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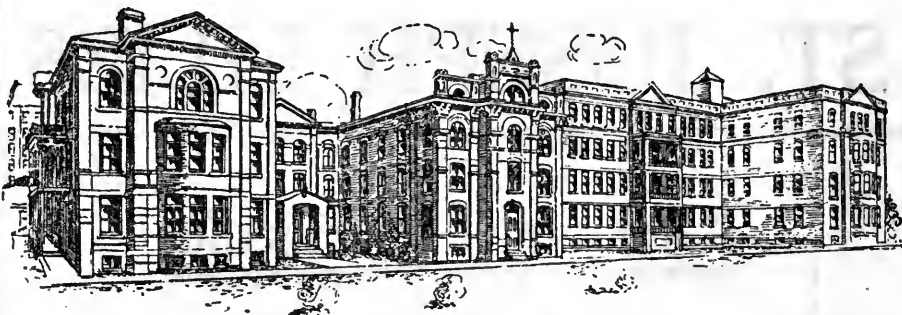
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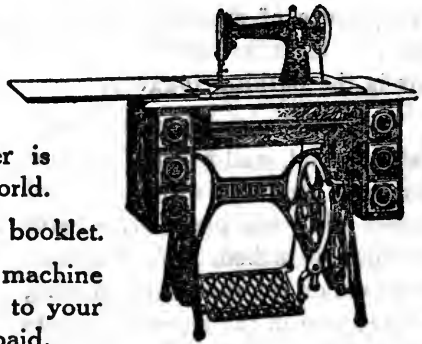
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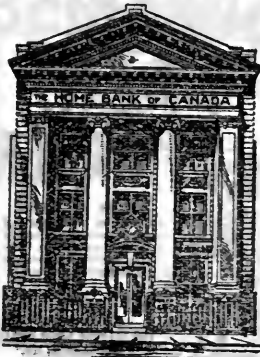
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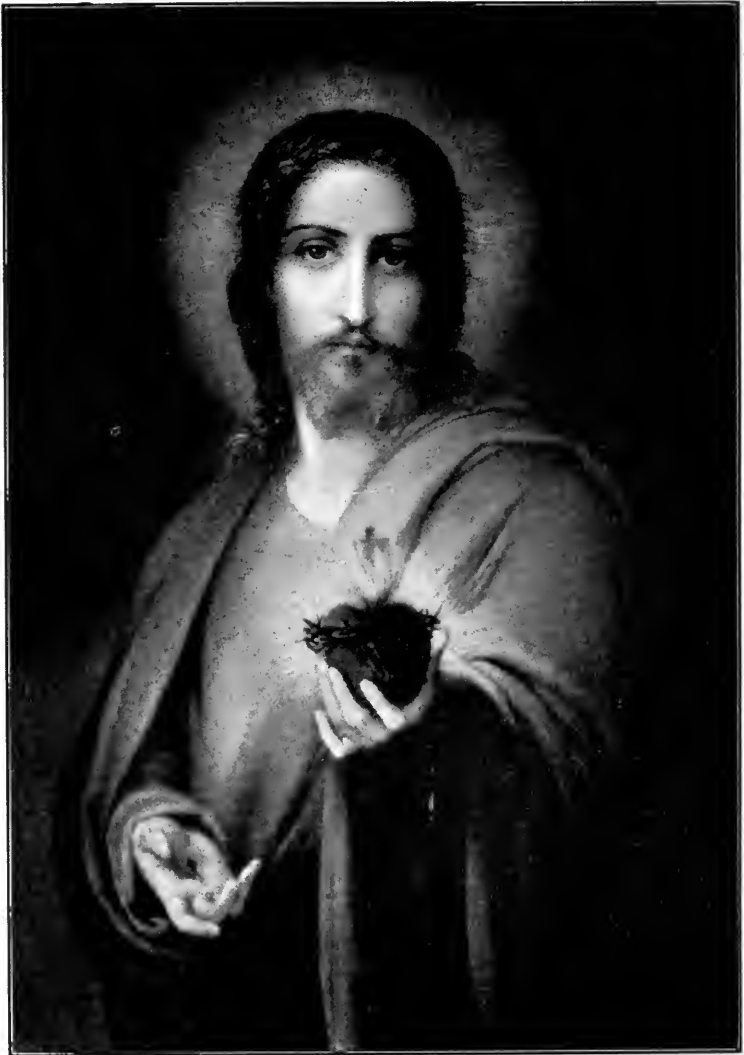
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VOL. IX

TORONTO, JUNE, 1920.

NO. 1

Corpus Christi

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Blessed the rose that fragrant blows,
Red, and full of the flaming June;
Swinging its scent at the door of His tent,
A moment of love ere the ending swoon.

Blessed the light that blazes bright,
Pressing its seal in the wax's gold;
Molten tears flow from the heart of the glow,—
A torrent of love ere the wick grows cold.

O Christ, let Thy love be the flame that sears
My hardened heart till it melt in tears;
And here, at the flap of Thy Tent, be I
As a censuring rose, but to love and die.

Milton

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

IT was observed by Gladstone in reference to Macaulay's enthusiastic misrepresentations in favor of Milton, that "if there was an instance in which cautious and close discrimination is demanded from a critic, it is the case of Milton. For never perhaps so conspicuously as in him were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined—I cannot say united—with a fierceness of opinion and language that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irreflective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions of the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism and approximate even to brutality. Macaulay's essay may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most high-flown panegyric to be found anywhere in print. He describes Milton as "the martyr of English liberty"—seemingly for no other reason than that in his later life the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day that he got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay at the same time scoffs at the idea that Charles I. was a martyr to his religion; but religion had manifestly something to do with his end, and his title to the name (of martyr) is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off."

Such is the amount of fairness, impartiality, and consistency that Macaulay generally shows. This party spirit and sectarian bigotry when brought into literature, poisons all criticism; upon any man of good taste it can have no other effect than to produce revulsion and nausea. For my part I continue to admire

Milton's poetry, not in consequence, but in spite of the kind of criticism which tells us that Milton was "the most sternly sincere man that ever lived," or that he was "the most lion-hearted, the loftiest-souled of Englishmen" and "the one consummate artist the English race has ever produced."

It will be better if we notice first the points which we must censure, and then putting these aside, we may indulge ourselves freely in our admiration for what is great in the poet.

And first of all we must censure his principles concerning women and the marriage state. He allowed to man an almost limitless liberty of divorce together with polygamy. The wife may be put away for "any notable disobedience or intractable carriage to the husband—any point of will worship—any withdrawing from that nearness of zeal and confidence which ought to be—for anything that is unalterably distasteful whether in body or in mind." It seems strange that a man who had not the power of getting one woman to agree with him, nor of agreeing with her, should want to have the liberty of marrying, if he wished, a dozen of the despicable sex. Milton's advocacy of this, for us degrading and hateful custom, is no casual or theoretical paradox. "So far is the question," he says, "respecting the lawfulness of polygamy from being a trivial one, that it is of the highest importance that it should be decided."

It must be remembered that when we censure men of that age for such things as religious intolerance, we are censuring them for something which in the main was inherited. But Milton sets up for an original thinker, a Reformer and a Progressive. And in this matter of polygamy, as Gladstone says, "he deliberately rejected the authority not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but all European civilization, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world. It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man."

It may be noticed that this view of woman's nature and office was a distinct departure in his maturer years from the respectful feeling shown in *Comus* and all his earlier poetry. In the *Paradise Lost*, the first woman, even before the Fall, is unworthy or unwilling to enter into discourse with the angel:

.....Such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress.

And when he wrote his *History of Britain*, he would not admit *Boadicea* to be a heroine; she was "a distracted woman with as mad a crew at her heels." It seemed as if he would rather that his country should be subjugated by an invader than that it should be delivered by a woman.

There is another fault at least as serious, perhaps more so, and showing a more fundamental opposition, though an unconscious one, to the Christian spirit and ethos. It concerns the first two books of the *Paradise Lost*. Walter Scott, writing to a friend just after the publication of *Rokeby*, says: "The worst of all my undertakings is that my rogue always, in despite of me, turns out my hero. I know not how this should be, but in spite of the most obstinate determination to the contrary, the greatest rogue in my canvass always stands out as the most conspicuous and prominent figure." Something like this happened to Milton in the composition of the *Paradise Lost*.

It is not merely devout men like Newman and Keble, but men of the world, such as the American critic James Russell Lowell, Walter Bagehot, Froude and Sir Walter Raleigh, the Oxford Professor of English literature, who criticize this part of the poem on the ground that the poet, unconsciously, of course, sympathizes with Satan and tends to make the reader sympathize with him. Russell Lowell says with as much wit as wisdom, that Milton, though he set out to vindicate the ways of God, yet could not help feeling with the rebel angels because they were, like myself, defeated republicans and revolutionists. "His old habits," says Bagehot, "are too much for him; and his real sympathy — the impetus and energy of his nature—side with the rebellious element. His sympathy and imagination

slip back to the Puritan rebels whom he loved. The debate in the Satanic Council in Pandemonium is a debate in the Long Parliament.”

Froude, no unfriendly critic of the Puritans, says that Milton’s Satan is not the Satan of the Christian religion; as of course he is not. It is most painful to see poetry so beautiful and grand as this applied to the author of all evil :

Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain.

.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such an angels weep burst forth. At last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

Suppose such poetry were applied to describe the author of the late war, with all its atrocities and impunities—how indignant the world would be! And Satan is the author of all the wars and crimes that have been or ever will be. Lucifer has become the hero of the poem, not for Dryden’s foolish reason that he has conquered Adam—for why should not the hero of an epic as well as of a drama be unfortunate?—but because he from the first attracts the reader’s sympathy and admiration. Hence when Byron was accused by Southey of founding a Satanic School, he defended himself by the example of *Paradise Lost*—not quite fairly indeed, for Milton did not intend to make Satan an object of sympathy. Still, looking at the poem apart from the poet’s intention, Sir Walter Raleigh affirms that it is not properly a religious poem at all.

The description of the infernal armies and palaces is so magnificent that when he comes to recount the rebellion and wars in heaven, he cannot equal it. Keble says of him : “Such defects as his undervaluing the female character and his unconscious sympathy with Satan are in part attributable to

the times in which he lived and the generation with which he acted. But there is another defect which cannot be so accounted for—a want of purity and spirituality in his conceptions of heaven and heavenly joys. His (earthly) Paradise is a vision not to be surpassed; but his attempts to soar higher are embarrassed with too much of earth still clinging, as it were, to his wings. Compare Milton with Dante in their description of heaven; the latter as simple as possible in his imagery, producing intense effect by little more than various combinations of three leading ideas—light, music, and motion—as if he feared to introduce anything more earthly, and would rather be censured, as doubtless he often is, for coldness and poverty of invention. Whereas Milton, with very little selection or refinement, transfers to the immediate neighborhood of God's throne the imagery of Paradise and earth."

I cannot think that Milton's treatment of the Divine Persons is conducive to reverence. It is an old criticism that he has made God the Father like a Puritan divine lecturing upon a scheme of theology. Milton's scheme of the permission of evil and the redemption of man, be it good or bad, might with equal efficacy and more reverence have been placed in the mouth of Raphael conversing with Adam. "Milton," says the friend of the Puritans, James Anthony Froude, "has mistaken the necessary limits of his art. When we are carried up into heaven to hear the Persons of the Trinity conversing on the mischiefs which have crept into the universe and planning remedies and schemes of salvation like Puritan divines, we turn away incredulous and resentful."

In fact, it must be said, however reluctantly, that the poem can scarcely be called a Christian poem at all. I do not dwell on the specific errors contained in it, for they are not likely to be noticed by most readers, and those who do notice them are not likely to be influenced by them. The heresies of the seventeenth century have no attraction for the twentieth.

For myself, I recognize in my own feeling for the poem, three different stages. The first was that of simple admiration, in which the mind was overpowered by the beauty and

grandeur of the poetry. The second was a critical mood, in which the lack of reverence in the exhibition of the Eternal Father and the Son and the sympathy with Satan became positively repulsive to me. The third is a state of mind in which I do not take it seriously as a Christian poem, but regard it merely as a Miltonic mythology containing large elements taken from the Christian religion; and I read it as I do Homer or Virgil, merely as a work of poetic art. Yet even now I would not read the first two books for mere pleasure, or without some special purpose. The literature of pride is even more dangerous than that of sensuality.

Some critics object to Milton that, knowing the Copernican astronomy to be true, honoring Galileo alone among all his contemporaries with a mention in his poem, he deliberately adopted the Ptolemaic Scheme (or rather the Alphonsine emendation of it) in a poem which professed to give a true account of the formation of the cosmos out of chaos and the condition of man in this world. The censure is a just one, but it is not easy to determine its exact weight. The controversy between the Copernicans and the Ptolemaists was the great scientific question of the age. Copernicus, followed by Galileo, had burst the eggshell within which the human mind was imprisoned, and had revealed the immeasurable tracts of space. The grandeur of the new scheme was better suited for the sublimity of poetry. Yet Milton pandered to popular ignorance and misinterpretation of the Bible; and such time-serving perhaps casts some doubts upon his sincerity. It certainly shows the absurdity of calling him the most sternly sincere man that ever lived.

In the *Paradise Regained*, apart from its specific heresy, Milton places upon the lips of Christ the fanatical doctrine that all the arts of poetry and music in Greece were derived from the Hebrews; and the Greek orators are set to compete with the Hebrew prophets in political wisdom, as if the prophets had been sent by God to teach political wisdom — (though of course I would not deny that lessons of policy indirectly flow from their moral and religious teaching since

“honesty is the best policy”); and all Greek philosophy is pronounced

.....false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

Warburton endeavors to excuse this extravagance by saying that such views were the fashion of the time. But this is not correct. It is true that learned men in England and on the Continent then busied themselves in showing correspondences between Pagan and Hebrew traditions with a view to strengthening the historical credit of the Scriptures; but did any of them ever propound any such absurd and cynical theory about the literature and philosophy of Greece?

If Milton's wisdom had been equal to his genius, we should have been able to admire the man as much as his poetry, and we should not be obliged to combine in our criticism equal measures of censure and of praise. We then should not have to admit that his professed principles were in general but the expression of his personal feelings and needs,—that the champion of liberty was a domestic tyrant, that the advocate of education kept his own children in ignorance, that the admirer of Galileo wrote as an expounder of the old false astronomy, that the preacher of political justice and human dignity wished woman to be a slave, that the Puritan was an advocate for both liberty of polygamy and the liberty for the man of unlimited divorce, that the rebel and republican became a servant of the usurper who wished to found a new royalty, that the author of the plea for unlicensed printing became censor of the press for a military despotism, that the teacher of humaneness became an accomplice and defender of regicide, and that the vindicator of the ways of God made Satan a hero. And we should not then be constrained to regard him with mingled gratitude and aversion, reverence and dislike.

The London Times said, when Milton's Tercentenary was celebrated as a kind of Dissenters' and Radicals' feast-day: “He was a rebel and put more of himself into the Arch-rebel than into all the obedient Archangels . . . He had so despotie a

mind that unconsciously he took the ways of God to be his own ways(that is, his own ways to be the ways of God) and condemned all who were against himself as rebels against the divine order . . . He wished the world to be ordered as if it consisted only of men like himself; as for the rest, they must submit to be extirpated like sons of Belial."

It must, however, in fairness be remembered that it is no uncommon thing for poets to be as deficient in judgment as abundant in imagination, and that it is the common experience that revolutionists, when they succeed, are the worst of tyrants.

Matthew Arnold in agreement with a French critic, says that, unlike Dante, who must be read as a whole if we want to seize his beauties, Milton ought to be read only by passages; and we have still stronger reasons than they for saying so. But we need not deny that those passages are the inheritance of the human race.

And now, having dwelt long enough upon the defects, I turn with more pleasure to the consideration of Milton's merits. If this poet is infected with intellectual pride and sympathy with rebelliousness, on the other hand he is free from sensuality and has a great love of purity. This is the charm of his *Comus*. Moreover, he differs greatly from his Puritan associates in his ability to believe in the purity of others. Anyone familiar with their history must know that the imagination of the Puritans was always festering with the most horrible suspicions about their neighbors. This feature in their character does not tend to excite one's confidence in their own purity of heart, for people generally judge others by themselves. But Milton, unlike them, was able to recognize purity in others. No Catholic poet has ever written anything more beautiful about nuns than Milton's lines.

And to this pureness Matthew Arnold ascribes in the main the consistent loftiness of Milton's style: "Some moral qualities seem to be connected in a man with his power of style; and Milton's elevation clearly comes in the main from a moral quality in him—his pureness . . . Its strong, immortal beauty

passed into the diction and rhythm of his poetry . . . How intimately does its might enter into the voice of his poetry!"

He is our great master of classical and artistic style, as his almost contemporary Dryden is the great master of natural and vernacular expression and of the power of producing rich effects with simple language.*

Wordsworth, who studied both Virgil and Milton carefully, judged that Milton formed his blank verse on the model of the Georgics and the Aeneid. But has Milton's great superhuman air been equalled anywhere by Virgil or by any other poet except Lucretius?

What is remarkable in Milton is that his style in verse never deserts him, but is an abiding possession and is noticeable in his earliest works. The noble hymn to the Nativity is artistically imperfect in as much as it has no conclusion, but only an abrupt ending, but we find there the lofty style, as

The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,

and

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

And it is when he does not depart from the natural and native style that he is most admirable, as in such lines as those, and in the following examples:

Among the faithless, faithful only he . . .
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal
 His look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air
 War, wearied, hath performed what war can do . . .
 Thyself not free but to thyself enthralled . . .

* Newman says to a friend: "The 'long majestic march' of Dryden has always delighted me more than the style of any English poet. It is quite cruel that he should have defiled what is so grand and beautiful with sentiments and ideas which oblige me to turn away from it in disgust—for as regards power of words I prefer him even to Shakespeare. There is a power, a momentum in his verse which makes one understand why he was called 'glorious John.'"

For solitude sometimes is best society
 And short retirement urges sweet return . . .
 The heavenly audience loud
 Sung hallelujah as the sound of seas . . .
 Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich, distilled perfumes
 If sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild . . .
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms . . .
 Who best
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
 Well hath obeyed

Boileau says of Ronsard: "Mais sa Muse en Français parlait Grec et Latin," and something similar must be confessed about Milton. In his prose the imitation of the Latin structure and idiom is more striking than in his poetry, and therefore more displeasing. The political and controversial works contain some magnificent passages of poetic prose,—a thing, however, which always seems not to be quite serious, but meant for a display of talent; but on the whole it must be confessed that they were, as he himself says, "written with his left hand," for the manner is not natural, but artificial, ungraceful, and sometimes even awkward. As for his verse, such a phrase as

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,

is offensive because it is so illogical that no one can possibly make sense of it unless he knows Greek, or has a learned commentator to explain it to him. A foreign idiom, doubly foreign because ancient, and also contrary to the laws of thought, has no business in a serious English poem. No one would wish to dwell upon the faults in the work of a great artist; but it is a little too much when a critic tries to persuade us, as Addison does, that they are improvements of the English language.

“Milton,” writes Landor to Birch, “appears to me very affected in his English prose. Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity was written half a century earlier, yet the sentences are more harmonious, and the diction more easy and natural. Waller and Cowley wrote as we do; but Milton disdained to move his pen or use his lips like men whom he abominated or despised. Those who want to influence the people should employ the popular language; every other, in such circumstances, must have been dictated by inconsiderate vanity and perversely bad taste . . . The taste of Milton was much injured by his Italian reading.”

Joubert speaks somewhere of spirits, lovers of light, who when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it shines, as Buffon enjoined when he defined genius to be the aptitude for patience. Assuredly Milton brooded long over his ideas. Wordsworth says to a friend: “The composition of verse is infinitely more of an art than men are disposed to believe. Milton talks of ‘pouring easy his unpremeditated verse.’ To say that there is anything like cant in this would be harsh, odious, and untrue; but it is not true to the letter, and it tends to mislead. I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton upon which labor has been bestowed, and many others to which additional labor would have been serviceable. No poem contains more proofs of skill acquired by practice.” The idea, for example, expressed in the early lines,

Where glowing embers through a room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

has after many years been recast by his imagination and comes forth with the utmost conciseness and force as

From those flames
No light but rather darkness visible.

It is not easy to say anything new and at the same time true about *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. They show how opposite dispositions notice those appearances and things which are suited to gratify different tempers or moods of feeling,

and how different minds sometimes are oppositely affected by the very same object. I think it has not been noticed that the grave scholar longs to hear the singing and playing of Orpheus, while the cheerful one enjoys so much that music which he hears—

The melting voice through mazes running

With wanton heed and giddy cunning—

that he thinks it to be even finer than that of Orpheus himself.

Some critics have dwelt much upon the sources, real or supposed, from which Milton borrowed. But, as Chateaubriand says, "Que fait tout cela à la gloire de Milton?" It is not the materials, but the spirit and form that make the poem. Goethe was frank enough in his confession of taking things from earlier poets. If Milton got the first idea of his Satan from the Prometheus Bound (and this is pure conjecture, for no proof of it has ever been found) then we must say, How far Milton has surpassed Aeschylus! Milton says with conscious merit that there is plagiarism when what is borrowed is not bettered in the borrowing.

Milton is no myriad-minded poet like Shakespeare. He is as narrow as he is strong. He was wise in deciding to write not a drama, but an epic poem. He has no humor and little pathos, and he has no mystic sense of an Infinite exceeding all our comprehension, an object only of reverence and devout adoration; he never felt the emotion in which St. Paul cried out: Oh the depth and the richness of the wisdom and counsels of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how mysterious are His ways!

But he has shown more dramatic power of creating different characters and making them live, in his debate of the evil spirits, than is always recognized; and how beautiful, pathetic, and sweet is Eve's repentance and petition to Adam for forgiveness.

The titles of poems and their contents do not always correspond. The Bride of Abydos has no bride, and the Midsummer Night's Dream occurred in the opening of May. It may be a question whether the title of the Paradise Lost

and its opening exactly indicate its contents. Addison in his conventional way says that Milton, proposing to write of the Fall of Man, plunges into the midst of things like Homer and Virgil. But the poem does not begin in the middle of the story of the Fall of Man, but at its very beginning, when that catastrophe was first planned and plotted in hell. It is only when we consider the poem as a story of the Fall of both angels and men, that we can say that it begins in the middle of the events.

The Lycidas was one of Newman's two favorite poems—the other being the 'Intimations of Immortality. Johnson's censures upon it for the mixture of pagan mythology would apply to a multitude, notably to the Comedia of Dante. It is not strictly an elegiac poem; there probably was no intimate union or close affection between Milton and Edward King, nor any bitter sorrow for his loss. And when not thus misunderstood, it is felt to be a noble poem. The earlier poems are more pleasing in their spirit and temper than the later ones. But the last of all, the Samson Agonistes, has always been a favorite of mine.

Johnson says that it can only have been by the bigotry of pedantry and the force of prejudice that Milton preferred the ancient tragedies to the English and French drama. Assuredly the Greek tragedies as dramas are much inferior to the English and the French. The Greek tragedy was conditioned in every way by the presence of the chorus, and never could have fully developed as drama, unless it got rid of the chorus as the comedy did. And it was conditioned also by the fact that the actors wore a mask with a mouthpiece like in sound to a megaphone and spoke in a tone something like Gregorian chant.* But as regards Milton's choice in practice, surely he was

* *Personae pallaeque repertor honestae Aeschylus et modicis intravit pulpita tignis, Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno,* the "magnum loqui" refers to the sonorous and dignified recitation (something like Gregorian tone) which Aeschylus introduced with the other mechanical improvements. I should not think it necessary to say this but that some critics have supposed that Horace was referring to the lofty style of Aeschylus.

right in imitating the Greeks rather than in attempting to rival Shakespeare in a kind for which his genius was altogether unsuited. It is true that the Samson has, strictly speaking, no plot, and the scenes do not hasten or retard the catastrophe. But this is a defect which it shares with some of the finest of the Greek tragedies, such as the Prometheus and the Philoctetes. The acts cause the character of Samson to be unfolded for us, and his past history. And in fact, it does afford us great pleasure, though not that kind of pleasure which comes from a complicated story. In spite of Aristotle, who had more of analytic intellect than of taste and sensibility, the arrangement of a plot is not the most poetic element in a drama; it is something quite independent of the difference between poetry and prose. The death of Samson is a glorious victory, for at the cost of his own life he has destroyed the enemy. This is the deliverance of which he had a premonition. The poem has one verse in the description of Dalilah finer than anything in the description of the repentance of Eve—

.....With head declined
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew she weeps.

How much more beautiful this is than

.....With tears that ceased not flowing
And tresses all disordered

I cannot help thinking that when his imagination created for him the sentence about Dalilah, Milton must have lamented that it had not occurred to him when he was describing our penitent first mother. If we consider the tenderness of the sentiment, the aptness of the simile, the picturesqueness of the image, and the melody of the verse, with the harmony between sentiment, simile and expression, I would almost venture to select this as the most beautiful single line in all his works. But I should love it even more if it had been a description of the sincere repentance of our first parent than I do when it is used for the hypocrisy of the Philistine witch; whenever it

comes into my mind, I do, so far as I can impose on my memory, transfer it to Eve; and I find in an old, tattered Milton that I have written it on the margin of the page where her repentance is described, as if it belonged to her by right.

When it is asserted that Milton is our one consummate artist, we may suppose that this was said in forgetfulness of prose. There is art in prose as well as in verse. Milton is an artist in prose, for certainly he is not a natural, spontaneous composer; but is he a consummate artist there? In verse, we may admit, or rather affirm, that he is our first great artist, and thus our greatest, since others learned from his example to be artistic, though not in his style. Gray and Pope and Wordsworth and Tennyson and Arnold are artists, and great ones too, though not in Milton's manner.

Consummate art conceals itself and looks like natural work. Is this always true of Milton's manner? But it remains true that he is our greatest artist, and our only artist in the sublime. Others of our poets occasionally become sublime, but he constantly dwells on the heights. And we may part from him with the memory in our minds of the grave, tender, and beautiful close of his greatest poem:

In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They looking back all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon,
 Then hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
 Through Eden took their solitary way.
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

Learn it by heart, for it is a thing to love.

Just to Please God

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Just to please God—why seek afar
For motive-words of strength and cheer,
When here is plentitude of joy
And strong defence from doubt and fear.
With folded hands we say the words,
Who in His sight are children all,
Blest is the wish to do His will,
Whatever good or ill befall.

Just to please God—for this to love
The poorer place, the slighter share,
And take, if need be, for our own
The burden of another's care.
To bear with steadfast, changeless will
Alike life's varying joys and pains,
Assured that all unto our needs
The Father's tender love ordains.

Our Father—Father! Blessèd word,
And sweet beyond all thought or speech
We say it o'er with yearning eyes
And upstretched hands that fain would reach
Unto that glory shining far,
Unto that source of all things fair,
Unto the Love that gave us Life
And gives us more than Mother's care.

Just to please God—sublime, afar,
 Beyond the utmost reach of thought,
 In radiant dreams we see Him reign
 Above the wonders He has wrought.
 Yet through the spaces infinite
 That hide from us our Father's face,
 We feel the sunlight of His smile,
 The calm of His sustaining grace.

(L'Envoi)

Dear smile! Sweet Grace! be still our own,
 That whether men deride or laud,
 We still may hold our whole life's course
 Just to please God!



“Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee”

(Matthew 26-73).

Oh, that my tongue might so possess
 The accent of His tenderness
 That every word I breathed should bless.

For those who mourn, a word of cheer;
 A word of hope for those who fear;
 And love to all men, far or near.

Oh, that it might be said of me,
 “Surely thy speech betrayeth thee
 As friend of Christ of Galilee.”

—Thomas R. Robinson.

The Need of Priestly Vocations

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND H. G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S AND EDINBURGH.

THE supreme motive that inspires any one to be a priest is the glory of God and the salvation of souls; firstly his own, then the souls of others. This is the end Almighty God Himself has in all His exterior works, His Own glory and the good of His creatures; it should be ours also. A man embraces the priestly life, therefore, for no other end than this. And I need hardly remind you, as Catholics, that in no vocation on earth are there more opportunities of promoting God's glory and the sanctification of souls than in the priesthood, for it is the highest, holiest, and sublimest known amongst men. No other can be compared to it, for there is no other like it. St. Bernard says God has placed priests above Kings and Emperors. St. John Chrysostom adds that they are higher still, and have power which neither Angels nor Archangels possess. St. Bernardine of Siena ascends even above the heavenly choirs, and while addressing the Blessed Virgin, excuses himself, saying, "God Himself has placed the priest above Thee." Pope Innocent III., following out the same thought, declares the Virgin Mother was more excellent than the Apostles; yet not to Her, but to them, the Lord committed the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Fathers and theologians of the Church can hardly find language exalted enough to extol the prerogatives, sanctity, and dignity of the priesthood. And the reason? Because priests represent the Redeemer of mankind. They are His ambassadors, His vice-regents; vicars of Christ, the Council of Trent calls them. They have His authority; they do his works. "He that heareth you heareth Me," said Our Lord to the Apostles; "as the Father hath sent Me, so also I send you." The ministry of priests is Christ's ministry, their priesthood is Christ's priesthood, for they share in it. He acts and speaks and lives in

them and through them; they are in a manner identified with Jesus Christ, and therefore is a priest truly called *alter Christus*, another Christ.

You will realize this if you look at some acts of their sacred ministry. A priest baptizes an infant; instantaneously it is sanctified, regenerated, made a child of God; and how? Not by the merits or in the name of the priest himself, but by the priest acting with the power of Our Divine Lord. As St. Augustine says, "Peter baptizes, Christ baptizes; Paul baptizes, Christ baptizes; Judas baptizes, Christ baptizes." The man disappears; the priest, worthy or unworthy, works the works of God. Again, see the priest in the Tribunal of Penance; he pronounces absolution, and the sins of the penitent are washed away as certainly as if Our Lord Himself were hearing his confession. And how? By the priest's own power? Manifestly not, but by the power of Jesus Christ Who acts in him and of Whose power he has received: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven." Once more: at Holy Mass the priest pronounces the words of consecration; straightway the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. By whose power? By that of Jesus Christ; "it is He that sanctifies and makes the change," says Chrysostom. "This is My Body, This is My Blood," says the priest, speaking in the name of Christ; not "This is His Body," or "This is His Blood." And so throughout the whole of a priest's operations—whether celebrating the sacraments, or preaching Catholic doctrine, or converting unbelievers, or dispensing blessings, or interceding for the people with Our Heavenly Father—it is always Jesus Christ acting and speaking in him. There is only one true priesthood, the Catholic priesthood, and that is the very priesthood of Jesus Christ, communicated in different degrees to Bishops and priests. It has its origin in Heaven, though its functions are exercised on earth. On the day of his Ordination, therefore, the priest is invested with supernatural powers and prerogatives not bestowed on any other created being, either in Heaven or on earth. On him, under God, the preservation of Religion de-

pends. Take away the priest and you take away sacrifice and Sacraments; the Catholic religion with its dogmas, and its morality disappears, and the fruits of the Incarnation are lost.

II.

Now it is probably this very grandeur and sacredness of the priestly vocation, demanding corresponding holiness of life, that deters many boys from aspiring to it, and their parents from offering them for it. They feel it is too high for them; they are not good enough for it, nor yet clever enough. Saints have shrunk from it; how, then, can they presume to attempt it? Now, it is true that none of us personally, by our own merits or piety, are worthy of such a high and favoured intimacy with Our Divine Lord. Yet Our Lord must have priests; He has so constituted His Religion that it cannot exist without them, hence some men must become priests; that is clear enough. And the very feeling of unworthiness, so far from being an obstacle in any lad, is a very favourable sign. Humility is a necessary disposition, and if a lad has humility, which is the opposite of pride, it shows at all events that he is not depending upon his own powers, but on God's grace and help. It must be remembered, too, that Almighty God, if He grants a vocation, will also grant the graces necessary to sustain it, so that, once called to the priestly life, no fear need ever be felt on that score. The responsibilities of a priest that seem so tremendous and impossible at first—whether at the altar, or in the confessional, or the pulpit, or the sick-room, or the school—are found to be easily and simply performed when the time arrives—doubtless not without a holy fear, neither without a holy confidence, which carries us through to the end. And as to the holiness of life that is required, surely there are more abundant means of attaining to that in the priesthood than in any other sphere on earth. A priest's whole life and work is a most powerful means of his sanctification—his daily Mass and Visit and prayers and meditation and spiritual reading and study; his weekly Confession, his yearly Retreat, his constant administration of the Sacraments, his ceaseless

sacrifice of himself and his own convenience for others, what are all these but steps to lead him nearer to God and to a more intimate union with his Divine Master? If any priest fail in holiness, it is certainly not for the want of ways and means of reaching it. And as for intellectual gifts, these are certainly needed in due measure, yet they must not be exaggerated. It is not genius or brilliancy that makes a man a good priest; he must, of course, have the requisite abilities to master the sacred sciences, and to perform the many and varied duties of his office; but what others have done, and are doing, he can do too. The Curé of Ars could hardly pass his examinations, and was with hesitation admitted to the seminary; yet, when a priest he became the marvel of France, and even of the world, for his sanctity, and is now Beatified. In 1564, we are told, a boy was admitted to the Jesuit Novitiate at Salamanca, who at first appeared incapable of mastering his studies, so that his Superiors were minded to send him away; but he was allowed to remain, and subsequently developed into a theologian of the first rank in the Catholic Church, the illustrious Francis Suarez. Let no lad, therefore, put out of his mind the thought of becoming a priest which God may have put into it, through excessive timidity or diffidence. The priesthood is not a close preserve of geniuses.

III.

But here is the difficulty: has the lad a vocation? That is for others to judge, and they will judge when called upon—we mean, the competent ecclesiastical authorities. If Almighty God has designed you for the priesthood, He will move the minds and wills of your Superiors to select you for it, if you give them the opportunity. Assuredly no one may intrude himself into the sacred ministry without a Divine vocation. “Neither doth any man take the honour to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was” (Heb. v. 4); and again, Our Lord said, “You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you” (St. John xv. 16). Here is proof enough of the necessity of Divine vocation. But how will God signify that He has be-

stowed this upon you? He will do so by the act of your ecclesiastical Superiors; for He makes His will known to us through the voice of His earthly representatives appointed to rule in the Church in His Name. They, of course, on their part, will demand that the candidate show the necessary fitness and aptitude for the vocation, or what are generally called the signs of a vocation. If he cannot show these, Superiors will rightly decide that Almighty God does not intend him to be called. There are signs external and internal, signs positive and negative. On the one hand, the lad must be free from vices and defects, both of mind and body, which would render him unfitted for the priestly life; and on the other hand, he must be endowed with at least the average gifts, physical and intellectual, needed for the worthy discharge of its duties. Together with a good, sound constitution, untainted by either personal or hereditary disease, he must have the intelligence adequate to the acquiring and making use of the sacred sciences. He must be hindered by no canonical impediments or irregularities. He must be burdened with no prior obligations to fulfil the claims of justice or charity. He must have the requisite piety and a suitable disposition and character, especially the spirit of obedience. He must have pure and supernatural, not low and worldly, motives for embracing the ecclesiastical state. Lastly, he will ordinarily have an inward attraction, steady and persistent, towards the priesthood, appreciating its beauty and sanctity, and desiring to consecrate himself entirely to God's service. Given these qualities, his Superiors will have no hesitation in pronouncing him, so far as human frailty permits them to know, worthy of the vocation. This decision is, so to speak, the beginning of his call to Holy Orders. It is a long process, but if he remain faithful throughout, step by step he will ascend the various grades, Tonsure, four Minor Orders, Subdeaconate and Deaconate, until at last his vocation is completed, and he is one day made a priest for ever.

Now, are there not many lads among good Catholic families who possess these necessary qualifications? I have often

thought to myself, when visiting our schools or giving Confirmation, and seeing so many splendid boys, bright and good, well instructed, and well trained, "is it possible that out of all these hundreds, aye thousands, of boys we shall hardly get one priest for God's work?" What is the reason of this? It is not that they are, many of them at least, not clever enough or pious enough; on the contrary, born of worthy parents and gifted with the needful dispositions and ability, many would seem to be most likely candidates for the seminary; yet this is the last thing they ever dream of. Now why?

(1) No doubt it is often because of their own and their parents' profound veneration for the priesthood, which makes them in their humility dismiss the very idea of aspiring to it as a piece of presumption—and this, though they have seen priests springing from families in the very same circumstances as their own. We have already sufficiently disposed of the groundlessness of this objection. The Church requires priests; it is incorrect that a veneration of the priesthood, however deep, should prevent parents giving one of their boys to serve God in its ranks. If all fathers and mothers took up an attitude like that, certainly the Church would not long survive.

(2) A more common difficulty, perhaps, is that parents say, or think, their boy "has no vocation." But how do they know that? All they can ever judge of is the signs of vocation, those conditions and qualities already referred to, indicating that a boy may be eligible for a vocation, namely, "right intention, together with fitness by nature and by grace, probity of life and sufficiency of learning, which give a well-grounded hope that he will be able rightly to discharge the office of the priesthood and holily fulfil its obligations." Of this it is obvious the parents can scarcely be competent judges, and even if they were, the boy is yet too young for anyone to give a rational judgment on the point; only in the college or seminary can the matter be finally decided. There, if the candidate show himself fit and worthy, Almighty God will give him the vocation, the call to Orders, through the Bishop. But one thing good

and zealous parents can do, and that is, sow the seed of a vocation in young souls at home, and nourish it and foster it. They can do much to instill into the heart of one or other of their boys a love and appreciation of the holy priesthood, can hold it up to him as an ideal to be aspired after, can gently and prudently dispose him towards it, can even effect that an attraction towards it spring up within his heart. God works through human means; He can and does use parents as instruments to draw young souls to Himself. "Many a priest," says a pious writer, "can look back to his early years and say with gratitude, that it was to the watchful care of his parents, to their prayers, their example and holy lives, he owed the happiness of his sacred calling." God forbid there should be any compulsion; for it would be as wrong to force a boy into the sanctuary against his will as it would be to prevent a boy against his will from entering it. But between these two extremes surely much may be done. Do parents ever think of this? They are perhaps afraid of even mentioning it, in case they should appear to be using undue pressure, and the boy in deference to them should go to college, as they say, "without a vocation." But they need have no fear. A boy may, indeed, go to college without a vocation, which only means without the prerequisites for a vocation; but he will not enter the priesthood without them; his Superiors will see to that. (He may be unfaithful to his vocation afterwards, of course, as Judas was to his, but that is another matter). At college his Superiors observe and supervise him very closely; his character, habits, disposition, and spirit will be carefully scrutinized throughout his whole career by watchful authorities; and sooner or later, usually sooner, they will let him know, or he will let them know, whether he is to go on or not. They are in a position to judge, and they will judge; that, among other things, is what they are there for. If he leaves, it may be objected that he has lost all that time. The answer is that the time has not been lost; for, to begin with, it would not as a rule be more than a year or two, and that is not very much; and secondly, he has had the benefit of a higher education and training which

will help to fit him for some other career. Of course, there is always a measure of uncertainty with every boy who goes to college; you never know until you try him, any more than you can know who will stand the test of the Novitiate in a Religious Order until they try. Necessarily, there must be a period of trial; but if the selection of boys as possible candidates for a sacerdotal vocation is carefully and conscientiously made, the uncertainty is much reduced, and with the help of God they will persevere.

(3) But to speak quite plainly, is the real reason of a dearth of vocations not this, that we lack the spirit of sacrifice which cheerfully offers to God the best we have, and prompts us to sacrifice much for that end? Your faith, indeed, and your appreciation of the priest as the anointed of God, is not excelled, but before parents will give the flower of their family to serve Him in the priesthood or in a Religious Order, something more is required, namely, a spirit of sacrifice and self-denial. For it does involve a sacrifice. The boy has cost you much to rear, and you look forward with some impatience to the day when he will start work and bring something into the house in return. If you send him to college, he will continue to cost you something without any return, and when a priest, will be of little help to you so far as worldly goods are concerned. Do these considerations not weigh heavily against the idea of vocations, and induce parents rather to speak to their boys of the advantages of the various trades and professions? This is precisely where the spirit of sacrifice must come in. We see it at work in those pious families where not merely one, but several, and sometimes even all, of the sons and daughters enter the priesthood or the Religious Life. You remember, perhaps, some of you, the touching passage in his Life in which Father Tom Burke, the famous Dominican, describes the sacrifice in his own case. "I have seen," he said in one of his lectures in America, "I have seen in other lands young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father and mother saying, 'How can we give him up? How can we sacrifice our child?' trying to keep him back with

tears and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman in Galway who had no one but me, her only son; I thought of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed, no word of sorrow was uttered; but with joy and pride the Irish father and Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to God that made him." There is nothing to be added to that. Catholic parents well know that no sacrifice, however great, is too great to offer to Almighty God; they are only offering Him what is already His. They know that the glory given to God and the service done to His holy Church by giving Him a priest, are above and beyond all human estimate; and that the blessings that will descend upon them from having a priest in their family far outweigh the pain and loss involved in the severance of domestic ties. But, in truth, who should ever speak of loss in such connection? He is not lost who is given to God; on the contrary, he became doubly dear and doubly precious both to God and to his family. And they will lose the boy in any case, for, sooner or later, he will almost certainly leave the home and settle for himself, who knows where? Good Catholic parents, therefore, instead of fearing, should rather rejoice at the prospect of their boy being taken by God into His holy service, as the greatest honour and blessing that could possibly come either to them or to him; and they should pray earnestly to be deemed worthy by God of such a favour. "The mother of a priest!" what depths of joy and consolation do these words not convey!



Song - Makers

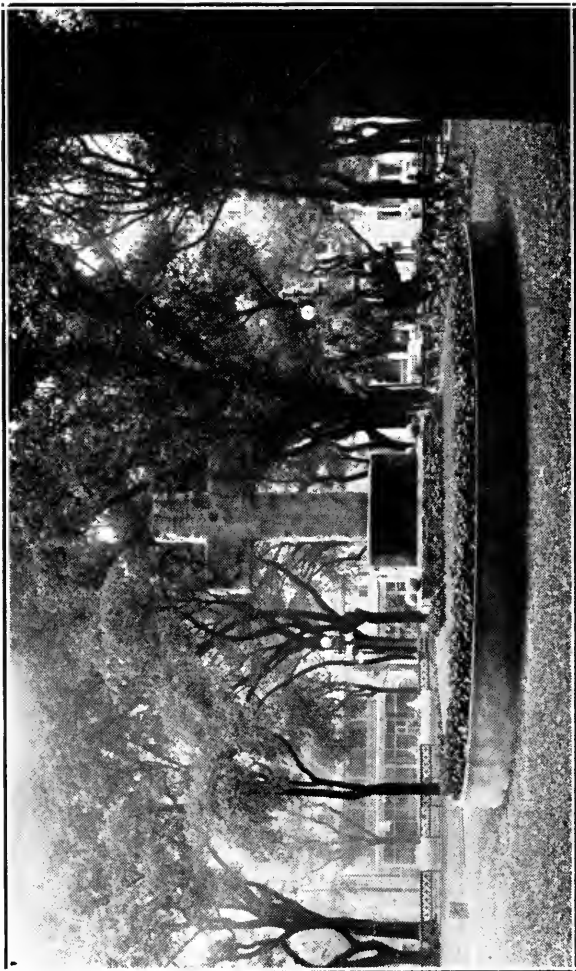
BY J. CORSON MILLER.

No more we chide the drifting dust of years,
For down the Morning's stairs Pan's music's blown
The Day Star's silver wreath with Evening blends,
And Dusk puts on her purple robes alone.

Have we not heard Life's thunder in the dawn,
And seen the golden Phoenix ringed with fire?
The Rose of Love showed us her naked soul
Beneath a star-cloaked sea of old desire.

Now bear we all the Bowl of Dreams on high,
And flaunt our crowns of joy, with poppies hung;
Beside a sleeping lake the lilies leaned,
And round our feet the magic whispers flung.

The Night's cool voice is stirred in fluting strains.
Earth spills her scarlet wine to keep us strong;
For Beauty, setting fingers at our lips,
Unsealed our hearts with song.



MONUMENT TO JEAN LE MOYNE

Mobile and Its Canadian Founder

The Story of a United States Monument to a Famous Canadian.

BY JOHN M. COPELAND.



The presentation by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske of the attractive play, "Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans," in Montreal and Toronto in January last, revives one's interest in that flourishing southern commercial metropolis and the dramatist's portrayal of several episodes and scenes enacted during a romantic part of the past century, brings to our minds the often forgotten fact that the brave

French explorers and missionary priests and nuns of other days seem to have brought Eastern Canada into closer touch with the semi-tropical South than all modern transportation facilities and present-day intercourse with our neighbors of the United States.

Uncle Sam, commemorating in marble the memory and deeds of men from kingdoms and countries not his own, is a most commendable tribute to courage and capacity, as this statue, venerable relative with so many nieces and nephews, prefers to record the achievements of his own "native sons." Although pictured in cartoon as keen and lean, the wise and resourceful mythological head of a great commonwealth has plenty of red blood circulating throughout his anatomy and much mental appreciation of merit.

There is an instance of this down where cotton and the sweet magnolia blossom in Alabama—where Spaniard, Frank and Briton jostled for territorial predominance, years upon years ago. A recently-erected stone cross—at Mobile—gives in the stately diction quoted on this page a generous tribute to an intrepid colonizer—once a school-boy at Montreal.

The sixteenth century saw men's minds fired with lust of discovery and adventure. The impulse which led to the settlement of Louisiana took birth in the land of the fleur de lis, and assumed vitality in Quebec. Like Robert Cavelier, *Sieur de la Salle*, who penetrated to the Gulf of Mexico in 1682, in the hope of seeing a line of protected trading posts and missions extending from Montreal to New Orleans, the subject of this sketch dreamt of great things for his native land and fashioned them into reality.

In furthering the trans-Atlantic ventures of the French kings, none proved more loyal or dealt better with new world problems than the aristocratic Charles Le Moyne (1626-85), and his eight militant sons, viz.: Pierre, Jean, Antoine, Charles, Jacques, Joseph, Paul and Sanvolle.

The elder sons first saw the light at Montreal, where boyhood lessons included warnings of the dreaded Iroquois. Their brothers were born at Ville Marie, Quebec, which place became the family seat after the father's fealty had won for him the title of *Sieur de Longueuil and Chateauguay*. Each lad went to France for education in the higher branches, in sword play and in tactics.

The birth of Jean Le Moyne occurred at Montreal, Feb. 23rd, 1680. At the age of seventeen he served with Chevalier de Troyes in an expedition against the English near Hudson's Bay. When hostilities ceased he crossed to France. In 1698 he accompanied his brother, Pierre d'Iberville—the ablest French commander of his time—who sailed from Brest as lieutenant of the king on a voyage of discovery to the mouth of the Mississippi. D'Iberville, having established a fortification at Biloxi, in 1699, left Jean Baptiste Le Moyne in charge of the new outpost, and died shortly afterwards at Havana.

Sieur de Bienville was ordered to France a prisoner in 1708, but soon returned, and in 1711 created the first colony and capital at Mobile, on the rim of Mobile Bay, thirty-three miles from the gulf. It proved to be the parent foothold made in the south for France.

The royal favorite Cadillac appeared in 1713, with royal warrant as governor, but the Montrealer's sagacity and executive powers soon won him the place of authority.

For a while de Bienville, as governor, alternated in residence between Mobile and Biloxi, but in 1718 he dispatched his chief of engineers there to survey in the then styled "Canada South," the site of the present city of New Orleans. It became, in 1722, the capital and headquarters of the governor. Excepting a few military and civil officials of rank, some of whom brought their families to this new and little known territory, the population for eight years consisted chiefly of soldiers, trappers and galley slaves.

With unmistakable genius, de Bienville assiduously endeavored to improve social standards. Collaborating with the powerful Mississippi Company, he gradually instituted radical reforms. Jesuit Fathers and Ursuline Nuns, sailing ten months apart, came in 1727 to labor in this community of about six thousand souls. The building erected at the junction of Ursuline and Chartres streets for the Sisters, who were the first to teach in the new hemisphere, is said to be the most ancient architectural relic west of the Alleghanies. In a state of excellent preservation and storied environs, it was in 1911 Archbishop James Blenk's palace and a listed point of special interest to tourists.

Sieur de Bienville erected his house in 1728 at a strategic point, beside the old Royal Road close to the river. It afterwards became the location of the fortress of St. Louis, which in later times (1796) formed with Forts Burgundy, St. Ferdinand, St. John and St. Charles, a cordon of outworks overlooking the wilds beyond, that harbored unseen enemies of diverse complexion.

About this time the King of France sent to the Ursuline Nuns of the colony a consignment of twenty respectable girls, previously selected for their piety and virtue, for disposal in marriage. Each one was given a small chest containing a trousseau; hence their honorable and romantic appellation of "Casket Girls."

To those associating a sentimental interest with things said and done in past ages, the older portion of that city, named to honor the then regent, Duc d'Orleans, is fascinating even though offensive in spots to the olfactory nerves. The rambling dreamer readily conjures phantoms of chivalrous hidalgos and thin skinned gallants measuring blades under the duelling oaks between the Esplanade and Bayou St. John; of langorous-eyed Spanish senoritas in vine-covered, walled courtyards, shooting glances at the stilted beaux and vociferous coxcombs of the French régime, who were, mayhap, patronizing the Old Absinthe House.

The brand of alternating régimes is stamped on this city which France transferred to Spain and Spain ceded back again, to the accompaniment of warfare and conquest, diplomacy and treaty. Condensed pages of history are interwoven with the names of streets, such as St. Peter, Cortez, Iberville, Rampart, Bourbon, Condé and Claiborne; while stuccoed walls, lattices, artistic iron work and tiled roofs spell, even in the architecture, the tracery of custom, habits and needs of other, and more passionate, days. Resembling old Quebec in this, and in its historic significance, its balmy climate permits its heterogeneous, semi-active yet indolent population to bask in the open while the Latin quarter's quaint neighborhood teems with reminiscences of what used to be.

In Royal Street's close confines, dealers in church goods, curios and antiques entice the passerby, perchance, with articles of "vertu," which once graced the buffet of de Bienville or those of his contemporaries. If that mute old cathedral—parts of the exterior of which have borne for one hundred and ninety years the blistering onslaughts of Old Sol—if it could unbosom its knowledge of two centuries, what buried secrets would be ours? Hospitable and wide, the doors stand ajar. "Canova" frescoes look down on cicerone and whispering globe-trotter, on Creole, white man and black mammy strolling out and in at will to bow their heads at the altar's rail. Few notice the marble slab beneath, covering the sepulchre of Don Andres

Almonester y Roxas, a Castillian grandee, who rebuilt parts of the cathedral in 1794.

Flanking the church, Presbytere and Cabildo silently deflect the mind to times of Spanish domination, when these domiciles of Capuchian monk and monarchical law staged the transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France and from France to the United States. The Cabildo is now the Louisiana State history department museum, and therein, honorably placed, hangs the portrait of Canada's son, Sieur de Bienville. These structures face the Place d'Armes, laid out by him as a parade ground in the centre of the original, stockaded city. Here the banners of three nations in turn have waved aloft, and words of command to drilling regulars in variegated uniforms have been heard.

After General Andrew Jackson repulsed the British in the Battle of Chalmette, 1815, this historic parallelogram was renamed after him.

The Dauphin of France, Louis Phillipe, when visiting New Orleans, evinced much timid interest in talk of scalping redskins and a system of blockhouse protection to repel them. Farthest from the river was Fort St. Ferdinand, later the site of Congo Square, where negroes from the Antilles performed their weird dances—negroes whom chroniclers claim de Bienville was the first to have authority to import to replace the indifferent soil-tillers of Indian birth.

One historian contends that this noted administrator was summoned to France in 1724 respecting complications over the "blacks," and was removed from office for a brief time in 1726. The fact is established, however, that he sailed to America in 1733 as Governor of Louisiana, with rank of Lieutenant-General and vested with extensive powers. He set afoot additional schemes for encouraging agriculture and trade and in several campaigns temporarily subdued the warring Natchez and Chickaswa Indians, who ambuscaded stragglers and haunted those bays and inlets afterwards used for hiding places by merciless buccanneers when chased from the Spanish Main.

Despite the dangers and uncertainties enveloping life in that embryo state of colonial growth, de Bienville's courage and patience wrought wonders. The parish of New Orleans broadened geographically through his fresh enactments. Always cosmopolitan in character since foundation, the facile tastes and accomplishments of its Latin progenitors inculcated an atmosphere of courtesy, and a regime of formality which gave the city a reputation for social brilliancy, a reputation enhanced under the rule of Marquis de Vaudreuil, who became de Bienville's successor.

De Vaudreuil surrounded himself with noblemen and titled officers, who intermarried with the Creole ladies, thus bringing about, after a long estrangement, a reconciliation between French and Spanish in the city. State dinners, court balls and gay fetes were the vogue. And the famous Mardi Gras or Shrove Tuesday "Farewell to flesh meat" masquerade, at one time semi-religious, but at the present day an elaborate, non-sectarian extravaganza, is the only survivor of old-time festivals.

In 1743, at the age of sixty-three, Sieur de Bienville retired with honor, visiting Quebec and sailing that year to the land of his sires. When the curtain rolled down on the last act of his eventful life his body reposed, not in those quaint, romantically-sad, above-ground mortuary safes used to encase the mortal remains of the Creole ancestors, but between walls of the solid mother earth of France.

In languid Mobile, quite close to the murky river into which he dropped anchor centuries ago, oak trees in de Bienville Square shade and surround the memorial to Canada's famous son; and his sterling characteristics carved in letters of stone, have received that praiseworthy and laudable testimony at the hands of the American Association of Colonial dames.

TO JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE.



Causa Deo

BY REV. JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

When Morning, like a field of crimson roses
Sets all the orient firmament a-flame,
And rhododendrons like the Bush of Moses
Blaze forth, O Lord, I praise Thy Holy Name!
I bless Thee when I hear the wood-ruff drumming
There in the grove beside the alders tame,
And when I hear the belted bees a-humming
Down where the yellow mellilot's a-flame!
I praise and bless Thy Name, O Lord of Glory,
When on the button bush the globes I see;
And on the rocky knoll and promontory
The blossoms break upon the laurel tree!
I praise Thy Name, O Lord, whenso the booming
Of the lone bittern by the marsh I hear;
And when I mark the bergamot a-blooming
Like a red lotus by the sunlit mere!
I glorify Thy Name, O Sovereign Splendor,
When in the meadow the rose-mallows gleam,
And, in the dell I list the wood-lark tender
Singing, or note the otter by the stream!
I praise and bless Thee, when the May-flower scenting
The morning breezes breathes of Paradise;
And silver rain-drops all the lake indenting,
Fall slowly from the violescent skies!
I praise and bless Thy Name, my dear Redeemer,
When the blue heron angles in the mere;
And in the maple tree, an idle dreamer,
The cuckoo sings his carol loud and clear!
Whenso I hear the vesper bells a-ringing
High in the belfry in their holy frame,
Or mark the humming-bird a-gaily swinging
Upon the silver-rod, I bless Thy Name!

Some Memorable Days in Jenny Donnelly's Life

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

“Oh, I am a poor widow-woman—
My family is but one son,
And now since the harvest is comin’
I fear all my trouble’s begun.
For now since the harvest is comin’
It’s marryin’ runs in his mind,
An’ whenever the scutchin’ commences,
He laves all his labor behind—”

Here the voice of the New Man—who was no longer a New Man at all, having now been farm-assistant to Jennie Donnelly’s daddy for nearly a year—sank to a pensive monotone, entirely out of key with the rollicking gallop of the tune. The refrain, which consisted of a crescendo repetition of fol-lol-lol-de-lol-lad-is-oes, helped in no wise whatever to rekindle his waning ardor, and a discouraged silence which neither of his listeners had the heart to break, snapped down, like the lid of a trunk, on the concluding word.

At the same time the little clock on the dresser—where it led a drab existence among the gayly-colored mugs and plates—apparently recognizing this as an opportune moment to emphasize its individuality, ticked more loudly than its owner remembered its ever having done before.

Quite contrary to their wont, which was a talkative one, John Hennessy and Jennie Donnelly refused to take pattern by the clock, so forcing upon their host the task of putting the general melancholy into words.

“An’ to think,” then said Barney Markey himself, at last, “that in a month from this night it’s thousands of miles away from Ireland I’ll be, with yourself, Mr. Hennessy, an’ the wee girl there, only a memory. Faith, yes! An’ when the thought

of all that comes over me, as it did just now, in singin' that old come-all-ye, it's a sorry man I am that instead of buying me ticket for New York I didn't send the passage money back to me Uncle Larry the day I received it."

"Yes, an' be sorry for it forever afterwards!" said old John Hennessy. "Sure it's the wanderin' drop is in all our blood I'm thinkin', and it's over the ocean we'll be goin' whether for good or ill. For myself, though I never had the chance to travel, it was that thought of Amerikay was always beatin' at my heart since I was the height o' your knee, an' I won't blame you or any other man for followin' the call when it comes to him."

In defense of old John Hennessy it must here be said that this conversation occurred quite several years before the Gaelic League had arisen to teach the youth of Ireland that the supreme test of their love and loyalty towards her was their ability to stay at home, and help in ways large or limited in the upbuilding of the divine new structure of her reconstructed nationality.

Contrary to all previous happenings, Jennie Donnelly still held fast to her role of silent listener, conscious as she was that her mother's summoning voice would soon compel her to forego the chance of filing the objection trembling on her lip. The tragic fact of the matter was that she was overwhelmed by the threatened desolation of friendship which had descended upon her with the coming of his Uncle Larry Nolan's American letter to Barney Markey.

But too well she knew, from the dolorous discussions that had since taken place between her two friends, the melancholy consequences that would presently follow. As a starter, Barney himself was to leave for America within the coming fortnight. Then, the little house being needed for his successor, a serious man with a family of his own more than sufficient to fill it, the only choice left for old John Hennessy would be the open road he had so cheerfully abandoned months before, in compliance with Barney's hospitable urgings. Beyond these two facts imagination refused to go.

Like so many great thunderclouds, they had closed in on a landscape warm with anticipation and bright with hope—a landscape that held in the near distance the prospect of a visit to her daddy's house of her Uncle Hughie McMullen, his son Johnnie, and Johnnie's pleasant-eyed wife, née Kate Mahoney. In the farther distance Something that had never happened in her life before—a wonder and a joy and an awe so great that one's mother lowered her voice in even speaking of it! Something that could raise small mortal boys and girls to the level of God's snow-bright angels—the Catholic child's unparalleled mystery, happiness and foretaste of heaven—First Communion.

Of course one couldn't be so very sure about this, after all, for there was the frightfully rigid examination in Christian Doctrine, personally conducted by Father Lenihan himself in the chapel, to be first encountered. Every one knew that Father Lenihan, though so friendly and jokey at all ordinary times, was a very terror when it came to Christian Doctrine. Still, when one knew, so well that one could sing them, the Ten Commandments, the Six Commandments of the Church, the Seven Sacraments, the Fifteen Mysteries, in a word when one had mastered Butler's First Catechism from cover to cover—one, to say the least, had a reasonable basis for self-confidence.

Yes, and there was the darling white frock which Jennie's mother, with a sublime assurance of her daughter's ability to solve the most abstruse theological problem Father Lenihan might devise, had already provided for the Beautiful Day. "Such a dhress it is," said old John Hennessy, when at a worshipful distance he had first gazed upon it in its snowy wrappings of tissue paper, "as any little queen in Europe might be proud to wear. Aye, even if it was the Lord Leftenant's daughter herself was in it!"

An opinion which Jennie herself had heartily endorsed.

So, sitting there in the twilight, while her two friends were trying to treat as lightly as possible Ireland's ever-recurring tragedy of the dividing ways, Jennie's thoughts hopped dis-

consolately from the cheerful past to the comfortless present, and she made no pretence at all of being sorry to go when her daddy's voice came booming across the little three-cornered field, urging her speedy appearance at supper. Wordless, she stole out through the open door, a little shadow melting into the shadows, while behind her in the fire-flecked dimness of his kitchen, Barney again took up the broken measure of his song:

“Oh, it's Darby bein' digging potatoes,
 And I called him in to his mate,
 And he sat down at the table,
 It's not a one bite he could ate.
 Sayin', Mother, is it near night—
 I think long for the time to go 'way,
 For in music I take a delight,
 An' we'll dance to the dawnin' of day—”

Again, as in a very abandon of jocularity, the crescendo of fol-lol-lol-de-lol-ladis-does cut the evening air; but if there was any gladness at all in the heart of the singer it was because the darkness prevented old John Hennessey from seeing the moisture in his eyes.

Jenny's daddy came half-way across the darkling field to meet her. They were pals and conspirators.

“Great news for you, Jennie. Your Uncle Hughie has written that they'll be with us to-morrow night, and your mother says she'll be sending you over, first thing in the morning, to Mrs. McIlhenny's shop to get some special goodies for supper. And there's the examination in the chapel in the afternoon; so it's off to bed we'll be pegging you the minute you're through with your supper.”

For the first time in her conscious existence Jennie made no protest against the sentence of early retirement. Silence was one's only possible word in a world so brimmed-up and running-over with portentous happenings.

.....
 “Rice an' raisins, currants an' cake, an' I forgot nothin' . . .

Rice an' raisins, currants, an' cake, an' I forgot nothin' . . .
Rice an' raisins, currants an' cake an'—O-oo-oh!"

Mud and mud and more mud! There were splotches of it on the shiny buttoned shoes that had been her daddy's present to her on her first visit to the town with him (until which memorable occasion her shoes had all been laced ones); there were dashes of it on the snowy-white stockings that her mother had protestingly permitted her to don that morning in place of her every-day ones; there were moons and stars and anchors of it on the little blue frock that her daddy had facetiously christened "Jennie's Sunday-go-to-meeting-dress."

And, worst of all, the four paper packages whose triumphal remembrance and purchase by herself she had been so joyously chanting the moment of her encounter with the mud-puddle, had celebrated the doleful occurrence by plunging from her arms to the roadway, where they now sprawled in as many different directions, willing outcasts from the beautiful brown paper nest so cleverly devised for them by the fingers of old Mrs. McIlhenny.

And all this damage and ruin wrought by nothing worse than a strongly-developed sense of the picturesque combined with a mud-puddle that had no right at all to be where it was! For it had ensconced itself just at that hollow of the road where a person with any eye at all for the amazing and the beautiful must pause to watch with delighted rapture the great wheel of Cassidy's Mill, as it churned into silvery cascades and fountains and all sort of watery fandangoes the little stream that up to that encounter had led a perfectly blameless and decorous existence.

Jennie entertained a decided contempt for all the Cassidy's as dull people who, having the chance of beholding such a pageant right at their door—their pretty gabled house stood at direct angles with their Mill—evidently seldom, if ever, took the trouble of crossing their own threshold for the sheer purpose of contemplating it.

But the action taken by Mrs. Cassidy, who had beheld the catastrophe from her kitchen window, on the present occa-

sion was so entirely suited to it that one couldn't help thinking of her forever afterwards as a person in whom philanthropic thought and decisive action were delightfully and singularly blended.

"My poor wee girl!" she boomed compassionately across the dividing space to Jennie; and then turned with a brisk order to her son Johnnie, who from behind the lusty fortification of her shoulder was grinning hideously at the victim of the mud-hole.

"Get out o' that, you young vagabond, an' find me this minnit a piece o' paper to roll up the little girl's package in! There—don't be flutterin' round! Take the 'Merican newspaper that came last week—I'm sure your father has drunk in every word of it by this time. Go on now, an' help her get them together, an' fix them up for her as nicely as hands can!"

So, acting as his mother's aid, and under her unwinking eye, Johnnie Cassidy played most unwillingly the ignoble part of cavalier to Jennie, with his own hand helping her gather up her dishevelled packages; patting them nicely into her arms even; only at the last moment saving his own self-respect by thrusting out his tongue at her to that extent that Jennie watched its disappearance with a fascinated sense of relief that it had not cut wholly loose from its moorings. He did that when he had his back turned to his mother; but as he retraced his steps under the unflinching maternal eye, Jennie chanted at him:

"You had to do it! You had to do it! You had to do it!" Then with a consoling sense of having evened matters to some degree with one of her most pronounced antagonists, she resumed her broken homeward way.

Which was also, unfortunately, the road chosen by Tim Maguire, the priest's man, to drive his master's horse and jaunting-car. Now, at ordinary, or rather extraordinary, times, such as when she walked with her father and mother to Mass, there was no one in her little world whose notice Jennie so courted as that of Father Lenihan. But that was

a very different matter from this, when to her own imagination she seemed no better than a forlorn and mud-bespattered scarecrow. However, as the equipage came briskly around the turn of the road there was no chance of evading it; so Jennie did the next best thing by walking past the opposite side of the jaunting-car from that occupied by Father Lenihan—a diversion which failed ignominiously. Tim Maguire brought the horse to a dead stop.

“And so,” said His Reverence, quizzically, “Somebody’s been having fun with the mud again! Where did you find it, Jennie? We haven’t seen sign or trace of such a thing since we started out, have we, Tim?”

Jennie would have liked to flash out her wrathful belief that if there were but one mud-hole in the whole world she would run into it—most especially if she had on her white stockings. But reverence held her silent. And after another teasing word or two, Father Lenihan said:

“Well, don’t forget to come for the examination this afternoon, Jennie. That is, always provided you don’t find another mud-hole to fall into on the way.”

Which was all very witty and well for Father Lenihan; but when they met again several hours later in the chapel—Jennie in the meantime having rendered account to her mother, and been summarily reclothed in her every-day raiment—there wasn’t so much as the speck of a cloud on the sun of her triumph. Theological posers before which her youthful comrades went down like chaff, she encountered full tilt, “making up” her answers in cases where Butler’s First hadn’t gone into details.

And when in reply to Father Lenihan’s question: “And now what do we mean by the ‘Fourth Glorious Mystery?’” she had framed, right on the moment a beautiful definition of the Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin, there was really nothing left at all for him to do but to hand her the little blue ticket which was the certificate of her proficiency in Christian Doctrine. Which he did, in a fashion beautiful to remember, allowing his hand to rest lingeringly on her head.

“You’re a dear little girl, Jennie, and you can tell your mother I said that. And go home now and prepare for First Communion and Confirmation, and may the light of God go with you through your life long.”

The blue ticket triumphantly displayed to father and mother, Jennie’s immediate thought was the announcement of her victory to old Mr. Hennessy and Barney Markey. But besides the blue ticket, she bore across the three-cornered field to the old man something else which she shrewdly suspected would give him even more delight. This was nothing less than the American newspaper wrapped around her scattered packages by the philanthropic Mrs. Cassidy earlier in the day. It was a beautiful newspaper, exactly the kind that Jennie liked, with pictures on every page, and old John Hennessy opened its crumpled sheets with warm commendations of Jennie’s thoughtfulness in preserving it for him. But she couldn’t just then accept his invitation to sit down by him on the grassy bank and listen to the American news; for there was Barney Markey still to be electrified by the blue ticket, besides the fact that the whole McMullen family might make their appearance at any minute.

And this they presently did; a most delightful evening of reminiscence, song and mirth on James Donnelly’s hospitable hearth-stone following. Jennie, her doctrinal laurels still fresh upon her brow, was quite the heroine of the festival, a position which she would have enjoyed to the utmost limit except for the fact that ever and anon her thoughts would stray to the weeks ahead, when her two cronies, Barney and old John, would have drifted away beyond sight or calling.

Meantime, Destiny was taking a hand at the fortunes of the inmates of the little house in the land. Supper over, old Mr. Hennessy, first lighting the parafin lamp on the chimney-piece, proceeded with great deliberateness to unfold for his companions’ delectation the contents of the month-old New York Star. The Manhattan of that day varied a good deal from the Manhattan of this, yet even with that reserva-

tion there was enough of excitement and strangeness in the columns before him to make him stop, with comments of wonder and admiration, at least every ten minutes. Suddenly, however, he came to a dead halt and his voice failing him in his efforts to read aloud, the paper fluttered from his trembling old fingers to the ground.

“Look, Barney, look!” he murmured brokenly—“there, at the end of the last column! I can’t believe it. It’s my eyes that’s deceivin’ me—”

The younger man picked up the newspaper, his glance following the old man’s directions until he, too, came to the amazing item. For a moment he looked upon it in dazed perplexity; then read it aloud, the sound of his own voice gradually convincing him of its actuality:

“A strange situation has developed in connection with the will of the late Francis Hennessy, who for so many years directed the fortunes of the Hennessy Refrigerator Co., Inc., and whose sudden demise, due to heart-failure, occurred almost a year ago. By the terms of a will executed over ten years ago, the entire Hennessy property, real and personal, devolves to a brother of the deceased, one John Hennessy, formerly of the townland of Rosclare, County Kerry, but who, despite the utmost efforts to that end by the representatives of Connor and Dorsey, the legal guardians of the interests involved, cannot be located.”

The news item did not end there, but Barney Markey had read enough. The two men looked squarely at each other. Sometimes happiness, like misery, disdains the confines of words.

It was old John who took the initiative—took it with a brisk decisiveness that was not wholly unworthy the brother of the lately-deceased Francis Hennessy, New York, U.S.A.

“Write your uncle Larry before you go to bed this night, that you’re not goin’ to Amerikay at all, an’ that you’ll send him back the money the minnit you get it refunded from the steamship company. Here you are and here you’ll remain, an’ when I get the money that’s comin’ to me through them fine, clever Yankee lawyers—”

But on that point, limited as his knowledge of legal methods and ways was, Barney was not wholly sanguine.

"Sure they say it's as hard sometimes to get money out of the hands of them same lawyer-chaps as it would be to pull a bit o' mate from the claws of a crawfish."

"That may be, an' I'm not contradictin' you. But the men my brother Francis 'ud pick out to look afther his interests wouldn't be that kind o' men. 'Twas the square, long-headed chap he always was, though from the letters he used to send home in the beginnin' it was a hard, uphill struggle he had, long afther goin' to New York. By an' by he ceased to write at all, an' then the desolation I've so often told you of come upon meself and them belongin' to me, an' I became a wandherer on the face o' the world."

"But isn't it the miracle of the earth that the news should reach us as it has!" said Barney Markey, at last voicing the wonder dominating both minds. "An' to think that only for wee Jennie managin' to save the old American newspaper for us, we'd a-never laid eyes on it! Boys-a-boys! but it's the glad girrl she'll be to hear the news that she's not goin' to lose us. I wondher is it too late th' night to go over an' tell her?"

"Too late it is!" said old John Hennessy mirthfully. "Look over there an' tell me do you see a light still burnin' in the winda? Because if there is, that means she is still sittin' there by the fire, wide-awake as a schoolmaster. No, no; while there's a story to be told, or a song to be sung, wild horses themselves wouldn't pull Jennie Donnelly to bed."

So, together the two men crossed the three-cornered field, bringing as their contribution to the good-feeling of the little fireside group the marvel-story of the unexpected American fortune.

So the Great and Beautiful Day drew near, without so much as a wisp of cloud to mar its promise. Mary's month, green and white and fragrant as her name, sped dreamily past, and here was June, a very rose on the bosom of summer. And during these early days of it one, without perhaps wholly

knowing why, was quite silent, and very happy, and didn't think the Rosary so long at all when one said it along with one's mother. Certainly the earth had become a beautiful place to live in.

And the Morn itself, and the Day that Morn ushered in! When Jennie awoke—a little before six—it was a gray, discouraged world met her view. The rain was slanting down in a see-now-I-have-come-to-stay way that left little hope of a later brightening. However, just about the time every one had decided it had come for the special purpose of spoiling the day, it changed its mind, and all at once, taking the hint from a particularly bold young sunbeam, made off with itself, leaving behind it a wonder-world of shimmering greenness and soul-quickenings odors.

It was through that wonder-world to the Supreme Wonder of all, awaiting her at the altar of St. John's in the close-by town, that Jennie presently passed, seated sedately on the side-car by her mother. In the hall of the convent school, which adjoined the church, they found a whole flock of other little girls and their mothers, assembled there preparatory to their marshalled entrance into St. John's. And here to the everlasting discredit of Jennie's late highly-developed spirituality it must be confessed it took a decided header earthwise; the cause being the fact that the shiny buttoned shoes, so dear to her heart, were black, while those of the little town-girls around her were white, in lovely accord with their dresses. But presently several country children whom she knew arrived, and their shoes were not only black, but laced at that! A sense of satisfaction, which gave her in some unaccountable way a hot feeling of vexation with herself, swept away the previously gathered shadows. However, she settled the whole matter by clasping her tiny white rosary between her fingers, and saying, quite under her breath, several Hail Marys. So that when a little space afterwards, it was Mrs. Donnelly's great blessing and happiness to see her only daughter kneeling at the altar-rail to receive her Blessed Lord and Redeemer in Holy Communion, she was not, perhaps, so very

far astray at all in deeming her countenance more that of a young angel than a mere mortal child.

To the great glory of First Communion was also to be added this day the crowning solemnity of Confirmation. Jennie, the tiniest figure in the kneeling circle, watched with a vast awe the tall form and mitred head of the ministering bishop. She felt warm, confused, and a little frightened. What if he should ask a question in catechism and one couldn't answer? Even a blue ticket wouldn't save one then. And one would never dare to hold up one's head again!

But here now the bishop was towering directly above her, and here was Father Lenihan by his side. And quite distinctly she heard Father Lenihan whispering to the bishop, "This is the wonderful little girl I told you of," and the bishop smiled down upon her, while anointing her forehead with the holy chrism in a way never to be forgotten. And Jennie, a strange new happiness filling her little life to its very brim, again thanked her Blessed Mother in heaven, in laying that day the foundation of a custom destined to fill all her coming days, whether fair or clouded, with an unfailing sweetness drawn from the heart of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.



The moving sun-shapes on the spray,
The sparkles, where the brook was flowing,
Pink faces, plightings, moonlit May,
These were the things we wished would stay,
But they were going.

Seasons of blankness as of snow
The silent bleed of a world decaying,
The moan of multitudes in woe,
These were the things we wished would go,
But they were staying.

—Thomas Hardy, The London Mercury.

Hymn to St. Ignatius Loyola

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

Ignatius, noble saint of God,
 Well didst thou wage the fight
 On Pampelona's dreadful field,
 And proved thy soldier might;
 But, wounded in the combat, thou
 Didst learn His holy Word,
 And to be soldier of the Lord
 Thy gen'rous heart was stirred!

Ignatius, mighty saint of God,
 His soldier strong and brave,
 Pray that we may have zeal like thine,
 All wandering souls to save!

Thy sword and armour thou didst leave
 Before the Virgin's shrine,
 And in Manrosa's lone retreat
 A life of prayer was thine;
 Thy body thou didst scourge and wound;
 Long fast and penance hard
 Made thee a great and glorious Saint
 Beloved of Christ the Lord.

Mighty art thou before His Throne;
 Wondrous thy following,
 Whom thou didst call by Jesu's Name;
 Their hearts and souls they fling
 Into the fight for priceless souls;
 The world's most distant clime
 Has heard and viewed their sacrifice—
 Thy crown beyond all time!

Ignatius, mighty Saint of God,
 His soldier strong and brave,
 Pray that we may have zeal like thine,
 All wandering souls to save!

Star-Gypsies

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

ORDER is heaven's first law," saith the poet, and we have only to lift our eyes to the star-lit vault above us to behold a confirmation of his words. The stars in their mazy courses, observe a wondrous and exquisite order. In all their countless host, no burning orb but holds his steadfast way in sweet obedience to some primal law. Even the seven "wandering stars," for such is the meaning of the word "Planet," are governed by exact laws from which they may in no wise deviate. So impressed were the astronomers and sages of old by this universal prevalence of order among celestial bodies, that they attributed to the visible heavens, a perfection and immutability which belongs only to the invisible and spiritual heaven. On our poor earth, they said, all was change and decay, but within the crystalline spheres of sun and star, no change or imperfection could intrude. No spot could mar the lustre of the Orb of Day, while the very visible shadows which furrow the face of our Lady Moon, were, according to them, only the reflection of earthly seas and mountains. Very angry were the followers of these same philosophers when Galileo showed them through his telescope, spots inherent on the face of both sun and moon! So angry, indeed, that some of them refused to look farther through the "delusive tube," for fear of being convinced in spite of themselves. Yet in the face of all this supposed perfection of the material heavens, astronomers had been obliged, from time immemorial, to recognize a certain class of stellar vagrants, if we may so term them, which had persisted, ever and anon, in intruding themselves amid the celestial hierarchy, to the amazement and dismay of all onlookers. Grave scandal was caused by the advent of these outcasts from good stellar society, for tramps and outcasts they undoubtedly were. Verit-

able star-gypsies, setting at defiance all sidereal law and decorum. In celestial circles, it is strictly "en règle" to revolve from West to East, and, as nearly as possible, in the plane of the Ecliptic. But these saucy intruders thrusting themselves uninvited into the well-ordered array of stars and planets, without the slightest premonition as to their advent, paid not the least attention to these venerable customs. On the contrary, they seemed rather to delight in outraging stellar conventionalities. Appearing in any quarter of the heavens, whatsoever, they would advance at break-neck speed towards the sun, in motion "direct," or "retrograde," as best pleased their whim, with scant show of courtesy toward the law of the Ecliptic highway. Indeed starry bye-ways seemed more to their liking, and they crossed the Ecliptic plane at all sorts of forbidden angles. Aristotle frowned upon them, pronouncing them, we are told, mere "low born vapors," exhalations from earthly mists, set on fire in the upper strata of the terrestrial atmosphere, and, although certain minds demurred at this judgment, yet it won popular acceptance, and our stellar gypsies were socially ostracized, forthwith. Seeing themselves regarded as mere Ishmaelites of the sky, every man's hand against them, they sought revenge by playing more graceful pranks than ever before, so that, naturally, their advent inspired much alarm and anxiety, although they were not devoid of certain attractions, which, had they stood in better repute, might have won them admiration instead. A gypsy-like beauty many of them certainly possessed, as they pirouetted across the sky with their shining tresses, streaming behind them, as though borne backward by some celestial current. Others, lacking this feminine adornment, were rough and frowzy enough. Mere hairy nuclei, Stellar "Poilus," as one might say; their generic name of "cometae" meaning "hairyones." True to their gypsy blood, they assumed the role of universal fortune-tellers. Was a great king about to be born? Forthwith a comet appeared to proclaim his nativity. Was some monarch, or warlike leader, about to pass away, or did the fate of some fair realm hang trembling in the scales of war?

One of our stellar fortune-tellers was sure to arrive on the scene just at the appropriate moment, to proclaim the coming tragedy or call for vengeance on the wrong. Thus in 134 B.C., a famous "cometa" arrived to herald the birth of Mithridates the Great. To set forth the greatness of her hero, this marvellous star-gypsy is said to have waxed so bright as to rival the sun. Her waving tresses (popularly denominated the tail of the comet) covered a span of 90 degrees, so that their shining length still grazed the horizon as the head of the gypsy lass lifted itself into the zenith. This prodigy remained visible for ten months. Another comet, "dread and fiery," appeared in 43 A.D. to avenge the death of great Caesar, lately slain. While in 582 A.D. a lurid apparition blazed forth before the eyes of the terrified citizens of Rome to proclaim the terrible pestilence which was soon to ravage the Eternal City during the pontificate of Gregory the Great. At this juncture, our gypsy prophetess veiled her burning face in a shroud of impenetrable vapor, as a token of the mourning which was soon to fill the city of the Tiber. If any of us can still remain skeptical as to the occult skill of our stellar gypsies, dabblers, like the rest of their race, in the "black art," we would note further the appearance of the remarkable comet of 1066, whose coruscating tresses were divided into three distinct strands to foretell the coming conquest of England, when three kings, Harold, the Saxon, Harold Hardrada, the Dane, and William, the Norman, should contend for the mastery of the British Isles. The final victory of William being plainly shown by the fact that the longest strand of the shimmering tresses pointed directly to the South, betokening, of course, Normandy, home of the Conqueror. The threatening aspect of this dread messenger as depicted by Matilda, wife of the Conqueror in the famous Bayeux tapestry, may still be seen in that town. Perhaps the most terrifying of all these prophetic visitants was the "sanguinary comet" of 1456, whose floating war locks took the form of a gigantic scimeter, floating backwards some millions of miles in space. It was the terrible year when Turkish power was threatening the des-

truction of Christendom, and, as every one knows, the scimeter is the symbol of Turkish warfare, as the sword is of Christian. Can we wonder, then, that the dread emblem brought dismay to the hearts of thousands, and was everywhere recognized as a call to arms against the "unspeakable Turk?" Many other cometary appearances, closely associated with remarkable persons or events might be noted, as the bright comet of 1500, so large that the Italians surnamed it "Il Signor Astone" ("Sir Bigstar") and that of 1556. One coinciding with the birth, the other with the abdication of Charles V. of Germany. But perhaps enough has been said to show that our star-gypsies, if not really endowed with the knowledge of the future, were, like their terrestrial cogenitors, quite clever enough to simulate such knowledge and time their comings and goings with consummate skill. It is sad to be forced to relate that Science, which detests mystery of any sort, however fascinating and venerable, has within the last few centuries, shorn our poor Astral Bohemians of almost all their prophetic prestige. No longer can they blaze forth, riveting all eyes and thrilling all hearts with fear until the secret of their mission is disclosed; on the contrary, we are told they are quite commonplace members of the solar system, not moving indeed, like the planets, in spheres of good and regular standing, having a recognized social status with a pedigree dating back to the Nebular Period, but poor relations of the same, occupying a region on the outskirts of Sölardom, only venturing at rare intervals to approach his Solar Majesty, to partake of his genial warmth and quicken the circulation of their blood, which has been chilled by a residence of some hundreds, or thousands of years, as the case may be, so near the limits of outer space, in a temperature of (minus)—460 degrees Fahrenheit. The credit of this so-called "triumph of science," of putting comets in their proper place, has often been attributed to Newton, but it was indeed our Catholic Helvelius of Danzig, who first "suspected" the true state of things as to cometary orbits, while his pupil, Doerful, first proved the comet of 1681 to move in a parabola.

Newton, however, did indeed bring the laws of gravitation heavily to bear upon these children of liberty, declaring that they must and could move only in one of three orbits, an ellipse, parabola or hyperbola, while his disciple Halley successfully performed the feat of calculating the next appearance of the famous comet of 1682, still known as "Halley's Comet." Nothing is more annoying to your true Bohemian than such observance and restriction of personal liberty. Accustomed for centuries, to move in an "ambiente" of mystery, quite beyond the power of the astronomer to pierce, our stellar gypsies resented both observation and scientific dictation and resorted to all sorts of ruses to perplex and tantalize their persecutors. Many a sly vagrant would linger on his homeward route in the vicinity of one of our giant planets, Jupiter, Saturn, or Neptune, until he persuaded that sub-potentate to put forth his gravitational powers, and so turn and twist our loiterer round, as quite to change his path, in size and shape, and so, of course, the date of his visit to the Sun. Others would demurely reappear, indeed, at the proper date, but so changed and disguised as to defy recognition. Some had quite changed their coiffeurs while in outer space, while others had entirely shorn away their flowing tresses. Some changed shape, in the most magical way, under the very eyes of expectant astronomers. One is even said to have blown his head off in a shower of meteorites, on the first night of visibility, just to tease "Professor Dry-as-dust!" the saucy vagrant pulling himself together later, none the worse for wear, and proceeding merrily on his outward way, doubtless laughing in his sleeve as he went, at having outwitted Scientific Investigation. But our tale is growing too long! The antics of these "enfants terribles" of the skies are innumerable. Those who would court further acquaintance with them, should consult some authority on cometary lore wherein they are all fully and gravely set down.

“Regina Sanctorum Omnium”**A May Song**

BY S.M.L.

Sing a love-song to Our Mother
In her sweetest month of May!
Let her glory and her gladness
Overflow the world to-day!
Heaven and earth are joined together
Now rejoicing in her fame,
For to children nothing's sweeter
Than to sing their Mother's name!

Thou art Queen of Angels, Mother!—
All their radiance and their might
Stand arrayed to do thee honour,
Jubilating in thy sight—
It is Gabriel's joy and glory
To repeat his “Ave” strain,
Whilst the Patriarchs and Prophets
Make an ocean-like refrain!

Mid the chosen friends of Jesus
Dost thou sit—Apostles' Queen—
Oh! My Mother, were such beauty
And such rapture ever seen!
All the Martyrs, too, are gathered
To confess with voice as one
It was through their Mother's pleadings
That their victories were won.

In their armies all unnumbered
Do the Confessors appear,
Worthy sons of such a Mother
As they throng around her near!
Yet another chorus rises
Which none other may repeat,
For the Virgins claim their guerdon
And are clustered at her feet!

Is it folly, oh! my Mother,
Thus to picture thee above?
Or, perchance, such childish fancies
Are yet pleasing to thy love?
Then, in folly let me revel
As I contentplate thy name,
And in life and death those rev'llings
Both to Heav'n and earth proclaim!

O! Thou Queen of Saints Triumphant!
O! Thou Wondrous Mother mine,
Is thy tender love the sweetest
Or that majesty of thine?
Nay! . . . I know not! . . . Who can answer
E'en amidst those throngs above?
For just as Thou Art we want thee!
Yes! 'Tis "MARY" that we love!



Valuable Contribution to the Museum

BY VERY REV. W. H. HARRIS, LL.D.

Probably the finest and most complete collection of the birds of Ontario anywhere exhibited, are now to be seen in the Museum of St. Joseph's College, St. Alban Street.

They have all been mounted and placed in position by expert taxidermists, and are a most valuable acquisition to the Museum. This exhibit of seventy-three specimens embraces an attractive variety of birds annually visiting the lakes and forests of Northern Ontario.

Included in this accession to the Museum is a Gyr-Falcon measuring forty-two inches from wing tip to wing tip. This Falcon-hawk was shot not long ago at Telford's Bay, opposite Chemong Park, Peterboro. This giant hawk is indigenous to North Labrador and adjacent regions and is rarely seen west or south of Hamilton River, Labrador.

Perhaps the most valuable specimen on exhibition is a pure white swallow which ornithologists claim to be as exceptional among the feathered species as an albino among human beings. Professor T. McIlwraith in his "Birds of Ontario" contends that the white swallow (*hirundo albina*) is an exceedingly rare bird. Included among the rare and valuable collection are a Great Blue Heron, a Laughing Gull (*Lariis atricilla*), a Swainson hawk, a Richardson owl, a blue-headed vireo and a hawk owl. The birds as they are now mounted and cased, are appraised by experts at a valuation of one thousand dollars.

This magnificent exhibit of birds was purchased from the Executors of the Estate of the late Mr. John Pope, Peterboro, and presented to the Museum by the Rev. J. R. Quigley, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Morrison, Ill. U.S.A.

The Curator and Trustees of the Museum beg to tender to Father Quigley the expression of their gratitude for his splendid gift and the assurance of their appreciation of his generosity and kindness.

Song of Strength

BY DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Be strong!

Be not afraid, for sun and moon and star
Lean down from heaven where the heart's hopes are.
It is their light that makes shadows appear;
How foolish then to waste the precious tear!

Be strong!

For gentle peace will come at even-song,
When little heartaches bring their joy along!

Be strong!

It matters not how long the gloomy way,
How dark the night that calls loud for the day,
For, far beyond the morning's crimson skies,
The little road winds on and glad replies—

“Be strong!

And I will lead you safe through endless quest,
I led thy Master to His land of rest.”

Be strong!

This selfsame stony path we all must tread,
And all must fight and taste life's crust of bread;
Roses there'll be for some, for others, rue;
God dropped them on the way for me and you.

Be strong!

And consecrate with love life's holy hours
And let them blossom into snow-white flow'rs!

Be strong!

Shoulder the trials of thy busy day!
Fight on! Push on manly into the fray,
And fight the fight that God means you to fight,
And set thy foot upon the path of Right!

Be strong!

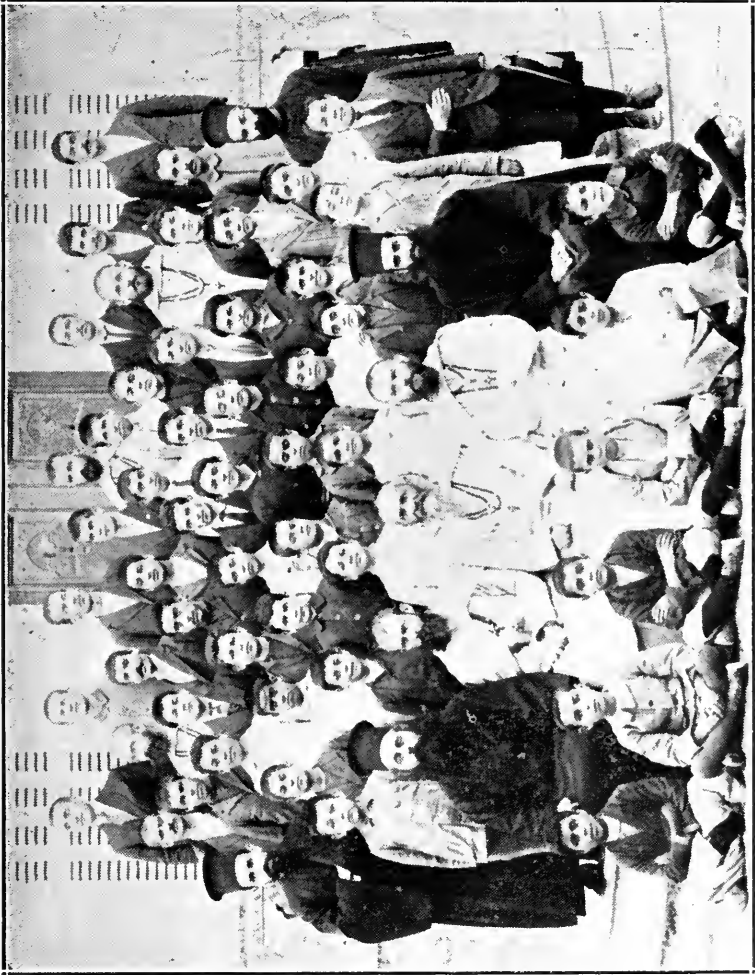
And gentle peace will come at even-song!
Be strong, poor heart of man, be strong—be strong!

Cardinal Lavigerie and His Missionary Work

BY REV. PAUL K. MALOUF, PASTOR OF THE SYRIAN CATHOLICS.

DURING a special interview with our beloved Archbishop of Toronto, Ont., I had an opportunity of speaking to His Grace about the conditions, after the war, in Syria, Mount-Lenance and Jerusalem. Amid much conflicting news there was one consoling bit of information, reviving hope in a sacerdotal heart, namely, the reopening of the Seminary of St. Anne of Jerusalem for the Syrian Greek-Melkites. A recently-received photograph of the same, showing the returned professors and students, is of particular interest. It shows the White Fathers, among the Greek priests, their former pupils, and the new students, yet without their uniforms, recalling to us the misfortunes of the war and the indigence of the surviving sufferers. This brought back to my mind numerous other memorials of the White Fathers, and their celebrated Founder, Cardinal Lavigerie, their missions in Africa, and their establishments in Jerusalem, in France and Canada. Then came an all-embracing view of the zeal and charity of the Catholic Church, practised by her missionaries throughout the world. All this strongly urged me to write for the readers of the St. Joseph Lilies, a brief article about Cardinal Lavigerie and his missionary work, through his little Society of the White Fathers.

Many good things could and should be said about Cardinal Lavigerie and his missionary work. But such a subject requires a better writer than I am. But being myself an pupil of the White Fathers, at the Seminary of Jerusalem, the sweet memories of my Alma Mater have stimulated me to



SEMINARY GROUP IN JERUSALEM

write this article about them, especially as this is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their Society.

The Cardinal Lavigerie.

Charles Lavigerie was born at Huire near Bayonne, France, Oct. 13th, 1825. He studied at the diocesan seminary of Laressore, then went to St. Nicholas-du-Charbonnet in Paris, and finally to St. Sulpice. Ordained priest on June 2nd, 1849, he devoted the first years of his priesthood to higher studies at the newly-founded Ecole des Carmes, taking at the Sorbonne the Doctorates of Letters (1850), and of Theology (1853), to which he added later the Roman Doctorates of Civil and Canon Law. Appointed chaplain of St. Genevieve in 1853, associate professor of Church History at the Sorbonne in 1854, and titular of the chair in 1857, Lavigerie did not confine his activity to his chaplaincy or chair, but took a leading part in the organization of the students' "cercles Catholiques," and of "l'oeuvre des écoles d'Orient." As director of the latter, he collected large sums for the benefit of Oriental Christians persecuted by the Druses, and even went to Syria to superintend personally the distribution of the funds (1860). His brilliant services were rewarded by rapid promotion, first in 1861 to the Roman Rota, and two years later to the See of Nancy (France). From the beginning of his episcopate he displayed that genius of organization which is the characteristic of his life: foundations of colleges and higher institutes for clerics and law students and the organization of the episcopal curia.

On 27th of March, 1867, Lavigerie was transferred to Algiers. As Archbishop of Algiers he promptly reversed the policy of neutrality towards the Moslems imposed upon his predecessors by the French authorities, and inaugurated a strong movement of conversion. With the help of the White Fathers and of the White Sisters, whom he founded for the purpose, he established and maintained at great cost orphan asylums, industrial schools, hospitals, and agricultural settle-

ments, wherein the Arabs could be brought under the influence of the Gospel.

In 1868 he was appointed Apostolic Delegate of Western Sahara and the Sudan. He began in 1874 the work of southward expansion which was to bring his heroic missionaries into the very heart of the Dark Continent, and resulted in the erection of eight vicariates Apostolic in Equatorial Africa, and two vicariates in Sahara, Sudan.

To those many burdens, Lavigerie added other cares: the administration of the Diocese of Constantina (1871); the foundation at St. Anne of Jerusalem of a clerical seminary for the Oriental Missions (1878); the government of the vicariate of Tunis. Made Cardinal in 1881, he became the first primate of the newly restored See of Carthage in 1884, retaining meanwhile the See of Algiers. He played a leading role in furthering the policy of Leo XIII. with regard to French Catholics, and in promoting the anti-slavery movement in Africa. After the famous "Toast d'Alger," on November 12th, 1890, when he proclaimed before a vast assemblage of French officials the obligation of French Catholics to cease opposition to the republican form of government, a great sensation was created and, in spite of harsh criticism, he had been always the self-sacrificing spokesman of the Pope.

The suppression of slavery had been the subject of Lavigerie's first pastoral letter at Algiers. When Leo XIII. in his Encyclical to the Bishops of Brazil (May 5, 1888), appealed to the world in behalf of the slaves, the Primate of Carthage was the first to respond. In spite of age and infirmities, he visited the capitals of Europe, telling of the horrors of African slavery and urging the formation of anti-slavery societies. The international "Conference" of Brussels, 1890, practically adopted Lavigerie's suggestions as to the best means of achieving the desired abolition, and the "Congrès de Paris," called the same year by the Cardinal himself, showed great enthusiasm and verified Lavigerie's sayings: "Pour sauver l'Afrique interieure, il faut soulever la colere du monde."

After the "Toast d'Alger," and the "Congrès de Paris,"

Lavigerie, broken in health, retired to Algiers. His last two years were saddened by the often unjust criticism of his cherished project. He died at Algiers, November 27, 1892, as preparations were being made for the twenty-fifth anniversary of his African Episcopate. The daily press throughout the world eulogized him, and the "Moniteur de Rome" rightly summarized his life by saying that, in a few years of incredible activity, he had laid out work for generations. "I shall not seek one day's rest," was the remark of Lavigerie when he landed on African soil. He carried out that promise to the letter. While Notre-Dame d'Afrique at Algiers, the Basilica of St. Louis at Carthage, and the Cathedral of St. Vincent de Paul at Tunis will stand as monuments of his prodigious activity in North Africa, the missions of Central Africa, and the Oriental Seminary at Jerusalem, show that his labours ranged far beyond the vast territories placed under his jurisdiction. He served efficaciously the divine tendency of expansion in the Catholic Church, by propagating Faith and practising Charity. He served also the best interests of France by extending civilization in and out of Africa. He was called "Le Grand Francais," the Great Frenchman. An able scholar and an orator of the first order, Lavigerie was also the writer of several good works.

The Society of the White Fathers.

It was in the year 1867, the year of his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Algiers, that Mgr. Lavigerie first thought of founding his Society of the missionaries of Africa, on the occasion of a great famine followed by typhus which ravaged the Mahommedan inhabitants of Algeria. He had charge of thousands of neglected children. A special personnel to take care of them was badly needed.

In January, 1868, three pious seminarians of Kouba, Algiers, conceived the desire to devote themselves to the Arab mission in Africa, and were kindly received and blessed by their Archbishop. In October he started the Novitiate, and

charged his new novices to begin to exercise their apostolate among the orphans.

In February, 1869, the new novices took the white habit that Lavigerie, in his wisdom, chose to be similar to the dress of the Arab inhabitants of Algeria themselves. The inhabitants were so pleased to see the new missionaries wearing their own costume that they called them "White Fathers"; this denomination passed since as their proper name.

The work of the Novitiate was interrupted during the war (1870), between France and Germany, for the vocations to this new apostolate were recruited among the French seminarians, and its resources came from French Catholics. It was a terrible trial for the new-born society, but God did not forsake this apostolate; He has vouchsafed to crown with success the effort of his servant and to reward the prayers and sacrifices of the new missionaries.

From 1871 to 1876 were years of blessing and prosperity for the society. Many young French seminarians full of good will, several of them veritable souls of election, answered the appeal of Mgr. Lavigerie, through his messenger and mouth-piece, Father Charmetant, and came to join the ranks of the new society.

During the summer of 1872, Mgr. Lavigerie went to Rome, accompanied by two new missionaries, Fathers Deguerry and Charmetant, whom he presented to Pius IX., in their habits. The Holy Father gave them a most paternal welcome, encouraged the Founder, and blessed with his whole heart the growing Society and its two representatives.

In 1873-1875 were founded the missions of Kabylie and Sahara, where the missionaries were obliged to live as the natives, in miserable Kabyles houses and the complete poverty far from troubling them, filled their hearts with holy joy, and one of them, writing to Mgr. Lavigerie, told him that he would not change his gourbi for a chateau where abundance reigned.

In January, 1875, three missionaries—Fathers Minoret, Paulmier and Bouchand—sent to found the mission of Sahara, were massacred by their Touareg guides. This sad news reach-

ed their Superior on April 11th. Deeply afflicted, Mgr. Lavigerie saw in the light of faith all the glory of the deaths of these martyrs. He addressed on that occasion all the members, gathered together in the chapel, saying: "My children, the Church does not wish us to recite the *De Profundis* for martyrs; we will sing together the hymn of thanksgiving." And he intoned the *Te Deum*, in which all joined with holy enthusiasm, convinced that the blood of their brothers, which had watered African soil, would be, as the blood of martyrs everywhere, the seed of Christians.

In 1881, three other missionaries—Fathers Richard, Morat and Pouplard—sent to found a mission in Soudan, were also massacred by their guides. It took many repeated efforts up until 1895, before the missions of Sahara and Soudan became at all possible.

But Mgr. Lavigerie had succeeded in sending his children into the heart of Africa in the region of the Great Lakes and founding missions there. After consulting the Propaganda, he offered his society, numbering only about fifty priests, for the conversion of the immense regions of Central Africa. His offer was welcomed with eagerness by the Holy See, which named him Apostolic Delegate for these new and most important missions (Feb., 1878). This was the last act of the glorious pontificate of Pius IX. He died before he had signed the brief of institution, which was the first paper that the Propaganda presented Leo XIII. to sign.

Seminary of St. Anne of Jerusalem.

In 1878, the year of the departure of the first missionaries to Central Africa, Lavigerie undertook, under special circumstances, to found the Seminary of St. Anne of Jerusalem for the Syrian Greek-Melkites. This was a very important foundation and has been particularly blessed by God, and has furnished the Melkite Church with more than a hundred priests in different dioceses of the Melkite Rite, namely: Damascus, Aleppo, Homs, Tripoli, Beyrouth, Zahleh, Baalbek, Sidon, Tyr,

Aka, Paneas, Jerusalem and Alexandria; also among the Basilian Religious Orders. A new society of missionaries called the Melkite Paulists is formed from them. One of these missionaries has just been raised to the episcopal dignity, with the charge of the Archdiocese of Tyr, Syria, in the person of Mgr. Maxime Sayeg.

These two Apostolic enterprises of Cardinal Lavigerie, namely, the missions in Central Africa, and the Oriental Seminary at Jerusalem, were mated in their foundation, their difficulties, their progressive march and their consoling results.

The first ten missionaries sent to Central Africa left Algiers on April 17, 1878; set sail on the 21st at Marseilles to Zanzibar. On June 17th they plunged into the heart of the mysterious continent with a caravan composed of 400 Wanyemesi porters and about fifty Wangouana askaris (soldiers) having for captain an Arab of Yemen. It was towards the end of September that they arrived at the capital of Unyanyembe, where they set about to organize other caravans to different districts in which they intended to establish their first stations.

After passing through many difficulties, suffering opposition and persecution, menaced by death and expulsion, they finished by gaining that country to God and by drawing thousands of souls desirous to love God and believe in His Christ. Many among them have sealed their faith with their blood. Indeed the cause of the Martyrs of Uganda was several years ago introduced. I heard lately from Rev. Father A. Cebron, director of the postulate of Quebec, that they will be canonized on June 6, 1920.

The reports of the missionaries show the wonderful progress that has been made not without many and great spiritual consolations, and these reports compare favourably with those of the best Catholic countries of the world.

During the last fifty years of missionary work, the White Fathers have established eight Vicariates in the region of the Great Lakes of Central Africa: Uganda, Kivu, Nyanza, Upper Congo, Ounyanyembe, Tanganika, Banguelo, and Nyassa. The first four already have their native priests who give evi-

dence of great zeal and deep religious spirit. The missions of Sahara and Sudan comprise the Apostolic Prefecture of Ghardaia and the Apostolic Vicariate of Sahara-Sudan extending to Upper Senegal, French Guiana and English Gold Coast.

The annual report of the missions of the White Fathers for 1918, gives the following statistics :

The number of missionary priests is 650, that of Coadjutor Brothers 240. The total number of new faithful is 273,206, and that of catechumens 139,281. 133 Stations. 2,837 catechists. 12,899 baptisms of adults, 12,849 baptisms of children of neophytes. 15,440 baptisms "in articulo mortis," 16,022 confirmations, 1,790,056 confessions, 4,459,618 communions, 3,969 marriages, 2,482 schools.

The number of Communions is very gratifying. In his circular letter the General Superior of the Society, Mgr. Livinhac, has emphasized this number in saying: "This is an average of 20 Communions a year for every one of the faithful of an age to approach the Holy Table. I do not believe that in the best dioceses of the Catholic world there is any such average."

Postulat of Quebec, Canada.

The Society of the White Fathers is recruited everywhere, from members among diocesan secular clergy, or cultivated in apostolic colleges and scholasticates. A scholasticate is established at Quebec, Canada, No. 37 Rue des Remparts, founded some sixteen years ago by Father John Forbes, now Bishop in Central Africa, who is the brother of Mgr. Jos. G. Forbes, Bishop of Joliette, P.Q. This institution already has furnished thirty-seven priests from Canada. Its personnel comprises at present three missionary priests, two coadjutor brothers, five novices and eight postulants. It is greatly desired that religious vocations among men and women be encouraged for the missions in Africa where millions of souls are waiting for the Gospel of our Lord. "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few." Missionaries! Send us Missionaries! Such is the cry of the missionaries in their letters. Persons zealous

for the glory of God and the salvation of souls can inform themselves about the missionary work of the White Fathers and especially the Fathers of Canada, by reading the Monthly Bulletin of the African Missions, published in Quebec.

The White Sisters, called missionaries of Our Lady of Africa, destined to the instruction and education of the Moslem and pagan women, though having the same founder, Cardinal Lavigerie, have an organization completely different and independent of the said society. They may be called to help in African missions as well as in other missions. The Vicars Apostolic can also call sisters from other communities to help in the African missions. The Canadian White Sisters number about fifty. They have an establishment at Levis, P.Q., with eight professed and six scholastics.

Conclusion.

Who could imagine that this dream of Cardinal Lavigerie, namely the evangelization of the Mussulmans of North Africa and the carrying of the faith into the pagan nations in the heart of Africa, be realized in so short a time as half a century, in spite of so many obstacles and difficulties? Humanly speaking, it was impracticable, but in the supernatural point of view it was possible and the results justify it. "All things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark ix., 22). It was really but putting in practice his motto, "Charity," that Cardinal Lavigerie succeeded. He was always inspired by its divine impulse, guided by its supernatural principles of faith and sustained by the grace of its salutary influence. "Charity," says St. Paul, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never falleth away." (I. Cor., xiii.). Full of confidence in God, hopeful against all hope, energetic in the service of God and souls, persevering against difficulties, he was always ready for work and self-sacrifice.

God has rewarded the efforts of His faithful servant in granting him to see, during his life, his spiritual children suc-

ceeding everywhere he sent them, building the Catholic Faith on a solid foundation. At any time and in any country he found an occasion to promote the glory of God in propagating the Catholic Faith, he never missed it. He was ready to consecrate for it his life and his energy; he did all he could to interest in the same work his French countrymen. He was in that line a perfect model of the Catholic spirit. He was an initiator and instigator to great deeds.

NOTE: The Superior-General announced to his missionaries the cause of Beatification of the Martyrs of Uganda, saying: "Our Holy Father the Pope has decided to place in the rank of Blessed, Charles Lwanga, Mathias Murumba and their companions, who in 1886, confessed the Faith with courage worthy of the martyrs of primitive church. The ceremony of Beatification is fixed for Sunday after Trinity, June 6, 1920."

The names of Lwanga and Murumba, and other Negro-Martyrs, will be soon familiar to Catholics accustomed to honour the Saints, the heroes of God.

In 1886, when the persecution was declared by the king Lwanga in his Kingdom Uganda, the new Christians were about a thousand. The number of those who suffered death for the Faith is about a hundred, according to the testimony of the Banganda themselves. Forty were known by their name only. Twenty-two pages of the King, with their name was known also the manner of their death. These are divided in two groups, 13 perished by fire and 9 by different torments. Here are their names as given in the decree of their Beatification, published in the Bulletin:

First group, burned alive—Mbage Tuzinde, Bruno Seron Kuma, Jacob Buzaballiao, Kisito, Ambroise Kibaba, Mgagga Gyavira, Achille Kikanuka, Adolphe Ludigo Mkasa Kiriwanvu (Kilwannou), Anatole Kiriggwajjo, Lus Banabakintu, Charles Lwanga. The second group are—Athanase Badzekuketta, Pontianus Ngondwe, Gonzague Gonza, Mathias Kalemba Murumba, André Kagwa, Noé Mawgalli, Joseph Mukasa Baiikuddembe, Jean Marie Muzei (Jamari), and Denis Sebugwao.



Ensilvered Grasses

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A silvery sheen lies on the meadow grass
 Adrip in rain of May. As pale, as pure
 As childhood's innocence or the blessing sure
 To follow penitence. How fleet, alas,
 Its transient grace! Great beauty can o'erpass
 Our poor perceptions,—wondrously allure,
 Then, having changed its spirit garniture,
 Vanish, as vapors drift from some morass.

Our souls, in their swift feeling are like this,
 Beneath some influence, silent, sweet, unseen,
 Some rain of holiness from skies benign,
 Our dreary lives are bathed in silver sheen;
 One gleaming moment of unearthly bliss
 Has brought us a fresh sense of Love Divine.



In likeness to Jesus consists our perfection. The closer the likeness the more glorious our perfection. And shall we not reflect one of the most beautiful rays of our Lord's unspeakable holiness in our own tiny souls if we endeavour to copy Him in a devotion of reparation and of intercession? For this is a far-off following of the shining of His sacerdotal glory—the people whom He has chosen to be priests and kings unto Himself must “walk in the footprints of Blood.”

The Young Visitors

By M.M.

RARELY indeed in these days of enlightenment, do we meet a person who has not experienced the joys of reading; yet to everyone, the most enthusiastic as well as the most indifferent, the problem of choosing a book remains forever a knotty one. There seems so little to guide our choice. We scorn the mere suggestion of that old warning of our childhood never to judge a book by its cover; yet how many people can we find guilty of almost as heinous an offence! How many do we see in our libraries and book stores, glancing casually over the pages of a volume, taking perhaps a furtive peep at the last page or two, and then pronouncing their verdict! Surely this also is judging by appearances, but still if we wish to depart at all from our favourite or familiar authors, what can we do?

In this connection, I have lately received a very valuable piece of advice — never to disregard, no matter what the temptation, that most precious of all boons to readers — a preface. In appearance, it may be short and insignificant, or it may be long and tedious, but it is one, and probably the only light we can count on to help us dispel our doubts, and lead us to a satisfactory decision. Read at the beginning of our story, it helps us to a fuller appreciation; read at the conclusion, it enables us to live our enjoyment over again.

Perhaps the happiest preface I have yet read is that in which Sir James Barrie recommends to readers of all classes a little volume called "The Young Visitors." A story told in a hundred pages, and on no page anything that would awaken more than a spark of interest in the average reader, stopping for his customary random peep. But let that reader be wise, or let his random peep be lucky, and straightway he

will open the book at the preface, and straightway his treat will begin.

As we are told, many years ago, a nine-year-old maiden, Daisy Ashford by name, tired of her games, and feeling within her soul an ever-increasing yearning for self-expression, found pen and paper and on rainy days frequent opportunities, to pour out in manuscript in inimitable style, spelling and penmanship, her pent-up thoughts and imaginings. Evidently material had been gathering within her small head for some time; Daisy was an active child, mercilessly observant of real life, with an unfailing memory for the grown-up novels to which she seemed to have free access, and an extremely fertile imagination, and faculty of putting two and two together. With these instruments at her command, she wove her little story—"The Young Visitors" or "Mr. Salteena's Plan," and now, at a much later date, the public of two continents is enjoying it.

In the opening chapter, our authoress introduces Mr. Alfred Salteena, whom she later familiarizes as "Mr. S.," "an elderly man of 42, fond of asking people to stay with him. He had short, dark hair and mustache and whiskers which were very black and twisty. He was middle-sized and he had very pale blue eyes." His fondness for society evidently explains his visitor—Ethel Monticue, "a young girl of 17, with fair hair done on the top and blue eyes." She dresses in "velvit," uses "red ruge" and powder constantly, and from her description, we see at once that she is intended to be "quite supearier" to her host in every aspect.

Action now begins—To Mr. Salteena comes an invitation from Bernard Clark of Rickamere Hall, to visit him and to bring with him "one of your young ladies, whichever is the prettiest in the face," for Bernard, it seems, is not so fortunate in friends as Mr. Salteena. The invitation is accompanied by a "quear-shaped parcel," which is found to contain "a top hat wrapped up in tisher paper," which Bernard requests his guest to wear during his visit. This request would at first seem almost insulting to the guest, but we discover a reason

for it very soon in Mr. Salteena's acceptance of the invitation. "Certinly I shall come and stay with you next Monday. I hope I shall enjoy myself with you. I am fond of digging in the garden and I am parshial to ladies if they are nice. I suppose it is my nature. I am not quite a gentleman, but you would hardly notice it, but can't be helped anyhow." He is not quite a gentleman—in this sentence the author sums up the whole story of his disappointing life.

Now we are given a glimpse of Bernard Clark and his surroundings. The visitors are driven to Rickamere Hall from the station "in a lovely cariage lined with olive green cushions to match the footman, and the horses had green bridles and bows on their manes and tails." They are welcomed by their host—"a tall man of 29,—rather bent in the middle with very nice long legs, fairish hair and blue eyes." Superiority, in fact, is written all over both him and his possessions, and in him we must recognize immediately the hero of the story, and Ethel's lover. Immediately on sight of him, we are told, Ethel "blushes through her red ruge," and Bernard "looks at her keenly and turns a dark red."

The lovers now being met, the field must be cleared for the wooing, and in the next few chapters, accordingly, Mr. Salteena is disposed of. He cannot help but be "jellus" of Bernard, and in order to emulate him, he departs for London, where in the Crystal Palace he takes a course of training in "clothes and etiquett to menials and grammer."

Here we have an instructive glimpse of high life, for now Mr. Salteena consorts with earls and dukes and half-Italian grooms, and is even taken to a "levie" at Buckingham Palace given by the Prince of Wales. He is advised to "were his black evening suit and role up his trousers." Also he is lent "a pair of white silk stockings which he fastened tightly round his knees with red rosettes. Then he quickly cut out a star in silver paper and pinned it to his chest and also added a strip of red ribbon across his shirt front." Arrived at the palace "in the gay throng Dukes were as nought, as there were a good lot of princes and Arch Dukes, as it was a very

superior levie indeed." Salteena is presented to the Prince of Wales, who is "seated on a golden chair in a lovely ermine cloak and a small but costly crown." When someone "reveruntly" asks him about the Queen's health, he replies, "not up to much; she feels the heat, poor soul, and he waved a placard which said in large letters The Queen is indisposed." Surely this is a very informal function.

And at this interesting point, the authoress deserts Mr. Salteena and brings us back to the wooing of Bernard and Ethel. These two happy mortals, acting on "Bernard's idear," also go up to London "for a week's gaierty," and of course they meet Mr. Salteena again and converse with him long enough to make us realize once more his inferiority. During this week Bernard proposes, but his sense of delicacy forbids him doing it in London, and so he and Ethel spend the day near Windsor Castle.

"Ethel looked very beautiful with some red roses in her hat and the dainty red ruge in her cheeks looked quite the thing." Bernard was "a fine type of manhood with nice thin legs in pale brown trousers and well fitting spats and rather a sporting cap which gave him a great air with its quaint cheek and little flaps to pull down if necessary." As the critical moment approached, "Let us now bask under the spreading trees, said Bernard in a passionate tone. Oh yes lets, said Ethel," and thus ideally the hero proposed. Ethel accepts him, of course, then faints—from joy she explains later.

Of course this is the climax of the story and the author announces in self-satisfaction, "So I will end my chapter," but gives us a few more to describe the wedding and "how it ended." The happy couple were married in Westminster Abbey and the bride wore "a rich satin dress with a humped pattern of gold on the pure white, and it had a long train edged with airum lilies. Her veil was of pure lace with a crown of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white daisies, St. Joseph lilies and orange blossums tied up with pale blue satin ribbon. Her parents were too poor to come so far, but her mother sent her a gold watch, which did not go, but had been

some years in the family and her father provided a cheque for £2 and promised to send her a darling little baby calf when ready." Mr. Salteena, the rejected suitor, was present, however, "all in black and looking bitterly sad, and he ground his teeth when Ethel came marching up."

All the characters in the story are finally provided with husbands, wives and families, but the hero, Bernard Clark, "was the happiest of our friends, as he loved Ethel to the bitter end and so did she him, and they had a nice house too."

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Surely never has a nine-year-old authoress wrought such a work of continuity and dramatic effect. How absolutely spontaneously she has written, with never a pause for words or thoughts! It is easy indeed to picture her as Sir James Barrie imagines her—writing away earnestly and complacently, pushing out her tongue or pulling it in in greater or less relish of her story, finally after her master love scene drawing it in juicily for the last time, and bestowing on the world that smirk of triumph with which she greets you from the frontispiece of her delightful book.

The reader may settle in his own mind the all important question, "Is Daisy Ashford or Sir James Barrie the writer of the book?"



Too tired to write, I think.

Too tired for thought, I pray.

Too tired to say my prayers,

I thank God for to-day.

Philanthropy

BY REV. K. J. McRAE.

HAVING set aside Christian charity as out of date, modern materialists try to substitute for it a Pagan system which they call philanthropy. But if we examine the origin of this word we can easily see that it cannot suit their purpose unless they change the meaning that its origin suggests.

Philanthropy is derived from the two Greek words "philos" a friend or lover, and "anthropos," man. Therefore, it must have been originally intended to mean a friendship or love for man. Now the greatest friend or lover of man is God; God the Father Who created him and gave him all his powers and faculties of body and soul; God the Son Who redeemed him by shedding for him, His precious Blood to the last drop, on the Cross; and God the Holy Ghost Who sanctifies him through the seven great channels of grace, the seven Sacraments.

Therefore, the materialistic self-styled philanthropists are the very worst enemies of man, because they would destroy God, man's best friend, and real Christians are, after God, the very best friends of man, because they are friends of God, and obey His command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The Greek word "anthropos," the second root of philanthropy, is said, by some, to be compounded from the Greek words "ana" upward and "trepein" to turn, to indicate the erect form of man. Now whether this is true or not, it is certainly true that man is the only animal that can look up to heaven, his true origin and everlasting home, by merely turning his eyes upward. And not only can man's outward sight be thus easily turned upward, but also his inner sight, his intelligence, has a natural tendency upward, for it seeks the true, the beautiful, and the good. By the true I mean that which has what belongs to its nature; by the beautiful, that which has what belongs to its nature in an orderly or

symmetrical manner; and by the good, that which fulfils the end or object of its being. Now, if we examine our lives from the earliest dawn of reason, we will find that at least as far as we can recall our tendencies or cravings, we were drawn towards persons or objects in as far as they were, or seemed to us, true, beautiful and good, and we became more and more disappointed with them in as far as we found them wanting in these qualities.

And so it will be till the end of our lives, because there is no person or object in the whole universe infinitely true, infinitely beautiful, and infinitely good, and thus capable of completely satisfying our craving for these qualities. God alone has these qualities in an infinite degree, and, therefore, He alone can completely satisfy the craving of our intellects. As St. Augustine has said, God made us for Himself and we can never be satisfied completely till we possess Him in the most intimate union possible, that is by Holy Communion here and the Beatific Vision hereafter. Hence what the second root of "philanthropy" also suggests, goes to show that the word is not suited for the purpose of the modern materialists, for it reminds man that his tendency should be upward and not downward. If, therefore, philanthropy had a voice it would assuredly cry out at the very top of it, "Save me from my false friends, the materialistic self-styled philanthropists!"



HEROISM.

Of all the battles won
The greatest is to hold
A squalling baby in your arms
And laugh instead of scold.

—Ruthele Novak.

Wayside Flowers

BY JOAN WOODMAN.

I walked along a country lane
 One day in early Spring,
And all the world was happy,
 There was joy in everything.

The buttercups and daisies,
 The violets white and blue
Were softly holding up their heads,
 And other wild flowers too.

And when I asked one daisy
 What it did the Springtime through,
It shyly made me answer,
 “I blossom here for you.”

But though I like the daisy,
 I love the wild rose best,
For of its thorn was made the crown
 Of Christ, our Saviour blest.

Rev. Father Dollard Gives Readings from His Poems



NO doubt the many who are acquainted with the beautiful poems of Father Dollard, Litt.D., would have given a great deal to be present in St. Joseph's College Auditorium on the evening of April 22nd, when this gifted poet entertained the Community and pupils of the school with readings from his poems.

Father Dollard's appearance on the stage was greeted with much enthusiasm, and his gay, frank, almost boyish manner and address served to create at once an atmosphere of complete understanding between entertainer and audience. There was to be no attempt at a lecture so-called, Father Dollard assured his hearers, but only an interpretative reading of some of his own poems, wherein he had found expression for his thoughts about those things which lie nearest to the heart—God and country. For the benefit of the pupils he thought it well, he said, to comment upon certain criticisms made of different poems, to name the leading Reviews in which the poems had appeared, and to give interesting circumstances under which individual poems were written. It is needless for us to say, in making these few introductory remarks about his own work, this great man, who has heard his praises sung by the greatest literary critics of his age, displayed the simplicity of manner and single-mindedness of purpose of those who alone can speak of their achievements in an impersonal way, because in their humility they attributed all their success to God and nothing to self.

Father Dollard then went on to say that he was sure God must love poetry very much since He had put so much poetry

into this world of His. In fact, the whole world is one grand poem of praise to its Creator—the majestic mountains, the voices of the deep, the sighing of the winds, the starry heights, the flowers and the birds and the trees. Then, if we turn to God's great book of revelation, the Bible, we find it filled with poetry from cover to cover. Who that has an ear for rhythm or a taste for the beautiful can read those sonorous psalms of David without feeling the power of their grandeur and the music of their poetry. Was ever Epic poem written to compare with the artistic Luke's portrayal of the life of Christ? Where can one find more sublime imagery of thought than in the Apocalypse of the Beloved Disciple? And just as God is wonderful in all his works, so is He wonderful in the gifts He gives His poet children, but alas! how few of them refer to Him the honour and glory of their talent!

Before naming or quoting from Father Dollard's poems, we would remind our readers that Father Dollard is first of all a Priest of God and then—an Irishman, so that we shall not be surprised to find that with one or two exceptions his selections for the evening dealt with God and Ireland. A great many of the poems are in sonnet form, in the art of writing which Father Dollard is universally recognized as a past master. "The Spirit of God" is one of the most beautiful of these shorter poems, and another, dealing with the Parthenon, has called forth much favorable comment. This latter was highly praised by the Literary Digest, and Father Dollard modestly took us into his confidence so far as to tell us that Alfred Gordon, a prominent Canadian poet, was so pleased with his effort that he asked permission to express Father Dollard's poem in Shakesperian Sonnet, the former having been Petrarchian. The result of Mr. Gordon's work, as read by Father Dollard, was beautiful, but these two great men are now in a quandry. Mr. Gordon says he cannot claim the poem, because the thoughts are Father Dollard's, and Father Dollard says he cannot claim it, because the metre is Mr. Gordon's. And so this "Orphan Sonnet," if it ever is published, will appear under the names of both these gentlemen.

The sonnet beginning :

“Slain by the arrows of Apollo, lo!
The well-beloved of the Muses lies,
On Lemnos’ Isle ’neath blue and classic skies.”

written on the death of Rupert Brooke is, of course, well known. This poem was highly praised by the late Joyce Kilmer, who expressed his opinion that it was by far the best of all the sonnets written on the death of Brooke. “Slain by the arrows of Apollo” is surely a happy description of a death resultant on sun-stroke.

Some years ago, after returning from a Ceremony of Reception and Profession, held in St. Joseph’s Convent Chapel, Father Dollard expressed the impressions he received in another sonnet, a few lines of which will suffice to show its beauty,

“Down the white aisle they go—Christ’s Chosen Fair,
Leaving the world and all its vaunted hopes,
To walk with Him on Calvary’s mystic slopes
And find the peace that all surpasseth there.”

When Father Dollard announced that he was about to read some of his “Fairy Poems” next, there was general applause, for who can write better about fairies than he who believes in them? And where, in Ireland, or out of Ireland, we ask, could you find a stauncher friend of the fairies than this great-hearted Irish poet? Born in Ireland, Earth’s only Fairyland, belief in these wee creatures, coupled with a wholesome fear, was part and parcel of his childhood and youth. Father Dollard could entertain audiences for hours together with delightful stories of these tiny good folk, of how the children of his native village would dare one another to make trial of what they had been told was a never-failing method of catching sight of the fairies. This consisted in nothing more than taking a blade of grass, twisting it into a circle and then looking through the circle towards the raths or mounds, where the fairies dwelt. Surely no very difficult thing to do, and yet no child had ever yet accepted the challenge, for the

penalty attached was the loss of the eye, and Irish children evidently preferred living their lives with both eyes to seeing a fairy. These Rathes or Fairy Mounds were the scenes of revelry by night and objects of mystery by day. Here the Fairy Harpers tuned and plucked their moaning strings, and lo! sadness came riding on the winds; here, too, the Fairy Pipers piped while the merry company danced and played, and lo! gladness of heart came tripping over the hills.

“As I walked the heights of Meelin on a tranquil autumn day,
The fairy host came stealing o’er the distant moorland gray,
I heard the sweet bells ringing
Or a grove of linnets singing
And the haunting, wistful music that the Fairy Harpers play.”

To listen to Father Dollard telling in hushed tones of these small enchanters, to watch the play of enthusiasm upon his boyish face, to strain after each whispered word, was quite enough to transport one bodily into the very midst of the fairies themselves,—while “the hours flew by like moments” and the very air seemed charged with the music of “that wondrous dance beneath a mystic moon.”

We must not pass over without a word of mention the many beautiful poems Father Dollard has written on the Ancient Irish Heroes. To those unversed in Irish folk lore the pronunciation of Irish names presents many difficulties and not infrequently destroys the rhythm of what is really a perfect line. This drawback was removed, however, in this occasion, for with Father Dollard’s perfect mastery of names and metre, and his touch of liquid brogue, these poems became real music. It was through his Irish poems that his acquaintance with the celebrated William Butler Yeats was made. This famous Irish poet has written in the highest terms of Father Dollard’s poetry, and none can deny that the commendation of a man of such literary ability and taste is no mean tribute to Father Dollard’s work.

Many a good anecdote interspersed the reading of the poems, which would prove highly entertaining to our readers, did

space but allow us to repeat them. But we must content ourselves with mentioning but one other poem, which was appreciated perhaps most of all, the inimitable "Song of the Little Villages," which under Father Dollard's master and magic touch, flows like rippling waters. Yes, "God bless the little Villagers," and God bless, too, the men whom these little villages have given to the world, great-hearted Irishmen who, though they may not all be poets, as is Father Dollard, are, nevertheless, unflinching singers of the praises of God and undaunted champions of the Faith, which is the dower of generation to generation. And yet not Irishmen alone nor Catholics either, but all Canadians may be justly proud of Father Dollard's poetry, and we cannot more fittingly end this paper than by quoting for our readers the beautiful sonnet dedicated to Father Dollard by an American priest and poet:

(Written for the Lilies).

TO REVEREND DOCTOR DOLLARD.

By Rev. Julian E. Johnstone.

The brilliant even-star of song art thou,
 Bright from his chrisms there in the sunset glow,
 Rival of Music's own imperial Poe,
 Him of the lofty and Olympic brow.

Where thoughts like bells hung in a temple-dome,
 Made song as dulcet as the nightingales,
 O thou, that in life's lowly intervals
 Found immortelles, fair as the golden foam.

The ship of night flings from her silver sides
 As through the sea of stars she cuts her way,—
 Thy music like liquescent sapphire glides
 O'er siren pebbles singing all the day,
 By bloomy banks where Beauty's self resides,
 And all in magic, melody, and May.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26, 1920.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

We have been asked to publish the following announcement :

The Second National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held in Washington, D.C., August 6th, 7th and 8th, 1920. This organization, which is the official "mission aid society" for the promotion of missionary interest among the students of our institutions of higher learning, is rapidly growing throughout the country. It now numbers some ninety active Units with a membership of over 7,000 students. Seminaries, colleges, training schools for nurses, high schools and academies which have not yet become affiliated with this movement, should do so at once.

It is not enough that interest in missions exist in a school or even that a missionary society be formed. This is good, but to do effective work these societies should be affiliated with the general movement. The affiliated societies (called Units) of the Crusade, retain their autonomy, and make their contributions to the agency of their own choice, reporting their activities quarterly to the central organization.

Literature and information as to the formation of a mission society or its affiliation with the Crusade, may be had from Mr. Lloyd Keeler, Field Secretary, Apostolic Mission House, Brookland, D.C.

To a Friend

By S.L.G.

Only a tiny seedling, careless strewn by the way—
But its bloom will spring in verdure sweet
At the call of the sun's warm ray.

Only a low, soft echo of a hymn at the Vesper hour—
But it soothes the grief of listening souls
With a gentle, occult power.

Only a word of comfort, whispered from far away,
But it came like a warning "Sursum,"
And braced me anew for the fray.

The Late John Mogan

Few deaths have occasioned such universal regret among the Catholics of Toronto as has that of the late John Mogan, Berkeley St., which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital in the early hours of Sunday morning, April 4th.

The deceased, best known perhaps as "Johnny" Mogan, was what we might call the truly self-made man. Left an orphan by the death of both parents, even as a little lad he showed marked characteristics of indomitable perseverance, lively energy and laudable ambition, which served him in good stead in later life and which no doubt account in great measure for the success which has been attendant upon his every business endeavour. But admirable, however, as such qualities are in any man, they are poor indeed if they be not crowned by a life of Christian virtue. It is in this very particular, however, that the key-note of the life of the deceased was struck, and to that note every action of his life, however small, was conscientiously attuned, for John Mogan was, above all else, a Christian and a Catholic gentleman. Catholicism, deep set and instilled from birth, has an indisputable way of making noblemen of its children, and of John Mogan it made one of its noblest. To him the Catholic Church was a great and dear mother, to whom he gave the love and loyalty of a devoted son. There was no enterprise, under Its auspices, into which he did not enter with undivided energy and zeal, and both Pastor and members of St. Paul's Parish, in which he resided for years and years, can bear testimony to the never-failing interest he evinced in every detail that concerned the betterment of the Parish and its people. Great occasions of serving God come seldom in our life-time, but smaller ones come frequently, and it was by making use of these opportunities, great and small, that Mr. Mogan won the esteem and gratitude of all. "He touches heaven, who

stretcheth forth his hand to help another." What, then, shall we say of the deeds of charity that made up a goodly part of this man's life-time? The House of Providence, to name only one institution that received of his charity, will not soon forget the name of John Mogan; and among the benefactors of the Sisters of St. Joseph that name will ever have high rank. But it were foolish to say more, since we cannot say all. Why not rather sum up the good deeds of this Catholic man in these words, simple, but so full of meaning, "He went about doing good." And so it was, as we might say, in the very midst of his activities that Death overwhelmed him, and after a week of more than usual, intense suffering, the Calvary of his mortal life was ended, and with the first dawn of the Resurrection the new and fuller life began for him in the great Beyond.



Heaven Haven

I have decided to go
 Where springs not fail,
 To fields where flies no harp and sided hail,
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
 Where no storms come,
 Where the green swell is in the heavens dumb,
 And out of the swing of the sea.

—Gerard Manly Hopkins.

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.

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.

A l u m n a e I t e m s

June 20th—Sunday—will be the annual meeting of the Alumnae. Keep this date before you, and urge every member to be present. Make it a big day!

* * * * *

We welcome the return of Mrs. J. Murphy (Lois Gibson) to Toronto.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Miss Julia O'Connor on her re-election as President of St. Michael's Hospital Alumnae; to Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, first director, and Miss B. Walsh, third director; to Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Wilfred Pocock, Winnipeg, on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. James Doyle (Corinne Bourdon) on the birth of a daughter.

* * * * *

At the Annual Meeting of the Lakeview Ladies' Golf Club, held at the King Edward Hotel, Mrs. F. J. McMullen was elected President. In the first competition of the season Mrs. McMullen won the first prize in the second flight. Congratulations!

* * * * *

The ladies' field day at the Mississauga Golf and Country Club was most successful. Over fifty ladies participated in the various events. Mrs. S. G. Crowell is to be congratulated on winning second prize in the putting competition.

* * * * *

On May 10th Mrs. A. J. McDonagh opened her house to the members of St. Basil's Council of the Women's Auxiliary for the final meeting of the year 1919-20. Mrs. Geo. R. Griffin resigned as President, after two years' successful work. Tea and dainty refreshments were thoroughly appreciated after the business meeting.

* * * * *

The Edward Kylie Chapter I.O.D.E. are working hard to

make their "Theatre Night" at the Royal Alexandra, in aid of the War Memorial, a big success. The play will be "Blind Man's Buff" by Charles Durand, and will be presented by the Robins Players.

* * * * *

Mrs. James E. Day has been elected to the Executive of the Toronto Women's Liberal Club. Congratulations!

* * * * *

Rev. F. Wafer Doyle, S.J., of Guelph, conducted the Annual Retreat of the Alumnae Association. The different sermons and conferences were very instructive and were much appreciated by all. The singing during Benediction arranged by Mrs. Petley, was very beautiful and devotional.

* * * * *

We offer our sympathy to Misses Mogan in the death of their father; to the family of the late Mrs. Pope (Harriet Hewgel) whose sad death is regretted deeply by all her friends; to the Misses Mundy, Penetanguishene, in the death of their dear sister.

* * * * *

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Bourke of North Bay (the mother of our Alumnae Mamie and Anna) has recovered from a serious illness. We also welcome the return of Miss Nora Warde from Colorado Springs, where she has spent the last year, and of Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave from Pasadena, Cal.

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The first steps have been taken toward the furnishing of the Alumnae Reading Room in St. Joseph's College. Mrs. Day, our President, is to be congratulated on her selection of the handsome mahogany tables and chairs.

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The Executive of the Alumnae Association held a very satisfactory business meeting April 29th.

* * * * *

Mrs. T. McCarron spent three weeks during May in Syracuse, N.Y.

We offer heartiest congratulations to our Honorary Patron, the Very Rev. Dean Harris, LL.D., on the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

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The many friends of Mrs. Michael Healy, St. George St., will be pleased to learn that she is now recovering from a severe attack of illness.

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We congratulate Mrs. Day on the honorary degree of M.A. lately conferred upon her husband, Mr. James E. Day, by his Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener.

* * * * *

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, June 3rd, in St. Basil's Church, when Miss Isabel McLaughlin was united in marriage to Mr. Edward Flynn. Heartiest good wishes!

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The annual election of officers of St. Joseph's Alumnae was held on June 20th. The following were elected for the coming year: President, Miss M. L. Hart; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Miss I. Larkin, St. Catharines; Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. F. P. Brazil; Treasurer, Miss M. Morrow; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Riley; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Brophy; Out-of-town Secretary, Miss Cecil Healy; Press Secretary, Miss Mary Latchford; Historians, Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Miss Benning; Councillors, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Miss Edna Mulqueen, Miss M. McGrath.

LILLIAN McCARRON.



Community Notes

A High Mass was celebrated during the past month in the Convent Chapel in honour of each of the Church's newly canonized saints, St. Joan of Arc, St. Margaret Mary, and St. Gabriel dell'Addolorata of the Passionist Order.

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We extend a hearty welcome to His Grace Archbishop Sinnott, of Winnipeg, on his return from Rome.

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The Community is deeply indebted to Rev. Father Finn, C.S.P., and his choristers for the beautiful entertainment given in the College Auditorium during the recent visit of the Paulist Choir to the city. It was one of the rarest musical treats we have been privileged to enjoy.

* * * * *

Sisters of St. Joseph from London and Hamilton who were present at the recent ordination held in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, paid us a most welcome visit.

* * * * *

The Annual Graduation Exercises of St. Michael's Hospital took place May 8th. The graduating class numbered thirty-one, and the speeches made by the doctors and other leading men of the city testified to the excellent training given to the nurses in St. Michael's Hospital. The beautiful new Nurses' Home, which is now in progress of erection, will be a very great asset to the Hospital.

* * * * *

We were delighted to have a Marist Father and three Sisters of the Marist Community from France, spend a few days with us last month. They are on their way from France to the Fiji Islands, where the Sisters have schools for the natives. We wish them every success in their noble work.

* * * * *

We offer our sincere congratulations to Rev. John J. Blair, Winnipeg, on his having received the title of Monsignor. Monsignor Blair is one of the kindest benefactors of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Miller, C.S.P., called on us during his visit to Toronto. . . * * * * *

At a meeting of the St. Michael's Hospital Social Service Association, Rev. Sister Eusebia was named Honorary President. . . * * * * *

Congratulations to Mr. Brebner, Registrar of Toronto University, who has lately been honoured with the degree LL.D. by Queen's University. . . * * * * *

In the month of May our Sisters in Winnipeg held a very successful school children's concert. . . * * * * *

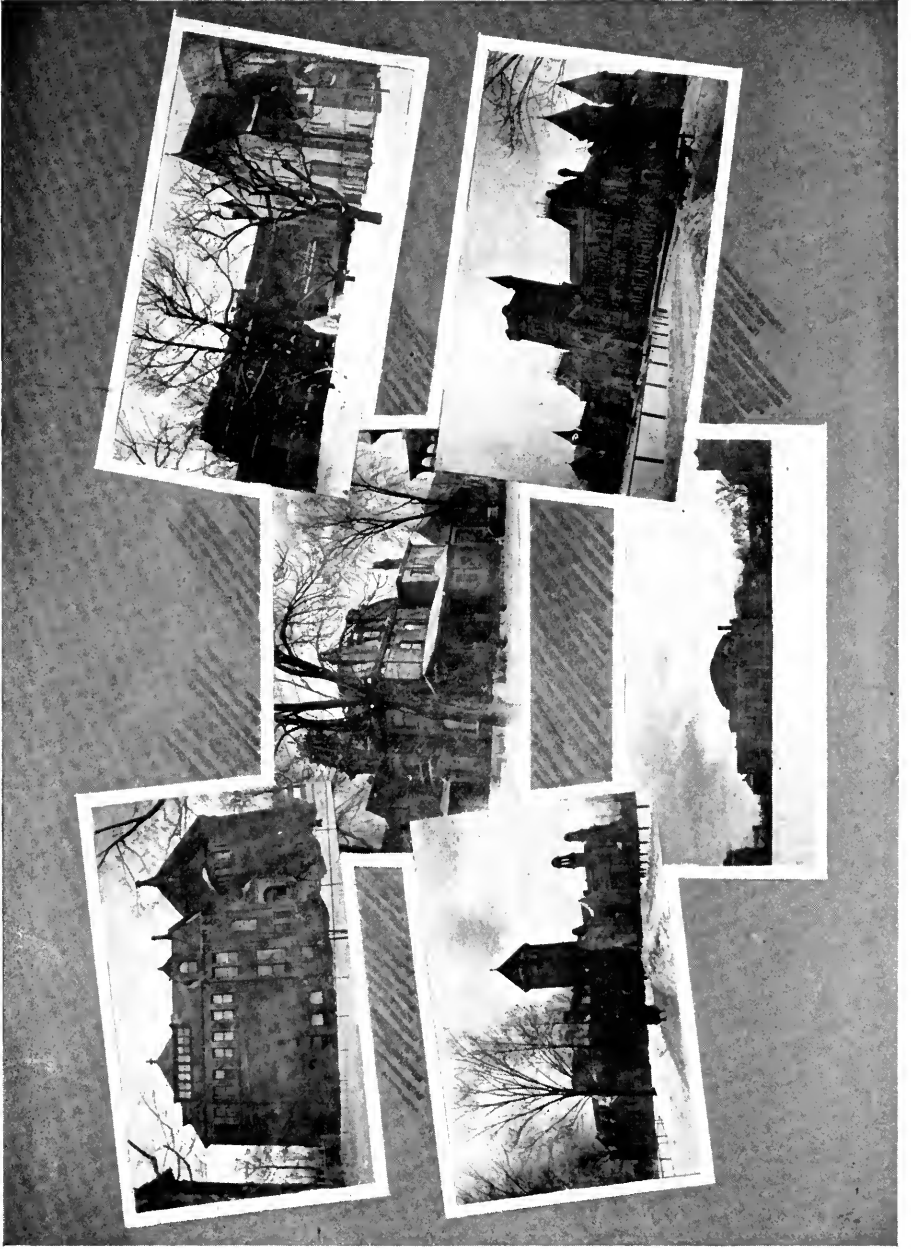
The Isolation Buildings of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., were completely destroyed by fire a few months ago. The furniture and contents of the buildings, however, were practically all saved. A Building Fund has been opened to aid in the erection of an addition to the Hospital. . . * * * * *

We are pleased to note among the officers elected to the Executive of the Catholic Writers' Guild, New York, the names of our contributors, Rev. J. Talbot Smith and Miss Eleanor Rogers Cox. . . * * * * *

The Community offers heartiest congratulations to Very Rev. Dean Harris on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood; as also to the Very Rev. Monsignor Whelan, V.G., Rev. Father Cline and Rev. Father McCann, all of whom celebrate the Silver Jubilee of their ordinations. The anniversary date of the ordination of all these clergy was June 10th. We extend all good wishes to these good Fathers and pray that God may grant them many more years of usefulness in His service. . . * * * * *

We were pleased to entertain Sir Bertram and Lady Windle at dinner during the last term of College. . . * * * * *

The St. Joseph's High School Reunion, Saturday, June 5th, was a decided success. Former teachers and pupils spent a very pleasant hour together.



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.

Local Editors—The Misses Nora McGuane, Hilda Meyer, Katherine Daughan, Frantza Kormann.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Theresa St. Denis.

Music Editor—Miss Helen Kramer.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

I Dream No More

BY MARIE FENN.

I dream no more as once I did,
When I was young and gay.
No more the thoughts of future fame
Fill up each passing day.

No more at night I heavenward gaze
Nor see about the moon
The fame, the wealth, the happiness
Which should be mine so soon.

Was it ambition's outstretched hand
By which I then was led?
Or is it just that youthful hopes
And dreams for e'er have fled?

Oh! no, 'tis not that hopes are fled—
I've learned a secret true—
The key to earthly happiness
Which I'll impart to you.

Each day a duty holds for us
And we must do our best
That task exactly to fulfil
And leave to God the rest.

Why I Came to College

BY EVELYN BURKE, '23.

FROM the time that I began to read boys' and girls' stories of college life I looked forward with eagerness to the time when I too would enjoy the privileges offered to the heroes and heroines of my books.

This end was always before me during my lower and high school life, and when at graduation most of my classmates joyfully discarded their books "for all time," they said, I felt more anxious than ever to enter upon a University Course, and at the end of a year spent at home I was convinced that I should not be satisfied without it.

I have studied with interest the University Graduates whom I have met, and even found myself comparing them with others of less education. So unassuming in their manner, so calm and capable of meeting the difficulties that life presents, they stood out far above the others in my estimation, and I longed to be like them.

Broad-mindedness, a quality possessed by so few, is one of the many results of education, and it is so necessary to the individual both in private and public life. An education which is universally recognized to be good will surely carry one safely through life. A learned person in times of trial can almost always work out his own and others' relief.

What would the world do without philosophy, a study taken up by many in their University Course? What would the Church do? And what would the individual do? Is it not Philosophy which saves many a person's soul when those persons have perhaps lived in doubt, or without faith for many years—and how many who are not at College take time out of their business or social lives to study it?

Now, besides the learning and knowledge we acquire at College, the social life connected with it is certainly very in-

ving. It brightens the long hours of study and brings the students together, thus helping to form many lasting friendships. Have we not often read in the history of the world and of literature of great and true friendships formed at College and lasting through a lifetime?

Now, what is the world to do and what has it done, since in Flanders Fields it has lost millions of its best young men, men who would have made its future, if it cannot turn to the women, who it must be admitted are taking a very prominent part in public life. And who but the educated women can worthily take the place of those fallen heroes?

We have often heard that Catholic women should and do rule the world. Will not their reign be much more effective if founded on a good education, which invariably strengthens their faith and raises them to higher ideals, intellectual culture and refinement?

Certainly I cannot believe it possible for anyone to regret having completed a University Course. Even if we do not use the acquired knowledge as a means to financial success, does it not help us in all things, both in the serious and the pleasant? For instance, in travelling through a foreign country it is almost indispensable to be able to understand at least the language of that country—as persons with a higher education can, and how much more interesting and pleasant his journey will be!

Having thought of and considered all these and many more points, I decided that the privileges and effects of a College life are so many that they would be well worth four years of earnest study and application.



The Characters of "Redgauntlet"

BY DOROTHY AGNEW, '23.

HISTORY and tradition have given us many examples of love, greater than that of brothers, existing between two men not bound by ties of blood, but I venture to say that not even a Damon and Pythias possessed that extraordinary love to a greater degree than did Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford. Although the book 'Redgauntlet' chiefly concerns itself with the fortunes of Darsie Latimer, we can never think of him without his friend occupying a great part of our thoughts and hence it is that Alan Fairford, to my mind at least, shares the office of hero.

Darsie, who turns out to be Sir Arthur Redgauntlet, is a character that is universally liked. To begin with, we are attracted to him by that affection for Alan Fairford. That a somewhat fastidious person should be the bosom friend of the staid, slow-moving, upright Alan is a strong recommendation for the true feelings of the gayer one. When very young, inclined to be idle and incorrigible, he was set on the right path by his friend and adviser, and gratitude both to Alan and his father is one of his most prominent traits. As a young gentleman in 'Redgauntlet' we find him desirous of solving the problems of his life, namely, finding out who were his people and why he had been left uninformed of his identity. Possessed of a high spirit, he did not always act rashly in the adventures recounted, adventures which led up to the solving of the mystery. Impulsiveness, a recklessness of danger and a romantic turn to his imagination cause old Mr. Fairford to say, "Unstable as water, he shall not excel." But Mr. Fairford is apt to be prejudiced because Darsie committed the unpardonable sin of giving up his law studies. However, when a prisoner of his uncle, I am sure Mr. Fairford could not but have admired his courage, his tact, his adherence to his own convictions,—in a word, his stability.

At the risk of incurring his father's displeasure, Alan Fairford, upon receipt of news telling of Darsie's disappearance, precipitously fled from the court-room during the hearing of Poor Peter Peebles, while pleading most skilfully and effectively for the complaint. This was unlike the slow, steady, dependable Alan, but this one act endears him to the hearts of many, for otherwise we might have thought him too perfect. All his life he had been chained down to his books by a too-zealous father, but although he sometimes chafed under the continual restraint, he held no grudge against the elder Fairford. On the contrary, he loved and obeyed him with filial devotion. To a casual observer he was in no way prepossessing and appeared dull and slow-moving. However, he was really very intelligent, liked the difficult study of law, and hoped some day to 'wear the honoured robe.' When in danger he was always self-possessed, thought sensibly and fought with great strength and courage. It was only when he was goaded by the thought that Darsie was in peril that he acted a trifle hastily. Although, as a boy, he did not go through the sentimental stage, as a young man he acquired a deep and lasting love for Lillias, and we may be sure that he made her a good husband, and at the same time, a devoted lover.

Of Alan's father, we shall say but little, as he has necessarily been mentioned before this. His ruling passion was the law and he sacrificed everything to its interests. But for his motherless son he had a great love which prompted him to be too strict with him that he might one day be his pride and joy. He was apt to look askance at Darsie because he thought he diverted Alan from his studies, but in his heart he was bound to admit that Darsie was a comely lad. He fulfilled his duties only as he saw them, however, and therefore we admire him even though we cannot love him.

At the beginning of Darsie's vacation, the first person whom he came to love and respect was Joshua Geddes of the Society of Friends. He lived in that lawless country just north of England whither Darsie was lured, thinking that he

might perchance learn something of his history which was connected with England. Poor Joshua was hard pressed by many of his neighbours because of commercial interests, but through it all he tried to maintain a cheerful countenance. He was no hypocrite, for he firmly believed the precepts of his society, lived up to them privately and publicly and did not go around wearing a sanctimonious air or constraining others to his ways. He had one fault which he had not been able to entirely subdue, which was his ability to become easily riled. However, the warmth of his heart makes us overlook this defect and we estimate him none the less for it. In a short while he loved Darsie as his own child, and when Darsie was kidnapped by his uncle, sought for him on the coast and in the interior, very often at personal risk.

Hugh Redgauntlet, at one time Joshua's most influential oppressor, presents to us a most complex character, one for whom feelings of the greatest dislike are mingled with admiration and pity. Unknown to Joshua or his neighbours as Redgauntlet, he lived beneath his station and his good-breeding, on the coast of Solway, and secretly and diligently laboured for the cause he loved, that of the Stewarts. Certainly he was no hypocrite, and for that we respect him and we might even have come to love him had that losing cause not made him cold and harsh, a practicer of that fallacy, "The end justifies the means." I do not mean by this that he was base and mean. He was a gentleman; but he was absolutely indifferent to the feelings or rights of others when he might in any way further the designs of his unfortunate master, King Charles. Thus he cast prudence aside and acted very rashly indeed. This is shown clearly by the attempt to kidnap Arthur and Lillias, his dead brother's two children, that he might educate them in his way of thinking, which was not their mother's. Accordingly, he came to be a man of violence, a commander in the true sense of the word, and the zealous agent of the House of Stewart throughout England and Scotland. He never weakened when others grew nervous or quailed before the outcome. He would willingly have laid down his life for

his master. In fact, he was too great a fanatic to make a successful leader.

Busied with his work, he gave little thought to Lilius, his niece, but at the moment of his sudden departure with King Charles, and the relinquishment for all time of his one hope, he shows by his farewell words that in his heart there smoldered a love for beings other than the Stewarts. This, alas, might have caused his life to be one of joy if he had allowed that feeling to expand and develop long years before. In his dealings with Darsie as well, we see his love for the boy manifest itself in various ways.

His whole story is one of disappointments and sorrows, but we hope that in the monastery, whither he went after his leave-taking of Scotland, he found peace in the service of God.

Lilius, his niece, and the sister of Arthur, or Darsie, as he is more familiarly known, had been kidnapped by her uncle from her mother while still only a baby. She had inherited the fearless spirit of the Redgauntlets, and in danger kept her composure, and was thus enabled to plot and plan ways out of the difficulty. It was in this fearless spirit that she came to warn Alan of Darsie's great peril if he continued to remain near England. From her father's people also she inherited a mind that would brook no compulsion, and in matters of faith and politics she held decided opinions of her own. For her relatives, her devotion was undying and Darsie's troubles she made her own. She loved her uncle more than his actions merited and to such an extent that she was willing to leave all that life offered her in Scotland and cross with him into Ireland. Perhaps it was pity for the lonely, disappointed man that in a great measure prompted her to make her self-sacrificing offer, but real affection was undoubtedly coupled with her pity. This act shows her above all to be a girl of character, unselfish and dependable. With a wise counsellor such as Alan to guide her, life, I am certain, held much happiness for her.

It is fitting that we should say a few words of Charles

Edward, in whose cause the fortunes of the House of Redgauntlet were sadly involved. Superiority to his fellow-men was written in every line of his features, and by his very looks he overawed all men. But his selfish passions disgusted many, and his followers were on this account fewer than they would otherwise have been. He was exceedingly stubborn and despotic and perhaps it is just as well that he never became king. He had one kingly quality, however, that in my opinion balances many of his faults,—he was grateful to his little band of supporters. When they were all in danger of being arrested by General Campbell for high treason, he stepped forward and offered to surrender himself if it might save the others; and he did not know but that this meant death. He is a tragic figure, but a monarch through and through, and with a princely dignity bore those sorrows that followed him to the grave.

Many others might we mention,—Cristal Nixon, that spy and murderer, Poor Peter Peebles, who gives us many a hearty laugh, Nanty Ewart, the lawless smuggler, for whom we cherish a secret liking, and those of that loyal band of Charles Stewart. But this would take long, and in portraying the characters of Darsie, Alan, Mr. Fairford, Joshua Geddes, Hugh Redgauntlet, Lilies and the Pretender, we have endeavoured to give you a picture of those whose fates Scott has so ably interwoven.



Two Sunsets

BY NORA MCGUANE.

Behind the far-off, hazy hills
Slowly and sadly sinks the sun,
As though it fain would catch one glimpse
Of some good deed that men had done.

No glorious colours will it show,
Nor with bright hues the clear skies fill,
Its lingering rays paint not the trees
No rim of crimson tops the hill.

Another day, behind the hills
Of changeless mist, I saw the sun
Go gladly down with smiling beams
Upon a world where good was done.

For while its watch it kept on high
It marked a day of good intent.
And so bright hues of rose and gold,
To speak its praise, it gladly lent.

A Dream in a Public Library

BY MARIE BENNETT.

THE weather was warm and, though quite sunny, the air seemed heavy and sultry as though a thunder-storm were pending. I felt intensely drowsy, and found all the more difficulty in keeping awake as I was comfortably seated in an arm-chair in the children's corner of the large Public Library Reading Room. I really had no right to be there, as my dignified air and turned-up braid proclaimed unmistakably that I was no longer a child, but I was waiting for a friend who was keeping an appointment with one of the librarians of the children's Department. The illustrated magazine which I had been glancing at had no longer any attraction for me, and I felt quite content to listen to the buzz of the bees as they dipped busily into variegated calyxes just beneath the open window, and to hear also the soft hum of the young voices as the children consulted one another about the choice of a book.

Suddenly all drowsiness left me, I sat up very erect in my chair, for now I seemed all alone in the library, and as I gazed around, I heard a faint rustling as of the leaves of a book being turned over, and to my amazement, whom should I perceive walking across the floor towards me but a funny, wizened old woman wearing a high, pointed hat, and leading a huge white goose. I was startled, but, regaining my self-control, I bowed low in delighted recognition of the good fairy of my childish dreams—"Old Mother Goose."

She returned my salutation with her characteristic dignity, and in a high-pitched voice, she said to me, "Well, my dear, I am so glad you have come. It is indeed a long time since you have visited our realm, and all the children, I know, will be delighted to see you. Now that you are here, I must intro-

duce to you again all my story-book children whom you used to know so well."

She stopped speaking, and taking a whistle from the pocket of her bright red jacket, blew a shrill blast. At its sound the walls of the library seemed to become bewitched, for down from all the books on all the shelves came all the nursery-rhyme people.

First of all came little Red Riding Hood, a smile upon her face and her little basket on her arm. On her way to her grandmother's, I suppose. Little Boy Blue came next with his horn in his hand, trying occasionally to drown with its sound the song of little Tommy Tucker, who was walking beside him, evidently as anxious for his supper as ever. Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater and his wife were pulling an immense pumpkin between them, and sitting down every little while to discuss whether or not it was time to start another meal. Jack Spratt and his wife smiled at each other over the platter they had cleaned once again, and Mother Hubbard directed reproachful glances at them as she continued her vain quest for a bone for her pet dog. Buster Brown and Mary Jane trotted slowly along, their heads bent over a new resolution for Buster, inspired by the sight of Jack and Jill who must have tumbled again, for there was the empty pail and the water spilt all around, with poor old Tige trying to lap up a little drink here and there. And now before my incredulous gaze appeared an immense shoe, inhabited the same is ever by the old woman and her huge family. "No wonder," thought I, "that she doesn't know what to do." But I could not sympathize with her long, because I now discovered King Midas, who had just touched his beloved daughter and was heart-broken at the sight of her changed to gold. Next came little Miss Muffet, a look of terror on her face, while Jack Horner looked on with interest out of the corner of his eye as he proceeded to rescue the deep-buried plum. Wishing them luck, I turned around and was fascinated by the sight of Cinderella looking very beautiful on the arm of the Prince, who seemed bursting with pride at having at last fitted the glass

slipper. Beauty and the Beast came next, and bringing up the rear was Old King Cole, laughing in his accustomed, jolly manner, and urging on his three fiddlers to greater efforts.

Suddenly the whole company formed in a semi-circle, and Mother Goose came forward again. "Perhaps to become better acquainted, it would be well for us to sing all together the 'Story-Book Ball,' " said she. The fiddlers started the music, and as they sang the old song, each person came forward and bowed to me at the mention of his own name.

All went well, until just as the song was ending, I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder. Startled, I turned around and heard a voice at my side saying, "I hope you have had a nice rest; I am sorry to have kept you so long." I glanced back to see what had become of Mother Goose and her family, but alas! they had all disappeared and the library looked the same as ever. Then I realized that I had been dreaming—a dream surely inspired by my surroundings, and one in which it had been given to me to meet once again the most interesting friends of my childhood.



Fleance Tells His Story

BY HELEN KERNAHAN.

I am an old man now, but sometimes on a winter evening memory takes me back to scenes of long ago. And once again I am stirred at the remembrance of those things which no doubt had much better be forgotten. My childhood was peaceful enough, but later—ah! Those were the troubled times.

First in the train of thoughts comes my mother, and of her I have only a faint recollection; womanly, sweet and patient, always ready to listen to my childish troubles or joys.

Then comes a change,—a period when both mine honoured father and myself found it difficult to adjust ourselves to a home without a mistress. Death had claimed the wife and mother for his own, and now, although then inconsolable, I can regard her loss as a blessing. My mother could never have borne the troubles which would have fallen to her share. Yes, the Almighty Power knew best.

As time went on, my father came to mean much more to me. I had always honoured and revered Banquo—the great soldier, but now I loved and more than honoured Banquo—my father. We hunted, rode and walked together. What pleasant times those were when we were all alone—together. We were never apart except when Duncan, our gracious sovereign, needed him at court.

But into our peaceful country came conflict and turmoil. The rebel Macdonald gathered forces from every quarter and from Ireland, and butchered our loyal men. My father must needs be in the thick of it, for he and General Macbeth alone had the power to keep our forces together, and each did his part. We won the day. Macbeth was known and applauded all over the kingdom, for he was the cousin of our King. Among his admirers my father was foremost; he and Macbeth had long been friends, and Macbeth was well known to me.

The night of the victory my father returned to our castle and bade me prepare to accompany him to Inverness, and this I was only too ready to do. Pleasant hours were those I had formerly spent at Macbeth's castle, and, though the Lord himself was rarely at home, his kind and noble wife was host and hostess to me.

Lady Macbeth was always the same; kind, courteous, and ever thoughtful of her husband's welfare in great as well as small matters. She was everywhere respected, but in her own home somewhat feared too, as she possessed an indomitable will.

It was not long ere we were riding swiftly along in the twilight, my father telling me of the day's events. He seemed especially pleased that Macbeth had been made Thane of Cawdor. As for me, I thought Banquo, my father, as much deserved the honour, but he rebuked me and told me not to wish for earthly titles, but to count more on the ones to come. My father often talked thus and made me feel ashamed of my covetous thoughts, but just the same I still think Banquo should have been Thane of Cawdor.

It had been arranged that, going by a shorter route we should overtake the royal train which was on its way to Inverness. I was much elated at the thought of sleeping under the same roof as my sovereign. My father must have had some inkling of my thoughts, for he chided me again for thinking so much of earthly glory, and kept telling me that ambition would some day be the downfall of those who chose her for a friend. I knew not what to make of my father, he was so preoccupied. Often before had I talked thus without his attaching so much importance to trivial speeches. So, considering myself disturbing, I lapsed into silence. Even silence seemed to displease him, for he said to me, "Talk, boy, and draw me from my thoughts."

After an hour's hard riding, we heard the notes of the royal bugler, and, putting our horses to a gallop, we were soon in the midst of the royal party. At the request of the king, my father rode beside him, but I remained behind with my

friend Malcolm. Malcolm was a fine tall lad, full of courage, and, as my father often said, "an honest bairn." Donalbain, the king's other son, was younger, very quiet and much more like his father.

It was not long before the turrets of Inverness rose in view. A very beautiful old castle it was, covered with vines and surrounded by shrubbery. We paused at the top of the hill to gaze at it and Duncan commented on its beauty to my father. Just then our hostess appeared. I never saw Duncan's Queen, but I was certain never could she have been as regal as Lady Macbeth at this moment. Her graciousness, her charming manner, her graceful movements, all bespoke one born to rule.

Going straight to Duncan, she made a deep courtesy and motioned him to enter. Still she forgot not to smile a welcome to the rest of us. King Duncan went immediately to his apartments, then our hostess came to where Malcolm, Donalbain and I were standing and chatted a while.

The banquet that night was a merry one. Duncan was most gracious, Macbeth and his lady were perfect in their hospitality, and the guests were loud in the praise of Macbeth and Banquo.

Late that night my father and I were pacing the terrace, when we were surprised by the appearance of Macbeth, who seemed strangely disturbed. He and my father entered into conversation about some "weird sisters." It was incomprehensible to me. Macbeth seemed then to prefer solitude, so my father tactfully withdrew and I followed, for he had completely forgotten me, and I in turn forgot the world for the next hour or so.

It was very dark, yet seemed like day, so much confusion and noise came to my ears as I lay on my couch. Yes, surely that was my father leaving his chamber! I was not long in following him. Down the wide staircase we went—my father much disturbed, as I could easily see. As we rounded the last turn, we could see many of the attendants and other visitors assembled, and in their midst stood a very pale Lady Macbeth.

Then Macduff—a blunt gentleman whom my father liked well, exclaimed in a voice that pierced me through, “Oh Banquo, Banquo, our royal master’s murdered!” Even my brave father turned pale, but the entrance of the King’s sons prevented any questions. They were told the dreadful news, but much to my surprise they took it very calmly. Had I been in Malcolm’s place I doubt if I could have merely said, “Oh—by whom?”

Lady Macbeth, overcome with excitement, fainted, and recalled us to the time and our attire, so we hastily departed. Next morning we discovered that Malcolm and his brother had fled, so suspicion straightway was placed on them, but in my heart I knew that my friends had never done it and my father agreed with me.

A few days later Macbeth was crowned king, but my father and I remained from the coronation. My father’s head ached, so he said, then told me again what he had so often told me of late—not to let ambition carry me too far and that the lowliest were really the happiest. I was certain he thought of Macbeth, though he never said so. So my father deemed Macbeth a murderer! This was a new idea to me and I could hardly believe it of my father—the noble Banquo.

I began to pay attention to the gossip of the countryside, and soon found that my father was not the only man suspicious of Macbeth. Indeed every time his name was mentioned lips were drawn into a very straight line, as though to hold in some utterance that would be out, or glances were exchanged with significance. Poor Lady Macbeth! I was sorry for her—but of course everyone would know that she was innocent.

Then the scene changed. There came the dreadful night, most marked in my life. My father and I were again riding to visit Macbeth—but this time it was Macbeth, a king. How strange it seemed and what a lovely queen Lady Macbeth would make! I had never seen her in her new dignity and was beginning to dream of her, when my thoughts were broken by my father saying, “It will rain to-night.” Then some

dark figures came towards us, and crying, "Fly, good Fleance, fly," my father—the worthy Banquo, fell from his horse—dead.

The rest is as a dream to me. I escaped though I know not how. Without stopping, I made for the borderline without any clear intention, but on my way I met with an English friend of mine, who wished me to go with him to join Malcolm in England. But no, I must off by myself, so boarded a ship for France!

For two years I roamed through France, but could never forget my grief. On a visit to Paris I met a very old curé who insisted on bringing me to his home. Here I found peace for the first time since that dreadful night. During my stay at the curé's I found time for many long rides and it was while on one of these that I met the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. I can see her yet as she first appeared to me.

I had stopped by the roadside to gather some pretty little yellow flowers like quaint churchbells, and was about to get on my horse again when I realized that a lady was there. It was a narrow road and my horse stood across it, preventing the lady's passage. We walked along together as far as the turning, when she took one road and I the other, and for two weeks we did not meet.

Then again I saw her, but this time in a carriage of state, and I learned from the lips of others that she was (what I already knew from experience) the most beautiful woman in France. As this was not much information, I pressed my queries and at last discovered her to be the famous Laurette, Comtesse d'Orleans.

Our acquaintance grew into friendship, and before another year had elapsed, she had promised to become my wife. Now I was happy. We were married by the old curé one lovely May morning, when my little "yellow church bells" made the roadside golden in promise of a bright future. That promise has been fulfilled.

Twelve years we remained in Orleans, and in that time we were blessed with but one child—a son. Little Charles

grew in manliness and resembled his mother. (Poor lad, 'tis well it was not I he favoured) but he had Banquo's forehead. A great longing for my native glens overcame me, and I took my beautiful and no less good Laurette and our little son back to Bonnie Scotland.

There was once more peace and quiet, and bloody Macbeth was almost regarded as a mythical personage, Malcolm was reigning—a stronger king than his father and much influenced by his good wife, a very just and kind lady of rank whom he had married in England. Indeed, people would declare that they knew not which reigned, the King or the Queen, but it mattered not, as the ruler (whosoever it was) was good.

Malcolm received me affectionately, telling me I must be as the brother he had lost. For Donalbain had been killed in a skirmish in Ireland. Also Malcolm had a daughter—a dainty miss of six, already with much character, and it was plain she thoroughly realized that she was "Princess" Margaret.

Ten more years rolled by—peacefully and quietly—and Laurette and I were pleased to learn of the high titles given to our little Charles, now a lad of twenty. But titles do not always bring happiness, we know, so we talk not much of them.

Another year, and Scotland rings with wedding bells, for our Charles has married the winsome Margaret MacDuncan—or Princess Margaret. Then another surprise comes, and we are sure it was through the intercession of Margaret, our Charles is named successor of Malcolm. To us, his parents, this only seems the due of our brave and handsome lad, but strange to say, all Scotland, too, is applauding.

Another quarter of a century goes fleeting by, and Laurette has "gone beyond" while I remain—I, Banquo's only son, the father of a king, and the only man alive who knows the true story of "bloody Macbeth."

Prologue to Macbeth

BY MARIE FENN.

We come to-day good people all
To make a small attempt
To render you a tragedy—
From faults we're not exempt—
But we you know are amateurs
And hope prepared you'll be
To shut your eyes to small mistakes
And only good parts see.
Macbeth, our murderous villain, is
A general brave and bold
Who for ambition's sake his soul
And happiness has sold.
Our heroes, Malcolm and Macduff,
Their country's honour saved
When by the tyrant's ruthless hand
Their freedom was enslaved.
In bonnie Scotland lies this scene
We now present to you,
We trust that you'll enjoy it quite—
As most good people do.
For those who care to pity
Or want to shed a tear,
Our subject well deserves it,
So please assemble here:
For those who wish to find a truth
In scenes that may appal,
Then come and learn how evil greed
May serve to lose us all.
But whatso'er you'd like to learn
To give we'll do our best,
If patiently you'll hear us through
And be our gracious guest.

Whatsoever Ye Do

BY DOREEN SMITH.

IT was the feast of the Passover. All was astir in the great City of Jerusalem. Caravans were drawn up in large numbers without the city gate, and weary travellers might be seen wending their way along the dusty streets, in search of lodgings for the night.

The children of Jerusalem always anticipated this season with unusual joy, as it was undoubtedly a delightful pastime to watch the strangers, who flocked to their city at this time of year, to note their manners and peculiarities and then afterwards to play in the City Square, imitating the unusual ways of these visitors, and even trying to use their peculiar dialect.

One lad, Jairus by name, was always the most prominent in this pastime, and from the deference shown him by his companions, there was no difficulty in recognizing him as their leader. At the time of which we write, he was perhaps about fourteen years of age; tall, lithe and supple, with a keen intelligence in his attractive young face. And if he was a leader to the older boys, he was a hero to the younger ones, and even the smallest one knew himself safe from any teasing or unfairness so long as Jairus was around.

On the evening of the day following the close of the Feast, the bell rang to summon them all to their evening meal. When Jairus arrived home, however, his supper was not quite ready, and his mother sent him on a little errand to a house a few blocks away. The streets seemed quite deserted as he started out again; but coming towards him, although yet at some distance, he saw a young boy. At first Jairus thought it might be one of his friends, but then he noticed how wearily he walked, as if every step was an effort, and decided that he was a stranger from some distant city. As he came nearer, Jairus could see the marks of hunger and fatigue in the boy's face—a sweet, gentle face, lighted by kindly, earnest eyes. Im-

mediately Jairus was attracted by this lovely boy, and with his usual sympathy for anyone in pain, he approached him, asking him if he were a stranger in the city.

Further questioning soon revealed that the Boy had been left behind by His parents through some misunderstanding, so Jairus insisted on bringing Him to his home. He coaxed his mother to be kind to the little Stranger, but not to press Him with many questions, as He seemed reserved and little inclined to talk of Himself or His parents. The mother, reassured by one glance into those clear blue eyes, at once set about making the Child feel at home and soon was serving Him at table with her children. When the Child, after resting a little, rose to take His departure, the mother's heart was touched and she insisted on the Lad remaining all night with them, whereupon He gratefully accepted the invitation.

Long after the Boy's Face had faded from Jairus' memory, he could still recall the wonderful things his new-found friend had said to him that night. After the morning's fast had been broken, the wonderful Boy bade farewell to the kind family, thanking them in such a gracious way that they felt they, not He, were indebted for the visit. For many days after, Jairus anxiously scanned the face of the strange boys he chanced to meet, in the hope of seeing again his little friend. But time passed, and He saw no more of the Boy of Nazareth Whom he had grown in such a short time to love and revere. For days the face of that stranger Child haunted Jairus and His words as He spoke a last farewell kept ringing in his ears: "Some day the great Jehovah, My Father and yours, will repay you for this kindly deed."

Years passed; Jairus was now in the prime of life; always the leader of his companions, he had been appointed one of the rulers of the synagogue. He had married a gentle Jewish maiden and was settled in a comfortable home, made happy by the children whom God had sent him. He particularly loved his daughter, a girl of twelve years, who closely resembled her mother. Quieter by nature than her brothers, she had a deep affection for her father and owing to the close intimacy

existing between them, 'twas but natural that he should be the first to notice her growing paler and frailer as the other children became more rosy-cheeked and active. Little by little her strength decreased and at length all the physicians whom Jairus hopefully called in, shook their heads and held out little hope for her recovery.

To watch his fair blossom fading day by day made Jairus desperate, yet, for all his love, he could do nothing to save her. 'It was then that he heard of the great Nazarene Preacher, the Wonder-Worker, Whose very word was magic. Hope rose in his breast, and he sought Jesus, begging Him to come and cure his daughter.

Meanwhile the child at home became more quiet, a calm, sweet smile gradually illuminated her wasted features, and she breathed out her soul to the God she had worshipped with the love of her innocent heart. Consternation reigned at home; a message was sent to Jairus who had but now set out with the Nazarene, followed by the multitude, who had witnessed a short time before the marvellous cure of a poor afflicted woman. Alas! His best-loved child was dead. No use now for the Nazarene to come, and try His cure. Perhaps not to earthly minds, but was Jesus likely to forsake the stricken father? Did not he too love His children? He appealed to Jairus' faith—"Only believe," He said, "be not afraid; only believe."

At these words a curious calm came to Jairus, all fear was gone, his face shone with new hope. He led Jesus to the house, followed by the crowd, all of whom Jesus dismissed without the doors, except only the faithful three, Peter, James and John. The mourners came from the house, and Jesus, meeting them, assured them that the maid was not dead, but sleeping. Then, accompanied by the child's mother and father, he entered the room, so recently visited by the Angel of Death. Taking the emaciated hand of the dead girl, He bade her rise; at once a quiver of life animated her slight form. She rose and walked to the window. Life had returned to her.

Jesus turned to her father, a smile upon His lips—that divine smile of love and reward. For the first time Jairus looked keenly into His face; surely there was something familiar about that smile. Far back in his mind some happy memory strove to come to light again. Jairus stood again at the door of his mother's house, a boy of fourteen, saying "Good-bye" to the little Stranger he had befriended, and reading in His glorious smile the deeper meaning behind His words that some day he would be repaid for his kindness.

Since the last accession to the College Museum, we gratefully acknowledge the following donations:

Collection of curios from the British West Indies and South America—Gift of Miss Catharine Delaney, Quebec City.

A fine pair of Horns from the Rocky Mountain Sheep—Gift of Rev. Peter McCabe.

Specimens of Granite and Green Marble, County Galway, Ireland, and Specimens of Red Marble, County Cork, Ireland—Gift of Rev. L. Minehan.

Copper, beautifully mounted, from Osceola Mines, Michigan—Gift of Mrs. J. Simons, Chicago.

Genuine Turf, Ballinisloe, County Galway, Ireland, and Royal Poinciana Bean, Florida—Gift of Mrs. T. A. O'Connor, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

A piece of the shawl worn by President Lincoln on the night of his assassination—Presented by Mr. Walter G. Hopkins, Buffalo, N.Y., through Mr. Frank Sullivan, Boston, Mass.



A Character Sketch of Lady Macbeth

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

THE dominating force of Shakespeare's great tragedy, that adds so much of vivid colouring and swiftness to the drama, is the wife of the Scottish thane, Macbeth, whose name the play bears. It is she who first stirs up her husband's lagging spirits, spurs him on to the crime; she who later, hardened and iron-willed, strengthens herself by means of metaphysics, when staggering under the weight of the consequences of her evil; and it is she who finally, with her reason fled, and spirit broken, brings to the reader's mind, in her madness, the full realization of how deep can be man's sin and folly. She can scarcely be called a heroine, yet her position among Shakespeare's women is an outstanding one. She lacks the dignified eloquence of Portia; the sweet womanliness of Viola and Rosalind; the endearing loveliness of Juliet and Desdemona; the poetic delicacy of Ophelia; nor is she a capricious beauty as are Beatrice and Katherine. She is cold and impassive, betraying her true self only when the passionate fire that burns her for a moment gains control. Unselfish and devoid almost of fear, prudent and impulsive by turns, not totally lacking in imagination, yet having it ever in her full control—this is the nature that makes up her lesser self. Above all, towers her indomitable will that we are forced to admire in her even in the most appalling moments of the tragedy, coupled with the blind, passionate love that she nourishes for her husband. These are the two great factors of her character, upon which Shakespeare has built his drama; and these it is that pave the way for the dark evil that is to follow, that will finally lead her—the instigator of the crime—to madness and suicide.

All who are familiar with the text of the play will remember that at the time of its happening—in the dark shadow of the Middle Ages—superstitious dealings with the powers of evil

played a large part in the lives of the people. To Lady Macbeth the witches, who in a scene of lightning and storm first announce to her husband the titles of his future greatness, are but the materialized images of the malignant ministers of evil that she invokes to aid her in accomplishing the wicked end she has in view. Flinging defiant arms to heaven, she calls on them to give her a man's courage—

“You murdering ministers, wherever in your sightless substances you wait on nature's mischief!”

to release her from all bonds of womanly tenderness and leave her unfettered to execute her fierce and bloody aim. Suddenly in the passing of a moment the tenor of her whole life is to change, as she reads the letter which her absent lord has sent to her from the scene of battle. In an instant her whole being, her very soul, thrills with the evil ambition that his words have suggested to her. Her intensity is terrific, nothing can stop her now in her mad career. “Glamis thou art, and Cawdor,” she cries, “and shalt be what thou art promised!” Evil to evil! the witches have anchored their poisonous craft in a safe harbour! Her soul is already tainted with the thought of sin and has no force to prevent the deadly seeds from taking firm root. Does she realize this? Can its full horror be evident to her? She has no time to think of it now, she must act quickly; her only plea can be that she does not do it for her own sake.

In the moment of her decision she does not forget, however, her husband's weaknesses and the fact that in consequence of them, she must bear the brunt of the results of the crime. In her philosophy, she muses upon the contracting forces of his nature—cowardly, yet brave—ambitious, yet contented, evil and yet good. But her faith in the strength of her own will is greater than all and she feels that she can carry both herself and her husband safely through these murderous times. The advent of a messenger for the moment startles her. “Thou art mad to say it,” she cries in response to his words that “the king comes here to-night.” The thought of the awful deed, crimsoned with the king's innocent blood, rises before her mind

in all its vivid aspects. What a power of will is manifested in the perfect control she at once regains. With a wave of her hand she dismisses the boy from the room, and with him her last feeling of womanly tenderness and pity is gone. A great fear next takes possession of her, for her conscience is not yet totally dead. She shudders as in her mind's eye she sees the unsuspecting Duncan powerless within her walls. "Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell," she cries—

"That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, Hold!'"

A moment later, her fear too, is gone, and for the first time in the course of the drama, husband and wife are together. With a mingled pride and pathos she hails him—her love for him is the greatest that ever stirred the depths of her heart. "Leave all the rest to me," she tells him, and full of confidence he gives way before her pleading. She knits her energies to the needs of the hour, opposes her reason to his fancies, bids him be practical and see only the golden side of their venture. Her high hope continues as with mad rapidity she whirls him through the nerve-racking murder scene and emerges with him from its gory clutches. Her strength has never wavered as she has prepared Duncan's chamber for the later scene of his death; everything is placed in readiness for the cruel knife of her husband. Only once does she falter when, losing faith in his murderous constancy, she herself attempts to drive her dagger into the heart of the sleeping king. At this, her strength fails her and the knife falls crashing to the floor. To her nervous senses, the resemblance between the sovereign and her own father is exaggerated and will not permit her woman's hands to execute such a deed.

The crisis of her test of courage is reached a short time later when her lord, half senseless with fear, shows her his blood-stained hands, from which, he declares, no water can cleanse the stain of crime. But she is equal to the occasion.

Alternately comforting him, she manages to silence his fears, with her confident, "Give me the daggers," and her marvellous

"If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt."

But already reaction is setting in, and with it, the nature, keyed up to a pitch far beyond its wonted strength, is beginning to waver. She has been the victim of an unbridled impulse whose outburst is the result of a mighty passion directed towards an end and vanishing into transient energy at a sudden touch. She will still be loyal to her husband, and suffer untold agony for him, but the first fierce nature of the venture is ended and she must face the eternity of suspecting to-morrows with nothing to arm her save her own natural strength of will. Is it fear or impatience that leads her to say to him, as he recalls the terror of the death-chamber—

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so it will make us mad."

This is the first sign of her reaction, the first evidence that all Arabia's perfumes cannot deaden the odour of blood from her hand. In the silent sleeplessness of the next day's dreadful dawn, she realizes the full horror of what she has done. Her own hypocritical, "Woe alas! What! In our house?" followed by her husband's detailed description of the dead king and the news that he himself has slain the grooms on the plea that he suspected them of the crime, is too great a burden for her woman's mind to bear and she gains a momentary relief from it in the unconsciousness of a faint.

In the days that follow, her conscience is fully awake and she dwells on the irreparable nature of what they have done. A sort of helpless despair takes possession of her soul, and as she says,

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content,"

we hear how deeply the arrow of remorse has pierced her heart.

“What’s done is done,” seems to be the keynote of the sorrow under which she is now suffering and ever present to her mind, for even in her fevered dreams she repeats, “What’s done cannot be undone.” Before her husband she is still brave, but he too, has evidently felt the change, for he refuses to confide in her his plan for Banquo’s murder, although his “till thou applaud the deed,” jars unpleasantly with, “Be innocent of the knowledge.”

During the banquet scene that follows she seems calm again and by means of hastily planned explanations, is able to shelter her lord when the ghost of the murdered Banquo returns to glare at him. The iron spirit that has supported her erstwhile rekindles the passion, that since the time of the discovery of the murder, seems to have been sleeping. On one hand she is the gracious queen, with a real smile and condescending word for her courtiers, on the other, she turns an angry face to the man who trembles with a fear that she cannot understand. She is filled with impatient scorn at his folly and sneeringly flings her taunts at her cowering victim—

“O, these flaws and starts
 Impostors to true fear would well become
 A woman’s story at a winter’s fire,
 Authorized by her grandam!”

Nothing could be more mockingly shameful than these words, but they have small effect upon her husband, who still feels the wild terror that is nearly maddening him. Seeing that he is quite beyond her control and may, in his frightened state, betray the secret of Duncan’s and Banquo’s murder, upon the plea that he is ill, she dismisses the guests who leave with many wishes of better health for his majesty. It is then, when alone with her husband, the force of her will finally leaves her, never again to return. She sickens at Macbeth’s resolution of again visiting the Weird Sisters and thus re-establishing connections with the spirit of evil that has wrecked her life; at the suspicions of the nobles already arrested against him; and at the memory of the nerve-racking scene through

which she has just passed. But even now, weary beyond measure in mind and body, she has no thought for her own safety and comfort, everything is still for him. In a worn, pathetic cry she answers his fears—

“You lack the season of all natures, sleep.”

There is a deeper, sadder significance in her words when we later learn that even repose was to be denied her and night and day she was to suffer under the weight of her crime.

Then follows the horrors of the sleep-walking scene, where, in her unconscious terror, Shakespeare has used her to bring out the moral significance of the play. The hopeless misery of her thick-coming fancies, all of them veiled in the crimson of blood, is slowly driving away her reason, while the sense of the irreparableness of crime is daily more deeply impressed upon her soul. “What, will these hands ne'er be clean?” she cries in her despair. “Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?” “Banquo is dead, Duncan is in his grave,” she wildly says, as she tries to reason with her fright. But then, as in answer to her own words, comes her reply, “What's done cannot be undone—” for her there shall be no reparation, no forgiveness and peace of mind again. The faint glimmer of her candle guides her back to her grey-vaulted chamber, whence, some time later, the frightened scream of her women announces that she has taken her life!

And so she dies! In the whirl of her impulse she saw no obstacles in the way of Duncan's murder—no sense of honour, no scruples of conscience, no womanly feelings intervened to stay her will. Then, with the swift passing of the impulse came the realization of the horror of blood, of the defencelessness of the sleeping Duncan, of the disgrace of her family name, and two contending forces, too great for her woman's nature, crumpled and broke it between them.

St. Aloysius

BY FRANTZA KORMANN, FORM I.

ST. Aloysius was the son of Ferdinand de Gonzaga and was born at Castle Castiglione in the year 1568. In his earliest years the germs of the fear of God and of the love of prayer were implanted in his mind by his mother, Martha, a pious woman. The first prayer that she taught him was the Hail Mary and he was so fond of it that he often repeated it in his play. Once when he was asked if he really loved Mary so much, he answered with shining eyes, "Of course, is she not my mother?"

As the son of noble parents, Aloysius had all that a small boy could desire. But he found no pleasure in the things of this world. When he was about five years old he was often found kneeling in a corner saying his prayers. Aloysius remained faithful to the custom of devout and persistent prayer until his death.

His father intended his son for the army, so he took Aloysius into camp when he was seven years old. From hearing the soldiers talk, Aloysius picked up a few profane words. His tutor called his attention to them and explained that they were wicked. He was sorry at once that he had said them, and this grief at having offended God never left him.

At the age of twelve Aloysius received his first Holy Communion from St. Charles Borromeo. After that he went to Holy Communion once a week. The first three days he spent in preparation and the last three in thanksgiving. He visited Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament as often as he could and prayed most fervently to Him.

One day Aloysius was praying before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and, full of a desire to offer up something most acceptable to her, he took the vow of chastity. This vow he kept by guarding his eyes and not daring to look at any women. When messages were brought to him by women of the court, he would close his eyes till they were gone. Thus he did not

know many of his relatives, although he had frequently conversed with them. He avoided the occasions of sin and spent his time in prayer and pious exercises. In return God gave him the grace of the greatest purity. Those who knew him were assured that he never even had an impure desire and that he never broke his vow even in thought.

His father sent him to Florence and later to the Spanish court which was then the most magnificent of all Europe. All the grandeur of the court and the many distractions had no effect on St. Aloysius, as they seemed vain and empty to him.

Aloysius told his father that he felt he had a religious vocation and wished to join the Order of St. Ignatius, to which suggestion his father was very much opposed. But later his heart was softened so that he repented and allowed his son to follow the dictates of his conscience.

He entered the Jesuit novitiate in Rome and here strove after greater perfection. He found pleasure in performing the lowest services in the kitchen and scullery. His great delight was to nurse and care for the sick. An alarming epidemic of fever broke out in Rome and Aloysius entreated his superiors to let him devote himself to those afflicted with this disease. In his fervor and devotion to those under his care he soon contracted a slow fever from which he knew he would never recover. This knowledge gave him the greatest happiness, because he would soon be united with God. His illness did not last long, and he passed away on the night of June 20, 1591, at the age of twenty-three. His last words were, "We go; we go with joy into heaven; into heaven; Jesus! Mary!"

A REVERIE.

BY AILEEN MCGUANE.

I watch the breakers of life's sea,
Beating the rock-bound coast of years
And then, receding, with them take
Our lives, their joys, their griefs, their tears.



The "Academia," one of our ever faithful visitors, is on our table again, with its usual essays, poems, and short stories. One poem, "The Angelus," is excellent in its style, choice of words, and method of presentation. The beautiful thoughts are woven into a simple melody. The essay entitled, "English Elegies" is worthy of praise. In reviewing the best known Elegies, such as Milton's "Lycidas," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Shelley's "Adonais" and Gray's Elegy, "In a Country Churchyard"—we find that the latter has more of a sense of quiet and meditative tone. It is purely impersonal, and speaks of the poet's sorrow for his fellow beings. In our feverish search for books we often forget the classicist of to-day.

Though the Academia is not best known for its short stories, we found "The Case of Big Tim" especially interesting.

On the whole, The Academia furnishes enjoyable and instructive reading.

* * * * *

To "St. Mary's Chimes" we extend hearty congratulations.

The mere mention of the arrival of this magazine excites interest and curiosity. Each poem contains a beautiful thought well expressed, and the essay entitled "The Three Novels of

Canon Sheehan," was splendid. Upon reading the books of Canon Sheehan we get a deep insight into the character of the man himself. His literary talent, his thorough knowledge of the human character and his holy priesthood all tended to give him a great influence upon his age. Canon Sheehan's books are all realistic, and those descriptive of Irish Catholic life are most interesting.

The story entitled, "My Nephew Elmer," shows that the writer has a good sense of humour and wit.

St. Mary's Chimes is in every way a standard College magazine.

* * * * *

With great pleasure we read the "Marywood Bay Leaf." The variety of articles shows the talent of the different composers. "Liturgical Music," a lengthy article, describes the changes through which the musical Church service has passed. It is very impressive, and strongly upholds the "Gregorian Chant" established by Pope Gregory. The short stories show a decided improvement in their literary qualities. "The Box of Allelulias," a simple little story, has quite a surprise in store for the reader, and holds his interest until the last sentence is finished. "Pinafores," another short story, must have been composed by a real lover of "the beautiful." The best short story was "Tim the Socialist," which impresses the fact that the Church strongly condemns this movement called Socialism because it strikes at morality and religion.

The editors must be complimented on their editorial pages, the situation in Russia being dealt with in an excellent way. Indeed, we are all weary of the word Bolshevism and Reconstruction, and we can only hope for a rebirth of the Russian Nation. The writer does well to compare Russia to a Pandora's Box, because after each revolution in this unfortunate country no better result is achieved than destruction and ruin. On account of the discipline of the North Western army that whole country is left to the memory of the Bolsheviks. We agree with the writer, in supporting the Irish question. "Why is there no commission sent to Ireland, as has been sent to Rus-

sia?" Ireland had had an unbroken series of persecutions for five centuries past. Nevertheless, despite oppression, Ireland's sons and daughters still cherish the faith, which their great Apostle planted in their hearts. We look upon Russia with great dissatisfaction, but it is not so in the case of Ireland.

We do not recall reading a more remarkable school poem than "Alter Joseph." "St. Thomas Aquinas" and "Resurrexit" also merit praise.

The "Marywood Bay Leaf" is one of the best magazines on our exchange table, and we shall look forward with great pleasure to its future visits.

* * * * *

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: "The Niagara Index," "The Fordham Monthly," "St. Dunstan's," "The Laurel," "The Young Eagle," "The Nazarene," "Duquesne Monthly," "Saint Vincent College Journal," "The Prospector," "Sancta Scholastica," "The Memorare," "Echoes from the Pines," "The Ariston," "The Boston College Stylus."

White as mist is Our Lady's veil,
 Blue is her lovely gown—
 And everything else that is blue and white
 She keeps for her very own.

Hers is the whole of the great blue sea,
 Where little white wave caps rise,
 And hers are the tall white clouds that drift
 Beneath the fair blue skies.

Hers is the meek young violet,
 That lonely lives apart,
 And hides within its thin blue leaves
 A little snow-white heart.

And lo! there are hundreds of little blue eyes,
 Where little white souls shine through;
 'Twas God, dear Mother, who made them so,
 Because they were made for you.

—The Queen's Work.

“Putting On the Finishing Touches”

BY MARY MCGARVEY.

A NUMBER of Art Students were lounging about in the rest room adjoining Monsieur Le Franc's Studio, leisurely discussing one another's chances of winning the annual prize for the best painting. Charles Leduc, a poorly clad lad of fifteen, sat apart in one corner of the room. Since his coming to the studio a few months ago, he had mingled but little with the other students, for besides being very much their junior in years, he was much poorer than any of them, and so had been made to feel on more than one occasion that he was decidedly not "one of their class." This, however, he did not mind very much, for while in the studio his whole attention was given to his work, and at home he had his precious little widowed mother, whom he loved passionately, and whom he hoped one day to repay for the many sacrifices she was now making to advance him in his art.

From time to time this afternoon he had heard his name whispered in the different groups, and once or twice he thought he read a certain contempt in the answer given to one young man who had been foolish enough to ask if Charles Leduc intended competing for the prize. How he should like to show these godless young men what he could do with the talent God had given him. Just then M. Dupont, a white-haired old gentleman, entered the room. With great deference the students rose to greet the venerable director of the Arts Schools of Paris. "This year, the students would paint a Madonna," he said, "and the prize awarded would be a year's free tuition in "The National School of Art." Surely it was well worth trying for. Charles' heart beat wildly at the thought of such a chance, but as he turned, his glance fell on the brilliant young artist, who had won every prize offered at the studio since his entrance. Still, he would trust in God!

Many of the students stayed after class to talk over the coming competition. One said he was going to make his Madonna a blonde, while another declared that his would be a brunette, and so on.

Charles' home was out in the suburbs of the city, so that he had plenty of time for deep thought after the hubbub had been left behind. This much he was resolved upon—that he would work carefully and diligently, and meantime he would earnestly invoke his dear Mother in Heaven to help him win the prize.

The mother was not less interested than the boy, and assured him of her help in prayer. Each morning together they knelt to recite the rosary, and to place the boy's work for the day in Our Lady's hands, and then again in the evening to thank the Madonna for her assistance. The work was to be done at home, and the completed pictures were to be shown to M. Le Franc within a month's time. Charles' heart beat fast with excitement as the time drew near.

At last the second of June arrived—the day before the pictures would be handed in and the judge's decision announced. Whatever had been Charles' hopes before, they now sank quite low. His picture was almost finished, but somehow or other it did not satisfy him. As he walked across the common that evening, trying to decide in just what details he had fallen short of his standard, he slipped his hand in his pocket and, finding his rosary, repeated the decades as he went along.

In bed that night, sleep would not come to him. Only thoughts of to-morrow and the momentous decision then to be pronounced filled his excited brain. At last he dropped into a feverish sleep—and comfort came to him. In his dreams he lived over again some of his anxieties, but suddenly to dispel his fears Our Lady appeared to him, a smile of sweet encouragement on her beautiful face, and a word of commendation on her lips.

The dream lasted only a moment, but that time was long enough to imprint indelibly on the boy's mind the Madonna's features and expression. The morning found him full of en-

thusiasm, and it was just an hour's work to put the finishing touches to his picture. At last he could be satisfied with it; he had accomplished what the other students could not, for surely he was the only one whom Our Lady would visit in dreams.

The afternoon was an exciting one at M. Le Franc's studio. About half an hour after the judges retired with the pictures, they returned, announcing that Charles Leduc had won the prize.

The boy always attributed his success to the inspiration of that dream-visit of the Blessed Virgin. The next term he spent at the school of art, and to-day many of his pictures can be seen at the Paris University, where his Madonna was first hung. Perhaps indeed my readers would hardly identify the poor boy, Charles Leduc, the hero of this story, as the world-famed artist of to-day, who paints under the name of——.



You have decked my life with roses red as flame,
Friend of mine,
And of Paradise made more than just a name,
Friend of mine;
Flowers fade, their perfume dies,
Visions pass from watching eyes,
But in Heaven our roses shine,
Friend of mine!

—Selected.



College Notes

The play "Macbeth" was very successfully given by the pupils of Form III. in the early part of the last term. The interpretation of the different characters was very good and they were all admirably portrayed. The cast was as follows:

CAST.

Duncan, King of Scotland	Miss H. Kernahan			
Malcolm	}	King's sons	{	Miss K. Young
Donaldbain				Miss R. Shannon
Macbeth	}	Generals in the King's Army	{	Miss H. Meyer
Banquo				Miss K. McNally
Lennox				Miss M. Foy
Ross	}	Scottish Noblemen	{	Miss A. McGuane
Angus				Miss A. Corrigan
MacDuff				Miss C. Moore
Fleance, son to Banquo	Miss H. McGuire			
Boy, son to MacDuff	Miss H. Becker			
A Scottish Doctor	Miss R. Sedgewick			
Messenger	Miss H. English			
Lady Macbeth	Miss M. Cochrane			
Lady MacDuff	Miss M. Enright			
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.....	Miss M. Haynes			
Murderers	Miss M. Sharpe, Miss L. Bauer			
Sergeant	Miss L. Bauer			

* * * * *

On March 27th the students attended the Passion Play, given under the auspices of the Redemptorist Fathers in St. Patrick's Hall. The scenes were very realistic, and the several artists showed great dramatic talent.

* * * * *

On Sunday, March 28th, a number of the senior pupils attended a meeting of the Catholic Women's League in Colum-

bus Hall, at which the minutes were read and future activities of the League outlined.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting entertainments this term was the concert of Irish selections on March 17th. Every effort was put forth to make the event a success, which all agreed it was. The girls formed a very pretty background in their white frocks; and green ribbons were very much in evidence. The various performers showed considerable talent, and the school choruses were splendid.

* * * * *

We quote the following from the Herald, Bradford, Penn.: "Mr. and Mrs. Fred. J. Johnston have received the March number of St. Joseph Lilies, a quarterly published in the interests of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Canada. It contains a story written by their eleven-year-old daughter, Christine, entitled "The Old Clock." With the magazine came a well-written letter to her father, saying this was his birthday gift. And it surely was a gift that is appreciated." The poem entitled, "My Dad," by Eileen McGuane, Form III., was also copied in an American paper.

* * * * *

Afternoon tea was served in the college auditorium on Saturday, April 3rd, the senior school attending. The girls of Fourth Form were hostesses for the occasion. Piano and vocal selections greatly added to the pleasure of all.

* * * * *

That the students love dramatics is manifest in the numerous plays given in the school this term. Fourth Form shares in the honours; as their little play, "St. Agatha," was voted a great success, so much so that it was repeated for the public on April 14th. The cast was as follows:

St. Agatha	Miss M. Bennett
Quintanus	Miss C. Dillon
Aurelius	Miss E. O'Brien
Lucianus	Miss V. Kehoe
Octavianus	Miss J. Walsh
Marcus	Miss M. Noonan

Caius Lucius	Miss A. Bauer
Flavius	Miss M. Shoemaker
Anthrodicia	Miss D. Chalue
Missa	Miss C. Keogh
Roman Soldiers	{ Miss H. Kramer
	{ Miss A. Kormann
	{ Miss N. McGuane
	{ Miss R. Morgan
Missa's Friends	{ Miss I. Canty
	{ Miss W. Brahaney
	{ Miss M. Brahaney
Angel Gabriel	Miss D. Chalue

* * * * *

The Matriculation Class of St. Michael's College staged very creditably Shakespeare's Macbeth in St. Joseph's College Auditorium, Tuesday, April 27th. A great many relatives and friends of the boys were present and expressed much satisfaction with the whole performance. Rev. Father Oliver, C.S.B., who directs the Dramatic Club at St. Michael's College, is to be congratulated on the splendid showing the students made. Their dramatic ability is marked and their interpretation of the characters and speeches of the play was particularly good. St. Michael's College has always been justly proud of the dramatic talent of its students, and the success of Macbeth has added fresh laurels to its crown.

* * * * *

On April 9th a number of the senior young ladies, charpered by Mrs. Day, attended the concert given in Massey Hall by the Paulist Choir. They were very enthusiastic in their praise of the beautiful singing so ably conducted by Father Finn.

* * * * *

During April Father Minehan gave an illustrated talk on Ireland, in which he described its industries, politics and beauty of scenery. The beautiful scenes which were afterwards shown only verified Father Minehan's vivid descriptions of the Emerald Isle. We are very grateful to Father Minehan for his kindness.

We spent a very pleasant evening on April 22nd, when Father Dollard read several selections of his poetry for the Sisters and students. "Song of the Little Villages" and the Fairy poems were especially admired.

* * * * *

The Staff and pupils of the College offer sincere sympathy to the Misses Mogan in the death of their beloved father.

* * * *

The Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior Recitals given by the Music pupils were very creditable and were well attended by parents and friends of the performers. The following is the programme of the Senior Pupils' Recital:

Duet—Wedding Dance	Jensen
Misses B. Crowley and V. Henderson.	
En Route	Godard
Miss Maud McGuire.	
Forest Elves	Schytte
Miss Alice Hayes.	
Vocal—At Dawning	Cadman
Miss Patricia Kelly.	
Valse Impromptu	Raff
Miss Blanche Crowley.	
La Filieuse	Raff
Miss Teresa MacNab.	
Scherzo Valse	Moszkowski
Miss Irene Canty.	
Finals op. 13	Hammel
Miss Helen Kramer.	
Vocal—Oh! That We Two Were Maying	Navin
Miss Eileen Shannon.	
Caprice—op. 16.	Mendelssohn
Miss Clare Moore.	
Sonata—op. 79.	Beehoven
Miss Eileen Egan.	

-
- CapricePaginini-Schumann
Miss Edna Carrol.
- Sonata—op. 24Weber
Miss Yolande Didier.
- Vocal—Spring Is AwakeGaines
Miss Eunice Allen
- Le Reve D'ArielPrudente
Miss Monica McNeil.
- Presto—op. 10Schubert
Miss Hilda Kramer.
- Duett—March Heroique Saint-Saens—2 pianos.....
Misses M. McNeil and Y. Didier.

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The Tennis Court has been well patronized by those not preparing for awful exams.

* * * * *

We are delighted to report that Miss Kathleen Morgan is recovering from her serious illness.

MARY McCORMICK.

The Three Friends

Faith met me with a smile a while ago,
Laughed at my fears, and left my heart aglow.
Hope took a brush and painted all my woes
With rainbow brightness—blue and gold and rose.
Then someone took my pack of dusty care,
And, chum-like, whispered “you and I will share.”
Then I was brave again—for Love was there.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY MARGARET THOMPSON.

Fifteen lovers of books are we,
We meet once a week, you know,
And though our society's yet quite small
In time it's sure to grow.

We're just a band of Catholic girls,
Who mingle work with fun,
And if you'd like to join our club,
We ask you now to come.

Our meetings are not very long,
They run like this you see,
The minutes first are duly read—
Corrected, if need be.

The book we're reading is produced,
Then each girl reads in turn
A chapter in her clearest tones,
That all of us may learn

The right pronunciation
Of the big words and the small,
And if we don't know what they mean
We ask, nor mind at all.

Then after we've discussed our plans,
Just like grown people do,
We serve a little lunch
Of sandwich, cake and cocoa too.

Our club is sure to prosper,
Of this we have no fear,
And all the time we're learning more
About good books, each year.

The Sunset

BY DENISE PHELAN, FOURTH CLASS.

THE long, cold spring-day was ending, the sun, like a huge fiery ball, was slowly sinking to rest, lighting with its great golden rays the farthest realms of Great Slave Lake, until it seemed that new hope must be aroused and lazy summer, that was sleeping, awakened. It was a solemn moment, all nature was hushed, even the wind, that all day had torn across the lake with a fury that seemed it must uproot the little cabins that nestled snugly on the shore, at the edge of the forest, had died down. The sun is sinking. But look! what is that tiny speck on the ruffled bosom of the lake? As it approaches, we see plainly that it is a birch canoe, paddled by one sinewy man, a half-breed. He seems to be heading towards the cabin, but suddenly he makes a wide curve and is seen no more.

In the cabin lives Pat Sullivan, a great, burly Irishman, a trapper by trade, with his daughter Nelly, a tall, slender girl of seventeen, with beautiful black hair and Irish blue eyes, and his one little son, José. The winter's trapping this year had been a decided success, and Pat was now covering the forty miles that lay between his cabin and the nearest settlement. He had been gone two weeks now, and the daughter is looking forward to his return, for she fears that José is developing a fever.

The sun is sinking, sinking. But where is the half-breed? He has stealthily made a great turn around an obstructing boulder, so as not to be seen from the cabin door, and heads his canoe in the low hanging foliage. Making sure that his knife is safe within his belt, he slips silently off into the forest.

Ten minutes later we see him stealing up to the cabin from the rear end, when within a short distance of it, falling on his knees, he creeps up to the window, which has a hole in the skin that forms its covering. He peers in. The room

is flooded with sunshine pouring in through the two front windows, for these are of glass. At the rear of the cabin Nelly is preparing the evening meal, while in a bunk at one side lies little Jose, sleeping the restless sleep of one threatened with fever. His cheeks are flushed and his parched lips uttering unconsciously an appeal for water.

At the sight of the two children, the Indian whisks out his knife, his fists clenched and his eyes glittering.

But why is the half-breed there? Why does he so long for the lives of these two innocent children? I will tell you. Years ago on the night of a great festival, this same half-breed became crazed with drink. All St. Albert was out to celebrate, and it happened that a certain gentleman, who was visiting there with his wife and daughter at that time, was crossing the street with them, just as the half-breed appeared. The Indian made some offensive remark, whereupon blows followed. Pat Sullivan, who chanced to be coming along the street, struck at the Indian, and such a fierce fight ensued that it would surely have meant death for one of the parties, had not the crowd that gathered interfered. The Indian escaped and fled to the woods, where he swore at the setting of sun that by all the great Powers above he would one day wreak his vengeance on the Irishman, at the same hour in which he had met his disgrace.

During the years that followed, the half-breed never lost sight of his evil purpose, but somehow his intended victim always managed to escape, to slip, as it were, from his very grasp. Now, however, his chance had come, and he knew that to kill Pat Sullivan's children would be a sweeter revenge than to kill the man himself. All these thoughts rushed through his mind, filling his countenance with a diabolical delight. He glances at the sun; it is sinking, sinking—almost gone.

He must hasten with his work if he is to keep his vow. He clenches his knife and prepares to spring through the worn covering of the window. But listen! what do we hear? A soft, melancholy song, a song sung by Nellie to her sick brother.

It drifts out on the cool evening air like some soft, white bird drifting home. It holds the half-breed spellbound, crouching; he is unable to move; then, as it dies away, he stands up with a jerk, his knife falls to the ground, his right hand is pressed to his brow, and he listens. As if in response, the song swells again. A flood of memories comes back to the half-breed, memories that have been dead for years and years. He thinks of his early life, his life before he entered on his career of crime, before he was a murderer and an outcast. He thinks of the only person in the world he ever respected—his white mother. It was she who sang that song to him long years ago. He thinks, too, of the little mission school where the good Sisters taught, of that wondrous day when he made his First Communion. He thinks of his mother's death when he was but yet a little boy, and that not once from that day to this he has been near a church. Tears stand out in his eyes and roll down his cheeks.

The sun is almost gone.

The song becomes louder and louder and then dies away.

The sun is gone.

For fully ten minutes after he stood there in the gathering gloom, and then he turned and crept quietly back into the woods.

Next day Pat Sullivan returned, and being experienced in the use of the herbs which cure fever, took little José in hand and restored him to health. One afternoon shortly after that, Pat found a knife lying close to the window. And as he picked it up he wondered where it came from. But, unlike us, he does not know to this day.



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It shows further that the same experience is being repeated in every foreign country introduced.

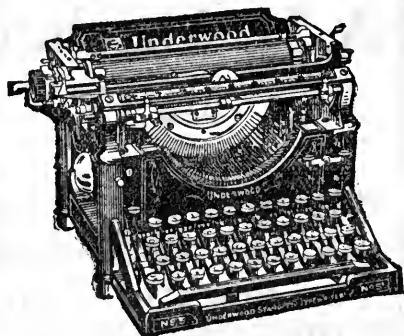
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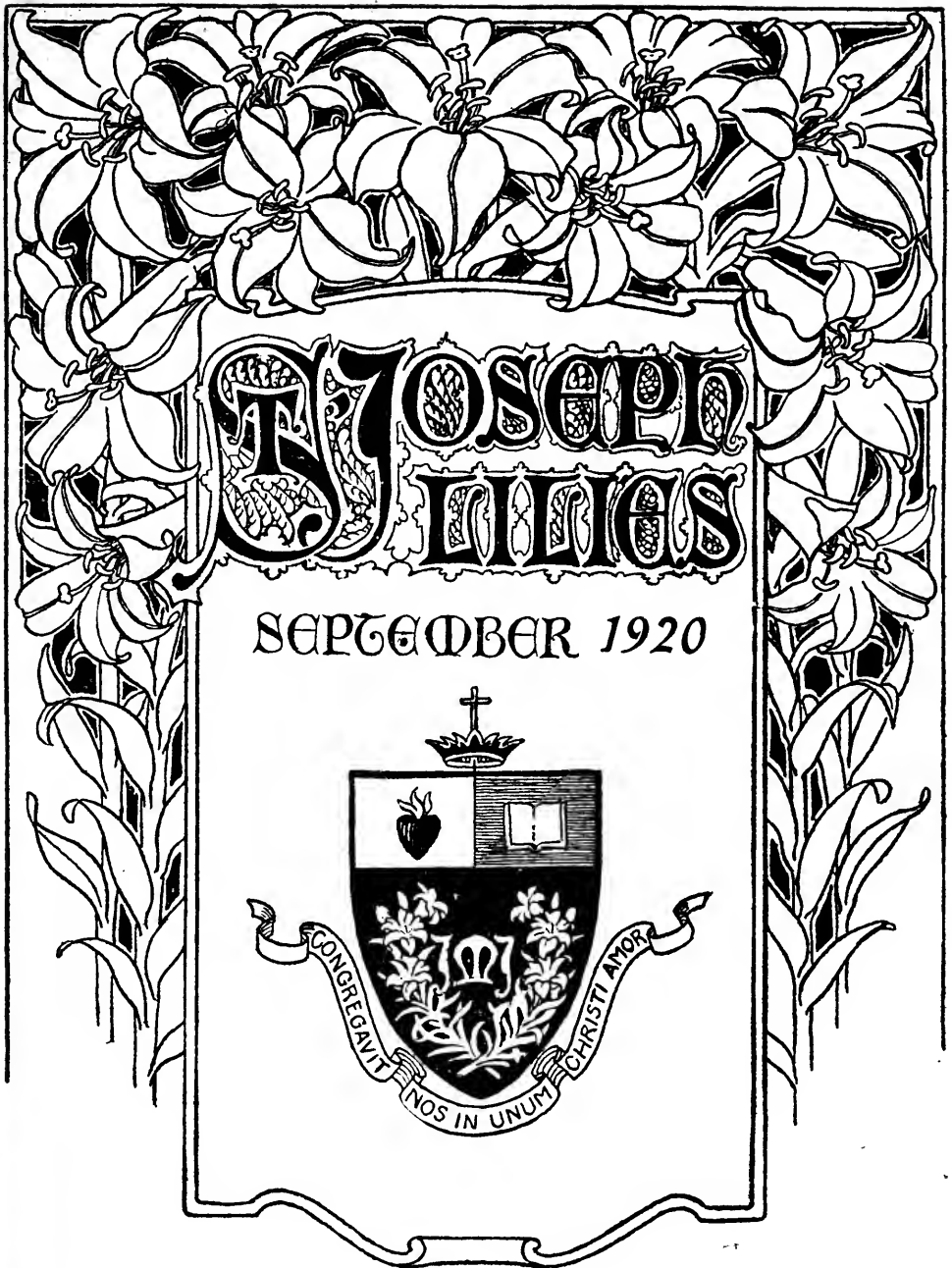
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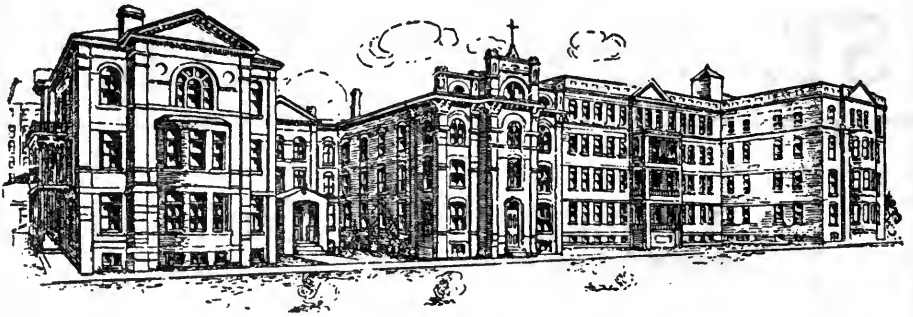
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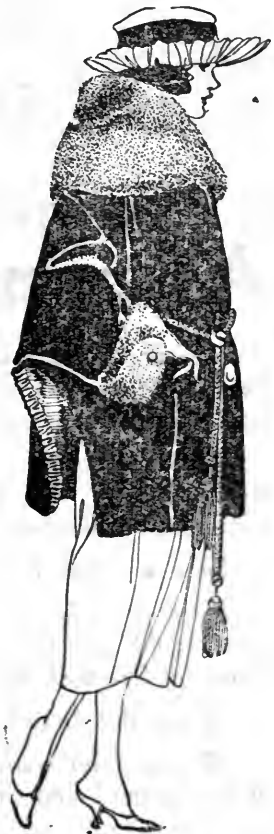
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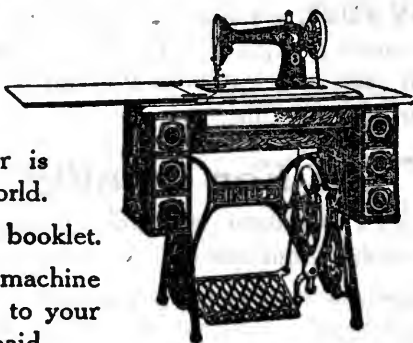
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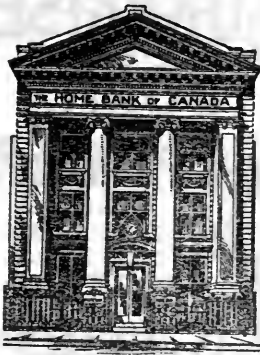
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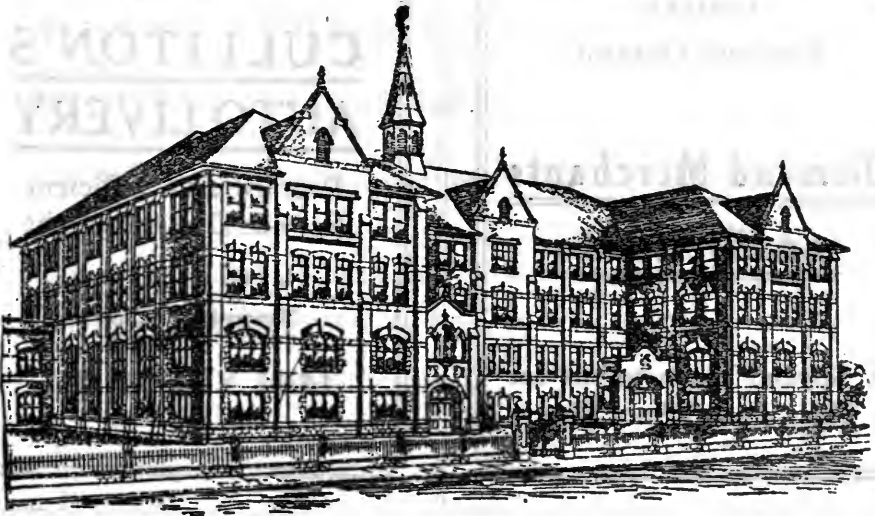
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OF SORROWS.

Canonized May 13th, 1920.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. IX

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1920.

NO. 2

St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows

I look upon thy downcast eyes,
Thy face serene with holy light.
I see thee clothed in lowly garb,
The Crucifix thy sole delight.
And in such hidden things as these,
I read thy sainthood's mysteries.

I know thy childhood's happy hours,
Thy gay, but guileless, youthful ways,
Those few short years of hidden life,
The early death that crowned thy days.
And yet, in just such things as these,
Lay hid thy sainthood's mysteries.

God called brave Joan, with gleaming sword,
To free her King from tyrant-fear,
And Margaret Mary's mission 'twas
To spread His Heart's fair Kingdom here.
Yet, not in glorious deeds like these
I find thy sainthood's mysteries.

But thou, whose name the world scarce knows,
Ah! surely God hath chosen thee,
To guide us in the lowly paths
That lead to hidden sanctity.
Gabriel, Passionist, teach me these
Thy sainthood's secret mysteries!

—S. M. ST. J.

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FIVE or six proper names form almost a complete summary of universal history. They are Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, Augustus, Constantine, and Charlemagne. Fifteen hundred years before the last-mentioned, Nabuchodonosor of Babylon saw and began himself that history in the mysterious statue which Daniel explained to him, a statue composed of four different metals,—gold, iron, brass and steel, and which represents a monarchy comprising four successive dynasties, the Assyrians and Persians, the Greeks and Romans.

According to Daniel, a stone detached from the mountain would strike this statue's feet consisting of iron and clay, and reduce the whole effigy to dust. This statue represents a universal monarchy which, finally divided into ten different kingdoms, will be destroyed and replaced by a new empire, an empire belonging not to man, but to God, and which will last till the end of time. Cyrus, of Persia, sees and continues that ensemble of human history, which is explained to him by Daniel, his friend and acquaintance. Alexander, of Macedon, continues the work of Nabuchodonosor and Cyrus, and the high priest of Jerusalem unfolds to him the role he must fulfil in accordance with what the prophets had assigned to him. Caesar and Augustus, or rather the Romans, complete the work begun by Nabuchodonosor, and continued by Cyrus and Alexander.

That work is to forcibly reunite the principal nations of the earth under one head in order to prepare them for the spiritual sovereignty of Christ. Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, and the Romans work for this end without being aware of what they do. Nabuchodonosor, after having adored the God of Daniel, obliges his subjects to pay himself divine honors. Cyrus, who rebuilt the temple of Jeru-

saalem, but was unable to restore it to its pristine glory and magnificence, pays worship to the creature instead of the Creator. Alexander, who did homage to the true God, when he beheld the sight of the high priest, Laddus, endeavors to make those under his sway confer on him divine honors. Caesar and Augustus, who unconsciously prepared the way for the coming of Christ by subjecting so many nations to their sway, allow even the temples to be erected to their honor.

All these potentates placed themselves on a level with God, whose creatures they were. Their successors, filled with rage, league themselves against the rising kingdom of Christ, and try to drown it with the effusion of the blood of so many of its votaries. But their efforts are spent in vain. The kingdom of Christ will continue to flourish, when the Roman empire will live only in the memory of the past. Constantine ceases to war against God, and bends his neck to the yoke of Christ; but, the greater part of the Roman Empire remaining attached to the blinding superstition concomitant on their idols, foster a bitter anti-Christian spirit in order to subserve their political purposes. Hence the galling, indiscriminate persecution ceases to rage. During the following five centuries the Old World gradually crumbles into dust. From its ruins a new and Christian world comes forth with Charlemagne as its temporal chief. What Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, and Augustus in no wise understood, Charlemagne comprehends completely, and he publishes it to all nations and future ages, when he writes at the head of his laws those memorable words, "Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning for ever, I, Charles, by the grace and mercy of the Franks, a devout defender and humble helper of the holy church of God."

It is not our intention in this article to portray him as the glorious chief who conducted fifty-three wars to a successful issue; it is not our intention to speak of him as the founder of an empire that stretched from the shores of the Baltic to the banks of the Ebro, and from beyond the Elbe to the Atlantic Ocean; but we shall confine ourselves solely to the unfolding of his efforts for the advancement of learning. In the year 800,

after his return from Rome, where he had been, by Pope Leo III., crowned emperor of the Western Roman Empire, Charlemagne, noticing the decadence of studies in France, issued to the metropolitans and abbots of his dominions a circular in which he said:

“We notify you that we have judged it useful that in the bishoprics and monasteries committed to our charge, we should apply ourselves not only to the maintaining of regularity, but also to the imparting of instruction to those disposed to receive it. Really, though it is better to do good than to be acquainted with it, however, one must know it before doing it.” He adds, “that having received letters from several monasteries, he found the sense and ideas of them in accordance with right reason; but that the style was tinged with rusticity, and that their neglect to form a pleasing diction, induced him to fear that they were equally remiss in putting forth their efforts to comprehend the Sacred Scripture, the understanding and interpreting of which presuppose a knowledge of human letters.” Wherefore he recommends them to execute his orders concerning the erection of schools with the same zeal as that with which he himself was inflamed when he said: “For we wish that you be such as the soldiers of Christ ought to be, that is, men both pious and learned; that you live well, and that you speak well.” To infuse new life into the studies prevalent in the realm which had been impaired so much in the anarchy arising from the wars of preceding centuries, he understood that he needed skilful professors, and he determined to spare no efforts or expense in attracting to himself the most learned men that could be found anywhere. He caused Leidrade to come to him from Noricum and made him Archbishop of Lyons.

Through promise of ample compensation he induced the English Alcuin, one of the most learned men, we would say, of that barbarous age, to leave his native land, and enter his service, so that he himself, in conjunction with many others, might profit by his learning, and that he also might utilize his services in reviving and reorganizing the languishing system of education in France. He also caused Clement, Dungal, and Albinus

to come to him from Ireland, so that the light of their genius and various mental acquirements might penetrate and help to disperse the cloud of illiteracy which was then lowering over the realm. About them we can say that they were but the precursors of many other learned sons of Ireland, who after the invasion of that country by the Danes, in 815, were obliged to seek calmer and more hospitable shores, for the cultivation of literature and the imparting of their erudition to humanity. We can say that what then was an evil to Ireland was a source of good to France. The Rev. Maurice Ronayne, S.J., in his learned work on "Science and Religion," which is the best we have seen on the subject, says, in his own beautiful style: "By their advent to that country, fresh currents of thought were sent through the Carolingian school system; a love of science was fostered anew, and a method of dialectics, which afterwards grew into scholasticism, was grafted, some writers assert, by Irish scholars on European education."

Now with regard to the literary attainments of Charlemagne, we are informed by Eginhard, that when over thirty years of age, and when he had been king for a considerable time, he diligently applied himself to the study of grammar under Peter of Pisa. Alcuin taught him rhetoric, without the assistance of which we are told he was naturally endowed with eloquence enough. He also instructed him in dialects, and astronomy, to which science he was exceedingly attached. Hence we can see that Charlemagne had a good education for the time, a better one than had been received by any of the French kings that had preceded him, and a much better one than had been accepted by many of his successors on the throne of France.

With regard to the advancement of education, not only did he apply himself to raise to a higher grade the studies in the schools then existing, but he also augmented their number by founding a multiplicity of new ones. The first elements of knowledge were often taught in the private or parochial schools. In those attached to the cathedral schools or monasteries he enabled the pupils to follow the trivium or grammar,

taken as it then was understood, in the sense of general literature; although from them the quadrivium was not absolutely excluded. He required those who wished to follow the higher course of studies, which included mathematics, astronomy, geography, music, rhetoric and dialects, to frequent the public schools which he had caused to be attached to the greater monasteries. Also, he founded, for the training of candidates for the priesthood, episcopal seminaries, in which were especially cultivated studies suited to the ecclesiastical state, and that regularity of discipline which recommended them, centuries afterwards, to the fathers of the Council of Trent, as models of training schools for clerics. This shows the clear, solid, and unerring judgment of Charlemagne, by thus exceeding his age for centuries to come. We may add that in those days the schools of Tours, Rheims, Fulda, St. Gall and Hersford, all of which owed their foundation to him, were as great centres of education for studious youth as are Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Yale, Harvard, Fordham and Georgetown in our days. Charlemagne, in all his efforts for the advancement of learning, wished only to imbue his subjects with a love for letters so as to attach them more firmly and sincerely to the faith. "Oh!" said he one day, "would that I had twelve men like SS. Jerome and Augustine!" "What!" replied Alcuin, "the creator of heaven and earth had only two such men, and you wish to have twelve!" All the studies in his realm that could possibly be made so, had a religious tendency. If persons devoted themselves to the acquirement of a masterly knowledge of grammar it was with the intention of rendering themselves more capable of understanding the Scriptures, and of copying them more correctly than was the custom in vogue at that time. Music, with which they busied themselves then, was chiefly confined to aiding in the better rendering of church services. Those who addicted themselves to the study of the rhetoric and dialectics were encouraged to do so that they might render themselves more able champions when subsequently they would have to enter the arena of controversy with the heretics of the time. We are informed that Charle-

magne was so great a promoter and admirer of learning in others, that he established, in a part of his palace, a school for the education of the children of the nobles, and of some of those belonging "to the plebeians," as Carlyle would say. Furthermore we are told that he took special delight in watching over the progress of the pupils. Occasionally, in company with some of the professors, he was wont to examine the classes, and inspect the progress evinced in their compositions. One day, when interrogating a certain class, he noticed that the children of the people surpassed those of the nobles in diligence, energy, and proficiency, because the latter, as happens to the rich of every age, relying on their name, and being conscious of the fortunes already acquired for them, failed to exhibit due assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge. Suddenly he stopped short and swore that the abbeys within his gift would be for the former. Then turning towards the others, he said: "I see that you count on the merits of your ancestors; but you must know that they recovered their reward, and that the state owes nothing except to those that are capable of serving it, and conferring honor on it by their talents."

Aeschines said that new energy is imparted to literary institutions, when we try to give an impulse to the progress of education by public example. So Charlemagne, to infuse additional life into the homes of learning within his realm, established an academy even in his own palace. This institution, by the variety of its functions, and the multiplicity of the reunions of the nobility and learned connected with it, seems to have served as a model for all modern literary bodies with a like purpose. It is well known that it did duty as a pattern for Richelieu when he founded his academy of "the forty immortals," as they are called, to be the leading and guiding spirits in everything connected with science and literature in France. Charlemagne, fully comprehending that freedom of action and truth walk hand in hand only in the train of equality, determined to become an ordinary member of his own institution, and wished not to receive any special attention on account of the dignities accruing to his rank. He assiduously attended its

meetings, earnestly participated in its discussions, and zealously performed whatever duties were assigned to him. Each of the members took, in accordance with a custom prevalent in some academies even in our age, a literary name, which designated his taste or inclinations or the peculiarity of his character, or the special studies to which he was to addict himself. Angilbert, the most amiable man in the court, assumed the name of Homer, either because he was wont to regale his mind with the study of that immortal bard, or because, as some inform us, he was particularly devoted to the composition of Greek verses. Rudolph, Archbishop of Mayence, styled himself Dametas, because the eclogue had for him special charms. Another called himself Candidus, which, I suppose, reflected his mental disposition. Alcuin assumed the name of Albinus. Historians are divided in their opinions as to the reason why he took such a title. Eginhard designated himself by the name of Calliopius, evidently from Calliope, the muse that was supposed to preside over heroic poetry, or because, like her, he was distinguished among his associates by the sweetness, melodiousness and harmony of his voice. Charlemagne, who studied the Scriptures with unflagging energy, who knew the psalms by heart, and who, as we are told, strove to be a king like David, after God's own heart, was begifted by his brother academicians with the name of that pious and valiant sovereign Adalard, Abbot of Corbi, a relative of the king, and who resembled him most in mental ability, variety, and profoundness of learning, received the appellation of Augustine. Theodulphe was called Pindar because he frequently indulged in Greek compositions of the lyric style, or because he stood pre-eminent among his fellows, for his knowledge of the beautiful, euphonious, and expressive language of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes. To show how those great men indulged in literary pleasantries among themselves, we will state that once Alcuin wrote to Angilbert when he was in Rome, urging him to bring him some relics, and that he ended his epistle with the words of Ovid:

“Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras.”

We are informed by Dippold that Charlemagne never ceased to utilize his time even in his calmest and freest moments. While at table he caused to be read to him at one time the Bible, at another time the works of St. Augustine and especially “The City of God,” to which he was especially attached, and at another time the history of the previous kings of France, so as to learn by them how to regulate his own actions and avoid falling into their defects and failures. Capefigue remarks that in that respect he served as a model for those of his successors who were fortunate enough to apply themselves to the cultivation and propagation of letters, and derive from them all the personal profit possible. Would that all the French monarchs had followed his tastes both literary and otherwise! If they did King John would not have been captured at Crecy, and Francis I. would not have derived his education and inspiration from romances, on account of which, it is said, he lost the battle of Pavia and had to endure the subsequent miseries which were entailed on him.

By the orders of Charlemagne, a collection was made of the national and military songs, which comprised then nearly the whole history of the country, and which celebrated the most illustrious achievements of the Gallic kings, Vercingetorix included. The soldiers, when advancing to battle, sang those songs, so as to revive their courage, inflame their ardor, and render themselves completely oblivious of death in their efforts for causing victory to perch upon their banners. We are informed that those paeans were supplanted in after-ages by others extolling the achievements of Roland, Oliver and the other paladins who died at Roncesvalles.

Eginhard, his biographer and secretary, tells us that Charlemagne spoke Latin with as much facility as his native German. The Greek language he understood better than he spoke it. Even so, that confers a high eulogy on the accomplishments of Charlemagne. We do not think that there is any modern ruler now living that could either speak or read ancient Greek.

Nor was he a stranger to Syriac. When the end of his earthly career was drawing nigh he occasionally busied himself with comparing the Latin version of the Gospels with the Syriac and the original Greek.

Now, with regard to the oft-repeated charge that Charlemagne was unable to write, Gibbons, without considering the benighted age in which he lived, sneeringly admits that when he was of mature years he tried to acquire the practice of writing, which every peasant in his own time learned in his infancy. If Charlemagne did try to acquire the art of writing, when somewhat advanced in life, it was the fault of the age and not of the man. We are afraid that at about that time the ancestors of the future distorter of Roman history, instead of striving to acquire the "art of writing" and a rudimentary education of which they never heard, were eagerly seeking for sustenance, and fleeing from the onslaughts of the Danes to the most inaccessible fens, morasses and mountain fastnesses of "la perfide Albion," as Bossuet and Napoleon called her. Mr. Hallam also, whose opinions on many subjects are admitted to be untrustworthy, follows in the train of some continental writers and goes so far as to intimate that Charlemagne was even unable to write. He even tries to base his faith on the authority of Eginhard. Here are the words of Eginhard: "Tentabat et scribere, tabulas et codicillos ad hoc in lexicula literis assuefaceret: sed parum prospere successit labor proposterus et sero inchoatus." This "parum prospere successit" does not indicate that he was able to write, but that he had not attained much success in writing. But if he had not attained much success, it does not follow that he had not attained some success in writing. Therefore we must consider the charge of his having been unable to write, as void of foundation. Again, all doubt on the matter vanishes before the following fact. The well-known German writer Raumer, in his "Historisches Taschenbuch," says that among the most priceless treasures of the Imperial Library at Vienna is a manuscript commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, written and signed by the hand of Charle-

magne himself. Therefore we must pronounce as futile and baseless the charge of his inability to write.

Charlemagne not only wrote Latin prose, but he was also occasionally wont to woo the muse in Latin metrical compositions. The epitaph which he penned for Pope Adrian is not devoid of certain merit. We select the following from the thirty-eight verses that compose it, to let the reader see his proficiency in expressing his thoughts in the metres so dear to the heart of Ovid:

“Post patrem lacrymans Carolus hoc carmena scripsi. Tu mihi dulcis amor; te mod plango pater, Nomina jungo simul titulis, clarissime nostra Adrianus, Carolus; Rese ego, tique pater, Tum memor exto tui nati, pater optime posco, Cum patre dic natus pugat et iste tuus.” “Bewailing the death of a father, I, Charles, wrote those verses. You were the object of my affection, I bewail you now, father. Illustrious man! I write our names in conjunction with out titles, Adrian, Charles, I a king and you the father. Oh, best of fathers! remember your son, and obtain that he be reunited with you.

In return for the collection of the canons with which he had at one time been presented by the Pope while in Rome, Charlemagne sent a magnificent psalter written in golden characters, and with it a dedicatory epistle of twenty Latin hexameter and pentameter verses of his own composition. After this exhibition, even alone, of his capacity and mental culture, it seems to me that nobody who had any regard for veracity or probity could accuse Charlemagne of illiteracy, and least of all of inability to write. The works written by Charlemagne or at least attributed to him are: (1) his “Capitularies” (just collected by Ansegise, Abbot St. Waudrille. Best edition, that of Baluze, Parish, 1677). (2) “Letters,” contained in the collection of De Bouquet. (3) “A Grammar of the Teutonic Language,” of which fragments are to be found in the Polygraphia of Trithemius. (4) “Testament.” (5) Some Latin poems, such as “The Epitaph of Pope Adrian,” of which we have already given a specimen. “The Song of Roland.” (6) “The Caroline Books.” (7) “A dis-

course given at the founding of St. Mary's Basilica at Aix-la-Chapeile." (8) "The Corollaries." Nor were the fine arts neglected by this illustrious man. They received an ample share of his attention and patronage, whether amid the engrossing affairs of state, or amid the many wars in which he was engaged. He caused the Gregorian Chant to be adopted in the churches and he brought from Italy singers at whose concerts he frequently assisted. Among the many palaces built by his orders and according to his directions, we must mention those of Ingelheim, Nimguen and Aix-la-Chapelle. The latter, we are told by Struve, was a masterpiece of architecture, having been ornamented with columns and sculptural fragments brought from Italy. It was a large and magnificent edifice, the spacious halls and rooms of which were decorated in a splendid manner, and filled with furniture the most elegant and costly of the age. The basilica in the same city was built from plans drawn by himself. It was greatly extolled by the writers of the time; and we are aware that it became the pattern of many churches built during the ninth century. He also encouraged civil engineering. He caused a wooden bridge, 500 paces long, to be built over the Rhine at Mentz; and he ordered a gigantic canal to be commenced, but which was never completed, to establish through this river and the Danube a water communication between the German Ocean and the Black Sea. It is well known with what delight and ardor he cultivated the study of astronomy. On calm and cloudless nights he was wont to spend hours in contemplating the firmament and in studying "the quenchless stars as they ran their bright career." In the annals of his reign we find observations strange and surprising for the time, made by him concerning the eclipses, the coming together of the stars and the aurora borealis. Nor did he withdraw his patronage from the study of medicine, and wishes that it be followed by as many as possible. For the advancement of medical science he caused to be reared in close proximity to his palace an edifice which he dubbed "Hippocratica tecta." We can only say of Charlemagne

with Alcuin, "that he was a bishop in matters of religion, and a philosopher in profane studies." He deserved, like Constantine, the title of "exterior bishop" which belongs to every Christian prince, and which abstracting from the rights of theology, expresses but a legitimate and well-regulated zeal for the maintenance of religion and the improvement of morals.



My First Holy Mass

BY REV. JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

Full many a lovely morn since then, but none so beautiful,—

I've seen full many a sapphire sky, but none so blue I trow
And many a carol since I've heard, but none so musical
As that the oriole warbled five and twenty years ago.

Now when I note the bloom upon the peach-tree beautiful,

Or mark the melilotus all yellowy in the grass,
And hear the orchard-oriole or martin musical,

I thank my Lord I still have power to say His Holy Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Rev. Father Johnstone, our kind and gifted friend, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood a few months ago. It was on this occasion that the above beautiful poem was written. We are sure all our readers join us in our good wishes and congratulations for Father Johnstone.

The Late Dr. Wm. Fischer and His Poems

REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

THE untimely death of Dr. William J. Fischer, of Waterloo, Ontario, removes an outstanding figure from Canadian Catholic Literary Work. A few months ago his father and mother died, and the sorrow consequent on such a bereavement aggravated the disease from which the young physician was suffering.

Dr. Fischer, who was a busy and devoted physician, may be said to have offered up his life for the good of others, for his self-sacrifice was such that he forgot his own bodily comforts and even necessities, while caring for the welfare of his many patients. The rewards of a good Samaritan will be his in the Kingdom of Heaven. How, in the midst of the cares of a crowded professional life, he found time to taste the Pierian Springs of learning and of poesy, is a source of wonder to his friends. Yet, he found time to read much and even to write books of poetry and prose. So well-known did his pen make his name that he, as a reward, was elected to a membership of the Western University, of the Authors' Club of London, England, and of the Archaeological Society of France! His novel, "A Child of Destiny," was well received by the critics and was a pronounced literary success.

His poems were many, and adorned the pages of all our Catholic journals and magazines. His poetic work was marked by great love of nature, the out-pouring of a gentle, tender heart that was alive to both the joy and beauty of the world, and to the sorrows and the heart-aches of his fellow human beings!

This gentleness and pity and sympathy was the key-note, not only to the poetry of Dr. Fisher, but to his very life. No one who went to him for consolation or help was ever turned away without experiencing his kindly aid and encouragement. He has many beautiful deeds of human service to

his credit on the judgment books of God, and the world is by far the poorer for his passing away so soon.

Dr. Fischer's first book of poems was entitled "Songs By the Wayside."

His next book of poems was published by William Briggs in 1907, under the title of "The Toiler, And Other Poems." Many themes are elaborated in "The Toiler," and all are touched with a gay and enthusiastic verve that is delightfully refreshing to the reader.

A fine example of Dr. Fischer's art, and one in which all his peculiar excellencies are found combined, is the sonnet entitled:

"JUNE MORNING."

"The gray mist lies upon the purple hills,—
 My soul and I stand in the trembling grass;
 The river shines, a sheet of molten glass,
 The bobolink his song full gaily trills
 In flowering meadows; the fresh, bustling rills
 Sing the Asperges to June's opening Mass,
 While the Sun-priest and sunbeam servers pass
 Through rosy aisles, and all the young day thrills
 Walk out into the open, O, my soul!
 The very air is charged with sanctities,
 And, in some dim cell sheltered by the trees,
 Kneel down and pray, while solitudes console!
 The very God is resting on the breeze
 To solve, O Soul! life's warped, dim mysteries!"

In this just quoted sonnet, we see Dr. Fischer as the poet pure and simple, forgetting all his worldly cares in hymning the glory of God's works. That he felt his responsibility as a physician is evident from the sestet of his sonnet entitled "The Doctor"—

A worker in the low, degraded street,
 He sees the shadow with the shining light,

And touches black souls as the pure priest can,
 He sees pain shouldering her cross so sweet,
 And thro' the dawn—the live-long day and night
 He feels the pulse of God in every man!

Dr. Fischer's piety was of the unobtrusive kind, but though quiet and unruffled, it ran deep and strong like a mighty river. On account of this holiness and singleness of soul, he was able to interpret many phases of life and of spiritual experience that are unknown to the thoughtless and the vain and the shallow. Thus, speaking of a chosen soul, who took on the "better part" by entering the cloister, he says:

"A mystic hand has tuned her fond heart-strings
 To one long hymn of praise, in rapture freed,
 That fills with music paths the saints have trod,
 And from her soul, Love daily, hourly flings
 Pearls of prayer,—keys that unlock in need,
 The audience chamber of the very God!"

Dr. Fischer's warm and generous heart was too big to feel any jealousy of the talent of a brother writer. We find in his letters and poems many sincere tributes to the work of his Catholic brother bards, and in his sonnet entitled, "The Poet of The Habitant," he pays a notable and evidently a heart-felt tribute to a writer not of his own faith—

Of Wm. Henry Drummond he sings:

"His was a poet's soul, white as the morn,
 That moves across Lac Grenier's bosom wide,
 He sang of home and hope and that strong tide
 Of lasting love that should men's hearts adorn.
 In his song garden, God was at his side,
 No wonder, then, his roses had no thorn!"

A true Catholic, following out the teachings of the Catholic Church, does not rest his soul upon earthly plans or gains. All his efforts are made with the ultimate end in view of laying up treasure in the Kingdom of God. So when

the singer's turn came and the angel of death beckoned to him, he was glad to go. As Edward F. O'Donohoe so well puts it in his sonnet entitled, "In Memoriam," Dr. Fischer had followed the Holy Grail all during his white and blameless life and the gleam of its possession comforted his weary eyes in death: Requiescat in pace!

"IN MEMORIAM."

"You sought the Grail, when spring was bourgeoning
Down flow'r lanes laden with the May's delight,
Where God's love lingered through the day and night,
And soul songs gave your heart a voice to sing;
Where'er was music raptly fingering
Life's melody, on heart strings dull or bright,
You sought the Grail; and oh, its gleaming white
Made beautiful your spirit's pilgriming.

Knight of The Grail, your seeking now is past,
And you have found the glory and the gleam
Of Love Eternal in the after vast,
Where singers find their song and dreamers dream
In endless peace. The Grail is yours at last
To gaze upon in ecstasy supreme.

KIND WORDS.

Scatter your kind words broadcast. They are the best alms you will ever be privileged to give to anybody. Speaking of some one who had said a cordial word when he was downcast, a young man gratefully said: "He couldn't put his hand in his pocket for me, but he put his hand in his heart, and that's far away the best kind of helping."

Fidelis

THERE was a young monk named Fidelis. His mind was fresh and clear, his heart pure and simple, and he was steadfast both in his aims and desires. He was very fervent; he loved to read of the great mystic saints and the seraphic Fathers of the Church. And he used to hope that whatever work God had in store for him, it would be to follow Him through the paths of mysticism and the higher life. And he prayed that some sign might be given to him, and that his mind and heart might be attuned to higher things, so that one day he might break beyond the material bonds that bind us, and see with his own eyes—the vision splendid. Prayer is always heard. One day when he was walking in the garden, meditating, a Voice said to him, “Fidelis, be faithful to duty.” At first, overcome with ecstasy, Fidelis could do nothing but rejoice that he had heard the Word of God—the will of God for him. Then, slowly, he began to realize what the Voice had said to him, “Be faithful to duty.” “Duty, duty”—the words rang in his ears early in the morning and late at night. Waking and sleeping, thinking and praying, the word pursued him. And one day, when he was illuminating the pages of a Missal, and delighting in making beautiful the words of God, he was interrupted by a lay Brother, who asked him to give some slight assistance in moving a heavy prie-dieu. At first, angry at the interruption to his loved work, he was on the point of refusing sharply, when, clear as a bell, one word rang in his ears—“duty.” And at last Fidelis understood what was the will of God for him. And whenever he was doing what lay nearest his heart, whenever he was absorbed in favourite work, sooner or later, there would be a call to something more irksome, and again “duty” would sound in his ears, with an insistence and frequency there was no denying. Little by little Fidelis realized that there was one thing in the world, to neglect which was death to the soul, but to fulfil which made all

burdens light. And it was not until he realized that the honest fulfilment of duties, small and great, brought happiness, that he understood what freedom of the soul meant. He lived in a region untroubled by the cares of life, in a climate always fair. And the poor people came to him asking for help and sympathy in their troubles, for the clear vision of Brother Fidelis saw through difficulties in a wonderful manner. And Fidelis always gave the same advice—"Do your duty; God never forsakes those who do their duty." And when he was asked to decide for those who were undecided, he would say: "Pray that you may know the will of God for you—in the meantime, fulfil all your duties carefully." And he would tell the labourer to continue ploughing his fields—the mother to watch over her children, the rich to be generous, the poor to be grateful. Even the Abbot would send for Fidelis, to consult him as to the best course to pursue in difficult matters. For he said to himself: "He sees beyond the things of this world. He sees the will of God." And he taught the people to see the will of God in everything, and to look for it, and to ask for it. And he showed them how it was never far off, but always near at hand; that often it lay in a kind word, a look, a thought, an aim; and that in the eyes of God it was a more wonderful thing to do one's duty than to command the homage of nations; that God rewarded faith—the faith that sees Him unclouded through all the events of life. Meantime, for himself, sometimes his heart grew sad. He thought of all his youthful visions, of how he longed to do great things and dream dreams, and pierce the veil that hides the future—yet was he ever faithful to do whatever was the task that lay before him.

One day he fell into a reverie. He saw passing before him the mystics and seraphic saints of the Church. He heard the chants of Heaven, and the voices of the angelic choir blended into a harmony which was heart-subduing. And he cried out in anguish, "O God that it might have been given me to study Thee in all Thy ways, that I too might have been as one of those, and justified the ways of God to men."

And a Voice whose tones satisfied the longing of his heart,

answered, "O loyal and faithful soul! Didst thou not see Me in all the circumstances of life? I was the beggar on the roadside to whom you gave an alms. Mine was the sad heart whom your smile cheered, and your words comforted. To some I speak in mysteries. To you I spoke in every sorrow, every joy, and I was present in every duty so faithfully performed."

"Happy Fidelis! Teach other hearts to be faithful."

He had been gazing afar off to see the Vision of God, and behold it had been always with him!

—Selected.



The Solitary Worshipper

ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Alone! O dearest Saviour mine,
 O wondrous thought! that this should be
 My gift, my grace, my joy divine,
 Thus for all men to worship Thee.

To kneel companioned by the host
 Of that unseen bright angel-guard,
 Who here, afar from Heaven's coast
 Around Thee hold unsleeping ward.

To make of this, my mortal heart,
 A chalice of sheer light undimmed,
 With all creation's loftier part
 Of worship, prayer and praise upbrimmed.

Ah, were all life compressed to this
 Brief hour of perfect ecstasy,
 How could I thank Thee for such bliss,
 Dear Lord, through all Eternity.

The Movie

BY VERY REV. A. O'MALLEY, LL.D.

CIVILIZATION may well be compared to the curling crests of the ocean. At first blush, the comparison is not full or faithful at every point; as white-caps are the sign of something uncivil, of something angry; but in many regards it is magnificent. The centuries of time with all their currents of culture, their actions and reactions, their progress and their reversions, their peace and war, furnish a picturesque parallel to the currents of the ocean which probatically purify their continual cosmic motion its mighty untrodden depths. History is an enormous sea holding the tracks and traces of time etched in its bosom, unlike the laneless ocean; and one can pass in review the forces and phalanxes of every age in their dull or dramatic actions, their stagnations, their struggles, their successes, their failures, as clearly as he can the restless rolling billows of the sea with its heights and its hollows, its cavalier crests and treacherous troughs, its hiding reefs and lurking sands, as the eternal tides surge and swoon before our wondering gaze. The white-caps on the sea of history are the flags of conquest, of progress, of victories won in the fair halls of science, on the bloody fields of war.

This is the rift in the lute. This is the minor that mars my over-fervent song.

As the lily-caps that lend a lure and a lineament to the wave are a warning to the trader and the sailor that danger and death lurk in the skull-thatched lairs of the awful ocean, so the arts of civilization are not all civil, are not all peaceful, not all sunny, nor sublime. How painful to contemplate that its greatest conquests have been prostituted, exploited for the decimation or destruction of man! What a horrible thing war

is! And yet it seems that science, mathematics, chemistry, physics, one and all are but the aids and the ancillas of Mars. Machiavelli, regarded peace as a pause for "grim-visaged war to smoothe his wrinkled front" and prepare for another "winter of discontent." The "war to end war" began a riot, an orgy of blood, a holocaust of cowering countries. Look at poor Poland and the Erin of the Irish!

You pertinently ask, "have you forgotten your text?" "What has all this rhetoric to do with the movies?" I wanted you to look and listen.

The Movie is a scientific device and I have just been saying that science is the handmaid of war. War captures everything and turns it to account, not the cash kind, but the bloody, baleful account of death. War captured the Movie. During the epochal period just past, 1914-1919, the Movies glorified the war; were filled with war; were packed with all the insignia and accretments of war. The war-mind was born of its plethora.

And thereby hangs a tale.

The Movie is the mother of modern psychology. The mind is much moved, influenced by pictures and portraits, representations of land and sea. All the other senses combined do not burn their impressions so deeply into the wax of memory as the super-sensitized, excited sight. The other senses are all dull and unreceptive compared to the eyes. Once the writer saw "The Lady of the Lake" presented in colors, and the impressions made on his mind, of Roderick Dhu, James FitzJames, the dog, the lady, the lake, the shallop, are as vivid now, though it is years ago, as they were when first flashed upon the canvas. Now my mind is but a pale image of "the many" of the multitude. Hence I generalize and say the Movie is the mother of modern psychology.

This will appear an impeachment of patriotism as well as the Movie.

Patriotism means the love of the fatherland, and in the last analysis I suppose fighting for the fatherland. But the whole thing is barbaric; and the Medes and the Macedonians certainly

surpassed us in this doctrine of death; for they couldn't destroy us so fiercely and efficiently as the modern Mars can. I for one fondly hope that civilization some day will be a civil affair, not a military abomination. "Pro focis et aris" has come down the corridors of time clothed with the glittering cope of literature. In its present form it is fixed and entails nothing aggressive. The author was an artist and I suspect an ethicist, for there is no suspicion in his words of war. But alas for the interpreters! May we not live for, and love our country and our God, in peace? Are not men brothers? Where is the boasted brotherhood of man?

But the Movies maddened the multitude with the constant parade. The government wanted it; the people wanted it; the world wanted it; and they got it. I have no quarrel with what the cataract, the whirlwind, the whirlpool want. I stand on the banks and am wrapt in wonder at the amazing psychic and physical phenomena that pace in cosmic parade before my eyes.

What ever merit the propaganda may possess, we are in any case convinced of the unparalleled power of the Movie's presentation.

Force is the ultimate element of the universe. So says science now. Energy is the essence of the atom and the dullest clod has incalculable owners of explosion. This the dictum at least of Lodge of Spiritistic fame. Electricity is the element of the Movie. The photography and the mechanism play their respective parts. but would be powerless to present or paint their pictures without this subtle searching fluid. The genius of man has always been employed in harnessing the forces of nature, and now steam, electricity, magnetism, water, fire, air, oil, are driven with a curbing if not a careless rein; they are one and all the steady steeds of man; he has caught them, broke them, controlled them till now they are the servants and the slaves of his comfort, his luxury, and his ease.

Self-control is the paramount cause of character and the control of persons and things contribute not a little to its culture and creation. The Movie is now so universal, so present, so

picturesque, that in the interest of character it must be controlled.

Before going into the amenities and moralities of this invention, it will be pardonable and proper to scrutinize for a moment its genesis and development. Franklin's name is indissolubly associated with the domestication of electricity. He it was who sent up the kite and brought down Jove. He proved that the bonfires of heaven were lighted and heated with the same elements that are known on earth. The Russians took it up and one at least was killed flying this fiery kite. Plain photography is old, but colored photography we recently received from the French. The combining of the two is of recent occurrence and probably is known by all. The universal vogue is one of the fairy feats of modern science, but not the only one; telephony, wireless telegraphy, phonography, aeronautics, automobiling, are all on fours with the printing press and the steam engine, the pioneer of modern progress.

Labour rioted and revolted against advancing invention a few decades ago because it displaced so many, and disordered so much the industrial world. But they had to adjust themselves to necessity: find new occupations, or ride the whirlwind that had taken their places in the same old factory. Something similar happened when the automobile invaded the roads; farmers would have none of it, and Nova Scotia legislated against them, but now there are few farmers who haven't a Ford.

And here I pause. What are we going to do with the Mcvie? For it is here to stay.

It is a problem that has primarily affected the actor and actress. It was a question of business bread and butter with them. They quickly adjusted themselves. The very best of them were absorbed by the film-factories in California, and the rest of them ran to vaudeville. The Filmians and Vaudevillians are plutocrats now and have made the usual plutocratic dash for matrimonial liberty into polygamy and polyandry. The last stop-watch report left Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in the lead.

Which remark makes me consider the moralities.

The moralities and even the emenities were always placed in the capital account of Christianity. The new Theology and the new Philosophy (Pragmatism) have nothing else left. The uplifters have forgotten heaven; we hear very little now of the love of God, justification, sanctity, or prayer. Even the uplifters are strenuously moral if you don't say too much about how many women or children a man may have. Divorce is advancing in England and Canada, and soon we shall have as many children who can't find their mothers as in dear old U.S.A., where free-love seems to be a dogma and a doctrine.

This question of the family, the relation of the sexes, is a very fundamental one, if the edifice of society is to stand. Great armies didn't destroy the venerable civilization of antiquity. The obscenities swept the sands out. The city was not seated on a rock and it sank as the cities of the sea which have rotten hulls and halyards. All the great legislators looked after morality first, especially the family and marriage. Poisoning the sexes was poisoning the wells of society. Moses, Lycurgis, Colon, Zoroaster, all were careful to safeguard the unit of society and the unit of the race, as far as human wisdom can safeguard the weaklings of the world.

Legislators now as then will have to look to the hull and the halyards of the ship of society. The Movie may yet be the "multitudinous seas incarnadine" if the skippers are not sleepless on society's bridges in the storm.

The soft, if submerged, impeachment of the Movie's morals is peeking out again.

Well, then, let us face the question. Is the Movie immoral? I have a suspicion this is the very reason why I have been asked to write about it. Morality is much larger in its ambit than many imagine. The sixth, ninth and tenth commandments are only a phase of ethical science. It must be said the general charge is untrue. For instance, the Movie never presents, approves, or praises dishonesty. It never capitalizes the destruction of life; it castigates it rather. The father and the mother are always presented as objects of love and veneration. Child-

hood is kept inviolably innocent. Blasphemy and perjury are held in execration. Truth as such in testimony, and society, is kept the keystone of the arch.

I have pleaded for, and pardoned the prisoner at the bar, on many counts; but there is a charge I must yet meet: "You demean and destroy the sexes."

Let us approach the question fairly, impartially, judicially. The Novel always has the triangle; something salacious seems necessary to the modern mind. The novel is often the source of the picture-play. Every good, or rather best selling novel, has been dramatized. Of course much that is presented by the Movies has been produced on purpose for them. But whatever the source they must have the thrill. I am free to say that the accident, the race, the fire, the shipwreck, the automobile, and all that ilk, have contributed their share of shiver; but the human or inhuman touch; the Graetna green wedding, the elopement, the capture, the imprisonment, is the correct, or incorrect thing. The greatest poetic thinker since Shakespeare dug up the most gruesome Italian tragedy on record, to regale English ears; and promptly the Movie popularized it. It is this constant parade of the salicious, the shameless, the suggestive, that constitutes the condemnation of the Movie, in the mind of those who consecrate their lives to the propriety and purity of social intercourse.

In all this it is evident the Movie has sunk and superseded the novel; and has created a generation of spectators instead of readers.

The spectator problem is paramount in this discussion. People of maturity read the novel and went to the theatre. There was a sort of "Index Ex." in every family and adolescents were sent to the boo-room or bed if they were caught with the dime-novel. And for pecuniary reasons, if not for propriety, they went seldom to the theatre. That is all reversed now. Youngsters, and for that matter their elders, don't read at all now; they all go in droves to the Picture-show. Once, children had chaperons; now they chaperon their Mas and Pas; and explain the whole thing, as baseball fans

are wont to do. There's the rub—the audience. The scene, of course, is the topic of conversation; and children of tender years are initiated—are hurled into the caverns of the underworld. Their minds prematurely posted on matters that otherwise wouldn't concern them, until they were adults. In school next day their brains are distracted; they are nervous; without power of concentration. Where surveillance is not strict, like the boys with the dime-novel, they try to realize the romance they visualized the night before.

“The boy is the father of the man” is an axiomatic old saw; and surely is true. If the child forms not the habit of reading, nay, of good reading, he won't be found perusing and pondering the “Republic” or the “Utopia” in his adult evening years. We are reaping the whirlwind already. The “Khan,” who is undoubtedly one of the finest philosophers in Canada, looking down on the latest legislature of Ontario, bemoaned the complete absence of what he called the “Highbrow.” There aren't any Websters or Blakes in America now; there aren't any Burkes or Sheridans in England. It is contended that a very excellent mediocrity prevails; that the commonality can all read and write; that the average intelligence is more cultivated than it ever was. May be. Then there must be some other cause. The Movie, the automobile, the motor boat, make for dissipation and luxury. Quiet habits and simple tastes, lofty ideals, sleepless industry, are the eternal price of greatness. Life is short and if this generation is to rise to the altitude in anything of our ancestors it will not be accomplished by prodigally rioting in the far-country of the films.

To criticize and not create is a most thankless task. Ruthlessly to wreck what is and not build all anew, is vandalism straight. Can we not mend and medicate the Movie? Censorship is the remedy. Box-offices have no conscience; capitalism has no conscience; corporations have no conscience. Dividends, receipts, melons, are their object and aim. Someone else must supply the scruples. Chicago has chosen Bishop McGavieck as one of its censors; and already the pressure of propriety

is felt there. The Catholic Church stands for morality. No movable morality for her! Even the practically pagan parents of to-day recognize her severe standards of morality. Other cities would do well to imitate Chicago. Already a New York firm (Catholic) is advertising "reels" intended for parochial schools and parish halls. Soon we shall see the story of Jeremias, Aeneas, Odyssey, Our Lord, St. Paul, Daniel, Paradise Lost, Divine Comedy; in fact all the classics, sacred and secular, in what has been lately called the "neighborhood theatre," a reaction from the Movie. There is no reason why the Movie should not be used in school rooms even for such subjects as geography, geology, biology, and science. Probably this will be the residue preceptitated by the present prurient craze. The future may find the Movie to be the greatest of all educational forces.

Recompense

I never have had a look at the sea,
 I who would love it so.
 I never have watched from the surf-drenched shore
 The brave ships come and go.
 I do not know the silent tides
 Unfailingly ebb and flow.

But God, Who is wise to His children's needs,
 Gives me the wide, low plain,
 He gives me the wondrous, whispering grass,
 The kildee's sweet refrain,
 And my red-fringed pools are myriad seas
 After the last long rain.

I never have been where the mountains stand
 Majestic,—aloof,—apart,
 But nightly the infinite star-crowned heights
 Speak to my waiting heart,
 And mine are the winds that are mountain-born,
 And of seas they are a part.

—BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

The Presentation of Our Lady

BY THE REV. H. F. BLUNT.

What bring you, little maiden?

What can a child of three?

Is not His Temple laden

With wealth of all Judee?

It is not gold I'm bringing—

But needs the rich God gold?

Mayhap a maiden's singing

Can greater pleasure hold.

Why come you, maiden lowly,

Poor child of Joachim?

Is not His Temple holy

With choirs of Cherubim?

Aye, holy with the voices

Of angels minstreling;

Yet He, my Lord, rejoices

To hear the song I sing.

O little maid of Anna,

Explain the mystery—

God turns from Heaven's Hosanna,

To list a maid of three?

I know not all the story,

But this—God leaves His throne

To do a maiden glory,

And make her His alone.

Early Poets of France

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

JAMES Russell Lowell, in one of his essays, says of the ancient Troubadours, "Their poetry is purely lyric in its most narrow sense, that is, the expression of personal and momentary moods . . . Provence is a morning sky of early summer out of which innumerable larks rain a faint melody—the sweeter because rather half divined than heard too distinctly—over an earth where the dew never dries and the flowers never fade."

Charles d'Orleans, called the father of French lyric poetry, was the son of Louis d'Orleans, the grandson of Charles V., and the father of Louis XII. Captured at Agincourt, he was kept in England as a prisoner from 1415 to 1440, when he returned to France, where he died in 1465. The verses of this unlucky royal poet are mostly roundels of two rhymes. They deal with simple themes, being usually songs of love and spring, and retain the allegorical forms of the *Roman de la Rose*. The following specimen, which opens Mr. Lang's series of translations, depicts what Sir Henry Wotton called "the new liveried year."

SPRING.

The year has changed his mantle cold
 Of wind, of rain, of bitter air;
 And he goes clad in cloth of gold,
 Of laughing suns and season fair;
 No bird or beast of wood or wold
 But doth with cry or song declare
 The year lays down his mantle cold.

All founts, all rivers, seaward rolled,
 The pleasant summer livery wear,
 With silver studs or broidered vair;
 The world puts off its raiment old,
 The year lays down its mantle cold.

—Charles D'Orleans.

Following this are two English versions of quaint ballads by that somewhat disreputable genius, François Villon, 1431, the "sad, mad, glad, bad brother," whom Swinburne takes by the hand. In a note appended as explanation Mr. Lang says, "nothing is known of Villon's birth or death and only too much of his life. In his poems the ancient forms of French verse are animated with the keenest sense of personal emotion, of love, of melancholy, of mocking despair and of repentance for a life passed in taverns and prisons." There is a touch of pathetic constancy in this love-song by the most inconstant of poets. It bears date 1460.

ARBOR AMORIS.

I have a tree, a graft of Love,
 That in my heart has taken root;
 Sad are the buds and blooms thereof,
 And bitter sorrow is its fruit;
 Yet, since it was a tender shoot,
 So greatly hath its shadow spread,
 That underneath all joy is dead
 And all my pleasant days are flown,
 Nor can I slay it, nor instead
 Plant any tree save this alone.

Ah, yet, for long and long enough
 My tears were rain about its root,
 And though the fruit be harsh thereof,
 I scarcely looked for better fruit
 Than this, that carefully I put
 In garner for the bitter bread
 Whereon my weary life in fed:

Ah, better were the soil unsown
 That bears such growths; but Love instead
 Will plant no tree, but this alone.
 Ah, would that this new spring, whereof
 The leaves and flowers flush into shoot,
 I might have succour and aid of Love
 To prune these branches at the root,
 That long have borne such bitter fruit,
 And graft a new bough, comforted
 With happy blossoms white and red;
 So pleasure should for pain atone,
 Nor Love slay this tree, nor instead
 Plant any tree, but this alone.

L'Envoi.

Princess, by whom my hope is fed,
 My heart thee prays in lowlihead
 To prune the ill boughs over grown,
 Nor slay Love's tree, nor plant instead
 Another tree, save this alone.

—Francois Villon.

It seems that the poet and his wild companions, free of thought and altogether too free of speech, even for their own turbulent times, finally got cast into prison. Thence he sent forth this truly piteous plea, which has penetrated the ages with its cry, as if we, even now, stood by the door of his dungeon-keep.

BALLAD OF THE GIBBET.

An epitaph in the form of a ballad that Francois Villon wrote of himself and his company, they expecting shortly to be hanged.

Brothers and men that shall after us be,
 Let not your hearts be hard to us:
 For pitying this our misery
 Ye shall find God the more piteous.

Look on us six that are hanging thus,
 And for the flesh that so much we cherished
 How it is eaten of birds and perished,
 And ashes and dust fill our bones' place,
 Mock not at us that so feeble be,
 But pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,
 Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die;
 Ye wot no man so wise is born
 That keeps his wisdom constantly.
 Be ye then merciful, and cry
 To Mary's Son that is piteous,
 That His mercy take no stain from us
 Saving us out of the fiery place.
 We are but dead, let no soul deny
 To pray God succour us of His grace.

The rain out of heaven has washed us clean,
 The sun has scorched us black and bare
 Ravens and rooks have pecked at our eyne
 And feathered their nests with our beards and hair,
 Round are tossed, and here and there,
 This way and that, at the wild wind's will,
 Never a moment my body is still;
 Birds they are busy about my face.
 Live not as we, nor fare as we fare;
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

L'Envoi.

Prince Jesus, Master of all, to Thee
 We pray Hell gain no mastery,
 That we come never anear that place;
 And ye men, make no mockery,
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

The end of it was that this poetic malefactor escaped the gibbet only to laugh and go on with his audacious deeds. He

was constantly in trouble with the authorities, and his youthful training at the University of Paris did not avail to shield him. Yet out of these thistles he contrived to get pink blossoms. He found poetry everywhere—poetry of such simplicity and natural pathos that we think in reading it, despite ourselves, of William Shakespeare. His ballade of a charnel-house reminds us of the grave-digger's scene in Hamlet, and his refrain

“Où sont les neiges d'antan?”

has won its place as one of the most pathetic lines in literature.

His indomitable spirit is still a power in the world of letters; and the best men in London to-day, fascinated by his free swing and mad-cap vivacity, are studying his Ballades, going back to him for that saucy but indomitable freshness of thought, so hard to find in these jaded days. For his ballades are like the winds of heaven, now bold, now sorrowful, always blowing where they list.

It may be worth while to note, in passing, the curious and extremely complex structure of these Ballades, which the old French poets write with such ease. In 1877, Mr. Austin Dobson brought out in London a very successful volume of set verse, entitled “Proverbs in Porcelain;” and, more recently, two more have appeared, Mr. Lang's “Ballades in Blue China” and Algernon Swinburne's “Century of Rondels.” In this country Clinton Scollard and Frank Demster Sherman have done some beautifully fresh work in this vein. Yet the modern writer in no case attains the full charm of the old French Balladist; perhaps for the reason that the English language is not rich in rhymes, while French and Italian are replete with them.

The Ballade makes a heavier demand on the skill of the rhymester than almost any other form of set verse. Fourteen rhyming words of one kind, with six and five respectively of two other sorts, cannot easily be compassed within the limits of the Saxon tongue. An authority on the subject, M. Lemaitre, is quoted by Mr. Lang, however, as saying this in its favour as a form of verse: “The poet who begins a Ballade does not

know very exactly what he will put into it. The rhyme and nothing but the rhyme will whisper things unexpected and charming, things he would never have thought of but for her, things with strange and remote relations to each other, all united in the disorder of a dream. Nothing, indeed, is richer in suggestions than the strict laws of these difficult pieces; they force the fancy to wander afield, hunting high and low; and while she seeks through all the world the foot that can wear Cinderella's slipper, she makes delightful discoveries by the way." This suggestiveness on the part of rhymes is well-known to all sonnet-writers, who find it of invaluable assistance. But the main peculiarity of the *Ballade* is its four or five-line refrain, or *Envoi*, which is made to point the application of all preceding thought, becoming, as it were, a resumé of the whole."

Many of the old French writers appear in this collection as sonneteers. Pierre Ronsard, born in 1524, Du Bellay, who died in 1560—date of birth unknown—and Jacques Tahureau (1527) are all finely represented. Of the first of these our author says, "Ronsard's early years gave little sign of his vocation. He was for some time a page of the court, was in the service of James V., of Scotland, and had his share of shipwrecks, battles and amorous adventures. An illness which produced total deafness made him a scholar and a poet, as in another age and country it might have made him a saint and an ascetic. With all his industry and almost religious zeal for art, he is one of the poets who make themselves, rather than are born singers . . . He is, as has been said of Le Brun, more mythological than Pindar. His constant allusion to his gray hair, an affectation which may be noticed in Shelley, is borrowed from Anacreon. Many of the sonnets in which he 'petrarquizes,' retain the faded odor of the roses he loved; and his songs have fire and melancholy and a sense as of perfume from 'a closet long to quiet vowed, with moth'd and drooping arras hung.' Ronsard's great fame declined when Malherbe came to 'bind the sweet influences of the Pleiad,' but he has been duly

honored by the newest school of French poetry." Here is one of these ancient sonnets, still exhaling its rose-fragrance.

HIS LADY'S TOMB.

As in the gardens, all through May, the rose,
 Lovely, and young, and fair apparelled,
 Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
 When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;
 Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
 The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
 Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
 The languid flower and the loose leaves unclose,—
 So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
 When earth and heaven were vocal of her praise,
 The fates have slain and her sweet soul reposes;
 And tears I bring and sighs, and on her tomb
 Pour milk and scatter buds of many a bloom,
 That dead, as living, she may be with roses.

Du Bellay was a little younger than Ronsard and is perhaps the most interesting of the Pleiad, that company of seven who attempted to reform French verse by inspiring it with the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. There is a spiritual touch in some of his verse that is never found in the thought of his confreres. He has a fine, clear conception of eternal things. The perishable roses of Ronsard are beneath this man's ideal, which scales heights of eternal purity. He has a vision of immortality, a power of laying hold upon the Divine verities which shall not pass away. The man who wrote the following sonnet did more than merely help to perfect French verse, he was uplifting French thought. Read and judge ye!

A SONNET TO HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

If this, our little life, is but a day
 In the eternal,—if the years in vain
 Toil after hours that never come again—
 If everything that hath been must decay,—

Why dreamest thou of joys that pass away
 My soul, that my sad body doth restrain?
 Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?
 Nay, *thou hast wings*, nay, seek another stay!

There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,
 And there the rest that all the world desires,
 And there is love, and peace, and gracious mirth;
 And there, in the most highest heavens shalt thou
 Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
 Thou worshippest the shadow upon earth.

Of Tahureau, 1527-1555, Mr. Lang gives this suggestive account: "The amorous poetry of Jacques Tahureau has the merit, rare in his, or in any age, of being the real expression of passion. His life burned itself away before he had exhausted the lyric effusion of his youth. 'Le plus beau gentil-homme de son siècle, et le plus dextre à toutes sortes de gentil-leses,' died at the age of twenty-eight, fulfilling the presentiment which tinges but scarcely saddens his poetry." There is something in the style of this young poet which irresistibly reminds one of Keats. The following love-sonnet, in Mr. Lang's facile translation, becomes a dainty piece of work, not without the touch of sadness to which he alludes. In the concluding lines of the octave it is very perceptible.

MOONLIGHT

The high midnight was garlanding her head
 With many a shining star in shining skies,
 And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes
 And -after sorrow—quietness was shed.
 Far in dim fields cicals jargoned
 A thin shrill clamour of complaints and cries;
 And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,
 With pallor of the sad moon overspread.
 Then came my lady to that lonely place,
 And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace

And hang upon my neck and kissed me over;
Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,
And sweeter is the shadow than the light,
Since night has made me such a happy lover.

From his own facile and graceful pen, Mr. Lang then proceeds to give us four sonnets on each of these four old balladists; also some versions from the French of Hugo and other modern authors—adding to these some original lyrics on tatiq̄ue topics—the whole forming a varied flower-garden, through which the reader roams in delight. Indeed, it would be hard to over-estimate the service Mr. Lang and his brother-poets of London are rendering to the cause of letters in our generation. In an age of hurry and slipshod work, when the ever-increasing demand of the newspaper press is stimulating over-production of all sorts—and the magazines are not behind in the race—it is pleasant to come upon these quiet cultured men, and to see what dewy meads of old poesy they are softly entering. The perfect finish of their own poems is an object-lesson. Like Sidney Lanier, they have given serious attention to the minute and curious questions which come up in the course of versification,—bearing not on words alone, but on word-sounds, and on melody, as growing out of these and their inexplicable musical relations. It is all a great Tone-Art, a second science of Harmony.

It seems to be a fact, based upon some uncomprehended law of our inmost being, that the ear loves repeated sounds. The old French poets felt this by instinct. They perceived that Nature's melodies reiterate; the souḡhing of the wind, the roll of the surf, the note of the bird,—whether as monotonous or sequences of two or more single notes—all possess this quality in common of repeated sound. So the Provencal Troubadours fell naturally, and, as it were, unawares, upon this device of a chorus or burden as a most effective stroke of song. The same rhyme, frequently re-echoed, has a fascination which the most cultured persons are conscious of, and it is this allurements which is leading Mr. Lang and others back to the old roundelay.

George Macdonald explains this with much grace: "Those old French ways of verse-making," he says, "which have been coming into fashion of late, surely they say a pretty thing more prettily for their quaint, old-fashioned liberty! The Triolet—for instance,—how deliciously impertinent it is! is it not? . . . The variety of dainty modes, wherein, by shape and sound, a very pretty something is carved out of nothing at all — their fantastic surprises—the ring of their bell-like notes returns upon themselves—their music of triangle and cymbal. In some of them, poetry seems to approach the nearest possible to bird-song; to unconscious seeming through most unconscious art—imitating the carelessness and impromptu of forms as old as the existence of birds, and as new as every fresh individual joy in each new generation, growing their own feathers and singing their own song, yet always the feathers of their kind and the song of their kind."

Some of this freshness seems to mark these little stanzas of Mr. Lang's, which appear under the sub-title, "Verses on Pictures," and seem to have been written for a sketch by G. Leslie, A.R.A.

COLINETTE.

France your country, as we know;
Room enough for guessing yet
What lips now or long ago
Kissed and named you—Colinette.
In what fields from sea to sea,
By what stream your home was set,
Loire or Seine was glad of thee,
Marne or Rhone, O Colinette?

Did you stand with 'maidens ten,
Fairer maids were never seen,'
When the young king and his men
Passed among the orchards green?

Nay, old ballads have a note
 Mournful, we would fain forget;
 No such sad old air would float
 Round your young brows, Colinette.

Say, did Ronsard sing to you,
 Shepherdess, to lull his pain?
 When the court went wandering through
 Rose pleasancess of Touraine?
 Ronsard and his famous Rose
 Long are dust the breezes fret;
 You, within the garden close
 You are blooming, Colinette.

Have I seen you proud and gay,
 With a patched and perfumed beau
 Dancing through the summer day,
 Misty summer of Watteau?
 Nay, so sweet a maid as you
 Never walked a minuet
 With the splendid courtly crew;
 Nay, forgive me, Colinette!

Not from Greuze's canvasses
 Do you cast a glance, a smile;
 You are not as one of these,
 Yours is beauty without guile.
 Round your maiden brows and hair
 Maidenhood and childhood met,
 Crown and kiss you, sweet and fair,
 New art's blossom, Colinette.

Lest, however, we should leave the reader with the false impression that Mr. Lang produces light verse only—which, indeed, is far from being the case—we would call attention to the profound beauty and almost startling originality that mark this as one of the finest poems in the volume.

ONE FLOWER.

“Up there shot a lily red
With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,
For she was strong in the land of the dead.”

When autumn suns are soft, and sea-winds moan,
And golden fruits make sweet the golden air,
In gardens where the apple blossoms were
In those old springs before I walked alone,
I pass among the pathways overgrown;
Of all the former flowers that kissed your feet
Remains a poppy, pallid from the heat,
A wild poppy that the wild winds have sown.

Alas! the rose forgets your hand of rose;
The lilies slumber in the lily bed;
'Tis only poppies in the dreamy close,
The changeless, windless garden of the dead,
You tend, with buds soft as your kiss that lies
In over happy dreams, upon mine eyes.

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish—we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it; indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.—Goethe.

• • • •

The power, whether of painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him not an ideal but a real thing. No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight, or sight of faith.—Ruskin.

The Religious Life

BY THE RT. REV. H. G. GRAHAM, D.D.

RELIGIOUS Life is simply a means to an end, the end being perfection, or union with God by charity, and the means adopted being the practice, under Vow, of the Evangelical Counsels, Voluntary Poverty, Perpetual Chastity, and Entire Obedience. Consider first the End. Perfection consists in Charity, the love of God and of our neighbour for His sake. By this as a precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy neighbour as thyself," we are all bound under pain of losing our souls; and therefore we are bound to take such means as are afforded us to enable us to fulfil it. Now there are various obstacles to the attainment of perfect Charity, and there are various means of overcoming them. The three great obstacles, which include all the rest, are those summarised by St. John (I. Ep. ii. 16) as "The concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world"; in other words, sensuality, avarice, and pride. This is the three-fold root of practically all sins—love of sensual pleasures, inordinate desire of riches, and over-estem of oneself. Now to overcome these, there are means open to all and necessary for all—such as prayer, the Sacraments, mortification, good works, and the like. But there are additional means, neither commanded to all nor possible for all, but recommended to such as can adopt them—and these are the Evangelical Counsels. Counsels they are named as distinguished from commands, and Evangelical, because set forth in the Gospels or Evangels, and not in the Old Law. Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience are the best and most effective means of overcoming obstacles to the love of God: and why? Because they are directly contrary to these obstacles, they cut at the root of them, and tend to destroy them altogether. And the persons who follow the Counsels in the fullest and most perfect form are men and women professed in the Religious State.

Of course, it is not impossible, nor by any means unknown, for people living in the world to follow the Counsels, of one or other of them, and even to do so by vow to some spiritual superior or director; and we are all bound to follow out at least the spirit of the Counsels. But Religious do more than all that: they take a vow to practise the Counsels, which means that they have entered into an engagement with Almighty God by a deliberate promise to do so under pain of sin; and they do it, moreover, not as separate and private individuals, but united in a religious society in a stable form of life approved by the Church wherein they fix themselves permanently in order to tend to perfection by the means of these very vows. They therefore have taken the surest and easiest and quickest means of arriving at the perfection of Charity, because they have detached and disengaged themselves from the main hindrances in the way of it. They have utterly renounced the three great objects of human concupiscence, and have declared war against them, so long as they live. Cut off and separated in will and in desire from the world and the things that are in the world, they enjoy a glorious freedom from its enslaving attachments, and are at liberty to devote themselves generously and unreservedly to the service of God and their neighbour.

Take the "concupiscence of the eyes" for example—avarice, excessive love of money and property, inordinate desire of acquiring and possessing them; who does not know how this ensnares the heart and soul of men, occupies all their thoughts and affections, distracts them from the service of God, and keeps them grovelling amidst the treasures upon earth? What does a Religious do? He cuts off the evil at the source by taking once and for all a Vow of Poverty, stripping himself of earthly possessions that he may apply himself without solicitude to the treasures of Heaven. Again, "the concupiscence of the flesh": how great and widespread are the evils arising from sensual delights, and even from the indulging of inclinations which are not forbidden, not excluding married life itself! How does the Religious counteract that danger? By taking a vow to practise the counsel of Perpetual Chastity,

whereby he not only obliges himself by vow to avoid every exterior and interior act forbidden by the sixth and ninth commandments (which all are obliged to do even without a vow), but also renounces marriage and lives in virginity, in order to give himself and his affections undividedly to Almighty God. Once more, think of that giant evil, Pride, the enemy of humility and truth; that inordinate love of oneself and one's own will and ideas which brings in its train vanity, ambition, self-seeking, hypocrisy, and a hundred other evils. How does the Religious meet it? He renders it powerless, he paralyses it, he strikes its very heart by the entire sacrifice to a Superior of his own will in all things embraced in his Rule. Here is Humility, for he renounces the dearest thing a man possesses, his own will and his own liberty. Here is a greater triumph than conquering armies or subduing cities, the victory over himself. Here is the perfect way of obeying the will of God, obeying the will of a Superior whom he recognizes as holding the place of God. Perfect charity cannot be attained so long as our will is not perfectly conformed to God's will. But in many cases we cannot be certain what is the will of God, and so we cannot be certain that we are doing it; and often indeed in our blindness and self-love we take a way that is opposed to God's. But a Religious makes no mistake; he is always certain that in an entire obedience to his Superior he is entirely obedient to Almighty God. He walks therefore securely in the path of perfection.

II.

From what has now been said it will be evident that the Religious Life, led by those who have sacrificed themselves and all that they have to God—the exterior goods of fortune by the Vow of Poverty, the personal goods of the body by the Vow of Chastity, and the interior goods of the soul by the Vow of Obedience—affords the securest means of arriving at the end set before us all, which is perfection. Hence the Religious State is called the state of Perfection, because it is ordained in order to the perfection of both Commandments and

Counsels, and all professed therein are perpetually obliged to tend and aspire after perfection. And so it is more perfect than the secular life—not that all individuals in convent or monastery are necessarily more perfect than all individuals living in the world, but their state of life is in itself more perfect by reason of the Vows. It is, moreover, a life modelled on the Life of Our Lord Himself, Who was the perfection of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and counselled them to such as could receive them. As a consequence, we should expect that Almighty God would reward this holy state, wherein men and women have made a holocaust of themselves to Him, with signal favours and advantages. And so He has; for in Religion, in well-known words, attributed to St. Bernard, “A man lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more speedily, walks more cautiously, rests more securely, is bedewed more frequently (with grace), dies more confidently, is purged more quickly, and is more abundantly rewarded.” If that is so, then perhaps you will say, “We should all enter convents and monasteries, and the sooner the better.” Not so; for all have not the Vocation. Many, indeed, are called, but few are chosen. “All men take not this word,” said Our Lord concerning Virginity, “but they to whom it is given. He that can take, let him take it.” We must all obey our Lord when He says, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments,” but many, like the rich young man, must go away sad when He says, “If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor” (St. Matt. xix.).

III.

We cannot here enter into a description of the manner of life in Religion; we have only said so much as may enable you to appreciate the motive that draws souls into it, and the end ever to be kept in view. There must be not a few devout and fervent Catholic men and women who have at some time had thoughts of entering Religion and felt a certain longing for it, but through humility and self-distrust have never ventured upon it, in case perhaps they should prove unworthy of it or

unable for it. But they should not fear or hesitate overmuch. Certainly a generous sacrifice is required; but granting that they show the ordinary signs of a Vocation, and are free from the canonical impediments and other obstacles that might stand in the way, then their Vocation will be well tried and tested before any Vows, and especially before the final and perpetual Vows are taken. During the period of the Postulate, which is the first stage after entering within the portals of a Religious House, and the Novitiate, their Superiors will have been able to judge whether they are fitted or not for admission to the Vows of Religion. And further still, in every Religious Order without a special Indult, and in every Religious Congregation with perpetual Vows, they must first take simple Vows for at least three years before binding themselves irrevocably to God with perpetual Vows; so that there is very little chance of any mistake. When Almighty God seems to be calling you to Religious Life, and has made the way open for you, then theologians, following the angelical Doctor St. Thomas, teach that less deliberation is required to decide that you should embrace it than to decide into what particular community you will seek admission. And we need scarcely remind parents and guardians of the wrong they would commit in resisting the will of God by trying to prevent young persons giving themselves to Him when all signs point clearly to His calling them.

IV.

There are, of course, in the Religious State, trials and difficulties peculiar to a life led in common and under obedience by those who are obliged to strive after perfection by the observance of the Vows. Those who try to serve our Lord best will always have a large share in carrying the Cross after Him, as He said to His disciples. Yet many who picture to themselves in imagination, the trials of a Religious Life actually encounter greater ones by remaining in the world. Not to speak of those people who seem to have nothing to do, and waste their time in idleness and vanity, and frivol away their life in an

aimless and pointless existence, think of the temptations and dangers in ordinary life, the numerous sins followed by remorse of conscience, the disappointments and heartbreaks, the spites and jealousies, enmities and feuds, the endless trouble of family and household, the anxiety about money and property and business and providing for the children, with little time left for spiritual things such as Mass and Prayer and the Sacraments. All that considered, how unhappy and difficult is the life of many persons living in the world, both married and unmarried. Sanctify themselves, of course, they can, but it is very hard. In a convent, on the other hand, whatever trials there may be, they are all undertaken from a directly supernatural motive and united closely with the sufferings of Our Lord. And there is solid, serious, definite work for God, no time wasted, every hour occupied; each has her appointed work, which she knows how to perform most effectively, with well-directed energy. "The state of virgins consecrated to Jesus Christ and who are entirely devoted to His divine love," says St. Alphonsus, "is of all states the most happy and sublime. They are free from the dangers to which married persons are necessarily exposed. Their affections are not fixed on their families, nor on men of the world, nor on goods of the earth, nor on the dress and vanities of women. They are not troubled with the cares of a house, a family, and a husband; their sole concern, the only desire of their hearts, is to please Jesus Christ, to whom they have dedicated their souls and bodies and all their affections. They are unshackled by worldly ties, by subjection to friends or relatives, and are far removed from the noise and tumult of the world. Hence they have more time and better opportunities for prayer, spiritual reading, and frequent Communion. Their minds are more free to think on the affairs of their soul, and to practise recollection and union with God." And so, sheltered from the vice and corruption of the world, dwelling under the same roof as their Divine Master in the Blessed Sacrament, strengthened and consoled by the sympathetic charity of their Sisters in Religion, they possess a peace of conscience, a purity of soul, and a

gladness of heart, to which too many in the world are utter strangers. Many young women would have far happier lives, and would make far surer of their salvation in a convent than in the world. And those who pretend to think that life in a convent is gloomy and joyless and sad, surely forget that the Sisters and Nuns, even the most strictly enclosed, are ever the brightest and happiest of women.

V.

Now there is a great need of Religious Vocations in our days and an abundance of work for Religious men and women to do; yet it is to be deplored that Vocations among us are few. The Church is immensely helped by Religious Communities which, by reason of their stability and permanence, corporate life and discipline, to say nothing of their religious fervour, can carry on work that is practically impossible to individual priests, or to lay men and women acting separately. It is impossible, of course, to enumerate all the various kinds of work they do. Under the charge of Religious men, there is the care of parishes, missions both at home and abroad, educational and charitable work among boys in schools, colleges, and institutions. For all this, Brothers are required as well as priests. Pious young men should consider the claims of Missionary Congregations to carry the Faith to the regions beyond the seas; whilst some may have an attraction rather for the contemplative life of the Monk. Work for Religious women is vast and varied. There are the aged and infirm and poor to be provided for, and the feeble in mind or body; the sick to be visited and nursed; the sinners to be brought back to their Religion; the ignorant to be instructed; boys and girls to be taught and trained; Church organizations to be managed, the faithful and the unfaithful to be attended to in all their various wants and necessities both temporal and spiritual. Lastly, there is the no less necessary work of those heroic women devoted to perpetual adoration, prayer, and contemplation in the silent solitude of the enclosure, who plead day and night for a

blind and sinful world, and help by their prayers to bring to good success the efforts of those who are fighting the battles of the Lord without. Look at the Catholic Directory and you will see what numbers of persons are required to do all this, even in our little country. And who can do it so well as Religious, whose influence is so great on account of their pure love of God, their Christlike love of their neighbour, their noble and self-sacrificing life, and whose very Habit inspires reverence and affection?

VI.

You will say, perhaps, "I do not know whether I have a Divine Vocation to the Religious State or not." Well, that is a question that can only be decided after consultation with wise and prudent counsellors, especially with those who themselves have had experience of Religious Life. But this much at least we may say: if you have no love for the world and its pleasures; if you have experienced a supernatural inclination to the Religious Life, an inclination that perseveres and constantly returns; if you desire to embrace it from a good and holy motive, and consider that there is no barrier of domestic or other circumstances blocking the way—then there is good reason for seeking advice on the subject in case you may be missing the call of God. It is for your adviser to counsel you to go forward or not; and it remains with the Religious Superiors to whom you present yourself to judge whether you possess those interior and exterior qualities and aptitude which are necessary for sustaining, with Divine help, the yoke of Religious Life. It will mean a sacrifice for you; it will mean a sacrifice for your loved ones to part with you, and natural love is strong, and often wilful. But the sacrifice is small compared to the reward; and after all, each of us belongs to God Who created us, and when He makes plain the state of Life He wishes us to serve Him in, who will dare to resist Him? Happy the Catholic parents that give a child to God's exclusive service—a son or daughter who will love them more

than ever in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and will daily remember them before the altar when others have forgotten them. There is no loss here, but gain; for "every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting."

There is one suggestion that remains, and it is an important one. We have mentioned teaching Orders and Congregations. Those of our young people who feel that they have no Vocation for any such, and yet feel attracted to the work of teaching, should know that there is a great dearth of Catholic teachers at present. More are required on account of the increasing number of Catholic children, necessitating more school accommodation and consequently a greater number of classes. Our teaching staffs must be kept up to the requirements of the Education Authority, and it will be a serious matter if we are driven to permit non-Catholics to teach in our schools. We appeal, therefore, with all confidence to our young people to give the claims of this career a favourable consideration. It is a high and noble career—indeed, a Vocation as well, though not a Religious Vocation—the education of the rising generation of Catholic children, and the forming of their character on the principles of our holy Faith.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our readers no doubt will recall with pleasure the interesting articles which have appeared in former issues of the "Lilies" from the pen of Rt. Rev. Henry Gray Graham, D.D. We are delighted at being able to enrich our magazine with another contribution of this scholarly prelate. We are deeply indebted to Bishop Graham for his kindness and we pray that his earnest appeal to Catholic parents to encourage vocations to the Religious Life may sink deep into the hearts of all who have hitherto been negligent in this regard.





SA. TERESA.

Canticle of St. Teresa After Communion

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. FATHER CASWALL.

TEXT.

I live, but from myself am far away;
And hope to reach a life so high,
That I'm forever dying because I do not die!

GLOSS.

This union of divinest love,
By which I live a life above,
Setting my heart at liberty,
My God to me enchains;
But then to see His Majesty
In such a base captivity!
It so my spirit pains,
That evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

Oh! what a bitter life is this,
Deprived of God its only bliss!
And what though love delicious be,
Not so is hope deferr'd.
Ah! then, dear Lord! in charity,
This iron weight of misery
From my poor soul ungird;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

This only gives me life and strength,
 To know that die I must at length;
 For hope insures me bliss divine,
 Through death, and death alone.
 O Death! for thee, for thee I pine!
 Sweet-Death! of life the origin!
 Ah, wing thee hither soon;
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

The life above, the life on high,
 Alone is life in verity;
 Nor can we life at all enjoy,
 Till this poor life is o'er;
 Then, O sweet Death! no longer fly
 From me, who, ere my time to die,
 Am dying evermore;
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my Saviour dear!
 I call not life this living here;
 But a long dying agony,
 The sharpest I have known;
 And I myself, myself to see
 In such a rack of misery,
 For very pity moan;
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

When in the Sacred Host I see,
 My God! thy hidden Majesty,
 And peace is soothing my sad heart—
 Then comes redoubled pain,

To think that here from Thee apart,
I cannot see Thee as Thou art,
 But gaze and gaze in vain;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

Ah, Lord! my light and living breath!
Take me, oh take me from this death!
And burst the bars that sever me
 From my true life above;
Think how I die thy face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
 O my eternal Love!
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife;
I weary of this dying life;—
This living death—this heavy chain,—
 This torment of delay,
In which her sins my soul detain:
Ah! when shall it be mine? Ah! when,
 With my last breath to say,
“No more I weep—no more I sigh;
I’m dying of desire to die?”



By An Old Irish Hill

BY REV. P. J. KIRBY.

YOU remember, dear reader, those bright mornings of rosy June when you awoke with the comforting thought that holiday time had come. How happy you were when conscience attested that the trying labours of the year had been faithfully accomplished. How earnestly you assured yourself that you deserved a holiday and how jauntingly you promised yourself that your annual rest would be a good one. Did you not, then, breathe a blessing on the institutor of what my landlady, old Mrs. Fitzgerald, used to call "the yearly vocation." Of course she meant vacation, and I perfectly understood. Still there was applicability in her term, for there is a certain call of joy in vacation time.

On a particular morning in the year 1917, I awoke with those June thoughts of yours. With more intense fervour than usual did I thank the Lord for the favours and mercies of the year. My grateful morning orisons concluded, I arose feeling endowed with an unique sense of jubilation. The crooning of a native ballad wafted across my memory like a scented zephyr. My humming was:

"An old Irish hill where the dreamy mists creep;
A cabin of love 'mid the heather to peep,
Oh gladly I'd labour and soundly I'd sleep
On an old Irish hill in the morning."

As I sat at the neat breakfast table, Mrs. Fitzgerald entered with a well-replenished tray. After a cheery "good morning," and her hearty response, "Good morning and God bless you," I did ample justice to the repast. "Grace before" was not forgotten. All thoughtlessness on that point was banished years previously by a kind though forcible hint from Mrs. Fitzgerald,

who then remarked on noticing the omission, "Glory be to God, just think of taking gifts from God's hands without a thank you Lord nor a sign of Redemption. Some of us are worse nor the pagan. We say our Good morning to our Maker too, I suppose." I never forgot those plain reproofs.

After breakfast I felt almost boisterous and lifted my little chorus, "An old Irish hill," etc. A dreamy mist gathered around the eyes of my dear old hostess, yet withal a radiant smile enlivened her face. She wiped away a glistening tear, with the corner of her apron. The smile was probably in appreciation of my youthful buoyancy. The mist and tear were evoked by sad memories reflected in the words, "'Twas a cabin of love sure enough, was ours, but what could I and the little ones do when the Lord called my good man to his long home, but leave the old happy place and live among strangers, what could we do.'" While the good soul passed through a spasm of agonized memories, it occurred to me that the helpless cry, "What could we do?" repeated by generations of Irish emigrants, was, judging by report, being developed into the more practical question, "what are we doing?"

I now draw a veil over the parting from my landlady in Manchester. Suffice it to say that I duly arrived in my Irish home after experiencing the exciting trepidations of sea and land journeying in war time. The family reception of a home-comer in Ireland is very sacred, too sacred to depict.

It was the early dawn of morn as I rambled through velvety heather to the summit of the hill behind my Irish home. Standing on this lofty throne of nature, fashioned dome-like by countless avalanches of Time and Time's elements, I felt on the verge of the unseen world. I could almost hear the ripples of the Eternal sea beating on the shores of Time. Instinctively I bowed down to adore Him Who reigns from Eternity to Eternity. His majestic glory was thinly veiled through the abysses of space around. The ever-recurring battle twixt light and darkness waged noiselessly on the Eastern horizon. Silvery shafts of sunlight, like the outriders of invading hosts, filtered westwards through the surly gloom of slow retreating

night. The valley beneath was palled by giant shadows. Spectral mists waved in the morning breeze. Disturbed by pursuing zephyrs, they rolled upwards through the vale in dense masses. Like routed hosts of war speared to earth on a forest of bayonets, they broke on the jagged crags of the mountain peaks, then melted tearfully away to swell the launching cascades that leaped by shimmering trail to greet old Mother Ocean with a rippling kiss. Lo! there is again a movement in the vale. Heavy curtains of mist that had bowed before the airy onslaught and clung to earth, seem forming into ghostly phalanxes. It is their last effort to repel the advance of opposing day. Dark shadows like frenzied spirits of revolt flit here and there among men, as if marshalling the wavering battalions of night. From southern hill and mountain-top snow-white masses approach. Nearer and nearer they come, undulating in measured rhythm. They circle around me like an eddying sea. Strange shapes evolve from out their mist and look appealingly into my eyes as if for sympathy. Are these the fallen spirit ones of Heaven? Soft light pervades their ethereal forms. Is it the shadowed brightness of their ruined natures or the gloaming of subdued pride? Are those mild tears that slowly fall, angelic tears of unavailing grief? A mantle of dread darkness like the presence of the Lowest Fallen overspreads. Fantastic forms of visage grim peer into my face. Do they leer in mockery, scorn or threat? Cold drops damp my brow and face. Are they the spirit tears of unavailing woe? The rustling heather sways. Am I being borne to realms of endless curse as hurrying with parting frown those awful shapes pass by? I raise my heart to God. The curtain of darkness rifts, then light breaks in and all is dark again, but peaceful. A mellow, golden voice rings through the gloom. It is the overthrowing challenge, "Who is like to God?" A dull moan reverberates in answer. Is it the angry groan of the prince of darkness whom light has chased away? The mantle slowly lifts and fluffy forms scurry by like fleeing stragglers from the fields of spirit war. Fresh and strong in the might of rising strength, the morning breeze sweeps past, singing in mellowed

tones now high, now low. On to their home on the Atlantic billows the misty hosts are hurled in folds and furls.

There is a bustle of sweet voices in the adjacent grove, for new, bright day is all aglow. The cadence swells into a chorused hymn of morning praise. The tree-tops nod and bow and wave their courteous salutations to the morn. What do they whisper? What is the burthen of their waking speech? Only those who humbly read the Book of Nature can know its message from the Author above.

The whistling wind is playful now, whirling in merry gusts to sport and twirl through echoing cave and cavern.

A lordly eagle aroused from slumber by the call of the effulgent morn majestically rises from his eerie crag. He is perhaps the sole survivor of the mighty-winged that ruled in undisputed sway the feathery tribes of Munster. With a bold look of conscious power he casts a searching glance around. What a depth there is in that gleaming eye which shows no fear of man's presence. With calm dignity he adjusts those feathers which repose had ruffled. There is a disdainful flap of wings and pearly dew-drops, night's silent tears are showered and sprayed around like falling gems. There is a swift, noiseless soaring through the azure blue. No swaying marks his even course towards the glowing orb of day. The eye grows tired of waiting for his pause until but a speck, motionless at Heaven's fiery gate, he looks into the burning depths of dazzling light. Is he a figure of Satan soaring in revolt to the steps of God's white throne, gleaming, unbending pride through piercing, brazen eyes and uttering in irrevocable accents those words, cold words, of crashing doom, "I will not serve?"

Is he a figure of some blessed cherub motionless before God's Throne of White; a cherub with eyes serious in depth of search into the Divine Mind and lost in immeasurable abysses of Eternal Knowledge adores in the silent awe of thought and wonder?"

Is he a symbol of Ireland's unfettered spirit soaring on the wings of offended Justice and crying out with pent-up agony of centuries, before the face of God, "How long, O Lord, how long shall we be slaves?"

Would that one could be found to describe truly the beauty of the scene which fills the eye from the summit of this Irish hill; this hill that knew but Nature's guileless moods before the angry strife of man began. Westward lay the surging ocean lolling and blinking like a lazy monster on his bed of sleep. The rolling waves unfurl on golden strands their flag of Peace. Feathery streamers of snow-white foam curl there too in sweet repose. Unbending in their towering strength like sentinels of everlasting vigil, the lofty mountains take their stand around the coast. Just arbiters are they when sea makes war on land. Unyielding in their iron strength, their dictum must be told. To every crash of roaring, ponderous wave, they hurl back the Eternal Peace "Thus far." The voice of Him who said "Be Still" must be obeyed and falling back in the impotence of baffled might the raging waters calm. To-day there is calm and like riotous children of sport the ringletted wavelets leap and toss around the silken feet of the giant arbiters. See that singing rivulet that hastens to join his playmates of the ocean! How joyfully he tosses among his little brother waves, chanting in happy strain, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Many a silvery winding and turning have been his course through scented wood and grove, through ripening fields of ambered corn in the vale below me. See the white-walled cabins of the people round about; like the incense of prayer, smoke is curling heavenwards from the chimney-tops. Those white-walled cabins, how they repose in the sheltering bosom of the hills as children nestle in the arms of fond mothers. They dot the peaceful plain. They cluster round the humble church whose spire is but the painted wooden cross that points to life above. They struggle where they may through moor and marsh, through hill and dale and up the mountain steep, those cabins of the poor. As I gaze upon them the pealing of a bell floats sweetly on the air. It fills the valley, it clambers to the mountain tops. It wanders through the glens and dales carrying to every ear its call to Sabbath worship of the Spotless Lamb. To the Lord of Glory Who dwells in the

lowly valley tenement of His mountain home, the answering echoes whisper back in accents of reverent joy, "Behold, O Lord, Thy faithful people come." In ones and twos, in groups and throngs through hill and dale across the moor and marsh from out the mountain sides and up the rugged pass, from far and near they come, the people of God, to worship Him Who died to free men's souls. The soft echoes died away as I stepped on the mountain road to join the faithful worshippers.

Silence and tremulous expectation now hung over nature. A lurid mist enveloped the land. The hush of mystery reigned deep over inanimate creatures, but it was not deeper than the brooding silence which enveloped the people. Save for a sweet Gaelic salutation now whispered with a languid smile, a kindly "God and Mary bless you," no speech reflecting the anxious thought of the many strange rumblings of awful war had rippled in from abroad. Threats of dire happenings to come troubled. Maimed and disfigured youths had wandered home from foreign battles to pine and die, or live a broken life. Hopes nearest the Irish heart that had sacrificed much, were dashed to earth and every hill-side of the land was marked for war's red reign and toll.

They passed into that little mountain church. The spirits of the little ones repressed, the old of waxen face and white locks edged with the green of age, passed in. Deep in thought, and strong in life's prime came the middle aged with shapely heads bowed low on sturdy shoulders. The graceful Irish maid with anxious, prayerful face and down-cast eyes of grey or blue, not laughing now, but tearful, went to speak to Him Who refreshes the weary spirit. The youth of thirty summers crossed that holy threshold with reverent bend of knee, his lithe frame bowed to adore. Erect he stood and trod with martial steps that aisle. No fear was in his bright, grey eye. His face was radiant in determined lines.

Like a vested patriarch of old came forth the beloved Pastor. The Mass began. A murmur of prayer ascended from the people. It was like the music of the waves rising and falling on the shore below. The Mass proceeded. The subdued murmur of devotion swelled louder.

There were ominous flashings of intermittent light through the increasing lurid gloom, as if angels were hurrying to and fro bearing upwards the beseeching messages. After the Gospel the Saggart Aroon ascended the pulpit. A few announcements were made and "Prayers for our dead, dying and infirm." The prayers swelled louder then. Next came "Prayers for the safe deliverance of our country." The prayer swelled into a rumbling like the ocean's roaring in a storm. The Pater and Ave finished, the patriarch was about to read when a strong, firm voice cried out, "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God." The litany was as veritable cascades of earnest pleadings. The old priest waited unto the end. He raised his hand for the silence which did not come. The litany over, the voice cried out through the thickening gloom, "The first Sorrowful Mystery--The Agony." The prayer of the people rose and fell like the Scriptural noise of many waters. The old priest descended from the pulpit, knelt on the Altar steps for a moment, then ascended and continued Mass. There was no need for a sermon to-day, the people had no ears to hear. Their eyes travelled through the scenes of Gethsemane, through Herod and Pilate's halls, through the bloody way of the Cross to Calvary. The lightning flashed more fitfully, faint rumblings could be heard through the people's pauses in their prayers for their beloved land. As the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery concluded there was a solemn stillness. The priest bent low in Consecration. A sea of faces loomed white through the gloom, staring intently at the Altar of God. There came a silence like the silence of Eternal Life before the Almighty Creator called creation to hubble His praises on the shores of Time and send them rippling towards Eternity. The Sacred Host was elevated. Eyes flashed reverently through the darkness, following its direction to Heaven and back to earth. Those eyes were as a sea of stars peering through the endless vaults of space. The awing stilness was intense until the little altar bell toned forth its harmony. The priest adored and eyes were lowered, then uplifted again like streams of light to see the Chalice raised that Eternal God might behold His Sacrificed Son. For a

moment it was steadied like Calvary's Cross. A lightning flash shot through the darkened church. The rays that were reflected from that chalice were like the bursting of the sun. As it was lowered and as all heads were bent, there came a crash, a loud resounding crash as if Creation had collapsed or rent in twain. Another and another came. That little house of God trembled and shivered as a living being. Then came a stillness deep as death. One could hear the breathing of the people, or was it the gentle fluttering of angel wings as they flew around with vials of pouring grace. A rumbling sound came through the vaults of space. Louder it grew as if a battle waged and God's artillery thundered mid the foe. Fainter it grew until the rumbling of the chariot wheels of God sounded as if in long pursuit of broken hosts. It died away. A torrential downpour fell like the beating hail of grace on sinful man.

As the old priest turned to say the "Ite Missa Est" a flood of light poured in; 'twas like the Resurrection Morn. He turned again to recite the "Placeat Tibi." The people knelt to receive the blessing; with sacred hand aloft the old man said: "In the omnipotent weakness of Gethsemane and Calvary Christ has freed our souls. Fear not, little flock, our Gethsemane and Calvary, for in infirmity is power made perfect. Without a Calvary there is no Resurrection. Our country's resurrection is at hand for so the Lord decreed this day."

O Lily, Lady of Loveliness,
O tender-hearted, marvelous-eyed,
Bend from Thine aureate throne and bless
The lonely people and comfortless
At Jesu-Mass and Vespertide.

—Gerald H. Crow.

The World

The world's a garden, green and gold,
Where God—the Gardener—daily strays;
His gesture makes the dawn unfold—
A bloom of rose and chrysopease.

He takes the sunlight's roving beams,
And sprinkles all the world with fire;
The seeds that breed men's noble dreams,
By which they labor and aspire.

For robe, He dons the sunset's pall,
To wear across the fields of night;
The clouds are but His mansions tall,
For His contentment and delight.

Sometimes a rainbow glimmers sweet,
To carpet soft His path awhile;
The stars are candles for His feet,
The Moon's a mirror for His smile.

—J. CORSON MILLER, in *Catholic World*.

A Fairy Tale

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH'S MOTHER.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl so very beautiful that when she went out with her nurse, people stopped to look at her, exclaiming, "What a lovely child!" Her father (who was a great artist) was never tired of painting his little daughter's face, so everyone seemed to combine to make the child as vain as she could be. One day, after sitting for her father, dressed up as "little red riding-hood," she stood before a mirror, turning herself round and round, and as she turned she said quite loud, "that's a pretty picture, and Papa says I am the prettiest girl in the world, and that is the reason they called me Lily."

"Handsome is that handsome does," said a voice at her elbow, and turning round she saw a little old lady, very small, and fragile-looking, with a kind but very ugly face. When I say ugly, I mean that all her features were very plain, but the goodness of her heart beamed all over her countenance. "You are a very vain little girl," said she, "and, after all, you have nothing to be vain of. You are pretty, it is true, but you did not make yourself, and you may grow up into a very plain woman—ugly children often grow up good-looking and pretty children often grow up very plain."

"Then you must have been a very pretty child," said Lily, looking up into her visitor's face.

The old lady (who looked like a fairy godmother) seemed vexed at Lily's pertness; her face flushed, but she said nothing for a few moments. "After all," she remarked, "beauty is nothing, for it fades away, but a lovely mind will last for ever, and make you and those around you happy. Good-bye. I shant see you again for a very long time, but I advise you to think no more of your pretty face, but cultivate a sweet disposition. In fact, take for your example your sister Rose, who

is not pretty, but she is kind and good, and everyone loves her."

Time went on, Lily became vainer, and still more vain. As she grew older she cared for nothing but the adornment of her pretty person, and she would look with great satisfaction from her own face to that of her sister, yet many people admired Rose the most, she had such a sweet, sensible countenance. When Lily was grown up, a young friend whom she had known a long time, asked her to be his wife. He had loved her always, and sometimes she seemed to care for him, but then she would change and become cold and haughty, and treat him with great contempt. Still, he was faithful, and never changed, but bore patiently with all her moods, though his parents told him that Rose would make him a much better wife, for she was loving and kind, while Lily cared for no one but her beautiful self.

"You are not rich enough," she said to him one day. "I love beautiful jewels, and all that gold will bring; your purse is only lined with silver."

"But you are a jewel, and your heart is gold," said her lover.

"Yes" (said a voice near them) "it is quite as hard."

They turned around, but could see no one, and Lily knew it was the voice of her fairy godmother. "Spiteful old thing," said she, "I thought she had given me up."

"No," said the little old lady, "I am come to give you one chance more."

"I don't want any chances," said Lily with a toss of her head. "I can manage my own affairs without anyone's assistance. Those that admire me must do so at a distance."

"Very well," said the fairy, "but remember this is your only chance; by and by if you call for me ever so much I will not come to you again. A day is coming when your heart that loves gold now, will be a golden heart, always loving and longing for love, aching, too, when you will be kept far away from the object of your love. Farewell."

It was a bright day in early autumn. The sun was shining over the mere, glinting through the drooping branches of a weeping willow that, bending down, almost touched the water. Now and then a yellow leaf fell silently as a falling tear, and floated over the smooth surface, that like a mirror reflected every object above it, but below, all was so dark that you could not see anything beneath its depths.

The wind was gently stirring the trees, whispering and sighing among the branches, and presently a sweet voice was heard singing very softly :

Drooping willow, art thou weeping?
Sadly bending o'er the mere,
Where thy lovely nymph is sleeping
Bound by dark enchantment there.

See she wakes! her blue eyes shining
Like the ethereal arch above,
Her upward glances thee entwining
In the meshes of her love.

Tenderly thou bendest o'er her,
Sighing, whispering in her ear,
Loving words like leaves fall on her,
Floating o'er the silent mere.

Still they float, not one goes under,
With the message of thy love,
Thy nymph and thou are far asunder
As the earth and heaven above.

But thy roots are creeping nearer,
Ever nearer, 'neath the mere,
Soon they'll bind the tyrant power,
Break the spell that holds her there.

Then she a lovely form taking,
When summer's sun shines o'er the mere,
From her long, dark sleep awaking,
As a fair Lily will appear.

And her pure, white petals opening
She will show a heart of gold,
And thy leafy branches bending,
Will the lovely flowers unfold.

The song ceased, the singer sighed. "That part of the song has come true," said she to herself, "I was bound by the tyrant vanity, and pride, and I drove him away for ever."

It was too true. Lily had by her vanity and changeable moods at last worn out the patience of the friend who loved her so truly. Her parents were dead, her sister Rose had married and gone away, her health gave way, and during a long illness she had time to think over the folly of her life. When she recovered she was a different girl; her brilliant beauty had faded away, but her face had a gentleness of expression that it never had before. All her friends saw and rejoiced at the change. Loving and beloved, her life was contented and happy, but she often thought of the friend whom her unkindness had driven away, to spend his best days in a foreign land.

As she finished her song, she heard steps on the walk behind her. She did not look round until a shadow fell on the grass close by, then she turned her head, to see her friend close to her, older, with lines of grey in his dark hair, but still the same. Some kind fairy had sent him word of the changes that had taken place, and now he had returned full of hope that at last he might win the heart that had become a "heart of gold," softened in the furnace of many sorrows. He was not disappointed. Lily had learned his value; they were soon united, and were happy evermore.

Soeur Marie-Aimée de Jesus

(A Page from our Chambéry Annals).

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY S.M.A.

“Mary hath chosen the better part.”

THESE words of our Lord have been accomplished in our very dear Sister Marie-Aimée de Jesus. Renouncing all human advantages, she chose this “better part” which was her consolation here below and which is now, we trust, her eternal happiness in heaven. An ardent love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, an intimate union with God—such was the life of this loving, generous soul.

She was born at Aiguebelle, Savoy, the 29th of March, 1845, and received in baptism the name of Marie-Clotilde. Her father, Joseph Curtet, was a judge at Chambéry, and her mother, Zélie-Josephine Veyrat, was the niece of our venerated Mother Marie-Félicité. Marie Clotilde was the eldest of two brothers and two sisters, of whom the youngest is a religious of the Visitation at Annecy.

Madame Curtet, who had been educated at our boarding school, confided her daughters to the Sisters of our day school. Marie Clotilde at first tried the patience of the teachers by her spirit of independence and her impetuosity of character—no one could have foreseen then what aided by a firm and generous will would work in this soul.

At the time of her First Communion, for which she was prepared by M. l'Abbe Jacquemet, then chaplain of the community, she made heroic efforts to subdue her fiery nature. Her constancy in overcoming herself and her perseverance in prayer won for her special graces. Our Lord made Himself felt in her heart by inclining her mind to piety, with the result that she made rapid progress in virtue and soon she had only one

thought, that of consecrating herself to Him forever without reserve.

All the desires of Marie-Clotilde were directed towards the house of God. Her parents not acceding to her wishes, she entered the novitiate without their consent. She was, however, obliged to yield to her father's will and return to the world until she had attained her twenty-first year. In the month of March, 1866, she courageously began her trial of the religious life. Our Lord diffused into her soul the sweet joy of His divine presence, which caused her to accept the first sacrifices of this life with great fervour. On the 2nd of July, 1866, she gladly laid aside the livery of the world and received from the hands of His Eminence, Cardinal Billiet, the humble habit of the Daughters of St. Joseph. As a mark of the predilection of our Divine Saviour for this generous soul, she received the name of Sister Marie-Aimée de Jesus. She understood what the life of sacrifice she had embraced demanded of her, and divine love enkindled in her soul a great desire to immolate herself entirely to her Divine Spouse. She regarded herself as a victim of expiation and thought only of mortifying herself by multiplying her corporal penances. Her weak health, however, prevented her from following her inclinations in this regard and notwithstanding her courage, our dear novice had to sacrifice her taste for penance to follow obedience. She sought to annihilate her own will by following that of her Superiors, and her novitiate was spent amidst the sacrifices of all kinds which her delicate health imposed upon her.

On the 16th of July, 1868, she made her first vows, and consummated her sacrifice by her solemn profession which took place on July 2, 1870. Her resolution at that time was to accept all kinds of sufferings and to sanctify them by the daily offering she would make of them to our Lord. "To render this practice easier," she wrote, "I shall repeat often these words of the Divine Master, 'Renounce yourself, take up your cross and follow me.'" This sensitive affectionate soul had need of spiritual nourishment. This was her love for the Heart of Jesus which was always the centre of her devotion. "All to

please the Heart of Jesus which was always the centre of her devotion. "All to please the Heart of Jesus! O my soul, bury thyself in the Heart of thy God." To arrive at this end, our young sister applied herself to prayer. Prayer full of love, confidence, peace, and union with Jesus, her only Beloved. In order to maintain this fervour, our dear sister aimed at self conquest and fidelity to little things. "This fidelity," she used to say, "contributes a great deal in breaking the will, and keeps the soul submissive to God at all times. I shall strive after an intimate union with our Lord in the most Blessed Sacrament. I shall often offer the Heart of Jesus to God to make up what is wanting in my heart and in my works. O my God, when shall I arrive at the purity of Thy Love. O Jesus, may your life be mine; to love, to work, to pray, to suffer."

Our young sister had been employed at our boarding school as mistress of work, her delicate health not allowing her to devote herself to teaching. She had moreover special talent for all kinds of manual work.

In 1875, the novitiate of the first year having been transferred to Bellecombette, she was appointed the first Superior there. Our Venerable Mother Marie Felicité installed her in her new employment and marked out for her the path to follow. Our Sister realized the responsibility which had been placed upon her and understood that in order to be of use to the young souls confided to her she must first of all sanctify herself more and more. She had already made generous sacrifices in overcoming the natural haughtiness of her character, but understanding that this is an enemy which never entirely dies, she waged unceasing combat against it and resolved to pardon herself nothing in this regard. Humility, mortification: these were the two resolutions of her retreat of 1875. "Each time that I have a failing in humility, I shall prostrate myself upon the ground meditating on my lowliness and my nothingness, desiring to be trampled beneath the feet of all. If I offend one of my sisters, I shall ask pardon on my knees. I shall perform regularly the mortifications and penances which

are allowed me. I shall try to interrupt an occupation which I am desirous of continuing, with the intention of mortifying myself or of devoting myself to prayer." In her employment, she aimed at being rather a mother than a superior. Thus she was loved and could diffuse good around her, by expanding hearts and leading them to make generously the first sacrifices of the religious life. Several owed to her their perseverance in their holy vocation.

God, Who was preparing her for a special mission, inspired her to work even more ardently at the work of her perfection. Each year was marked by new progress in the love of our Lord and in devotion to His Sacred Heart. "The Heart of Jesus will be my Asylum and the Source from which I shall draw strength, patience, and constancy. I feel so great a desire for penance and humiliation that I cannot discern whether it be from God or a delusion of the devil. I cannot enumerate all the ways of mortifying myself which present themselves to my mind. I resist with difficulty; I suffer in this combat between obedience and so imperious an attraction, but obedience will win; my resolution is to obey. Accept, O Lord, my desire for penance and my obedience."

Elsewhere she wrote, "Until now, while accepting suffering willingly, I have, however, rarely rendered my thanks to God for it. Hereafter, I shall do this, since I recognize in every suffering, a grace and precious favour. I find in it besides peace and even joy. I try to maintain myself in a holy indifference to the means which God wishes to use to make me reach my end. It seems to me that I should desire that these means should be the hardest and most painful to nature, because they will make me more like our Lord."

In order to renew in her mind the spirit of fervour and not to lose sight of the one thing necessary, as she called it in Gospel language, she set aside a day each month to be "alone with God" -to look into her soul at the feet of Our Lord, and to strengthen herself in the resolution of living only for Him. But, the hour was approaching in which our dear Sister Aimée de Jesus was to leave us to bear elsewhere the flames of her

zeal. Our Sisters in Rome, who in 1876, had adopted our constitution and had formed since then a Province depending on the Mother House of Chambery, had for first Provincial our very dear Sister Marie-Xavier, nee Gannat, of Cusset. After exercising this charge for a year, she had been obliged to return to France on account of her health. We had not the consolation of seeing her recover—in the month of August of 1877, she went to receive the reward of her virtues. The Roman Province was thus without a Superior. Our Venerable Mother Marie-Felicité, on the advice of her council, chose Sister Marie-Aimée de Jesus to fill the charge, and on the 2nd of October, 1877, she accompanied her to Rome.

The new Provincial had just made her retreat and we found among her writings the following notes: "For some time God has been sustaining in me a disposition of love, submission, and abandonment to His divine Will. I see without anxiety the immense sacrifice which God demands of me and I am ready to accept everything. My nature shudders, however, at the sight of what awaits me, and besides, virtues, talents, health, all are lacking in me. But Jesus, Mary, the Cross—that is enough. For several days I have been desirous of offering a sacrifice to God. He presents it to me at this moment; I shall not refuse it; the Will of God has become mine; I live only for it and I only wish to live to accomplish it. May I, O my God, burn with love of You and be consumed for Your Glory and for the good of the souls whom You deign to confide to me. I have no other desire, O my Saviour. Grant me the grace of being faithful to you, of forgetting myself and of ever sacrificing myself. May my heart be crowned with thorns like Yours; may the blood gush forth from it and may it be filled with bitterness. Every resemblance to you is dear to me, O Well-Loved of my soul—yet, a few days, and the most cruel of all separations—my mother, my sisters—my heart is broken—I offer You this sacrifice, O Jesus, in union with Yours on the tree of the Cross. I offer it to You for the greater glory of God, and for the salvation of those I love."

Our Venerable Mother spent two months at Rome making

her visitation of the Province and installing the new Provincial. She had the consolation of presenting her to His Holiness Pope Pius IX., and of receiving his blessing and fatherly encouragement. Then at the end of November she left Rome, and it was at this moment especially that the separation was felt most keenly. But, our dear sister had learned at the side of our Venerable Mother to combat with energy the weakness of the heart and to raise her courage above the most painful circumstances. The generosity of the sacrifice drew down the divine blessing upon her works. She relied on the help of God, which never failed her, as well as on the guidance of the venerable Prelates whom the Sovereign Pontiff appointed to direct her in her works, among whom were His Eminence Cardinal Franchi, the first Protector of our Institute, who encouraged its beginners in Rome and whom death took away all too soon; His Eminence Cardinal Howard, our illustrious Protector, who was ever most benevolent towards our Congregation which he had known for many years, and in which he had never ceased to take a lively interest; Mgr. Lenti, Archbishop of Sida and Vice-gerent of Rome, who was for long Superior of our Sisters, whose schools he protected and encouraged; Mgr. Van den Branden de Reeth, Bishop of Erythria, who appreciated much our dear Provincial and who is paternally devoted to our humble Institute. Under the sweet benedictions of the Sovereign Pontiffs and of so many eminent Prelates, the new Superior betook herself courageously to her work. Her kindness, her patience, her gentle firmness won for her all hearts. She preserved on all occasions an admirable calmness and perfect evenness of temper. She received her sisters with maternal tenderness, consoled them in their sorrows, encouraged them in the practice of virtue, animated their zeal for their own perfection and for the salvation of the children confided to their care. Remembering the counsel of our Venerable Mother, she continued to be rather a mother than a Superior. She humiliated herself willingly before her sisters, waited on them, was attentive to their wants, deprived herself of her own personal belongings to bestow them on her daughters. She watched over

their health, was full of tender solicitude for the sick, to whom she rendered all kinds of services. It was from the Heart of Jesus that she drew this tender ingenious charity. Divine love which inflamed that soul urged her towards that which is most perfect. On the 28th June, 1878, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she wrote:

“For a long time it has seemed to me that the Adorable Heart of Jesus has been asking of me a complete sacrifice of myself; that I should be truly a victim of expiation, annihilation and love. He asks of me to raise myself on every occasion to the practice of that which I know to be the most perfect. Until now, I have been cowardly and unfaithful. This renouncement, this continual abnegation affrights me and I had not the courage to promise it to our Lord. To-day the Heart of Jesus has conquered, and with the permission of my confessor, I am making this promise to Him, written in my blood, and I shall renew it each First Friday of the month.” The following is the promise:

“My God, my Creator and my All, prostrate before Your Divine Majesty, I offer, give and consecrate myself entirely to the glory and love of the adorable Heart of My Jesus, whose victim, though unworthy, I wish henceforth to be—victim of love, victim of reparation; victim of annihilation—Adorable Heart of my Jesus, accept this offering in union with Yours on the tree of the cross and in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar, accept also the resolution and promise which I make at this moment of doing in all things and at all times what I know to be the most perfect. Adorable Trinity, Sacred Heart of my Jesus, well-beloved Spouse of my soul, Mary, my Mother, St. Joseph, my Father, obtain for me fidelity to these resolutions and bless them.”

This same year, 1878, she made her retreat at the Mother-House. Casting a glance over the year which had passed, she deplored her infidelities and had recourse again to the Divine mercy. “My infidelities are without number and the measure of my iniquity without measure. I cast myself at Your feet, O my God, and with my brow in the dust, humiliated and confound-

ed, I ask mercy of You. The future affrights me, Lord, what shall I do? Following the example of Jesus, I shall carry my cross. O my soul regard this cross lovingly and accept it courageously—All for love; love for Jesus, love for my sisters—Here below, to suffer, to pray, to work, to love. In Heaven, to love and rejoice. I renew my last year's resolutions: Intimate union with God by continual humble, persevering prayer: I can do nothing; but God can do all. Before each action, I shall raise my heart towards God to ask His grace, strength and wisdom. My principal penance will be "the common life" regularity. To keep to this exactly both with regard to myself and others." She kept it indeed, for, notwithstanding the extreme weakness of her health, she followed all the community exercises, and if time was wanting to accomplish all the duties of her charge, she made it up at night-time.

Those amongst us who made the journey to Rome while she was Superior, will never forget the loving welcome they received and her ingenious delicacy in procuring for them everything which would make their visits to the sacred monuments agreeable. Although the personnel of the House was very limited, and each member over-burdened in her employment, she used to find means to free a sister to act as guide in these pious pilgrimages. If the trip were long, she wished that it should be made in a carriage. As for herself, although so weak, she almost always went on foot, through a spirit of poverty. From the same motive she was never idle, one always saw her with some work in her hands.

But it is time to refer to her achievements and to see how she worked for the welfare of her province and its development. At the time of her arrival in Rome, the province was made up of four houses: Rome, Albano, Veroli and Ceprano. At the present time, it counts ten. As early as 1870, the new provincial had the joy of sheltering under the mantle of the Blessed Virgin a new establishment of her daughters: Canon Cesare Boccarera, Curé of Saint Mary Major, wishing to establish in his parish an institution directed by religious, gave up his house to our sisters that they might have there a board-

ing and day school which counts numerous pupils. The sisters have also charge of teaching catechism to the mothers of families and young girls of the parish. The same year the Marquis Ferrari, who had already requested our sisters to establish a school for girls at Ceprano, founded in the same town a hospital and a Hospice for the Old, which he confided to our sisters.

The following year, 1879, an orphanage for young boys known under the name of "Work of the little artisans of St. Joseph," was opened in Rome at the Borge Spirito, with the blessing of His Eminence Leo XIII., and under the patronage of a committee of Catholics. An appeal was made to the devotion of our Sisters to care for the sick there, and take charge of the household. Towards the end of 1879, an establishment was opened at Pisa and includes a considerable number of pupils belonging to the best families of the city. The benevolent, fatherly interest which His Grace Monsigneur Capponi, Archbishop of Pisa, takes in this work gives great hopes of its prosperity and increase. About the same time our dear Provincial opened with the concurrence of Catholic Committees, an asylum in the house of Via Maurina.

In 1885 she sent Sisters to Cessano, in the Diocese of Ferentino to take charge of a boarding school. This establishment is due to the kindness of Madame Bossi. Last year, a school was opened at Saint Julien, a little town celebrated for its mineral waters, a short distance from Pisa and in one of the most picturesque parts of Tuscany. This establishment will in time be of much importance. Finally, in the month of October, 1885, our dear Sister Aimée de Jesus opened a new boarding school in Rome, situated at Ripetta, on the banks of the Tiber. In the same place, which is very large, is a Day-School and Salle d'asile. These last two foundations have been donated by benefactors who desired to remain unknown. They are well known in Rome for their devotion to the Holy See and to Religious Communities.

One thought, however, pre-occupied the dear Provincial: the municipality of Rome was planning to straighten the streets

of the city, which would necessitate throwing down the house on the Via Maurina. A new house would have to be procured. Long and persevering efforts to find one were unsuccessful. It is very difficult to find a place suitable for a teaching establishment, and the undertaking of a new construction caused the Superior and Sisters to tremble. It was, however, necessary to resolve upon this. In March, 1886, the Institute bought a piece of ground situated on Via San Nicola de Tolentino, between old and new Rome. The situation is beautiful, the air salubrious, and the desire of the two Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII., was to see a religious Institute for the instruction of children opened in this quarter. The plan of the house was drawn up by Messrs. Busiri, and the first stone was laid on the 18th of May, 1886, by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of His Holiness and a benefactor of our Community. Our dear sister was occupied not only in procuring for her province material development, her principal care was to foster regular observance in all her houses. To attain this, she made an exact visitation of her community. It was her ardent desire to have our Holy Constitutions translated into Italian and printed. The work was begun, but God did not grant her time to see it finished.

In 1886 she had translated and printed the biographical notice of our Venerable Mother, Marie-Felicité, which we owe to the devotion of the Abbé Bouchage, Chaplain at our Mother House. She added to it the principal characteristics of her interior life, extracts from the funeral circular to our Communities. The translation is due to the kindness of Rev. Father Ermelini of the Company of Jesus. Soeur Marie Aimée enjoyed the esteem and consideration of everyone at Rome, with whom she came into relationship, ecclesiastics as well as lay people. Her health, however, continued to grow weaker. The death of our Venerable Mother was for her a severe blow. At the time of her last retreat, which she made at the Mother House, from the 1st until the 8th of September, 1885, she wrote the following aspiration, "O Jesus, You Who have made Yourself felt so deliciously in my poor soul, O my Life and my Treasure, I

wish to possess You. May I be permitted, O my only God, to sigh without ceasing for Your love. May the hour of deliverance, of perfect union with You, come quickly for me. Hasten, O Jesus, I beseech of You, Your blows and Your wounds. May Your Divine hand complete as soon as possible, its work of destruction and sanctification.' Her ardent desires were to be fulfilled before long. Fourteen months separated her from eternity

We shall allow our dear sisters of Rome to express their regrets now. "During the nine years that we had the happiness of possessing our good Mother as Provincial Superior, her life was but the constant exercise of the most solid virtues. Different circumstances have revealed to us the spirit of faith, confidence in God, generosity, charity, gentleness, abnegation which this truly great soul possessed. Notwithstanding her frail health, we saw her devote herself to all the duties of her charge with a courage which never wavered. In her, moral strength, took the place of physical strength. Obedience alone could set limits to her devotion. Her charity rendered her accessible to all. Following the example of the Apostle, our well-beloved Mother made herself all to all to gain all to Jesus Christ. How great, and kind, tender and affectionate was her heart. She had for all her daughters the love of a mother. Each one felt that she possessed a large place in her maternal heart. One never drew in vain from the treasure of her tender charity. The spirit of God, which animated her, inspired her ever with a counsel, and advice adapted to the needs of the soul, which had recourse to her. God had given her a hand at once gentle and firm to soothe the wounds of others without embittering them. Her word was persuasive because it was accompanied by example. She never exacted anything painful without having first experienced it herself. Prudence directed all her steps. Her perfect resignation to the Will of God, the unalterable peace of soul which was reflected in her countenance, gave us an idea of her spirit of abnegation, of her union with God. Those of our sisters who were most intimate with her could tell many things of all this. O my God, if we did

not know You need no one, and that creatures are but instruments in Your hands, who could console us for the loss which we have sustained.

We had in our worthy and regretted Mother a true type of religious virtue. Her spirit of poverty made her excessively careful to possess only what was strictly necessary. She was not content with the continual suffering which Providence imposed upon her, her soul was eager for voluntary mortification: instruments of penance, hair-shirts, bloody and frequent disciplines and that almost until the end. During these last years especially, God was pleased to crucify this soul which was so dear to Him. After the announcement of the expropriation of the convent which it was supposed would be executed immediately, what cares and embarrassments for our dear Mother. "How I should wish to provide a house for my daughters before I die," she said, and when after difficulties without number, she had begun a building and found herself in need of resources, she took the means which prudence suggested, placed all her confidence in God and remained calm; never did any one hear her utter a word which betrayed discouragement or uneasiness. She expressed herself on this subject thus:

"I am astonished myself at the deep peace I enjoy in the midst of so many difficulties. When I think of all our debts and financial embarrassments, I ask myself, "What shall we do? Sometimes a tear drops, but I am never discouraged. Let us have confidence in God, He will come to our aid."

We had remarked with anxiety, that for some time our good Mother was becoming weaker and weaker. A severe rheumatic fever having supervened, she was obliged to go to bed towards the end of October. After two weeks of intense suffering, the gravity of the illness increased and on the 7th of November, about ten o'clock in the morning (she received the Blessed Eucharist the evening of the same day), Extreme Unction was administered to her, after which she lost consciousness. On the 10th of November, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, she entered upon her agony, and in the evening at a quarter past nine, the soul of our well-beloved Mother winged

its flight to the Bosom of God. Her illness and death were the echo of her life. What patience in her sufferings! Her mouth uttered only prayers. "My Jesus, help me! My God have pity on me!" She obeyed the doctor and infirmarian with so much submission that one saw well that self-will no longer existed in her. Truly she lived no longer, but Jesus lived in her.



The Little Flower

"Some one must love the little flowers
That no one cares to gather—
The little nameless things half seen,
Sprinkled through the meadows green,
No less dear to God the Father,
Though they deck not halls nor bowers,
Nor garden closes—
Some one must love the little flowers."

So my lady speaks to me—
Soul of gentleness is she—
As I bring her mighty roses,
Heavy-lidded, golden, sleepy;
Orchids serpentine and creepy,
Gouts of blood on pallor painted;
Lillied cups of carven pearl,
Lovely as some scarce-budded girl,
Altar-still and strange and sainted.

As I sing their splendid praises,
Down she takes her Book of Hours,
Quaint illumined all with daisies—
"Some one must love the little flowers."

The Modernist

M McCONNELL.

U ALL me in an hour, D'Arcy. I am going to try to snatch a little sleep before going out."

Thus Paul Morgan addressed his valet.

Paul Morgan, Doctor of Philosophy, and Professor at the University of X, was writing a book on "The Power and Vastness of the Human Mind." He had put many months of work on it, and now it was nearing completion. But the work had left its imprint in the haggard lines on his face, which to-day were so noticeable that the faithful valet was moved to remonstrate.

"Begging your pardon, Sir, but you've been staying up an awful lot over that book."

"Yes, D'Arcy, I am, but it will soon be finished. There's a lot of deep thinking in that book. I have put forth many arguments which cannot but show the wonderful possibilities of the mind. My concentration exercises are all on psychic subjects, so that the student will reap a double amount of good from them. Don't forget to call me in an hour, D'Arcy."

But after dismissing his faithful servant, Paul Morgan talked aloud to himself. "Imagine discussing psychic subjects with D'Arcy. I have been simply a slave to this book of mine, but when it is in print, what talk it will cause in higher circles. The mind! The wonderful mind! So powerful in itself, and so independent of other means. Of course there is a Supreme Ruling Power somewhere—but the power of the mind, psychic laws . . . oh, how I love research! But I must stop. I have wasted fifteen minutes now and D'Arcy will be calling me in three-quarters of an hour."

So, with a last puff at his cigarette, Paul Morgan, exhausted in mind and body, gave himself up to a much-needed sleep.

In a busy little town in one of the Western States stands a church dedicated to St. Paul. Located in the heart of the

business section, it is the scene of many a little visit from tired employees who, at the end of their day's work, find time to drop in and spend a few minutes in prayer. On this particular Friday afternoon a boy of about seventeen years of age comes eagerly down the street and enters the church. With what reverence he makes his genuflection and then takes out his rosary! And how soon the eager look is replaced by one of sadness as he becomes lost in meditation! The factory whistles blow, the throng passes on, and still he kneels alone in contemplation of the Sorrowful Mysteries.

"The Agony in the Garden." The Saviour of mankind is entering Gethsemane. His heart is lonely, and His head bowed down with grief. He looks upon the sins of men in their true colours. He sees their ingratitude and coldness and exclaims, "Father, if it be possible, lift this chalice from me, but remember, Thy will, not Mine, be done."

And then the second mystery, "The Scourging at the Pillar." The hard-hearted soldiers beat our Lord with ropes and stones, tearing His Flesh until it streams with blood. Think of that beautiful virginal flesh so racked by His own creatures!

"The Crowning with Thorns." Alas, the blood-stained face! the jeers and insults from the rough horde of soldiers as they place a crown of thorns in mockery on the Divine Head!

"The Carrying of the Cross." The God-man lifts the cross upon His sacred shoulders. Three times he falls beneath its weight. As he walks along He meets His afflicted Mother. What a meeting for Mary—to see her Divine Son in such agony and not to be able to help Him! The women of Jerusalem weep for Christ, and Veronica wipes the Sacred Face.

And then the last mystery, "The Crucifixion." The barbaric executioners stretch the body of Christ upon the cross and there the Saviour of the world is left to die an ignominious death. Blood pours from His five wounds, but patiently He bears His sufferings. He is about to pay the debt for the

sins of mankind. He cries out to His Eternal Father for forgiveness for His executioners, and after three hours of agony, gives up the ghost.

Thus the young student ponders over the Sacred Passion, and in spirit communes with our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. He feels the Divine Presence, and knows that within the tabernacle of love, there dwells the self-same Lord that was crucified on Calvary.

His meditation at an end, he is about to rise from his knees when his eyes rest upon a picture placed high above the altar. 'Tis the picture of St. Paul seeing the vision which was that of his conversion. And again he reads the inscription he has seen so many times, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

"It's 7.30, Sir. Mr. Morgan, I say it's 7.30. You wanted to be called, Sir. Don't you remember your engagement? You said not to let you sleep more than an hour."

"Yes, D'Arcy, yes. I seem confused. Had I beads, D'Arcy?"

"None that I see, Sir. No doubt you've been dreaming. Or are you sick? Your face is a bit flushed, Sir—Evening dress, or just your blue suit, Sir?"

"Neither. I want you to telephone Professor Young that I am not well this evening and will be unable to keep my engagement."

"Shall I send for the doctor, Sir?"

"No, D'Arcy, this is not a physician's case. I just want to be left alone."

Paul Morgan lay on his bed in deep thought. What a strange dream he had had! Back in the little old church saying his beads just as he had done twenty years ago. And what a wonderful Meditation! His mind had seemed to recall in detail each scene of Christ's passion! Did simple, uneducated people really do this? Surely,—for he remembered his mother's teachings when he was but a boy. But this was like

concentration! In psychical research the mind can fathom out as much for itself. But isn't there as much mind training in concentrating on the different mysteries of the Rosary as on any other subject? And also in it there is the real motive—picturing to the soul the birth, death and resurrection of Christ. And the thought kept hitting him straight, baffling him at every turn—"My concentration exercises would undoubtedly train the mind, but so would any kind of concentration, and then what of all my psychic arguments? Would they not be dangerous to the mind of the youth? Might they not take him off the beaten path?" He was no longer dreaming now. He was facing stern reality. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Had he played square? Was his book true to himself? Had he never trespassed on forbidden ground? He began to realize that his years of research had almost entirely dimmed all memories of the time when as a pious boy he was so devoted to religion and his Rosary. Surely he had long been "rushing in where angels fear to tread."

Jumping out of bed, Paul Morgan paced to and fro in the room. Why had all these thoughts come to frustrate his purposes just when his book was nearly finished? He picked up his manuscript. How strange it looked, how empty seemed the words he had formerly considered so pregnant with meaning! "Oh God," he cried, "for years I have forsaken You. I set my mind against Your laws. I put forth arguments which perchance have led souls astray. But to-night I am beaten. My book of which I was so proud, is a miserable failure. Yes, the mind IS powerful, for You have created it, but it is You, my God, Who art all-powerful."

Paul Morgan, doctor of philosophy and professor of ethics at the University of X., got down on his knees and sobbed his prayers of repentance. "Oh Church of Christ, it is you who alone can take care of the souls of men. I have turned from you for a long, long time, but to-night I stretch out my arms in yearning to be taken back." And in the "encircling gloom" he found solace in Newman's beautiful words, "The night is dark, and I am far from home. Lead Thou me on."

A Canticle of St. Francis

I asked, not knowing, when I prayed,
 For love of Christ, it seemed so sweet,
 Methought in peace I should have stayed;
 Then gained on high a glorious seat.
 Alas! what agony instead!
 My heart is rent with burning heat.
 No language can impart, no words of mine explain,
 How I die of sweetest pain, how I live without a heart.

Creatures are nothing in my sight;
 My soul for its Creator yearns;
 Heaven and earth yield no delight;
 For love of Christ all else it spurns.
 Before the splendour of that Light,
 The very sun to darkness turns.
 What is the Cherub's hoard of wisdom from above?
 What is the Seraph's love to him who sees the Lord?

Let no one chide me then, if I
 Am foolish for the love of Christ.
 From such a love 'tis vain to fly;
 No heart can such a power resist,
 This Love consumes so mightily,
 Who can in such a fire exist?
 Oh, that I could impart to one who'd pity me,
 The piercing agony that rends my very heart!

The soul, thus bound by sweetest ties,
 Is yearning for her Lord's embrace!
 The more His Beauty meets her eyes,
 The more she longs on Him to gaze;
 In Christ alone her treasure lies,
 Forgetting self to seek His Face.
 She cares for nought besides, but to be His alone;
 For love of self is gone, where only Christ abides.

St. Joseph Lilies and the Nilgiris

FROM the farthest west, from the blessed land of Canada, a sweet fragrance of Lilies reaches the devoted daughters of St. Joseph to-day in this blessed corner of the Eastern British Empire. It comes from Toronto in the form of a letter from St. Joseph's Convent to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who has passed it on to us.

Perhaps in that far country, to whose people the Rocky Mountains mean what the Nilgiris are to us, a short description of our home would be interesting. The Nilgiris, or Blue Mountains, are a triangular range, renowned for its wonderful climate, the finest known between the tropics. Its hills were first explored in the year 1814, and six years afterwards the Government of Madras realized its advantages as a Sanatorium. Accordingly Ootacamund, a charming little town, was established about 7,400 feet above sea level, growing steadily until to-day it is the principal hill-station in this "Paradise of Southern India." Here are situated the summer headquarters of the Government of Madras, the permanent headquarters of the Southern Army and many of its officers, and the life-long residences of a large number of Europeans of all classes who refuse to leave this home of their preference. Other stations are Wellington, Coonor and Katarigiri. The Military Station of Wellington is the principal convalescent depôt for British troops in the Madras Command.

To these beautiful hills come every year many missionary Sisters and all sorts of ecclesiastics, to recruit in a few weeks of rest the strength they have expended so freely in their works of charity. Here they have delightful climate and scenery of unequalled beauty and variety. "From the dense magnificence of the tropical forests of the lower hills to the quiet beauty of the almost English landscape of the uplands,

it is all there, bewildering in its variety, but always charming. The interior of the plateau consists chiefly of grassy, undulating hills separated by narrow valleys, which invariably contain a stream or a swamp. Beautiful villas nestle on the densely-wooded hillsides. It is seldom that so much variety of beauty is found within so small a compass; the hills abound also in cascades and lofty peaks."

At Wellington, that well-known military garrison about eleven miles from Ostacamund, the French Fathers of the Foreign Missions have bought an estate, on which they have built for renting several cottages or villas situated at a short distance from one another. At the top of a hill is their beautiful church, standing under a cluster of pine trees; in it are nine altars, each the possessor of a beautiful statue, tokens of the French missionary spirit. A large residence is nearby—a resort for all their invalid Fathers of India—and in its vicinity are a great orchard planted with about 300 fruit trees and tea plantations which afford employment to many poor Christians who have learned to look to the missionary for help and support.

On the hillside the first villa is "Ferndale," where resides this year the new Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Peter Pisani, D.D., M.A., recently come to India, and residing at Bangalore during the year. Visiting him for a short time is His Grace, the Archbishop of Madras.

Lower down is "Nest Villa," occupied by some Italian Sisters of "Infant Mary," who have several mission houses in India.

Close by, on a little esplanade, are situated two villas; between them is a little chapel containing three altars, built for the convenience of the priests of the neighbourhood. In one cottage reside His Lordship the Bishop of Cochin, the Rev. Father Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Cochin, and His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore.

The second cottage is inhabited by some Sisters called "Daughters of Charity of Carossa," or simply "Canossiane." They take their name from their Foundress, the Venerable Mag-

daline of Canossa, descending from the great Mecktilde of Canossa, who gave shelter to Popes and Emperors in her castle. The Marchioness left her stately palace home at Verona in 1808 to take up her abode with three other ladies in the slums of the city. In course of time this small congregation grew into a religious community whose members are now dispersed far over Italy and China. In India there are only three houses, and the chief work engaged in is the education of the children of the poor. During the holidays most of the Sisters gather at their cottage in the Nilgiris to regain the health and strength so reduced by the fatigue of their work amid the tropical and enervating climate of Southern India.

On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph in 1920, this landscape seemed fairly to come to life in honour of the great Patron of the Universal Church. The little chapel was most tastefully decorated by the Sisters with the greens and flowers which grow so luxuriously on the hills around. His Grace the Archbishop of Madras, being present to officiate, it looked at first as though the only detail in which a cathedral could be envied was the absence of a statue of St. Joseph. Far from every important centre of Catholic life, it seemed that none could be procured, but finally two Sisters set out to Canoor, three miles down the hillside, in search of one. There at St. Joseph's Convent they were rewarded, but on their return home they were caught in a heavy storm of a variety known only in the tropics. They arrived drenched to the skin, but their great advocate in return for this small sacrifice, crowned their day with complete success. An arch of pine branches was erected at the entrance of the chapel, bearing an inscription in flowers, "Eviva S. José." Six Masses were celebrated, the Community one being said by His Grace the Archbishop of Madras, who also belongs to a congregation of St. Joseph. He preached on the submission of St. Joseph to the will of God, and proposed him as a model to all religious people. During his Mass there was general Communion and the Sisters' Choir sang very sweetly. The evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was also very grand, the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of

Madras and the Bishop of Cochin all being present. The very Rev. Don Umberto Kaldaway, His Excellency's Secretary, delivered a sermon on the humility and hidden life of St. Joseph, in the sweet Italian language, to the great joy of the Sisters of both Communities, who are mostly Italians and of whom the majority had never heard a sermon in their native tongue in their fatherland.

His Excellency's words testify to his enthusiasm at the devotion to St. Joseph he has found in India. "If we consider the missionary work accomplished by so many religious orders and congregations in India, we cannot help feeling the almost tangible efficacy of the intercession of the Universal Patron of the Church." And this is perfectly true. It seems impossible to find all over India a Catholic institution which is not under the special protection of St. Joseph, or whose members are not peculiarly devoted to this great Saint.

Take, for an example, Bangalore, which is esteemed the most flourishing centre of Catholic religion in India, and which owing to this prerogative, was chosen as the permanent residence in India of the Apostolic Delegate. He found there St. Joseph's College for Europeans, with about 500 pupils, of whom 235 were boarders: St. Joseph's College for natives, with about 750 pupils; both in charge of the priests of the Foreign Missions of Paris, to whom the diocese is entrusted, and who are well-known as the most zealous popularizers of the devotion to St. Joseph. Among the religious communities of the town the Sisters of St. Joseph of Tarbes with five houses in the diocese and two schools for boys and girls in Bangalore Canton; then again the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, where St. Joseph is the special protector and whose convent in Bangalore with the annexed institution may be called "the city of charity." Besides schools, training schools and a college, there are founding homes for Europeans as well as for native children, hospitals, dispensaries, refuges for European and native women, homes for soldiers' widows and orphanages for both European and native girls. Here also the "Little Sisters of the Poor" house about 130 inmates in their "Home of the Aged," which

they consider as "St. Joseph's Home," depending only upon that great saint for support in all the admirable work accomplished there.

We have mentioned but one of the innumerable lilies growing in India under the protection of St. Joseph, but, thanks to the directions given by all missionaries in charge of souls, there are many more devoted ones. But Catholics in India number only about three million. What a work is left for us then! What a field of merit for all who will contribute toward the evangelization of India with its three hundred and twenty millions of souls! The greatest obstacle to their conversion to Catholicity is generally supposed to be their religious superstition, or what is known as their different castes, but to go into this subject in detail would require another lengthy article. To-day we will be content with this simple description of our daily surroundings amid which we cultivate in India St. Joseph's Lilies just as our Sisters of St. Joseph are doing in far Toronto.



PRAYER.

Is it not sweet my soul to know
That prayer is not for those alone
Who, far removed from things of sense,
Have soared to mystic heights unknown;
But that we, too, howe'er so vile,
May converse hold with God above,
For what is Prayer, O soul of mine,
Save only this,—to tell our love?

—S. M. St. J.

Officers of St. Joseph College Alumnae Association



1920—1921



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.

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Mulqucen, Miss M. McGrath.

Alumnae Notes

Subscription to St. Joseph Lilies, including membership fee to the Alumnae—\$2.00. Kindly send renewal for 1920-21 to Miss M. Morrow, Treasurer, 49 Albany Ave.

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A very pretty wedding took place July 7th in St. Francis' Church, Toronto, when Miss Kathleen Gilmour, B.A., graduate of St. Joseph's Academy and College, became the bride of Mr. Martin Eugene O'Grady.

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On July 8th Miss Madeline Lavelle was married to Mr. Robert Parker Douglas, at St. John's, Quebec. Congratulations to these happy couples.

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The Catholic Women's League, of which Miss Gertrude Lawler is president, on June 12th entertained to luncheon in the Pompeian room of the King Edward Hotel, Miss Margaret C. Macdonald, LL.D., R.R.C., F.N.M., C.A.M.C., and matron-in-chief of the Canadian nurses overseas during the late war. The honored guest gave many interesting and amusing personal anecdotes of her experiences, and as the best qualifications to meet the problems of the day, Miss Macdonald recommended "a strong faith, patriotism, and high ideals, a balanced judgment, the power to eliminate the "ego," dignity, ardent enthusiasm, a good digestion and a sense of humor." Among the guests were His Grace, Archbishop N. McNeil, Mgr. M. Whalen, Colonel Fraser, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. Condon Keenan, Miss M. L. Hart, Miss E. McBride, Miss M. McGrath, Mrs. H. Phelan, Miss J. Gilooly, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. G. R. Griffin, Miss N. Kennedy, Mrs. W. J. Hohlstein. Miss Macdonald has since been notified that she is to be presented with a Florence Nightingale Medal—only six of which are annually given in the world,—and for which she was re-

commended by the British Red Cross. St. Joseph's extend its congratulations.

* * * * *

Sincerest sympathy to Mrs. W. H. McGuire in the loss of her dear and only sister, Mrs. John Ferguson, whose sudden death was a great shock to all her friends; to Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan, who has also been bereaved of her only sister, Miss Winnifred O'Leary, to Miss Margaret Duggan, who was suddenly called to Rochester to attend the funeral of a dear relative.

* * * * *

Our beloved honorary-president is again honored. "The Very Rev. Dean Harris, D.D., LL.D., was entertained at dinner at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club by a number of his friends, in recognition of his high literary attainments and distinction in various spheres."

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Congratulations to Right Rev. Mgr. M. Whalen on the occasion of his silver jubilee of ordination; to Rev. M. Cline on the attainment of the twenty-fifth year of his priesthood; to Miss Gertrude Lawler on her election as second Vice-President of the Federated Catholic Women's League, which held its first session in Montreal on June 18th; to Mrs. F. Anglin, as President of the Ottawa branch.

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"Impressions" by Miss P. O'Connor, North St., on a moving picture of a shopping tour in the Murray-Kay store is very cleverly done. We hope the writer may win the prize with her title of the picture.

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Complimentary to Mrs. C. A. Summers, and her neice, Miss Marion Dooling, of Syracuse, N.Y., a luncheon party was given by Mrs. Thomas McCarron, at the Lakeview Country Club.

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association with its usual exercises, was held on Sunday, June 20th. At 10 a.m. Mass was celebrated in the College chapel. Most Rev. Neil McNeil officiated. The music and singing by the Sisters' choir was magnificently rendered, in fact, the services

were full of inspiration and beauty. Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe was in the sanctuary. Misses Mary Latchford, Mary Brophy, Lilian Gough and Edna Mulqueen acted as ushers. At high noon amid expressions of enthusiasm at the pleasure of the reunion of former pupils, adjournment was made to one of the big reception rooms for luncheon, which was tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and June flowers, quite in keeping with the joyous spirit of the occasion. The ten graduates of this year were placed at a specially arranged table in the centre and were given a hearty welcome by the retiring President, Mrs. James E. Day, who has worked unceasingly for her Alma Mater.

In recognition of the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our illustrious and beloved honorary patron, Miss Eileen O'Sullivan, presented the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., with a purse of gold on behalf of the Alumnae. To Archbishop McNeil in honour of his jubilee, Miss Helen McGrath very sweetly presented His Grace with a soutane and Miss Lorraine Phelan a basket of flowers. In words of eloquence the gifts were acknowledged, and at 2 p.m. social courtesies were over. The business meeting commenced. Detailed reports were read, and the following officers were elected for 1920-21:

President—Miss M. L. Hart.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Miss I. Larkin, St. Catharines; Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. F. P. Brazil.

Treasurer—Miss M. Morrow.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. F. Riley.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Cecil Healy.

Press Secretary—Miss Mary Latchford.

Historians—Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Miss Benning.

Counselors—Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. P. O'Sullivan, Miss E. Mulqueen, Miss M. McGrath.

Mrs. Day paid a very handsome and sincere tribute to the co-

operation and support given by the Executive. She expressed her loving pride in the work accomplished and particularly on the enlargement of the library and the furnishing of the club room.

On the same day over fifteen thousand delegates representing the Holy Name Society, gathered in the College campus to listen to the sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Tracey, who took for his text "There is no other name under Heaven in which men may be saved." Benediction was given by Right Rev. M. D. Whalen, V.G. It was the largest attended rally of the Society ever held in Toronto.

* * * * *

One of our prominent Catholic ladies, in the person of Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, has received a signal honor for her patriotic work in connection with the Serbian relief work in Canada. The King of Serbia has conferred upon Mrs. Cassidy the Order of Lady of Mercy. The emblems are a gold maltese cross and a medal with an emblazoned red cross. St. Joseph's Alumnae wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Cassidy.

* * * * *

Mrs. F. J. McMullen, who is leaving Toronto to reside again in the United States, gave a most delightful farewell tea to her many friends at the Lakeview Country and Golf Club on Saturday, July 24th. Mrs. McMullen wore a most becoming summer frock and made a charming hostess. Quantities of tamarix and foliage in silver trophies decorated the club rooms. The tea-table, presided over by Mrs. Thomas McCarron, was prettily arranged with purple clematis in a gold bowl of California pottery with tall, gold candles in silver stands. Lakeview Ladies' Golf Club is very sorry to lose Mrs. McMullen as their President, and St. Joseph's College Alumnae also regret her removal from Toronto.

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With the coming of holiday-time many members tripped off to the country and summer resorts: Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and family to Bayfield, Lake Huron; Mrs. J. McBride and family to Caesarea; Miss Eileen McDonagh with a house party on

Sparrow Lake; Mrs. M. Lellis, Miss N. Kennedy, to St. Anne de Beaupre; Mrs. George Griffin to Niagara; Mrs. William Walsh to New York; Miss P. McBride, to Port Colborne; Miss M. McGrath, to Rochester, N.Y.; Miss M. Orr with a house party at Bluevale; Miss E. McBride on the Saguenay; and Miss Mary Latchford to Britannia.

* * * * *

Aug. 11th. --The Women of the Toronto Press Club were the hostesses of one of the most important social functions of their varied career when Miss Mary F. Billington, President of the Society of Woman Journalists of London, England, and the wives of the Imperial Press Association, were the guests of honor at a tea at the Sherbourne Club. The very attractive rooms looked their best,—every corner full of beautiful flowers. The tea-table was extremely pretty with Russell roses in silver vases. Miss Lucy Doyle, the president, received. Miss Billington expressed her pleasure at meeting her Canadian associates, and was most enthusiastic about the homes of Canada. "She had been particularly struck with the exterior beauty, the pretty gardens of Toronto." Some of those present were: Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh, Mrs. Manning Doherty, and Mrs. Long.

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Rev Wm. McMullen of the Cathedral in Pittsburg, Pa., a most interesting visitor in town, has promised to contribute an article to St. Joseph Lilies. Watch for it.

* * * * *

To be a successful playwright and producer at the age of fourteen is indeed a record, but when the efforts of the young author result in adding to the happiness of the poorer children of the city, it is all the more gratifying. Such success has attended the efforts of one of St. Joseph's pupils, Miss Denise Phelan, daughter of Mrs. Harry Phelan, who was able to hand the "Star Fresh Air Fund" fifty-two dollars, the proceeds of "The Witch's Curse," a little play written and produced by her with the assistance of little Naomi Phelan, Cecily Anglin, Adele Phelan, Warde Phelan, Loraine Phelan and Jack Anglin.

—LILLIAN McCARRON.

Community Notes

In Memoriam

The Late Sister M. Francis Regis Keenan.

After four days' illness of pleuro-pneumonia, Sister Mary Francis Regis entered into the home of her eternity May 26th, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, fifty-five of which were devoted in loving service to her Lord and Spouse in the sanctuary of the religious life. Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of her soul on Friday morning, May 28th, in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, in which institution the Deceased religious had laboured zealously for the past thirty-two years. The Celebrant of the Mass was Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., assisted by the Rev. P. Coyle of Holy Family Parish, and the Rev. T. Hayes, C.S.B., of St. Basil's. In the Sanctuary were the Rev. M. Christian, C.S.B., the Rev. L. Minehan, the Rev. D. Meader, C.S.B., the Rev. J. Sullivan, C.S.P. Present at the obsequies were Mrs. G. Evans, a sister, and the only surviving member of the immediate family of the deceased, Mr. G. Evans, Mrs. W. Faulkner and Mr. J. Gilmour, all of Toronto.

The greater part of Sister Regis' religious life was devoted to the interests of the orphan, many years being spent in the strenuous work of the class-room. Cordial charity and fidelity to duty characterized this generous soul to a marked degree in the accomplishment of every task assigned her. The children of the Orphanage and their friends will revere the memory of this saintly Sister who was ever eager to seek out and relieve the needs of the little ones. To her Community Sisters she bequeathes the beautiful example of the selfless life of the fervent religious, faithful to the end to regular observance even amidst the trying discomforts of failing age and physical infirmity. R.I.P.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whelan, V.G., presided at the ceremony of Religious Profession and Reception which took place Saturday, August 14th, in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel. One Sister made Final Profession, and the following young ladies received the Holy Habit: Miss McBride, Barrie, Sister St. Justin; Miss Barlow, Winnipeg, Sister Mary St. Omèr; Miss Hanrahan, Adjala. Sister Mary of the Angels; Miss Laurin, Lafontaine, Sister Mary Agnes Bernard; Miss Grant, Toronto, Sister Mary St. David; Miss Allan, Simeoe, Sister Mary St. Hubert; Miss McDonald, Winnipeg, Sister Mary St. Egbert; Miss McMaster, Long Point, N.S., Sister Mary St. Daniel; Miss Flanagan, Toronto, Sister Mary Alma; Miss O'Brien, Toronto, Sister Mary St. James; Miss McQueen, Toronto, Sister Mary St. Joan; Miss Hanley, Montreal, Sister Mary Esther; Miss Delany, Quebec, Sister Mary Dorothea; Miss Pollard, Toronto, Sister Mary Norine; Miss Mattimoe, Toronto, Sister Mary St. Albert.

The Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sullivan, Thorold, whose niece was finally professed. Rev. Father Oswald, C.P., of Scranton, Pa., who conducted the Community Annual Retreat, preached a very impressive sermon on the advantages of the Religious Life and the honour conferred on families from whom God had deigned to call a daughter to a life consecrated to His service.

Among the priests present were: The Rev. Fathers McBrady, C.S.B., Convent Chaplain; Williams, Cloran, C.S.S.R., McGrath, Kirby, Roche, C.S.B., O'Connor, O'Neill, Keeley (Kingston), Malouf, Canning, Nagle (Simeoe), Murray, C.S.B., Kelly and Flanagan.

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The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption was also marked in the Community by the Silver Jubilee of Rev. Sisters Consilia, Mary of the Rosary, Teresa Aquinas and Joachim.

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The Community offers its sincerest sympathy to the family of the late Wm. Fraser, whose death occurred Aug. 13th. The Rev. Father John Fraser, President of the China Mission Col-

lege, Almonte, and Rev. Wm. Fraser of St. Francis' Parish, Toronto, are sons of the deceased; Rev. Sister M. St. John of Our Lady of Charity Monastery, and Rev. Sister Geraldine of our Community, are daughters. R.I.P.

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The first of the Annual Retreats of the Community was conducted by Rev. Father Kenzel, C.S.S.R. This retreat was held at the Novitiate House, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, and at its close several novices took their First Vows. The other two retreats were conducted by Rev. Father Oswald, C.P., at the Mother House, St. Alban St.

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We were delighted to welcome home for the summer several of the Sisters from the Western Missions, but we were sorely loath to part with them again in September.

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A most successful garden party was given in June by the Hospital Auxiliary of St. Joseph's Hospital, Camox. The Sisters are very much indebted to the kind ladies who worked so hard to make it a success.

* * * * *

We were privileged this year to have the Holy Name Society rally on our Convent grounds, where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whalen, V.G., and a beautiful sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Treacy.

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News has reached us from England of the death of Rev. M.M. Imelda of the Benedictine Community, Princethorpe, Rugby. Mother Imelda, who was Sub-Prioress of the Community, was a relative of Sister Demetria, St. Joseph's, and it was through her kindness that the Lilies has received so many beautiful contributions from Benedictine members. May her soul rest in peace!

We are very much indebted to Miss Hoskin for a copy of her delightful book, "The Little Green Glove and Other Stories." Lovers of good stories will certainly find much to interest them in this collection. The descriptions, too, are vivid and well done. We see that the book is on sale at Blake & Son's, Toronto.

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The Community also offers its sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Fischer and family in the death of a beloved husband and father, Dr. Wm. Fischer, Waterloo. May his soul rest in peace!

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The Rev. Mother Provincial of the Sisters of the Holy Name paid us a short but very pleasant visit during the holidays.

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We were very much pleased to receive a visit from Rev. Father Brick, C.S.S.R., during his recent stay in Toronto.

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Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P., former Superior of the Paulist Fathers, Toronto, has been assigned new duties in Chicago. For the past six years Father Carey has been our Community Confessor and we regret very much to see our kind Father and friend depart.



**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.

Local Editors—The Misses Nora McGuane, Hilda Meyer, Katherine Daughan, Frantza Kormann.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Theresa St. Denis.

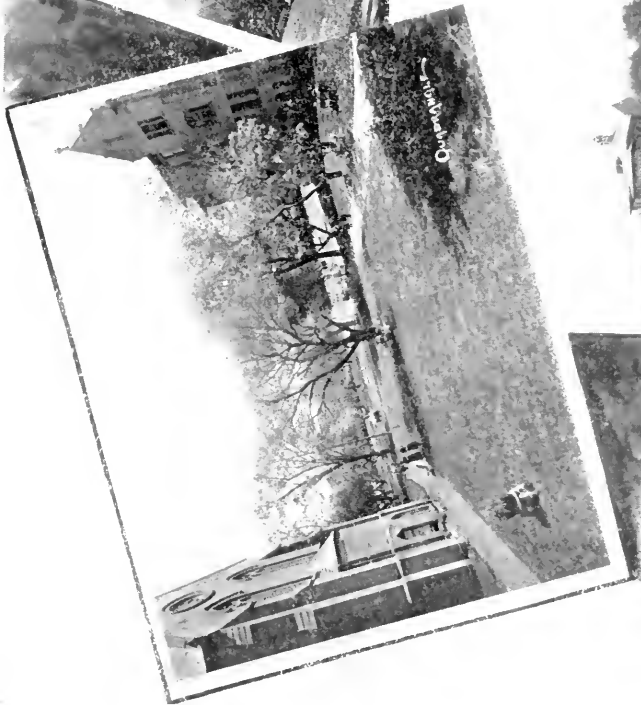
Music Editor—Miss Helen Kramer.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

Overnight, a Rose

That over night a rose could come
 I, one time did believe,
 For when the fairies live with one,
 They wilfully deceive.
 But now I know this perfect thing
 Under the frozen sod
 In cold and storm grew patiently
 Obedient to God.
 My wonder grows, since knowledge came
 Old fancies to dismiss;
 And courage comes. Was not the rose
 A winter doing this?
 Nor did it know, the weary while
 What color and perfume
 With this completed loveliness
 Lay in that earthy tomb.
 So maybe I who cannot see
 What God wills not to show,
 May, some day, bear a rose for Him
 It took my life to grow.

—CAROLINE GILTINAN.



TENNIS COURT

College Graduation

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan addressed the graduates of St. Michael's College, Toronto, on June 4th. "It is in no conventional manner," said the Doctor, "that I express my deep sense of the privilege accorded me this evening in the invitation extended to me to address here, in the presence of their teachers and friends, the graduates of St. Michael's College.

"As an old student of St. Michael's College I have for years watched the fortunes of my Alma Mater, and I rejoice with you that the good work of the Basilian Fathers and, in co-operation with them, the work of the Ladies of Loretto and the Sisters of St. Joseph is being crowned with such success.

"I understand that since the College confederated with Toronto University and began to do university work in 1907, it has graduated from its halls, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, one hundred and eleven young men and the two Academies, Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's, availing themselves of the affiliation of St. Michael's College and in co-operation with it, having during the past six years graduated forty-two young ladies with the B.A. degrees. In all, one hundred and fifty-three Catholic students have during the past few years begun their life work with the highest academic diploma obtainable, that of the degree of Bachelor of Arts from our Provincial University. This, I think, is entirely creditable to the work done at St. Michael's College and the two Catholic Academies for the higher education of Catholic women. This year twenty-four students from the three institutions have obtained their Bachelor of Arts degree.

"And now what words shall I address to you, young men, who are about to leave your Alma Mater and enter the lists of the world? Some of you, no doubt, will stand at the altar offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Others of you

will enter the noble profession of medicine. Still others, mayhap, will appear at the bar to plead for justice for your fellow men. In whatever activities you engage may I enjoin upon you that you carry with you and practice the Catholic principles instilled by your good Basilian teachers. If you, young men and women, should deviate in your life work and conduct from the path of rectitude, it will be because you have lost sight of the lessons so wisely imparted to you by your teachers.

“When the poet, Longfellow, was invited to address the graduates of his Alma Mater, Bowdoin College, fifty years after he had left its halls, he chose for the title of the poem which he read the greeting of the gladiators in the arena to Caesar before they began their mortal combat—“*Morituri Salutamus!*” “We who are about to die, salute you!”

“May not we also, who have climbed the hill of life and whose sun is waning on the other side, be permitted to address you, young men and women, in the words of the gladiators, “We who are about to die, salute you!”

“May I also be permitted to address the poet’s wise words on that occasion to you, asking of you, however, to interpret the word “bold” as courageous. Addressing the students, Longfellow said:

“Study yourselves. And most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel;
Write o’er your doors the saying wise and old,
‘Be bold, Be bold!’ and everywhere ‘Be bold!’
‘Be not too bold.’ Yet better the excess than the defect;
Better more than less. Better, like Hector, in the field
to die
Than like a perfumed Paris, turn and fly.’

“And young men and women, may I say that you will learn in after years that no tie, after that which binds you to your home with all its sacred associations, is as enduring as that which binds you to your Alma Mater. I beg, too, of the professors of St. Michael’s who are here that they may know that

we, the students of the olden days, hold its memories dear—that if we fail at times to reveal this love, it is but like the maiden who, having pledged her love to another, regards this plighting of her soul as too delicate and sacred a thing to reveal or make confession of. So our love for our Alma Mater is entirely too sacred to parade before the eyes of men.

And now what shall my words be to you, young women, about to leave your Alma Mater and take your place in the world. Your responsibility is greater than that of the young men. You remember that about the middle of the last century the poet Tennyson wrote a poem, "The Princess," in which he offered the world a solution—a poet's solution—of the woman question. You remember that the Princess Ida would found a college wherein she hoped to lift up woman's fallen divinity and place it upon a pedestal equal to that of man. In doing this the Princess Ida failed and thousands of women fail to-day because they, like the Princess, seek education apart from their womanhood.

"Be assured, young ladies, that no matter what successes you may attain; what prizes you may gain; what crowns you may win in the world, you will never win a crown more beautiful than the one you now wear—the crown of Catholic womanhood.

"We Catholics are thoroughly agreed as to what should be the character of the education of woman. It should be one that will enable her every faculty to grow and unfold its power and beauty with no detriment of her distinctive womanhood. I am old fashioned enough and up-to-date enough to believe that the true mission of woman is still, and always will continue to be, within the domestic sphere where she conserves the accumulated sum of the moral education of the race and keeps burning through the darkest night of civilization upon the sacred altar of humanity the vestal fires of Truth, Beauty and Love."

Graduates 1920—Biographies

Margaret Noonan—Packenham.

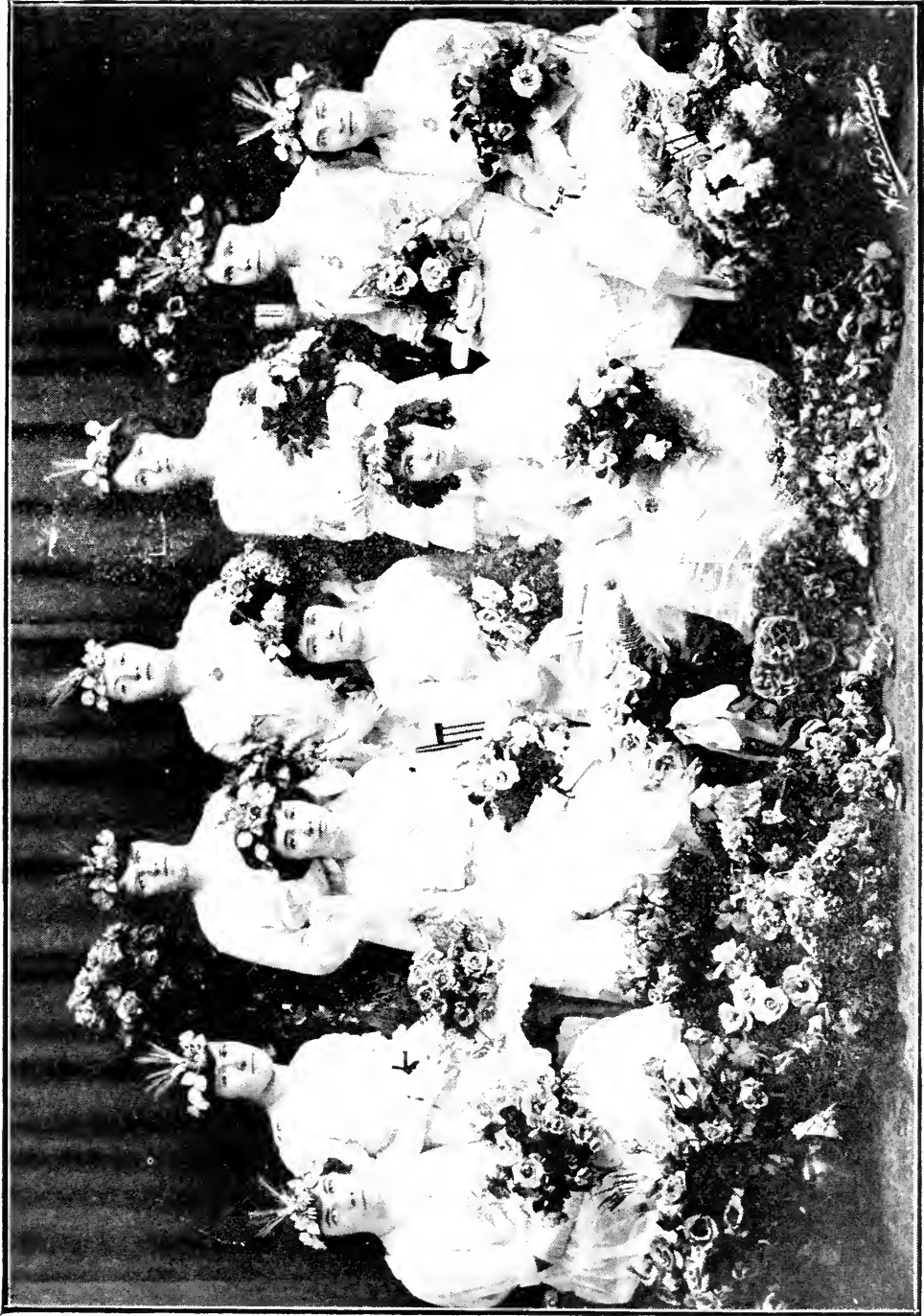
“Mother of truthfulness
Look on this creature;
Radiant with youthfulness,
Fresh from her teacher.
Forward she now must fare
Into the world of care,
Should her step falter there
Let thy hand reach her.”

From the small town of Packenham, in eastern Ontario, came Margaret, to finish her education, begun in Packenham Public Schools, at St. Joseph's, Toronto. Quiet, retiring and dependable, Margaret seeks after the worth-while things in life. During the past year she was President of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, and she was the Valedictorian of the graduating class. We wish her a bright and happy future.

Rita Morgan—Toronto.

“Her memory doth serve her well.”

Rita is best known to us by her rare gift of elocution. Besides the gold medal for elocution, she is the possessor of a gold medal for Essay-writing, while her success at Lower School, Middle School, and Matriculation Examinations, is evidence of her more solid achievements. All Rita's school-days have been passed at St. Joseph's, where her merry disposition has brightened many dull hours for her companions. If we are not mistaken, many dark places in Life's journey will be brightened for others by Rita's cheery smile and a gift of healing which is peculiar to her.



ACADEMY GRADUATES, 1920.

Dorothy Chalue—Toronto.

“Quiet of speech was she and gentle in her ways.”

Dorothy's calm years have all glided by in Toronto. She received her education at St. Peter's School, St. Joseph's High School, and finally at St. Joseph's. Her success at Lower School, Normal Entrance and Matriculation is sufficient testimony of her abilities. She has also found time to devote to music. But the stress of anxiety of preparation for examinations has never succeeded in ruffling her placid dignity or drawing out her calm reserve.

Helen Kramer—St. Jerome, P.Q.

“Honour is more to her than wealth or fame.”

Miss Kramer claims Granby, Que., as her birthplace, and there received her early training with the Presentation Sisters and later with the Sisters of St. Anne at St. Jerome. In 1918 she came to St. Joseph's, and in 1919 obtained her Normal Entrance and this year Matriculation standing. Besides her academic work, Helen has proved her efficiency in music, having obtained Intermediate Piano with honours in 1920. Both in the class-room and recreation hall Helen's bright and genial manner has won her many friends. Next year she hopes to continue her studies for a degree in arts.

Margaret Shoemaker—Toronto.

“In her eyes a thought
Grew sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn—
A mystical forewarning.”

Born in Toronto, Margaret attended St. Anne's School until she passed the Entrance Examination. In 1916 she entered the High School Classes of St. Joseph's College, in 1918 was successful at the Lower School Examination and in 1920 obtained Middle School Certificate. All during her course she has shown the quiet perseverance which ensures good results, and the gentle thoughtfulness which makes for true friendship. May success continue to crown her efforts.

Claudia Dillon—Toronto.

“The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self reliance.”

Claudia came to St. Joseph's from St. Mary's School, where she passed her early school days. Her course has been marked by steady advance, and never has she failed to achieve the result at which she aimed. Two years ago she obtained a Lower School Certificate and this year honours at the Middle School Examination. Faithfulness to little duties has been one of Claudia's marked characteristics.

Estelle O'Brien—Toronto.

“Irish wit and Irish eyes.”

Estelle has been a pupil of St. Joseph's since 1916, and has successfully completed the Normal Entrance, including Lower and Middle School, and has also full Matriculation standing. Since her first appearance at St. Joseph's, Estelle has been a general favourite with her companions and a very satisfactory pupil to her teachers. Happiness and success be ever hers!

Jane McCabe—Toronto.

“For if she will, she will, you may depend on it.”

Jane came to St. Joseph's after completing her elementary schooling at St. Helen's, Toronto. Throughout her High School Course she proved a diligent student and was much loved by all her classmates for her many sterling qualities. Wherever Jane goes we are confident that she will make lasting friends.

Verda Kehoe—Bolton.

“She indeed hath learned full well,
When to keep silence and when to speak.”

Bolton is the birthplace of Verda, and it was here she obtained her High School Entrance. In 1918 she decided to throw in her lot with the girls at St. Joseph's, and to judge by her happy, genial ways, the decision was a fortunate one. We trust that life may continue bright and sunny for Verda, in whatever paths she may choose to walk.

The Late Marie Bennett—Toronto.

“No love without depth—no depth without sorrow,
The tears of to-day are the joys of to-morrow.”

Marie's tragic death, which occurred July 23rd, has cast a gloom over the fair memories of this year's graduation day. From her baby years Marie was a pupil at St. Joseph's, so that all the teachers from the Primary to the Matriculation Classes knew and loved her. Throughout her High School Course she was most successful in her examinations, obtaining this year Normal Entrance and Junior Matriculation. Her courteous and affable ways won for her the deep affection of her school-mates while her sweet innocence and simplicity gave her a charm that is all too rare in these days of worldliness and vanity. Marie was a daily communicant, and on the very morning of her death had attended a Requiem High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, singing in the choir, received Holy Communion and paid her usual morning visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Had she known that the Shadow of Death was even then closing round her, could her preparation have been more beautiful? At the close of the last term the Matriculation Class presented the Sacred drama, "St. Agatha," and Marie was chosen for the principal role, that of St. Agatha herself. Those who were privileged to see the little play will not soon forget how admirably she took her part, and how thoroughly she entered into the spirit of the Saint's avowal of faith in Christ her Beloved. How little did she dream that in a few short weeks she would be with her favourite St. Agatha in Heaven. It would seem that God Who had watched over her baby years, and had protected her so tenderly, was loath to have the world's taint upon her and so He took her in the first unfolding of her fair girlhood, took her to be the companion of Agatha and Agnes and all the host of virgins "who follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth." Her young life had been crowned with love and affection and happiness here on earth, and now it is sweet to

think that she is enjoying the consummation of all that is good and beautiful and true, in Heaven. To her bereaved parents, sister and brothers we offer our sincerest sympathy and pray that God may comfort and console them in their sorrow.



To Marie in Heaven

Sweet, gentle child, our own Marie,
Didst thou so soon awearry grow
Of this fair earth, where gay and free
Thy guileless spirit naught did know
But what was good and beautiful?

Nay, nay dear ones, 'twas not that I
Of life's sweet ways had weary grown,
But Christ, my Love, that day came by
And called my soul—'twas e'er His own
And could not but be dutiful.

Then grieve not; in God's Home above
With childhood's Saints I loved full well,
I sing the Canticle of Love,
That virgin-lips alone may tell,
And walk with Christ, All-Beautiful.

Valedictory

Eyes that could see her on this summer day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
Then, with what feelings, think ye our hearts swell,
Who've learned to love our Alma Mater well?

Reverend Fathers, Sisters, and Dear Friends:—

The Graduating Class of St. Joseph's College Academy, nineteen hundred and twenty, bid you warm and appreciative welcome. To you, who perhaps have been present in this auditorium on other similiar occasions, these particular graduating exercises may not have any special significance, but to me and to my sister graduates this is an all-important day in our young lives. And yet, as you may well imagine, it is not for us a day of unqualified joy, for howsoever happy we may be in the honour of graduation which is now conferred upon us, there is stealing over our spirits at the same time a pensiveness, if you will, scarce sad but yet resembling those minor cadences which unexpectedly betray their presence in a melody which is meant primarily to gladden the heart.

Yes, dear Alma Mater, we are lonely at the thought of leaving thee, nor are we ashamed to own it. For the emotions that struggle in our hearts to-day are strangely akin to those we experienced a few short years ago, when as little girls our mothers first brought us to St. Joseph's. Then all our young companions were strangers to us, boarding school life with its rules and regulations was a novelty, not wholly delightful to contemplate, but most of all, our hearts yearned for home, sweet home, and its dear ones. As the years passed quickly by, our viewpoint changed, and now to-day something, aye, something is plucking at our heartstrings, telling us that we are loath to depart. Those strange companions of junior days are now our bosom friends, the regulations of boarding school life we

have come to recognize as blessed safeguards, while St. Joseph's itself has become to us a second mother, a mother within whose sheltering arms we fain would linger yet a little longer.

But like a loving and prudent mother, this sacred Alma Mater of ours has been steadily preparing us for this day of inevitable parting. Wise with the wisdom born of holiness and years, she has long since seen that to train the intellect of her children is but a paltry part of the work of education, and so with this in mind, she has ever sought to instil, along with secular knowledge, the culture and secret nobility of heart, which are the fairest adornments of a young woman. Time and again through the beautiful instructions and conferences of our revered Chaplain, through the gentle warnings and exhortations of our Mistresses and teachers, our Alma Mater has striven to impress on our minds the truth of those weighty words of Holy Scripture, "All the beauty of the King's daughter is within." Let the world and fashion dictate what it may, this we would have you know, dear friends, St. Joseph's has taught its graduates to discriminate between the true and the false, the fair and the seeming-fair, and ours alone be the blame, if we choose not according to her counsels.

Since then, dear sister graduates, we can delay no longer the hour of parting from this dear school we love so well, let us step bravely and confidently from out its portals into the busy thronging highway of life. Manifold indeed are the dangers that await us, but we are going forth well equipped for the battle of life, for our armour is the invincible teachings of our Alma Mater who has drunk deep at the Source of Knowledge, the Fountain Head of Holy Mother Church. Let us not be over eager to cast our lot with those who to-day are clamoring for women's rights, but whatsoever our calling in life may be, let us embrace it with all simplicity and sincerity of heart, knowing well that no life is a failure which is lived for God alone, and that all lives are failures, which are lived for any other end. And above all, let us ever keep before our eyes Our Immaculate Mother Mary, the model and type of true Woman-

hood and in the hour of perplexity, let us heed that warning which says,

“Raise thou thy view
Unto the visage most resembling Christ,
For in her splendour only, dost thou win
The power to look on Him.”

To-day, dear Alma Mater, we can do little more than express our sincere appreciation for the excellent training we have received, but until we can do more, we beg of thee to accept our love and gratitude. We trust that in days to come we shall prove by our conduct as true Catholic women that we fully appreciate what has been done for us, and that whenever an opportunity presents itself we will manifest that fearless, instant and untiring self-sacrifice to duty, of which the daily lives of our dear teachers have been an eloquent example.

Hail, then, dear Alma Mater, Hail and Farewell!

A SLUMBER SONG.

Hushed are the sheep bells afar on the moorland
O'er the still meadows the night breezes sweep,
Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet
Safely the children are folded in sleep.



Graduation Day at St. Joseph's

St. Joseph's handsome auditorium was filled to capacity on June 10th, when the pupils in their neat black uniforms filled the platform, making a striking background for the graduates in white, each with her little attendant "angel" who occupied seats in front. A wealth of flowers sent to the successful candidates added a riot of color to the graceful picture. The ceremony of "crowning" was performed by Right Rev. Mgr. Whelan, who placed a golden wreath on each of the ten girls about to leave their alma mater. The musical programme was unusually brilliant, the cantata, "The Lady of Shalott" (Tennyson-Bendall), being finely interpreted under the direction of Maestro Carboni, with the Misses Eileen Shannon, May Morrow and Eunice Allen as soloists. The piano solo, "Fantasia" (Schubert), was charmingly interpreted by Miss Hilda Kramer, and the duet, "Marche Heroique" (Saint-Saens), at two pianos, by Miss Monica McNeil and Yolande Didier, was played with distinction. The valedictory was sympathetically delivered by Miss Margaret Noonan.

Mgr. Whelan congratulated the school on its work and replied to the good wishes that had been presented him by Miss Rita Morgan on behalf of the institution. Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B. gave an eloquent discourse on the influence of the Home.

LIST OF HONOURS.

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior Department—Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

Graduating Medals and Diplomas—Awarded to the Misses Rita Morgan, Toronto; Marie Bennett, Toronto; Dorothy Chalue, Toronto; Helen Kramer, St. Jerome, Que.; Verda Kehoe, Bolton, Ont.; Margaret Shoemaker, Toronto; Claudia

Dillon, Toronto; Stella O'Brien, Toronto; Jane McCabe, Toronto; Margaret Noonan, Pakenham, Ont.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, for English Literature—Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

A Scholarship, the gift of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, for the student obtaining Highest Standing in Matriculation Examination, June, 1919—Awarded to Miss Eleanor Murray.

A Scholarship given by Mrs. Ambrose Small for the student obtaining Highest Standing in Normal Entrance Examination, June, 1919—Awarded to Miss Mary Moore.

THE SINE QUA NON.

BY HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN.

The world applauded his success,
And scholars praised his depth of mind;
The flaming angel at the Gate,
Said: "Mortal, has your heart been kind?"



St. Joseph College and Academy Results of the Scholastic Results for the Year 1919

—◆—

Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

- (1) Modern Languages Course—Ruth Margaret Agnew, 1st Class Honours.
- (2) General Course—Frances T. Ronan; Anna McKerrow (Economics).

Third Year.

- (1) General Course—Cleo Coghlan, Elizabeth O'Meara. Susie McCormick (Economics and Ethics).
- (2) Household Science Course—Kathleen O'Brien.

Tre Dockeray Prize of \$25.00 for English of the 4th year in the General Course—Obtained by Miss Frances T. Ronan.

Second Year.

Modern Languages—Honours: Catharine Tuffy II.; Wanda Collins III.

General Course—Kathleen O'Leary, Mary McCardle, Hilda Burke, Agnes Simpson (Econ.), Kathleen Grace (Ger. I.), Vera Gibbs (Econ., Eng.), Naomi Gibson (Geol.).

First Year.

Modern Languages—Honours: Lillian Latchford II., Ernestine Gravelle II., Laura Wilson, B.L.

General Course—Dorothy Agnew, Kathleen Halford, Evelyn Burke, Averille Kavanagh (Math.), Monita MacDonald (Math.), Eleanor Murray (Math.).

Normal Entrance.

Misses Lillian Barlow, Anna Bauer, Marie Bennett, Dorothy Chalue, Claudia Dillon (Honours), Helen Kearns, Verda Kehoe, Cecilia Keogh (Honours), Alicia Korman, Rita Morgan, Margaret Noonan, Kathleen McConnell (Honours), Marguerite McKenna (Honours), Estelle O'Brien, Margaret Shoemaker, Flora Richard (Honours), Justina Walsh, Mary McCormick (Honours).

Junior Matriculation.

Anna Bauer, Marie Bennett, Claudia Dillon, Helen Kramer, Cecilia Keogh, Helen Kearns, Kathleen McConnell, Mary McCormick, Estelle O'Brien, Margaret Shoemaker.

Partial Matriculation.

Irene Canty, Dorothy Chalue, Verda Kehoe, Alicia Korman, Jane McCabe, Rita Morgan, Margaret Noonan, Nora McGuane.

Lower School.

Misses Lucile Bennett, Anna Brochu (Arith.), Rita Coliton (Arith.), Margaret Crummey, Catherine Daughen, Teresa Elder, Marie Foley (Honours), Teresa LeGree, Teresa McDevitt, Arsenia Moreau, Alice Nobert, Rose Rice, Helen Robins, Verona Ronan, Rita Rowe (Arith.), Ellen Stubbs, Muriel Travers (Sc.), Mary White, Ida Wickett.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Intermediate Piano—Edna Carroll.

Junior Theory of Music—First Class Honours: Constance Shannon, Rita Rowe, Clare Moore. Second Class Honours: Madeleine Enright.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Intermediate Grade—Eileen Egan.

Junior Grade—Honours, May Orr; Pass, Alma Bourke, Carmel Laforest.

Primary Grade—Honours, Christine Johnston; Pass, Catherine MacDonald.

Primary School Grade—Frances Bertram, Mary Williams.

Harmony.

Junior Grade—Honours, Constance Shannon; Pass, Clara Moore.

Primary Grade—Honours, Helen Kramer, Louise O'Flaherty, Teresa McNabb, Eileen Egan, Catherine Loftus.

Rudiments—First Class Honours: Helen Kramer, Louise O'Flaherty, Eileen Egan, Prima Boyer. Honours: Angela Kehoe, Mary Orr, Yolande Didier, Carmel Laforest, Teresa McNabb. Pass: Helen Robins, Mary Travers, Blanche McIntyre, Alma Bourke.

CANADIAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Intermediate Piano—Honours: Helen Kramer.

Progressive Piano—Honours: Madeleine Enright.

Primary Piano—Honours: Verona Ronan, Frances Wiley.
Pass: Tunice Allan.

Primary Piano—Jenora Hyland.

Preparatory Piano—Honours: James Corbett.

Elementary Piano—Mary Dunn.

Intermediate Piano Harmony—Honours: Monica McNeil.

Intermediate Counterpoint—Monica McNeil.

Intermediate Form—First Class Honours: Monica McNeil.

Intermediate History—First Class Honours: Monica McNeil.

Teachers' Certificate A.C.A.M.—Monica McNeil.

Progressive Written Harmony—Honours: Edna Carroll, Margaret M. McGuire. Pass: Madeleine Enright, Mary I. Canty, Eileen Shannon.

Junior Harmony—First Class Honours: Edna Carroll, Olive Moore, Eileen Shannon. Honours: Mary Hayes, Sarah Meehan, Irene Canty, Anna Brochu, Maud McGuire. Pass: Eunice Allan, Aileen McGuane, Helen Robins, Margaret Roque.

Junior Vocal—Honours: Eunice Allan, May Morrow.

MEDALS.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Church History in Middle School—Awarded to Miss Helen Robins.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Whelan, for Highest Standing in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. Treacy, for Mathematics in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

Presented by the Very Rev. Dean Moyna, for Science in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Mary McCormick.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Kidd, for Highest Standing in Form III.—Awarded to Miss Kathleen McNally.

Presented by the Reverend M. Cline, for Highest Standing in Form II.—Awarded to Miss Ida Wickett.

Presented by the Reverend J. J. McGrand, for Highest Standing in Commercial Class—Awarded to Miss Veronica Good.

Presented by the Rev. J. A. Trayling for Typewriting—Awarded to Miss Ina Kehoe.

Presented by the Rev. L. Minehan, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class—Awarded to Miss Alice Hayes.

Presented by the Reverend T. O'Donnell, for Christian Doctrine in Lower School—Awarded to Miss Grace McGuire.

Presented to the Heintzman Company for Superiority in Music—Awarded to Miss Hilda Kramer.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. P. Emery, for Junior Piano—Awarded to Miss Clare Moore.

Presented by the Reverend W. A. McCann, for Proficiency in Theory of Music—Awarded to Miss Monica McNeil.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. S. A. Frost, for Vocal Music—Awarded to Miss May Morrow.

Medal, presented by the Reverend J. Walsh, for Art—Awarded to Miss Blanche Crowley.

Silver Thimble, for Art Needlework—Awarded to Miss Margaret Roque.

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 Mary Coughlin.

Special prize in St. Cecilia's Choir, for Fidelity and Improvement, merited by thirty members of the choir and obtained by Miss Teresa St. Denis.

Special prize for lady-like deportment in boarding school throughout the year, drawn for, and obtained by Miss Catharine Kehoe.

Special prize for Household Science, equally merited by eighteen members, and obtained by Miss Nora Foy.

Special prize for Fidelity to Music Practice, merited by fourteen members of the practice class, and obtained by Miss Marguerite Haynes.



College Notes

Just before the close of school the pupils in First Form High School, St. Michael's College, presented a very clever little Latin comedy entitled Saccus Malorum. Those in the audience marvelled both at the fluency with which the boys spoke Latin and at the splendid interpretation of the play.

* * * * *

Both pupils and Sisters wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett their sincerest sympathy in the death of their dear daughter Marie.

* * * * *

The girls of Form III., deeming it only a suitable ending to a very successful year, held a delightful picnic at Scarborough Bluffs.

* * * * *

New apparatus has been installed in the gymnasium.

* * * * *

On June 15th the graduates were entertained at a lawn tea served by the pupils of Third Year. The graduates were also the guests of the Alumnae on June 20th.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the Misses Kathleen and Margaret Grace on the ordination of their brother to the Holy Priesthood, on August 15th.

—MARY McCORMICK.

The Third Form of 1920

BY MARY COUGHLIN.

OUR class-room is both large and bright, with pictures too
is hung,

The girls, who number twenty-eight, all speak the Eng-
lish tongue.

We come from north and east and west, and from the south
a few;

Our class-room is our fleet-sailed ship and we, its merry crew.
To start at the beginning, there's Aileen, fair, and small,
Who goes to show that brains are not just found in people tall.
Dark-haired Doreen is like her, at least as far as size,
She always shines at Physics, she's a wonder in our eyes.

But the girls are not all tiny, take for instance our "young"

Kay—

Her talents are most numerous,—and she has a charming way.

Fair Helen's chosen x and y her special friends to be,

But why she likes these horrid things forever puzzles me.

Cecilia, Mary, Marian, find French an easy thing,

While Nora, Maud and Freeda too, great Shakespeare's praises
sing.

Kathleen pronounces Latin with a true "Caesaric" grace,
And never once forgets the verbs that take a dative case.

We have another Katie, who is "Ancient" in her way,

For History called by this dear name, she knows by heart,

I'll say.

Marguerite is most proficient in scientific lore,

And as the gold fish in the bowl, likes H₂SO₄.

Connie, Eileen and "Honey," three sisters fair to see,

Stand high in mathematics,—I wish I did, ah! me.
Now Clare is our musician,—e'en in her scales one finds
Such luring, haunting melodies as come upon the winds.
In such things as geometry, fair Maddie is so bright
That all her teachers praise her—she surely is "Enright."
Unbounded praise was Hilda's, she made a lasting name
When she took the role of cruel Macbeth, and played the mur-
derous thane.

With paint and brush our Margery has reached an envious
stage,

Who knows but that some day she'll be the Reynolds of our age!
Nor do we want for linguists, Lucie and Helen B.

Not only write, but speak, their French and German perfectly.

Rita, Leona, Anna, read in splendid tone of voice,

While Olive says that Latin of all subjects is her choice.

Marie is our true poet, and her work, for all we know,

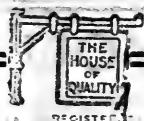
May some day take its rank with that of Browning or of Poe.

Well now, I've named them all but one, and from this you'll all
see,

Whatever talent she may have, it's not for poetry.



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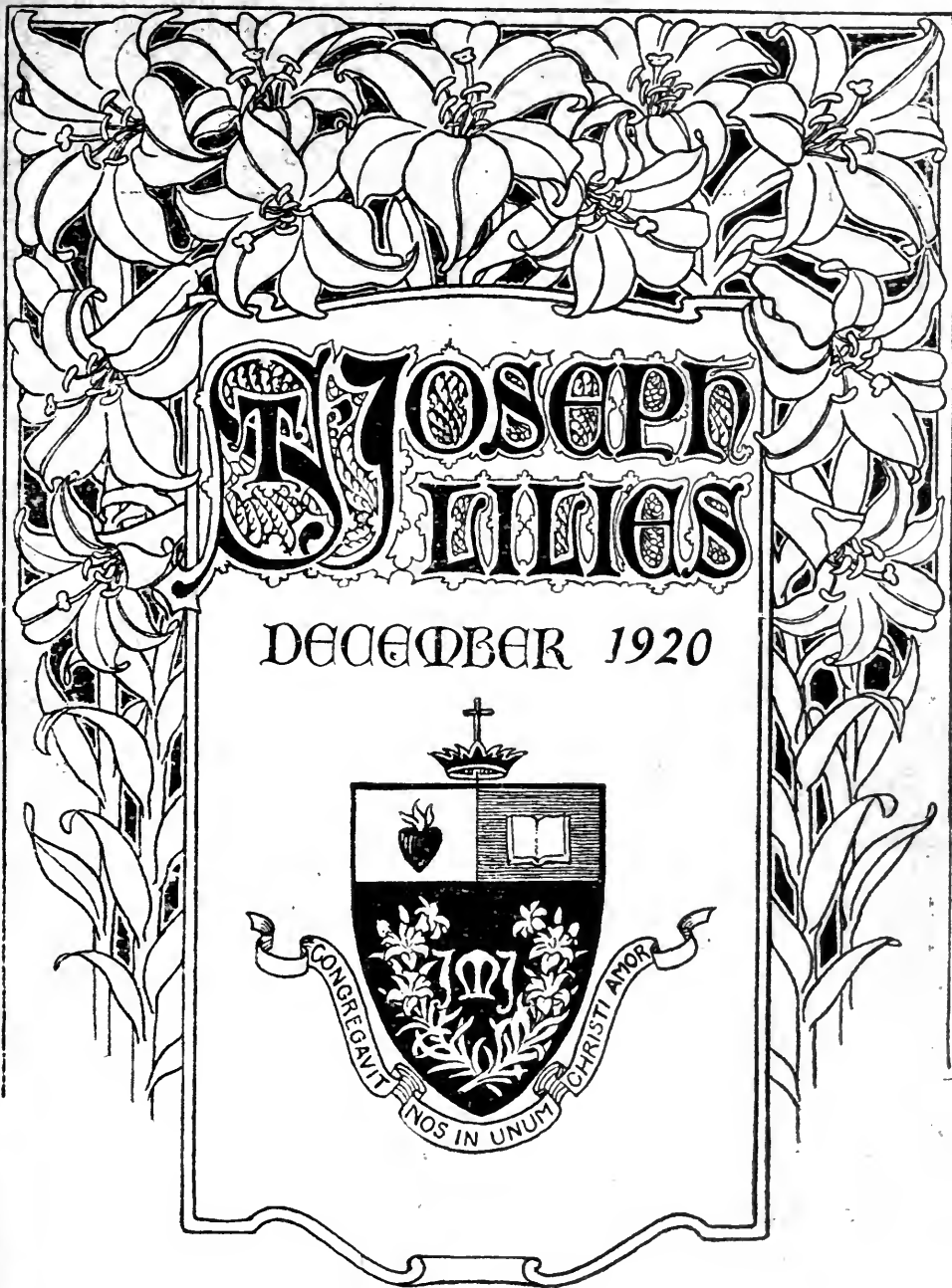


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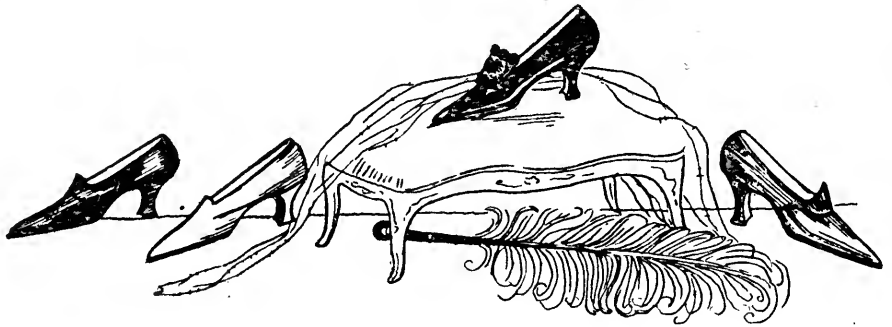
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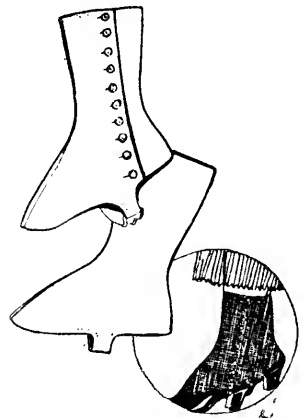
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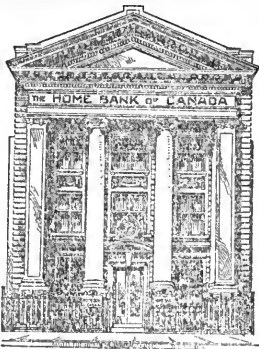
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ST. JOSEPH
Patron of the Universal Church

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1920.

NO. 3

Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's Patronage

By REV. C. C. KEROE, O.C.C.

The Church, the kingdom of God on earth, fifty years ago, by the divine, automatic power that is inherent within it from its Founder, declared as universal Patron and Intercessor, the Patriarch St. Joseph. The fatherly influence of this great saint, recognized and invoked by enlightened Catholics, and particularly by many canonized saints of centuries past, was the immediate reason of this. The kingdom here and the kingdom above are in close contact and the heavenly influences from above are vital in us. There is a circulation and growth throughout the mystical body of Christ on earth issuing from the great centre of Christ and His saints in Heaven, and thus the prime mover of earth is Heaven. It would be indeed a dead and merely historical Church lying embalmed in the dust of ages, if new events, or rather old occurrences and cycles, were not always recurring.

The real history of the Church is the progressive sanctification and salvation of human souls. The history of a soul is the real unit of God's providence over us since providence is the unfolding in us of God's power to save. To save souls is a marvelous work; to recreate them, to ingraft them on the branches of Christ, to fortify and nourish their growth within, to ripen them, to garner them at death, and establish them as perfect fruits in Heaven, surpasses all the mysteries of earthly vegetation. The ruddy, ripening, mellowing effect that glows in the cheek of the apple hanging on the tree is but a symbol

of the progress of a human soul in the long summer of earthly life. There are individual graces that flow but once and are individualized by the soul they enter, for every soul has its own peculiar opportunities. But when many souls are reviewed together, when their conscious life within is confessed and unfolded to us,—and how interested and eager we all are to know what goes in in the soul of a saint, what lights and what loves, what hopes, what passing raptures and what final entrancing fruition,—we will discover a remarkable similarity that to worldly people seem a prosaic sameness. The inventory of their spirits always contains devotion to the Passion, to the Holy Eucharist, to the Sacred Heart, to the Woman with the Babe in her arms, to the souls that are walking through flames in the other world; sometimes, also, to local saints of their country, of religious institutions, or of the diocese;—but through the ages past there is a devotion that always comes after and next to that of Jesus and Mary, which fascinates, soothes, inspires, enriches, and which they tell us, too, not to forget; it is the devotion to the third member of the Holy Family, to St. Joseph. They are always saying, “Jesus, Mary and Joseph.” And common people repeat this prayer even if they do not experience the same raptures.

The teaching Church has been listening to the believing and praying Church; to the successful and triumphant souls of saints and good Christians that grew rich and won the pearl of great price; and so fifty years ago, by universal acclamation of inspiration and infallibility, the great truth was heralded over the world that the intercession of St. Joseph was singular and most salutary, and that he was to stand next to his spouse as Patron of the Universal Church. The mind of the Church taught of God is best gathered from her prayers. There is a pithy prayer framed with rich indulgences by the Church because it has caught in its words a portrait of the exalted Patriarch looking down upon us with mystic eyes of purity and love for souls.

“Holy Joseph to whose custody innocence itself was committed, Jesus and Mary, I implore thee by this double pledge

of Jesus and Mary to keep me free from all defilement and bring me to association with Jesus and Mary in clear mind, pure will and chaste body.''

The patronage of St. Joseph is extended from the narrow circle of the Holy Family to the great family of humanity, that both may be united, that we all may enter into the family of Jesus and Mary.



Blest was thine office, bearer of the seal
Of the Celestial Bridegroom! Close-allied
To thee—from all, save thee,—thy Maiden Bride
Her first Divine Espousals could conceal.
—The Father's mirror, fashioned to reveal
His own grand virginal Paternity,—
Around thy shrine, this Golden Year, we kneel,
And Christ's dear Foster-Father hail in thee!

Guardian of Bethlehem and Nazareth!
Guide thro' the desert, out of Egypt's land!
In faith and love, we clasp thy guardian hand,
And choose thee for our guide in life and death.
O sweet Saint Joseph, pray, that, franchised and
forgiven,
We all may share, one day, thy changeless bliss in
heaven!

Greeting



Little Infant Saviour 'mid the lilies fair,
Thou Who far surpasseth fairest lily there,
Are the lilies whispering while the breezes play,
Welcoming Thee, Jesus, here on earth to-day!
If so, may our "Lilies" bid Thee welcome too,
Meek "St. Joseph Lilies"—Lilies gold and blue?
Yea, each page a petal, tribute sweet would bring
Joyous Birthday Greetings to Thee, Little King.

Bless our "Lilies," Prince Child, with Thy baby hand,
Bid the gentle zephyrs waft o'er sea and land
Fragrant Christmas wishes, greetings fond and true,
Pour from out each calix Friendship's nectar too.
Little Infant Saviour 'mid the lilies fair,
Send our "good will" message speeding everywhere.

The Golden Road

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

FOR the first time for forty years I passed, in the train last week, the station where I used to get out when going to my first school; and presently the boys will be hurrying down there from the many-spired town to go home for Christmas. I call them all my school-fellows, just as when I was there (with their grandfathers, perhaps) I thought of Addison and David Garrick, of Dr. Johnson and Elias Ashmole as my school-fellows . . . and will the journey home seem to them as it used to seem to me, in those far-away days that crowd closer on me, and have a more intimate nearness than the summers of these years since I have grown old? I hope so, for it seemed a golden journey, not like any others, half unearthly, and yet the most perfectly homely of any one could make—homewards, and for Christmas. The gold was not in my pocket—of that sort of gold there was little at home, either; to buy my ticket I needed one bit, and the change left was not abundant; but it did not matter in the least; of course, there were millions of things one could have bought, but to go without them was no hardship; the thought of them was possession enough, and kept alive a wider sense of rich possibilities than prosaic acquisition could have yielded. I never remember envying rich people, least of all other boys who might be rich; the richness of the wealthy was part of the world (that belonged to me too), and varied it, as lovely parks and old castles do, making it more interesting for me. England would have been a much duller place for me and everybody if it had been clipped out in allotments of a mediocre prosperousness. Even the shops would have suffered, for they would never have been so well worth looking at if they had been only the sort of things I could ever have pictured myself able to buy. Rich boys I certainly could not be jealous of, for the richest of them had not my home,

and I would not have given sixpence for anybody else's. And I was going there.

That was why the cab that rattled and rumbled me down to the station, and was dampish, and had a smell like a cold stable, never aroused in me the slightest adverse criticism, the lean velveteen or corduroy padding, the jolts and creaks, the clattering windows, were merely a part of the general sublime episode—home-going. The horse had broken his knees so often that he was pretty indifferent to breaking them again; the driver might cock his battered hat with a forlorn attempt to look doggish and slightly dissipated, an attempt somewhat assisted by his holly-berry nose; but to me they were both friendly and cheerful creatures, bound to bring me to the train that would carry me to the place I had been hungry for, dying with hunger for, all these months. The horse always did go quick enough for that, and the cabman even forced him into a monstrous feint of galloping for the last hundred yards. That was to earn my modest tip, on which the man spat, for luck (not scornfully at all), as he wished me “a merry Christmas when it comes”—full well he knew that next time we should meet the sight of him would not be so pleasant. There were Christmas hampers in the station (not nearly so many as now) and bundles of mistletoe and evergreens; and the porters handled them with a friendly sympathy, or trundled them along on big barrows with little wheels, calling out, “By your leave!”—as if anyone would give leave to have his toes wheeled over! The man who sold you your ticket had a generous look, as though aware that it was worth double the money, but you were welcome to it—not like the fellow at our own station who would ask as much, in five weeks, for a very different ticket with a conscious air of monstrous imposition. Of him one did not choose to think. Your own particular porter (in a waistcoat with black calico sleeves; (if Mr. Lloyd George alters them, then, indeed, will he have completed the destruction of that England I knew as a boy) came for his tip, too, not hintingly, but with calm reliance on the presence of justice in a world that even then was said (by elderly persons) to have

its faults. But did not spit on the money, but rendered it invisible to mortal eye without seeming to pocket it, and certainly not holding it in his hands, as he clapped them together, saying it was seasonable weather and looked like snow.

“And a merry Christmas, sir, and a happy New Year, when it comes,” he called out as the train began to move.

The trains went slower then, and took more cognizance of intermediate stations—at least, mine did, and I thought it an advantage; one saw more of one’s native country and gathered a fuller realization that it was the journey home, for Christmas, to which every stop, with all its one-tuned incidents, contributed, like the countless notes of a symphony, each valueless alone, but altogether making the wonderful sweet music.

Those cold Midlands outside the windows would have given but a poor notion of England’s beauty to a stranger; flat, raw fields under a low, grey sky; ragged hedgerows, broken by trees, naked, and not usually very big; but I knew how lovely are the quiet, plain things that go to make an English countryside when you can see them close and leisurely, not glancing dully on them, as on a jumbled succession of maps. And all about were dotted homesteads and cottages, each a warm heart of life, all the tenderer for not flaunting it too publicly.

Through the level pastures crept a slowly-winding canal, continually reappearing when it seemed to have been left miles behind, with mellow, lichen-crusting bridges; and I liked it better, somehow, than a river, for in rivers only fishes have their homes. Canals carry on their unturbulent, still bosoms a never-ending procession of homes of men and women and their children, who are always moving (like all of us) and always at home, go where they will (as we all are, so long as it means to us our Father’s rest and presence).

I saw the slow barge-horses moving deliberately through the patient, winter lands, the long, long rope behind them, now taut, now slack, though the boat never stopped, and at the end the long barge, with its queer, delightful house and the father steering, outside his own front door. His children

played upon the roof; his wife was hanging out her Christmas wash to dry on lines that ran along a plank reaching from stem to stern. She was evidently joking with the little ones, and they were skipping and laughing while their odd, mongrel terrier yapped at a passenger on the towing-path and made dashes at him that nearly sent his shaggy little body overboard. And the barge man pretended to encourage his dog, and the wayfarer on the footpath didn't mind, but laughed and hollowed "A Merry Christmas!" The noisy, disreputable-looking cur meant no harm, and couldn't get at him if he did; and wasn't he going home for Christmas too?—home, I was certain, to yonder grey-red mill on the little hill, where a mealy-looking man (the traveller's father, it was plain) was running out and calling to the stout, comfortable, elderly woman who came out at once, wiping soap-suds from her ruddy arms. And the traveller had a mistletoe-sprig in his cap, and the bargee-man had a bit of holly in his, and over the roof tilted a pole with intertwined hoops hanging from it all wreathed in ivy and holly and mistletoe.

Then came the change at the great junction, and the wait there that I counted as half the day's adventures; the hurrying Christmas traffic, the bookstall bristling with Christmas numbers (holly outside, and robiny, with snowy pictures, and never a pretence that Christmas, after all, is a tiresome, expensive season) and crowds of people going everywhere, but all going Home to keep Christmas and knit up ravelled threads of love and friendliness; all strangers, and the more exciting; all unknown, but all intimate friends bound to each other and to me by the golden chord of Christ's near birthday, and with one set purpose of keeping it together—only seemingly apart. They have reached home now, many, many of them; and so shall I soon; but on the way they left a pleasant trail behind of smiles and laughing; and many of their smiles fell kindly on the stranger face of the boy they never saw before, and never would see again, but home-bound, too—a fellow traveller. And so, without speaking, they also gave him Merry Christmas, and he thanks them for it yet.

After a good hour and a half of this ungrudged waiting and watching of all those crossing currents of the great life that was part of me, as I of it, a train that seemed smaller, and was certainly slower, took me on; no longer by the great main line north and west, but by a cross-country line, where no one seemed to be going so far, and most of the passengers had a look of nearing their journey's end. One knew the names of all the stations now and the exact order in which they would be reached, and many of the people standing about the platform had quite familiar faces, though unknown names.

Then another change and a shorter wait, at a much smaller junction, where you began to hear Welsh talked by the passengers—all the women were knitting and some of them wore the odd steeple-hats that even then were growing rare. After that there were only three or four stations, and first each hill and wood, and soon each tree in the windy hedgerows had a familiar, friendly look, and seemed to call out, Welcome Home.

The wintry day was closing in when the journey ended—and who could be sorry? Our little streets looked warmer and more welcoming with the shops lighted up, and home itself never could look so dressed for welcome as when it shut itself close against the snow that was just beginning, but opened itself to fold you in.

Along that same Golden Road the passengers will now be hurrying; our Father's other children, our countless unknown brothers and sisters; and we must needs think of them and pray Him bless their journey, and bring them also home.



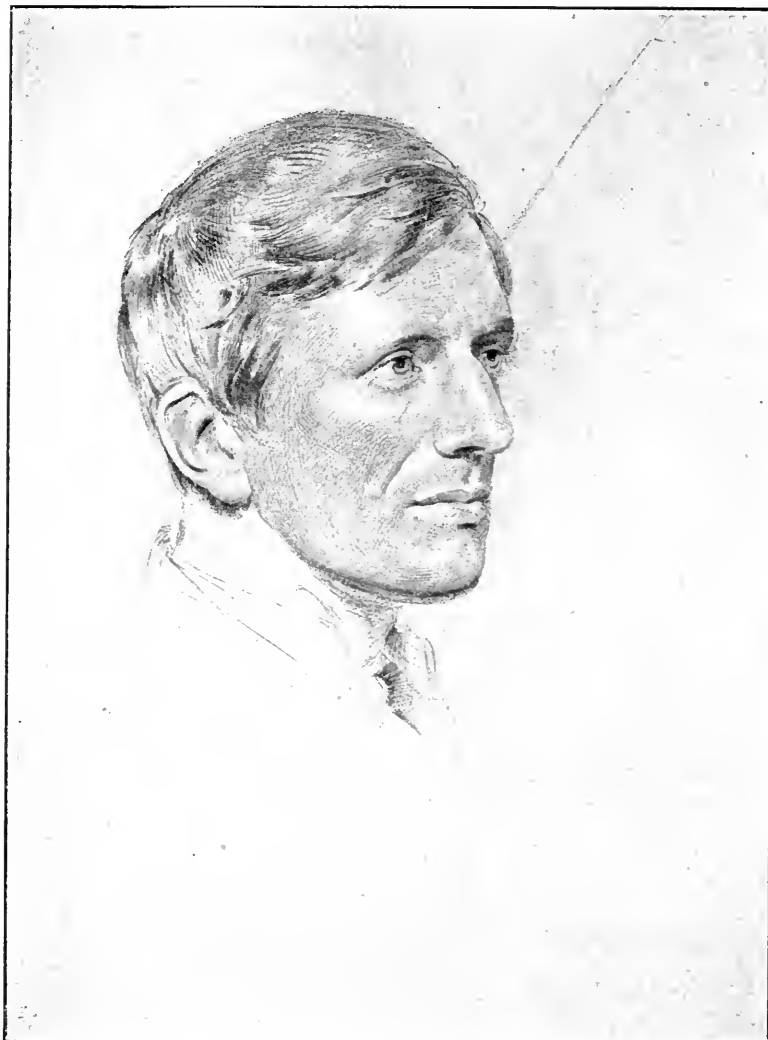
Anecdotes of Newman

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

CARDINAL GIBBONS writes in his reminiscences: "My most cherished memory, perhaps, is that of Cardinal Newman—the greatest man whom I ever have known. Many things have been written about this most illustrious man, as our late Holy Father, Pius X., called him; but no amount of writing can give the impression which personal contact with him gave. He was like a light shining in a dark place. He produced on one the impression of infinite refinement without any trace of weakness whatever; one felt in him an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and yet one felt that in the things of God he could be absolutely inflexible. We who knew him were all persuaded—and I think our persuasion was not wrong—that it was he who was to make Catholic Christianity viable to the modern world, as St. Thomas had made it for the mediaeval, and Clement of Alexandria for the Greek or Roman world. He saw all history as a great tradition wherein every age speaks for itself. He had a wonderful conception not only of the history of Christianity, but of the history of human opinion generally. He had that marvellous gift which only a few historians possess and which is rarely possessed by a great thinker—the gift of seeing the present in the past, and of judging what would be by what had been; and he could tell to a nicety just where the need of Catholicism would arise again."

In former numbers of this magazine I have brought together some scattered notices about this wonderful man; and here again I purpose to write a few things on a topic which I know is always interesting to the readers of the Lilies.

Pusey wrote of Newman in 1844 to a common friend: "Newman seems to me to have the most reverent and keenest



CARDINAL NEWMAN

perception of the offensiveness of heresy that I ever witnessed. It is something quite of a different kind from anything that I ever saw elsewhere; I know not how to convey the thought. It is a sort of reverent shrinking from it (i.e. a shrinking due to reverence for the Faith) as one might conceive in a very pure mind from something defiling. It seems even to affect his frame, as one might imagine 'a sword piercing'—a pain shooting through every part. All his feelings and sympathies have been for our Church; he has toiled for it as no other has, constructed defences for it as no other could. But he has a deep and deepening despondency about her, whether she with all the evils rife in her—the tolerance of heresy and the denial of truth—is indeed part of God's Church."

When Pusey's wife died, in 1839, his mother, with a true instinct, sent for Newman to comfort him. He afterwards wrote to Keble: "God has been very merciful to me. He sent Newman to me (whom I saw, at my mother's wish, against my inclination) in the first hour of sorrow, and it was like the visit of an angel." Six weeks later he wrote to Newman himself: "My dearest friend,—God bless and reward you for all your love and tender kindness towards us. I received day by day my share of it, with little acknowledgment, for words fail one, and one is stopped by a sort of *aidos* (reverential shame) from thanking to the face for great kindness. Your first visit in 'the spirit's embittered strife' was to me like that of an angel sent from God. I shrunk from it beforehand, or from seeing any human face. It seems as though it had changed in a degree the character of my subsequent life."

Pusey always called Newman "John," as if he were one of the family. In 1835 his wife writes to him: "Mr. Newman's (I beg pardon, John's, I might almost say St. John's) sermons are full of truths that come to one at once as truth as soon as they are proposed." He replied, "I see many reasons which you do not, why John's statement of truth should be attractive, and mine not."

In 1865, after twenty years' separation, they met unexpectedly in Keble's house. Pusey wrote after it to a newspaper:

“Your statement that Dr. Newman and I were ‘reconciled’ is intensely painful. The deep love between us, which now dates back over forty years, has never been in the least overshadowed. His leaving us was one of the deep sorrows of my life; but it involved separation of place, not diminution of affection.”

There has been lately some irresponsible and inaccurate gossip that Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of Newman, destroyed a letter of Newman written to the late Lord Acton in excuse of the past persecution of heretics, and that the destruction was due to the fear that the letter might give scandal. As to this, there need only be said that this letter was neither destroyed nor even suppressed by Mr. Ward, but printed in the appendix to the first volume of the *Life* (P. 640). In any case how could his defence of the Church’s mediaeval policy give scandal? Any one who will read the letter may see for himself that there is nothing in it to give scandal either to pious or to worldly ears.

Newman was born at No. 80 Old Broad Street, in the City of London. The house was on the left-hand side of the street as you go from Threadneedle St. to Throckmorton St. But it would be vain to look for it now, as the site is covered by a block of offices. He was born in 1801 on February 21st, and has recorded himself for us that he was baptized on April 9th in the church (now gone) of St. Benet Fink (near the Bank of England). And this reminds me to say that every child should know her (or his) own day of baptism, as Newman did, and remember it yearly, and celebrate it as the true birthday, more than her natural birthday, since by baptism we are born, as our Lord told us, of the Holy Ghost as children of God and citizens of the Kingdom of God and the household of the faith.

The family soon removed to No. 17 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, which they kept until 1821. When one of the Oratorian Fathers in 1854 was staying in London, Newman wrote to him: “Strange to say—though don’t mention it—you are in a house I knew for nearly twenty years. Two of my sisters were born there; and one of my first memories, even be-

fore the first of these events in 1808, is my admiring the borders of the paper in the drawing rooms. I have not seen the house since October, 1821, but of course every part of it is as clearly before my mind as if I had lived in it ever since. To my surprise years ago I found that Isaac Williams' father lived on the opposite side of the street, but No. 17 was my own residence in London more or less from 1808 to 1821."

Rev. Isaac Williams was Newman's curate at St. Mary's, Oxford, from 1832 to 1841. The reader of Ward's *Life of Newman* should be warned that the author has made the mistake—a slight one certainly—of thinking that the above letter refers to the house in Old Broad Street. But a reference to the autobiography of Williams shows that the street was in Bloomsbury Square: "We lived at a corner of Bloomsbury Square in a small street where I believe Newman also must have been living at the same time, though I then knew nothing of himself and his family."

The story that John Newman and Ben. Disraeli as boys played together in the garden of Bloomsbury Square is a mere fiction—a conjecture asserted as a fact by some imaginative writer of an article for a magazine.

Three or four years of his infancy, from 1804 to 1807, were spent mostly at a country house called Grey's Court, at Ham, near Richmond, on the bank of the Thames. He wrote to friends in later years: "I know more about it than any house I have been in since and could pass an examination about it. It has ever been in my dreams." "When I dreamed of heaven as a boy," he says in some notes, "it was always Ham." "I dreamed about it as if it were Paradise when I was a boy at school," he writes to another friend, Mr. Morton. "It would be here where the 'angel faces' appeared that were 'loved long since but lost awhile.'"

He describes it in a letter to Henry Wilberforce and also in one of his essays* on Universities:

* On Discipline and Influence, Chap. VI., in *Historical Sketches*, Vol. I.

“There were fine trees upon the lawn, a large plane-tree with a children’s swing, a large magnolia flowering in June (I think) went up the house; and the mower’s scythe cutting the lawn used to sound so sweetly as I lay in a crib—in a front room at the top. Our house lay on one side of a walk called Sandy Lane, which formed a boundary, first of the lawn and shrubbery, and then of the kitchen garden. There was no hot house but a small green house in the kitchen garden, over which was a poor billiard room, where I learned to play billiards, having never seen the game since (1853). I left the place in September, 1807. I recollect the morning we left,—and the taking leave of it. My mother, my brother Charles, Harriet, and I in the carriage—going to Brighton—with my father’s horses as far as Ewell (near Epsom, Co. Surrey)—and then posting. I could tell you, I suppose, a hundred times as much about Ham. I have seen the house once in 1813 in the holidays, when my father, brother and myself rode there from Norwood,—and the gardener gave us three apricots; and my father telling me to choose, I took the largest—a thing which distresses me still whenever I think of it.

“And once again in January, 1836, when I walked there with Bowden and his wife. It was then, I believe, a school, and the trees which were upon the lawn were cut down—a dozen of tree acacias, a Spanish chestnut, and a larch.”

Writing to Helen Church, daughter of the Dean, to thank her and her sisters for giving him Lewis Carrol’s “Hunting of the Snark” (then a new book), he says: “The ‘Easter Greeting to Every Child’ is likely to touch the hearts of old men more than those for whom it is intended. I recollect well my own thoughts as I lay in my crib in the early spring, with outdoor sounds and scents and sights wakening me up, and especially the cheerful ring of the mower’s scythe, which Milton long before me had noted; and how in coming downstairs slowly, for I brought down both feet on each step, I said to myself, ‘This is June’—though what my particular experience of June was, and how it was broad enough to be a matter of reflection, I cannot tell.”

When he was eighteen, he wrote to his mother: "I woke on the morning of the 21st (February) and without recollecting it was my birthday, my mind involuntarily recurred to the day I was four years old and said the 'Cat and the Cream Bowl' to a party of little ones in Southampton Street; and the day I was five years old your telling me that now I was a big boy and must behave myself accordingly; and the day I was six years old, when I spoke Cowper's 'Faithful Friend' at Ham."

In a letter of reminiscences in July, 1853, to Henry Wilberforce, who was staying near Ham, he says: "How odd one's memory is! I will tell you an odd thing about memory. Lately, since my Aunt's death, the Bible which I read at Fulham (where his grandmother lived) was sent to me at my wish. I looked over the pictures, and when I came to the Angel inflicting the pestilence on David and his people, recollected that I used to say, 'That's like Mr. Owen.' This must have been dormant 46 years in my mind."

Everyone probably can recollect some picture in particular in the family Bible. I will not, however, tell you what my favorite was, though it would show how early my sympathies were with the woman's movement, for it might also lead you to think that I was of a singularly blood-thirsty disposition.

In his old age, at seventy-three, Newman writes to a friend: "I was in London on my way to Surbiton to bid farewell to W. Wilberforce and his wife, who both have had strokes of paralysis. Her I have known in a way for seventy years; for my grandmother's house" (at Fulham, I think) "was next to her father's, and in that way we got acquainted. Nearly all I recollect about it, however, is the boys sending off a rocket on the 5th of November."

Who could have dreamed, when little John Newman was setting off squibs against Guy Faux and in honour of William of Orange, that he would become a **Cardinal** of the Holy Roman Church? The real world assuredly is stranger than any fiction.

One of Newman's reminiscences was that of seeing Richard

Cumberland, who is now chiefly remembered on account of Goldsmith's playful praise in the "Retaliation" on the wits of the Club which Johnson founded. "I think he came to an evening party at our house. My father's partial love for me 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 Goldsmith's 'Retaliation,' which I knew really well as a boy. The interview ended by his putting his hand on my head, and saying, 'Young gentleman, when you are old you can say that you have had on your head the hand of Richard Cumberland.'"

This is very amusing now when we consider the relative importance and genius of the two. Cumberland little dreamed that he was then securing a remembrance for his own name in the Life of John Newman.

Newman was sent at an early age to a school at Ealing, near London, kept by Rev. Dr. Nicholas. This school at the time had a great name; it was conducted on Eton lines; many important men sent their sons there; the American Minister to Great Britain, J. Q. Adams, sent his three sons there. The oldest of these was a class-fellow and companion of Newman. I have not found whether Newman knew the younger ones, or whether in later days when one of them was American Minister in London, he renewed the acquaintance. The school had a great day—a "speech day" once a year, and the Duke of Kent used to come to it. A friend of Newman writes: "One year Newman had to make a speech before him. Unfortunately, his voice had just begun to break, yet for all that he went through his speech. He must have done very well; for, on Dr. Nicholas apologizing to the Duke, 'His voice is breaking,' the Duke immediately said, 'But the action was so good.'"

A reminiscence of his childhood is given in a letter which he wrote to Hope-Scott, in 1871, thanking him for a copy of the abridged Life of Scott: "In one sense I deserve it; I have ever had such a devotion, I may call it, to Scott. As a boy, in the early summer mornings I read Waverley and Guy Mannering in bed, when they first came out (July, 1814, and Feb-

ruary, 1815) before it was time to get up; and long before that—I think when I was eight years old—I listened eagerly to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, which my mother and aunt were reading aloud.”

In after years he spoke of Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, son of the architect, as his oldest friend. He was a couple of years older than Newman, and died in 1872. He it was who carved, in 1841, the bust of Newman which is engraved as a frontispiece to the first volume of *The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman* (where, by the way, the name is wrongly given as T. Westmacott). Newman wrote to Henry Wilberforce in 1865: “You are now one of my very oldest friends, for those who were before you have for the most part disappeared. I have two or three, or fewer, school friends. One of them, Westmacott, lost his father lately, and I wrote to him, and had back a very affectionate answer, poor fellow.”

He wrote to Sister Maria Pia (Marie Giberne) April, 1875: “To-morrow, the 19th, died my oldest friend, Richard Westmacott—on the 21st, my greatest school friend, Hans Hamilton—on the 22nd, Samuel Wood—on the 23rd, Henry Wilberforce—on the 24th, Henry Woodgate—and on May 1st, Isaac Williams.”

About 1815 the Newmans spent several summers at Norwood, Co. Surrey, four miles south of Lambeth; it is now a suburb of London, composed of the villas of men who pursue their business in the city, but then it was a village in the country, well wooded, with a hill called Gipsy Hill. “I have been going about,” he writes to a friend in 1861, “and seeing again and taking leave for good of places I knew as a child. I have been looking at the windows of our house at Ham, where I lay, aged five, looking at the candles stuck in them in celebration of the victory of Trafalgar. Also I tried to find the solitary cottage in which I passed my summer and autumn holidays at Norwood, when I was a schoolboy; but the whole face of the country is changed. Norwood was a terra incognita then, the wild, beautiful haunt of gipsies. I had not been there since 1816.

“It is all but thirty years since I have been here at Brighton. I have been ordered from home by the doctors, not that I am ill in any way, but the anxieties of thirty years are telling upon me. Whilst I was here in 1828 I had one of my greatest losses—my sister, cut off in a few hours, lies in the cemetery attached to the old Church.

“I bade Ham and Norwood farewell for good, and perhaps I shall bid a like adieu to a part of Hampshire which I knew when I was an undergraduate, where I have been but one day, in 1834, since 1819.”

This place in Hampshire was the little town of Alton. A letter to his mother when he visited it in 1834 describes emotions which many readers may have felt: “There are many little incidents stored in my memory which now awaken into life. Especially I remember that first evening of my return from Oxford in 1818 after gaining the scholarship at Trinity, and my father saying, ‘What a happy meeting this!’ Often and often such sayings of his come into my mind and almost overpower me, for I consider he did do very much for me at a painful sacrifice to himself and was so generous and kind. As I got near the place I many times wished I had not come, I found it so very trying—so many strong feelings were awakened. The very length of time since I was here was almost half my life; and I so different from what a boy, as I then was, could be; not indeed in my having then any strong stimulus of worldly hope which I have not now—for never even as a boy had I any visions of success, fortune or worldly comfort in my prospect of the future, but because after fifteen years I felt that I was hardly the same person. This place is, as it were, the record, as it was the scene, of my undergraduate studies and opinions.”

“There was something so mysterious in seeing old sights, half recollecting them and half doubting. It is like seeing the ghosts of friends. As we came near, and I saw Monk’s Wood, the church and the hollow on the other side of the town, it was as fearful as if I was standing on the grave of some one I knew, and saw him gradually recover life, and

rise again . . . Meanwhile the coach went on and I found myself at The Swan."

Newman was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, when he was not yet sixteen, and was called into residence six months later. It was near the end of the term, and the Long Vacation was near, but he made the acquaintance of one who soon became his most intimate friend. John William Bowden, a freshman like himself, but exactly three years older, was sent by his tutor to explain to Newman some of the customs of the college, and accompany him into the hall to dinner. He writes to his father: "They do not sit at table according to their rank, but just as they happen to come in . . . I have learned from him something I am much rejoiced at. Mr. Ingram (who had given up the office of tutor) was very much liked; he was very good-natured. Mr. Short (the new tutor) on the contrary, is not liked; he is strict. Some time after, on my remarking that Mr. Short, having been second master at Rugby, must be very clever, he replied, 'Do you think so?' Another proof that he is a strict tutor. Thus I think I have gained by the exchange . . . At dinner I was much entertained with the novelty of the thing. Tell mamma there were gooseberry, raspberry, and apricot pies."

The two youths, as Newman relates, soon became such friends that they lived simply with and for each other, taking their meals together, reading, walking, boating together, visiting each other's homes in vacations. They were recognized in college as inseparables, and others used to mistake their names and call each by the other's. And when Bowden became engaged and married, he would absently call his wife Newman, and call Newman Elizabeth. Their friendship received an additional tie as time went on, when they agreed in their ecclesiastical and political views, and when Bowden took a zealous interest in the Oxford Movement of 1833, and became one of the writers of Tracts for the Times, and at Newman's suggestion, wrote a valuable history of Pope Gregory VII. and the reform of the 11th century.

Soon after Mr. Short, meeting Newman's father some-

where, went up to him as an old friend, and holding out his hand, said, "Oh, Mr. Newman, what you have given us in your son!" Mr. Short was the tutor who has the merit of having induced the College to throw open its scholarships to the competition of the whole University. At the election in May, 1818, when Newman was a little over seventeen, Short induced him to stand, in spite of his youth. By this he won a scholarship of sixty pounds a year for nine years. This was almost sufficient to defray his annual expenses. "The yearly college expenses with us," he wrote to an inquiring friend, "do not amount to eighty pounds. This includes board, lodging, servants, dues, tuition, coals, washing, letters, and hair-cutting. I believe other colleges are about the same. The great expenses of a college residence here are in the private extravagance of the young man. The college forbids these excesses and tries to prevent them, but where there is a will to do wrong, there is a way."

It was his mathematics that decided this examination in his favor. In the second part of the *Idea of a University* he tells us, in the person of "Mr. Black," senior, that he had at this time a wrong idea of Latin composition, having been misled by an article which he had read in the *Quarterly Review*. He thought that Latin style consisted in the use alone of idiomatic phrases, not knowing that the structure of the sentence was still more important. When he was twenty years of age he came across a volume of Latin *Praelections* which Copleston, the Provost of Oriel, had delivered when he was Professor of Poetry (in 1802 and the following years), which first revealed to him the difference of Latin from English composition. I must warn the reader here that the Index to the *Idea of a University* by a mistake refers to these Lectures as Keble's, and the mistake has been made by other writers of applying to Keble's Lectures (published in 1844) what Newman says of Copleston's. T. Mozley in his *Reminiscences* tells us that when Newman became tutor, he used these *Praelections* with his pupils, pointing out their felicity of expression and their ori-

ginality. He used to say that the Latin was very good, but Coplestonian, not Ciceronian, but all the better suited to show what Latin composition is. It was from his study of Cicero's style, of which "Mr. Black" tells us, that Newman formed his English style. He replied to some simple man who asked him how a good style was to be acquired, "I have myself found writing Latin to be the best instrument by which to acquire a faculty of writing English." To another person he wrote: "I have never been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to form an elegant style or to write well. I have never written for writing sake; my one and single desire has been to express clearly and exactly my meaning. As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I ever have had (since I was a boy) is Cicero, which is strange considering the differences of the languages. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness."

The particular work of Cicero's which he most studied was the Academies.

Pusey says to a friend in 1829: "My letter to the bishop goes on very slowly. Newman's is the most enviable rapidity; but he purchased it by early pains in writing."

Newman was not quite twenty years old when he went in for final examination for the degree of B.A., whereas the usual age was twenty-two. Yet many were surprised when he took no honors, and his name appeared "under the line." This was not as bad as Macaulay's case, who failed altogether to pass the examination at Cambridge at the age of twenty-two. In both cases the failure was probably due to discursive reading and some neglect of the routine prescribed. But every one knows there is some element of what we call luck, good or ill, in examinations. Two years later he brilliantly recovered his fame by being elected to a Fellowship in Oriel College, then the most honorable of the fellowships in Oxford. Macaulay tried three times before he was elected to a similar office in Trinity College, Cambridge. During the two years between his gradu-

ation and his election to Oriel, Newman remained in Oxford, refusing tempting tutorships in gentlemen's families. He had his Trinity Scholarship and took pupils, and he also wished to assist his youngest brother, Frank Newman, whom he was desirous of bringing to the University.

"When I was in at the examination for Fellowship at Oriel," he said, "when I was very much harassed and almost sinking, I happened to look up at the window and saw the motto, 'Pie repono te,' on the painted glass. The words have been a kind of proverb to me ever since."

Newman was ordained Deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1824, for the curacy of St. Clement's Church, which was offered to him through Pusey, and received priest's Orders on May 29th in the following year. Fifty years later Pusey recollected that "the first sick person that Newman visited at St. Clement's refused to see him, and shut the door against him. Newman persevered. The man died penitent."

Rev. Sir George Prevost recollected a conversation which he had at table, when he was a Gentleman Commoner at Oriel, with Newman about Byron in 1824 (the year of Byron's death): "We talked principally about the 'Siege of Corinth' which had interested me very much, and which he also thought much superior in its moral tone to most, if not all, of Byron's other poems, though even there he is delighting to make a hero of a bad man. But he appeared to think that Byron's great excellence as a poet was his command of the language. He asked me to take a walk with him next day, when we talked on religious subjects, and I remember that he spoke about the gradual revelation of great truths in the Old Testament, especially of the resurrection of the dead. I remember also hearing him about this time preach in the little old church of St. Clement's just over Magdalen Bridge. All that I can recall of that sermon was that he spoke in it of the clergy as exposed to special trials and dangers like the officers of the army, against whom the enemy are sure specially to direct their fire."

Isaac Williams has recorded his first meeting with New-

man: "Once when I was an undergraduate of Trinity, I was invited to breakfast with William Churton, a Fellow of Oriel, and the only person I met was Newman. He was talking all the while with Churton on the subject of serving churches, and how much they allow him for a Sunday. (Remember that Newman's widowed mother and sisters were in reduced circumstances) and he did not notice me. He had not then so refined a look as when I knew him afterwards."

Five or six years afterwards when Williams had become a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, he came to know Newman through Hurrel Froude, and he says: "We three almost daily walked and dined together. I was greatly charmed with Newman and became very much attached to him, being won by his kindness and delighted with his good and wonderful qualities."

In Easter term, 1826, he was appointed one of the public Tutors of Oriel.

In June, 1826, Oriel College celebrated the fifth centenary of its foundation. "At the centenary," said Newman in 1882, we had a great dinner, and among other luxuries turtle soup. Pusey used to regret the luxury of Oxford, and this made him very indignant. I remember his coming to me and bursting out, 'What is this stuff they are going to give us?' In those days French wines, now so common, were considered a great luxury. It was proposed to have French wines at table besides port and sherry. Pusey and I agreed to oppose the plan, and we carried our point in a Fellows' meeting. (One thinks that it would have been wiser to propose omitting the port). But the Provost, Copleston, forthwith said that he should give French wines on his own account. On which Pusey said to me that Oxford seemed incapable of being reformed."

It must not be supposed that Oriel was really a "wining" house. T. Mozley says: "When I came up to Oriel (as an undergraduate) in 1825, one of the standing jokes against the college all over the university was the 'Oriel Teapot' supposed to be always ready. Wherever I went, when I passed the wine, I was asked whether I would not prefer some tea, much to the amusement of the table."

January, 1828, there was an election of a new Provost of Oriel, Copleston having been appointed Bishop of Llandaff. There were three candidates for the position, Keble, Hawkins (who was Vicar of St. Mary's) and Tyler. Keble in a letter to Froude, humorously proposed that the Fellows should divide the prize, and give Tyler the red gown, Hawkins the work, and himself the money. Newman, as many have been surprised to hear, gave his own vote, and influenced some of the younger Fellow, in favor of Hawkins, not Keble. But Newman in his principles at that time agreed with Hawkins and not with Keble, as he candidly explained to the latter, and his friendship with Hawkins was much more intimate than with Keble. Besides, he had a notion that Hawkins would make a better hand at enforcing discipline than Keble. "I recollect," he says, "making Jenkyns laugh by saying, 'You know we are not electing an angel, but a Provost. If we were electing an angel I should, of course, vote for Keble.'" "Newman has sometimes explained to me," writes Isaac Williams, "by saying that he had looked on Keble like something one would put under a glass and put on one's chimney-piece to admire, but as too unworldly for business and the things of this life."

After a few years, Hawkins disagreed with Newman, Froude, and R. I. Wilberforce, who wished for more of moral discipline in the house, and he deprived them of their tutorships by assigning no more pupils to them. Pusey, who also had favoured Hawkins against Keble, said in his sermon at the opening of Keble College in 1876, "It was one of the sorrows of our lives." Newman wrote to him, "I certainly was sorry I had helped to elect Hawkins (though I have never ceased to love him) but I can't say I ever wished the election undone. Without it (and their dismissal from their office) there would have been no Tracts, no Movement, no Library of the Fathers."

When Hawkins urged on Newman, "You may not be able to do so much good as you would wish or as you think possible, but you can do some good," Newman used to laugh and say to his friends, "You see, the good Provost takes it for granted

that the only possible way in which I can do any good in my generation is by being one of his lecturers.”

Newman as tutor had high ideas of the duties of the office for training the character as well as the intellect of his pupils. He at once came into conflict with some of the noblemen and gentlemen commoners. These young bloods, proud of the great victory which their fathers had won over both Napoleon and the United States, and not yet humbled by the popular agitation for the change in the constitution of Parliament, were disposed to be rather lawless, and some of them thought themselves privileged. The historian Froude with his usual inaccuracy asserts that the names of the Tractarian leaders are not associated with a single effort to diminish the extravagance of Oxford and mend its manners, and that this duty was left to the (so-called) “Liberals” (i.e., Latitudinarians or rationalists). This is the diametrical opposite of the truth. His own brother, with Newman and Robert Wilberforce, were deprived of their office of tutor by the Provost, Hawkins, who was a “Liberal,” precisely because they insisted that the tutor’s office was a pastoral office, and wished to introduce a spiritual discipline in the House. One young nobleman who afterwards kept a spite against Newman was Hon. James Harris, son and heir to Lord Malmesbury; he was then a very Radical young man, and when he left and travelled in Italy, he with Louis Napoleon, joined the Carbonari. In later years, when he had succeeded to the title and estates, he became very conservative and was one of the leaders of the narrowest Toryism. But he showed his spite against Newman in his Memoirs. Another one of them, but of a very different temper, was Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert J. Lea, best known to readers of the Lilies as husband of Lady Herbert and as a friend of Manning. When Newman was losing the office of tutor, his last pupils presented him with a set of the Fathers. It was known that he so sternly disapproved of Herbert’s wild ways that he would not accept the present if he knew that Herbert subscribed; so the list of subscribers was concealed from him. Seventeen years later, when

Newman was an Oratorian novice in the monastery of Santa Croce in Rome, Herbert, who was then travelling there, took the trouble to find him out and call to see him.

Williams, who was his curate, says of the period from 1833 to 1841, "I was appointed curate of Littlemore, about two miles from Oxford, where Newman built a church, and as we had the daily service there every afternoon, it was the constant walk of Newman and myself. When Froude left Oxford, Pusey would often join Newman and me in our walks. But Pusey's presence always checked his lighter and unrestrained mood. (In later years) often after walking with Newman, when leaving him I have heard a secret sigh which I could not interpret. It seemed to speak of weariness of the world and of aspirations for something he wished to do and had not yet done. The times I look back on as the brightest were the seasons of relaxation, as Sunday evenings. On Sundays we always dined together privately in each other's rooms with one or two friends. Such relaxation and repose seemed to bring out the higher parts of Newman's character. I allow that a freedom of remark and something sarcastic (about opponents) would blend with such unbendings, but it was better out in playfulness than festering within. But at all times there was a charm about his society which was very taking. I never thought so highly of him and he never seemed to me so high and saintlike 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. I have some recollection of a conversation which was the occasion of Pusey's joining us (about the end of 1833). He said, smiling, to Newman, and wrapping his gown around him as he used to do, "I think you are too hard upon the 'Peculiar,' as you call them (this was a name that Froude had given the Low Church party), you should conciliate them. I am thinking of printing a letter myself to them, which has been the result of some private correspondence." "Well," said Newman, "suppose you let us have it for one of the Tracts." "Oh no," said he, "I will not be one of you." This was said in a playful manner; and before we

parted Newman said to him, 'Suppose you let us have that letter of yours which you are writing, and you may attach your own name or signature to it; you would not then be mixed up with us or be in any way responsible for the Tracts.' 'Well,' Pusey said at last, 'if you will let me do that, I will.' It was this circumstance of Pusey attaching his initials to that Tract (on Fasting) that furnished the Record newspaper and the Low Church party with his name, which they at once attached to us all. Thus the circumstance of his wishing to stand aloof from us as a party served to connect him ever afterwards most intimately with us as if he were the head of the party."

At the beginning of the Movement it was called "Newmanism," and Whately, by a very easy pun used to call it "Newmania." It was not until the year 1840 that the use of the nickname "Puseyism" became widely popular. When some one many years after remarked to him how the early term "Newmanite" had been succeeded by that of "Puseyite," he said the name might have been different but for his friend's change of name. Pusey's father, whose name was Bouverie, changed his name as a condition of inheriting the Pusey estate. Dr. Pusey, who was a younger son, had at one time, when he was going to be married, thought seriously of abandoning the name of Pusey, and taking again that of Bouverie. Had he done so, the name of his disciples would have been different.

In 1837 a couple of young Cambridge men who were inclined towards the principles and doctrines taught by Newman and Pusey, visited Oxford. At Queen's College they were told that Pusey and Newman governed the University, "every man of talent who has come to Oxford during the last six years has joined Newman, and when he preaches at St. Mary's—on every Sunday evening—all the men of talent in the University come to hear him, although at the loss of their dinner." (Some of the Heads of Houses had fixed the dinner at the hour of his sermon in the hope of keeping men away). Newman, though he had "a grievous cold," was persuaded by them to accept Pusey's invitation to dine with them. "After dinner Pusey's children ran into the room. One climbed Newman's knee and

hugged him. Newman put his spectacles on him, and then on his sister; and great was the merriment of the Puseyan progeny. Newman writes so much that in society he seems always inclined to talk on light, amusing subjects, and it is said, hates ecclesiastical conversation. He told them a story of an old woman who had a broomstick which would go to the well, draw water, and do many other things for her—how the old woman got tired of the broomstick, and wishing to destroy it, broke it in twain, and how to her great disappointment and chagrin, two live broomsticks grew from the broken parts of the old one. We quitted Christ Church about nine, highly delighted with our visit."

T. W. Allies has recorded how he and Dodsworth went on May 19th, 1845, to consult Newman at Littlemore. "We were interrupted by a stranger coming in, and this led us to remark that church time was near. He said he would show the church to us. The bell was ringing, and we had only a moment to look at it. As he attended us out to the churchyard gate, and was taking leave, he said to D., 'Was there any other question you would have liked to ask me?' D. replied, 'It is said in London that you desire it to be known generally that you are going over to Rome. I should like to be able to contradict it.' 'That is too strong,' he said, 'there are persons to whom I have wished it to be known—friends; but not generally.' I saw an immediate change pass over his countenance, which became very pale and firm; he shook hands and went into the church; he seemed to have said what had cost him a great effort and to have recovered his calmness. He had the mien of a man who saw all manner of difficulties in the course he was taking, but who yet was decided by some immovable and overpowering conviction which he had not communicated." This was just six months before he applied to be received into the Church.

Mr. Edward Bellasis, when he was a boy at the Oratory School, about 1870, one day as he followed his father and Newman upstairs, heard him say, "I could not vote for Disraeli; it would go against the grain"—he being surprised to hear that father was a Conservative.

Father Neville in his Notes about Newman, relates that a bishop once was telling the Cardinal an anecdote which he had heard. A boatful of nuns had fled from the French Jacobin Reign of Terror and landed at Brighton, where the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., came to the beach and handed each of them from the boat with such reverential courtesy that they all for their lives lived in confidence of his salvation. It was a charitable, simple, child-like thought, and the prelate related it with just a touch of humor. The Cardinal, with pleased wonder, said with great earnestness, "And what if it has told for something in the other world!" "It would need a master-painter's hand," says Father Neville, "to portray that life which the Cardinal's attitude at the moment—the expression of his eyes, his countenance, and his joyously pathetic utterance, gave to those simple words."

I will close with a notice of his old age from Dean Church. "I dare say you have heard," he writes in April, 1886, to Lord Blachford (Frederick Rogers), "that we had three days of the Cardinal. He was so bright, so kind, so affectionate; very old, and soon tired, but also soon refreshed with a pause of rest, and making fun of his old age: 'You know I could not do an addition sum.' Anyhow, he was quite alive to all that is passing around him, though cautious and reticent as he should be. But the old smile and twinkle of the eye, and bright, meaning ironia are all still there, and all seemed to belong to the old days."

Three years and a half later, the Dean's daughter, Mary, paid a visit to the Cardinal, as she says, "in his beautiful and serene old age," and her account of him to her father, which it is a pity she has not published, received the following reply: "Dear M——, Your letter is an historical document; it may prove to be the last intimate talk that any of us have had with him. That gesture of his, raising his arm, brings back the old days as much as anything."

"By those near the Dean," she says, "it was always recognized that Newman was a name apart, the symbol, as it were, of a debt too great and a friendship too intimate and complex

to bear being lightly spoken of, or subjected to the ordinary measures of praise or blame."

"I should think," he wrote to Blachford, "that Newman is almost the unique cross between the devout, fervid, enthusiastic Roman Catholic and a true Briton of the proud school of Burke and Chatham."

When in 1871 Gladstone brought Church from a parsonage in Somersetshire to the great office of Dean of St. Paul's, which then had such men among its canons as Liddon, Lightfoot, and Gregory, he turned at once to Newman: "I should like very much to see you if I can, and if I may."

And when Newman went to his reward in 1890, a friend of Church's, Dr. Talbot, Vicar of Leeds, wrote to him words the more remarkable because Church was no weak or feminine character, but a very strong man, known among his friends as "the old war-horse": "My dearest Dean, one word of loving sympathy with you in your great loss. Was there ever a life of more sweetly and gravely solemn power to thrill and touch one? What do we not owe him?"

And Church replied: "It is a sad, dark time, in spite of all that one thinks of and remembers, and all that one sees of warm recognition. It is much more than 'extinctus amabitur' feelings, for it has been steadily and intelligently growing, with its fringe of dislike and depreciation. But one feels now how unique he was, and how, though he was so retired, his place is felt to be empty, and no one to fill it. I should certainly have gone to the funeral if this bronchitis had not made it impossible. Frank and Helen are going."



Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and pride of man.
—Cardinal Newman.

Seven Rondeaux

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Seven Lamps are aglow in the tiny Chapel kept for the Rondeau in my soul's Cathedral. The first one shines with a sort of pale light, as of the sun in a mist. It is, nevertheless, a fairly good specimen of the Rondel, built on two rhymes, with its refrain or repeated chorus at its beginnings, in the centre and at the end.

In Gold and Gray.

In gold and gray the twilight sky
Tells that its hour is come—to die;—
 Its mellow smile as calm as thine,
 O patient saint, Madonna mine,
Dim-clad, with meek yet brilliant eye!

Above my head the black bats fly;
The waters flash,—then, darkling, lie
 In passioned hush, O dream divine
 In gold and gray!

Thus Life itself is flitting by
In dusk and shine! Its sob, its sigh,
 Our minor tones, which soon combine
 In glow of fathomless design;
For Heaven will brook no symphony
 In gold—and gray!

The second of these Rondeaux is in honour of Our Lady and sweet with nature's incense of the May. Its white and pearl show the translucent tints of the apple-blossoms, when the great

orchards glimmer white, clad in sudden beauty. What more in harmony with our mental vision of the Blessed Mother?

The central division of this poem emphasizes the soul's eagerness to tell her its joys, even as a small child runs to its earthly mother, and the often wonderful swiftness of the soul-felt answer.

The last portion dwells on the permanence of her sympathy; for nothing is so permanent, so entwined about our heart strings as a mother's love. (How often is this the plea of the non-Catholic, his very soul's prayer,—

"O Blessed Mother Mary,
Be thou also mine!"

Salve Regina.

Hail, holy Queen! The bloom of May
Betokens thy puissant sway,
A sunlit, dazzling dream of white,
It surges in aerial light,
Then, dulled to pearl, it glimmers gray.

Thy love descends without delay
To meet our joy. No planet's ray
Is swifter—nor the lark's sky-flight!
Hail, holy Queen!

Thy sympathy, it comes to stay,
A violet sweetness, every day.
A mother-love, of patient might
To calm and soothe and guide aright,
Shine, tearful eyes! Nor say her nay!
Hail, holy Queen!

The third Lamp in this Lady Chapel is also aflame in her honor, but it shines for the penitent. This Rondeau is a picture. We seem to see the light streaming in through some rose-window to cheer the poor sinner; it falls on the Madonna's

robe, like a visible sign and token of the heavenly mercy. She smiles on the sorrowful one and he ventures to enter plea for pardon. Who shall say that she smiles in vain? What a tale of human woe and Divine forgiveness lies in the thirteen lines and thrice repeated refrain of this tiny Rondel! Here it is the penitent soul that voices its own plea. We can almost hear his cry!

A Penitent.

At thy dear feet I knelt erewhile
As through the rich Cathedral aisle
 The sunbeams, ruby-winged, flung down
 Unearthly roses on thy gown.
Madonna mine—how sweet thy smile!

Thou knowest naught of sin or guile;
Yet, full of grace, wouldst reconcile
 God and His child. I dread no frown
 At thy dear feet.

Though nothing guilty may defile
His course on high, yet none may pile
 My heap of sins—poor, helpless clown!—
 Beyond His grace, whose Thorny Crown
Speaks pardon. Safe, each pleader vile
 At thy dear feet.

The next lamp burns with a splendid blaze, as if lighted from within. It shines for the things of the Spirit. The breeze of Heaven blows in among our every-day doings, keeping the lamp all right—no flame can exist without air;—it scatters many foolish schemes, even as the sea-wind blows away the writer's futile pages. But the lamp of the Spirit is never itself blown out. Only our hindrances and small temptations are dispersed and swept away. The air is purified, earth is less worldly and the lamp burns brighter. The soul rises to welcome that breeze of Heaven, though much of its mundane joy be swept away.

For that breeze of spiritual refreshing is laden with odors
of Paradise!

The Spirit's Breath.

A breeze of Heaven comes swinging in
To blow our window curtains thin
In drifting tracteries of lace
Across my hapless writing-case;
Away my verse and visions spin!

The written pages with a grin
Fly o'er the floor. Though lost, to win
No praise, I welcome in their place
A breeze of Heaven!

Breeze of the blue, again begin
Thy sweet soul-ministry. No sin
Can bar Thy condescending grace
Which oft hath cooled my burning face.
Spirit of Power, 'Thou hast been
a breeze of Heaven.

Tea-cup Verse is the fanciful but pretty title given to the Rondeau and its cousins, the Rondel and Rondelet. They get these names, like the rondo in music, from the fact that they swing round, at the end, to the words or sounds with which they began. It is in poetry, as we all know, a French mode of versification, beloved of the Minnesingers and Troubadours. The latter, flourishing in Province, really founded a School of Poetry. They sang of love and war and the whole race of wandering bards and minstrels of their time—the daily paper being among the things then in the far future—so the minstrel and his harp found a welcome in castle and cottage.

In our day the Rondeau has entered upon a new lease of life. To Frederic Mistral of Maillane, Bouches-du-Rhone, belongs the honour and credit of reviving it in its own country; and Parisian authors still use it, while it has been successfully

written in London, some leading litterateurs making it a specialty.

Its re-appearing refrain has great beauty. The ear loves repeated sounds. Every musician knows that by re-iterating some musical phrases, the listener becomes aware of an added charm. Nature's melodies all reiterate. The sougning of the wind, the roll of the surf, the song of the bird, whether as monotonous or sequences of single notes, have this quality in common of repeated sound. So it is not strange that those early poets of Provence fell naturally upon this device of a chorus or burden, as a most effective stroke of song.

The Rondeau, therefore, is peculiarly suited to the lighter forms of thought. See what it can do with such slight material as a young girl's choice of embroidery silks!

Old Rose.

O bright Lisette, in dainty wise
 You toy with silken broideries;
 But ah, their tints discouraged show
 The pallid shades of Long Ago.
 Is Life but sorrow in disguise?

Old rose?—Who taught you to despise
 The fair young rose-bud's sweet surprise,
 Unfolding, as to music's flow,
 O bright Lisette?

Yon faded gold of ancient dyes,
 Dear in some cruel miser's eyes,
 It cannot be thy choice, I know;
 Nor earthly coin of tarnished glow
 Lure thee from heights of Heaven-lit skies,
 O bright Lisette!

The two lamps, whose final shine completes the illumination thus begun, light up the darkened arches of its interior—its dim

recesses, where humble prayer is wont to be made. For the darkest corner of any human soul is never hidden from its Lord. Its griefs, disappointments and discouragements are the very things whereof He is already fully aware. Possibly He has already and in advance sent the balm to still and soothe its perturbation. The silent ministry of sea and sky, the sympathy of a friend, the conscious increase of our faith, a suddenly deepened insight into the significance of things, a few moments of blazing vision, we know whence one or all of these have come. "Before they call I will answer," saith the Lord.

In the following lines the response to the soul's need comes in from the ocean.

The Scent of the Sea.

O sea-scents rare, blown in to me
 O'er marsh-lands of humility,
 Salt with the strength of life Divine
 From ocean's farthest unknown line,
 Stir my soul-wings and set them free.

In vain I yearn. Low-bound I see
 Visions flit by, lost ministry
 Of silvery power. O sweet star-shine!
 O sea-scents rare!

Uplift my weakness! Can it be
 That any need is scorned of Thee?
 Bestower of all grace, benign,
 May these be Thy propitious sign,
 These drifting odours o'er the lea!
 O sea-scents rare!

The little twist "In gold—and gray!" at the end of the first Rondeau with which we commenced, by which the refrain, without changing at all, is made to take on a different meaning—for in Heaven is no gray!—a little turn of this sort is considered by the critics a touch of added elegance. James Rus-

sell Lowell, in his essay on Chaucer, says of the French verse, "This poetry is purely lyric in its most narrow sense, that is, the expression of personal and momentary moods. Provence is a morning sky of early summer, out of which innumerable larks rain a faint melody—the sweeter because rather half divined than heard too distinctly—over an earth where the dew never dries and the flowers never fade."

The last of these Rondeaux answers to the above definition as "the expression of a personal mood." It is a proof of the soul's power to swing from one brightness to another, even as in sorrow it mournfully shrinks in dread from other woes to come.

In June.

A day of bloom ascends the skies,
 Of lilacs and bird ecstasies;
 Of light and love. The song I hear
 Climbs skyward over marsh and mere
 In golden whirls—and sorrow dies.

A wave of joy sweeps from my eyes
 Their mist of tears. Strange thoughts arise
 Of heavenly bliss, eternal skies,
 A Day of Bloom!

Blest hours of light! My spirit flies
 To Paradise, in wild surprise,
 I see thee there, O love thrice dear!
 Thy voice is in my heart, as clear
 As when, of old, Life seemed, likewise,
 A Day of Bloom.



The Very Rev. Michael Moyna

The passing of Dean Moyna, late Pastor of St. Mary's, severed a link between the old and the new priesthood. He touched the two, and garnered a harvest of good qualities from each. An abiding love for things of the mind and a wistful yearning for Erin's glory were traits of his character. Yet he was withal a man of action, quick to discern modern needs, tireless in serving the Church in Canada.

The Dean was born in County Monaghan on September 24th in the year 1853, and had he lived a few weeks longer would have completed his 67th year. He was given tuition in his native place where scholarship is treasured as the faith itself. He was grounded in the Classics and in sound Christian Doctrine and thus laid the foundation of that liberal education that later adorned his sacerdotal ministry. He became a teacher at an early age and, coming to Canada, pursued his profession in Simcoe County until he heard the call of the priesthood. Once the Divine call was made known, he dedicated his life of magnificent promise to the cause of Christ and His bride, the Church. His brilliant course at St. Michael's College induced Archbishop Lynch to send him to Genoa, a famed Seminary of theological lore. He returned to Canada with the seal of the fisherman, to become that veritable fisher of men that marked his career. After a short curacy under Bishop O'Mahony, he was made pastor of Stayner in 1886, and eleven years later Pastor of Orillia. He was appointed Dean of Barrie in 1909, and his last five years were given to St. Mary's, Toronto. It appears from this sketch that the Dean was allied with the Irish priests of the heroic days, the days of long drives, the days of the giants. He was indeed a giant in intellect as well as in stature. When priests were few, he helped to preserve the faith to many, and to engender in their hearts a deep affection for the Soggarth Aroon.

The Dean was a brilliant student from his youth. His Col-



DEAN MOYNA

lege career is well remembered in St. Michael's College. His analytic turn of mind and equal capacity for synthesis made him the College medalist. To the gifts of nature he added the gift of painstaking application. When travelling in Italy some few years ago the writer chanced to visit the Genoese Seminary. There he found the fame of Michael Moyna treasured among the students after more than three decades. Some of his notes are still displayed as models of thought, neatness, and labor, a complete compendium of Catholic Theology, written in round, legible characters. And the deceased retained his love for study even as Pastor of arduous missions. He had a relish for deep thought, a thirst for all knowledge becoming his state. His library and notes on questions of the day showed careful selection and accurate judgment. Having taught school in the old land of scholars, he knew the principles of pedagogy and weighed in the balance all modern methods of education. His vision was clear on the needs of Catholic schools, and to him belongs not a little of the credit of the success of our schools to-day. He has left the mark of an educator upon the school generations of Stayner, Orillia, Barrie and Toronto. He was eloquent in the pulpit as well as in the class-room, for the late Dean towered high in mental parts. His scholarly treatment of the Creed, the Decalogue, and the Means of Grace has impressed spirituality upon the parishes he instructed. A disciple of St. Paul, he never minimized truth, and never truckled to popular opinion. He despised shams and tore off tinsel with inexorable logic. Christ's teaching, as Christ gave it, and as His Spouse interprets it, was the norm of his utterances. Dominated by zeal for the dispelling of error and the advancement of truth, his language might, at times, be termed intolerant, whereas it was but the voice of one who never temporized, intolerant of things only that were neither good, nor beautiful, nor true. He was intensely spiritual and it was a soul tonic to hear him discuss ascetic theology, to hear him read from the Breviary or Missal, to see him at the altar or prie-dieu, to know him as a few intimate friends knew him.

The Dean had a grasp of practical affairs, a detailed knowledge of parish administration, and a wonderful gift of organizing his forces. None more than he was convinced of the utility of our Church confraternities, their power to preserve and consolidate religion. He regarded them as antidotes against present evils, incentives to regularity and high standards of conduct. The Dean was gifted as a director of Societies; he had talents for infusing new life into them, and he cultivated these talents in town and city. A retrospect of his 36 years, may apply to him the words of the Psalmist: "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up," for with Christ-like zeal he devoted himself to the people of his pastorates. He came to St. Mary's with the accumulated merits of 31 years, when he might have refused this onerous charge and rested from his labors. At the call of the Church to take up city work he changed his plans for husbanding life's taper at the close, and decided to work out his last years in Toronto. He found the ground well prepared and well cultivated by his predecessor, the zealous and beloved Monsignor McCann. Yet conditions were changing, old families vacating and a foreign population taking the old homes. So the Dean set himself to consolidate the work of the late Vicar-General, and to grapple with the new problems. He strengthened parish societies by enrolling the new comers, by firing them with zeal for frequentation of the Sacraments. He marshalled their forces with constancy and vigor, and while vigilant to check tendencies towards vice, he was always sympathetic to the afflicted and unfortunate. He left the Confraternities of his parishes the pride of Catholicism. Into the Sodality of young women he had breathed his own love for the Madonna, her purity and holiness; into the Christian Mothers he had instilled Catholic ideals of home life. He had glorified Jesus' name among the boys and the men, and his zeal for the honor of the Sacred Heart made that Heart the consolation of his dying hour and his refuge in eternity. The late Dean led many up the heights of perfection, and in the words of the prophet, "He turned many away from iniquity."

But foremost among the deceased's gifts was his spirituality. Faith was dominant in the harmony of his life, the latent power of his preaching, the inspirer of his actions. Faith entwined his heart round the Blessed Eucharist. Naught but impossibility ever deprived his priesthood of the morning sacrifice. He always rose early and devoted much time to the clean oblation, and it was edifying to hear him pronounce the words of the Missal and the Breviary. The Rosary was his third favorite devotion and he never missed telling his beads, whether sick or well. He clung to this prayer in his last illness when Missal and Breviary were, perforce, laid aside. Faith moulded his thoughts, modified his words, and raised his whole being to a supernatural plane. Faith enabled him to estimate the value of souls entrusted to his care, gave conviction to his teachings and fruitfulness to his ministry. The undying faith of his Irish forebears imparted light to his intellect and zeal to all his pastoral labors. Conscientious to the last, he played the role of the Good Shepherd until his big frame quivered and his strength gave way. August brought the days when he could work no longer. Early September convinced him that things material were fading away. Calmly and serenely he prepared for the end. In possession of his faculties, with sentiments of priestly confidence, with resignation to the will of God, the late Dean received the rites he had often administered to others. Death came to him at a time when, to all appearances, he was best prepared to meet it. He died on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity and under the aegis of her motherly care, he was borne into the spirit world.

With the demise of Dean Moyna, there has gone from amongst us a churchman of great worth, a leader in thought, an Apostle in zeal. His memory is enshrined in the parishes he served. His words bespeak a ministry well performed, a stewardship well acquitted. His example beckons upwards towards that Kingdom we are confident his soul now enjoys. Yet readers must pray for the Anointed of the Lord now cold in death. Scholarly and zealous he appeared to men, but judgment has been passed by the Omniscient God. Prayers will

please him more than empty praises and orisons will be more solacing to his soul. May he rest in peace!

REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY, D.D.

November, 1920.



Rabboni (Good Lord).

When I am dying,
 How glad I shall be
 That the lamp of my life
 Has been burn'd out for Thee.

That sorrow has darkn'd
 The pathway I trod,
 That thorns—not roses—
 Were strewn o'er its sod.

That anguish of spirit,
 Full often was mine,
 Since anguish of spirit,
 So often was Thine!

My cherished Rabboni!
 How glad I shall be,
 To die with the hope
 Of welcome from Thee.

—Amen.

The Church and State Legislation

By REV. C. C. KEHOE, O.C.C.

SOcialism as an economic system for the administration of material wealth is in its second stage of progress; it has passed from the first stage of theory to its practical application and crucial test in at least one very large, if not very important, nation of the human family. Mr. Maxim Ghorcky apologizes very shrewdly and plausibly for his country in saying that the Russian people are doing valuable experimental work for the benefit of their fellow men. In the physical order of sciences we try a discovery, e.g., a medical remedy for a disease, on brutes; but in moral and economic sciences humans themselves must be inoculated and tested as we see the Russian nation at present infected with the virus of socialism. The rest of the world is divided into the contending parties, of those that are afraid that the experiment will succeed and win general approbation, and of those that are afraid that it will not. The theories and aspirations of both sides are, of course, confusing the actual situation, and it is hard to discover at present either the full merits or defects of the great panacea. The populace of other European nations seems to wait breathlessly for the success of the experiment and their prejudices are evidently in favour of its success. This hope of the mob is equalled only by the horror of the wealthy class that the experiment may succeed or seem to succeed. Economic experiments generally run a short course, as we see in manufacturing enterprises or financial investments in general, for either solid and permanent returns are received and the sum of material wealth increased, or a "get rich quick" article is uncovered and its promoters are rounded up for the penitentiary. In purely economic contests of this kind we can heartily say, unless we have strong party bias, "May the best cause win," for economic interests, after all, are very superficial and in Christian values and terms are

very transitory. Of such things the Master warned us not to be solicitous when He said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." A moral error, however, is deep and dangerous. Morality is what holds us up above the dreadful level of the beasts and raises us hereafter into the Kingdom of Heaven. It is in fact a question of Heaven or Hell. In saying that it is a matter of Heaven or Hell, we have involved and expressed the most exact definition of morality, for morality is a quality attaching to all human acts in which progress is made, either to or from the last end of man. Human conduct that plunges its subject into the ultimate and irretrievable catastrophe of damnation may naturally, we think, inflict many side ills on human affairs, whether they be social, civic or even economic, in the long earthly path of life that leads to immortality. A man who is making for Hell by internal immorality of his own will, will ordinarily be a pernicious politician, a bad citizen, a disagreeable neighbour, and in business a partner that will stand watching. The popular opinion of such a one is that he has nothing to control him.

Among professional moralists there is a dispute which to outsiders may appear superficial and finical, whether the morality of human conduct is determined by conscience, law, human nature, human reason, or even the eternal law of the Divine mind; i.e., some say that human acts and the habits of such acts that constitute human conduct are good or evil accordingly as they measure up with the demands of human nature, conscience, law, or reason whether human or divine. All these theories are both practical and plausible, for if a person acts in conformity with nature, law, reason either human or Divine, his conduct will be morally good and upright. The master teachers, however, assure us with a preponderance of argument, that the standard or morality is in the last end of human life, and that every step or action that is taken either leads towards this last highest end or away from it, and moral conduct, in consequence, is either good or evil. They tell us that when one sidesteps from the way that leads to life, the shadows of death creep over him. Law and nature, reason, human or di-

vine, are only guides that direct him to his last end; so that the end is the objective of human conduct and thus should be the standard of morality. We dwell on this matter momentarily merely to indicate and stigmatize, by contrast, the absurd doctrine that would set up the superficial affair of State legislation as the ultimate standard of morality. State legislation, if it would be a standard at all, must be strictly standardized beforehand by the above given standards and be guided in the halls of parliament or congress by these standards just mentioned. That State law should make morality is monstrous, and human minds whether inside or outside the halls of legislation must first find morality and then apply and detail it. To apply and detail morality for the fluctuating phases of human life is its sole duty, its "ne plus ultra."

The Fallacy of State Supremacy.

The surest indication of apostasy from God and all true religion is the assumption of supremacy by the State. Paganism of old, and such relics of it as still linger in the world in pagan nations, like Japan, always set up as the supreme idol the divinity of the Emperor or the abstract divinity of the State. The falsehood of this is certainly supreme, but the logic of it true and valid; for when the true God disappears from the horizon of human life, and the true end of human existence is lost in the darkness that ensues, a new and apparent end of life will rise at once, either in the brutish material daily life of the individual, just as the conscious end of the brute is in himself. or (what is more likely to occur because of man's social and gregarious instincts) the State grows paramount and absorbs the mind and heart and servile devotion of humanity. The citizen then, with full finality of conscience, can say, "Thy Country, right or wrong."

The Reformation was the triumph of the State over the Church. The semblance of a Church lingered in the nations that rebelled, but it was a State Church. An infidel minister of State can now settle the supreme spiritual affairs of the nation-

al Church, and brutally admonish Bishops to adjust their creed and religious policies to the need of the State. State legislation at present is engaged, apparently, on two great moral problems, the definitive settlement of intoxicating liquors, and individual possession of capital. The consumption of spirituous liquors at present is either moral or immoral as the latest plebiscite swings. Should the medical profession, philanthropists and hygienic scientists get together and create public opinion against the use of flesh meat, as they have against drink during the last fifty years, we may soon develop a Brahmin conscience that will regard meat-eaters as merely carnivorous animals. Let some towering genius of dietetics prove by overwhelming statistics and scientific experiments that meat-eating causes cancer, tuberculosis, and a sanguinary disposition that leads men into the military profession and war, and it is not improbable that the abattoirs will cease their murderous career and perhaps even monuments be erected at these spots to commemorate and placate the shades of the slaughtered victims of savage stivism.

Aristotle, who lived nearly four hundred years before Christ, and spoke of an ancient and modern world at his time, assures us that State legislation in the various countries of the ancient world experimented on property, marriage, divorce, contracts, slavery, intoxicating liquors, compulsory education, liberty of conscience, State religion, female suffrage, stirpiculture, euthanasia and every other conceivable measure that could attract the cultured minds of legislators and philosophers, who were all as prone to curious inquiry and tampering legislation in contravention to the broad laws of nature and human sane traditions as they are now. They tortured nature by their artificialities till nature revenged itself on them either by supreme disaster or at least by blight and misfortune. This philosopher appeals to nature and tradition against his own great masters, Socrates and Plato, who would abolish marriage, break up families and have only the great family of the State. He argues painfully and laboriously that if they would abandon their own children they could not be expected

to love the children of others. If they lost the natural respect for blood relationship so as to inter-marry the children of the same family, that they could not have respect and love for any citizen of the State. Before the coming of Christ and outside the divinely directed Jewish nation, legislative assemblies were a pandemonium of wild law-making. Christianity and the Justinian code gave us a basis of sane and stable legislation for over one thousand years. The Christian Church engrafted on Roman law gave us both Church law and State law as standards of civilization for all the European countries that had their rise since that time, and human life and all things pertaining to it were made subject to Divine law.

How Far Can the Catholic Church Tolerate the Nationalization of Capital?

The occasion of the present article was a surprising statement made by a Catholic writer in a Catholic magazine that the Church could, from a mere moral standpoint, tolerate, though without approval, the complete nationalization of property, at least of productive property which we call Capital. Fr. Finley, S.J., in the September number of "Studies" for last year, argues that socialistic legislation may yet drag nations into the same economic condition as now prevails in Russia, and although it would be a disaster as a business proposition and an economic undertaking, still the Church must be prepared to approve it if possible, or at least not come into useless conflict with society as long as this extravagance may last. He means that the Church must stoop and reach as far as natural or divine law can possibly permit. In trimming for this unfortunate condition that may arise, he argues that, after all, the right is not the same as the duty to hold property in land and general capital, and that the right may be given up if it is not a duty to hold it. He thinks that each individual can give up the right, as monks and nuns and early Christians have done, who hold all things in common, and he appeals to patriarchal, primitive nations and to such rudimentary forms

of society as missionary reductions among the Indians, and especially the happy mission of Paraguay, where possessions were in common. In the theory of the case he contends that it is not against natural law to surrender private ownership of property and that a nation by free plebiscite could socialize all productive capital; and while it would be a cataclysm of economic disaster, the Church could wait in composure without denouncement and antagonism until men were sobered by their sad experience. There are two fallacies in his plea for toleration on the part of the Church. The first is that we may possess a right which we are not bound to use, e.g., we all have the right of entering marriage, but, as nuns and priests show, we are not bound to use the right. For the same reason, however, we could also argue that the State by a free plebiscite could take away from all the right of marriage. We all have by nature a right to a glass of wine, but we need not use it; has then the State the right by plurality of votes to make us compulsory abstinent? We have the right to eat meat or smoke tobacco, but not the duty of using these rights, yet can the State take away such rights by the enthusiasm of legislative assembly or the hurrah proceedings of an election? We calmly maintain before all such frivolous pleading that if God and Nature gave individual rights, no human legislation can expunge them; furthermore, that all human legislation is bound to respect such rights and frame its laws with ample opportunity for the free exercise of them.

The State is not only morally forbidden to socialize land and ordinary capital, but is bound by the law of nations (*Jus Gentium*) to make divisions of them and not to tolerate any plebiscite that would curtail these rights. This has been the teaching of the Church up to and notably in the encyclicals of Leo XIII., and most particularly in the encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*." It is also the common teaching of Catholic authors, and I may say the exclusive doctrine taught in seminaries to the prospective clergy of the Catholic Church by text books of ethics and professors. Father Vermeesch, S.J., of the same Society as Father Finlay, leaves no room for the least probability

of the opposite opinion, condemning it as a patent, flagrant, intolerable error, Cardinal Zigliars, than whom no greater authority can be invoked in ethics, is just as decided, and leaves not a crevice for doubt in his resolute and solid statement. The chief argument of Father Finlay, and on which he builds his whole presumption of possible toleration on the part of the Church, is that the right of private ownership does not issue from natural law; and of course natural law is what the State assembly is alone bound to consider. We can agree fully to his plea that individual ownership is per se not a corollary of natural law. In Paradise, according to general opinion, there was a complete communism, and communism is perhaps the ideal condition for men, as Christ himself seemed to recommend it to the perfect Christian. The Apostles also countenanced and encouraged it, but all this proves nothing for socialism, and in fact furnishes forth proof for the very opposite. For the condition of fallen man we may flatly say that private ownership is of natural law. Natural law and the debased state of human nature compounded together make the division of goods indispensable, and this is what is meant by the law of nations. The law of nations is the dictate of natural law to human society when in some contingent but permanent condition. The fall of man is a contingency and a permanent one that extends over the whole world; it is not of his nature, in fact, against his nature, but there never will be a nation free from it, and thus every nation, for deep and general reasons of natural law, must divide lands and capital. We wear clothes from about the same necessity as we require individual proprietorship, and we would be ridiculous to argue in our present fallen condition to the possibility of a relaxation of this necessity because it does not emanate from strict natural law.

The double element that constitutes the law of nations (*Jus Gentium*) has been the occasion of disputes as to the origin of the necessity of private ownership. Some of the older writers affirmed that it came from State law. This was the occasion for some modern writers like Father Finlay to take advantage

and argue that as State law set up private ownership, State law could abrogate it again. These ancient writers and St. Thomas of Aquin himself, meant by such statements that the Jus Gentium in its form and promulgation is human law, but the contents or matter comes from natural law. The Jus Gentium depends, as we have said, on natural necessity such as natural law would contain and the contingency of man's fall and consequent imperfect moral condition of his will and habits. Other writers, looking on the side of natural necessity rather than the human promulgation, affirm that private ownership originates in purely natural law. Both sides are relatively correct from the viewpoint they take, but both sides are categorically wrong. The contingency of man's debased condition makes a human promulgation necessary, but the intrinsic necessity that urges the promulgation of the law as long as the contingency of man's debasement, continues, is of nature. The character of Jus Gentium and the necessity of ownership thus come out very clearly accompanied by their indispensability; we say they represent the two elements of natural demand and a fixed contingency. If this contingency or accident could be lifted, the law could be abrogated, but this is to make a supposition that is impossible. When proving the necessity of private ownership we always give the immutable reasons of natural law, and this is the way St. Thomas argues, the encyclicals of Leo XIII. and especially "Rerum Novarum." The triple reason of certainty, order and peace are usually the summary of all natural reasons. Thus the certainty of a continued supply of all earthly goods and particularly the necessities of life for parents and children, for the precarious homes that contain families of little ones, the aged and sick and helpless, demand the division of all goods and private ownership of the same. To throw families on State support without any stable fund of their own would, as the history of the human race testifies, be too hazardous. Napoleon won his wars by his comisariat and the secret of his success was the secret of detail; that his big army was divided into **very small** families of the mess and each mess cared and provided for itself. The fierce

hungry love of the mother for her offspring and the dogged, persevering labours of the father would be nullified by State ownership and a State providence. In this fallen world the fine qualities of fraternity and equality coming purely from mind, and will, and virtue, and order, and the grand possible administration of a Utopian State can never substitute for the rudimentary clanishness of flesh and blood when families are to keep the wolf from the door. It is a pity that it is so, but so it is, and good enough must be let alone. The argument of order is obvious, for the unit of the family in providing for itself will effect the grand and general order of a well-fed, well-groomed and well-educated society better than the officialdom of the State dispensaries can ever secure. The argument of peace is even more pronounced and obvious, as every family will be happy only when it has its own and is sure of all it has earned. Working for State capital and getting back the mere goods of use and consumption would foster jealousies, suspicions, incriminations and complaints that should bring turmoil and not peace. In a primitive patriarchial society of small extent and of blood compact the contingency of man's abasement might not be felt and thus the natural reasons of certainty, order and peace might not urge. In Indian reductions, as that of Paraguay, the simple Pueblos might tolerate communism for a time; in religious communities also where the denizens are intent on the Kingdom of Heaven, where divine grace, mortification, self-denial, rigid rule and canon law abound, the same might be said; in Paradise, where the climate and morality were so heavenly that even clothes were dispensable, individual ownership of capital and independent production might be foregone, but not in the cold world of raw and multitudinous humanity. We might as well say that police protection is not of natural law and thus could be abrogated. It surely is of human institution, like street lights in the cities, but woe to the nation that would abrogate them. Thus the law of nations or international law, is of double aspect, viz., natural and contingent; natural in substance and accidental or contingent by some

extrinsic condition that comes not from human nature, but is always present. How absurd, then, to say that the Church and moralists would use such radical arguments of nature as those of certainty, order and peace to prove the necessity of division of temporal goods, both productive and unproductive, and yet afterwards countenance and tolerate the uncertainty, turmoil and disorder that would ensue by the abrogation of the law. Such trimming and hedging will serve no purpose if socialism becomes prevalent; rather is it better "to take arms against a sea of trouble, and, by opposing, end them."

Concluding Observation.

The moralists to whom we have referred, while standing firm on the immorality of nationalization of land and capital in general, do quite unanimously and liberally concede that the State may become the sole owner of many public utilities and services where, for some peculiar reasons, the public good seems to demand it. Railroads, telegraphs, street car lines, coal mines, etc., might be, outside of the economic aspect of the case, owned and controlled by the State. Land, however, and general productive capital could never come into this catalogue. Public utilities are easily distinguished from private fortunes and enterprises. The guiding principles that moralists give for such a discrimination is that the State should not be an owner at all, for government per se does not call for such a function; but for the public good, where peace and order require it, things that pertain to the public may be owned by the public. This is, in fact, the exception that proves the rule.



Ireland's Misty Hills

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

Let travelers prate of the Rockies great
Or the Alleghanies blue,
Or sights recall of the Andes tall
That sentinel Peru;
Of the Urals gray or the Himalay
Where God's white daylight spills—
My fancy flies to the sea-warm skies
And Ireland's misty hills!

With Druid cloud-belt girded on,
They lift their shoulders brown—
The Galtees, Toomies, Slieve-na-mon,
Slieve Donard, Knoc-Mel-Dhown;
And Kerry's Reek with tow'ring peak
The homing exile thrills,
When high and brave above the wave
Rise Ireland's misty hills!

The gorse is gold where heroes bold
Of old were wont to stray;
Where Finn and Ossian through the wold
Went hunting day by day;
Where Fergus and Cuhoolin trod
Beside the wandering rills,
And good St. Patrick blessed the sod
On Ireland's misty hills!

No coward slaves have made their graves
Upon these heathery heights,
Where king and kerne, in battle stern,
Have bled for Erin's rights!

The wind that through her ancient tow'rs
 In mournful accent shrills,
 Shouts ranns of pride for the brave who died
 On Ireland's misty hills!

May combats cease, and love and peace
 In that fair Island dwell;
 Each race and creed, in the country's need
 Her patriot anthems swell!
 May North and South together band
 To banish age-long ills,
 And all her clans undaunted stand
 For Ireland's misty hills!



Dean Harris' New Book

The ever busy and gifted pen of Very Rev. Dean Harris keeps literary critics alert in their watch-towers, recording his activities. Within four or five years the Dean of Canadian Catholic writers has given to the public no less than five books, his last being a study of that heroic band of Catholic missionaries who, armed with the breviary and the cross, carried the Gospel of Christ to the Indian dwellers, in that remote, illimitable and romantic region known as the Valley of the Saguenay.

When but a young man, the now venerable Dean made the history of the early French missionaries in Canada his own; and this field has ever remained his true metier.

"The Cross-Bearers of the Saguenay"—how felicitous a title!—his latest work, is really a synthesis of the very best qualities and characteristics that marked his former works in this field, plus an added virtue of maturity of style, marked compression of fact and splendid organization and ordering of subject matter.

We will stake our reputation as a critic that this work, together with "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada," will take and hold its place as a permanent contribution to the history of the beginnings of faith and civilization in our great Northland. Both books will assuredly remain, for all time, authentic works of highest reference in this department of our country's history.

In the hands of an historical tyro, Dean Harris' latest work would result in a jumble and jungle of confused fact. Not so the work of the Dean. He has avoided this, by his historical perspicuity and his wisdom in dividing the volume into three books, each treating of a separate topic or theme, which is developed logically and coherently under its own headings. Thus Book I. treats of **Tadou-sac and the Franciscans**; Book II. of **The Montagnais**, and Book III. of **The Trail-Breakers and Path-Finders**.

The volume is filled with glowing passages—pen pictures that remind you of a canvas of Tintoretto or Titian; such as his picturesque description of the witchery of old historic Tadou-sac. The work, which contains eleven illustrations, the frontispiece representing in profile a Montagnais Chief, is inscribed to Rev. M. Cline, M.A.—Thomas O'Hagan.

A Costly Book

One of the costliest sets of books ever printed and bound in the United States was on exhibition in New York last August during the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus—being the first printed copies of "Knights of Columbus in Peace and War," the official history of the K. of C., by Maurice F. Egan and John B. Kennedy. The set referred to are for the private library of Pope Benedict XV., and are bound in white sheepskin, stamped in deep gold with the triple tiara and the keys of St. Peter. They were presented to the Holy Father on August 29th by James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight, when the pilgrimage of 250 Knights was received at the Vatican.

Madonna of the Moonlit Hours

J. CORSON MILLER.

When moonlight falls like a silver frieze
Upon the sleep-enfolded flowers;
And Night's a happy queen, who walks,
Star-crowned, among her cloudy towers,
I think of Mary, with her Child,—
Madonna of the Moonlit Hours!

And all the earth's beauty rushes down,
To lift my soul, where Sorrow cowers,
With a mysterious song of joy,
As though High Heaven manna showers.
And plain I see her tread the fields,—
Madonna of the Moonlit Hours!

Her simple hair, dressed maiden-wise
Above that brow which Virtue dowers,
But frames her patient eyes with peace
And fragrance locked in rose-bloom bowers,
Now God be thanked! 'Tis She, 'tis She,
Madonna of the Moonlit Hours!

Come down, dear Mother, with thy Son,
When over us Sin's darkness lowers;
Surround us with thy tender care,
So we may laugh at Satan's powers.
Hail, thou, White Lady of the Night,—
Madonna of the Moonlit Hours!



MADONNA

Christmas in Mexico

By Rr. Rev. Monsignor Burke, P.A.

THROUGHOUT the whole Christian world the festivity of the Nativity of Our Lord is celebrated with comparative unanimity now, as the great day upon which joy, gratitude and generosity should prevail amongst all. Even where the Christianity carries traces of the austere Calvinism of the post-Reformation period, both ministers and people are rapidly returning to Catholic practice with regard to the religious part of the feast, and a greater and greater unbending, with regard to its merely festive or social side. The nations are closer than we ever thought they could be, through the war and the new means of inter-communication, so that the old saying, "if you can only get people together you can always remove their differences," is truer and truer; indeed, almost crystalized into fact. An understanding of Catholic faith and practice has done much to render ineffective and obsolete the foolish "protest" which, under Luther, Calvin and Henry Tudor, divided Christians into two great hostile camps. On the battlefields of Europe the ministers of one of these camps came into closest contact with the practices of the other, which they had previously so misunderstood and so roundly condemned; and in the face of the historic evidences everywhere, in the monuments surrounding them, and the consolations the dying heroes experienced from the old faith and the administration of its sacraments and sacramentals, they not only, in many cases, expressed great reverence for beliefs before anathematized, but found joy and happiness in adopting Catholic devotions themselves, and giving objects of piety and sacred symbols to those to whom they ministered. More than one Protestant clergyman carried crucifixes and medals, even rosaries, for the men he served in the ranks; and, I would venture the assertion that few, if any, of them returned to America with-

out some sacred momento of purely Catholic usage for themselves, and that they will preserve them and seek consolation from them as the Catholic does, to the end of their days. They believe now that the cross, crucifixes and images of God and His Blessed Mother and the saints, are not things to be reviled and broken on sight; but they are blessed reminders that lift poor, afflicted humanity up to a pious contemplation of what was done for its salvation, and inspire it with a greater love of the God that did it, in the performance of the acts which stimulate, increase and perfect that saving love better than could ever be attained by the cold, arrogant and inconsequent vocalizing of self-righteous prayer, or what is termed prayer, by many so-called Christians. It is true that some times those sacramentals can be abused; that some ignorant people may elevate them to an exaggerated and reprehensible place; but I have never met a Catholic, no matter how unread or simple, who thought for a moment that those images or objects, intrinsically, had power to either hear or help them: petitions made before or through them were all referred to God Himself, our Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, Who alone can hear and help in the hour of need.

In Mexico you have a great element which cannot be said to have advanced any considerable length in Christian civilization. Fourteen millions of the people are Indians—as pure and unadulterated in their Aztec blood as when Cortés came, in the middle of the Sixteenth Century. They had a civilization then of their own and a religion, pagan as it was, that lent itself to gorgeous and thrilling displays, and they like these spectacles to-day. They made sacrifices to their gods—even to the offering of human blood—on their altars. The Friars christianized them by adapting some of their ceremonies to the new religion, as the Church in its dawn conciliated Jewish and even Gentile sympathy—by employing in its ceremonial or sacred usage, as far as could be, their own ritual practices, thus purifying and sanctifying them. They did wonders, those Spanish Friars, by their piety, their devotion and their wisdom in dealing with the new races; and, therefore, it is that this land accepted the

Faith of Christ so freely and with the shedding of so little blood. They were a simple people and had to be taught by signs and symbols; and wonderful was their joy when they discovered that things which they had referred before to false gods, in their religious rites and ceremonies were, after all, really intended for and susceptible of being now applied to the worship of the One True Living God—the Creator, Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth and of all things. Besides, the Spaniards brought with them certain usages which they had acquired from the Arabic or Moorish invaders and these increased the many somewhat unusual things to be noticed in connection with religious rites in Mexico. The worship of God was, therefore, surrounded with great awe and mystery and publicly carried out with a ritual of extraordinary splendor. The saints of the Church took the places of their numerous Indian deities, too, and they put up their images in their temples and decked them out in all the bright colors and fantastic ornament they could devise. And as they were naturally a poetic and artistic people, as pre-Christian records amply prove, they built their new temples to the True God with great richness and beauty, and joyfully transferred to them their religious services, their profuse burning of incense, their postures and prostrations.

Naturally, then, the circumstances and events connected with the Nativity were of consuming interest to them. They were not satisfied with contemplating these things in the mind's eye; they had to be acted out before them, and, then, they sorrowed or joyed as the nature of the particular circumstances demanded. They have there yet, all over the country, "Las Posadas," a pious commemoration of the journey which Mary and Joseph made from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where was born the Saviour of the World. Those Posadas or rests—the nights consumed on the way—are put down as nine in number (what traditional warrant there is for this we do not know), and they are surrounded with great solemnity, followed by rejoicing and festivity. Whilst quite general and extended on the whole, each posada-circle or group, is made up

of intimate friends and relations and usually includes nine families, in whose houses the sacred scenes are enacted. For this the house is decorated as we do for Christmas, with greenings and flowers and lights and one room, which represents the lodging place, is set apart for the shrine or repository.

The hour for the performance having arrived (usually 6.30 or 7 p.m.) all assemble in the common room of the house, for the "Posada," attired in their feast-day raiment, when, signing themselves with the Cross, the cantors commence singing the hymn of thanksgiving of the holy pilgrims, as they move away from the house of rest of the previous night, to continue the arduous journey to Bethlehem :

Muy agradecidos
De aquí nos marchamos
Y al cielo rogamos
Premie vuestra acción, etc.

Very joyfully do we
Take our way from here;
Praying Heaven earnestly,
Reward your act sincere, etc.

With lighted tapers in hand and in procession, two by two they go around the house, the whole assemblage chanting the Litany of Loretto, in Latin; the chief chanters making the invocations and the others responding. The figures of Mary and Joseph in statuary on a common base with burning tapers before them, are carried in front of the procession. They are good singers, all those Mexicans, and thus it is that such processions are very solemn and impressive. One sometimes marvels that the extra devout pilgrim whose "ora pro nobis" breathes particular unction, has the reputation of being an arch enemy of the Church, not unfrequently a general or cabinet minister who has already had a crack at a priest or bishop or has greatly added to his household gods by many precious objects purloined from the very sanctuary! But why look into these things too closely? They are, here and now, humble votaries of Mary and, I may add, whatever else may happen, will never be anything else.

The Miserere Nobis to the last Agnus Dei chanted, they arrive at the door, where the Holy Pilgrims make the humble request for shelter and are answered from within in the same wierd chant as used by their petitioners. The appeal for the

third posada, or resting-place, is given below, as it is the shortest in the list :

OUTSIDE.

Abrid vuestras puertas
A dos desgraciados
Que vienen cansados
Reposo a buscar.

Kind friends, open up your door,
And let two pilgrims in;
Who, tired and weary, do implore,
A resting place to win.

INSIDE.

Quién a tales horas
En la noche helada
Que le den posada
Viene a suplicar?

Who at such an hour as this,
In the freezing time of night,
Unto us express the wish
For refuge in sad plight?

OUTSIDE.

Dos pobres esposos
San José y María
Que Dios los envía
Piedad á implorar.

Those two creatures at your door
Are Joseph and Mary;
Sent by God to implore
Pity on the weary.

Then the door is opened, and this same welcome sung every night, at the granting of lodgings, by those within :

Entrad, pues, O esposos
Castos e inocentes!
Cultos reverentes
Venid a aceptar.

Enter, then, holy spouses,
Chaste and innocent!
We give to you our houses,
And cult most reverent.

Y por nuestro amparo
E influjo divino
Del Cielo el camino
Podamos andar.

And for our requittal,
With the Divine Aid;
We walk the way that's vital,
Which the Lord hath made.

Hermosa María
Paloma sagrada
Un tierno hospedaje
Te dan nuestras almas.

And thou, most beautiful Maria,
Sacred, true and just;
In tender hospitality
We give to thee our trust.

Entra con tu esposo
E has afortunada
A la pobre gente
Que está en esta casa.

Come in with your espoused,
And make more fortunate
The poor people housed
Who you do venerate.

Then the Holy Pilgrims being admitted, all fall on their knees before the shrine on which the image and candles are

placed, and recite the Act of Contrition, the special prayer for the last day, and then, the nine Ave Marias, with this couplet after each :

Jesús, José y María
Yo os afrezco por posada
El corazon y el alma!

Jesus, Joseph and Mary,
I offer you for resting place
My heart and my soul!

Then the prayer, proper to each day of the novena, and afterwards, a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, in honor of Saint Joseph, are said.

Here is a rough translation of one of these beautiful prayers :

“O most Holy Mother of the Eternal World, beloved daughter of the Father and tender Spouse of the Holy Ghost, sole counsellor of the miserable and abandoned sinner ; I, the greatest and most abject of all, prostrate myself before Thee to contemplate the trials and sufferings which thou hast had to endure in the long and painful journey in which to accomplish the inscrutable designs of God, thou hast made, from Narareth to Bethlehem, and by which the Lord wished to put to the test thy many heroic virtues: I, O Most Tender Mother of the Word Incarnate, can do no less than be filled with gladness in considering Thee as the object of all the complacency of God, Who wished to see in Thee the fulness of His Delights, and to give them to men to be imitated, inasmuch as they can know and desire that which is holy and perfect: O, who can contemplate in the smallest way the grandeur of Thy merits in the sufferings which Thou hast endured on the way to Bethlehem, where Thou gavest to the World the Redeemer of the human race! Grant me to understand, O my Most Holy Mother, how much I owe to Thy tender mercy in the contemplation of Thy trials and sufferings, in order to share, with Thy assistance who wast conceived by the Holy Ghost—the unequalled felicity that the Son gave to us to possess; so that suffering, with resignation and patience, the adversities of this life and in humble imitation of thine own virtues, I may be worthy to attain the Celestial Kingdom, which Thy Son, Jesus, my Saviour, has purchased for me with His Most Precious Blood.” Amen.

After these really impressive and beautifully simple and touching devotions, all rise from their knees, when the lighter element of the Posada, the social entertainment, holds complete sway. First, refreshments are offered and presents made, these latter, in the case of the wealthy, being valuable and in general always nice and suitable mementos. This is the way the Circle of the Nine Families have of extending Christmas presents. Afterwards the "Pinata"—a great earthen vessel, or "olla," suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room, receives attention. It is globe-shaped, gorgeously trimmed with tissue paper and tinsel, and contains nuts, raisins, fruit and confectionery. The one I saw was a great round ball, with four silver horns protruding from the circumference and a long tassel at the bottom. They make them in the form of men and animals also. The person trying to break this object is led blindfolded into the middle of the room, turned round several times on his feet, to confuse the sense of location, and told to strike at it with a big stick provided for such purpose. Each contestant is allowed but one blow. Many, of course, fail, but ultimately the "pinata" is smashed to pieces, and the contents fall to the floor in greatest confusion, and are scrambled for eagerly by everybody, very much like the contests we have so often witnessed in childhood's days. Perhaps this is mostly the children's part of the festival, too, although old and young enter into the fun heartily.

After the "pinata" comes the dance, when beautiful ladies and courtly gentlemen keep up the "unrestricted joy" until midnight, a splendid orchestra providing the necessary music. At midnight usually a sumptuous repast is served and, afterwards, there are more dancing and games and merriment, till the small hours, when all repair to their homes, after shaking hands innumerable times, and protesting, as only Castilians can, their thorough enjoyment of the "posada."

Christmas Eve Night, "Noche Buena," is a time of great movement amongst the people; everybody is on the way to the churches which are, for the most part, turned into one

Great Crib of Bethlehem, with elaborate decorations and lights, and life-size figures of the creatures connected with the Nativity scene—the animals of the stable, the shepherds and Magi, St. Joseph, Mary, and the Infant God.

The people—the young people specially, jubilate in the streets, before and after Midnight Mass. But young and old alike love to sing the “Rorro,” as they call it, of the Nativity. Here is one single couplet:

A la rorro, nino,
A-larrorro ro,
Que viniste al mundo,
Solo por mi amor;
Esos tus ojitos,
Ya los vas cerrendo;
Pero estás mirando,
Todos mis delitos.

So you see that Christmas, whilst not exactly celebrated, as with us, is a great, absorbing festival in Mexico, which brings fully to the hearts of all the holy longings, to glorify God and obtain for this suffering land and its good people the precious blessings of the Angels' Song.



Interesting Description of the Spot Where Thomas A'Becket Met Martyrdom

Important Events Connected With Place Immortalized by
Chaucer.

THE "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer have made Canterbury famous, and invested the old town with a certain romantic interest. One loves to picture those Knights and Dames of old, riding gaily caparisoned horses to the Shrine of St. Thomas. They while away the hours of a tedious ride with tales of romance, not at all times conducive, perhaps, to a fitting spirit of devotion, such as might be expected of Pilgrims

Instead of an interesting ride upon a "capering palfry" through a most beautiful flower-strewn country, the pilgrim or visitor to Canterbury now rushes there by steam. As I left London from Victoria Station by the 10.45 train one lovely morning in May, I was conscious of a thrill of expectation. I was about to visit the spot where St. Augustine had established his See, where he had first planted the cross, and sown the seed of the Faith which soon spread over all England. The spot made sacred by many holy Bishops and Abbots, also by the cruel martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket. A spot invested with some of the most romantic and interesting recollections in the history of England.

Two hours brought me to the quaint old city, through which I walked to the magnificent Cathedral, passing under Christ Church gate into the Cathedral green. This beautiful old gate was built in 1517 by Prior Goldstone II. I entered the Cathedral by the southwest porch. The dates of building different parts extend from 1070 to 1495, various Archbishops and Priors are named as building different portions. The proportions of this grand old Cathedral are most beautiful, the aisles are narrow and lofty. The choir is raised considerably above the nave and is approached by a flight of steps; this is

to allow space for the crypts, which are built under this part of the church. After walking about the nave, admiring the beauty of this ancient structure, allowing my mind to go back to those glorious days when England was Catholic, when faith was deep enough to inspire the children of the Church to build such monuments to the glory of God; peopling the space again with devout worshippers while Mass might be in progress in the choir; with a sigh for the past, I ascended the steps to the choir where now alien services are daily held.

The choir screen is a beautiful specimen of ancient carving. I was here taken in charge by a guide and entered the choir where are many interesting monuments of antiquity. I ascended the well-worn pilgrim steps to the spot where used to be the Shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, now, alas! an empty space, speaking eloquently of the cupidity of that royal robber, Henry VIII., and the fanaticism of the Puritans. Trinity Chapel was built specially to receive the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket; just in front is a mosaic pavement pretty well preserved. The shrine was enriched by many costly gifts from royal and other pilgrims, the wooden sides were covered with plates of gold set with innumerable jewels. The body of the saint was at first interred in the crypt, but fifty years later, in 1220, it was removed with great ceremony to this shrine prepared for its reception on the site where Becket had first solemnized Mass after becoming Archbishop. This is the spot commemorated by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," where we read of all sorts and conditions of men joining in a pilgrimage.

As this shrine, in 1520, knelt Henry VIII. and rendered homage at the side of Charles V., but eighteen years later his greed for gold was roused, and, as he was never at a loss to trump up an accusation when he had determined to lay hands upon riches that did not belong to him, he had the daring to issue "a writ of summons against Thomas Beckett, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, accusing him of treason and contumacy"; and this after he had been dead for 368 years! The marvel is how such a man as Henry VIII. ever imposed upon Englishmen, and how they could stoop to carry out the man-

dates of so daring a robber! The summons was read over his tomb, and thirty days allowed for him to appear and answer for himself, then the suit was solemnly tried at Westminster, and, needless to say, judgment was given against the dead man. The shrine was dismantled, and the gold and jewels taken away to fill Henry's coffers. The spoils, it is said, filled twenty-six carts, Becket's images were destroyed throughout the land, and his name erased from all books; it is not known even whether his body was burnt, or what became of it; there is a skeleton under the crypt which has been discovered of late years and which it is supposed might be his. This sad work is a piece with many other doings of the valiant founder of the English Reformation.

Next the vacant space of Becket's shrine is the tomb of Edward, the Black Prince (1376). The figure is clad in full armor, the hands clasped in prayer. Above the canopy hang his brazen gauntlets, his casque, shield of wood and velvet coat emblazoned with the arms of France and England. Immediately opposite is the tomb of Henry IV. (1413) and his second consort, Joan of Navarre. A circular chapel at the extreme east end of the Cathedral is known as the Corona, or Becket's Crown. The ceiling is shaped much like a crown. On the left is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last Archbishop who acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. In the centre stands the chair of St. Augustine, a plain marble chair, in which it is said the old Kings of Kent used to be crowned, and which was given by Ethelbert to St. Augustine, from whom it descended to the Archbishops of Canterbury. In it the new Archbishop (now, of course, Protestant) is placed when he is enthroned.

The next most interesting part is the Chapel of the Martyrdom in the northwest transept. This was the scene of the ghastly tragedy which rendered Canterbury famous throughout Christendom. St. Thomas, who, much against his will, had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry II., proved himself the faithful guardian of the rules of the Church upon which this same King desired to infringe. Not being able to

overcome the Archbishop by friendship nor persecution, he said one day in a moment of anger, "Will no one rid me of this troublesome Churchman?" Immediately the four knights, Fitzurse, de Moreville, de Tracy and Richard le Bret, hoping to win the King's favor, set out for Canterbury to compass the death of the Archbishop. They entered by the same doorway which to this day leads from the "Chapel of the Martyrdom" to the Cloister. The holy Prelate was at the altar. "Where is the traitor?" they cried. St. Thomas did not reply. "Where is the Archbishop?" they then said. "I am the Archbishop," replied the saint, "but no traitor, what would you?" "That you die!" they exclaimed, advancing upon him. One struck him a violent blow upon the head with his sabre; he fell, covered with blood; two others pierced him with their swords, the fourth opened his skull and scattered his brains. In the south-east corner of the space before this altar is the "Murder Stone," where the martyr fell.

Henry, on hearing of this crime, wept, declaring he had never ordered it to be committed. He performed sincere and rigorous penance. The four assassins died in a few years, full of bitter repentance. A blind man recovered his sight on applying to his eyelids the blood of the martyr while yet warm.

From this point I entered the Cloisters and the Chapter House, a large and lofty hall. I then returned and was taken through a passage under the choir to St. Michael's or the Warrior's Chapel. It contains, partly built into the wall, the stone coffin of Stephen Langton, the leader of the Barons who wrung Magna Charta from King John. In the centre is a beautiful alabaster monument of Lady Margaret Holland and her two husbands, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, and Thomas, Duke of Clarence.

I now descend into the very beautiful crypt with its exquisitely carved pillars. The whole crypt was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, "Our Lady of the Undercroft." Remains of what was once a fine chantry are still to be seen. The "Black Prince's Chantry" was founded by the Prince on the occasion of his marriage in 1363. A portion of the croft is

railed off and here the French Protestants hold their service. In the east end, or crypt of Trinity Chapel, Becket's body was placed and remained for fifty years, until it was translated to the magnificent shrine in Trinity Chapel above. Here Henry II. did penance for his crime, and was soundly scourged by the Church's representatives. A stone marks the spot where some bones were found in 1888 and re-buried in the same place. It is thought they might possibly be those of St. Thomas à Becket, but it is uncertain.

After my visit to the Cathedral I had lunch in a delightfully quaint restaurant adjoining Christ Church gate. Here pictures of Chaucer's Pilgrims abound in all sizes and colorings. I then walked along the street listening to the Canterbury Bells until I came to the Catholic church of St. Thomas. It is a pretty little church, nicely kept, but, oh, how different to the stately Cathedral built centuries ago by Catholic piety now in the hands of aliens!

I walked on to view St. Augustine's Gateway, the entrance now to a missionary College, where once stood an Abbey founded and endowed by King Ethelbert in 598, immediately after his conversion. It incorporated a heathen fane, which was dedicated by St. Augustine to St. Pancras, the Roman boy-martyr. In the cemetery attached to the Monastery the remains of St. Augustine and a number of succeeding Archbishops were interred. Until the tragedy of Becket in 1170, the Abbey and Church of St. Augustine were of far more importance than the Cathedral. In 1538 its revenues were valued at £1412, 4s. 7d, and it possessed upwards of 11,800 acres of land. This proved too great a temptation to Henry VIII., so he suppressed the Abbey, and piously transferred the lands and revenues to his royal self. The principal buildings were stripped of their lead, and nearly everything of value removed. The great hall was pulled down to furnish materials for Guild-hall. The beautiful gateway became the entrance to a brewery; the State bed-chamber held the cooling vat; the guest-hall was used for dancing and cock-fighting. The whole place was suffered to fall into decay. In 1844 the late Mr. Beresford

Hope rescued the Monastery from the state of degradation, and as far as possible, restored it. It is now a college. The beautiful embattled gateway was the work of Abbot Findon, in 1300. Above the vaulted archway is the State bed-chamber, where Charles I. lodged when bringing his bride, Henrietta Maria, from Dover.

From this I made my way to the Dane John and walked through its beautiful avenue of lofty lime trees. This avenue extends for more than a thousand feet; at the end is a huge artificial mound which is supposed to have been a Danish earth-work, hence the name, Dane John. Others say it is of earlier date, and that the name is a corruption of Donjon, a castle keep. The Dane John is a very pretty park and recreation ground. I now turned towards the West Gate, a beautiful gate with round towers, built by Archbishop Simon, of Sudbury, in 1380. I passed under the archway and returned to the station, thus ending a delightful day in the old town of Canterbury, amid surroundings that almost made me forget there was such a thing as a modern railway.

MARY HOSKIN.

CONSCIENCE.

I care not for the outer voice
 That deals out praise or blame;
 I could not with the world rejoice
 Nor bear its doom of shame—
 But when the Voice within me speaks
 The truth to me is known;
 He sees himself who inward seeks—
 The riches are his own.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Story of Christmas Gifts

This is a true story about Christmas gifts; and it relates to a time not more remote than Christmas of 1910. Why, oh, why do we torment our brains and weary our limbs and eyes over a worn-out sentiment. For worn out it is, excepting with children, who,—and long may it be so,—still believe in Santa Claus.

Dear Aunt Jemima, with her own foolish old fingers, made a pretty, dainty little piece of nothingness for the beloved niece, Anna Maria. She looked at it this way and she looked at it that; she put another bow here and a loop there; finally she thought it would do for the exacting young lady for whom it was destined; and indeed it was pretty to look upon, though perhaps useless, but it would look well upon the beloved niece's wall and would match her other "things."

A few weeks after Christmas the beloved niece invited dear Aunt Jemima to a very mild little game of bridge with a few other semi-ancient dames and demoiselles.

One friend arrived before the others and dear Aunt Jemima was entertaining her. Mercifully, the beloved niece had been temporarily called away. The Friend informed dear Aunt Jemima that the last time she played bridge in that house, only a week or two ago, she had won the prize.

"The sweetest little thing," she said, "I don't know whether you have ever seen one like it, it is made of—" and she proceeded to describe, bit by bit, with cruel accuracy, the pretty little piece of nothingness which dear Aunt Jemima had made with her own hands for the beloved niece, while Aunt Jemima kept her eyes upon the Friend's eyes and gave no sign. The Friend won the prize also upon that day; history does not record whether that prize also was a Christmas gift from some dear relation.

When dear Aunt Jemima reached home she indulged in a soft, quiet laugh. She took up the pretty little bit of nonsense

that the beloved niece Anna Maria had given her at Christmas, and regarded it pensively. She turned it over and looked at it on every side. No, it was not in the least bit damaged by a month's exposure on her parlor table.

"I shall put it away," she said finally, "it will do to give to Susanna Simkins next year."

And the dear old lady, with an amused smile on her face, wrapped the beloved niece's Christmas gift carefully in tissue paper and put it away.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

Have you sorrows? You must bear them
 Without murmur, without moan;
 Think not you may shirk or share them,
 Keep them for yourself alone.
 But if you have joys—oh, show them;
 Broadcast to the winds go throw them
 Seed-like through the world go sow them,
 And be glad when they are sown.

Have you trials? You must face them
 Without grumbling, without groan;
 Burdens? Then be sure to place them
 On no shoulders save your own.
 But if you have aught that's cheerful,
 Give it forth to claim the fearful,
 Give it forth to soothe the tearful,
 Sing it, ring it, make it known.

Thus it is the noble-hearted
 Live until their day is flown;
 Thus their courage is imparted
 As a bugle-blast is blown;
 Thus it is they help and heighten,
 Thus they lift and thus they lighten,
 Thus it is they bless and brighten
 Souls less steadfast than their own.

A Mission Chapel

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

An alms to Christ flung far upon the plain,
A deed of grace by Apostolic hands,
A seed of faith and fervour that expand
And multitudes—a harvest of good grain;
No marble stateliness of storied fane,
No harmonies sublime of choiring bands,—
A fragile shelter from the wind and rain,
A simple flock,—and One Who understands.

Yet angels to the Mass from Heaven descending,
See grander scenes than history's page may scroll,
As Love Divine, in miracles unending,
Foretells the value of each single soul,
And scattered sheep across the prairies wending
Find in the Sacraments Life's blessed goal.

Mission Souls

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

A freckled boy who tends a straggling herd,—
Priest of the future, waits to hear God's word;
A little maid among the flowers at play,—
As bride of Christ would walk the lily way;
A sinner who has found that God is sweet,
Heart-pierced with sorrow, waits to kiss His feet;
And lonely toilers, though their lips be dumb,
Ask in their hearts what day the priest will come.

Amid the jungle gloom, a wee brown child,—
Faith calls its martyrs from the savage wild;
A gallant soul, mid doubts and darkness rife,
Ponders a dream of "more abundant Life";
And He Who shepherds these fair saints-to-be
Calls in His loneliness, "Remember Me."

The Effect of Partiality, Prejudice and Accuracy of Character

IF we consider the influence which partiality and prejudice have over the soul, and the power they exert in shaping and colouring human life, we shall see mental conditions worthy of close study and keen watchfulness. We shall learn that the best thing we can do, if we wish to be truthful, is to acknowledge humbly our liability to be affected (if not governed) by both of them on many points. It is probably that at least two-thirds of our dislikes and antipathies have been caused by them, and unless we are on our guard, these are likely to grow and strengthen with our years. This often occurs without any sufficient reason, so that our peace of mind is ruffled and disturbed, and life itself embittered and clouded by a miasma of our own creating.

We can see the evil effect of prejudice even in trivial circumstances and in transactions of little consequence. For instance, a man going on a journey is apt, when seated in a railway carriage, to look out on the groups of passengers, and unless he is very much pre-occupied, or very wise and amiable, he is likely to see some one in the crowd to whom he will feel a kind of repugnance, and this merely from the expression of the face, or the tone of the voice, or perhaps from a resemblance to some person whom he dislikes. But should the man by any chance get into the same carriage, he feels quite annoyed, and will probably take up his newspaper or remain sullenly silent, fancying himself an injured person until he gets out again. So, for a mere fancy and freak of the imagination he disturbs his own peace of mind, forfeits much enjoyment, and mars the sociability of the rest of his companions. If prejudices entirely groundless can inflict such punishments, should we not try and conquer them in circumstances more important, and forbid them to rest in our minds, no matter what they may spring

from or to what they may tend? They are sure to distort the truth, and to make us unhappy and unjust.

Partiality is even more universal in its influence than prejudice. It is not so generally and frequently called into action, but when it is, it is likely to take a firmer hold on the mind and leave a more lasting impression. Though we acknowledge that we are subject to various prejudices which we call into being ourselves, or imbibe from others, and that these succeed each other constantly, fresh impressions now obliterating and now strengthening those that have gone before; still when we hear it said that such a man showed no prejudice on such an occasion, or that he acted free of all prejudice, we consider him a fair-minded, just man. But this was only what we expected of him. If we hear still further that he is not only unprejudiced, but entirely impartial, he at once rises in our esteem, and we look on him with reverence and admiration, as a noble character possessed of rare virtue.

In matters where we are unconcerned and indifferent, it may be easy to be impartial, but to be so where our feelings and predilections are engaged, is most difficult to human nature. We may be sincere and straightforward, state our opinions candidly, and speak our thoughts frankly, and yet give no sign or promise of being impartial, but likely betray all the more clearly how far we are from being so.

Properly speaking, partiality displays itself only when we have the power of making a choice, or of showing a preference. If we make that choice or show that preference without any just reason or sufficient cause, merely through natural inclination, affection, or favour, whereas our duty calls on us to see the true state of things, and to give our opinion truly and faithfully, we are partial. We are partial also when we try to believe only what is most pleasing and agreeable to us, and form our judgment accordingly. This is clearly contrary to the observance of truthfulness, and a serious hindrance to the practice of justice.

To acquire the true spirit of impartiality and to learn how to act justly, we must look straight to God and try to see the

matter as He sees it. The more important the point in question is, the more we should seek God's light and direction, not only in consideration of the matter itself, but in regard to the certainty that the more our interest is enlisted the more strongly our partiality will be enlisted also, if we do not take care. When we see its power to lead and blind us in trifling things, we cannot doubt its strength in greater matters.

We have an instance of this in the generally admitted fact that if a man looks on attentively at two strangers playing some game, or engaged in some trial of skill, he is sure to wish for the success of one in preference to the other, and this, not from any just reason he could assign, but from some attraction or feeling of partiality he experiences towards the person he favours, and thus justice and reason are sometimes overruled in our decisions and judgments.

If we can be prejudiced so easily without any real cause, and if we are likely to become partial without being able to assign a reason, we can understand how liable and how likely we are to have our minds and judgments warped and biased in matters where our interests are concerned and our feelings engaged. Great care is especially necessary if we have to form an opinion and are obliged to come to some decision about the actions of others, that our judgment may not be influenced unduly either against them or in their favour. If we feel inclined to condemn the views or mode of action of some one we do not like, or for whom we have no great esteem, it is well to imagine ourselves in his place, and then to try and see how matters look from his point of view. And if we are about to condemn his acts, it is well, before doing so, to imagine them done, not by him, but by one for whom we feel a strong regard, and then to consider what sentence we should pass on them, and what excuses we should make for the doing of them. Then if we transfer our judgment to the conduct of the person for whom we have less regard, we may rest satisfied that we are not swayed by prejudice. This is, no doubt, an exercise of the imagination, but the imagination, when it is a help to charity, is always a help to the ascertainment of truth. The more kind-

ness and considerateness we throw into our opinions of others, the more in accordance with justice they are likely to be, and consequently the more accuracy will be found in our decisions and judgments.

One of the most natural and necessary endowments to enable us to act and speak truthfully is moral courage. If we observe ourselves closely we shall find many things we would rather leave unnoticed, and many things we would prefer not having said, if duty did not oblige us to act and to say them. We know some matters are not in proper order or going on rightly, and we see mistakes that we ought to correct, but we consider that we have sensitive people to act with, and we are afraid they may feel hurt if we point out what requires redress, or what should be avoided. If we think that they might become low and depressed, communication with them would not then be so agreeable; our present peaceable and pleasant intercourse would be interrupted. And so from the dread of this, or some such inconvenience, we are cowardly enough to shut our eyes and to make no allusion to what should be remedied. Our silence is mistaken for approval, and it is supposed that all is going on in accordance with our wishes; and as we see disorder continuing and increasing, we keep grumbling in our own minds at the carelessness and misconduct of others, overlooking our own indolence and unmindful of our own neglect. A few words said kindly at first, but with straightforward honesty, to the responsible person, would have set all to rights and saved many blunders and mistakes, involving much pain and remorse afterwards.

The want of accuracy in a character displays itself unmistakably in the habit of exaggeration, or in the mis-statement of facts that we are too careless to relate truly, or too indifferent to represent faithfully. This habit is likely to accompany us from childhood, as children, besides being imaginative, delight in giving a surprise or creating a sensation. They are also likely to jump at conclusions and to colour facts in accordance to their wishes, or embellish them according to their fancy. It must be confessed that women are inclined to these

habits, in which they would indulge unless they have been brought up with watchful care on this point, and have been impressed with the importance of a high appreciation of truth and accuracy. I am persuaded, though it may seem a strange assertion, that next to vain people, it is the amiable and the kindly-disposed who are the most likely to fall into the habit of exaggeration, and this from their desire to interest and entertain their friends. If some accident or adventure has happened to such a person, he is glad to have an attractive or an amusing subject to speak about, and as he describes and recounts it, he sees what it is that strikes his hearers and engages their interest, he dwells particularly on those points in his desire to be agreeable, and he enlarges on them, dilating and garnishing them, to gain sympathy and to keep attention, losing sight of the simple facts, and overlooking the real circumstances of the case. Some of those who are listening to him, and who were present at the occurrence, are surprised at his description of it, as they can trace but little resemblance to the event as it took place. They are pained and amazed at his want of truth, and lose faith and confidence in him, resolving in their own minds to attribute in future one-half to exaggeration in everything they may hear him relate.

Excessive and exaggerated expressions of praise have nearly always the opposite effect to what is expected, and are usually more injurious to our friends, for violent partisanship is ever likely to create opposition, and, partly through a spirit of contradiction and partly through a sense of truth, others will deny the high perfections we attribute to our friends. They will even unduly depreciate them, and point out faults that would have otherwise remained unnoticed. Is not "a fair field and no favour" the safest ground for any one? On the other hand, exaggerated blame or undue censure is sure to do harm also. Like severe punishment, it will go far to prevent repentance and hinder amendment, for to some minds it will appear not only to expiate the fault committed, but to outweigh and overbalance it, leaving the cause for complaint on the other side.

The habit of accuracy will save us from a multitude of errors and many misunderstandings with those around us, which we are sure to fall into if we make careless assertions and mis-statements. It will save us from being unjust to our friend by stating his opinions incorrectly, and representing him falsely. We do this when we give a remark as spoken by him, and while we profess to repeat his expression, we leave out a word here and put in a word there; then after altering the meaning and changing the effect, we affirm that we give the sentence as spoken by our friend. This is not only untrue, but doubly so to our friend, for we quote him wrongly and misrepresent him. Even when we quote his own words, but out of their true context, we are false to him, by imputing to him views and sentiments which are not his. Now, such mistakes and misrepresentations are often the cause of great divisions among friends and much unhappiness in families. Though we may think lightly of them, and as matters of no moment when they occur to others, still when we are ourselves in question we see them in a different light. For there are few things more likely to annoy and disquiet us than to hear our words misquoted and our opinions misconceived. Besides, there are few things harder to set right, for the part that is true gives the colouring of truth to what is false, and this it is that makes it difficult for any amount of explanation to clear away.—
The Messenger.



Midnight Mass in the Carmelite Monastery Montreal

The Mass bell rings, the cloister chapel glitters
 With emerald lamps and ruby flames alight;
Their broken ray among the blossoms flitters
 In sweet caress, this Holy Christmas Night.

And through the austere grating stealing
 The incense fumes in trembling cloudlets hang;
A low, soft note the veiled choir revealing,
 Brings near to earth the hymn the angels sang.

“To God on high be endless power and glory
 And Peace on Earth,” the wondrous message ran,
The world in awe, repeats the august story,
 And ages bow before the “God made Man.”

And here, where die all sin and woe and sorrow
 Around the straw-thatched Crib, the brown clad sis-
 ters bend,
From Heavenly Courts, the notes of love they borrow,
 And seraph’s songs with virgin voices blend.

So near it seems, that choir celestial singing,
 Noel’s sweet hymns to sister souls in prayer,
One feels the fluttering wings of phantom angels bringing
 A breath of mystic perfume, borne on the midnight air.

MARIE.

Our Lady of Limerick

BY A DOMINICAN FATHER.

THE marvelous, the mysterious, the singular—that which is intimately associated with the heroically religious, never fails to excite human interest. And when all of these elements are combined, our concern becomes intense and deep. This explains, in a measure, the remarkable and abiding devotion of the people of the city of Limerick and vicinity to the object of which this narrative gives a brief history.

While on a visit to the Dominican Fathers in the quiet old town of Limerick, I observed that there were, continuously, devout persons in their church, rapt in fervent and thoughtful prayer before a statue of our Blessed Lady that stood above her altar. And when seeking to learn the cause of this tender and marked devotion, I broached the subject to Father D—, an aged priest of the community, he gave me this historical sketch of Our Lady of Limerick :

In the early part of the seventeenth century—in the year of Our Lord's grace, 1610, if the writer's memory serves him aright—the wicked and notorious Sir D. Sarsfield, Viscount of Kilmallock, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and a tool of James I. of England, cruelly and wantonly condemned to death the virtuous and honorable Sir John Burke, Lord of Brittos. Burke was a devout Catholic, a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and a life-long friend and generous benefactor of the Dominion Fathers. His sole guilt was that of harbouring priests in his house, and permitting them there to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He was, consequently, a martyr for the faith in the truest sense of the word, and some day he may receive from the Church the honour of the Altar which he, together with many other heroic Irishmen who laid down their lives for the same holy cause, so richly deserves.

History tells us he was one of the noblest of nature's noblemen, and that his execution was cruelty itself. He lived a saintly life, and died a most holy death. Offered his life, liberty and the restoration of his vast estates (for these had been confiscated at the time of his condemnation) if he would renounce the Catholic faith and embrace that of his persecutors, he made answer that he preferred to gain life eternal to all the world. True man of God that he was, he deeply bemoaned the fact that, because of the sequestration of his property, he could at the time of his death bestow nothing upon the Church and the Dominican Order, both of which he loved so truly. He then dedicated to God his unborn child, praying the Divine Master to take it, whether male or female, for the Order of St. Dominic. It proved to be a girl, and when she was grown up to womanhood, she entered the convent of Irish Dominican nuns established in Lisbon, Portugal. Her life is recorded in the annals of that community as that of a most exemplary, saintly and mortified religious. Like her father, she departed this life in the odour of sanctity, A.D. 1648.

The Sarsfield household, however, did not imitate the evil example of the iniquitous head of their illustrious family. They followed him not into the ways of apostasy, crime and homicide. Smitten with shame and remorse because of the wanton and brutal murder of the saintly and virtuous nobleman, and exemplary Christian martyr, John Burke, and seeking to make some atonement to God for the horrible deed of their kinsman, they presented to the Dominican Fathers of Limerick a beautiful statue of our Blessed Lady, and a chalice for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The chalice, which also I had the good fortune to see, bears upon its base this inscription: "Orate pro anima Patritii Sarsfield et Eleonorae White, qui hunc calicem fieri fecerunt, 1640. Spectat at Conventum Sti Salvatoris Limricensis, O.P." ("Pray for the soul of Patrick Sarsfield and that of Eleanor White, who had this chalice made, 1640. It belongs to S. Saviour's Convent of the Dominican Fathers, Limerick.")

It may not be amiss to remark, in passing, that the Patrick

Sarsfield and Eleanor White, whose names were engraven on the chalice, were the son and daughter of the rascally Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas whose apostasy and infamous crime of murder I have narrated. The statue, which is of wood, was carved in Spain, and a veritable masterpiece of workmanship it is.

The monastery and church of St. Saviour (the extensive ruins of which may still be seen in the grounds of the Sisters of Mercy, Limerick) at the time of the martyrdom of Sir John Burke, stood in a part of the city that was then known by the name of Englishtown. Their foundation dates back to the year of Our Lord's grace, 1227. It was the generous and religious-minded monarch, Donagh Carbreagh O'Brien, King of Munster, who invited the Dominicans to the city on the Shannon. He built their church and house, and otherwise greatly aided them. This was one of the earliest establishments of the Order in Ireland; and it remained in the possession of the Dominican Fathers until 1698. Being greatly reduced in numbers by the bloody, ruthless, exterminating hand of frantic persecution; living in the direst poverty and suffering; by so-called law expelled from the land of their birth under the penalty of capital punishment, and forbidden under the same penalty to exercise the sacred offices of their priesthood; a price set on their heads, beset on all sides with ever-vigilant spies, the sons of St. Dominic were compelled, at this date, to relinquish the church and monastery which had been the home and oratory of their forefathers in religion, and themselves, for nearly five hundred years. But the undaunted souls of these brave Friar Preachers, like that of the high-souled Guzman, were wedded to their God, to the salvation of their fellow man, to their country and their duty. Forsake these they would not. They might meet with the most frightfully cruel penalties the malice of evil men could devise; death might be their portion; they might be hanged, drawn and quartered (and these punishments were the lot of not a few among them), but they would never be found delinquent in the most sacred duties of their divine calling. Like Paul if old, no fear or danger could

separate them from the love of Christ, or the obligation it imposed.

They left their former sanctuary, hallowed by so many tender and sacred memories, and made holy by so many saintly and heroic lives and deaths. But it was only to seek a safer asylum in some more secluded locality, where life would be secure, and from which they might go forth in greater safety to administer to the spiritual needs of their persecuted countrymen. A small chapel just off Mary Street, in a squalid, unfrequented alley, known by the suggestive name of Fish Lane, offered what seemed to be a desirable place, and became their secret abode. From this lonely spot the Fathers, after having lain hidden through all the day, stole out clandestinely during the dark hours of the night on their errands of mercy and religion, striving to keep alive in the hearts of the faithful the spark of divine faith, hope, and charity. In this way it was necessary to administer the Sacraments, to breathe lowly the word of God into the ears of those who remained true to Him through trial and tribulation, to prepare the sick to meet the Master Who would soon give them a rich reward for the persecutions they had heroically suffered for His sake. To do otherwise were to court certain death to both ministers and faithful; to thwart the good they sought to accomplish, and the divine service for which they braved all manner of peril.

But almost half a century previous to the abandonment of their church and convent in Englishtown, the Fathers had secretly buried the statue given them by the Sarefield family in atonement for the sins of their kinsman, concealing in it—for the statue is hollow and has a vault, reached through a door at the back, that can be opened and closed—the chalice presented by the same family, together with a number of other sacred vessels. This was in the year 1650. It was necessary to hide church treasures in this way all over Ireland, when the English, during the cruel, exterminating Cromwellian persecution, were overrunning the country, laying waste and devastation far and wide, ransacking and plundering Catholic churches, monasteries and convents, robbing them of every-

thing of value, and not even respecting the sacred vessels for the service of the altar. The fact and place of the burial of the statue of Our Lady of Limerick were carefully recorded in the archives of the convent, and never allowed to be forgotten by the community in hiding in Fish Lane. Nearly one hundred years afterwards, about 1733, when the danger of losing the precious treasure had passed, the statue was dug up to be taken to the humble little oratory off Mary Street, and was found perfectly intact, though it had lain in the damp earth for more than three-quarters of a century.

Such a marvelous preservation must have been through divine intervention. Reports of how the statue of Our Blessed Lady, together with its treasured contents, had been preserved, quickly sped their way about the town and country. Great were the crowds that flocked to the chapel in Fish Lane, to witness the famous icon that had escaped alike the consuming thirst of avarice, the mad religious fury of fanatical men, and the destructive agencies of nature herself. All saw and declared that the finger of God was surely there; that the phenomenon could be the result only of supernatural causes. There was forthwith enkindled in the generous hearts of the good people of Limerick—and indeed of all Ireland—a deep and fervent devotion to this Miraculous image of Our Lady. That their devotion has the sanction of heaven is evidenced by the fact that it has never abated or grown cold.

“Our Lady of Limerick” is the charming name by which the statue has been called since the day of the discovery of its miraculous preservation, and by this name it is known and revered throughout the blessed Isle of Erin even as is our Lady of Lourdes throughout all Christendom, and from far and near come pilgrims to invoke the intercession, favour and protection of “Our Lady of Limerick.”

It is deemed an honour and a happy privilege to replenish with oil the little votive lamp that never ceases to burn before the altar of Our Lady of Limerick, a fact which bespeaks more clearly and eloquently than can words, the love and affection with which she is enshrined in the hearts of the faithful. The

greatest confidence is placed in the efficacy of the oil of this votive lamp. And the offerings of thanksgiving left at the altar in remembrance and gratitude for cures thus wrought, bear mute but unmistakable evidence that the trust and faith placed in our heavenly advocate do not go unrequited.

When the Dominican Fathers moved from the dingy little chapel in Fish Lane, in 1815, to their new church and monastery in Glentworth Street, they installed their precious statue in a more beautiful and commodious home. Thither, too, the coterie of her devotees made their way. The deep and abiding devotion that had long been shown our Lady in the humble oratory off Mary Street, was not lessened by the change of her abode. It followed her to her new shrine, and rejoiced to see her enthroned, along with her Divine Son, in a house more befitting the honour due Him and her. One has but to look into the splendid St. Saviour's Church to see how true and faithful have the clients of Our Lady of Limerick remained to her during all the years that have come and gone since the days of the wondrous happenings at old St. Saviour's in Englishtown.

THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

Through Bethlehem at eve She went,
 Her eyes filled with new wonderment;
 Her heart, warm with Love's holy fire,
 Throbb'd close to Him—her sole desire.
 Betimes she paused—night-winds blew cold—
 She that was young felt strangely old.
 O Mother-Heart, with patient eyes,
 Did'st see a Cross break through the skies?

Shakespeare's Prince Hal

THERE is perhaps no figure in history which appeals more strongly to English patriotism, which more thoroughly embodies the qualities peculiar to the English character, than the son of Henry IV., the gay, lawless, brave Prince Hal. This character Shakespeare has made the hero of a dramatic trilogy—Henry IV. Part I., Henry IV. Part II., and Henry V. In these we find traced with consummate skill the character of the prince, from the point where he seems to have sunk to a depth of shameless license, until, as a great and warlike king, he enters upon a brilliant course of conquest.

The first of these dramas deals with the prince's early career, up to that point which we may call the climax; where he stands forth in all his nobility and beauty on the field of Shrewsbury. The second member of the trilogy continues the characterization of the prince, but here we find rather an emphasizing of those points already brought out in Part I. Henry V. represents Hal taking up the sceptre and government of his kingdom, and exercising those great qualities which glanced forth at times even in the low haunts of London. 'It is evident, then, that, in studying the development of the Prince's character, we must look for material chiefly in Part I.

Now, in his treatment of this theme, Shakespeare was hampered by one very great difficulty—traditional facts. He was not able to treat his character with perfect freedom. He must respect tradition and yet not violate nature. It was an accepted tradition that Hal was in his youth wild and lawless, a frequenter of taverns and boon companion of thieves; that he was suddenly converted from the evil of his ways and became a shining example of all kingly virtues. The chroniclers treated the change as a miracle of grace. Shakespeare, however, wisely rejected this violation of natural law, and cast about for some better way of accounting for the transformation.

In the first place, he strengthened the probability of the conversion by starting from a higher moral level than that which history assigns for the dissolute young Hal; yet this is done with so much skill as not to offend prevailing opinion. Thus, while placing in the mouth of the King bitter reproaches and serious accusations against his own son, who, he says, is stained with riot and dishonour, Shakespeare, by representing the King as suspicious and prejudiced, robs these accusations of their weight. Though Percy calls the prince a libertine, yet Percy is a rival, and influenced by a feeling of jealousy after listening to Vernon's extravagant praise of Hal. By such means Shakespeare wins us so far in sympathy with his hero, that, if we err in our judgment, the error must needs be in his favour.

Again, Shakespeare represents the change, not so much in Hal's character, as in the train of outward circumstances which is brought to bear upon him. Just as the brilliant wit of Falstaff calls forth a gay idle humor, so the call to battle rouses the noble qualities of a warrior, and the duty of governing and guiding the state brings into prominence the wisdom and gravity necessary for statesmanship. Thus we find a new order of things, seemingly effecting a miracle.

If we follow Prince Hal through the period of his dissipation, we find nothing in his conduct which could justify his being called a libertine and a man without honour. Even where Shakespeare has felt it necessary to introduce such an escapade as the highway robbery, he makes of it the wild prank of a thoughtless youth, rather than a criminal and dishonorable act. Hal at the first suggestion of it, shows disgust and reluctance, and is only enticed in the end by the mad sport which he cannot resist, but from which he permits no one to suffer.

On the other hand, in these tavern scenes, we get glimpses of the serious side of the prince's character, and of those sterling qualities which were later to win such devoted admiration. In this intercourse with his inferiors there is everywhere evident a kindly condescension and human sympathy. Note his knowledge of human nature in his descriptions of Percy and

Douglas, his cool courage in the face of an approaching conflict, his gaiety and wit in the company of Falstaff, the ease with which, when occasion arises, he changes from a rollicking to a serious humor. Indeed his unbridled conduct seems rather a recreation than a habit. He says,

“If all the world were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

As to the soliloquy which the prince utters in Scene 2, Act I., and which is our first glimpse of the serious side of his character, it has given rise to various opinions. Some think with Franz Horn that it is irony. Others believe that it is spoken seriously, and that the prince, like his father, for politic reasons, is not averse to playing a part. Under the influence of this latter opinion, they go further, and suggest that Hal, from motives of policy, sought the society of Eastcheap, at a time when the nobles were little to be relied upon. It seems but natural that the son should inherit to some extent that quality which had been the most prominent feature in his father's character, the great motive-power of his whole life.

Certain interviews with the King have been introduced into the play which, besides showing the relations of the father toward his son, and the politic and artificial character of the former, display in the young Henry an admirable humility and submission, a resolute confidence in his own ability when he chooses to put forth an effort, and a noble desire to redeem his reputation, not for his own sake, but to satisfy his father. There is something touching in the position of this son misunderstood and slandered, standing in the presence of the King whose bitter reproaches he answers thus: “God forgive them that so much have swayed your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.” And where he takes the oath to “redeem all this on Percy's head,” he makes a pathetic contract between “this all-praised Knight” and himself, “the unthought-of Harry.”

Now, it is evidently impossible that the prince could possess a noble nature if he were led to seek his pleasures in the London taverns through the promptings of a depraved taste.

It was necessary, then, to provide motives other than this, and Shakespeare has given us two very powerful ones.

The first of these motives we find in that masterly creation—Falstaff. The brilliant wit and delightful effrontery of this man captivate the audience and win indulgence for the young prince who yielded to the fascination of the same spell. The second motive is found in the character of the King, a cunning and crafty politician, whose artificial nature had stamped itself upon court and council, creating an atmosphere intolerable to Hal's generous disposition. What more natural than that he should avoid the court and find diversion in the charming society of Falstaff, even though he must seek it in Eastcheap taverns, and amid scenes of vulgar dissipation?

Another character plays an important part in the development of Prince Hal. This is the Percy who acts as a foil for our hero. Between these two young men there is drawn an interesting and detailed parallel. The contrast between them is set down in the very first scene by the King himself; and both in the speech of others, and in their own actions under similar circumstances, we can trace it to the end of Part I. By making Percy an ideal Knight, a young war-god dreaded by his enemies, the triumph of Hal is rendered more complete and glorious when he overcomes him in the field of Shrewsbury. As we contemplate him there, standing over the body of the dead Percy, his magnanimous soul filled with admiration and pity for his fallen rival, we feel that Prince Hal's character has reached its climax of beauty. We shall find him afterwards more glorious, more world-renowned, but never greater nor more noble.

Returning to the historical side of the question, we may say that Shakespeare has adopted the general traditional views regarding the career of his prince, though in minor points he has ventured to take liberties. It is, after all, of little importance to an audience that Hotspur was really Hal's senior by twenty-three years; and that, though he fell at Shrewsbury, it was not by the hand of the prince. What signifies it that

Douglas was not released after the battle, but was kept a prisoner until 1408; or that Hal was campaigning in Wales at the time that Shakespeare represents him carousing in Eastcheap? These are points which would not be generally known, and where lack of truth is not evident, it is not offensive.

Of the two stories related in the chronicles, Shakespeare has passed over in silence that in which the prince appeared before his father in a dress stuck over with needles. In its place he gives us a pathetic interview which marks the turning-point in Hal's character.

The second story, that in which Prince Hal gives the Justice a box on the ear, is merely referred to in Part II. Shakespeare, however, invents another, perhaps more blameless, in which the prince shields his associates from the officers of the law. It is questionable, however, which is the more blameworthy, a box on the ear dealt to a Judge in the discharge of his duties, or a lie told to the officers of Justice to shield criminal companions. It is regretted that Hal did not find some other method of helping his friends. Yet, it seems to me that this incident merely shows the influence of his associations, which could not but have some evil effects upon him. Hal himself realizes it and this justifies his treatment of Falstaff, from whom he finally breaks away.

In conclusion I shall quote what Hallam says upon this point of historical accuracy. "What Shakespeare invented is as truly historical in the broad sense of moral history as what he read." This, it seems to me, is especially true in his treatment of the character of Prince Hal.—M.M.W.



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Alumnae Association



1920—1921



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Alumnae Notes

Subscription to St. Joseph Lilies, including membership fee to the Alumnae—\$2.00. Kindly send renewal for 1920-21 to Miss M. Morrow, Treasurer, 49 Albany Ave.

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In the acceptance of the resignation of Mrs. Frank J. McMullen as president of the Lakeview Club, the following address was tendered her: "An old saying has it,—the best of friends must part—and while perhaps the sentiment is often expressed with the suggestion of an air of finality, we think that in saying adieu to one whom we esteem so highly, as yourself, the manner of your parting should be marked by some specific expression of our conception of "the best of friends." If your coming brought us pleasure, your presence with us has been a constant source of inspiration in the following of which, we must all admit, life has taken on a pleasanter and more desirable outlook. The charm of your personality, your ideas and opinions, so consistently and so graciously given from time to time, have all combined to enthuse us with a deeper sense of the true nobility of character, made possible when one is faithful to one's own real self as we have found you to be during your association with us. And so in saying a fond farewell we join heartily in asking you to accept on behalf of the ladies of the club this gift with our sincerest regards for a comrade of the old school, and ardently hope that on the other side of God's country to which you now return, you will cherish the remembrance that "as friends we met, as friends we part."

Mrs. McMullen's new address is Baltimore, Md.

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The Lakeview Ladies' Golf Club opened their autumn season with a field day. There was a large entry in all events, and the prizes were very suitable. Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan and Mrs. James J. Walsh entertained the players to a most enjoyable tea. Mrs. W. J. Hohlstein assisted. Mrs. O'Sullivan's aunt,

Mrs. W. Kavanagh, of Rochester, Mrs. J. Duggan, Mrs. Sutherland, from the same city, were among the guests.

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Oct. 14th.—St. Michael's Women's Auxiliary held a very successful tea party in the lecture room of the hospital. Mrs. Walter McKeown presided. Miss Gertrude Lawlor was most interesting in outlining a work campaign. The pretty table was done in the Thanksgiving colors. Mrs. C. F. Riley poured tea. Some of those present were: Mrs. Mary A. Kavanagh, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, and the Misses M. L. Hart, K. Clarke, M. D. Kelman.

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A most delightful entertainment was given by the pupils of St. Joseph's College in the Auditorium on Oct. 25th, following the banquet in honour of His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil on the occasion of his Episcopal Silver Jubilee. The little children's greeting was especially good. Besides the clergy, many members of the Alumnae were present, and through these columns extend their appreciation to the Community for the kind invitation.

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Many thanks, too, for the opportunity and pleasure of "An Evening of Readings" by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan; Very Rev. Dean Harris, D.D., LL.D., presided, and in his introduction it was most gratifying to hear him compliment the splendid pen work of Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Rose Ferguson.

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In fitting termination to the festivities in connection with the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of Most Rev. Neil McNeil, the Catholic Women's League, of which Miss Gertrude Lawlor is president, extended congratulations in the form of a cheque to His Grace. To commemorate the event a Varsity scholarship will be founded by the League to be known as the Most Rev. Neil McNeil Scholarship. It is just like Miss Lawlor to plan this good work.

Congratulations to Miss Rose Ferguson on her poem in appreciation of Archbishop McNeil:

SHEPHERD OF SOULS.

Shepherd of souls for five and twenty seasons,
Well may thy flock express its love for thee;
And some within the fold have special reasons
To glory in thy Silver Jubilee!

You of our League are friend and guiding spirit,
Moulding to useful form our deep desires;
Ever you teach that deeds, not words, have merit,
And so to doughty deed our League aspires.

Yet we are women and would speak our feeling
Even in verse, rememb'ring the old land—
Your father's home of misty moor and shieling,
Your mother's Erin—both would understand.

Your life is like a broad Canadian river,
Rising amid the snowy hills of home;
'Tis fed by many streams of high endeavor,
And sparkles 'neath the light of Holy Rome!

Deep to the river's heart a strong desire,
And all its windings tend to reach the sea;
So do your thoughts and actions all aspire
To join with God in His eternity.

Shepherd of souls—ah, title most appealing—
Words are but words; 'tis deeds alone that tell!
Pray we the God of comfort and of healing
To bless and guard and guide our shepherd well!

A large number of the Alumnae attended the initial meeting of the season to hear the address of Mrs. Agar Adamson on the "Reminiscences of Her War Work," and particularly with the school children of Belgium. Mrs. Adamson was most interest-

ing and pointed out that the first aid from Canada came through the Catholic Literary Society, as the result of a lawn fete held on the campus of St. Joseph's College. Mrs. Adamson wore the medal given her by the Belgian Royalty. Miss M. L. Hart, in her capacity as president, introduced the speaker. Miss M. Morrow moved a hearty vote of thanks, seconded by Miss K. Clarke. Following the meeting, tea was served, with Mrs. J. D. Warde and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh presiding at the tea table

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On Oct. 30th Varsity II. created a three-cornered tie in the Intermediate Intercollegiate union of Rugby by winning from St. Michael's at the Varsity Stadium, 16-3. St. Michael's lilliputians were no match and were outplayed on the line and backfield. Twenty young ladies from St. Joseph's College, chaperoned by Mrs. Thomas McCarron, were sorry to see St. Michael's defeated.

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Sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Thomas Long in the death of her devoted husband; to Miss Margaret Duggan in the loss of her brother; to Miss Bruxer in the loss of a dear sister; to Mrs. John O'Neil in the death of her mother; to Mrs. J. E. Day in the death of Mr. T. J. Day, Sr.; to Sister Annetta of St. Joseph's Community and Mrs. Johnston in the death of their sister, Nellie Carolan.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Oliver (Edith O'Byrne) on the birth, Sept. 29th, of a son and heir—Paul Ernest Michael;

To Mr. and Mrs. John Carpenter (Viola McNulty) on the arrival of their baby boy—Paul John;

To Mr. and Mrs. James B. Murphy (Lois Gibson) on the coming to their home of baby Lois Joan—a future Alumna.

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Wedding bells rang at Holy Rosary on Oct. 27th, for Miss Elizabeth McCarron and Mr. David W. Smith. Miss McCarron is the niece of our esteemed Alumna, Miss Margaret Duggan,

who has for a number of years held a responsible office on the Executive of our sister Alumnae, Loretto. The Sisters of St. Joseph will gladly welcome Mrs. Smith on her arrival in Winnipeg, where she is to make her home. Heaps of good wishes from St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association follow Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

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Joyously, too, did the wedding bells ring at St. Patrick's Church, Welland, to celebrate the marriage by Rev. Father Cruise, of Miss Marguerite Patterson to Mr. Claude Kormann. The best wishes of St. Joseph's College Alumnae follow them.

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Another wedding of interest to the Alumnae is that of Mr. Ambrose Moran and Anna Sexton. They were married in the Catholic Church, Phelpston, by the Rev. Father Gearin. We cordially wish them a bright and happy future.

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We extend our sincere sympathy to Rev. Mother and the Sisters of the House of Providence, in the destruction of the barn and contents by fire at St. Joseph's farm on St. Clare Ave.; and to Miss Bernadette Walsh in her loss in the fire at Nanton Court.

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On Oct. 25th Mrs. A. J. McDonagh gave a Handkerchief Shower in honour of Miss Nancy Wright, whose marriage to Mr. Arthur Phelan took place on Oct. 27th.

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In compliment to Judge E. Norris of New York City, Mrs. J. C. Keenan invited the standing committee of the Catholic Women's League to an afternoon tea. Judge Norris' jurisdiction covers all criminal cases pertaining to women in the City of New York.

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St. Michael's Church, Cobourg, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Sept. 7th, when Miss "Clemmie" McGwan was married to Mr. Frank Hazel. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Murray performed the nuptial ceremony. To Mr. and Mrs. Hazel we send best of good wishes for their future happiness.

On Nov, 10th Miss Helen McDonagh very cleverly spoke on behalf of the Members of Newman Hall Club, in bidding farewell to the Rev. T. Ryder, C.S.P., and in welcoming the Rev. O. McMullen, C.S.P., of California, as President of the Club.

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“Following the suggestion made by Mrs. Clara D. Sheeran, the international president of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, to Rev. Bernard McKenna, who is in charge of a campaign to erect a national shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the Catholic University grounds, Washington, a letter is being sent to the Alumnae membership, urging every woman named “Mary” and every one whose mother’s name was Mary, to contribute one dollar towards a memorial altar.”
 --The Lamp.

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Mrs. A. W. Webb (Lillian Tester) of Sidney, B.C., paid a visit to the College. Mrs. Webb expects to be in town during the greater part of the winter.

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Mrs. Norah Warde will spend the winter in Colorado.

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Much pleasure to Mrs. James Melady and Mrs. M. Healy, who are going to California.

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Nov. 11th, Armistice Day.—At 9 o’clock a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Michael’s Cathedral for the souls of the soldiers who died during the war. Rev. Dr. McBride was the celebrant, Rev. Father Kehoe was deacon, and Rev. Father Reardon was sub-deacon. The Mass was offered at the request of St. Joseph’s College Alumnae, Loretto Abbey and Newman Hall.

Mrs. W. J. O’Neil was the central figure at a meeting of the College Alumnae, Nov. 14th, where she was invited to address a large gathering of members and friends. Her subject, “Literature As a World’s Force,” was given in a most scholarly manner. Miss M. L. Hart presented the speaker. A vote of

thanks was cleverly tendered Mrs. O'Neil by Miss Rose Ferguson, seconded by Mrs. M. Healy. Previous to the address, arrangements were made for the Bridge, Euchre and Tea to be held early in December on the opening day of the Fancy Sale which the Sisters are planning in aid of the gymnasium fund. Tea was served in the newly furnished library and the long, polished table was most attractively done with lavender chrysanthemums in gold pottery. Gold candles in tall silver stands also formed part of the decorations. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Misses M. Morrow and M. Brophy assisted at the tea hour, while Mrs. S. G. Crowell and Mrs. Tom McCarron poured tea. Many remained for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given by Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C.

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On November 17th, in the College Chapel, a Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of deceased members was sung. Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., Spiritual Director of the Alumnae, officiated.

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The report that Mother Alberta is enjoying such good health in Prince Rupert is welcome news.

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Miss N. Kennedy entertained for Mrs. E. Mallon, who is going to Hamilton to live.

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Reports tell us the Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Women, held in Boston in October, was very successful. Prior to the meeting Mrs. Robert Devine, of Ottawa, who was entertained by our Executive, promised to speak for St. Joseph's in the absence of our representatives. To Mrs. Devine, St. Joseph's College Alumnae extend their hearty congratulations on her election as Trustee for Canada; and to Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly on her appointment as Governor for Ontario.

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Mrs. H. J. Mackie, of Pembroke, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Burke.

LILIAN McCARRON.

A p p r e c i a t i o n

St. Joseph Lilies for September may well be proud of the prominent part the alumnae of St. Joseph's College is taking in the federating of Catholic women of Canada. Gertrude Lawler, M.A., of the Toronto University, and first president of St. Joseph's Alumnae, was elected head of the Catholic Women's League of Ontario and second vice-president of the Federated Catholic Women's League of the Dominion of Canada. The Lilies also states that another alumna, Mrs. Frank Anglin, whose name recalls that she is a sister-in-law of America's favorite theatrical star, is president of the Catholic Women's League of Ottawa. Another news item reflecting credit upon the alumnae is the election of the well-known newspaper woman, Margaret L. Hart, as new president of the association.

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The Lilies has two contributions which bring the past and the present into sharp contrast. The first is from the delightful pen of Caroline D. Swan, "Early Poets of France," the second is by Very Rev. A. O'Malley, LL.D., "The Movie." In his caustic, analytical treatment of a medium of entertainment which has "created a generation of spectators instead of readers," Dr. O'Malley asks, "Can we not mend and mediate the movie?" And answers by declaring "that censorship is the remedy. Box offices have no consciences; capitalism has no conscience; corporations have no conscience. Someone else must supply the scruples. Chicago has chosen Bishop McGavick as one of its censors and already the pressure of propriety is felt there."—Buffalo Union and Times.

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The "Lilies" is full of good things, and I am very glad to get it. I am sending you some of my verses.

With great pleasure I send my subscription to the "Lilies." I always look forward to its coming, and live over again the days I spent at St. Joseph's.

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I really enjoy the "Lilies" and greet one as an old friend every time I see one.

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Some time ago I had the pleasure of reading a copy of the "Lilies." and now the pleasure of subscribing to that Magazine is mine also. If the subscription price has been raised, kindly inform me and I shall gladly send the difference.

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I am always glad to see your magazine. It makes me think of the gay old times I had at St. Joseph's.

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Just received September "Lilies" and I must tell you at once my delight in the three poems by S.M.St.J. I congratulate the writer on the loveliness, sincerity and truth of these poems.

I shall write soon and send some contributions for the "Lilies," which is a very fine magazine.

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I write to thank you for the "Lilies" and to tell you how much I like the poems, especially the first to St. Gabriel. The Lilies is full of good things and I am very glad to get it.

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I have to thank you for the two last issues of St. Joseph Lilies, whose tradition is being continued with fine results. How blessed you are in obtaining the work of such excellent writers.



Community Notes

We were highly honoured in receiving a visit from His Excellency, the Most Reverend Pietro di Maria, Apostolic Delegate, who represented His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. at the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. His Excellency offered Holy Mass in our Chapel and afterward addressed the Community and pupils and gave his blessing.

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Sincere and very cordial congratulations to our beloved Archbishop, Most Reverend Neil McNeil, on the attainment of his Episcopal Silver Jubilee. Ad Multos Annos.

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Felicitations to Very Reverend A. J. Coughlan, C.S.S.R., on his appointment to the Provincialship of his Order in Canada.

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Congratulations to Sister Immaculate Heart (Jennie McGuire) of the Precious Blood Community, on attaining the Silver Jubilee of her Religious Profession.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Sister Mary Zita Mooney.

On Sept. 2nd, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sister Mary Zita of St. Joseph's Community went to receive her eternal reward. For forty-six years this good religious laboured generously for the love of her Divine Master. Her genial disposition, child-like simplicity and sympathetic charity made her beloved by all during her long years of service. A victim of life-long suffering, she bore her cross with edifying patience and resignation. Peacefully and joyfully did she welcome death to open for her the gates of life eternal that she might enter into the enjoyment of the long-desired vision of her Lord. Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung for the repose of her soul in the Chapel of the Mother House, St. Alban St., by the Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., assisted by the Rev. C. James

and the Rev. H. Bellisle, C.S.B. Many friends and relatives of the deceased were present, among the latter Sister Bonaventure, a sister, a member of St. Joseph's Community. May her soul rest in peace!

* * * * *

In the death of Mr. Thomas Long, which occurred at his home, 513 Jarvis St., on Oct. 9th, we lost an esteemed friend, and our charitable institutions a kind and generous benefactor. It must be very consoling to his sorrowing family to know that in life their dear departed gave generous alms to assist the sick, the aged and the orphans, for "Alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sins and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting."—Tobias XII., 9. To Mrs. Long and the bereaved family we offer kindest sympathy.

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The community offers heartfelt sympathy to Sir Bertram and Lady Windle in their sad bereavement—the death of their eldest daughter.

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We also tender sympathy to Rt. Rev. Mgr. Burke in the death of his sister, Mrs. Morrison;

To Sister Eusebia of St. Michael's Hospital, in the death of her brother, Mr. Kearney;

To Sister Pulcheria of St. Joseph's, in the unlooked-for death of her brother, Mr. Houlihan;

To Sister Annetta, St. Joseph's, in the death of her sister, Helen Elizabeth (Nellie) Carolan.

* * * * *

OUR SCHOOLS.

The following speaks for itself as a creditable showing for our Separate Schools: In the recent Art Contest under the auspices of the Ontario Safety League, which was open to all the schools and collegiates of the Province, the first, ninth and twelfth prizes of class "A" (twelve years and under) and the fourth prize for class "B" (thirteen years and over) were won by pupils from the Toronto Separate Schools. The prizes were in cash and were donated by Mr. G. Gooderham of Toronto.

Accession to the Museum

An Irish Bible, 1852, donated by Mr. McDonald, Toronto.

A Replica, in Soapstone, of the Arch of Constantine. Brought from Rome, 1920, by Rev. Mother Medora, Vanleek Hill, Ont.

A collection of forty-nine different kinds of Moss from the Biographical Station at Go-Home-Bay, Ont., by Dr. T. Hanley, Toronto.

Miniature 4th Degree Sword. Gift of Dr. E. E. Loftus, Chicago, Ill.

A Snuff Box, inlaid with mother of pearl. Gift of Rev. J. R. Quigley, Morrison, Ill.

A splendid specimen of the Cotton Plant, sent from Montgomery, Ala., by Olin Kirkland, D.D.S., through Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Toronto.

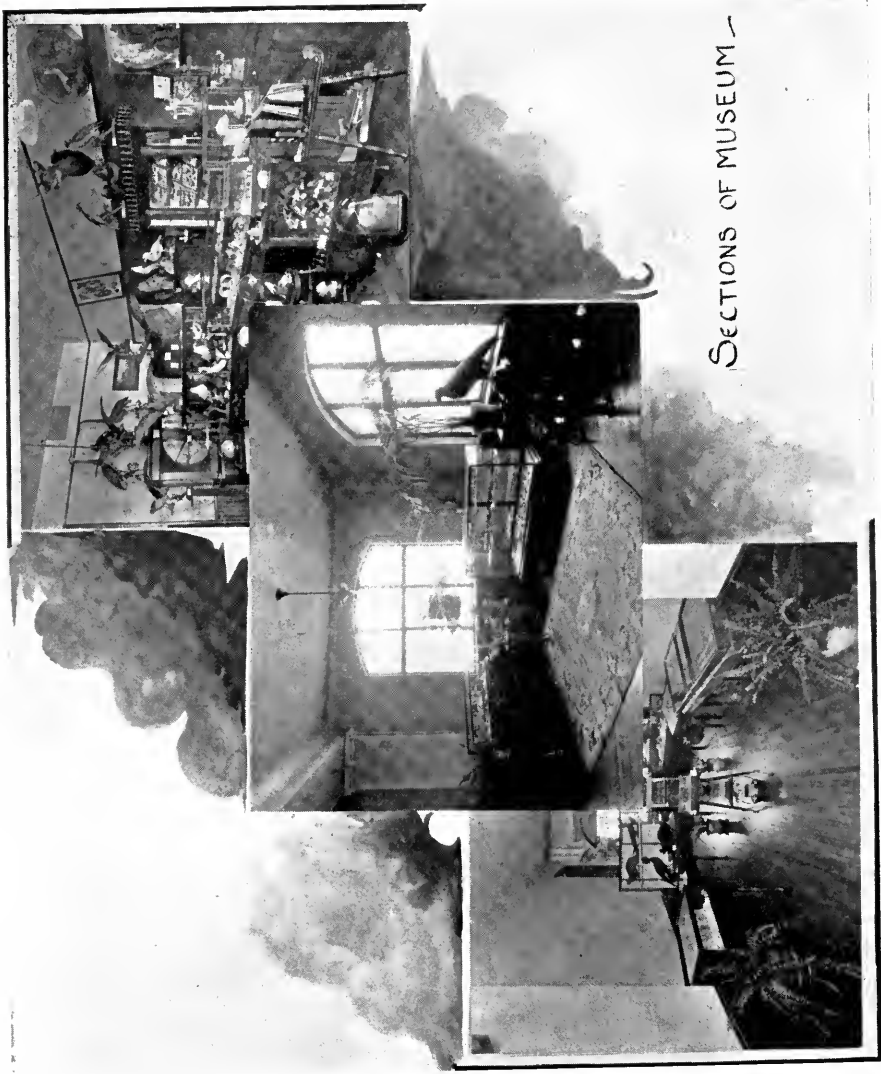
Coffee in original state from Brazil. Gift of Mr. A. F. Groetsch, Chicago, Ill.

Silver Coins—Three Neros, one Vespasian and one Constantine. Gift of Dr. E. D. Corelly, Royal Museum.

A Copy of the "Log Book" used by Christopher Columbus, 1492. Gift of Mr. T. J. Winterberry, Toronto.

Cash donation from two friends in New Brunswick.

The Sisters of St. Joseph are deeply grateful to the kind friends who have contributed to the Museum the above donations.



SECTIONS OF MUSEUM —

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

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Dorothy Agnew, '23.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Claudia Dillon, Helen Kramer,
Anna Hayes.

Local Editors—The Misses Mary Coughlin, Lucille Bennett,
Margaret Keenan, Catherine Daughan, Catherine Ham-
mill, Constance Shannon.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Mary Travers.

Music Editor—Miss Irene Canty.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Nora Foy.

What is Good

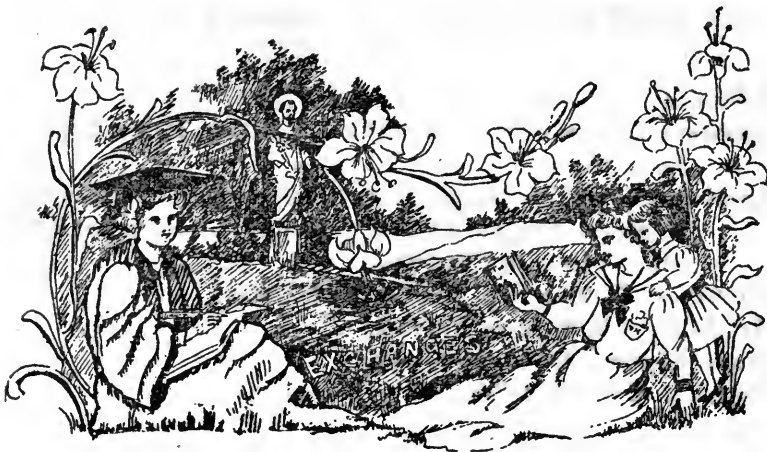
“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer:

Spake my heart full sadly:
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word.”

—Selected.



The "St. Vincent College Journal" has appeared in new form. Economy, we are given to understand, was the chief motive for the change—a change which only affects the exterior, for the literary value of its contents have not suffered in the transformation. Its Students' Mission Crusade is a new department and we wish it every success in arousing and stimulating interest in our Catholic Missions both at home and abroad. It should be fruitful in securing volunteers and much-needed funds for the cultivation of God's neglected vineyards.

* * * * *

The "Fordham Monthly" is one of the best college magazines received. Its short stories never prove disappointing. The one entitled "A Disastrous Enclosure" is particularly interesting. The poem "Until the Dawn" gives many beautiful pictures of the Arctic. Other poems also are deserving of commendation and contribute to make the Fordham Monthly the standard college magazine it is.

* * * * *

The beautiful and inspiring words of Rev. W. F. Kirby, Ph.D., to the graduates of Trinity College in June last must surely echo still in the hearts of those who heard them, for

their printed reproduction in the current issue of the Trinity College Record has power to thrill the hearts of those who see their Alma Mater "in the quiet perspective of arched years compacted in their swift receding." This issue contains also a very interesting and instructive treatise on Education in the United States and France. In "Intellectually Yours" we cannot help sympathizing with Polly in her trials and vicissitudes. "The Portrait" may be described as a realistic pen picture.

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We gratefully acknowledge the following "Abbey Student," "Academic," "Catholic Bulletin," "Canadian Freeman," "North West Review," "Columbiad," "College Spokesman," "Magnificat," "Duquesne Monthly," "De Paul Minerval," "Nazarene," "The Lamp," "Nardine Quarterly," "Villa Sancta Scholastica," "Villia Marian," "The Memorare," "The Alvernia," "The Laurel," "St. Mary's Chimes," "Rainbow" and "Loretine."



The Brown-Eyed Lady's Christmas Gift

BY MARY COUGHLIN (FORM IV.).

DECEMBER had come in a weary, heart-broken sort of way, accompanied by a storm of rain and sleet which she spread over the cold, brown earth before she laid the ebbing year on its bleak bosom to die. Upon her first Sunday, Nannie knelt alone in a dark corner of the quiet church, and waited for the early morning service to begin. Life, like December, had shown very little sunshine to Nannie, and in her fourteen years had full well taught her the bitter lesson that it calls poverty. Father had died when she was still very young and had left but a slender pittance to the invalid wife and little family of three; so that from her earliest years Nannie's nimble fingers had engaged not only in household tasks, but in helping with the sewing that Mother, when she was well enough, "took in."

Sunday was not a day of rest with her, and in order to lengthen it as far as possible, she attended an early Mass, for she could best be spared at home at such an hour and she liked to kneel in the silent shelter of the church shadows and refresh her weary little self in the divine solace of the Sacrifice. At the time of her arrival on this December morning there were but few others in the church. Among them, in the pew opposite her own, knelt the "Brown-Eyed Lady"—so Nannie called her. As long as she could remember the lady had attended the early Mass, and the familiar presence kneeling in the grey light of the opposite pew added a pleasing feature to her somewhat humdrum existence.

The Brown-Eyed Lady had a queer face, Nannie decided,—a kind of gold face in colour, with deep, dark eyes that reminded one of brown velvet, and a small red mouth, really pretty, that was wont to draw itself together in a characteristic sort of way, as though it laughed or cried at a good many

things that escaped the notice of others. The fact that she lived all alone, and that her gowns followed no definite dictate of fashion, had caused Gossip to label her as queer, although Nannie could not understand why; and she longed with all her heart to know the lady.

During the Mass an unexpected storm had arisen, and Nannie, as she stood in the vestibule of the church, viewed with dismay the rain-drenched landscape, for she had no umbrella. She was dismally regarding the many little rivulets that the downpour was causing in the street, when, at the sound of a footstep she turned to behold—the Brown-Eyed Lady! Nannie smiled, and then, in answer to the lady's query confessed that she was a prisoner of the storm. That being the case, the lady said, she must share her umbrella, to which Nannie shyly consented. It seemed strange indeed to be walking through the wet streets with her arm drawn through the lady's and the kind, brown eyes bent upon her as she talked.

Nannie forgot her anxiety as she listened to the kind voice and soon found herself confiding in the lady as though she were an old friend. The lady listened, full of sympathy, to the little narrative—how Mother was an invalid and took in sewing; how Eva, aged eight, tried to aid in the house-work; and how John, seventeen and the oldest, wanted to be a musician, as Father had been.

The lady sighed as Nannie paused—she, too, had had a brother who loved music, but he was dead now, as were her parents, she said, and she was very much alone and very glad to know Nannie. The lady had a good deal of sewing, she said; it was very simple, but her eyes were failing. Would Nannie and her mother care to take it? Nannie was overjoyed, and with a grateful heart she bade good-bye to her new friend as she parted with her at the door of the cottage.

John called next day at the stone house on the hill for the sewing. After the Brown-Eyed Lady had given him the bundle, as well as the first bloom from her Christmas rose for his mother, she led him across the hall into the darkened music-

room. "It has not been touched since my brother died, and that is many years ago," she said, as she unlocked the piano and motioned him to play.

Timidly, doubting his skill, the boy touched the yellowed keys softly. He chose an old favorite of his father's, a "Christmas Song," by an unknown composer. It lacked sublimity, but was rich in human feeling. As Nannie had said, John was a musician, and, gaining courage as he played, he interpreted the pathos of the writer with a sensible lucidity.

The Brown-Eyed Lady stood beside him as he played, and at the finishing note, as he turned to look at her, he fancied that she had grown pale and that her eyes seemed strangely dark. She said very little, merely inquiring the name of the selection.

It was nearing Christmas week before Nannie returned the sewing. She explained that Mother had been very ill, the crisis was past now, but the doctor held out little hope for her recovery. That was why she had not finished the sewing sooner.

"It will be a dreary Christmas," Nannie whispered to John, on the eve of the Feast, as she looked from her mother's pale, sleeping face to the grey landscape. No presents this year, they both well knew, for John's wages and her own sewing-money had been barely enough to buy the medicines their dear invalid required. Nevertheless, Nannie was up betimes next morning to call the first "Merry Christmas" and to prepare the frugal breakfast before she left for Mass. Outside, December had worked a miracle under the dark cover of the night, and had indeed transformed the bleak brown earth by the white magic of her snow.

For the first time in the child's remembrance the Brown-Eyed Lady was not in her accustomed place, and Nannie felt a pang of regret at her absence. But upon her return home, the little store of presents in her mother's room told that the lady had been playing Santa Claus in the early morning. But, the greater surprise was to see her Mother lying, smiling, fully conscious. with her head propped up a little with pil-

lows, and a bit of colour in her pale lips. "The doctor has been here," John called joyfully, "and he says that it is almost a miracle for Mother to wake up like this. But hurry off with your things, Nannie, so we can open the presents."

Hurry indeed, did Nannie, half-laughing, half-crying the while, as she looked from the warm woollen things that were hers, to her Mother's happy face above the new pink of the wrapper, for the Brown-Eyed Lady had forgotten no one. "And what can this queer-looking parcel for me be?" said John, after he had praised Eva's new doll. Taking off the outer wrappings, he found several folds of time-yellowed paper which he examined with curious eyes. "An old music-score," he said with some astonishment. "A Christmas Song," he read, "Genoa, December 25th, 18—." Why, Mother, it's the same music that Father used to have and that I played that day for the Brown-Eyed Lady. It seems to be the original copy.

Beneath it lay a letter addressed to him, and opening it with eager fingers, he read it aloud to the little group of listeners. "Dear John and Nannie," it began, "I told you some time ago that I had a brother who loved music, and as my present to you to-day concerns him, I must explain.

"My brother was older than I, and I loved him very dearly. I felt it deeply, as did my father, when he went to Italy to study his beloved music. He had been gone some months when I received the appalling news, learned later by my father, that my brother had become a Catholic and had decided that God had destined him for a higher calling than that of a musician, and that he contemplated entering a nearby monastery. My father was beside himself with grief and rage, and, denouncing his son, he forbade me to again call him brother.

"Later, however, on learning he was very ill in Italy, I disobeyed and went to him at once. He lingered for some months and during that time he instructed me in the Faith he loved. One evening, a short time before he died, he gave me the score of the 'Christmas Song' that I am enclosing to you. He told me it was the only thing he had ever published—his one success.

He had written it the year before, on the day he was received into the Church. Then he gave me a sum of money, the proceeds, he said, of its publication, and he placed in my care this little harvest of his genius that I might give it to some deserving music-student to help him on his way. To-day I have accomplished my mission in delivering it into your hands.

“My father died without forgiving me and I have lived alone ever since, uncared for and unnoticed by my kinsfolk. This is the end of my story, and the beginning, I hope, of a new existence for you both.”

Beneath the first letter lay another, containing a sum of money that quite amazed them all—a sum sufficient to provide a course in even the most exclusive of schools. A moment later, John had left the house to thank the Brown-Eyed Lady; Eva had gone to explain the matter to the new doll; and Nannie and her mother were alone.

“What a hard life the Brown-Eyed Lady has had,” Nannie mused. But her mother smiled and beckoned her to come nearer. “Do you know, Nannie dear,” she said, “that this morning as I lay asleep I dreamed I was dying, and in the distance I saw John, struggling hopelessly for his music. Then, suddenly, in my agony, the Blessed Mother seemed to step down from her picture there on the wall and place those roses she has in her hand upon my table. Immediately my strength returned, and I opened my eyes to see the Brown-Eyed Lady beside me . . . to the doctor my recovery seems a miracle.”

“It was a miracle,” said Nannie, with a soft reverence in her voice



O then, in all the homes of earth
Be Love the bond of life;
May it enthrone at every hearth
The peace that husheth strife.

My Prayer

MARGARET THOMPSON, AGED 12.

Oh Jesus, teach me how to think,
How to strengthen my weak mind;
Everlasting friendship link
With my play-mates ever kind.

Oh Jesus, teach me self-reliance,
This will help to smooth the way,
Then in time the due compliance
With these two I'll win the day.

Most of all, Oh Jesus, teach me
How to pray with fervent thought,
How to praise, adore and thank Thee,
How to love Thee as I ought.

Legend of the Little Gray Lamb

BY KATHARINE MORGAN.

'Tis the very eve of the Christ Child, little dear of my soul, so list while I tell thee the legend of the little gray lamb. Ah, 'tis a strange, sweet old tale.

Thou must come with me long years, so long I cannot tell thee how many. The silver moonlight falls softly upon a green hillside. 'Tis drawing near the close of the old year, but we are in a far distant country where the Snow Prince never comes, where the flowers blossom all the year and the little lambs find pleasant pasturage always awaiting them.

The night wind is balmy in its breath, the sweet scent of blossoms lingers, the little moonbeams are whispering together in the branches of the old olive tree, while the shepherds, wearied out by their long watch, lie sleeping by the glowing embers of their huge watch fires. Yonder in the shade of the rugged old crag the flock slumbers peacefully as the pale moonlight steals across their gentle faces. Close at hand the lambs all lie huddled together. "All," did I say? Ah, no, for yonder stands a little woolly gray lamb. All day he has drawn thus apart from his fellows as they, none too gently, ridiculed his darker coat. Now he trembles in the night breeze as he gazes down toward the closed gates of the sleeping city.

But list! what sweet music is this that is carried on the still night air? 'Tis the heavenly voices of the angels carolling forth the great, good tidings of our Saviour's birth. The sky is suddenly lit with a brilliant illumination and in the east one glorious star shines with a celestial radiance. All through the night the angels come and go with their sweet anthems.

The little gray lamb stands still, gazing down upon the entrance to the holy city, whose portals now stand wide. In the very early morn, guided by the Star of the East, he leaves his sleeping play-fellows and trots down the hillside, through

the gates, and on through the city, still guided by the glowing star, past the dwellings of the wealthy, and on till the star pauses and lets its soft rays fall upon a humble stable. For an instant he pauses too, and then, aquiver with joy, he walks straight into the Holy Presence. There the Sacred Mother and our Blessed Saint kneel in reverence to the 'Infant Jesus, Who lies wrapped in swaddling clothes in the lowly manger.

As the Holy Child's gaze falls upon the lamb, a smile so infinitely lovely, so sweetly compassionate, spreads over the divine features that the room is filled with a radiant light, and the Infant, seeing, beckons with His gentle hand. The little gray lamb trots over to the humble manger where lies the Prince of Princes. And, lo, as he turns from the gentle caress of the Christ Child he is no longer gray, but a snowy white!

Thus, little dear of my soul, did thy Saviour do His first deed of love and mercy for a little wild creature of the hills; so when sometimes thou dost see upon the windows of our great churches the figures of the Holy Infant and the lamb, thou must remember this little tale.



There was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows.
His castle was a wooden cross,
On which He hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
Whose crest did touch the sky.

—H. N. Maughan.

My First Impressions of Hamlet

BY DOROTHY AGNEW.

HO many of us, to-day, the character of Hamlet seems largely visionary, but that is because we of the twentieth century are so accustomed to majestic scientific inventions and so commercialized that we have formed the habit of taking everything for granted and seldom do we inquire into the "why" and "wherefore" of this world's complexities. The sensible world obtrudes itself and makes us neglect the spiritual. But occasionally we do come across a dreamer lost in the never-ceasing hurry and bustle and thus we can realize that in Shakespeare's time a person of the Hamlet type was not at all uncommon. Hamlet seems always to be living in an abstract world, yet he appeals strongly to us and we feel that we, too, might have these same thoughts and fancies were we placed under similar circumstances.

Hamlet has at his father's court but one true friend, Horatio, to whom he can open up his mind, but who can do very little to help him in his trouble. Ophelia, at one time his sweetheart, has not the understanding of him that true love fosters. Without much ado she agrees to stifle her affection for him and is too willing to think him mad. His mother shows no sympathy for the grief he displays at his father's death, and when she says to him, "Do not forever with thy veiled lids seek for thy noble father in the dust; Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die." she falls one peg lower in his estimation.

She, too, appears to doubt his sanity at times, especially when the ghost appears to Hamlet in her room, but finally believes him sound of mind when he tells her who the ghost is and why he has come, and proves to her by his very description of madness, his own normal condition. She is not altogether devoid of mother-love, and later, when the king asks

her the result of the interview, proclaims Hamlet "Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend," that she may shield him from treachery on the part of the king. However, the king has his own opinion on the matter, and a guilty conscience makes him wary. Hamlet may be mad, but on the other hand his actions may be but a cloak to hide some avenging purpose, so the king adds crime to crime by planning a secret execution of Hamlet in England.

In my own opinion, Hamlet was not mad. Much has been said for and against this assertion, which arguments I have not had an opportunity to study, as we have but lately begun the reading of the play, and therefore my opinion is based on what I have gathered from the text alone. As his deep grief for his father's death had been noticed by all, and thought unnatural, Hamlet decided it would be an easy matter to pretend to be mad, and so he says to Horatio and Marcellus, "Never, so help you mercy How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself As I perchance hereafter shall think meet . . . Swear."

When he appeared alone to Ophelia, after she had sent him back his letters, his queer actions would, indeed, make one doubt his sanity at first. But his reasons for so acting may have been two-fold. Since, by her father's orders, she had repulsed his love to a certain degree, Hamlet might have thought that his queer antics could be considered the outcome of his unrequited love, and he took the opportunity to start the rumour circulating. Or, as he had promised the ghost: "Thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain," his actions might have been the real leave-taking of Ophelia. Henceforth, thoughts of her were to be pushed aside altogether. Similarly, every one of his idiosyncrasies can be accounted for in some other way than by the fact that he was mad.

Hamlet's character is in direct contrast to that of King Claudius. Hamlet could not bring himself to act. When about to do a thing, he would (if time was given him), start arguing with himself and the deed would go undone. Thought mastered him. For instance, when every opportunity favours his

killing the king while the latter was at prayer, he begins to think that it would be better to wait until the king is "about some act that hath no relish of salvation in 't," and leaves him unmolested. The king, however, hesitates at nothing. He is a man of action and when he knows it would be wisest for his own interests to have Hamlet out of Denmark, and in fact, out of existence, his motto is "the quicker the better."

Hamlet was true to his friend Horatio up to the end, and in his dying moments his speech showed how greatly he trusted him. But Claudius had no one to whom he could turn for help. The friends he possessed were looking to him for honours, and he, in his turn, used them merely to further his own designs. Hamlet despised anything savouring of baseness and when he discovered that the king had foully murdered his father, his intuitive dislike of Claudius increased to a great hate.

Hamlet was never treacherous only when repaying treachery, as in the case of Rosenerantz and Guildenstern, and even then, some contend he had a perfect right to send them to their death. Here he acted without hesitation. "Being thus benetted round with villianies" and fearful for his own life, Hamlet knew his one great shortcoming of thinking too deeply on what he was about to do, and determined to overcome it. From then until his death we do not discern in his actions that lack of decision which had previously characterized them. The king, also, had self-knowledge, but when he would repent, ambition overmastered him.

Hamlet had a natural gift of perceiving the true character of all with whom he came into contact. He would have made an excellent king. He was intellectual, just, and inspired the friendship of true men, but he was not one "that fortune's buffets and rewards hast ta'en with equal thanks," nor yet of those "Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please." And so he perished, fortune's slave.



College Notes

We deeply sympathize with Miss Katherine McNally, who was called home on account of the death of her father.

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The Fall Botany Expedition of Form I. proved a delightful outing. The woods edging on Mimico Creek were wearing their loveliest autumn tints. Those participating in the excursion derived much pleasure both educationally and socially.

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A vote of thanks is due to Miss Veronica Frank of Form I., who on the occasion of the entertainment in honour of the Archbishop, had the presence of mind to ask His Grace for a holiday.

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Early in November a visit by Pupils of Form I. to the Ontario Art Museum was an interesting and instructive event. The Exhibition was one of "Small Paintings and Sketches by the Ontario Society of Artists."

In the permanent collection was seen a notable Corot and this received much attention. One of the most popular paintings was "Gloucester Rocks" by Robert Gagen. Mr. Robert Holmes' flower studies are wonderful in execution, and show an artistic rendering rarely seen.

Mr. Gregg proved a delightful and entertaining host and a resolution has been passed that another visit to the Museum will be made in the near future.

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The Twilight of Life.

(By Veronica Frank, Form I.).

"The Twilight of Life" was painted by Miss Sydney Strickland Tully, a Canadian artist who was born in 1860—died 1911.

The subject is extremely well handled. Critics consider this one of the best pictures at the Grange. It is very simple and

quiet, and while looking at it a feeling of solemn restfulness steals over the senses.

Seated in a chair and dressed in a quaint black cloak, an old woman is silhouetted against a sombre dark-brown background. She has silvery white hair, very simply done, and the motherly face has a tranquil expression, while the faded brown eyes have a far away look as if seeing beyond the toil of life. An open book lies unheeded in the wrinkled hands whose only ornament is a wedding ring. Beside her is a wooden stool on which are her glasses in their case of red.

Her whole countenance tells of a life employed in the service of others.

If every one at the closing of his or her struggle can look over a well-filled past, then what fear have they for "The Twilight of Life?"

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Agnes Keelor, Form II., was awarded second prize at the Canadian National Exhibition this year for a stencilled table runner done in oil colours.

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On Sept. 29th the annual election for the officers of the League of the Sacred Heart was held, with the following results:

President—Miss M. McGuire.

Secretary—Miss E. Shannon.

Treasurer—Miss L. O'Flaherty.

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The annual election of officers for the Blessed Virgin's Sodality was held on Oct. 3rd. The results of the election were as follows:

President—Miss K. McNally.

Vice-President—Miss I. Canty.

Secretary—Miss E. Shannon.

Councillors—First, Miss M. McGuire; Second, Miss M. Haynes; Third, Miss T. St. Denis; Fourth, Miss N. Foy.

Choristers—First, Miss C. McBride; Second, Miss C. Shannon.

Sacristan—Miss L. O'Flaherty.

The meeting closed with the singing of the "Te Deum."

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St. Joseph's College was one of the few places in Toronto that were honoured by a visit from His Excellency the Most Reverend Pietro di Maria, Papal Delegate. After celebrating Mass in the College Chapel. His Excellency met the pupils in the Reception room, where he imparted the Papal blessing to them.

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A number of the young ladies had the pleasure (owing to the kindness of Mrs. Wickett) of going to see "The Merchant of Venice." They appreciated its educational value and the help it affords them in their study of Shakespeare.

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Brother Andrew, the noted client of St. Joseph, paid a short visit to St. Joseph's quite recently. A number of the pupils availed themselves of the opportunity to ask the saintly Brother for favours for both themselves and afflicted friends.

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We had the privilege of hearing Dr. Thomas O'Hagan when he gave An Evening of Readings in the College Auditorium. Complimentary to the Faculty and students of the College. Very Rev. Dean Harris, D.D., LL.D., presided.

The Very Rev. Dean, introducing the reader, quoted these lines from Tennyson:

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

He quoted the above stanza, he said, because he wished to dwell on what Doctor O'Hagan had achieved from the early morning of his life, when as a youth of seventeen years he began teaching in the primary schools; in maturer years in the High Schools and afterward winning his degrees, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Literature.

Mr. O'Hagan had many difficulties to contend with, but he overcame them by application, industry and natural ability, carving out for himself a future which has raised him to a plane of distinction in the literary world. He has published nine volumes—some of his poems have been published in that leading Catholic Magazine, "America"; his essays are manifestations of highly cultivated ability. Doctor O'Hagan had won his admiration not only for his hard-won literary attainment, but for the cleanliness of his life.

The programme finished, all agreed the reader had fully justified the eulogistic introduction—and Doctor Kirkpatrick, a distinguished interpreter of literary expression, in his vote of thanks gave confirmation of the audience's judgment. He said Doctor O'Hagan was not only a graceful interpreter of literature, he was also a creator of literature.

* * * *

On Oct. 30th a game of basket-ball, between the Senior and Junior teams of the College, was played on the College Campus. The victory was won by the Seniors, with a score 7-4 We hope in the near future to have the pleasure of witnessing another game.

* * * *

The young ladies are glad to take advantage of the hour devoted to plain sewing on Saturday afternoon. The Sister in charge is ever ready to impart her knowledge to the pupils.

* * * *

Some of the young ladies attended a Rugby game between St. Michael's College and Toronto University on the University Campus.

* * * *

The College Auditorium was the scene of gay festivities on the evening of Oct. 30th, when the usual Hallowe'en Ball was held. The costumes were picturesque and the bright and varied colours presented a pretty sight as the pupils formed for the "Grand March." Dancing and all sorts of games were indulged in until it was time to repair to the refectory, where lunch was served.

Many of the young ladies obtained the Excellent and Good Cards, which were distributed throughout the different classes, for deportment and application during the Session.

* * * * *

An entertainment in honour of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of our Most Reverend Archbishop Neil McNeil, was given on Monday, Oct. 25th, in the College Auditorium. The programme opened with "Vivat Pastor Bonus" and Greeting Song, "Hail to Thee!"; then followed:

Piano Solo—Reminiscences	Miss Eileen Egan
Song—The Auld Scotch Songs	Miss Eunice Allan
Orchestra-Barcarolle—Johannes Pache	
Piano	Miss B. Crowley
1st Violin	Miss H. Alcock
2nd Violin	Miss D. Smith
Harp	Miss H. Kramer
Organ	Miss E. Carroll
Greeting Song	The Little Ones

* * * * *

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Beauty—Miss A. Korman.	Art—Miss M. McCardle.
Science—Miss O'Flaherty.	Philosophy—Miss C. Mulvihill.
Poetry—Miss H. Kernahan.	Virtue—Miss R. Morgan.
Song—Miss E. Shannon.	Stan'd-Bearer—Miss M. Hayes.
Power—Miss F. McDonagh.	Church—Miss H. Burke.
Faith—Miss M. Keenan.	

JUBILEE TRIBUTE.

Guardian Angel—Miss K. Young.
 Angel of Vocation—Miss D. Agnew.
 Angel of Priesthood—Miss E. McGuane.
 Angel of Episcopacy—Miss T. Brown.
 Angel of Diocese—Miss L. Nealon.
 Angel of Jubilee—Miss E. Warde.

* * * *

JUBILATE.

Holy God We Praise Thy Name.

His Grace, in addressing the students, complimented them on the clever manner in which every number of the programme had been executed, but made special note of the pupils' perfect enunciation, which he said evidenced careful and very painstaking training.

Did we enjoy the holiday His Grace gave us! And the long sleep next morning!

* * * * *

On Friday, Nov. 5th, the entire school assembled in the Chapel, where, by a solemn Act they consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart. Our devoted Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., gave a very practical instruction, in which he made clear to us our duty as members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

* * * * *

The young ladies are making use of the apparatus recently installed in the gymnasium, and by its aid are becoming quite proficient in gymnastics.

* * * * *

Miss Arabel Eagan of Lafayette St., Buffalo, Miss K. O'Leary, of Detroit, Miss Ella McDonald, Little Current, Misses Kathleen and Zita Conway of Quebec, and Miss Anna Maher of Buffalo, were visiting in the city recently. All of whom called at Alma Mater and spent some pleasant hours with their former teachers.

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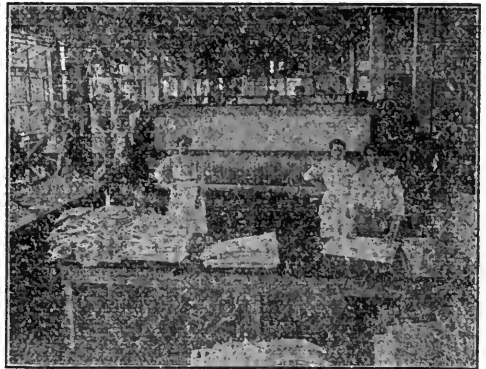
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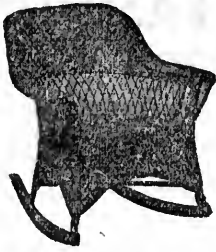
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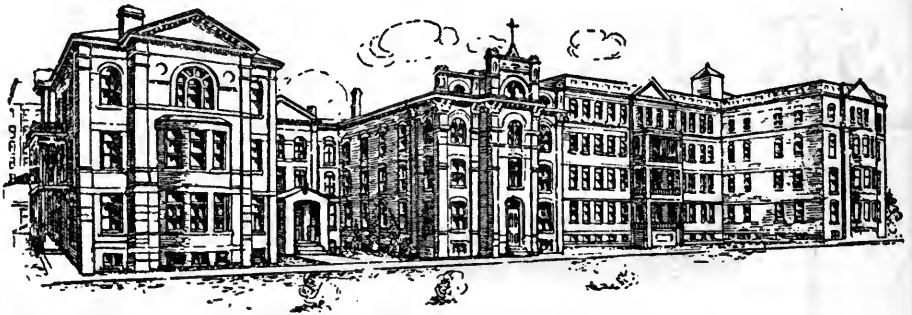
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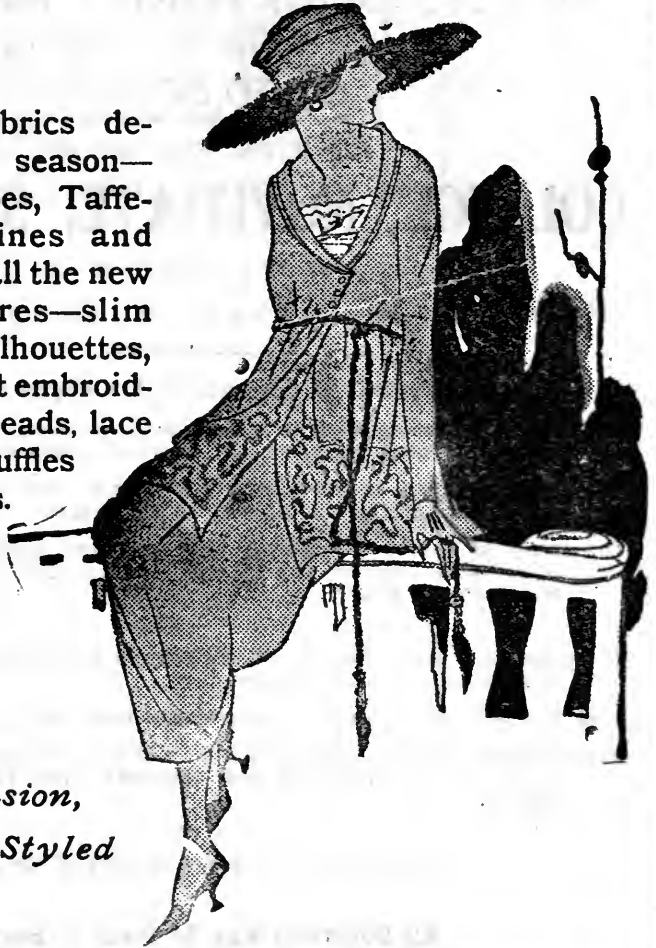
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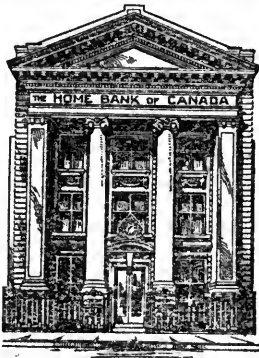
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THE HOLY FAMILY

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1921

No. 4

The Boy Jesus in St. Joseph's Workshop

Ah! What hast Thou to do with rules
And nails and all the joiner's tools?

What can a Carpenter impart
Of the Redeeming Shepherd's art?

Lo! Thou art come to feed the meek,
To seek the wayward, tend the weak.

And Thou art God—Thou need'st not wait,
In toilings thus, for man's estate.

Lift up Thine arm! In strength divine
Go forth, reclaiming what is Thine.

None needeth saving here: behold!
The gentle Joseph is as gold.

Then what hast Thou to do with rules,
And nails, and all of Joseph's tools?

“What! Know you not My Father's will—
That I should build on Calv'ry's hill

“An altar to His Name, whereof
My sheep shall drink the Wine of Love?

“Must I not master Joseph's trade
And learn now how a Cross is made?”

Devotion of Holy Church to St. Joseph

BY MOST REVEREND FATHER A. M. LEPICIER.

THE law of nature has it that we should show special deference to persons placed in a position of dignity in so far as they bear, in a certain sense, a reflection of God's supreme dominion over the world. Absolutely speaking, Almighty God could very well govern all things directly by Himself; nevertheless He chooses to make use of certain individuals as His instruments, to whom He in consequence communicates a portion of His own excellence and dignity. Now, it is precisely this excellence and dignity that moves us to honour rulers or magistrates in civil society.

But if it is just that we should honour for God's sake such as are vested with authority and possess some excellent quality in the order of nature, much more so is it God's will that we should show a like honour to those Saints who have consecrated their entire lives in honouring, praising and serving Him and have reproduced in themselves by so doing the divine perfections in a more excellent manner. For this reason Holy Church has ever held it a just and praiseworthy practice to honour and revere the Saints and to show them a special devotion both interior and exterior. That is to say not only should this devotion be fostered in our hearts, but we should also bear testimony of our internal sentiments of reverence toward the Saints, by words or actions done in their honour.

If we now pause to consider the remarkable sanctity with which the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph was adorned in life, as well as his unspeakable glory in Heaven, there can be no doubt as to the legitimacy of the widespread devotion shown him by the faithful throughout the entire world. This devotion, moreover, may be said to have a ground of authority in the Sacred Book, for we see that the Evangelists St. Luke and St. Matthew were not content with merely mentioning frequently his saintly name, but they also took special care to couple

it with the most holy name of Mary. This is as much as to show that as the holy Patriarch was the inseparable companion and faithful guardian of Mary in life and the putative father of Jesus, true Son of Mary, so also it is but right that he should partake of the honour and devotion shown by men to Jesus and Mary.

But there is a still more convincing proof of the devotion due to St. Joseph in the very manner of action pursued by Jesus and Mary towards him. The Son of God made man and His holy Mother were not content with honouring the holy Patriarch by interior acts of reverence. They also wished to show their respect towards him by exterior signs, acknowledging him to be the representative of God's will in the Holy Family and exactly submitting to all his orders and dispositions.

The great dignity with which it pleased God to adorn St. Joseph makes him worthy of a special devotion on our part. This devotion is of a lower degree than that shown to the Mother of God, yet it is greater than that by which we honour all other Saints in Heaven.

However, it was not the will of God that the exterior manifestations of this devotion to the glorious Patriarch should spread at once throughout the Church. Hence we see that the faithful were content for many centuries to venerate him only implicitly in those mysteries in which he had a share together with Jesus and Mary, such as the mysteries of the Incarnation, Circumcision, Adoration of the Magi, Presentation of Jesus in the Temple and Flight into Egypt. It was only in course of time that a special external devotion was paid to the holy Patriarch. But once this devotion was started, it so wonderfully spread that it soon became universal both in the religious Orders and in the Catholic Church at large.

It is decreed in the designs of Providence that faith in the mystery of the Incarnation should first be firmly implanted in Christian hearts before external devotion to St. Joseph should spread in the Church. There could then be no danger, on the part of the faithful, of believing that Jesus was the Son

of St. Joseph by nature. Once the mystery of the virginal birth of our Saviour was made known universally as a dogma of faith, the devotion to the holy Patriarch became a familiar practice with the faithful.

The manner in which devotion to St. Joseph has spread of late and is even daily assuming greater proportions in the Church is truly a cause for wonder. Indeed, it would seem that by inspiring the faithful an ever increasing devotion to the holy Patriarch, Almighty God wished to recompense him for the humble and hidden life which he spent at Nazareth in the company of Jesus and Mary during well nigh thirty years. Thus it is written: "Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (St. Luke, Chap. xiv., ii.).

Now, since it is evidently the will of God that the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph should be honoured and venerated daily more and more, every true son of Holy Church should have it at heart to promote, as far as he possibly can, this wholesome devotion, which not only redounds to the greater glory of Jesus and Mary, but also opens to Christianity at large a copious channel of heavenly graces.

St. Joseph Patron of Canada.

The sturdy colonists who left the country of St. Louis some centuries ago to settle in that region in North America, now called the Dominion of Canada, had it particularly at heart to promote in that distant land a true devotion to the glorious Head of the Holy Family.

In fact, in the year 1624, a special solemnity was held in the City of Quebec in honour of St. Joseph, as a fulfilment of a vow made to him. At this festival all the French Colonists and many Indians were present, and on this occasion the holy Patriarch was chosen as the first Patron of the country then called New France.

The devotion of Canadians toward the Saint increased continually, to the extent that some years later, that is in 1637, they chose him as Patron of the whole country, in thanksgiv-

ing for the many favours which they had received from God through his mediation.

Nor did this beautiful and wholesome devotion among the people of Canada as time went. The following is an instance of what we assert. Some years ago, through the efforts of an humble religious, a small oratory was erected to St. Joseph, half way up the slope of the mountain which rises in the middle of the city of Montreal. Later, this oratory became a center of pious pilgrimages, and as years went on, these pilgrimages increased in such numbers that it was first found necessary to build a shelter for the pilgrims. Soon after a resident priest was attached to the chapel, that he might provide for the spiritual needs of the faithful drawn thither by the hope of receiving some favour, either spiritual or temporal, from the powerful St. Joseph. This movement continued increasing to the extent that numberless pilgrims now resort daily to this holy shrine, as to a place from which favours and blessings are poured down from Heaven.

The faithful who daily visit this pious sanctuary are not disappointed in their hopes, as is shown by the many votive offerings hanging on the walls of the holy edifice. These bear convincing testimony of the innumerable cures which take place daily in that hallowed spot.

It is not without reason, therefore, that the people of Canada have placed their trust in the protection of the glorious Patriarch St Joseph. To him they have commended both their temporal interests and the preservation of their faith, and to him no doubt they are indebted for that sincere devotion to the Holy Catholic Church of which they are most loyal sons.



Byron

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

But was it thou?—I think
Surely it was—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
“Had every other gift, but wanted love”—
Love without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss!
Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine;
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the thunder of scorn!
Not by the lightning of wit!
These to the world, too, are given;
Scorn it possesses and wit;
Charm is the poet’s alone.
“Hollow and dull are the great;
Artists are envious; the mob is profane.”
We know! all this we know!
Cam’st thou from heaven, O child
Of light, but this to declare?
Alas! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song.
Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold!
Therefore triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul.
Therefore, with blood of thy foes
Trickled in silence thine own,
Therefore the victor’s heart
Broke on the field of his fame.

These lines are from Matthew Arnold's poem, "Heine's Grave." But he has made a slight mistake. The poet of whom Goethe spoke was not unnamed and was not Heine. Goethe one day was speaking to Eckermann about Byron, and the conversation turned to a German poet, von Platen; and Goethe said that he had many brilliant qualities, but wanted love (that is benevolence, sympathy, and the spirit of agreement). And he said Platen ought to remember that the spirit of negation and contradiction had ruined a greater poet than he: meaning Byron. Goethe on a hundred occasions said that Byron had every talent but love.

"Byron," said Goethe, "were it not for his hypochondriacal negative tone, would be as great as the ancients."

"Byron is a great talent, a born talent, and I have never seen the poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare. He is at a disadvantage when placed beside the innocent cheerfulness of Shakespeare; as a pure individuality Shakespeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much about Shakespeare, although he knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly ignore him altogether, for Shakespeare's cheerfulness is in his way and he feels he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him; on the contrary, he mentions him and shows him respect whenever he can, for he knew well enough that Pope is a mere foil to him."

"That which I call invention I never saw in any one in the world to a greater degree than in Byron. His manner of loosing a knot is always better than one would anticipate."

"Byron, notwithstanding his predominant personality, has sometimes had the power of renouncing himself altogether, as may be seen in some of his pieces, particularly in his 'Marino Faliero.' In this piece one quite forgets that Lord Byron, or even that an Englishman wrote it. We live entirely in Venice, and entirely in the time in which the action takes place; and the personages speak from themselves and from their own condition."

Eckermann said that he could not understand how Byron could bring such a terrible subject as the rack so often into the 'Two Foscari.'

"That sort of thing," replied Goethe, "was Byron's element. He was always a self-tormentor; and hence such subjects were his darling theme, as you see that scarcely one of his works has a cheerful subject. But the execution of that drama is worthy of great praise."

"In description Byron was great; his pictures have an air of reality, as lightly thrown off as if they were improvised."

"Byron," said Goethe more than once, "was ruined by his own unbridled temperament. He was too much in the dark about himself. He neither knew nor cared what he was doing, and lived impetuously for the day. Permitting everything to himself, and excusing nothing in others, he necessarily put himself in a bad position and made the world his foe. At the very beginning he offended the most distinguished literary men by his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. In his succeeding works he continued in the path of opposition and fault-finding. Neither Church nor State was left unassailed. This reckless conduct drove him from Britain, and would in time have driven him from Europe also. With the most perfect personal freedom, he felt himself confined everywhere; the world seemed to him a prison. His Grecian expedition was the result of no voluntary resolution; his misunderstanding with the world drove him to it."

"The renunciation of what was traditional and what was patriotic not only caused the personal destruction of so distinguished a man, but his revolutionary turn and the constant mental agitation with which it was combined, did not allow his talent a fair development. Moreover, his perpetual negation and fault-finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation; and negation is nothing. He who will work aright must never rail; he must not trouble about what others do ill, but only to do well himself. For the great point is, not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy."

“If Byron had worked off all the opposition in his character by a number of strong speeches in parliament, he would have written much more of pure poetry. But as he scarcely ever spoke in parliament, he kept within himself all his feelings against his nation, and to free himself from them he had no other means than to vent them in poetical form. I could therefore call a great part of Byron’s works of negation ‘suppressed parliamentary speeches,’ and think this would be no bad name for them.”

“The first scenes of the Deformed Transformed are poetically great, and the rest of it I will not call poetical, but it is very spirited (or, witty—geistlich).

There is no art in being spirited (or witty) when one reverences nothing, said Eckermann.

“You are not far wrong there,” said Goethe. “We must admit that he says more than ought to be said. He tells us reality, indeed, but we should like him better if he were silent about it. There are things in the world which the poet should rather conceal than disclose.”

“Byron is great only as a poet; as soon as he begins to reflect (or reason) he becomes a child.”

“He never could attain reflection upon himself. Where he will create he always succeeds; and we may say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection.”

“It is laughable to think that he, who in real life could never submit himself to any law, and never even asked about it, finally subjected himself to the stupidest of all laws—the Three Unities. If he had but known how to endure moral restraint also! That he could not was his ruin.”

“He lived, properly speaking, in a state of nature, and with his mode of life the necessity for self-defence was constantly before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol practice. Every moment he expected to be called out.”

Byron, then, is the poet who has every gift except love, without which the tongue of an angel would be but sounding brass.

Burke, with characteristic wisdom, remarks of the aristo-

cratic leaders of the first French revolution what may equally be applied to Byron: "Turbulent, discontented men of quality, in proportion as they are puffed up with personal pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order. One of the first symptoms they discover of a selfish and mischievous ambition, is a profligate disregard for a dignity which they partake with others. To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to, in society, is the first principle—the germ as it were—of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love of our country and of mankind." Gladstone has a similar observation: "There is no single situation, among all the diversities of human affairs, in which pride and passion have a scope more free and perilous than when an individual of an order, placed in opposition to its prevailing temper, undertakes to delineate its faults. A plebeian flatterer of the great denounces the turbulence of the people; some Mirabeau among the aristocracy censures the faults of the nobles." Here we need only substitute the name of Byron for that of Mirabeau.

Byron's politics were really more negative than positive and his opinions or feelings—for we can hardly call them principles—were chiefly due to the spirit of contradiction, contrariness, and pugnacity. He called himself a Liberal and was one of the first to import that term from France into Great Britain. But in fact he was a Radical and so far as he had any principles, a Republican; and one of his reasons for preferring the republican form to the monarchical was a thoroughly bad one—his hatred of true liberty—ordered liberty—and his knowledge from history that republics had always been more aggressive and imperialistic than constitutional monarchies. "Give me a republic, or give me the despotism of one," he cried, "rather than the mixed forms of government. Look in the history of the earth—the Cromwellian Commonwealth, too short, alas! France (1792), Venice, Rome, Greece, and compare it with what they did under monarchs."

And here I must point out a mistake in Matthew Arnold's essay on Byron, written for an introduction to Arnold's Selec-

tion from Byron's poems. Arnold's political principles were liberal and democratic (though assuredly not socialistic); but he perhaps was not a penetrating judge of the real character of men, and his view of Byron's political character is far too favorable. He does not see that Byron's professed principles were really only an opposition to what was established and quotes a sentence from his letters without noticing the context or the real meaning. Byron says: "I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and the first moment of a universal republic would convert me into an advocate of single and uncontradicted despotism." Arnold did not notice the second half of this sentence, and omitted it; nor did he notice that opposition to all existing governments included republics as well as monarchies. We have here in fact a confession from Byron of that spirit of revolution and anarchy which is never content and can never be satisfied.

The immensity of Byron's vogue was due to the irreligious, dissolute, and anarchical spirit which prevailed after the Great War of those days. And we should be very thankful that the similar spirit in our own times has no voice so eloquent as Byron or so poetical as Shelley.

Byron's popularity abroad was due to many causes. He is very intelligible and never obscure; he glorified the history and scenery of foreign countries, and he reviled his own. Sarah Austin, the scholarly translator of Ranke's history of the Popes, writing to Sir Henry Taylor from Paris on the eve of the revolution of 1848, says: "So much of desperate gloom and burning disappointment I never saw as among the young men of France. The idea of an appointed way in which each is to tread—and therefore to tread with a firm and willing step—oh, how far it is from their souls! The majestic figure of Duty, in all her severe beauty, seems to have no place in their hearts. What is to come of this fierce strife with the immutable laws of the world? You at home are not without the disease, but you have not yet 'le delire de l'egalite' which makes every superiority a grievance and a crime. Only yesterday I was reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* two passages from your admirable pre-

face. Byron and Shelley have done much more harm here and in Germany than in England. Byron's ravings against his own country arose from the consciousness of the resistance she would oppose to the sort of evil that he cultivated and celebrated. His instinct was right. This resistance is much less on the Continent. Unlike as the French and the Germans are, they unite in the worship of him, and of other false gods."

It is amusing to notice the secret contempt and derision with which Byron received the worship of his foreign admirers. Thus he writes to Moore in 1822 from Montenero near Leghorn, in Italy: "Since I came here I have been invited on board the American Squadron, and treated with all possible honor and ceremony. They asked me to sit for my picture; and as I was going away, an American lady took a rose from me, which had been given me by an Italian lady that morning,—because she said 'she was determined to send or take something which I had about me, to America.'

"However, all these honors arise perhaps not so much from their enthusiasm for my 'poeshie' as from their belief in my dislike for my own countrymen—a belief in which I coincide with the Americans."

While Byron was singing the glories of the battle of Morat in Switzerland and of Marathon, we in alliance with his own country were fighting a not less glorious fight at Queenston Heights and Lunenburg's Lane and Chateaugay. But the Radical—the "friend of every country but his own"—had not a word of praise for the valor and patriotism of his fellow-citizens.

After the publication of "Cain" Byron was justly accused of founding a Satanic School of poetry. In almost all of his poems, indeed, we find, as Newman says, "a dreadful haughtiness, sullenness, love of singularity, vanity, irritability, and misanthropy,"—not to speak of sensuality which deforms so many of them.

To-day Shelley is the idol and oracle, as Byron was then, of the irreligious and the revolutionary, and the licentious at home and abroad, except Trotsky, who still prefers Byron.

Byron's genius was rhetorical rather than poetical, and

his taste always preferred the poetry of Dryden and Pope to that of Wordsworth and Coleridge—perhaps if the truth were known to that of Spenser and even of Shakespeare. His most famous poem, as Newman remarks, is an extended funeral panegyric, or series of panegyrics, over the glories of Greece and Rome; the eloquence of that fine and noble orator, John Bright, abounds in phrases and expressions caught from Childe Harold. But Byron lived in the Romantic Era and he constantly imitated Wordsworth and Coleridge while he professed to despise them.

I have said nothing of Byron's personal character. In truth it is too bad to be discussed. The very worst charges made against him have been proven true. He called himself a Liberal; but by liberty he meant license both in public and in private life. Yet, wicked a man as he was, we must not forget that he had not lost the power to recognize virtue and to admire the beauty of virginal innocence. He placed the daughter for whose education he was responsible in an Italian convent boarding school, for he said there she would be trained in morality and religion, and if there were any religion true, it was the Catholic. He said, indeed, the only fault he saw in the convent boarding schools was that the young ladies came out of them so perfectly innocent and ignorant of evil that they were not sufficiently on their guard against the wickedness of the world. And so we part from him not indeed with admiration for his character or his teaching or love for his poetry, but with charitable and pitying thoughts.

P.S.—As I have been speaking of Arnold, I will mention here a mistake which must be a slip of the pen, in his essay on Wordsworth. He mentions Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence" as an example of the poet's "bald style." But the style of this poem is anything but bald! it is indeed highly ornate; and the old Leechgatherer who is its hero is described as one whose words were

With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men.

In fact this poem marks the change in Wordsworth's style and his abandonment of his early theory and manner. Southey wrote to Scott after the volume containing it came out, "The Leech-gatherer (i.e. Resolution and Independence) is one of my favorites; there he has caught Spenser's manner." It could only be by a slip of the pen, due perhaps to some interruption when he was writing, that so fine and sound a critic as Arnold could describe this Spenserian poem as "bald" in style. The student of Wordsworth might do worse than spend an hour in turning over his poems, or Arnold's selections from them, and conjecturing which of them Arnold meant to mention as an example of the style which is "bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, in a way that is full of grandeur." I have an opinion of my own, but I will not deprive my youthful readers of the pleasure of hunting and finding out for themselves.



My Lady Moon

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn.
 —"The Cloud," Shelley.

Never, surely, was more perfect union of science and romance, never more complete alliance between sentiment and sober fact than in all which pertains to the literature and history of the Queen of Night! The wealth of song and prose descriptive of her charms is well-nigh inexhaustible; so, too, that of the graver chapters in which her story lies written, for she has inspired pens as varied as they were facile. From lovers' oaths, whose pretty yea and nay was "by yon pallid orb that decks the sky," to the gravely reasoned theses of a Professor Dry-as-dust; from softest, poetic rhapsody to stiffest mathematical theorem, men's discourse has been "ever and all" of the moon. "Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon," pleads the fair Juliet with her lover Romeo, while Milton can find no nobler simile for the shield of his fallen Lucifer than

* * * the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
 At evening, from the top of Fesole.

Of "the moon exactly round" old Homer wrote, while Dante devotes an entire canto of his "Paradiso" to the charms of the "eternal pearl" of heaven. To the moon the Tuscan artist himself, Galileo, first turned his wondrous lens, eager to learn the true nature of the bright and dusky spots which fleck her disc; and of the mountains in the moon he writes thenceforth triumphantly, despite the doubts of all opposers. But centuries before this, Plato to his "Republic," and Aristotle in his "De Coelo," had paid their meed of tribute to the Queen of Night. All early Greek astronomers, indeed, devoted

much time and study to the moon, as earlier Chaldeans had done before them, while the nineteenth century closed for England with a masterpiece from one of her greatest mathematicians on "Lunar Tidal Friction." When Newton would formulate his wonderful law of gravitation, he turned his eyes and his thoughts moonward. With equal devotion has the seaman, from time immemorial, raised his to the moon to deduce, by the method of a "Lunar Distance," the longitude of his vessel. From Pythagoras, then, to Sir George Darwin, speaking broadly; from the dawn of civilization to its present epoch of meridian splendor, have poets, philosophers and scientists invoked and praised and scrutinized our Lady Moon. And she, like many an earthly queen, has accepted this fervid homage of men's noblest powers without ever descending from her airy height or advancing a whit nearer to her devotees. Coldly inscrutable, though with power to madden others, she shines down from her azure throne or veils herself in fleecy clouds, which half conceal and half reveal her beauty, true coquette and true woman! And yet what services has she not rendered to mankind! How has the belated pilgrim awaited the rising of the moon to shed some ray of light upon his homeward way! How has the tide-bound mariner, near some dangerous crag, prayed for the uplifting wave which follows the summons of the huntress queen; and the sailor, struggling in the murky darkness, blessed her light as it appeared athwart the clouds, throwing its molten silver on the water. She has guided the Arab of the desert, the Redskin of the western forest, gladdened the Esquimo of the ice-bound north. She has stolen through dungeon bar and shed her light in darksome cell, to bring joy to the heart of some poor prisoner, till we are minded of Scott's lines in "Marmion," anent the "eternal feminine":

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made,
When pain or anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

If the simile seem too fanciful, we must remember that for long centuries our Lady Moon has been a veritable goddess to men's thought, and the cold light of modern science cannot divest her of the halo of romance which ages of past faith have crowned her with. To the poet a goddess she will ever remain, and as such she has inspired our noblest. The great English Milton has filled his sacred epic of "Paradise Lost" with word-pictures of her beauty. "Now came still evening on," he writes;

"* * * Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

and again:

"* * * Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now, awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song: now reigns
Full-orbed the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things."

"Through 'Penseroso,' to his last wonderful paraphrase of Psalm 136 we trace his moonbeam-sprinkled way, closing with a burst of praise to Him Who has given

"The Horned moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright."

Wordsworth, poet of Nature, is captive to the silver queen.

"With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
How silently and with how wan a face,"

he writes in pensive vein, akin in spirit to Shelley's query:

"Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless

Among the stars that have a different birth,
 And ever changing like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy?"

Shelley and Keats, indeed, are past masters in moon-praising. How beautiful is the dialogue between Earth and Moon in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound!" What a picture he conjures of his Fairy Queen when he writes in "Queen Mab":

"And like a dying lady lean and pale,
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
 Out of her chamber led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon rose up in the murky earth,
 A white and shapeless mass."

Keats' "Endymion" is a love-song to the moon.

"The loveliest moon that ever silvered o'er
 A shell for Neptune's goblet."

His "St. Agnes' Eve" is crowded with allusions to the "winter moon" that lights fair Madeleine's chamber, and through the "casement high and triple arched,"

"All garlanded with carven imageries
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 Threw warm jewels on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon."

Shakespeare, greatest of bards, has much to say of the moon. We need hardly quote the famous passage, beginning,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"
 from his "Merchant of Venice."

But time would fail to quote a tithe of the honied words which our Lady Moon has heard poured into her listening ear by devotees of all lands and times; for even before poets praised her, priests revered. From dim antiquity she has been the mystic priestess of night, ruler of times and seasons, framer of kalendars. The very words "month" and

“moon” are synonyms. From ziggerratt and pyramid, in old Chaldea and Egypt, the glinting of the first silver thread of the new-born crescent moon was watched by eager hierophants and its advent heralded afar. Her phases were noted; her eclipses reverently recorded. An old Assyrian astronomer under Assurbanipal writes: “To the Director of Observations, my lord, his humble servant Wabushum-iddin, great astronomer of Ninevah, speaks thus: ‘May Nabu and Marduk be propitious to the Director of these observations; my lord, the fifteenth day we observed the node and the moon was eclipsed.’”

The great importance of the ecclesiastical calendar rendered such watchfulness necessary. The moon, rather than her greater brother, the sun, was the primitive time-keeper and, far more than he, has she been the regulator of sacred seasons. In all faiths, Pagan, Jewish, or Christian, the moon, silver-topped or full-orbed, has heralded the coming feast. At new moon, and at full, the silver trumpets of Israel sounded their summons to holy convocation, but in so doing they were only following an ordinance given at Creation that the “lesser light” should “rule the night” and “be for signs and for seasons,” “for days and for years”; complying, too, with a custom universal in the East, long before their national life began.

This undisputed prominence of the moon in religious life was of course a direct consequence of the ease with which she could be observed astronomically. To the most untutored eye her motion among the stars and her phases were apparent, so that we are not surprised to hear that our fair satellite was the first of heavenly bodies to be studied and that the venerable science of astronomy began with scrutiny of her changes. “Watcher of the Lunar Stations” was one of the earliest titles of an astronomer in Eastern lore, while these same “Lunar Stations,” or belts of starland nightly traversed by the moon, early rose to astronomical prominence. Some consider this lunar pathway as of earlier formation than the corresponding divisions of the solar girdle, known to us as the zodiac; the moon enjoying this advantage over her lord and light-giver, the sun, that, her gentler radiance not being such as to dazzle

men's eyes, her nightly progress, as shepherdess of the stars, from fold to fold, could be directly noted, whereas, in case of the sun, some indirect form of observation was necessary, as that of stars rising most nearly after sunset or disappearing in the white dawn. The moon, or moonth, was an earlier division of time than the year, since its exact recurrence was much more rapidly ascertainable; the earliest title of the latter being that still used poetically of a twelve-month. "Ere twelve short moons be sped." "Ere thrice the moon hath filled her horn." There and similar expressions abound in early English literature, and although the discrepency between twelve lunar months and an exact year was early known, yet centuries elapsed ere solar and lunar kalendars were adjusted with even tolerable accuracy.

The worship of the moon as a divinity was a very close derivative from her astronomical importance as "opener" of the month of day. The assemblies of new and full moon soon became in popular feeling an expression of the gratitude and reverence due their queen for her unwearied attendance upon the earth and for all the benefits of light and gentle influences conferred by her. In early Chaldean and Assyrian mythology, the supreme Triad of Gods was succeeded by a second one, comprising the Moon-god, the Sun-god, and the god of the Air. Here we have two anomalies—the precedence of the moon over the sun and the masculine character ascribed to that luminary. This last is not so strange, inasmuch as the deities of early Babylonia and Assyria were all two-fold, or accompanied by consorts who were for the most part, it must be confessed, rather colourless counterparts of their martial lords. Thus, in both countries, Sin, or Hurki, the Moon-god, reigned conjointly with his spouse, "the great Lady," over their sacred moon-city, Ur, or Hur, where they were served by a numerous hierarchy of priests. The indignity offered to Sansi, or Shamas, the Sun-god, in subordinating him to the "pale-faced Moon," may be due to his later introduction into the Chaldean pantheon; the power and majesty of the king of day having been amply represented, though in a less materialistic sense, by Bel

and Beltis, members respectively of the first great Triad. The antithesis of this materializing process seems to have occurred in the case of the Moon-god; Sin and his shadowy bride being both superseded later by a goddess of much more vivid personality and force of character, though less clearly a mere personification of the lunar disk, than her predecessors in Ur of the Chaldees. Yet Ishtar, Astarte, or Ashtoreth, however known or wherever worshipped, was always pre-eminently Queen of heaven and of night, who gave her devotees to understand that she would brook no rival. Though always represented as crowned with the crescent moon, she was yet often identified with the planet Venus and shares the attributes of the Greek Aphrodite, queen of love and beauty. The Descent of Ishtar into Hades to ransom her beloved is one of the most exquisite of Babylonian myths: "Towards the land whence there is no return, towards the house of corruption Ishtar has turned her mind. Towards the dwelling that has a way in but no way out, towards a road on which one goes forward but not backward, towards the hall where the light of day is shut out, where the shades of the dead dwell in the dark, clothed with wings like birds."

The explanation of her double connection with the planet Venus and the crescent moon may involve some rather recon-dite transformations of what is known as the "Babylonian Triad of Stars," or we may accept it as owing to the employment of either symbol indifferently as the ideograph for the early evening—that witching hour when the glare of day has faded, a hush falls on nature, the crimson dies in the west and the crescent of evening, lunar or stellar, shines clear in the wake of the vanished day-king. The subtle charm of all this nature-worship is well set forth in that passage from the book of Job where the patriarch declares his innocence of such idolatry, saying:

"If I beheld the sun when it shined,
And the moon going in brightness,
And my heart in secret hath rejoiced
And I have kissed my hand with my mouth,

Which is a very great iniquity
And a denial against the most high God."

"To kiss one's hand to the moon" was, and is, an Oriental euphemism for lunar worship, against which not only Job, but all the prophets of Israel, protest. Yet Solomon, wisest of mortals, was so enticed in later life, for he "worshipped Astarte, goddess of the Sidonians," the Phoenician equivalent of the Chaldean Ishtar, who had sunk to be, by that monarch's time, a very debased and debasing gododess. Later, the prophet Jeremias laments:

"The children gather the wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven."

But, although the pure monotheism of Israel forbade in strictest terms all such adoration of the "host of heaven," the whole genius of Hebrew literature is pregnant with a sense of the beauty and excellency of these works of the Most High. The Psalmist writes:

"I will consider Thy heavens,
The works of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which Thou hast founded."

Very beautifully Tennyson puts upon the lips of Jephthah's daughter a burst of praise expressive of the true Israelite's keen sense of the charm of the nightly firmament:

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine;
All night the splintered crags that wall the dell
With spears of silver shine."

Three terms, according to Professor Maunder, were used by the Hebrews to denote the moon, varying with the idea to be conveyed, whether that of the moon as time-keeper, equivalent to our word month, or as planet, or again when the mere thought of beauty was uppermost. This last word, "Lebanah," meaning "whiteness," is the one employed in the "Canticles," where it is asked:

"Who is she that cometh forth as the morning, rising fair

as the Moon, bright as the Sun and terrible as an army set in array?"

As though one had said, "fairest of the fair, brightest of the bright."

The mode of determining the new moon, or month, among the Israelites, seems to have been by direct observation wherever possible, even as far down as the Christian era.

The Sanhedrim sat in the "Hall of Polished Stone" to receive the testimony of credible witnesses that they had seen the new moon, penalties being inflicted for any misleading information. This, of course, was the first glimpsing of the crescent for the longitude of Jerusalem, which could be signalled to neighbouring towns by means of beacon-fires. But with the dispersion of the Jews in foreign lands, the problem became more complicated, and even much earlier some system of approximate calculation must necessarily have adopted in cloudy weather.

When we turn to consider the place held by the queen of night in Greek mythology, we find our Lady Moon divested of many of the degrading attributes which had attached to her as an Eastern goddess, a very charming and attractive divinity. As Artemis, or Diana, she was queen of the silver bow and of the chase, twin sister of bright Proebus Apollo, daughter of Latona, darkness, endued with many gifts to gladden mortal life.

"Queen and huntress chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep;
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright."

writes "rare Ben Johnson," echoing the actual paeans of classic Attica. The Greeks acknowledged in all three lunar divinities, however, somewhat variously differentiated. Thus "Selene" was a mere personification of the actual orb of night, while Artemis was the embodiment of all her tender and gentle influence. Goddess of the grove, as well as of the sky, she was

supposed to roam the woods and valleys by night with her retinue of nymphs, touching thee and shrug with her dewy fingers and imparting to them fresh vigor and fruitfulness, for the observant Greeks had long known, even as do our modern farmers, that the "fall of dew is most copious when the sky is clear and the moon sheds her pure light." As Byron writes:

"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When as chaste Dian here thou deign'st to rove."

The subdued, gentle light of the moon was also, as the poet here implies, suggestive of shrinking modesty; hence Artemis is the pure and spotless one, patroness of youths and virgins who brought gifts of white flowers to her shrine. Somewhat drolly, her youthful devotees were sometimes nicknamed "bears." This was because the goddess was the chosen patroness of Arcadia—a mountainous region famous for its bears. Diana or Artemis was also Queen of the Chase. The presence of the full moon in the heavens being a protection to flocks, as well as to travellers, from the depredations of wild beasts, the Queen of Night was said to lay these latter low with her silver arrows, which were most clearly to be seen when flecking the surface of streams and rivers, or lying on a broad sheet of moving water, while her bow was significantly symbolized by the shape of her mystic crescent. Nor against bear or stag only did the direct her darts; they were believed to exert an occult influence on men, similar to that exercised by those of her brother Apollo. Thus a sudden, unexplained death of youth or maiden in their prime was, by Greek and Roman, attributed to the respective arrows of these heavenly twins. But while it is quite easy to understand how the sun-god could smite to the death with his burning arrows, by an actual sun-stroke the origin of belief in a similar action on the part of the moon, inflicting death or disease, is not so clear. Yet the existence of our word "lunacy" attests its prevalence even down to modern times.

"A moon-struck, silly lad,"

writes Byron scoffingly when satirizing Wordsworth's "Betty Foy,"

"The idiot mother of an idiot boy."

While Shakespeare tells us, "The terms of our estate may not endure hazard so near us as doth hourly grow out of his lines," using the word, as in other places, in a sense covering both actual madness and temporary "phantasy" bordering thereupon. Even Holy Writ appears to attribute some baneful influence to the moon. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," saith the Psalmist in Psalm 121, according to the King James version; the word being translated "burn" in our own. And it may be true that moonlight exercises an exciting effect upon the insane, as upon animals. A third aspect of the Goddess of Night was represented in classic mythology by Hecate—a repellent conception of the dead or dying moon. Dweller in the nether world, mistress of witchcraft and all uncanny arts, worshipped with mysterious rites, Hecate possesses little of the charm or glamor investing other personifications of our Lady Moon.

In "Diana of the Ephesians" we meet finally with a return to a semi-oriental deity, who does not seem a moon-goddess, strictly, at all, but rather an embodiment of the fertility of nature at the time of the vernal New Year, the vernal New Moon being in early times the "opener" of the year at the spring-tide of Equinox. It is to the reverence paid this goddess that we owe the construction of one of the several wonders of the ancient world, her temple at Ephesus, said to excel all others in its splendor, size and beauty of architecture. Burnt on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great, it was rebuilt on a still more magnificent scale, by that monarch. It may well be remembered as the first perfect exemplar of the Ionic style. In the "Acts of the Apostles" we read of the excitement caused in Ephesus by St. Paul's preaching and of the opposition of the silversmiths who made statues of this Ephesian Diana—small replicas of the magnificent one which graced her shrine. A still more sacred one, however, was hidden within the inner-

most recesses of the "cella" which was said to have fallen down from heaven, and with a certain truth since it was simply a black meteoritic stone, not a very flattering likeness of the fair goddess! Indeed, it would have been difficult for even the skill of an Apples to represent our fair Queen more charmingly than she actually presents herself.

It seems an illustration of the old adage that "extremes meet," that it is to the tropics or the poles the traveller must hie who would view my Lady Moon in her most transcendent moods.

"I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,"

sings the Arctic lover of "Moore's Melodies." As is well known, in all regions beyond the Arctic circle the full moon of winter, like the midsummer sun, never sets. For as we have there the land of the "midnight sun," so we have also the land of the "midday moon." We can readily picture the weird beauty of those frozen zones by such silver beams, and see how the brilliant moonlight must gladden the long Arctic winter, tempering its darkness. But when at times our Lady Moon is wrapped in lambent drapery of coruscating, auroral light, or surrounded by an attendant army of flame-like figures which sweep athwart the heavens like giant spectres, the scene becomes one of dread unimaginable splendour. Contrast such a picture with the soft, entrancing loveliness of a tropical moonlight, where in the "land of the citron and myrtle," the fair, full orb of night fills the perfume-laden air with a golden sheen, waking the sweetest notes of the impassioned nightingale, while the dew drops rhythmically through the blossoming orange boughs; the whole forming a dream of enchantment with which no garish sunlight could ever vie.

When we turn, however, from the moon of myth and poetry, to contemplate the veritable planet which attends our earth, as the pursuant scrutiny of science has revealed her, quite another vista opens before our eyes, yet one possessing a fascination all its own. Although observed from hoariest

days of old, yet the first recorded opinion as to the physical condition of the moon comes to us from the Greek astronomer, Thales, about 640 B.C., who is said to have studied the science of the heavens in Egypt, and brought back with him to Greece much of the secret lore of the Egyptians. He held that the moon shone by reflected light, truly recognizing that this explained her phases, but inferred from the faint irradiation of her entire disk at time of new moon, often alluded to as "the old moon in the arms of the new," that a part of the moon's lustre was inherent. He found in the deep, copper-coloured glow which often suffuses the face of the eclipsed moon another proof of his theory. We now know both these phenomena to be due to other and distinct causes, as the different quality of their radiance might make us suspect, one being as ashen as the other is ruddy. (Though it is true here eyesights differ).

Singularly enough, the first to suspect the true cause of the visibility of the "old moon" was that great artist, Leonardo da Vinci, who was so much more than a mere artist, being astronomer, engineer and mathematician as well. His discernment led him to reflect that the earth must present phases to the moon quite similar to those that luminary shows to us, but in reverse order. A "full earth," then, or nearly so, is shining down upon the crescent moon and casts a pallid light over the entire satellite, which reflects back to us; this earthshine being from twelve to fifteen times as brilliant when viewed from the moon as moonlight itself. An eclipse of the moon on the contrary, being caused by the shadow of the earth falling on that body, occurs when the earth lies between the sun and moon. It is plain, then, that it is "new earth" to lunarians and that no earthshine can be reflected from its surface at that phase. A narrow fringe of sunlight, however, just grazing the earth's outer atmosphere, does reach the moon by refraction, being bent inward by passing through that denser medium, and so forming a cone of rays which finally reach the moon. The air, however, absorbs all the shorter or blue rays of light, allowing only the longer, reddish ones to pass through. This accounts for the well-known "copper colour."

Great variations occur in the degree of visibility of the eclipsed moon, due to clearness or cloudiness of the earth's atmosphere. In 1884, an eclipse took place in which the disk of the moon wholly disappeared, while in 1895 one occurred in September in which even at totality it was bright enough to be photographed by Prof. Barnard. Naturally, however, it was the illuminated, rather than the dark side of the moon, which was chiefly observed from earliest times; its dark and light regions were diligently noted and two schools arose amongst the Greeks propounding contrary explanations of these phenomena. The name of Anaxagoras (500 B.C.) is connected with the first, which held that these spots were due to actual mountains and valleys on the moon's surface. The Pythagoreans, on the other hand, taught that the moon was a great crystalline mirror which reflected the configurations of the earth's surface. To this theory Aristotle lent the weight of his great name. Proctor, in his work on the Moon, criticizes such an error sharply, as showing great forgetfulness of the laws of reflection. It is easy for us in our present state of knowledge, as to the spherical form of the earth, its rotation, the telescopic effect of cloud forms as viewed from other planets, to reason backwards thus, but it is not so clear that these effects would have been obvious, even on reflection, to the Greeks. It is said that a similar belief obtains to this day in Persia. Aristotle's belief, however, in the perfect purity of the moon's crystalline surface was but part of a much larger conception, influencing Greek and even Medieval cosmical theories for centuries, by virtue of which a strong antithesis was drawn between the earth and all celestial bodies. Change, decay, imperfection held sway in this sublimary world, but in the heavenly orbs which glittered in the blue vault above us all was perfect, unchangeable, without flaw or shadow of defect.

Frequent allusions meet us in classic literature to this supposed contrast between the flux and transitoriness of all mundane conditions and the changeless indefectibility of the heavenly bodies. And we shall see later how this theory, transferring as it did the characteristics of the spiritual to the ma-

terial heavens, seriously interfered with the discoveries of modern science. This prevalent belief of antiquity throws special meaning into the repeated asseverations of the patriarch Job that the heavens and the stars "are not pure" in God's sight (Job, xv., 15; xxv., 5); and that the moon "doth not shine" before Him.

Despite their reverence for the crystalline purity of our satellite, the Greeks, like more modern folks, did not hesitate to amuse themselves by seeing faces and figures in the moon. The "Man in the Moon" seems to be a very aged gentleman indeed, since we find a reference to him in the historian Plutarch who wrote a whole book on the "Face in the Moon." Professor Pickering, in his history of our satellite, gives an interesting list of plates containing outlines fanciful and real, collected by Flammarion, in the "Bulletin de la Societ  de France" for 1900. We have here "the Face," "the Crab," "the Girl reading," "the Donkey," and "the Lady." The Hindoos give us a Rabbit, the Chinese a Monkey pounding rice, while the Jews are said to have invented the Faggot-gatherer, who was punished for picking up sticks on the Sabbath, contrary to the Law of Moses. More beautiful than any of these is the Madonna in the Moon. Mrs. Diehl, of Boston, made a sketch on a cloudless night of November, 1904. At first she thought the image in the moon resembled the picture "Love's First Kiss," but later a halo encircles the heads of the mother and child, which she distinctly made out, suggested the title of "Madonna of the Moon," which she accordingly gave her picture. The Madonna can be seen any bright, moonlight night when the moon is gibbous, or between half and full. The face is an uplifted one, occupying the upper right-hand corner of the lunar disk, while a little above, on the left, is the almost equally clear face of a child bending down, as it were, to kiss the Mother. The whole is extremely beautiful, and when once caught, can never again be lost sight of, reminding us in its general outline and contour of a certain famous "Madonna" of Gabriel Max.

Beautiful Thoughts

(BY FRDERICK B. FENTON.)

Beautiful thoughts are as Heaven's keys
Unlocking the golden store within
Where the languishing soul true treasure sees,
The crown of glory it strives to win.
Then each lovely, radiant, beautiful thought,
In the web of my soul be ever caught,
As truly mine as you're really sought,
Ever and ever.

Just as the sunbeam tints the wold;
By a drear December day caressed,
Warming the earth else warped and cold;
Beautiful thoughts console my breast.
Enter, harbour within my soul,
Wonderful thoughts, without control,
Powerful, pure, uplifting, whole,
Ever and ever!

That, when at sunset of Life's day
I seek for the realms of fadeless bliss,
You, like angels, may light my way
To where the King of all Beauty is;
That mid the throng of a happy band
I may with angels and loved ones stand,
Peace and Glory on every hand,
Ever and ever!



THE ANNUNCIATION

Important Truths Recalled to Mind by the Feast of the Annunciation

BY REV. K. J. McRAE.

On the twenty-fifth of March the Church celebrates the great feast of the Annunciation, the commemoration of the coming down from Heaven of the Archangel Gabriel to announce to the Blessed Virgin Mary that she has been chosen to be the mother of the long-expected Messiah, and her acceptance of the office.

Now, when Mary accepted the office of Mother of God the Son, she contracted an unique relationship with each of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity.

Those who bear the relationship of father and mother respectively to the same child are called spouses in relationship with each other. Therefore, when the Blessed Virgin Mary became the Mother of God the Son she became in a unique manner the Spouse of God the Father.

She became, in a unique manner also, the Mother of God the Son.

She became, in a unique manner, too, the Temple of God the Holy Ghost, when He wrought in her the greatest possible miracle of His omnipotent power, the Incarnation.

I am well aware that the Blessed Virgin Mary is called also the Daughter of God the Father, and that she is that in common with every other daughter of Eve—but not in the unique manner that she is the Spouse of God the Father. It is similar with regard to the title sometimes given her of Spouse of the Holy Ghost.

Now, any one of the unique relationships which the Blessed Virgin Mary contracted with the Blessed Trinity is an incontrovertible proof, or reason, why she must be the most perfect woman.

The ideal father must wish the mother of his children to be the most perfect woman. But the ordinary father must be contented with what he can get. God the Father, on the contrary, being the Creator of His Spouse, could create her as He

wished. Therefore, we can take it for granted that He did create her the most perfect woman.

The ideal son also must wish his mother to be the most perfect woman. Now God the Son, being the Creator of His Mother, could create her as He wished. Therefore, we can take it for granted that He did create her the most perfect woman.

The ideal artist, too, must want a worthy studio for his masterpiece. Now the Holy Ghost, as God, being the Creator of His Studio or Temple for His Masterpiece, the Incarnation, could create her as He wished. Therefore, we can take it for granted that He did create her the most perfect woman.

In the same way we can easily prove that the Blessed Virgin is the most perfect of purely human creatures, her Immaculate Conception, etc.

In the face of all this how silly appear such statements as, "She is no better than any other woman!"

How silly, too, the claim that honouring her is robbing her Divine Son of honour. The ideal son cares more for honour given to his mother than that given to himself, and God the Son must consider honour given to His Mother not only as such, but also as honour given to His own work of Creation and grace. In the same way God the Father and God the Holy Ghost must consider honour given to her as given to Themselves.

How great, too, must be the power of intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for God the Father can refuse nothing to His Spouse, God the Son can refuse nothing to His Mother, and God the Holy Ghost can refuse nothing to His Temple.

The Annunciation should also remind us not only of the great honour conferred upon our human nature in the person of our sister, the Blessed Virgin Mary, but also when, in the Incarnation, it was so intently united to the Divine nature of the second Person of the Blessed Trinity as to form but one Person, Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But, alas! How lamentably is our poor human nature disgraced when some of its members unite with Satan in the treachery and slavery of sin!

Ave Marie

There's a word whose meaning
Sweetens all the songs we sing,
For its deep celestial music
Holds the secret of the King.

Though our lot in life be dreary,
Be the journey e'er so long,
If we know that word to whisper
We are stronger than the strong.

Breathe it, and the gloom of sorrow
Flees the tried and tired soul,
And again from shores of gladness
Peaceful waves of comfort roll.

On life's long and stormy ocean,
When temptations toss our bark,
'Tis a star within the heavens
Set to guide us through the dark.

'Tis the hope of shipwrecked spirits,
'Tis the joy of sainted hearts;
'Tis the shield of surest safety
'Gainst the foeman's fiery darts.

'Tis the hand that shows the serpents
That may lurk within our path,
'Tis the voice whose gentle pleading
Shows the arm of Heaven's wrath.

'Tis the balm that heals the wounded,
'Tis the staff of creeping age;
'Tis the wisdom in the peasant,
'Tis the glory of the sage.

'Tis the badge of recognition
 In a world of low deceit;
 'Tis the secret sign of friendship—
 Friendship tender, true and sweet—

For the hand of him who wears it,
 Though a crown adorn his brow,
 Clasps in fond and deep affection
 E'en the hand that guides the plow.

Nay, the highest ~~flawing~~ seraph
 Claimeth brotherhood with those
 From whose lips in true devotion
 That one word in silence flows.

'Tis the hope of weary exiles
 Wand'ring in a foreign land,
 For it puts the key of Heaven
 In their stained and wrinkled hand.

'Tis the rarest gem of beauty
 On the maiden's breast that gleams,
 And the babe who heard its music
 Smiles contentment in his dreams.

'Tis the peace of him whose footsteps
 Travel downward toward the west,
 And the youth who breathes it softly
 Carries Heaven in his breast.

From the souls who dearly love it
 Heaven lifts the chas'ning rod,
 For it makes us Christ's own brothers,
 And the very sons of God.

Let us breathe that word devoutly,
 For from Heaven's heights it came:

'Tis our sweetest, dearest Mother's—
 Mary's dearest, sweetest NAME!

—SACERDOS.

The Major's Consolation

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

SUCH a foolish, thankless job for me to undertake! The Lord save me from another trusteeship! My hair grows whiter every day with the fret of it."

The speaker, whose silvery hair spoke for him sharply, as did his emphatic voice, was a shrewd old man, whose legal advice was much in demand.

"What does Eleanor want now?" asked his wife, a sweet old lady, always sympathetic.

"A bungalow at Hatton Point! Last time it was a pearl necklace.--It's a big fortune, I know, but she'll soon run through it! I am worried to death."

"Now, Paul--she has had her own way ninety and nine times, in spite of you; why fuss about the hundredth? Give it to her amiably, that's all."

The old man subsided with a groan and the bungalow at Hatton Point thus became an assured reality.

Eleanor Mackenzie unconsciously did her best to torment the irascible old gentleman whom the Fates had made her guardian. She was a stately young woman of modern ideas and a beauty all her own.

Why her wilful affections had turned to Hatton's Point was somewhat of a puzzle to herself, even. It was a quaint little town on a charming bit of sea coast,--"where no young lady could get into mischief, even if she wanted to," said her guardian's gentle spouse.

Eleanor Mackenzie certainly did not want to! She had chosen the place because of its calm, its atmosphere of quiet.

The building and furnishing of the simple dwelling kept its young owner amused and sufficiently busy for a long time. Her uncle found it the lengthiest period of calm he had known since her father's sudden death brought her into his charge.

But, as often happens, one error had crept into their calculations; they had all been unaware of the fact that Fort Jefferson was located near Hatton's Point. And naturally it was not long before a group of young officers had become vividly aware of the new bungalow and its charming owner. They soon contrived to get presented and a series of little attentions followed. One of them, a merry, good-humored fellow named Charley Miller, was a sort of ring-leader in these doings and Eleanor rather liked him. One day while strolling on the beach she espied him at a distance in company with a tall stranger of unmistakable military bearing, whom she set down as some Inspecting Officer newly arrived at the Fort.

Questioning the youth later, she found him eager to give information.

"Why, that was Major Douglas, our Major. He is in command at present."

"I had not seen him before. How was that? I thought I knew you all."

"He has been away on furlough. Reappeared last Wednesday. We shall have to be good boys, now! He is strong on discipline."

But if Miss Maekenzie expected an addition to her throng of admirers, she was doomed to disappointment.

"He does not go at all into society," explained young Miller. "Spends his spare time in reading and music. Plays on the church organ—the priest gives him leave—oh, but he can play! You ought to hear him!"

"Right you are, Charley!" said a young lieutenant at his elbow. "It is as if an Archangel had strayed down here—and was trying to tell of the world he came from."

"What utter folly!" cried another, a more prosaic youth. "There is no sense in being so music-mad!"

"But the Major has sense, plenty of it!" said Charley, bent on defending him. "That's why he is so strict." The other was silenced by this, looking immensely disgusted, and Eleanor saw he must have felt the Major's discipline.

Things moved on very pleasantly at the bungalow. The

young men were lively but well-behaved. Charley Miller, in particular, had ingratiated himself with Mrs. Hammond, an aunt of Eleanor's, now her chaperon and companion. The ladies also found two or three nice girls at the village of Hatton's Point, who were not at all averse to accepting an invitation to lunch or afternoon tea at Cedar Crest with the new arrivals. "Everything goes smoothly," was Mrs. Hammond's report and Uncle Paul took heart of courage.

On one occasion, however, some mention was made of the Major. "He never comes with the rest," said Eleanor, with a little pout. The old man regarded her gravely. "Girlie," he said, breaking a long silence, "let the Major off. Let him alone! Spare him,—be merciful, my dear! He has been hard hit."

A plea which naturally stirred her interest afresh, a flame at point of dying out for lack of fuel.

The sky was darkening down upon the sea in the late afternoon of a placid day and the ladies were watching it from the piazza of the bungalow when some urchins broke in upon their peace with a frantic cry of "Fire!" They started in alarm; here was a new danger. Gazing round as a smell of smoke assailed their nostrils, they saw it curling up from a handsome cottage not far distant. Mrs. Hammond spoke first. "I suppose there is no Fire Department here."

"None to speak of. An amateur Hose Company, I believe."

Just then a knot of excited men came running up the road from the village centre of the town. The volume of smoke had grown perceptibly and threatened to burst into flame.

"Let us go, too," said Eleanor. "We may be of use. It is the Price cottage. Its owners are in Europe."

"If it has been shut up, I cannot see how it could have caught!" pursued Mrs. Hammond. "But we will go!" And she hurried off for their wraps, for a cool sunset breeze had sprung up, increasing the danger.

When the ladies reached the burning cottage flame was already visible and the scene one of wild confusion. It went to Mrs. Hammond's heart to see such beautiful furniture and

paintings of value handled so roughly. Men were running this way and that, colliding with one another, boys were yelling and getting underfoot, while a few buckets emphasized the need of water and of some organized effort to save the next house.

"If the soldiers would only come from the Fort, it would bring discipline," said an old gentleman near by. "Oh, there they come! That is the Major in command."

Eleanor and Mrs. Hammond, with some other women, ventured much nearer. It was a splendid sight. The fiery glare fell on everything, the world seemed bathed in redness! But to the Major it all spoke of danger; he saw a wall near the group suddenly waver as if tottering to its fall. His sharp command rang out like the stroke of a sword-blade. "Back, every one of you!"

The women fled in affright, like a flock of pigeons. But Eleanor stood her ground, a kind of splendid, wondering defiance in her dark eyes. She could not believe that an order like that could have been addressed to her.

The Major stood still also, quietly waiting. They stood facing each other for some moments—to the girl it seemed ages—then a shrill call from Mrs. Hammond broke the tension, enabling Eleanor to retreat with a good grace without striking her colours. In another moment a crash told the peril they had escaped.

"Nobody killed," said a man, within her hearing, "but Major Douglas got badly hurt."

Eleanor's sensations can be imagined. The sharpness of the Major's order had sprung from dread. Then, two other gentlemen began to discuss things. "How was it, pray?" asked one. "The Major has sense enough to keep away from falling walls."

"He was trying to save some silly women. I imagine he did not know how near the fall was. But then, if he had, he would have done the same."

"No doubt! It was just like him." And the topic dropped.

Eleanor listened in shame and wrath. She heartily wished they had not gone to the fire. What if she, herself, had been the person injured? She had been near it.

Mrs. Hammond saw her excitement. "Don't worry, dear," she said, soothingly. "No one is killed and they saved the other house."

But the next day the Major put a question to Charley Miller. "Who was that young woman? The dark-eyed one, who did not want to obey orders?"

"That was Eleanor Mackenzie. Don't suppose she ever heard an order before in her life."

"Time she did," growled a young lieutenant, glancing at the Major's bandaged arm. Douglas turned away abruptly, to avoid words, and no more was said.

The wholly unexpected was what happened next. The usual lively company was gathered together in the drawing-room at Cedar Crest.

"Sing for us, please, Miss Mackenzie," pleaded young Miller. "Just one song."

Eleanor nodded assent. It was twilight, an hour of silence, a little interregnum between daylight and dark. The roses in the recesses of the beautiful room flung delicate odours into the dimness and the whole group was lingering in the thoughtful mood. Their hostess was not a skilled musician, but had tact enough to keep away from ultra-difficult compositions. She rarely sang opera airs; in fact, her repertory was of the most limited. She had sung her songs many times over for Charley Miller and his friends; what else could she find? Then, she struck into that most delightful of Scotch creations, "We Willie Winkie."

The applause was generous. Her voice held some wonderfully sweet notes. She had power, too, and a degree of dramatic feeling. Seeing she had made a miniature success, she hardly knew what to attempt next. "Sing, 'Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True,'" whispered Mrs. Hammond. She sang it with feeling, the notes rippling out like those of grieving nightingales; and when she had done, there, framed in the doorway, stood the Major.

He advanced with grace, despite the effort of shielding a bandaged arm.

"Forgive me, Miss Mackenzie! But you must not sing the song of my ancestor so exquisitely, if you object to intrusion. I lost my self-discipline under it. I rarely do! I could but listen."

Eleanor rose to the charge. Hospitality, dignity and self-poise alike required it. She saw the song had brought him, just as he said. It was a triumph, after all.

She welcomed him with exactly the right degree of cordiality and the young men, she saw, were more than delighted. He knew how to amuse them; telling them stories of military life in various lands. And as Eleanor listened, his individuality appealed to her. It simply worked like a charm. She could but admire him.

After this he became an occasional guest at Cedar Crest and always welcome.

As their acquaintance advanced, Miss Mackenzie learned many things about the Major. He had whims, musically; once in a while, very rarely, he would improvise and his listeners followed his music-thought, enchanted. His hurt arm soon recovered power and he plunged into strange foreign compositions, Bohemian or Polish. Sometimes it would be wild dance-music, as of Spanish or Hungarian Gypsies. There were times, too, when she recalled Uncle Paul's plea for him, "Have mercy, little girl! He has been hard hit."

The sad, quiet strength, so manifestly a supreme effort, would control his face and voice, as if every muscle were suddenly tense and painful recollections had sprung out of some ambush. Her sympathies were strongly roused. But she dared not say a word.

One day she ventured to question her guardian. He answered with reluctance.

"It is an old story—very old! Why should I speak of it to you?"

"Because he looks so unhappy—infelix—infelicissimus!"

"There is no help for him. Mesita Vonnier threw him over, that was all! She married a wealthy Cuban, who led her a dance of it, they say! She had a hard life. But the Major never got over it. Now, dearie, don't play with him."

A silence ensued. The old man was thinking. He spoke slowly.

"The Major is a dead shot, but he never aims at the women. Didn't at Mesita. Not he—says he never did in his life, save once, in self-defence!" And the old man chuckled, as if recalling some Amazonian attack of the past.

"Was this Miss Vonnier very beautiful?" inquired Eleanor.

"Yes, as the world reckons beauty. And brilliant, also. He met her when he was stationed in Arizona."

Her uncle's information sent her on into a world of wild imaginings. A man with a past! How could she help touching it? It is an awful thing, a past with its power of coming to life, like a stiffened limb reawakening to its old pain. How could she help betraying her consciousness of this when the Major's dark moods came on?

One day he had been playing some intense music. Mrs. Hammond had been called away to domestic cares,—and the deep notes were quivering with pain. Her sympathies were strongly roused. Suddenly the player felt this. He looked up and caught sight of her pitying face. He spoke softly, "Come, dear!" It was hardly a breath, but it brought her to his side.

"You are a comfort, my one consolation."

It was not love-making, those few words; but no triumph or success of her society life held and joy comparable to this.

Then fell a blow as from out a clear sky. Young Miller, one day soon after, came rushing in with two or three other officers and the out-cry, "We have lost the Major."

He had been unexpectedly ordered to a Southwestern outpost. "Not very far from the one where he used to be," explained Charley. "No knowing whom we shall get, now!"

Black moodiness on the Major's part and the dread of passing for a fortune-hunter forbade him to ask Eleanor's hand, so they parted with a silent good-bye.

It was a long time before the group of young men at the Fort heard from Douglas. Then came a long letter which the happy recipient read in part to Lieut. Miller. It ran much as

follows, in one passage. "I came upon an old friend soon after my arrival here, the widow of Don Esteban Sanchez, once Mesita Vonnier. Strange how one's preferences change!—I was in love with her once. With slight encouragement she would gladly renew the old ties; she is still handsome and in some ways more attractive than of old. But the objection lies with me. I cannot journey back on that old road. No, never again! Nor ahead, on any new one, either—life has gone by; music is my only delight, now and here."

As the autumn was by this time well advanced, Cedar Crest had been closed and Miss Mackenzie was again adorning the gay circles of the city. Although silently grieving, she contrived to read part of the Major's letter to Mrs. Hammand, whose report to her lessened some of her uneasiness. But when swinging about in merry company, she would fancy she saw the shadows settling down on the stern brow of Major Douglas.

He had begun to soften a little before he left. She knew he missed her—missed some touch of her spirit upon his. Worrying thus, she grew a little sharp, herself, at times. "You were severe with that young man," remonstrated Mrs. Hammond on one occasion, "you must not expect too much. Why compare every other man with the Major?"

As a friend of both parties, Lieut. Charles Miller had no doubt in his own mind that the sensitive Major had made a great mistake in deserting Eleanor as he had. An explanation would have cleared the air.

"I am half-inclined to be machine-God, myself," he soliloquized. "She is very unhappy; though she makes a brave show of it. She would marry him if he asked her as he should. And would adapt herself splendidly to army conditions. As her aunt says, there is plenty of good sense packed away in her small, curly head. Heaven pity him, if she gets a man without any!"

As the time went by, the Lieutenant's anxieties only deepened. He saw from what the Major wrote, that his health was failing. If he could only come north once more. He began to wonder if something could not be done.

He knew that Douglas would make no appeal for a transfer; but, after a conference with Mrs. Hammond, he ventured to call upon 'Uncle Paul.'

"I beg pardon, Mr. Mackenzie, but about Major Douglas, do you know his Commanding Officer?"

"To be sure I do."

"The Major is not well and we all want him to come North. It may be his one chance, we think at the Fort. We idolize him there. Miss Eleanor, too, would be glad of his recall."

Uncle Paul responded politely that he would see if anything could be done in the case, and, when the young ambassador had departed, laughed long and heartily.

"Another of Eleanor's demands! I thought the bungalow would not be the last of it!"

Then he looked sober. "We'll be lucky," he murmured, "if Douglas does not wring our necks for meddling with his matters! And Eleanor may change her mind."

But, luckily for Uncle Paul, neither thing happened. When Major Douglas got orders, most unexpectedly, to return North, he asked no questions, merely thanked the Lord. His piety was silent, but sure and solid--indeed, had he been so disposed, he was too miserable to nurse wrath. He was really very ill.

He flew North, bidden to report in Washington, puzzled to be sure, but royally happy. What a delight to see Eleanor again! He saw he should not have left her as he did. God grant, now, that the consolation, the one touch that would soothe his pain, might be awaiting him! Every mile on that journey was a joy.

He found Eleanor in Washington and her tearful eyes told their own story.

His pallor and evident feebleness gave her a shock and she made no resistance when he took her in his arms. "Dearest," he cried, "you are sunlight and moonlight in every dark place. As my wife, you would make my life one sweep of sunshine. Will you not come to me?"

She smiled, but said nothing. He rushed on. "I have tried living without you; it was not a success. I should not have left

you! I need the support, the consolation of your dear presence. Can you love me enough, dear?"

And Eleanor's answer must have been satisfactory, for next day Mrs. Hammond was announcing the engagement.

Uncle Paul looked grave at the tidings. "Do you think she knows her own mind?" he asked seriously.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hammond. "Why, Paul, your guardianship has been a grand enterprise! The Major is just the husband she needs and she the one wife in the world for him. No, love has not wrought a miracle, only brought out the latent forces of her nature. The Major's crown of rejoicing lay in his swift recognition of these.



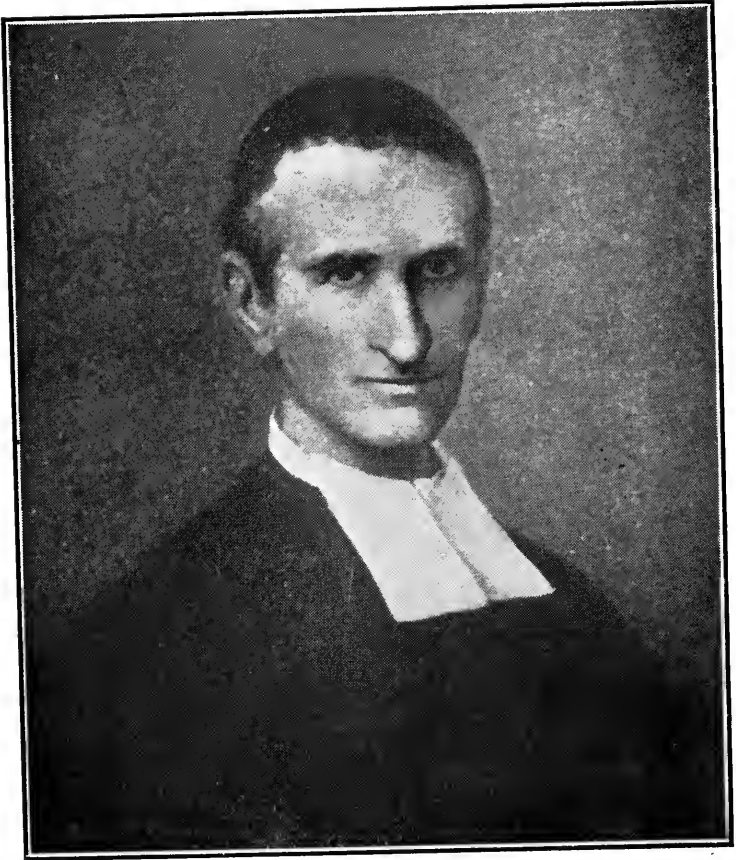
At Rest

The faithful helm commands the keel,
 From port to port fair breezes blow;
 But the ship must sail the convex sea,
 Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
 On thought and will, the winds may wait;
 But the world will bend the passing word,
 Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
 At best will bended be;
 The ship that holds the straightest course
 Still sails the convex sea.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



REV. BROTHER MIGUEL

A South American Religious

BY REV BROTHER SIMON, F.S.C.

Life-sketch of Rev. Brother Miguel, F.S.C., Teacher and Author, Member of the Ecuadorian Academy, Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the French Academy, and of the Academy of Venezuela.

IT was early in 1863 that the sons of Saint De La Salle first settled in the great South American Continent, and they began their apostolate of Catholic education in the Republic of Ecuador, whither they had been invited by the saintly martyr-President, Garcia Moreno. The subject of this sketch was one of the first Ecuadorians to enter the Order of the great Teacher-Saint and his life-story will serve to show the strong moral and intellectual influence exerted from the beginning by the Christian Brothers in Latin America, as well as to present a type of the Christian, religious, and scholarly men produced in what some ignorant writers are pleased to call "the Neglected Continent."

Francisco Febres Cordero was born at Cuenca, Ecuador, November 7, 1854, of a distinguished and profoundly Christian family. His grandfather, General Leon Cordero, was one of the champions of Ecuadorian independence. His father, a man of considerable education, was, for a time, a professor of modern languages, but subsequently became engaged in financial business; while his mother, Ann Munoz, was a woman of remarkable sanctity and culture at whose feet young Francisco learned his first lessons of piety and charity. God permitted that the child should be born bereft of the use of his limbs and it was some years before he was able to walk, but his soul was endowed with uncommon faculties and remarkably inclined to virtue.

One of the first schools conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools in Ecuador was that of Cuenca and young Cordero attended this as soon as he was able. In fact, we are

told that in a short time he became so attached to it that he hardly took time to eat his meals before running off to school. His teachers were not slow in noticing and appreciating the budding virtues and rare intellectual gifts of their young pupil. On several occasions when the President, Garcia Moreno, visited Cuenca and called at the Brothers' School, young Francisco Cordero was chosen to say the word of welcome to the illustrious visitor, who was charmed at the boy's eloquence and grace of manner.

Already, as a prelude to his future mission, the pious child, who was known among his companions as "the saint," exercised over them considerable influence for good. He had gained, too, the esteem and affection of his masters and soon expressed the desire to be like them. "From the moment of my entering the Brothers' school," he said afterwards, "God put in my heart a great desire to be one day clothed with their holy habit." In spite of strong opposition on the part of his father, and thanks to novenas he made to the Archangel St. Michael, to whom he had special devotion and whose name he was to bear as a religious, he eventually obtained his wish.

The Religious.

Francisco entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers at Cuenca and on the feast of Our Lady's Annunciation, March 25, 1868, he was clothed in the religious habit, receiving the name of Brother Miguel. After a fervent novitiate, he began his ministry as a teacher in his native town and later was sent to Quito, where, while faithfully fulfilling his professional duties, he gave himself up to study with untiring energy. At eighteen he had published his first book—a text-book of Grammar. The Council of Public Instruction then requested him to write a Grammar for use in all the schools and colleges of the Republic. This work is still in use to-day and is justly appreciated by all the educationists of South America.

In November, 1887, Brother Miguel, who had made his perpetual vows in 1882, was invited by the Very Rev. Brother Joseph, Superior-General, to go to Rome to represent the Pro-

vince of Ecuador at the Beatification of the holy founder, Saint De La Salle. He would often afterwards speak of the never-to-be-forgotten impressions of that great ceremony in the Eternal City. While in Rome he made the acquaintance of the eminent Colombian author, Doctor Cuervo, a renowned linguist and fervent Catholic, who ever afterwards kept up a friendly correspondence with him.

Three years later, the good Brother followed the exercises of the Long Retreat organized for the first time at Quito. One of his companions at this Retreat writes: "There it was that I had the opportunity of knowing better the soul that animated his frail body and in which burned the ardent flames of divine love. During one of the recreations, Brother Miguel spoke to us with such conviction that he drew tears to our eyes. At that moment were fulfilled in him the words of the Gospel: 'From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' This shows how profitable to him was this spiritual halt in which were strengthened the supernatural dispositions that he had ceaselessly cultivated and increased by his constant application to the practice of our holy Rules."

From 1892 to 1901, Brother Miguel exercised his profession, but in a transitory manner; his chief occupation was the writing and correction of the many text-books of which he was the author. Nevertheless his virtues and recognized merits seemed to mark him out for more important duties. In 1901 he was named Master of Novices. While perfectly submissive to the demands of obedience, the humble religious hastened to lay before his superiors his reasons for believing himself lacking in the qualities required for so important a mission. For the present, however, it was not thought advisable to accede to his wishes and he obediently and successfully held the position for a little over two years. In April, 1907, the necessity of uniformity of text-books in all the schools of his Order in Spanish-speaking countries, induced the Superiors to relieve him of the direction of the Novitiate and to call him to Europe to take up the above-mentioned work.

What has been already said gives us some idea of the

deeply spiritual and religious character of this holy man. Both as an educator and as an author, that was what appeared most prominently in him. All who knew him said that while they admired him for his talents, they venerated him for his sanctity. It may be said without exaggeration that Brother Miguel applied himself to practise all the virtues of his holy state. Most prominent among them all was, undoubtedly, his humility which caused him to desire by preference the most obscure positions and to accept with joyful resignation and even with love, opportunities of humiliation. With St. Bernard, he looked upon humiliations as the sure and safe way to acquire the virtue which is the foundation of every spiritual edifice.

All absorbed as he was in God, Brother Miguel's soul found its greatest delight in intimate communion with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, especially in Holy Communion which was for many years his "daily bread." The Brothers who lived with him remarked that, on returning from the Holy Table, he would bow down in profound adoration and then, holding his crucifix in his hands, contemplate it for a long time and kiss with love the five sacred wounds. His visits to the Prisoner of Love became a kind of necessity for him. Even in the midst of his most pressing occupations, he went to the chapel several times a day outside of the regular exercises and there prostrated himself before the Tabernacle or knelt at the shrine of the Most Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, or of St. De La Salle.

His devotion to the Queen of Heaven was altogether filial. Besides the regular rosary that he recited daily, he also said the Chaplet of the Immaculate Conception. This devotion he especially recommended to the children as a powerful safeguard of purity. He prepared himself for Mary's feasts with great care and when he was Director, he profited of these opportunities to urge the Brothers and pupils to increase their proofs of love to the Blessed Mother. He had also a special devotion to the Infant Jesus and, when he met with unusual difficulties, he always had recourse to the Divine Child.

The holy man's heart was consumed with love for God. More than once during recreation it was noticed that he felt annoyed if God or the things of God were not the subject of conversation. On the first opportunity he would deftly introduce his favorite topics: something relating to virtue, piety, Christian education. During the community prayers his clear, mild, but penetrating voice was dominant and his modest countenance revealed that high degree of fervor in which he habitually was.

When Louis Cordero, his relative and, like him, a native of Cuenca, was elected President of the Republic of Ecuador, he sent Brother Miguel a pressing invitation to call on him. During the interview the President showed the greatest affability and lavished his praise upon the humble religious for his work in the cause of education and expressed his desire to see him publish some more books for the benefit of the schools in Ecuador. On this occasion, as on all others of the kind, the good Brother was extremely modest and reserved. He never spoke of himself, either well or ill, and when any one began to enumerate his qualities and his literary productions, he would reply: "All our gifts are but the reflection of the Divine perfections; God has given them freely, to Him then be all the honor and glory." He loved to converse with the poor and lowly and treated them with great kindness. If a child saluted him, he returned the salutation as graciously as if it had been given by one of his more aristocratic friends. When he met a peasant in the country who hailed him in the customary way: "Praised be the Most Blessed Sacrament!" he would at once raise his hat reverently and reply, "May It be praised forever!"

After the example of the saints, Brother Miguel endeavoured to strengthen his spiritual edifice by the practice of mortification. Though always delicate in health, he never complained of the pains he endured. During his sojourn at the Mother House of his Order in Belgium, the climate, which is so different from that of his own country, was very trying to him; but he never uttered a word of complaint. He asked for nothing

exceptional, but accepted with touching gratitude all that the attentive charity of the superiors procured for him. No matter what were his physical sufferings, his countenance was lit up with a heavenly joy and a perpetual smile.

The Teacher.

As a teacher, Brother Miguel's virtue, invariable courtesy, and unquestionable ability made him loved and revered by all his pupils. Their moral welfare was his first care, as is evidenced by his fidelity to daily reflections and religious instructions. His efforts were not in vain and he was amply rewarded by the piety, docility, and industry of his pupils. It is not to be wondered at that in such an atmosphere ecclesiastical and religious vocations were numerous. His pupils are to be found in the secular priesthood, in his own Order, and in a number of other religious Congregations. By 1907 as many as three of them had attained the honours of the episcopate. The following extracts show the esteem and affection in which the devoted teacher was held by his former pupils.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Loja, in a letter addressed to his old teacher, begging him to use his influence to secure additional Brothers for his diocese, says:

“My very dear Brother: My personal experience of the devotedness of the worthy sons of St. John Baptist De La Salle, who lead their pupils to the priesthood and even to the episcopate, compels me to attribute to your beloved community—after God and my parents—my vocation to the holy priesthood. I know that I shall be procuring a great blessing for my diocese in getting a Congregation so meritorious and so dear to me. To support our six Brothers I have been obliged to go into debt, but if, as a result, the commission of one single sin is prevented, I shall be well repaid.”

Mgr. Quinonez, Bishop of Ibarra, another of his pupils, writes:

“Dearly beloved Brother: So now you have a pupil a Bishop. For this you owe God a two-fold debt. He has given you a Prince of the Church for a son, and for this son you must

obtain that he correspond to the graces of so august an office.”

One of Brother Miguel's pupils who entered the family of Saint De La Salle and became Brother Alberto, tells how he was induced to follow in the footsteps of his holy teacher:

“From my childhood,” he says, “I wanted to be a religious, but I could not make up my mind what Order to enter. Then I thought of consulting Brother Miguel, whom we all venerated as a saint. I wrote him a letter and slipped it into his desk one morning. When I came to class in the afternoon I found him smiling and affectionate. As I greatly feared the responsibilities of the priesthood, he spoke to me of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He talked of their life and work with such piety and humility, together with such enthusiasm, that my hesitation vanished. ‘I will be a Brother,’ I said decidedly. Soon after Brother Miguel arranged for me to enter the Brothers’ Novitiate.”

This devoted religious was a successful and methodical teacher. He gave his lessons with a clearness and earnestness that ensured his pupils' success in the various examinations. It was a great pleasure and satisfaction for the government officials and for the directors and professors of the various colleges of the Capital, to assist at the public examinations which he conducted at the close of the scholastic year. They were loud in their praise of the work of this devoted teacher and clever examiner. But what was much dearer to him and more glorious before God, was the mission that was his for more than thirty years at Quito—that of preparing the children for their First Communion.

It is impossible to adequately describe the jealous care that this holy man brought to the preparation of young souls for that all-important act. Notwithstanding his experience and extensive religious knowledge, he scrupulously spent considerable time in preparing the catechism lessons for them. Several months in advance, he taught his young neophytes the manner of going to confession, of examining their conscience, and of exciting themselves to contrition. Every day he reviewed these important points. During the three days that imme-

diately preceded the Great Day, he brought the children together for a little retreat and by his talks and instructions helped them to purify their hearts more and more before receiving for the first time the Lamb without spot. It was not a rare thing to see the young retreatants sob and weep when their virtuous master spoke to them of contrition.

An original little practice of Brother Miguel's first communicants is well worth mentioning. Some months before the Great Day, in order to encourage the children to perform acts of self-denial, he placed in front of the altar-railing in the chapel two beautiful vases; one full of grains of wheat and the other empty. Every day during their visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament the children went up to the railing in turn and, while saying a "Hail Mary," took up as many grains of wheat as they had performed acts of virtue or little sacrifices during the previous twenty-four hours, and dropped them into the formerly empty vase. These grains were afterwards ground and used to make the hosts for the First Communion Day.

On that day the good Brother was fairly overwhelmed with joy and fervor. Among his notes we find the following prayer which was his favourite one on such occasions: "Receive, O Lord, these little ones whom I present to Thee. They are small according to nature, but according to Thy spirit they are great, for Thou hast created them to Thine own image and likeness. Grant them a share in the fire of Thy divine love; strengthen them in Thy grace, that they may love Thee in time and, singing Thy praises, glorify Thee in eternity. From the rising to the setting of the sun, I shall bless Thee for the care of these innocent hearts. Confirm, O Lord, their vocation to eternal life!"

The Author.

In the person of Brother Miguel, the teacher, the scholar, and the religious were harmoniously blended. His remarkable literary talent, developed by assiduous labour, enabled him to render both to his country and to his Order very important services. In this he was encouraged by his superiors and, without ceasing to give some lessons and to be actively occupied in

the advancement of the classes, he gave the greater part of his time, especially in later years, to the editing, translating, and publishing of a number of text-books that are much used in the South American schools. In the short space of this article, we can barely mention them.

The following are but some of the many works from the pen of this brilliant and indefatigable writer :

“Life of Our Lord,” for the use of schools. A Spanish Grammar in three parts: Elementary, Intermediate, Higher. “The Diocesan Catechism,” and later the “Spanish Translation of the Catechism of Pope Pius X.,” which he left unfinished. “An Arithmetic for Schools,” likewise in three parts. “Christian Politeness,” adapted from the work of St. De La Salle. “Life of St. John Baptist De La Salle.” (Translation). “School Management.” “Bible History,” in three parts. “Elements of Literature.” Prayer Books and Hymn Books for children, a volume of poems, contributions to literary magazines, etc., etc.

All his writings were very highly esteemed and favourably criticized by the leading educationists and reviewers of Ecuador. When, therefore, in 1891, a vacancy occurred in the Ecuadorian Academy through the death of Don Francisco Salazar, general and diplomat, Brother Miguel was unanimously elected to membership. A public reception was held in the Brothers’ residence at which were present His Excellency, Dr. Louis Cordero, President of the Republic, the entire Academic Corps, and a number of invited guests. The newly-elected Academician chose as the subject of his inaugural address: “The Influence of Christianity on Morals, Science, and Art.” It was of forty-one pages in 4to. and was pronounced one of the most masterly and eloquent discourses ever delivered on such an occasion.

The following passage from the reply of Dr. Sanchez, President of the Academy, to Brother Miguel’s address, is of interest :

“The Academy has, indeed, made a just and happy choice in the election of our new member. In honouring a son of St. De La Salle, we have desired to give, if possible, more pro-

minence to an Institute that is doing so much good among us, to that Society of devoted men whose schools have been attended by those whose learning and piety are the glory of our Republic. It is consoling to me to see merit thus fittingly rewarded, especially when, hidden in the agreeable security of the cloister, the recipient accepts his well-earned honours but in obedience to his superiors. By reason of his literary accomplishments, of his knowledge of the Spanish language, and of his ripe scholarship, Brother Miguel richly deserves to occupy the seat for which he has been chosen; but I think he deserves this honour most because of his humility whereby he hides his worth and comes forward with such unaffected timidity."

That the distinguished religious fully measured up to the expectations of his friends is evident from the following words of the same Doctor Sanchez on a subsequent occasion:

"I am persuaded that since Don Rufino Jose Cuervo and Don Miguel Antonio Caro, no one in Spanish America has attained such a mastery of the Spanish language as has Brother Miguel. It was natural that so excellent a grammarian should also be a distinguished Academician and such he has proved himself to be. His good judgment, learning, and ripe scholarship were conspicuous at our meetings whenever we treated of literary subjects. As for myself, his opinion was decisive, and so much the more agreeable to us all because expressed with that modesty that in him was so natural and sincere. In fact, my opinion of Brother Miguel is that he was as holy as he was learned and as learned as he was holy."

Last Years and Death.

When in 1907 Brother Miguel was called to Europe to take up the special work already mentioned, he joyfully obeyed and took leave of his relatives and of his native country which he was destined never to see again. He was now to devote his time exclusively to reviewing his previously published works and to the writing of others that were in demand. To work according to his strength and his talents for the glory of God and the good of souls was his only ambition. He set himself

to the task with his customary zeal and, as he spoke and wrote French to perfection and could translate both English and Italian with ease, he was in a position to utilize all his knowledge and to get through a great amount of work.

At Paris, where he resided from April to July, 1907, and at Lembecq, Belgium, where he was until July, 1908, when not at recreation or the regular community exercises, he was constantly at his desk, where he worked and prayed. Before him lay a picture to remind him of the devotion of the month, two or three others relating to his particular devotions, and a card upon which were written his resolutions of the week and of the day. Thus did he strive to keep continually before his mind the noble ideal of his life: to live and labour for God alone.

The necessity of giving him the benefit of a warmer climate as well as better opportunities for research work, induced the superiors to transfer Brother Miguel to Spain in July, 1908. He took up his residence at the Novitiate at Premia de Mar, near Barcelona. Hardly had he arrived on Spanish soil when the revolution of 1908 broke out in the Province and the religious communities there were in great danger. Brother Miguel remained calm and tranquil in his trust in the divine protection and patiently bore the trial. He accompanied the Novices in their momentary flight, sustained them by his courage, and returned with them to their homes that had been so miraculously protected by the Most Blessed Virgin who, as Notre Dame du Port, had been fervently invoked throughout this trying time.

The saintly Brother had again taken up his work courageously and joyfully under the direction of obedience when, at the beginning of February, 1910, he was seized with a severe attack of grippe that developed into pneumonia. The most assiduous care was at once given him; but his frame, worn out by labour and austerity, offered too weak a resistance. The progress of the malady was so rapid that in a few days he was reduced to the last extremity. On Monday, February 7th, he received the Last Sacraments with sentiments of the most fervent piety and resignation.

It is easy to understand what were the feelings of this worthy religious as he approached the gates of eternity. Throughout all his sufferings his mind was clear and he retained consciousness to the last; he was ever a model of patience, resignation and perfect peace. When a Brother asked him what would become of the literary works that he was leaving unfinished, he smilingly replied: "If God wants the work continued, He will inspire someone to do it. Can He not even from stones raise up children to Abraham?" The Brother Director having asked him what he would like to say to his Superiors, he replied: "Tell them that I offer the sacrifice of my life for the Institute, for its extension in Ecuador, and for the cessation of persecution against Catholic education."

The dying man was gradually sinking. The usual invocations were suggested to him and he responded by a movement of the lips when he could no longer speak. The Rev. Chaplain applied to him the indulgence "in articulo mortis," repeated the prayers for those in their agony, and thrice pronounced the absolution. Shortly afterwards, while the Rosary was being said by those around his bedside, Brother Miguel gently passed away and peacefully entered upon his eternity. It was Wednesday, February 9, 1910. He was in his fifty-sixth year, forty-two of which he had passed in religion.

During the two nights following, all the Brothers of the house contended for the honour of watching beside the remains of the Dear Departed. During the day the children came class by class to recite the Rosary for the beloved teacher and, through veneration, they touched his body with their beads. Some of the many visitors went so far as to pluck some of his hair to keep as a relic.

The funeral of Brother Miguel was attended by almost the entire population of Premia, who had already learned to love the learned and saintly religious and united in prayer and sympathy with the bereaved community. He lies in the little cemetery at Premia, where his tomb bears the simple inscription: "Brother Miguel of Ecuador, religious of the Christian Schools, who died in the peace of the Lord, February 9, 1910."

When the news of his death reached Ecuador, there was general and public mourning. All the newspapers of the Republic contained words of eulogy and grief. These expressions of sympathy may be summed up in the words of Doctor Carlos Tobar of the Ecuadorian Academy: "The death of Brother Miguel is a great loss to his Institute, to Ecuador, his native land, and to Spanish-American literature to which he was so voluminous and assiduous a contributor."

A solemn Requiem Service was celebrated in the Church of St. Francis at Quito, where for so many years Brother Miguel had brought his first communicants, and 1,300 of the Brothers' pupils as well as a large and representative congregation—the elite of the Catholic society of the Capital—were in attendance. Another service took place in the Church of Nuestra Senora de la Merced, where one of Brother Miguel's old pupils, Rev. Dr. Louis Escauante, delivered an eloquent panegyric in the presence of the Bishop of Portoviejo.

To conclude the life-sketch of this worthy son of Saint De La Salle, we quote the following passage from a letter of his Lordship, Mgr. Quinones, Bishop of Ibarra, to the Very Rev. Brother Gabriel, Superior-General.

"The intense sorrow that the news of dear Brother Miguel's death caused me was in proportion to his merits and to the claim he had to the affection and gratitude of my heart. I have known him under many aspects and the result of the knowledge is that I esteemed him as an exemplary son of Saint De La Salle, a distinguished teacher, and a perfect religious.

"When at the close of the year 1869 I entered the Brothers' school at Quito for the first time, one of the first impressions of sanctity that God wished me to receive in my childhood was derived from the presence of this young, modest, and fervent Brother. He already attracted the notice of the children, who called him 'the saint,' and we remarked how greatly he was respected and venerated by his fellow religious. Thenceforth he was to the school more than an ornament; he was a kind of relic. With the keen sense of the Christian child, we realized as by intuition that our beloved teacher was an exceptional personality.

“In after life we, his pupils, found in him a true friend to whom we could go in confidence, respect, and love. He seemed to have the happy faculty of being able to change his manner to suit the condition of his old pupils. The day that one of us left school, Brother Miguel seemed to become his inferior. It was the inferiority of the Master in Israel, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

“How respectful he was to his pupils who had become priests! With what spirit of faith he regarded them! The school desks where he had known them as ignorant, careless children, he considered as the first steps of that mysterious ladder of ascent up which God calls privileged souls. From his hand had God accepted them as an offering of agreeable odor and, when he saw them ascend the altar, he glorified in the Lord and humbled himself as the unworthy instrument that had co-operated in so great a work.

“When I recall Brother Miguel’s devotedness for the generations that he educated and the number of first communicants that he prepared, I can quite understand the meaning of those divine words: ‘They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.’ I recommend myself to him in my prayers, hoping that, as my teacher, my friend, and my countryman, he will not forget his old pupil, now Bishop of this afflicted Church of Ecuador, that, while losing her best children, obtains new intercessors with God.”



Nature's Oratory

At night when the world is silent
And the mists of nature fall—
When the drip of a near-by fountain
And the Whip-poor-will's lonely call—
Break soft in the mossy woodland;
When a timid, twinkling star
Peeps in and out of the branches,
Like a beacon swung afar;
Oh! to dwell for an hour 'mid the cedars,
Inhaling their exquisite breath,
Forgetting the great noisy city,
And its toll of sorrow and death;
To lie where the green virgin grasses
Careen the forest's wild bloom;
To sleep to the song of the zephyrs
And wake in the vanishing gloom;
To gaze through the green at the heavens,
And smile at the moon's gentle grace;
To breathe out a prayer in the silence
Of nature, in God's Holy Place.

—Marie.

T w o N o v e l s

IT has been claimed that the test of the great novel is its constant and ever increasing power of giving pleasure.

If so, we must recognize in "Pride and Prejudice" and "The Mill on the Floss" two of the greatest of English novels. For who has ever re-read either of these books without experiencing new pleasure, and finding beauties unperceived before?

Jane Austen and George Eliot lived in the same century, but they were not in any sense contemporaries. Though Jane Austen was notably a new voice in her time, she did not look beyond it, but she kept her writings free from the coarseness so noticeable in the literature of the period. Life in her day had not lost the grossness of the eighteenth century, but because of the comparative seclusion of her life, or perhaps still more because of a rare delicacy of feeling her work is characterized by a fastidiousness of taste which sets it apart from the other literature of her day. George Eliot, on the contrary, does look beyond her time—in fact she belongs to all time, for she appeals to the emotions which are common to all ages and times.

In "Pride and Prejudice" and "The Mill on the Floss" we see at once the difference in the aims of the two writers. Jane Austen aims at showing us life just as she sees it. She has a definite lesson to teach in the events which she describes and she states it quite clearly, but she has no philosophy of life to put forth, and undertakes no formal analysis of motives or actions. "The Mill on the Floss" is, on the other hand, the history of a soul—of its growth, struggles, and final triumph; and the almost imperceptible stages by which it passed from impulses to voluntary actions. The moral effect here is higher than in "Pride and Prejudice" because our emotions are so called into play that we feel as if we had taken part in the conflict whose stages we have followed in the soul of another.

Thus we are brought to share that broad and deep sympathy with humanity which is one of the chief sources of George Eliot's power.

The source of the interest in "Pride and Prejudice" lies in its absolute sincerity obtained by a fineness in describing characters and incidents which has caused the book to be compared with a series of beautiful etchings. The narrow sphere from which the characters are drawn makes this perfection of detail possible. There is nothing sordid, however, in this realism--the nobler characters only show in higher light contrasted with the silly and the mean, and the fine humor transforms what might be tragedy into high comedy. The candour with which the characters are drawn is startling at times, as when we read that to the end Mrs. Bennet was "still occasionally nervous and invariably silly." As a rule the characterization is dramatic,—each character developing itself in the action without any formal analysis. This spares us the long digressions which we are apt to find tedious in "The Mill on the Floss." Elizabeth Bennet is one of the most attractive heroines in fiction. Her real nobility of character with her keen sense of humour, and her hatred of pretense and sham are only made more charming by her very human appreciation of worldly values and standards. The other characters in the book are drawn with the same sincerity, their weaknesses are treated with a gentle sarcasm which constitutes one of its greatest charms.

Fineness of description and characterization is also found in "The Mill on the Floss," but George Eliot idealizes all she describes, for she possesses a power which Jane Austen lacks—that of combining exact with poetical description. Her deeply emotional nature and vivid imagination beautify and spiritualize everything with which she comes in contact. We feel, besides, that she is revealing her own personality in Maggie Tulliver's sensitiveness, longing for affection, and love of music and literature, and thus there is an under current of personal feeling in "The Mill on the Floss" which gives it a poetic quality that we do not find in Jane Austen's book.

The poetic quality of George Eliot's work is most marked in the sympathy with nature which she reveals. The identification of natural scenery with man's moods and passions is a striking feature in nineteenth century literature, and here we find with exquisite and minute description of natural beauty, the added charm of emotions which has been associated with these forms of natural beauty in the past. Perhaps this is best exemplified in the following paragraph:

"The wood I walk in this mild May day with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground-ivy at my feet,—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home scene?"

In "Pride and Prejudice" we have to look long for any reference to nature, and when we find it, it is typical of the eighteenth century attitude. The description is in general terms and does not show any sense of kinship between natural scenery and human life and feeling. Even in this want, however, there is a proof of Jane Austen's general honesty of treatment. She confines herself to describing her own personal experiences instead of giving conventional description of sentiments which have no real existence, as so many writers of the eighteenth century had done. In this honesty, at least, Jane Austen was in sympathy with the general demand which was beginning to be felt for a return to nature.

It is sincerity that lends that distinction to Jane Austin's style, which is one of the chief charms of "Pride and Prejudice." She draws her characters with precision and restraint which give an indefinable quality to her work which we call Taste. Her humor is all-pervading and its effect is heightened by a tinge of malice, as when she says: "The party then gathered around the fire to hear Lady Catherine determine what weather they were to have on the morrow."

The humor of "The Mill on the Floss" is more quick and deep, and it is overshadowed by the seriousness of the spiritual

conflicts which are described. The style is more varied and poetic than that of "Pride and Prejudice" and it has a spontaneity which is wanting in George Eliot's later work.

The plots of these two novels afford a striking example of the difference between the realistic and idealistic representation of life. In "Pride and Prejudice" the action consists of incidents following each other connectedly, but not necessarily resulting from the characters of the actors, while in "The Mill on the Floss" the action is the necessary outcome of the development of characters. So the denouement in "Pride and Prejudice" is a happy one, but is really the result of a compromise of the conflicting interests, just as it happens in real life. But in "The Mill on the Floss" the ideally high level upon which the action has been conducted makes such a compromise impossible, at least if we are to keep our ideals intact; and this is the fundamental difference between these two novels,—the one gives us a realistic and the other an idealized picture of life.

S.M.B.



THE INFINITE.

The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Heddler

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

O never was gold like the gold that glows

On the whins of an Antrim lane,

An' my heart is light in the breast o' me

As the heart o' the King o' Spain!

Of'en myself an' the little glad bard

From the heather at once arise,

An' I go singin' along the lanes

Whilst the wee lad sings in the skies.

An' there's many a man with a slated house,

An' a slated barn forbye,

An' horses an' cows an' a full meal-chest,

Has no such wealth as I.

For there's not a blackbird in the hedge,

Nor a cornrake in the grass,

But has a wee crack o' its own for me,

That it keeps till it sees me pass.

So it's up in the morn an' off with me—

Who cares, may keep the load

Of a farmin' life an' weans an' wife—

I keep to the fields an' road.



THE MADONNA

Irish Devotion to Mary

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

CATHOLIC devotion to Mary is grounded first, on her great dignity as Mother of God and the close relation which she has thereby with Jesus Christ, her Son, for how is it possible to love and honour Christ with our whole heart, and not esteem and love His blessed Mother?

Secondly, it is grounded on that supereminent grace which was bestowed on her to prepare her for that dignity, on account of which she was saluted by the Angel Gabriel (St. Luke 1., 28) as "full of grace" (which the translators of James' Bible, "who," according to Challenor, "were no great friends of the Blessed Virgin," misconstrued by "highly favoured"); and both by the angel and St. Elizabeth (St. Luke, i., 42), she is styled "blessed among women."

Thirdly, it is grounded on her extraordinary sanctity, for, if she was full of grace before she conceived in her womb the fountain of all grace, to what a degree of sanctity and grace must she not have arrived during her subsequent terrestrial career, especially since she bore during nine months in her womb the Author of all sanctity, and had Him during thirty years under her roof, there ever contemplating Him and His heavenly mysteries (St. Luke, ii., 19-51), and on her part never making the slightest show of resistance to the many graces with which He continually inundated her happy soul.

Fourthly, our devotion to Mary is grounded on that supereminent degree of heavenly glory with which God now honours her in proportion to her grace and sanctity here on earth and the great influence she has with her blessed Son and through Him with His Heavenly Father.

Devotion to Mary is strongly warranted in Scripture, as we can see by her own canticle (St. Luke, i., 48), wherein she said: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

If she was to be called blessed by the faithful of all future generations, she was worthy of their veneration. But, if she was worthy of their veneration, she was worthy of their devotion. Therefore she was worthy of their devotion. I could adduce many other passages from Holy Writ to clearly show on what a solid Scriptural foundation our devotion to Mary rests, but I deem it unnecessary to do so here, as I am writing for those within the household of faith.

Now with regard to character of the honour or worship to be extended to Mary, the Church considers no honour that can be given to any pure creature, too great for the Blessed Virgin; but at the same time, being aware that there is an infinite distance between her and God, she is far from offering sacrifice to her, or paying her any worship that belongs to God alone. We may also state that whatever she bestows on the mother, she refers to the glory of the Son as the chief motive and end of all the devotions held in her honour. Thus for the doctrine of the devotion to Mary. Now before coming to our subject, we will take a cursory glance at the devotion itself, as exemplified in various lands.

Asia claims the honour of having first set us oratories and chapels under the invocation of Mary. The oldest of those sanctuaries was that of Our Lady of Tortosa, on the coast of Phoenicia, which, according to Oriental tradition, was founded by St. Peter himself. We are informed by Hegesippus, the father of ecclesiastical history, and who is frequently quoted by Eusebius, that the first Syrian churches were but very simple structures, having roofs of cedar, the chief wood of the country, and trellised windows. The altar turned to the west, like that of Jerusalem, and a screen of open woodwork enclosed the choir, in memory of the celebrated veil of the temple. There were crosses in these churches, and ere long, likewise images of Mary, since tradition clearly enunciates that her form was depicted upon one of the pillars of the beautiful church of Lydia, which her adopted son had dedicated to her. We are informed by Hegesippus that St. Luke presented to the Cathedral of Antioch a portrait of the Blessed Virgin painted by

himself. This picture, to which it was confidently asserted that the Mother of God had attached many graces, became so famous that in after days the Empress Pulcheria transferred it to Constantinople, where she built a magnificent church for its reception. According to Eusebius, Edessa had also in the first century its church of Our Lady, which contained a miraculous image of her. Egypt boasts of having had about the same time its church of Our Lady of Alexandria, and the Spanish Saragossa, then called Caesar Augusta, prides herself on having possessed them also, its celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady del Pilar.

But we are informed that no part of the world at that time welcomed devotion to Mary with more heartfelt enthusiasm than Asia Minor. Ephesus, where the memory of the Blessed Virgin was still fresh, soon built in honour of Mary a superb cathedral in which a famous council was held in the fifth century establishing her beautiful title of Mother of God.

This example was soon followed from one end to the other of that immense Roman Province. Phrygia, christianized, forgot Trojan deities whom Homer chanted, Cappadocia effaced from her memory the thought of feeling the sacred fires that the sun-adoring Persians had enkindled beside the elegant temples of the deities of Greece; and the caverns which formerly had lent their gloomy recesses to the bloody mysteries of Mithra, became, during the subsequent religious persecutions, which nowhere raged with greater fury than among the Greek colonies, places of refuge for the Christians and their proscribed God. At last the gods of Greece, those indigenous deities sprung from bright foam of the Aegean sea, born beneath the whispering palm trees of the Cyclades, or cradled in the shade of the woods which crown the lofty mountains of Crete, were abandoned for the God Who died on Calvary, and also for the Virgin of Nazareth. So utterly forgotten were those pagan deities, that Pliny the Younger, on his arrival in Bithynia, of which he had just been appointed governor, wrote to Trojan that Christianity had invaded not only the cities, but the country, so that he had found the temples of the gods of the empire forsaken. (Plin. lib. x., epist. 97).

Nor was Greece, that brilliant home of letters and art, remiss in honouring Mary. In the time of St. Paul, Corinth, where grace and freedom, like an expiring lamp, cast its last gleams before it was extinguished, was almost entirely converted to the cause of Christ.

Having thus much spoken of devotion in the East, it behooves us to speak, however briefly, of the devotion to Mary in the West. We all know with what difficulties the first Christians had to contend in Italy, how they were misrepresented, how they were accused of being the cause of every mishap that befell the empire, how they were tortured by fire, how their limbs were torn piecemeal by instruments that inflicted the most excruciating pain, and how they were mangled by wild beasts in the arena "to make a show for a Roman holiday," yet we are aware that through the intervention of divine grace, they preserved their faith in its integrity, and cherished an ardent devotion to Christ and His Blessed Mother. The rude frescoes representing Jesus and Mary, that can yet be seen in the catacombs of Naples and Rome, bear mute but forcible testimony to the divine love with which they were inflamed to the devotion which they cherished. We are told that the Roman Christian matrons who frequented the assemblages of prayer in those grim and hidden caverns, afterwards, when they emerged into the light of day, wore ornaments of emerald, cornelian and sapphire, engraved in the image of Mary, so that when intermingling with the pagan crowds in the pursuit of their daily avocations, they could recognize each other. Furthermore, we are informed that at the hour of their death they were wont to bequeath them to their daughters as family heirlooms, and at the same time as symbols of their faith. Besides these religious ornaments which enabled the Christian women to discern each other, they exposed among flowers upon their domestic altars where the Lares and Penates had long held sway, little statues of silver and gold representing Christ, the Blessed Virgin or the Apostles. These statues, which if discovered, would have sent the whole family to the amphitheatre, were generally so diminutive in size as to be easily put out of

sight at the first signal of danger, or even to be hidden about their persons.

What we have said regarding devotion to Mary, shows conclusively that it goes back to the remotest days of Christian antiquity, and that it was deep seated in the minds of the followers of Christ long before St. Patrick brought the saving truths of Christianity to Ireland, despite what certain carpers, who are not of our faith, Usher included, may say to the contrary. St. Patrick, from his ingress into the island in 432, impressed upon his hearers the beauty of holy virginity, and held up Mary as the type and model of all female excellence, so that among his earliest converts were virgins who consecrated themselves to the service of God, and taking the Blessed Virgin as their model sought to re-enact in their lives the virtues which were so characteristic of her, and which must be ever dear to her heart. The Apostle of Ireland seems almost to lack words to express his esteem of one of these maiden converts and early children of Mary in Ireland, with whose name we are unfamiliar, but who, belonging to the highest rank, was adorned with all mental and bodily gifts, and renounced all the happiness that the world could bestow upon her, to follow with Mary in our Saviour's path of trial and obscurity. (St. Patrick's Confessions).

Mary's name became a prayer on the lips of every Irishman and so it has remained to the present day. The very novelists who sneer at them, bear tribute, though unwillingly, to this enduring devotion to Mary, which characterizes the Irish, for they make them constantly utter the words "Wirrah," the Irish for Mary. The domestic salutation even embraced the name of Mary. To this day, when giving utterance to their thoughts through the medium of the Irish language, they greet each other with those sweet words, "God and Mary be with you!" And the reply contains it as well, "God and Mary and Patrick be with you!" (Maran's Essays on the Early Irish Church, p. 239). We are informed that the early Irish on becoming Catholic, adopted but few foreign names, which fact is completely at variance with the custom of the natives

of other countries. The names of the Apostles St. Martin of Tours and a few others were almost the only ones they assumed from outside sources. However, following out the genius of their own mellifluous language, they composed a series of names from *Giolla* or *Maol*, client or servant, many of which still exist as family names, *Gildea*, *Gilchrist*, *Gillise* signify servants of God, of Christ, of Jesus. So widespread was devotion to Mary that *Giolla*, *Muire* and *Maolmuine* immediately became favourite Irish family names. The first exists as *Gilmery*, *Gelmuir*. The latter has been strangely metamorphosed into various shapes.

Several churches in Ireland, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, claim to have been founded by her national apostle himself. The Yellow Tower of *Tine*, as the ancient ruin is now called, which is in reality but part of a tall steeple, marks the site of a famous abbey said to have been founded by St. Patrick and dedicated to our Blessed Lady. But the Irish soil is strewn with ruins, and the temporal structures raised in honour of Mary have perished more easily than devotion to Mary, our Lady, which, together with the vital truths of faith, St. Patrick and his fellow missionaries implanted in the hearts of the first converts.

A nation given to music and piety naturally shaped their devotion by those tastes. Consequently, hymns to Mary are among the earliest monuments extant in the Irish language. It is asserted by competent authorities that the early Latin hymns ending in rhyme, were of Irish origin. But the monuments of the primitive devotion in Ireland to the Blessed Virgin are not confined alone to those hymns, sung in the churches and household oratories of the land. Erin gave to the universal Church one of the earliest Christian poets, who employed the muses of Virgil and Ovid in extolling the praises of the living God. The poems of *Sheil*, an Irish poet whose name by a wonderful stretch of imagination was metamorphosed into the Latin form *Sedulius*, were received with enthusiastic applause, and they have held the first rank in Christian poetic literature down to the present day. So devout was he to the Blessed

Virgin, so often did the holy daughter of David, herself the grandest and noblest poetess of the New Testament, inspire the muse of Sheil, that his hymns in honour of Mary formed treasure whence the whole Church drew canticles to give grace and beauty to the offices of the Church. We may remark incidentally, that his "Carmen Paschale," beginning, "Et velut e spinis mollis rosa surgit acuta," attests how early and how widespread in Ireland was the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

The Litany as a form of prayer to the Blessed Virgin is very probably of Irish origin, and like the rhymed Latin hymn, it was wafted from the Isle of Saints to the continent, whence it was heralded to the remotest confines of Christendom. The oldest litany of the Blessed Virgin, of which we have any cognizance, is that discovered by O'Curry in 1862 in the *Leabhar Breac*, a venerable manuscript of the Royal Irish Academy. Its discovery created a world-wide sensation at the time, as it clearly proved the antiquity of the Irish devotion to Mary. It differs somewhat as to its contents, from, and is known to antedate the present form of prayer so generally used. It is well ascertained that in A.D. 725, the recitation of it formed part of the daily devotional exercises of St. Berchan's community at Colousost, in the present King's County. A learned and venerable Jesuit Father, who had long been a professor of the Sacred Sciences of Montaubon in France, after having received a Latin translation of it, thus wrote:

Montauban, 3 Fevrier, 1879.

Les antiques Litanies de la Catholique Erine m'ont vivement interesse. Viola encore une des mille responses anse ineptes sottises de l'heresie. (Such as the theory of St. Patrick's being a Protestant here alluded to).

Ce monument est d'un grand prise. Nous en avons fait faire la traduction francaise, elle sera untile a la piété des fidèles, et très opportune dans la controverse de cultu sanctorum.

DAMASE, PUJOL, S.J.

We are glad to state that this beautiful and venerable litany is once more circulating among the faithful in Ireland. The late Pius IX., by a brief dated Sept. 5, 1862, bestowed 100 days' indulgence on all the faithful permanently or temporarily residing in Ireland, every day they would devoutly recite that prayer.

The early Irish Church observed all the great festivals of Mary, and recent researches show that the votaries of the Blessed Virgin in the Clan-na-Gael, celebrated some festivals in her honour, which were not common in the continent until a much later date, and in the introduction of which further investigation may trace the influence of the zealous children of Mary sent forth from the Isle of Saints.

On the third day of May, in the earliest period, the Irish Church celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception, as we see by the Martyrology of Yallagh, which every student of Irish history knows, was composed before the year 800, that is, before the close of the reign of Charlemagne. In the metrical calendar of the learned and saintly Aenghus Ceille, it is styled "the Great Festival of the Blessed Virgin," and the Bollandists in their erudite "Acta Sanctorum" give a prominent place under that early day in the month of Mary, to the honour thus rendered her in the primitive Irish Church.

We may add that, according to Lanigan, the festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin was celebrated on the 18th of December in Ireland at a period when there is not the slightest trace of its solemnization in any of the continental churches. Churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin dot the soil of Ireland, many of them dating back to the very earliest period of Christianity, and which are ascribed by popular tradition to St. Patrick, or his immediate successor. They were not edifices dedicated to Our Lady of Hope, or of Consolation, as we see in other countries, but they were simply dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, affixing to that title the name of the place. Thus it is said they reached the Irish heart with a power peculiar to themselves. To the early Irish she was ever present in thought; in no other land was there ever a church reared which was de

dedicated to "the Son of the Virgin." Yet such an edifice was erected in Ireland near Bray, and it still retains the name Kilmacanoque, which has that signification in the Celtic language.

Another class of spots consecrated to Mary was the Wells. Of these the most conspicuous was the celebrated Well of Swords, which, according to the most reliable testimony, was dedicated to Mary by that great and typical saint, Columbkille, in the early part of the sixth century. This well, consecrated by so many prayers there offered to Mary, and famous by the favours that she accorded to those of her votaries that visited its precincts, is now, sad to relate, completely neglected, overgrown with weeds, nay, even in a stagnant condition. It is well known that the female saints who flourished in Ireland were always compared to Mary as the highest type of excellence in womanhood. Moran, in his "Essays on the Early Irish Church," page 230, informs us that St. Bridget was styled "the Mary of the Irish," and that as the old saying ran, *Christianus alter Christus*, "a Christian should be another Christ, so, also, it was considered incumbent on an Irish maiden to be another Mary. According to Lanigan, Vol. iii., p. 20, an early writer of the life of St. Bridget, says: "There are two holy virgins in heaven, who may undertake my protection, Mary and St. Bridget, on whose aid each of us depend." This Irish saint is also represented by our writers long, long gone by, as joining her prayers with those which the Blessed Virgin is continually offering up for the souls detained in purgatory.

The hereditary devotion of the land is clearly evinced by St. Malachi, the intimate and friend of the great St. Bernard, the glory of his age, the ornament of the Church universal, and the author of the life of that noble-hearted son of Ireland. He was interred far from his native shores in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at Clairvaux, "where," as St. Bernard tells us, "it had been his delight to spend long hours in prayer." According to Messingham one of the last public acts of St. Laurence O'Toole, who did so much to repel the invasion of the English, and thereby prevent them from reducing Ireland to a barbarous and un-Christian condition, was to erect a new

church in Dublin, "to the honour of God and the Blessed Virgin Mother."

We are told that the Canons Regular, who came to Ireland from the Continent in the wake of the English, loved Mary most tenderly, and that they entered heartily into the Irish devotion to her, nay that they gave new splendor to the shrines where the native inhabitants had so long been accustomed to venerate her. Trine, which, ever since the days of St. Patrick, had been a chosen sanctuary of Mary, became the objective point of one of the most famous pilgrimages of Europe. From the days of King Laoghaire, church after church erected on the ground given by that monarch, had received Mary's clients, as they came on pilgrimages through each successive age. But now it was restored to a grandeur which it had never previously attained, and the statue of our Lady, it is recorded, became the instrument of many miracles. Irish annals mention countless surprising cures of the blind, the deaf, the lame who had gone there to seek relief for their ills. The statue of the Blessed Virgin of Trine received recognition at the hands of law-givers; and the parliaments which excluded from the rights of humanity all but five Irish families, scrupulously respected the famous effigy at Trine, and all the estates, rights and prerogatives accruing to it. In laws passed concerning affairs at Trine, a clause was invariably inserted, safe-guarding the rights of the Blessed Virgin of Trine. In 1464 Edward IV. passed an act for setting up as a national offering, a wax taper to be burnt perpetually before this image of the Blessed Virgin amid the ex-votes of every kind, which at her shrine attested the gratitude of those who had received the comfort and relief sought in fervent prayer. On the feast of the Blessed Virgin, this act provided for four additional tapers to be burnt there during the Masses.

Still more important was the provision made for the protection of the pilgrims. Though civil strife still raged, and the men of the Pale were often engaged in deadly conflict with the Irish, and the tide of war swept along the Blackwater and the Boyne, yet the pilgrims to Mary's shrine were always free from

molestation. This statue threw its protecting shield around them, making it a felony to harass or even to discommode, under any pretext, a pilgrim journeying to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin of Trine, or returning thence to his distant home. (Archall's *Monasticon*, p. 577).

Not far from this ancient sanctuary so hallowed from its history and associations, another grew up in the Abbey of Navan, then in the hands of the Canons Regular, which became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. In 1450, Pope Nicholas V. granted indulgences to all persons undertaking a pilgrimage to it, or contributing to its repairs or adornment. For years later the Irish Parliament protected by law, pilgrims to the shrine at Navan, as it had those to that of Trine, and even went farther, exempting from arrest or molestation in any way, while on a pilgrimage to or from it, those patriotic sons of Ireland, who had endeavoured and were yet willing, to drive the English adventurers from their native shores.

So far we have spoken of devotion to Mary in Ireland during those halcyon days when Catholicism bore sway everywhere. Now it is incumbent on us to exhibit some of the evil effects of Luther's "Reformation," which according to the erudite author of "A Sure Way to Find the True Religion," he started in accordance with the suggestions and advice of an authority far from celestial. Henry VIII, "of uxorious and unhappy memory," not content with despoiling the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, and the monasteries, the homes of piety, charity and learning in England, resolved to adopt a similar policy towards Ireland. Then for the first time in her history, that land so true to the teachings and traditions of St. Patrick, and so tenacious of the faith of Christ, experienced in her inmost soul the keenest pangs brought on by English misrule, because her religion was tampered with and jeopardized. In 1539 a force sent in accordance with his orders, by Ormored and apostate Browne, invaded the long revered sanctuary of Our Lady of Trine. The splendid and rich offerings of the princes of Celtic, Norman or English origin, were torn away from the

ancient shrine. The altar was stripped of its sumptuous decorations, with a barbarity worthy of the Huns or Vandals, the chalices and other plate were sacrilegiously carried off, and finally the statue itself, amid the groans and cries and execrations of the people who thronged around the armed force sent to protect the banditti engaged in their nefarious and sacrilegious occupation, was torn from the spot where it had been so long revered. Then it was carried out into the public street, where to the horror and dismay of the spectators, it was reduced to ashes. We are told by Lacy that those impious wretches used as fuel for that flagitious purpose, whatever sacred object was within their reach, whether it was an ancient missal, or precious manuscript, works that the antiquarian and Christian at the present day would prize far beyond their weight in gold. We are prone to think that if they formed part of the hordes of Omar, he would have given them prominent positions, so as to utilize their services when he was consigning to the flames the works of the Alexandrian library, and thereby bringing upon himself the execration of all future ages.

The next to fall was that of Navan. The same ruthless miscreants profaned Mary's sanctuary in this place, destroyed by fire the sacred image, and proceeded to enrich themselves by plundering and appropriating the pious offerings of centuries. The churches, we are told, were utterly denuded of their valuables, reduced to a ruinous condition, and then sold, although according to an author of note, "They realized for the royal treasury less than what would then have been paid for a good horse."

The work of devastation had begun. Every Madonna in Ireland was doomed to destruction by the minions of "Old Harry," as Cobett calls him. Most of them fell into the hands of the spoiler, although undoubtedly some were rescued in time by pious hands and hidden away in the hope that a better day would soon dawn for the oppressed and afflicted church of St. Patrick. But too often the pious guardians of the statues passed away, and the places of their concealment were forgotten, as happened to the ark of the covenant after the Babylonian cap-

tivity. Among the few that escaped the iconoclastic fury of Henry's Huns at this melancholy period of our history, was a famous statue of Our Lady, long preserved in the Dominican Church of Our Lady of Thanks, at Youghal, the almost solitary Madonna of the days preceding the great pagan upheaval when the English began to lose the Christian faith once more as their forefathers had done in the days of Diocletian. This statue, we are informed, was long preserved with a scrupulous and religious care by the Dominicans, amid the trials and troubles of the afflicted Church, as a memento of those halcyon days before the breath of heresy tainted the sacred air of Ireland.

For many years throughout the length and breadth of the Isle ever faithful to the Church, there was no shrine for Mary but the hearts of a devoted people whose love for her could never be effaced by the most exquisite tortures of fiendish persecutions. The scapular of the Blessed Virgin around each neck, was their badge of Catholicity; liveried servants of Mary, they could not be disowned by her Divine Son. During long and weary and sad years, the recitation of the rosary was the most cherished practice of the children of Ireland, and it was that which was especially effective in preserving them in the faith. This is one more proof of the correctness of the assertion of St. Bernard, that those that implore the aid of Mary, never do so in vain. The beads aptly symbolized their chains and tears. The sorrowful mysteries, calling to their minds the Man of Sorrows and His Dolorous Mother, were subjects of meditation meet indeed for a people entering upon a course of martyrdom unexampled in history, and which even the dreams of the pagan Roman emperors never surpassed nor even equalled in the exquisiteness of torture invented for the votaries of Christ. It is true that the storms of persecution were lulled occasionally, but if they were, it was only that they might break out again with renewed vehemence, vigour and intensity.

In the year 1611, when the heartless Elizabeth had closed her eyes in death and received her reward, such as it was, a statue of the Blessed Virgin in Coleraine, was the recipient of much veneration from the faithful. Finally, the respect and

attention. paid to it, and the heartfelt devotion manifested by the worshippers in its presence, roused the demon in the heart of the Protestant Bishop Bagington. O'Sullivan Beare says: "Babington gave orders that the Madonna should be pulled down and buried. His sacrilegious minions had scarcely set themselves to perform this iniquitous task, when they fell dead. Successive efforts to set the statue on fire or to destroy it were equally ineffectual. It remained, divinely preserved, despite all their efforts to the contrary, whilst the bishop himself was overwhelmed with terror, and being seized with illness, expired. This occurred in the month of September, 1611." (O'Sullivan Beare, *Historia Catholica*, pp. 287-8). This proves, to say the very least, that we do not always tempt God impunely. However, it is but one of the many instances which I could adduce of the Divine vengeance having visited the perpetrators of English sacrilegious deeds in Ireland.

Having already attained the limits assigned for this article we feel reluctantly compelled to bring it to a close. We would fain expatiate on Irish devotion to Mary during the intervening years down to the present, but lack of space prevents us from so doing. However, we cannot fail to make special mention of that grand devotee of the Blessed Virgin, Nano Nagle, the modern Maru of Ireland.

She, in conjunction with a few generous and pious ladies, formed themselves in 1777 into a little community, and this originated the Order of Presentation Nuns. These daughters of Mary were to be bound only by annual vows. Their vocation and duty were to seek out the poor girls of their vicinity, gather them together and instruct them, instilling into their minds the principles of religion, relieving their wants, and in providing them, when necessary, with suitable homes. Soon after their organization, their services were held in such high repute, that they were sought for from every part of Ireland, so that at present it can be said that the ramifications of their Institute extended to every place of note throughout the length and breadth of the land. I can speak somewhat from my own experience of those devoted children of Nano Nable. Well do I

remember the saintly Mother Hearnett, who was, many years ago, superioress of the Presentation Convent in my native Castle Island. Well do I remember how she and the members of her fervent community gave themselves up to works of beneficence, by relieving the wants of the poor, consoling the afflicted, instructing the ignorant and by imbuing the minds of their pupils with love for Mary and a love for God. The destroying hand of time and a long period of exile have never been able to efface from my memory the impression which those devoted servants of Christ then made on my youthful mind. However, I do not wish to be understood as meaning or insinuating that they ranked in piety or in works of beneficence to their neighbours, above the members of the other Presentation Communities in Ireland or even in the United States.



The Lord of Light

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The heavens have stars that we can never see :—
 Their silent rays sift down to us below
 From splendid depths of silver, whose o'erflow
 Is but the music of Divine decree.

Yet we have faith in these. None telleth me
 That these are not. Pale gossamers aglow,
 Their measureless sky voyagings who may know,
 Baifling our science—and all yet to be.

I say we believe in these and in the light
 Which, out of grace, thus viewless, strews the ground ;
 And yet we doubt the other unseen things
 God's deeper sendings. Angels shining white
 And the white Dove, Breath of His love profound,
 Who guides each pearly ray that earthward swings.

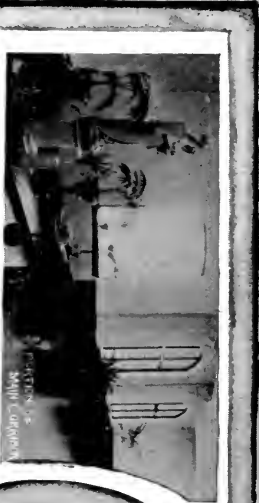
Mixed Marriages

BY THE RT. REV. H. G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S
AND EDINBURGH.

A CAREFUL writer tells us, from statistics gathered in America, that of those who contract Mixed Marriages there, about one-half are lost to the Faith, together with 70 per cent. of their children. How often in our country, when visiting his district, is the priest told of someone or other, "he should be a Catholic; his father was a Catholic," or his mother, as the case may be. "What school are his children at?" "The Protestant school." Or again, "You needn't go into that house, Father, the man's not a Catholic," implying that the woman is—or was; but her children are Catholic in name only. Heart-breaking, indeed, is the conditions of things in some places, where family after family has thus made shipwreck of the Faith. If a Mixed Marriage is bad for the individual and for the family, it is equally bad for the parish. The spiritual temperature of a parish infested with Mixed Marriages goes down; its Catholicity is watered; its atmosphere is chilly, and the spirit of faith weakened. Instead of warmth and fervour and devotion, the priest feels he is working uphill against a dead weight of unresponsiveness and indifference. Such are the disastrous results of these unnatural unions.

You may have known Mixed Marriages which were not like that at all, where everything was nice and happy, and the mother and children were excellent Catholics. If that is so, then these are exceptions, and I am speaking not of the exceptions, but of the rule, which is the only proper way to judge. (1) For one that turns out well—well, I mean, not for the social or domestic or worldly happiness, but for the religious and spiritual interests, of the family—you will have a score that turn out badly. Almighty God, of course, can, and sometimes does, give extraordinary graces to overcome the evil influences of a Mixed Marriage; He may keep the

A Joyful



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Faith alive and unharmed though exposed to fearful dangers, as He preserved Daniel in the den of lions and the Three Children in the furnace of fire; but that is not the usual way, and the overwhelming majority of these obnoxious marriages turn out inevitably to the injury of Catholicity; otherwise they would never have been so sweepingly banned as pernicious and unlawful. (2) As for their "happiness" in particular cases, all I shall say is that that is an intimate domestic matter on which we as outsiders are not competent to pronounce. Exteriorly, remember, there may be happiness, yet misery within. The Catholic wife feels all the time like the man in the parable, that between her and her unbelieving husband "there is fixed a great chaos," a chasm, a gulf which divides them in the only thing that constitutes true happiness, namely, Religion. Deep within her breast there is a hungering for a real union of soul with soul; a great yearning to be one with him in matters of faith, an intense longing for his conversion. Without that she feels they can never be, in the highest sense, one. But she is doomed to disappointment; her heart is heavy with grief, but her secret is her own, and outsiders, except some privileged confidant, will never know it. She realizes her mistake now, but alas! too late; for she is tied to him for life, night and day, without hope of release, "for richer for poorer, for better for worse, till death do us part." And that is not all. Perhaps her husband's morality is at fault as well as his Religion; she is sickened and horrified with his ideas, the twentieth century ideas of married life and his pagan disregard of its sacred duties, obligations, and sanctions. She asks herself, what will become of my children (if she has any children) should I be taken away? She wonders what will happen to her unbelieving husband when his turn comes, and if she will ever see him more. Her life is a veritable Purgatory; but it is her own doing; she made a fatal mistake, an irretrievable blunder on the very threshold of her life, and must bewail her unhappy lot until death comes to one of them and gives her relief.

In all this I have been assuming that the wife is the Ca-

tholic; if she is the non-Catholic, then the evils mentioned are equally great, if not greater, especially as regards the children.

Now, to come to the practical question, what are the causes of these Mixed Marriages amongst us?

(1) First and foremost, I must place the culpable negligence of too many parents who fail to watch over their growing boys and girls and allow them at a dangerous age to form intimate friendships with non-Catholics of the opposite sex. Some fathers and mothers neither know nor care where their young people are at nights, even till late hours, nor who their companions are, nor whether they are good or bad. And if they do become aware that there is company-keeping with a Protestant, instead of doing all in their power to break it up, or informing the priest, they criminally co-operate in it by silence or consent—perhaps pleased enough to find a son-in-law of any kind and at any price. Now, I beg to warn such parents that they will have much to answer for in this grievous abuse of parental responsibility. They are allowing their poor, thoughtless, inexperienced girl—or boy, as the case may be—to rush headlong into misery, to fall into a trap, to take a false step at the very start of life which they will regret as long as they live. What a fearful thing to see a bright young life, that might have formed a happy and contented home with a devoted Catholic husband, brought instead to ruin and desolation owing to the callous neglect of her parents! The parents say they could not help it. But did they ever try to help it? Did they advise, warn, coax, and threaten the foolish creature, and call in the priest, and move Heaven and earth and strive by might and main to prevent it? Not till they have tried every possible means can they wash their hands of the guilt, and any Catholic father or mother with the spirit of faith should be ashamed to sit quietly and see their boy or girl preparing to make a wreck of their Religion and their happiness by such a pernicious contract; they should weep tears of bitterness and sorrow that such a misfortune should fall upon their family.

Catholic parents and guardians, for God's sake exercise a strict control over your dear boys and girls. As long as they are under your roof, so long they are under your care. Picture houses, dancing-halls, places of amusement, all gatherings, in short, where they mix with the youth of other Religions, not to mention the very tenements you live in and the streets and other walks they frequent—on all sides danger lurks; there it is that, all guileless and unwary, they are snared into undesirable intimacies. And what, unfortunately, too often is the result of this looseness? A marriage of necessity, quickly performed before it is too late, to cover up misconduct and dishonour.

(2 As a second cause of Mixed Marriages I am afraid we must reckon the low view of marriage that prevails in this country, and that perceptibly affects some Catholics. In Scotland—and still more so in America—we are living amidst marriage laws and customs which obliterate its sacramental character altogether, reduce it to a merely civil contract, and by an easy, off-hand way of tying the knot and then untying it again by divorce, drag down a sacred and Divine institution to the lowest value. Catholics are in daily intercourse with people, including probably their best friends and neighbours, holding these views, and unless they are on their guard against their influence, and are fervent in the practice of their Faith, and keep alive in their hearts the beautiful and holy teaching of the Church about matrimony as a Sacrament, then, of course, they will just fall in with the Scotch ideas of marriage, and consider there is no harm in a Mixed Marriage—the more so if they have not been educated at a Catholic school and are utterly ignorant of Catholic doctrine on the matter. What we need is, I will not say to create, for the Church has already created it, but to cultivate such a high idea of the sanctity of marriage, and to be so thoroughly imbued with its religious aspect, that to marry a non-Catholic would be felt to be an outrage on one's religious feelings, a scandal to Catholicity, a sign of weak faith, and a definite sinking down to the level of those who know no better.

(3) An excuse given by some is that they cannot find Catholic partners, and must perforce take others. Now, on this I would observe (a) that Mixed Marriages frequently take place in districts where there are plenty of Catholics to marry among themselves, and hence there is no excuse for going outside their own Religion. (b) Catholic men, having by nature the right of choice of a partner, can always insist that the woman receive instruction in the Catholic Faith before marriage. If this had been done, many a Mixed Marriage would have been avoided. Many good Protestant women have become excellent converts through it; often they only require to be asked and they will gladly respond. Yet how many men, who would call themselves good Catholics, never dream of such a thing; never think of bringing the woman to priest or Sister for instructions in the Religion of her future husband, whose children she will be obliged to rear as Catholics; how many, in a weak and cowardly manner, avoid all mention of the subject, as if it were positively wrong to suggest, even in the mildest way, that his wife should be like himself, a member of the true Religion. (c) To all Catholic women I would also say: "Be courageous; put faith before all else; demand that, if a man professes to love you, he should prove it by examining into and embracing your Religion, which you love above all else, and say to yourself, 'For the love of Jesus and Mary and by holy Faith, I shall never marry a man who is not a Catholic'"; and I would make my own the words of a holy Bishop: "Prefer never to marry than risk your own salvation and the salvation of the children that might be born to you." For your faith and self-denial Almighty God will give you a rich recompense both in this world and the next.

I know well enough the worldly benefits and material advantages that are dangled before your eyes by a match with a non-Catholic, but I tell you frankly, I would rather see you married to a ragged and penniless Catholic than to the most prosperous and irreproachable non-Catholic in the land; for in the former case you have the priceless treasure of the Faith,

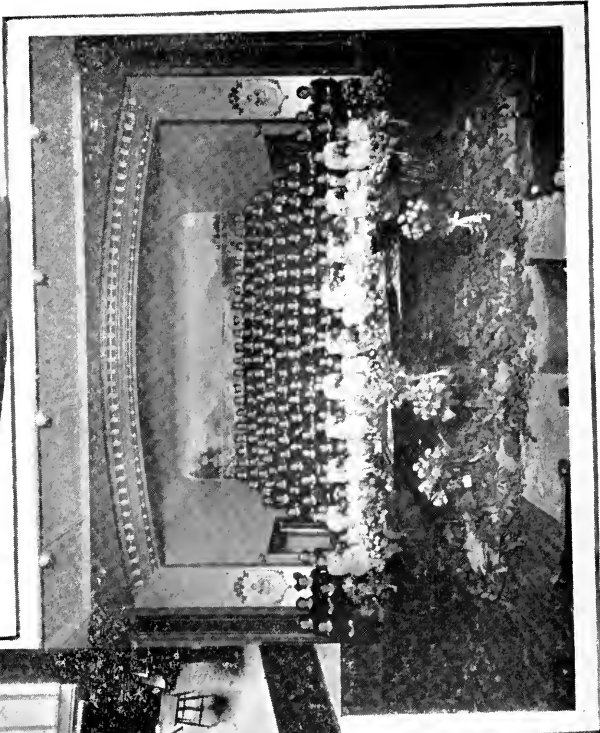
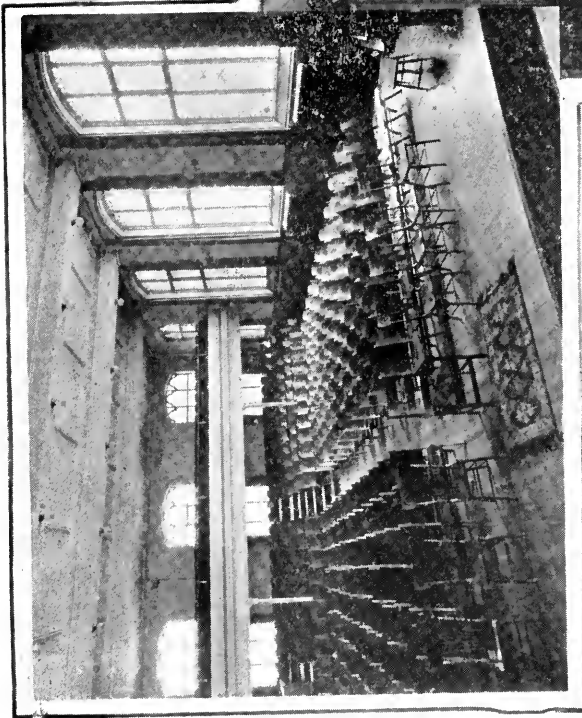
by which you are united in life, and in death you are not divided; whereas in the latter, what can ever make up for the absence of the Faith? Not a word would I utter in disparagement of our separated brethren, whose splendid characters and many natural virtues we all know and esteem. Yet I say, their Religion is not our Religion, and it is Religion that counts, first and foremost, with any Catholic worthy the name; and I would add, that it is because they know this that non-Catholic clergymen, many of them at least, deplore Mixed Marriages as well as we do, for they have seen the sad effects, in many a home, of a difference of Religion. Be not led away, then, by blind passion or natural motives or affection founded on low or sensual attractions; look at the matter always from the standpoint of your eternal interests. What will be best for my soul and the souls of my children? If a marriage is in contemplation, ask yourself, can I go down on my knees before Almighty God and Our Blessed Lady and ask them to bless this union? It is such as the Catholic Church blesses and approves or not? That is the crucial test as to whether it is lawful and desirable, or the reverse. I would say to all you who value above all other things the Church's Blessing, and dread more than anything her displeasure; beware of entering into a life-long union under her frowns and disapproval—without her kindly smile and joyful ceremonial, without Banns, without Nuptial Mass, without Blessing, with only a grudging toleration to avoid worse evils; and remember that the prohibition Almighty God laid upon His chosen people of old against Mixed Marriages with Gentiles, has equal application to you to-day as regards those outside the Faith, and for precisely the same reason: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them. Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor take his daughter for thy son, for she will turn away thy son from following Me, that he may rather serve strange gods, and the wrath of the Lord will be kindled and will quickly destroy thee." (Deut. vii. 3, 4).

And now to conclude. It is easier to expose an evil than to remedy it. But I shall briefly indicate three ways at least in

which something can be done. (1) Let our school children in the highest classes be especially instructed in the doctrine and legislation of the Catholic Church regarding the Sacrament of Marriage and Mixed Marriages; let priest and teacher see to it that this is so thoroughly drilled into their heads and hearts that they will never forget it, and as they grow older will scorn the very idea of a Mixed Marriage. (2) Let the clergy from time to time give the same instruction both to their congregations and to their sodalities, whether of men or women, so that they may better understand and appreciate the sanctity of the marriage bond. (3) Let parents and guardians keep careful watch over their boys and girls, especially when they leave school—the places they frequent, the company they keep, the literature they read, the situations they seek for—so as to guard them from danger to their Faith and virtue, and if danger really threatens, then let them at once report the matter to the priest whose duty it is, as shepherds of souls, to warn and to guard his flock.







TWO VIEWS OF AUDITORIUM —

Officers of St. Joseph College
Alumnae Association



1920—1921



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A l u m n a e N o t e s

A most happy and blessed Easter to all!

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Again, we remind you that one of our big ambitions is to have the "Lilies" reach every member of the Alumnae. It is only one dollar a year.

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Congratulations to Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. D. Whelan, V.G., of Toronto Archdiocese, who has been elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV.; to Rev. Dr. Arthur O'Leary, of St. Joseph's Church, on the attainment of twenty-one years in the priesthood; to Rev. D. A. Casey, editor of the "Canadian Freeman," who has received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Laval University; to Miss Elmsley on the official announcement that her brother, Major General Harold Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has been awarded Croix de Guerre by the French Government.

* * * * *

The Catholic Women's League celebrated its first birthday anniversary November 24th. At nine o'clock in St. Michael's Cathedral a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung by Rev. Dr. McBride. The business meeting followed; and at one o'clock a luncheon was held in the King Edward Hotel, with Miss Gertrude Lawler presiding. Rev. Father Carr, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, in the absence of His Grace, Most Rev. Neil McNeil, who had already attended the business meeting, in addressing the large number present, said: "Education is the strongest factor in life to-day. Now that woman is on an equal footing with man,—now that she has a vote she must take her place beside man and compete with him, and unless she is educated she will be his inferior. This is an age of organization and centralization, and, while co-education has not been the vogue in the Church in the past—I use that expression rather than "approved" by the Church—we are bound

to use some of the methods of efficiency we see about us if we are to keep our place."

A lovely feature of the occasion was the presentation of the "Most Rev. Neil McNeil Silver Episcopal Jubilee Scholarship" by Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, to Miss Mary McCormick, a student of St. Joseph's College. Many congratulations to Miss McCormick.

St. Michael's Hospital Women's Auxiliary held a very large bridge and euchre in St. Michael's Hall, Bond Street, on Nov. 23rd. Mrs. James E. Day and Mrs. Walter McKeown received the many guests. Some of those present were: Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. G. R. Griffin, Misses B. Walsh and J. O'Connor.

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The nurses of St. Michael's Alumnae are promoting a financial campaign in aid of the furnishings of the Nurses' new home on Shuter Street. We would ask every nurse in this Alumnae to give it substantial patronage.

Call Miss C. McBride C. 7528, for particulars.

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On November 13th the annual meeting of the Lakeview Ladies' Golf Club was held at the Brown Betty Tea Rooms. A detailed report of the year's activities was read by the Secretary. Winners of the club competitions for 1920 were announced. Runner-up prize for the first flight championship was presented to Mrs. Emily O'Sullivan; second flight ringer prize to Mrs. Thomas McCarron. Mrs. McCarron was appointed Secretary for the coming year.

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Good deeds are always appreciated. Nov. 11th the following letter was received from Mr. Jeffrey Monkhouse, Winnipeg, Man: "I could not let this day pass without thanking St. Joseph's Alumnae Association for the lovely Christmas stocking received from them on the historical November 11th, 1918. I received it after coming in tired and weary from a long tramp. There were so many good things in it I was able to share it with my comrades, and they were very delighted."

Nov. 25th.—Brought together by the Local Council of Women, through the efforts of a special committee, a large deputation of men and women waited upon the local Government to show the need of a woman magistrate for Toronto. Miss M. L. Hart, one of the vice-presidents of the Local Council, acted as the leader of the deputation, explained its objects, and introduced the various speakers. In addition to the delegates of the fifty affiliated societies in the federation of the Local Council, Miss Gertrude Lawler represented the Catholic Women's League.



A guest book was a novel feature of the bazaar held Dec. 14th in the King Edward Hotel by the Catholic Women's League of Canada. His Grace Archbishop McNeil was the first to register, after which the Sale was declared formally open. The league colour—blue and white, emblematic of fidelity and purity—dominated the decorative scheme. Mrs. Frank McCarthy, as general convener, assisted by Mrs. Scott Griffin as vice-convener, had the help of many enthusiastic workers to carry out the perfection of every detail, which produced a harmonious and successful affair. Miss Gertrude Lawler, as president, was everywhere; Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, convener of the tea room, had the assistance of Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Misses M. Brophy, E. Mulqueen, C. Healy and M. Latchford. The book stall was in charge of Miss Rose Ferguson, whose book of poems was the popular seller. Mrs. William Walsh and Mrs. Tom McCarron also helped. The home cooking was disposed of by Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. William O'Connor and Mrs. C. H. Weir; the Candies by Mrs. J. J. Cassidy. Others who helped were Mrs. M. J. Healy and Mrs. J. D. Warde.



The bazaar held by the Sisters of St. Joseph during the week of Dec. 13th to 17th, was a splendid success. The auditorium was beautifully decorated and divided into sections for the various booths, each in its own particular color scheme. The fancy work in mauve and white,—the apron, both plain and fancy, in pink and white; and blue and white with an artistic

touch of blue birds, marked conspicuously the candy and ice cream booth. The wool booth in red and white stood out very prominently with its unique mottoes. The art, religious and refreshment booths were equally attractive.

Thursday, the 16th, was Alumnae Day. Under the leadership of Miss M. L. Hart, a bridge, euchre and tea, in aid of the sale, took place. Cards were played in the gymnasium, and tea was served at the small tables. Those who successfully looked after the party were: Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. C. E. Johnson, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. Tom McCarron and Misses M. Brophy and N. Kennedy.

For the closing, "The Desired of All Nations" was presented by the young ladies of the College. The lucky ticket-holders on chances were: Mrs. A. J. Halford, the dozen of Meinz's varieties, donated by the Alumnae; Miss M. McGrath, a golf sweater; Mrs. Tom McCarron, a lovely doll; Mrs. J. Henry, sweater and cap; and Sr. Immaculate Heart, hand-painted electric lamp.

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The Alumnae extend their heartfelt sympathies to Mr. E. J. Cummings and family in their bereavement of a devoted wife and mother; and to Mrs. Albert Heck, who received such a tremendous shock in the very sudden death of her beloved mother; to Rev. Monsignor M. D. Whelan, on the death of his brother; to Miss M. McGuire and Mrs. W. Notman, on the death of their father; to Mrs. F. R. Latchford and Miss Mary Latchford in their bereavement; to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Mulqueen and Miss Edna Mulqueen, in their late bereavement.

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Rev. Austin Malone, the junior Paulist of the Community in Toronto, preached a very eloquent sermon on Jan. 2nd, taking for his text, "The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, Who gave Him-

self for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to Himself a people acceptable, a pursuer of good works." Many members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae were present at the celebration of Mass and were appreciative listeners to Rev. Father Malone's first sermon in St. Peter's—his home parish.

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The Catholic Army Huts, through the Knights of Columbus, made happy every patient of Davisville, Christie, Euclid Hall and Pearson Hall Military Hospitals on Christmas Day, with a box containing the following: Shaving stick, tooth paste, tooth brush, cigarettes, gum, candy, matches, comb, handkerchief and a pack of cards. The distribution was arranged by the ladies under the direction of Mr. W. T. Kernahan. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse did Davisville, while Miss M. Morrow took care of Euclid Hall.

In recognition, the following letter has been received by Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse:

"I would take this opportunity of expressing to you not only my own, but also the keen appreciation of the Board of Directors of the K. of C. Catholic Army Huts for the kindly interest you have taken during the many months past in our hospital activities, and, I have no doubt whatever but that the military hospital patients likewise appreciate your kindly interest in their welfare. Yours very sincerely,

CLARENCE S. SMITH,

Controller of the Catholic Army Huts."

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The Edward Kylie Chapter of the I.O.D.E. also added to the festivities of the blind soldiers by having a jam and pickle shower at the home of the past regent, Mrs. H. T. Kelly. Mrs. M. Healy assisted in receiving the guests, who so generously brought two hundred and fifty jars. Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. J. Warde, Mrs. R. P. Gough, Mrs. A. J. Gough and Mrs. J. McDiarmid also assisted.

St. Joseph's Alumnae send very cordial greetings to the following young couples whose marriage announcements have been received since the December issue of the Lilies went to press:

Miss Aveline Mary Althea Travers of Sudbury, Ont., who became the bride of Mr. Charles E. Regan;

Miss Mary Madalene Rutherford of Peterborough, Ont., who became the bride of Mr. Frederick James Overland;

Miss Ethel Celestine Ryan, of Washington, D.C., who has from time to time contributed some fine articles to the Lilies, descriptive of her extensive travels, became the bride of Mr. Leo Michael Lucid;

Miss Dorothy Graves of St. Catharines, Ont., became the bride of Mr. Ronald James Macdonald;

Dr. Agatha Doherty, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Doherty of Abbey Court, Toronto, became the bride of Mr. W. J. Myatt of London, Birmingham and Worcestershire, a prominent English financier.

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It is with great pleasure we learn that Rev. Father Moylan is making recovery from his serious illness; and that Mrs. J. C. Keenan is recuperating in Atlantic City. Miss Mary McGrath has quite recovered and is able to be out again. Miss Margaret Duggan has also recovered from her serious fall on the icy pavement.

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Mrs. H. R. McMilla, McKeesport, Pa., visited her sister, Miss M. Morrow, during the Christmas vacation; Mrs. James McCabe of Vancouver was also an interesting visitor in town; Mrs. G. G. McPherson of Butte, Montana, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. James E. Day; Mrs. Smith (Mary Ryan) of Winnipeg, and her sister, Miss Ryan, spent the Christmas-tide with relatives and friends in Toronto. They called on Alma Mater and had a pleasant evening with their former teachers.

January 16th.—At 12.30 noon the Executive of St. Joseph's College Alumnae tendered a luncheon in compliment to Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Governor of Ontario to the International Fed-

erated Catholic Alumnae. Miss M. L. Hart proposed the toast to Mrs. Kelly, and Mrs. Monkhouse to the past President, Mrs. James E. Day. Those present were: Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and Misses N. Kennedy, M. Morrow and M. Brophy.

The objects of the Federation are "To bring into communication the various Catholic Alumnae Associations for the purpose of upholding ideals of Catholic womanhood and to formulate plans for the extension of Catholic education, literature and social work."

The second quarterly meeting of the Alumnae held Sunday afternoon, January 16th, was most enjoyable and a decided success, despite the unfavourable weather conditions. The meeting opened with the singing of the hymn, "Holy Joseph." Miss M. L. Hart presided. The treasurer's report was presented by Miss M. Morrow, which showed \$172.75 had been made at the second bridge party, expenses \$29.03, leaving a balance of \$143.72 towards the library fund. Mrs. C. F. Riley read the minutes of the last quarterly session. After the business proper had been discussed and disposed of, the meeting was given over to the launching of the Home and School Club in the schools, supervised play grounds and the collecting of war records. For the latter, the following committee was formed: Mrs. James E. Day, Convener, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. B. Monkhouse, Misses D. Chalue, L. Gough and E. Mulqueen. Volunteers for the Home and School Club were Mrs. J. Henry, Mrs. J. McBride, Mrs. James McCarron, Mrs. P. W. O'Brien and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.

Among the many who graced the occasion and took part in the interesting discussions were: Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C., of St. Augustine's Seminary; Rev. Mother Superior and the teaching staff of St. Joseph's Community; Mother Angelina and Mother Magdalen, representing the teaching staff of Loretto Community; Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. D. Balfour, Mr. J. W. Daniher and Mr. J. J. M. Landy.

Mrs. Edmond P. Kelly, president of Loretto Alumnae, in her

capacity as Governor to the I.F.C.A., gave a brief report of the fourth biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, as follows:

"As President and delegate of Loretto Alumnae Association I attended the convention held in Boston, Mass., Oct. 8-12, 1920. On Saturday, Oct. 9th, the convention opened for delegates by attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Holy Cross Cathedral, offered for the deceased members of the Alumnae. Meetings were held in Hotel Brunswick, opening with prayer and community singing, led by Mrs. Keating. A gracious compliment paid Canadian visitors was the rendering of "O Canada" before the "Star Spangled Banner." Right Rev. Monsignor Edward A. Pace, D.D., of the Catholic University, Washington, presided. Mrs. James Sheeran, President of I.F.C.A., opened the business meeting by reading a report of Rules and Regulations. Miss Mary Beeran, of the local Board of Governors, welcomed the delegates to Boston. There were present at the Convention 138 delegates, 55 alternates, 9 supreme officers, governors from twenty states, 13 International Chairwomen. The federation is affiliated in 39 states, 3 provinces and in the Kingdom of Belgium and in Ireland. An interesting event of the Convention, particularly to the Loretto delegate, was the enrolling of Loretto Alumnae, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland, in the federation by an old pupil of that convent, now a resident of Boston. Cardinal O'Connell paid an informal visit to the Convention, spoke a few words of encouragement, welcomed the Convention to Boston, and, before leaving, bestowed his blessing upon the federation. Later, His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, received a cable from His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., bestowing the Apostolic blessing upon the Federation. At the conclusion of the Convention the election of officers took place, and resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. John McEniry, Moline, Ill.

First Vice-President—Miss Pauline Boisliniere, St. Louis, Mo.

Second Vice-President—Miss Gertrude Tenk, Quincy, Ill.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. Thomas McGoldrick.

Recording Secretary—Miss Florence Colford.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Ruth Israel, Philadelphia.

Treasurer—Miss Marion McCandless.

Trustees—Mrs. R. A. Devine, Ottawa, Canada; Miss Mary Barr, Boston, Mass.

Since my return I have received a communication from Miss Israel, Corresponding-Secretary, informing me of my election as Governor for the Province of Ontario by the present executive. Later I received a communication from the President, asking for a list of delegates or Alumnae members willing to serve on the following committees: 1. Ways and Means. 2. Music. 3. Art in Education Department. 4. Press (Chair-woman if possible). 5. National Shrine. 6. National Catholic Welfare. 7. Social Service.

To safeguard the best interests, not only of the Catholic, but of the whole Canadian and American people, is the purpose of the I.F.C.A. This is woman's hour, particularly convent woman's hour, if they only rise to meet it. People in this country are now facing a situation on which frightens Catholics and non-Catholics. Public order is seriously shaken and a great industrial and financial crisis exists. The schools might prove the solution of the problem. For years Catholics have taken the stand that smart and able is not enough to make an upright character and a trustworthy people. The first agency of education is the home. Too much emphasis has been placed upon the work done in the school, and not enough upon that in the home. The school does not own the child. It is only an agency acting for the parent. It is a regretted fact that homes are fast losing their character and influence. But here is women's opportunity to fulfill the high destiny for which she was intended. Every woman to-day, whether a mother or a sister, should use her influence to make the home the foundation of religion, culture and refinement. Catholic women may become defenders of the church in this country, and in every country, by uniting to exclude from their homes all literature and books of doubtful morality; by uniting to

suppress all moving pictures presenting objectionable films. We are urged by the bureau of Catholic charity to offer a helping hand without any suggestion of an attempt to patronize. We should always have the finest sort of whole-souled attitude to those who need our help. We are urged to inform ourselves fully upon political issues, and begin an earnest preparation for intelligent voting. Catholic women of leisure should study conditions carefully and offer their services to the best advantage. We move where priests may not go, and with united effort can accomplish the great purpose of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae—the upholding of Catholic womanhood.”

At the adjournment of the meeting, tea was served in the library, Mrs. G. R. Griffin and Mrs. Fred. O'Connor poured tea. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe.

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Mrs. J. D. Warde is enjoying the promenade and sea breezes of Atlantic City.

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The Dramatic Club of St. Michael's College presented "The Call" at Hart House on January 15th. "The Call" is a three-act drama written by Rev. Father Sheridan of Chicago. Many members of the Alumnae were present, including Mrs. Scott Griffin, Miss McKeown, Miss Rose Ferguson, Mrs. R. J. Gough, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. James E. Day and Miss G. Lawler.

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Patronesses for the Rosary Hall Guild Ball at the King Edward Hotel on Friday, Jan. 7th, were Mrs. Frank McCarthy, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. Walter McKeown, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh.

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Jan. 28th.—Through the efforts of our Alumnae, a home and school club was established in St. Patrick's School. Miss Hart explained the object of the club, which is for the betterment of the child through the parent. Rev. Father Walsh, the

rector, was made honorary president, Mrs. Annie Wells president, Miss Mary Hurley secretary, and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy treasurer.

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St. Basil's Council of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society, have been very wise in selecting Mrs. J. McDiarmid as convener to their social committee. Mrs. McDiarmid has done splendid work in raising money for this fund

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We are pleased to note that a meeting of the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the I.O.D.E., at the Sherbourne Club, the vice-regent, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, in the chair, a letter was read from Mrs. Ambrose Small, tendering her resignation as regent. Owing to the sorrow that had come into her life, she felt unable to take an active part in the work of the Chapter. It was unanimously decided not to accept Mrs. Small's resignation, the vice-regent being requested to act in her absence. Miss M. L. Hart was elected educational secretary.

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Sister M. Imelda, of St. Joseph's Community, Geneva, N.Y., writes: "I have enjoyed the 'Lilies' ever so much. 'The Legend of the Little Gray Lamb,' by Katharine Morgan, is too sweet for words." Congratulations to Miss Morgan.

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Miss Rose Ferguson is to be complimented on her secretarial notes of the meetings of the Catholic Women's League. They are most interesting.

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During the past years the generous co-operation on the part of the members has been very gratifying. It has enabled us to refurnish the Reading Room with beautiful and suitable mahogany furniture. To those who have already contributed, the Alumnae are very grateful. Perhaps there are others who would like to give assistance towards the upbuilding of the library. Donations of books will be most acceptable.

“Books are the bards that sing the lays of the world. They chronicle the hopes, sorrows, deeds of man, on his upward trend through each cycle of the wheeling centuries. Books are the silent teachers.”

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Miss M. L. Hart and Miss G. Lawler were guests of honour at the first annual dinner of the secular teachers of the Catholic Schools held in the Carls-Rite Hotel. There are 103 lay teachers and of this number 100 were present.

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The finances of the Catholic Women's League were very much increased on Saturday, February 5th, when Mrs. George O'Neil offered her beautiful home in Avenue Road for a bridge. Mrs. O'Neil was assisted by Miss G. Lawler, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. W. A. Cavanagh, Miss Rose Ferguson and Miss Ruth Warde. The concealed number prize,—a handkerchief embroidered by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, went to Mrs. T. McCarron.

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One of the outstanding events of the present social season was the dance given by some graduate nurses of St. Michael's Hospital in Columbus Hall. Euchre and bridge were also played. On the committee in charge were Misses M. McCrohan and G. Heck.

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Mrs. John O'Neil was patroness for the At Home given by the Sunshine Club in St. Paul's Hall.

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The Home and School Club of St. Patrick's School gave its first party on Feb. 7th, to four hundred boys and girls. The happy children were treated to individual dishes of ice cream, cake and candy. Distribution was made by the president, Mrs. W. J. Wells, who had the assistance of Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Mrs. Tom McCarron. Rev. Father E. Walsh, C.S.S.R., and Rev. T. O'Sullivan, C.S.S.R., were also present. Before the children dispersed they expressed their delight by three cheers for the “Home

and School Club." A deputation of three little girls from the kindergarden gave thanks to Mrs. Landy, who really donated the party.

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Mrs. A. J. McDonagh poured tea at the successful shower given at the home of Mrs. James H. Wickett in Deer Park Crescent in response to the appeal of Rev. Father Fandotiz, who is touring Canada for help for the Ukrainian people who were made destitute through the war.

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Be good enough to send your annual membership fee of one dollar to Miss M. Morrow, 49 Albany Ave.

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Send items of news of interest to the Alumnae, to Mrs. Tom McCarron, 362 Palmerston Blvd.

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Tribute to Mrs. A. Small Praises I.O.D.E. Service.

The address, accompanying a jeweled badge, presented to Mrs. Ambrose Small by Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter, I.O.D.E., was as follows:

To Mrs. Ambrose Small, Regent:

If each sad and needy one by you befriended

Would bring but one blossom plucked from Nature's bowers,
Long, long before the wondrous task were ended

You'd be greeted with a paradise of flowers.

Dear Mrs. Small,—Learning of your intention to resign from the regency of our Chapter, we wish to remind you that by doing so you would deprive us of the great strength and incentive which has promoted the many good works for which the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter is known among the Chapters of Toronto. Lacking your inspiration and executive ability our organization could not but lag in endeavour and eventually the group that you gathered about you would disperse, and the branch of the Daughters of the Empire that you founded would go out of existence because of loneliness for the capable head that had meant so much to its progress and success.

While we feel that we have just stated, we recognize, dear Mrs. Small, that for a time—which we hope may be short—you may be desirous of refraining from public activities and to acquiesce in this wish, we have secured the promise of your vice-regent and sincere friend, Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh, to act in your stead until such time as God may see fit to lift the mysterious cloud that has come into your life or until such time as He may strengthen you to resume the active part you had in public service and for which you are so exceptionally fitted.

Having those things in mind we ask you to reconsider your decision and to remain with us as our regent respected and held in the affectionate regard of all, the one whom above all others we wish to keep with us as our leader and to whom we pledge renewed and continued loyalty with renewed effort, that may lead to results to benefit those in need of assistance that will cause you joy and in a measure lighten the cross which at present you bear with such exemplary fortitude.

In recognition of the untiring effort you gave to the noble impulse of a great human charity and a great National patriotic work, and as a heartfelt token of our appreciation, respect, friendship and love, we beg your acceptance of this jewelled badge of the Order which you have so faithfully and in such a pre-eminent degree served for the past 15 years as Counsellor in the National Chapter, Organizer in the Municipal Chapter, and Regent of the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

Hoping that you will see the situation as we do and that we may have you with us still as our ever honoured Regent, we are, dear Mrs. Small, sincerely yours, the officers and members of the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

LILIAN McCARRON.



Joan of Arc

We cordially congratulate the Very Reverend Dean O'Malley, our learned contributor, on the completion of his latest literary work, a strong epic consisting of eight cantos, in which the Very Rev. Dean has woven into excellent verse several centuries of history; the characters figuring in it are remarkably well sketched and in the descriptive passages there are many very fine pen pictures.

The poem, which is a beautiful tribute to the inspired peasant Maid, is dedicated to the French people, the Compatriots of the immortal Maid of Orleans.—The Lilies.



Community Notes

Felicitations to the Right Reverend Monsignor M. D. Whalen, V.G., on his promotion to the rank of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV.

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Laval University, Quebec, recently conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature on the Reverend D. A. Casey, Editor of the Canadian Freeman, Kingston, Ont. To the Reverend Doctor D. A. Casey we extend very cordial congratulations.

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We were pleased to receive a visit from Rev. T. J. Hanley, C.S.S.R., of Lima, Ohio, who was in Toronto recently conducting a retreat for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

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Four members of our Community, Sister M. de Pazzi and Sister M. Dominic of St. Michael's Hospital, and Sister M. madalene of St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C., and Sister Boniface of Sacred Heart Orphanage, celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their religious profession on January 5th, 1921. Ad Multos Annos!

CEREMONY OF RECEPTION AND PROFESSION.

During the octave days of the holy Christmas feast, thirty-nine young ladies had the privilege of making their immediate preparation for the sacred consecration of themselves to God's service as Sisters of St. Joseph, in a retreat under the deeply spiritual direction of the Rev. J. P. O'Reilly, C.S.S.R.

In simple diction and fitting illustration from personal experience, the learned Director instructed these aspirants how to practice meritoriously the virtues exemplified in the life of the Incarnate God in the lowly Crib at Bethlehem, and in the poor home at Nazareth. He emphasized the fact that the end for which they were about to take upon themselves the obligations of the religious life could only be attained by the practice of sincere humility, and by a confiding love of God, and an unalterable trust in His abiding love of them.

On the closing day of the Retreat, January 5th, seven of the retreatants received the Holy Habit, seven made temporary vows and twenty-five made perpetual vows. The officiant of the Ceremony was the Right Rev. Mgr. M. D. Whelan, V.G., representing His Grace the Archbishop. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. D. Coll, C.S.S.R., whose sister was among those who were professed.

An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Director of the Retreat, who took for his text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thy self." (Luke, Chapter X., 27).

The Reverend Father held in wrapt attention the large congregation of relatives and friends who crowded the Chapel's capacity, while he dwelt on the lamentable condition of the world at present—a condition due to the loss of the Christian ideal. It is in the religious life, he said, that the idea of Christianity is best understood.

The Reverend Preacher concluded by congratulating the young Novices, and the Professed on their heroic act of Sacrifice which they had made for God's honour and glory.

The young ladies who received the Holy Habit of the Congregation: Miss Sylvia Coyne, Victoria, B.C., in religion Sister M. St. Clare; Miss Kathleen O'Neill, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Edwin; Miss Annie Carey, Toronto, Sr. M. Louise; Miss Ruth McGinn, Toronto, Sr. M. Callista; Miss Loretto Glover, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Kevin; Miss Bessie Henderson, Prince George, B.C., Sr. Mary Charles; Miss Gladys Williams, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Cletus.

The Novices who made temporary vows: Sr. M. Celine, Sr. M. Inez, Sr. M. Oliva, Sr. M. St. Gervaise, Sr. M. Theodosia, Sr. M. St. Cajetan, Sr. M. Carmel.

The Sisters who made Perpetual Vows: Sr. M. Regina, Sr. M. Isabel, Sr. M. St. Paul, Sr. M. Anastasia, Sr. M. Gerarda, Sr. M. St. Edward, Sr. M. Carmela, Sr. M. Paschal, Sr. M. Estelle, Sr. M. Euphrasia, Sr. M. St. Denis, Sr. M. Anselm, Sr. M. Alban, Sr. M. St. Louis, Sr. M. St. George, Sr. M. Celestine, Sr. M. Gonzaga, Sr. M. Brendan, Sr. M. of Victory, Sr. M. Eudocia, Sr. M. Martha, Sr. M. Electa, Sr. M. Lucilla, Sr. M. Faustina, Sr. M. Alfrida.

On the same day at St. Joseph's Convent, Winnipeg, Man., a branch House of St. Joseph's, Toronto, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. J. Blair officiated at a ceremony of Profession. Sister St. Lawrence and Sister M. Adele made Perpetual Viws.

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THE MAIDENS CONSECRATE.

Lo! Christ is nigh, and His delight it is
 To greet you as His spouses—sweetest name,
 Who by a holy pact to Him are pledged.
 Far from the clamour He has given you
 Within the peaceful precincts of your cells,
 To lead a blameless life. You blossom there
 Like fragrant lilies in a garden close.
 Let Satan spread his nets and baleful arts,
 And with his frown the timid mind o'erawe;
 Jesus, Who ever guards, shall fly to aid,
 And make the weakest powerful in the fray.

Then shall He make your love more ardent glow,
 And shield you closer in His Sacred Heart,
 Your souls with wondrous sweetness gladdening.
 And when at length your happy course is run
 And to you, faithful ones, Death shows himself,
 All beaming and with visage mild and kind,
 Our Lord shall give you His supremest gift;
 From your drear exile He shall lead you then
 To the celestial shore, and bid you there
 Be ever blessed with the light divine.

Some time before his last illness, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., wrote some beautiful hexameters in Latin addressed to Nuns. The above is a translation.

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On January 6th, 1921, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart attained the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of her religious consecration in the Community of St. Joseph. At 9 o'clock that morning a High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in our Chapel, Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. D. Whelan, V.G., being the celebrant, and Very Rev. Dean Harris and Rev. E. Pageau, C.S.B., assisting. Many golden years, dear Sister!

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"On Monday morning, January 10th, Sister Mary Gonzaga and Sister M. Alfrida of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, entered upon their sacred trust as the first teachers in the new parochial school in St. Alphonsus' parish, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Some sixty pupils are already enrolled. When the weather is more favourable many more will come. Immediately by their kindness and tact their teachers endeared themselves to the little ones. How these dear little tots must welcome the change from the godless atmosphere of the public school class-room. Already they rejoice at the change, and so do we. May Jesus, the teacher and lover of little ones, through the intercession of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Joseph and St. Alphonsus, bless and prosper the new school!"—North West Review.

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The Community offers sincere sympathy to the Right Rev-

erend Monsignor M. D. Whelan in his late bereavement—the death of his brother.



From the West comes the good news that Sister Placida, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Winnipeg, has quite recovered from her serious illness.



Accessions to College Museum

An Egyptian Mosaic Teapot beautifully decorated with small pieces of Marble, Red Abalone shell and Mother of Pearl, held in position by gold and silver wire so as to form an ornamental entity. The above was brought from Egypt by Mr. R. Azac and donated to the Museum by Mrs. Sydney G. Porteous, Toronto.

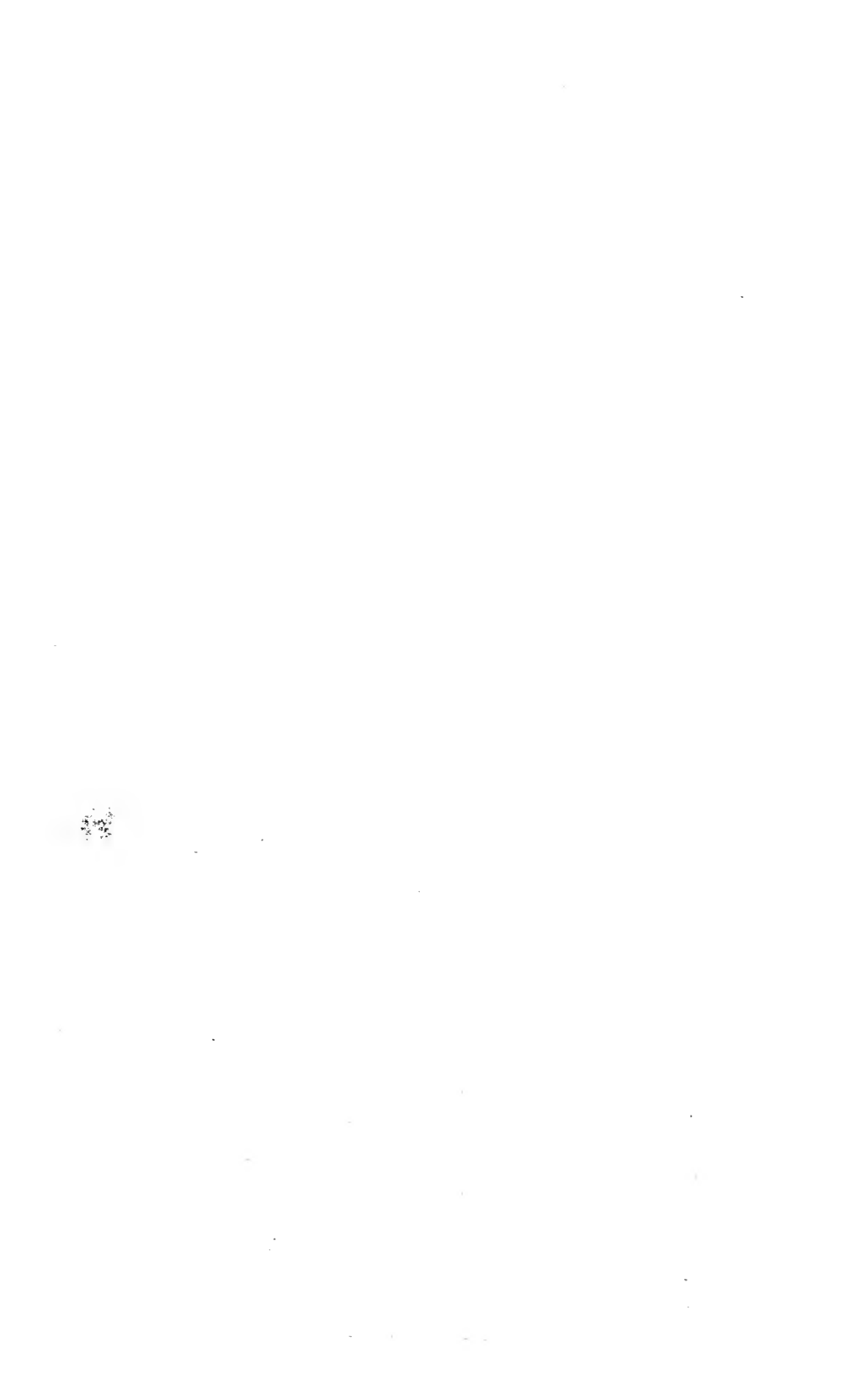
A British Gas Mark with air-cleanser attached. Gift of Mr. J. J. Murphy, Toronto.

A Book of Forty Views of the Halifax Catastrophe, 1917; also a piece of iron plate from the ill-fated steamer "Mont Blanc," which had been driven two miles from the scene of the disaster and lodged in a tree. Donated by Mr. Wm. J. Finnegan, Toronto.

An Aneroid Barometer, copper mounted. Gift of Mr. A. F. Groetsch, Chicago.

An ostrich egg (blown), which in its original state weighed five pounds. Donated to the Museum by the Cawston Ostrich Co., South Pasadena, Col.







COLLEGE STUDENTS IN CLOSING SCENE OF CHRISTMAS PLAY
DECEMBER 17th, 1920

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
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Anna Hayes.

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Margaret Keenan, Catherine Daughan, Catherine Ham-
mill, Constance Shannon.

Exchange Editor—Miss Kathleen McNally.

Art Editor—Miss Mary Travers.

Music Editor—Miss Irene Canty.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Nora Foy.

**The Resurrection**

LUCILLE BENNETT (FORM III.).

'Twas just as the hours of midnight
Were passing into day,
'Twas just when the stars and moonbeams
Were fading far away,
When through Joseph's dewy garden
Where the lilies softly wave,
Our Lord, sped, newly risen
From the darkness of the grave.

'Twas there, as the sun was casting
Its beams o'er hill and wave,
The women, seeking their Master,
Came to the lonely grave.
And then the angel messenger
Told to the waiting world
That sin was conquered, and Christ, our King,
Had His banner of truth unfurled.

Dickens' Mastery of Plot as Displayed by David Copperfield

BY DOROTHY AGNEW.

DAVID Copperfield, one of the most popular of Dickens' works, and the one in which he took most pleasure and most pride, shows the author at the height of his powers, and reveals more fully than any other of his works a combination of his most characteristic virtues and faults as a novelist. The plot is quite as well motivated as any of Dickens' plots, and in the development of the main narrative in relation to the sub-plots it may be favourably compared with any of his books. It is true that it depends a great deal on probable coincidences, and abounds in exaggerations and melodramatic scenes, but these characteristic flaws are almost imperceptible in the general atmosphere of realism, due partly to the preponderance of the autobiographical element.

As the story is told in the first person, a great part of the course of the narrative must be inferred from after events or from conversations. In general, Dickens kept carefully within the limits imposed by the autobiographical form; but when he considered it necessary he did not scruple to overstep them deliberately, as in the first chapter, where David recounts in detail the events of the day before his own birth.

The plot has many threads, most of which are dealt with separately, dropped for a time, and introduced later in connection with one or more of the other sub-plots. Most of the characters play a part in more than one of these concurrent actions, and sometimes reappear after long intervals and under different aspects.

In the first fourteen or fifteen chapters, containing the story of David's childhood until the time when, in his own words, he became "a new boy," nearly all the important characters of the novel make their first appearance, and here, too,

are the faint foreshadowings of the parts that they are to play later, either in the life of David or in connection with each other. One of the many such premonitions is that which follows the vivid description of Little Em'ly's boldly balancing on the jagged timber overhanging the water:

“There have been many times since, in my manhood, when I have wondered whether there was any merciful attraction of her into danger, that her life might have a chance of ending that day. There has been a time when I have asked myself the question, would it have been better for little Em'ly to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight; and when I have answered, Yes, it would have been.”

This childhood of mingled joy and sorrow is succeeded by a contrasting period of deep peace, in which Dickens cleverly makes the transition from David the child to David the youth. It is note-worthy that even at this early period the influence of Agnes on the character of the hero is already strong. In these few chapters also Dickens sketches the first stages of the episodes of Mrs. Strong and Jack Malden, of Mrs. Betsey Trotwood and her husband, and particularly of the part that Uriah Heep is to play in the lives of David and of the Wickfield family. In this last regard, Mr. Micawber is skilfully re-introduced for the first time, and brought into conjunction with Uriah Heep.

This period closes with a brief retrospect, chiefly important for showing something of David's character at the age of seventeen. After a short interlude, the main action of one of the sub-plots begins with the return of David to Yarmouth—this time accompanied by Steerforth, who makes a favourable impression on all the Peggotty family. It is important to note that there is not the slightest hint given that he made more impression on Emily than on the others, or that he considered her as anything but an attractive girl of a class much lower than his. It is only on re-reading the book that we notice such artful touches as the unusual moodiness of Steerforth during his stay at Yarmouth, the incident of Martha following Emily and Ham along the beach, “like a black shadow,” and the deli-

cate suggestion in the description of the meeting of David and Steerforth with Ham and Emily on this occasion.

“She withdrew her hand timidly from his arm as we stopped to speak to them, and blushed as she gave it to Steerforth and to me. When they passed on, after we had exchanged a few words, she did not like to replace that hand, but still appearing timid and constrained, walked by herself. I thought all this pretty and engaging, and Steerforth seemed to think so too, as we looked after them fading away in the light of a young moon.”

Taken by itself, this passage means nothing, but in the light of after events it takes on a great significance. The same may be said of the description of Emily when she first heard of Steerforth, years before:

“I was running on very fast indeed, when my eyes rested on little Em’ly’s face, which was bent forward over the table, listening with the deepest attention, her breath held, her blue eyes sparkling like jewels, and the colour mantling in her cheeks. She looked so extraordinarily earnest and pretty, that I stopped in a sort of wonder . . .”

Hence the news of Emily’s flight comes as a sudden shock, the force of which is but slightly lessened by the death of Mr. Barkis—“a loss” foreshadowing the “greater loss” which immediately follows it.

The whole episode of Emily and Steerforth, although melodramatic in many passages, is admirably conceived and well developed through the whole novel. Since it is recounted by David Copperfield, it is impossible for the author to describe the course of Emily’s passion; but it is quite as effective and rather more artistic to show only the result of this passion on the girl herself and on her family and friends.

As a pendant to this sad picture, Dickens has drawn a gentle hand, the idyllic courtship of David and Dora, balancing its almost playful tone with obscure hints at the patient suffering of Agnes, concealing her love for David in the depths of a placid nature, and revealing herself as more than ever the good angel of the young man and his child-wife. David, without the

slightest suspicion of this, has, however, vague doubts about the wisdom of his marriage to Dora, whom he loves with all the uncontrolled passion of his boyish heart. When he is present at the denouement of the episode concerning Jack Malden and Annie Strong, certain phrases of the conversation strike him, "as if they had some peculiar interest or some strange application that he could not divine." "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose . . . The first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart . . . My love was founded on a rock . . ." And always in the background of the picture we have a vague impression of the brooding figure of kindly Miss Trotwood gazing at the boy so like his child-mother, and murmuring: "Blind, blind, blind!"

Lest the sentimentality of this charming and touching idyl, which ends with the early death of little Dora, should pall on the reader, Dickens wisely develops at the same time a thread of intrigue at which he has hinted several times, and which occupied the attention of the hero together with his domestic joys and sorrows. Mr. Micawber is here introduced once more to play an important part in the exposure of Heep's villainy, and Tommy Traddles, a school boy friend of David's, also reappears, to exert some influence on the course of the novel, but chiefly to supply a sober contrast to David's more volatile spirits.

Following the denouement of the machinations of Uriah Heep, and the death of Dora, Dickens introduces a short period of readjustment. Mr. Wickfield's business is wound up, Emily is found, and her uncle has decided to take her to Australia, the Micawbers are making preparations to accompany them, and the mystery of Miss Betsey Trotwood's husband has ended with his death. All this is only the calm before a storm. In the words of David Copperfield, "I now approach an event so indelible, so awful, so bound by an infinite variety of ties to all that has preceded it in these pages, that, from the beginning of my narrative I have seen it growing larger and larger as I advanced, like a great tower in a plain, and throwing its forecast shadow even on the incidents of my childish ways."

This catastrophe is brought rather suddenly, and it is perhaps a far-fetched coincidence that would bring together David, Ham and Steerforth on the very day of the most terrible tempest in the memory of man; but we forget all this in admiring the magic irony which makes Ham lose his life in an attempt to rescue the man who had wronged his betrothed, under the eyes of David, by whom they were first brought together. With such consummate skill does Dickens complete this act of poetic justice that at the end we feel that in some way Steerforth's guilt had been atoned for by Ham's sacrifice, and we finally see him as in the days of his innocence—lying with his head upon his arm, as he would often lie in school.

"David Copperfield" is, in conception and execution, dramatic, and in the final chapters nearly all the characters reappear as they would in the last act of a play, and are rewarded or punished in general, according to their merits. Uriah Heep and Steerforth's villainous valet, Littimer, are seen in prison, and, very fittingly, the prison is in charge of Mr. Creakle, the brutal school-master. We see the two families of Peggotty and Micawber prosperous and happy in Australia; even Martha Endell is married to an Australian farmer; and the humble school teacher, Mr. Mell, is recognized with some difficulty in Dr. Mell, head-master of a grammar school in Australia. Finally, the conventional "happy ending" is provided for the hero himself by his marriage with Agnes, the guiding star of his existence, whose devotion he has finally realized and reciprocated. And so, after all the threads of the plot have been finally joined and finished off in Dickens' usual orderly fashion, we take leave of David Copperfield, a prosperous, famous, and very happy man.



Legend of the Easter Lilies

BY MARY COUGHLIN (FORM IV.).

ANY, many years ago—long before the great Hemisphere of the West was known to exist, and while men, the world over, worshipped at the shrines of heathen gods—the little Grecian maiden, Calantha, the only daughter of Dracchus, a noted statesman and warrior, was brought for change of air and scene to her father's estate, on which stood a palatial residence, surrounded by magnificent gardens sloping down to the calm blue lake—fit abode for even a princess; roses and rainbow-hued flowers reared their colour and fragrance up against its marble walls, song birds of varied plumage filled the air with their sweet carols and flitted about the sun-flecked terraces.

In the midst of all this beauty, in a part of the garden she called her own, Calantha lay all day on her shaded couch, waiting patiently the time when she would be light enough for the zephyrs that blew over her to catch her up and bear her with them to their home beyond the skies. "It will not be long now," she said to her father, whose love for her made him think otherwise. He tried to buoy her up with his false hopes for her return to health. But she knew that the wise men of medicine in her native land had despaired of her recovery and as a last resource had ordered her removal to this warm eastern country.

For a time she brightened and seemed to grow stronger in her new surroundings, but as time went on her pain increased, she lost all love of life, and faded into the listless flower of a few months before.

As she was lying one day, her tired eyes closed and her long yellow hair tossed about on her pillow, she heard steps approaching—steps lighter than her father's—and rousing herself with a start, she beheld a child of about her own age standing beside her, and gazing down at her with wide, searching

eyes, "I have come from a neighbouring village," he explained, "to gather a certain herb that grow no where save on the road between the two towns. This garden attracted me in passing, so I came in. Do you lie here all day among the flowers?" "Yes," Calantha answered. "I am ill, you see, and have been for a long time."

The look in the boy's eyes changed to one of pity, and in a short time Calantha was telling him of herself, as he listened, all sympathy—how a fever of some years ago had left her delicate, and to aid her recovery she had come to live in the East, although she was a Greek. He, too, was a stranger, he told her, and came from a distant land that was even lovelier than those of the Orient—thus lapsing into an account of its beauties; twilight had fallen as he picked up his herbs to continue his journey.

In the weeks that followed he came often to see Calantha, until the child grew to love the beautiful face of her new companion with its great dark eyes that held such mysterious depths of sorrow. One day he brought his mother with him, and even in the severity of her Jewish apparel, it seemed to Calantha that she was more beautiful than even the famed women of Greece. "She is so ill and yet so young," the mother had said, turning her white-rose face with its look of supplication from Calantha to her son. From that day on the child had grown steadily stronger.

Months passed, and Calantha, with cheeks like the pink blossoms that perfumed her garden, was preparing to return to Greece. On the day of her departure, as she was strolling along the walks, bidding good-bye to her favourite shrubs and flowers, her wonderful young visitor entered the garden and walked with her to the farther end of the terrace to a small mound shaded by a group of lofty palms; here they planted some yellow seeds the boy had brought with him. "They grow in profusion in my country," he said, "but I have never seen them blooming here. When these seeds will have taken root and borne blossoms, I shall be in my own land again." Then, crossing together two twigs of a tree, the boy fixed them firm-

ly in the ground to mark where he had placed the seeds, and Calantha, watching him, wondered if she should ever return to see the flowers in bloom.

Many years later she came again, drawn back to the East by the sense of a certain void in her life that she had first experienced as she looked into the eyes of the strange boy whose presence spoke the charm of indescribable peace. It was the season of the Pasch, and outside the walls of the great City three wretched criminals were to end their lives in crucifixion. Calantha, with the rest of the inhabitants, wended her way towards Jerusalem to witness the grim spectacle, where, upon the bleak and barren precipice of a hill, rose three crosses, each bearing its load of dying humanity.

Calantha turned faint at first; she had never witnessed death in this horrible sense before, but drawn on by the gruesome, she approached nearer. At the foot of the central cross a woman, her face mute with agony, gazing up at the expiring figure above her with dark, tearless eyes, that reminded Calantha strangely of the eastern garden where she had lain sick for so long. By her side, in a violent paroxysm of grief, knelt another whom Calantha recognized as Miriam of Tansar, a woman of vice and a favourite of the emperor. Calantha was puzzled. "What had this man done," she asked her nearest neighbour, "that such sorrow should be felt for him?" "He was the Nazarene," she was told in a tone that implied that the title spoke volumes, "and had declared himself king of the Jews."

Calantha waited to hear no more, but, turning from the scene, made her weary way back to the town. There, in the cool shade of her gardens, she dwelt on all that she had seen and heard. The Nazarene! Nazareth had been the name of the village whence he had come, years ago, and the woman who stood at the foot of the cross had been so like her who was his mother—could it be that the companion of her youth had suffered so ignominious a death? At her feet, half-hidden by tall shoots of green, were the twigs that he had twisted together to mark where long before they had planted the seeds. They

were in the form of a cross, Calantha noted with a start, and the fact to her aggrieved senses held a bitter significance. She sank on her knees beside it and wept.

A tempest raged without, the following day, and the sun was hidden; and Calantha, closeted with one of her women—a pious Jewess—learned of the public life of the Nazarene—how He had healed the sick and the lame and made the blind to see. On the morning of the third day, which dawned in roseate splendour, the woman set out for Jerusalem, and Calantha went to wander in her garden.

A wonderful thing had happened there. Below the palm trees the little cross of twigs had fallen in the storm and lay crushed in the grasses, but where it had stood now rose a tall white flower, trumpet-shaped and gold-hearted, such as Calantha had never seen before. It seemed like Life triumphant over Death, and in her ears rang the words of Him Who had planted it there—"When it will have borne blossoms I shall be in my own lands again."

There was a step in the garden behind her, it was her woman, returned from Jerusalem. "He is risen," she cried out joyously as she came in sight of her mistress; and she related what she had heard—how He had conquered the grave. Calantha looked from the cross of twigs, fallen in the grasses, to the tall flower standing in its stead—and believed.

It was an angel who bore the tidings to Mary, His Mother, and Mary the Magdalen, but to the little Greek maiden He sent the flower of the Resurrection—the first Easter Lily.



College Notes

The young ladies of the Senior Division had the privilege of attending many of the organ recitals in Convocation Hall by Mr. F. A. Mouré the organist of Toronto University. Several, too, attended the recital given in Massey Hall by Rochmaninofz.

* * * *

The College Bazaar was held in the Auditorium during December 14-17. The booths, which were variously and tastily decorated, gave the Hall a very attractive and festive appearance. The music kindly furnished, evenings, by the De La Salle Orchestra, was greatly appreciated.

* * * * *

On the closing day of the Bazaar the students presented a Christmas Play, "The Desired of All Nations." The various parts were well rendered by the youthful performers and their friends, who were present in large numbers, expressed themselves delighted with the programme.

Thanks to the co-operation of Alumnae and pupils, the Bazaar was a decided success, and already we see some of the equipment furnished by the proceeds installed in the gymnasium.

* * * *

On Monday, Dec. 20th, the Senior Students were invited to attend a debate between the pupils of the Third and Fourth Years. The subject discussed was, "Resolved that Motion Pictures as they are now conducted are detrimental to the best interests of the Community." Both sides were admirably upheld, but the judges decided in favour of the affirmative.

* * * * *

January 30th proved an eventful day; Rev. Father MacEachen, of Washington, D.C., gave an excellent lecture on "The Teaching of Religion." Father MacEachen is an able speaker

and he placed his facts forcibly before his audience who have greatly benefited from his learned teachings.

* * * * *

A scene of a much different character took place at our Residence, 25 Surrey Place, where an elaborate banquet was held in honour of Miss M. McCardle, the anniversary of whose birthday it was. Everyone agreed that they spent a pleasant evening.

* * * * *

Who are the girls who are always late for their nine o'clock lectures?

To what persons is the change in amusements due at 25?

Who were the girls who decided their room needed added decorations? To what effect?

Why all the commotion at 25 on the evening of the 19th?

There was much good material for debate on Feb. 7th. I wonder why?

* * * * *

The Christmas term opened on January fourth and on the following day. Those who were punctual had the privilege of being present when seven postulants received the Habit.

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Some of the girls have been assisting at a course of lectures in the University Physics Building, on "The Roman Occupation of Britain," given by Sir Bertram Windle. These lectures are very interesting as well as instructive.

* * * * *

Those of us who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets for "The Call," a play staged by St. Michael's boys at Hart House, on January fifteenth, certainly enjoyed an agreeable afternoon and evening. Both the directors and actors are to be congratulated on their wonderful success.

* * * * *

On January nineteenth a lively debate was held at Lillian Massey between Victoria and St. Michael's. The question to be discussed was, Resolved that Public Ownership of Transportation is beneficial to Canada. Miss Cameron and Miss Uren of

Victoria upheld the affirmative; their opponents were Miss W. Collins of St. Joseph's College and Miss A. Boyle of Loretto Abbey School. The delivery and points were very good on both sides, but the Jurors decided in favour of the Affirmative. Congratulations, Victoria!

* * * * *

A very interesting meeting of the College Staff of the Lilies was held in January sixteenth. Miss D. Agnew presided, while the Sister Editor added pleasure to work by being present for a few minutes. Refreshments brought the meeting to a delightful close.

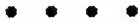
* * * * *

On Jan. 31st the elocution class of De La Salle treated the Sisters and Pupils to a very delightful entertainment. The following selections were cleverly rendered: "Spartacus to the Gladiators," by John K. Boles; "King Robert of Sicily," by J. Gordon Forsyth; "Laska," by Leo H. Johnston; "The Lifeboat," by Gordon D. Watson. We congratulate John K. Boles who has since been awarded the Gold Medal for Elocution, presented by Mr. D. A. Balfour, President of the De La Salle Alumni.

* * * * *

Our Annual Retreat under the direction of the Rev. V. J. Donnelly, C.S.B., of Amherstburg, Ontario, opened on Thursday evening, February 3rd, and closed with Holy Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Papal blessing on Monday morning, Feb. 7, 1921. During those blessed days silence reigned throughout the College, broken only by the Retreat Master's sermons, which were both eloquent and instructive. Rev. Father Donnelly has the gift of being able to hold the attention of his audience. So felicitous was his style that his longest discourses seemed too brief for his eager youthful listeners. We sincerely hope the hearts in which the good seed was sown during the Retreat will produce the desired fruitage. A very learned and comprehensive discourse on the history of the Bible, given in the College Auditorium Monday afternoon, terminated Rev. Father Donnelly's stay at the College.

On February seventh St. Joseph's girls were invited to spend an informal evening at Brunswick. Cards and dancing were enjoyed by all.



On Shrove Tuesday the annual Mardi Gras party was held. The Music Hall and Auditorium were prettily decorated in gay colours. All sorts of games and dancing were indulged in. After the programme was completed the girls repaired to the refectory, where refreshments were served.



Feb. 14th.—Very Rev. Dean Harris favoured us with an "Evening with Forgotten Poets." As the learned and venerable Dean stood before us, we thought of Longfellow's request in "The Day is Done":

"Come read to us some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe the restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day."

The Dean did not read, but recited, many of the humble lays "that gushed from the hearts" of the old poets, and with splendid effect, too, he quoted some of the

"Bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time."

One of the most pathetic of the heartfelt lays given was the Dean's translation of an In Memoriam written by a Spanish poet in memory of a beautiful young girl, who was drowned off the coast of California; and the best from the grand old Masters was Dante's description of the scenes he beheld when, with the laurel-crowned Virgil for guide, he visited the Inferno.

While we admired and enjoyed the Dean's rendition of the various selections, we simply marvelled at his wonderful memory which enabled him to recite without aid of book or note so many varied and lengthy selections.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.**A Course in French Literature of the Seventeenth Century.**

A course of lectures in French of the seventeenth century has been arranged to extend over the Easter term, and has now been started for the young ladies of St. Joseph's College by Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll, recently of the staff of Cork University. This young lady is an accomplished M.A. graduate in Arts of the National University, Ireland; she holds a diploma from the Cambridge College of Pedagogy and later she has made a two years' course in Paris at the Catholic University and the Sorbonne. She brings testimonials of successful experience in imparting her varied knowledge, while assistant lecturer in her Alma Mater, where she imbibed a keen love of study and kindled the fire of an early ambition to excel in her chosen profession, under the influence and direction of Sir Bertram Windle, who is attached at present to the staff of St. Michael's College. Through the kindness of this influential gentleman and his interest in the affiliated College of St. Joseph, the Community has been able to secure the services of Miss O'Driscoll for the benefit of their College students.

In the educational world Sir Bertram Windle is a brilliant luminary. His extensive knowledge, and his pleasing qualities as a speaker have attracted crowded audiences to his public lectures on Wednesday afternoons in the Physics Building of University College.

Exchanges

To our Canadian friends, "Red and White" and "The Memorare," we extend a hearty welcome. They are typical college magazines. The carefully designed plots, lively conversations and humorous phases of the short stories, combine to make enjoyable reading.

In the "Red and White" is a particularly good essay on "The tendencies of the Modern Drama," which emphasizes the fact that though the present plays have lost their literary value, the great gain of the modern drama is its freedom from the restraining traditions of the past.

The Sanctuary Lamp

CATHERINE DAUGHEN (FORM III.).

In tall and grand cathedrals, marvels of pure Gothic art,
In pretty convent chapels where Christ rests His wounded
 Heart,
In lowliest, plainest churches you will find it burning bright,
A ceaseless, silent watcher, this small and ruddy light.

The crimson flame is like unto the Sacred Heart that glows
With love and tenderest longing for the throng that ever
 flows,
Bent under heavy burdens, through the drear, dark vale of
 tears,
Who, asking Him, would be relieved of all their cares and
 fears.

Its tranquil rays fall softly, down like God's grace on a soul
That, storm-tossed, finds at last in Him a long-desired-for
 goal.

And other hearts behold it in the weary ways of life
As a beacon bidding them hope on for victory in the strife.

Autobiography of a Quill Pen

HELEN HETHERMAN (FORM I.).

I am a quill pen, lying in an old trunk, wrapped in a gorgeous piece of scented silk. I am old and feeble, but once I was young and gay, surrounded by merry, playful children. I will now tell you my story as I told it to the tin soldier who lies beside me.

When I first saw the light of day I was a quill feather on the back of a prize goose. I was beautiful, more beautiful than my stately brothers. I was of the purest white, but they were tinged with gray. For six long months I lay on the back of that goose, nestled close to my mother, but anxious to see the world.

On a bright, shiny day my mistress was feeding the geese and from that mother goose she plucked me, with some of my brothers, and gave them to a man who stood at the gate. "Here," she said, "are the finest quills, especially this one," pointing to me. How proud I felt. That cruel man wrapped us in newspaper; it was so hot and stuffy I fainted. When I recovered I felt a queer sensation, and saw myself floating in a large caldron of boiling red stuff. Dye, I think they called it. On being lifted out, I was no longer white, but red, yes, red. A piece of my vein was cut and made sharp, and I was a quill pen.

For several days I lay in a shop window, often wishing I was back with my mother. One day a tall, handsome man came in and bought me. When he drew near the walk of his home, a little girl—the most beautiful child I had ever seen or ever will see—ran up to meet him. "Look what I have brought you, Rose," he said. I think that name suited exactly, her cheeks were like roses and her lips like rosebuds. She raised her dark eyes to his, and, with a smile I shall never forget, said, "Thank you, Daddy." With a toss of her beautiful curls, she was gone, hugging me so close to her breast I could hear her heart beating with joy.

Her little hands would often hold me to write letters to a big brother in France. How joyously would I form the words "Dear Billy" and "From your little sister Rose!" Every day I was used continually, till one day I missed her, and for several days, in obedience to her I loved, it remained where she had placed me. A few days later I heard the maid say to the butler, "Little Miss is sick and she wants her pen; I came to fetch it." I was carried up and placed in her feverish little hands. She died holding me to her heart. No one knows the anguish I went through, only those who have lost as I have.

After she was gone I was sent to Billy, in memory of little Rose. Now I formed letters to "Mother and Dad" "From Billy," but not with the joy I had formed the others. Through the long months he was a prisoner in Germany and when he was wounded and killed, I remained in his pocket, till I was removed and sent home to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. West, Rose's parents, received me with great sorrow. When Mrs. West would look at me her eyes would fill with tears. She placed me on little Rose's desk and later wrapped me in this gorgeous piece of silk and placed me in a trunk beside the tin soldier—one of Billy's childish treasures. Other childish voices have filled this house, others have forgotten little Rose, but I never shall.

E x c h a n g e s

The article in "The Memorare"—"Lost Meanings"—remarks the alterations being made in words from time to time. This article appeals to us because it is one of the problems in our present-day education. We heartily congratulate the Memorare staff on the successful editing of Catholic Year Book and Directory of the Maritime Provinces. We thank the Staff for their thoughtfulness in sending us a copy.

In the *Alverria* from St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa., the editorials and Reviews show no trace of amateur pens. The writer of the editorials in the January Number gives us some enlightening facts relative to present-day politics and society, for which he merits the gratitude of his readers.

ST. JOSEPH LILIES.



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