, the recognized leader of the Catholic party, felt the

need of drawing the young Catholic students more closely together, as the attacks on the Church by the anti-Catholic party continued. He suggested that the Catholics should meet once a week at one another's homes, to decide upon their scheme of action, so as to present a more united front at the general meeting or debate. He suggested that at the same time they might further utilize these private meetings by the performance of some good works, which would show far better than words that "the truths of Christianity are eternal and will ever yield in the heart of man inspirations to the highest and noblest acts of love for God and the most unselfish devotion to his neighbour." By this means they could answer the taunts of their adversaries, who turned from arguments to ridicule, saying, "Indeed, you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? Where are the works which prove your faith and which would make us admit it and respect it."

His friends, impressed with the value of his ideas, consulted Professor Bailly, editor of the *Tribune Catholique*. This good man, realizing the significance of the situation, encouraged them in their work, and invited them to meet at the offices of his paper. It was in this office in May, 1833, that the first meeting marking the establishment of the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul was held. Professor Bailly was the presiding officer and there were eight young men present.

They chose as their patron, St. Vincent de Paul and modeled their rules upon the same principles that were in vogue in the seventeenth century. The rules adopted at the first meeting were very simple. It was forbidden to discuss politics or personal concerns at the meeting, and it was settled that the work should be the service of God in the persons of the poor whom the members were to visit at their own dwellings and assist by every means in their power.

At this first Vincentian meeting there was enunciated a principle of such vital importance that now it is universally accepted wherever organized charity is known. "If you intend the work to be really efficacious," said the presiding officer, "if

you are in earnest about serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance; you must give them the alms of good advice." And again: "A portion of the very greatest misery of the poor often proceeds from their not knowing how to help themselves out of a difficulty once they have got into it—most of you are studying to be lawyers, some to be doctors; go and help the poor each in your own special line; let your studies be of use to others as well as to yourselves." To-day these same principles still govern the activities of the Society.

It was decided that a weekly meeting was to be held, at which the brothers were to report their cases. There was to be a secret collection to defray whatever expenses were incurred. They had no idea of starting a world-wide society, and at first they would not open their meetings to anyone else. Gradually a few others were permitted to join, and then again a few more, and so on, until finally this association of a few intimate friends became the nucleus of a great Society which spread rapidly throughout the civilized world.

The first cases visited were supplied by the Sisters of Charity. Ozanam's first case was that of a mother with five children, whose drunken husband beat them frequently. He, through his legal knowledge, was able to rid them of the brute. Professor Bailly took the two oldest boys into his printing office as apprentices, and to this act can be traced the beginnings of the particular work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The growth of the Society was marvelous. In 1837, Ozanam, having received his decree of Doctor of Law, returned to Lyons to be near his mother. Here he found that his friend, M. Chauvand, one of the original members of the Conference in Paris, had started a number of Conferences. He helped in this work by his practical example. Upon the death of his mother, two years later, he returned to Paris, where he found that the Society had grown and flourished beyond his fondest hopes. Some six hundred members, including many notable writers

of the new Catholic school, assembled in the amphitheatre to greet him. In thirty provincial towns the work was advancing rapidly, and it was estimated that there were some two thousand members in all.

Ozanam never tired of labouring for his beloved Society; for, whether he was traveling as a tourist, as a student or even as an invalid, he established Conferences. This he did in Spain, Italy and Germany. In 1847 he founded a Conference in Tuscany, and upon his return five years later in search of health, he wrote that "he found seven families of St. Vincent de Paul flourishing there." This same year, 1851, he found that the Grand Duke was still somewhat prejudiced against the Society and did not encourage its establishment. Ozanam made a personal plea to the Dowager Grand Duchess, who succeeded in persuading the Grand Duke to give his authorization to the Conferences already started at Florence, Leghorn and Pisa.

In the spring of this same year he went to Sienna with the intention of establishing a Conference, but failed. He made an appeal to the Rector of the College at Sienna, begging him to make another attempt. A few weeks later, much to his delight and consolation, he received the answer: "My dear friend, to-day, the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, I have founded two Conferences; one in my college and one in the town." About this time Ozanam, in addressing the Conferences established at Florence, said: "There are already five hundred Conferences established in France and we have them also in England, Spain, Belgium and even Jerusalem. It is thus that by beginning humbly one can arrive at doing great things." Within twenty years the Society had spread very rapidly.

The phenomenal growth has continued, until to-day the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is represented in every European country. In Asia, branches have been established in China, India and in Turkey; in Africa, Conferences are thriving in Egypt, Natal and the Transvaal; in North America, Canada, United States and Mexico are dotted everywhere with Vincen-

tian bands; in South America, the Society has splendidly equipped branches in Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Argentine Republic, Peru, Eeuador, Uruguay, Paraguay, and in British Central America, likewise, are to be found active Conferences of the Society, while even in the far away Philippines and the Islands of Australasia there are many Conferences.

Through the efforts of Ozanam, while professor of foreign literature at Sorbonne, the Society gained its first foothold in England. He noticed that a number of his students were of other nationalities, and he made it a point to make friends with them. He succeeded in persuading many of them to join the Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at Etienne du Mort. Among these was an Englishman, George Jonas Wigley, a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, whom Ozanam particularly impressed with his views of the existing social conditions and with his love of the poor and of the great work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Wigley, imbued with the spirit of Ozanam and his Society, wrote an account of the Society, its objects, rules and its beneficial effects, and sent it to the only Catholic newspaper in London, *The Tablet*. The Editor, Mr. F. Lucas, became so interested in the work that he advocated the establishment of the Society in London. After some delay he succeeded in receiving the approval of the Vicar-General of the Diocese and of Bishop Griffiths. On January 24, 1844, at a meeting of a number of Catholic laymen held in the Sabloniere Hotel, it was resolved "that it was advisable that an institution should be formed, on the basis of the St. Vincent de Paul Society established in France, for London and its vicinity." Mr. Lucas was elected President, but declined, whereupon Mr. Pagliano, the proprietor of the hotel where their initial meeting was held, was elected to that office. Mr. Wigley translated the rules into English, and upon the request of Ozanam, returned to England to help the new Conference organize and affiliate itself to the Society in Paris.

Its progress was rather slow, because it was too soon after

Catholic emancipation from the slavery of the penal laws to rush any new form of Catholic activity upon the Protestants. However, Conferences were gradually started in a number of the London missions, with a great many members, from whence it spread throughout England and the United Provinces, to such an extent that the report for 1912 shows that in England itself there are some four hundred Conferences with a membership of six thousand; in Ireland three hundred Conferences and forty-six hundred members; in Scotland seventy Conferences and about one thousand members.

Twelve years after the inauguration of the work, the Society was introduced on the American Continent. St. Louis, Mo., established the first Conference in the United States on November 14, 1845, when "twelve good Catholic men met in the old cathedral parish hall of St. Louis for the purpose of instituting a branch of the Society in that city." The Catholics of the Eastern States were not long in following the example of those in Missouri, for in 1846 the second Conference of the Society in the United States was organized in the old cathedral parish of St. Patrick, in the City of New York.

Canada was not far behind the United States, as her first Conference was founded in Quebec in November, 1846. The growth of the Society in the United States and Canada was neither rapid nor extensive until close to the end of this period, as the people were struggling for existence, in a still new land and had many problems to solve for themselves. By 1860, Conferences had been established in the United States as far west as Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Paul. The troublesome times of our Civil War period did not retard the progress of the Society, but on the contrary the cessation of hostilities, the great poverty resulting from the war and the gradual restoration to normal conditions gave both opportunity and demand for multiplying its good work.

The development commenced at that time has continued, until to-day there are Conferences in all the large cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, numbering in 1915 about one thous-

and. They are unified and centralized by a Superior Council which was organized in October, 1915.

In Canada the growth has kept pace with that in the United States. From that single Conference founded in Quebec in the early part of the last century, had developed a flourishing Society. In 1914 the official report announced a total of two hundred Conferences with a membership of about eight thousand. These Conferences are situated in all the provinces and cities of the Dominion.

Two years after the foundation of the Society in Paris the membership had increased so rapidly that it was no longer possible to continue working alone as one body in one place. The founders realized that the time had come when it was imperative to divide the Society into sections or groups arranged geographically. A meeting was held, geographical divisions were made and the rules under which the Society has since lived were then adopted.

(To Be Continued).



Sermon Delivered at Funeral of the Late Sir Wilfrid Laurier

BY REV. J. BURKE, C.S.P.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first full and authentic copy which has occurred in print of the scholarly and beautiful panegyric, delivered by Rev. Father Burke, on this occasion.

"Moreover they bewailed him and all Israel made lamentations for him, and mourned many days, saying, "How is the valiant man fallen that delivered Israel." Mac. ix., 21-26.

THE task which rests upon me this morning is, indeed, a mournful one. I am unable to give you a clearer idea of it than by repeating to you the expressive, picturesque terms used in Holy Writ to sound the virtues and deplore the death of him whose virtues were so outstanding that the very stones prated of them—the saintly and soldierly Judas Maccabeus. This man whom Providence raised up to lead His chosen people, who defended the cities of Judea, who subdued the pride of the children of Ammon and Essau, who so loved truth that he burned the gods of the pagan nations upon their altars—this man whom his people thought well-nigh indispensable to their nation one day suddenly met death upon the field of battle. At the first report of this disaster the people were moved—floods of tears ran from their eyes. For a time they were dumb. Then at length breaking the long silence, they gave expression to their grief, crying in a loud voice, "Why is this great man dead who saved the people of Israel?" In the picturesque language of the inspired author we are told that Jerusalem redoubled its weeping; the arches of the temple trembled; the Jordan was troubled, and its banks re-echoed the sound of those mournful words, "Why is that great man dead who saved the people of Israel?"

Mourning a Great Leader.

Christian men and women, whom the obsequies of this day assemble in this temple, behold yourselves in the affliction

which befell the Israelites of old. They had lost their cherished leader, devoted to the highest ideals of the people. We, too, have lost ours. We have lost him, whom we oft acclaimed our nation's best. We lament the one who came to us from a period that is now passed. We lament the demise of him who was great in success, great in adversity, the foe of tyranny, the lover of democracy, devoted to the service of his King and country, and as we gaze now upon yon casket that contains his mortal remains, there comes the pang of regret, the lump in the throat, tears to our eyes, and, like the people of ancient days in Old Jerusalem, we exclaim, "Why is that great man dead who saved the people of Israel?"

I would to the living God this morning that His Spirit might quicken my tongue that I might do justice to the virtues of this figure, who for so many years benignly and yet effectively graced the Government of this free country. I find comfort in the thought that none but God can justly judge any man. There is danger, however, standing in the shadow of this national catastrophe, with grief surging our soul, that one might run to hyperbole. Lest I do, will you permit me to attribute to Sir Wilfrid Laurier a description he once used of that lover of Canadian freedom, Louis Joseph Papineau? "Did," he said, "any man ever live better fitted to be the idol of a nation? A man of commanding presence, of majestic countenance, of impassioned eloquence, of unblemished character, of pure, disinterested patriotism, for years he held over the hearts of his countrymen almost unbounded sway."

Varsity's Noteworthy Praise.

His commanding presence! Is it out of place, most reverend sirs, in this temple dedicated to the Most High, that I should speak of one of God's outstanding gifts to this dead Knight? Is it puerile, my brethren? Did not Mark Antony speak of Caesar's very noble brow, the chiselled mouth, the classic features, and the erect, kingly form? He was ever the embodiment of grace. To the endowment of God he added the polish

of a Chesterfield. There was a verve about Sir Wilfrid that one would expect to accompany his physical comeliness. Truly he was a romantic figure! A representative of an age that is gone. Are not we who were vouchsafed the vision of the Chieftain in the flesh, are we not the poorer that we shall not look upon his face again?

His impassioned eloquence! When I speak of the eloquence of Laurier my mind instinctively goes back three years to a speech delivered on the historical feud between the Hudson Bay Company and the North-west Company, which culminated in a murder trial in the city of Toronto in the early part of the nineteenth century. Those who heard him that night, aged as he was with the frost of seventy winters upon his brow, may well recall the genius of Laurier as he made those vigorous old voyageurs of "the forest primeval" walk before us. He clothed them with flesh and blood. Under the spell of Laurier's magic they were not spectres from a dead past. No! They lived and moved and had their being before our very eyes. The Varsity, the students' organ of Toronto University, asked the next morning: "Why cannot our professors make history as interesting as Laurier?"

He Lived His Faith.

Or, when I speak of eloquence, some of you recall that July night, more than thirty years ago, when he delivered what many consider the finest speech of his life, on the occasion of the Riel Debate. Edward Blake declared it to be the crowning proof of French domination, and the finest speech delivered in Canada since Confederation. Sir Wilfrid's speeches reveal the man. There is logic in the thoughts, majesty in the ideas, beauty and grace in the diction. The predominating thoughts seem to be individual liberty, equal opportunity for all, racial and religious harmony, a fervent and undying love for Canada, and a pride in its approach to nationhood. Upon all his phrases there plays, like the sun upon autumn woods, beauti-

fyng and transforming them, a mysticism that is charming and sadly wanting in this practical age.

And now I come, most reverend sirs and brethren, to Sir Wilfrid's unblemished character and his pure, disinterested love of country. In this connection let me say a word of something which, in my mind, explains in a large measure his unstinted service to country, and also his unblemished character. I refer to Laurier's Catholicism. He was no professional Catholic. His religion was too sacred a thing to be dragged into the arena of political controversy. He did not spend his time writing tracts or delivering unctious phrases. The fact is his faith illuminated most of what he said or did. He, when he differed with some Church dignitaries, exclaimed: "No word of bitterness shall ever escape my lips against the Church; I respect it and I love it." Witness her influence in his devotion to his country. With Sir Wilfrid, loyal service was something more than a sentiment. Loyalty to him was clothed with the hierarchical purple of duty. Am I not right, Your Grace, in stating that love of country is of solemn obligation in our holy religion? Am I not right when I say that that obligation has its sanction in the virtue of religion? Am I incorrect when I state that, as we owe to God adoration because He is the Author of our being, and as we give obedience and reverence to our parents because they represent God and bestow upon us physical existence, so, too, Catholicism commands me to give to the land of my birth, which confers upon me social existence, allegiance to the point of death itself?

Life-Time of Public Service.

Herein is the secret of Laurier's devotion. Who in recent years, if ever, in any country of the world, stood forth as a finer champion of the best in public service than he whom to-day this country mourns? Forty-eight years of unremitting toil! Forty-eight years of consecration! Here he has been the true Knight! To God, to King, to country, he dedicated the play of his many talents, the sweep of his vision, the bene-

fit of his initiative and good judgment. Under his sceptre the country prospered. He came to power when Canada was on the verge of dissolution. To many, Confederation seemed a failure; the country was torn with racial and religious dissensions; Nova Scotia was disgruntled; Manitoba discouraged; Quebec defiant. To the problems that confronted him Sir Wilfrid gave the impact of his genius. When this Knight lay down his shield the country was infinitely better off than when he took it up. Five millions of people had grown to eight; thousands of miles of new railroads were built; the wheat fields of the West blossomed, bringing contentment and wealth to many; great manufacturing plants were developed; foreign trade went forward by leaps and bounds; provincial, religious and racial controversies became less acute; Provincial patriotism gave place to a broader patriotism. He found the country a colony; he left it a nation respected in the galaxy of Commonwealths that constitute the British Empire. And all these things the Chieftain did with hands unsullied. His character remained unblemished.

A Memory That Will Not Perish.

His memory will not die; summer will give place to summer here in the Northland; the cold blasts of many winters will rise and subside; tide will give place to tide; but while men live and heroes are respected and mothers tell stories to their little ones, the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall not perish.

The time allotted to me is already spent; I must hurry. Let me say one word more. Your Excellency, whose priestly virtues are so many; you who represent the highest authority in our Holy Church; you who have honoured the occasion with your presence, may I speak for you this morning? You will permit me to say to this congregation that when you offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass this morning when you came to the Commemoration of the Living, that you remembered her with whom this nation sympathizes, the faithful partner of Sir

Wilfrid's many years. It is some time now since this good lady entered into the darkness of the tomb and was denied that privilege, which every woman craves, of looking upon the object of her affection. To-day her heart is bleeding. I know, Your Excellency, that you have prayed for her that God may sustain her with true Christian fortitude and grant her that consolation that God alone can give.

Remember, too, Your Grace, the soul of the gentlemanly Laurier, Canadian Knight-Errant of this twentieth century. Pray for him that God may vouchsafe him the joy of that region of "refreshment, light, and peace." Somehow I think God has seen fit to welcome Sir Wilfrid home. Burne-Jones, the painter, has depicted the figure of Christ on a way-side cross in France, stooping down to kiss the forehead of a Knight. The legend upon which the painting is based is that Knight met on the way his worst enemy, and forgave him. As the Knight knelt to pray at the cross-roads' Calvary, the figure of Christ suddenly became living, and for the Christian charity displayed by the Knight, kissed him upon the forehead. I like to think that Sir Wilfrid's great virtues, great deeds for God and country, cried out, trumpet-tongued, for similar treatment to that which was meted out to the Knight of old. Lest, however, our standard of sinlessness differ from that of God, pray that the Author of all, the God of the heavens, may have mercy and grant pardon to him.

To you, distinguished sons of Canada, who have been honoured by being chosen pall-bearers for Sir Wilfrid, never so distinguished as this morning, may I address a word to you? Bear him away gently, oh, so gently! He is our loved one; the nation's beloved, and when you have arrived at the grave, that grave which shall be a shrine for all lovers of true freedom, and which shall be kept green with the tears of a devoted people, lay him down gently, for the sod seldom covered a nobler heart than that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

A Convalescent Walk to St. Joseph's Shrine

By M. S. PINE.

To-day I feel so tired; just see—
 I cannot pray!
I cannot think a thought of thee;
 But, Father, lay
My soul upon Thy breast, as oft
 In sweet repose
The Infant Jesus clasped thee soft
 With arms of snows.

I cannot pray; but this dear shrine
 My hands may deck;
The morn's sweet blossoms I entwine
 Without a fleck,
My heart in every calyx goes
 To tell how sweet
Thou art, how dear to me; no song
 Of poet crowned,
No orator of golden tongue
 Thy worth could sound,
Or touch this cavern of thy love
 That thou hast built
Within my heart, and round, above,
 All sweetness spilt.

And now my trailing plants are here
 Thy eyes below,
For they have secrets for thine ear
 When I shall go.
But see! these wondrous tinted grasses,
 A trinity,

I droop within thy staff; in masses—
 A waving sea—
Sun-kissed and zephyr-blown they arise:
 Rich emerald
And iris-hued they lured my eyes,—
 From thine stone-walled.

Now bless me, sweetest Father! place
 Upon my head
Thy hands o'erdriving with Heaven's grace
 Ere home I tread.
But keep my soul upon thy breast,
 Where He we love
Hath left a heritage of rest
 Like that above.

Friendship by its very nature consists in loving, rather than in being loved. In other words, friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.



Euripides in English

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FOR those of us who knew the classics in our youth they possess a perennial charm. In our later days we return to them not with the freshness of youth, eager for

“poetic book sublime
Soul-kissed for the first time;
Greek or English, ere we knew
Life was not a poem, too,”—

but with a quiet, mature, comprehensive pleasure, less ardent, but more profound. Their inner, deeper meanings are revealed to us, as if by a glow of moonlight. Their constellations swim within our ken; and we turn away from the garish modern thought, saying, “This is beauty—‘not Lancelot nor another!’” —The old love has won us back again.

Therefore, it is a joy to come upon a Horatian ode in a fresh English version retaining the fine flavor of the original, or a rhythmical rendering of some Greek chorus. Sometimes indeed—though very rarely—we find an English author so imbued with the Greek spirit that something more than a mere imitation has been achieved—as in Swinburne’s “Atlanta in Calydon,” for example—and we have results whereat we can only marvel. It is another tribute to the universality and permanent power of Greek literature.

A scholar and poet of this type, Professor Gilbert Murray, has recently caught the ear of the intelligent public, as no Grecian of our time has done among English-speaking folk. His work has been the interpretation of Euripides through verse translations which have been put upon the stage in England, and, to a less degree, here. Among these have been *The Hippolytus*, *The Bacchae*, *The Trojan Women*, *Electra*, *Medea*, and *Iphigenia in Taurus*, mainly produced on the stage since 1902. His most recent venture has been with the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles.

This translator is, himself, a poet—a fact which explains his success in presenting Euripides to modern audiences. In dealing with these Greek choruses, you feel that the writer has captured the true spirit of poetry—though clothing it in English garb—even as Euripides did in his own age and tongue. For instance, take these lines from his version of the Iphigenia :

Oh, the wind and the oar,
When the great sail swells before
With sheets astrain, like a horse on the rein;
And on, through the race and roar,
She feels for the farther shore.

Ah me,
To rise upon wings and hold
Straight on up the steeps of gold
Where the joyous Sun in fire doth run,
Till the wings should faint and fold
O'er the house that was mine of old!

Or watch where the grade below
With a marriage dance doth glow,
And a child will glide from her mother's side
Out, out where the dancers flow,
As I did, long ago.

Oh, baubles of gold and rare
Raiment and starréd hair,
And bright veils crossed amid tresses tossed
In a dust of dancing air!
O youth and the days that were!

A very beautiful rendering of the address to Artemis by Hippolytus appeared some time ago in "The New Republic," by W. H. Mallock. He, too, seems to have caught the spirit of Euripides and the whole passage gives a most delicate glimpse of the Greek idea that Divine unseen Presences haunted this weary world. As a soul-vision of purity and intense loveliness it stands unrivalled.

To Artemis.

Mine own, my one desire,
 Virgin most fair
 Of all the virgin choir!

Hail, O most pure, most perfect, loveliest one!
 Lo, in my hand I bear,
 Woven for the circling of thy long, gold hair,
 Culled leaves and flowers, from places which the sun
 The spring long shines upon,
 Where never shepherd hath driven flock to graze,
 Nor any grass is mown.

But there sound through all the sunny, sweet, warm day
 Mid the green holy place
 The wild bee's wings alone.
 —Yea, and with jealous care

The maiden Reverence tends the fair things there
 And watereth all of them with sprinkling showers
 Of pearly grey dew from a clear running river.
 Whoso is chaste of spirit utterly
 May gather there the leaves and fruits and flowers,
 The unchaste, never.

—But thou, O goddess, and dearest love of mine,
 Take and about thine hair
 This anadem entwine!
 Take, and for my sake wear,
 Who am more to thee than other mortals are!
 Whose is the holy lot.

As friend with friend to walk and talk with thee,
 Hearing thy sweet mouth's music in mine ear,
 But thee beholding not.

Thanks to their ineffable beauty, the classics are in no danger of being superseded. The poets of all succeeding ages have caught their ideals, more or less, drinking deep at their perennial fountains. The Iliad of Homer still holds all the sunshine of Asia Minor.

If you doubt this influence, read anew Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and Milton's great "Hymn of the Nativity." Of more modern work, examine Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Tennyson's "Ænone," Keats' "Hyperion" and his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," with Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora." In a recent volume of Edith M. Thomas, "The Flutes of the God," is full of this classic spirit and by all odds the finest poem in a very fine book. Yes, even now,

" 'Tis Jupiter that brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who gives everything that's fair."

No one, who has once tasted the honey of Hymettus, can forget its sweetness. The ancients have put their stamp upon the world. "The coin outlasts Tiberius."

Here is a charming version by Sir Stephen E. De Vere from the Latin of Horace, Ode XXXI.

Prayer to Apollo.

When, kneeling at Apollo's shrine,
The bard from silver goblets pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore;
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria; not a store
Of gold, and ivory;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep,
Eating the marge away.

Let him to whom the gods award
Calenian vineyards prune the vine;
The merchants sell his balms and nard,
And drain the precious wine.

From cups of gold—to Fortune dear
 Because his laden argosy
 Crosses, unshattered, thrice a year
 The storm-vexed Midland sea.

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
 Mallows and endives, be my fare.
 Son of Latona, hear my vow!
 Apollo, grant my prayer!

Health to enjoy the blessings sent
 From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
 A cheerful heart; a wise content;
 An honoured age; and song.

The following, by a modern writer, Geo. O. Holyoke, shows exquisite use of classic myth and has fairly won its own little place here:

Danae's Song to Perseus.

O'er hollow rifts the wild wind drifts
 The scudding spray across the billow;
 Thy little ark sails through the dark
 And mother's breast shall be thy pillow.
 Sleep, darling, sleep! Love even drives out sorrow;
 Heroes must rest for the deeds of the morrow.

Let thy nurse be the purple sea
 To toss thee high when waves are swelling
 Till heaven's blue dome shall seem thy home;
 My child, it is thy father's dwelling.
 Sleep, darling, sleep! Stars are the lamps of sorrow;
 Hid in the deep is the dawn of the morrow.

A cultured writer of the modern school, Margaret Widemer, has a lovely bit of verse in the "Craftsman." It is permeated with the rich Greek naturalism and yet appeals to us of to-day. Who cannot feel the subtle sorrowful pathos of its

concluding line? "Under all the earth runs water," says a great writer, "and under all life runs grief."

Remembrance.

A Greek Folk-Song.

Not unto the forest — not unto the forest,

O my lover!

(It is dark in the forest)

Joy is where the temples are, lines of dancers swinging far,
Drums and lyres and viols in the town

(It is dark in the forest)

And flapping leaves will blind me and the clinging vines will
bind me

And the thorny rose-boughs tear my saffron gown—

And I fear the forest.

Not unto the forest — not unto the forest,

O my lover!

There was one once who led me to the forest:

Hand in hand we wandered mute, where was neither lyre nor
flute;

Little stars were bright against the dusk

(There is wind in the forest)

And the thicket of wild rose breathed across our lips locked
close

Dizzy perfumes of spikenard and musk—

I am tired of the forest.

Not unto the forest — not unto the forest,

O my lover!

Take me from the silence of the forest!

I will love you by the light and the beat of drums at night
And echoing of laughter in my ears;

But here in the forest

I am still, remembering a forgotten, useless thing,

And my eyelids are locked for fear of tears—

There is memory in the forest.

Joyce Kilmer's Life and Works

BY ROSE FERGUSON.

IN the shelves of the Public Library may be found a book that should interest readers of the Lilies. It is "Joyce Kilmer, Poems, Essays and Letters," with a memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday. (George H. Doran Company, New York).

Ten years ago, the twenty-one-year-old Kilmer, working in New York on a new edition of *The Standard Dictionary*, with men twice and thrice his age, found them, not dry as dust lexicographers, but literary adventurers and intellectual soldiers of fortune. Of one ancient bachelor he wrote:

"Some people ask: 'What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?'
Martin? Why he exhaled romance,
And wore an overcoat of glory."

Little did he think that in ten years his biographer would quote the last lines as descriptive of his own vivid personality.

Let us look over those ten years into which he crowded more than many a lifetime.

At twenty-one Kilmer had married, had received his degree from Columbia, and engaged in various literary beginnings. At twenty-five he was listed in "Who's Who" as an author; and besides editing the literary section of the *Churchman*, did book reviews for the *Nation* and the *New York Times*. At twenty-seven he and his wife, Aline, entered the Catholic Church, at the time of the death of their second child, Rose. About this period "Trees and Other Poems" made its appearance, and Kilmer was henceforth identified with the much-quoted lines:

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."

In the early part of 1915, St. Joseph's Alumnae, of Toronto, secured Kilmer for a lecture, and those who heard him will recall what Richard Le Gallienne terms "his very concen-

trated and intense young presence." He envied our part in the Great War, and gave, by request, his famous poem on the sinking of the Lusitania, "The White Ships and the Red."

When America entered the war, Kilmer, then thirty, did not wait to be called; for, as Christopher Morley says in his tribute, "The poet must go where the greatest songs are singing."

In the camp of the 165th (at Mineola, Long Island, he was associated with Chaplain Father Francis Duffy (of our own St. Michael's College) as Regimental Statistician; nevertheless, he found time to write the introduction to "Dreams and Images," his anthology of Catholic poetry; also, he wrote to a friend, "I've learned to typewrite, to serve Mass, and to sing the 'Boston Burglar.'"

Then this husband of "that lady, Aline, whose name will be gently entwined about his as long as the printed word endures," this devoted father of four young children, left his family—"you and your little gang," as he writes of them to Aline—and, from the autumn of 1917, his letters are from France. Such letters! Letters to his friends, to his mother, to Aline, to Kenton, his eldest son, whom he advises to learn to serve Mass and to look after the family, and a wee letter to four-year-old Deborah, with the story of the pink-nosed pig, and the comical ending, "Remember me to young Michael and young Christopher, believe me, your respectful Dad."

Again, in April, 1918, he writes to Aline, "I hope Kenton has learned to serve Mass"; and yet again, in May, "Please see that Kenton learns to serve Mass, won't you?" And we, knowing how close that fatal thirtieth of July is drawing, feel constrained to say, "Oh, Aline Kilmer, in spite of the manifold duties to your 'little gang,' please hurry, that he may know in time!"

The biographer goes on: "In one of his last letters he wrote to Sister Emerentia, of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, 'Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter.'"

One remembers the day, last summer, when Sister showed us that letter, just as the news of Kilmer's death arrived. As editor of "St. Joseph Lilies," Sister Emerentia had considerable correspondence with Joyce Kilmer, whose death she felt keenly; and she had just finished a requested tribute to his memory, when she also passed out, with a suddenness almost as tragic.

Mrs. Kilmer was Aline Murray of New Jersey, a step-daughter of Henry Mills Alden, Editor of Harper's Magazine. She, too, is an author of considerable merit, so the Kilmer letters have an added literary value. Writing from France about a year ago, Kilmer warns her against psychical fads, and asks her to keep the spirit of her work obviously and definitely Catholic; not that she should write tracts or Sunday School books, but that the faith should illuminate everything written, whether grave or gay. Again he says, "Don't try experiments of a supernatural kind. If you do, I swear that if I do get shot, I won't haunt you—and I'm conceited enough to think I can't make a worse threat."

Besides the works in the two volumes herein mentioned, "The Circus, and Other Essays" is a very entertaining book of prose, for those who may not care to read poetry.

The following pathetic little poem by Aline Kilmer appeared in Good Housekeeping:

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID.

I shall not be afraid any more,
 Either by night or day;
 What would it profit me to be afraid
 With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone,
 All through the house I go,
 Locking the doors and making windows fast
 When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart,
 There is no room for fear.
 But how I wish I were afraid again,
 My dear, my dear!

France

BY F. B. FENTON.

Beautiful France with her smiling fields,
Radiant harvests of ripened grain,
The vineyard bed that the red wine yields;
Beautiful France, I say over again,
And who can say less of France?

Faithful France, true still to Honour's codes,
Catholic standards and humane law;
No wonder she draws from the poets odes;
May her ardour burn as in days of yore!
Who can think little of France?

Gallant young France in her war array,
Her bayonets gleaming in rays of the sun,
Her youth at the war call marching away,
Earnest defenders every one;
And who shall deny them France?

Weeping, sad France for her fallen sons
By the sheltering beech and the stately spruce,
Weeping where they fell facing the guns,
Dying as brave as old knights of Bruce;
Who would not be brave for France?

Glorious France at this peaceful hour,
Victory's laurels upon her brow;
Her tyrant overthrown from power,
Serene, through tears, in her triumph now,
While our dearest ones sleep in France!

The Storm

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MADELEINE MURPHY, B.A.

IN the north of Scotland, between the little town of Kinross and Loch Leven, celebrated by the captivity of Mary Stuart. stood a little cottage, occupied by a poor, infirm woman and her son, a boy of five years. Late one summer's night, the mother was awakened by a violent gust of wind which shook her humble roof. Her first thought was for her son, and although this poor woman could hardly drag herself along, she made her way to the crib, a lamp in her hand. The child was sleeping; one of his little arms was raised over his head, forming an ivory arch above his fair hair; his slumber was peaceful, and, without awakening, he seemed to be smiling at his mother. The latter, once reassured about her son, went to the door and opened it.

The air felt so heavy and sultry that she could hardly breathe, and she saw with anxiety that a storm was impending. The moon, which had begun its course across a clear sky, was now losing itself in the clouds; the wind, precursor of rain, was rising at intervals, bending the grass and the plants, and lashing the waters of the lake against the pebbles on the shore. Finally, the clouds were all gathered, a few large drops fell, and soon torrents of rain were precipitated furiously to the earth.

The mother closed as best she could a rather badly-jointed door, and came and crouched as near as possible to the crib. Trembling, she awaited the first thunder-clap, and when it sounded, she said a single prayer, "My God, save my son!" When the tumult and danger had passed, she hardly dared to look at the child. Finally she fixed her eyes on him, and a sinister thought froze her with fear; she had heard it said that lightning produced death with incredible rapidity, and left to those it had struck all the appearances of life. "Who knows,"

she said to herself, "whether or not this child is still mine; perhaps his soul is soaring up there with the angels above the storm, and when I kiss that lovely little head, it will crumble into dust. O my child, awake!" she called, but he slumbered quietly on, without changing his position.

Vainly new thunder-claps succeeded one another, repeated in the distance by the echoes of Ben Arthy; vainly the noise of the rain, beating on the door of the cottage, mingled in the crackling of trees, uprooted by the wind, in the midst of Nature's convulsions, the child slept peacefully. His mother, still haunted by the same idea, remained leaning against the bed, not daring to touch her son. However, a drop of water soon trickled through the roof and fell on the neck of the young sleeper; he heaved a gentle sigh, half opened one eye, looked up at his mother, and then fell asleep again.

How can we paint the joy which that good woman experienced on seeing that her son was still alive and safe? Sitting down joyfully on her chair, she prayed again, "Oh my God, I ask nothing more of Thee. Thou hearest the cries of mothers even above the noise of the tempest!" The storm seemed to calm down, and the thunder could no longer be heard rumbling in the distance. But suddenly it reapproached, the most dreadful thunder-clap shook the cottage, the poor woman fell on her knees at the foot of the bed. From that moment the air became more quiet, the rain now fell slowly, drop by drop, and silence imperceptibly established its reign again.

Some hours had passed, and night was drawing to its close. The first rays of dawn began to appear in a clear sky. The air was freshened and free from the vapours of the night before; the grass had assumed a new vigour during the night; the flowers raised their little heads, still moist with rain-drops, and one would have said that sweet perfume had been sown in the woods. The child awoke again; he had fallen asleep calling for his mother, and now "mother" was the first word which he pronounced on his awakening. Seeing her prostrate at the foot of his bed, he exclaimed, "Why, Mother, have you begun

the prayers without me? You know that is not right. God will not hear you."

Pronouncing these last words, he got up, ran to his mother, and stretched out his arms to embrace her. But there was no response; God had called her back to Him during the storm, and the last flash of lightning had put an end to her existence. The child wept, in spite of his tender years understanding that he was now alone on earth with no loving nor sympathetic hand to dry his tears. He raised his eyes to Heaven as if to implore help; at that moment the sun shone out resplendently over the horizon and through the broken panes of the cottage-window—a fitting emblem of the Providence which watches over all orphans here below.

Waste

BY S. M. ST. J.

They deemed it Waste that day long years ago,
 When Magdalen poured out her Ointment rare
 Upon the Master's Head, till all the air
 Was filled with fragrance, and her heart aglow
 With late-enkindled love. Then some did grow
 Indignant and complained. What need she care
 For man's rebuke? Did not her Lord declare
 She ministered to Him in doing so?

E'en now as then the worldly wise complain
 In their stupidity, nor can they see
 That when fair-gifted souls and great remain
 At Duty's post,—let Opportunity
 Call as it may—'tis Ointment poured again
 On Him Who said "She did it unto Me."

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association

✦

1918—1919

✦

Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. A. Thompson,
Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh.

Counsellors—Miss Hart, Mrs. F. O'Connor, Mrs. C. Riley,
Miss McBride.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. M. Landy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Mrs. Jno. O'Neill.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Miss Blaid Leonard.

Alumnae Items

The Alumnae is an Association of former pupils whose object is to keep in touch with one another, to prove loyalty to the Alma Mater, and to promote the interests of Catholicity in all social activities. There are four quarterly meetings during the year, and at these a flood of tender memories fills the hearts of all who attend the reunions. Membership is one dollar. Communicate with Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, treasurer, 57 Alvin Ave.

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On March 23rd Rev. W. L. Hart, who returned from overseas, celebrated High Mass in the Church of St. Francis Assisi. Father Hart went to France as the Knights of Columbus chaplain with the 140th American Infantry from Missouri and Kansas, and in one of the engagements when all the officers of the regiment were killed, led his men into a successful charge. "Chaplain Hart not only rendered spiritual aid, but by word and example, without regard for his personal safety, encouraged the troops into action." Miss M. L. Hart, our clever and energetic counsellor, is a sister to Rev. Father Hart, and the Alumnae gladly showers Miss Hart with congratulations on the return of her beloved brother.

The Toronto Women's Press Club has wisely elected Miss M. L. Hart President for the ensuing year.

* * * *

At one of the largest gatherings and most successful meetings of the Heliconian Club,—when Mrs. W. E. Groves, who was introduced as the "J. Whitcomb Riley of Canada," gave in verse a number of original characterizations of Canadian children—Miss Hart was tea hostess.

* * * *

An important appointment in connection with the Imperial Daughters of the Empire was made when Mrs. Ambrose Small was elected by acclamation as supreme organizer for the I.O.

D.E., Toronto. The office is one of great responsibility and we wish Mrs. Small much success.

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Before the holy season of Lent passed her soothing hand over the fervid brow of social Toronto, Mrs. Small arranged a "Mardi Gras" carnival in honor of the newest choral society—the Toronto Choir—on Shrove Tuesday.

* * * *

Mrs. George Griffin, President of St. Basil's Council of the Catholic Church Extension, through her executive, arranged a musicale in aid of this great missionary work at the home of Mrs. James J. O'Neil. Mrs. Fred O'Connor poured tea and was graciously assisted by Mrs. J. McDiarmid, Mrs. R. J. Gough and Miss Eileen McDonagh. On the evening of May 2, a bridge was given for the same purpose.

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Eleven thousand dollars gathered for the orphans of the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside, was the generous response of the citizens to the large number of workers who turned out to sell shamrocks for this cause on March 17th. Among the members who captained the teams were: Mrs. A. J. McDonough, Mrs. James McCarron and Miss Coffey.

* * * *

St. Joseph's College Alumnae welcome home from overseas Captains Rev. M. D. Staley, Rev. D. Pickett, C.S.B., Lieut. Allan S. Houston and Lieut. Rudolph Brazil.

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Very interesting was the lecture on "Modern Poets" given by Professor Keyes, before the Edward Kylie Chapter, I.O.D.E., in Sherbourne Club, April 5. In the absence of the President the chair was taken by Mrs. J. C. Keenan, who introduced the speaker. The tea table, which was prettily decorated with daffodils and drapings of yellow tulle, was presided over by Mrs. James E. Day, assisted by Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Mrs. E. J. Cummings.

More impressive than usual was the Spiritual Retreat which opened on Thursday, April 10, 11 and 12, in the College Chapel. Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., officiated and took for his text at the first conference, "Come and See," and followed with an instruction in the morning and evening on modern religious thought. The principal exercises of the Retreat consisted of Mass at 8.30 a.m. and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the evening. Many received Holy Communion and remained for a reunion breakfast on Saturday and attended the general meeting which was afterwards held in one of the parlors. During the Retreat Mrs. C. F. Riley, Misses O'Donoghue, Landy and Gallagher, were the soloists. The singing by the resident young ladies of the College was most effective and soul-inspiring.

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On March 12, 1919, came the following letter from Lieut. J. D. Vance: "Please accept my most sincere thanks for the thoughtful Christmas gift, which was sent me by St. Joseph's College Alumnae. It only arrived yesterday, partly on account of the unsettled conditions at present existing, but mainly by reason of my erratic movements of late. In view of all this, the caution enclosed, "You must not peep until Christmas" was quite unnecessary, wasn't it? Nevertheless, it was greatly enjoyed, I assure you, and I trust you will express my gratitude to the Alumnae.

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Captain and Mrs. J. E. Robinson returned from England on April 23 and are staying with Dr. and Mrs. T. F. McMahon, in St. George street.

* * * *

Mrs. S. G. Crowell's At Home was a bright event of the season, when her home was thronged between the hours of four and six o'clock to meet her guest of honor, Mrs. S. A. Crowell, of Yarmouth, N.S. The tea-table, which was decorated with spring flowers, was very pretty. Mrs. T. H. Andison poured

and the assistants were Mrs. J. McDiarmid, Miss Frances Meehan, and Misses Bradley.

* * * *

Mrs. Ambrose Small is a delegate at the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Empire, in Montreal, also the meeting of the Federated Alumnae of the United States, in St. Louis, Mo.

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Mrs. James E. Day is spending a few days in Mount Clemens, Mich.

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Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse is one of the busy captains at the K. of C. Hostel.

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Congratulations to Mrs. Lawrence J. Congrave on the return of her son, Lt.-Col. Moore Cosgrave, D.S.O., and two bars, M.C., Croix de Guerre. Colonel Cosgrave went overseas as lieutenant with the Ottawa battalion; to Miss Joan Powell (Mrs. Henry Hollands-Hurst) who was married in St. Mary's Church, Barrie, by Rev. Dean O'Malley.

* * * *

Heartiest congratulations are offered in response to the announcement of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Day of Guelph. In keeping with the celebration, Rev. F. W. Doyle, S.J., rector of Our Immaculate Lady, officiated at the Thanksgiving nuptial High Mass. Master Thomas Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Day, came from Loyola College, to serve. St. Joseph's wishes a continuance of this happy wedded life.

* * * *

Mrs. Frank Megan, sister to Miss Blaid Leonard, won the beautiful lamp at the recent bazaar of the Loretto Abbey.

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The Alumnae will be sorry to know their President, Mrs. J. E. Day, will not be able to attend the meeting of the Federated Alumnae in St. Louis, Mo.

Sunday, May 18, a great many soldiers were indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Ambrose Small, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the K. of C. Hostel, for a delightful musical programme and dinner.

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A speedy recovery to Dr. W. J. McDonough! We hope the summer in the country will renew his health.

* * * *

Mrs. J. D. Warde is home from California. Miss Nora Warde remained to visit friends in the Middle West.

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Mrs. M. J. Healy, who has also returned from the South, read an interesting paper on the California Missions to the private reading circle of which she is a member.

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Sincerest sympathy to the Rev. Paulist Fathers, who have been bereaved by death of their Superior General, Very Rev. John J. Hughes; and to the Misses Deacon, in the death of their sister Genevieve.

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At a recent meeting Rev. Mother Superior, who presided, gave the Alumnae one of the large reception rooms in the Convent for their use exclusively—to hold meetings, etc.—and to instal a library. A generous donation to be used in procuring books has been given by the President, Mrs. James E. Day.

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We are pleased to hear that after an illness of six weeks, Capt. John Sullivan, father of the Misses I. and E. Sullivan, is now on the way to recovery.

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The Alumnae members are looking forward to a June day's outing at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro Bluffs. Annual Election June 29.

LILIAN McCARRON.

Community Notes

In Memoriam

Sister M. Agnes Bernard Coyle.

Death claimed another of the senior members of our Community on Saturday, April 24th, in the person of Sister M. Agnes Bernard, more than fifty of whose seventy-six years were spent in the loyal service of her Creator. In the death of Sister Agnes Bernard, the Sisters of St. Joseph have witnessed the passing of yet one more of the number of those valiant, self-sacrificing women, who half a century ago and more, endured indescribable toil and hardship to gain a firm footing for their little Community on Canadian soil. The late Sister's early years in religion were spent in teaching in St. Catharines, Ont., and later on she was engaged in the charitable institutions of St. Nicholas' Boys' Home. But whether teaching the little children or administering to the needs of the poor orphaned lads in the Home, Sister Agnes Bernard was ever the model of a good, holy religious, kind, obedient, and a strict observer of rule. No one could know this dear Sister and not be impressed by her unusual spirit of prayer and by her unbounded trust in the Providence of God. Souls of such reverent confidence and hope must, we think, be very dear to the Heart of Jesus, and we would fain believe that for such as these God has a ready pardon and an undelayed welcome to the realms of eternal bliss.

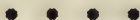
* * * *

Sister Mary Veronica Laurin.

On Thursday, March 27th, in her thirtieth year, after a lingering illness of ten months' duration, suffered with heroic patience, Sister Mary Veronica Laurin of St. Joseph's Community, welcomed death as a consoling angel to bear her beautiful, pure soul to its eternal reward. For the five years of her

religious life the saintly departed followed faithfully in the path of the perfection to which she so ardently aspired. Her two years of zealous labour among God's little ones at the Sacred Heart Orphanage bore the impress of the tender, Christ-like charity that characterized her every word and action. Though her years of service seem but very few according to human reckoning, yet, in the Mind of the Divine Wisdom, who shall say how many they number, for, in short space, generous souls accomplish much for God's greater glory. So may it have been with our beloved Sister who has left to us the beautiful memory and example of an unsullied life of most unselfish devotion.

“For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware,
Can never rest on earth again.
And they who see Him risen afar,
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem.”



Our Mission House in Prince Rupert continues to flourish. The number of resident and day pupils at the Academy is steadily increasing and the parents and friends of the children throughout the parish are most appreciative of the work being done by the Sisters. The following clipping from the Prince Rupert “Daily News” speaks for itself:

“W. J. Pitman, A.T.C.M., local representative of the Conservatory of Music, held an informal examination of the music pupils of St. Joseph's Academy at the week end. He expressed keen appreciation of the thoroughness of the instruction being given, the correctness of method and the high ideals of the courses which are fully in accord with the standards of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.”

We are sure that our readers will be pleased to learn that the little missionary band of Sisters, who left for Winnipeg in the early spring, are quite delighted with their new surroundings and cannot sufficiently express their gratitude to the many friends, who have been kindness itself to them, since their arrival. Although it was a sacrifice to part with our dear Sisters, we feel more than compensated for it, by the thought of the immense amount of good that can be accomplished by them in their new sphere of labor. Not long ago we were honoured by a visit from the Most Rev. Archbishop Sinnott, D.D., who does but corroborate the many gratifying things we have heard about our Winnipeg Sisters.

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The Inspector's report of the excellent work being done in the Public School in Penetang, which last September was placed under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is most gratifying.

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Rev. Father Carey, C.S.P., Superior of the Paulist Community in this city, and the highly esteemed Spiritual Director of our Community, left early in April for an extended holiday in California. Father Carey had been in poor health for some time past, but we are pleased to report that he has now returned and is feeling much better.

* * * *

We offer sincere sympathy to the family of the late Mrs. John Foy, eldest daughter of Sir Frank Smith, in the death of their beloved mother. Mrs. Foy was undoubtedly Toronto's greatest benefactor of Catholic charities and a genuine friend to the needy and poor. R. I. P.

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Congratulations to Mr. Philip Pocock, of London, Ont., on the signal honour of investiture as a Knight of St. Gregory, which honour was conferred on him by our Holy Father, Benedict XV., in recognition of his unbounded generosity in further-

ing Catholic interests throughout the diocese. Mr. Pooock, who is a brother of Sister Alphonsus (deceased) and Sister Hermann, of our Community, has been long esteemed one of our best friends and benefactors. The ceremony of investiture took place April 20th, in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.

* * * *

We regret to report the death of Mr. W. Clancy, brother of Sister M. Immaculate Heart, which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital, after a prolonged illness of heart trouble. Mr. Clancy was one of the most highly respected Catholic gentlemen of Toronto, admired by acquaintances and loved and revered by his friends. In the death of Mr. Clancy the Sisters of St. Joseph have lost a benefactor and a kind friend. May his soul rest in peace!

* * * *

It was a pleasant surprise for us to receive a visit during May from two Sisters of St. Joseph, of Eureka, California.

* * * *

We are pleased to hear that the Rev. Mother Superiors of both Hamilton and Peterboro, who were seriously ill, are now quite recovered.

* * * *

The following note of thanks received from the celebrated Louvain Professor, Dr. Maurice de Wulf, after a little entertainment given by the College girls, in his honor, may prove of interest to some of our readers:

Reverende Soeur,—

Je me fais un devoir de vous exprimer à nouveau mes remerciements pour la belle fête que vous avez bien voulu m'offrir, mercredi dernier. L'accueil si sympathique que vous m'avez fait, comptera parmi les meilleurs souvenirs que j'emporterai de mon séjour à Toronto.

Veillez, je vous prie, remercier de ma part les soeurs qui ont eu la delicate attention d'organiser cette fête et toutes vos charmantes pensionnaires, qui l'ont si bien executée.

Agreez, je vous prie, l'expression de mes respectueux sentiments.

Reverende Soeur Supérieure,
del'Instsitut S. Joseph.

MAURICE DE WULF.

* * * *

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, Toronto, wish to express once more their grateful appreciation of the splendid and unselfish services rendered by the Catholic people of Toronto and outlying districts, in the "Tag-Day" campaign of March 17th. The altogether unexpected results testify to the whole-heartedness with which these kind friends went about the work. The Sisters trust that the "prayer of the orphan," which God has promised to hear, will bring down upon their benefactors an abundant reward for their generosity.

* * * *

We extend heartfelt sympathy to the Community of St. Joseph in London and in Peterboro, in the loss of those dear members who died since the last issue of our magazine.



The Elstones

Miss Isabel C. Clark is already known to many as the author of "Fine Clay," "The Secret Citadel," "Young Cymbeline," etc., and we are sure those who have derived pleasure from the earlier stories will not be disappointed in the latest from the pen of this clever authoress. "The Elstones" is what we might familiarly style "a sweet little story." It is thoroughly Catholic in sentiment,—some may think, to an exaggerated degree since the conversion of a father on his death bed is followed in less than a year by that of his three children. However, we think that most readers will agree that this outcome, in spite of its seeming improbability, is one of the chief charms of the story, in as much as we are always ready to expect wonders from fidelity to the first grace—and we never grow weary of contemplating the marvels that accompany the gift of Faith.

Miss Clarke shows herself particularly happy in her choice of words and in her character portrayals. In the latter, the reader is not burdened with wearisome details, and yet one never fails to get a vivid impression of each personality introduced into the plot.

"The Elstones" is, too, in every sense, a modern novel, and perhaps few would find that the commonplace colloquialisms detract in any way from its dignity. They add, rather, to the naturalness of scenes and characters. Miss Clark is to be congratulated on the skill with which in this story she has toned down some of the scenes which, to our mind, in her other stories are rather too passionate. We highly recommend this book to all lovers of fiction. Net \$1.35.



COLLEGE VIEWS.

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Ruth Agnew, '20.

Associate Editors—Miss Helen Duggan, '19; Miss Helen Kramer, Miss Mary Nolan, Miss Mary McTague, Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Local Sditors—Miss Estelle O'Brien, Miss Hilda Meyer, Miss Mary Coughlin, Miss Hilda Bryan.

Music and Art Editors—Misses Gertrude Goodyear and Elizabeth Divine.

Exchange Editor—Miss Julia Walsh.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

EDITORIAL.

This is the month of June—the graduate's own month. After long toil, beset alternately by hopes and fears, she has attained the Summit of her scholastic ambition. With some pity and perhaps a little envy, she looks back upon those following in her footsteps, and eagerly, yet fearfully, she gazes at the great unknown world spread at her feet.

She is going to take up life's burdens with an education which will always stand by her side, a "mighty auxiliar" and an ever-present support. For the education which a student of this College receives is such as to fully qualify her to competently carry on the business of life. Her academic training has given her an education which is recognized the world over. Her convent training has been a discipline preparatory for later life, and a development of her mind and will by obedience and self-control.

The Catholic graduate of to-day has many and grave responsibilities. In the first place, she must never forget that the eyes of the world are upon her, and that the opinion of many concerning Catholic education is based on the conduct of one Catholic graduate. For this reason, she must be very careful to do her part in maintaining those high ideals of Christian womanhood, which the Church has always upheld.

To-day, women are taking a prominent part in public life. There is no greater force for good in the world than pure, noble womanhood. The Catholic graduate must prepare to take a leading part in social and other activities. She must bring to her life-work the lofty purposes and ambitions of youth, inspired by Catholic thought and Catholic traditions.

In political life, also, women are playing a greater rôle than ever before. There is no doubt that our Graduate realizes this. In her Ethics lectures she has heard much of the State. She has learned its nature, its end, its obligations towards citizens, and so on. All this she realizes. But in addition to this she must learn to realize her obligations to the State and to observe them, as far as in her power lies. The time has now come when women must give consideration to these aspects of life, as well as men.

Social service presents a broad field to the Catholic graduate who is sincerely desirous of making this world a better place to live in. There are but few who fulfil their obligations in this respect. A Catholic girl is not doing her duty when she leads a blameless life but refuses to recognize the fact that those in distress have a claim on her charity. They cry to her for aid, and their prayer is unheard and unanswered. Without a doubt, this apathy arises, for the most part, from sheer carelessness, sometimes indeed from total ignorance of the great issues involved. It is to be hoped that our Graduates will no longer neglect this important work.

Loyalty to her Alma Mater is a feeling so deeply implanted in the heart of every student that it is needless to dilate upon it. On the other hand, the necessity for a permanent

class spirit cannot be too strongly emphasized. Too often the student in after years gets completely out of touch with many of her fellow graduates. This should not be. Friendships made in the intimate companionship of school life are too precious to be carelessly cast aside and soon forgotten.

We are proud of every one of St. Joseph's graduates. We rejoice in their happiness and congratulate them on their success. It is our earnest wish that they may nobly uphold the dignity of Catholic womanhood in the world; and our sincere hope is that the honours which now they bear may be precursors of many triumphs.

Ruth Agnew, '20.

THE VALIANT WOMAN.

She hath put out her hands to strong things,
And her fingers have taken hold of the spindle.
She hath opened her hands to the needy,
And stretched out her hands to the poor.
Strength and beauty are her cloth,
And she will laugh at the latter day.

V i o l e t s

BY V. GRAHAM, FORM I.

DEEP in the shadow of the dark green wood, the violets grew. Apace with the warm days of May, they unfolded their hoods of purple and greeted with a smiling face the narrow shafts of sunlight which shot now and again through the tangled branches of the trees at the foot of which they grew. Night after night they were lulled to sleep by the sound of the little brook, as it danced and rippled onward through wood and meadow in its long journey to the sea. Morning after morning they were awakened by the twitter of the birds as they perched upon the boughs and sang to them of the great world outside the wood.

And so the summers came and went, and the approaching winter moaned through the trees. The leaves had fallen, and the little songsters, those feathered companions of their brighter days, bade them good-bye. Off they flew toward the sunny South, while soft white flakes spread o'er the floor of their abandoned home and the Frost King shut in the song of the brook. And the violets? They dug their roots more firmly into the rich, warm earth, and lay there dreaming of the time when their good friend, the South Wind, should again bid them don their feminine finery, and the birds and the brook should again gossip with them, telling of the great things which they had seen far beyond the boundary of the dim and silent wood.

Spring had come again, and the woodland violets, protected by the shadow of the trees and refreshed by the cool draughts from the little brook, thrived and flourished, putting on their glorious attire to which they had added hundreds of blossoms.

One day an elderly fisherman strolled along the bank of the little rivulet. His face revealed but small interest in his hook

and line. His thoughts were wandering for his heart was sorrow-laden. He was thinking of his little girl who was lying at home so ill, thinking of her once merry ways, of his great love for her and her almost adoring love of him. He could go no farther. Casting aside his tackle, and throwing himself upon the ground, he wept as only a strong man can weep, in the extremity of his grief. Then his eyes caught sight of the purple garden at his feet, and through his tears there came a smile. These were her favorite flowers. Eagerly he gathered a pretty bouquet, and quickly returning home, he placed them in the fever-stricken fingers of the child, who kissed and fondled the bunch of purple blossoms. Happy little violets!

Lil' Man

BY MARY McCORMICK.

“Yer face is all freckled, well whata that?
And s’pposing yer hair *is* red.
You tell me the crown’s gone out of yer hat?
‘That’s nothin’,’ the blind man said.

“You’ve a worda cheer and a helpin’ han’
For a poor ole soul like me,
What’d I do but for you, lil’ man,
Since these eyes of mine can’t see.”



Many thanks to our Exchange friends for the Easter numbers, helpful and delightful!

* * * *

We bid a hearty welcome to the Toronto Separate School Chronicle, the first copy of which we found to-day on our exchange table. This initial number gives promise of an excellent little monthly, containing the literary and artistic efforts of the Catholic children in the Separate Schools. We shall watch its development with great interest.

* * * *

The "Xaverian" is to be congratulated on the roundness of its February-March issue. It has just the right variety of essay, poem and short story that makes it a pleasure to read. The essay on "Louvain" was both interesting and instructive. We sincerely trust that Louvain will become the ideal educational centre of the world again. We especially admired the editorial department on "Sir Wilfrid Laurier," one of Canada's noblest statesmen. The loss is deplored and lamented by all.

* * * *

We doubt if anything excites more interest in our circle than the arrival of the Nardin Quarterly. The Easter Number

is quite up to our expectations. The sketch artists have done particularly interesting and unique work. "Victor the Loyal" is a very clever little story, and points out to us how brothers can be brotherly in a quiet, friendly way. The poetry is what we like most of all, representative. The Muse seems to have paid undivided attention to all classes and ages. And God love the one who devised the Little Folks' Corner. It is pleasing to see the Minims given something all for themselves. We're beginning to wish the Nardin came every month, instead of once in four.

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Before laying aside the pen, we wish to add a word of commendation for the staff of the "Loretine." It is well conducted and well balanced in all its departments. We make special mention of the poetry both because of its profusion and its wide variety as well as its real worth. It is a fine instance of good things coming in small packages. In all, we say this number shows excellent work.

JULIA WALSH.

My Kitten

BY MARY McCORMICK.

Little, lively, furry ball,
 Playing in the morning sun,
 Catching shadows on the wall,
 My! but aren't you having fun.

June

BY ALICE KORMANN.

June in its glory is with us now,
 Flowers and birds make the whole world gay,
 Even the waves on the rocky shore
 Dance with the sun-beams the livelong day.
 Who could be sad in June?

Silas Marner

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

JUDGED by many to be the best of Eliot's novels, is this simple story of English life, in which pathos and humour are blended to form an ideal story. Beautiful, indeed, is the message the book conveys to us. Pictured before us, through the magic of the author's pen, we see the bent form of the old weaver, as he sits by his loom spinning, as it were, his thread into gold, as in the old fairy tale. Day dawns and night comes, and so like nature's endless repetition of time is his own life, its monotony brightened only by the yellow mass. In his heart is a bitter feeling against all mankind; wronged so cruelly in his youth, his dearest hopes, his cherished dreams are dead, he feels that he cannot forgive.

This is Silas Marner, before the sweet influence of a little child came into his hardened, godless old life. In the small, pretty village of Raveloe, where the weaver lived, dwelt a wealthy farmer, one Squire Cass, with his four sons. Of these, Godfrey and Dunstan were the two oldest, the latter a rogue and the former little better. For the last few months, Godfrey had been bribing Dunstan, with large sums of money, to keep secret the fact that he was married to a dissolute woman who lived outside the village.

It was a chill, misty day in late November, such as they have in many parts of England. Hurrying along, under cover of the overhanging fog and the falling darkness, went Dunstan Cass, in each of his hands a heavy bag of gold. He must have money, he told himself. Godfrey had failed him, but that white-haired old man, who dwelled at Stone Pits, that old hermit, as they called the crazy weaver, he must have gold hidden somewhere. So Dunstan had approached Marner's cottage, and finding it deserted (for Silas had gone to the village) had entered, and was not long in finding the old man's treasure, hid-

den among the bricks of the hearth. Then he passed out—the soft mud could not hold the traces of his footsteps, as he turned in the opposite direction from Raveloe, and with him were two heavy bags of gold—the sole joy of one man's solitary life!

Weeks passed, life at Raveloe went on just the same, for the excitement caused by the loss of Marner's gold had lost its freshness. As for the poor weaver, he went about as in a trance. He could accuse no one of the theft, and though his sense of feeble helplessness aroused the general sympathy of the village, all in vain were the searches that were made. The gold was gone and whither no one knew.

New Year's Eve came, and feasting and merry-making were at the home of Squire. While Godfrey hung upon the smiles of Miss Nancy Lammeter, as he escorted her through the dance, out in the wintry night his own wife, cold and ragged, made her way to Raveloe, carrying in her arms the sleeping form of her child. Her senses somewhat numbed by an overdose of opium as well as the biting cold, she was at length compelled to fling herself upon the snowy ground, unable to go farther. The sudden awakening of the child caused the little thing with babyish instinct to make her way to a glimmering light, not far distant.

And at the house of the Squire Nancy and Godfrey danced on—out in the night his wife lay, frozen in the snow, while his little daughter, cooing happily to herself, awoke Silas Marner from his dreams with the sound of her sweet voice.

Sixteen years pass by, and it is Sunday morning in Raveloe. Out of the little church come the good folk of the village—Godfrey Cass, whose tall, erect bearing plainly shows the signs of a better life. Leaning on his arm is pretty Nancy—it is fifteen years since she became the mistress of the Squire's household, fifteen long years since Godfrey learned that his first wife was dead.

Then comes Silas Marner, a little older, perhaps, but nevertheless a happier man. With him is a slender young girl of

great beauty, Godfrey's own daughter, whom Silas has brought up, keeping her as his own daughter, and calling her Eppie after his mother. Godfrey knows that she is his own child, and many times has been desirous of adopting her, but has been prevented by Nancy, who knows nothing of their relation.

But on this eventful day, a great change occurs in all their lives. The well on Marner's property has suddenly gone dry, and at the bottom of it is found the skeleton of Dunstan Cass, together with the two bags of gold. Stunned by this discovery, Godfrey tells everything to his wife, and as soon as she recovers herself, they set out for Marner's cottage, where Silas and Eppie are making merry over the double news of the finding of the gold and Eppie's engagement to a young man of the village. She will not hear of leaving Marner and going to live at the Squire's, as Godfrey has not yet told her who she really is. But as all his efforts to move her are in vain, he at length says that "a father's claim is stronger" and tells her that his wife was her mother, and she must now live with him, and thus obtain as much culture and refinement as befits her station.

Poor Silas, for her sake, is willing to let her go, but Eppie, feeling that all his sunshine will go with her, still refuses, and Godfrey and Nancy leave them.

A few months later, Nancy arranges the prettiest of weddings for Eppie, and the young girl declares that in all the world there is no lot so happy as theirs!

Thus Silas Marner found a solace for the loss of his gold for

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."



The Graduate

BY NORA MCGUANE.

How fair she looked, that blushing girl and sweet,
How I did envy her, her charming ways;
The whole world beckoning outstretched at her feet,
With hourly joys and pleasure-laden days.

Far from a world with sin and sorrow rife,
Sheltered by those she loved, she knew no taint.
Sweet joy has been her portion all through life.
Hers is the face that artists fain would paint.

Untarnished human lily! May no stain
Of worldliness e'er mar her petals fair.
God grant the charm of girlhood may remain
A fragrant perfume on sin-laden air.

What holds for her the vista of the years,
This girl who stands at Life's wide open gate?
I know not. But I smile and pray mid tears,
"God bless and keep you safe, dear Graduate."

L e a l

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY MERCY GEORGINA POWELL.

IN a cold rainy morning of the month of March, 1868, a young man sauntered along Sebastopol Boulevard, Paris.

He was a youth of twenty summers with a noble, open countenance.

Arriving at Lombard Street he paused, and taking off his cap, bowed respectfully; a sombre coffin, of extremely poor appearance was being slowly borne across the Boulevard. On the ragged cloth which covered it, there was not one flower nor any other sign of mourning. Only a dog half covered with mud and in an attitude of profound suffering, followed the funeral. At this heart-rending spectacle, the young man's countenance whitened and contracted. He murmured sadly, "To think that not one Christian has followed this dog's example, what a century. My God! I am going to accompany this poor deserted creature; it shall not be said that he was buried without a prayer."

And the youth, still with uncovered head, rushed into the muddy street, without a thought for his fine clothes, and took his place beside the dead man's most faithful friend. The dog, as if to express admiration and gratitude, turned his head slowly towards the new-comer. He stepped back two paces, thus placing himself beside the stranger and from time to time glanced at him affectionately. Arrived at the cemetery, the two carriers roughly raised the coffin to their shoulders, and turned their steps towards the Fisa Comien (common grave), cursing the rain and the bad roads, as they went.

At the edge of the frightful hole, rimmed by recently dug earth, the dog stopped, and stretching out his paws, and raising his head, commenced a loud and mournful howling. At

this, the young man, already deeply touched by the inhuman scene, trembled and impulsively exclaimed, "Stop! This is horrible!" and pointing to the ditch where just and wicked are put side by side, to the grief of friends, who have not an obolus to purchase a small portion of this earth that God made for all, he asked, "Is there no other place to bury this poor man?" The two men, startled, looked up, and one said, "Pshaw! This or any other place is the same." His companion, scenting an advantage, made haste to say, "If you wish to buy him a grave, he may be buried there, although this fellow does not deserve it."

"Very well," interrupted the stranger, "I shall speak to the Keeper."

The wooden box was placed on the ground, and the two grave diggers, tired no doubt, sat on it. The dog had not been quiet one moment, but he turned to watch the stranger as he moved away. When the latter was lost to view, amid the thick trees and bushes which adorned the well-kept graves, thinking his beloved master completely abandoned, he again began to howl, resting his head against the box and paying no attention to the efforts made by the men to send him away.

An hour later the sad ceremony was over; and the poor man rested in six feet of ground, marked by a black cross. After commending the soul to God, he turned to the dog, "Come on," he said tenderly patting the tear-stained face with his nervous and delicate hand, "We have not wasted our time. Come, my poor friend, your fidelity will be rewarded. I adopt you, and we shall come frequently to visit your old master, I promise you." The little animal raised his head, his intelligent face brightening as if he clearly understood these words; he leaped joyfully and kissed the caressing hand of his new master. Then turning from the grave once more, took the road to Sebastopol Boulevard.

Now we shall say a few words about the hero of this true story, without, however, giving his true name,—to do so would

perhaps offend his modesty, for he is a well-known painter. We shall call him Leo Vauns.

Being left an orphan, Leo dedicated himself to Art, in which his father had long before his death attained great perfection. Brought up by a kind friend and pious mother, Leo had at the age of eighteen kept his heart pure in that centre of licentious customs, called the Artistic Life of Paris. Of a lively and frank disposition, and a most enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and magnificent, he had had the wisdom—rare indeed—to preserve his mother's teachings. Living alone, he worked in spite of the fact that many knowing him to be wealthy, ridiculed his habit of industry. Little did they suspect that it was the very one which had saved him from the many temptations open to a young artist, wealthy and good-looking. Discontent, the devouring fever of the artist, without faith and energy, had never ventured to penetrate that mind, whence it would have been cast off by the sweet remembrance of a deeply loved mother and by the splendid works of a father, the pride of this dutiful son.

* * * * *

To return to our story, we left our friends on the road leading to Sebastopol Boulevard, where stands Leo's dwelling.

They had walked; the changeable weather of Spring had cleared and the sun made the glass windows and the pools sparkle. On reaching the corner of Pears Street, the dog halted in front of a gloomy house.

"Are you not coming?" interrogated Leo, walking backwards. "Let us go on; we are not yet home." He whistled and called in vain; the dog heeded not, but without losing sight of his benefactor, came and went uneasily in and out of the dark portal of the house, at each return approaching his new master and howling about him in an appealing manner.

"This is strange," thought the latter. "What is the matter with the animal—he followed me so well? Now I remember. It was quite near here that I met him. Perhaps that is the dwelling of the man. Let us see—," and Leo followed the

dog, which this time unhesitatingly commenced climbing a dark, winding stair-way. It was quite impossible for Leo to make the ascent with such rapidity as his companion, so the latter waited for him at each landing, merrily wagging his tail and giving short, joyful barks—as if trying to increase the strength of his follower.

At last he stopped on the sixth floor. They were in a dark corridor with two doors, one on either side. The dog pushed one of these vigorously, disclosing a pathetic scene to Leo's eyes. On a coarse mattress covered with rags, lay an old woman, to all appearances in the last convulsions of a cruel agony. Beside her knelt a boy of ten, weeping bitterly. At the back of the room, illumined by a bright ray of sunlight, a bundle of straw still showed where a human form had lain. On a shaky table and in front of an image of Our Blessed Mother, stood a metal Crucifix, surrounded by artificial flowers and two candlesticks in which died away the remains of yellow candles. Not a piece of furniture! Nothing! Only a few ragged clothes hung here and there on the walls of this miserable room.

When our friend entered, the dog leaped towards the little boy, devouring him with caresses, while the latter threw his arms around the animal's neck and poured out his profound desolation,—“Ah Leal, all has ended for us! God also wishes to take Grandmamma! We are going to be left alone in the world. She said it. We also shall have to die—.”

“No, certainly not! You will not die, my dear little boy,” interrupted Leo with voice quivering with emotion. “We are here, your friend, Leal, and I, to prevent it.”

The child, startled, got up and, seeing the stranger, stepped back in amazement. He fixed on him two very large and beautiful black eyes, brilliant with tears. At the strange voice the patient had slowly raised her head, and her look wandered from the man to the child. Her weak voice not succeeding in making itself audible, Leo went near her and bending down, said softly, “You can listen to me without

exerting yourself. Be comforted, I bring you some consolation at least." A ray of gladness flashed across the old woman's face, she smiled at her boy even as she breathed a deep sigh of suffering. Making a superhuman effort, she murmured, "Speak! Speak! But who sends you?" Leo extended his hand toward the Christ on the table and in solemn tone, answered, "He who forgets no one! Through Him, you see, Divine Providence watches over your son." Then still inclined over that miserable bed, he told of his meeting the dog, of the interest the poor animal had aroused in him and of all that ensued.

During the narrative, all in Leal's praise, some new strength seemed to come to the dying woman, and at the end she was able to say, "Ah, thanks, Gentleman!—My poor husband has had a prayer—I bless you!" and she grasped the artist's hand with her own cold ones. Her act of gratitude went straight to his heart.

"Do not tire yourself," he said kindly, "only tell me what I can do for you." A faint smile appeared on the sufferer's lips, only to be instantly checked by a painful contraction.

"For me—nothing now," she replied with voice scarcely intelligible; "but for him, all!—he is going to be left alone in the world," and her look, more of heaven than of earth, was turned towards the desolate child, who stood timidly in a corner.

Her heart seemed to beat anew by reason of the joy she felt, and a faint glow was visible on her wrinkled cheeks. She extended her arms to the child in a last effort of maternal love. He, weeping bitterly, was wrapped in the fond embrace, and the words of the Mother in agony sounded for him, "My child! My love!—I am going—O my God have mercy on him—." Leo, deeply moved, made the child kneel beside the bed, and placing a hand on his head, said to the Grandmother, "You may die in peace; I swear to you I shall be his protector."

An almost divine tranquility settled on the woman's countenance and, no longer able to speak, she placed her trembling hand first on one and then the other of the two heads, bowed as if for her blessing.

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To those readers who will insist on knowing the name of our hero, we say, "Consult the roll of Honour Medals of the Gallery of 1870."

That year a picture was exhibited; it represented an artist's elegant studio; a boy of twelve or thirteen smiles at his master, under whose direction he holdly sketches something that lies on a velvet cushion. The boy is Leo's adopted son and his best pupil. The model is our old friend Leal; Leal scrupulously clean, with silken hair artistically arranged. To say more is needless. This piece of art bears Leo's true name—it is not given us to draw the veil from that great heart.



Milestones

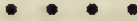
Sometimes I like to sit and think
 Of Life, as just a winding road,
 That leads from Earth's kind mother-arms,
 Right on to Heaven's fair abode.

Along the path God's milestones stand,
 His Saints, to guide us on our way.
 And I—well yes, I like to think
 I'll be His milestone too, some day.

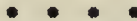
—S. M. St. J.

College Notes

The young ladies of the senior school enjoyed an unique privilege in being permitted to witness the opening of the Provincial Parliamentary Session in February. All wish to express their sincere thanks to Mrs. T. W. McGarry, wife of Hon. T. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer, who so kindly procured this pleasure for them. To be present at the opening of Parliament was quite a novel experience and they followed with intense interest the various ceremonies of the occasion. Some of the more ambitious have begun to dream of their future political positions, and what they will involve, if women succeed in getting "their rights."



March 19th, St. Joseph's Day, is always hailed with great delight, both because of the honour due our Patronal Saint and also because of the traditional half-holiday that it brings. We have St. Joseph to thank for the fine spring day he gave us for our holiday. No need to ask if we enjoyed it. What school-girl is there who does not appreciate a half-holiday?



On the evening of Miss Bessie Devine's departure from the College, her fellow-students presented her with a Missal, and a pleasing address was read by Miss Heney in which the appreciation of the class was voiced of Miss Devine's faithful attendance to her many duties as President of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Editorial Staff of the College Department will also miss Miss Devine's generous help.



On March 29th the play "Julius Caesar" was presented by the students in Matriculation Class of St. Michael's College, with great success. We admired especially the delivery and eloquence of both Brutus and Mark Anthony, and note that there is a promise of much dramatic talent among these young

actors. The luncheon which was afterwards served was very much appreciated, as is the manner of school boys.

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Congratulations to our graduate, Miss Edna Mulqueen, on whom has been conferred a K. of C. pin, in recognition of her three months' faithful service at the Hostel.

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On Monday, May 12th, a meeting was held to organize the College Tennis Club for the season. The following officers were elected: Miss Mary McCormick, President; Miss Virginia Cash, Secretary; Miss Claudia Dillon, Treasurer. The Club is highly appreciative of the beautiful net presented by Mr. McCabe. We are anticipating a tournament and a lawn tea before school closes.

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On April 2nd St. Joseph's College was visited by Prof. Maurice de Wulf, recently professor of philosophy at the University of Louvain, and at present attached to the staff of St. Michael's College. Rev. R. McBrady, college chaplain, introduced the guest of the evening, as one of the world's great scholars, who possessed not only a multiplicity of academic titles and degrees, but who was withal, a most approachable, affable and amiable gentleman, manifesting that humility and condescension which is characteristic of the truly great. The Belgian National Anthem was next sung, at which the Professor expressed his appreciation. An address of welcome was read by one of the College students and a cluster of flowers was presented. At the close of the programme the students were introduced to Professor de Wulf, who was then accompanied to the reception room, where some pleasant moments were devoted to genial conversation. Professor de Wulf will soon return to Europe, where he hopes to visit for some time his own University of Louvain.

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Miss Dorothy Steer, who has been a resident pupil here for some years past, left for Halifax, May 11th, to meet her father,

Major E. A. Steer, Transport Officer of the Canadian Troops. Miss Steer, with her father and mother, will reside later in England.

The young ladies of the college were afforded a pleasant evening through the kindness of Doctor O'Hagan, who gave a very delightful talk on Spain. He dwelt particularly on its contributions to civilization in Art and Literature, which are misrepresented by the majority of historians. This is the third time Doctor O'Hagan has spoken in the College Auditorium, and we hope that it will not be the last, for we appreciate and benefit by his lectures more than we can say.

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To Mr. W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A., Professor in Toronto University and St. Michael's College, we offer our sincere sympathy in the sudden death of his dear young wife.

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April 23rd the College was decorated in patriotic style to welcome Toronto's heroes home from the front. That our efforts along this line were appreciated, may be gathered from the following clipping:

"Among the best decorations on the route of march were those of St. Joseph's Academy on St. Alban's Street. Banners of bunting, intertwined with flags of the allies, did credit to the Sisters of the Community, and besides the pupils of the academy took an interesting part in the welcome to the returning men. "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf" were rendered in splendid voice from the three hundred children, and when the 4th passed by, the greeting of the children, who waved their flags, was one of the feature sights. The Battalion recognized the tribute of the children by a rousing cheer."—Toronto Telegram, April 24th.

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We are deeply indebted to Rev. Father Bonomo, C.S.S.R., who so kindly provided for us and for the pupils of Loretto, a special performance of the Passion play, Saturday, April 5th. The portrayal of the several characters was particularly well

done and the beautiful scenery was a special feature in the play. We are proud to say that it was Miss Madeleine Murphy, B.A., one of last year's graduates, who translated the play from Italian.

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Alma Mater was delighted to receive a visit during Easter holidays from two of its College graduates, Misses Eileen Dowdall, B.A., Almonte, and Emily Quigley, B.A., Penetanguishene-

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We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Mrs. Ambrose Small, Honorary President of the Alumnae, for being instrumental in obtaining for us a visit from Mlle. Yvonne de Treville, the celebrated Belgian soprano. Mademoiselle was so deeply affected on this occasion at the mention of her former home, unhappy Belgium, that she completely broke down and was unable to respond to the address of welcome and appreciation of her beautiful singing, which was read by Miss Wanola Collins.

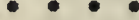
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On February 27th, the evening preceding the departure of our Sisters for Winnipeg, the new Mission in the West, a farewell concert was given by the entire school. The address was read by Miss Julia Walsh, in which were expressed the good wishes of the school and our sincerest gratitude for the services rendered by the Sisters who were connected with the academy. This, the third Mission of our Sisters to the West, we trust will meet with great success.

• • • •

The Misses Walsh, Goodyear and Heney made very charming hostesses at the reception and afternoon tea given by the Fourth Form on May 3rd. The whole senior school was entertained and the pleasure of the afternoon was greatly enhanced by the piano selections of the Misses Didier and Fortier and the vocal solo of Miss Baechler.

The Little Misses Marjorie and Frances Heffering are back at School after spending the winter in the South.



We appreciated very much the kindness of Rev. Brothers Francis and Gabriel in bringing their lantern and interesting moving pictures to the College on Saturday, May 10th.



Those who remained at school during the Easter holidays enjoyed very much the "Ice Cream Party" given them by Mrs. J. E. Day, President of the Alumnae. Many thanks to our kind friend.

MARY McCORMICK.



My Baby Sister

BY MARGUERITE SHOEMAKER.

I've the dearest baby sister who is all the world to me,
 Her face is wreathed in ringlets bright and golden as the sun.
 In my humble estimation, there's no fairy fair as she,
 When she smiles with those brown eyes of hers all bubbling
 o'er with fun.

You should see her when she coyly tries to play at hide-and-
 seek,
 Peeking out from chair or table, she's as cunning as can be.
 Why I'd give my eyes this minute just to kiss her dimpled cheek
 And to hear her say, "I see 'oo, but I dess 'oo tan't find me."

Oh! how I'd love to have her here at dear old S.J.C.,
 But she's too young—of course she'll come when she is older
 grown;
 Alas! I'll be a graduate, and she—no longer three,
 Besides 'twill be her turn at school and mine to stay at home.

Pen Portraits

Ted.

BY MARY MCCORMICK.

"Ted," I cried in vexatious tone. Really this was a most exasperating little animal—he always managed to create an impression of extreme indifference—sturdy independence with his slow determined little trot and his cold little nose sniffing the air expectantly. One would think to look at him now that bright red geraniums had no interest for such as he—that any one would dare to infer that just because he was standing peaceably near a flower-bed he had any intention of digging for a lost bone there! No, indeed! He appeared a very select little pup and, though I had many times been deceived by this same innocent air, I once more fell victim to his charms and cried joyously, "Come here! Theodore old boy! My, but aren't you the cutest ever!" This was answered by a short little bark, and Ted jumped to the garden seat and showered manifestations of his doggy affection on me, interrupted by joyous little barks and shakes of his fuzzy little tail.

* * * *

My New Friend.

BY MARGARET NOONAN.

Mother says I have the faculty of making friends with the most impossible people. Well, maybe. Anyway, I "made" another yesterday. "Who is it now?" gasped my mother. "Oh, the loveliest lady, Mother!" I enthused. "And she said she'd like to come to see you. She's the most beautiful lady, and, and,—she plays a street organ too." I ended triumphantly. Mother gasped again.

"This is the way it happened," I continued. "I was coming home from school in my usual leisurely way, when I heard the strains of grinding, measured music. On drawing nearer

I caught sight of a little woman all arrayed in a bright-coloured calico dress with a bright red shawl over her shiny black hair. Seemingly unconscious of the absurdity of the thing, she ground out the latest ragtime pieces with the old-timers like "My Bonnie Lives Over the Ocean," and the immortal "Marseillaise." Her oddly-draped head kept bobbing up and down like a woodpecker, keeping time to the music and smiling as if she had not a care in the world. As I dropped some pennies in her box, I introduced myself by telling her the music was very nice, and, beaming at this compliment, she began to play twice as fast, so that the music came in little jerks.

Then we fell to chatting about many things. I told her my name and where I lived and"—but the horrified look on mother's face hastened my assurance that the dear lady was even more confidential than I. For said I, "she told me all about her business as she called it, and how it had been a good year. I asked her then where she lived."

"Oh, youa gooda childa," she returned, "I aint'ta gotta no home lika youa. I liva with ma frienda in the ward, like dis—I goa wan placea wan night and a different wan anoder, so dat none of dem get tire of me."

"Well," I said at last, "I hate to leave you, but I simply have to go or Mother will be worried; maybe, though, since you haven't any home, you would come and spend a night with us. Mother would love to have you."

"And you would, wouldn't you, Mother?" I questioned. But Mother had fled. I wonder why.

* * * *

Yankee.

BY VIRGINIA CASH.

"Yankee is dead! Yankee is dead!" These were the words that greeted me on my return from school last summer.

To you, perhaps, they mean little, but to me they spelled the loss of a dear, big, faithful, loving dog, the playmate of my childhood, and the pet of our home.

He was a St. Bernard, very large, with a shaggy coat of long, light brown hair. Many a time did he patiently stand while a wee little maid climbed upon his back, and then very, very gently would he walk, keeping time to her merry laughter, while she clung "for dear life" to his long hair.

Many times, too, when Baby Brother lay in his cradle, Yankee had gently rocked him to and fro, and I shall never forget the hurt look that came into his eyes on one occasion when he was rather unkindly prohibited from imprinting a kiss, in the shape of an affectionate lick of a rough, red tongue, on a tiny, pink hand.

And when the little lad and maid were grown into mischief-loving children, many were the romps they had with their best friend. Boarding-school days came, and each year, on returning home from school, the young lad and the merry maid found Yankee grown less effusive in his welcome and more quiet in his ways. Mother said he was growing old. Then late one afternoon, in keeping with his later quiet ways, quietly he died.

"But it was only a dog," you say. "Yes, I know, but as his great, loving, brown eyes closed for the last time, one more of man's best friends had passed away."

The Answer

BY HELEN KERNAHAN.

Say, little Songster, tell me, I pray,
Why do you naught but warble away,
While I go to school and study all day?
I call it unfair. What do you say,
Little Songster?

Nay, little Maiden, nay, talk not so,
Each has God's work to do here below.
You do your part when to school you go,
While I sing His praises soft and low,
Little Maiden.

My First Loaf

BY MARGARET KANE.

HAVE you ever baked bread? If not, you have yet to experience that thrill of pride that fills the heart as the family, seated around the dinner table, eagerly await you to place thereon your first loaf.

After innumerable pleadings, Mother one evening finally consented to let me do the baking for that week. Accordingly, before retiring that night, I stirred in the necessary quantity of flour and a dissolved yeast cake, or, in other words, "set" the bread.

'This was one night I slept very little, and when I did manage to doze, visions of huge white loaves danced in my head. At the first call in the morning I hurriedly dressed and ran downstairs to see my bread.

Lifting the cover, I beheld a huge mass of pure white dough risen to the top of the dish, and gently falling over the sides like white crested waves. In a few minutes I had it out on the board, kneading with all my might. This was not so pleasant as I had expected, and my arms ached for days. After the hour's rising, I placed in the oven six promising loaves.

It was now ten o'clock. Would eleven ever come? Nervous and excited, I paced the kitchen. Every now and then I came close to the oven and fain would have peeked in, but not for all the world would I spoil that bread.

Eleven o'clock! With fear and trembling I opened the door. But with a cry of joy I withdrew a pan, and ran excitedly to my mother. I had been successful! Standing firm on the pan were three high loaves as light and white as a feathery cloud, but a little browned on the top, which made them look even more enticing and delicious.

Proudly I watched my little brother butter a generous-sized

slice and take the first mouthful. With a grimace he swallowed it, and said very emphatically:

“Ah, Maw, there’s something wrong with this bread. You taste it. Margaret isn’t so smart after all.”

Mother cautiously tasted a piece, while a knowing smile spread over her face.

“Why, child, you forgot the salt. But that’s all. I’m sure it is very good for your first attempt.”

My self-complacency was gone, so I there and then resolved that when making bread again I would put the salt in first, lest my pride suffer another such fall.



Turn For Turn

Jesus, my King, I have crucified Thee,
Now is Thy turn to crucify me;
Make Thou the Cross, be it only like Thine,
Mix thou the gall so Thy love be the wine.

Shrink not to strip me of all but Thy grace,
Stretch me out well till I fit in Thy place;
Here are my hands—felon hands—and my feet;
Drive home the nails, Lord, the pain shall be sweet.

Raise me up and take me not down till I die;
Only let Mary, my Mother, stand by.
Last let the Spear while I live do its part,
Right through the heart, my King, right through the heart.

—Selected.

—◆—

TRIOLETS FROM FORM III.

Each afternoon he comes to call on me,
 I find I'm growing to love him more and more.
 We chat a while and then we have pink tea,
 Each afternoon he comes to call on me.
 You are surprised? You really needn't be,
 For I am fifty-six and he is four.
 Each afternoon he comes to call on me,
 I find I'm growing to love him, more and more.

N. McG.

A most happy birthday "ma chère petite,"
 And a great many more to come!
 You are ten, you say? Then let me repeat
 A most happy birthday "ma chère petite,"
 Please God you'll be just as pure and sweet,
 When another ten years are run.
 A most happy birthday "ma chère petite,"
 And a great many more to come.

M. B.

Not as a poet, do I pose,
 I only make things rhyme.
 Now surely everybody knows,
 Not as a poet, do I pose,
 As this small effort plainly shows—
 I may be one in time.
 Not as a poet, do I pose,
 I only make things rhyme.

C. D.

I tried to write a story,
 Something witty, bright and new.
 I tell you I am sorry
 I tried to write a story,
 For it brought me shame, not glory.
 To my dying day I'll rue
 I tried to write a story,
 Something witty, bright and new.

C. K.

I asked the chauffeur to let me drive,
 I'm sorry I ever did.
 I know I'll regret while I'm alive
 I asked the chauffeur to let me drive.
 If I told you all, you'd never survive,
 'Twas a series of skid, skid, skid.
 I asked the chauffeur to let me drive,
 I'm sorry I ever did.

E. O'B.

The May Procession

BY MARGARET KEENAN, ENTRANCE CLASS.

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Marjorie, rushing in from school and throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

"Why, what is it, Marjorie dear?" said her mother, quietly.

"Sister has told us to-day there is to be a May Procession at the Church and all our class is to be in it, won't that be fine, Mother?"

"But dear," said Mrs. Wynn, gently, "you are not of that faith and you know none of the prayers."

"Why, Mother, I know the Hail Mary and oh, if you only knew how I would love to be in it. I have never done anything for our beautiful Mother, and I should love to do it for her now."

Mrs. Wynn sat thinking for a moment over this strange request of her eleven-year-old daughter.

"Do you really know the Hail Mary?" she asked. "Then say it for mother."

"Hail Mary," faltered Marjorie, and then in an outburst of tears, exclaimed, "I'm afraid I do not remember all the words, Mother, but I do know what they mean and love them."

Mrs. Wynn, seeing her little girl's great disappointment, answered, "Well, Marjorie, I will go over to speak to Sister this afternoon. Do not worry any more about it."

True to her promise, Mrs. Wynn went to see Sister, and after a talk with her, it was finally decided that Marjorie should be in the procession.

Such preparations! There was a new white frock and a wonderful white net veil.

On the longed-for day Marjorie's father and mother were among the crowd that thronged the Chapel to watch the beautiful ceremony.

When the procession filed up the aisle and they saw their

little girl placing her flowers upon Mother Mary's altar, a very strange feeling came into their hearts. It was all so beautiful, so wonderful, and the lovely statue of Our Lady with her arms outstretched, seemed to be inviting them to come to her.

When it was all over and they had reached home, Marjorie cried, "Oh, Daddy! Mother! wasn't it lovely, and I never was so happy before. I think it was because Mother Mary knew that at heart I was her little girl."

Mrs. Wynn's eyes filled with tears. "Do you want to be her little girl, Marjorie?" she asked.

"Why, Mother, I want it more than I ever wanted anything in my life."

"Then, my darling," said her father, "your wish will soon be gratified."

On Sunday morning found them all three kneeling at the altar Rail, being received into Mother Church, and the statue where Marjorie had laid her flowers smiled down upon them.

June

BY MARGARET MITCHELL, ENTRANCE CLASS.

There's something about you, fragrant June,
 Yea, even about your name,
 That gives you a charm quite all your own.
 Other months do not seem the same.

Perhaps it's because of your fields so green,
 Your skies with their azure hue,
 Or, is it your roses and singing birds
 That make me delight in you?

Perhaps it's because—nay, not perhaps,
 I am sure that it must be
 Because you're the month of the Sacred Heart,
 That makes you so dear to me.

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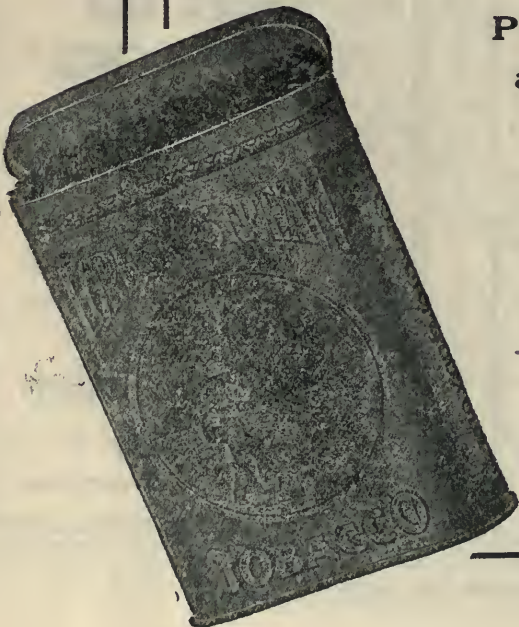
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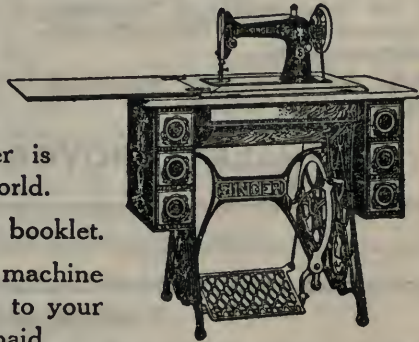
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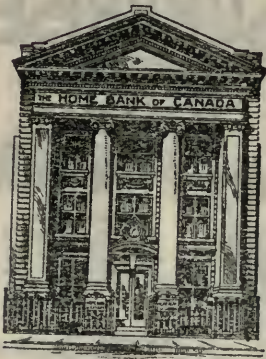
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OUR LADY OF THE LILIES

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1919.

NO. 2.

Coventry Patmore

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFE, C.S.P.

COVENTRY Kearsy Dighton Patmore died December 1, 1896, and was buried from the little Catholic church at Lymington, Hants, England. He was born at Woodford, in Essex, on July 3rd, 1823. His father, Peter Patmore, was a friend of Hazlitt and Lamb, and there are letters addressed to him in Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." Mr. Edmund Gosse is responsible for saying that Peter Patmore was painfully mixed up in the Scott duel of 1821 and the Plumer Ward controversy, and that it was for this reason that Thackeray refused to meet the then young man, Coventry Patmore, even though he bore letters of introduction from the distinguished Robert Browning. His early youth was spent in comfortable circumstances. His father had a house in Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, and a country house at Mill Hill, not far from London. From the beginning the lad was a great reader, and he had many books at command. When about fourteen or more he was sent to Paris. He lived with a family in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and went to lectures at the College de France. He remained there for one year, and in a very unhappy mood. Such, indeed, is the recorded impression he left with Mr. Gosse, to whom we are indebted for almost all that we have of a very scant biography of the poet.

While in Paris, Patmore fell in love with a beautiful English girl. Although she rejected him and married another, he considered her as the very first "Angel in the House." At the age of sixteen he published *The Woodman's Daughter* and *The*

River. In 1844 he again gave to the world a volume of Poems. It was attacked on all sides, Blackwood's Magazine being most violent in the charge. To add to his misfortunes, just at this time his father lost everything speculating in railroad stocks. To get away from his creditors he fled to the Continent, leaving his son Coventry behind him in a penniless condition. He went through fifteen months of severe poverty. Browning was kind to him, so were Barry Cornwall and his wife. This couple, later known as Bryan Waller Proctor and Mrs. Proctor, at a dinner introduced Patmore to Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, who made some flippant remarks on Patmore's shabby appearance. Mrs. Proctor made it the occasion of placing Patmore's poems in the hands of Milnes, and the next morning she received a note from that gentleman, offering to Patmore a post in the library of the British Museum. This, with the kindly friendship of Leigh Hunt, buoyed up the spirits of the poet. In 1846 he met Tennyson, and for more than three years they were fast friends; but both being positive characters, there came an estrangement. About 1847 he met Rossetti and probably Millais. At the invitation of Rossetti he contributed the lyric called "The Seasons" to the Preraphaelite magazine, *The Gem*. Mr. Grosse tells us that Patmore was instrumental in bringing Tennyson and Rossetti together. In the same year he became intimate with Mr. Ruskin. Then suddenly he withdrew from the world and married Miss Emily Augusta Andrews, the daughter of a prominent Independent minister, painted by Millais. She must have been beautiful. Mrs. Carlyle accused her of looking like a medallion, so immobile was her beauty. She suffered with great calmness the poverty of her husband. She bore him six children. She loved him, she protected him. In 1862 she died, being only thirty-eight years old. He has recorded her "Departure" in lines tremulous with pathos:

"It was not like your great and gracious ways!
Do you, that have naught other to lament,
Never, my Love, repent

Of how that July afternoon
You went.

.
"But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With sudden unintelligible phrase
And frightened eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not a kiss or good-by,
And the only loveless look the look with which you
passed:
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.'"

Three years after the death of his first wife Patmore married again a woman of high virtue and large fortune. Stricken with heart-hunger, he sought and captured responsive companionship in the delightful personality of Miss Mary Byles. Chilled with the fear that he may have violated the sanctity of his first love, he explains to her his brooding loneliness in a poem of exquisitely shaded feeling, entitled "Tired Memory."

Patmore's second wife relieved him of all financial difficulties, and some have said it was she who made him a Catholic. This cannot be true, for his mystical aspirations had already and unconsciously made him a Catholic. He was of too independent and candid a mind to be influenced either by Puritanism because his first wife was a Puritan, or by Catholicism because his second wife was a Catholic. Yet it would be wrong to deny that these women must have indirectly mellowed his heart and soul—how could so susceptible a character as his resist them? Father Cardella, the Italian Jesuit, who is known as being something of a philosopher and theologian, is rumored to have said, after meeting with Patmore in Rome, that he was Catholicism itself before he was received formally into the Church. The mental processes by which Patmore worked himself into becoming a Catholic would be a most interesting psychological study. There is no one to tell us about it but Mrs.

Alice Meynell, the poet and consummate essayist, who was his sympathetic friend and admirer. She may not be versed in mystical theology, but she has subtlety and strength and feminine intuition, and a rare capacity for analysis.

It was somewhere near the year 1877 that Mary Patmore died, leaving the poet for the second time a widower. In 1883 his youngest son, Henry, died, a youth of twenty-two, and, like Emerson's dead son, he was a hyacinthine boy of rare promise.

There remains one sad story which Mr. Edmund Gosse has repeated in an article on Patmore for the *Contemporary Review*. With a pure heart and wonderful daring Patmore undertook to give to this suspicious modern age the candid Christian interpretation of human and divine love, as we find it in the forgotten volumes of mediaeval saints and Catholic mystics. The very title he gave his essay—"Sponsa Dei"—"The Spouse of God"—would startle the pietist who is narrow and the vulgarian who is unclean. Alas! perhaps it was better that he should have suffered melancholy by burning on Christmas Day, 1887, this extraordinary manuscript, which has been classed as a masterpiece by the distinguished critic who read it. They who know *The Unknown Eros*, and *The Rod, the Root, the Flower*, must know the truth he strove to teach. If it is not formulated distinctly in the writings of St. Bernard, it certainly is in *The Ascent to Mount Carmel*, whose author is St. John of the Cross. Indeed the two Spanish mystics, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, gave him much matter for his daily practice of meditation and spiritual reading. His second wife has shown the culture of her spiritual sense by her translation of St. Bernard's work on *The Love of God*. Once, when Patmore was writing of his verses "Scire Teipsum," he said: "They may be taken . . . as expressing the rewards of virginity attainable even in this life in the supernatural order."

It was Patmore's heavenly gift to have met early and in this life his "predestinated mate." This carried him without blemish through that perilous adolescent period of the heart's history. With single eye and calm vision he looks upon truths

and tells them to us with the ingenuousness of the saint—the truths which, if we could see, would nevertheless be unlawful for us to utter. Fortunate, doubtless, it is at times that he talks for the many in a “Dead Language,” though in the poem thus entitled he regrets that it should be so. All his studies, his introspection, his reading of the Fathers of the early Church like St. Augustine, his dabbling in physical science, his explorations into what he calls “that inexhaustible poetic mine of psychology”—all these are used but to sound his three mysteries, the three motifs of all his music: God, Woman, Love. Through the procedure his intentions are as limpid as crystal. He is

“proud
To take his passion into church.”

He writes of women as if the horrible fact never came to him that the world can corrupt all things, even so fair a thing as a woman.

In his essay on Woman, entitled “The Weaker Vessel,” he ridicules the French writer who classifies woman into twenty-five species. Patmore seems to perceive that not only is every woman a species in herself, but many species. In his “Angel in the House” he has sublimated domestic love to a high and holy pitch. With wondrous delicacy he attaches a sacred symbolism to a tress of hair and the flutter of a ribbon.

What does that young genius, Mr. Francis Thompson, mean when he accuses Patmore of having stalked through hell like Dante, and of having drunk

“The moonless mere of sighs,
And paced the places infamous to tell
Where God wipes not the tears from any eyes?”

These verses may possibly refer to Patmore’s later days when, in depression of spirit, he could no longer sing aloud that

“Sadness is beauty’s savor, and pain is
The exceedingly keen edge of bliss.”

If melancholy encompassed Patmore towards the end when his life was consumed, it never touched his poetry. Nor can it be said that this "black humor," as Mrs. Meynell calls it, ever found entrance into his essays. *Religio Poetae*, an extraordinary volume published in 1893, manifests, if you will, a petulence and aggressiveness betokening the advance of senility. Yet in how masterly a fashion it suggests, in a few brief essays, thoughts that are too tender and too glorious to be amplified! He sees so clearly himself that he has nothing left but divine contempt for those who doubt. With grave impoliteness he assaults Protestantism as a moral system radically defective, and loses his temper because it is narrow, extreme, and vulgar. He proves himself conversant with occult regions not only of dogmatic, but also of ascetic theology. He is in no sense whatever (for he lacked the learning) a theologian, but he is devoted to St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, and in a felicitous English style he reveals beauties long since hidden in the writings of Sts. Catharine of Genoa and Siena, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Bernard, and St. Frances de Sales.

Curious it is that for the most part the modern propagators of the Catholic Renaissance in art and letters and spiritual science are English Protestants or converts to Catholicism. We know nothing of our treasures until they are opened by eager hands like Pugin or Patmore. They were both sick at heart because we lacked devotedness for our fathers in the faith. In the pressure of our untoward history we have become only half-educated. We have lost the great soul and broad culture which created the music, the literature, the architecture which for largeness of conception has not yet been equalled. For our chaste, majestic, plaintiff chant—God's own music, once sung by saints and kings—we have substituted tones out of keeping with the sacrifice and the incense of prayer. Our aesthetic sense has become un-Catholic. In 1889 Patmore published a little book entitled *Principle in Art*. He displayed a keen observation of lights and shadows—he has an eye not so

much for the styles in architecture as for the philosophy in it, its cause, ideal greatness, substance, purpose, and "symbolization of sentiment," an expression by Mr. Ruskin. His sighs for the forgotten past are frequent; yet they come not from acute despair, that disease which furrows the brow of sensitive genius. He has no belief that the future is rich in golden promise, yet he has said: "I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me." He has dubbed the nineteenth century

"O season strange for song!"

If in verse execution and technique Patmore be defective, his vitality is so imperious that we yield out of sheer weakness to his mannerisms. As with his compatriot, the histrionic artist, Sir Henry Irving, we are pressed to give way to his magnetism even when he misuses his marvellous voice to grunt and snort, and distorts his divine face to misshapen attitudes. Art loses its perfection when it reveals the least vein of eccentricity. Yet some weaknesses sit well upon and actually seem eminently proper to some individuals. The wondrous simplicity of dramatism, as personified by the Italian actress Duse, can never touch the point of classicism, yet it is the most finished representation of passion. Patmore roughly exposes the statuesque composure of Emerson; he flashes all his cruel light upon the veins of clay and forgets the comeliness of the statue. The American's stoicism irritates him; he brands him for ringing the changes upon a few themes, a fault common to himself, for he repeats ideas both in his prose and his verse. Yet if truths be new and startling, why not resurrect them into a thousand different forms? We accept almost totally the judgments of Matthew Arnold and Patmore concerning Emerson. That they studied him proves that he has made an impression. No man is closer to Patmore in manner and method than Emerson, and, strange to say, even many of the prophecies that they uttered would seem to issue from the same lips. We cannot af-

ford to be always smelling out the grave sins of our only two original geniuses, Emerson and Poe. Emerson has the mystical tendency, and were he a contemplative of the ages of faith he might have given us a book just this side of inspiration—a work like the *Imitation of à Kempis* or of Tauler, the German mystic. Yet this may be on a plane with saying that if Kant were an integral Christian he might have left us a *Summa* like that of St. Thomas Aquinas. Excepting Isaac Hecker, Emerson is the only American who manifests any higher interior experience. These two men differed vastly, and told each other so with honest openness when they knew each other in youth.

Concerning the theory of the Anglo-Saxon predominance over the history of the future, he has written nothing. He greets with keen delight the artistic and searching sarcasm of Mrs. Meynell on the New-Worldling, who, if he be not a barbarian or a savage in her eyes, is certainly a de-civilized type of society.

Indeed, it may be said of Patmore that to him all lovers of the people were beside themselves, and the advent of rich hopes was but the symptom of an overwrought and decadent civilization. He despised the rabble, and made it the visible organization of the "amorous and vehement drift of man's herd to hell." It had nailed Christ to the Cross and it was not worthy even of sociological analysis. In his essay on "Christianity and Progress"—meaning material progress—he contends for an opinion which, so far as I can learn, is theologically correct, that there is only a distant relationship between the one and the other. To his thinking, if Christianity has not sensibly affected progress—a thesis which, by the way, he does not uphold, but suspends judgment,—if it has not, then by no means can it be called a failure, for the reason that it never professed to promote material amelioration. In the same pages he parries ruthlessly with the distressing question of the number of the elect, and although he would reason logically, he is too impetuous to detect that sentiment apart from logic has its own argument—an opinion illustrated in Newman's very ori-

ginal Grammar of Assent. An example like this goes to show Patmore's extremism, his inability to view the field from all points. He lacks mental poise, and even while he advocates repose of manner, he does so in words that tremble like leaves in an unseemly blast. It is because of such violent Christian teachers that we wax frightened at those words of music and of magic "Progress," "Liberty," words which the enemies of Christianity have stolen from us while we slept.

Yet it must come at times to the most unreasoning optimist, as it came with vehemence to Patmore, that all this forward social movement may be but another bitter jest, illustrating the mere impossibility for anything in this or any other planet to be at rest. In that strong poetic utterance, "Crest and Gulf," he leaves us with the impression made by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"—that that prophet is wisest and taught by heaven who confesses that he can but see nothing; that this fresh stream of advance is only another fitful heaving of the sea of history. It shall mount to the crest and slope down ingloriously into the trough of the billow:

"Crest altering still to gulf
and gulf to crest,
In endless chase
That leaves the tossing water anchored in its place!"

This sober thought tinged his patriotic poems; even while they breathe a fierce love of country, they are never joyous. So, too, with his political poems (if I may call them such); they are unhappy to a degree. He is peevish and ill-tempered with those who prate about equality and social rights:

"Yonder the people cast their caps o'erhead,
And swear the threatened doom is ne'er to dread
That's come, though not yet past.
All front the horror and are none aghast;
Brag of their full-blown rights and liberties,
Nor once surmise
When each man gets his due the Nation dies;

Nay, still shout 'Progress!' and if seven plagues
 Should take the laggard who would stretch his legs.
 Forward! glad rush of the Gergesenian swine;
 You've gain'd the hill-top, but there's yet the brine.
 Forward! bad corpses turn into good dung
 To feed strange futures beautiful and young.
 Forward! to meet the welcome of the waves
 That mount to 'whelm the freedom which enslaves.
 Forward! Good speed ye down the damn'd decline,
 And grant ye the Fool's true good in abject ruin's gulf,
 As the Wise see him so to see himself!"

If he is intolerant and aristocratic in his politics, so, too, can be become of very narrow gauge in matters of religion. His Catholicity is very often unmannerly and aggressive. He tries to introduce a species of ultra-Toryism into it which is out of harmony with its very name. If a series of hypotheses were constructed purporting to give the percentage of the elect, it would probably have suited his cast of mind to choose the one that sent most souls to damnation. One has but to read the essay on "Distinction" to learn his opinion of Modern Democracy: "I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real Democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own Democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early and probably a violent end. . . . In the meantime, 'genius' and 'distinction' will become more and more identified with loudness; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one; inhuman humanitarianism; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life; tolerance and even upon profession and adoption of ideas which Rochester

and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals provided it to be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority. That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction, surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come."

Mr. Patmore is best in the serener ether of contemplation. It is here that he proves himself a man of deep religious instinct. He revels in the most abstruse problems concerning the being of God. He approaches the mystery of the triple Personality in one Being as the only condition by which he can apprehend the Deity. What, after all, is the Trinity but the relation between Subject and Object—that which is theological terminology is called divine immanence? He has grasped this truth with unusual facility. In "The Three Witnesses" the poetry is defective, but the thought is clear. How wonderful to think that Greek philosophers earlier than Plato, and that wise men from Egypt and India more or less obscurely, apprehend God under what Patmore calls "the analogue of difference of sex in one entity!" To Orpheus is attributed: "God is a beautiful Youth and a Divine Nymph." Plato divined that there are three sexes in every entity. With Christian theology the Holy Spirit is the "amplexus" of the First Person and the Second of the Ever-Blessed Trinity. So, too, is this living triplicity somewhat shadowed forth in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The grossest atom in this universe is the "amplexus" of the two opposed forces, expansion and contraction. All being is the harmony of two opposites. That which exists is the result of a process—thesis, antithesis and synthesis. All entity has a unity in trinity. That which is natural and human takes the form of sex.

To be sure, it were useless to imagine that such propositions can arouse conviction at the first presentation. The mere reading of Patmore's essay, "The Bow Set in the Cloud," is

valueless unless it can be studied and prayed over. He who would rend the veil must have clean hands. His eyes must be of the spirit to discern Wisdom when she is unveiled. As St. George Mivart recently remarked, the sensuous images which are used in one age to express God, who is unimaginable, may be quite repellent to the eyes of another age. There is no irreverence or lack of faith in passing by the non-essential Hebraicisms which appeal to peoples of the Orient. That tender intimacy tempered with fear—the agony of desire between the soul and God—bears in “the unitive way” an analogy between the affection of bride and lover. In the days of King Edward III. of England an anchoress of Norwich named Mother Juliana, wrote charming revelations of divine love. There are several passages relative to what she expresses in old English as: “Three manners of beholdings of Mother-head in God.” Take private revelations for what they are worth, but if the term “Motherhood of God” seems strange to us it is because we do not know how to express the element of femininity which exists in God, and in Woman as she is the reflection of some of the attributes of God. Christ as a man, and also as the literal manifestation of God in history, combines in their proper proportion the tenderness of the woman with the strength of the man.” . . . The anthropomorphic character which so universally marks the religion of the simple and is so great a scandal to the ‘wise,’ may be regarded as a remote confession of the Incarnation, a saving instinct of the fact that a God, who is not a man, is, for man, no God.” The Church represents Christ as the glory of the Father who is His Head. Man is the glory of his head, Christ, as Woman is the glory of Man, who is her head—a fact which Milton gained through his power of intuition and without the aid of Catholic theology:

“He for God only, she for God in him.”

With wondrous skill Patmore traces these thoughts in the essay “Dieu et Ma Dame”; in the verses also, “De Natura Deorum,” “Legem Tuam Dilexi,” “Deliciae Sapientiae De

Amore," and several others. No one but Patmore could take our gross English speech and weave of it a white raiment to shroud the bliss of the soul, the secret between the divine Psyche and the diviner Eros. But if we be of "The People of a Stammering Tongue" who have not been told of such a vision, let us remember that divine teaching is almost always gradual.

The new visions looming up in the vast fields of modern knowledge present our God in new shadows of Transfiguration. Science, physical, critical, and historical, will doubtless create a new and more profitable symbolism to represent conceptions of a God who is inconceivable. Patmore, true to his poet nature, selected his symbolism from the domain of emotion, and not from nature. He has, however, deprecated all art and life which is subject only to emotionalism. The music of Handel, the poetry of Aeschylus, and the architecture of the Parthenon are to him sublime appeals because they take little or no account of the emotions. Yet it would be unfair to say that Patmore does not concern himself with the material world. He does, indeed, but as genius always does, he pierces through it and attaches a divine signification to its changing aspects; as, for instance, when he represents the fulfilment of the positive and negative powers in the electric fire as being a faint reflection of the "embrace" existing in the essence of the Deity. He gives science its proper place—it is but a means to an end. Scientific men are of all men the most illiberal—they are at best but specialists. The theologian who is worried about them does not know his books. His worst indignity is to sniff around chemicals and animalculae. Let him take his nose out of the dust and hold his head erect in his own sphere. The economy of the material universe has no relation to the fold of the spirit.

"Not greatly moved with awe am I
To learn that we may spy
Five thousand firmaments beyond our own.
The best that's known
Of the heavenly bodies does them credit small.

Viewed close, the Moon's fair ball
 Is of ill objects worst,
 A corpse in Night's highway, naked, fire-scar'd, accurst.
 And now they tell
 That the Sun is plainly seen to boil and burst
 Too horribly for hell.
 So judging from these two,
 As we must do,
 The universe outside our living Earth
 Was all conceived in the Creator's mirth,
 Forecasting at the time Man's spirit deep,
 To make dirt cheap,
 Put by the Telescope!
 Better without it man may see,
 Stretched awful in the hushed midnight,
 The Ghost of his eternity.
 Give me the nobler glass that swells to the eye
 The things that near us lie."

In an essay of three or four pages, entitled "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Purity," Patmore shows how the jaundiced eye of heresy has weakened our visual power, and, because it is the most mortal of sins, has colored with sickly hue things that are fair and good in themselves. In times past moralists were wiser; their methods for the cultivation of virtue were so prohibitive and negative; they taught chastity not so much by the suppression of desire as by the presentation to the will of a pure object and the proper direction of the tide of passion. Consequently modern life knows nothing of the ardor that is virginal. Yet ancient and mediaeval Catholicism gave us saints thrice-widowed, who their

"birth-time's consecrating dew
 For death's sweet chrism retained,
 Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!"

From the ancient day when Cecilia so charged the air with the ozone of her moral presence that Valerian could no longer

look upon her, to the mediaeval time when Henry, king as well as saint, knelt a slave to the virtue of his queen, it was a familiar doctrine which Patmore has tried to revive in the ode "To the Body." It was a

"Little, sequester'd pleasure-house
 For God and for His Spouse;
 Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
 Since, from the grace decorum of the hair,
 Ev'n to the tingling, sweet
 Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
 And from the inmost heart
 Outwards unto the thin
 Silk curtains of the skin,
 Every least part
 Astonished hears
 And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres,
 Formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
 Lest shameless men cry 'Shame!'"

Ideas such as these were faintly suggested by the best of Romans before the period of decline, and with the nobler conceptions of the Greek. You will bear with me if my memory does not serve me correctly in repeating a scene, possibly from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, where the tragedian paints Polyxena with her throat cut, falling upon the altar, and how, conscious even in death of her modesty, she carefully folds the snow-white raiment over her bosom. It was not until the advent of Christ's Mother that the high dreams of the pagans were fulfilled. With vestal grace she combined in her virginal maternity the dignities of the matron with the honors of the virgin, and as Patmore puts it when writing of how she missed corruption,

"Therefore, holding a little thy soft breath,
 Thou underwent'st the ceremony of death."

An admirable quality in Patmore is his independence of spirit. He does not argue. He assures you that "Christianity

is an Experimental Science," and says, by way of passing: "Try it and see." The saints when they talk understand each other. To Mr. Huxley and Mr. Morley their parlance would be like the hooting of owls. If I may not be abused for saying it, I would intimate that Patmore is an impressionist in his apprehension of the mysteries behind religion. To the many who see not he will ever be an impossible colorist. If you cannot see, then so much the worse for you, he would seem to say. The tones that linger on the purple hill and upon skies of gold have impressed themselves upon the painter's eye. Almost all modern impressionists are dishonorable and pictorial liars. They paint, but they do not see. Not so with Patmore. He has safeguarded "The Point of Honor," and sees more than he can write about. He is too honest to be influenced by the hypocrisy so rife in modern religion, art and letters. Patmore is a true impressionist. He beholds and points out views visible only to the finished artistic eye.

I have tender scruples that in the beginning I put my finger on what he defines as "The Limitations of Genius"—those moods of impatience that are congenital with rare intellectual power. If so, I send a message to wherever his bright spirit reigns, that he may deem me fit for absolution. Sargent has painted him long and lean, thin-fingered and weak-chested, with a face eager and crowned with the broad brow of the visionary. It may be noted that nothing has been said of the things that constitute his form of art; the involved clause, colloquialism, symmetry, metre, and rhythm; but such discussions are at best but tedious. Infinitely more interesting is the man, his work and his life. With resolution he bore his last agony. Having received the Holy Viaticum, he was anointed with the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Then having left us, he went to face Death.



The Sinner Meets the Priest

BY REVEREND HUGH F. BLUNT.

He came to me, that gentle priest;
And what was I? Of men the least,
There in my work-house cot, the waste
Of that which God had one time placed
On earth, and thought it good, a man
Whose destinies to Heaven span.
A waste, a wreck, and yet he came
To me who cast away my claim
To touch the garments of the clean;
My wish, to die and be unseen.
He came, and he who knew my soul
As fouler than the sewer's hole,
Took my poor hand and held it long,
Aye, clasped it with his grip so strong,
Till I could feel his young blood flow
Into my body wasted so;
And then he smiled, and called me "Friend";
He meant it; didn't condescend,
But made me feel that I was such
The like of him was pleased to touch.
That minute I came forth from hell,
And saw the stars and God, and—well,
When cheerily he passed outside,
I covered up my head and cried.
And all night long I thought it out,
That that's the way Christ walks about,
And smiles and warmly takes your hands,
And calls you "Friend," and by you stands,
As if He didn't know the shame
That all the world puts on your name;
As if He didn't know your sin,
And didn't mind what you have been,
Just shows you Heaven's open door—
O Christ, it's good to hope once more!

On Saying Grace at Meals

BY REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

IN an essay on "Grace Before Meat," Charles Lamb expresses surprise why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular offering of thanks annexed to it, distinct from the silent gratitude with which we are expected to enjoy the other gifts of existence; and he owns that he is disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides his dinner, such as a pleasant walk, a moonlight ramble, and those spiritual repasts which we partake of in reading the works of Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Referring especially to the form of the benediction before eating, he affirms that the grace is exceedingly graceful at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children, but that it is unseasonable at the gross feasts of the rich, where true thankfulness (which is temperance) cannot live in the midst of gluttony and surfeiting. Here is one of his pleasant paragraphs:

"Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquet of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, reflection of the poor and humble man; but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion . . . We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of the good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables."

“So cold and spiritless a service”—these words are verified where the grace is suffered to become an empty form, and such it will be when it lacks sincerity and reverence. Though the essayist rightly praises the grace said at a frugal table, it is quite possible for a poor man to take food with discontent, or to eat and drink to excess; while, on the other hand, a rich man, for whom a more abundant repast is prepared, may be temperate at his meals, and cherish warm gratitude to the Giver who has blessed him with the plenty which he enjoys. No doubt, the millionaire’s public banquet is a snare to the guests, easily leading, as it does, to gluttony and drunkenness, and the giving of thanks accords but ill with a scene of that character. “The heats of epicurism,” says Elia, “put out the gentle flame of devotion, and you are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much while so many starve.”

Dinner-graces, remarks Anthony Trollope in “Doctor Thorne,” are probably the last remaining relic of certain daily services which the Church in olden days enjoined; and the novelist, in describing the dinner given by the Duke of Omnium, says of the grace spoken before the repast: “To me it is unintelligible that the full tide of the glibbest chatter can be stopped at a moment in the midst of profuse good living, and the Giver thanked becomingly in words of heartfelt praise. Setting aside for the moment what one daily hears and sees, may not one declare that a change so sudden is not within the compass of the human mind? . . . Let any man ask himself whether, on his own part, they are acts of prayer and thanksgiving—and if not, what then?”

But, whatever may be the table at which grace is said, the main point in the prayer is to make it the vehicle of sincere thanksgiving, and to prove the truth of your gratitude by a temperate use of the gifts of Providence. Temperance, with content, will change modest repasts into salutary and pleasant feasts, for temperance curbs the passions, makes more facile the practice of virtue, advances the health and force of the

body, imparts brightness and energy to the mind, purifies the affections, and enthrones within the breast the fulness of heart's-ease and peace. In one of the lyrics of the "Hesperides" Robert Herrick affirms the truth which is here set forth. He says:

" 'Tis not the food, but the content,
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there, as soon as meat.
A little pipkin with a bit
Of mutton, or of veal in it,
Set on my table (trouble-free),
More than a feast contenteth me."

The saying of grace is too much neglected nowadays, both in the home and in public. The present writer recalls with pleasure how faithfully the practice was kept up in his youth in Ireland, and with what sincere piety the words of blessing were wont to be recited. There is much to commend in a brief grace, for it is easy to pronounce a few words with attention and reverence.* Our gentle Elia evidently liked a short form. He is, however, careful to add, in his essay: "I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow), C.V.L., when importuned for a grace, used to enquire, first slyly leering down the table, 'Is there no clergyman here?' significantly adding, 'Thank God!'" It is related that a certain Limerick parson, who often, in church, gave out the Litany, was once suddenly called on to say grace after a public dinner (his wife told the incident in his presence, and he did not deny her assertion), when, scarcely knowing, in his nervousness, what he said, he stammered, "From all we have received, good Lord, deliver us!"

* Before a meal: Bless us, O Lord, and these gifts from Thy hand. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

'After a meal: We give Thee thanks, O Almighty God, for all Thy benefits. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

An old grace has been preserved in the following quaint rhyme:

Some have meat, but cannot eat;
 Some can eat and have no meat;
 But we can eat and we have meat,
 So God be thanked by us.

In Herrick's poems we find this "Grace for a Child":

Here, a little child, I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand;
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here, I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat and on our all. Amen.

The same poet, in "His Noble Numbers," utters his thanks in this strain:

What God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake;
 Be the meal of beans and peas,
 God be thanked for those, and these;
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are fragments from His dish.
 He His Church save, and the King,
 And our peace here, like a spring,
 Make it ever flourishing.

It is not the common lot to clothe oneself in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, but all of us have it in our power to partake of even meagre food with a grateful heart, as did he of old who, in the desert, fleeing from his enemies, found a supper prepared for him by a ministering angel—a hearth-cake and a vessel of water. Daily food, of whatever kind, when so taken, will breed content and gladness, for not by bread alone doth man live; he lives also by faith and hope and love, and he should free himself from overcare and anxiety out of trust that a bountiful Father will grant what is needed for the satisfaction of bodily wants.

Take joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her;
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;

.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad—
 Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

September

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

It is the dying Summer's last salute,
 Yet gay the banners, gold and crimson wave,
 Fast troop the goldenrod and asters brave,
 Along the roadside to the mellow flute
 Of bobolink; the globes of purple fruit,
 The slanting rays of Autumn sunlight lave,
 The warm, brown earth, where seedlings find a grave,
 Tells miracles, although its voice is mute.

Our Lady's birth-month fair with graces glows;
 This month, went home to God a Little Flower,—
 Are yon bright hues her "roses" crimson shower,
 Or robes of martyrs now in sweet repose?
 As yonder cloud-fleece o'er the azure flows,
 Our Lady's mercies bless each fleeting hour;
 Oh say, what Fruit may be Her Dolors' dower,
 Michael and Matthew, Francis and St. Rose!

Her love is ransom, and her prayers release;
 Safe from the touch of time sleeps Bernadette,
 The simple child whose eyes with Mary's met,
 While glories of her vision still increase;
 Oh Mary, that the world's great sorrow cease,
 We who but hail thee on the parapet
 Of Autumn's beauty, cry, Immaculate!
 Make fair our hearts in purity and peace.

Bishop Crimont of Alaska

His Cure by Venerable Don Bosco

BY M. S. PINE.

RECENTLY the rare privilege was afforded the writer of an interview with the Right Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Alaska. This zealous prelate has been dedicated to missionary labors since his ordination in 1888, first for many years among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and later in the icy regions of Alaska. He is now in the East for the purpose of obtaining funds from the charitable to push on some important enterprises for the welfare of his far-separated flock, scattered over a territory about equal in extent to the entire United States.

When I learned that as a young Jesuit he had met the Venerable Don Bosco, the great Thaumaturgus of Italy, or rather of the world, we may say, my interest was raised to a climax; for although I had read and written of this "miraculous priest of Turin," and maintained an ardent devotion to him almost through life; I had never met one who had known him or even come in contact with him en passant. The kindly Prelate gave me free details of his transient acquaintance with the "Apostle of Youth," while pursuing the relation his tone, his manner, and the spirit of recollection which seemed to dominate him, all revealed how profoundly that meeting had affected his life and how vivid and consoling a memory it had remained during thirty-six years.

Bishop Crimont was born in the village of St. Acheul les Amiens in 1858. At the early age of six he was deprived of the fostering care of his pious mother, who died of cholera in 1864. His education completed, he entered at the age of seventeen, in 1875, the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Acheul, then, and until the expulsion of Religious Orders by the French Government, one

of the chief and most flourishing Houses of the Society of Jesus. A few years of fervent observance of the rules of his new mode of life caused a serious decline in his health, which had never been over-robust; and at twenty-two it was completely undermined. Exhaustion of the nervous system and dangerous incomia brought him at last to death's door; he was given up by the physicians, who declared he had not three weeks to live.

At this time a pious Catholic lady of Lille, Madame Decosser, famous for her extensive works of charity—among others the foundation of Visitation Convent at Roubaix and houses for the poor, solicited permission of the Provincial to nurse the sick man at her home, as she had effectually restored her own Jesuit son, Louis Decosser, in similar danger of death. The favour granted, all that material care and ample means could effect was brought into requisition; but months grew to a year, and still another year fled by, and the young sub-deacon was as unfitted as ever to resume his studies and the varied duties of Religion.

About this time, 1883, the holy Apostle of Turin, almost exhausted with labors and partially blind, was making a tour in France for the creation of funds for the Basilica of the Sacred Heart in Rome, which Pius IX., his beloved Father and Patron, before his holy death in 1878, had ordered him to build, a great and labourious enterprise destined to be the last of the Wonder-Worker's life. No sooner had his approaching visit to Lille reached the ears of Madame Decosser, than she determined that his miraculous powers should be invoked in favor of her Jesuit patient.

The morning after his arrival Don Bosco said his Mass at the Church of the Ladies of the Retreat; numbers of influential ladies were present and the church was crowded to its utmost. The young sub-deacon, Joseph Crimont, had the privilege of assisting the aged priest, whose semi-blindness necessitated the aid of another through the entire Mass. No sooner had Don Bosco crossed the threshold of the sacristy than the crowd rose

simultaneously and pressed into the sanctuary, surrounding him, praying his blessing, and kissing his hand. At every step a new group encircled him, so that a quarter of an hour elapsed before he reached the foot of the altar and began his Mass.

"I stood beside him enjoying the sight," said the Bishop, his countenance glowing at the reminiscence; "but what a Mass! It was unique; it was the Mass of a saint; and his face was lit throughout with a supernatural radiance. The next day he said Mass in the Chapel of the Adoration, so called because the Blessed Sacrament was always exposed there. The same enthusiasm and devotion to Don Bosco swayed the crowd as on the day before. I had the happiness of assisting him and felt the impression of his sanctity as on the previous morning. When he returned from the sanctuary I addressed him. I told him that I was a young Jesuit trying to build up my health, and wanted to ask a favour of him. He questioned me and I answered: 'I want strength sufficient to enable me to be sent on the Missions; I desire to be a missionary.' 'My son,' he replied graciously, 'you will receive that grace; I will ask God for it every day for you in my thanksgiving after Mass.'"

"And did you believe that you would receive that grace?" I asked with some temerity.

"Certinly I believed his word; I *knew* that I should receive that grace. I recovered my health and returned to the Novitiate. Some months later I was sent to St. Servais College, Liege, Belgium, to teach. The next year," and the Bishop's voice was jubilant, "I was at St. Helier, the great Scholasticate of the French Province, pursuing my studies for the priesthood. While there I heard many inspiring details of the work of our Fathers in the Rocky Mountain Missions, and after my ordination in 1888, it was there I was sent by my Superior to minister to the Indians; later in 1894, I was transferred to the Alaskan Mission, and there I have been ever since."

In 1904 Pius X. appointed Father Crimont Prefect-Apostolic of Alaska. In view of the progress of religion under his

able and zealous jurisdiction and the increase in population, Alaska was raised to a Vicariate and he was made Vicar-Apostolic in February, 1917; later on, July 25, the same year, he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Ammaedera in St. James' Cathedral, Seattle, Washington.

Bishop Crimont's zeal for the souls in his extensive Diocese and the impossibility of carrying out his projects for the greater glory of God, for the erection of churches, schools, industrial as well as educational, and the procuring of necessary equipments of various kinds, have forced upon him this long and toilsome journey.

"We have only twenty priests," he remarked, "and some of our poor Indians see a priest only once a year; how little instruction we can give them in that short time!"

"But it is difficult to get priests now; their numbers are reduced by the war," I suggested.

"I can get priests if I can support them," answered the Bishop with quick zeal, "but we haven't means in our poor country to give them a living. So far I have collected only about two hundred dollars."

"And how much do you need, Father, for your pious projects?" I inquired.

"I need twenty-five thousand dollars," was his frank reply.

I feel confident that the Venerable Don Bosco, so soon to be beatified, will furnish the patient and saintly Bishop, through many magnanimous hearts, the funds essential for the promotion of our holy Faith in his great Diocese, since the prayers of the Apostle of Turin won for him strength and ardor to enter upon his heroic missionary labors and sustain them with ever-increasing power and zeal during a third of a century.



In Our Music Room

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A bird sings sweet and strong,
In the top of the highest tree;
He sings, "I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sings, "I pour
My voice over meadow and hill and flood
For the summers that come no more."

In these few lines, by George William Curtis, the famous editor and critic of days ago, we have the lights and shadows, dawns and twilights, of our earthly days arrayed in beautiful opposition. Not only bird song, but all music voices these. Their contrast vivifies her wondrous scales of major and minor; it is all of life and all of melody.

Yet the trills of the meadow-bobolink, for instance, bring us the freshness and simplicities of nature and we answer the appeal. The great Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, fascinated her public by her marvellous imitations of bird-song. Those who heard her never afterwards cared for any other prima-donna. It was the kind of enthusiasm that holds good for a life-time.

In fact, some degree of enthusiasm must always mark the musician and the music-lover. It springs from their spiritual receptiveness. Into an open jar rose-leaves are easily poured. The sweetness and fragrance of music are gladly received and absorbed by the waiting soul, whose eagerness for sweets should not be repressed since its appropriation of new ideas and new knowledge, musically, constitutes its progress. The music-pupil and the advanced musician alike need the refreshment and joy of listening to great performers and to great music.

Another quality which marks the true musician is humility. There must be a willing surrender of the soul's best powers to the mighty influence of the matter. Before Haendel and Haydn and Sebastian Bach let him stand meekly and learn. On the bowed head—and on that only—falls the blessing.

A third quality indispensable to the superior musician is a clear perceptiveness. For as music is susceptible of infinitely varied forms, so must the musician perceive and measure each of these and see its adaptations. Like the artist's feeling for colour, this is a prime part of musical culture.

There is a short poem by Aloysius Coll, which gives the simplest and most elementary expression of this musical variety in a very rhythmical line. It is this:

THE VIOLIN.

The human heart's a seasoned violin;
 Four masters play the four responsive strings—
 The G that groans, the D that softly prays,
 The A that laughs and treble E that sings.

G.

A sombre span across the gulfs of night
 Wherein the master of a hopeless prayer
 Has improvised a cheerless monody
 Of echoes from the Valley of Despair.

D.

The master's sothing chord when sorrow weeps
 And Hope, the quiet comforter, is near—
 A strand of sunlight shining in the bow,
 But on the string the beading of a tear.

A.

The mellow note of love, that, out of tune,
 'Is harsher than raw Sorrow or Despair;
 But under master touches, clear and true,
 Is sweet as swallows wooing summer air.

E.

The silver thread that glimmers in the weave
Of every master-piece. A whistling boy
First strung it on the wondrous violin—
And plays it now—the silver string of Joy.

G. D. A. E.

But when the masters play, the four as one,
Despair and Love and Joy and Sorrow's part,
Then—and not till then—shall mortal hear
The strangest, sweetest music of the heart!

Moreover, the Masters themselves differ immensely in treating one and the same thing,—dance music, for instance. From the lovely waltzes of Chopin to Beethoven's magnificent Funeral March in the first A-flat Sonata, is a sweep, in this one department alone, wide enough to tax the powers of any performer. The great chorus in Tannhauser, the entrance of the guests to the Wartburg Castle, one of Wagner's most brilliant inspirations, is really a processional march. All the family of minuets have a dance origin. Chopin created a host of idealized dance forms, tone-poems, in guise of mazurkas and waltzes. And in passing, be it said, that in Vienna, where they have carried waltzing to an exquisite pitch of perfection, many passages have elaborate accelerations, ritards and long pauses, which the dancers have learned to know and thereby gained extra grace and beauty in their art.

Gayety, brilliancy, melancholy, passion, profoundest grief and its consolation are evolved by the tone-masters from the dance alone, itself one of music's primary forms.

To interpret the masters, there is needed such breadth of insight as may empower us to measure each in his general trend; whether this be majesty and tonal might as in Bach and Haendel, melodious sunshine as with Mozart, the divine of deathless aspiration in Beethoven, poetry in Chopin or idealism in Wagner.

Besides, we must fall in touch, and that quickly, with the special mood of greatness as shown in the passage before us; and to do this requires much of the bright, electric sympathy which marks a good accompanist. It is perceptiveness sharpened to so keen an edge as to be actually invisible, a wondrous spiritual magnetism.

To get into rapport with an audience requires a similar power of perceiving at a glance their general spiritual attitude, and, also, their mood for the moment.

It is interesting to learn how the great composers have come by their inspirations as one does, for instance, through Wagner's two volumes, entitled, "My Life." It is a pathetic story, this life-struggle of genius and soul-racking, heart-crushing discords. Yet, out of it came a wealth of deathless song.

A trip from Paris to Dresden gave him the scenery for Tannhauser. He says: "One solitary flash of brightness was afforded by our view of the Wartburg, which we passed during the only sunlit hour of this journey. The sight of this mountain fastness, which from the Fulda side is clearly visible for a long time, affected me deeply. A neighbouring ridge further on I at once christened Horselberg; and as we drove through the valley pictured to myself the scenery for the third act of my Tannhauser. The scene remained so vividly in my mind that long afterwards I was able to give Desplechin, the Parisian scene painter, exact details when he was working out the scenery under my direction.

"One day," he adds, "when climbing the Worstrai I was astonished in turning the corner of an alley to hear a merry dance tune whistled by a goat-herd perched upon a crag. I seemed immediately to stand among a chorus of pilgrims filing past the goat-herd in the valley! But I could not afterwards recall the goat-herd's tune, so was obliged to help myself out of the matter in the usual way."

Suggestions for the opening prelude to "Das Rheingold" came to him in this way:

“Suddenly I seemed to be sinking in swift running water. The rushing water took on the musical sound of an E-flat major chord, which was tossed hither and thither by the waves, and continually breaking up into melodious variations of the ever-increasing movement, yet never losing the perfect harmony of the chord, which, by its pertinacity, appeared to wish to impart some infinite signification to the element in which I was sinking. With the sensation of waves rearing high above my head, I awoke in a fright from the trance.”

“Then, I immediately recognized that the orchestral prelude to “Das Rheingold,”—which had long been in me, but which I had never been able to properly find—had arisen.”



Riches

I have no riches but my thoughts,
Yet these are wealth enough for me;
My thoughts of you are golden coins
Stamped in the mint of memory;
And I must spend them all in song,
For thoughts, as well as gold, must be
Left on the hither side of death
To gain their immortality.

—Sara Teasdale.

A Lonely Hill

BY FREDERICK B. FENTON.

All, all is still on a lonely hill,
Where the noble dead are lying;
As dawn illumines each little cross,
Marking the mounds where the grasses toss,
Shall we call it sacrifice or loss—
Their brave and generous dying?

All, all's so still—how the thought must thrill
Those who can think thereon:
The forest's grey outline, far away,
Dimly reflecting the dawn of day,
And never an echo of the fray,—
Save the graves of the brave who are gone.

Here they slept and awoke as the great guns spoke,—
A village in ruins below,
Many a morn just as fair as to-day,
The young birds trilling a roundelay;
How they thought then of those who were far away,
Who in spirit are close to them now.

On a day calm and bright may we all unite
On the brow of the Heavenly Hill,
On our foreheads the halo of Heaven's King,
On our lips a psalm that the angels sing;
Sweet are the thoughts such reflections bring
And the peace in the soul they instil.

Selma Lagerlöf

Sweden's Foremost Novelist

BY REV. JOHN LILJENCRANTS, A.M., D.D.

SCANDINAVIAN literature as a whole is little known to the outside world, due in large measure to the obstacle of languages. A few authors, such as Henrik Ibsen, Björnstjerne Björnson, and August Strindberg, have gained a certain general recognition principally through the agency of the dramatic stage, and Ellen Key, the feminist, through her unspeakableness, and not without justice, conveyed the impression that the field of modern Scandinavian literature is almost entirely immersed in the sordidness and gloom of materialism.

Fortunately a brilliant exception to the general rule is found in the person and works of Sweden's foremost living novelist, Selma Lagerlöf, whose idealism, expressed in an admirably written narrative of facts and fable masterfully interwoven, has made a powerful appeal both at home and abroad.

Selma Lagerlöf was born in 1858 at Marbacka Manor in Värmland, one of Sweden's most beautiful provinces, whose blue mountains, smiling lakes and rivers, and sombre forests give a most appropriate setting to the many quaint and weird tales and the rich folklore which have been handed down from generation to generation of its inhabitants. In childhood her health was delicate, and instead of romping outdoors with her sisters and brothers, she delighted in spending her days in the chimney corner, listening to the tales of the old folk, or, when there happened to be no visitors, reading the books which her parents selected for her use. When she was not thus occupied her lively imagination conjured romances which were promptly written down on whatever scraps of paper she could find.

At the age of nine she was sent to school in Stockholm; at fifteen she had written her first verses. At this stage in life it was her great ambition to write masterful poetry. She

completed her education at the Teachers' College in Stockholm and entered upon the profession of a teacher, all the while utilizing and developing her literary talents.

It had long been in her mind to write a story about the cavaliers of Värmland, and when in 1890 the magazine "Idun" organized a prize contest for short novelettes, she seized the opportunity and entered her story, little expecting that it would be accepted. To her great surprise, however, she found it published and awarded the prize. This was the beginning of "The Story of Gösta Berling," which four years later was completed and published in book form. Its genesis is charmingly told by the author in "The Story of a Story," which appears in a volume entitled "The Girl from the Marsh Croft." With the aid of Baroness Aldersparre, Miss Lagerlöf now was able to give up teaching and to devote her whole time to literary activities.

"The Story of Gösta Berling" is a series of strange tales about the life on the estates around Lake "Löven" (i.e., Fryken), the principal scene being "Ekeby," a large estate with its iron works, ruled over by a woman of most remarkable character and power. Gösta Berling, a drunken minister and poet, is rescued by her from a snow drift where he had intended to end his days, and installed among the indolent pensioners in the cavaliers' wing of Ekeby Manor. The characterization of Gösta Berling is superb—he is a curious mixture of good and evil and a force for both, "whom all women love, and who loves them all," "the strongest and weakest of men."

During a Christmas night revel in the smithy the devil steps forth and tells the pensioners of his pact with the Lady of Ekeby, and in their ingratitude they drive their humiliated hostess from her home and proceed to run the estate for their own pleasure. Gay days follow, while Ekeby gradually goes to rack and ruin. "We empty the mountains of iron," says Gösta Berling, "and fill our cellar with wine. The fields bear gold with which we gild life's misery . . ." Finally Countess Elizabeth, in her passion for Gösta Berling, braving social dis-

aster, arrives on the scene and persuades him to make a supreme sacrifice. They are married, and through her influence his redemption is accomplished; the rule of the cavaliers ceases, and Ekeby is restored to prosperity. And so close the sluices of Divine wrath which was poured out over Ekeby for the sin of its mistress, and at the end she returns to die amidst calm and serenity.

“The Story of Gösta Berling” was received with greatest acclamation both in Sweden and abroad, and was soon translated in a number of languages, an American edition appearing in 1891.* It belongs to the best of Miss Lagerlöf’s production, and will remain a classic in Swedish literature.

Her next work, “Invisible Links,” published in 1894, is a collection of short stories for the most part based upon old Sagas—a romance of the wilderness, its inhabitants, and things supernatural; breathing the melancholy spirit of the North. It earned for its author subsidies from King Oscar and Prince Eugen, the well-known painter, and also a stipend from the Swedish Academy.

Miss Lagerlöf now made a trip to Italy, which resulted in “The Miracles of Antichrist,” a Sicilian story dealing with the time when the island was first swept by a wave of revolutionary Socialism. It centers around the miraculous Christ image in Aracoeli, which is stolen by an Englishwoman and replaced with an imitation bearing the inscription, “My Kingdom is only of this world.” However, a miracle happens, for some time afterwards the church bells ring, and the friars find the true image standing at the door. In their fury they hurl the false image down the long steps which lead from the sanctuary, whereupon it is found by the Socialists who take it up and carry it on their barricades.

In its sharp contrasting of the spirit of Socialism with that of Christianity the story is a very successful elaboration of the

* English translation by Pauline Bancroft Flach.

Sicilian legend according to which "when Antichrist shall come he shall seem as Christ. There shall be great want, and Antichrist shall go from land to land and give bread to the poor. And he shall find many followers." Here as well as in another work entitled "Christ Legends," published in 1904, Miss Lagerlöf displays not only great intimacy and sympathy with the life and legends of the Sicilian people, but also a rare grasp and appreciation of Catholic things and ideas, which make the books doubly interesting and instructive to readers of that Faith.

Her second great classic, "Jerusalem," appeared in two volumes in the years 1901 and 1902. It is a story of a group of peasants of Dalecarlia—the province which once gave Gustaf Vasa the sturdy peasant army with which he defeated Christian the Tyrant. The scene of the first volume is a parish in Dalecarlia deeply stirred by a religious revivalist movement. In this milieu we meet "Little Ingmar," who battles with his conscience whether to marry Brita who has killed her newly born baby, and thus to right a wrong, or whether to keep from the disgrace which such action would bring upon the ancient name of the Ingamarsons. There is a masterly composed colloquy between Ingmar and his dead father, which ends in his marrying Brita in the face of the ostracism he anticipates—but public opinion turns out quite differently. Subsequent events, which lead to the dramatic departure of the little colony for Palestine, carry the reader through a fascinating unraveling of the character and psychology of the Dalecarlian "grand-peasant" type.*

The second volume finds the pilgrims in Jerusalem, where they meet with nothing but adversity. It is a pathetic tale of their stubborn but unavailing struggle against overwhelming odds, of heart-rending disappointments, of the "Jerusalem that kills." J. B. Kerfoot says of the book: "'Jerusalem' is, on the

* The "grand-peasant" is an independent farmer of ancient lineage and often of large possessions. He is of a class distinct from that of the ordinary peasant, whether independent or not, and also from that of the landed gentry.

surface, only one of the simplest stories, yet in some strange way it is the story of us all. And because its author is a child and a woman and a seer—these three—in one, a child may read ‘Jerusalem,’ or a sage, and be equally enthralled.”

Selma Lagerlöf’s imaginative genius has come to its best display, perhaps, in her book for children entitled “The Wonderful Adventures of Nils,” with its sequel, “The Further Adventures of Nils,” which were completed in 1906 and 1907 respectively. Nils is a bad boy, who turns into an elf and travels through animal land, and his experiences there, drawn from folklore and tradition and placed upon a geographical and historical background, are told in the children’s own language. Both in imaginative power and in charm, and above all in the expression of ideals, the work surpasses that of Hans Andersen.

“The Emperor of Portugallia,” published in 1914, is hailed by many as Miss Lagerlöf’s best production, at any rate, it ranks with “The Story of Gösta Berling” and “Jerusalem,” as one of her master-pieces. It is a simple story of fatherland, of love and sacrifice—a powerful lesson on the fourth commandment—a tragedy, yet full of humour and sunshine. The “Emperor” is a poor peasant whose pretty little daughter—the sunshine in his life—runs away to the wicked city and falls. When evil rumours begin to be heard, Jan will not believe them—instead he declares that his little girl is the reigning Queen of Portugallia, and he the Emperor. More and more demented, he becomes the laughing stock of the foolish, while others are touched by his goodness or awed by his uncanny powers of second sight. After fifteen years his girl returns—now a coarse, ugly woman, but seeks to flee again from the father she has wrecked. And then, in the last moment, he makes the sacrifice of his life to save her from her enemies that are carrying her away, Pride, and Hardness, and Vice, and Lust. And the dead Emperor is more powerful than the living one, for at the end she is reached by God’s grace. The book is ringing with the might of virtue and goodness which out of the basest dross brings forth fine gold.

Other works of great merit are "Liljecrona's Home" (1911), which takes the reader back to the surroundings of "The Story of Gösta Berling," short stories under the titles "From a Swedish Homestead" (1899), and "The Girl from the Marsh Croft" (1908), which later was dramatized, and "Men and Trolls" (1916), containing essays, legends, and addresses. Her latest novel, "Bannlyst," appeared in Swedish in 1918. The translations of her works by Velma Swanston Howard, Pauline Bancroft Flash, and Jessie Brochner, have been published in beautiful editions by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Miss Lagerlöf was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1909 "for reason of the noble idealism, the wealth of imagination, the soulful quality of style which characterize her works." Two years earlier she had been created Doctor of Literature by Upsala University, and in 1914 she was elected one of the eighteen of the Swedish Academy—the first and only woman member of that august body. But her greatest honour will always remain in the fact that she has given to the highest grade of literary production those mighty ideals of goodness, purity, and virtue which intermingled with a firm grasp on the supernatural, make her books like rare pearls among the false and flaring jewels of modern literature.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the next issue of the magazine there will appear a review of Rev. Father Liljencrants' new book, "Spiritism and Religion," which we are sure will be highly appreciated by all interested in this subject. On Scandinavian literature we could not have a better authority than Rev. Father Liljencrants, who is a native of Stockholm, Sweden, and a recent convert to Catholicism.



Religious Impressions Gained Abroad

BY MABEL L. JUDD.

HAWTHORNE has said that Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any, standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour.

No truer statement was ever made if by Christian faith is meant the faith of the Catholic Church. To the one outside there is no "glory" that he should desire it, to the one within there is the "harmony of unspeakable splendour." One must enter the Cathedral to see clearly all the beauty of the interior. However, as one approaches the entrance he may catch glimpses of that beauty. Some of these glimpses came to me more than a year before I was able to stand within the Cathedral. Strange as it may seem to some travelled non-Catholics, they came through a summer in Europe.

It was with some trepidation that I set out on my European trip. I had become very much dissatisfied with Protestantism and I had a great longing to become a Catholic. I had received a little instruction in Catholicism and had done a vast amount of reading. I felt that I had the pearl of great price in my possession and I feared lest this trip might wrest it from me, for I had heard it said: "A European trip will cure any Protestant who has leanings toward Romanism." I believed that Protestant friends were hoping that the trip might be curative. Furthermore, I realized that my Catholic instructor was warning me to distinguish between the essentials of Catholic faith and practices due to the temperament of foreign worshippers.

In spite of fears, however, I sailed from New York to Genoa and Naples and then took the ordinary summer tour up through Italy, peeked at Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium,

went to France, and then across to England. Of course, impressions formed in so hasty a trip must be superficial, the critic will say, and hence worthless. Superficial they may be in themselves, but they were profound in their strengthening of my purpose to persevere in the study of Catholic truth.

To be frank, there were some things in connection with Catholic worship in foreign lands that were rather repellant to a New England Puritan. For example, our party stepped ashore at Naples amid the burning of red fire and the whizzing of rockets. We learned that these fireworks were in celebration of some feast day of the Church. Now this outlet for religious fervour did not especially appeal to me, but I remembered my instructor's words about "temperament," and reserved my judgment. Throughout Italy the large number of out-of-door shrines gaudily decorated, many of them dirty, even though encased in glass, did not please me. I felt no desire to approach one as a worshipper. Then, too, I rather rebelled at the large amount of jewels and other costly gifts placed about the various statues. I was on the point of murmuring: "Could not these have been sold and the money given to the poor?" But I remembered just in time that it was Judas who made the same remark about the offering of Mary Magdalene. In regard to all these points I felt much as one of the characters in Mrs. James Allen's "The Plain Path." I had no patience with them and I undoubtedly deserved the rebuke that the monk in the story gave as he said with a little smile: "But the good God has a great patience, because He understands when His little children play around His knee. We Italians, we are His little children."

At times, too, I must admit I had the Protestant feeling against the ceremony of the Mass. Wherever our party went we visited churches and over and over again we entered during the celebration of the Mass. Occasionally, as in the church of St. Mary of the Flower in Florence, the service gripped me and I knelt involuntarily, but at other times it seemed quite foreign to me. This, too, in spite of the fact that I had began

to apprehend dimly its significance. There was still a long road for me to travel before I realized the truth of what Cardinal Newman stated so clearly in his story, "Gain and Loss." It (the Mass) is not a mere form of words—it is a great action—the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not an invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends, they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration of sacrifice—Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another.

These, then, were the things in the Catholic worship in Europe that troubled me—the gaudy, cheap shrines and their offerings, the very material fire-works to express spiritual joy, and occasionally even the ceremonial of the Mass. However, these things were but trifles compared with the influence which drew me steadily on toward the mighty cathedral of Christian faith.

It is one thing to read in a book the statement as to the Catholicity of the Church, but to feel that this Church represents the faith of all nations, is an entirely different thing. This realization first came to me when I was waiting for an audience with Pope Pius X. Here I saw people from different nations gathered together in that one room for a common purpose—the blessing of the Holy Father. It was a sight to be remembered. On my left was a sweet-faced Spanish woman who tried to reassure me by unintelligible words but by perfectly intelligible signs and smiles as to the appropriateness of my costume. On my right was an Italian who gallantly strove to speak French to me and to understand my poor attempts at an answer. These were the only two that I walked with, but I had learned the beginnings of my lesson from them. As I went on up through Italy and lower Switzerland, into Belgium and Southern Germany and France, and in each place visited the churches, the word Catholicity took on a fresh

meaning. In Lugano, just over the Italian border in Switzerland, I asked a clerk to direct me to a Protestant church, and she replied, "I don't know what is that."

In England, too, I found that the "church which had been uprooted, had again been planted for the healing of the nation." Westminster Cathedral in London bore witness to the fact. As I was leaving the building a woman standing in the doorway said to me, "Isn't the Cathedral beautiful?" She spoke with loving enthusiasm, though in comparison with the ancient Abbey of the same name, neither its exterior nor its interior is beautiful. In fact the Cathedral is not yet complete. Plain bricks line all of the main church and the chapels along the side, with the exception of the chancel and the chapels on its right and left where the bricks have been covered with mosaics and marble. The stranger added, "I remember so well when it was built seven years ago. I was so angry to think that Catholics should presume to dare to build a Cathedral and call its Westminster. I was not a Catholic then," she added, as I looked at her inquiringly. Like most converts, she was so full of her subject that she needed little encouragement to talk. She told of two friends of hers who in spite of bitterest opposition, were soon to go back to the faith of their fathers.

Yes, even England with its "signs of a second spring," added her voice in testimony of the Catholicity of the one True Church.

Through visiting Catholic churches in various countries I came to understand the "unity of the Faith." Any stranger could share in the service of any Catholic church in any country as well as though he were in his own parish church. There in each church is the altar of God and there is the daily sacrifice of the Mass performed. Every part of the service is familiar to him, even its language, for the Church in her wisdom has one tongue throughout the world for her solemn sacrifice. Any Catholic must needs be at home in his Father's house whether that house be in his own country or in the remotest corner of the earth.

Not only is the Mass the same in all countries, but it is the same in all conditions of churches, whether the church be one of the most magnificent or one of the humblest. It lends itself to all exigencies. This truth came home to me in the experience of two successive Sundays. The first Sunday I attended High Mass at St. Peter's in Rome, in the chapel at the left of the main altar. On each side of this altar were carved stalls filled with gorgeously clad priests who were chanting alternately. A feeling of disappointment came over me and I thought to myself: "There, I have been told that Mass was the same everywhere and I know I have never heard anything like this at Mass before." However, the priest who was to celebrate the Mass, and his acolytes, took their places at the front of the altar, as I had expected them to do, and the rest was familiar. What had for a moment given a jolt to my belief in the oneness of the Mass proved to be only the singing of Gregorian chants. Here at Saint Peter's I realized what Browning meant by "Praising God the Pope's way." The very next Sunday I was in Lugano and there I attended Mass in "the Bishop's house" in a tiny chapel, not much larger than a good-sized room. The priest's one assistant was the sexton, who was guiltless of any ecclesiastical garb. Yet I missed nothing from the service, the sacrifice offered was the same.

The community of the Church thrust itself upon me as I stood in what are now some of the Protestant churches of England. The very statue of the Virgin and Child which stands over the entrance to Westminster Abbey seemed to make that building a part of the Catholic Church of to-day. Shakespeare's church at Stratford and St. Paul's in London, were too much like the churches on the continent to seem to belong to another faith. Of course I had known before that these buildings had been part of the one Church, but I never realized the truth until I stood within them. That others of our party felt the same way I learned from one of our number, who certainly knew his history, and who later referred to St. Paul's as a Catholic church. These Protestant cathedrals of

England are, as has been aptly said, caskets bereft of their jewels.

This glimpse backward which revealed to me as one the Church before the "Reformation," and the Church of to-day, helped to form in my mind the vision of an historic Church. And this vision, it seems to me, is one of the hardest things for a free-church Protestant to acquire, so long has he been accustomed to the absolute independence of his own church. He has never seen the necessity or desirability of tracing the history of his church further than the "Reformation." No matter how many times he reads the words of Christ to Peter which foretold the founding of His Church, he still has the conviction that they could not possibly mean what the "Romanist" takes them to mean. He may not accept the favorite Protestant interpretation of former days—that Christ would build His church upon Peter's confession and upon similar confessions, for I believe that view has been discarded by the best Protestant theologians of to-day, but though so far as I have been able to learn he has not discovered a better, he is no nearer accepting the interpretation of the Catholic Church. Because of my familiarity with these words and my Protestant attitude toward them, they had no particular significance to me until I stood in St. Peter's and looked up.

Over the sepulchre of Peter and Paul, the two fellow-martyrs of Rome, hangs the Christian Pantheon in mid-air, and around the girdle of the dome shines the divine sentence: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and to you will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," and lower down on the frieze over the two pillars of the church have been added these two lines: "Hence the unity of the priesthood arises. Hence one faith shines upon the world." Then for the first time as I stood staring up, these words gripped me. Yes, Christ had established a visible church in the world and it was none other than the church founded upon Peter.

In Rome, "the place of shrines where the very light is the light of the sanctuary," the miracle of the growth of the

Christian Church came home to me. As I stood in the catacombs, and then in St. Peter's, I was brought face to face with "the mustard seed, the tiniest of all seeds," and "the great tree, the branches of which had stretched out from a new and Christian Rome, and had pushed their way silently through the crumbling walls of its Pagan temples and had extended to the utmost limits of the earth, and embraced in their loving clasp all nations."

From the catacombs to St. Peter's—a mighty development even for twenty centuries! As I took a tiny taper and followed a barefooted brown-robed monk down a flight of narrow stone steps into the darkness and chill of that home of the Church, I realized afresh that old truth that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Here, so many feet below the surface of the earth, "our ancestors in religion had passed years unknown, hunted like wild beasts, driven from the freedom of air and light, detested and despised." Here also on each side of the narrow labyrinthine passage were the horizontal niches where so many of these saints had slept their last sleep.

Another place in Rome also spoke eloquently to me of the greatness of the triumph of the Christian faith—the mighty Pantheon with its circular roof "looking heavenward with its ever open eye." I thought of St. Paul standing in the streets of Rome, gazing at that temple dedicated to her pagan deities, and I wondered if he could have realized that in so short a time comparatively it would become a Christian church. I was thrilled at the thought that the recess opposite the door, once filled by the gigantic figure of the Thunderer, now contained the altar of the living Christ, and that the twelve recesses once sacred to the gods of Jupiter's council now are Christian shrines.

As to St. Peter's, even to Hawthorne, the Unitarian, it seemed the "embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith."

To him "all splendour was included within its verge and

there was a space for all." His imagination peopled the pavement with thousands of worshippers, among whom shadowless angels might tread without brushing their heavenly garments against those of earth. As he contemplated the glories of the roof and dome "filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to a mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a higher and yet wider sphere." Moved by the spirit, Hawthorne asks: "Must not the faith that built the matchless edifice and warmed, illuminated and overflowed from it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest or minister to human necessity at the sorriest? If religion has a material home, is it not here?"

From Europe, then, I had gained a conception of an historic church. I had from personal experience discovered the truth of the claims of the Church to be one catholic and apostolic. Furthermore, I had found her holy in that she invites all to a holy life. She calls her people to a daily sacrifice, she offers at all times a place of worship.

Dean Brown of the Yale Divinity School, in a lecture last winter, declared that one of the great contributions of the Catholic Church to all religion was the "habit of worship." This habit of worship in the members of the Church can be seen by the most casual traveller. It is a testimony to the power of the "faith that raised the matchless edifice" of St. Peter's to satisfy human needs and aspirations. It was an object lesson to me to see the number of worshippers in any Catholic church at any hour of the day. This, too, in spite of the fact that it is said that the greater part of those intent on prayer seek more retired and less famous churches or small chapels in the large churches. These worshippers were from all classes, some of the very poorest being found in the most gorgeous cathedrals. As they knelt in the few small benches in front of the main altar or on the steps of the shrines along the sides or in some tiny chapel, I was struck with the fact that almost without exception they seemed to be untroubled

by the throng of sight-seers. Perhaps the most perfect example of this unmoved spirit of worship I saw on one of the covered wooden hedges of Lucerne. Right in the centre of the bridge was a shrine, knelt in front of it, but on the opposite side of the bridge, knelt an old, wrinkled, peasant woman saying her rosary. She was entirely oblivious of those passing to and fro between her and the shrine, and she seemed to attract attention only from the tourist.

“Lord, make real to me the things I hold by faith,” has been suggested as a vital prayer for all Christians. I count it one of my great blessings that the summer in Europe made real to me the things that I wished to hold by faith. The Church founded upon Peter stood revealed to me. The Church that existed in the time of the apostles was still living on, not only in America, but in Italy, Switzerland, France and Belgium, yes, and even in England and Germany, where once the gates of hell had seemed to prevail against it. I had been impressed constantly by the oneness of her altar, of her daily sacrifice and of the invitation of her sanctuary lamps. Occasionally, too, I had had vivid illuminations as to the unspeakable blessing of that sacrifice and the real presence of Jesus. One of such moments came when not with a crowd of tourists, but with a devout Catholic, I sought the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in Westminster Cathedral. At the entrance of this chapel was a sign begging no one but worshippers to enter. There in the quiet and beauty of that sanctuary, the Church called to me. As I turned away, I said aloud, “I hope that some day I shall be a Catholic.”

When my summer's trip was over I could say of myself, as Newman says of his Callista, a Greek convert of the third century: “The more I thought of what I saw of Catholicism the more I was drawn to it, and the more it approved itself to my whole soul, and the more it seemed to respond to all my needs and aspirations, and the more emphatic was my presentiment that it was true.”

Tantramar

BY THE REV. JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

They're calling, where falling, the purple shades of Even, now,
Dispread, and dews of silence descend from yonder star:
They're crying, low flying, the rooks across the meadows, now,
And loud the surf is beating on the rocks of Tantramar.

And lowing, where blowing the blue-bell and the columbine
Abound, the cows are waiting beside the meadow-bar.
While whistling mid glist'ning rosemary sweet, and jessamine
The hermit-thrush is piping loud the praise of Tantramar.

A-weary, but cheery, the ploughman from the meadow, now,
With thought of happy children to home-ward turns the car;
And leaping and sweeping before the dappled horses, now,
The dogs announce the coming of the men of Tantramar.

A-ringing, and swinging, the convent bells are singing, now,
The glory of the Lord, God, in Lindisfarne, afar:
And airy, the fairy and fragrant winds are winging, now,
Across the fields of asphodel in charming Tantramar.

How mellow, the yellow and magic moon of summer, now,
That rising soars high above the purple hills afar:
While slowly and lowly the Night like to a prelate, now,
Is sprinkling holy-water on the homes of Tantramar!

A-gleaming, and dreaming, the houses all are quiet, now,
Save where a hound is barking upon a farm, afar;
How stilly, this hilly land in a world of riot, now,
How peaceful in the moonlight slumbers lovely Tantramar!

Anecdotes of Newman

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

MANY lives have been written about Newman with the purpose of explaining the course of his religious opinions, or his philosophy of religion, or the character of the movements in which he engaged, or the literary qualities of his writings and his style. But there is no one life which has it for its main purpose to show us the man as he lived—in his private life and conversation among his friends. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's work contains all the materials for a judgment upon Newman, but it is not equal in artistic skill to his books upon Dr. Ward; and when we read those two large volumes, we cannot but feel that the man is a little lost to sight amid the forest of facts and details and the clouds of the controversies in which he was involved. Moreover, Mr. Ward seems to have had the idea of comparing Newman to writers like Kant and Hegel, to whom he was in reality very unlike; for they were metaphysicians, working in a region of intellectual abstractions, while he was by nature a poet and by choice a moral and religious philosopher, and the only office which he ever desired was the chair of moral philosophy in Oxford.

It is by character, as Goethe observes, rather than by merely mental talents, that an author lives in the memory of men. The tree is greater than its flowers or its fruits; and the man is more to us than his works or his acts. Everyone feels this is the case, for example, with Dr. Johnson. He was greater in his conversation, as Burke remarked, than in his writings; and his fame owes more to the book in which his talk is recorded than to his own books. It is his character, his temper of mind, his attitude towards life, that gives him his immortality. All this is especially true of Newman. "Men of letters," says Froude about Newman, "are either much less or much greater

than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other peoples' thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanting. A man of genius on the other hand is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The poem or other work is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself with equal or fuller completeness in his life, his conversation, and his personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. His poems were unlike any other religious poetry and had pierced into my heart and mind, and there remained; it was hard to say why they were so fascinating. But greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond."

One of the most modest of men, with all his genius, and somewhat shy, Newman never showed at his best in public, or when meeting strangers, or even in a large company of acquaintances. It was in his own family, or in a small circle of intimate friends, that the veil was laid aside, and the real man was seen. Intimacy or close acquaintance too often breeds aversion or disrespect; but there is a great cloud of witness to the charm and fascination—the magnetic attraction, as it is called—of Newman. He was by nature incapable of affectation or duplicity; he never aimed at dazzling or captivating; but the strong grace of his mind and heart was irresistible. Though none of his friends thought of following the example of Boswell, and his conversation has perished, yet there are reminiscences and observations enough to give us a picture or an image, when they are brought together, of what he was in his family and among his intimate friends.

I will begin with an anecdote that has always appeared to me to show a singular loveableness. An Irishman many years ago told me that it was a custom with many young Irish priests, when they got a vacation, to go over to England and make a pilgrimage to visit Newman. When a young priest was brought in and introduced as one who came from Ireland to see him, the dear old man would throw his arms around him

and kiss him, so fond was he of Irishmen and so grateful for the kindness which he received in Ireland.

And to take up the course of his life from childhood, as it is revealed in the memories that have been recorded for us here and there:—

When he was a very little fellow, one day he was heard to heave a heavy sigh, and his nurse maid said, "Why such a sigh, Master Johnny?" "Oh," he said, "I have been thinking that I have three things to do in my life—I have to go away to school, and I have to choose a profession, and I have to get married."

The family then lived in a house called Grey Court, at Ham, near Richmond, on the bank of the Thames. It is described in the chapter on Discipline and Influence (Ch. VI.) in *The Rise and Progress of Universities*, in the third volume of his *Historical Sketches*.

Newman remembered how here, at the age of four or five, he ran about the lawn waving a flag for the battle of Trafalgar, and how he watched from his little cot at night the candles blazing in the windows for victory, and how he was taken in his nurse's arms to see Nelson's funeral. He used to relate that there was an old ferryman, nearly ninety years of age, at Twickenham, who said, "They talk a great deal about a Mr. Pope, but he was nobody, and a very small, little man too." Newman recollected one man who was then thought a poet, Richard Cumberland, the author of sentimental comedies; he is now remembered chiefly by Goldsmith's playful criticism in *Retaliation*. He was a friend of the Newmans, and once at a party in their house to which he came, "My father's partial love for me," says the Cardinal, "led to my reciting something or other in the presence of a literary man. I wish I could think it was 'Here Cumberland lies,' from the *Retaliation*, which I knew really well as a boy. He put his hand on my head and said, 'Young gentleman, when you are old, you can say that you have had on your head the hand of Richard Cumberland.'"

Newman had a strong will and in his childhood was self-willed. His sister Jemima used to tell a story of his infantile struggles to get his own way. After one of these efforts, his mother said to him: "You see, John, you did not get your own way." He answered, "No, mother, but I tried very hard!"

His friends in later years noticed that one of the temptations which he most feared was self-will.

When he was seven years old, he was sent to a school at Ealing, a few miles away from London. Whether the English fashion of sending little boys away from home to school be a good one or not for the general run, it cannot be good for the exceptional ones of poetic temperaments, as we can see from the lives of Coleridge, Shelly, and similar cases; and I do not believe it was good for Newman. Lord Chatham, one of the boldest and most resolute men that ever lived, would not send his sons away to school until they were old enough for one of the colleges in the universities; he said that he noticed at Eton that every boy of gentle disposition was cowed for life by the bullying he underwent from the coarser ones. Poets are always, and must be, physically more sensitive than other men; without such a physical organization there could not be poetic genius. After the first visit of his father and mother to see him at Ealing, when they had left, the little fellow was found by the head master alone and in tears. The master proposed that he should go into the large playroom where the boys were. He shrank from this: "Oh, Sir, I can't help crying, and the boys will say such things." The master, of course, declared the boys would not. "Oh, but they will, Sir; come and see for yourself," taking the master's hand and leading him into the room, where the master's eye gave the boys a hint not to be unkind.

It has sometimes been stated, and by those who should know better, that the religion of Newman's home was Calvinistic or Evangelical. This is not in accordance with his own account in the *Apologia*, and it has been contradicted by his family.

His nephew, Mr. Frank Mozley, has recorded the evidence of the Cardinal's brother, Frank Newman: "My father was liberal and fond of seeing what different people had to say for their opinions. A reader and admirer of the works of Barclay the Quaker, he could not bear Rev. John Newton, in whose parish (in London) he lived, on account of his connection with the slave trade, and perhaps, his Calvinism. My father was a Whig, despised the city companies, and never cared to take up his freedom, though it might have done him some little good in his bank. He was of independent mind, and looked at things from his own point of view, but having no political influence, did not say much. My mother and grandmother (Newman) taught us simple piety, the non-controversial points of Christianity on which all agreed. They never would have taught Calvinism." Another nephew, Mr. J. B. Mozley, gives the evidence of their mother, the Cardinal's sister, Jemima, that the teaching in their home was not either Calvinistic or Evangelical. Nor was the tone of the School at Ealing either Calvinistic or Evangelical. It was one single teacher there, Rev. Walter Mayers, as the Apologia tells us, who infused the Calvinism into Newman's mind, and gave him the books which taught that the Pope was Antichrist.

One of Newman's truest friends in his maturer years was Maria Giberne, who became a Catholic and a Sister (Maria Pia) in a convent of the Order of the Visitation at Autun, in France. And she has left an account of her first acquaintance with him. Rev. Walter Mayers left the Ealing School to take charge, as curate, of the villages of Over Warton and Nether Warton, about twenty miles from Oxford, and he married her sister, Sarah Giberne. Another sister, Charlotte Giberne, went to visit them in the summer of 1825, and she records how she there made acquaintance with John and Frank Newman: "The latter was spending the long Vacation with Mr. Mayers to assist him in teaching some pupils, though he was only nineteen. John Newman walked over from Oxford, seventeen

miles, one morning, to breakfast, and repeated Milman's beautiful hymn from the Martyr of Antioch,* 'Brother, thou art gone before us.' He was a most interesting young man, but I only saw him once. Frank Newman was as bright a specimen of a young Oxford student as I ever met with. They had both been considered converted in early youth; and so uncommon an event to me was it to meet with Christian young men, that my admiration knew no bounds. Of course I told my sister Maria all this, and she was quite prepared to appreciate in like manner when she went to stay at Worton the following summer."

"It was a delightful place," says Maria in a sketch of her life which she wrote for the Sisters at Autun, "far from towns and quite country. There I spent my days as much as possible under the trees or in the fields, sketching the lovely views. My sister Sarah had told me that Mr. Francis Newman and a friend were coming to the village to spend the vacation. I did not pay much attention, being preoccupied with this delicious solitude. In a while the two friends appeared and I enjoyed hearing them talk, having a great respect for learned men, though far from being learned myself. I asked them questions and propounded religious difficulties which troubled me. I was struck with Frank Newman's piety, which had nothing affected about it, like the manner of some good people. We often talked while I was sketching in the fields, and he explained to me many things in Holy Scripture which I had not understood. Before leaving the village, he expressed a wish that I could become acquainted with his sisters. (One of the reasons he suggested was that she might lead them into the good way, that is, Calvinism). This idea pleased me much, and on returning home I gave my mother no peace until she gave me permission to invite two of his sisters to spend a fortnight with us (at her home in Wanstead, in Epping Forest, now no forest). They accepted the invitation, and Mrs. Newman brought her three daughters, Harriet, Jemima, and Mary.

* This work had just been published.

She left Harriet and Mary with us. I was much taken with Mary, who was nice-looking, unaffected, and only seventeen years of age. I should not have been greatly attracted by Harriet, only I was resolved to make friends with them; for she had a way I could not understand, and she embarrassed me greatly with her knowledge of religious matters, because I had thought I might be able to lead them to the good way, and behold, they seemed to know all beforehand and, often showed me that I was mistaken in my explanations. I remember that the first thing I opposed with all my might was the idea of a visible church, and it was not till long after, when I was staying with their mother in the country, that I took up this idea . . . Then in the summer (1827) the Newman family stayed some months at Brighton (where one of Miss Giberne's married sisters also was staying). Naturally we called now and then to see Mrs. Newman, who invited us one day to spend the afternoon and evening, and then for the first time I became acquainted with Mr. Newman, now Father Newman. It was a great pleasure, for I had heard so much about him, and I enjoyed seeing him though he spoke very little to me and paid me no compliments or special attentions like most young men of our acquaintance, who neglected the ladies of their own families. The delicate and repeated attention of Mr. Newman to his mother and sisters, therefore, aroused my admiration and respect."

On the 5th of January, 1828, his youngest sister, Mary, died, at Brighton, while Maria Giberne and her sister Fanny were on a visit to the Newmans. Fifty-two years later, Newman wrote to a friend: "I miss and shall miss in Jemima this—she alone with me had a memory of dates. I knew well, as anniversaries of all kinds came round, she was recollecting . . . and knew a hundred things most interesting to me. Yesterday was the anniversary of Mary's death; my mind turned at once to Jemima, but she was away." (She had died at the preceding Christmas, 1879). There was one who recollected this anniversary, Sister Maria Pia, who wrote

to him from Autun, in a letter which is too long for quotation in full: "This season never comes round without my repassing in my heart of hearts all the circumstances of those few days—my first visit to your dear family. Who could ever behold that sweet face for any length of time and forget it again? And who could ever have been acquainted with the soul and heart that lent their expression to that face, and not love her? . . . I forget about the dinner and evening of the first day, for I was doubtless under considerable awe of you in those days; but the next day at dinner our dear Mary sat next to you and I was on the other side of her; and while eating a bit of turkey, she turned her face towards me, her hand on her heart, so pale and a dark ring round her eyes, and she said she felt ill, and should she go away? I asked you, and she went. I longed to accompany her, but dared not for fear of making a stir. It was the last time I saw her alive . . . Your mother, looking so distressed, said: 'John, I never saw Mary so ill before. I think we must send for the doctor.' You answered as if to cheer her, 'Ah, yes, Mother, and don't forget the fee.' . . . Next day we went to dine with a friend, and only returned to your house about nine. I felt a shock in entering the house, seeing no one but you—so pale and so calm, though so inwardly moved; and when I asked you to pray with us for her, you made a great effort to quiet your voice, sitting against the table, your eyes on the fire, and you answered, 'I must tell you the truth; she is dead already.' I felt turned to stone; Fanny cried; I envied her her tears; I never can cry suddenly. My tears come now in writing it, though they would not then. You told us a little about her, with gasping sobs in your voice, and then you left us . . . Do you recollect that you and I are the only survivors of that event?

"And then how can I ever forget all your kindnesses to me because of my toothache? * how your mother sent out for soft cakes soaked with wine, the only thing I could manage to eat. You all seemed so unselfish in your grief, forgetting your own

* She had undergone a painful, unsuccessful operation.

trouble to minister to my wants. 'I was deeply touched, and learned a lesson which, though I have not practised it as I ought, I have always striven to imitate—not to suffer myself to be so absorbed by my own feelings that I can not feel for others.'

In 1882, on January 5, he wrote to Sister Maria Pia a letter to which the preceding seems to have been an answer: "This is the anniversary of my dear Mary's death in 1828,—an age ago; but she is as fresh in my memory and as dear to my heart as if it were yesterday; and often I cannot mention her name without tears coming into my eyes."

"I never thought so highly of Newman," writes Rev. Isaac Williams, who was for a time his curate at St. Mary's, in Oxford, "and he never seemed to me so saintlike and high in his character as when he was with his mother and sisters. The softness and repose of his character then came out, and so corrected his restless intellect . . . While Newman was abroad (1832-3) his mother and two sisters were living in a cottage by Littlemore, called Rose Hill, and I saw them very constantly, in the care of the parish, and heard his letters to them read. At this time, his brother Frank also was away in the East, having gone on a wild, enthusiastic expedition to Bagdad; and when his family were receiving or expecting letters from both brothers, I was struck with the contrast between the two. While our Newman had so much poetry, love of scenery and associations of place and country, and domestic and filial affection, these qualities appeared to me wanting in his brother, who would have passed by Jerusalem and Nazareth without turning aside to look on them, or the most beautiful object in nature; or, at all events, he would not have deigned to mention them, nor to cast any longing, lingering look to his home."

One of the friends with whom he was most intimate in early manhood was Rev. S. Rickards, who is the one that said of him that when Newman's mouth was shut it seemed as if it would never open, and when it was open, it seemed as if it need never shut. After one of his visits to Rickards, his sister Harriet, who remained there after him, wrote: "Mr. Rickards dreamed

that you wrote saying you had been extremely happy here, and the only want you at all perceived in him was a hat; you begged to present him with one. Is it not ridiculous? He must have discovered our thoughts by chiromancy." (Rickards used to read characters from handwriting).

When he was paying another visit to Rickards, Mrs. Rickards wrote thus to his sister: "We have great designs upon John, which are neither more nor less than to make him idle enough to rest himself. This morning I was treated by all three gentlemen coming into the drawing-room after breakfast, when a discussion began which lasted nearly two hours, after which they adjourned to talk and walk about the garden, from whence they only returned to be ready for dinner at two o'clock. And now here is John (Newman) come to keep me company, or rather to be plagued by the children. They are quite overjoyed to see him. I wish you could only see him now in the great armchair with both on his lap, pulling off and putting on his glasses."

This love of children was a constant feature of his character. When he visited in 1870 his old friend Dean Church, the latter writes to a common friend: "Newman's visit was very pleasant. He made himself quite at home with Helen and the children; with the children he compared notes about children's books, which has ended in their sending him, and his very heartily accepting one of their books of nonsense, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, which he did not know, and they thought he ought to. He was very well and very happy, walking and even running, though it was that very hot weather. I took him to Longleat, and you know how he lets himself go when he enjoys being out in the air on a fine day, and looking at what he thinks beautiful. He talked very freely and a great deal, neither seeking nor avoiding subjects, but taking everything as it turned up, and becoming very animated at times."

Mary Anderson (to call her by her best known name) says: "The kindness of his heart, as well as his forgetfulness of the flight of time in his life of thought, are well illustrated by the following anecdote told me by Miss B. Her father had come

over to the Church with Newman; a strong friendship existed between them. One of Miss B's sisters married, and had a child. In his visits to the family, Cardinal Newman never forgot to bring the little one a plaything of some kind. The mother, with her child, was called away to India to join her husband, who was stationed there. Many years passed. She died, and her daughter, then a young lady of sixteen, came back to England to stop with her aunt, Miss B. The latter informed the Cardinal of the girl's return. And when next he came to town, they were astonished and touched to see him arrive with his pockets, as of old, filled with toys. He had forgotten the lapse of years, and only remembered with beautiful fidelity the old custom."

When Summer Dies

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

When Summer dies, then doth it seem to me
 The flowers grieve that soon for them shall be
 The end of life; no more for them the rise
 Of throbbing sun-dawn, gold across the lea!
 Methinks the dew but tears from Pan's poor eyes,
 When Summer dies.

And she, my love, doth she have aught of cheer,
 Now that the end of loveliness draws near!
 What bodes those vague, unearthly forest-cries?
 Are not those robin-notes surcharged with fear?
 Ah, sorrow seems to tinge the very skies
 When Summer dies!

Yet though all Nature wither like a leaf,
 And life seem harshly gray and choked with grief,
 Besure brave Virtue ever wins the prize,
 Whether our lives be overlong or brief.
 Yea on the world God's richest love light lies,
 When Summer dies.

Apostasy Under Difficulties

BY RT. REV. MGR. JOHN CRUISE, D.D.

IT would seem that there should be little difficulty in proving that a man had apostatized from the Catholic religion, if, though born and brought up in that faith, he had exercised the functions of a Protestant minister during many years, and had died whilst still performing such functions. Yet during the period in which the penal laws against the Catholic religion were in force in Ireland, apostasy, at least in the eyes of the law, was not the simple matter it had been under the Roman Emperors, or under the kings who reigned in Palestine shortly before the coming of Christ.

If a Christian had scattered a few grains of incense on the fire that burned before an idol, or if he had only given to the magistrate a written declaration that he had sacrificed to the genius of the Emperor, the Roman persecutors were content. Apostasy had been completely proved. The "Libellatici" of the third century were Christians who had obtained certificates that they had conformed to the edicts of the pagan Emperors in matters of religion. So that a Christian who had not actually offered sacrifice to a false god, but obtained a written statement that he had done so, was held to be an apostate from the Faith by both the civil and religious authorities.

The aged Eleazar, whose martyrdom is described in the second book of the Machabees, rightly judged that to pretend to do a deed, that in the opinion of all amounted to apostasy, would in fact be a renunciation of his faith.

"Eleazar, one of the chiefs of the scribes, was pressed to eat swines' flesh. But they that stood by, being moved with wicked pity, for the old friendship they had with the man, taking him aside, desired that flesh might be bought, which it was lawful for him to eat, that he might make as if he had eaten, as the King commanded, of the flesh of the sacrifice.

That by so doing he might be delivered from death. But he . . . answered without delay . . . that he would rather be sent into the other world. For it doth not become our age, said he, to dissemble; whereby many young persons might think that Eleazar, at the age of four-score and ten years was gone over to the life of the heathens.”

But let us return to the Ireland of the eighteenth century, and the legal proof required there to demonstrate that a man had left the Catholic Church. Since motives of covetousness entered largely into the composition of the penal laws, some remarks are required to explain their peculiar construction.

By an Act of Queen Anne’s Parliament, Catholics were precluded from buying real estate or even from holding a lease of more than thirty-one years’ duration. If a Catholic, in the face of this law, bought land or a lease of more than the prescribed limit, any Protestant who chose to file a bill in a court of equity, might obtain possession of such land or lease by merely stating that the person possessed of the interest was a Catholic, and that he himself was a Protestant and entitled to have the estate taken from the Catholic and vested in a decree of the court in him the Protestant. This was called (not in joke) “Discovering the land,” or “filing a Bill of Discovery.” And land that could be the object of such a bill, was called “Discoverable land.” Such laws naturally produced many cheerful Christopher Columbuses, who were ready to cry out, “Tierra! Tierra!” and seize the land of their Catholic neighbours, or even land which had been bought by a Protestant from a Catholic, or in any way derived from a Catholic, but which had not been conveyed to such Protestant in due form by a “Bill of Discovery.”

In his sworn evidence before the Committee of the House of Parliament, appointed to enquire into the state of Ireland, Daniel O’Connell on the 4th of March, 1825, testified as follows, “Before 1778, any land held by a Protestant, that was tainted in its progress to him, by having been for one moment in the hands of a Catholic, either as a trustee or otherwise, was

discoverable in the hands of that Protestant, and instances were very frequent in which Protestants lost their estates and properties by Bills of discovery; one instance is upon record in which a gentleman entered into Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer, became a clergyman of the Established Church, lived for fifty years a clergyman of the Established Church, acquired an estate, and left it to his son, a Protestant; and his son lost that estate by a bill of discovery, because the father had entered Trinity College after fourteen, and never regularly conformed; the father was born of Catholic parents; he was probably twenty when he went to Trinity College, Dublin, and entered as a sizer there.

Question. Having become a Protestant in the meantime?

Answer. He could not have entered without being a Protestant.

Question. He was deemed to have been in law a Catholic, because he had not conformed before fourteen years of age?

Answer. He was, according to the legal phrase, plainly a Papist in point of law, because the son of every Papist was by law taken prima facie to be a Papist, unless under the age of fourteen he went publicly to (the Protestant) church; he was a Papist for his life, unless he conformed; and it is right I should add, from my professional experience, there was scarcely one instance of regular conformity in Ireland; conformity that would bear the test, except in Dublin.

Question. What is regular conformity, according to law?

Answer. Regular conformity was taking certain oaths; the oath of supremacy, receiving the sacrament in church during divine service, filing a certificate in the superior courts of having taken the sacrament during divine service, and of having taken the oaths at sessions. The statutes were equivocal, if certificates were filed in the superior courts; there ought to be two of them, that was sufficient. Now the first defect that appears upon the (certificate) of conformity is this, that in general it was certified that the person received the sacrament *after*

divine service, and not as the statute required it, *during* divine service; that it a very common defect in the conformity. The next was, that it was required to file a certificate in the court of the session, of taking the sacrament; and that the certificate of having taken the oaths was to be filed in the courts above. The consequence was, that in the country the mode in which they proceeded was this: they filed the certificate of having taken the sacrament according (to law) in the court of sessions, and they took a certificate from the court of sessions, of having taken the oaths, and they filed that certificate in the courts above. Now that was not considered sufficient; the certificate in the superior court was the only thing that, according to law, could be looked at, and that was only a certificate that somebody else certified, that the sacrament had been received. There were two certificates necessary; one was a certificate of having taken the sacrament, the other was a certificate of having taken the oaths. If both those were filed in the superior courts, it was sufficient; and therefore, when they conformed in Dublin, they put the clergyman's certificate in the court of King's Bench; and they took a certificate from the court of King's Bench, that that certificate was there, that that person had taken the oaths; and they filed that certificate, where it should be filed.

Question. That was good conformity?

Answer. That was good so far, because both were in the superior Court; the certificate of having taken the sacrament, was also in a superior court; but I never saw a good certificate from the court of sessions below; they always left one certificate, that is of having taken the sacrament, in the sessions court below; they only took to the superior court a certificate that that certificate had been filed at sessions, and that the oaths had been taken; and that was held under the words of the statute not to be sufficient."

More could be said about the strange complexity of the penal laws and the legal proofs of apostasy, but leaving that aside, I merely dwell upon what Daniel O'Connell called "a

very common defect in the certificates of conformity," the statement that the person conforming had received the sacrament "after divine service." The word "after" instead of "during divine service," which was so generally inserted in the certificates, could only have been omitted by an effort, for it occurred so naturally in any reference to the sacrament, that it was universally employed. Up to the time when the Oxford movement of 1833 made some change in the Anglican Church, no one dreamed of staying for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, as it was generally called, unless he intended to communicate. It would have been regarded as a most strange and impertinent curiosity for a non-communicant to be present at the office of Holy Communion. After Matins, hymn and sermon, all left but the few communicants, who remained on those rare Sundays, three or four at the most in the year, when the Holy Communion was administered. In Tom Brown's School Days, Harry East says to Tom, "I never stop the Sacrament I can see from the Doctor downwards how that tells against me," and later on "no boy got on who didn't stay the Sacrament." After some more talk, Tom said, "You'll stop the Sacrament next time, won't you?" And this was at Rugby School, the boys had a private chapel, but still all left when the service of Holy Communion began, except those who were to receive. High Anglicans are now making desperate efforts to have the celebration of the Lord's Supper regarded as the chief service of the day. Some of them boldly call the Holy Communion the Mass. But it is all in vain. The idea that divine service consists of Bible reading, hymns and sermon, is so deeply rooted in the Protestant mind, that it cannot be extracted.

Mgr. Benson, who received his first Protestant Communion at the age of seventeen, says in his "Confessions of a Convert": "Only once before had I even attended the service." Yet he was the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury. Can we wonder, then, that even a lawyer, unless gifted with the extraordinary skill of a Daniel O'Connell, should draw up the

certificate of his conforming client as having received the sacrament after divine service? Then to the dismay of the unfortunate client, or at least of his heirs, the certificate would be invalid. A gentleman who had decided to renounce the Catholic religion, might have sat quietly in the vestry till the congregation had departed, and there remained only the other three or even two, communicants required by the Anglican ritual to receive with the celebrant* and then entering the church, have received the sacrament, and all would have been in accordance with the law of the land, provided that the certificate bore the words, "he received the sacrament during divine service." Of course all the other vexatious formalities would have been required. But the most humiliating of the formalities, for one who feared not God, but only man, would have been much softened. Instead of a triumphant Protestant crowd to gaze at him during sermon and hymns, he might have had only the parson's wife and the pew opener, or one of his own Protestant servants to receive the bread and wine with him. And he would not have been obliged to receive the sacrament ever again, or even to enter a Protestant church any more.

All these unjust laws have long since been repealed. I say this, because having lived much abroad, I find that there is a great deal of ignorance concerning the relations between England and Ireland. Many foreign Catholics imagine that the penal laws are still in force. Possibly one or two of those into whose hands this number of the "Lilies" may come, might have the same idea.

* And if there be not above twenty persons in the Parish of discretion to receive the Communion: yet there shall be no Communion, except four (or three at the least) communicate with the Priest." Rubric of the Anglican Communion Office.

Sonnet

INSCRIBED TO SISTER MARY PAULINA FINN, VISITATION CONVENT, WASHINGTON, D.C., ON HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.

JUNE 20, 1869—JUNE 20, 1919.

Dawn wove a glittering garment of the beams
That shot the silvery mist with radiant light,
And clothed the day with magic raiment bright,
All figured with fond hopes and lofty dreams
That golden noon hath perfected. It seems
But yesterday on Calvary's crimson height
We saw thee stand, a victim pure and white,
Self-immolated, dead to earthly schemes.

Sweet singer of rare melodies divine,
Our cloister laureate, send forth thy song
To voice the yearnings of Christ's Sacred Heart,
Till men in adoration round It throng,
And find that lasting peace for which they pine,
O happy mission! Blest by Heaven thou art!

Sister M.M.

The Vengeance of Tito Rossi

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH'S MOTHER.

IT was a lovely evening early in July. The sun had set behind the western hills, and as it sank below the horizon the snow-elad summits of Mt. Blanc and the lofty peaks of the Aigilles were flushed with delicate hues of tender rose and gold. The air was still, save for the rushing swish of the impetuous Arves, or the music of the bells, as the cattle slowly wended their way to drink at the fountains before retiring to their various shelters for the night.

A group of strangers, some on mules and some on foot, returning from a climb to the top of the Brevent, were hastening home to their hotel where the chimer bell was making itself heard. With the party were two guides, and as it is with them that we chiefly have to do, I will begin by describing them. The guide who led the foremost mule was about six feet high, broad shouldered and athletic, the picture of a hardy mountaineer. He was very pleasant to look at, with his honest blue eyes, fair, curly hair, and the happy, good-natured expression of his much-tanned countenance. He was the favorite guide of the district. All the ladies liked to have Pierre Constant to attend them, he was so kind to the timid ones, leading their mules carefully down the dangerous places, and beguiling them out of their fears with many tales of Alpine life.

A very different man was guide No. 2. Tito Rossi by name. His father was an Italian, and his large dark eyes, olive complexion, and straight blue-black hair, told of his southern origin. He was not so fine a man as Pierre, but his slight figure was well knit, and there was a picturesque grace in all his movements, a careless ease, too, showing he was quite aware of his good looks. He knew enough English to understand when ladies exclaimed "what a handsome youth." Then Tito would confuse them by raising his "beret," and showing his white

teeth in smiling acknowledgment of the compliment. Tito lived in the village with his grandmother, old Babette, who carried on the business of a "blanche seure." Her only child (Tito's mother) having gone away as maid to an English lady who had been staying in the village, accompanied her to Rome, and there married an Italian courier. He died rather suddenly, and then she returned to her mountain home, and only lived for a few days after the birth of her son. Babette was a cross-grained old woman to the world in general, but she petted and spoiled her handsome grandson, and the good priest, Father Bossom, who took an interest in the boy, often rebuked her for her over-indulgence.

Pierre Constant's parents were very worthy people, honest and hard-working. They lived in a pretty chalet just outside the town, and at this time of the year might be seen in their hay-field with their daughters, tossing the sweet-scented hay, or tying it up in large hundles to go on the long hay cart. Old Constant was one of the most experienced guides in all the country side. He had been more than fifty times to the top of Mt. Blanc, but now he was glad that when he retired his son was ready to take his place. Meanwhile Pierre always accompanied him. Tito too. The latter was as light of foot as a chamois, but over-adventurous, and not so careful as his friend. Pierre and Tito had been playmates as children. When boys they used to take it in turn to get up at 4 o'clock a.m. to serve Masses for the priests at the village church. Pierre was always regular, but Tito would get fits of laziness, when he would neither get up in time for Mass nor help his grandmother at home. At those times neither the rebuke of priest or parent had any effect, only one person could move him from his perverse humour, and that was pretty Madeline Bruyere, whom both the boys worshipped, playfully calling her their "Queen."

Madeline's father was a well-to-do farmer, who during the summer months lived in a chalet very high up on the mountain side. He had fifteen cows, and a flock of goats, and when the

cold weather set in he and his family with their cattle and other belongings, migrated to more sheltered quarters in the valley below. Then it was that the young people were thrown together. They met every day at the village school and as they grew older they joined in the sledding and skating that forms the valley amusements during the long winter months. At the time our story commences, Madeline was a tall, graceful girl, the picture of health and sweet temper. Her father was dead, but her mother carried on the farm. The cheeses made at the hill chalet were quite famous, and found ready sale at the hotels in the village. All their little world knew that Pierre and Tito were still devoted to their "Queen." They also knew that Pierre was the favoured one, and though it was thought that Madeline might have looked higher, Pierre's family were much respected and Pierre himself in character and conduct above reproach, so when the young people danced together in the summer evenings, or skated together in the winter, everyone smiled upon them.

When I say everyone I am hardly correct. There was one who scowled and bit his nails when he saw them, for he, too, loved Madeline and meant to try hard to win her for his wife. I am afraid, though a good girl, Madeline was a bit of a coquette. She loved admiration, besides, she had a real affection for her old playmate Tito, and when he looked at her tenderly with his large dark eyes, she had not the heart to be unkind. Then he would implore her to love him even a little, and she would tell him that she did love him as a friend, but as a lover she could not think of him for a moment. He knew that she spoke what she felt; he knew, moreover, that all her heart was given to Pierre, yet he loved her none the less, but he hated his rival more and more. It was in vain that Father Bossom talked to him of the folly of allowing himself to be dominated by a hopeless passion, that would bring nothing but bitterness into his life. "Pierre," said he, "is your best friend, and yet you hate him in your heart; sometimes you wish him dead so that you may fill his place. Oh! my son, beware. Pas-

sion will carry you away with it unless you conquer it in time." To return to my story. As soon as the visitore were conducted to their hotel, Pierre and Tito led their mules away to their stables, and having attended to their wants, each went his own way, Pierre to take home his earnings, and Tito to spend them in the nearest cafe. As the former neared his father's house he saw a pink dress before him on the hill, and well knowing whose it was, he hastened on, and overtook Madeline before she had reached the pine forest through which she always passed on her way home.

"Oh Pierre, how you startled me!"

"Did I? I had no idea that my foot-fall had such a terrible sound. Say you are sorry to be startled when the— appears in my form.

"No, I'm not going to flatter you, you vain boy, but you look elated. Have the tourists given you larger pay than usual, or were those young ladies prettier, and more gracious to their favorite guide?"

"You are talking nonsense, dear. You know there is but one face in the world for me. And the sweetest smiles elsewhere are wasted upon me. I leave all that for Tito. He smiles and blushes when they, thinking he does not understand their language, make flattering remarks upon his beauty. I don't know if you will be as pleased as I am at the news I have to tell you. I am going with a party up Mt. Blanc tomorrow. My father is going too, and Tito. The pay will be good, for the people are wealthy Americans, and will spare no expense. You know why I am glad to add to my store, this will probably be my father's last journey up the mountain, then I shall take his place. That is my great ambition, for it means money, and when I have saved enough I will take a hotel, and then my darling will be mine, when I have a home to receive her. That is my dream; will you do your part in fulfilling it?"

For answer Madeline raised her beautiful eyes to his, and he stopped and kissed her lips. "My own forever," he murmured.

“Yes, your own, your very own, but Oh Pierre, take care tomorrow, and in dangerous places do not stand too near to Tito. Father Bossom says it is foolish to mind dreams, but I had miserable dreams last night, in which you and Tito and Mt. Blanc were all mixed up.”

“You are a silly child to be made unhappy by dreams, and though I know Tito is jealous of me, I don’t think he is bad enough to try to hurt me.”

“I don’t know, Pierre. I like the boy for old times sake, but I am afraid of him sometimes; he looks at you as if he would like to kill you.”

Pierre duly promised to be careful of his precious self, and after a little more lover’s talk, he said, “I must leave you now, dear, for I promised to see the gentleman who is getting up this party, to make final arrangements. We start at five o’clock in the morning. You will think of us, won’t you?”

“Think of you, yes, and pray God to guard you and to watch over you, and bring you back to me in safety. But Oh! be careful for my sake, if not for your own. I don’t know how it is, but I am full of presentiments. I never felt so anxious before, though you have been many times up the mountain. A moment more, and he was gone, striding down the mountain path as if his life depended on his speed. Madeline watched him until he was out of sight and then, with a heavy sigh, she was turning to continue her way up the hill, when a voice said, “Is he walking for a wager, or have you driven him away?”

“Oh Tito, you made me jump! Where have you come from; and how long have you been here?”

“I came from the village, my Queen, and I have been here long enough to witness the tender parting between you and your long-limbed admirer.”

“You had no right to play the spy upon us,” said the girl, angrily.

“Haven’t I? I say I have, for I love you; I love you a thousand times better than he does; my love isn’t merely a part

of my life, it is life itself. I, too, am going on a perilous journey to-morrow; kiss me and bless me as you blessed and kissed Pierre. Will you?"

He stepped forward, his lips trembling, his eyes flashing. Madeline drew back haughtily. "You forget yourself, Tito. I will pray for the safety of my old playfellow, but I cannot kiss anyone but my betrothed.

"Your betrothed! Has it come to that already?"

"Yes, and it cannot be any surprise to you. You must have known that Pierre and I have loved each other all our lives, and now I have promised to marry him as soon as he has a home ready for me."

"Some promises are made to be broken," said Tito, "and yours will be, for never while I am alive shall you marry Pierre Constant."

"You have no voice in the matter," said Madeline, scornfully.

"Haven't I? We'll see. Now give me that kiss to help me on my way to-morrow."

"I can't, Tito, but I will pray God to take care of you and make you a better man."

Tito's dark face flushed to the roots of his hair. "You will be sorry for this," said he, "but whatever happens you will one day be my wife," and he seized her in his arms, and notwithstanding her struggles, kissed her repeatedly.

"You coward!" she cried. "I hate you. If you were the only man in the world I would not marry you," and breaking away from him, she ran up the hill, while he plunged into the Pine forest and was soon lost to sight. When she reached her home her mother came out to meet her. "What is it, Cherie?" said she, "You are quite out of breath, and trembling all over. Has that boy Tito been rude?"

"Yes, but I want to tell you something else first. Pierre came with me as far as the Pine wood; he is going up the mountain with a party to-morrow, and Mother dear, he asked me to be his wife, not now, but when he has a home for me.

He said you gave him leave to speak. Of course I said Yes, for I have loved him always, and I was so happy even though we had just parted, when, turning to go up the hill, I found Tito standing beside me. He looked so queer, white as death, though his eyes were flashing, and his lips trembled as he asked me to kiss him too. Of course I wouldn't, and I told him that Pierre and I are betrothed, and I cannot kiss anyone else. He was very angry, talked of his love, said I should never marry anyone else. Then he seized me in his arms and kissed me many times. I was beside myself with rage, that he should do so. I told him I hated him, and Mother, I am sorry that I said so, lest he may avenge himself on Pierre. Do you think he will?"

"No, dear child, he daren't do anything. We will speak to Father Bossom; he is the only person who has any influence over Tito. When do they start, to-morrow?"

"At five o'clock in the morning, if all is favorable. Oh Mother, we must pray for them; I tremble to think of the danger they may have to encounter."

"There are dangers everywhere, child, but remember that the same God is watching over the snows, as over the valley below. He is everywhere; we can only trust in His mercy. Now go to bed, and sleep in peace, leaving all in His hands."

The weather on the following day was splendid, so the party, ten in number, started on their ascent of Mt. Blanc. Later in the day they could be seen through the big telescope in the village, toiling up through the soft snow, which often reached far above their knees. Near the grand mulet they were lost to sight. Two days later a man came running into the village. "There has been an accident up there," said he, pointing to Mt. Blanc. "Pierre Constant has fallen into a crevasse. They could see him sliding down the slippery ice, trying to hold on with his nails. They thought he was lost, but a block of ice that had got wedged in, saved him. There were fears that it might give way under his weight, but it held until someone was let down, and fastened a rope round Pierre's body.

He is a heavy man and they had great difficulty in bringing him up, and greatly feared lest the rope might break. However, they brought him to the top. He is in a dreadful state, his clothes torn to rags, and all down one side of his body is nothing but raw flesh, all the skin rubbed off. They are bringing him down. Yes, he is alive, but he is suffering dreadfully, poor fellow. I can't think what came over him, for Pierre is always so careful.

"Was Tito there?" asked one of the listeners.

"Yes, he was standing close to him. It was a scream from Tito that told what had happened. He seemed greatly distressed, and wanted to be let down to fasten the rope, but the old man would trust no one but himself to rescue his son."

It was late in the evening when the stretcher on which Pierre was laid, reached the village. He was unconscious when examined by the doctor, who said that though no bones were broken, one knee was severely injured, and that with the shock to the system, and the agony he had suffered, he feared Pierre would never be the same man again. However, youth and a good constitution triumphed. When the fever abated, and the torn flesh began to heal, the patient seemed in a fair way to recover. Only the injured knee remained stiff. Pierre would never again guide strangers in ascending Mt. Blanc; he would always be lame, walking with a limp. As his bodily ailments got better it fretted him to think of the blight that had fallen on his bright prospects. Yet he had one comfort in his trouble, Madeline's love was still his. All through his illness she nursed and cheered him, and now that he was able to move about, she devised little plans for his amusement.

One day when he was sadly discussing the future, a tap came to the door. It was Mr. Belham, the American millionaire. He had been to Italy and had returned to put the finishing touches to an enterprise which he had started before he went away. When he came into the room he saw that Pierre was, as he expressed it, "Considerably down in the mouth."

"What's this?" said he. "Aren't you so well, Pierre?"

“Yes, Sir, but I was grumbling a bit. I hate to think I shall never go up that beautiful mountain again, but must be all my life a limping cripple. It seems very hard.”

“Hard, yes, but my dear boy, it might have been so much worse. Though you can’t go up the mountain, there are other things you can do, and when this young lady is your wife she won’t be sorry that you were obliged to retire from a dangerous occupation. Now I want you both to come with me to look at my new purchase.”

It was only a short distance off, and as Pierre limped slowly along, many people looked with compassion in the halting steps and emaciated appearance of the village champion, who had won so many prizes at their athletic sports. Pierre and Madeline were delighted with the “Hotel de l’Arne,” which was the “purchase” they were taken to see. It was a fine building with every modern improvement. At one side it looked into a terrace garden, at the bottom of which flowed the Arve. All the windows at that side commanded a fine view of Mt. Blanc, the glacier de Bossons, and the Tignilles. The front of the house opened into the main street. The house was fully furnished. Madeline was rapturous. “What a lovely place!” she exclaimed.

“I am glad you like it, my dear,” said Mr. Belham, “for I hope it will be your future home. I have bought it for you, Pierre. You can pay me a small rent, but the profits will all be yours. Now, how much capital can you raise between you?”

Pierre shrugged his shoulders. “Not much, I fear. There is the money the kind people were good enough to subscribe for me; my father will give me something, and I have some savings of my own.”

“There will be my dot too,” put in Madeline with a blush.

“Well, whatever the amount is, I promise to double it. I don’t want you to be embarrassed at the first start, and now as the home is ready, I see no reason for delaying your marriage. Next week I expect visitors, a large party, and you should be here to receive them. The servants are all engaged.”

“Pierre’s voice trembled as he said, “How can we thank you enough, sir? My misfortune appears to be only a blessing in disguise since it brought me such a benefactor, and so much kindness from every one. If Madeline does not object to marrying a limping cripple, I am ready at any moment.”

A few days later they were married. Father Bossom had much pleasure in performing the ceremony, and the wedding was made an occasion of rejoicing in the village, the festivities finishing up with a dance in the evening. All this was gall and bitterness to Tito Rossi. Unable to endure the sounds of merriment that told him his love was lost to him forever, he wandered into the Pine forest and spent the day there, eating his heart out in lonely misery. Since Pierre’s “accident” he realized the fact that he was universally regarded with suspicion and distrust. His old companions looked askance at the man whom it was believed had tried to murder his best friend. Yet no word was spoken. Pierre persisted in absolute silence. He would answer no questions on the subject. Only Father Bossom knew all the circumstances. The good priest loved the lad Tito, whom he had known from infancy, and he determined to consult Mr. Belham about him, his aim being to get him away from old associations, and give him a fresh start in life. Between them they arranged to pay his passage to America and to give him a small sum to keep him until he should find work. As Tito was very willing to go, no time was lost in making the necessary arrangements, so on a fine September morning he left his home, without waking his grandmother, carrying a short stick in his hand, and a well-filled knapsack on his back. It was a glorious morning. The snowy peaks were hidden by clouds tinted by the rising sun with a rosy glow. The air was fresh and sweet and as Tito turned to take a last look at the “monarch of mountains,” he exclaimed, “farewell, old friend, I shall never see you again unless I become rich, for money is power, and when I have it, those who have slighted me shall feel my vengeance.” Just then the smoke rose straight from a chimney in the Hotel d l’Arne, it seemed to remind him of the

happiness he had lost, and with a sob he turned and pursued his lonely way.

Twenty-one years have passed away. Pierre's father and mother and Tito's old grandmother, all lie in the village churchyard. Pierre and his wife, prosperous in all their undertakings, are the owners of two flourishing hotels. Happy, too, in their home life, their children are growing up around them. Adele, the eldest daughter, reminds Pierre of his Madeline in her earlier girlhood, but to other eyes she is more beautiful than her mother was. The eldest son has gone to serve time in the French army, the second is preparing to be a priest, and the youngest already helps his father in the Hotel. It is a happy household, and when they are all together and Father Bosson spends an evening with them, his kind old face lights up when he looks at the smiling faces around him, but he sighs when he thinks of Tito, from whom he has not heard for many years. To-night his face looks anxious, for he has heard a rumour which, if true, may injure the Hotel de l'Arne. Between it and some houses further down the river was a piece of waste land, which he always advised Pierre to secure at any price. But Pierre was prudent. He did not like parting with his money unless he got full value for it. The Geneva Notary who owned this land demanded a fancy price for it. This Pierre refused to give, so time went on, and now it was said that a stranger had purchased the land, and already men were clearing away the weeds and rubbish before beginning to build upon it. When Pierre heard the rumour he refused to believe it, because the notary had promised never to sell the land without letting him know. In a few days he found that the report was true. Building stone in large quantities were carted to the spot, and the masons employed said they had a contract to build a large wine store as quickly as they could work. The family at the Hotel were in despair. Such a building, an ugly object in itself, would shut out all view of the Mt. Blanc range. No more would the visitors delight in the glorious sunrise, and still more glorious sunset, only from the bottom of the garden would

they get a glimpse of the snow-clad mountains. There was no use in complaining about it. The season was in full swing, the Hotel was as full as it could hold. This year at least the view would not be spoiled. Meanwhile the work went on rapidly. Every evening saw the ugly, dead wall with its narrow lights rise so many feet higher. The men even worked for half a day on Sunday, so eager was their employer to hurry on the building. One day Adele was on the terrace talking to a friend, when she noticed a dark, middle-aged man staring fixedly at her from the next enclosure. "How that man stares," said she. "I suppose he is the builder of the wine store. Isn't it a pity? I am afraid it will ruin our Hotel."

"I don't believe it will make any difference," said her companion. "The scenery is very well as an extra, but comfort is what people look for most, and comfort is sure to be in any house over which your parents preside. Look, a young lady has just joined your admirer. His daughter, I suppose, she is so like him."

"Yes, isn't she handsome?"

"Not to my taste. She is as dark as a gypsy, but the luncheon bell is ringing; let us go in and tell your mother about the strangers."

Mrs. Constant was in the office when the young people told their story. She started when her daughter described the stranger. "Can it be?" she murmured.

"Can what be?" asked her husband, who had just come in. "If you are talking of the builder at that obnoxious wine store, I can tell you that he is none other than our old friend Tito Rossi, who has returned from America a rich man. He had a gambling saloon in a mining district out west. He made a lot of money there, then he bought land and "struck oil" (as they say) and now he is quite a millionaire."

That night, after their children had retired, Madeline laid her head on her husband's shoulder. "Oh Pierre!" said she, "Ours has been such a happy life, and now this man comes to spoil all. I hope he won't make any more attempts on your life."

“Hush dear, someone might hear you. There is no fear of anything of that kind. For his own, and his daughter’s sake, he will be careful. Still, an enemy with unlimited command of money may injure us in many ways. I am glad the elder boys are away. I hear he has bought a handsome house at Geneva, and I daresay that when this wine store is finished he wont often come to this place, where he was so unpopular.”

Father Bosson was greatly grieved when he heard that the builder of the wine store was his old pupil, Tito Rossi. Feeble as he was, he sought him out, and spoke to him on the subject. “There are many good building sites,” said he, “to be had for half the money.”

“I know that,” replied Tito, “but they would not have answered my purpose. I came to Europe to pay off old scores. Pierre Constant and his wife (who by the way) has grown quite ugly, and everyone else who slighted me in the old time, shall feel my vengeance. I hate them all and I will never rest until I have ruined them.”

“Oh, Tito!” sighed the priest, “you may ruin them, but you will bring worse ruin upon your own soul. If you go on following the promptings of the evil one you will bring down the vengeance of Almighty God on your own head.”

“Bah!” said Tito. “I believe neither in God nor the evil one. Those fables are very well to frighten children into good behaviour; they wont go down with me. There, Father, don’t look so horrified. You are a good man, and have been a good friend to me. If I remember injuries I remember kindness too, and your church wont be the worse for one thousand or so of my money. Now come and see Nina; she longs to make your acquaintance.”

Nina Rossi was a clever girl, well educated and well read. When Rossi’s wife left him to go on the stage their child was sent to a convent. There she was brought up, and in later days she often looked back with regret to the peaceful life within its quiet shades. Her father, proud of her beauty, loaded her with everything that money could buy, but they had not an idea in common. Her life was very lonely, and she

longed for a friend like the fair girl she saw on the Hotel terrace. When she mentioned her wishes to her father, he flew into a passion, and told her she could never have anything to do with those people. After that he always left her at Geneva when he went to inspect the progress of his vengeance. He was disappointed when he saw that the visitors were as numerous and as merry as ever. What if, after all, his building did no harm to the Hotel! One day when Tito went as usual to his post of observation where he could see without being seen, he noticed that the Hotel Telescope had been moved from the balcony into which the salons opened, down to the terrace by the river. "That won't do," said he, "I must shut out that view too," and going down, he got upon the wall that protected his premises from the river. He stood there, planning and devising, and whether it was that his foot slipped or his head became giddy, no one ever knew, but a woman sweeping her balcony on the other side of the river, saw him totter, and with a piercing scream he fell back into the foaming torrent, that carried him out of sight in a moment. The visitors at the Hotel were dining, when they heard the despairing cry; they rushed out, but could see nothing. The woman was gesticulating and pointing to the river, but the water made such a noise they could not hear what she said. Some of them went round to inquire, and she told them that a dark gentleman was standing on the wall, when suddenly he tottered and fell back into the river. Nothing could be done. No boat could live in that rapid current. A few days later the body was found many miles away, in a place where the river divided into two channels. It was identified and buried in the nearest cemetery. Nina returned to the convent in America, where she lived as a boarder for some time. Before she left France she made a gift to Pierre Constant of the wine store, and to Father Bosson a large sum of money for his church, entreating him to pray for the soul of the erring man who with all his faults she dearly loved, and who had ever been a good father to her. So Tito Rossi's vengeance recoiled upon himself, but his money in his daughter's hands is a blessing to many.

At Benediction

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Joy, beauty, awe, supremest worship blending
 In one long breath of perfect ecstasy,
Song from our hearts to God's own Heart ascending
 The mortal merged in immortality.
There, veiled beneath the sacramental whiteness.
 The wonder that all wonders doth transcend,
The Word that kindled chaos into brightness,
 Our Lord, our God, our Origin, our End.

Light, light, a sea of light, unshored, supernal,
 Is all about our finite being spread,
Deep, soundless waves of harmonies eternal
 Their balm celestial on our spirits shed.
O Source of Life! O Fount of waters living!
 O Love, to whom all powers of mind and soul
We give, and find again within the giving,
 Of Thee renewed, made consecrate and whole.

History and Methods of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul

BY IRENE C. BALL.

(Continued from June Issue).

The first unit of organization is the Conference modeled after the one founded by the eight university students in Paris, which are established in parishes with the consent of and for the assistance of the parish priest, who usually acts as chaplain. All men are eligible to membership in a Conference, provided they are in a position to contribute anything, however small, to the Society's fund, and are so far practising their religion that they may be expected to edify their fellow members and be edified by them.

Members are either active or honorary. An active member must attend the weekly meeting of the Conference and visit one poor family. Honorary members incur no obligation other than the contribution of a fixed sum annually or otherwise, to the Society's funds. The amount is optional. They are entitled to attend all general meetings, retreats and other religious ceremonies. They materially strengthen the Society.

Women cannot take part in the Conference either as active or honorary members. Conferences may have charitable relations with them, but they must keep separate their government, their resources and their meetings. By subscribing an annual amount, however small, they can be enrolled as "benefactresses," which allows them the religious benefits of the Society.

There is still another type of member, the subscriber. Such a member may be Catholic or non-Catholic, male or female, old or young. He may contribute food, clothing or money. Through this provision the poor profit by the generosity of those who wish to bestow their alms upon the Conferences, but who by reason of their religion or sex cannot be admitted as members.

In the make-up of its membership the Society is most democratic. Men of all walks of life are engaged in its service; the lawyer, the doctor, the professional and the business man, daily may be found working shoulder to shoulder with the poor, unlearned laboring man, who when his day's work is done, spends his evening going into the homes of the poor, bringing help and good cheer to his less fortunate brother.

The officers of the Conference are the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. There may be also, if necessary, a Librarian and a Keeper of the Clothes-Room.

If several Conferences are formed in the same town, each Conference takes the name of the Parish in which it has jurisdiction. These Conferences are then united by a Particular Council which takes the name of the town itself. This Council, while letting the individuality of each Conference exist, nevertheless combines the common strength of them all and gives unity of direction in important matters.

The Particular Council is composed of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and all the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Conferences forming the Council. It takes charge of all these works and important measures which interest all the Conferences of which it is composed, and decides on the disposal of the common fund. This fund is maintained by all donations not made expressly to any of the Conferences, and by the contributions which the presidents bring to the Council in the name of their respective Conferences. This fund is intended to meet the expenses of the "Special Works" undertaken and to sustain the poorer Conferences.

In a large city, where there is a great number of Conferences, there may be more than one Particular Council, or in cities or towns situated closely together there may be several Particular Councils. These Councils are in turn under a Central Council, which assumes the name of such a city or district, as the Central Council of Monterey and Los Angeles, the Central Council of Bombay. It has jurisdiction over all the Councils or Conferences already established or which may be subse-

quently formed. It maintains the spirit and unity of the Society. It is composed of the usual officers of a body, together with the Presidents of the Particular Councils and several councillors chosen from the Presidents of the Conferences within its jurisdiction.

There is still another unit in the organization of the Society and that is the Superior Council. In form and jurisdiction it is similar to the Central Council and common usage makes no difference between them. However, the Superior Council, strictly speaking, unites the Conferences and Councils of an entire country. Its particular function is that of acting as the intermediate body between the Council General in Paris and the Councils of a country. The spread of the Society to countries outside of France made such institution necessary because of the distance, language and local customs. To-day there are Superior Councils in England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Silesia, Mexico, Australia, Canada and the United States.

In some instances there are Central Councils under the jurisdiction of the Superior Council. Thus in Belgium the Central Councils of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent and Liege are placed under the direction of the Superior Council of Belgium. In France there is no Superior Council, as the Council General exercises the functions of such a Council.

Finally, the scheme of organization provides for the establishment of a Council General, which exercises jurisdiction over the entire Society, acting as a band of unity, binding the members together and bringing the widely scattered branches into one body, thus enabling it to direct successfully the energies and efforts of all the members for the advancement of the common cause. The Council-General is located in Paris, France.

The plan of work is simple. Conferences met once a week at some central point in the parish, usually in the parish hall, rectory or school building. At this meeting the members make reports of any cause of distress that may have come to their attention during the week, and devise measures for giving re-

lief. Relief in kind is the general rule, but in extraordinary cases a grant of money is given. The members receiving this money must take special care to watch diligently over the use made thereof. In either case the visiting brother is expected to give the necessary relief during the week and before the next regular weekly meeting. The number of visits and the time of same are left to the discretion of the member in charge of the case. The Secretary keeps an account of the families visited and the relief given.

However, members are always expected to give immediate assistance in urgent cases, without waiting to report the case at the weekly meeting. The true Vicentian, when an urgent case is reported to him, promptly visits the family or individual in need, and if there is no food or money in the house, or someone is needing medical attention, he does not stop to inquire as to the causes of this condition, but proceeds to relieve the material wants of the family to visit the family or individual and try to find the cause of the poverty and by further assistance and good advice try, as far as possible, to aid the recipient to become self-supporting. In all the work of the Society it is aimed, if possible, to save the self-respect of the people receiving the assistance, to the end that they more readily become once again useful members of the community.

The financial relief is not all that the visiting brother is expected to extend to his poor. They do not go about as mere relieving officers but go among the poor as friends and sympathizers ever anxious to assist them with their good advice and often their professional knowledge, not to patronize but to fraternize. This personal contact with the poor cannot do otherwise than help lighten their heavy burdens. Human nature craves sympathy and in many cases, more real substantial good comes to the poor from a visit paid them in their wretched homes and from listening to the outpourings of their overburdened hearts, than from giving any amount of material relief.

It is a first principle of the Society that neither race, color, nor religion shall be considered in giving help, the only question being the urgency of the need. The Society co-operates with the city and county charities and all societies engaged in the same work, by directing any case rightfully belonging to another organization to the proper channel of relief, after giving the case in point first aid.

The Conference depends, for its support, upon the subscriptions of its own members, the offerings dropped in the poor box placed in the vestibule of the Church, and donations from friends. At the close of each meeting the Treasurer takes up a secret collection to which each member contributes an offering proportional to his means. Those who have only a little to give are as welcome as those of greater means, because they can give, as did Ozanam and his fellow-students, personal service for the help and guidance of the poor.

There are no paid officers. All members give their service free in visiting the poor and sick, and helping in relief work, trusting for their reward to the "spiritual consolation that ever comes from assisting the poor." As there are no rents for meeting purposes, the whole income goes to the poor.

In the Rules of the Society adopted by the founders, the deep spirit of religion, the words and examples of Christ and the instructions of the Church entered into them. The first act, after organizing, was to place the Conference under the protection of the Immaculate Mary and the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. The originators were convinced that if the work was to be carried on effectively it should be conducted, not in response to natural impulse, but solely with the intention of pleasing Almighty God. In order that the members might never depart from the original purpose of the Society, in the make-up of the Rules, there was imposed the obligation of opening and closing all meetings of the Conference with prayer. In addition, the rules provided for the reading of pious books at all Vicentian meetings.

During the earliest years of its existence the work of the

Society had been instrumental in accomplishing so much good that it received the unqualified approval of the Pope, who richly endowed it with spiritual privileges. Each succeeding Pontiff has confirmed the decrees of his predecessor and in some instances has added to them. Once each year a report of the work accomplished by the Society throughout the entire world is presented to the Pope by the President-General.

The Particular Council combines the common strength of all its Conferences by attending to those works, and important measures which interest all its Conferences. By this plan the Conference cares for the immediate and personal relief of the poor, and the Council works out plans for the general welfare and comfort of the poor—as the protection of Catholic children before the Juvenile Court, the establishing of “Fresh Air Camps,” etc.

The Central Council acts as a clearing house to the local Conference. It receives and supervises the reports of parish Conferences, meets and co-operates with other charitable societies and institutions in the city and country, and takes care of any cases which do not properly come under the jurisdiction of the local Conferences. It is an incorporated body.

General meetings, at which many Conferences of the same town or of several towns under the direction of the Particular or Central Councils assemble, are held four times a year, on stated days. The purpose of these meetings is to revive zeal, to interest the honorary and subscribing members in the work sustained by their co-operation. They afford an opportunity to address them in regard to the poor and to obtain for the poor more powerful assistance. They form, too, for the active members an occasion for reviewing the whole of their works and of seeing how they could be improved. In towns where there are many Conferences they are necessary in order to keep up mutual relations. These meetings, like the Conferences, open with prayer and pious reading.

Ozanam’s noble motto that “no good work is foreign to the Society,” has given the Society of St. Vincent de Paul the

widest latitude in the selection of the works in which its members may engage, until to-day there is scarcely any conceivable form of charitable endeavor in which the Society is not engaged.

In accordance with its holy Patron's solicitude for boys, the Society has always been interested in this work, forming clubs for them, instructing them in their religion and helping them find situations on leaving school. In England the "George Blount Home for Working Boys" was founded in 1899, as a memorial to George Blount, president of the Society in London for forty-seven years. He was particularly interested in the working boy and did much for him under the special work of "Patronage for Boys." This home is situated in London and has accommodation for twenty boys between fourteen and eighteen years, who are either orphans or whose homes are objectionable, and who have daily employment.

In the United States a great deal is being done for the young boy. The St. Vincent de Paul Newsboys' Lodging House, established in New York many years ago, was one of the first steps along this line. Under the direction of Rev. Father Drumgoole it was the beginning of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, which shelters to-day over twenty-five hundred children in its Houses. To-day New York and Brooklyn have several St. Vincent de Paul Homes for boys, which are largely supported by the Conferences.

In New York City an Ozanam Association has been formed under the supervision of the Particular Council of that city, to assist in the moral and material welfare of the poor boys of the city. It conducts seven clubs or recreation centres; six of these are located in Manhattan in the densely populated tenement districts, and one in the Bronx. They contain shower baths, open-air gymnasiums and reading rooms. The purposes of these clubs is to instil into the young habits which will bring about a healthy mind and body. Here a place of recreation and amusement is offered more attractive than the streets, and in every way the boy is made to feel that he is in the hands of friends anxious to help him.

In New York, Baltimore and Washington, Vincentians have organized placing-out bureaus for the purpose of securing homes for destitute, abandoned or neglected children. The New York bureau has been signally successful in this respect, for during the twelve years it has been in operation three thousand little ones have been taken from institutions and placed in foster homes, where they found a mother's love. Many of these little ones eventually are legally adopted into the families taking them.

Another good work which the Society is carrying on is that which it is doing in the Juvenile Court. In Boston, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles and many other large cities, the Central Council maintains an attendant in the Juvenile Court to look after the interests of the young Catholics who appear there. In Philadelphia a "Prevention and After-Care" Committee has been formed in the Particular Council which takes charge of this work. They aid the persons released on parole and probation by guarding them against evil associations, seeing that they attend their religious duties and oftentimes securing employment for them. There is need of hearty co-operation with probation officers in the supervision of their work and the Society is aiding in this work.

The work of securing for the children of crowded sections of the large cities some country life and experience, has taken on great proportions. Such work was commenced in New York in 1849, but organized efforts date from 1874. The first home for this purpose was built at Coney Island by a Brooklyn charitable society. As our cities have grown larger this work has assumed great importance, until to-day all charitable associations provide some means of giving poor children an outing in the country. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been foremost in this work.

The New York Conferences have a home at Spring Valley, where during 1915 over twenty-one hundred children were afforded vacations in the country. The Particular Council of Brooklyn supports a home at Freeport, where over a thousand

children enjoy summer outings each year. Another home is conducted by the Particular Council of Jersey City, N.J., at Butler, where a ten-day vacation is given to about four hundred women and children. In Boston this idea is carried one step further by providing an opportunity at the Archbishop Williams Memorial at Framingham for rest and recuperation from October to June, to mothers and girls who are tired out or who are convalescing from sickness. It also provides a vacation of two weeks each during the summer months to anaemic children between the ages of eight and twelve. This memorial is maintained in part by the proceeds of the sale of old newspapers and magazines.

A great amount of good is done by the Visiting Committees, who assume the duties of visiting the County Hospitals, Homes for Incurables, Asylums and like institutions each Sunday. Good literature, tobacco, candy and religious articles are distributed. They go from bed to bed, cheering them or perhaps writing a letter for them and oftentimes instructing them in preparation for the reception of the Sacraments. Even the prisoner is not forgotten by these earnest disciples of St. Vincent de Paul. Committees go to the jails, prisons and penitentiaries, and try to bring a little sunshine into the lives of the discouraged inmates. In connection with this work it is interesting to note that the Particular Council of Washington, D.C., has established "The Home of the Good Samaritan," to give shelter to discharged prisoners and homeless men.

The full measure of the good which has been and is being accomplished by the unpretentious working of this great Society is known only to God. It is beyond the scope of an article of the character of this one to more than mention a very few of its many endeavors.

The average member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is without sociological training and must make his visits after completing his day's work. Though the past history of the Society shows that this kind of a member has accomplished a great deal, still he can learn from scientific philanthropy how

to make his efforts more efficient. In many places they are adopting newer and better methods, such as hiring trained nurses who visit, investigate, keep records and extend practical help to worthy applicants for assistance. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul needs more men, devoted and high-minded, and more specialists who can devote their time exclusively to the objects of the Society. The members should co-operate in studying social conditions, and from their close contact with the results of poverty they can assist in all campaigns for social betterment by fostering preventive methods, as to-day it is an accepted fact that the study, discovery and application of preventive methods, rather than the mere administration of temporary material relief, are more efficient, more lasting and far-reaching in their results. Prevention has come to be the watchword and battle cry adopted by all modern charity workers, and so, too, shall it be the means by which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul shall grow and broaden each year, until finally the work which Frederic Ozanam so simply started, will have provided everywhere a simple and easily adopted means of making lay work efficient for practical social helpfulness, in a truly Catholic spirit, and with the fullest sanction of the Church.

The Choice

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

Wealth hung a wreath of roses 'round my brow,
And said "For certain thou art happy now;
In all this world to thee is naught denied."
"Excepting Love," I answered him, and sighed;
For I was sad.

Love placed a crown of thorns upon my head:
"Thou must go down, ev'en unto Death," he said;
"Hast thou the soul to meet the stern emprise?
Lead on!" I begged of him with kindling eyes;
For I was glad.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1919—1920



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. L. Hart, Miss Ina Larkin, Mrs.
Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Counsellors—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy,
Misses Nellie Kennedy, and Mary McGrath.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. F. Riley.

City Correspondence Secretary—Miss Edna Mulqueen.

Out-of-Town Correspondence Secretary—Miss Cecil Healy.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazil.

Alumnae Items

Be patriotic to your Alumnae! Of late we have heard so much of patriotism, which does not altogether mean the displaying of the flag,—avowing unlimited love for one's country,—but a willingness to give. At this particular time the commencement of the ninth year, members should be patriotic to their Alma Mater. The Alumnae has no means of support other than the payment by members of their annual fee of one dollar. The Treasurer, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, will be glad to hear from you.

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We hear Mrs. Lovell J. Mickles, Montreal, is Vice-Regent of the Wolfe and Montcalf Chapter of the I.O.D.E.

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The Federated Society of Christian Mothers has commenced another year, the past being the most successful in its short history. Its expansion has been great, with a membership of three thousand. The Presidency has again been given to Mrs. Ambrose J. Small, with the assistance of Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Mrs. James McCarron as counsellors.

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May 5.—Miss M. L. Hart helped very successfully in the arrangement of the delightful programme given at the first monthly tea and musicale of the Toronto Local Council of Women. It is gratifying to note the untiring efforts of Miss Hart in all social and charitable activities. Her interest in the rebuilding of a devastated parish in France is commendable to the extreme.

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June 6.—Convocation evening St. Joseph's College and Loretto Alumnae enjoyed a most pleasant function in the Auditorium of Loretto Abbey, Brunswick Ave., when Mr. Frank J.

Hughes introduced Mrs. Aline Kilmer, widow of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, the soldier poet, who was killed in action near Oureq, July 30, 1918, when the world lost one of its most promising Catholic poets. Mrs. Kilmer chose for her subject, "Personalities of Women Poets of the United States." Her own poems, particularly "Deborah," to her little daughter, were most interesting, and got the greater share of appreciation. "There is a wide humanity, a Christian sympathy, about her lines, that touches every heart."

"Deborah, dear, when you are old,
Tired and gray with pallid brow,
Where will you put the blue and gold
And radiant rose that tints you now?"

"You are so gay, so fair, so sweet!
How can I bear to watch you grow,
Knowing that soon these twinkling feet
Must go the way all children go?"

"Deborah, put the blue and gold,
And rosy beauty that is you,
Into your heart, that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

"Then though the world be tossed and torn,
Grayer than ashes and as sad,
Though fate may make your ways forlorn,
Deborah, dear, you shall be glad.

Mrs. Kilmer was the guest of the Ladies of Loretto during her week-end visit to Toronto.

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June 13.—Mrs. James E. Day's tea party at the Lakeview Country Club to the graduates of St. Joseph's College was a delightful affair, when the Executive of the Alumnae and a few friends drove out to meet the young ladies personally.

Quantities of peonies and iris decorated the tea table and club rooms. Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan and Mrs. A. J. Gough poured, assisted by Mrs. Stafford Higgins, Misses Blaind Leonard, Lillian Gough, Mary Lang (Kitchener), and Mary Walsh (Montreal). In the lull between the showers of congratulations bestowed on the honored young ladies, and after tea, came the sweet voice of Mrs. J. D. Warde, who gave a dear old selection. Miss Anna Lawlor Moloney, the valedictorian, recited "Little Batiste." Others present were Mrs. T. J. Day (Guelph), Mrs. G. H. C. Lang (Kitchener), Mrs. Ambrose J. Small, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Mrs. T. F. McMahan, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. F. J. McMullen, Mrs. Fred. Temple, Miss M. Gough, Miss Benning and Mrs. Heney (Arnprior).

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With the coming of the extremely warm weather thoughts turned yearningly to leisure in the country or summer resort. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse tripped off to Bayfield, Lake Huron; Mrs. A. J. McDonagh to the farm; Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Helen to Brockville; Misses J. Gillooly, and M. McGrath to Buffalo; Mrs. James E. Day to Camp L'Nid, Bay of Quinte; Mrs. T. F. McMahan and Dorothy to WaWa, Lake of Bays; Mrs. John McBride to Bolton; Miss Ruth Warde to Colorado to spend a month with her sister, Miss Norah Warde; Mrs. W. J. Hohlstein, Mrs. H. Phelan, and Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan, motored to Cliff Haven; Miss P. McBride to Caesarea; Miss M. Morrow to New York, and Mrs. George R. Griffin to Muskoka.

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Congratulations to Miss Eileen McDonagh, who obtained her first year dentistry. The Freshettes surprised Eileen with a bouquet of Killarney roses on her birthday,—a lovely spirit of congeniality shown the only Catholic student.

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Miss Lucy Ashbrook of Washington, Pa., one of St. Joseph's recent graduates, received the habit of the Sisters of the Good

Shepherd, Wheeling, W. Va., a few months ago. Miss Ashbrook, whose name in religion is Sister Margaret Mary, is a niece of our esteemed Alumnae, Mrs. G. R. Griffin.

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At the twenty-first anniversary luncheon party of the Loretto Alumnae Association at the King Edward Hotel, May 31, Mrs. James E. Day, the only invited guest, responded to the toast of "Sister Alumnae." She nicely expressed the sentiments of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, and very appropriately assumed the attitude of the little girl at the big sister's party. Congratulations! We wish Loretto many more pleasant functions.

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"Death hath all seasons for his own."

The Alumnae offers heartfelt condolence with prayers, to Rev. Mother Alberta, in the death of her beloved mother; to the Misses G. and M. Cleghorn in the death of their dear mother; to Miss Julia O'Connor in the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles O'Connor; to Mrs. T. Coleman (Jessie McGregor), in the death of her brother, who was accidentally killed in London, Eng., a few weeks previous to his expected return, after four years' gallant service overseas.

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June 19.—The following letter came to Mrs. Thomas McCarron from Rev. W. J. Kelly, Canadian Chaplain, Milan, Italy. May 21, 1919. "I have intended writing you for some time past, but the fact that I have changed twice since the beginning of March, has prevented me giving the attention to correspondence that I should have. You will be surprised to learn that it was only in March that I received your letter written on October 23rd. Needless to say, the Xmas gift of St. Joseph's College Alumnae failed to reach me. However, though it is late in the day, I wish you to thank the good ladies very sincerely for me. I appreciate very much their extreme kindness in remembering me, and I must say I was disappointed when

I learned that their Christmas parcel had gone astray; for knowing the work of the Alumnae, as I do, I knew that their Christmas box must have been a handsome one. Nevertheless, I am sure their painstaking labor has not been in vain, for it is the custom to distribute these boxes (when address is not known) to soldiers in the camp. I am particularly sorry that Father Hart's box did not reach me, for I could very easily have sent it to him. I see he has returned and has been in Toronto. That will be a great consolation to Miss Hart, and it must be a source of gratification to her that he distinguished himself so nobly in the hard fighting of the Argonne. Kindly remember me to Miss Hart, and the members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, and thank them very sincerely for me. I will remember them often at Holy Mass and especially when I offer up the Holy Sacrifice, as I expect, at the tomb of St. Peter this week. I had the great privilege of saying Mass this morning at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo in the Cathedral of Milan. With kindest regards to Tom and all the McCarron family, sincerely."

Mrs. McCarron well remembers her visit to the Cathedral in Milan, and at that time her diary contained the following lines: "The building is composed of white marble, the architecture entirely Gothic, with the exception of the front—it is in the shape of a Latin Cross—486 feet long and 288 feet across. The smallest detail is well worthy of attention, and it would take years to be fully satisfied in seeing all. Almost three thousand statues decorate the interior and exterior of the temple. The pavement or floor is laid in mosaic, composed of different colors. The windows, 500 years old, are superb in color; confessionals beautifully carved. In front of the High Altar is an opening surrounded by brass railing which gives light to the sepulchral chapel beneath of St. Charles Borromeo, whose remains are to be seen clothed in his ecclesiastical vestments. The walls are lined with finest marbles; the ceiling is round, adorned with eight massive silver-brass relieves, which record the most remarkable events in the life of the Saint, and eight busts

also of massive silver represent his virtues. A most magnificent cross of emeralds and diamonds hangs in the middle of this little shrine, the gift of Empress Maria Theresa; in fact, the whole value of the chapel, including the golden crown, pastoral staff, full of precious stones, statues, etc., is estimated at \$300,000." [We trust that Rev. Father Kelly will give the readers of the Lilies a more detailed account of his experiences, in some future issue of the magazine.]

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In connection with the many paragraphs detailing Catholic and patriotic activities during the past few years, it must be emphatically noted that the work and accomplishments of Catholic ladies have helped considerably in the success of the work of the Knights of Columbus. They have responded in large numbers to the voluntary service of waiting on the soldiers at the Army Huts in King St. West, and on June 23 some hundred ladies, who had given three months service, were presented with pretty sterling silver bar pins with the crest of the Knights of Columbus. As usual, St. Joseph's members were in the majority, and some who are wearing the pin are Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. F. Beer, Miss M. Morrow, Miss M. McGrath.

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Through the courtesy of Miss Margaret Duggan we publish an extract from a letter recently received from a cousin who visualizes the ruin and devastation of France. "On March 6th A. L. and I left the camp on a three-day pass, to the city of Rheims. We were gone seven days and had a very interesting trip. It was far from a pleasure trip. During the seven days we only had our shoes off twice and had to sleep any old place, but it was worth all that. We arrived in Paris on the morning of the 7th, talked the Provo Marshall into giving us twenty-four hours in Paris. Next morning at 11.50 we mounted a tram bound for Rheims and way stations, the first stop of interest being Chateau Thierry. The town is not destroyed very much, but the surrounding country is all shot to pieces. From Chateau Thierry to Epernay, the country is one mass of ruins.

Bridges are blown down, not a small village left standing, and there are trenches as far as the eye can see. The railway embankment is full of dug-outs and bomb proofs. We changed trains at Epernay and shortly after 4 p.m. arrived in the city of Rheims. I thought the San Francisco fire and earthquake did some damage, but it was nothing compared to the City of Rheims—hardly a building standing. I do not think there are more than two buildings habitable, and one of them is the hotel near the station. We stayed there the first night, and our room was so full of shell holes that we might as well have slept out in the open. There are very few people in the city; the French Government is building refuge shacks and trying to encourage the people to return. The Red Cross is feeding and clothing the people and have refitted what used to be a hospital. Here one can get a meal which consists of thick soup and a dish of spaghetti. The second night of our stay in the town we put in at the Red Cross and were given a couple of blankets and a cot. The Cathedral is a ruin. I suppose that some of it can be repaired, but the priceless works of art, such as paintings, statues, art glass, mosaic work and the carvings on the walls and entrances are all gone and never will be replaced. At that the building is magnificent in its ruin and holds one in awe. It is wonderful when one thinks how many years it has been built and how long it took to complete it. There is really no excuse for the bombarding of this church. An inexperienced gunner could even miss it, as it looms up on the sky line like a skyscraper. We hiked out of the city, out into the trenches, and saw many interesting things, among which were a few unburied Germans. As far as the eye can see around Rheims are trenches stretched in a crescent shape. Several miles from the city is a low hill, and after climbing this, there were more trenches as far as we could see. The original Hindenburg line is only eight miles from Rheims and no wonder the Germans thought it impregnable. The trenches are well made and the dug-outs works of art; built of concrete and railway rails. The walls of some are ten feet thick and the roof nearly fif-

teen feet. Some of the dug-outs go down into the ground for fifty or seventy-five feet and are roomy enough to hold several companies. Many were electric lighted. The French and Germans both left in such a hurry that they left plenty equipment behind them; some of this stuff could be used for souvenirs, but it is very bulky, and we would require a five-ton truck to carry it off. There are thousands of unexploded hand grenades in the dig-outs, trenches, and out in No Man's land, also lots of machine gun bullets, rifle bullets and shells of the smaller trench pieces, such as mortars, etc. The fields are just littered with duds, as faulty shells are called. These are still dangerous if a plow or some such thing should happen to strike them. We remained in Rheims two days, and then entrained for Verdun. We arrived in a little hill town thirty miles from Verdun at 8 p.m. and stayed all night with the K. C. secretary. In the morning we got the train, postponed another meal (in fact we postponed quite a number on this trip) and arrived in Verdun around 11 a.m. I thought the city just visited was badly wrecked, but it doesn't hold a candle with Verdun—the latter is as flat as a table. The only thing that saved the town from being captured by the Germans was the old fort, called Fort Dumont. One can see that Verdun was really the key-stone of the whole battle front, and if the Germans had broken through here, good-bye France. I take off my "Overseas" to the French—any nation that went through four years of the kind of hell that dropped on earth around Verdun deserves the admiration and respect of the whole world. Verdun is built on a hill, and surrounding the city are larger hills. It is really a chain of underground rooms, halls—well, it is a city underground. This is where the soldiers lived and fought for years. Everything in the city is shot to pieces but the old fort, the walls of which are still standing. We hiked over to "Dead Man's Hill," and it certainly is not misnamed."

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At the formal opening of St. Joseph's College Museum Mrs. James E. Day, Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. F. P.

Brazil and Mrs. Thomas McCarron represented the Alumnae. The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., introduced Lieutenant Colonel Fraser, M.A., LL.B., Litt.D., F. S. A., Scott, honorary curator of the Museum, who spoke on the purposes of the new addition to the College. His Grace Archbishop McNeil presided.

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From "The Republic" of St. Louis, Mo., May 30, we read: "There is already a considerable smattering of delegates to the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae at the Hotel Statler, where the sessions will be held. Mrs. Ambrose Small, of Toronto, who will be one of the speakers of note at the Convention, is a Canadian, and is at the Statler."

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Toronto Globe, June 7.—"The strong feeling of friendship existing between the United States and Canada was strikingly illustrated at the I.F.C.A. convention, when Mrs. Ambrose Small was the central figure in a delightfully international episode. Mrs. Small addressed the several thousand present on Canada's share in the great war. At the conclusion the audience rose and sang 'O Canada!' The Union Jack was then unfurled amid much enthusiasm."

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association has been honored by the re-election of Mrs. James E. Day as President. On Sunday afternoon, June 29th, the meeting took place in the new club room, and in spite of the strike in transportation facilities there was a large attendance. Preceding the official opening of the ninth annual meeting, Mrs. Day offered the following prayer of the Association: "O blessed Saint Joseph! We consecrate ourselves to thy honor and give ourselves to thee that thou mayest always be our Patron and Protector, and our Guide, in the way of salvation. Obtain for us a great purity of heart and a fervent love of the interior life. After thy example may we do all our actions for the greater glory of God, in union with the Divine Heart of Jesus, and with the Im-

maculate Heart of Mary! And do thou, O blessed Saint Joseph, pray for us, that we may share in the peace and joy of thy holy death! Amen. Our Father, etc., Hail Mary, etc., and Glory be to the Father, etc.”

Our beloved Honorary President, Rev. Mother Superior, also presided, and in a few well-chosen words Mrs. Day graciously welcomed the members present. Reports of the various officers were then received and accepted. Mrs. Paul O’Sullivan, the Recording Secretary, read the minutes of the many interesting meetings held during the year, and matters of importance that had been discussed. Mrs. J. J. M. Landy also read a detailed report of the correspondence which required attention, and the many notices sent to members. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, the Treasurer, reported receipts amounting to over \$700, with a balance on hand of \$35, made up of membership fees and entertainments to raise funds. Mrs. Thomas McCarron: “In the culmination of a prosperous year the press notices were many—there being sixteen reading notices for the Globe, Mail and Empire, Telegram, Star and Catholic Register, and twenty-one paid advertisements for the above mentioned papers.”

In response to a call from the President, Mrs. Ambrose Small, the newly appointed trustee to the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, gave an interesting report of the recent meeting held in St. Louis.

* * * *

Something of the activities of the Big Sister organization by Miss M. L. Hart: “In Toronto the movement began as a sub-committee of the Toronto Local Council of Women. About four years ago it was formed into a distinct society with a paid secretary and several field secretaries. Its objects are to find out and care for young girls who otherwise might get into difficulties because there are none to take a friendly interest in them. The child or young girl, who comes under the protection of the Big Sister is called a little Sister, and it is the duty of the Big Sister, who volunteers, to take an interest in her, to regard her as she would a little sister of her own. This may

mean to see that she is sent to school, or to get employment for her. It may mean to invite her to the home of the Big Sister occasionally, to take her to a concert or the theatre. In the case of a Catholic it may mean to see that she attends Mass and the Sacraments, that she is placed in safe environment or a thousand other things that may suggest themselves. The original Big Sisters in Toronto have a new Girls' Club where activities for the Little Sisters are carried on from day to day. A particularly nice feature of the Club House is that a light is left burning in the window of a prettily furnished room which is set apart for any girl who may find herself on the street without a home. Whatever be the hour, a young girl may knock and be admitted without question, no enquiry being made until she has breakfasted on the morning following. In March a Catholic branch of the Big Sisters was formed with headquarters at 80 Bond Street. There are now fifty Big Sisters and eighty-four Little Sisters, which means that more Big Sisters are needed. It may be said, however, that this branch under its able and enthusiastic president, Miss Mary Power, has already made wonderful progress and may be expected to do very fine work as the days go on.

“Speaking of Child Welfare, I want to tell you of the wonderful Child Welfare week held in Montreal a few years ago, when demonstrations and lectures innumerable regarding the things pertaining to child welfare were given, the lectures being delivered by leading physicians in several tongues. Everything was free. All the schools took part, and the government, together with private citizens, supplied the money. It is proposed to have a similar week in Toronto in the coming summer.”

The work of the St. Elizabeth Association by Miss Margaret D. Kelman: “Nearly twelve years ago the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association was founded by the late Archbishop McEvay for the purpose of ensuring skilled nursing among the poor, especially the maternity cases. The city was then covered by two nurses, but has since been divided into seven dis-

tricts, each having a graduate nurse in charge. The Association is supported by fees collected from patients who are able to give the nurse a small offering, from members of the Association (50 cents a month) collected by conveners in the various parishes, and other donations. All calls are responded to—day or night, rain or shine—whether received from doctors, relatives, neighbours, etc. The Association phone number is N. 889, and each nurse has a private phone at her place of residence. Nurses are also provided with bags, containing drugs, dressings, utensils, etc., necessary for work by the Committee and the supplies are kept at the home. Many homes visited are a surprise to the nurse,—every thing prepared and scrupulously clean, while others have nothing, and uncleanness and disorder reigns supreme. As sickness in some eases brings real distress, we always receive a quick and generous response from the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The visiting nurse, while working, may instruct the young mother how to care for herself and babe. She also teaches mothers and others how to make poultices, give baths, treatments, prepare foods, etc. These instructions are very earnestly listened to and carefully followed. Much spiritual work may also be done. Many a babe would never have been baptized and many a soul would have departed this life without proper preparation to meet Almighty God, were it not for the St. Elizabeth nurse.” Miss Kelman closed with the words of a reverend doctor, “No work of recent years has done more good from a human and religious standpoint than that carried on by the St. Elizabeth Association.”

We give in full the President’s address upon this occasion :

“Dear Reverend Mother and Members of the Alumnae Association :

“To-day brings to a close my term of office as President of St. Joseph’s Alumnae Association, and I should like to touch very briefly on some of the more important features of the work done by our Association during the past year. Our first

venture was the Garden Party held last fall under the splendid convensorship of our Vice-President, Mrs. M. Healy, and although unfavorable weather converted the fête into an indoor affair, we were more than pleased by the large sum realized. With these proceeds we were enabled to give considerable help to the Knights of Columbus' organization overseas. Several hundred pieces of altar linens were forwarded for distribution among the several military chaplains, and moreover the numerous letters received from our soldier boys, who found among their Christmas parcels a stocking of good things from St. Joseph's Alumnae, testify their keen appreciation and gratitude with which our efforts to cheer were awarded. I feel confident that our work for the Belgian Relief, for the Sale of Victory Bonds, and for the different tag days, was equally successful, and that we have reason to be proud of the true spirit of patriotism shown by our members. Those who attended the Banquet held in the College Reception Rooms in January can testify to the very pleasant evening spent, and to the cordial feelings existing among the Alumnae. Although on different occasions during the year we were prevented from carrying out our plans for lectures in the College Auditorium, we were pleased, nevertheless, to be able to assist the Loretto Alumnae in bringing Mrs. Aline Kilmer to lecture in Toronto at the combined Graduation Exercises of the College Classes of both institutions. Now that the war is over and demands for patriotic funds are less frequent, I trust that the Executive of next year will do its best to secure several good speakers to address both the Alumnae and the present pupils. Owing to the generosity of our Honorary President, Reverend Mother Superior, we have now at our disposal this beautiful large room in which to hold our meetings and smaller gatherings. The proposal made some time ago to furnish it as a library and reading room for the members met with such universal approval that I am sure each one will do her utmost to encourage this work. If we can manage to subscribe to the best Catholic and secular current literary magazines and to put these

in the hands of not only all the ex-pupils, but of those now attending the school, we shall be doing no small work for education, and after all, educational interests ought to be the first interests of an Alumnae Association. I would ask the members to donate from time to time interesting and useful volumes of history, literature and fiction, and such donations, along with these which we should be able to procure with our funds, will soon put this section of the College library on a firm basis. For the past few years we have been devoting our time, energy and money to patriotic concerns, and doubtless rightly so, but it is surely time now for us to display our enthusiasm in working for Alma Mater. St. Joseph's has given us of its best. What return are we going to make? The primary motive in an organization of this kind is to bring together the ex-pupils of the school and then with co-operation and oneness of purpose to work, as our motto so beautifully says, "Pro Deo et Alma Mater." Let us endeavor, then, to keep this aim well in our mind's eye; let us encourage the younger members in our ranks and do all we can to train them to discharge creditably their official duties both in this and other organizations throughout the country. I see I am going beyond the limited time for a short address and there are several points which must go untouched. The other activities you heard mentioned in the different yearly reports, but I cannot pass over without a word the splendid Retreat preached in the Convent Chapel by Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., during Passion week, a few days of recollection and spiritual communing so highly appreciated by the retreatants, nor can I close without trying to express my sincere gratitude to my able Executive and to each member of the Association for the ready assistance and support given me in all undertakings, great and small. . Of Reverend Mother's kindness I need not speak, for there is not one here present but knows that to her unflinching interest in our affairs and to her kindly and gracious encouragement we owe our success during the past year.

AMY A. DAY, President.

The President in closing paid a sincere tribute to the Executive for their valuable assistance, and a special acknowledgement of indebtedness to Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, and Mrs. Thomas McCarron, and to Rev. Mother Alberta for the cordial hospitality she always gave, which helped to make all meetings a pleasure and a success.

Following the above, nominations to the various offices were presented by the Committee on Elections, and the following form the Executive for 1919-20:

President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. L. Hart, Miss Ina Larkin (St. Catharines), Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Counsellors—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Misses Nellie Kennedy, and Mary McGrath.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. F. Riley.

City Correspondence Secretary—Miss Edna Mulqueen.

Out-of-town Correspondence Secretary—Miss Cecil Healy.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazil.

The business meeting closed with prayer after a few concluding remarks from Rev. Mother Superior, on Education, and the party then adjourned to the large reception room, where Mrs. M. Healy—social convener—had thoughtfully planned a most enjoyable tea; assisting were Mrs. A. J. McDonagh and the ladies of the Executive. And finally, at 5 p.m., in the chapel, where the sanctuary was most exquisitely decorated, Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Sheridan, C.S.B., M.A. The "O Salutaris" and other hymns by the Sisters' choir, were beautiful and were sung with reverential fervour, and the organ accompaniment throughout was magnificently rendered.

Mrs. J. J. Sheehan, St. Catharines, and Mrs. W. D. Barron, Brookline, Mass., attended the annual meeting.

* * * *

Mrs. F. J. McMullen played with the ladies of Lakeview Golf Club on July 4th at Brantford, when the latter was defeated 5-4. Congratulations to Mrs. McMullen in winning the prize in the kickers' handicap on July 28.

* * * *

St. Joseph's College Alumnae extends heartiest congratulations to Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., on his appointment as Superior-General of the Paulist Order; to Signor Carboni upon his honor from the Italian Red Cross, having received the Order of Signal Merit in recognition of his generous benefactions to the Red Cross; to Colonel J. A. Amyot, M.B., C.M.G., who has been appointed Deputy Minister of the new department of health. Colonel Amyot is Professor of Hygiene of the University of Toronto, and director of the Laboratory of the Provincial Health Board. He went overseas with his four sons in 1915 with No. 4 Canadian General Hospital, University of Toronto. In December, 1917, he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the C.M.G. in January, 1918. For the last period of his overseas service he was consultant in sanitation to the Canadian forces in England. Congratulations to Mrs. P. McGarry (H. Phillips) on the birth of a daughter (Mary Agnes).

* * * *

Tuesday, July 8, thirteen hundred patients of various military hospitals, were entertained at Scarboro Beach Park by the Knights of Columbus. Three hundred motors were loaned for conveyance, and arrangements were made with the authorities to admit the guests to all amusements complimentary. Mrs. Ambrose J. Small figured conspicuously with her coterie of helpers,—including members of St. Joseph's Alumnae,—in serving the soldiers at supper. The Alumnae are quite proud of the interest and energy so many members have given to the various war activities and charities. Their help towards the

lawn fête in aid of Benildus Hall—the new house of studies for the Christian Brothers—was very beneficial in helping to raise the handsome sum realized.

* * * *

As a tribute to the sterling worth and public-spiritedness of Ex-Controller John O'Neil, and to commemorate his ten years of faithful service to the people of Toronto, a portrait of Mr. O'Neil was presented to the city at a special meeting on the afternoon of July 11, by the Mayor, the members of the Council, and prominent citizens. Mrs. O'Neil was presented by Mayor Church with a bouquet of beautiful roses. Heaps of good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil!

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae welcome home Captain Rev. W. J. Kelly, of St. Michael's Cathedral, who returned July 11th, after two years overseas.

• • • •

Best wishes to Rev. J. E. Burke, C.S.P., in the pulpit work of the United States. St. Joseph's Alumnae is sorry to have him leave the Queen City.

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It may be interesting to read from "The Western Watchman" that after five days' activities brought to a successful end, the meeting of the I.F.C.A., Mrs. J. J. Sheehan, New York, and Miss Pauline Boislinière, of St. Louis, Mo., were chosen respectively president and first vice-president. This federation is made up of the affiliated alumnae societies of the Catholic institutions of learning,—has a membership of 50,000, representing several hundred alumnae associations of Catholic women's colleges, etc., etc. Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, is honorary president.

Among the features of a purely social character that were arranged for the entertainment of the delegates, was the reception on Friday, the opening night, which was attended by 1,000 guests. The dinner at Hotel Statler on Saturday was one

of the most pretentious affairs of the kind ever given in St. Louis. Plates were laid for 900.

Sunday, at 10 a.m., the delegates attended Solemn Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral, Right Rev. Thomas T. Lillis celebrant. The sermon was preached by His Grace Archbishop Glennon, who made a strong plea for the sanctity of the home and the marriage relation to be restored in the period of reconstruction following the war. He said he would not make the home the woman's prison, but advised her to make it the basis of her inspiration for a great work in the world. The Archbishop declared that honor should not only be shown to the mothers who had given their sons to the service, but to all mothers of the nation, for they had all served. He spoke of the immense amount of work that all women had done in every department of the war, and said the nation gladly yields to them the acclaim of unstinted praise. War is not woman's work, he said, but she had been drawn into it because her loved ones were there. Woman is at her best, he asserted in the days of peace.

LILIAN McCARRON.



Formal Opening of the St. Joseph's College Museum

Just a year ago the September number of the Lilies gave a detailed account of an address delivered before the Alumnae and friends of the College, by Dr. Alexander Fraser, Toronto, shortly after it had been decided that an educational institution as large as ours, ought to have its own museum. On that occasion Dr. Fraser very graciously assumed the position of Honorary Curator, having already succeeded in obtaining several specimens of interest and value, as a beginning for the new venture.

During the year this enterprise under the skilful and painstaking direction of one of the Sisters, has made substantial progress so that the formal opening of the Museum which took place in June was an affair of unusual interest. The first part of the programme, presided over by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, consisted in a short entertainment tendered to Dr. Fraser by the pupils of the school. Besides instrumental and vocal selections, some of which were old Scottish songs—a compliment to Dr. Fraser's nationality, this following appropriate address was read by Miss Dorothy Young, one of this year's graduates:

“The pupils of St. Joseph's are indeed honoured to have you here this evening, and it affords them a real pleasure to have this splendid opportunity of offering, both in their own behalf and that of the Sisters, warmest congratulations upon the high distinction so lately conferred on you by the University of Toronto. We are confident that our other distinguished guests of this evening will agree with us when we say that the University could not have singled out one more worthy of such an honour than is our good friend, Col. Fraser, and it is gratifying to think that an institution so capable of valuating at a true estimate services done to Canada, has shown due recognition and appreciation of Col. Fraser's worth.

“When we heard that Col. Fraser had generously offered to come here this evening to conduct a formal opening of our College Museum, we realized, with great satisfaction, that at last an opportunity would be afforded us of giving public expression to our sincere gratitude for the many courtesies and kindnesses he has done our school. We appreciate, dear Col. Fraser, more than we can say, the encouragement you gave when there was first question of starting a museum, and we all know how, not content with mere approval of the undertaking, you were most generous in giving and securing rare specimens for us, until to-day we have the nucleus of a museum of which we feel any college might be proud.

“We thank you most sincerely, dear friend, for all your interest and co-operation, and we trust best to show our appreciation of your services by doing all in our power to further and develop the work you have helped us so excellently to begin; for as Longfellow aptly writes:

“ ‘As in a building—
Stone rests on stone and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting,—so in human life
Each action rests on the foregoing event
That made it possible.’ ”

Speeches were then made by Rev. Dean Harris and Rev. Father Minehan, while Dr. Fraser replied very graciously to the address.

It was a very charming gathering indeed, with the young ladies of the school daintily clad in white dresses. Dean Harris wore the convocation robes and the gorgeous hood of the Ottawa University doctor's degree, and Dr. Fraser himself made a picturesque figure also in the gown and hood of the honour recently conferred upon him by Toronto University. After the entertainment, the guests were invited to inspect the Museum. Light luncheon was then served in the College Reception Room. On the first page of the large Catalogue placed in the

Museum may be found the following introduction by the Honorary Curator.

THE MUSEUM.

The Museum in St. Joseph's College has been instituted with the main object of furnishing to the students the means of illustrating their studies by actual specimens representing nature's resources, and the gradual development of human skill and handicraft down the long ages to the present time.

The devoted Sisters in charge of the College clearly see that in these days a thorough and comprehensive education is not only the best, but also the necessary equipment with which to meet life's keen activities, and, accordingly, they have decided to place within the reach of their students a graphic object lesson in the form of a well-stocked college museum.

About a year ago the scheme was formally launched at a public meeting in the college lecture-room, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association, and since then, as will be seen by the list of donations subjoined, fair progress has been made in the obtaining of donations, some of them of considerable value, all of them interesting and worthy of a place in a carefully-selected collection of things new and old.

The direct educational value of the specimens has been kept in view, and therefore articles have been received which will illustrate the processes of industrial manufacture; the products of husbandry, of the forest, the mine and the great deep. The beautiful in art is represented, piety is honoured, and ideals of true culture suggested; the possibilities of intellectual attainment are associated both with mental and manual skill and the practical world brought in contact with fundamental study. The statement of this purpose will explain the two-fold character of the collection, embracing curios, trifles of beauty, breviaries, pictures, sacred relics, flora and fauna, minerals, woods, shells and fishes; machinery, craftsmanship, domestic utensils and outdoor implements, and so forth, each

shedding its ray of light on some problem, which has had and still has, its place in the record of the world's progress.

The world of science presents its claim as never before to the young womanhood of to-day. College girls cannot evade the call should they so desire, nor will they desire to do so. But it will not be forgotten that science is meant to be the servant, not the master of the human mind, to inspire, not to dominate the soul, and no annex to the Science Department of the College will be found more helpful in stimulating the desire on the one hand for increasing knowledge of nature's hidden wonders and on the other of understanding human achievement on well-balanced, intelligent lines of thought, than will be the newly-founded Museum, should it grow, as no doubt it rapidly will by the co-operation of friends to an adequate size.

The generous donors have already placed the College under a deep obligation which is most gratefully acknowledged. The gifts are opportune, and the givers may rest assured, particularly well-bestowed.

ALEXANDER FRASER, LL.D., Honorary Curator.

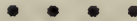


Community Notes

The annual Retreat for the Novices of the Community was held this year at their new House of Novitiate, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Kingston Road. The seventy Sisters and more, who were privileged to follow the exercises, were afforded a deeply spiritual treat under the able direction of the Rev. F. P. Lyons, of the House of Studies of the Paulist Fathers at Washington, D.C.

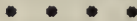
The closing of the Retreat on the morning of the Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola was followed by a quiet, but very impressive ceremony of religious profession, two novices making final vows in the congregation, and ten first vows.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kidd, D.D., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, officiated, assisted by the Rev. F. J. Morrissey, D.D. In the Sanctuary were the Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D., Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P., Rev. T. Finegan and Rev. E. P. Lyons, C.S.P.. Present also in the chapel were many of the relatives of the Sisters to be professed. Rev. Father Lyons addressed the candidates in a beautifully spiritual and inspiring discourse on the religious life, deducing guiding principles from the life and teachings of the great St. Ignatius, on whose feast they were pronouncing their holy vows. Rev. Father Carey offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, during which the rendition of appropriate music by the Sisters' choir lent impressiveness to the solemnity of the occasion.



The ceremonies at the Mother House on St. Alban St. August 15th, were considerably shorter than usual owing to the fact that the ceremony of the making of First Vows and of Final Profession had already taken place at the close of the Novices' Retreat July 31st. However, the reception of the Holy Habit by nine young ladies was quite as impressive as

ever, for there is a solemnity and an air of other-worldliness about this beautiful ceremony, which, however often witnessed, cannot fail to leave a deep impression upon the heart and mind. The Retreat made in preparation for this sacred event was preached by the Rev. Father Reginald, C.P., who also delivered an eloquent sermon upon the occasion.



The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption was also marked by the celebration of Jubilees in the Community, Rev. Sister M. Petronilla keeping the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into Religion and Rev. Sisters Pauline, Vincent, St. Catharine, Perpetua, Lidwina, and St. Philip, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their Religious Profession.



We were delighted to welcome home on a visit Rev. Sisters Lidwina and Praxedes of Prince Rupert, B.C. Sister Lidwina has been Superior of Prince Rupert Convent and Academy since its foundation three years ago, and the flourishing condition of that Mission is in great part due to her energetic and untiring efforts to further the advancement of religion and education in the North West. Sister Praxedes is one of the little band of four who were the first to establish the Sisters of St. Joseph in the West, when a hospital was opened seven years ago in Comox, on Vancouver Island.



To Rev. M. Paulina Finn of Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D.C., we offer warmest congratulations upon the celebration of her Golden Jubilee in Religion, which was held in June. Mother Paulina, who is an aunt of the celebrated Father Finn, C.S.P., had the very great pleasure of hearing the famous Boys' Choir on that occasion, a concert having been given at the convent in her honour. Under the pen name M. S. Pine, this reverend Sister is a frequent contributor to the Lilies, and we are sure all our readers join us in wishing Mother Paulina many years to come in the service of her Divine Master.

To accommodate the ever-increasing number of the Community, it was found necessary this year to hold three Retreats instead of the customary two. The first, which was exclusively the Novices' retreat, was conducted the last week in July by the Rev. Father Lyons, C.S.P., at the new Novitiate, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. The two community Retreats were conducted during August by Rev. Father Reginald, C.P.

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It is always a pleasure to receive visits from those who have met or called on our dear Sisters in the West. His Lordship Bishop Bunoz of Prince Rupert, honoured us with a visit in July, on his return from Quebec. He brought us the best of news from our distant Mission.

* * * *

A Congress of the Toronto Separate School teachers, religious and secular, which was held June 29-30, at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, at the instigation of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, was a great success. Splendid papers on the teaching of Religion and Civics were read and discussed by the members of the different sections, which were presided over by His Grace, Rev. Brother Rogatian, and Mr. Michael O'Brien respectively.

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Letters from Comox tell of the large number of patients seeking admission to our Hospital there. It has been almost impossible to accommodate the returned wounded soldiers, who are most anxious to be under the Sisters' care.

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In the High School Entrance results for Ladysmith, B.C., we notice that one of the pupils from St. Joseph's Convent ranks high in Honours, only one pupil in the school being unsuccessful. In Prince Rupert also, five out of six candidates passed this examination.

The many kind friends of the Community who were so solicitous in their enquiries during Rev. Mother Superior's recent illness, will be pleased to hear that Rev. Mother is sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her numerous duties.

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Two Sisters of St. Joseph, from Wheeling, W. Va., paid us a visit during August. They had many interesting things to tell of the splendid work being done by the Lay Apostolate of young Convent and College graduates, who are looking after the religious interests of foreigners in the large cities throughout the Eastern States.

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Rev. Father McEachen, Professor of Catechetics in Washington University, gave a most helpful lecture June 22, to the Sisters of Loretto and of St. Joseph, in our College Auditorium. Dr. McEachen expounded many new theories on the method of teaching catechism to children, which were both interesting and useful. Not less delightful was his paper on teaching catechism, which, in the unavoidable absence of Father McEachen, was read at the Congress by His Grace Archbishop McNeil.





GRADUATES—1919

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Ruth Agnew, '20.

Associate Editors—Miss Helen Duggan, '19; Miss Helen Kramer, Miss Mary Nolan, Miss Mary McTague, Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Local Editors—Miss Estelle O'Brien, Miss Hilda Meyer, Miss Mary Coughlin, Miss Hilda Bryan.

Music and Art Editors—Misses Gertrude Goodyear and Elizabeth Divine.

Exchange Editor—Miss Julia Walsh.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

The Secret of Love

Love moves the tongue to speak with grace
A language sweet to every race.

Its speech like soothing music flows,
No bitter, stinging tone it knows.

Love, move my lips, that I this day
May say the words I ought to say!

Love guides the hands to kindly deeds;
To reach out to another's needs;

With thoughtful, earnest helpfulness
The chafing wounds to cleanse and dress.

Love, nerve my hands with force anew
To do the deeds I ought to do!

Love thrills the heart to sacrifice,
Without a recompense or price,

To serve and bless, to walk life's way,
That those who follow may not stray.

Love, thrill my heart, and power give -
To live the life I ought to live!

—Anne Porter Johnson.

Graduates, 1919—Biographies



ANNA LAWLOR MOLONEY—TORONTO.

“There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, compos’d, resign’d.”

—Rokeby.

From St. Francis’ School, Toronto, Anna passed into Parkdale Collegiate, where she spent the first two years of her High School course. Then she came to St. Joseph’s Academy, where perseveringly she has worked up to Junior Matriculation standing and to a degree of proficiency in vocal and instrumental music and elocutionary art. She was valedictorian of her class at graduation and cherishes a love and loyalty for her school and teachers, which incline her to continue at S.J.C. her aims of higher attainment in the College course.

* * * *

JULIA WALSH—COOKSTOWN.

“Who shall find a valiant woman, far
And from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.”

Of a calm and even disposition, Julia has advanced bravely and serenely along the path of knowledge. Besides being considered worthy of being one of our graduates, Julia has had the honour of meriting the Mathematics and Science medals of the Matriculation Class. That she will steadily advance towards her high ideal is the confident hope of her Alma Mater.

DOROTHY AILEEN YOUNG—TORONTO.

"An inborn grace, that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

A promising child, Dorothy has budded forth into young womanhood, retaining all the gentleness and simplicity of her early years. Ever an earnest and loyal pupil, she has won her way into all hearts. We feel confident that her qualities of mind and heart will continue to bear fruit of which St. Joseph's may well be proud.

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MARY MARGUERITE HENEY—ARNPRIOR.

Eastern Ontario has the honour of being Miss Heney's birthplace. She received her elementary education in Arnprior. Having obtained her Lower School from Arnprior High School, Marguerite came to St. Joseph's in September, 1917. She obtained Normal Entrance and Matriculation this year. As a student, Marguerite has been apt and alert, but has not been a slave to books. The social functions of class and college have always found in her a strong supporter and a willing helper. Her friends are many and to them she gives the loyalty of a heart that is sincere.

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GERTRUDE GOODYEAR—MOUNT FOREST.

Her voice was ever low and sweet,
An excellent thing in a woman.

—Shakespeare.

Gertrude is our musical graduate, and a very musical one at that. After receiving her elementary and high school education at Mount Forest, she came to St. Joseph's to complete her studies in music. Gertrude was a great favorite in the school, not only because of her amiable disposition, but because of her ability to entertain her friends in most unusual

ways. We believe that a post-graduate course in music is pending and indeed she will be most welcome back at St. Joseph's again.

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CALLISTA AILEEN MOORE—TORONTO.

Miss Moore is a native of Toronto and received her preparatory education at St. Basil's School. She began her secondary work at St. Joseph's High School. Becoming a student at St. Joseph's in September, 1917, she was successful in her Matriculation Examination, 1919. Both in the classroom and in the recreation hall Callista's quiet and genial manner has won her many friends. Desirous of higher honours, she intends to enter the College Course, in which we wish her every success.



Grace Robes

If my sweet thought could texture take,
 And of its best your vesture make,
 How fair would be your robing!
 Of summer cloud and heaven's own blue,
 Inwove with every rainbow hue,
 And sprinkled thick with diamond dew,—
 That is the robe I'd weave for you,
 And fair would be your robing.

But you for your own self do weave
 Robes nobler than I can conceive,—
 How wondrous fair your robing!
 Of gracious deed and noble thought,
 Of battles for the fallen fought,
 Of hope to faltering footsteps brought,
 New ways to wandering sinners taught,—
 All these your wondrous robes have wrought,
 And fair indeed your robing
 —Selected.

Graduation Day at St. Joseph's

“A more perfect blending of beauty and dignity is rarely seen than was evident at the closing exercises of St. Joseph's College and Academy, June 13th.” Thus did one of the daily papers comment on the Graduation Exercises of 1919. And indeed the large school auditorium did present a very pleasing sight, with its artistic stage scenery, banks of roses and June flowers, and on the stage centre three hundred young girls in black frocks, with white collars and cuffs. Promptly at 3.30 p.m. the six fair young graduates, robed in exquisite white dresses, took their places in front of the pupils, and accompanying each was a tiny tot, acting the part of a maid of honor, in fairy-like fashion. The following programme was then artistically rendered, after which stirring speeches were made by Rev. Dean Moyna and Father Cline.

PROGRAMME.

God Save the King.

Conferring of Honors and Crowning of Graduates.

Address to the Graduates by Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Piano Solo—Scherzo C Sharp MinorChopin

Miss Mary Cairo.

A Tribute to Saint Joan of Arc,

Miss Rita Morgan.

Cantata—Legend of BregenzProctor-Bendall
(Three voices).

Soloists: The Misses Cecilia Koster, Eileen Shannon, Helen
Miceli, Muriel Travers and Patricia Kelly.

Piano Quartette—Espana Chabries-Chevillard

1sa Piano—The Misses Gertrude Goodyear and Florence
Quinlan.

2nd Piano—The Misses Bertha Hermann and Mary Cairo.

Awarding of Medals.

Valedictory.

Miss Anna Moloney.

School Hymn "Hail to Thee, Joseph."

Choral Instructor and Conductor—Maestro Carboni.

LIST OF HONOURS.

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior Department, awarded to Miss Teresa McDevitt.

Graduating Medals and Diplomas, awarded to the Misses Mary Marguerite Heney, Arnprior, Ont.; Callista Aileen Moore, Toronto; Anna Lawlor Moloney, Toronto; Dorothy Eileen Young, Toronto; Julia Walsh, Cookstown, Ont.; Gertrude Goodyear, Mount Forest, Ont.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, for English Literature, awarded to Miss Alice McDonald.

A Scholarship, the gift of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, for the student obtaining the Highest Standing in Matriculation Examination of June, 1918, awarded to Miss Lillian Latchford.

A Scholarship, given by the Governor of the International Federated Catholic Alumnae Associations, Mrs. Ambrose Small, to be competed for by the pupils of Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's College, provided the pupil takes her first year University in either of the Colleges.

St. Joseph's College Results of the Scholastic Year—1919

Graduates in Arts, with Bachelor's Degree: Miss Helen Mary Duggan, Miss Emily Camilla Foy, Miss Nora Theresa Murphy, Miss Geraldine Patricia O'Connor, Miss Mathilde Theresa Ziehr, Miss Marion Allan, Miss Frances Mary Whelan.

The Prize Award of \$25.00 for the highest standing in English in the Fourth Year of the general course, in St. Michael's College, has been won by Miss Murphy.

Third Year.

Modern Languages.—First standing in First Class Honours, ranking above the winner of the Julius Rossin Scholarship, is Miss Ruth Agnew. A Benefactor of St. Joseph's College presents a Scholarship to Miss Agnew.

Second Class Proficiency in third year general course—Miss F. Ronan.

Pass Standing—Miss Anna Mackerrow (Fr.), Miss Kathleen O'Brien (Hist. Ethics).

Second Year.

Second Class Proficiency in General Course—Miss E. O'Meara.

Pass Standing in General Course—Miss Cleonia Coghlan, Miss Susie McCormick.

First Year.

Modern Languages—First Class Honours, Miss C. Tuffy. Third Class Honours, Miss W. Collins.

General Course, II. Proficiency—Miss Lillian Latchford, Miss Agnes Simpson, Miss Madaleine Bench, Miss Margaret McDonnell.

Pass Standing—Miss Ernestine Fravelle, Miss Mary McCardle, Miss Kathleen O'Leary, Miss Hilda Burke, Miss Winnifred Schenck, Miss Vera Gibbs.

A prize of \$10.00 for the highest standing in the First Year English of the General Course at St. Michael's College has been awarded Miss Lillian Latchford.

MEDALS.

Gold Medal Awards, presented by the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Church History in Middle School, awarded to Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Highest Marks in Science and Mathematics in Matriculation Class, obtained by Miss Walsh, Graduate.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Whelan, for Highest Standing in Second Form, awarded to Miss Helen Kernahan.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Kidd, for Highest Standing in Fifth Form A, awarded to Miss Ida Wickett.

Presented by the Very Rev. Dean Moyna, for Highest Standing in Fifth Form B, awarded to Miss Marie Foley.

Presented by the Reverend M. Cline, for Highest Standing in Commercial Class, awarded to Miss Mary Nolan.

Presented by the Reverend L. Minehan, for Typewriting, awarded to Miss Eva Harkin.

Presented by Reverend Dr. O'Leary, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Cecilia McDevitt.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. Morrissey, for Expressive Reading, awarded to Miss Rita Morgan.

Presented by the Reverend J. J. McGrand, for Art in Second Form, awarded to Miss Marjory English.

Presented by the Rev. J. A. Trayling, for China Painting, Oils and Water Colours, awarded to Miss Eileen O'Brien.

Presented by the Heintzman Company, for Superiority in Music, awarded to Miss Mary Cairo.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. F. Emery, for Junior Piano, awarded to Miss Eileen Egan.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. S. A. Frost, for Vocal Music, awarded to Miss Eileen Shannon.

Silver Medal, presented by the Reverend Dr. Treacy, for Christian Doctrine in lower school, awarded to Miss Marie O'Connor,

Silver Thimble for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Ada Lowe.

Special prize for poetic contribution to St. Joseph Lilies, awarded to Miss Nora McGuane.

Special prize for short story contributed to St. Joseph Lilies, awarded to Miss Margaret Mitchell.

Special prize in St. Cecilia's Choir, for Fidelity and Improvement, merited by thirty-two members of choir, obtained by Miss Eileen Shannon.

Special prize for lady-like deportment in boarding school throughout the year, drawn for, and obtained by Miss Verda Kehoe.

Special prize for Household Science, equally merited by the Misses Olga Ulrichson and Marguerite Haynes.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT—UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Intermediate Piano—Pass, F. Quinlan, Barrie; Y. Didier, Montreal.

Junior Pianoforte—Second Class Honours, Jessie Thompson, Toronto; Veronica Good, Toronto. Pass, Alice Hayes, Toronto; Rita Rowe, Toronto; Teresa St. Denis, Vanleek Hill, Ont.

Junior Vocal—Pass, E. Shannon (Silver Medalist).

Primary—Pass, Marjory Guerin.

Elementary—First Class Honours, Monica McGowan, Viola Lyons; Second Class Honours, Christine Johnston, Dorothy Beattie, Gertrude Cartan; Pass, Gladys McCall, Rose Hayes, Ella McDonnell.

Senior First Piano Exam.—Second Class Honours, Dorothy Steer.

Toronto Conservatory, Elementary—Pass, Mary Appleton.

Junior Theory of Music, University of Toronto—First Class Honours, Constance Shannon, Rita Rowe, Clare Moore; Second Class Honours, Madeleine Enright.

LOWER SCHOOL ENTRANCE TO NORMAL.

Honours, Miss K. McNally; Pass, Misses Coffey, McGuane, Kernahan, Coughlin, Moore, Meagher, English, Matthews, R. Shannon, C. Shannon, Matthews, Gignac, Fenn, Smith, McBride, Young, Ungaro, Haynes, Enright, Nealon, Walsh.



To suffer *or* to die for Thee

Was Saint Theresa's cry.

To suffer *not* to die as yet

Thy Visitandine's sigh.

But I, sweet Lord, who may not hope

To soar to heights so high,

At least may yearn with all love's strength,

To suffer *and* to die.

—S. M. St. J.

College Notes

School re-opened September 2nd. Many new boarders are seen in the ranks and the old ones, true to tradition, are straggling in one by one, ill-concealing their delight in being back at dear old St. Joseph's once more.

* * * * *

Miss Rita Morgan, Gold Medalist in expressive reading, gave a very entertaining recital on the evening of June 10th. The programme was well chosen to display Miss Morgan's dramatic ability. All who heard her marvelled at her retentive powers and sympathetic interpretations.

* * * * *

Banquets were much in vogue between Graduation Day and the 19th. On June 15th the folding doors were opened between the work-rooms on the third floor. Places were laid for the pupils of the Art and Needlework Departments. Tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and the college colours and laden with all manner of good things to eat. The merry laughter of these happy maidens echoed through the halls below, making others heartily wish that their school curriculum had embraced Art and Needlework too. Others to enjoy the pleasures of the banquet table were the pupils of the Second School. Their feast was spread in the auditorium, and judging by their happy faces and the rapid disappearance of the viands, we gathered that they had what might be called a real good time.

Of a more dignified nature was the farewell supper tendered to the Graduating Class by the members of the Senior Class. Several of the Sisters honoured the occasion with their presence, and thoroughly enjoyed the many pointed phrases and witticisms displayed in the class prophecies and speeches.

On Saturday morning, June 7th, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's College Chapel for the University Graduates of Loretto Abbey and of St. Joseph's. Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., was celebrant, with Rev. Fathers Powell, C.S.B., and Oliver, C.S.B., acting as deacon and sub-deacon. An eloquent baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., in which contrasts were drawn between the pagan and Christian education and virtue. After the Mass breakfast was served in one of the large reception rooms of the College, the guest of honour on this occasion being Mrs. Aline Kilmer of New York, widow of the late renowned Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, whose delightful lecture given in the College in 1915, will still be remembered by many. In the evening Mrs. Kilmer and Mrs. James E. Day, President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, were entertained by the Young Ladies of the Academy, the programme consisting of a magnificent Cantata rendered under the direction of Maestro Carboni, an instrumental solo by Miss G. Goodyear, after which followed an address and presentation of a boquet of beautiful roses to Mrs. Kilmer. Mrs. Kilmer expressed her appreciation of the warm welcome given her and her delight in being able to visit St. Joseph's, with which she has been in communication for some years. She afterwards, upon request recited one of her exquisite little poems, the charming simplicity and musical rhythm of which called forth much applause.

* * * *

Over ninety pupils altogether played in the four different recitals given at the end of the scholastic year. The auditorium was well filled on each occasion by the parents and friends of the young performers, and however much the Senior pupils may have excelled the Juniors in the point of difficult selections, there is no gainsaying the fact that the tiny tots with their artistic finish and artless ways, captivated the hearts of their hearers and evoked the loudest applause. We append the programme of the Senior Recital, June 9th :

PROGRAMME.

1. Duet, 2 pianos—Slavonic DanceDvorak
Eileen Egan and Luciene Cantin.
2. Gigue in the Old StylePfeiffer
Claudia Dillon.
3. Song—Springtime of LoveFoster
Sadie Chapelle.
4. March of the DwarfsEd. Greig
Florence Quinlan
5. (a) If I Were a BirdHenselt
(b) Air de BalletMozzkowski
Yolande Didier.
6. Song—(a) The Lotus Flower Schumann
(b) At Dawning Cadman
Eileen Shannon.
7. (a) Presto from Sonata in E minorHaydn
(b) Impromptu in A flatChopin
Eileen Egan, Silver Medalist.
8. Duet, 2 pianos—Valse CarnavalesqueChaminade
Hilda and Helen Kramer.
9. Song—Song of Sunshine Gilberte
Ella Miceli.
10. Sonata in E flatBeethoven
Bertha Hermann.
11. Fantaisie Impromptu Chopin
Edna Carroll.
12. Song—(a) Den Vieni from Il Nozzi di FigaroMozart
(b) A BirthdayCowen
Cecilia Koster.

13. Andante and Presto from Sonata in E minor . . . E. Greig
Gertrude Goodyear.
14. Schorzo in C sharp minor Chopin
Mary Cairo (Gold Medalist).
15. Song—(a) The Fairy Pipers Brewer
(b) The Old Love De Koven
Patricia Kelly.
16. Quartette, 2 Pianos—Espana Chabrier
1st Piano—Gertrude Goodyear and Florence Quinlan.
2nd Piano—Bertha Hermann and Mary Cairo.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

* * * *

We regret very much to chronicle in this issue of our magazine the tragic death of one of our young school-mates, Miss Gertrude Cartan, who with her mother, Mrs. Cartan, died within a few hours after the collision of trains, near Dunkirk, N.Y. Gertrude, accompanied by her mother and father, had left Toronto that day for a pleasure trip through the States, when death cut short her promising life, not, however, before a priest could be summoned to administer to both herself and her mother the last consoling rites of Mother Church. Gertrude, who had been a resident pupil at St. Joseph's during the past year, was a general favourite and though quiet and retiring in manner, she had won her way into the hearts of both teachers and class-mates. But since God, who takes His delight in the pure and innocent ones of earth, has seen fit to transplant this fair young lily of St. Joseph's to His heavenly garden, we must not repine, knowing well that for Gertrude, our loss is only perfect gain. We offer our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Cartan, who has been called upon to bear the double loss of a loving wife and a devoted child. May their souls rest in peace!

MARY McCORMICK.

St. Joan of Arc

Hail! Joan of Arc, Hail! Maid of France,
Saint of the Catholic Church, All Hail!

* * * * *

Long years ago, yea five centuries and more in the reckoning,
In a village obscure of Old France, known to all as Domremy,
Dwelt a child, Joan by name, with her parents and four younger
brothers.

Simple her life as the lives of poor peasants must needs be,
But withal gay and joyous, the secret of innocence ever.
Naught cared this child for the pastimes that youth oft exults in
Hers the delight, when the duties of home had been tended,
The tasks of the household performéd, the spinning and weaving,
To steal off betimes to the small village church in the valley.
And there wrapt in prayer, lift to God her pure heart's great devotion.
Many a time, too, and oft might this child be seen hastening
Far down the road past the mill, to a cottage where sickness
Held in its grip some poor father, mainstay of his family.
Well-stocked the basket she bore, with full many a dainty,
But better by far, her sweet words and her kind ministrations.
No suffering, needy, nor grief-stricken heart in Domremy
But loved and thrice blessed Joan of Arc, "La Pucelle," as they called
her.

* * * * *

Some thirteen bright summers had passed free from care o'er the
maiden

When first those strange voices broke in on her soul's meditation,
Filling her heart with dismay and a fearful foreboding
Lest she should be but a dupe of the spirits of darkness.
Add as she might to her prayers and her fasts and her watchings,
Begging for light from on high and deliverance from evil,
Ever the voices returned and betimes did come with them
Michael, Archangel of Heaven, and Margaret and Catharine,
Champions all of God's Church and of Saints the most valiant,
Urging her on to great deeds for her King and her country.
Then when three years had dragged by, years of trial and soul-torture
Confident now that the light of God's spirit shone o'er her,
Joan, a child still in years, though a woman in courage,
Went to the camp of the King with her God-given mission.

Thrice was she laughed at by Baudricourt, Charles' great Commander,
Spurned and rejected her "voices" as flights of free fancy,
Yet did she keep her high heart and belief in her mission,
Till, forced by ill-luck, Charles accepted at last of her offer.

* * * * *

Who now will tell of the marvel-filled days that then followed;
Who of the dauntless maid's courage in odds all against her?
Come down ye choirs of Heaven and chant her glad praises,
Words such as mine do scant justice to deeds, great as hers were.
Picture for us, O ye artists, on this our mind's canvas,
The glory resplendent that shone round that armor-clad maiden,
Show us the sword, men unearthed from the ruins, at her bidding,
The standard she bore as she rode on her fiery charger.
Tell us, ye Saints, who did watch from on high, all her hardships
The days of fierce fighting, the nights not less cruel in vigil,
The march on Orleans, and the King's final victory and crowning.
Spare not details of her capture, by countrymen faithless,
Her cruel detention in prison, alone and unfriended,
Abandoned by Charles to the enemy, whom she had worsted
For no selfish end, but that he be restored to his kingdom.
See how she stands at the stake, with unfaltering courage,
Gazing on Christ Crucified, as the flames leap about her
While ever her lips murmur, "Jesu, sweet Jesu, have pity,"
Till all the rude soldiers and bystanders weep with compassion.
And thus did she give up her soul to her God and Creator.

* * * * *

Long years have passed, yea five centuries and more in the reckoning,
Since Joan the Maid, gave her life for her God and her country.
Yet never a child but has heard tell the marvellous story
Of how "La Pucelle" saved old France from the hands of the English.
But greater by far than the halo that history casts o'er her
Is the honour that fair Mother Church hath accorded her virtue,
For to-day she stands crowned in high Heav'n, a Saint and a Martyr.
Ah! sweet little Saint, thy poor France still hath need of thine aiding,
Thine be the mission to free her once more from her thralldom,
Not now of English nor Hun, but those ills of the spirit
That crush out the life of her soul, and the light of God's shining,
E'en as in days of yore lead her in safety through peril,
Back to the arms open-wide of the Church, her true Mother.

* * * * *

Hail, Joan of Arc! Hail, Maid of France!
Saint of the Catholic Church, All Hail!

—S. M. St. J.

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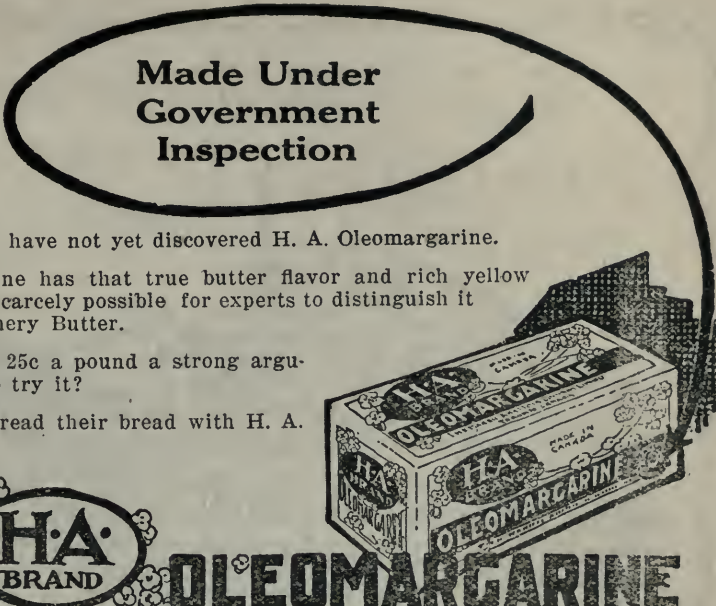
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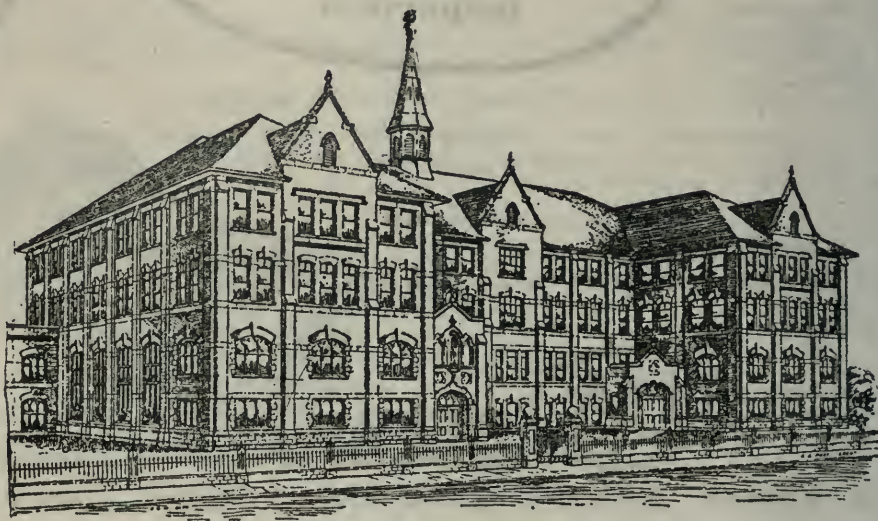
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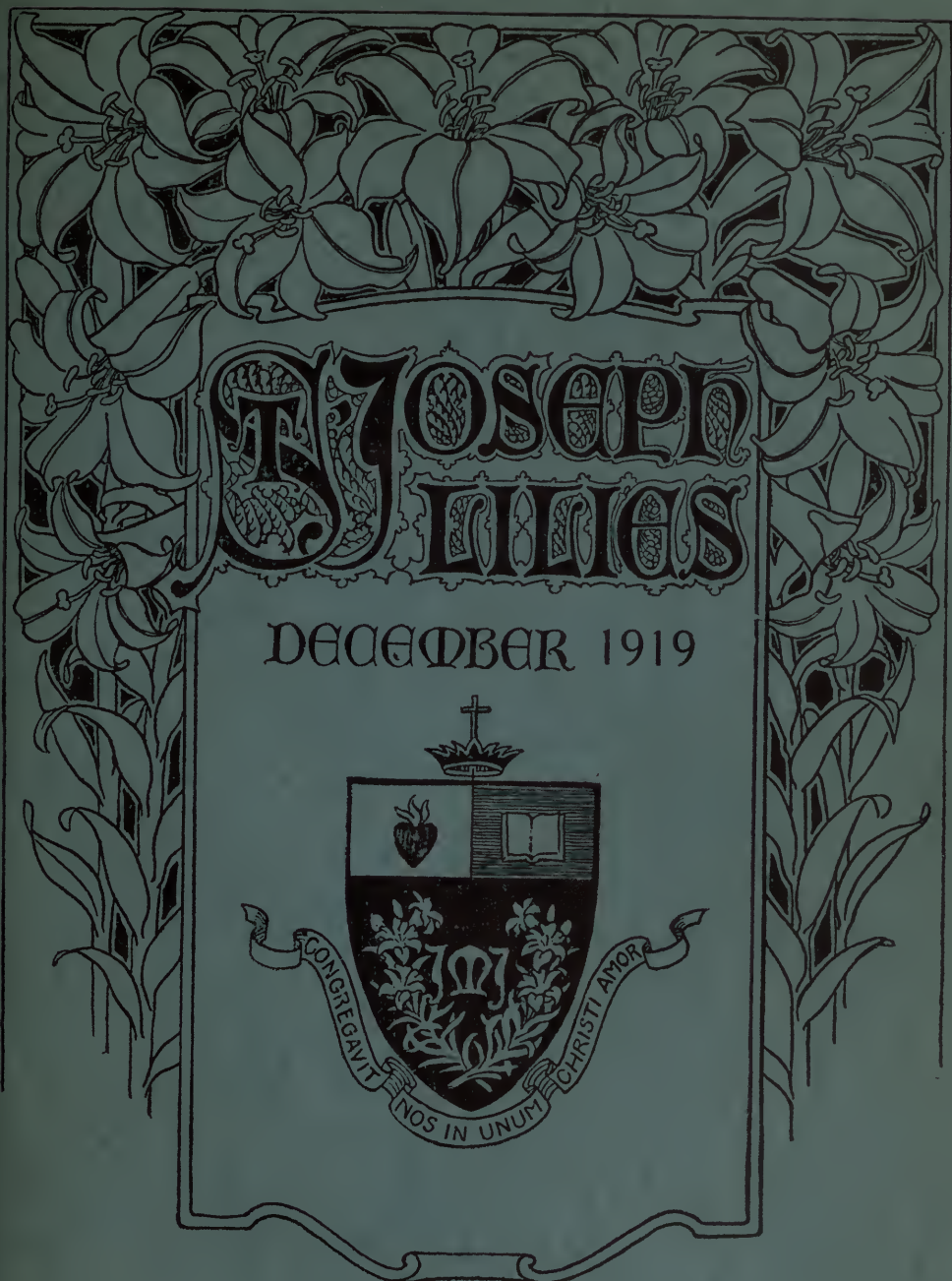
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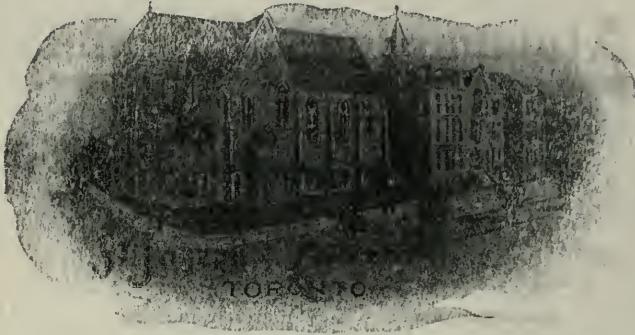
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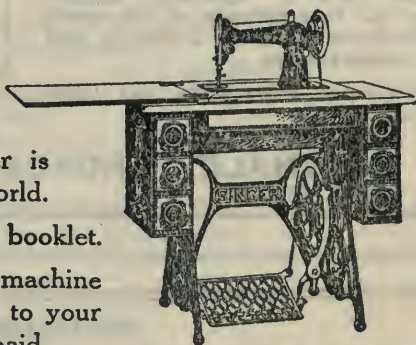
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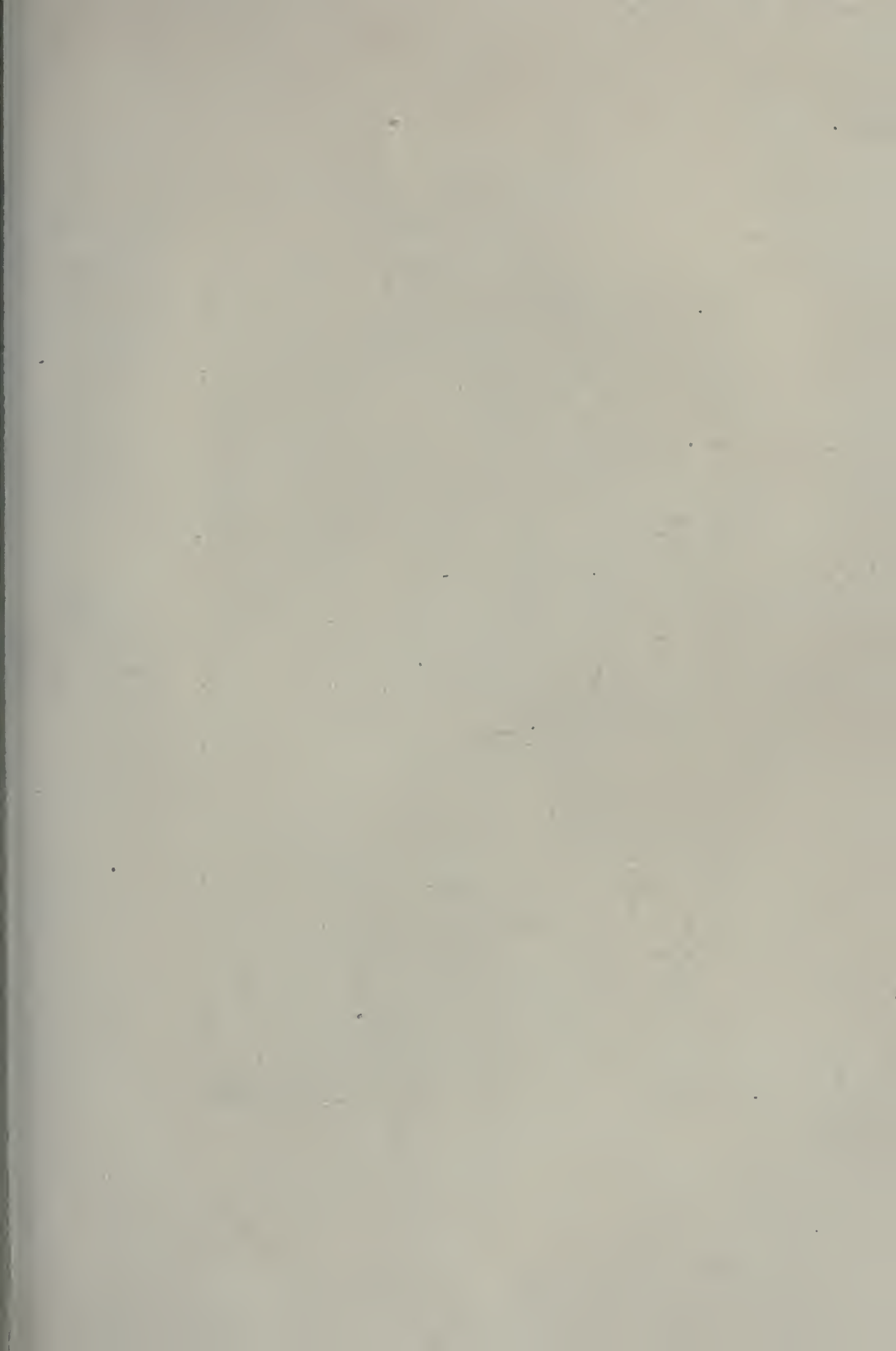
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THE HOLY NIGHT

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VIII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1919. NO. 3.

How the Christ-Child Came

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

He came with all His power and majesty
Close hidden 'neath the cloak of poverty;
He came, a helpless Babe, to soothe and bless
His earthly children in their helplessness.
Sweet Jesu, e'en as shepherds came to see,
I kneel to Thee.

He came a Stranger to an alien land,
Where none reached out to Him a friendly hand;
He scarce could find a place to lay His head,
As holy Seers of old had truly said.
Dear Jesu, Model of humility,
Give ear to me.

He came—a King—devoid of crown or throne,
With winter's icy blasts around Him blown;
Nowhere was aught of shelter offered Him,
The Lord Whose thought could make the suns grow dim.
Ah, Jesu, those privations came to Thee,
For love of me.

He came, and from the hour of His birth,
He suffered pain and hardship on the earth;
The poorest of the poor, He came to show
How men the way of righteousness might go.
Kind Jesu, pleading-wise and trustingly,
I worship Thee.

Reason and Revolution

BY REV. C. C. KEHOE, O.C.C.

THE present age is notably revolutionary; new conditions, national and international, economic and social, have been suddenly installed, or are immediately imminent that, promise a new era throughout the world. When the new order of things has emerged into settlement and permanency it will afford a most instructive object lesson of either progressive reason, or mere revolution. These two agencies are in the mental and moral world of human activities what the laws of nature are in the physical realm where God alone is responsible for order and success. Law is essentially both mentality and design, or the natural world would be as wildly revolutionary as our own; chance and casual revolution is even less steady than human providence. If no mind operated behind nature there would be no steady natural phenomena to contemplate, but only the conflicts of revolution. Revolution must be always considered in human affairs as the recognition and correction of the errors of our prentice reason struggling more or less hopelessly to maintain order. The history of the world when unguided by revelation and faith is, in its earliest records and onwards, nothing less than a series of bungling theories and consequent revolutionary explosions. Germany, at the present hour, is as overwhelming to the mind of the inspective visitor in its revolutions as it was before the war in its towering universities, and multitudinous libraries. Where there is overmuch rampant mentality we become always expectant of revolutions; books are really explosive. Who will recount in the religious world the revolutions that Luther's book which he calls the Bible has flashed upon humanity? Sect. after sect arose until the world seems full of revolutionary sects. Perhaps there will be fewer sects when there is no faith left to

ignite into heresies. Before the great war Universities were everywhere vaunted as the cathedra, and oracles for human affairs, and the Vatican was merely tolerated by the nations of Europe that were preparing for war. We think of the widow's story to King David, how her sons fought it out when alone in the fields, for there was no one to separate them. The great war is over, and we must now be content with revolutions. Far be it from us to sneer at all revolutions, for they are, for the most part, the frantic attempts of suffering humanity to escape the horrors of peace, to escape the miseries that a happy, complacent and reasoning class has fastened on them. There are people at present so buried and hopeless that they have not even the hope of a revolution, and depend on their neighbours for that boon.

Political and Economic Revolutions.

When political and economical revolutions are due at the same time in some simple primitive people, the noise, dust and blood are appalling; witness Russia now and France a hundred years ago. Sad pictures are spread on fancy and canvas of the last events of the old regimes. The newspapers at present are giving different views of the cellar scene in Erkaterinburg of the last of the Romanoffs, with his baby heir in his arms, where murdered princesses are lying about with dishevelled hair and garments, and the walls are blood-stained, waiting himself the pistol shot of an advancing ruffian. Our hearts go out to the helpless victims though we are conscious that even Nicholas, the last of his murderous line has more victims to his own personal account, not to speak of the myriads massacred by his ancestors, than perhaps the whole savage, brutal revolution. Political revolutions have occurred everywhere throughout the world where the tension of political inequality has existed, and it is a truism now that governments must be for the people and by the people. It took bloody revolutions with many weird theories to overthrow the opposite false reasonings of im-

perial and aristocratic governments that one part of humanity was born to govern and the other to be govern. The extravagance of aristocracy was met by the extravagance of the Social Contract of Rousseau that the power of governments came from the will of the people, and not from God. True democratic governments now realize that the power of government comes from God, but the form, whether a democratic monarchy or a democratic republic, is left to the choice of the people. This truth had been taught by Catholic Theologians for centuries, but their reasons did not seem to be sufficient without the aid of revolution. There is a great economic revolution of Capital and Labor in motion at present, with a confused whirlwind of principles both true and false, and it is likely to bring much good, and who knows, how much evil. Strange to say, misconstrued political equality is the unreason and grievance that is bringing on this coming hurricane. Men argue now that political equality without economic equality is a curse, the curse of individualism, or individual liberty, as Rousseau would have it. Economic equality is the equality of wealth, and such equality is impossible if every man is born with the individual right to hold capital and use it for his own personal selfishness. The revolution of socialism will take from man all right to property at least in the sense of capital, capable of producing wealth. Socialists now argue that the horror of individual liberty to have, to hold, and to gather more, has enslaved men more than ever did the Bourbons or the Romanoffs; what is the good of a vote and voice in government, if men are starving to death or eking out a wretched existence in poverty and squalor? Experience tells us that this is only too true; we see only too truly that some men fought in the late war, whilst others batted themselves by profiteering. Even in peace the vast crowd of humanity is no match for the crafty, enslaving few. On with the revolution, then, and let the principle be proclaimed that the individual man has no right to personal property, and everything belongs to the

State. This is what is going on now in Russia, where a great economic revolution is on, and in which citizens are stripped of their possessions, and individual liberty is down to zero. Carl Marx, the patron saint of holy Russia just now, was a prophet that declared that individualism would overthrow itself. Of course there is no better way to precipitate a revolution than to prophesy it with specious reasoning; his hard Jewish mind foresaw as a detective with the mentality of a criminal that free and unlimited individualism, such as the individualism of England and the United States, would finally leave the wealth of these nations in the hands of a few; that the more grasping they become, the more desperate and exasperate would the masses become, and the surer and nearer the advent of revolution. His remedy was full and complete socialism of land, mines, natural resources, machinery, and capital in every sense and form. At heart he was an anarchist, for he tells us that in original and primitive human life the ideal condition existed of every man being complete in himself, like a simple savage that holds his own way through forest, plains, and waterways, taking and leaving what nature supplies without bid or leave of State and Government—and that this is what men may eventually revert to under proper culture. The outlook at present, however, points to socialism, he tells us, where everything that has a productive value belongs to the State and is distributed according to the merits of each.

Socialism—Good and Bad.

It is hard to keep a clear mind in revolutionary periods, and many a mind guided by the star of faith is dimmed by the misty atmosphere of this planet, by politics, class prejudices, nationality, and sometimes by the misguidance of popular writers. Catholics that are guided by the Church have always, when the storm of revolution is over, the satisfaction of being on the right side by the favor of their faith, as well as by the outcome of events. Socialism has been surg-

ing for a century, and we have become familiar with it. It first came as a tidal wave of infidelity and materialism, or the determinism of infidel scientists who say that there is nothing in the world but matter, and that men are only dust figures, driven by material forces. Socialism in its second tide came with altruism and philanthropy, and still again it flowed with the rarest practices of Christian charity; everything good and bad is in the flood now. Socialism means now,—for there must be a score of different forms and different definitions of socialism, everything good and everything evil. The best of men now say that they are socialists in some sense, and who would not be a socialist except a junker, a swollen capitalist, or a rapacious profiteer? Marxian Socialism is the concrete revolutionary socialism that fills Soviet and Bolshevik with their import; it has been growing in book theories and partial experiments for about one hundred and twenty-five years; it was first advocated by Babeux, St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Blanc, Prudhon, matured and completed in its specifications and details by the evil over-genius of Marx, and is now energising in Russia. It borrowed its metaphysical principles from such respectable philosophers as Auguste Comte, and our own special and petted favorite, Herbert Spencer. Who could be more respectable than these favorite sons of English literature and modern science, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndal? They completed the revolution of religion begun by Luther, and their theories were found admirable by Marx and his red revolutionists, who revelled in revolution and blood. Trotsky and Lenine by their favor have been elevated from the slums to the empty palaces of the Czar. Who shall deny the ultimate power of college professors and slum journalists when rightly combined? This great movement ran a premature course in the United States and broke out in the Haymarket Riots of Chicago; it was scheduled at that time to do for the States what it is doing for Russia now. It issued from anarchistic printing offices into the streets on that occasion to blow up a few Irish policemen, and illustrated news-

papers were then glutted with views showing how learned theories go into practice; of printing presses served by whiskered, shaggy, tainted-looking men with wild, desperate purposes in their faces, of beer-cans, lame-chairs, knock-up desks, covered with soiled copies of Spencer, Marx, Engles, etc., of free-lunch and beer. These journalists were outcast university students of Bohemian habits and promiscuous lives, self-made outcasts and rebels that expended their weird intelligence on midnight copy of incendiary newspapers to be spread broadcast among the down-trodden working classes. Parsons, Spies, Engle, and Schwab, were executed and the States freed from that time forward from the taint of red anarchy which we now call Bolshevism. The Labor Unions in the United States can be said to be fairly immune from that time to the doctrines of International Socialism.

It is regrettable that this form of Socialism seems to taint at present the labor unions of Canada, and it only shows that our labour unions on which the salvation of future Canada depends are in an inceptive and formative state. The leaders of these unions are emissaries of the European Socialism that is threatening England. The subversive errors of the Reds derived from our literary Spencer is rank Materialism that knows no first cause but matter, and no providence but the currents of its laws; for humans are the flotsam and jetsam of uncurbed nature; the spawn and froth scientifically called protoplasm that settles on the ocean's shores. What religion, law and morality can be impressed upon such? The soul is the brain, and the brain is composed of familiar chemicals. Talk as well of moral restraint to the liver and intestines as to the brain. The animal is a true socialist, for he lives by the broad board of nature; he is fed and furnished, lives and loves, and roams free of all possessions, and is finally buried in some way or other by socialistic nature. Socialism has no religion, no marriage, no personal property, no government, no restraints, but the mutual agreements of bears in a cave to hunt together, to share a feast, then to retire each to his

corner by mutual agreement or custom; thus, too, reason and labor are to minister to our wants in factories, farms, mines, railroads, markets, theatres, schools, in greater complexity indeed, but on the same fundamental understanding of physical individuality, but moral socialism.

The Errors of Individualism.

A compressed and succinct expression of individualism is the complete liberty of the individual citizen in politics and business with the understanding that liberty and equality are practically synonymous. Political economists, however, at the present time generally admit that this liberty has led to the shocking economic inequality that Socialism everywhere is endeavoring to redress. The paradox of political economy, the new science of modern times has arisen, that liberty leads to slavery. Set all men fully free as the Liberal party would in England, Rosseau philosophy in France, and the Declaration of Independence in the United States, and in three hundred years economic slavery, which is the worst form of serfdom, will ensue. In these three hundred years of the immediate past that have set up the towering fabrics of modern nations and industries, and colossal private fortunes by the so-called Industrial Revolution, individualism has been glorified and contrasted triumphantly with the stagnant condition of society of the Catholic age previous. The triumph of political liberty, commerce and scientific discovery of the last three hundred years are indeed too great and too gratifying to be contradicted, but there must be a deep flaw in this system when the world is clamoring for a revolution to overthrow it in the name of liberty and equality. The political economy of Individualism as presented by Adam Smith, Malthus and Stewart Mill, has been amply realized and yet has proved a failure; Rosseau's revolutionary cry may now be used against himself and his individualism, "Man is born free and is everywhere in chains." Government regulations for trade, guild laws and legal prices for the com-

modities of life were held up by these economists as obstructions to commerce and are now dug up by Socialists and oppressed as barriers to the ruthless course of individualism of the present time. The underlying theory of individualism as proposed by J. J. Rosseau, is the optimism that human nature contains as its native qualities, goodness, equality and freedom; each citizen should consult, labor and vote for his own individual interests and the resultant collective summary of such individual application will be a perfect government and society. The result, however, has been monopolies, profiteering, swollen fortunes, insatiable greed, and in a word, possession of the world by a few, and abject poverty and slavery for the others. The glories of American freedom seem a snare and delusion to the millions of simple Russians that are to-day marching under the Red flag. They have just escaped the Czars and they tell us that they have greater horror of the capitalists; perhaps many of them have starved in American cities.

Where Does the Catholic Church Stand?

When the Catholic Church is placed squarely, vis-à-vis, with Socialism, she must be called an irreconcilable enemy. The Church stands by her explicit traditions of belief and practice and by reason of recent definitions in favor of private and individual ownership of all goods of fortune, of land and capital in every shape and form. Even the theory of Henry George against private ownership of land was promptly condemned as well as the other theories of universal socialism. We do not know what nations will eventually come to; perhaps they will swing to socialism and insult the Church for her theories, but we know where the Church will stand, for in the midst of the storm she has nailed her flag to the mast. Does the Church, then, favor individualism, the selfish system that is bringing ruin on the world? There is an old saying that the Church repeats best in her own Latin tongue, "Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quovis defectu"; a good thing should

be wholly good; an evil thing may be evil only in one point. Individualism would be good if it were controlled by the State; it is essentially correct, but has many abuses clinging to it,—the essential tenets of socialism are wrong. Good writers, in trying to formulate a principle of conduct in this conjuncture say in behalf of the Church's doctrines, that the State must control private fortunes, lest they become a nuisance to the public good, and it must be wary in such restrictions lest it injure the rights of private ownership. Socialistic writers generally assert, and we agree with them, that the so-called Catholic Socialism when taken in the modern specific sense of Socialism, is an absurdity and a contradiction. Christian Socialism, professed and invoked by many Catholics, must be essentially different from concrete modern Socialism that has for its central and essential principle the negation of private ownership of all capital.

We can readily admit that Socialism may be stripped of its many immoral features that are adverse to religion, government and marriage, and may be confined to a purely economic or business system that regulates goods of fortune. But even in this last element it is still unethical and immoral by denying private ownership of land, and other instruments of capital. The plot of land that the peasant clears and improves in prairie or forest, and that holds his cottage, his wife and his little ones is his own, and in it he invests his labor for himself and for them, and there is no bank so safe as a reserve fund for future needs. The old homestead is a fund for all, for widow and orphans when death comes to call him. This is his natural right and privilege, that Church or State does not give, and cannot take away; it is a right anterior to both, for it comes to him at birth with nature; it comes like the right of marriage, and the right to govern and educate his children. These natural rights are inherent in each member of the human family, and Church and State can only legislate to preserve, to consolidate and to secure the same to each member in due measure. To suppress trusts and profiteering

capitalism, to curtail and tax exorbitant ownership, to establish legal rents and legal prices for commodities of life, to set up public ownership of the great public utilities, are measures allowed and perhaps required in order to secure the individual his rights of nature. If this curtailing influence is Socialism then the Church may easily be called socialistic. Farther, if altruism, public philanthropy, social action, and cordial social interest in our fellowmen in every way possible be socialism, then the Church is certainly socialistic, for she preaches the charity of Christ that urges us to give up all—and even our very lives—for our fellowmen.

The Living Wage.

To distribute a Living Wage is the salient and outcryng problem of the present industrial revolutionary movement, whether the conflict precipitates itself into physical and sanguinary outbursts, or remains pent up in not less acrimonious daily strivings of Labor against Capital. To correct this superficial and economic evil of unequal distribution of profits between Labor and Capital, the great mass of humanity seems ready to tear up the very foundations of religion, government, and civilization itself. We hear the threnody of Jeremias again, "All her people seek bread, they have given all their precious things for food." The theory of Socialism is to give up everything for economic equality, even political independence. Of course naturally and reasonably all things seem a mockery to a starving people, and when men walk the streets in poverty and unemployment, they feel like men without a nation. The political economists of our extravagant individualism gravely tell us that a living wage cannot be secured to all; but if this word were true it should be the signal for a revolution; for the colossal fortunes of the present day, and luxury profuse beyond precedent in history, combined with such doctrines, issuing from learned books to the suffering mass of humanity brings neither a balm nor a sedative. The Church, which is not a school of political economy

or sociology, but of religion and ethics, declares for the living wage on purely ethical principles. The Church means by her decision merely to say that governments by their legislation, and individual citizens, in obedience to the same, must in conscience provide a living wage for all, and for the same reason that orphanages, asylums, and hospitals must be instituted and supported by society. We can readily perceive that this solution is not an economic one, but is purely religious and ethical. A critical question arises here, viz.: Should it be necessary for the Church to put this moral duty of governments under the feet of the masses as their proximate support? It is indeed a footing to the whole social fabric, but must the masses of humanity be in a sense pauperized in order to secure them a living wage? This problem is difficult because it is not one of abstract proportions and ratios between labor and capital in their respective merits, and that economists can settle from their minds out: we grow weary of their clamors and contradictions; it is a problem of the pragmatism of practical life.

Socialists are certainly wrong in affirming that labor is the only producing factor in human industry; but they should be quite right in maintaining that when labor is compared with the other factors of industry, talent and capital, it is shamefully underpaid. A living wage would surely accrue to labor if its value were estimated, not by the mincing arguments generally adduced when it is compared with capital and creative talent, but by a general estimate taken from its own indispensibility. What is the sense of comparing one part of an organism with another when all are indispensable, one part of a picture with another, or one part of a chemical compound with the other ingredients? A sensible matter-of-fact estimate must be given to labor, and then the living wage will be a natural consequence. The swollen fortunes of capitalists, their waste, luxury and riot, indicate that there is plenty in the products of human industry to supply the living wage.

Nightingales

BY REV. JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

At eventide, when the Virgin Mary
Walks the sweet Sicilian vales,
Every dell and hillock airy
Rings with song of nightingales;
For the birds know she is bringing
Roses red to deck the dales,
And the night is filled with ringing
Music of the nightingales.

Poet would you learn the airy
Music of those lovely vales,
Build your lays in praise of Mary
Loved of all the nightingales!
Love of Mary is the Fountain
Of all song where song prevails;
'Tis the Rose upon the mountain,
That inspires the nightingales.

Learn to love the Virgin Mary,
Queen of Paradise's dales!
And her praises learn to vary
Even as the nightingales.
Then your music will be tender
As the music of those vales,
When they sing the Virgin's splendor
Echoing the nightingales.

The Shepherd's Fire

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF.

(Translated by Caroline D. Swan.)

ON Christmas Day every one had gone to church except grandmother and myself. I think we were alone in the house; we could not go with the rest because I was too young and she too old. We were both sad, because we had not been taken to Mass and had missed seeing the Christmas tapers.

But while we were sitting there in solitude, grandmother began thus:

“Once there was a man who went out into the black night to get some fire. He went from door to door, knocking everywhere. “Good friends,” he cried, “help me! My wife has just brought a child into the world. I must have fire to keep her warm—and also the little one.”

But the darkness was deep; all were asleep—no one answered him. So the man went on his way. Suddenly, however, he perceived a light shining at some distance away. Going toward it, he saw a fire lighted in the open air. Some white sheep were sleeping round it and an old shepherd squatting on the ground was guarding the flock.

When the man in quest of fire approached the sheep, he saw three big dogs asleep at the feet of the shepherd. All three woke and opened their great mouths to bark but not a sound came.

The man noticed that their hair bristled up and that their sharp teeth gleamed very white in the firelight. Then, all three flung themselves upon him. One seized him by the leg, another by the hand, the third caught him by the throat; but their jaws and teeth refused to do duty and the man remained unharmed.

Then he sought to reach the fire to get what he wanted. But the sheep were so numerous and lay so close together that

he could not open a way to it. So he had to walk over and on them. Yet not one of them woke nor stirred."

Up to this point I had listened to my grandmother without interruption, but I could do so no longer.

"Why was it, grandmother?" I asked.

"You shall know in a minute," said she, and continued thus:

"When the man had drawn near the fire the shepherd raised his head. He was an old man, irritable, malicious and harsh to everyone. As soon as he saw the stranger he clutched his long, sharp-pointed crook and hurled it at him. The crook flew, whistling, at the man; but, before reaching him, deviated and went to bury itself in the ground."

I interrupted my grandmother again.

"Grandmother, why would not the staff strike the man?"

She made no attempt to answer me, but went straight on. "Then the man approached the shepherd and said, 'My friend, help me out and let me take a little of your fire! My wife has just borne a child and I must have some warmth for her and the babe.'

"The shepherd would have liked to refuse; but he thought of the dogs that would not bark, of the sheep which had not been startled, of the crook which would not strike, and he was afraid.

"'Take what you need,' he said to the stranger.

"The fire was beginning to burn out. Neither boughs nor branches blazed, it was now but a great mass of red coals—and the man had no shovel nor anything to carry the coals away in.

"Perceiving this, the shepherd added, 'Take as much as you like.'

"And he chuckled over the idea that the man would not be able to take any at all.

"But the man bent down, pushed away the ashes and took up in his bare hands some of the red coals, which he laid on the corner of his mantle. The live embers did not burn his

hands nor his clothing and he bore them away as if they had been apples or nuts."

For the third time the story-teller was interrupted: "Grandmother, why would not the coals burn the man?"

"You are going to see," said grandmother. "When the shepherd, who was a harsh and cruel man, beheld these things, he began to ask himself, 'What kind of a night is this, when the dogs do not bark, the sheep do not stir, the crook will not hurt, and the fire will not burn?' He called the stranger back and asked him, 'What strange night is this when even inanimate things show mercy?'"

"The man replied, 'I can not tell you if you do not see.'"

"And he hurried away to carry warmth to his wife and child.

"But the shepherd thought he ought not to lose sight of this man without learning what all this signified. So he rose and followed him. And the shepherd soon found that the man had not even a cot or a hut; his wife and his child were lying in the depths of a cave in the mountains, whose walls of stone were cold and bare.

"He thought of the poor little innocent, who ran risk of dying from the cold, and, although a hard man, he was touched by this extreme misery. He took his bag from his shoulder and drew out of it a sheepskin, white, fleecy and soft. This he gave to the stranger, bidding him lay his babe down to sleep upon it.

"Then, at the very moment he gave this proof of good-will and charity his eyes were opened and he saw what he could not see before and heard what he could not then hear.

He beheld all round him a circle of angels with silver wings. Each of them held a stringed instrument and with full, clear voices they sang how on this night a Saviour was born, Who should save his people from their sins.

"Then he understood at once why all things were so full of joy that on that night they would work neither harm nor hurt.

“Not in the cave alone were there angels; but he saw them everywhere, sitting on the steeps of the mountain or in flight across the sky. They came in groups down the road and all stopped to behold the Child.

“Everywhere there was delight, everywhere joy, everywhere song and mirth. And the shepherd saw all this in the black night where before he could see nothing. So happy was he to think that his eyes were opened that he fell on his knees and gave thanks to God.”

When grandmother had reached this point in her story she sighed and said: “But what the shepherd saw, we, too, can see. The angels fly across the sky every Christmas night and it only depends upon us to see them.”

Then she put her hand on my head and added: “You will remember this always, for it is as true as that you see me and I, you! It is not the lamps nor the tapers that matter. We need neither sun nor moon, but only eyes that can open, to behold the splendors of God.”

The Newborn

BY DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

White lamb, from a great Father's mighty fold,
 White star upon the year's stained, darkened blue,
 White lily 'mid life's rosemary and rue—
 White child, the sweetest treasure in Love's gold!
 Ah, little soul! you do not know the cold
 Or fever of the struggle; the light dew
 Lies fresh upon your flowered face, and, through
 Your silken tresses, sunbeams wade. Behold!

In your young heart are sleeping dreams, grown wise;
 On your red lips the flush of newborn day,
 And, in your soul, the peace, too deep for name,
 Clear mirrored in the sky-blue of your eyes,
 By cheerful Hope so richly starred, O may
 God take you back as pure, child, as you came!

Spiritism and Religion by Rev. Dr. Johann Liljencrants

A REVIEW BY THE VERY REV. A. O'MALLEY, LL.D.

LITERATURE is the life of the human race portrayed and preserved in permanent form. The journalism of the day pours out a tide of truculent treason against the truth. Purchased patriots, inspired correspondents and paid press-agents, pervert the news, which then takes on the chameleon colors that imperialistic or proletarian propaganda desires. For reasons political, for reasons economical, for reasons religious, despatches are distorted, if the truth is not already done to death before riding on the cable's coruscating car. What a crime! What a calamity! And, too, a conspiracy of silence like that preceding doom, reigns for weeks if the mentors of the million deem the truth a poison to their cause. No wonder the proletariat is pitching the press and the powers that feed it into the sea—and woe to them if it be a sea of blood! Moreover, journals that rejoice in the name of national, without any apparent shame, correct in a few days factitious and even fictitious reports. Editorial comments are caricature and comedy, and the public are fed upon a diet of farce and fiction. Now the underworld has become the wonderworld; the plebians, not the patricians, are writing the present page of history, and this will be a literature, for it will be instinct with the truth.

There are other forces, too, that always have corrected the infernal propaganda that broods upon the great abyss like chaos on creation, that is the daily press.

We have only to wait a week, a month, and the acids begin to test the truth; test the lies; test the silence; test the conspiracy; test the dishonesty; test the tissue of deception that has rolled on in torrents, in cataracts, like Niagara. The weekly, the monthly, the quarterly reviews, are neither pur-

chasable nor pliant. They are more pitiless, more rigid, more personal. Pride of a very sensitive sort is more assailable here, and scholarship winces when impugned. Even reputation for dignity, veracity, and honour will not easily wander from the ways direct — the rugged, righteous road that has become a “primrose path of silence” to the great and stern reviewer. And then there is the author of books. His name is legion. Succeed or fail, he strikes the living rock and mountains deter him not. Conscious of his higher call, he is immune to the shafts of criticism. None of these are at the propagandists’ beck. They will not work for hire. Their eyes are fixed on the polar star. They would reign on Parnassus with the Gods and are immovable by the siren seductions of syndicate.

I do not mean that history, romance, poetry, literature, see with a single eye. No! Therein resides its glory. “No man,” says Morley, “goes to the archives without his keys.” Men have their prejudices, their prepossessions. Heredity, physical and psychical is a fact. Families are mathematical, mystic, romantic; they inherit their bent. And, too, the age with its philosophies, statescraft, religions and morality, is circumambient as the air. No man can escape it. No man can resist it. No man can rise above it. Men will clash in these as all cosmic forces clash; centuries will clash. ’Tis a long wait, but time will not hurry. The stars didn’t glitter that way in their dawn, the dust had first to fall away. But the nearer clash of intellects and consciences that occur to-day is our hope. Even if it does not precipitate the truth, one can see the crystals forming. It is the impact of those forces and factors that flings the fire of truth like suns into our hungering, eager eyes.

Criticism, too, has become a science. It is of the second order. It is not so grand as authorship, for the author must create. I speak not of the compiler. The composer, the inventor I have in mind. The critic and the author are polar, antipedal; they are planetary in their clash. Between their

jar, justice resides. The critics are almost uniformly savage and severe. 'Tis well; though Keats was killed thereby. The residue in such a clash will have both mass and matter and will long remain to challenge awe and admiration. The critic all must suffer and many sulk at his hands and under his rebuke, and even through his injustice, yet it is the price that men must pay for literature, if literature is the mirror of society and life.

Dr. Liljenerants' book is a substantial contribution to the literature of the subject he treats, viz., "Spiritualism and Religion." His impartiality is splendid; his patience heroic; his acumen keen; his analysis thorough; his balance is perfect; his style is staid; and the work is a credit to the man and his Alma Mater.

This is not flattery, this is fact.

Nor is the critical, impartial, patient mind which he brings to his task a rarity or phenomenon in modern times. Even historians now leave romance and gaudy rhetoric behind. 'Tis no small task either to amuse, to instruct, to entertain or to enlighten, which is his office, without the picturesque—the palette and the paint. Yet such is the severity which modern taste and thought demand, if not dictate. When one thinks of Herodotus and Thucydides, the two perennial princes of history where invention is as plentiful as fact, no wonder Macaulay was jealous of their preserve and their privilege. Yet modern art is not bereft of means. It can choose the pitch and the key: dignity and repose and power are almost as attractive to the cultured mind as the human touch that rate, one must not poison the wells. History is the great reservoir of human experience and candor must keep it clear. No man who to-day would mount Parnassus and dwell with the immortals, can ignore conscience and criticism.

The author, if dignified, didactic and dry, has chosen the key that was necessary, nay inevitable, in treating the most prosaic of subjects that falls to the lot of the literary man—sifting a mountain of evidence.

The great Catholic theologians writing on questions of profound moral and religious import like the present, have always treated their subjects with clearness, serenity and logic. Eternal truth was their aim. They held principles drawn from the deeps of reason and revelation—principles consecrated by the approval of the Church and society in every age; these were the moulds through which the molten matter of fiction and fact must pass. They stood like the gleaner in his granary, with a fan in their hands, to separate the chaff from the wheat. There lay on the floor only the golden grain of truth that the unlearned and the unstable might not be poisoned with error and untruth.

Dr. Liljencrants is a theologian; he has the temper, the talent and the touch of the masters, and time will ripen them into a rich harvest, I hope, for humanity and the Church.

We must not be surprised if he avoids the popular vein and the garish graces of style. His aim is to convey with clearness and cumulative effect the conclusions he infers from the data and premises, that mountains of matter before him contain. It is true the greatest of thinkers, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, Plato, were rhetorical, eloquent and impassioned, but few men there are who can afford to follow them in this; for by comparison they would inevitably fail. And besides, the modern dialectic demands almost mathematical precision and plan. The market, too, is flooded with the ephemeral flowery style and the author can well afford the formal treatment and staid analysis which he has chosen for his work.

It is no holiday to review such a work; it is a real task and would require a pen steeped in the literature of the subject. I can lay no claim to such nor pretend to play the critic's part, though I have pursued in plenty the seance-lore for as many years as the author is now old. When yet still young I read of Joan of Arc and wondered at her voices and her visions. Were they psychological or supernatural? The Church has now decided. Gil re Rais, the blue beard of Brittany, and his diabolic doings, his black magic and his sacrifice

of children, horrified my youthful mind. I read Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and wondered why they burned witches. I heard of amulets and charms, dreams and trances, seances and table-turning, somnambulism, hypnotism, mesmerism, and the haunted house! I forgot that. That is the best of all. There was a rookery on every country road and it did make me whistle, as boys are wont to do, in passing graveyards in the yawning time of night. Sometimes reinforced, on Hallowe'en, with pumpkin candles, we made a raid on one of the uninhabited haunts—I mean by mortals—and ghosts chose the better part of valor, prudence, and stole away; for they say erring spirits scamper off to their un-earthly confines at first approach of "light." I was also regaled with stories of banshees, fairies and goblins by a travelling uncle, but fortunately for me they played their part in Ireland. Tam O'Shanter and Cotter's Saturday Night made me acquainted with the Scotch variety. Thirty years ago I read all about the angels and saints in theology. I am familiar with the Holy Scripture and know of heaven and hell and their inhabitants. I have read ancient and modern drama, which is an echo of belief held sacred in its day and witches and weird sisters and ghosts come tripping on the stage at every wizard's call. Notwithstanding all this, I do solemnly profess incompetence to properly appreciate the monumental work before me. I will leave it to the tender mercy of the theologians and be content to offer such remarks as now occur to my untutored taste.

The work is a contribution to Moral Theology; "it is an adjustment of the verdict of theologians" on the subject; it pleads propriety by mentioning many discards such as usury, astrology and alchemy. Development of doctrine and the progressiveness of theological science are assumed. The author leans towards rationalism in the sense that marvels must be scrutinized closely, and sparingly admitted into the arena of the miraculous and supernatural. He makes this carefully worded concession towards the end of the book: "There may

be a residue in the ensemble of Spiritistic phenomena that contains a superrational transcendental element.

To the doubting Thomases, and they are myriads in this matter, this is milk and honey. Personally I regard all the devotees of Spiritism touched at least with what musicians and actors call temperament. Others call it Spiritual Exaltation—something fundamental to the poet. Politicians who in the past at least, knew how to win elections are not gifted at all with this fanciful frenzy. The author's conservatism will make thinkers and theologians more careful in giving their imprimatur to the superrational interpretation of facts that may easily fall into the sphere of the natural. His opinion supported by a few thinkers will make the new opinion "probable." His dictum that "nothing is supernatural till natural powers are known," will work like Oceanis' razor as to multiplying entities.

Superstitions hang on hard—die hard, if you will. It is not so simple a thing to take away a fetish. See how people follow fortune telling, hand reading, cup reading, head reading, anything in fact that will give them a glimpse at the future. Curiosity they say it is; yet it must be serious as well when they pay the price in kingly current coin. The rational reading of psychic phenomena will only follow the lead of the literati if they ever have sense enough or shame enough to stop exploiting an easy market and a palpable weakness of humanity. The author has broken fresh loam; he is a hardy pioneer. He has set a good example. It is not alone his sane and sober temperament, his scientific turn that counts, but sifted evidence is constantly accumulating; he has been alert in examining it; and in taking advantage of all the labor of societies for psychical research. Let us follow the author into the labyrinth of its history, into its catacomb of crudities. His lantern will give us light. As Dante did with Virgil, let us make him our guide and surely the inference of the poet could not present things more goulish and ghastly than the midnight caves and caverns of the cult. Let us imitate his

patience, his perseverance, and his skill! Let us eschew the shrug and the smile, the jest and the sneer! Nay, let us have the air of scientists, philosophers and pompously put on our spectacles, be bewhiskered and wear dishevelled hair! Caverns may be filled with centipedes and snakes and scorpions and horrid deadly things, but our Virgil will lead us safely through the darkest hemispheres of spooks and spirits and bring us out where shines the sun of day and men are busy with the things of life, of sense and light.

He finds that Mesopotamia "between the rivers" with all her ancient glories—her Ninevahs, her Babylons, was infected with this cult of demons and this converse with the dead; that ancient India had her fakirs and Assyria her magicians—nay that China, Egypt, Phoenicia and Palestine were victims of necromancy, occultism and magic's many arts. Even Greece and Rome with all their arts and culture indulged in the delirium and frenzy of dealing with the dead. The Middle Ages he admits had magic on the brain, but he proudly states the fact that religions and governments almost everywhere and always opposed and condemned this most nefarious cult. But Christianity was its most deadly foe though Judaism condemned to death by stoning all traffickers in the necromancy and kindred arts. The modern conflagration broke out in 1848 in the United States. It was veritably a recrudescence of every phase and form of occultism that the superstition of man in antiquity was able to invent. The genius of the Yankee for frenzied finance, in full effulgence came pouring into play. The Foxes and the Fishes and the Phelps, all plied the profitable trade. Every one of these traffickers and traders in the things that appear not, were caught and convicted of fraud by the common sense of their countrymen. The fires of fanaticism soon spread by one great leap to Europe. "Liberal" Protestantism and men who had lost all sight of revealed religion, supplied the recruits, and mediums swarmed as the fanatics multiplied. France, Germany, and Italy also fell for the fad.

Some of these mediums were very remarkable to say the least. Eupasia Palladino, a little illiterate Italian girl, has perhaps the most startling record. She was a physical and perhaps a psychological phenomenon. She could do marvels and new ones every minute. Cynical professors crowded round and she deceived them as easily as the simplest peasants, but crooks like herself could catch her. A thief can catch a thief. On one occasion one of the "talent" hid under the table and when she withdrew her foot from the shoe, a favorite trick, he caught it and she yelled just like any other mortal would when mice are prowling around. She was frequently caught in fraud, but went right on; so frantic are people to know the future that they believed not any revelation. Mr. Moses, an educated English divine, went into the business. It is hard to explain him. Was he dishonest or was he merely a physical phenomenon and just simply couldn't resist playing on the weakness of his dupes. Mr. Home also became famous and never once was convicted of fraud, but in the end abandoned it and became a Catholic. Legion is the name of educated men who are interested—Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge are now its high priests and hierophants.

The author has a chapter on genuine and spurious phenomena and another on the identity of the spirits that respond to evocation. They both carry a great tonnage of inarticulate nonsense which he treats with the solemnity and the judicial power of the supreme court and his judgments delivered *ex cathedra* are fair but firm and definite. He admits but little genuine revelations of the dead. As to the identity of the spirits he is even less sanguine. Gurvey, the scientist, talks like a rustic, and Myers, the classicist, doesn't even know moderns well. Hodgson and Sidgewick, two other celebrities, seem sleepy and don't do credit to the scholarship that was theirs in life. After passing in review the dialogue with the dead the author cautiously concludes: "Obviously we cannot accept a preternatural element in the absence of positive proof."

The natural element underlying all this sea and surge of psychism for thousands of years is the abysmal, bottomless mind of men. The author has a splendid chapter on psychology and admits that while ancients and moderns have dealt profoundly with the subject, the science is still in its infancy. Experimental psychology now is taking the place of pleasant generalizations and platitudes, while observations are kept and classified. Recourse is had to every department of psychic life as well as that of man. As knowledge of men, sane and insane, is accumulated, the ghost fetish which is a postulated solution by impatient, unscrupulous or superstitious people, will have to depart. The author has faith in the future of this science and feels that writers on the subject will do well to avoid the syllagism and first principles as such and get down to experiment so as to fathom the natural resources of the mind in the hypnotic, somnambulistic and mesmeric states.

To explain the phenomena of these states he invokes two systems; one by Dr. Grasset called "Polygonal Psychology," and the other by Mr. Noyers, "The Subliminal Self." He seems favorably impressed by them. They are ingenious to say the least, but it seems to me very arbitrary and unsubstantial. In the mean time, they are better than nothing. When Newton flashed the word "gravitation" on the world it no doubt seemed flimsy to science and yet it is the best working hypothesis that men have ever had to explain and co-ordinate unruly physical phenomena. A world of mental phenomena unusual and unearthly, will fall into categories with some such supposition as their co-ordinating lode; and better order and explanation, than an appeal to foolish spiritism for want of something better, will result.

The author finds it but a little leap from psychology to spiritism. The ignorant multitude who know nothing of the polygonal faculties and subliminal powers of the soul let loose in excitement and sickness, in seances and evocations almost surely jump to the conclusion that the effect is caused by the

dead—by spirits seeking solace, or demons on dastardly destruction bent. More than the unlearned, the elite rush out of the doors of common sense and sound judgment into the desert of demonology for the prurient pastimes and pleasures that ordinary every-day life denies them.

The book concludes with the consideration of Spiritism in relation to Religion and Morality.

As usual, the more learned wish to give the crudities of the cult a glamour of science. They hardly succeed. The generalities they have so far fulminated *ex cathedra* will not seem a system to any one accustomed to practice any religion; or a satisfactory substitute for the poorest of all the religions that have answered the yearnings of the human heart.

As to morals, Dr. Liljencrants finds it an exceedingly dangerous cult. What with the darkness that seems necessary for successful seances, the doubtful, if not desperate, characters, that ply the trade of mediums, and the derangement and disease that often overtake both the mediums and their victims, one cannot help concluding that the Roman Congregation is quite defensible in barring Catholics from having anything to do with seances either for curiosity or culture. The author applauds the stand taken by the Church, and although he admits that psychology might expand by examining the data furnished by these undesirable experiences, yet he holds the nature of the human soul, is so great and the salvation of a single soul is of such value, that loss in one way is most amply compensated by gain in another.



The Land of the Golden Strand

BY REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

They tell of a ship that sailed the sea
Till she sighted a distant shore,
Where the mountains' hue was of wondrous blue
And the winds sweet perfumes bore;
And a city great, spread out in state,
With towers and domes sublime—
'Twas the long-sought land of the Golden Strand
Far-famed in the olden time!

Soon a pilot rowed from the shining shore
That ship in port to place,
But the captain laughed and a bumper quaffed
As he sneered in the pilot's face—
"Think'st thou I," said he, "who sailed the sea
Through years of peril and fear,
Cannot steer my way thro' yon playful spray
To an anchorage safe and near?"

Reluctant the pilot left the ship
And the captain laughed "Ho! Ho!"
And he turned her prow towards the sun that now
O'er that city fair sank low;
Full little thought he, he ne'er might see
That bright sun set again—
Yet he soon, alack! wished the pilot back,
And repented his vauntings vain!

Too late! Too late! nor helm nor sail
 Would the shuddering ship obey!
 Hearts chilled with fear, for grim and near
 A yawning maelstrom lay!
 In vain! In vain! to struggle or strain
 'Mid the waters' deadly fold,
 Engulfed ere long in that vortex strong,
 The mad wave o'er her rolled!

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And such was the fearful doom befell
 These sailors in days of old!
 Swift death they died at the hour of pride
 In their arrogance over-bold!
 On Life's great sea, not so should we
 Disdain God's help and care,
 For our goal so grand is the Heavenly Land
 And our Pilot's name is Prayer!



The Practice of Devotion

The man who would banish sentiment and feeling from the hearts of the world, is an active worker for the return of the glacial period of very hard rock and very cold ice. Who would eclipse the dawning hopes of youth, or draw the curtain of twilight over the sunset memories of old age?—Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

Gifts of Gold and Myrrh

BY REV. J. J. MCCARTHY, B.A.

HE saw the face of a little child and looked on God," is written in *The Roadmender of Gawdine*, an old organ-grinder. And this is the story as Michael Fairless tells it:

"Gawdine was a hard swearer, a hard drinker, a hard liver, and he fortified himself body and soul against the world; he even drank alone, which is an evil sign.

"One day to Gawdine, sober, came a little, dirty child, who clung to his empty trouser leg—he had lost a limb years before—with a persistent, unintelligible request. He shook the little chap off with a blow and a curse; and the child was trotting dismally away, when it suddenly turned, ran back, and held up a dirty face for a kiss.

"Two days later Gawdine fell under a passing dray which inflicted terrible internal injuries on him. They patched him up in hospital, and he went back to his organ-grinding, taking with him two friends—a pain which fell suddenly upon him to rack and rend with an anguish of crucifixion, and the memory of a child's upturned face. Outwardly he was the same save that he changed the tunes of his organ, out of long-hoarded savings, for the jigs and reels which children hold dear, and stood patiently playing them in child-crowded alleys, where pennies are not as plentiful as elsewhere."

Long, long ago, two friends—pain and the face of a child—kept an old man company. For three days they journeyed together from Bersabee to Mount Moria—Abraham with his little son beside him, and the pain in his heart. They left their servants behind at the foot of the mountain, and up the slope "they two went on together." Isaac carried the wood for the holocaust upon his shoulder, and his father carried fire and a sword. And as they went Isaac said to his father:

“My father.” And he answered: “What wilt thou, son?” “Behold,” said he, “fire and wood; where is the victim for the holocaust?” And Abraham said: “God will provide Himself a victim.” (Gen. 22, 6-8).

How strange, how dear, the answer God gave to that cry of His people, echoed down the centuries! He came Himself, and He came as a Child.

Two scenes mark His advent; and one is lowly, and one is high. Night, and a cave at Bethlehem, and out in the valley, between the town and the Dead Sea, shepherds “keeping the night-watches over their flock.” It is the land of Ruth and of David. The Saviour will be born in the homeland of His fathers. And as the shepherds watched them, “behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: “Fear not; I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.” (Luke 2, 9-12). The shepherds come and find the Child, and wonder. And they return praising and glorifying God. And those who hear their tale, listen, and presently forget about it; for must they not be busy about the important affair of getting enrolled?

A few weeks later, three strangers from the East enter Jerusalem and ask for its new-born King. They come in Oriental splendour. King Herod gives them audience, and sends them on to Bethlehem; when they have found the Child, will they come and tell him? “And behold, the star which they had seen in the East, went before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down, they adored Him; and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.” (Matt. 2, 9-12).

Gold, they tell us, was for the Kingship of the little Christ Child, incense for His priesthood, and myrrh for His immolation: He would carry upon His shoulder the wood for the holocaust.

The myrrh was there, in the midst of all her joy, for Mary, too. Even she should have pain for her companion. He choose it for her, and He knew best. It is a problem that finds no answer outside the blessedness of Catholic faith. In the light of Bethlehem how sweet that answer is!

And this is another, one among the many sweet answers that Bethlehem gives. He is taken to the temple, to be presented there and bought back with the ransom-price of the poor. And Simeon is waiting; he shall not see death until he has seen the Christ of the Lord. And when they bring in the Child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also takes Him into his arms, and blesses God, and sings his parting song: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace." A song, "so sunsetlike," says Father Faber, "that one might believe all the beauty of all earth's beautiful sunsets since creation had come into it to fill it full of peaceful spells."

And so, along the road towards the journey's end, when strength is gone and the comeliness of youth, how good it is to see with the eyes of faith! How cold and cruel a thing it must be to grow old in unbelief!

Simeon has said "goodbye," and the little Master of the temple goes away. It is His first visit to His city. He will carry the memory of it with Him into Egypt. Returning, He will be drawn—this, at least—to look towards its walls and towers: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished."

One day He will come back again and be a familiar Presence in His City, and go in and out. He will know its streets and by-ways; and one that leads to Golgotha. The roads across Kedron and up into the Garden will grow accustomed to His footfall. And one friend's house He will mark well, and

an Upper Chamber. It is here He will bless the bread and wine and speak the words that will give Bethlehem and Calvary to the world forever; words effective of what they declare; and therefore the bread will be bread no more, and the wine, wine no more, but His Body and Blood.

Yes, it did all happen! From that Upper Room, on Holy Thursday night, there started down the ages the succession of Eucharistic Acts of which the Prophet spoke, "from the rising of the sun to the going down, and in every place,"—acts of sacrifice bound together into One, because the Victim is One, and the offering High Priest is One. His earthly priests speak in His Name, and when their hands, holding the Divine Victim aloft, grow weary, the Burden is taken up by other hands; and so daily He is born again, and daily He dies. And ever He is making His two-fold appeal to us; not an echo from the long ago, but actual in this present day, and at this present hour; He holds out His little hands to us from His straw-bed in the manger, and asks us to love Him; and His arms are extended upon the bed of the Cross in His last appeal, and the Blood drips from them.

How much the world lost when it lost faith in His Real Presence! Quite apart from the riches of grace, how much it lost of romance and the joy of life!

There was once an editor, wise in his generation, and a little girl sent him this pathetic request:

"Papa says, 'If you see it in The —— it's so.' Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

And the editor answered:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no

Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished

“Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies.”

The light which dresses up Santa Claus at Christmas time, and makes glad the heart of childhood, is reflected light coming down the years from Bethlehem. For those of us who know the way thither, the light itself burns still within the cave, and in its soft radiance we are all children again. Our fairyland is beautiful; and our fairyland is real. The warm glow of a tiny ruby lamp marks His Presence. Localized not ten feet from us, He lives Whom the heavens and the earth cannot contain. Across the centuries, and over miles of sea and land, He comes to us. The mystic word which brings Him, His priest has spoken at Mass. Veiled under the white form of the Host beats the same great Heart,—and not one smallest circumstance of our meanest day is alien to Him as we kneel and tell Him our sorrows and our joys. He lies upon His manger bed again, a little Child,—for it is Christmas time—and with the opened senses of our soul, we smell the sweet breath of the kine, and feel the cold winds blow upon us, and hear the tinkle of the camel bells as we, too, bow down in adoration, and lay our gifts upon the ground before Him; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

We would call the attention of our readers to the poem on the next page, entitled “The Christmas Candle.” It was written to encourage as many Christians as possible to place a lighted candle in their window on Christmas Eve, thereby reminding the passer-by that Christmas has a spiritual, even more than a material, significance.

The Christmas Candle

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Yes, set it in the window there,
Where on the passing pilgrim's eyes
Its light may shine, a living prayer,
A star let down from Paradise;
Whose hallowed rays afresh shall bring
The thought of those who journeyed far
To Bethlehem to find their King,
Led by the radiance of His Star.

When God first said, "Let there be Light!"
All Chaos to that breathing stirred,
And suns and planets from the Night
Leaped singing forth unto His Word.
So, symbol of His power divine
Shone that creative primal flame,
And of His grace a living sign
Henceforth to all men's eyes became.

So "Light of Light" with one accord,
This night triumphant sky and earth
Proclaim our Saviour and our Lord,
Rejoicing in His Virgin-birth.
So, saving lamp of God's own mold—
(While 'round His crib the angels sing)
Entranced our mortal eyes behold
The face of Jesus Christ our King.

So let your Christmas candle burn
With such a bright and steadfast blaze,
That seeing it all men shall turn
Most willingly to blessed ways;
Most joyously to seek the Child,
Where, 'mid the manger's shadows dim,
With Mary and St. Joseph mild
God's legioned seraphs worship Him.

Toronto's Musical Treat

BY MAESTRO CARBONI

Officier d'Academie; Officier de l'Instruction Publique; Membre de la Societe des Compositeurs de Musique, Paris, France.

Did America really hear the choir of St. Peter's at Rome sing? No, certainly not—and this without any hesitation. For the whole Vatican choirs to leave Rome would be a moral impossibility. A cleverly worded, but misleading, announcement gave the public to believe that it was about to hear the Vatican choirs (some members of which were indeed present), whereas in reality it was to a combination of leading singers and precentors, not from the city of Rome alone, but from several different churches of Italy. This, of course, was the fault of the managing company, not of the singers themselves, who had no desire, nor indeed any need to appear under false pretences.

You must not, however, take what I have said as a criticism, but on the contrary, as the highest compliment to the Catholic Church in Italy, that it is not only the Vatican choirs which produce such excellent musicians, but all the principal churches of Italy as well. And it is no small honor for them to number among the members of their choirs such great artists. Religious music in the true sense of the word, a thing unknown—or at best forgotten on this continent, is an integral part of the ritual of the Catholic Church. In each church in Italy, even in the smallest and poorest, there are precentors, the one pursuit, the one aspiration, the one ideal of whom is perfection in the rendition of sacred music. The good, the beautiful and the true interpretation is to be found, par excellence, in Rome, as also in Venice, Florence, Milan, Turin and the other cities of Italy. And why? Because the priests, who are in charge of these churches, understand that the praises of God ought to be sung in strictly musical style and with correct interpretation. I must now explain what I said in the beginning.

To praise the Vatican choirs would be superfluous. Everyone knows they are beyond both our praise and our criticism. And besides, the members of those choirs are accustomed to working together, almost every day. But for artists taken from several churches throughout Italy to be able to produce such admirable effects and such marvellous executions, as we listened to in Massey Hall that night, is something astounding and sublime. It is the undeniable proof of the uniformity of the church music and of the training given therein, throughout Italy, even to-day.

And did the public, I ask, fully appreciate the magnificence of that music and singing? No. I speak for Toronto. Moreover, the very thing which might have helped an audience to a better understanding was lacking—I mean a proper setting. A church—not a concert hall, would have afforded the only fitting environment. But then, we must not forget that the company engaging the singers had an eye on the profits, not on the satisfaction of the audience alone. Imagine what the effect would have been in a sacred place of worship! Even as it was, the performance was such that the memory of it will last a life-time. The execution of each number was perfect, worthy in every respect of the name “*bel canto*.” But in the execution of Palestrina especially, the most exquisite care was taken to give, what I might call, a divinely intelligent interpretation, and yet an interpretation so exact that Palestrina himself could have found scarcely a flaw in it. These artists from Italy created their own atmosphere, they gave soul to every note; there was reality in every phrase. Truly they sang the Praises of God.

What, then, are we to appreciate most in these marvellous singers? Is it the interpretation; is it the quality of tone; or is it the whole effect? We cannot say, for in each case we are lost in admiration. But if we allow ourselves any criticism at all, it is not of the music, which was the purest and most ideal of all sacred music, but of Maestro Casimiri himself, for introducing his modern own composition, “Se-

quenza di Pentecoste." But even here we are wholly disarmed; so wonderful was the composition, so strictly did he hold himself in line with the masters of the old school, Palestrina and Vittoria.

Let us hope that the good seed which has been sown by the coming of these singers will produce abundant harvest in the Catholic Church throughout America. Maestro Casimiri and his choir have shown us what church music is and how it should be sung. Are we willing to make the necessary sacrifices to attain something at least of their perfection? We shall be, if we are really in earnest about singing the praises of God, in a manner less unworthy of His Divine Majesty.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret having had to translate Maestro Carboni's contribution, from the original French, for we fear, it has lost in the translation much of its peculiar force and beauty of expression.



The Feast of Purification

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

Mary, His earthly Temple, to the gate
 Approaches with an offering undefiled,
 Of doves; and in her arms her little Child,
 Her sacrificial Lamb. Though priestly state
 Recks not the glory of the Twain who wait,
 Meekly immaculate, the Mother mild
 Clasps closer Him by aged Simeon stiled
 Light of the Gentiles; while in sequence great
 Strange visions bless Her eyes. The purified
 This day are all souls, who will rest beneath
 His Cross and love Him more than crowns empearled,
 Theirs soon, but now all hers. Close to her side
 She presses Him, her purity His sheath
 Until her Babe goes forth to woo the world.

Liberty of Conscience

BY REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

LIBERTY of conscience is the right that the soul possesses to direct its religious life according to the high authority of God, and of His Church, independently of every intervention on the part of the civil power. This right is exercised, in *poro externo*, by the triple homage of faith in the revealed truths, of hope in the joys of the future life, and of love or charity which dominates the sovereign good. When those acts do not exhibit themselves exteriorly, the relations of the soul with God are free from all human control, and consequently from all restrictions and constraint.

Liberty of conscience thus understood is unlimited and absolute. It is otherwise when the religious life exhibits itself by exterior acts, when, for example, Christian faith and hope assert themselves by words or writings, by monuments, or by the pomp of public worship; or yet when the love of God becomes incarnate in works of charity, in the institutions consecrated to prayer or penance, or in a hierarchy of men devoted to the propagation of all that is morally beautiful and good. "Religious authority," says that illustrious Catholic orator, Chesnelong, "has for its mission to govern souls. But the domain of souls is essentially the domain of liberty; but when the soul is mistress of herself, when she endures not the slavery brought on her by her weakness or her passions, she is of such a noble and proud race that she must surrender herself freely to him that would govern her."

The authority, by which the human soul has a right to direct her religious life, must then be a free power addressing itself to free souls. But the political power is by its very nature force, and consequently co-active. Religious faith simply obliges us to believe in the revealed truths, to love God above all, and to submit our will to Him, whilst the civil law

constrains us to endure taxation, or even military service, when necessary. The soul then cannot be completely in the exercise of her religious life, except she be completely independent of the civil power.

Now I will try to show that the Catholic Church in her career of nigh twenty centuries has always been a persistent and unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience. The Church in establishing herself within the limits of the Roman Empire, affirmed at the same time complete independence of conscience in matters pertaining to religion, with regard to the temporal power, and her own sovereign independence in the government of souls. This distinction between the two powers, the spiritual and temporal, a distinction hitherto unheard of by the pagans, was the special cause why she met with such dire opposition on the part of the Roman emperors.

When the Gospel was ushered into the world there was but one authority, that of the Caesars, which joined to its title of August, that of Sovereign Pontiff. The Church had no lesser pretensions than to raise up beside the temporal power another, completely independent of it in matters spiritual. Thus were seen for the first time two sovereign authorities reigning over the same territory and the same subjects, the one charged with conducting souls to their immortal destiny, in directing them in the intimate life of their thoughts, their affections, and their wills; the other charged with their material interests, maintaining by force respect for the law and security for all; the first absolutely independent, by the nature of its mission, of all temporal power while it remained within its own domain; the second sovereign in the sphere of the interests of the present life, but subordinate to the spiritual powers where it came in contact with things pertaining to the sacred interests of the soul.

Liberty of conscience, that is to say, the right of the soul to regulate her religious life, independently of external political pressure, was established by the Church when she promulgated that surprising novelty of two separate kingdoms

here below, as implicitly designated by the words of Christ, "Reddite ergo quae sunt Caesaris Caesari; et quae sunt Dei, Deo." The first affirmation of it took place when the first Pope confronted the first persecutor, with the sublime dictum "non possumus—we cannot pass over in silence what we have seen and heard, we cannot disobey God to obey man." We may remark, parenthetically, that this was the principle which impelled our forefathers to reject the heretical tenets of England. It was also the principle which in recent years caused the German Catholics to oppose such a stern front to Bismarck's May Laws.

If we exercise the earliest records of Church history, we see how unflinchingly and how gloriously it was acted upon by the primitive Christians. There is a page of history belonging to those heroic days which reflects thoroughly the spirit with which the votaries of Christ were filled; I mean the letter of St. Maurice and his companions of the Theban legion to the Emperor Maximin. It is as follows: "August Emperor, we are your soldiers, but we freely confess also that we are the servants of God. We have received from you a soldier's pay, but we have received from Him the gift of an immortal life. We cannot obey you at the expense of denying our Creator. If you require nothing of us contrary to His Law we will serve you faithfully as we have done up to the present. But if it be otherwise, we will yield obedience rather to Him than to you." It seems impossible to assert in language more heroic than has been asserted in that letter, liberty of conscience, and the incompetence of the state in matters pertaining to religion. During three long and painful centuries the Church presents to the world a spectacle of heroic independence. We behold it in the Catacombs, the arenas and the prisons, under the wands of the lictors, the teeth of the wild beasts, and on the funeral piles. The executioners grow not weary in the performance of their barbarous task; the Christians calmly die, and by so doing give birth to other and more numerous votaries of the Saviour.

“Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.” Such were the words of Tertullian in the third century, verified then, and verified in all ages down to the present, wherever persecution wreaked its terrors and its vengeance on the Church. One of the last of the pagan emperors, imagining that if his predecessors failed in annihilating Christianity, it was because they did not immolate Christians in sufficiently large numbers, determined to consign to destruction all the votaries of Christ that could be found within the limits of his jurisdiction. Rome and the provinces were inundated with the blood of martyrs, and Diocletian, vainly imaging that he had at last met with complete success, caused medals to be struck, commemorating his achievements. Nay, he even required his followers to erect a column on which was engraved the following inscription, destined, he absurdly imagined, to immortalize his triumph: “Diocletianus Augustus, nomine Christiano ubique terrarum deleto.” But scarcely was the column erected when the pagan persecutors ceased forever, and paganism itself became a mere historic memory.

I have shown what a staunch defender of liberty of conscience the Church was during the gloomy days of the pagan persecutions, that is, during the first three centuries of her existence. Now I will try to show that in her subsequent relations with the Christian Caesars she was an equally ardent and unflinching upholder of the same principle.

When Constantine, of immortal memory, united himself with the Church, he was well aware that he united himself with a queen, and not with a slave, with one who reserved to herself the absolute right of regulating her faith, her discipline and her life. At first he seemed to have full and adequate conception of this, in the midst of the discussions of the Council of Nice, but, by an unjustifiable contradiction from which his most worthy successors did not always escape with impunity, he allowed the departments of the public service to be administered after the style and spirit of pagans, though legislation was supposed to be conducted according to the tenets of Christianity.

Liberty of conscience was of all the ideas of the new faith the most incomprehensible to the old Roman mind, accustomed as it was to consider the State as the source of all rights. Hence arose those conflicts without number, which were the cause of such poignant grief to the Church. She nobly resisted Constantine, when, towards the end of his life, he tried to impose on her the heresiarch Arius. Less than ten years afterwards she broke off all relations with his sons because they had become the official abettors of Arianism. The martyrs during three centuries vindicated the independence of the human soul in its dealings with God. After the days of Constantine that high mission passed from them to the bishops. Then appeared on the horizon such glorious intellectual athletes as St. Athanasius, Osius of Cordova, St. Hilary, St. Basil. During well nigh half a century, St. Athanasius, the valiant patriarch of Alexandria, was, as it were, the sentry officially appointed to defend the faith against the attacks of the secular power. With what powerful and convincing eloquence, with what noble fearlessness does he defend the sacred rights of conscience, expose the tyranny of the emperors, and withstand their mighty prefects as well as their diminutive and insignificant councils, that condemn and depose him! "Ask us," he says to the emperor, "what can contribute to the temporal good, and you will not find subjects more faithful than we. But touch not our faith; it is by it that we are the children of that free woman of whom St. Paul speaks, that is to say of the Church, the spouse of Christ. We will not revolt, but we will protest after the manner of the glorious martyrs in the days of Nero and Diocletian. We will resist and we will always be able to say, 'The word of God is not to be enchanted.' We are ready to endure everything but the enslavement of our souls in the order of faith." (*Historia Arianorum apud Athanasium No. 43.*)

Five times banished by the cruel emperor and as many times recalled by the love and enthusiasm of his people, the incomparable patriarch, it may be aptly said, is a most strik-

ing symbol of the Church on earth. "Each time that St. Athanasius returned to his see," says Villemain, "the people indulged in such festivities as the Roman empire had not beheld since the days of its ancient triumphs."

Osius of Cordova, in writing to the Emperor Constance, thus clearly points out the distinction existing between the two powers, and the incongruousness of political authority where it intrudes in matters religious. "Pretend not," he says, "to give us orders in matters pertaining to religion. God gave you the empire, to us He confided the Church; and as he who seeks to wrest from you your authority, opposes the Divine will, so also do you render yourself guilty if you intrude on things spiritual. Is it not written, 'Render unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and to God what belongs to God?'" (*Historia Arianorum, apud Athanasium, No. 44.*)

The great bishop of Poitiers, St. Hilary, reminds the same emperor, with all the independence of the early martyrs, that it was not to Caesar, but to the Apostles, that Christ said, "Go, teach all nations, he that will believe will be saved, and he that will not believe will be condemned." "It is to the councils lawfully and freely assembled," he says, "and not to the prefects, that it belongs to determine what we must believe.

When the great St. Basil, Bishop of Caesarea, was threatened by the prefect Modestus, with the anger of the Emperor Valens, if he did not renounce the Nicean creed, he answered him in the following noble and glowing terms, "I honor the dignity of the Emperor, but know well that I deem not his faith of more importance than that of one of his subjects. It belongs not to him, but to the councils, to determine matters of faith." (*Historie de L'Eglise, par Blanc. t.2, p. 121.*)

The Pope, St. Gelasius, is not less clear and forcible in his letter to the Emperor Anastasius the First, the open protector of the Eutychian heresy. "The world," says he, "is governed by two powers, that of the pontiffs, and that of the kings. If in all that concerns the public order, the bishops

obey your laws, recognizing thus the authority you hold by the will of heaven, then you should obey them in whatever concerns faith and the venerable mysteries, of which they are dispensers."

In the sixth century, when the Emperor Justinian wishes to obtain from the Pope Vigilius a hasty condemnation of the "Three Chapters," the Church dauntlessly reminds him, through the mouth of her chief pastor, of his incompetence in matters pertaining to religion. "Know," says the Pontiff, "that in keeping Vigilius captive you do not keep Simon Peter captive; and that the fear of men will not cause me to be wanting in my duty as Pontiff." Two centuries later, under the iconoclastic emperors Leo the Isaurian, and Constantine Copronymous, the martyrs of liberty of conscience show themselves to be as numerous and heroic as their predecessors in the days of Nero and Diocletian. Whilst the martyrs by the shedding of their blood affirm the independence of their faith, St. John Damascene and the patriarch of Constantinople, St. Germanus, remind their persecutors, in a style worthy of the first Apostles, that if they have as sovereigns the right to regulate with regard to temporal matters, they have, by no means, the right to preside as judges, over the faith of their subjects.

During the first eight centuries of the Church's career, we have seen her to be the unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience. If we follow her down the stream of time we will find her guarding with equal zeal that prerogative, and also proclaiming in unmistakable terms the incompetence of the State in matters religious. This latter doctrine she adhered to and insisted on even when the relations between herself and the State were of the most intimate kind. During the war with the Saxons, when Charlemagne pretended to make them embrace the tenets of Christianity more quickly by the sword than the missionaries could by preaching to them the gospel, it was thus that Aleuin, a pupil of the learned Colgus, and an honored graduate of Clonmacnoise, un-

folded to him the doctrine of the matter. "Faith is an act of the will and not an act of constraint. We attract man to the faith, but we cannot force him to it. You will urge him along towards accepting baptism, but you will never cause him to make one step forward towards embracing Christianity. That was not the manner of acting followed by Christ and the Apostles." This shows the antiquity of the doctrine of the Church with regard to the matter of making converts. The same doctrine prevails with us, no matter what certain heretical maligners may say to the contrary.

According to the most reliable historians the question of Investitures, and the contests of the clergy with the empire, during the arduous and glorious pontificates of Gregory VII., Urban II., Calixtus II., Innocent III., and Gregory IX., were but an absolutely necessary re-vindication of the spiritual power against the encroachments of the secular authorities. The temporal princes, and especially the emperors of Germany, the cradle-land of Protestantism, disposed of bishoprics and abbey as if they were absolute masters of them, by placing their own favorites at their heads in open defiance of the laws of the Church. It was then they sowed the seeds of the Reformation, which in the days of Luther bore such abundant and pestiferous fruit in that country.

Now I shall come to another part of my argument,—religious persecution. It is claimed by Protestants of every shade of religious belief, and of no particular belief (all of whom have drawn their inspiration from D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," and from Fox's mendacious "Book of Martyrs"), that one of the cardinal principles of the Catholic Church is the right of punishing non-believers in her creed, "with penalties, imprisonment, tortures, and death," as a certain Anglican pseudo-bishop, with more rhetoric than veracity, puts it. I shall try to show that such was never a doctrine of the Catholic Church. Pope Leo the Great, who flourished in the fourth century, writing about the Manichean heretics who, as he said, "laid all modesty aside, prohibiting

the matrimonial connection and subverting all laws, human and divine," subjoins that "Ecclesiastical severity was content even in this case with the sacerdotal judgment, and avoided all sanguinary punishments." (Epistola and Turib). In the same century, two Spanish bishops, Ithacius and Idacius, having participated somewhat in the capital punishment of certain Priscillian heretics, both St. Ambrose and St. Martin refused to hold communion with them, even to gratify the emperor whose clemency they were then soliciting in behalf of certain of their clients. Long before their time Tertullian had taught that "It does not belong to religion to force religion," and a considerable time after, when St. Austin and his companions, the envoys of St. Gregory the Great, had converted King Athelbert to the Christian faith, they particularly instructed him not to use forcible means to induce any of his subjects to become Christians. (Bede, Hist. Eccles, C. 26).

I shall now give the opinions of some of our best theologians on compulsory conversion to the Catholic faith. "The Gentiles, the Jews, and those who have never received the Faith, are by no means to be compelled to believe in it, because belief is an act of the will." (s. Thomas, II. q 2q, quost X art Viii., Summa Theolog.) That seems to dispose very clearly and forcibly of the assumption that our Church holds as a cardinal principle the forcible conversion to her tenets of heretics and others outside her fold. "It is the common opinion that infidels, whether subjects or not, cannot be compelled to receive the faith, even should they have sufficient knowledge of it." "Suarez Tract de fide. Disp. 17, sect. 3, n.4). We see that the opinion of Suarez with regard to the matter is equally strong with that of St. Thomas.

Even the Reverend Edmund J. O'Reilly, S.J., the theological corypheus of the modern Irish Church, says: "Catholics and the Catholic Church are not disposed to preach a crusade against Protestants settled in any country, even when they would prevail in the attempt." (Theological

Essays, page 270). It can be easily seen from this quotation that his opinion accords with those of the aforementioned theologians. It also expresses the present disposition of the Church in dealing with modern heretics, like the English and others, though they are far from admitting it.

But what need of my giving any further authorities on this head, since our canon law, as it stood in ancient times and as it still stands, renders irregular all those who have actively concurred in the death or mutilation of any human being, whether Catholic or heretic, Jew or pagan, even in a just war, or by exercising the art of surgery, or by judicial proceedings. This irregularity means that such persons cannot be promoted to Holy Orders, or exercise the orders they have already received. Nay, when an ecclesiastical judge has, after due examination, pronounced guilty any person accused of obstinate heresy, he is required by the Church to expressly declare in her name that her power extends no further than such decision. And in case the obstinate and unfortunate heretic is liable by the laws of the land to suffer death, or any other excessively severe punishment, he is obliged to use his good offices towards obtaining his pardon. Even the council of Constance, in condemning John Huss of heresy, declared that its power extended no further (Labbe's Councils t, XII., p. 129). That fact alone should silence forever those who are continually accusing the Church of being imbued with a spirit of persecution.

Those charges of persecution so frequently brought against the Church, and for which the Church is in nowise responsible, now claim consideration. First comes the Inquisition, the Spanish Inquisition, the bugbear of all Protestants, no matter whether they read Fox's "Book of Martyrs" or not. I wish to remark that this Spanish Inquisition, the terrors of which have been depicted in such lurid terms, was never half so bad as the English inquisition established in Ireland by apostate Elizabeth, and maintained by her profligate successors who called themselves "defenders of the faith"; though if we judge

them by the standard of the ten commandments we must say that their faith was of a very scant kind. But to return to our subject. Sixtus the Fourth, yielding to the importunities of Queen Isabella, consented to the establishment of the Inquisition, as he was advised that it was necessary for the preservation of order in the kingdom. But in 1481, the year following its introduction, when the Jews complained to him of its severity, the same Pontiff issued a bull against the Inquisition, in which, Prescott informs us, "he rebuked their intemperate zeal and even threatened them with deprivation." He even wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella that "mercy towards the guilty was more pleasing to God than the severity which they were using."

When the Pope could not eradicate the evil, he encouraged the sufferers to flee to Rome, where they found an asylum, and where he took them under his special protection. It would seem that that fact alone should set at rest forever the charge of intolerance brought against the Church on account of the Spanish Inquisition, over which the Pope exercised no control, because when once it received his approbation the Spaniards conducted it to suit themselves.

Next come Mary Tudor and the Smithfield fires. Though this calumny has been refuted thousands of times, yet, I am sure, it will be repeated again and again as long as there is a Protestant living who draws his inspiration from Fox, Hume and D'Aubigne. Let us hear the learned Milner on the subject: "If Queen Mary was a persecutor by burning people to death in the Smithfield fires, it was not in virtue of the tenets of her religion that she persecuted. The instruction which the Pope sent her for her conduct on the throne does not breathe a word recommending persecution, nor is there, as Burnet remarks, one word in favor of persecution in the synod which the Pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, held at that time. This representative of His Holiness even opposed the persecution project, as did King Phillip's chaplain also, who preached against it, and defied its advocates to produce in its favor an authority from Scripture.

Then there is the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. That was for political and not for religious purposes, as is well known by every student of reliable history.

A glance at the kind of liberty of conscience accorded to Catholics by Protestants, whenever they had an opportunity to assert themselves, reveals a different condition of affairs. The learned Bergiers defies Protestants to mention even one town in which their forefathers, when they became masters, tolerated a single Catholic. Rousseau, who was educated a Protestant, says that the Reformation was intolerant from its cradle and that its authors were universal persecutors. (Letters de la Mont.) That assertion seems to be sweeping enough. Yet in their false histories those Protestants are continually representing us as enacting the role of persecutors. The Huguenot Minister, Jurien, acknowledges that the authorities of Geneva, the Republics, England, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, etc., all employed 'the power' of the State to abolish "Popery," and establish in its stead 'the Reformation. To go to the fountain-head. Luther, the father of Protestantism, finding his new religion which he had submitted to the Pope, condemned by him, immediately sounded the trumpet of persecution and murder against the Pontiff and all his supporters. Hear his words: "If we send thieves to the gallows, and sobbers to the block, why do we not fall on those monsters of perdition, the popes, cardinals and bishops, with all our force, and not give up until we have bathed our hands in their blood." (Ad Silvest Perier). That is one more ebullition of the kind of Christian sentiments with which Luther was imbued. St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, says: "For the law is fulfilled in one sentence: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In that case, Luther was often delinquent in the fulfilment of the law, because in his writings he so frequently exhibits such a complete lack of charity towards the Church to which he was far from being an honor while he was a member of its fold.

It is said by the most reliable historians that the infamous

Baron D'Adrets reveled in torturing and murdering the Catholics within his reach, and that on one occasion he caused his son to literally wash his hands in their blood. This is but one of the many instances that could be given to the inhuman cruelty wreaked by the Huguenots on the devoted Catholics of France. If there was such an event as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenots could only blame themselves for it. If we pass over to Scotland we find Knox rivaling Luther in barbarous ferocity of sentiment toward the Catholics. In all his public utterances he maintained, "It is not birth, but God's election, which confers a right to the throne, and to the magistracy," and that "no promise, or oath to an enemy of the truth, that is to a Catholic, is binding," and that "every such enemy in a high station is to be deposed." The dire cruelties inflicted by the primitive Protestants on the devoted Catholics of Scotland could be dwelt upon at length, did space permit.

I feel that I cannot complete this part of my argument without some reference, however brief, to England. Milner says: "I have elsewhere shown from authentic sources, that above two hundred Catholics were hanged, drawn, and quartered during Elizabeth's reign, for the mere profession or exercise of the religion of their ancestors for almost one thousand years. Of this number fifteen were condemned to death for denying the queen's spiritual supremacy, one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of their priestly functions, and the rest for being reconciled to the Catholic Church, for hearing Mass, or for aiding or abetting Catholic priests." That alone is enough to brand her name with infamy forever, but it is not the hundredth part of what could be said about her barbarous cruelties.

I have shown that the Catholic was always an unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience, and that she never persecuted any man on account of his religious belief; I have shown also by a few examples from many of the same kind how intolerant the Protestants were in that respect, and I shall now

try to show that those who are commonly designated as schismatics and heretics did not ameliorate their condition very much by withdrawing their allegiance from the Pope.

After their rise in 866, the Greek schismatics transferred in reality to the emperors of Constantinople, the allegiance they had previously given to the Roman pontiffs. The lapse of ages has but rendered their chains heavier. This is amply proved even by a few facts of not very remote occurrence. In 1833 all the bishops of the little kingdom of Greece signed the following declaration: "The national church, although it recognized no other spiritual chief than Jesus Christ, recognizes at the same time, as far as its government is concerned, the King of Greece as its supreme head." They add, it is true, that their highest ecclesiastical authority consists of a permanent synod of bishops and archbishops, yet they do not tell us that all the members of that assembly are really nominated by the King, and that a delegate of the King, by right, forms part of it, and that every decision arrived at in his absence, and which bears not his signature, is null.

In 1848, the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, in concert with their brother of Constantinople, issued an address to the members of their communion. In it we find the following: "In extraordinary difficulties we write to the Patriarch of Constantinople because that city is the seat of the empire, and because its Patriarch has precedency in the synods. If our fraternal concurrence settles the question the difficulty is finished, otherwise we refer the matter to the government according to the custom established by law." (Tondine, *Le Pape de Rome, et le Pape de L'Eglise Orthodoxe*, page 235.) According to that pronouncement the supreme power rests with the Sultan, as head of the government, for deciding religious questions about which the four great patriarchs cannot agree. We must not be surprised, then, that a few years ago the Sultan, by virtue of his own authority, separated the Bulgarian Church from the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The Russian Church, while try-

ing at present to absorb the Greek schismatic Church, has always considered the spiritual supremacy of the Czar as one of its fundamental tenets. Catherine the Second, towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, openly declared, without any opposition from the orthodox clergy, as they call themselves, but with little reason, that sovereigns are invested by God with supreme authority in the Church. I am sure it would be difficult to find a Cracovian who would admit that God ever invested with any kind of authority, "Catherine the Wicked," one of whose most glaring and nefarious crimes was to cause the downfall of Poland. Paul. I. openly proclaims himself head of the Russian Church, and asserts that his divinely constituted authority extends to all things ecclesiastical within the empire. Furthermore he states that all the clergy must yield to him explicit obedience. Those Russians do not seem to have much liberty of conscience. The Czar is their spiritual chief. He decides all ecclesiastical questions, and the members of his communion must abide by his decisions, either willingly or unwillingly. Such seems to be the legitimate consequence of schism.

What is the liberty of conscience supposed to be enjoyed by Protestants? They replaced the authority of the Pope, which they wished to annihilate, by what? By the civil authority in general. In Germany by the princes of the empire, in Switzerland by the councils of the cantons and the Grand Council of Berne, and in England, Denmark, and Sweden, by kings and parliaments. Heresy would have none of the beneficent guardianship of the Church. It looked upon the Sovereign Pontiff as a foreign potentate, usurping the domain of souls. But by withdrawing itself from the legitimate authority it had necessarily to seek elsewhere for support to save itself from approaching and inevitable ruin. It made itself the slave of kings; it sought to profit by political revolutions; it lavished caresses on the great; it cringed; and alas! it still cringes to all those powers that are the real masters of its existence. From the beginning it had for its high priest a debauched king, who for expedition in ridding

himself of his wives far outstripped the South Dakota divorce law. For popess they had a queen "who had all the vices without any of the virtues of her sex" and who, as far as horrifying crimes are concerned, is considered fit to rank in juxtaposition to Isabel of old.

Before taking leave of my subject, I feel it incumbent on me to refer, though briefly, to the Church of England, which even at present is as undefined and undeniable an association as ever it was. To quote from Dollinger while he was in the path of grace, "The laws of the kingdom which, under the three Tudors, Henry, Edward and Elizabeth, proclaimed the royal supremacy over the Anglican Church, still exist in all their vigor. The king, or the reigning queen, is in possession of the supreme ecclesiastical power, but must recognize two diametrically opposite churches, the Presbyterian in Scotland, and the Anglican in England." The old adage, "consistency thou art a jewel," does not seem to apply to them. Furthermore, we can state that outside the ministers and parliament it is the Privy Council, since 1833, that has been exercising supremacy over religion and the Church; parliament made it the supreme court of appeal in all ecclesiastical discussions pertaining to doctrine or discipline. By a strange contradiction common enough in English history, laymen form the majority of it even when it is not entirely composed of them. Many of its members do not even belong to the Episcopal Church!

An appropriate conclusion to this article, methinks, is the following extract from Newman, while he was yet a non-Catholic. Speaking of the English Church, he says: "Its life is an act of parliament. It will be able to resist its enemies while the State gives the word, it would be unable when the State forbids it. Elizabeth boasted that she tuned her pulpits, Charles forbade discussions on predestination, George on the Holy Trinity. Victoria allowed differences on holy baptism. As the nation changes its political views, the causes which carried the Reform Bill and Free Trade may make short work with orthodoxy."



Greetings

May the 'peace of the Divine
Babe of Bethlehem fill the
hearts and homes of all our
Dear Readers this Christmas
Day, and may His Hand be
raised in Holy Benediction
upon them all the days of the
Coming Year. :: :: ::

A Happy Christmas to All!



A Favorite Catholic Poet

BY M. S. PINE.

RECENTLY the writer had the pleasure of listening to a delightful lecture and reading, the pleasure being conferred on an audience in Washington, D.C., by Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly, the famous poet, lecturer, journalist and wit. Many of my readers, no doubt, are familiar with his poetry and prose, as he was literary editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times* during many years and published in its columns most of the poems which adorn his volumes. Not often does one meet with a poet who can multiply the charms and significance of his verse in interpreting them to an audience; few poets, probably, have the musical, finely cultured and expressive voice of Mr. Daly; the graceful pose and gestures and changing attitudes, which betoken excellent histrionic power.

He introduces himself sometimes to an audience as he did to his readers in "Madrigali," his second volume of verse. He asks:

"My favorite poet? I'm afraid
You'll sneer at my selection";

thereupon he proceeds to compare his poet's puny stature with the heroic mould of Milton; his light is dimmed by the fame of Byron and Shelley, of even Burns and Blake; and he is a "poor pigmy in rear of Shakespeare." But for all that he loves his favorite better; he loves "his living heart," "his joy of life"; to give the concluding stanzas:

"I love his bairns, his home, his wife,
His appetite for dinner.
My favorite poet? I'll rejoice
And tread this old earth gaily
As long as I can hear the voice
Of

T. A. DALY.

Mr. Daly's first volume, 'Canzoni,' was received with applause by a humor-loving public which had already enjoyed his fugitive poems, copied far and wide. "Carmina" (Songs) and "Madrigali," published later, were welcomed with even greater enthusiasm; and editions of each multiplied rapidly into the ten thousands. Both are about equal in size, and a comfort to readers in point of type and spacing. "Carmina's" seventy-eight poems are classed under the various heads of Italicè, Hibernicè, Anglicè and Songs of the Seasons. Mr. Daly's humor is so superabounding in the first two divisions that, carried away by it, one might not adequately appreciate the loveliness, the sweetness and pathos of the more serious and often sacred poems. His mastery of metre and rhythm ensures melody throughout his poetic strains; his vocabulary is large and varied; and his thoughts and ideals are of the high sphere that one would look for, knowing his intense and practical Catholicity, which gives a certain spiritual undertone to all his lyrical achievements. The lamented Joyce Kilmer wrote to a friend apropos of Catholic poets: "I think that the Faith should illuminate everything they write, grave or gay. The Faith is radiantly apparent in your last poems. It is in Tom Daly's clowning as in his loftier moods."

"Little Polly's Poems by Tom Daly" were wrought into beautiful edition de luxe by the Devin-Adair Co., New York, in 1914. This volume, charmingly illustrated in colors by Gordon Ross, contains fifty-nine "Poems" inviting your attention through pretty little Polly, wind-blown on the cover. Mr. Daly humorously attributes to himself only the punctuation and portrays the little Miss of the "Kindergarten" primly seated at her desk with pencil in hand.

The themes of the "Poems" are a child's thoughts about the common things of daily life, as you may judge from a few of the titles, with a selection here and there. "The Dark" ushers in Polly's verses in these lines:

"Pa says my writings ought to show
Sometimes what I don't like and so

I take my pen now to remark
A few true things about the Dark."

"Worms" and "Bugs," "The Cat" and "The Ginny Hen," interest her budding powers and provoke some original remarks. Her close study of "The Cow" furnishes us with this bit of wisdom:

"And most important it would seem
Is this strange cud they chew,
Because it turns to milk and cream
As soon as they are through."

"The Gardner" has fallen under her scrutiny, with his "blue overhauls," "old hat" and his "very red face."

"But where his throat shows underneath
Its freckelled up and brown;
He keeps a pipe between his teeth
And he smokes it upside down."

Of "Beards" she indites this sagacious lesson in the closing lines:

"To raise a beard takes lots of care
To keep it nice and thick with hair,
For if you don't it soon gets thin,
And when I look at Grandma's chin
I think if I would ask I'd find,
She started out, but changed her mind."

Some childish experiences are confided to us in the course of a dissertation on "Teeth":

"You will lose some anyway,
And till new ones take their places
You'll be making funny faces
And can't help it, just like me.
My front teeth are out, you see,
And there's fresh ones coming in,
But there's holes now when I grin

And they just spoil everything
When you try to talk or sing."

Polly makes some wise comments about the Seasons in "Exit Christmas Tree," "New Year's," "March," and "Easter," of "October" she is enamored:

"I do not mind its clouds a bit,
But welcome it quite hearty,
Because my birthday comes in it
And I will have a party."

Would you wish to learn why "Fall" is so named? The little verse-maker instructs you:

"Leaves are falling, so we call
This sad time of year The Fall.
Just as once when everything—
Flowers, lambs, and grass—were found
Jumping right up from the ground,
Everybody called it Spring."

Her last counsel bids us praise God:

"Loving all His seasons well
Just as much when Fall has fell
As when Spring has sprung."

"Eggs" perplex her youthful mentality; she would like to learn

"The mystery of Eggs,
And why the juice inside should turn
To feathers, wings and legs."

If I were to attempt to compress "Kitty" I should feel that I had injured her and not done Mr. Daly's little daughter justice; so Polly shall exhibit her to you just as she is:

"I have a little Kitty
Which is my joy and pride,
And when its very happy
It makes a noise inside.

It rubs against your ankels,
 And if your skirts are long,
 Be careful where your stepping
 Or you will squash its song.

This song is called its 'purring,'
 But how it makes it go
 I never could discover,
 But I would like to know.

And once when I asked father,
 He told me Kitty sings
 Because the little creature
 Is full of fiddle strings.

My Papa jokes so often
 I don't know if it's so,
 But still my Kitty's healthy,
 And that's Enough to know.

For when I feed my Kitty
 Until its satisfied,
 It licks its little whiskers
 And makes a noise inside."

One may read the "Polly Pomes" over and over and enjoy a refreshing laugh at every verse; but under Mr. Daly's histrionic powers they become side-splitting weapons of fun.

The same verdict may be passed upon his witty and highly dramatic dialect poems, largely portraying the characteristics of the natives of Erin and Italy. There is the sad and amusing dilemma of the poor boy "Between Two Loves," powerless to decide between the fragile beauty of Angela, who could sing but could not cook, and the equally appealing Carlotta

"Who ees twice so big and strong."

and who is able to carry wood and manage a household. He complains

“I no can marry both o’ dem,
So w’at I gona do?”

Padre Angelo appears as a shrewd counsellor in more than one serious affair. In “Pasquale Passes” (the title a humorous reminder of “Pippa Passes” of Browning) his concern is for Rosa Beppi, “From da countra nort’ of Rome,” who has a “Temper dat’s so strong and hot.”

“Dat’sa why her Pop ees scare,
Dat’sa why he growl and swear,
W’en he see her walkin’ out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout’.”

But Padre Angelo serenely comforts old Beppi with a few soft words:

“I weel talk weeth her to-day,
So she stoppa walkin’ out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout’.”

His talk with Rosa is promptly effectual:

“She ees mad, you bat my life!
But no more she’s walkin’ out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout’.”

Beppi is happy and surprised at the new and sudden caprice of his rebellious daughter, but Padre Angelo casually remarks:

“All I say to her ees dees:
‘Rosa, I am moocha please’
Dat at las’ you gotta beau.
He ain’t verra good wan, no;
But you need no minda dat
Seence he’s best dat you can gat.
So I’m glad for see you out
Weeth Pasquale from da South’.”

And “Padre Angelo” gives the title to an interesting and merrily told love story in which the good Padre is the chief conspirator, although piously concealed. Joe himself, the ob-

ject of his benign scheme, reports the growth of the love affair; when the happy climax is reached, we are told, he and Rosa go to Padre Angelo:

‘An’ I tal heem: ‘Pretta soon—
 Mebbe so ‘da firsta June—
 Rosa gona be my wife!’
 He ees s’prise, you bat my life!
 ‘W’at?’ he say, and’ rub hees eyes,
 ‘Dees ees soocha glada s’prise!
 My! you don’ta tel me so!’
 Eees say Padre Angelo.’

In “The Audience” the heart-tenderness of the Italian for Nature is in evidence. The player tells us:

“Long time bayfore da sun ees shine,
 I tak’ dees street pian’ of mine
 An’ pull eet dot from ceety street
 To countra lane,”

where the people will be kind and not tell him “gona ‘way!” But he finds it queer he “meet so few da peopla here.” He climbs the hill and travels down the hot road, and at last angry and tired, sits down in the shade. As his mind calms, the whisper of the tree, the “sweeta breeze,” “da sky so wide, so blue,” and

“All theengs speak, as eef dey say:
 Com’, let us have da music. Play!”

He plays and plays, enraptured with the living joys that Nature pours into his heart; for here, he tells us,

“da sky, da breeze, da tree,
 Dey speak Eetalian to me!”

“Een Napoli” and “Da Sweeta Soil” express the same hunger for the freedom and beauty of rural life. In the latter the heart-sick exile from beautiful Italy working in the “ceety street,” recalls the delicious memory of a day when he was sent into the country to labor:

“O da smal,
 W'en first I turn da sod!
 So sweet! Escuse me eef I tal
 Ees like da breath of God.
 So pure da soil, like Eetaly . . .”

Mr. Daly's novel interpretation of the famous cheery-tree and hatchet story will delight the race of schoolboys in “Leetla Giorgio Washeenton.” Scattered through “Italice” are poems profoundly pathetic, as “Leetla Joe,” “Da Boy from Rome,” and “Da Besta Frand.” This “Frand,” indeed, “ees justa leetla cur,” introduced to us in a pugilistic manner:

“No keeck my dog! Ha! don'ta dare!
 For jus' so queeck you do,
 You Meester 'Merican, I swear
 I brack your face for you!”

Then, excusing himself, the owner proceeds to narrate touchingly the series of misfortunes which rushed upon him

“W'en I am com' from Eetaly,
 Jus' landa from da sheep,”

and closes a long eulogy of his “Leetla pup” with these lines:

“So! dees ees Carlo, Meester Man;
 I introduce to you
 Da true, da kinda 'Merican;
 Da first I evva knew.”

Pulsating through all these “Eetalian” poems is the sympathy and appreciation of a real lover of the race that gave as Dante, Tasso and Michel Angelo, of one who has made himself familiar with them through an unmistakable attraction, as Mr. Daly never fails to assure his hearers.

Hibernice is a garden of Irish plants and flowers in full bloom with here and there a thorn. The devoted son of Erin, who has been speaking and writing for years on the wrongs of Ireland and her inalienable right to Independence, has a glowing pen when it touches on the land of his love.

“The Day We Celebrate” is a noble tribute of loyalty to Ireland and its Patron Saint.

But “Glimmerings of Patriotism” makes manifest the love and loyalty of the Irish heart to America, the land of adoption; “Columbia, stately and grand,” “The Fourth of July,” and “The Red, White and Blue,” light your way along the poem. Then there is the searching lyric, “What the Flag Sings to the People” on “this Day that made ye free.”

“The liberty of this fair land,
Will tolerate no Anarch band
To float above me.

.....
“Remember what you owe to me;
I’m but your BADGE of liberty,
And I no greater thing can be
Than your deeds make me.”

“The Melting of Snow” opens the door of “Hibernice” with John McCann “Upon the road to Mass,” a taking love story. His salutation meets no response from the coy Mary Ann. But his love and eloquence win the victory; so that when the grass was budding, bells were ringing.

“An’ Spring, on tip-toe, waved her han’
Th’ day to see them pass,
When John an’ Mary Ann McCann
Came down the road from Mass.”

The five rollicking stanzas of “The Golden Girl” should be quoted in entirety to give one a proper conception of the hero’s change of mind concerning “Red Hair,” “Brown eyes,” and “Freckles galore.” The same estimate may be made of “An Interparochial Affair,” the coming groom dwelling in St. Paul’s, “a girl wid a face like a rose, in St. Ann’s,” and, the happy man tells us, in

“St. John the Divine,
There’s a cozy new cot, an’ its mine.”

Indeed, there is a score and more of poems, citations from which would only tantalize you: "The Ould Apple Woman," Nora McHugh, with

"The smile in her eyes that no trouble can smother,
An' the wit that's at home in the tip of her tongue."

"The Irish National Bird," inseparable from "The Irish Bird-Charmer," which affords us a peep into the poet's household: "A Bit of a Riddle," Kitty Kane's riddle of life, solved "in wan word" by her devotee:

"It begins wid a 'u' an' it ends wid an*'s.'
There's the sum o' my joy an' the sum o' your own!
Och! the riddle o' life's so distressin' to guess,
Nayther wan of us, dear, could have solved it alone."

And, of a different type, "The Mourner,"—"ould Mary McCroal," who, up at dawn, before tasting "her bit of a roll and her tay," read in her morning newspaper

"What she held the importantest news o' the day—
An' the same was no more than the list o' the dead."

"May the Lord rest his soul!" she would pray, then "make way wid her tay in two minyutes or less," and off to the church

"To be there when the corpse an' the mourners came in

.

An' no one o' the mourners there bowin' in prayer,
Prayed as strong or as long as ould Mary McCroal;
'May the Lord rest his soul!'"

Not one in the parish could remember

"Anny funeral Mass that she ever had missed
Under roses o' June or in snows o' December."

And when at last the solemn scene was enacted for this fervent benefactor of the dead the church was so bare and desolate!

“But shure, why should she care that the only wans there
Were the sexton, the priest, an’ ould woman or two?

.
Ah! ’tis well to believe that the prayers that she prayed
Fur the many before her who shared of her dole,
They have gathered together an’ woven an’ made
As a ladder of light fur ould Mary McCroal,
May the Lord rest her soul!”

“Oeh!” leads you through a train of laments to a witty surprise:

“Oeh! the year is gettin’ gray
Like a man that’s had his day!
.
Oeh! the way the winds do blow!
.
Oeh! how fasht the leaves do fall!
.
Oeh! the stillness everywhere!
Oeh! the smell o’ death that’s there!
Oeh! Oeh-tober!”

Mr. Daly’s choice of titles is often ambitious: “Paradise Regained,” “All’s Well That Ends Well,” “The Man’s the Man,” and “Apologia pro Vita Sua,” recall great names in English literature, Milton, Shakespeare, Burns, Newman. The sacred poems are of sweet and simple beauty, soul-felt, each inspiring thoughts for holy contemplation. Christmas is his favorite theme; the exquisite sonnet on “Easter Eve” is marked by a striking contrast in the octave and sextette; in the former “gaunt-limbed trees” gloom and mists, “the wind high-cradled in the piney hills”; in the sestette the brightness and hope of the Resurrection:

“And yet I know the sun will soon have kist
With lips of fire the sky, so laden-browed
Behind the silvern gossamer of mist.

I know the Easter sun that gilds the cloud
 Shall kiss God's robes where last it touched His
 shroud,

And all my soul is eloquent of Christ."

After the Church, where the human heart enjoys the presence of God and close communion with Him, Home is His sanctuary of love and peace. "The Vestibule" is to our poet a place of honor: after tracing the happenings of that "Unromantic little place" he crowns them with a climax:

"There shall Fancy contemplate
 Still a greater bliss;
 When the good wife speeds her mate
 With a morning kiss."

She is the "queen of his soul," the "joy-bringer" in "The Castle Impregnable"—Home! And here, he sings to her.

"Thy need of me, my need of thee,
 The measure of our love must be."

In the beautiful "Song for October" he puts forth a challenge:

"Tell me, October, O who so fair?

.

Look on the fruits of her alchemy,
 Lispings their music around her knee.
 Muse on the splendour of her sweet face,
 Motherly wisdom and maiden grace.
 Gold of your noon-time is in her hair;
 Aye, and your silver of frost is there."

When it comes to "A Ballade of Brides," Mr. Daly's lyre is not tuned "For brides that grace these passing days"; nay,

"Worthier dames shall bless our wine,
 We'll toast the brides of other Junes!"

And the poet enlightens us when he sings caressingly in "A Song of June":

“ 'Tis June! 'the glad time when I found thee,
O thou, the sweet flower of my love!”

The prudent and beautiful lessons of life, from the simple to the sublime, found in Mr. Daly's poems like the fragrance in the flower, could emanate only from a heart that has rested on God and lived faithfully the teachings of Christ. And the heaven-intrusted gift of humor has made Thomas Augustine Daly a national acquisition as an inducer of merriment, of hearty, whole-souled laughter, an asset to life that was never of more importance than to-day, when the world is striving to emerge from the storm-clouds of sorrow that have enveloped it so long.



The March of Humanity

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

From golden dawn to purple dusk,
Piled high with bales of smiles and tears,
The caravans are dropping down
Across the desert-sands of years.

And when the moonlight's kiss is sweet,
Still holds the trail a countless throng;
Betimes a weary camel halts
Before an oasis of song.

But always toward the beckoning West—
The sunset-land of heart's desire,
The caravans go down to Death—
The King of Zidon and of Tyre.

St. Joseph's College Museum

BY THE VERY REV. W. HARRIS, LL.D.

The formal opening of the Museum of St. Joseph's College, St. Alban street, last June, was an auspicious event in the history of the great institution.

Sixty years ago Harrison Ainsworth, in his suggestive and stimulating Essay on "The Educative Influence of a Museum," stated that, what he called, the teaching strength of a museum was much more, very much more appreciated in France than in Great Britain; and that the collecting of rare curiosities, ancient articles and specimens of oriental handicraft, and protecting them under one or many roofs, was neglected in England, with the dual exceptions of the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. He contended that France received its stimulation in collecting from Napoleon Bonaparte.

It cannot be successfully denied that when Ainsworth advanced his assertion he was justified by the facts in the case. In the past fifty years, however, "much water has gone under the bridge," as the Gaelic proverb says, and a large part of the flow has been diverted and is now fructifying English and American fields.

If Harrison Ainsworth were alive to-day he would exultingly admit that the superiority of the French is not now as obvious as when he published his Essay. Of course, this is not because of any decline in the scholarship or enterprise of the French, but follows obviously from the manifest and manifold improvements in the industry and laudable ambition of English scientists and American naturalists. It may be still true that they order these things better in France, but they do not order them so very much better.

No French museum surpasses in its embracing comprehensiveness or wealth of display the wonderful American Museum of Natural History, New York City. No French collection of

rarities and antiquities rivals that of the Smithsonian or Peabody Museums. We must, however, frankly admit that the rare and wonderful exhibits of the Trocadero and the Luxembourg are on a higher plane of variety, art classification and arrangement than those in any British or American museum.

Museum of Saint Joseph's College.

This Museum, Colonel Fraser assures us, "has been instituted with the main object of furnishing to the students the means of illustrating their studies by actual specimens representing nature's resources and the gradual development of human skill and handicraft down the long ages to the present time."

Supplementing the Colonel's very comprehensive statement, we may add that, while the collection of articles now in the Museum represents only a beginning, it is the intention of Colonel Fraser, the Curator, and the directors, to make this repository of national and provincial curiosities one of the great institutional or academic museums of the Dominion.

At present the rooms and their contents constitute, not so much a museum as a cabinet of rare and curious objects presented by friends, or collected by the indefatigable industry of the Curator. Specimens are, month by month, being assembled not so much for display, or to satisfy permissible curiosity, as to illustrate problems in still and animated life. Ultimately it will have for its immediate purpose the assembling of objects and the formation of a collection which shall help the pupils of the College to understand and solve many of the problems connected with art, science and technology.

Educational Value of a Museum.

Modern education embraces many complex problems and summons to its aid, in the solution of these problems, such a multitude of diverse forces that only by specializing in certain departments may we hope to achieve a measure of success.

Life is too short and the necessity of earning a living too urgent for any one of us to become thoroughly educated.

The Common School, High School, the curriculum of the University and the post graduate courses embrace such a vast domain of knowledge, that to cover them efficiently would demand a long life of good health, study and continuous application. We have only to glance through the curriculum of the post-graduate course of any first-class University to grasp the full import of what is meant by a higher education. As only a limited number of our boys and girls can share the advantages of what is called an advanced education, museums have been founded to assist these boys and girls in their lawful ambition to acquire knowledge and enlightenment.

In a museum the pupil may study the objects on exhibition, he is taught their value as an educational and cultured asset and by ordinary conversation he is instructed in much that makes for a practical education. For example, a group of children that sees the animals they have read about in their class books; the college class in history that follows mediaeval art in tapestry; the artisan that examines the technical methods followed in the middle ages when producing superb results; all these are passing through a process of education in a very direct and effective manner.

A good museum supplies the deficiency of a higher training of the intellect by exhibiting the best that was done in art and science in other times and by other people, and displays for the benefit of the craftsman and the artisan, specimens of the handicraft of early workmen.

American Museum of Natural History.

In the United States many of their museums have departments of science, art, industry and technology, and on special days lectures are given in these departments for the express purpose of assisting students to obtain an expert grip on the subjects they are studying.

A review of last summer's work of the American Museum of Natural History is a revelation to those unfamiliar with the activities and research work of its scientists. Two of its scientists passed the summer in China, with mammals as their special object of investigation. The Museum sent investigators to Nebraska in search of fossils of the little pair-horned rhinoceros; into Colorado for insect specimens; to New Mexico to study Aztec ruins; and to Arizona to pursue investigations among the Havasupai Indians of Cataract Canyon.

Institutional Museums.

But Institutional Museums like, for instance, that of St. Joseph's College, normally accumulate whatever may interest or instruct its students or even gratify the curiosity of the casual visitor. While still in the crucible of development, its founders hopefully look forward to a time when St. Joseph's College Museum will rank among the premier institutional repositories of the Dominion.

It takes time and money to build up a museum, or even the department of a museum. The exhibits now in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, represent already an outlay of \$400,000. Its wonderful exhibit of the textile work of China has this summer been enriched by the possession of the Imperial robes of the late Dowager Empress of China. These robes are embroidered with one hundred butterflies flying among a marvelous maze of threads of pure gold and colours of blue and mauve. These robes surpass anything that western ingenuity has devised or accomplished in needle work or embroidery.

The splendid palaeolithic and Huronian primitive art collection of the Provincial Museum, in this city, cannot now be anywhere duplicated. It is the greatest and most unique collection of the artefacts of the primitive people of Canada assembled on our continent to-day. This cased and classified collection represents fifty years of intelligent field-work and research. Now the motives and activities which inspire the

founding and permanency of metropolitan and public museums also underlie the establishing of private and institutional collections.

While the primary function of a museum is the expansion and development of knowledge, its secondary office is to cater to a permissible and legitimate curiosity.

Moreover, for the information of posterity we ought to house in our museums many things now used by us, so that future generations might inspect them.

It ought to be the business of some one or some institution to preserve certain articles of artistic or domestic value which have come down to us from the pioneers of our Province. We all recognize the wisdom of carefully guarding those articles which serve us as records of the past.

Result of Neglect.

But deterioration, such as is always taking place, progresses much faster when specimens are neglected. Time is a great destroyer, moths destroy, rust eats into and thieves are apt to steal valuable objects neglected and uncared for. It is so easy to displace things that it seldom happens that they can be found when they are wanted unless they have been cared for. Even when the object is found, some special part may be missing so that the article cannot be restored to its original self; or its history may, with time, be forgotten so that its exact value, or even its authenticity may be open to doubt. Since the building of St. Joseph's College on St. Alban street in 1863, how many precious objects and many valuable souvenirs have been lost which, to-day, would be for us invaluable mementos of the past. We earnestly request every reader of the Lilies to send to the Museum any rare or curious object in her possession with its record of authenticity. The article will be ticketed and the name of the donor attached.

The Earthly Shepherd

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

I see One coming across the wold,
 My gracious Lord!
 Whiter than snow is He—is He!
 And tender the gaze that He bends on me.
 O blest reward
 For all my labor, for all my pain,
 To feel I dwell in His Heart again!

How shall I welcome my gracious Lord
 Now He is here?
 Sudden a-tremble, passionate, dim,
 The tear-stained face that I turn to Him
 In anxious fear.
 He proffers pardon. O joy divine!
 Bliss of forgiveness! His love is mine.

“What can I do for Thee, Lord? My Lord!”
 His word is nigh:
 “Gather my sheep and the lambs a-cold,
 Luring them back to the blessed Fold!
 Quick! ere they die.
 They have wandered far in the snow and rain;
 I hear their moaning, I feel their pain!”

Over the crags and the pathless plain
 They softly come.
 Breathless and blissful, I lead them on,—
 For love, it is mighty to rest upon!—
 In silence dumb;
 Thine is the Voice which they love and know;
 I only guide them through sleet and snow.

Ever Thy tenderness thrills the gloom
 With life and cheer.
 Help us and welcome us, Lord of the Fold!
 Show us Thy radiant City of Gold,
 Swung close a-neighbor!
 Windless, unruffled, Thy luminous sea,
 Ever reflecting the rose-warmth of Thee.

Christmas As It is Celebrated in This and Other Lands

BY MADELEINE MURPHY, B.A.

IT has been an instinct in nearly all peoples, whether savage or civilized, to set aside certain days for special ceremonial observances, attended by outward rejoicing—a tendency which answers man's need of lifting himself above the commonplace and everyday things of life, and so escaping the oppressing weight of monotony. In modern times we have almost lost the festival habit, but if there is one feast that survives among us as a universal tradition, it is Christmas—the feast which alone has the character of sanctity which marks the true festival.

Christmas! how many images the word calls up! We think of holly-decked churches and carol-singers, of frost and snow in contrast with warm hearths and homes bright with light and colour, of feasting and revelry, of greetings and gifts exchanged, of illuminated trees, and stockings hung by the fire-place or bedside, in anticipation of the visit of Santa Claus to the little ones—images all connected so inseparably, for those who speak the English tongue, with that blessed season of love, that it is almost impossible to picture the Christmas of other countries, celebrated in other ways, among other surroundings, different from our own.

Yet it is very true that, as we find the name of the great feast changing from Christmas to Weihnacht, Noel, Calendas, etc., we find the customs attendant on the celebrations changing also. That season, which for us speaks of solid material comfort, goodfellowship and charity, with a small flavour of soothing religion, in the Scandinavian tongues hails a time of sport, recreation and social gaiety turning the night into day. In Italy the worship of the Christ Child or Bambino is the

chief feature of the celebration; in Germany exists the children's paradise, equally shared by all, for at this season the old become young again; while in France, Christmas celebrations are becoming more and more overshadowed by those of New Year's.

The keeping of Christmas originated in Rome from the desire to express mysticism, and reverence to the Infant God on the day when Christ came to earth and so united it with Heaven. One of the very first means of celebration was by the Christmas crib, or "presepio," in which was represented the original scene of our Infant Saviour's birth. This is still the special Christmas symbol of the Italians. The crib is a miniature replica of the landscape of Bethlehem, modelled in paste-board and evergreens. Down a little hill, verdant with moss, several paths wind to a sacred grotto in which the newborn Infant lies on a bed of straw, watched over by His Mother and Foster Father, and adored by the three Wise Men, whose guiding star shines brightly above the doorway. The animals of the stable look their dumb adoration, while angels suspended above the Baby pay celestial homage. Italian presepi vary in size and magnificence, but are invariably present in some form, in all Italian homes and churches; and before them, in commemoration of the magi of old, the peasants offer again each Christmas, their gifts—not, indeed, of gold, frankincense and myrrh, but such lowly tribute as chestnuts, apples and tomatoes. The presepi are not taken down until the Feast of the Epiphany, when the Bambino is passed around to be kissed by all before being put carefully away until next year.

Into Germany in the fourteenth century came a development of the custom of the crib, in that of cradle-rocking. In an ordinary wooden cradle an image of the little Christ Child was put, to be rocked by the peasants, who were thus brought into more intimate touch with their Baby Creator, for Whom they could express the degree of their love by mild or vigorous rocking. At first only priests were privileged to rock the cradle, while choirs sang and the people danced, but af-

terwards the privilege became more common, and finally the image of the Christ Child was no longer rocked, but enthroned on the altars of the churches, where it still reigns at Christmas-time, until at the close of the season it is brought down to the congregation for veneration.

In nearly every European country there exists at the present day the custom of carrying about a star of Bethlehem all through the Christmas season. Three youths, dressed as Magi Kings, and a fourth with a paper lantern fashioned in the form of a star, made to revolve, and lighted with candles, travel through the streets, singing rhymes about the Nativity, and offering happy Christmas wishes. Sometimes they wisely bring with them a Judas, with a purse for collection, sometimes Herod also is a member of the company; always they are received with welcomes, and rewards of money, cake and drink, and before they disband are requested to stamp their feet on the snowy fields in order to ensure fertility in the coming summer.

The custom of "star-singing" reminds us naturally of the time-honoured Christmas carol. In Rome the coming of Christmas used to be heralded by the arrival, ten days before the end of Advent, of Calabrian minstrels with their sylvan pipes, playing on every street their plaintive music before shrines of the Madonna. In Sicily this is still done; in Roumania, Germany, Spain, Mexico and many other countries, Christmas dramas, re-enacting the season's events, are very popular, and everywhere the Christmas carol rings out its joyous message, reminding us that

"Eastern kings are on their way
To the town of Bethlehem;
Shepherds run ere break of day,
At His Feet their vows to pay,
In the town of Bethlehem,
Where a God Incarnate lay.
Would I had been there to see
On the road to Bethlehem.
Mary, Joseph, pray for me!"

The carol has a spirit all its own—a spirit of simple, human joyousness, a sense of kindness and genuine feeling, as though the people who sing it are truly comrades, intimate in their common affection, which centres around the cradle of the Christ Child.

To turn to pagan survivals of Christmas customs, different countries offer us different examples. Most widespread is the belief in some supernatural distributor of gifts, whose personality varies considerably. In some countries the Christ Child Himself is supposed to come to earth on Christmas Eve, laden with gifts for deserving children, and meting out punishment to naughty ones. In Germany a kind of good fairy, dressed in white, with long, fair hair, dispenses happiness; while with her travels “Knecht Ruprecht”—an awesome creature, shaggy in skins and straw—an inquisitive and withal a knowing fellow, who soon identifies culprits and administers punishment only too scrupulously. Of course, it is superfluous to mention our own dear St. Nicholas—our Santa Claus, festive elf—who descends our chimneys noiselessly and invisibly in the wee small hours of the night, laden with gifts sufficient to fill to overflowing the world of hosiery awaiting him.

The natural kingdom by no means escapes the influence of Christmas time. Then, and then only, according to legend, do animals acquire the power of speech and prophecy; as if endowed with human or superhuman intelligence, on Christmas Eve, cattle arise in their stalls or kneel in homage to the newborn King, and bees congregate to sing their hymns of veneration. At the hour of midnight also, all water turns to sparkling wine. Buried treasures are revealed during the chanting of the genealogy of Christ, but woe to him who seeks them, for uncanny beings dance and revel abroad and frighten the adventurous. On this night, too, the dead revisit their homes, feasting on the Christmas cheer prepared for them at any cost by the living members of their families.

Whereas we find the crib the centre of Christmas celebration in Southern Europe, in England and France the Yule-log

usurps its prominence, and in Germany the Christmas tree. Escorted to the fire-place by the entire family, initiated with a broken bottle of wine and lighted by a brand of last year's burning, the Yule log blazes auspiciously. It is often supplemented and sometimes replaced by a great candle, or even by many little ones, representative of the members of the family, who can determine the comparative length of their lives by the stability of their chosen taper.

Perhaps the most delightful custom of Christmas is the light-laden tree—a German creation, and seen at its best in Germany. Here it is regarded not as a luxury, but as a necessity, and is sold at every market-place weeks before the time when it is scheduled to burst upon the sight of the beholder, a-glitter with lights and ornaments and gilded fruits—an object of dazzling splendour, which scorns the utility of even bearing gifts. In some countries the tree is replaced by an ornate wooden pyramid which can be kept with its accumulated associations from year to year.

If we call the Christmas-tree the most delightful of the season's customs, then surely the custom of exchanging gifts is the most blessed. More blessed, of course, in the giving than in the receiving, but indeed very blessed in its important contribution to the spirit of Christmas cheer. And what would the modern Christmas be without its cheer—what, indeed, were it not the one season of the year “which engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love,”—love for each other, love of all children, but most of all, love for the Christmas Babe, and ever-renewed thanksgiving that though

“The passing years see many a slogan die
 That once the eager ears of thousands thrilled,
 ‘Behold, we bring you tidings of great joy,’
 That long ago the world with magic filled,
 Rings down the years as full of hope to-day
 As when the glad seraphic chorus told
 Its fateful meaning, in the dawning grey,
 To Juda's shepherds watching o'er the fold.”

Father Bernard's Congregation

BY MARY AGATHA GRAY.

FATHER Bernard entered the door of the little suburban church that had been confided to his care a year ago by the Bishop. It was only a little church, just the beginning of a new parish, and there had been many disappointments already. Sometimes the horizon looked dark still, but Father Bernard never lost his trust in God,—it was His work, and in due time it would certainly prosper.

It was not very light. Half-past seven on a January morning is apt to be rather gloomy, especially when, as on this occasion, it was snowing heavily outside. The darkness had in it something misty, that hindered vision and prevented him from seeing old John Quinn who was kneeling in his favorite corner. To the priest the church felt cold and empty. He sighed a little at the desolation of God's house as he knelt for a moment upon the lowest step of the altar before he passed into the sacristy. There was no need for haste, even the diminutive server had failed to appear, so he lighted the candles and set the cruets on the end of the altar just behind the missal, and then he went into the sacristy again to vest for Mass.

John Quinn stirred a little and his rosary rattled against the seat. The little sound cheered the old priest somewhat; there was one person there at any rate, he told himself.

John had contrived to fight his way to the church in spite of his age, his rheumatism and his stick, which last implement was heavy for the old man and seemed more like an impediment than a help. The old fellow groaned once or twice as he whispered his "Aves" energetically. He was in pain for his pastor. The parish was but a year old, though the frame church had been in use as a mission station for half a century. Most of the parishioners had grown up with a tradi-

tion of monthly Mass and Communion, and it seemed strange to them when they found themselves able to attend church every Sunday in the year. Week-day services, especially daily Mass, seemed almost like an impertinence. At least, it was so among the old folks, and the young ones had not yet learned to appreciate their graces. Neither, to say truly, were they eager to break with their established habits. That perhaps accounted for the poorness of the week-day congregations, if indeed "congregation" were not a misnomer for the old man and the small boy who acted as server. These things grieved Father Bernard intensely. It was not a year since the Blessed Sacrament had reposed night and day in the shabby tabernacle, and to the priest it seemed unbelievable that He should be left so alone. Sometimes, in his humility, the priest asked himself if it might not be his fault, some neglect, some incapacity of his own to interest the people in the practice of their religion. But the answer came clearly and readily enough. He had done what in him lay, and it was his people themselves who had failed to rise to their opportunities. Sometimes he wondered why he had been chosen for this work. It had been the Bishop's own idea; but it may be that the prayers of John Quinn had contributed to bring it about. Be that as it may, the chief had looked with fatherly eyes upon Long Furrow and decreed its erection into a parish with a resident pastor. Moreover, he had sent Father Bernard O'Malley to take charge of the new parish, because he was a priest for whom he had a peculiar esteem.

Of course there had been enthusiasm at first—there always is. Equally, of course, the first fervor had died down again after a little while, and, being but human, Father Bernard was discouraged. He had spoken earnestly to his people on Sundays, begging them to be more faithful in coming to Mass and Devotions. He had spoken of the empty church on the week-day mornings, with much feeling. John Quinn had been moved to special efforts and had resolved to be there without fail every day that he possibly could. There was no-

body else whom he could influence, but he flattered himself that he could just about manage John Quinn, and being of a practical turn of mind, he set about doing it forthwith.

He was an old man now and entirely alone in the world. Moreover he was badly crippled with rheumatism, so it was not so easy for him as it might have been for some others, but somehow he had managed to reach the church all right and slip into his favorite corner, whence he could watch the priest at the altar and see all that he did.

On this morning the wind was howling dismally among the bare maples that surrounded the little church. Now and again a flurry of hard snow was flung against the windows, and the light before the statue of the Blessed Virgin flickered in the draught. The emptiness of the church was painful.

"Poor Father Bernard! God help him," he prayed. Then he remembered to make his intention—"For Father Bernard, that he may not become discouraged, that the parishioners will wake up and come to daily Mass," he whispered, and struck his breast somewhat noisily. Presently he began to remember that he was not there alone. His guardian Angel was beside him. That gave him an inspiration and he began to invoke the Angels of the absent parishioners, inviting them to assist at the Mass on behalf of their charges. It seemed to him that the church was no longer empty, that it was steadily filling. He could almost hear the whirring of wings and the rustling of garments. When he looked up, he saw the sanctuary glowing with a soft misty light, like incense that holds the sheen of burning tapers, and in the midst of it walked Father Bernard, with the chalice in his hands as he approached the altar.

There was no server that day, he remarked, and a prayer rose to his lips that was an invitation to some citizen of Heaven to return to earth and do this service yet once again.

Father Bernard genuflected and made the Sign of the Cross. "Introibo ad altare Dei," he said.

The response came immediately in a singularly sweet, clear,

boyish voice. The priest glanced down quickly but could see no one there, only the dark church all about him and the sound of John praying half audibly away off in the distance. He gave himself a little shake and continued the psalm.

Again the response came clearly, and far more correctly than usual. He resolutely closed his ears and refused to listen again. Doubtless, it was a trick of the Evil One, he thought, as he ascended the steps of the altar.

John prayed as though with some new power, half instinct, half faith, for the response of the Angels to his invitation had made him bolder. He went on to invoke the presence of the holy Apostles. He saw them distinctly, venerable men who stood beside the pastor and ministered to him as he proceeded with the Holy Sacrifice. And then he called upon St. Joseph, the Patron of the old church, and St. Patrick, and the martyrs and virgins whose names he had met with in the Litany of the Saints, or who were mentioned in the familiar Mass prayers. Not one of them failed him. They came in troops, or singly, just as he called upon them, and arrayed themselves in the sanctuary or in the body of the church, just as was fitting, and presently he became aware of music, the like of which he had never heard before, the raising of a glorious song of triumph and praise, and saw that Father Bernard had come to the Preface.

There was a little pause. He felt that his own angel bent over him and prompted the prayer that flashed through his mind, a thought that scarcely dared to be a wish.

It was answered immediately, for he saw, standing at the Gospel side of the altar, the Queen of Heaven herself, and with her there was a glorious company of the Blessed.

The song of triumph died away and a hush of deepest reverence fell upon all that holy company, for the bell announced the moment of the sacrifice, and John looked up as the Sacred Host was lifted heavenward in the mortal hands of the priest.

He scarcely knew how the next few moments passed, they were so full of action—of profoundest prayer for the living and the dead. The dead? Ah! he had not yet gathered in all of the congregation. He must summon the dead of the parish to come and take their share of God's Gift.

And they came. They stole in one by one—as they had gone away—some of them not so very long ago, whose faces he could remember well. Others there were of more ancient times, clad in garments of strange fashions, such as they had worn in life. One or two came clattering up the aisle with spurred feet and swords dragging from their belts. There was an old lady whom he remembered distinctly, crippled like himself with rheumatism, and deaf besides. There were children; old men and young ones; young girls; elderly women. The aisle that had been vacant was thronged now with the holy dead, who stood in serried ranks facing the altar of sacrifice, with outstretched, pleading hands, and patient faces, uttering no word, but sighing with strange, noiseless sighs that he felt rather than understood.

“And to us sinners, Thy servants . . .” one of the prayers that he loved the most. He prayed it word by word, begging “some part and fellowship with the Apostles and Martyrs, that he and those for whom he prayed might receive pardon for their offences and come safely to everlasting life with all the holy ones of God.” And then he held his breath in awe as the white Host fluttered in mysterious benedictions and was wafted once more above the Precious Blood.

It gave him a new confidence when he remembered that of all the glorious assemblage, the Chief and Centre appeared to be the least of all, and that it was just that He might be able to come easily into the haven of his soul. Such a little soul he felt it to be, the least of all, for the suffering dead had already passed the dread ordeal and were already safe. Safe! How the word haunted him. How much he longed for that same assurance of safety that only death could bring to him. And so he prayed, begging a happy death for him-

self and for those he cared for, above all for his beloved pastor and the souls committed to his keeping.

There was so much to pray for—and so little time—for the swift moments went by so quickly, and it was time for him to receive the Bread of Life. He had forgotten all about the company now, and reached for his stick. It fell as he touched it, and he groped in the darkness underneath the seat, fearing that he might be too late.

The boy saint said the Confiteor, but still he was not able to go—if only he could find it! And then he saw the priest coming down the altar steps towards him, the ciborium in his hands.

“Corpus Domini . . .” So, his Lord had come to him, seeing His faithful servant helpless.

When he raised his head again the church was dark still, and empty, one would have said, except for two worshippers who knelt, the one in the sanctuary and the other in a little corner where he could see the altar and watch the priest. The lights were gone, the music had ceased, and yet it seemed to him that the sacred presences were about him still, pressing upon him, like friends who are loath to say farewell.

Father Bernard knelt on the lowest step of the altar. He was strangely shaken. He had been ministered to by unseen hands, the responses had been spoken by persons whom he could not see, and the music of choirs invisible had fallen upon his ears. And even more than all this. He had heard the footfalls of a multitude that passed and repassed in the sanctuary and in the aisles of the church. The clatter of a sword and the jingle of spurs had puzzled him more than a little, and, in some way that he could not define, he had been conscious of the plaints of the suffering souls. They had seemed to press upon him at their Memento with more than an ordinary insistence. The experience had been a startling one. It was in vain that he told himself that he had been the sport of his imagination. He felt a real objectiveness about the whole thing. And then he feared again—with the

fear of a good man who dreads above all things to be deceived.

One presence more than all the rest had first startled and then comforted him. He had been almost sure that she had stood on his left hand, half facing him, at the Gospel side of the altar, and his first realization of her coming had coincided with the words of the liturgy, that he remembered saying with unusual fervor: "Communicating with, and honoring in the first place, the memory of the glorious Mary ever a virgin." Yes, he assured himself, it was really she who had been there. He had met her too often in the mysterious realm of prayer not to know her then. The realization gave him a new courage. If she had been beside him, then all was well. If her hands had upborne his in those solemn moments, there was no room for fear, for the Victim was her God, as well as his—and He was her Son also. All was well indeed. He bowed his head in humble thanksgiving for the favor that had been granted to his young parish, for, although he had not seen them, he knew that the Blessed Ones of God had that morning stood beside him and filled the empty church with the warmth of their devotion and their love.

And then he prayed with a new fervor for his people, the flock that he loved and who were so far from realizing his devotion to their best interests; the spiritual children whom he would fain gather about the altar of sacrifice morning by morning, that he might feed them with the Bread of Life. Ah! if they would only understand. If they would only cast off their indifference—and their fears! What more could he do, he asked himself, but the answer would not come—not then—the saints left that to their accomplice.

He rose presently for he could hear old John groping for his stick, and he remembered how the old man had been unable to go to the altar rail at Communion time. He found it lying just outside of his reach and handed it to him. Then he drew his big cloak about him and followed the cripple out of the church.

"Fine morning, John," he said absently. He had forgotten the snow that was drifting in under the big doors, and the wind that was howling about the wooden roof and breaking the boughs of the maple trees.

He smiled, a little oddly the priest thought, "Fine morning, yes Father," he replied, "and it's a fine congregation we had this morning, Glory be to God!"

The priest looked at him quickly. "Aye, John, just one, but of the finest water—a decoy duck," he added, smiling a little. Father Bernard had been a bit of a sportsman in his time.

John shook his head. "That's not what I meant, Father," he said. "Sure the Mother of God was there, and the saints and the holy souls. What more could you wish for?"

"Sure, they are there every day, John, if we could only see them."

John gave a little sigh of disappointment. He could not realize that his good pastor had not seen his congregation. But, if he said nothing, it ill became him to speak, and he limped away into the storm.

Father Bernard watched his congregation for a moment. "He has a faith that is almost sight," he said, "if only he had heard what I heard to-day."

He had a presentiment that he would be called out before long, and after he had taken his coffee he sat reading his letters, unwilling to settle down at his desk, almost waiting for the summons that came very soon.

"Eh? Whom did you say, Martha?" he replied.

"Mr. Quinn, Father. He slipped on his own doorstep. His leg's broken, Dr. Ryan says, and he can't quiet him. There seems to be something that he wants to tell you. Will you please go and see what you can do with him?"

He rose at once and went.

The little cottage lay a few feet back from the road, at the end of a narrow path that in summer served to divide the flower beds. Now it was a hummocky plain of snow with an

icy path leading across it to the door, and the step of the wooden porch was coated with ice. Someone had scattered ashes over it now and there were traces of feet all about. The narrow path had been trampled out of sight. With scarcely an effort he could see the neighbors carrying his "congregation" into his house. Then he remembered that he was needed and he went into the house.

He found the old man lying upon his bed. The doctor had just gone and a neighbor woman who was with him rose as the priest entered the room, and went away.

Father Bernard stood beside the bed for a moment, conscious of something unusual in John's expression.

"Well, well, this is too bad," he said, with a feeling that he must say something.

John stopped him with a gesture: "Thank you for coming to me so soon, Father," he replied. "Won't you sit down for a minute. There's something I want to ask you."

"Go ahead, John. If I can answer you, I will."

The old man's next question startled the priest: "Father, didn't you see the congregation at Mass this morning?"

Father Bernard shook his head. The thought crossed his mind that John Quinn was wandering a little, the pain perhaps, or the shock. "I saw you, John,—there was no one else in the church for me to see."

"Then—" his voice trembled a little, "you didn't see the Blessed Mother, nor the Apostles, nor St. Joseph?" He raised his head a little and looked anxiously at his pastor.

Father Bernard did not answer for a moment. He could see that the old man was sorely disappointed. He had not seen. He shook his head slowly.

John took hold of his sleeve half fearfully: "Then, Father, I shall have to tell it. It was because there was no one there and—you know you said yourself on Sunday that it was a shame to have the church so empty of mornings—so I prayed to the Angels and asked them, and the Blessed Saints and our Lady herself, to come and be your congregation."

He paused timidly and looked into the priest's face wistfully, "Did I do wrong, Father?"

Wrong! Father Bernard was lost in wonder for a moment. Then he fell upon his knees beside the bed, "Wrong, John? Oh, no. But now you must tell me all about it." He shaded his face a little with his hand that the old man might not know how much he was moved, and John Quinn went on with the story:

"Then, I remembered the dead, and called upon them too. And they came, Father. There were men and women and children too, and last of all came a man with spurs on his heels and a sword by his side. He stood right behind you, but I couldn't see them so very well because of the light that hurt my eyes, but I felt it when they sighed, though I didn't exactly hear them."

"Yes, yes, go on," he said. The meaning of the sounds that he had heard were becoming clear to him.

"Then, I don't remember any more, Father. It was Communion time, and I lost my stick. That was when you came down to me from the altar. There was a little boy beside you with a golden plate in his hand and a light like a rainbow round his head—but I had forgotten all the others then."

The priest took the old man's hands in his: "Thank you, John," he said. Then, as he was about to speak again: "No—you did perfectly right, and I am glad that you have told me all about it for, although I saw nothing myself, I heard the voices of the congregation and felt their presence about the altar. It surely was a glorious congregation that we had at St. Joseph's this morning."

John sighed contentedly: "I've been wanting courage to speak to you these three days, Father," he said presently. "I've been thinking about that new League of Daily Mass. It has helped in Ireland and now they've started it in New York. Couldn't you start it here?"

"But, who will join it? It will be a very long time now

before my 'congregation' gets on his feet, I am afraid," he answered ruefully.

John laughed uneasily: "I'm not making any trouble about that, Father. It's past seventy I am, and broken bones don't heal at my time of life. It's a very bad break, too, the doctor says."

"My poor John!" He had not realized before how much the old man was enduring, nor how brave he had been.

"Sure it doesn't matter, Father. I knew how it'd be as soon as I fell, so I just said "Glory be to God," and went down as easy like as I could."

The neighbor woman, who was a non-Catholic, returned and beckoned the priest to the door: "Doctor wants him to sleep now, if you've done, sir," she said.

Father Bernard bent over the old man for a moment: "I'll come back later, John. God bless you!" he said.

Then he stole away to think things over.

* * * * *

It was three months later that the bell of St. Joseph's Church tolled, and the altar within was draped in black; for all that was mortal of John Quinn was to be laid to rest on that bright spring morning. There was simple music and a large congregation, for Father Bernard had told them John's story of that January morning Mass.

But the League had already been established for four weeks, and the non-Catholic neighbor woman who had cared for John Quinn in his last sickness had been the first to give in her name as a member.

The following year the Bishop came out to confirm a large class of candidates, and to him Father Bernard told the story of John Quinn in detail. When he had finished his recital the Bishop asked to be taken to the old man's grave, and there, kneeling, he prayed for his soul; but he added a petition that John would still remember his old parish and see to it that the League prospered. And it does to this day.

Cardinal Mercier

So much has been said and written during the past few months of the great Cardinal, that one feels "all has been said." Indeed, it is with a thrill of genuine pride that we realize that our periodicals, our daily press even, have praised, honoured and quoted this Prince of the Church until it would seem presumptuous to attempt to produce anything which already has not been read over and over again. Yet, although this is true in a certain sense, we know well that the life and character of so great a man will furnish material for thought and inspiration, may we not say, to the end of time?

We are truly fortunate in being of his generation, for to quote Carlyle, "We cannot look however perfectly upon a great man without gaining something by him." Well, we have been "our hero." All America has paid homage to him. But long after we may have forgotten what our eyes have seen, we shall treasure the memory of that personality; and who can say what our gain will be from the long and perfect looks our privileged minds will take at a man great in every sense?

It is indeed gratifying to know that we Catholics are not alone in appreciating this Prince of the Church. Such current opinion as the following is evident proof thereof: "A simple, unaffected man who takes no pride in his physical courage, but who does reflect some of that moral and mental pride which has helped the world to understand more fully the true meaning of the spirit of sacrifice."

However, as Catholics, we have "a gain" which cannot be shared, that which accrues from the faith that makes us see in this distinguished visitor, one of the Lord's Anointed, a faith which makes his passage seem like that of the "Spirit of Peace," for whose reign we have prayed most earnestly during those never-to-be-forgotten war-times. And is it not

fitting that he should seem the embodiment of such a spirit, who was the instigator and later the support and consolation of his own heroic people when they were obliged to choose between the thorny path of duty and the easy road to affluence? Like the delicate breath of such a spirit too, touching a responsive chord in many a lonely heart among us, came the great Prelate's sincere tribute to "our brave boys." Perhaps, then, it is not too much to say, that while Cardinal Mercier did not disappoint us in anything that could appeal from a worldly point of view, we are even more attracted by the priest with a heart so like that of his Divine Master as to be capable of feeling the sorrows of others even when its own are heavy beyond compare. No wonder, then, that so many exclaimed when they caught sight of him, "He is just what I thought he would be—a saint!"

May the resurrection day of his loved Belgium be hastened!

The Inevitable

I like the man who faces what he must
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
 That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
 His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
 Than living in dishonor; envies not,
 Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
 Nor ever mourns over his humble lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 To every toiler; he alone is great,
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1919—1920



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
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President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. L. Hart, Miss Ina Larkin, Mrs.
Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Counsellors—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy,
Misses Nellie Kennedy, and Mary McGrath.

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Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

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Alumnae Notes

In order to make this department devoted to news truly representative of the Alumnae Association, members are requested to kindly co-operate and send items pertaining to anything which might prove interesting to other members. Alma Mater is always concerned in her children and follows them with much regard.

* * * *

The Women's Press Club gave a small tea in their new spacious rooms, when Miss Catherine Proctor, Miss Archibald, and the leading lady from the Robins Stock Co., were the guests of honor. Miss M. L. Hart, president, received. Quantities of pink asters and white flowers decorated the pretty tea table.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association extends a hearty welcome to Rev. Bernard Doyle, who returned September 16th after two years' service as military chaplain overseas. Father Doyle has been chaplain on board the Essiquibo since the signing of armistice.

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Sincerest sympathy and prayerful remembrance to Miss Mary Regan in the loss of her dear mother; to Miss K. Clarke, Mrs. William Walsh and Mrs. J. McCabe in the loss of their sister, Mrs. Evans; to Mrs. Mary A. Kavanagh in the death of her friend, Miss Isabel Besford; to Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, in the sudden death of Mrs. J. Landy, senior; to Mrs. P. McGarry (H. Phillips) in the death of her sister, Rev. Sister M. St. James, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and to Miss Florence Tobin, B.A., in the death of her mother.

* * * *

Of our Spiritual Director, the "New World" of Chicago notes: "A distinguished clerical visitor to this city recently was Rev. E. F. Murray, C.S.B. Father Murray is a veteran Canadian educator in the services of the Church. He has been connected with Catholic educational institutions since 1855. He is at present attached to St. Michael's College, the Catholic College of the University of Toronto."

Our Alumna, Miss B. Heydon, is presenting her Alma Mater with a magnificent piece of tapestry work, executed in 1858, by her mother, Mrs. F. Heydon (Isabella Gracey) who was one of the first four pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. The tapestry, which was awarded a gold medal, was also exhibited by the late Archbishop Charbonelle at fairs in both Kingston and Montreal. The late Mrs. C. O'Connor (Mary Agnes Heydon) who died last June, was also a daughter of Mrs. Heydon and an esteemed alumna of St. Joseph's.

* * * *

Sept. 11.—A preliminary meeting of the Executive was held for the purpose of forming its various sub-committees, which resulted as follows: Academic—Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, and Mrs. Thomas McCarron. Programme and Social—Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and Misses N. Kennedy, M. McGrath and I. Larkin. Spiritual and Cemetery—Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. J. D. Warde and Miss C. Healy. Mrs. James E. Day presided.

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Miss Minnie Sullivan, Edward Street, St. Catharines, has been added to the list of members, also Miss Irene Richards, Miss D. Cleary and Mrs. F. T. Pujolas.

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"Glint and Gleanings" in the Sunday World, by Miss M. L. Hart, are always very interesting. Miss Hart is continually doing a great work with her pen, and we like to read her opinion on general topics of the day.

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To Mrs. James E. Day came the following letter from Miss Norah Warde: "1103 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Cal. My dear Aunt Amy,—It was so kind of you and the other members of the Alumnae to send me those flowers. They are pretty pink rosebuds of such an exquisite shade. When one is thousands of miles away from home these things mean so much, and it is nice to know that St. Joseph's, which will always hold fond memories for me, has not forgotten one who passed through its halls some years ago. Please thank the different members and tell them how very much I appreciate their kind thought. With best wishes to the Alumnae for the coming year, I remain, very sincerely."

The Alumnae appreciate this sweet acknowledgement and were only too glad to send fond remembrance in "pretty pink rosebuds."

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In order to spread the new scheme for preventive work against tuberculosis, the management of the Queen Mary Hospital have appointed a Field Secretary, and have chosen Mrs. L. A. Gurnett to fill the position. Mrs. Gurnett's headquarters will be at the Gage Institute, College Street. We wish Mrs. Gurnett much success.

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The interest of certain golfers has been focused on the weekly competitions played at Lakeview Golf Club. On September 15th Mrs. Thomas McCarron won the handicap first prize,—the bogey competition on the 22nd, and tied the sealed hole competition on October 16th. At the Mississauga Club field day Mrs. S. G. Crowell captured the first prize for approaching. Mrs. John M. Sheahan, captain of the ladies' club at the St. Catharines Country Club, has had a busy season looking after the various interests of the club.

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Letters of appreciation and thanks have been received by the Catholic Truth Society from Mrs. W. H. Cawthra and Marquise de Noalles, president of the Society for the devastated parts of France, in recognition of the financial support (\$104) to which St. Joseph's College Alumnae contributed a cheque.

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Congratulations to Miss Clara McGuire, of St. Joseph's High School, in winning the second scholarship given by the Alumnae; to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gratton Giblin (Miss Gertrude Ryan) who were married in St. Monica's church, July 23rd, by Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt.D.; to Mr. and Mrs. Harford (M. McDougall), who were married in St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, Sept. 23rd; to Mr. and Mrs. C. Filgiano (Q. Quinlan) who were married in Barrie on September 17th; to Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, past president of the Loretto Alumnae, on the birth of a son; to Miss Bernadette Walsh, Miss Eleanor Morrow, and Miss Elmsley, on the appointment of their brother, Brigadier-General James Harold Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., to the command of military district No. 2, with headquarters in Toronto; to Mrs. T. Coleman (J. McGregor) on the birth of a

daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neill on Mr. O'Neill's election as Liberal for South East Toronto; to Mrs. Leo J. Phelan on the birth of a son; to Miss Mary Moore on winning the scholarship for Highest Standing in Junior Matriculation, competed for by the pupils of Loretto and St. Joseph's, and donated by Mrs. Ambrose Small; and to Mrs. Manning Doherty on the appointment of her husband, Mr. Manning Doherty as Minister of Agriculture in the Provincial Parliament.

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Miss Hattie McCann of Jersey City was visiting in Toronto during September. Miss McCann has been engaged as Ambulance Driver for the Red Cross in New York City during the past year, and she had many interesting things to relate about her work.

Miss B. Heydon has gone to spend the winter with friends in California.

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Sept. 24.—At Massey Hall the Italian Choirs under the distinguished leadership of Maestro Raffaello Casimiri, were greeted by a large audience of music lovers, among whom one recognized a large representation of the Catholic laity, clergy and members of St. Joseph's Alumnae. The selections given embraced genuine church numbers, and a large part of the programme was devoted to the work of Palestrina, who in the sixteenth century made Rome a musical power. The strong feature of the singing was the great brilliancy of tone and devotional fervor. Some of those present were: Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Miss Mary McGrath and visitor, Mrs. Schimpp of New Orleans; Mrs. S. G. Crowell, Miss K. Moylan, Miss Benning, Miss M. Duggan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. H. Phelan, Miss M. Morrow.

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Sept. 29.—Mrs. J. D. Warde was the hostess of a huge toy shower at her home in Rowanwood Ave. in aid of the great charity of sending toys to the Western missions by the Catholic Church Extension. Four hundred and seventy toys and twenty dollars and fifty cents were presented. Miss Hoskin, President of the Women's Auxiliary, in a few well-chosen words, explained the work of the Society and emphasized the need of many workers in the hope of interesting new members. Mrs. G. R. Griffin, President of St. Basil's Council, assisted Mrs. Warde in receiving, and at the prettily decorated tea table presided Mrs. Harry Phelan. Among

many others were: Mrs. F. Latchford, Mrs. J. McDiarmid, Mrs. M. J. Healy, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. J. Holstein, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Misses C. Healey and Mary Latchford.

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Sept. 30.—The Women's Press Club opened their attractive new quarters on King Street with a well-attended tea, the guests of the afternoon being returned men of the editorial staffs of the newspapers. The rooms were gay with huge bouquets of purple asters and autumn foilage. Miss M. L. Hart made a brief speech in welcome. Mrs. Ambrose Small and Mrs. James E. Day were among the invited.

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What a joy to know Rev. Mother Alberta has recovered from her serious illness! At the request of the Spiritual Committee, Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass in thanksgiving in the college chapel on October 7th. We are also pleased to know that Rev. Sister Stanislaus, and Rev. Sister Helen, Superior of St. Catharines Convent, are both recovering from serious illnesses.

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Oct. 15th.—The Women's Canadian Club, the Federation of Christian Mothers, Loretto Alumnae and St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association filled Massey Hall to its utmost capacity to give welcome and reverence to his Eminence Cardinal Desideratus Josephus Mercier, the world famous prelate of Belgium, "whom the Germans could not frighten and dared not hurt." Mrs. J. W. Garvin, president of the Canadian Club, under whose auspices the great honor was given to Toronto ladies, said in welcoming His Eminence: "It is a great dream come true that Cardinal Mercier, this beloved figure, should be here in Canada, in Toronto, and with us to-day. When the sword pierced the heart of Belgium it entered the heart of Canada. There is no woman in the hall who does not look back through tears to those first awful weeks, when Belgium held the enemy. Then out of the darkness arose two figures that will forever be associated in the minds of the people—a tall young figure in the soldier blue of Belgium—King Albert—and an older figure in Cardinal's crimson—crimson is the color of courage. It is the color of flame. It was to that flame that we, as well as your countrymen, turned our eyes in the days when we knew that if the sword of Germany did not utterly shatter the heart of Bel-

gium, we, as of the British blood, would soon be there. That was a night of darkness, but this is the dawn, and it is as a herald of the dawn that we welcome this great and courageous friend of humanity—Cardinal Mercier.”

Then the tall figure in scarlet robes, with the slightest gesture stilled the prolonged applause which greeted him, stepped forward to give his message of thanks from the mothers and children of Belgium to the great Dominion. At the conclusion of his address Miss M. L. Hart extended His Eminence a vote of thanks, and on behalf of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Mrs. James E. Day handed a purse of gold to the distinguished dignitary of the Catholic Church.

In gratitude to the Alumnae His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, sent through His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil, a large photograph of himself with his autograph, and blessing.

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Miss Louise Harkins of New York, graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, has been an interesting visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Annie Wallace, in Euclid Ave.

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Oct. 13th.—Mrs. Ambrose Small gave an address in Cleveland, during the progress of the Ohio State Universities and College Alumnae Convention, on “What Education Means to a Nation.”

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Oct. 15th.—The College Auditorium was filled for the first quarterly meeting of the Alumnae with members and pupils of the College, to hear the address of Rev. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C., on “St. Theresa,” whose 337th anniversary was being commemorated. Mrs. James E. Day introduced the speaker to the audience, and Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse moved a hearty vote of thanks, seconded by Miss Edna Mulqueen. Following the meeting tea was served. Mrs. J. D. Warde and Mrs. Thos. McCarron were hostesses, with the Executive constituting the reception committee. The tea table was decorated with a gold basket of autumn foliage entwined with tulle in the Alumnae colors,—brown, gold and blue. Mrs. T. F. Dryden and Mrs. T. F. McMahan were the honorary hostesses who poured tea.

Much pleasure to Miss Edna Mulquëen, who has gone with her family to spend the winter in California.

Eagerly the Alumnae Association and friends gathered in the College Auditorium on the evening of October 25th, to hear the Right Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, of England, lecture on "The University of Common Life." Mrs. James E. Day, in a few timely, earnest words, presented the speaker (John Ayscough), who is Senior Chaplain of the British Forces, an Oxford convert, a novelist of great distinction, honored by two Popes,—Leo XIII. and Pius X.—one created him a Private Chamberlain, the other a Domestic Prelate and a Prothonotary Apostolic. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has a "wonderful charm of style and a wondrous fascination," and his audience carried away many beautiful thoughts from his "University of Common Life." Mrs. Ambrose Small tendered a vote of thanks, which was most cleverly seconded by Miss Rose Ferguson. Traveling with His Reverence was Mr. Frank Bickerstaffe-Drew, who rendered several splendid vocal selections. Miss Evelyn O'Donoghue also sang.

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At twilight on Sunday, October 26th, Mrs. J. D. Warde did honor to her reading circle by having the Right Rev. Bickerstaffe-Drew come in and over the tea cup talk on the inspiration of his many books. His cousin, Mr. Frank F. Bickerstaffe-Drew, accompanied him.

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Many members of St. Joseph's Alumnae took advantage of hearing the interesting lecture at Loretto Abbey College on Sociology by Miss Lily E. F. Barry, of the Catholic Social Service Guild, Montreal.

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Mrs. G. R. Griffin, the energetic President of St. Basil's Council of the Catholic Church Extension, is to be complimented on the success of the large bridge party given at the home of Mrs. A. J. Gough; also Mrs. John McBride, who helped so generously in aid of the bazaar for St. Anthony's Church.

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High Mass was sung in the College chapel Nov. 15th, for the repose of the souls of our deceased members. R.I.P.

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Oct. 27th.—Seldom is the opening of any play, however heralded, greeted by so large and brilliant an audience as that which filled the Princess Theatre, when the Women's Press Club inaugurated their "theatre night" with the happy selec-

tion of J. M. Barrie's fantastically beautiful play, "Dear Brutus," presented by Mr. William Gillette and an assisting company of great excellence. At the final drop of the curtain our First Vice-President, Miss M. L. Hart, in her capacity as President of the Press Club, thanked the audience for their co-operation in making the event so striking a success.

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A fancy sale under the auspices of the Alumnae was opened Thursday afternoon, November 27th, and continued all day Friday, the 28th, with much success. The auditorium and gymnasium were most artistically decorated, and in keeping with the times the national and college colors formed the scheme of decoration. Suspended everywhere was our own dear flag, which was very much in evidence. The pretty apron booth under the capable management of Mrs. T. F. McMohon and Mrs. A. J. Gough, assisted by Miss Morrow, was done in the autumn shades. Mrs. Ambrose Small, convenor of fancy goods, handkerchiefs, etc., had a big variety and had the able assistance of Mrs. C. F. Riley, Miss Helen Bunker and Mrs. D. J. Egan. The country store created much interest and Miss M. Morrow was kept quite busy disposing of every-day commodities. Mrs. J. J. M. Landy's bassinette was unusually pretty in pink, and blue birds. Miss K. Flanagan assisted. The candy booth was besieged with buyers and was under the direction of Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Misses N. Kennedy and M. McGrath. Misses Bernadette Brown and M. Maloney chose an attractive spot for their fish pond and Christmas tree, and Miss M. O'Sullivan, the fortune teller, delighted all by her forecasts of the future. The tea committee, of which Mrs. James J. Loftus was convener, assisted by Mrs. J. D. Warde, took care of a large number of afternoon tea people. Others taking a prominent executive part were Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. G. R. Griffin and Mrs. Mosteller.

Those holding the lucky tickets on the chances were: Miss Hilda Kramer, manicure set; Miss J. Gillooly, filet-crochet sweater; Miss Margaret Duggan, case of Heinz's goods; Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Mary's Convent, Bathurst Street, bag of flour; Mrs. H. Phelan, victrola; Mrs. R. C. McHenry, gold watch; Mrs. W. Ross, order from F. Lyonde & Sons; Mrs. A. J. Gough, victory bond; and Miss H. J. Jardine guessed the name of the baby doll—Betty.

L. McCARRON.

Book Review

Fernando.

Have you read *Gracechurch* by John Ayscough? If you have, then there isn't any doubt but that you will like *Fernando*, which, although it appeared in serial in 1914, was not published in book form until this year. And even if you haven't read *Gracechurch*, read *Fernando*, and *Gracechurch*, I wager, will soon follow; for these two books centre round a certain small and gifted boy, and his delightful and equally gifted mother, the queen and idol of his little heart, and the analysis of character in each is extremely interesting.

The first seven or eight chapters of *Fernando* are devoted to the introducing of the reader to *Fernando's* paternal and maternal relatives, some of whom are interesting and some of whom are not, but even where the characters show the least attractive qualities and prove a little boresome, John Ayscough always manages to restore one's good humour by his keen wit and shrewdness. In fact throughout one is immensely delighted with the subtlety with which the characters are drawn. From the very first, sympathy and affection go out to the charming young Irish maiden (*Fernando's* mother), so little understood or appreciated by her English relatives-in-law. But it is not until the reader finds himself at the end of Chapter VIII. with *Fernando* and his mother quite alone, that he realizes by his breath of relief, how very much he wanted to have these two entirely to himself. From there, right on to the last line on the last page, one's interest never wavers, and even though the book may be laid down for a spell, there is always the uneasy feeling that one wants to get back at it. One might quote passage after passage of beauty, wit and pathos, until a review would become a very "mosaic" of John Ayscough's own inimitable words and phrases, but to do so is scarcely fair to the expectant reader,

for jewels are bound to lose something of their accidental beauty when taken, however carefully, from their setting. This one word more I will say, if you want to read the religious, domestic and social experience of an irresistible child, with all a child's lovable ways and attractive little weaknesses, of an unusual boy, or of a charming youth, then read Fernando. It is a book of smiles and tears—and it is fact, not fiction.

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C. T. S. Publications.

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada has published an interesting little brochure by Hugh Fraser MacKintosh, dealing with the History and Objects of the Society. Only those who have studied the workings of the Society from its organization in 1834 to the present day, can realize the immense scope of its work and the vast amount of good which has been accomplished by its publications, which are instructive, interesting and extremely reasonable in price. We congratulate Mr. MacKintosh on the general appearance and matter of the pamphlet. The Annual Report of the Society by the President, J. P. Murray, arrived just as we were going to print. Further notice of it will follow.

Along with the little History came a list of best books by the best Catholic and Protestant authors. We take it the catalogue is not meant to be exhaustive, but merely suggestive for those wishing to start libraries or reading circles, and for such it is undoubtedly a valuable guide.



The New Year's come! and so
of course, new leaves you're
turning over. My wish for you
is that each leaf will prove
a four-leaf clover.

Community Notes

In Memoriam

The Late Sister M. Prisca Devine.

After several months of ill-health and patiently-borne suffering, God was pleased to call to her reward on September 29th, at the House of Providence, Sister M. Prisca Devine. Few deaths have been witnessed in the Community more indicative of that perfect abandonment to God's Holy Will and complete detachment from the things of earth, which make the death of a religious a thing not to be dreaded, but rather to be desired as the portal opening upon the Home of eternal rest and happiness. Like many a hidden Saint in the world and in the cloister, Sister Prisca performed her duties with a cheerful readiness and exactitude, which gave abundant proof of the spirit which was animating her daily life—the Spirit of God and a love for Holy obedience. Though quiet and unassuming in her ways, the deceased was always kind, patient and ever ready to lend assistance at any time or in any place, so that a strong hand of friendship was forged between her and those with whom she lived. And after thirty-seven years spent unreservedly in God's service—many of which were marked with the cross of bodily suffering, we cannot doubt that her soul is now enjoying its great reward in Heaven.

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The Late Sister M. Antoinette Lehane.

The sudden death of Sister M. Antoinette Lehane, after only a few days' illness of pneumonia, occurred on Oct. 13th, at the Sacred Heart Orphanage. Although the late Sister had never enjoyed robust health and was always more or less a sufferer, she had continually taken an active part in community life, so that the news of her death came as a shock to her many relatives and friends. All who knew Sister Antoinette feel that in her passing away they have lost a dear and true friend. The forty-two years of her religious life were spent in the different works of the Congregation, as a teacher in the schools, secretary at St. Michael's Hospital, Superior of St. Catharines' Convent, and twice, for

several years at a time, assistant accountant at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, where her death took place. God seems to take pleasure in endowing Religious, His spouses, with the fairest and best qualities of heart and mind and it is not too much to say that to the late Sister Antoinette He gave characteristics which all admire and fain would possess; for hers was a soul filled with the love and charity of Christ. Of a kind, broad and sympathetic disposition herself, she always sought for what was best in others, and if at times she was disappointed in her quest, the knowledge thereof was hers alone, for that highest of tributes may well be paid to her, that no unkind nor critical remark was ever heard to pass her lips. And surely such exquisite consideration for one's neighbour is that supreme test of love both for God and man, which St. Paul tells us is "the fulfilling of the law." Scripture bids us beware of making every man our confidant, but of Sister Antoinette this too may be said, that no one ever had cause to regret having confided in her as a friend, so high was her code of honour and so endowed was she with prudence, that rare but most beautiful of gifts. And yet it was not the craft of the world and its mistaken wisdom which she possessed, but the prudence of which Christ Himself spoke, for with it was combined a charming simplicity of manner and childlike naiveté, which made her companionable for both old and young alike. Yea, and we are confident it is just these same fair qualities of soul that have won for her to-day a place in Heaven, close to the Heart of Jesus, that Divine Heart of charity and love. Besides her Community—and its loss is no small one—the deceased Sister leaves many relatives to mourn her absence, among whom are a brother, Mr. Lehane of Hamilton, two nephews, Messrs. W. and J. Lehane, Toronto, Rev. Father McGuire of Peterboro Diocese, and four cousins in the Community of St. Joseph, Peterboro. The late Archbishop McEvay of Toronto was also a cousin of the deceased and the late Sister Thecla of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, her sister.

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The Late Sister M. St. James Phillips.

In the death of Sister M. St. James Phillips, which occurred, after a lingering illness of some months, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, on Oct. 31st, our Community has lost one of the most promising of its young members and an efficient teacher. After graduating from the Academy in 1912,

where for several years she had been a resident pupil, and after completing the training course for a teacher, the deceased entered the Novitiate of the Community, where during the six brief years of her religious life, she proved herself a model of fervour and exactitude. By the unmeasured generosity she brought to all her work and by her kind and gentle ways, she, all unconsciously, won her way into the hearts of Superiors and Sister-novices alike, and none could watch the simple earnestness with which she fulfilled each daily duty, however small, without being convinced that here was a soul who weighed all things in the light of Eternity. If it be true that "genius is patience perfected," then indeed this little Sister of ours developed quickly genius in the art of suffering, for when protracted ill-health became her portion, she bore it with a sweet resignation not often found in the young, to whom life and its possibilities offer so many attractions. But just as the half-opened bud often appears to us sweeter and more exquisite than the full-blown rose, so the Divine Gaze had rested with complacency on this unfolding flower in the Garden of His spouses. And straightway God plucked her for His very own. For three years previous to her illness, Sister St. James taught in St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St., where she leaves behind her, as a legacy to her devoted pupils, sweet memories of the many beautiful lessons she instilled and a bright example of patience and sympathetic understanding. The sincere regret with which her many friends received the news of her early death testifies to the deep esteem and affection in which she was held by all who knew her.

To her revered mother, Mrs. H. Phillips, Merriton, Ont., and to her sisters and brother, we offer our loving sympathy, and even while our tears mingle with theirs, we must not forget that although there is

"No love without depth, no depth without sorrow,—
The tears of to-day are the joys of to-morrow."

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May these dear departed ones, whose memory we cherish here on earth, intercede for us in Heaven. R. I. P.

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Rev. M. M. Alberta, Superior-General, and Rev. Sister Camilla, Secretary-General, left towards the end of October to make the regular visitation of the Community's Houses in the West. Accompanying Rev. Mother and the Secretary

were two of the younger members of the Community, Sister Mary Adele, who will remain in Winnipeg as a music teacher, and Sister St. Hugh, who will be stationed at St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C.

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On November 4th three of our Sisters celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their entrance into religion, Rev. M. Eucheria, Thorold, and Rev. Sisters Beatrice and Hermann, Toronto. A Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by Rev. Father Pockock, nephew of Rev. Sister Hermann, with Rev. Fathers Dignan and Kelly acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

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The September number of the Lilies had already gone to print when the good news came of the return of our friend Dr. McKweon and his family from England, where they resided while the Doctor was engaged in military surgical service, and their son was fighting in France. Dr. McKweon is one of our most skilful surgeons and it is gratifying to know that he is now back on the staff of St. Michael's Hospital, with which he has been connected for many years.

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We offer our deepest sympathy to the Community of Loretto in the death of their dear Mother General, Rev. M. M. Stanislaus. In the passing of Rev. Mother Stanislaus, not only the Sisters of Loretto have sustained a great loss, but Catholic education at large has lost a staunch supporter, and many a heart, both in United States and Canada, is sad over the death of her who knew in very truth what it means to be a friend. May her noble and holy soul rest in peace!

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What a happy re-union took place here at the Mother House when Rev. M. M. Mechtilde and Rev. Sister de Sales of London, Rev. M. M. Aldegond, Mother Clothilde and Mother Vincent of Peterboro, paid us a few days' visit in honour of our November Golden Jubilarians!

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We were delighted to receive a call during November from Rev. Francis P. Duffy,, New York, the renowned chaplain of the 69th, who was spending the day at St. Michael's College, of which he is an alumnus. Father Duffy has many warm friends at St. Joseph's, who wish him all future success.

Congratulations to the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, who celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their foundation in Toronto on September 8th last. We feel sure that Eternity will hold many marvellous revelations of the good wrought in this city by the prayers of these holy contemplatives. May their Community continue to flourish!

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A special matinee of the drama, *The Last Days of Our Lady*, given for the Sisters by the young ladies of St. Joseph's Parish, was much appreciated. The characters were inspiring and were well taken, the tableaux being particularly beautiful. Many thanks to these talented young amateurs.

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Rev. M. M. Martina and companion of St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, spent an afternoon with us during September, and we were also much honoured in receiving a visit from the Rev. Mother General of the Assumption Sisters, Nicolet, Que., who on her way to Haileybury called to see two of the members of her Community, who are staying here at St. Joseph's for the year, with a view to becoming proficient in English.

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We are deeply indebted to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew for the very beautiful and inspiring conference he gave the Community during his visit to St. Joseph's. We wish to acknowledge also our gratitude to Rev. Fathers Viglianti and Bonomo, C.S.S.R., for having so graciously interested themselves in securing for us the privilege of having the priests and boys of the Italian Choirs sing in our chapel.

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It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of one of our saintly diocesan priests, Rev. Father Finegan, late of Orangeville, Ont. But however tragic his death was in its suddenness, it was most beautiful in the circumstance that it occurred in the very Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, while this zealous and humble priest was engaged in the lowly office of making ready the House of God for the morrow's worship. Surely we might say of him, "the zeal of Thy House, O Lord, hath eaten me up." And in the words of a recent gifted convert to the Church, this might be the epitaph of such a worthy priest:

"Here I rest, whose hands once held
 God's own Body at His Shrine.
 Now He holds me like a child,
 In His clasp divine."

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Ruth Agnew, '20.

Associate Editors—Miss Helen Duggan, '19; Miss Helen Kramer, Miss Mary Nolan, Miss Mary McTague, Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Local Editors—Miss Estelle O'Brien, Miss Hilda Meyer, Miss Mary Coughlin, Miss Hilda Bryan.

Music and Art Editors—Misses Gertrude Goodyear and Elizabeth Divine.

Exchange Editor—Miss Julia Walsh.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

EDITORIAL.

Once more the year has rolled around, and we are preparing **Christmas, 1919.** with joyful hearts for the Feast of the Prince of Peace. Again a spirit of delightful excitement pervades the atmosphere, and every time we see a sprig of holly or a wreath of evergreen, or hear a sudden jingle of sleigh-bells, a feeling of joyful anticipation glows brighter in our hearts.

Christmas is indeed the season of good-will to all. Mirth and good-fellowship reign supreme, and all hearts are blended in one flow of generous kindness and warm charity. Everywhere we see that genuine holiday spirit 'tolerant of folly, and anxious only for amusement,' and the beaming face of every passing stranger seems like the reflection of our own happiness.

The greatest and most heartfelt joy, however, is that which surges over us when we hear at Midnight Mass the exultant

peal of the organ, and the joyous chant of the "Adeste Fideles."

Again, what a solemn and sacred awe blends with our joy, when we kneel before the Crib and gaze upon the beautiful representation of the Stable at Bethlehem. Lost in contemplation of that divine tableau, we cannot help thinking of the words of the poet:

"God in the Highest!—and this is He,
A Baby, asleep on His Mother's knee,
And with her kisses crowned."

Though the Dawn of Peace has not brought an end to the turmoil and warfare between man and his fellow-man, though there are gaps in the Christmas circle that can never be filled, though the suffering of the past few years may have a counterpart some time in the future, still, all the world over there are "babies asleep on their mothers' knees" and

"While there are love, and home—and these,
There shall be Christmas Day."

RUTH AGNEW, '20.



St. Joseph's Lily

BY DOREEN SMITH.

I love thee, dear St. Joseph,
And I love the lily white
That marked thee Foster Father
Of our Lord, the God of Light.

I know thy joy was boundless
When thy staff bloomed lily-fair—
Ah! keep me pure as lily,
'Neath thy tender, loving care.

The Boy Who Wanted to See the King

BY MARGARET KEENAN,

HAD you journeyed through Belgium in the peaceful spring of 1914, you might have seen in one of its small villages, a neat little cottage, standing somewhat apart from the other dwellings, at the end of the one street of which the village could boast. In this small, but comfortable, little home there dwelt peace and contentment, and in their midst there dwelt, too, a little boy, Jacques, with his father and mother. Whether resting on the doorstep by his mother's knee, after their frugal mid-day meal, or whether strolling hand in hand with his father in the cool fragrant evening, the story Jacques loved best to hear was the story of their king. He never tired of hearing what a big, brave king Belgium had, or how fine a thing it was to watch him ride forth from his palace on his glossy steed. Aye, this was the fairest dream of that little Belgian lad's heart—to see the king.

That was the reward his father promised him if he were a good boy, and after each praiseworthy act little Jacques would ask, "Shall I see the king?" And his father would answer laughingly, "Yes, you shall surely see the king, my son."

And then,—into the midst of their simple, happy life, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came war, and its cruel clutch lay heaviest on poor little Belgium. Jacques' father, like all the brave men of that little monarchy, laid aside his wonted work at the first alarm and went forth in defence of his country. This was a sad time for the lad and his mother. Not many days after they were forced to flee from their little home, for the village stood too near to the borderland to insure safety, so in fear and sorrow they picked up the few belongings they could manage to carry in Jacques' little waggone, and started off on their weary flight.

Settled at last in comparative safety in another village, it was not until late November that news reached the mother and son of the death of the brave-hearted, smiling father. In spite of the courage shown in those first awful months, this last blow proved too much for the frail little woman. Day by day she grew paler and weaker, and on a cold gray morning in the middle of December, Jacques saw his dear, brave mother laid in her grave.

At first the neighbours were kind to Jacques, but he was only one of the many who had been thus orphaned by the war, and soon he was left to shift for himself. He slept where he might, begging food from the simple-hearted folk who graciously shared the little they had; but sometimes Jacques' portion was scarcely enough to hold his little body and soul together. And yet, through it all, he kept in his sad, small heart the ever ardent desire to see the king. The days were growing shorter and colder and Christmas was drawing near, the birthday of the little Jesus. Wandering along the street one day—it was Christmas Eve—Jacques chanced to hear that the king was expected to pass that evening on his way to the trenches. Forgetful alike of hunger and cold, the loyal little lad with a heart of true gold took his stand in the shadow of the gates of the village; for if the king came, he must come that way.

But just as dusk fell and the clattering of horses' hoofs announced the approach of the king and his officers, a queer numbness took possession of the boy. What was the matter with him? Why did his body sway to and fro in this queer fashion? Was he growing blind? Ah, no! The king was coming, and he must see the king. But he would rest a moment. Then slowly and heavily the little form slipped to the ground. And the king passed by.

For a long time Jacques lay there, when suddenly a delicious feeling of warmth and rest began to steal over his cold and weary body, and a great light shone all about him. He raised his eyes and, gazing up into the heavens overhead, he

beheld his father, his great, strong, loving father, with outstretched arms and smiling face. The little lad's heart jumped with delight. "Come," said his father, "come with me, little son." And then the boy rose to his feet. To his surprise the street was neither cold nor dark, but warm and bright with a wonderful brightness. "Where are we going?" he asked, as he slipped his hand within the warm clasp of his father's. His father answered tenderly, "To the King, Jacques, to see the King."

"But have I been good enough, my father?"

"Yes, little son, you have been very good, and now the Great King, the King of Kings, is waiting to receive you."

In the early morning they found his little body stiff and cold, but on his face there was an expression of such happiness that all who beheld it wondered greatly. The secret thereof belonged to Jacques—he had gone to see the King.

The Christmas Moon

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

An *Eastern* moon went sailing
 Across a dark blue sky,
 And all the stars were singing
 A tender lullaby.

A burst of gold around her
 That dimmed her silvery light:
 For Heaven's golden portals
 Unfolded to the night.

Our Lady and St. Joseph
 To Bethlehem had come,
 And angel choirs were chanting
 The birth of God's dear Son.

A *Christmas* moon went sailing
 That night from Bethlehem,
 Years pass, but still she's shining,
 When Christ is born again.

St. Theresa of Avila

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

“By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.”

“Next to taking Christ from the Spaniards,” we are told, “to take Theresa would be their greatest misfortune.” Under the red and gold flag of that southern monarchy—the red of the passion and the gold of the glory—Theresa was born, on the twenty-eighth day of March, fifteen hundred and fifteen, in the hour when her beloved Spain was being torn asunder by the fierce battle of the creeds that raged within her borders. But God had not forgotten the wretched land that had once been universal in its worship of Him. He sent great saints to comfort and strengthen it during that troubled period—Saints Francis Xavier, Francis Borgia, Peter of Alcantara, John of Avila, but greatest of them all, Theresa de Ahumada, into whose pure soul God breathed His Spirit of light and love that was to guide Spain in her hour of fiery ordeal.

The gray village of Avila was the scene of her birthplace—gray, as it clings to the granite spur of the rugged Guadarramas; gray, when the mists from the valley creep up and wrapt it in their cold embrace; gray, as the Adajo sweeps through it in its majestic course to the sea. To this day, the traveller sees, as he passes through the town, the convent of San José, poor and insignificant in its outward appearance, but hovering invisibly about it, he feels the spirit of the gentle saint who once dwelt there—“a corner-stone of angels,” she called it, that holy place where her pure heart had poured out all its love for her Creator.

Even in her early childhood, Theresa showed signs of great piety. At the age of five, so great was her desire to

see God, that she resolved to leave home and become a martyr. As her parents did not approve of this idea, she built a tiny hermitage in her garden, and spent many hours there in prayer. At fourteen she tasted her first great sorrow when her mother died, but throwing herself upon her knees, she besought the Mother of God to guide and protect her, until the time when she would join her own mother in Heaven.

The next few years were spent at a nearby convent of Augustinian nuns, where Theresa fell ill, and then she was brought home. Her infirmity was of long duration, and during this time her suffering was very great. Upon her final recovery, she was too weak to engage in any sort of work and to while away the days that followed, she turned to the harmless follies that the young women of her position delighted in. Romance-reading now occupied many hours hitherto spent in prayer, but Theresa at length overcame her passion for amusement of this sort, and in after-life did great penance for her early faults.

Next came a fondness for elaborate dress, which in a woman of such great beauty, was not unnatural. Theresa's loveliness was naturally the Spanish style, at least in eyes and hair, but her complexion had none of the characteristics of the swarthy Moors; instead it was "of roses and lilies." She had a regal and graceful carriage, for in appearance she was tall and slender. A small, fine mouth and a decided chin, bespoke a character inherited from her noble Castilian ancestors. Her feet were small and shapely, so her biographer tells us, and her hands slim and white. This beauty, combined with a disposition that was ever sunny and cheerful, as well as a keen wit, made Theresa a brilliant figure in the society in which she moved.

Renouncing these vanities, however, Theresa entered the Carmelite convent of the Encarnación, at the age of twenty. In the long, low, building with its trimly-kept gardens and scarlet-tiled walks, for the next seventeen years she lived a calm existence, until her spirit chafed under the worldly sur-

roundings that held it from God. Leaving the convent, in company with four other nuns, she established the beginning of the reformed Carmelite community, in her native village of Avila, and placed it under the care of St. Joseph, to whom she had always had great devotion. Before many years had elapsed, sixteen convents of men and fourteen of women had followed the mode of the reformed order, while Theresa went about teaching and instructing her countrymen in the way of salvation.

As prioress of her convent, San José, the saint retained the sunny, loving nature that had been hers in youth. Sweetness of temper and a tendency to put the wishes of others before her own, endeared her to her sister-inmates of the house. She had always a daughter's great love for her kinsfolk, and left the convent to nurse her aged father during the illness that caused his death. Her eldest sister, Juana, a lady, too, of great piety, had married a gentleman of Spain, and Theresa's love for her sister's children was boundless. It was in the saint's arms that one of them died. "How beautiful it is," she said on this occasion, "to see how many angels come for the soul, when one of these little ones dies."

Her quiet life of penance and prayer continued until fifteen hundred and eighty-two, when the blessed day arrived that had been awaited above all others during her life—the day on which God would call her home, and reward the work of His faithful servant. It was on the fourth of October, in the quiet convent where she had learned the full peace and beauty that come to those who lead a blameless life, that Theresa passed away. "Mayest Thou be pleased, my Wealth, that the time has come in which I may pay some little of the much I owe Thee. Here is my life, my honour, and my will; all I have, I have given to Thee; Thine I am, dispose of me according to Thy will." With this prayer upon her holy lips, and outworn "with a great love and much serving," Theresa bade farewell to earth, and, clasping her crucifix, turned to find unbroken sleep in the refuge of the Everlasting Arms!

A Small Boy's Version of Fairies

BY MARGARET MITCHELL,

I don't believe that fairies
Are all dead yet, not me!
There's good and bad uns livin'
I'm sure as I can be.

There's them that's mean and sneaky,
And tells my ma on me,
And them what makes me creepy,
Till ghosts I think I see.

There's them that makes the jam jars
You're tasting, fall "kerflop."
Then ma comes in and catches you
And goes off to tell "Pop."

I don't believe that fairies
Are all dead yet—not me!
There's good and bad uns livin',
But mostly bad, I see.

Why Canadians Should Love Canada

BY HELEN KERNAHAN.

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land!’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?”

Love of country is a natural virtue, no one is without it. From the highest authority in the land to the lowest menial, everyone has love of country and patriotism in a greater or lesser degree.

The North American Indians illustrated this natural virtue by the tenacious manner in which they held to Canada. The savages of Africa show it by the resentment with which they watch invaders. They will not give up without a struggle.

Besides being a natural virtue, love of country is the duty of every citizen. Lord Dufferin says, “Love your country, believe in her, honour her, work for her, live for her and die for her.” It is a law of God and man. Sacred Scripture tells us to love and respect proper authorities, and these authorities merely represent our country.

Canada is our country, therefore it is our duty to love Canada. Canadians have more cause to love their country than perhaps any other people of the universe. No other young country has gone through such terrible sieges, such troublesome periods, has changed hands so many times and yet come out so triumphant and progressive as Canada. Canada—“our true north, strong and free!” A visitor in Canada might well say, “Canada has had men and women who worked and died for her.” All over Canada are monuments and tablets to testify to the love of country Canadians possessed.

Of all historic cities on this continent, perhaps Quebec stands foremost in the ranks of honour. Charles G. D. Roberts was right when he said,

“Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell.”

The City of Quebec is the keynote to Canadian heroism. How many names are blazoned forth in that city! What country has had such men as Montcalm and Wolfe? The one fighting to hold it for the French, because he failed to see that British rule was best for his beloved Canada, and dying happy that with the surrender of Quebec to the English he could surrender his life to his Creator; the other fighting to gain this new country for his motherland. Perhaps we have more reason to believe that Montcalm had a greater love of Canada—(but then Wolfe had been here only a short time), and besides, where would we be to-day but for Wolfe?

Even Ontario has seen great conflict. Though not as famous as Quebec with her countless heroes like Montcalm, Frontenac, Champlain and Cartier, Ontario can boast of a few at least. When the Americans were certain of victory on Queenston Heights, who drove them back, who defeated their ends? Major-General Brock, one of Ontario's own, who gave his life for Canada. By whom was he succeeded in that glorious victory? Another Ontario man—General Sheaffe.

Women also, in days gone by, have done much for their country. What other country has on its honour-roll of glory names that bespeak such femine courage and love of country as Madeleine de Vercheres and Laura Secord?

Not only in war is Canada rich in valiant fighters. In politics, too, great leaders have arisen. Of all men, in any part of the world, was there ever a greater statesman or more perfect gentleman than Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Never!

In the extreme east where the Acadians planted the seeds

of colonization from which the present population of Canada has grown, in Quebec where love of country was greater than nationality, and the French submitted to British rule rather than leave Canada; in Ontario, where the United Empire Loyalists made their new homes rather than be disloyal to Britain, there is still supreme that spirit of old-time love of country. In the newer provinces stretching westward to the Pacific this patriotism is also visible. And why shouldn't we love Canada? Never was there a country as young that was so far developed as this.

The most has been made of her resources. In no part of the world is there such a chain of fresh water lakes. What a wonderful means of transportation! She has the nickel mines of the world, great quantities of silver have been found, she is also rich in fisheries and furs. Her beauties are unexcelled. She has the snow-capped mountains and the verdant summer resorts; the greatest wheat fields in the world, broad prairies and boundless forests. She has modern cities noted for their beauty, as well as her historically educational ones. Good railroads connect them, and for the pleasure of tourists, motor roads have been built. In short, nothing is wanting in Canada, our Canada.

She must be worth loving, since during the past four years more than fifty-thousand loyal Canadians have offered the supreme sacrifice to keep Canada free. Because these men gave their lives for Canada, the least we Canadians can do in return is to love her, believe in her, honour her, work for her, and live for her. And simply because Canada is Canada, we Canadians should love her.

God's Gift

BY MARGUERITE HAYNES.

Of all the things God's given to me.
I know not of another,
One half so precious as the gift
He gave me in my mother.

College Notes

On the afternoon of Oct. 26th, in St. Joseph's College Auditorium a reception was tendered by the pupils, to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew of Salisbury Plains, England, who for the past six months has been making a lecturing tour of America. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, who served in France as Senior Chaplain during the Great War, is best known, perhaps, by the pen name "John Ayscough," under which signature he has written many books, widely read in America, the most popular one, no doubt, being "French Windows"—sidelights on the months spent in France. The College had the honour of entertaining Monsignor as its guest during his two days' stay in Toronto, in which time he delivered a delightful lecture to the Alumnae on "The University of Common Life," addressed the members of the Community, and gave a charmingly intimate talk to the assembled pupils of the School. The entertainment provided consisted of welcome songs by the tiny tots, and an address read by Miss Wanola Collins, and a presentation of flowers by little Miss Mary Dunn. There was a cantata by the senior girls of the College. The singing was directed by Maestro Carboni. The pupils were afterwards presented to Monsignor, as were also several of their parents and friends.

* * * * *

The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality took place in the study hall on the first Sunday of October. The meeting was opened by the singing of the hymn to the Holy Ghost. Practical instructions were given by Sister Directress of the Academy. The Misses Foy and McCormick were nominated scrutineers. Nominations from the floor resulted in the following elections: President, Miss Margaret Noonan; Vice-President, Miss Celia Keogh; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Kathleen McNally; Councillors: First, Miss M. McCormick; Second, Miss C. Shannon; Third, Miss N. Foy; Fourth, Miss C. McBride; Sacristan, Miss M.

Haynes; First Chorister, Miss A. Rathwell; Second Chorister, Miss T. St. Denis. The meeting closed with the singing of the Te Deum.

* * * * *

The young ladies of the Academy wish to express their heartfelt sympathy to Miss Blanche McIntyre in the death of her dear father, which occurred on Oct. 19th at Dorchester, Ont.

* * * * *

We were privileged to be present at the Catholic school-children's reception of Cardinal Mercier in St. Michael's Cathedral, Oct. 14th, where we also received the blessing of this great prelate of the Church and Hero of Belgium.

* * * * *

On the feast of St. Theresa a very beautiful lecture was given in the college auditorium by the Rev. C. J. Kehoe, O.C.C., to the assembled Alumnae and students. One of the many interesting points of the lecture was the charming description given of the personal appearance of St. Theresa, the great reformer of the Carmelite Order.

After the lecture tea was served for the Alumnae and friends in the reception room, at which dainty repast several of the senior young ladies of the college were present through the kind invitation of the President, Mrs. Day.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting of the events of September was a delightful talk on Lourdes which was given by Mrs. Gillies of Baltimore. Many of us who have never been to Lourdes now feel that we have really visited the famous spot where the Blessed Lady of wonderful countenance appeared to holy little Bernadette, so realistic was the manner in which Mrs. Gillies described the beauties of our Lady's special shrine. It is indeed inspiring to see a Catholic woman of the world possessing such fervent devotion to Our Lady as Mrs. Gillies displayed throughout her lecture. At its close Miss Celia Keogh in an appropriate little speech, expressed the appreciation of the students.

We are again indebted to Rev. Brother Francis for his kindness in entertaining us one evening early in November with a screen presentation of "Les Miserables." The moving pictures were very interesting, and the music added much to the pleasure of the evening.

* * * * *

October 31st we celebrated Hallowe'en in the usual way—by a masquerade ball, and the students made a very pretty spectacle in their various costumes. The festivities began with the grand march. After the grand march several sets were formed for the lancers, and the programme which followed was very entertaining. A banquet was served after the dance in the refectory, which was suitably decorated with Hallowe'en figures. At the close of the repast prophecies were read and needless to say, the drawing aside of the curtain of the future caused much amusement.

* * * * *

While in Toronto, the priests and little boys of the Italian Choirs, under the direction of Mgr. Maestro Casimiri, sang in the chapel of St. Joseph's College, during the celebration of High Mass by Rev. Father Vanutelli, relative to His Eminence, Cardinal Vanutelli, and also a member of the choir. It was a unique and special privilege for St. Joseph's to be favoured thus, and the fact that the sacred music was being rendered in the most appropriate of all places, the Church, added to the exquisite beauty of tone, the keynote of environment. The college had also the honor of entertaining as guests during their stay in Toronto, the boys of the choir and their master, Father Vanutelli. In the evening the senior pupils of the college, with their chaperon, attended the concert in Massey Hall.

* * * * *

We are to go home one day earlier than usual for Christmas holidays, thanks to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, who thoughtfully procured for us the "extra" day, so dear to the heart of the schoolgirl.

MARY McCORMICK.

What I Used to Think

BY MARIE FENN.

I used to think 'twould be so nice
 To go away to school,
 I used to think I'd be so good
 And never break a rule.

Then when the holidays were done
 And sister Nan would cry
 Because she had to go to school,
 And bid us all good-bye,

I used to wish that I were she,
 For goodness only knows!
 I had to wear out her old things
 While she got all new clothes.

But, ah! the pity 'tis, 'tis true
 (These hearts so fickle are)
 That now I'm here at boarding school
 I'd like home better far.

For there's a bell for everything,—
 We get up with the sun,
 And study, study all the time,—
 My homework's never done.

And then before your realize—
 It's time to go to bed!
 And "sleepy-head" or "wide-awake"
 There's nothing to be said.

I often wonder why I asked
 To go away to school.
 It's not so easy after all
 To never break a rule.

I sometimes think if I were home
 I'd love old clothes—but oh!
 I s'pose I'd long for school again
 Within a week or so.

For after all is said and done
 I'm sure as I can be,
 There's not a boarding school on earth
 As nice as S. J. C.



BOYS OF THE VATICAN CHOIR AT ST. JOSEPH'S



THE CELEBRATED BOY
SOPRANO, LUIGI

Jack's Identification Medal

BY MARGARET MITCHELL.

THE sun was just setting, bringing to a close a rare, beautiful, autumn afternoon. Its many-hued rays streamed in through the large windows at one end of the Officers' semi-private ward and played in the dark waves of Nurse McClelland's hair as she sat with bowed head.

Marjorie McClelland was thinking, and as she thought, a few tears coursed down her cheeks. She was really a beautiful young woman, young, for she was only twenty-two, but the anxiety, worry and care of her rather strenuous work were beginning to tell on her. Dark circles, the kind that come from want of sleep, had formed under her eyes, and her strong, sweet face was white and drawn. Presently she fell to musing. Now, musing is not a healthy occupation, you may say, for a girl of twenty-two, but Marjorie was tired. And when a young woman is tired she invariably falls a prey to her thoughts. Wards, patients, doctors, medicines, all fled, and Marjorie was living over again the vivid details of a memorable morning fourteen long years ago.

She was a little girl once more, a very little girl, of eight, sitting on the deck of a great ocean liner with her mother and her five-year-old brother, Jack. It was a fair April morning. Spring joyousness seemed to have taken possession of all on board, and the fact that land would soon be in sight added not a little to the gaiety of the passengers. But alas! that unwonted buoyancy of spirit was soon to take flight before the evil sway of disaster. They were nearing Newfoundland and suddenly, as if to mar the serenity and peace around, there had come in all its hatefulness a crashing, grinding noise. The ocean steamer bound for Canada had struck a rock, and the great boat shuddered, leaped backwards, righted itself,

leaped again and slowly, almost imperceptibly, but alas all too surely, began to sink beneath the tossing, foaming waves.

Marjorie remembered well how she clung frantically to her mother, who held little Jack close clasped in her arms, held him until a wave, stronger and more furious than the rest, crashed over the deck, carrying all three away with it. When Marjorie recovered consciousness she had found herself closely packed in a life boat with a great many other people, mostly women and children. She called wildly for her mother and Jack, but her cries were only quieted by a kind voice at her side which said, "I am afraid they aren't in this boat, little one. Be quite still now, like a good child, and we shall see if we can find them bye and bye."

Marjorie raised a pair of appealing grey eyes to a kind, though somewhat wrinkled face above her, choked back the sobs and from utter exhaustion finally fell asleep. When the life boats had been relieved of their burden by a rescue ship, and no one was found to claim the little girl, the elderly couple, who had treated her so kindly from the beginning, adopted her. Years passed, and shortly after Marjorie's graduation from school, the old couple died within a few months of each other, leaving to their adopted child their memory and beautiful home.

When the war broke out in 1914, Marjorie, tired of living an idle life of luxury, seized the opportunity of a change and trained for a nurse. That was several months ago.

Still lost in this maze of thought, Nurse McClelland was aroused by a light tap on her shoulder, and, hastily brushing away a few tears, she lifted her face, now suddenly serene and smiling, to the young surgeon-major of the hospital.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss McClelland. I called to you but you did not seem to hear me."

Marjorie rose to her feet. "Please pardon me, Doctor," she exclaimed, "I am afraid I was wool-gathering."

The doctor smiled indulgently, and then added in a grave,

more pitying tone, "They are bringing another lad in now, a serious case which needs care and capable nursing, and I'd like you to look after him if you will."

"Thank you," said Marjorie, for she was quick to see the implied compliment. "I will do as you wish, Doctor."

"Then," said the doctor in a relieved tone, "I shall rest assured that he is being well cared for. Miss Howard has just returned, and you may transfer your day-nursing to her." With that he turned and left the room.

Marjorie sat down again, no more a business-like smiling nurse, but a hopelessly tired and worn young woman. How she had courage to accept that case was quite beyond her, for she had not slept for several nights. But the sound of footsteps were coming already from the corridor without, so with a fervent prayer she rose and went to meet the stretcher-bearers who were carrying a pitiful burden between them. Silently they passed in, laid the young officer on the bed and as silently withdrew to fulfil many another task of mercy.

Marjorie bent over the man, and with gentle, skilful fingers opened his khaki shirt and saw that the wounds had been but hastily bandaged at the first aid station. She unwound the blood-stained cotton and there lay revealed two cruel, gaping wounds. While bathing and dressing these, Marjorie came across a tiny medal on a silver chain which hung around the boy's neck. The medal was beautifully carved and on it was stamped an image of our Blessed Lady. Marjorie gave a little gasp as she took it in her fingers, for on the back was engraved the one word "Jack."

Hardly daring to hope, yet praying that she might not be mistaken, she drew from beneath the folds of her uniform a medal, identical in size and shape with the one that hung around the boy's neck, and on the back of it was engraved, "Marjorie." Breathlessly she compared them. Yes, indeed, this handsome young man must be Jack grown to manhood. The medals were exactly the same, and Marjorie remembered

well the night her dear mother had given them to her children, with the words, "May the holy Mother of God grant you happiness and her tender protection all your lives, my babies." She could even remember how Jack had looked up into his mother's face with solemn blue eyes, and had lisped, as he had been taught to do at the close of each prayer, "Amen." It must be Jack, her darling Jack—and yet, what if she were mistaken! The horror of such a possibility made her shudder.

Many a weary day passed in which the officer raved and tossed in a delirious fever. But at length, in answer no doubt to his sister's pleading and prayer, he began a slow but sure convalescence. Needless to say, both doctor and nurse were much relieved to see their patient gradually regaining strength and belieing their fears for his non-recovery. Marjorie had spoken of the medal to no one, least of all to Jack, for such in her heart, she already called him. One thing held her back; it was this, on his identification disc she had read the name, "J. Harrison." It certainly was nothing like McClelland, and all sorts of doubts and fears tormented her.

When Lieut. Harrison was quite recovered and was only waiting orders to be dismissed from the hospital, Nurse Marjorie and he were one day taking a stroll through the surrounding park. Purposely, but with wildly beating heart, Marjorie drew her companion into speaking of his childhood days. She listened breathlessly while he shyly spoke of his very faint recollections of a sweet mother and a very kind little sister, and he could even recall their having gone for a long, long boat ride which seemed to him to have ended very suddenly and very strangely. For he had only confused memories of having been brought to a strange home and among strange people, who, however, gradually grew into the heart and life of the little boy. It was as their son that he had grown up, and it was as their son, too, that he had left home to do a boy's willing part in the world's great struggle for liberty.

Marjorie's face and eyes were glowing with excitement.

"But tell me, oh tell me, do you not remember any more of that first mother and sister?"

"Only this," he said, "that my mother was beautiful and good, and of my sister I can only remember that her name was Marjorie."

"Oh," she cried, "look at this!" And she pulled out the medal and chain that hung about her slender neck. "Don't you remember more now?"

"How strange," he answered, and a puzzled look passed over his face, "See, mine is the very same, and yet I cannot remember."

"O Jack, Jack, my darling brother," Marjorie cried, "it makes no difference whether you remember or not, I know you are my brother." And when the young officer had recovered sufficiently from his nurse's amazing outburst, she told him the story of the medals, the wreck, the heroic death of their devoted mother, and of her own life up until the time she came to France.

By this time they had reached the hospital again, but they had not nearly satisfied their mutual longing for more and more information. So they sat there on the verandah, happy as children, laughing, crying, and exchanging all manner of confidences. No wonder the young doctor, as he turned the corner and suddenly came upon them, muttered a hurried and confused apology for interrupting what seemed to him a conversation of more than ordinary intimacy. Nurse McClelland, who knew the doctor's unqualified admiration for "Lieut. Harrison," at once put him at his ease by exclaiming, "Oh come right here, Doctor Thornby, and hear the good news. Allow me to introduce to you my long lost brother Jack, alias Lieut. Jack Harrison."

Enlightening disclosures followed from both Jack and Marjorie, but it was not until some time later that Marjorie grasped the full significance of Dr. Thornby's hearty but relieved reply, "Thank God, Nurse! I am more than delighted to know that our young patient is your brother."

Christmas Eve

BY MARIE FENN.

There was no room for Thee that night
In Bethlehem long ago,
They had no room for Heaven's King,
Because they did not know.

Could I have been in Bethlehem
That night, O Babe Divine,
What should I not have done for Thee?
What comforts had been Thine!

But e'en to-day the power is mine
To shelter Thee, my King,
My heart I give Thee, for Thy throne,
All homage there I'll bring.

Ah! Thou wilt take it, wilt Thou not
And fill it full of love?
For then perhaps Thou wilt not miss
So much, Thy Home above.

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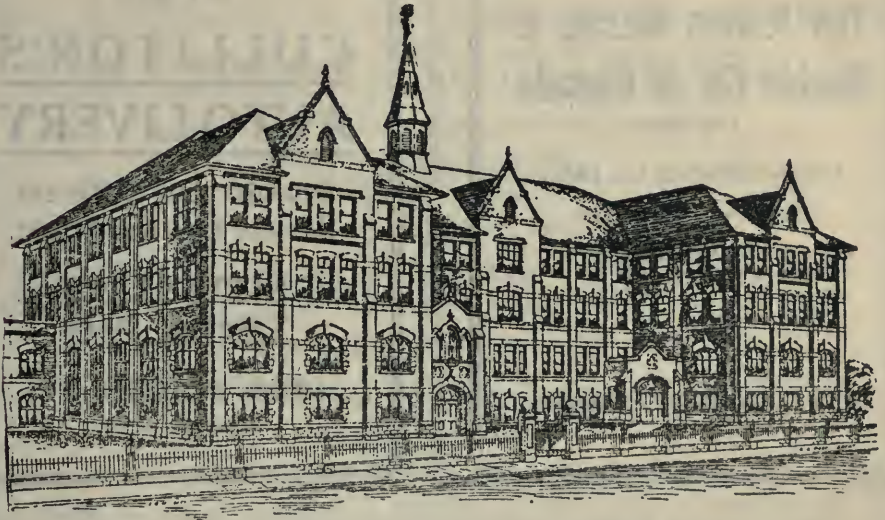
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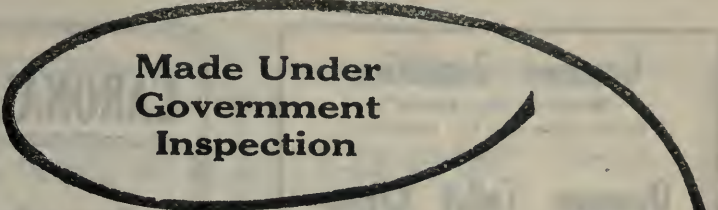
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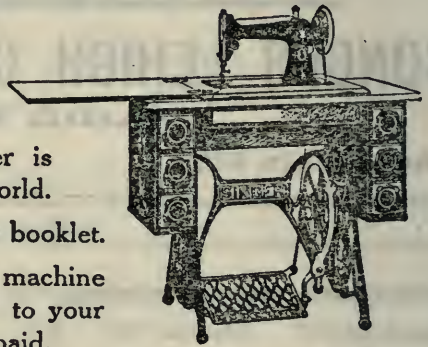
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THE CRUCIFIXION

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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NO. 4.

"They Crucified Him."

S. Luke xxiii., 33.

Saddest day of all the year,
When we think of Him Who died;
Read Love's solemn message here,
Christ is crucified.

See Him hanging on the Cross,
Think of all His pain and woe,
For our sakes He suffered loss
More than we can know.

Strive to-day to put aside
Sinful passion, stubborn will,
Think of Jesus crucified,
Watch Him—and be still.

For the Christ Who died to save,
Loves you more than you can say;
By His Cross and by His Grave
Learn His Love to-day.

A. R. G.

"Greater Love hath no man than this."—S. John, xv|, 13.

LOUVAIN

A LECTURE GIVEN BY HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. N. McNEIL, D.D.

On the evening of the fourteenth of January a large audience assembled in Convocation Hall to hear His Grace, Archbishop McNeil of Toronto, lecture under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League. His subject was "Louvain," interesting in itself, but far more interesting when described by His Grace, whose knowledge of the University, as it was before the war, comes not from hearsay, but from a personal experience which also enables him to realize the irreparable damage it sustained at the hands of the Germans during the four years of war. The Archbishop had procured slides of many interesting aspects of the University, and with their help, the tragic but still glorious story of Louvain was printed very vividly on the minds and sympathies of the audience.

His Grace went on to say how on the eighteenth of August, 1914, the German army began to pass through the City of Louvain. Taking possession of the City Hall, they made it their local headquarters, and after about a week's stay, they began their work of devastation. First they set fire to a part of the city near the famous University, and although eleven hundred and twenty-five nearby houses were destroyed, the great Library, the most valuable building of all, erected in 1317, stood unharmed in the midst of the ruins, throughout a whole day. It was a very large stone structure, whose massive walls would have withstood the fire indefinitely, but at last the German soldiers, eager to see its destruction, broke through the doors and set fire to the interior of the Library. For three days the conflagration continued, and during that time more than a quarter of a million volumes were destroyed. Priceless books and manuscripts, dating from the year 1454, numbered among the oldest documents in existence, were completely destroyed, and

the fire then spread to the Administrative Offices of the University, the Archives, the Convocation Hall, and a picture gallery, which were also situated in the Library Building. Another University building destroyed by the fire was a new one of Gothic style, which served as a social centre for the students, and also contained class rooms, the museum and the library of the commercial and consular institute.

Why did the Germans do this thing? They said they did it because the Belgians of Louvain fired on their soldiers, but this was afterwards proved a falsehood. We can only guess at the real motive, and one hypothesis, which seems probable, is this: The Germans desired to leave behind them as few soldiers as possible to garrison Belgium. Every available soldier was required for the war in France, and so they sought by a system of terrorization to subdue the Belgian people so effectively that a very few soldiers would suffice to control them. With the same object in view, they shot many hundreds of innocent people, and destroyed whole cities, towns and villages.

The University of Louvain dates from the year 1426, the Papal Charter of that year being one of the precious documents destroyed in the fire. Its growth was continuous and before the war, the University had twenty large buildings in different parts of Louvain.

Some people imagine that the University of Louvain is a magnified Seminary; on the contrary it serves for the higher education of the laity. To be sure there is a faculty of theology, especially organized for students who have already made a course of Theology in a Seminary (for in Belgium each diocese has its own Seminary), and go there to continue their studies; but the number of Theological students is always small compared with the number of lay students, and very seldom is more than one hundred and fifty. When the University again resumed its work after the armistice, the other students who registered are classified as follows: twelve hundred and seventy-three in Arts, four hundred and nine in Law, five hundred and seventy-four in Medicine, seven hundred and sixteen in Applied

Science, and three hundred and one in the Commercial and Consular Institute, making in all three thousand, two hundred and seventy-three.

The Arts course is divided into two main sections, each with varied curricula. In one section Literature and Philosophy predominate; in the other Science is the chief study. During the first scholastic year after the armistice, the number of students in the Literary section of the Arts course was five hundred and twenty-eight, and in the Scientific section seven hundred and forty-five.

The Faculty of Applied Science in the University of Louvain includes the usual engineering courses, and also courses in Architecture and Agriculture, Connected with this Faculty before the war, were exceptionally valuable Laboratories, but they also were destroyed by the Germans in 1914, and the others after the armistice when the German armies were returning home. Of particular interest were the Laboratories of Bacteriology and Biology; the former, under Professor Denys, having as part of its plant a large stable which housed as many as twenty horses. This was for the purpose of procuring serums for the prevention and cure of diphtheria and typhoid fever, and was indeed the base of supply for the majority of practising doctors all over Belgium.

The Biology Laboratory—a very splendid one, founded by Professor Carney, really consisted of six separate laboratories for each of the six departments—Cellular Biology, Vegetable Histology, Microbiology, Embriology, Comparative Histology and Biological Chemistry. Each laboratory was under the direction of two Professors, and the almost perfect library and museum were used in common.

A special Institute of Philosophy was founded in the University of Louvain in 1882 at the desire of Pope Leo XIII., who contributed thirty thousand dollars to encourage the project. The Bishops of Belgium selected Monsignor Mercier to carry out the design, and under his supervision, buildings were erected and a course organized. This course combines experiment with abstract thought, not only such experiments as are

made in the study of Psychology, but also in Physics and Chemistry and even Higher Mathematics, all considered in their bearings on the problems of Philosophy. The spirit in which Monsignor Mercier organized this Institute may be expressed by saying that, taking the Philosophy of St. Thomas as a basis, each branch of philosophy is studied without any other object in view than truth, as far as it can be ascertained by reason. It is independent research work, and not an effort to reach presupposed conclusions—a method which should result in a philosophical system consistent with Revelation. Revelation stands on guard in the background as a court of final appeal; but each Professor feels free to pursue his studies independently. The Institute is an organized body of trained experts, who survey the whole field of human thought, and study its problems deeply, freely, with all the resources that science can supply, and under conditions which moderate the desire to be singular or merely original. A collective responsibility and a collective product—the outstanding characteristics of what is now called Neo-Scholasticism, have had a steadying effect upon the world of thought. The most recent tribute to the work of the Institute is a declaration made by Professor Boutroux on the occasion of Cardinal Mercier's reception by the Institute of France after his return from America.

When men devote their lives, as they do in Louvain, to research, experiment, literature, history, and intellectual speculation, they naturally wish to tell the rest of the learned world what they are doing, and to know what is being done elsewhere along the same lines. This exchange of thought and of results is chiefly effected by means of periodicals devoted to special subjects and of such periodicals the University of Louvain published twenty-one.

The test of a University is not its buildings nor its equipment, nor its endowments, but the men whom it has trained. Graduates of Louvain ruled in Belgium during the thirty years that preceded the war, and the success of their country in all lines of civil endeavour is a tribute to their University. To

come down to our own experience, Toronto has recently had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of two of the Louvain graduates,—namely Cardinal Mercier and Professor De Wulf, whose merits speak for themselves. In the Medical Faculty of the University of Toronto, another name is well known through one of the medical texts there in use. Students in Toronto may have thought that Van Gehuchten, the great nerve specialist, was a German; on the contrary, he was a Professor in the University of Louvain. A great part of his life work, in the form of notes, specimens, photographs, manuscripts, etc., perished in the fire of 1914, and with it perished also his life-interest. The University of Cambridge, England, invited him in 1914 to join the Medical Faculty there,—an invitation which he accepted—but he did not live to see the end of the war.

Among the many famous men of Louvain in former times, two of the sixteenth century may be selected for mention—Vesalius, who is well known to those interested in the history of anatomy, as the man who broke away from traditional methods, and placed it on its modern scientific basis; and Mercator, whose name is known to a much wider circle as the man who first designed the method of map projection now used in all marine charts all over the world.

This, then, was the University—the only one of its kind in existence—which the German Generals chose to sacrifice for their own inglorious purposes. Those purposes accomplished, they then conceived the idea of reopening the University in the fall of 1914 under German control, and offered to help the Belgians with supplies of books and money, threatening severe penalties if their plan were not approved and furthered. But they were met with a flat refusal by the authorities of the University, who had no desire to continue their teaching under German inspection and control, or to prevent their young men from attempting to get through the German lines for the purpose of joining the Belgian army. They knew only too well that the Germans would make use of the university, if re-

opened, to increase the racial friction between the Flemings and the Waloons in Belgium, by confining Louvain to the use of French, and the University of Ghent to the rise of Flemish. And in their eyes above everything else came the necessity of impressing upon the Belgian people during the German occupation the ideal of patriotism and of national liberty and unity as one of supreme importance. Not until the last German soldier had left the soil of Belgium would Louvain reopen, was their decision, but it was one which involved a tremendous sacrifice. It meant that one hundred and twenty-five Professors could not receive their regular salaries during the period of the war. Many of these Professors had lost their homes in the fire. There were no longer any fees from students, and the Church collections, which had been a considerable source of annual revenue, could not be continued when industries were destroyed, workmen idle and poverty everywhere. There was only one way for the authorities to meet their responsibility for the livings of the Professors and that was by drawing on the endowment funds of the University; even this colossal sacrifice was made and when peace finally came, nearly the whole endowment had been expended, but the honour of the University remained unsullied.

And now the last German soldier has left the soil of Belgium, and philanthropists are eagerly forwarding projects and funds for rebuilding the ruins of Louvain. The doors of the University are open again, and, although indeed it can never regain its wonderful Library and the rare treasures which were its boast, its name shines all the fairer for the tragedies it has braved and it remains still its privilege to be tested and proved by the men it sends out into the world.

The Archbishop was introduced on this occasion by Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., President of the Catholic Women's League. And it is interesting to note that the proceeds of this lecture of themselves went to make up most of the \$1,000.00 contribution of the Catholic Women's League towards the reconstruction of Louvain University.

As a postscript to what is said about Vesalius as an honor

to his Alma Mater of Louvain, an interesting letter from the Editor of MacMillan's appeared in the Toronto papers in February, as follows:

"Medical men, it is well known, have been among the keenest book collectors for generations, but not every medical library, not every large city even, possesses such a full vellum folio as that now deposited in its glass case in the library of the old Medical Building at Queen's. Andreas Vesalius' 'Book of Human Anatomy,' 1555, lies open there, with its superb linen paper, beautiful type and elaborate, if quaint, copper plates, almost as fresh as when issued, and ready to live another three and a half centuries. The label on the contemporary vellum binding is dated 1555. Where is there a physician who would not covet this precious volume? The later work of 1642 of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is overshadowed even by this superb folio, the record, printed in his early years, of the life work of the father of 'Human Anatomy,' Andreas Vesalius, the first to refuse traditional myths regarding the human body, and intent only upon recording scientific truth, the evidence of personal observation and verified investigation at a time in the world's history when such an attitude toward long-accepted error often meant banishment and death.

Vesalius ranks with Sir Isaac Newton, with Galileo, with Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon, with the few whose achievements are new births, creations, so to speak. The happy possession of this invaluable treasure suggests the unspeakable interest excited by Newton's 'Principia,' Roger Bacon's 'Opus,' or the Mazārin Bible (the first printed with movable type). Queen's at Kingston is to be congratulated on the acquisition of this literary treasure."—Montrose W. Liston.

Mr. Liston would have omitted the reference to "banishment and death" if he knew better the history of the sixteenth century. Vesalius went freely between Louvain and the universities of Italy in the interest of his science. The "traditional myths" which he killed came from the heathen Galen, and had nothing to do with Christian tradition. Unlike Galileo, he did not undertake to interpret the Bible in a new sense.

Easter

BY REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

Triumphant, grand and glorious,
The Son of God, victorious,
 A dazzling Light upon the night
 Arose from out the tomb.
And Angels all exuberant
Their trumpets sounded jubilant,
 And sang the Saviour risen
 From the prison of the gloom.
With all a God's magnificence
He rose in His plenipotence,
 As sunrise rends asunder
 Clouded thunder in the east.
And rock and mount the miracle
Sang loud in language lyrical,
 Till Heaven above with perfect love
 Sung Christ the Perfect Priest.
Good Friday, dark and thunderful !
Then Easter with its wonderful
 Sunburst of glory soaring
 Like an Angel on the gloom!
O loyal Heart and dutiful,
In this grand symbol, beautiful,
 Behold thyself new risen
 From the prison of the tomb!
Exultant, bright and glorious,
O'er tyrant Death victorious,
 Thou, too, shalt rise into the skies
 On iridescent wings!
Where lamps of splendour tremulous
And golden Angels emulous,
 In legions shine round Him divine,
 God, Lord, the King of Kings!
From every spire and pinnacle
Ring out, O bells, the miracle!
 Ring out and sing the Risen Sun
 Of Glory on the gloom!
Sing Christ on wings of Cherubim,
On silver wings of Seraphim
 Uprisen from the prison
 Of the adamantine tomb!

The Poems of Theodore Maynard

A REVIEW BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

IN his delightful preface, written for Theodore Maynard's Collected Poems, Mr. G. K. Chesterton says that Maynard is above all a poet of colour, and this is a very true observation. But there are several other good qualities in the poetry of Theodore Maynard besides colour.

He is intensely Catholic for one thing, and he is also intensely spiritual. With this spirituality is intermingled a strain of whimsicality and of innocent foolery, which marks him out as one of those child-like souls of whom the Kingdom of Heaven is constituted. Mr. Maynard is one of the company of brilliant writers who, at present in England, are reviving the child-like faith and wonder and rapture of the poets of the middle ages. Mr. Chesterton in his preface observes that the Hellenists and neo-Pagans call them antiquated "for gathering the flowers which still grow on the graves of our mediaeval ancestors, while they themselves will industriously search for the scattered ashes from the more distant pyres of the Pagans!"

Deep thought and strong imagination are the characteristics of Maynard's serious poems; an abiding joy in nature, and a confident hope in and love for God.

From that verse of the Apocalypse which says: "And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away" (Apoc. XXI., I.) the poet imagines what wondrous things the new Heaven and the new Earth will be. Surely these verses suggest marvels and prodigies to the soul:

APOCALYPSE.

Shall summer woods where we have laughed our fill;
 Shall all yon grass so good to walk upon;
 Each field which we have loved, each little hill
 Be burned to paper—as hath said St. John?

Then not alone they die! For God hath told
 How all His plains of mingled fire and glass
 His walls of hyacinth, His streets of gold,
 His aureoles of jewelled light shall pass,

That He may make us nobler things than these,
 And in her royal robes of blazing red
 Adorn His bride. Yea, with what mysteries
 And might and mirth shall she be diamonded!

And what new secret shall our God disclose;
 Or set what sums of burnished brass to flare;
 Or what empurpled blooms to oust the rose;
 Or what strange grass to glow like angels' hair!

What pinnacles of silver tracery,
 What dizzy rampired towers shall God advise
 Of topaz, beryl, and chalcedony
 To make Heaven pleasant to His children's eyes!

* * * * *

And in what cataclysms of flame and foam
 Shall the first Heaven sink—as red as sin—
 When God hath cast aside His ancient Home
 As far too mean to house His children in!

Of the line—"Or what strange grass to glow like angels' hair," Mr. Chesterton says: "This line has the touch of the true mystic, which changes a thing and yet leaves it familiar." Mr. Chesterton also gives special mention to the first distich of the following:

Among the yellow primroses
 He holds His summer palaces,
 And sets the grass about them all
 To guard them as His spearmen small.
 He fixes on each wayside stone
 A mark to show it as His own.

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That, gathered into ponds and brooks,
They may become His picture-books,

To show in every spot and place
The living glory of His face!

These lines show intense love of natural things as well as adoration of the Creator therein. There are dull and bovine people who can gaze upon the grandest manifestations of nature without adverting to, or adoring, even for a moment, the God who made them. Mr. Maynard is not one of those. God is ever before his mind, in the slightest as well as in the grandest of His works.

Attacking the atheist who seeks to contemn the Creator and His works by his feeble sneers, the poet says:

TO A BAD ATHEIST.

You do not love the shadows on the wall,
Or mists that flee before a blowing wind,
Or Gothic forests, or light aspen leaves,
Or skies that melt into a dreamy sea.
In the hot, glaring noontide of your mind
(I have your word for it) there is no room
For anything save sawdust, sun and sand.

No monkish flourishes will do for you;
Your life must be set down in black and white.
The quiet half-light of the abbey close,
The cunning carvings of a chantry tomb,
The leaden windows pricked with golden saints—
All these are nothing to your ragtime soul!

Yet, since you are a solemn little chap,
 In spite of all your blasphemy and booze,
 That dreadful sword of satire which you shake
 Hurts no hide but your own,—you cannot use
 A weapon which is bigger than yourself.

Yet some there were who rode all clad in mail,—
 With crosses blazoned on their mighty shields,
 Roland who blew his horn against the Moor,
 Richard who charged for Christ at Ascalon,
 Louis a pilgrim with his chivalry,
 And Blessed Jeanne who saved the crown of France—
 Pah! you may keep your whining Superman!

In these days of adoration of the golden calf in the guise of money, and power, and "big business," and commerce, and factories, and skyscrapers, it is fashionable to look askance and with shrugging shoulders at a country like Ireland which prefers the freedom of her soul to all the rewards of modern commercialism. Theodore Maynard is one Englishman at least who appreciates Ireland's position and who is not afraid to express that appreciation. In his splendid poem entitled, "To the Irish Dead," he beautifully expresses this sentiment. Had all Englishmen the heart of Theodore Maynard, Ireland and England would be forever like fair sisters, twined in the bands of mutual affection and esteem!

TO THE IRISH DEAD.

You who have died as royally as kings,
 Have seen with eyes ablaze with beauty, eyes
 Nor gold nor ease nor comfort could make wise,
 The glory of imperishable things.

Despite your shame and loneliness and loss—
 Your broken hopes, the hopes that shall not cease,
 Endure in dreams as terrible as peace;
 Your naked folly nailed upon the cross.

Has given us more than bread unto our dearth
 And more than water to our aching drouth;
 Though death has been as wormwood in your mouth
 Your blood shall fructify the barren earth.

The clearer vision has truly been vouchsafed to the poet. He looks into the heart of things; he gauges their import with his eyes fixed on the values of eternity. Not otherwise could this English poet have written the following:

IRELAND.

Beside your bitter waters rise
 The mystic Rose, the Holy Tree,
 Immortal courage in your eyes,
 And pain and liberty.

The stricken arms, the cloven shields,
 The trampled plumes, the shattered drum,
 The swords of your lost battlefields
 To hopeless battles come.

And though your scattered remnants know
 Their shameful rout, their fallen kings,
 Yet shall the strong victorious foe
 Not understand these things:

The broken ranks that never break
 The merry road your rabble trod;
 The awful laughter they shall take
 Before the throne of God!

There is a beautiful sonnet in this book entitled "In Domo Johannis"—"In the House of (St.) John,"—and, in this, the poet imagines himself entering the home of St. John the Evangelist, in Patmos, or elsewhere, and seeing the Mother of Jesus there, a long time forward, in the dim years after the death of

her Son. It would be hard to find a more affecting poem to the thoughtful and loving Catholic mind. One might make a life-long meditation on those lines and come nearer to Heaven each moment:

IN DOMO JOHANNIS.

Here rest the thin worn hands which fondled Him,
The trembling lips which magnified the Lord,
Who looked upon His handmaid, the young, slim
Mary at her meek tasks, and here the sword
Within the soul of her whose anguished eyes
Gazed at the stars which watch Gethsemane,
And saw the sun fail in the stricken skies.
In these dim rooms she guards the treasury
Of her white memories—the strange, sweet face
More marred than any man's, the tender, fain
And eager words, the wistful human grace,
The mysteries of glory, joy and pain,
And that hope tremulous, half-sob, half-song,
Ringing through night—"How long, O Lord, how long?"

Theodore Maynard is a convert to the Catholic faith, and there is not lacking in him a spirit that seems to be peculiar to most converts. He is more gay and rejoiced over his Faith than life-long Catholics seem to be. He even has a tendency to flaunt his new-found treasure in the eyes of the unlucky heretics, and to be almost boastful and pugnacious over it. This was noticeable in Monsignor Benson, in that book in which he almost advocated a return to the tortures of the Inquisition as a right and prerogative of the Church.

In the same spirit, but with a more saving sense of the humor of the occasion, Theodore Maynard sings his swash-buckling

“BALLADE OF A FEROCIOUS CATHOLIC.”

There is a term to every loud dispute,
 A final reckoning I'm glad to say;
 Some people end discussion with their boot;
 Others, the prigs, will simply walk away.
 But I, within a world of rank decay,
 Can face its treasons with a flaming hope,
 Undaunted by faith's foemen in array—
 I drain a mighty tankard to the Pope!

They do not ponder on the Absolute,
 But wander in a fog of words astray.
 They have no rigid creed one can confute,
 No hearty dogmas riotous and gay,
 But feebly mutter through thin lips and grey
 Things foully fashioned out of sin and soap;—
 But I, until my body rests in clay,
 I drain a mighty tankard to the Pope!

I've often thought that I would like to shoot
 The modernists on some convenient day;
 Pull out eugenists by their noxious root;
 The welfare-worker chatting like a jay
 I'd publicly and pitilessly slay
 With blunderbuss or guillotine or rope,
 Burn at the stake, or boil in oil, or flay—
 I drain a mighty tankard to the Pope!

L'ENVOI.

Prince, proud prince Lucifer, your evil sway
 Is over many who in darkness grope;
 But as for me, I go another way—
 I drain a mighty tankard to the Pope!

There are many subjects treated in this book of beautiful poems, but looking largely at them all, it can be seen that their gospel and their lesson is this one thing, and no other: Man

must learn to praise his Creator and to bless Him in gratitude for all the beauty of the world, or his soul will be rejected on Judgment Day. And is not this lesson a true and badly-needed one? Men seem to do everything well to-day except to praise and thank God. We are told in our catechism to love and serve and praise Him here on earth. Now if, in the pre-occupation of doing even great, and good, and charitable work, men become too engrossed to praise God, from whom shall He have His due glory?

Here is how Theodore Maynard expresses this salutary thought, and with this last lovely quotation our review closes:

“But woe, upon the Judgment Day,
 If my heart gladdened not at May;
 Nor woke to hear with the waking birds
 The Morning’s sweet and winsome words;

Nor loved to see laburnums fling
 Their pennons to the winds of Spring;
 Nor watched among the expectant grass
 The Summer’s painted pageant pass;
 Nor thrilled with blithe beatitude
 Within a kindly Autumn wood,
 Or when each separate twig did lie
 Etched sharp upon the wintry sky.

If out of all my sunny hours
 I brought no chaplet of their flowers;
 If I gave no kiss to His lovely feet
 When they shone as poppies in the Wheat;
 If no rose to me were a Mystic Rose,
 No Snow were whiter than the snows;

If in my baseness I let fall
 At once His cross and His carnivall

* * * * *

Then must I take my ungrateful head
 To where the lakes of Hell burn red!

Holy Week at Monte Cassino

BY RT. REV. MGR. J. CRUISE, D.D.

FIFTY miles south of Rome, about half way between Rome and Naples, stands the celebrated Monastery of Monte Cassino. St. Benedict, when he left Subiaco, went to the mountain which soars above the little town of Cassino. This was in the year 529. The saint had brought amongst his followers the monks Maurus and Placidus. The father of Placidus, who was the owner of the mountain, gave the property of St. Benedict. At that time the inhabitants of the town of Cassino were heathens, and on the top of the mount there stood a temple dedicated to Apollo. The first thing Benedict did was to smash in pieces the image of Apollo. And he did not send the fragments to some old museum, to have silly tourists gaze at them and say, "How lovely! What expression! We can't do such things now!" No. After the saint had given the idol a good crippling, the monks did the rest; and warrant you that they macadamized some of the paths on the hill with Apollo's shins and sun-crowned head. Benedict immediately built a church on the site of the pagan temple and dedicated it to St. John the Baptist. That is the way to do things. In "Hare's Walks in Rome," page 690, the author says, speaking not of Monte Cassino, but of another mountain, Cavo, above Rocca di Papa, "On the grassy platform of the mount is a Passionist convent, built by Cardinal York, who deliberately destroyed the renowned temple of Jupiter Latiaris for the purpose." Having underlined the last twelve words, I wrote gleefully on the margin of the same page, in my copy of the book, "Quite right. Capital idea."

Around the temple of Apollo were many towers, forming part of the Roman fortress which had been erected to protect the City of Cassinum. In one of these towers, still existing, the saint lived with his monks. I am not going to write

the history of the monastery even in brief. It is enough to say that Benedict spent the rest of his life at Monte Cassino, wrote his Rule there, died there, and was buried in the same tomb with his sister, St. Scholastica.

On a beautiful spring day, Saturday in Passion Week, I left Rome with some friends to spend Holy Week in the great Abbey. The station of Cassino is at the foot of the mountain, and carriage fare up to the Monastery is about the same as railway fare from Rome to the town. We took more than an hour to wind slowly up the mountain in our carriage. We might have walked, but it would have been rather hard to carry our hand-bags up the steep paths, and the short cuts are, of course, still more inclined than the carriage road. Arrived at the monastery, we received a good welcome from the monks, and were at once shown to our rooms, for we had taken the proper precaution to write some days before and announce the time of our coming. I call attention to this, for I have heard of one who was much displeased with his reception at the monastery, but he had not given any notice of his coming. If you go anywhere as a tramp, you must be content with a tramp's reception. The present monks of Monte Cassino are not rich. They are merely the guardians of the monastery, which has been confiscated and declared a national monument by the Italian Government.

The windows of our rooms had what Canadians call storm sashes, and these were useful, for at that altitude the nights, even of an Italian spring, are chilly. I could see from my bedroom in the moonlight, almost as distinctly as by day, the town of Cassino, hundreds of feet below, and the trains seeming to move noiselessly through the valley. The sound from them did not reach to that height. The next morning I said Mass in the Abbey Church, which is also the Cathedral of the diocese, for the Abbot of Monte Cassino is Ordinary of a large territory, though he is not a bishop. My companions, converted Anglican clergymen, not yet priests, received holy Communion.

For breakfast,—English-speaking people would consider it

a very austere one,—we had dry bread and coffee with milk. Meanwhile a lay brother entertained us by his talk. He said he knew something about the English. A weird race. The men “fanno la barba ogni giorno” (shave every day), and all men and women, drink tea every evening at five o’clock. As we were English, he gave us large, or as we should say, ordinary cups of coffee. He looked rather astonished when we, mindful of the long and somewhat fatiguing function before us, hinted that we should like a second cup. But as the Italians who came in and went away whilst we sat at table, drank each only one small cup of coffee, such cups as we use for coffee after dinner, and took no milk or bread, though being Sunday, no fast was prescribed, it is not wonderful that the brother was amazed. He must have reflected that five o’clock tea the day before had not lessened our appetites. Though I don’t take tea myself, my companions, proving the correctness of the lay brother’s diagnosis, had brought with them tea in the form of tablets, and these, dissolved in hot water, produced the delightful drink when required.

After breakfast we strolled through the various courts and Loggias of the monastery, admiring the views, especially that from the Loggia called “del Paradiso,” one of the most exquisite in southern Italy. I cannot describe scenery, and if I could, I am not sure that my description would bring any definite picture before the minds of my readers. But I will say, that we had close by, the range of the Appennines, whose summits, white with snow, stood glittering against the bright, blue sky; we looked over the great valley in the direction of Gaeta and the sea; a few miles away, Aquino, the home of St. Thomas was visible; and all this in the glorious sunshine, with the warm breezes that announce the rapid approach of summer. Before the High Mass we had time to carefully visit the church, and found it exceedingly rich in marbles and gold. The tomb of Pietro dei Medici, the brother of Leo X., is in the left transept, and is one of the best works of the architect Antonio di Sangallo.

Opposite the throne of the Lord Abbot was a credence

table holding many silver dishes and ewers, besides several precious mitres, at least five. The reason why there were so many mitres is said to be because the present diocese of Monte Cassino is formed from ancient dioceses. The main part of Monte Cassino, about as large as an average Italian diocese, lies immediately around the Abbey. But there are two other portions enclosed by the dioceses of Valva and Sulmona. The dioceses of Chieti and Vasto entirely surround two other strips of territory belonging to the Diocese of Monte Cassino. The most easterly part of these two strips of land is only a few miles from the Adriatic. The extreme western side of the diocese is about ten miles from the Mediterranean. In ancient days the Abbot of Monte Cassino became by virtue of his office, first noble of the Kingdom of Naples, and Lord of more than two hundred communes, villages and towns. But I must not write too learnedly, or the Editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia may ask permission from the "Lilies" to print some of this article in their next edition.

The ceremonies and High Mass were, as usual on Palm Sunday. It is a part of the happiness of Catholics that they have no need to envy those who witness the august ceremonies of their Church at Rome or elsewhere in Europe. For the identical liturgy with very slight changes according to local circumstances, is celebrated in their own churches at home, wherever they are.

As I stood outside the main door of the Abbey Cathedral, whilst they were chanting "Gloria, Laus et Honor," I thought of my first Palm Sunday in this lovely land, now thirty-five years ago, when I stood before the door of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in Genoa, on a day equally fair, with the bright sun shedding his rays on the Processionists, who by the palms they carried, brought so vividly to mind the lowly pomp of Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

"Hi tibi passuro solvebant munia laudis
Nos tibi regnanti pangimus ecce melos"—

"To Thee before Thy Passion, they sang their hymns of
praise,

To Thee now high exalted our melody we raise.”

My convert friends were highly gratified when they were led into the sacristy by a master of ceremonies, and though they were not yet in Holy Orders, they were invited to wear copes and assist at the throne of the Abbot. Two of them were witnessing the ceremonies of Holy Week for the first time.

One feature of the High Mass would perhaps commend itself in an especial manner to some of the young readers of the Lilies. During the singing of the Passion, after about five minutes, the priest in charge of the College Boys, gave a signal and the lads all sat down for the remaining fifty minutes till the Gospel was to be chanted, when they stood again. However, the monks, the little novices of the Benedictine Order, and the boys of the diocesan seminary, all stood the whole time, as it is customary with us. The college boys are young gentlemen who are not intended for the priesthood, though of course some of them may become priests. They sit in the sanctuary, but not in the choir stalls. There was no sermon. Vespers that day were as usual, and were sung in the crypt beneath the High Altar.

We spent Monday and Tuesday in taking long walks, visiting the farms on the mountain and in examining the Library and Archives of the Monastery. My friends were interested to find in the Library a copy of the Book of Common Prayer of the Anglican Church translated into Latin. But even the holy Latin tongue could not make Cranmer's Communion office in the least resemble the Mass.

One of the earliest and most interesting documents in the Library is a letter from Charlemagne, dated 787. The Kaiser concludes his missive with the words, “Go my letter to find my beloved Paul in the peaceful home of Benedict dear to God. In that house is holy peace, learning enobled by humility, and brotherly union. From thence ascend praise, honor and glory to Christ.” The letter is addressed “To Paul, Deacon of Monte Cassino.”

In 1070 St. Peter Damian wrote to the Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor II., (for Monte Cassino has the honor of counting three Popes who were once members of its community, Stephen IX., Victor II., and Gelasius II.). The saint inscribes the letter "To Desiderius the Archangel of the monks of Monte Cassino, from Peter the sinner monk." In the letter St. Peter says, "Blessed are they who live with you, blessed are they who die in your house, in the midst of your holy works. For we may piously believe that the ladder once seen, reaching from Monte Cassino to Heaven, is still covered with cloaks and shining lamps, and as it then received the Captain, so now by means of it ascends the army of his followers."

The Emperor Frederick II. gave a Diploma to Monte Cassino in 1221. His praise of the Monastery is so fervent that in the end it amounts to exaggeration, when he calls it the only refuge of the poor and harbor to which the pilgrim turns.

There is in the monastery a Visitors' Book, containing the autographs of many distinguished men, generally preceded by some sentiment or quotation. There are the names of Bishop Dupanloup, Antonio Rosmini, Cardinals Deschamps, Hohenlohe, Pitra and many others. I only give the sentences written by those who are well known to British readers.

On April 16th, 1847, Ozanam, founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, wrote in the Album (in French): "Oh you are truly sons of St. Benedict. The stranger who rests under your roof, finds there united in a holy alliance, modern learning and ancient belief, and hospitality a virtue of other days, which the world had thought was gone forever."

On the 6th of September of the same year, Newman wrote (in Latin): "O Saints of Monte Cassino, from whence our England once drew the saving waters of Catholic doctrine, pray for us who converted from heresy, strive to attain our ancient strength."

In 1849 the Monastery received a tragic guest—Ernest Renan—who, however, wrote "Unum est necessarium. Maria optimam partem elegit." (One thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part).

During the Christmas holidays of 1866, Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to the monastery. He was accompanied by Mr. A. Russell, Mr. W. C. Cartwright and the Marquis of Lorne, afterwards Governor-General of Canada. Like the good Etonians they were, they wrote "Floreat." That Mr. Gladstone's wish to see the monastery flourish was no barren one, was proved by the event. For some years after, when he was Prime Minister of England, the Italian Government decided to transfer all the valuable documents from the monks' Library to Naples, Mr. Gladstone intervened successfully; the treasures were allowed to remain at Monte Cassino, and one of the Community was appointed Archivist with a salary paid by the Ministry of Public Instruction.

On the 2nd of March, 1869, Longfellow naïvely wrote in the Album:

"Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time."

Let me see. Who wrote that pretty verse which the American poet evidently admired? Byron? Scott? May be Wordsworth? Sounds rather like Wordsworth. In a foreign land I have no volumes of English poets with me. Perhaps some young reader of the Lilies may come to my aid.

On Wednesday evening we had the Office of Tenebrae. The only novel feature of this function to me, was the chanting of the Lessons of the second and third Nocturn. These were sung to a most plaintive tone. Each sentence seemed to end with a sob.

An hour or so after Tenebrae, the Prior of the Monastery washed the feet of twelve poor men and served them at supper. In this he was assisted by other monks.

The washing of the feet was not so solemn as on the following day. It was performed in the refectory, not in the church, and there was no singing of the Gospel as when the Abbot officiated on Holy Thursday.

I had faculties from the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments to say a private Mass on Holy Thursday, so early the next morning I went to the chapel in the tower where St. Benedict lived. There I said Mass and gave Holy Communion to my friends and to one lay brother, the porter of the monastery. Every one else in the monastery was to receive Holy Communion from the hands of the Lord Abbot in the solemn High Mass. Several Roman princes had now arrived, who were to spend the sacred triduum in that holy house. There were the Princes Mark Anthony Colonna, and Don Prospero Colonna, Mayor of Rome, Prince Chigi, the Marquis of Carpineto, some Neapolitan princes and five or six others of most illustrious Italian families. Some of these gentlemen came from Rome in their motor cars. The automobile is a great convenience. They were able to leave their palaces in the metropolis, and three or four hours afterwards find themselves in the monastery courtyard, with no worrying about transfers. A considerable number of ladies of the same families were present. These remained excepting during church services, in a special guest house for women, some distance outside the monastery gates.

Soon the Abbey Church was filled with those who had come to the High Mass. Like most men, I can make no attempt to say how the women were dressed. But I am not color blind, and I could not help being struck with the profusion of gorgeous hues which filled so large a part of the church. Each of the peasant women was dressed in three colors. They were all modestly veiled. The veil was in some cases of a bright orange color, the waist a brilliant red and the skirt green. Others wore a purple veil, an orange or pink waist and a red skirt. You will not see such costumes in Italian cities. It is only in places far remote from great towns that the peasants—men and women—keep to their ancient picturesque modes of dressing. The princesses and duchesses were all in black.

The Pontifical High Mass was as in any Cathedral on Holy Thursday, with the exception that as the Abbot is not a bishop, the Oils were not blessed. In addition to the college boys of

whom I have written, on Thursday there was present a large number of lads in a semi-military uniform, something like that of boy scouts. I did not at first know who they were. Before the Mass began I spoke to some of them in the sacristy. They said that they were from the town of Cassino. They spoke so well, and seemed such little gentlemen that I concluded that there was another college for children of the upper classes in the town, as a supplement to the college in the monastery. But I afterwards discovered that they were boys from poor families, whom the Abbot has formed into this species of regiment. He takes the greatest care of them, and sees that they are well taught in what is needful for this world and for the next. The Abbot is a most zealous man. He goes almost daily on foot to the town, for he cannot afford to keep either a carriage or an automobile. He has a residence at the base of the mountain, so he can and does attend to the people of his cathedral city with the most complete and thoughtful providence.

I noticed that in returning from the altar, after Holy Communion, the gentlemen, the college boys and the boys of the Abbot's brigade had their arms folded. Young men of the world feel rather bashful if they are required to keep their hands joined before their faces, whilst walking down a church aisle. Seminarians or others dressed in an ecclesiastical costume, do not feel so strange when they take that attitude.

Almost every one in the church received Holy Communion, and as the Abbot alone gave It, that part of the Mass occupied a long time. How strong Italians are! A very large proportion of the people and all the boys of the Abbot's brigade had come from the town. They had climbed that high mountain, and they did not break their fast till nearly one o'clock. Yet there were no pale faces among them. Not one was on the verge of fainting. How would it be with some of our Canadian young people?

When the Mass was over the Abbot made his thanksgiving in the sacristy, whilst the altars were stripped. Then small cups of coffee, without milk, were distributed to all

in the sacristy, and so refreshed, the Abbot and all the monks returned to the church to perform the "Mandatum," from which Holy Thursday takes its name of Maunday Thursday. The "Mandatum," or "Washing of the feet," was done exactly as directed in the Pontificale Romanum. The service is found in any Holy Week Book.

The men whose feet were washed were very old. Some I should judge to be about ninety. They were very poorly dressed. They slowly took off their shoes and stockings whilst the prayers were being sung. After the Abbot had washed their feet, he gave them each a long loaf of bread and a silver coin.

When this ceremony was over we went to dinner. At the beginning of dinner a young monk chanted, not read, some passages of scripture for about ten minutes. The rest of the time he read, as is usual during the meals of religious communities.

That afternoon, when Compline was finished I walked around the monastery courts and on the mountain side, until the harsh rattling sound made in Holy Week, when the bells are silent, announced that the Office of Tenebrae was about to commence.

The thought of St. Thomas of Aquino occurred to me often that afternoon. For his magnificent hymn "Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium" was ringing in my ears, since the morning procession to the chapter house where the Sacred Host had been placed on the altar of repose. Holy Thursday, Corpus Domini and the days of the Forty Hours' Adoration are the only days on which it is commanded that that sublime hymn should be sung in its entirety. And there from the terrace, I could see the home of the composer of that hymn. Here in this monastery St. Thomas spent his holy childhood. Young readers of the "Lilies," some day you may see a controversy in your local newspaper regarding the question, "Which is the most popular Christian hymn?" Just as there are controversies to decide the name of the most widely read

novel, the most useful hundred books and the like. Well, if ever you wish to enter the lists in the first of the controversies I have mentioned, you may begin by saying, "I cannot tell precisely what you mean by "popular Christian hymn," but if you wish to know the name of the Christian hymn, that has been sung most frequently in church, beyond all question, outside of any possible dispute, that hymn is the "Tantum ergo Sacramentum," the last two verses of the "Pange lingua" of St. Thomas Aquinas. If your editor should have offered, as editors sometimes do, a prize for the winner in such a contest, you can prove your case by saying, "That hymn has been sung for centuries every Sunday and Feast day, in scores of thousands of Catholic churches. In many thousand churches it is sung daily excepting on Good Friday." Your fellow controversialists might write as they like about "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Nearer My God to Thee," "O God Our Help in Ages Past," or any others of their favorites. You would certainly win the case, unless your editor should say he meant, when he began the controversy, to speak of Protestant hymns. But even Protestants, of the Ritualists section of the Anglican Church sing, at least once a week, "Therefore We Before Him Bending," a translation of the Tantum ergo. A very few, who do not mind their bishops' protests, sing the hymn in its original Latin.

So I gazed again and again in the direction of Aquina, and thought of the great trials of St. Thomas when he was striving to follow his vocation to the Dominican Order. Often the mothers of the saints have been holy women, but not always. Certainly the mother of St. Thomas was not a saint. She bitterly opposed his vocation. She had no objection to his becoming a priest or even a monk. Indeed she heartily wished that he might become a Benedictine of Monte Cassino, get elected Abbot, and so reach the dignity of first noble of the kingdom of Naples, and be the feudal lord of many towns. But a "frate," a friar of a mendicant order! Farewell to all hopes of family advancement. The great lady went to the Pope about the matter, and the Pope good naturedly suggested

a compromise. He offered to make Thomas Abbot of Monte Cassino, allowing him to wear the Dominican habit and to enjoy all the spiritual privileges of that Order. But Thomas would have no such compromise. He wanted to be a genuine mendicant friar, and in spite of the violent opposition of his family who kept him a close prisoner for about two years, he succeeded in carrying out his purpose.

As this paper has lengthened beyond my intention, I note only one thing in connection with the ceremonies of Good Friday. The Abbot pontificated. He is a strong, vigorous man, not at all given to display emotion. But in chanting the prayer "Oremus dilectissimi nobis Deum Patrem omnipotentem . . . ut . . . aperiat carceres: vincula dissolvat, etc. (Let us pray, dearly beloved to God the Father almighty . . . that He may open prisons, break chains, grant a safe return to travellers, health to the sick, and a port of safety to those who are at sea), his voice broke and he gave a sob, which all in the church observed. How many millions of prisoners of war there were in Europe at that moment! What dangers those at sea were risking, for the Germans were sinking every ship their submarines met, making no enquiries as to nationality or destination. Was there one person in that church who had not a relative killed or injured in the great war?

But the Abbot would have displayed a livelier emotion still, if he could have foreseen that four or five hours afterwards, scores and scores of people would have been killed in a church at Paris by a shell from a German cannon. For it was Good Friday of 1918. Holy Saturday dawned, bringing that calm, joyous feeling peculiar to itself. The sacred ceremonies of the day were performed with splendor and reverence. The "Exultet" was sung from a high pulpit. Compline was beautifully chanted at six o'clock, and then all sang a hymn in honor of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

At three that afternoon, my companions and I left the Monastery. They went on a visit to Benevento, and I returned to Rome.

The Fairy Palaces

BY FREDERICK B. FENTON.

Into the Fairy Palaces
Come, let us go once more,
Letting a thousand fantasies
Enchant us as of yore.
There, in the silvery twilight
Shed by the ember spark,
You can talk to your Coeur de Lion,
And I, to brave Joan of Arc.

And, within those pleasant chambers,
As children that we knew,
How the mind records and remembers
The things that we used to do;
Here is my old grey Dobbin,
There is your castled fort;
While, without, the chirp of a robin
Blends with our gleeful sport.

Innocent land is fairy land;
Allied with Beauty and Youth,
And leading out of its Wonderland
Are the lovelier realms of Truth;
Where dwell fair wealth and meaning,
Things as they really are,
No falsehood dark intervening,
And the beckoning heights afar!

How soon when the vain world wearied
Have we, for our soul's peace sought
The fountains of Truth to cheer us
With youth and hopeful thought.
How many grope in the shadows
Of Life's uncertain day
Ere they come to the peaceful meadows
Of Truth's revealing ray.

Through the halls of the dreamy palaces
Let us wander again and again,
Aglow with gorgeous fancies,
Thrilled by a hallowing strain.
There in the mystical dawnlight,
Shed by Truth's beacon spark,
You may talk to your Coeur de Lion,
And I, to brave Joan of Arc!



THE LATE DR. R. J. DWYER, M.R.C.P.

In Memory of
Dr. Robert Joseph Dwyer, M.R.C.P.

Who Died at His Late Residence at No. 734 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto, Jan. 29th, 1920

By S. M. P.

It seems to have been but yesterday that, sitting where I now sit, with the same spring sunlight streaming in around me, I read with delightful interest from the pages of the March 'Lilies' a beautiful, touching tribute to the honour and ability of Dr. R. J. Dwyer, who was then in the full enjoyment of all his powers at their best. Now, after the lapse of six brief years, I take up my pen to inscribe a word in tender gratitude to his memory, for he has passed beyond the sunset skies of this corporeal life to find his rest and reward with the Master Whom he served and Whose sick and suffering creatures he laboured so zealously to heal and help. It would not be fitting that this publication should go forth without this word in appreciation of the great Doctor's noble character, in esteem of his lofty and varied attainments and in admiration for his splendid principles and sterling virtues as a man. As head of the medical department of St. Michael's Hospital and for many years its resident physician and superintendent, his memory is very dear to every nurse or Sister who has been on duty or in charge there, and in fact to every Sister of St. Joseph. All join in offering their grain of incense to the memory of Dr. Dwyer as one whose work was not only surpassingly great, but who performed that work with a generosity, a scrupulous uprightness and a charming modesty such as a man of most exalted purpose alone could have exhibited.

Dr. Dwyer was born at Napanee, Ont., and was fortunate in his parents, whose gentle, simple lives flowed peacefully on in the exercise of practical duties and moral virtues and who maintained that firm adherence to the Catholic faith, which

put the mark of its influence on the sensitive youth that the usage of the world and its evil ways could never afterwards obliterate. Undoubtedly he was a boy of strange precocity, of fiery, passionate temper, impressionable, of exuberant spirit and quite unconscious of his powers. As a youth he was of slender, delicate bodily frame, lithe, elastic and nimble as a goat. As a student his mind was quick as lightning, sharp as a razor, his judgment keen, accurate, positive, his faculty of comprehensive and philosophical generalisation on all subjects most striking. He had a gift of winning friends wherever he went and of keeping them without effort or calculation by the charm and sincerity of his manner and the candour and whiteness of his spirit. As a physician, his unselfishness knew no limit. He was ever ready to encourage beginners in the profession and quick to push on those who were winning their way to success. With his confrères he was always "hail, good fellow, well met" and they usually spoke of him familiarly and affectionately as "Bob," or briefly "R.J.," while they reverently held him in their heart of hearts as an inspired and inspiring divinity in the Temple of Medicine and a seeker of the healing art, who was miles ahead of them in their search for the true philosopher's stone. The fact that he retained the confidence and respect of his fellow-labourers in the profession ever to the end is in itself the best evidence of the genuineness of his character and of his genius. Dr. Dwyer owed nothing to friend or fortune, to patronage or opportunity; his great reputation and success were due entirely to his own efforts in developing the rare gifts with which by God he was so richly endowed. He scaled the sublimest heights of his profession in a shorter time than others learn to mutter its cant; he overcame difficulties by sheer force of mind and will, which blocked the path to others; he was a host in himself, and in not a few well-known cases he stood as a single man against many on a vital consultation. Needless to say, he was right invariably, for he had, as it were, the flair of the blood-hound on

scent, as has been shrewdly noted, and he acted with that dogged persistency peculiar to animal instinct. To quote from the editorial page of "The Saturday Night," Feb. 7, "he was one of the greatest diagnosticians that this continent has produced, a man with a super-normal gift for getting at the root of an obscure malady, and one who possessed a gift for healing that almost amounted to inspiration."

In Dr. Dwyer's relations with the students of the University of Toronto for whom, as Associate Professor of Medicine, he lectured, and who, as true disciples, were happy if they might follow at his heels to clinic or autopsy, we may say that he was remarkably helpful and stimulating. Without any pretension to eloquence, he rivited the attention of his hearers, and by the clearness and simplicity of his language and the magic forcefulness of his illustrations of which he always had an abundant supply from his personal experience, he impressed the minds of his disciples indelibly with the facts he desired to teach. Besides his regular programme, he frequently lectured to the teachers of the city and the general public, as well as to the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy and College, on hygiene, philosophy, the Great War, and kindred topics. He was a "born teacher," as the expression goes. Whenever it was his "privilege," as he termed it, to impart his knowledge, it seemed to afford him such rapturous pleasure that his whole being was, as it were, temporarily transformed; his vital powers seemed to become electrified, an illumination overspread his mobile countenance, an unconscious smile beamed in his intelligent eyes, the tones of his voice were charged with a peculiarly vibrant quality, and he felt no doubt, for he acted the rôle unconsciously, a hero and a prophet of the hour. In the character of a teacher he was unsurpassed. This at least is the testimony of those who have the best right to pronounce a judgment.

In the annual series of instructions which Dr. Dwyer gave to the nurses at St. Michael's much of what has been said of his teaching also applies. To the nurses, however, he was

something more of an apostle of faith and charity, a director and even a spiritual guide, an illuminating interpreter of life and death. He would suggest to them the highest motives for their weary watches in the sombre stillness of the sick-room, would urge them to untiring solicitude for the alleviation of pain and the prolongation of human life, which he loved for itself as a sacred thing and the most precious gift of God. The ward patients he would counsel them to care for, in the most tender, most sympathetic way. No medicine, no treatment, was to be denied them however expensive or difficult to procure. They were the Lazarites, who were dear to the heart of the Creator, Who would reward all done for them as done unto Himself. Seriousness and conscientiousness were the qualities he looked for in every nurse, and if these were lacking, nothing else could satisfy him. Honour, Truth and Trust were the burden of his refrain.

In the Doctor's visits to his patients in ward or suite, in cottage or villa, he was the soothing spirit breathing healing balm, their ray of hope that he, the "great, tall doctor," would strike out a way of safety for them when all ways were either closed or vain. He, on his part, had no keener happiness than when he could allay all ill-founded apprehensions, no greater unhappiness than when he had to confirm their deadliest fears. Among his patients he was no respecter of persons, no "window-dresser," as he called it, no "fore-flusher," but he was always most considerate of the reputation of the "family physician" whoever he might be. No man's credit or honour suffered a stain or even a shadow through him. With him the aim of his profession was never the getting of fees equivalent to the services rendered, for he died a poor, rather than a wealthy man through his indifference to reward. Of the numberless charities of his kind and manly life we shall never know, nor do we choose to speak of those things which are best known to God alone, from Whose hands be now the rich reward.

Though Dr. Dwyer was naturally studious, fond of history,

biography, poetry and literature in general, and besides this, was thoroughly versed in the science of his profession, devoting much effort also to research, though his name was a name to conjure with and call back spirits from the vasty deep of valetudinarian despair, this great name will not be found on the library shelf, because he had no Boswell to report his words of wisdom and information in many volumes which might creditably have borne his name. His powers of conversation were absolutely wonderful. With the greatest clearness, fullness and precision he could extemporise upon any subject from the most occult science,—levitation, magnetism, spiritism, to a discussion the most scholarly and profound upon such subjects as philosophy and mysticism, and it was one of his chief delights to test himself with his peers in these discussions. He used language the most simple and chose illustrations the most apt. He never tried to impress his listeners with a sense of his superiority, but sought only to give them pleasure,—and himself the greatest pleasure,—that of sharing his great knowledge with others. He had a private stock of peculiar, handy expressions, which did him yeoman service on sudden occasions, when his righteous ire was up, yet apart from these, his language was of so pure a character that the religious nurse in a hospital ward need never draw her veil, nor the Recording Angel fold his wings over his face to hear.

Of the great doctor's paper testimonials I have as yet said nothing, though they were of such an exceptional nature that they might well make a man feel self-satisfied and proud. After completing his course in Toronto, and a post-graduate term at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, he sailed for Europe, and in little over six months' time won three more degrees in Leipzig and London, returning to Toronto in 1902 with the most highly coveted honour (M.R.C.P.), which ranked him henceforth as a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, of which membership there were not more than five in Canada and thirteen on the whole American continent. There are some other exceptional distinctions which he enjoyed, I believe, but

definite information about them is not at hand. However, they must needs all sink into oblivion and dwindle to the paltry value of "scraps of paper" when we remember the many actual, positive achievements of the later years of the Doctor's busy life, when he became known all over the continent as simply "DWYER," writ large, whose like we ne'er shall meet again.

Dr. Dwyer gave the best years of his life to his fellow men and took less than a living wage for himself. He spent much time and effort for nothing, or for what was utterly inadequate recompense. He never enjoyed the remuneration due to his services. He was as solicitous for the health and well-being of the penniless and the orphan as for the sons of Croesus or the magnates of the fashionable world. When ill-health began to grow upon him and make havoc of his vital powers, he would betimes withdraw from his consulting-office to what he was pleased to call his "Suburban Retreat," to gradually retrieve his strength in the quiet of a sunny room at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, overlooking the calm, blue waters of Lake Ontario. Here, after assisting at daily Mass in the children's chapel, where he edified all who beheld him by his reverent, prayerful demeanor and attitude of deep devotion, he would sleep or read or hold genial converse with faithful friends who found him out and loved to bring him any comfort in their power to offer. A year ago, during the epidemic of influenza, he proved to be the guardian spirit of the orphans and of the Sisters in charge of them. He kept untiring watch of the slightest symptoms of the disease, and warded off death in many cases that seemed almost beyond human control. The mortality was even less than one per cent. of the number registered. This was an instance among many of his purely voluntary benevolence, entirely free from the altruism of our modern social service.

Speaking of Dr. Dwyer's remarkable devotion at Holy Mass reminds me of my first sight of him in his white suit, as the servitor of the Rev. Doctor Treacy in the hospital chapel during the Forty Hours' Devotion there. The scene remains

vividly impressed upon my mind. The place, the time and the persons seemed to combine in emphasizing the impression. The place and the solemnity of the occasion I leave to the reader's imagination. The Rev. Doctor of Divinity as celebrant, in his splendid vestments, intoning with clear, beautiful accent the Latin of the Gregorian Chant, quite fitted into the general entourage as belonging to it, and in some measure he compelled devotion in the congregation by his Rome-trained observance of the ceremonial and his markedly reverent ministration before the altar. But to witness the worshipful attendance of the other,—the Medical Doctor, whose more natural setting was the operating-theatre or the mortuary-room with its array of carving instruments,—seemed like some strange delusion. However, there they were—two brilliant stars in different orbits, uniting heart and soul before the same altar to give due homage to the Almighty God before Whose Holy Presence they knelt and bowed together in devout worship. It would seem to an observer of Dr. Dwyer on this and many similar occasions, that had he not dedicated his life to the medical profession, he might, even with greater efficacy, have consecrated it to the service of the altar, for it seemed to be his true vocation to serve within the sanctuary. When he became too weak to assist at Holy Mass in the parish church, he procured a set of records of the Mass sung by the Vatican Choir, which he had repeated on the victrola, while with characteristic piety he would follow the several parts in order.

The last six months that passed before the final summons came were like the sunset glow before the close of day. As the Doctor's bodily frame became weakened and chastened by physical pain, his soul became strengthened and brightened by greater love for God and man revealing new depths of beauty and tenderness. To his little family circle,—his beloved mother, sister Theresa, brother James, and Mother Mary Immaculate, B.A., of the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, as well as to his many intimate friends, his sweetly cheerful smile and serene conversation were a source of constant joy and consolation to the last.

Though pained at the manifest decline of his strength day by day, they fain would hope that he might be restored, and they left nothing undone to that end. But he would not have their hopes deceived and he warned them calmly how it all would be. He knew his case so well, he could predict every successive phase of his malady, check off each stage as the day and date slipped past, and count upon himself as a perfect actor, who never missed his cue in this last Act of the *schicksals-tragödie* of his life. He measured to himself the allotted span with the same calmness and precision as he had so often measured it for others. Had not his deep, true piety and steadfast spiritual strength sustained him under such a trial, reasonably he must have lost that peace, serenity and tranquil cheerfulness which characterized his looks and words even until the Great Angel came for his recall. Alas! that when the horologe of his life had barely sounded noon, this great, good man must go! Nay, even in the last long strokes of that living hour there was an ominous sound. Oh, the gripping pathos of it all! But the consolation too was sweet, and sweeter far than my feeble words can tell. His soul was in God's hands.

“Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
 As of a day to which all days
 Were footsteps in God's secret ways;
 Until a folding sense, like prayer,
 Which is, as God is, everywhere,
 Gathered about him; and a voice
 Spake to him without any noise,
 Being of the silence; “Come,” it said,
 and now,—

is it Faith, or Love, or Hope that lets me see thee standing up
 where the light of the Throne is bright and God's omniscience
 now is shared by thee, who hast learned the secrets of Eternity?



St. Joseph

"Ite ad Joseph." Gen. 41-55. BY EDITH R. WILSON, B.A.

True Saint of God! In doubt and care,
To thy dear feet we flee;
The sweetness of the Holy Child
Seems manifest in thee.
Calm patience lies within thine eyes,
And on thy lips a prayer,
Still dost thou seem, in holy dream,
Converse with God to share.
O faithful-hearted! tempted sore
We kneel before thy shrine;—
A blessing from the Saviour's hands
Seems given into thine;
Safe from alarm, thy loving arms
Folded the Christ to rest.
His children bow before thee now,
Oh clasp us to thy breast!
Spouse of our Lady! to such grace
Thy purity attained;
Then shall not we thy succor seek
To keep our souls unstained?
Soft Springtide reigns upon the plains,
But mountain winds blow chill,
So in each heart grace finds a part
Yet evil threatens still.
Dear Guardian of our Lord! That name
We cannot plead in vain.
For Bethlehem's tenderest memories
Wake at the sound again.
The calm midnight, the wondrous light
Which flooded all the cave,—
Oh, by the power of that sweet hour,
We pray thee guard and save!
Joseph, the Carpenter, 'twas thine
Of old, to ward and guide
That home of homes where Jesus wrought
And toil was sanctified;
Shield us, we pray, through life's brief day,
And when we wink in death,
Share we thy rest on Jesus' breast,
Calm Saint of Nazareth!

For the Sake of the Crucified

BY REV. J. J. MCCARTHY, B.A.

WOULD they not even spare Jimmy, the gay, wise, lovable Jimmy, who had never done a man wrong in his life? He lay pitifully white on the bed, breathing so lightly, his black hair, that I could have touched even as if I had been a woman, all hidden in the long swathes of bandages. 'He is quite unconscious, and won't live through the day.' said the V.A.D. who had brought me in. I clenched my fist against emotion. My rebel heart reeled with the clash of thought — this damnable war, those hell-hounds, whose lust for power, or blundering, or stupidity, have caused it! Jimmy!—and yet we were but friends, and mother has parted from son like this, girl from lover, unnumbered times

... .

"And then I saw what hung above his head, and the girl by me caught the glance and whispered: 'He would have it there.' It was Jimmy's principle, and it is God's. In that moment I think I knew that he was right; that no glory of the past can match what may be the glory of the future if that be set up. And I knelt by the bed and surrendered my friend for the sake of the Crucified."

The blessed mingling of human love and divine, which Robert Keable portrays for us in these closing sentences of "Standing By," is a rare thing to-day. What the world needs is not, of course, the setting up of the standard of the Cross; that was done long ago. It is vision that it lacks. "Go," said the Lord, "and thou shalt say to this people: Hearing, hear, and understand not; and see the vision, and know it not." There is such a wealth of human tenderness in the world, and so little of it for the Crucified.

God, in the beginning, made heaven and earth; and He looked upon the works of His hands, and saw that they

were good. In some mysterious way Infinite Love reached out and enfolded all created things to His bosom. His love for them was a love of complacency; but man He loved with the love of person to person. He walked with Adam and Eve in the Garden and talked with them as with friends. And when man had fallen, He made the work of reparation His own special work. He did not send another to do it for Him, but came Himself in the Person of the Eternal Word. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." It is easy to write that down, but shall we ever know all it means? Or shall we never know the fulness of meaning in St. Paul's words: "He loved me, and delivered Himself for me."

We cannot fathom God's wisdom, nor His power, nor His boundless love, nor anything of Him. But it was once given to men to know Jesus of Nazareth; to hear the words that fell from His lips, and they were the words of God; to see the works of His hands, and they were the works of God, to look into his eyes, and read there the secrets of the heart of God.

One would think that the memory of it—were that all we had—would be enough to light the fires of love in the most unlikely souls. The memory of the strong Christ, of Whom men said: "What manner of man is this, for the winds and the waves obey Him?" of the kind Christ Who, when the leper asked Him: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," answered, "I will; be thou made clean"; of the pitiful Christ, Who stopped the funeral procession at the gates of Naim, and gave back the young man alive to his mother. The memory of the children's Friend; of healing touch and wearied feet; of scourge, and thorn-crown, and cross. One would think, with only this, that men would love Him.

But we have more than memory. In our Lord's own day people expected more of Him than a passing visitation as of mortal man. He spoke to them of His death: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." And they asked Him: "How is this? We have heard

out of the law that Christ abideth forever; and Thou sayest the Son of Man must be lifted up.'

He did not explain it to them then. But when the hour came He went out across Kedron to Gethsemane, and in the garden, went apart alone to pray. The chalice was lifted to His lips; all the sins of all the world charged against Him. We can never know on earth the torture and shame of the night that followed. And in the morning Pilate showed Him to the crowd, fondly hoping that the sight of Him would move their hearts to pity: "Behold the Man."

The scourge has cut His flesh. His brow is bleeding where the thorns have torn it. They put a purple rag on Him, and a reed in His hand, and mock His kingship. And they lead Him up the hill of Calvary—out beyond the city wall, for He, the victim for sin, the Lamb of God, must die without the camp. He is lifted up upon His Cross, and through tears and blood, looks out across the city that He loves, and across the world.

No, we need not the setting up of the Cross. That was done long ago. He died upon it; and then, towards evening, gently, reverently, they took Him down, and laid Him back in His mothers' arms.

And we have more than the memory of it. Three days later, again towards evening, a Stranger overtook two of the Disciples on the road leading westward from Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus. It was the risen Saviour. "But their eyes were held that they should not know Him." And He said to them: "What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk and are sad?" They asked, in surprise, if He did not know of the tragedy of Friday? They had seen Him die; and they hoped that it was He that should have redeemed Israel. And, what was very strange, that morning some of the women of their company were at the sepulchre, and found the cloths lying, but the Body was gone. And they say angels appeared to them, who told them that He is risen. Then Jesus put by all seeming ignorance and said to

them: "O foolish and slow of heart, that you cannot believe what the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"

One by one He took the prophecies and explained figure and fulfilment. They confessed afterwards that their hearts were burning within them while He spoke; and yet their eyes were held. The words of Holy Scripture, interpreted though they were by Divine lips, were not enough to bring back their faith in Him. For the New Law had begun; and, not from any intrinsic necessity, but because He willed it so, henceforth the bestowal of grace was touched to outward signs.

They reached the village, and Jesus made as though He would go on. 'But they constrained Him, saying: stay with us, because it is towards evening, and the day is now far spent. And He went in with them. And while He was at table with them, He took bread, and blessed and broke, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight.'

Once again He performed the wonder of Holy Thursday. Above the earthly bread He whispered the words of power, and it became Bread from heaven. Our senses might say No, yet It was what He said it was, His Body; and He was the living God-Man. Along the road He had recounted for them the events of His life and death. At table He did a very different thing; He gathered up, as it were, the years of that Life, and set It down as one before them, and they entered into direct and physical communion with It; "and their eyes were opened, and they knew Him."

And it is in just this way that He comes to His children across the ages. We have more than memory. The Cross is in its very own place above the Catholic Altar. For there it is the symbol of the Great Reality that is re-enacted daily upon the Altar-stone. And only on its knees at the foot of the Altar stairs, will the world be constrained to accept and live the lessons of the Cross. There is no other hope for it to-day. It cannot know Him except in the breaking of Bread.

Under the Sanctuary Lamp

BY REV. R. B. BEAN, M.A.

Dear Master, in the hushed and sacred dawn,

Before the troubled, noiseful day was born,

Beneath those trembling rays incarnadine

I've lifted up Thy awful bread and wine.

And when from high noon and its drunken glare

I've come, to offer Thee my troubled prayer,

Still in its love-red light and mystic peace

The anguish of my spirit found surcease.

And when the day, outwearied, sank to rest

In tired slumber on the night's cool breast,

The peace supernal that its halo shed

Has lain like Thine own hand upon my head.

I would not shrink, Lord, from the laboring morn;

Through the hot noontide, let me battle on;

But oh, to die, when life sinks into night,

Bowed low before Thy Sanctuary's light!

A Few Spanish Poems

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

ONE of the dearest and most precious memories of my school days is that of reading several volumes in French by the historian, Sismondi. It was an enterprise of my own. I had fallen in with his "History of the Literature of Southern Europe," having found it on the shelves of a fine private library, and shall never forget its splendid picturings of Dante and Petrarch, Calderon and Lope de Vega, with the songs of the Troubadours and visions of Provence.

The tragedy of Inez de Castro, in particular, took such intense hold on me that I began an English version of it, which naturally, was never finished.

But one fascination, that of the magnificent *coplas* of Don Jorge Manrique, familiar to us all in Longfellow's fine translation, has clung to me ever since.

In recent years, some attempts have been made to bring before the public a few Spanish contemporary authors, notably Don Emilio Pardo de Bazan, whose vivid story, "The Good Canon," has been widely circulated, through the medium of an excellent English version.

Last summer, too, we came upon the following lines by Dr. Dollard, whose inimitable Spanish flavor justifies their insertion here:

ON A SPANISH CHASUBLE OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

(Seen in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto).

How camest thou here, dear vestment of the Mass,
Worn by long sacred use? The centuries
Have strangely dealt with thee. A thousand times
If once, thou hast been used at sacring hour,
Yet who can say at what rich altar front,
Three hundred years ago, thy youth was spent?
What incense of great feasts still haunts thy folds?
From what fair region of romantic Spain—

Estremadura, or renowned Seville,
 Navarre, or Arragon or Murcia
 Or Andalusia? What strains hast heard
 Of solemn dirge and mournful requiem
 Of chant of victory and nuptial song?
 Here in this treasure-house dost thou recall
 The long-lost suns and moons of golden Spain,
 The Masses and the prayers and the tears,
 The scented mornings and the holy nights
 When Christ and thou kept vigil all alone
 Through seeming endless days?

Here in a land
 Of stranger faces and of stranger Faith,
 Where careless and unthinking crowds pass by,
 Thou art a piteous exile, pining sad
 For Salamanca, or Zamora's hills,
 Or Vinaroz on an Odyssean shore!

Now and again we find in the columns of the press a charming bit of Spanish verse, reaching us by way of Cuba. The following has much of the sweet languorous Southern flavor, though not lacking fire or beauty:

ONE NIGHT.

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread
 Their misty marvels through the withered flowers;
 The windows, by the moonlight pierced, still shed
 Their trembling garlands pale across the bowers.

The balconies looked over to the South;
 The night was one immortal and serene;
 From fields afar the newborn springtime's mouth
 Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral moan
 Among the shadowy roses of the sward;
 Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
 Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had died—
The azure stars, in languor, having known
The sorrows all the centuries provide,
With silver crowned me there, remote and lone.

This is from the pen of Juan Ramon Jiménez and translated by Thomas Walsh. And here is a little Spanish serenade:

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee.
To be near thee, to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Like the Italian love-sonnets, the Spanish love-poems are passionate, often extremely so; yet there is a touch of melancholy about the hidalgo, a sombre dignity, which separates him from the Florentine or Venetian lover. Once in a while he indulges in hyperbole and extravagant compliment, as when one of Seville's admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says they "were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

The deeply religious nature of the Spaniard seems to permeate all his work; yet in the Sancho Panza, of Cervantes and the chatter of the lower classes as represented in comedy,—much as Longfellow gives it in his "Spanish Student"—there is an extreme of reaction into sarcasm and open ribaldry. "It is by the Vicar's skirts," says the scamp of this type, "that the Devil climbs into the belfry."

Many national proverbs have this trend, while others show a sort of homely shrewdness; such as these, for example: "You run away from the thunder and run into the lightning." "You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar." "Every tub

smells of the wine that is in it,"—and a music-story of the Bag-piper who asked one maravedi for playing and ten for *leaving off!*

Very interesting, too, are the dance and singing games, popular among the Catholic children of Madrid. A recent author, after describing several of these, goes on to say, "Even the supreme solemnity of the Host borne through the kneeling streets cannot abash the trustful gaze of childhood." Then follows this song. One is sure that the Lord Jesus, Who loved little children when on earth, does not deem it too-familiar or at all irreverent. It is their simple vision of His love :

"Where are you going, dear Jesus,
So gallant and so gay?"

"I am going to a dying man
To wash his sins away.

And if I find him sorry

For the evil he has done,

Though his sins be more than the sands of the sea

I'll pardon every one."

"Where are you going, dear Jesus,
So gallant and so gay?"

"I'm coming back from a dying man

Whose sins are washed away.

Because I found him sorry

For the evil he had done,

Though his sins were more than the sands of the sea

I have pardoned every one."

In addition to the above, and strangest of all, is a little dramatic dialogue, which anyone with an ear for children's voices can hear sung on the streets of Madrid. Its theme is the death of Queen Mercedes; while another, a sort of ballad, gives the old tale of Saint Catherine and her martyrdom. The children have embroidered this with a world of fanciful caprices.

These choral games are spicy and full of variety; that they are popular goes without saying. The music in most cases—as in the Garden Dancing Song—swings out into attractive melodies.

For pathos and dramatic beauty few poems surpass this; its power and delicacy are evident. The late Charles O'Malley reprinted it in his "Midland Review," its melancholy charm doubtless appealing to him. Its feeling could but touch the minor chords which always echoed within him.

PRAYER OF THE ALTAR ROSE.

O great dear God, Lord Jesus!
 Thy humblest handmaid, I,
 Beside Thee in the dark
 Keeping watch and ward
 All night, all night, all night!
 At morning I shall die—
 All lifeless lie and stark—
 Yet, ere my breath takes flight
 Hear me, beloved Lord!
 Hear me, Lord Jesus.

She who did place me here
 At Thy beloved feet,
 (Herself a rose, aged seven),
 Grant Thou that she may keep
 Clean-white as new-washed wool;
 This hath she bade entreat.
 Seeking all day Thy heaven,
 She, on dew-pastures cool,
 Would rest among Thy sheep—
 Guide her, Lord Jesus!

Deep! Still!—I lean and listen,
 Yet hear no loving word.
 The moon sets pale and white;
 Wilt Thou her faith reward?—

Hark! Murmurs faint and low,
 Like rose-leaves softly stirred!—
 Thou wilt her faith requite?
 —Now, let the white dawn glow;
 My watch is done, dear Lord,
 All done, Lord Jesus!

In Lope de Vega the Spaniards have a truly great poet and they are fully aware of this. A noted French writer says, "The Stanzas of Tasso are sung by the gondoliers of Venice; the Spaniards and Portuguese of all classes know by heart the verses of Calderon and Camoëns. The popular taste runs less to cheap theatrical songs than with us. The Iberian grandee and even the poor peasant have more dignity and lift their souls to higher things."

The following sonnet by Lope de Vega has lost nothing in Longfellow's fine version of it. It lays high claim to the measureless beauty.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Shepherd, that with Thine amorous, sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,—
 That mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree
 On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
 For Thou my Shepherd, Guard and Guide shalt be!
 I will obey Thy voice and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd! Thou Who for Thy flock art dying,
 O wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait!—to Thee my weary soul is crying,—
 Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see
 With feet nailed to the Cross, Thou'rt waiting still
 for me.



VENERABLE BROTHER BERNILDUS,
OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN
SCHOOLS

Venerable Brother Benildus, F.S.C.

Sketch of the Life and Work of a Saintly Religious Teacher

BY REV. BRO. SIMON, F.S.C.

THE recent opening of Benildus Hall, Toronto, as a residence for the scholastics of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools while in attendance at the Normal School or the Faculty of Education, has naturally suggested the questions: Whence the name? Why is it so called? It is not, then, inopportune to indicate the significance of the title. Besides, to the readers of *The Lilies*, who are particularly interested in all that concerns Catholic education—its masters, its models, and its ideals, it cannot fail to be interesting, if not, indeed, inspiring, to read of one whose saintly and fruitful career was a living proof of the power and worth of the principles, practices, and ideals of the great Teacher-Saint.

Childhood and Early Years.

Pierre Romançon, later known as Brother Benildus, was born at Thuret in the Diocese of Clermont, France, on June 14, 1805. He was brought up in piety by his mother, a woman of eminent virtue, whose chief aim was to preserve his innocence and to instil into his mind the fear of God and a horror of sin.

While he was yet very young, she inspired him with a tender devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, a devotion which formed one of the predominant characteristics of his whole life. Being possessed of a tender and affectionate piety, this predestined child was the joy of his family and the edification of all, especially while assisting at the sacred offices of the Church. He was already regarded as a saint.

Young Pierre surpassed all children of the same age in intelligence and learning. As if instinctively forecasting the apostolate that he was to exercise during his whole life, he

made himself their little schoolmaster, teaching them how to read and write, and making them recite their morning and evening prayers and say their catechism.

He was soon employed by his parents to take care of their flocks in the country. Like the holy shepherds who sanctified themselves while engaged in this humble occupation, he was never idle; his time was divided between reading and prayer. In contemplating the beauties of nature, he raised his pure and innocent soul to the Creator.

Meanwhile, the scandals to which, in spite of himself, he was an eye-witness in the secular world, as also the desolation caused even at Thuret through the invasion of France by the allied armies, gave him a great disgust for the world and an inclination for the religious life. From time to time, the boy accompanied his parents to Clermont and saw in the streets of that city some of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He was forcibly struck by the simplicity of their dress and by the modesty and recollection of their exterior, and he resolved to know more of their way of life. He at once felt a strong inclination to enter the Order of St. De La Salle.

He was now in his twelfth year and the time of his First Communion approached. Aided by his pious mother, Pierre prepared himself for this great event with all the piety and generosity of which he was capable at that age. His love for the Holy Eucharist steadily increased and he commenced that series of more and more fervent and frequent Communions which formed the strength and consolation of his life.

It was on the occasion of his First Communion that young Pierre saw clearly that God called him to the religious life in the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He made known his intention to his pious parents, and they, notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice, were resolved not to offer any opposition to the will of God. About this time also, the saintly boy was urged by a special grace to promise Our Lord that he would lead a life of perfect continence.

The Christian Brothers had just then opened a new school at Riom, the chief town of the district in which the parish of Thuret is situated, and to this school his parents sent Pierre in the hope that, while completing his school course, he would get a better idea of the life of the Brothers. The latter soon saw reason to appreciate the treasure that Providence had confided to them. Struck by the boy's candor, docility, and angelic piety, they aided him in his endeavors to perfect his mind and heart, and prepared his way to the Novitiate.

But a great grief weighed down the boy's heart. His smallness of stature seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to his admission. However, he did not lose courage, but turning towards God, he unconsciously did what St. Colette had done four hundred years before. This saint also was very small at fourteen, and was deeply grieved to find that her father was laughed at in reference to her size. She accordingly threw herself on her knees at the foot of the crucifix and exclaimed: "Alas, Lord, dost Thou wish that I should continue to be so very small?" Her prayer ended, she found, says her biographer, that she had suddenly increased in size, and she returned to her home much taller than when she had left it.

Pierre's desires were not so promptly nor so completely granted, but, after three years' fervent prayer, he had grown sufficiently to obtain the favor of being admitted to the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers. Being furnished with an excellent testimonial from his parish priest and another from the Brothers at Riom, he was admitted to the Novitiate at Clermont-Ferrand on February 10, 1820.

Religious Teacher and Superior.

From the day of his arrival, Pierre Romangeon was regarded as a model for his fellow-novices. He labored to acquire all the virtues that should distinguish a perfect novice and was especially remarkable for his great docility. On receiving the holy habit, he took the name of Brother Benildus, and from that day forward, cherished a special devotion to the saint

under whose protection he was placed. He often prayed to his patron for the grace of martyrdom.

The Director of the young novice soon discovered that God had sent him a chosen soul and hesitated not to predict that the little Brother, because of his piety and spirit of faith, was destined to become one of the glories of the Institute. This prediction has been fulfilled.

On leaving the Novitiate, Brother Benildus was sent to teach the primary class at Aurillac, and there remained from 1821 to 1825. His delight was to be in the midst of his dear children and he knew how to make himself both feared and loved by them. "If my superiors had so desired it," he afterwards said, "I should gladly have remained all my life teaching a primary class. I cannot express how happy I was in forming those young hearts in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ."

When his term of probation was ended, he was allowed to make triennial vows. But he was not fully satisfied until the time came for him to make his perpetual vows which bound him irrevocably to God. Then his heart overflowed with joy and contentment. Henceforth the Lord was to be his portion forever.

After making his final vows, Brother Benildus was sent successively to Moulin, Limoges, Clermont, and Monferrand. In these various towns he was employed as teacher of the senior classes or as econome. By his skill in forming the children to virtue and knowledge, he obtained wonderful results in class. Wherever he went, he gained the esteem and veneration of the Brothers, of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and of the pupils and their parents.

In 1839, the Very Rev. Brother Philip, Superior General, appointed him Director of the Brothers' House at Billom, near Clermont. In vain did Brother Benildus allege his incapacity; he was obliged to show his spirit of obedience by accepting the office. To his duties as Director he added those of principal of the school.

Here the holy Brother's virtues and talents shone out with a new splendor. Very soon after his arrival at Billom, the good order that reigned in the school and the emulation that he had aroused among the pupils, inspired the parents with confidence in the new principal, and the number of pupils soon doubled. The public school became alarmed, and the war once declared by the school-masters of Paris against St. De La Salle was renewed against Brother Benildus. But it was ineffectual. The efforts of opponents failed, when pitted against the devotedness of the teachers and the success of the pupils.

While, however, the inhabitants of Billom rejoiced in the possession of so saintly and capable a teacher and Director, Very Rev. Brother Philip had him in view for the direction of a new establishment just founded at Saugues, not far from Le Puy. The new appointment alarmed the humble Brother, who had a lively sense of his own incapacity; but, full of confidence in God and of submission to obedience, he courageously undertook the work. It was not long till his successes fully justified the choice made by his superiors.

As at Billom, so at Saugues, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the clergy, the people, and the municipal authorities. From the whole town, from the neighboring villages, and from every part of the country, boys came flocking to the school, until the accommodation was insufficient. Nothing was talked of at Saugues but the progress of the pupils and the excellent education given at the Brothers' School.

The good workmen of the town were, in some sort, jealous of the advancement of their children in learning, and they came, forty in number, to ask Brother Benildus to give them lessons too. To this, he consented. Evening classes were opened during the winter months, and the course of studies was diligently followed. The more advanced were taught higher mathematics and book-keeping, and those who had but little schooling before, were especially pleased to learn to read, write, and cipher. The last fifteen minutes of the ses-

sion were devoted to religious instruction to which they listened with as much attention as advantage.

To the great regret of the workmen and of the Brothers, the evening classes had at last to be discontinued. Exhausted by having night work superadded to the work of the day-school, the Brothers soon found themselves unable to fulfil the two-fold engagement. Another Brother was asked for; but then, as now, not every such request could be granted. The additional teachers was not forthcoming, so the night-school was closed. It is said that many of those adult pupils wept through disappointment.

Among the day-scholars, however, Brother Benildus continued to maintain great and praiseworthy emulation. By this means, and by sanctifying his efforts by prayers and sacrifices, he obtained marvellous results. To the great satisfaction of the parents, and of the local authorities, the young pupils showed great proficiency in all the subjects of the school curriculum. Even to this day, some specimens of their work may be seen which, according to the opinion of critics, might have been exhibited with credit at any World's Fair.

One of the most efficacious means of emulation used at Saugues was the annual distribution of diplomas and prizes, which Brother Benildus invested with unusual solemnity. He knew how to make the ceremony an occasion for producing religious rather than profane impressions, as it too often does. At the close of the distribution of premiums, he would conduct his charge to the church to thank God for the successes of the scholastic year. The band preceded them as they marched thither, two deep, their crowns encircling their brows, and followed by their parents and the civic authorities. At the church, the boys sang some hymns, and the ceremony was brought to a close by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Under the able direction of Brother Benildus, the school at Saugues became one of the most flourishing of the country, and the Clermont Academy, at the suggestion of the Inspec-

tor of Schools, regarded it as a duty to give the humble and zealous Director official evidence of their satisfaction. They awarded him an Honorable Mention and a Silver Medal. These distinctions were presented to him by His Worship the Mayor of Saugues in presence of all the pupils, who were as happy as they were proud of the honor paid to their beloved teacher.

But, if success in profane studies was so remarkable, the progress of piety and religious instruction, under the influence of such a teacher, was much more so. It was in spiritual matters in particular that the youth of the country felt the benefit of his apostolic zeal, and the effects still remain. A striking proof of this is found in the number of religious and sacerdotal vocations among the youths educated by him. In 1889, there were no less than two hundred and forty-five Brothers of the Christian Schools from the district of Saugues, the majority of them being his former pupils. To these must be added a considerable number who entered other Orders or the secular priesthood.

The life of the Servant of God was thus passed in the performance of good works, but without any of those events which render a life glorious in the sight of men. The object of all his actions was to do God's holy will and to sacrifice himself for the sake of souls. To remain unknown was his motto. Nevertheless, he was held in high esteem, as well outside his community as within it. His reputation for sanctity, which began even before he left home, continued to increase. It spread among the rich and the poor, the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities, and especially among the pupils and their parents, and among the Brothers, who had occasion to know him most intimately; wherever he passed, he left a reputation for sanctity. At a health resort, whither he was sent by his superiors for the cure of rheumatic pains, it was said that his presence produced as much good as a mission.

At Saugues where the good Brother passed the last twenty years of his life, he was venerated by all, and was commonly

referred to as the saintly Brother Benildus. His pupils paid him great respect and had unbounded confidence in him. While they named the other Brothers according to their classes in the school, they designated Brother Benildus as the saintly Superior. It was a pleasure to them to be in his company, and they never tired of seeing or hearing him. When they met him in town, they would gladly have accompanied him, had he not formally prohibited them. But the youngest sometimes forgot the prohibition. They ran after him, plucked his mantle, and when they obtained from him a look, a word, and especially a picture, they went back full of joy.

The veneration in which the holy man was held was particularly manifested in the number of persons who came from town and country, even from a distance, to recommend themselves to his prayers in their troubles and afflictions, and in their business difficulties. The charitable Brother entered into their designs and promised to pray to his holy Founder for the intentions requested. Many people who were sick or otherwise afflicted, attributed their partial or complete cure to the prayers of Brother Benildus.

It was a remarkable fact that some persons, who for various reasons had at first shown him little sympathy, ended by bearing testimony to his sanctity. This was the case when some parents erroneously believed that their children had suffered injustice at his hands. It was even so with the worthy parish priest of Saugues. Being desirous to introduce into Saugues the members of another religious Order, he witnessed with some reluctance the arrival in town of the Christian Brothers. But he soon declared himself entirely in their favor, and professed great esteem for Brother Benildus whose confessor he was for twenty-one years.

Last Years and Death.

A life so usefully occupied, and so edifying to all those who were witnesses of it, could not otherwise than end in a pious and happy death. For some time, the Servant of God

suffered from acute rheumatism which he endured with heroic patience. Besides, his strength was also exhausted by his daily duties and by his various acts of daily mortification. His health, already shattered, received such a shock from hearing of a serious offence committed against God, that he never rallied. It is believed by many that he offered his life as a victim of expiation.

The Servant of God had a premonition of his approaching death and clearly predicted it on several occasions. To a young postulant whom he was sending to the Novitiate at Le Pay, he said: "You are the last I shall send to the Novitiate"; and so it turned out. Three weeks before his death he wished to visit the parish church for the last time in order to take leave of the Divine Host of the Tabernacle. He remained there for some minutes prostrate on the ground, as if in ecstacy. On leaving the church, he remarked to the Brother who accompanied him: "I shall be carried here next time."

In spite of his cruel sufferings, however, he performed the duties of his position with his usual regularity as long as his strength remained. On Whitsunday, 1862, he felt quite exhausted; however, he could still get up. With great difficulty, he succeeded in dressing himself, and repaired to the chapel at the hour for Holy Mass. Here, on his knees, and in the attitude of angelic devotion, he awaited the Most Blessed Sacrament which was borne to him from the church. To those who represented to him the danger of fainting, he replied that it was more becoming thus to receive Our Blessed Lord.

He was never known to complain in spite of the acuteness of his pains, and when asked whether he suffered much, he replied with simplicity: "It is nothing." A cancerous sore on his side gave him great pain when obliged to change position; then he merely said, as was his wont: "It is nothing."

During his last illness, as in all the others, he omitted none of the spiritual exercises if he could help it, and he took care that, no matter what discomfort it might cause him, the regularity of the community exercises should not be dis-

turbed on his account. Thus, he was anxious that his illness should not interrupt the singing practice in preparation for the annual school entertainment.

On the night of the 12th of August, the doctor who attended him, and who regarded his patient with no less affection than esteem, perceived that the progress of the disease was so rapid that death was imminent. He, therefore, informed the sick Brother of his state. Upon hearing the news, the dying man extended his hand to the doctor, thanked him cordially, and promised to pray for him and for all his friends before the throne of God.

During this last night of his life, the Servant of God poured out his heart in acts of love for God, the Most Blessed Virgin, and the angels and saints. Kissing the crucifix attached to his rosary beads and making the sign of the cross, he piously invoked the Adorable Trinity, and begged Our Divine Saviour to apply to him the merits of His Passion. He addressed the Most Blessed Virgin as if she were visibly before him, and besought the holy angels and his patron saints to open to him the gates of Paradise. The Brothers were gathered around his bed. He made them recite with him the prayers for the agonizing, after himself indicating the place in the book where they were to be found.

On the arrival of his confessor, the dying man made his last confession with his accustomed calmness, but with such tears and contrition as though he had been the greatest sinner in the world. The Holy Viaticum was then brought to him. At sight of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the holy Brother was deeply moved: "Behold," said he, "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world! O Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me. If Thou wilt, Thou canst cure me. I ask not for the health of the body, but I ask Thee to say but the word and my soul shall be healed of its miseries and I shall be less unworthy to receive Thee." After receiving Our Divine Lord, Brother Benildus showed such tenderness of devotion in a

colloquy with his Saviour, that all present were moved to tears.

The dying Brother was then anointed and he joined in the prayers with a great spirit of recollection, and with admirable sentiments of contrition, confidence, and humility. He asked pardon of all present for the pain he might have caused them and for the bad example which he believed he had given them.

The Servant of God now appeared radiant with joy and peace. A while he remained absorbed in God; then he expressed in fervent aspirations his love for Jesus and Mary. "Oh," he cried, "what a good Master Jesus is! O Saviour of souls, grant me to sing Thy praises for all eternity! Live Jesus whom I love and whom I wish to love more and more! O Jesus, let me expire upon Thy Sacred Heart! O Mary Immaculate, obtain for me the grace of a happy death!" Then he repeated the words of the Psalmist: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord."

So died Brother Benildus in the peace of the Lord at seven o'clock on the morning of August 13th, 1862, about an hour after receiving the Last Sacraments. It was the feast of St. Cassian, the martyr-teacher, one of the patrons of his Order and one to whom the Servant of God had a particular devotion.

As soon as the news of his death reached the town of Saugues, the inhabitants were heard to exclaim: "The saint is dead! The saint is dead!" The body, clothed in the religious habit, was duly laid out in the parlor of the Brothers' house. His face was not changed in death. He looked as though he were enjoying a peaceful slumber. Throughout the day a continuous stream of people came to take a last look at the features of one whose virtues they had so long admired. Not satisfied with merely placing their crosses, pictures, and rosaries in contact with the body of the Servant of God, they were anxious to take away something that had belonged to him. One of his mantles, cut in a thousand pieces, was not

sufficient to satisfy the piety of the faithful. The Brothers were obliged to oppose an energetic resistance to prevent the people from cutting locks of his hair and making shreds of the habit that covered the deceased.

The funeral, which took place on the morning of August 15th, was truly an extraordinary demonstration. In spite of a downpour of rain, all the religious communities of Saugues, and all the inhabitants of the town and of the neighboring country came flocking to the ceremony. The church could not hold the crowd and many were obliged to remain in the public square. After the service, the body of Brother Benildus was borne to its last resting place by a number of his old pupils, who claimed that honor and consolation. In order to satisfy a larger number, it was agreed that they should relieve one another as often as possible.

Here we must record an extraordinary incident which was regarded by many as miraculous. A religious of the Third Order of St. Dominic had been for a long time paralysed so as to be unable to walk. She had always held Brother Benildus in great veneration and often asked the assistance of his prayers. To her great regret, she could not have herself taken to the remains of the Servant of God while they lay in state. However, as the funeral procession passed by, she dragged herself to the door by means of a staff and recommended herself to the intercession of the deceased. She was at once seized with a sudden, irresistible desire to follow the procession. She endeavored to walk and, to her great delight, found herself instantly cured.

Since the holy Brother's death a great number of extraordinary spiritual and temporal favors appear to have been obtained through his intercession, and it is remarkable that the unanimous confidence which the faithful have testified from the first towards this worthy son of St. De La Salle has not in the least abated. In fact, it has so grown that the number of favors obtained by those who invoke him has multiplied in a striking manner. Instantaneous cures are reported of persons who had been afflicted with grievous maladies, some

of which were reputed incurable. Thus the prayers addressed to the Servant of God have been heard and those so privileged, as well as the witnesses of the graces received, vie with one another in extolling the extraordinary power of the Venerable Brother Benildus.

The grass which grows about his resting-place is often plucked and employed as a relic; and it is not uncommon to see mothers carry their ailing children to the tomb and obtain a complete cure at the end of their pious pilgrimage.

But it is, above all, by the crucifix which had been used by the Servant of God, that the most extraordinary favors seem to be obtained. A little child, at the point of death, was given this precious crucifix to kiss, and was immediately restored to health. At the hospital, an obstinate sinner refused to receive the Last Sacraments. He was given this same crucifix to kiss, and at once consented to receive the priest and confessed his sins with sentiments of sincere repentance.

On April 22, 1903, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. signed the Commission of Introduction into the Court of Rome of the Cause of Beatification and of Canonization of Brother Benildus, and this act conferred upon the Servant of God the title Venerable. Since then, his Cause has progressed favorably at Rome and his many clients pray that before long the holy teacher may be glorified by the Church.

This Venerable Servant of God may well, then, serve as a model for students, teachers, and religious, encouraging them to devote their lives to the cause of Christian education, bringing the youth of our day to the feet of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

(In obedience to the decrees of Urban VIII., we protest that we wish to ascribe to the facts, eulogies, and attributed qualities contained in the above sketch of the life of Venerable Brother Benildus, only a purely human authority, and we submit entirely to the judgment of our Holy Mother the Church).

The Son of God

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Ah, mild and sweet and loving was the Son
When on the Earth He came to die for man;
Obedient was He to the Father's plan,
And by His sufferings our Redemption won.
But now, His trials past, His joys begun,
He sits in awful majesty on High,
And all the mighty Powers of the Sky,
Praise and adore Him for His work well done!

His Five Wounds blaze like stars. His kingly head
Wears yet that cruel Crown to Pilate known;
But rubies now replace the thorns so red,
Their lambent rays to all in Heaven are shown!
And lo! the lifted Cross, in lustre dread,
"Sign of the Son of Man," stands nigh His Throne!



Catholic Women's League of Canada

The Catholic Women's League of Canada is an attempt at filling a void from which the Catholic body all over the Dominion has been suffering for many years. Its beautiful motto—love of God and of Canada—shows in brief compass the area over which its energies will extend.

For some months prior to the inauguration of the above-mentioned Society a number of Toronto women had become deeply interested in the works which were carried on under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League in many parts of Canada. Chaplains and soldiers, on their return from the battlefield and hospital, had wonderful stories to tell of what the Catholic Women's League of England had done during the war and is doing since the declaration of peace.

Later on, at the annual meeting of the Church Extension Society in early March, 1919, His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, threw out the suggestion that the Extension might possibly see its way to organizing a Catholic Women's League which would take in the whole of Canada. The suggestion, however, was not favorably entertained by the Extension, as the work upon which it was engaged engrossed all its energies.

Some months later, on March the 21st, 1919, the following ladies, Mrs. Kentleton, Mrs. A. H. McLean, and Miss Mary Power, B.A., waited on His Grace and presented correspondence which had passed between Mrs. Kentleton and Miss Margaret Fletcher, the well-known author of several books on "Catholic Studies on Social Reform," and Secretary of the Catholic Women's League of England.

This date, the 21st of March, 1919, is practically the birthday of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, in Toronto, for on that date the first steps were taken towards giving practical shape to an idea which has been simmering for some time in the minds of several persons. Before taking leave of His Grace,

it was agreed that the above-mentioned three ladies should form a provisional committee; that Miss Mary Power, B.A., should be its Secretary, and that another lady, Miss Marie Macdonnell, who had already interviewed His Grace on this question, should be invited to lend her aid as a fourth member of the Provisional Committee.

The first work His Grace asked the committee to undertake was to put themselves in communication with bodies of women in every part of Canada, to invite them to forward to the Provisional Committee signed petitions for submission to the Archbishops of Canada, carrying the approval of the local Archbishop or Bishop, and asking that a Catholic Women's League covering all Canada be organized. The petitioners were to be asked to emphasize the broad, nation-wide character of the new organization. His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, most kindly offered to present the petition to a meeting of Archbishops of the Dominion which was to be held on the 26th of April, 1919, in Quebec City.

The first meeting of the Committee was held on March 23, 1919, when Miss Macdonnell, on the motion of Mrs. Kentleton, seconded by Mrs. McLean, was elected Provisional Chairwoman. Several business meetings were held during the summer and early autumn.

At the call of the Provisional Chairman the petitioners met at the residence of His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, on the 30th of October, 1919. A nominating committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Miss F. Boland, Miss McMahan and Mrs. Kentleton. This committee was instructed to prepare a slate for submission to the general meeting in order to provide for the usual officers: President, Vice-President, Secretaries, etc.

The inaugural general meeting to organize the Catholic Women's League of Canada in Toronto was held in Columbus Hall on the 30th of November, 1919. His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, opened the meeting with prayer and then pointed out the need of a larger organization of Catholic women in order to

co-operate more effectually with other public bodies in undertakings set on foot for the welfare of the country at large. He added that a committee had been working, for some time, at the formation of a Catholic Women's League of Canada, and called on Mrs. O'Sullivan, convener of that committee, to report.

After a few appropriate words on the character of the task imposed on her and her committee, she read the result of the Committee's labors. It was in the shape of a proposed Executive Committee which was to hold office for two years. The choice of the Nominating Committee was at once ratified by the meeting. The following are the officers chosen:

Hon. President—Miss Marie Macdonnell.
President—Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A.
First Vice-President—Mrs. Scott Griffin.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. J. C. Keenan.
Third Vice-President—Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Agnes Warde.
Recording Secretary—Miss Rose Ferguson.
Treasurer—Miss Bertha Boland.

Miss Lawler was then called to the chair, and the applause which greeted her as she took her seat furnished clear evidence how completely the large audience was in sympathy with the result of the Nominating Committee's deliberations. Miss Lawler, in a graceful little speech, expressed her thanks both to the nominating committee and to the meeting at large which had given its approval to the committee's choice, and her deep sense of the honor which had been done her. Whatever misgivings she might feel in venturing to accept so much responsibility were largely allayed by the consciousness that in His Grace she would find at once support and guidance.

At the suggestion of His Grace, the first work to be undertaken by the League was the raising of \$1,000 as a contribution towards repairing the destruction wrought by the Germans in Louvain University. This amount has already been raised.

Later on, His Grace went on to dwell, for the benefit of the large audience, on the reasons which prompted the foundation of the League. He dwelt on the need of co-operation in matters spiritual, educational, social, in order to tide over the besetting dangers around and about us. The Catholic Church was the great steadying power amidst the upheavals on every hand, and good organization, national and international, on the part of thoughtful men and women would help the Church's efforts to withhold mankind from rushing into the abyss of revolution and anarchism.

After His Grace's address, Miss Lawler called the attention of the meeting to the motto of the League, "For love of God and of Canada," aptly quoting Tennyson's lines:

Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied past.

As Catholic Canadians, she said, we have a wonderful past for the well-spring of our patriotism.

At a meeting of the Catholic Women's League of Canada on January 4, 1920, in Columbus Hall, the President, Miss Lawler, presented, as the joint work of herself and other members of the Executive, a draft of the Constitution under which the League is to live. She dwelt on the League's motto, its invocation, and other details connected with the organization, in such wise as not only to provoke applause, but to bring home to her audience of Catholic ladies a deeper sense of the privileges and duties of membership in the League.

At the above meeting also, the President asked the Secretary to read the names of the pioneers who had cleared the way for the formation of a Catholic Women's League of Canada, and then went on to say that not only the President, but every member of the League owed them a debt of gratitude. To three especially, Mrs. Kentleton, Mrs. McLean, and Miss Power, the best thanks of all were due.

When all this was done, when the President had lucidly set before the meeting the character and claims of their Constitution, it was with a propriety at once beautiful and rare that

Mrs. Kentleton moved and Mrs. Fee Devine seconded that the Constitution of the Catholic Women's League of Canada be accepted by the League in every detail. The motion carried.

At a meeting on Jan. 26, 1920, in Columbus Hall, Mrs. Kavanagh, who presides over several details of the League's works, gave a lucid report of what the League was doing in the matter of Immigration and Women's Social Service Committees.

Owing to the prevalence of influenza, the League opened, in connection with the Neighbourhood Workers, an influenza relief-depot at 87 King St. East, Telephone Main 127, where donations of food and clothing are very acceptable.

LINA O'NEILL,
Sub-Convener of the History Committee.

Signs of Spring

The windflower on the greening knoll,
On winter fields, the loam,
Across the sky the mystic scroll
Of wild geese flocking home,
And gladness in the waiting heart
As faith's low whisper tells
That violets soon will wake and start
And song birds fill the dells.

The heart may know another spring
Where life is grim and chill,—
A train of graces following
Submission to God's will,
And newly as the springing flower
From darkness of the sod,
Faith's light reveals sharp trial's dower,—
The promises of God.

The Day's Grace

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Vanish, sweet yielding, O stars of the night,
Come in thy grayness, O tremulous dawn!
Come in your pearliness, glimmering white,
Frost-rune or dewdrops, on meadow or lawn.
In sky-bloom new given,
Our blush-rose of Heaven,
Thou showest Thy grace of the Morning, O Lord.

Bring Thou their fulfilling, these gleamings of Hope;
Oh, for Thy sun-blaze of Might from on high!
Strength for the battle-field! Power to cope
With Woe, should our dear ones in agony lie.
So warm and so near us,
So willing to cheer us,
We bask in Thy glory of Noonday, O Lord.

Now, soul, see how softly that glory concentrates!
Orange and scarlet and gold, all aflame,
Image that Presence no soul ever enters
Save through the grace of Emmanuel's name.
Still our hearts' yearning,
O Light ever burning!
Pour on us Thy grace of the Evening, O Lord!

Dorothea's Basket of Flowers

By S. M. H.

"Feast of St. Dorothea, Virgin and Martyr, Feb. 6."

THE reading of the "Lives of the Saints," in the Refectory this morning was as it had been on other Feasts of St. Dorothea, but to-day the story thrilled me as it never had before, and every incident of the narrative seemed to be acted vividly before me. Why this interest now? What is Dorothea more to me than she had been in years gone by?

Since the last anniversary, my reading of Keller's version of the legend had made the saint of the roses a living reality to me. The pagan lawyer who mockingly challenged the "Bride of Christ" to send him roses from the garden of her Bridegroom, was no longer a mere abstraction, but the slighted lover, the proud, sensitive dreamer,—the Theophilus of the poet's imagination.

Gottfried Keller, the man whom his poet-friend, Paul Heyse, calls "the Shakespeare of the German short story," does not treat of new or startling problems. He takes some story, church legend or folk lore, modernizes it, gives it dramatic interest, and fairly drenches it in an atmosphere of pure beauty. If in the "Seven Legends," of which the rose story is one, Keller has drawn on his imagination for details, he has not altered the facts as stated in most Lives of the Saints, but has handled these facts with "the delightful naïvete of a Homer or a child."

If in a different spirit from this Swiss dreamer, visionary and romanticist we, after reading the Lives of Saints, say, "Is this true?" and take down the Catholic Encyclopedia to find what that calm, cool oracle says; what that sifter of the true from the false, that balancer of for and against, has to say about the miracle—the startling statement that has proved too much for our credence, we generally find there a few plain, read-

ily believed statements. We are then told that out of this simple event such and such a legend grew. So it is with our saint's roses.

"Before she was executed," continues the chronicle, "she sent him by a six-year-old boy, her headdress, which was found to be filled with a heavenly fragrance of roses and fruits." If we would prefer, however, like the "Little Lives of the Saints," to hold to our pretty legend, to leave on it the moss-grown covering that envelopes it, let us read Keller, and allow his poetic imagination to add interest, reality and a charm to it by his "Dorothea's Blumenkörbchen."

On the southern shore of the Black Sea, not far from the mouth of the river Kizil Irmak, there lay in the light of the brightest of spring mornings, a Roman villa. From the waters of the Pontus a northeast wind blew refreshingly through the gardens, making the heathen and the secretly-professed Christians feel as happy as the trembling leaves on the trees.

In an arbor by the sea, hidden from the rest of the world, stood a young couple, a handsome young man, and a frail maiden. The latter held up a large, beautifully carved vessel made of transparent reddish stone for the youth to admire; and the morning sun glanced right gloriously through the vase, whose red glow on the countenance of the girl helped to conceal her blushes.

She was the daughter of a patrician—Dorothea, whom Fabricius, the governor of the Province of Cappadocia, wooed eagerly. Since, however, he was a declared persecutor of Christians, and Dorothea's parents leaned towards the new faith and sought diligently to acquire it, they resisted as far as possible the intrusion of the powerful inquisitor.

Not, indeed, that they wished to involve their children in spiritual combats and to use their hearts as purchase-money for their faith; they were too noble and liberal-minded for this, but still they thought that a religious persecutor of men would be at all times a poor satisfier of hearts. These reflections did not affect Dorothea at all, since she possessed another weapon

against the wooing of the governor, namely, the affection of his private secretary, Theophilus, who was just then standing beside her and looking curiously into the reddish vessel.

Theophilus was a very well built and handsome man of Greek extraction, who had overcome adverse fortune, and stood high in the opinion of others. But owing to the hardships of his children there clung about him a tendency to distrust and a taciturn disposition, and he did not readily believe that anyone would care for him for his own sake.

He was passionately fond of Dorothea, but still the fact that the most distinguished man in Cappadocia was wooing her deprived him of any hope on his own account, for not at any price would he be willing to cut a ridiculous figure beside this gentleman.

Nevertheless, Dorothea sought to lead her wishes to a happy conclusion, and for the present, to make sure of his company as often as possible. And since he appeared continually quiet and indifferent, her passion increased, and by arch little devices she sought to rouse his jealousy and stir him up; while she seemed to be always busy with the governor Fabricius, and to be becoming more and more friendly towards him.

On this particular day Dorothea wanted to show Theophilus the vase which a kindly disposed uncle had sent her from Trapezuala on her name-day. Her countenance beamed with pure delight, and he, too, began to feel genuinely happy; the sun had at last risen on him.

But the Ancients had forgotten to name the jealous goddess who is ever near the gracious Eros and who at critical moments, when happiness is nearest, throws a veil over the loved ones' eyes and distorts the words in his mouth. When she had confidently given the vase into his hands and he had asked her who had sent it, a youthful giddiness tempted her to answer mischievously, "Fabricius," feeling sure that her little wile could not be misunderstood.

However, she was unable to mingle in her happy laughter that touch of sarcasm at the mention of the name of the absent

one, which would have made the joke evident, and Theophilus firmly believed that her pure, honest joy concerned only the gift and the giver and that he himself had fallen into a trap, while trespassing in a sphere already closed and foreign to him.

Silent and abashed, he cast down his eyes, began to tremble and let the beautiful curio fall to the ground, where it lay, broken into pieces. In the first dismay of the moment, Dorothea entirely forgot her joke and even Theophilus, and stooped down at once to grieve over the fragments, crying out, "How awkward," without looking at him, so that she did not notice the change in his face, and she had no idea of his misunderstanding.

When she stood up again and, quickly recovering herself, turned to him, Theophilus had proudly regained his composure. Assuming a cold and indifferent expression, he looked at her, begged her pardon in an almost sarcastic tone, promised full compensation for the broken vase, bowed and left the garden.

Pale and sad, Dorothea looked after his slender figure wrapped in its white toga and the black, curly head held on one side, as if in deep thought. The waves of the silver sea splashed gently and slowly against the marble steps of the shore, everything else was silent for miles around, and Dorothea stood there alone in the silence with her little artifices at an end.

Weeping, she crept back to her room, to conceal there the collected fragments of the vase. And now for many months they saw each other no more; Theophilus returned without delay to the capital, and when Dorothea also came back in the Autumn in fear and anxiety, he avoided carefully every gathering where there might be a possibility of meeting her, and so all the happiness was past and gone for the time.

Now it happened quite naturally, that she sought consolation in the new faith of her parents, who, as soon as they noticed it, did not hesitate to strengthen their child therein, and to initiate her into all their beliefs and ways of expression. In the meanwhile Dorothea's seeming liking for the Governor bore its unlucky fruits; Fabricius with redoubled

eagerness renewed his wooing and considered himself entitled to do so.

On this account he was very perplexed when Dorothea could hardly persuade herself to look at him, and he seemed to have become more repugnant to her than misfortune itself. Yet for that reason he did not withdraw his suit; on the contrary he increased his importunity, and began at the same time to find fault with her new belief, and worry her conscience, mingling flatteries with poorly concealed threats. Dorothea, however, openly and fearlessly confessed her faith and turned from him as from an unreal shadow which one does not see.

Theophilus heard of all this and knew that the good girl was quite unhappy. The most surprising thing to him was the news that she would positively have nothing to do with the Governor. But now wherever she went she spoke of nothing except in the most tender and passionate expressions about her heavenly Bridegroom, Whom she had found, Who was waiting her in immortal beauty to take her to His heart and to give her the roses of everlasting life.

He did not understand this language at all; it vexed and grieved him, and filled his heart with a strange and painful jealousy of the unknown God, Who had infatuated the mind of this weak woman, for he could understand and interpret the expressions of the excited and forsaken Dorothea in no other way than in that of the old mythology.

This state of affairs had lasted for a short time when Fabricius unexpectedly and violently interrupted it. Taking as a pretext repeated imperial edicts against the Christians, he had Dorothea and her parents imprisoned, the daughter, however, being thrown into a separate dungeon and her faith painfully tested. He himself, like a spy, approached and heard her loudly revile the old gods, and confess Christ to be the only Lord of the world whom she loved as her Spouse. Then a fierce jealousy seized the Governor. He resolved on her destruction, and ordered her to be tortured and if she persisted, to be put to death. Then he went his way.

She was laid on an iron grate under which burning coals were placed in such a way that the heat rose very slowly. But still it hurt the tender body. She gave a stifled cry a few times when her chained limbs moved on the grate and the tears flowed from her eyes. Meanwhile Theophilus, who had been careful to keep away from any participation in the persecution, heard this, and full of anxiety and terror, hastened thither; forgetting his own safety, he pushed through the gaping crowd, and when he heard Dorothea herself moan softly in pain, he snatched a soldier's sword, and with one bound was beside the bed of torture. "Does it hurt very much, Dorothea?" said he, smiling with difficulty as he prepared to cut through her bonds. But she answered as if suddenly free from all pain and full of ecstasy. "How could it hurt, Theophilus? These are the roses of my well-beloved Bridegroom, on which I am lying. See, this is my bridal day." At once a slight smile hovered around her lips, while her eyes eyes full of heavenly bliss rested on him. At the same time a celestial brightness around her couch seemed to glorify it; a solemn stillness spread around. Theophilus let his sword fall, and smiling bitterly, said, "Do you know what you can do, Dorothea? Send me a few of the roses and apples, when you go over there as a proof."

She bowed kindly and went on her way. Theophilus looked after her until the clouds of dust which the crowd had raised, and which shone golden in the evening sunshine, disappeared in the distance and the street was empty and quiet.

Then he went with covered head back to his house and with faltering steps, made his way to the roof from which he could see as far as the mountain range of Argeus on a spur of which was the place of execution. He could plainly distinguish there a dark crowd of people, and he spread out his arms yearningly in that direction. Then, imagining he could see the falling axe flash in the sunlight, he completely broke

down. And indeed at this time Dorothea's head had so fallen. But he had not been lying there motionless long when a bright radiance illumined the dusk, and, shining through Theophilus' hands which covered his face, flowed into his closed eyes like a river of gold. At the same time a sweet odor filled the air.

As if filled with an unknown new life, the young man arose; a wonderfully beautiful boy stood before him, with golden ringlets, star-spangled garments, and shining bare feet, carrying in his radiant hands a little basket. The basket was filled with roses more beautiful than anyone had ever seen before, and among these roses lay three apples of paradise.

With an infinitely true and open-hearted smile, and still with a certain charming cunning, the child said: "Dorothea sends you this." Then giving the little basket into Theophilus' hands, saying, "Are you sure you have it?" vanished. Theophilus held the basket, which was actually a reality, in his hands; the three apples he found slightly bitten into by two dainty teeth, as was customary among lovers of olden times. These he ate slowly under the starry sky.

An intense longing filled him with sweet fire and pressing the little basket to his heart as he covered it with his mantle, he hastened down from the roof, out through the streets, to the palace of the Governor, who sat at a banquet seeking to quell, by drinking deep of the wine of Colchis, the wild fury that filled him. With blazing eyes, Theophilus strode before him, without uncovering his basket, and called out before the whole house, "I acknowledge myself of Dorothea's faith, for which she has suffered death; it is the only true one."

"Follow the witch, then," answered the Governor, who, tormented by sudden wrath and a burning jealousy, sprang up and gave orders to have his secretary beheaded that very hour. So was Theophilus on that very day united with Dorothea forever.

The Late Nora Margaret Moriarty

BY REV. P. J. KIRBY.

Called by God to her everlasting home after a mercifully brief illness, the departure of Nora Moriarty in the early bloom of life, leaves many a heart full of deep sorrow and sadness.

Miss Moriarty was born in Toronto of parents kindly Irish of the Irish. Her primary school education was conducted under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph in her own parish school—St. Patrick's. She subsequently graduated from St. Joseph's High School. During her school course she gave well-remembered evidences of the beautiful unfolding of those various amiable qualities of mind and heart that adorned her whole life. The grave and gracious modesty which marked the early days of this little Irish maiden; her sweetness of disposition, her deference to authority and thoughtful consideration for others, were more and more matured when later years found her appointed Assistant Librarian in the Toronto Public Library. Those who have been accustomed to frequent the High Park Branch of the Library since its opening three years ago, admiringly testify to the cordial, graceful attention bestowed on visitors during the capable administration of that Branch by Miss Moriarty. The keenest pressure of work, or the most irritating demands that must occasionally encroach on one's time and patience never made a change in her calm deportment. When care and worry weighed heaviest on her gentle spirit no expression of impatience ruffled the modulated tones of her voice, nor did the faintest ripple of annoyance shadow her clear brow. It was a guiding principle of her life that personal cares and troubles are precious pearls which find value in the Eternal Exchange, and it were folly to cast them to the idle winds of complaint and impatience, or more idle still, to inflict them on others. Many a patron of the library, feverishly hurried in the desire to solve some problem

of literary research can gratefully recall how the courteous direction and unpretentiously expressed opinion of Miss Moriarty afforded the desired information. The Directors of the Library esteemed her an authority on matters literary—and with good reason. Her knowledge of sound authors was extensive and solid. Her decision in affairs connected with the business of books carried weight and merit.

Nature endowed her with an intellect clear and comprehensive. Her judgment was straight, unbiassed and unclouded. She was tolerant of the opinion of others, even when those were much adverse to her own. In conversation her ideas were expressed with pleasing candor and grace. She never became obtrusive. Her speech and demeanor reflected a high degree of refined culture attributable to devout religious practices and wide literary attainments.

From her Irish parents she inherited the many genuine virtues that especially adorn those of their race who strive with undying hope for the materialism of its God-given ideals, and who suffer for their unwavering fidelity to those ideals. Virtues are developed and strengthened by trial and suffering. As there are few families whose fidelity to Ireland was more severely proved than that of the late Mr. Moriarty, there are few wherein nobler Irish traits of mind and heart were so brightly reflected. Blessed by God with parents so true and noble, Nora Moriarty became imbued with a self-sacrificing love for Ireland which graced the development of her beautiful character. The amiable charm and traditions of Irish womanhood were revealed in her lovely life.

Strongly attached to the land of her birth, respecting its greatness, and earnest in her efforts to effect its welfare as far as her allotted sphere demanded, yet the full love of her generous tender heart was reserved for the land of her parents. The sorrows and joys of Ireland were her sorrows and joys. She gloried in the glories of Ireland. She wept for the bondage of her people, and prayed devoutly that the Freedom which comes from God's Right Hand might speedily be theirs. She

lamented her estrangement from the land of her love and followed the progress of its liberation with ardent eagerness. She was wont at times to say to an intimate friend, "My soul is Irish, my heart is in Ireland, I feel I belong there. I am an exile here." Such is the love of an Irish heart. She was not, however, so exclusively nationalistic as not to see the crimes against Justice in every land. But knowing that human capability in removing them must first be exerted in favour of our own, she endeavoured to live worthy of the best traditions of her race. In this way she did her part to lighten the load of oppression..

To her keen vision the basic root and trouble in Ireland's national and economic conflict was a question of Justice. She bitterly bewailed man's inhumanity to man. "O mighty England," she would say pathetically, "you have power to free Ireland to-day, but you could no more repair your past injuries to her than could Adam repair the Fall. Welding the broken links of Irish civilization must remain a long and tedious labour for a free Irish people."

Every movement for the advancement of Irish interests had her active co-operation. She was a zealous student of the Irish language, and had gained quite an adept fluency of expression in it. By serious application and faithful attendance at the Gaelic League lectures she had acquired an acquaintance with Irish grammar surpassed by few of her fellow members. Certainly none of them could claim a more thorough knowledge of Irish history. The members of the League will sadly miss her genial aid and presence for many a long day.

Her life was like a golden sunbeam sent from the loving heart of God to cheer and ennoble our weary way in a sordid world. The golden ray has returned to the fond Eternal Bosom, leaving the lives of her many friends overcast by the sombre shadows of grief and sorrow. However, memory can pierce through those dark shadows and the remembrance of her sweetness and virtue will encourage our striving after the higher things of the spirit.

Her last illness was rather painful, but brief. She retained consciousness up to a few moments before death. Fortified with the saving graces of the Church which she faithfully served, she calmly breathed forth her gentle spirit into the arms of that dear Saviour Who has said: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

She was buried from the Church of the Holy Family, Parkdale. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kirby of that Church, in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation. Her brave and generous Irish heart lies lightly on the bosom of Mother Earth in St. Michael's Cemetery. Her soul rests sweetly in the bosom of God.

Her afflicted mother, sister, brother and many sorrowing friends, are consoled by the recollection of her saintly life, and by the Divine assurance of the Saviour Who has promised to His faithful followers an eternally happy reunion, in those solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, He that believeth in me even though he be dead, shall live."

May her soul rest in peace!



'Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone,
But one bright course from earliest youth,
Of changeless faith, unbroken truth,
This turns to gold the vapors dun
That close on life's descending sun.

—Gerald Griffin.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association

✦

1919—1920

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Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Miss M. L. Hart, Miss Ina Larkin, Mrs.
Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. D. Warde.

Counsellors—Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy,
Misses Nellie Kennedy, and Mary McGrath.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. F. Riley.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

City Correspondence Secretary—Miss Edna Mulqueen.

Out-of-Town Correspondence Secretary—Miss Cecil Healy.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Mrs. F. P. Brazil.

Alumnae Items

A happy Easter to the Alumnae!

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Do not fail to notify us of any change in your address.

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Miss Mary Brophy is acting recording secretary during the absence of Miss Edna Mulqueen in Los Angeles.

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Nov. 17.—Mrs. Ambrose Small gave a delightful tea at her home in Glen Road in aid of the sewing circle of St. Mary's Maternity Home.

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Nov. 30, Sunday.—A largely attended meeting of the Catholic women of Toronto inaugurated a new society to be known as the Catholic Women's League of Canada to organize and co-ordinate the various Catholic activities in view to greater efficiency in the use of their forces and resources. His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil, presided, and the following ladies were nominated and elected to the Executive: President, Miss Gertrude Lawlor; First Vice-President, Mrs. Scott Griffin; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. C. Keenan; Third Vice-President, Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh, and Recording Secretary, Miss Rose Ferguson. Their motto is "For love of God and of Canada," and the League is placed under the protection of the Holy Mother of God, and the words, "Not to us, O Lord, but to Thy Name, give glory," are to guide and give spirit to the work carried on. The emblem is not, at the time of writing, fully determined, but blue, emblematic of fidelity, and the white carnation, denoting purity, are to be used by the members in displays and decorations.

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The Catholic Women's League has been fortunate in the selection of Miss Gertrude Lawlor as its President. No one is

more fitted for the office than this clever woman. Her work in the past has proved her capability of bearing the great responsibility. The burden, no doubt, will be heavy, but we feel confident that Miss Lawler will perform her duties, as she always has, successfully and well. St. Joseph's best wishes are with Miss Lawler at all times, and a thrill of delight pierced the heart of every member on the announcement of the honor given Miss Lawler, the organizer and first President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae.

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Dec. 6.—A great audience assembled in Massey Hall for the concert under the auspices of the Federated Christian Mothers, of which Mrs. Ambrose Small is President. May Peterson, of the Metropolitan Opera, and Signor Sevasta, harpist, supplied the programme, which in its arrangement, gave ample scope for the versatility of both artists. The result of the concert, financially and artistically, was exceedingly gratifying to those responsible for it.

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Miss Isabel Ridley, with her mother, Mrs. J. S. W. Ridley, and Miss Katherine Ridley, were "at home" to a large number of friends in the pretty rooms of the Woman's Art Association. An interesting programme was provided by Misses Bessie Hutchinson and Latimer. Miss Isabel Ridley accompanied them.

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Dec. 8.—A meeting of the Fancy Sale Committees was held at the home of the President, Mrs. J. E. Day, when the financial report showed that there was a net return from the bazaar of \$822.

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"Tadousac and Its Indian Chapel" is a delightful volume, and gives the reader a rare treat in the descriptions of the awe-inspiring scenery surrounding Tadousac and the Saguenay. It is from the pen of our beloved Honorary Patron, the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D. May we not hope that many more of his interesting travels will be published?

Mrs. T. F. McMahon won the fifty dollar Victory Bond given by Miss Frances Cassidy in aid of the Carmelite Sisters' Orphanage. Congratulations!

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During the Christmas season the ladies of the Knights of Columbus Auxiliary distributed Yuletide cheer at the various military hospitals by giving each soldier a box containing a dozen gifts. The Convener of the Auxiliary's Committee made the arrangements and the following ladies did the visiting: Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. J. A. McDiarmid and Misses M. Latchford, B. Leonard, L. Gough, M. Brophy and M. Morrow.

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It is interesting to note that Cardinal Gibbons in his address of welcome at the session of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, in Baltimore, said: "As I have said many times before, I do not know what would become of the Church and society at large if it were not for the female sex. I will leave out of consideration what the religious women are doing. I will say nothing of that grand army of teaching women throughout the country. The Catholic school has become a factor for the development of Christianity, and therefore for true Christian civilization.

The whole country knows what woman has done throughout the late war. True, she did not fire any guns, or draw swords. But she did a great deal for the happy consummation of the war. She visited our soldiers, cheered them, brought into their lives comfort and joy.

I was informed that it lies within your line, now that we have peace, to take an interest in civil affairs. Yours is a domestic kingdom. Your sphere is the home, to make it joyous, bright, and happy. Home is a very desolate place without a mother, or wife to cheer it. Your part, therefore, is to exercise a mission in the domestic kingdom. 'If you sanctify the home you will sanctify the nation.'

To Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse came the following letter from the K. of C. Catholic Army Huts: "Toronto, December 24, 1919,— I had hoped to have seen you yesterday at one of the hospitals, but was disappointed. I am now sending you a little souvenir (a gold bar pin with the K. of C. crest) because of the splendid work you did and are doing for us in connection with the Catholic Army Huts, and I desire on behalf of the Committee to express to you our most sincere thanks for the unselfish manner in which you have worked for us at all seasons. Wishing you the compliments of the season, I am, sincerely, W. T. Kernahan."

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Dec. 31.—Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Third Vice-President, proved a charming hostess when she invited a number of ladies to afternoon tea and to meet her infant daughter.

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January 9.—The first reception held by Mrs. Lionel Clarke, the new hostess at the Government House, established a record, having had some 2,650 callers, among whom were: Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. F. McCarthy, Mrs. Manning Doherty, Miss Gertrude Lawler and Miss Isabel Ridley.

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January 14.—Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., paid homage to Cardinal Mercier in a most interesting lecture on his beloved "Louvain" in Convocation Hall. On the platform were the Executive of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, under whose auspices the lecture was given. Others present were: Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss R. Ferguson, Miss P. McBride.

His Eminence Cardinal Mercier is safely home again in Malines, Belgium. "He departed from this side leaving a nation which greeted him with the admiration due a hero, and said good-bye with the affection given a friend."

Among the smart social events of the season have been the balls at the King Edward, under the auspices of the Edward Kylie I.O.D.E. Rosary Guild, and Liguorian. It has been gratifying to the extreme to note the number of St. Joseph's College Alumnae who have given their patronage to all the appeals. Mrs. L. J. Phelan, Mrs. G. R. Griffin, Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, Mrs. R. P. Gough, Mrs. John O'Neil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. James D. Warde, Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, Mrs. W. J. Hohlstein, and Misses Zeta Hurley, K. McCrohan, Eileen Korman, Naomi Gibson, Ruth Warde and Lilian Gough.

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Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, the first female "alderman" in the city council, gave a very interesting tea at her home in St. Joseph St. Mrs. Hamilton made occasion to give a short speech, and eloquently thanked her supporters for their untiring work in her behalf during the civic election. Miss M. L. Hart did honor to the event by calling.

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Bon Voyage to Countess de Lessops, who sailed from New York for Paris, having been in town visiting her sisters, Mrs. Scott Griffin and Mrs. F. McCarthy.

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St. Joseph's sent best wishes for future happiness in response to the announcement of the marriage of Miss Florence Meader, M.D., to Mr. John Felix Rees. The marriage took place in St. Mary's Paulist church, Chicago. Mrs. Rees graduated from St. Joseph's in 1914.

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Sincerest sympathy is extended to Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, whose son succumbed to an illness contracted while serving overseas; to Miss Isabel Dwyer on the death of her beloved brother, Dr. Robert Dwyer; to the friends of the late Miss Sarah Lysaght.

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January 27.—A most interesting meeting of the Executive was held in the College Club room, when Rev. Mother Alberta

gave some very entertaining details of her recent trip of inspection to the West. It was decided that the Annual Banquet will be held March 17, and it is expected that every member will do her utmost to make this a big affair. Afternoon tea was served at the adjournment of the meeting, and those who enjoyed it were: Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and Misses M. Brophy and M. Morrow.

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January 29.—Mrs. John Rogers threw open her lovely home in St. George Street for a very successful bridge in aid of the Catholic Church Extension. Mrs. A. J. Gough had charge of the very attractive tea table and a great deal of the success of the party is due Mrs. G. R. Griffin, Mrs. J. McDiarmid and Mrs. C. Weir.

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Membership fee, with "season's greetings and best wishes for continued success in the future," came from Mrs. Lois Gibson Murphy, of Chicago, and from Mrs. Fraser Moses, of San Francisco.

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Heartly congratulations to Mrs. J. A. Thompson, and Mrs. H. L. Regan on the birth of a new babe; to Mrs. and Mrs. B. J. Doyle and Mrs. Mary Malone on the ordination to the priesthood of their sons. Rev. Father Basil Doyle, C.S.P., celebrated his first High Mass in Lourdes, when Rev. A. Lellis, son of our esteemed alumnae, Mrs. Mary Lellis, preached an eloquent sermon on the great dignity of the priesthood.

Rev. Austin Malone, C.S.P., celebrated his first High Mass in St. Peter's, the church of his ordination. Rev. Thomas Burke, Superior-General of the Paulist Community, preached the sermon. The Alumnae were well represented at both Masses.

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Many members took a keen interest in the Bridge at Ben-

venuto in aid of the Louvain Library Fund, and by their assistance helped to make it a prominent success. Miss G. Lawler received the guests.

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A speedy recovery to Rev. W. J. Kelly! We hope he will soon be well again.

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St. Joseph's College Alumnae have donated a very handsome show case to the College Museum.

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February 5.—Mrs. Harry Phelan held her first reception in her beautiful new home in Castle Frank Road. The tea table, which was fragrant with freezia, daffodils and narcissi, was presided over by Mrs. James E. Day, and Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan assisted.

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Mrs. J. McDiarmid's tea was another bright event in honor of her guest, Miss Murphy of Brockville. Some of those who had this pleasure were: Mrs. S. Crowell, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Misses C. Healy and M. Latchford.

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February 9.—The annual meeting of the Edward Kylie Chapter of I.O.D.E. was held at the Sherbourne Club. Excellent reports were read showing a successful year's work, and the following ladies were elected for the year 1920. First Vice-Regent, Mrs. M. Healy; Second Vice-Regent, Mrs. J. C. Keenan; Councillors, Mrs. R. P. Gough, Mrs. Thomas McCarron.

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Among the many pre-Lenten attractions was the young people's party given by Mrs. A. J. Gough in her beautiful home in Chestnut Park Road.

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Congratulations to Mrs. T. Coleman (Jessie MacGregor) on the promotion lately received by her husband, Mr. T. Coleman, to Manager of the Ottawa branch of the Great West Life In-

urance Company; to Mr. and Mrs. T. Giblin (G. Ryan), and Mr. and Mrs. Byrne (E. Scanlon) who have been lately married.

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We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Wm. Fischer (F. Kuntz) of Waterloo, in the death of her father-in-law, ex-Mayor Fischer, Kitchener; to Miss Margaret Bigley in the death of her brother; to Miss Carmel Kelly in the death of her brother; to Mrs. Staley (L. Lynch) in the death of her father; to Mrs. C. Mulvihill in the death of her mother, Mrs. Flannigan.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Beginning with the next issue of the Lilies, the date of expiration of each subscription will be indicated on the wrapper of the magazine. Will subscribers kindly see that subscription fees are paid in good time? Notification of change of address should be sent at once to The Subscription Dept., St. Joseph Lilies, St. Joseph's College, Toronto.



Community Notes

In Memoriam

Sister Mary of the Angels Colgan.

On February 2nd, at the Mother House, St. Alban street, Sister Mary of the Angels Colgan of the Community of St. Joseph, died in the 54th year of her age and the 36th of her religious life.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of the soul of the deceased Sister in the Convent Chapel, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., by the Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. V. Reath, C.S.B., and Rev. F. Meader, C.S.B. In the Sanctuary were Very Rev. J. Player, C.S.B., Rev. M. Christian, C.S.B., Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.B., Rev. Dr. Kehoe, O.C.C., and Rev. W. Dunn, S.J. Among the relatives and friends present were Mrs. J. Ross, a sister of the deceased; Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Leary, Mr. J. Brennan, Miss F. Colgan, Miss M. Brennan, nephews and nieces, and Mr. D. A. Carey, Chairman of the Separate School Board.

In Sister Mary of the Angels, the Community of St. Joseph loses one of its devoted teachers. The thirty-six years of her religious life were spent in the strenuous work of the school-room. During that time she had been engaged in the St. Joseph's Academies and Separate Schools of Toronto, St. Catharines and Cobourg. Though frail in body and a life-long sufferer from acute attacks of severe physical pain, she laboured zealously in the education of the children confided to her care. Not only did she strive to conduct her pupils successfully along the fair paths of secular learning, but was unrelenting in her efforts to impart to them a knowledge "unto eternity" of the saving truths of holy faith. May she already have heard the consoling words:

"Blessed are they who instruct many unto justice, for they shall shine as stars in the Kingdom of Heaven." R.I.P.

On January 5th the usual ceremony of Reception and Profession took place in the Convent Chapel. The Right Rev. Mgr. Whelan officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. J. Player, C.S.B., and Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B. Rev. C. McCormick, who conducted the eight days' retreat, delivered a very inspiring sermon on the sublimity of the religious vocation. Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., after which those taking part in the ceremony held a reception for their relatives and friends in the spacious drawing-rooms of the Convent. The young ladies who received the veil were: Miss Gladys Foote, Toronto (Sr. M. Frances Teresa); Miss Mabel Jennings, Toronto (Sr. M. Anna); Miss Ona Ryan, Peterboro (Sr. M. Delphine); Miss Eileen Scanlon, Toronto (Sr. Mary Grace); Miss Ruth McDonald, Toronto (Sr. Mary Helena); Miss Beatrice Guerin, Toronto (Sr. Mary Oswald); Miss Rita Reich, Toronto (Sr. M. St. Matthew); Miss Helen Wright, Guelph (Sr. M. Etheldreda); Miss Josephine Fitzgerald, Phelpston (Sr. M. Antoinette); Miss Kathleen Boehler, Toronto (Sr. M. Veronica); Miss Gertrude Bradley, Toronto (Sr. Mary Angela); Miss Irene Mahoney, Toronto (Sr. M. Philip Neri).

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The following notice appeared in the Catholic Register a few weeks ago: "A short time ago, the Provincial Inspector of Schools for Manitoba visited St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg, which for a year past has been conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph from Toronto. The Inspector, who gave the different classes a very thorough and searching examination, expressed himself as highly delighted with the excellent work being done in the school. In the course of other commendatory remarks, the Inspector said that he would like to arrange to have the highest grade pupils from some of the other parish schools come to St. Joseph's to prepare for entrance examination—thus making the latter a centre of preparation. This speaks well for the work that the Sisters of St. Joseph are doing in the West."

* * * * *

Three members of the Community celebrated the Silver

Jubilee of their profession on Jan. 5th, Rev. Sisters M. Clotilde and Hilary, Toronto, and Rev. Sister Clementine, Thorold, Ont.

* * * * *

We offer our sincere sympathy to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. McKeown, London, and to Rev. M. M. Aldegond, Peterboro, in the death of their beloved sister, M. M. Monica of the Loretto Community, Toronto; to Rev. P. Flannigan, Uptergrove, also, in the death of his dear mother; and to our esteemed contributor, Dr. Wm. Fischer, Waterloo, Ont., in the death of his father.

* * * * *

The Community of St. Joseph has lost one of its truest and best friends in the death of Dr. Robert Dwyer, which occurred a few months ago at the home of his mother here in Toronto. For many years past Dr. Dwyer was intimately connected with St. Michael's Hospital and his efficient services will be greatly missed by all connected with that institution. To his revered mother, sisters and brother we offer sympathy in their bereavement. May his noble soul rest in peace!

* * * * *

Requiem High Mass was celebrated Thursday, Feb. 19th, in our Convent Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Dr. R. Dwyer; on the following Saturday Solemn High Mass was sung by His Grace, the Archbishop, in St. Michael's Hospital Chapel, for the same intention.

* * * * *

To Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., of St. Augustine's Seminary, we offer our condolences in the death of his cousin, Rev. F. Kehoe, Mount Forest, Ont., who after several months' illness died at St. Michael's Hospital, Feb. 2nd. The late Father Kehoe has three sisters in the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, to whom we also offer our sincere sympathy; to the Rev. Fathers John and W. Fraser we likewise extend our sympathy in the recent death of their saintly mother, Mrs. W. Fraser, Toronto. Sister St. John of the Monastery of Charity, Toronto, and Sister M. Geraldine of our own Community, are daughters of the deceased.

Rev. Mother was able to give us many delightful and interesting details of our houses in Comox, Prince Rupert, Ladysmith and Winnipeg, after her return from the official visitation in the West.

* * * * *

We were pleased to receive a call from Rev. W. Dunn, S.J., of Winnipeg, Man., during his recent stay in Toronto, having been called home owing to the serious illness of his mother.

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Congratulations to the Christian Brothers on the splendid entertainment given by the boys of their schools in Massey Hall, Feb. 13th. The matinee provided for the Sisters and pupils of the Separate Schools was very much appreciated and enjoyed.

* * * * *

An autograph copy of "Father Duffy's Story" of the War, received not long ago by a member of the Community, is one of the most highly-prized volumes on our library shelves.

—•••••—

Be of use to men, and you will learn to love them. Help others, and the help you give shall return into your own heart—shall exalt, shall enrich it.—Rev. Joseph Farrell.

—•••••—

The habit of prayer communicates a penetrating sweetness to the glance, the voice, the smile, the tears,—to all one says, or does, or writes.—Abbe Róux.



A



Beautiful

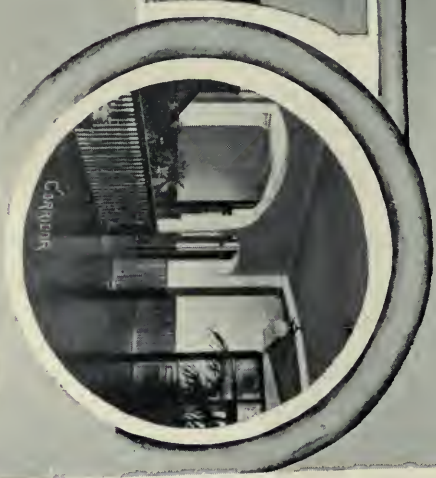


Easter

grows

St Joseph's

TORONTO



EASTER GREETING

St. Joseph's College Department Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Susan McCormick, '21.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Dorothy Agnew, '23; Rita Morgan, Nora Foy, Alma Bourke, Sarah Meehan.

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Art Editor—Miss Theresa St. Denis.

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Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

Editorial

College Spirit. The most important factor in College education today is that spirit which is apparent in all flourishing seats of learning—a spirit of loyalty and responsibility which does more for the college and students than all the books and professors could ever hope to attain. It is this spirit alone which makes possible a university education. This spirit is not confined to the larger colleges; on the contrary, it is even more apparent in smaller institutions. The individuality of the members seems to have more scope and is less liable to be swallowed up in the mass. Then again, when a smaller college is pitted against a larger one, there is more zest lent to the struggle. The odds being against it, urges it on to greater efforts, and unites the students in a brotherhood all striving to uphold the traditions of their predecessors.

Take, for example, the University of Toronto, made up of four colleges. One of these—St. Michael's— comparatively few in years and numbers as yet, is becoming more widely

known every day. Its successes are quite equal in proportion to numbers as those of the leading college itself. With the present co-ordination of students, even greater results are expected and, we feel confident, will be realized.

There is more active College Spirit in the new world universities than in the old. It leaves a strong impression on foreign students who are not accustomed to the social as well as intellectual union, so characteristic of our colleges.

As true patriotism does not consist in mere flag-waving, neither does College Spirit mean that stilted, selfish attitude prevalent in the world to-day. The spirit we want is that willingness to sacrifice personal desires to the welfare of the college. It is gradually finding its outlet in public and social service on the part of the graduates. Until the true spirit is inculcated in the students, there can be no true university. Fortunately, there is no lack of this spirit in Canada, and we hope within the near future to become a leading star in the intellectual world.'

S. McCORMICK. '21.

A Thought for Holy Week

BY NORA MCGUANE.

With wounded love from Calvary's height,
His Eyes looked down on you and me.
For we were in that jeering line
That stretched into eternity.

Aye, each in turn cast taunts and sneers
At Him, Who hung upon the wood.
We scoffed, and joined the ranks of those
That mocked the Author of all Good.

The Art of Criticism

BY RUTH M. AGNEW. '20.

MODERN criticism is, or should be, an appreciation of the beauties of literature and the interpretation of the ideal in art. Criticism of modern literature is, consciously or unconsciously, the expression of the opinions of the reading public. This general rule, however, has many exceptions.

This is a far cry from the critical methods of Plato and Aristotle, or even from those of Addison, Lessing and Cousin. With Plato, the critic is the supreme authority in literature; his judgments are irrevocable, and his is the last word with regard to both subject and style.

With Aristotle the comparative method of criticism makes its first appearance and has held the centre of the stage almost till the present day. Unlike the previous critics, he does not formulate his own rules, but sets up models—great masters of literature—to be copied and imitated. According to his method all epics must be Homeric and all dramas Sophoclean. Any works which cannot be judged according to these standards are unworthy of a critic's notice.

Lessing in his artistic criticism, and Cousin with his philosophic criticism, merely express in different terms the great truth which Addison discovered: namely, that the achievement of the writer must be considered by the critic before the method employed to secure that achievement, and that the test of literary perfection is not resemblance to a preconceived model, but "the power to affect the imagination."

Always keeping this one principle in view, modern criticism has developed rapidly in different directions. We have to-day what might almost be called different "schools" of critics, all exerting more or less influence on contemporary literature and on the mind and temper of the public.

In the first place we have the true critic—that is, the critic of true literature who is animated first and foremost by a deep and sincere love for good works and by an honest desire to share his appreciation with his less astute but equally enthusiastic fellow-readers. His function is to praise an author before finding fault, yet he must not let his admiration blind him to the flaws in the work. On the other hand, he must not consider that limitations of style are an infallible proof of serious lack of genius. An author's worst style is not to be taken as an expression of his real spirit; nor is his merit to be estimated only by a consideration of an unusually excellent piece of his work. In short, the true critic must know his author thoroughly; he must have studied long and carefully his characteristics and the ideas and principle which have influenced his work; and he must have made due allowance for his personal and original elements. Only in this way can he distinguish between the rules which are partial and the principles which are permanent.

Next comes the destructive critic. His mission in life is to find fault with an author's subject or form, style or spirit. Successful and obscure authors alike are attacked by his vitriolic pen; and although, like the true appreciative critic, he is generally sincere and honest in the expression of his opinions, at times one would almost glean the impression that he has a personal spite against the victim of his attack. Destructive criticism is often salutary and necessary; this is especially true at the present day, when so many senseless or extravagant and unwholesome works are being widely advertised as wonderful masterpieces. On the other hand, destructive criticism is apt to degenerate into wanton denunciation of good and bad literature alike. When a critic adopts a policy of systematic fault-finding, he is apt to become unable to discriminate between the blameworthy and the praiseworthy.

The third critic, on the contrary, blames nothing and praises anything and everything. If he finds it necessary to blame at all, he administers a very mild reproof; and his

praise is invariably extravagant. Such a critic does both good and harm. His enthusiasm is contagious, and many are affected by it who would not otherwise be attracted to good literature. Unfortunately, many are attracted in like manner to the worthless works on which he lavishes many of his encomiums.

Closely allied to this deluded and charitable gentleman is the frankly commercial critic. He is employed by a newspaper or magazine to write "appreciations" of all the latest novels. These shining examples of the critic's art are then culled from the various reviews displayed—in quotation marks—on the jacket of the book. If these criticisms are to be believed, this is without doubt an age of genius such as the world has never before seen—and probably will never see again. Witness these excerpts from the jacket of a "best seller" of yesterday, whose author, in spite of his "fascinating realism," has already been supplanted by others more weirdly fascinating or more brutally realistic.

"The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens. It is this almost clairvoyant power of reading the human soul that has placed his books among the most remarkable works of the present age."

Below this general appreciation are complimentary comments on the author's various works—evidently from the same ecstatic and indefatigable pen:

"The dramatic action is intense. The keen analysis of character and insight of the human soul is the work of the author at his best. The description of nature are true and masterful, the pathos and humour delightful."

"Its style is unlike the heavy stroke of a sword, but is rather the skilful thrust of a rapier."

"Bears a message as broad as humanity itself."

"Unless you are a man or woman living without hope, without aspiration or ambition, laughter and tears, read this great book."

“Amidst all the ordinary literature of the day, this story is a pure white stone set up along a dreary road of unending monotony.”

To read much of such so-called criticism is indeed to wend along “a dreary road of unending monotony.” This kind of disgusting flattery, although in no sense of the word true criticism, is having the unfortunate effect of prejudicing the reading public against literary criticism of any kind. It is to be hoped that authors and publishers alike will do all in their power to remedy this state of affairs, in order that all criticism may once more fulfil its true function, which, as Matthew Arnold says, is “simply to know the best that is known, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas.”



The Blind Boy

BY CATHARINE HAMMALL, FOURTH CLASS.

I cannot look upon the stars,
I cannot see the sun,
Nor can I see the grass
That stretches far where streamlets run.

But ah! the eyes of my poor soul
Have visions better still,
They see a rift in darkest clouds
In blindness, God's sweet will.

The Fourth Form

BY A LOWLY THIRD (H. MEYER).

Our Fourth Form girls are all such stars,
They're brilliant as can be.
They know—well, almost everything,
Or so they think, tee hee!

You'll hear them tell that Virgil wrote
A great Geometry,
How Caesar led the Israelites
Across the deep Red Sea.

They say that Ancient History's 'bout
The days when they were young,
That Algebra is just a joke,
A sort of "grown-up" fun.

And Shakespeare was, or so they say,
A bard of Ancient Greece,
Who used to spin the jolliest yarns
About a "Golden Fleece."

I heard one call a block of wood
The board of education,
And say that Chemistry's one way
For solving an equation.

I wish I were a Fourth Form Girl
And knew as much as they.
It must be nice to talk in that
Superior kind of way.

Irish Fairy and Folk-Lore

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

“**S**EUMAS MacManus, the Irish poet, is a brilliant representative of a poetic race. Poetry and mysticism, wit, humour and pathos are everywhere present in his work. And audiences are held spellbound at the will of this prince of story-tellers.”

By borrowing the words of a leading American paper we can, perhaps, pay some little tribute to the brilliant genius of this Celtic author and poet, in whose praise they have been written. All his writings, combining as they do the melody of the lyre, the dignity of the epic, and the swift movement of the drama, truly assure for him a prominent place in the literary world of to-day. Coming from a land whose blended purple of mountain, green of valley, and blue-grey of sea, have coloured and perfumed the very name of Erin—whose véry breezes bear the breath of song—with his deft magic he has woven these beauties of scene and sound into all his writings so that those who read may feel again the wondrous charm of the Irish hills!

As a result of combining his powers as an author, poet and orator, he has given America a series of interesting lectures. Inspired no doubt by the beauties of his native Ireland, he has made her the subject of some ten or twelve such recitals dealing with her literature, her wit and humour, and present political plight. A discourse on “Irish Fairy and Folk-Lore” was the one that St. Joseph’s was permitted to hear and his delightful style in oratory, coupled with his clear deliverance, made it an occasion not soon to be forgotten.

First was the story of how the fairies came to Ireland, a quaint little tale that has been retold for generations around the

turf-fires in the mountain-cabins until it is fairly suggestive of Celtic skies and Celtic seas. Long, long ago, when Lucifer, the brightest of the angels, rose up in pride against God, there were some who neither joined him in his sin nor fought under the banner of the faithful Michael, and though God banished them from His heavenly kingdom, in His mercy He did not condemn them to the eternal punishment of the fallen spirits. Filled with sorrow, they besought Him, that since He closed heaven against them, He would at least put them in the place nearest to it on earth—and that is how the pixies and the banshees and the goblins, and the other elfin creatures first came to the Isle of the Shamrock ! !

One privileged person at least has seen the fairy host and the story of this occasion forms a most interesting tale. Father Dan was his name—an old, bent, white-haired priest, whose kindly smile and cheering word were known and loved throughout the whole country. At morn and evening one might see him at peace with God and the world, riding to and fro from his little parish-church, on his grey mare, Forgiveness. “Forgiveness” the peasants had named her, and fittingly, too, for when she was discovered grazing in the midst of their choicest farm-lands, “We must grant her forgiveness,” they would say, “for she is Father Dan’s grey mare.”

One clear, November night, as the old priest was riding slowly homeward, having been called out to administer the Last Sacraments to a dying parishioner, he perceived that the long white road that wound down the mountain-side to the sea, was suddenly covered with little men, no bigger than one’s finger, all clad in armour and mounted on tiny horses. Father Dan rubbed his eyes; yes, they were there in reality; it was no dream, even the placid Forgiveness had drawn back with a start. Suddenly he who seemed to be the leader of the rest, stepped out from their ranks and addressed the priest in a ringing tone. “We have come here to-night,” he said, “to ask you, who work in the service of God, if we shall ever get back to the eternal kingdom that we have lost.”

Father Dan was puzzled. "In truth," he replied, "I cannot readily answer your question, for I know no more concerning the matter than you do yourselves." At this an angry shout rose from the multitude, but above it was heard the voice of the leader: "You must reply," he said, and it seemed to Father Dan that the little fellow grasped his tiny sword to make sure of an answer.

The old priest bent his head. "You may regain Heaven yet," he said at length, "if from the ranks of you all, one drop of blood may be taken, like unto that which our Saviour shed on earth for men!"

Scarcely had the words left his lips when a wail arose from them all—such a hopeless, despairing cry as neither Father Dan nor any member of the human race had heard, since or before. The old priest raised his head. From his distant chapel came the chime of twelve. A flood of moonlight lit the long, white road, devoid now of all habitation—and the armed fairy host had vanished into the midnight!

But they indeed exist, as this incident proves, and how they reward and punish as mortals so deserve, forms the interesting tale of Shane Bawn, that many and many a time has been related by the Shanachies as they sat about the turf-fires and entranced their listeners with such tales of Irish lore.

Shane Bawn was a poor peasant, in fact, one might say, Shane was wretchedly poor, for his poverty increased with his years and they were now getting to be many. At length Shane's plight came to be hopeless, for one morning, rising early from his bed of straw, he discovered that his little cabin held not so much as a bit of bread to feed the mouths of his hungry children, when they later, would wake. Poor Shane was so deep in despair that soon two big tears rolled down his cheeks, though he tried, with all his manly heart, to hold them back. It would never do to let his little ones see him cry, so opening the door softly, he stole out into the early morning, and walking some distance from his cabin, he sat down on the road-side and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he heard a voice behind him saying, "Shane, Shane, why do you weep and why are you depressed?" and turning around, there beside him in the grass stood a little man, clad all in red and no bigger than one's hand. Shane was too much enwrapped in his troubles to marvel at this and without further ado, he told the little fellow of the plight that he was in—his wife and little ones with not a thing to eat. "Be of good cheer, Shane," said the fairy, for, of course, it was a fairy, "return to the barn that stands behind your cabin, and there you will find, tethered in a stall, a wondrous fairy cow. Each day she will give you milk, and each year she will bear you two fine calves, but never attempt to sell her, or all will be lost!"

With this parting injunction the fairy vanished, before Shane could thank him, who, after gazing dumbly for some seconds upon the place where he had stood, finally turned his steps towards the barn, as the fairy had directed. Sure enough there in a stall stood a milk-white cow, as handsome an animal as ever mortal laid eyes on, and with a shout of delight, Shane ran towards the house to bring the milking vessels. In a few minutes, pitchers, pails, buckets stood beside him, overflowing with creamy milk. No longer need the little ones go hungry! Shane was a happy man.

Some years passed and the once poor peasant was now a prosperous farmer with such a herd of cattle that none in the neighborhood could equal it. Milk, butter and cheese were to be had almost for the asking, so one fine day Shane decided that he would take the fairy cow to market to be sold, for in his stables were dozens of her equals. Gone was the fairy's warning. But alas! as soon as Shane led her out of her stall and into the lane, with a bound she broke away from him, and "tossing her head wan way into the air, and her haies another," away she went over hill and moorland, followed by all the rest of the herd! ! Nor were they ever heard of after and poor Shane Bawn was even more wretched than before.

No land, perhaps, is so rich in fables that deal with the per-

sonification of animals as is Ireland. Many amusing tales are therefore concocted in which the fox plays a conspicuous part. It is said that once a fox, walking along with a rooster, said to the latter, "My grandfather could stand on one leg, shut one eye and crow." "That is nothing," replied the rooster, "I can do that." "Well, let me see you do it," said the fox, and his friend proceeded to execute the feat. "Very good," then said the fox, "but my grandfather could stand on one leg, close his other eye and crow." "Very simple," replied the rooster, "I can do that too," and he did so. "Still better," said the fox. "But, after all, my grandfather could stand on one leg, shut both his eyes and crow." "So can I," said the rooster, and not to be outdone, he did it—but he never crowed again!

Time was when the fox said grace before and after meat, but he has since omitted the ceremony, and this is the reason. One day he caught a particularly plump goose and being hungry, he decided then and there, to eat her on the spot. Laying her down for dead at his feet, he rolled his eyes upward to pronounce the blessing, but when a moment later he brought them again to earth, no goose could he see, and looking across the field, he saw his intended dinner scurrying towards the barn-yard as fast as her webbed feet could carry her.

Even the more careless observer will have noted that the bat is never seen except when night has fallen, and this peculiarity of his, too, has a reason. Time was when he went about in daylight as do the other birds and animals, but that was before he took his eventful sea-voyage with the crow.

Now the crow and he had been sailing for some days when a great storm arose and their wrecked vessel cast them both upon a desert island in the middle of the ocean. The poor crow was tired, and after first asking the bat to watch over him, he lay down to rest. But as soon as he was asleep, the treacherous bat gathered together some bits of wood that were drifting about on the tide, and, making himself a raft, away he sailed, leaving the poor crow to his fate.

At length the crow awoke, and finding himself alone, he vented his anger upon the head of the bat. "O false friend," he cried. "If ever I get back to civilization I will never cease till I avenge this deed of thine." Finally the crow did get back and his first thought was the vow that he had taken while on the island. That is why, at early morning, you will see the crow and its young, taking their winged flight across the sky and how at night-fall they return, weary and worn out, to the nest, and then, when the gloom has fallen, stealthily the bat comes out, but with the first rays of morning light he returns again to his hiding-hole.

There is a decided contrast between two birds that inhabit the Celtic shores, the one the Irish black-bird, the other the plover. In the green, sunny valleys, the black-bird calls joyously the livelong day, but up on the dreary moorlands the wild sweeping of the wind is mingled with the wailing voice of the plover.

Once, legend tells us, the black-bird dwelt in the moorlands and the plover sang in the valleys, when one day the black-bird bargained with her that she should go to the mountains and he to the green valleys, so that both might benefit by the change. "But just for a day," the plover agreed, and so they exchanged places. But when the black-bird found how warm and bright was the plover's home, he resolved never to return to the bleak moorlands, and one day—two days—three days slipped by and he sent no word to the frightened bird in the strange, bleak hill-country. "When are you coming, when are you coming?" her plaintive cry seems to be, but the black-bird answers joyously from the green meadows: "I am coming never! I am coming never!" "But you promised! you promised!" wails the poor plover, and mingled with the voice of the wind she hears only the triumphant reply, "I am coming never! I am coming never!"

Among the novels that Seumas MacManus has given to the world, "A Lad O' Friels" perhaps takes the foremost place. Here he puts the soul of his race—the love, the passion, the

simple faith—into language exquisite. Not only is this particular book a literary achievement of great distinction, but it is also a tale that admirably shows the spirit of Irish homely life. One of its characters, "The Vagabond," a mischief-loving lad of fourteen, particularly endears himself to us, and we read with interest the series of adventures that follow his boyish exploits. A great lover of the history of his native land was the Vagabond, and in consequence of his reading many books on the subject, great battles weekly took place between the English and Irish hosts, with him as the valiant leader of his brave countrymen, who, unlike what history has it, always left the field triumphant. But there was one conflict that could not be readily reproduced for want of a suitable setting—the site of an old castle—and of course the Vagabond longed to rehearse this one above all the others.

Now, in the vicinity lived a retired gentleman of some means, one Corny Higardy, who in his young days had been in the government employ and who now went yearly to draw his pension from that reliable source. Being a gentleman of some means, his home was larger than the others that stood in the village and had long been regarded as an excellent substitute for Castle X—, in the Vagabond's eyes. To make a long story short, upon the day that he journeyed forth to collect his pension, his house (otherwise the before-mentioned castle) was stormed by the two contending armies, and it became a sort of gunpowder plot; ammunition was not lacking to the young warrior. The Vagabond placed a light to the explosives not with any destructive intentions, you understand, but merely to carry out the attack properly. Alas! a mighty bang was heard and the poor leader rose trembling to behold but the remains of Corny Higardy's home!

The next part of the story treats with his flight to sea and his first letter to the dear ones at home, telling them of the greatness that will be his some day and closing with the humorous injunction, "I will forgive and forget yez all," and

the final postscript of "I think the first land we'll strike'll be the bottom!"

Seumas MacManus' poetic powers, too, have been given great acclaim. One of his poems, "Inver Bay," in particular, is most lovely, telling how the Irish heart would fain give all the glories of foreign grandeur for

"Inver Bay, on a harvest day,
With the sun going down behind!"



True Refinement

“Quietness of person” is the sincerest portrayal of refinement. This does not mean that one must cloak oneself in statuesque dignity and assume a reserved and distant manner. Neither does it wish to subdue the vivacious, athletic-loving type of girl. Such elimination would truly be a loss of no little moment. Superb health and vitality are among the most valuable assets. The world has all too few really healthful specimens of humanity, especially among the feminine sex. Place the blame on factory, society, or the energetic life of to-day—the fact still remains unaltered. Yet no matter how good or how companionable a sportswoman a girl may be, she can never, even with such praiseworthy recommendation, afford to forget that she is the most worshipped thing in life—dowered with lovely womanhood.

Perhaps it is due to the hustling, energetic life of the twentieth century, which seems bent seriously upon one thing only: to endeavour to satisfy in each day the varied passions of a life-time.

So we meet them on our city streets, winsome little girls in their teens, at the loveliest and most appealing age—girlhood, when we should find them “standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet.” But to-day, ’tis with eager feet they hasten to that port of embarkation, ’tis with yearning heart they long for the mysteries and glammers of “grown-up life.” They pass us talking loudly, pushing rudely through the crowds, powder and oft-times rouge quite visible upon their baby-skin, marring the young beauty of their faces, short skirts, silk stockings, aping their elders quite cleverly, even to the “low-neck” so deplorably common to-day, so vulgarly indecent. Bits of their chatter drift to our ears as they hurry by; laden with slang, till it is almost a foreign language to one unversed in the “latest.” The sub-

jects of their conversation, topics that are not apropos to discuss in public, are absurdly talked over by these "know-it-all" little ladies, punctuated by inane side remarks and gum-chewing. Such the little miss of sixteen summers in this, our twentieth century:

"Ah. gone are 'the girls
Of the ribbons and curls'
And the fragrant old-fashioned bouquet"—

And they have taken with them the most cherished of attributes—true refinement.

—Worcester Catholic Messenger.



The Old Clock

BY CHRISTINE JOHNSTON, FOURTH CLASS.

Many things happened before I entered upon my career as a class-room clock, but they are of no importance now, for I feel as if the better part of my life, and certainly the most useful, was ticked out in that little school in Amiens.

To begin with, I was placed in this "House of Learning" through the efforts of five little children who saved up their sous until they were able to purchase me from the clock-maker whereupon I was presented with a great deal of shyness and inward joy to the teacher on her Saint's day, the Feast of Saint Genevieve. Then I had many adventures, and how well I remember the first one. A little boy, Jean de Boise, although forbidden by the teacher, entered the class-room at noon hour with two of his companions, and began playing with a ball, bouncing it against the wall and catching it. You can imagine my terror at the sight of it coming near me. At last my worst fears were realized and the ball bounced against my face, cracking it and disfiguring my dignified Roman Numerals. Then, of course, I had to be sent to the clock-maker, who very obligingly gave me a new face and brushed and cleaned me until I felt quite my old self again. Nearly two years passed and all the while I continued to tick, tick, tick on the wall, smiling on good children and frowning on the tardy and naughty ones. Then the war broke out and though the children came to school as usual, I no longer heard gay and merry laughter. Their talk was all about the war, the dreadful war. When the window was opened I could hear passers-by asking one another, "Well, any war news to-day?" "A great deal, but not very encouraging." That made my heart beat faster and sometimes the children would comment on my unusual ways. I could see the soldiers drilling in the plot across the street and flags flying from the house windows. Months and months passed and still all was war. By this time I could hear the canons roaring

in the distance, and time and again I caught rumours of the havoc that was being wrought by the Big Berthas and the Krupps.

One day a great canon-ball burst into the recreation room across the hall. Luckily the children were not there, but the school was wrecked. I was torn from the wall and fell on my face amid the debris, a crushed and broken thing. Now I said in the beginning that many things had happened to me before I became a class-room clock, and many things have happened to me since too, not very pleasant ones either; for two armies have marched over this debris and I may truly say "I have seen better days." What is left of me now is waiting with resignation to vanish in smoke at the hands of the first salvaging gang that may come this way.



Winter is Gone

BY HELEN KERNAHAN.

Winter is gone and Spring is here—

Beautiful, sunny Spring.

The wind is warm, the sky all clear,

And birds are on the wing.

The skipping-ropes make merry hum,

The days with laughter ring,

For Winter's dead and Spring's alive—

Beautiful, sunny Spring.



The Christmas edition of "The Academy" is one of merit. The many short stories, told very interestingly, have each a moral attached to them. The poems, too, were very simple, but beautiful—of these we liked best "The Faithful Star," which describes the star which marked the birthplace of the Infant Jesus.

* * * * *

In the "Young Eagle" we find many delightful poems and well-written stories—the latter show careful thought. The good essay on the present war entitled "On Christmas Eve at Rheims," describes the famous Cathedral, as to its beauty in architecture in the past and its ruination at the present. Not only is France weeping for the destruction of art alone—the whole world mourns.

* * * * *

"The Marywood College Bay Leaf" is a new-comer to our Exchange Table, but it has assured for itself a warm welcome. In "John Ayscough's Marywood Lecture on Jane Austin," we find a comparison of the novelists Jane Austin and Sir Walter Scott. The Marywood Public Debate"—resolved that Congress should be given the power of amendment to the Constitution

to regulate manufactures and industry—proves very interesting. The negatives upheld every argument which could be presented.

* * * * *

From Washington comes the "Trinity College Record"—which is an example of the excellent nature of the journals published by the students of Catholic Colleges. The thought of the essay entitled "Commerce As a Cause of War," may be summed up in this paragraph—Commerce constituted the cause of the war of 1812-14, the war between the North and South, and the Spanish-American, and we may venture to state that it was also a cause of the last great war. In fighting for their liberty, the citizens have made the world safe for democracy, and so liberty resulted. Every country deserves praise for keeping itself protected during the crisis through which civilization has passed." We always enjoy the Trinity College Magazine.

* * * * *

"Thoughts on Coleridge," a short essay in the "De Paul Minerval," is especially interesting. The poem entitled "God's Masterpiece," is exceedingly beautiful. The "De Paul Minerval" in every way reaches the standard of a good magazine.

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In the "Fordham Monthly" we find many noteworthy contributions—the short stories are well developed and the poets' corner shows great ability on the part of the composers.

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We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: "The Prospector," "Ariston," "St. Vincent College Journal," "The Academia," "The Niagara Index," "The Laurel," "The Alvernia," "St. Mary's Chimes," "The Saint Francis," "St. Vincent's Journal" and others.

K. McNALLY.



My Dad

BY EILEEN MCGUANE.

My dad says he can't understand
When girls begin to rhyme,
Why they should always write about
"My Mother" all the time.

He says in most girls' magazines,
On some page or another,
You're sure to find a poem written
All about "My Mother."

You never find a word to say
How good their dads may be,
It's "Mother's this" and "Mother's that,"
As far as he can see.

And so next time I write a poem
'Twill be about my "paw,"
The dearest, bestest, sweetest dad
This old world ever saw.

Transformation

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

Mayhap in days to come I'll be
All that they now desire of me,
A rock of sense, whose judgment clear
They'll all consult, both far and near.
Mayhap in days to come you'll see
This most amazing change in me.

The Newsboy

BY FRANTZA KORMANN, FORM I.

Early on a raw, chilly morning in March, Tony, the little newsy, was at his post on the corner of Maine and Vermont. He was wan and haggard looking, his toes peeping out of his shoes, and a sad depressed look in his eyes. A gentleman passed.

“Paper, Sir?”

“Yes.”

The deal was made and the young man passed on, not knowing how glad the little lad was of his sale, for business was poor so early in the morning.

Gradually, more and more people filled the streets, and soon the traffic grew heavy. The newsy was kept busy now, but not so intent on his sales that he did not see an old lady waiting for a chance to cross the congested street. She made her way to the centre of the road, where she was caught amid cars and motors. Just as she was looking helplessly about, a cold, begrimed little hand stole into hers, leading her safely across. “God bless you and keep you, my boy,” said she, as the little lad, confused at the unaccustomed kindness, shot quickly back to his corner.

The old lady was gone now, but her words were still ringing in Tony’s ears. It was the first time anyone had ever said a kind word to him, and even though it was a common blessing, it went right to his heart. He had no one to go to for a word of sympathy or love, so that “God bless you” meant more in his life than any amount of money which might have been given him, and Tony says he will remember the dear old lady as long as he lives.

The Letter Box

Translated from the French of René Bazin.

By CECILE KEOGH.

NO one could describe the peace that enveloped that country rectory. The parish was small, well-intentioned, well-to-do, accustomed to the old priest who had been its director for thirty years. The village ended at the presbytery; the presbytery reached to the meadow which sloped towards the river, and from which rose in the warm weather the song of the earth scented by the perfume of plants. Behind the too large house a kitchen-garden bordered on the meadow, and received the first and last rays of the sun. As early as the month of May one could see cherries there, gooseberries often earlier, and a week before the Assumption, one could not pass within a hundred metres of it, without smelling the heavy perfume of ripening melons.

You must not think that the Curé of St. Philemon was a glutton. He had arrived at the age when the appetite is merely a memory, his back was stooped, his face wrinkled, his eyes small and grey and one quite blind, and one ear so deaf that in addressing him it was always necessary to approach from the other side. Oh no, he did not eat all the fruits of his orchards! The small boys and the birds had also their share—especially the birds—the blackbirds which lived there in comfort all the year round and sang their best in return; the orioles, pretty wayfarers, who helped themselves during weeks of great abundance; the sparrows, the warblers and finally the tom-tits, a species swarming and voracious, with tufts of feathers, big as fingers, hanging on branches, turning, climbing, piercing a grape-seed here, pecking at a pear there—real beasts of prey, giving in recompense only a little shrill cry like the buzz of a saw. Old age had rendered the Curé of St. Philemon indulgent even to them. These little creatures are

not blameless," said he, "but if I would change them, how many of my parishioners must I wish to improve also?" And he contented himself with clapping his hands on entering the garden, in order not to be a witness to the appalling deprecations.

Then there would be a fluttering of wings, as if all the flowers of all the wild plants were set on wing—grey, white, yellow and variegated ones; a little flight, a rustling of leaves, and then peace for five minutes more. But what minutes! What silence! Remember there was not one factory in the village, nor one tradesplace, nor forge hammer, and the noise of men and their horses and oxen filtering across the country, isolated, invisible, merged and died in the vibration of the air rising from the heated earth. Mills were unknown, roads scarcely frequented, railways far distant. If the repentance of those garden-warblers had lasted, the priest would have been lulled to sleep over his breviary by the very silence.

Fortunately the return was prompt; a sparrow set the example, a jay followed and the entire aviary resumed work. In vain the priest might pass and repass, holding his book shut, or opening it, murmuring, "They will not leave me one grain this year"; no bird left its prey no more than if the Curé were a cone-shaped pear tree with thick foliage, swaying in time on the gravel walk.

Birds guess that those who complain do not act. Each spring they nested around the rectory of St. Philemon in greater numbers than anywhere else. The best places were quickly occupied; the hollows in the trees, the holes in the walls, the forked branches of the apple-trees or hornbeams, and one could see brown beaks, like sword points, projecting from handfuls of hay between all the rafters of the roof. One year, when all had been taken, a tomtit, I suppose in embarrassed circumstances, perceived a little slit, protected by a board, sunk in the thickness of the masonry to the right of the entrance door of the presbytery; she slipped in, came back satisfied with her exploration, brought some materials and built her

nest, neglecting nothing to keep it warm—neither feathers, nor wool, nor flakes of lichens to cover the old wood.

One morning the house-keeper, Philomene, came in furiously holding a paper. It was under the laurel arbour at the end of the garden.

“Look, Father, see the state of this paper! That is nice!”

“What do you mean, Philomene?”

“Your horrid birds, all those birds that you keep here. They will soon be nesting in your soup-tureens.”

“But I only have one soup-tureen, Philomene.”

“They have even taken it into their heads to nest in your letter-box. I opened it, because the postman rang, which has not happened for many days. It was full—of hay, horsehair, spider-threads, feathers enough to make an eider-down comforter, and in the midst of it all a creature which I hadn't seen, hissed at me, like a viper.”

The Curé of St. Philemon began to laugh like a grandfather hearing the pranks of a child.

“It must be the titmouse,” said he, “she is the only one who could invent such a trick. Above all, don't disturb it, Philomene.”

“Indeed there's no danger of my disturbing anything so beautiful.”

The priest hastened across the garden, through the house and the yard, planted with asparagus, down to the wall of enclosure which separated the presbytery from the public highway, and there by a careful effort of his hand, he opened the monumental niche which could easily have held the annual correspondence of the whole community.

He had not made a mistake. The shape of the nest—like a pineapple—its colour, the composition of its woof, and the lining which showed through—all convinced him. He listened to the hissing of the invisible brooder, and answered it. “Don't cry, little one, I recognize you, twenty-one days for hatching, three weeks to rear the little ones—is that what you want? Then you shall have it. I shall take the key.”

He took the key, indeed, and when he had fulfilled his morning duties, visits to parishioners in trouble or pain, instructions to the messenger who was to select some grain for him in the city, a climb to the steeple from which the storm had blown down some stones—he remembered the tomtit, and thought how inconvenienced it would be by the arrival of any correspondence, the dropping of a letter, for instance, on the nest of eggs.

The hypothesis was not likely; one did not receive at St. Philemon any more letters than one sent out. The mail-carrier was scarcely more than a traveller, drinking soup at this one's house, having a glass at another's, and leaving from time to time a letter of conscription or a notice of taxes on some remote farm. However, since the feast of St. Robert was approaching, which, as everyone knows, falls on the twenty-ninth of April, the priest thought it best to write to the only three friends he had, deserving of that name, whom death had conserved to him—a layman and two clergymen. "My friend, do not write me on my Feast Day this year, I beg of you. It would be inconvenient for me to receive letters just now. Later on I will explain to you, and you will understand my reasons."

They thought his eyesight was failing, and did not write.

The Curé of St. Philemon was glad. For three weeks he did not pass the encasement once, without thinking of the rosy, speckled eggs which lay there, so near, and when the twenty-second day had come, he bent down, listened at the opening, and said, radiantly, "There is chirping, Philomene, there is chirping; there must be life, and I am far from regretting what I have done."

Old as he was, there were still corners in his heart which held feelings that would always be young.

About the same time, in the green room of the Bishop's Palace, the Bishop was deliberating upon the nominations to be made, with his councillors, his two vicars-general, the dean of the cathedral, the general secretary, and the director of the Grand Seminary. After providing for several posts of curates and parish priests, he expressed himself thus:

“Councillors, I have a candidate, excellent in every way to be pastor of X, but it seems suitable to me to offer at least this charge and honour to one of our oldest priests, the Curé of St. Philemon. He will not accept it, doubtless, and his modesty, no less than his age, will be the cause. But we shall have rendered homage, which is certainly due from us, to his virtue.”

The five councillors were unanimous in their approval, and that evening a letter left the Bishop's palace, signed by the Bishop and carrying a postscript: “Answer immediately, my dear Father, or else come and see me, because I am obliged to make my proposal within three days to the administration.”

The letter reached St. Philemon the very day of the hatching of the tom-tits; with great difficulty on the part of the postman, it was slipped into the opening of the post box, disappeared and remained at the bottom of the nest, like a white pavement on the floor of a dark room.

The time came when the little wings of the tom-tits, their blue quills all filled with blood, were covered with down. Fourteen little ones, squalling, tottering on their soft little feet, with their beaks wide open right up to their eyes, from morning till night never ceased to await a beakful, to digest it and then demand another. It was during that first short period when the little ones have no sense. But soon there were disputes in the nest, which began to give way under the efforts of wings. The birds began to fall over the edge, then make long excursions along the walls of the box, and halts near the entrance of the opening in the side, by which air was admitted. Then, finally, they ventured outside.

The Curé of St. Philemon from a neighbouring field, assisted with great pleasure at this garden-party. On seeing the little ones appear under the little board of the letter-box, in twos and threes, taking to wing, returning, starting out again, like bees from a hive, he said to himself, “Childhood is ended, and a good work accomplished; they are all hatched.”

The next day, during that hour of leisure which followed dinner, he approached the box, with the key in his hand. He

rapped at the box. No reply. "I thought so," he muttered. He opened the box, and, mixed with the debris of the nest, the letter fell into his hand.

"My Goodness," said he, recognizing the writing, "a letter from His Grace! and in such a condition! How long can it have been there?" He turned pale as he read it.

"Philomene, harness Robin quickly!"

She came to see, before obeying.

"What is the matter with you, Father?"

"The Bishop has been waiting for me for three weeks."

"You can't make up for that now," said the old woman.

His absence lasted till the next evening. When he returned home he looked quite peaceful, but sometimes peace does not come without effort, and we have a struggle to maintain it. When the Curé had helped to unharness Robin, and had given him some oats, and had then changed his own soutane and emptied his valise, in which he had brought back numerous parcels from the city, it was just the hour when the birds are rehearsing the day's events in the tree-tops. There had been a rain-storm, drops still fell from the leaves as they were stirred by birds seeking a place for the night.

On recognizing their master and friend coming down the gravel path, they flew down and fluttered about him with unusual noise, and the tom-tits of the nest, the fourteen, still poorly fledged, attempted their first spirals around the pear-trees, and their first open-air concert.

The Curé of St. Philemon looked at them with a paternal eye, but also with a melancholy tenderness, as one regards those who have cost them dear.

"My little ones," said he, "without me you would not be here, and without you I should have been Curé of Canton. But I regret nothing; no, do not insist, your gratitude is very noisy."

He clapped his hands impatiently.

To be sure, he had never been ambitious; even at that very

moment he was truthful. Yet the next day, after a sleepless night, talking with Philomene, he said:

“Next year, Philomene, if the tom-tit returns, you warn me. It is certainly annoying.”

But the tom-tit never returned, and neither did the big letter, stamped with the coat of arms of the Bishop.



The Kewpie

(With apologies to Mary's Pet Lamb).

BY HILDA MEYER.

Aileen had a Kewpie Doll

As ugly as could be,

And everywhere that Aileen went

That Kewpie too you'd see.

She brought it down to class one day,

Which was against the rule,

For Kewpie dolls are not allowed

To come and sit in school.

And when the teacher saw the Kewp,

Her look just made us quail;

Aileen no longer has a doll,

So ends this short, sad tale.

College Notes

The Forty Hours' Devotion was held in the College Chapel, December 12th, 13th and 14th. On the evening of the 13th Father V. Murphy, C.S.B., gave a very simple, but beautiful, talk on Meditation, pointing out to us how very easy a thing after all it is to meditate, since meditation is really only an intimate talk with God. The Forty Hours was opened and closed as usual with solemn High Mass.

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We were privileged to have the great Irish writer, Seumas MacManus, give readings from his own delightful writings. The tales of Irish fairy lore were particularly entertaining.

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On Jan. 27th Doctor Silverthorne gave a very entertaining talk on his trip throughout the West. The lantern slides which the doctor showed gave an added interest to his description of what was certainly a unique holiday trip along the Peace River. We are deeply indebted to Doctor Silverthorne for his kindness.

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We are sorry to hear that two of our graduates, Miss Rita Ivory and Miss Edna Madden, B.A., have been seriously ill. We wish them complete recovery.

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It grieves us to record the death of Dr. Dwyer, Canada's leading diagnostician, who has been a good and kind friend to St. Joseph's. Many of us remember with pleasure the instructive course of lectures Dr. Dwyer gave us a few years ago, on the Great World War. The loss to Catholic interests sustained by his death is exceedingly great.

* * * * *

Again we hear from our South American friends, the Misses Mercedes and Ivy Powell. Their cable bearing Xmas Greetings, was received joyfully.

There's lots of fun in the winter, we think,
For S. J. C. boasts a splendid rink.

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On Dec. 12th the pupils of the first course presented an Xmas play, consisting of three acts and a prologue. It was entitled "The Desired of All Nations," and was repeated the afternoon of the 13th for the children of the parochial schools.

The caste was as follows:

The Archangel Gabriel—Miss M. Grace.

Angels—E. Shannon, J. Mulligan, L. Lacerte, A. Masse, B.

McIntyre, M. McGuire, A. Burke, M. Haynes, H. Hopkins.

The Blessed Virgin—Helen Kramer.

St. Joseph—Hilda Kramer.

Judah—M. McCormick,

Simeon—J. Walsh,

Levi—F. Kuntz,

Isaachai—V. Kehoe

Rebecca—K. McNally,

Leah—W. Brahney,

Ruth—G. McGuire,

Benjamin—K. McConnell,

Isaac, Landlord of the Inn—Y. Didier.

Petronis—E. Allen,

Claudius—T. McDevitt, } Centurions.

Verus—C. Zuber,

Flavius—L. Bauer.

Esther and Rachael—Daughters of the Landlord—T. St.

Denis, M. Noonan.

Jonathan—M. Travers,

David—A. Bauer,

Jacob—C. Keogh,

Simon—H. Robbins,

Reuben—S. Meehan,

Saul—A. Gardi,

Ezhia—K. McNally, } Shepherds.

Pilgrims—E. Gendron, I. Canty, A. Lowe, M. Roque.
Bartimaeus, an old man from Galilee—B. Trombley.

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Music Notes.

Several of the music pupils have had the privilege of hearing a series of organ recitals given by Mr. F. A. Mouré, organist, at Convocation Hall.

Hearty congratulations to the Theory pupils on their wonderful success!

Grade C Junior music pupils gave a recital in the college auditorium on January 18th.

HELEN KRAMER.

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During January the pupils of the College attended a lecture given at Convocation Hall by Archbishop McNeil. The opening address was given by Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., who, as President of the Catholic Women's League, explained its object and organization. His Grace spoke of the irreparable loss to world education in the destruction of the University of Louvain. The Seniors were also privileged to hear Professor De Wulf speak on the destruction of the library of Louvain, giving interesting descriptions of some of the very valuable books of the thirteenth century which now destroyed can never be replaced.

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The University girls of St. Joseph's gave an afternoon tea for the Graduating Class of Loretto Abbey College on Tuesday, February 2nd.

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The ceremony of reception into the Sodality of Blessed Virgin, held annually, took place on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th. The sermon, expressive of the virtues and prerogatives of our Blessed Lady, was delivered by our good Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady. The solemn ceremony was brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We certainly enjoyed our afternoon at St. Patrick's Bazaar, February 13th. Our good friends, the Redemptorist Fathers, know how to treat school girls royally.

* * * * *

In February the Catholic Women's League opened a Tea Room on King Street East, which was used as an emergency depot where supplies might be had for those destitute families suffering from influenza. The organization was excellent, comprising as it did a committee of efficient workers. Moreover, the Brothers of the De la Salle graciously lent the services of their cadets for collecting and distributing supplies. Infinite indeed is the amount of good work being done by the Catholic Women's League, and in this particular activity countless families received aid from the organization.

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The pupils of the college wish to extend their sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. E. Halloran of Palmerston Boulevard, in the death of their daughter, Miss Marie H., who was a former pupil of St. Joseph's.

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The annual college retreat, which was preached this year by Rev. Father Roche, opened on Thursday, February 19th, and closed on the 22nd. It was an event not soon to be forgotten by the enthusiastic participants. Requiem High Mass was sung on Saturday and Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the close of the retreat, after which the Papal blessing was given. Very beautiful and inspiring, too, were the Holy Hours throughout the retreat, in which by his own sincerity and spirituality Father Roche instilled into our hearts a deep realization of the lesson of love which Jesus is teaching in the Blessed Sacrament.

M. McCORMICK.



The Legend of the White Deer

BY CATHERINE MORGAN. FORM I.

FOR some time we had been sitting there on the shore of Mowich Bay in silent contemplation of the tree-clad Rockies with their back-ground of snow-capped heights now clothed in the rosy hues of the setting sun.

At last Oscar spoke, but in a tone that far from detracting from the sweet silence of the place, rather added to its charm. "Did you ever hear the legend of the great White Mowich?"

"No," I answered, "do tell me."

So he began simply: "I first heard it from a Simpsian Indian Chief, and since then I have heard it many a time, but it never seems to grow old. In the early days long before the coming of the first white missionary, there dwelt a Simpsian Indian Princess whose beauty was like the moonlight on the water, and her form like a slender willow sapling. Her voice resembled that of a softly babbling brook and she was as fleet-footed as a young fawn. That was how she came to be called White Deer. Her fame spread through many tribes till at length it reached the ears of a young Brave named Big Bear, so called from his gigantic stature and courage. He was one of the hostile tribes Kithatlas, but he resolved to fare forth to win White Deer if won she were to be. So quitting his companions he stole away to the Simpsian Settlement.

For many days he lingered in the neighbouring forest, hoping to catch a glimpse of the beautiful one. Then one day he heard a sound as of many birds warbling sadly. Crouching behind a tree, he beheld the Princess as she stepped forth, gracefully bending the evergreen boughs that barred her path. She halted for a moment, startled by a twig crackling under the tense limbs of Big Bear, but reassured, she continued her way, and sitting down by the river, began to weep bitterly. Marvelling at her beauty and touched by her grief, Big Bear could restrain himself no longer, but coming forward reverently and respectfully sought to comfort her.

"Why dost thou weep, fair goddess of the woods?" he asked tenderly. Without raising her head she made answer, "Because my hand is promised in marriage by my father to a proud young Chief whom I love not. Red Fox is his name and he is so called because of his cunning."

That was the beginning of Big Bear's wooing of the beautiful White Deer. At last Big Bear, determining to win her honourably, took a vow to the full moon that he would kill his rival. White Deer begged him not to be rash, reminding him of the craftiness of Red Fox. But Big Bear heeded her not, and taking only his bow and arrow, went resolutely forth to slay or to die.

But the Wily Red Fox, armed with a quiver of poisoned arrows for such an emergency, eagerly accepted the challenge. Long and fierce was the contest, till at last a poisoned dart from the bow of Red Fox sought the heart of Big Bear with unerring aim. At dawn, when White Deer, eager and anxious, beheld not her loved one, but the hated rival approaching, her worst fears were confirmed. Rushing forth, she leaped into the stream where they had first met, crying, "You may keep him from me in life, but death cannot separate us."

"And," concluded Oscar, "the Indians claim that a great white deer and a huge bear are often seen here at the full moon by the stream where she perished."

"I know not how long we had sat there, each absorbed in thought, when Oscar gently touching my arm, said, "It's getting chilly, old chap, hadn't we better turn in for the night?"

The Wilful One

BY LUCILE BENNETT.

When somebody said "She didn't care,"
Somebody lost her way,
Then somebody wished with all her heart
She'd been a good girl that day.

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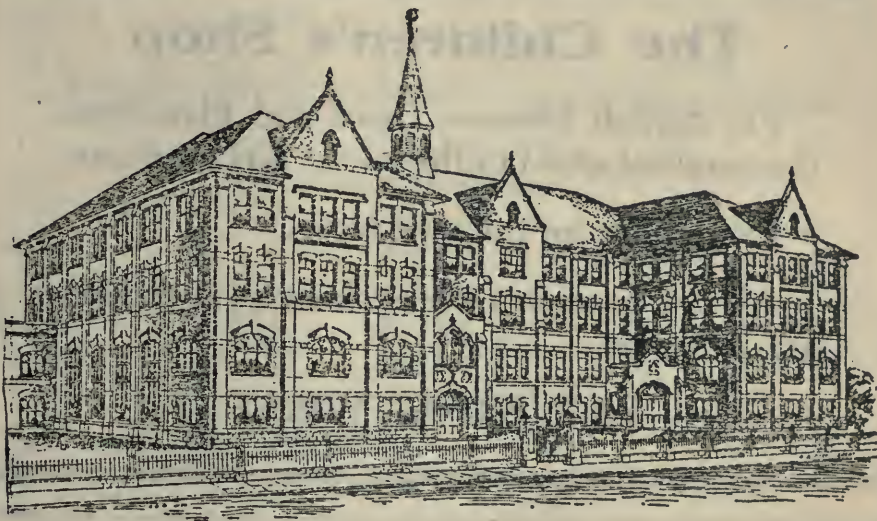
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