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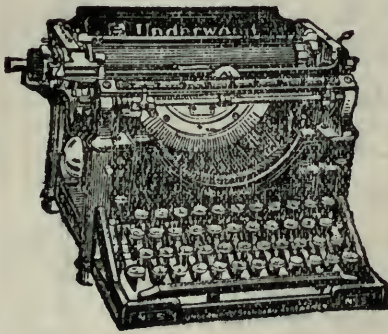


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VOL. XV.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1926

No. 1

St. Francis of Assisi

“Between Tupino, and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo’s chosen hill, there hangs
Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat and cold
Are wafted through Perugia’s eastern gate;
And Nocera with Gualdo, in its rear,
Mourn for their heavy yoke. Upon that side,
Where it doth break its steepness most, arose
A sun (Francis) upon the world, as duly this
From Ganges doth; therefore let none, who speak
Of that place, say Ascesi (Assisi); for its name
Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.
He was not yet much distant from his rising,
When his good influence ’gan to bless the earth.
A dame (Poverty) to whom none openeth pleasure’s gate
More than to death, was, ’gainst his father’s will,
His stripling choice; and he did make her his by nuptial bonds,
Before the spiritual court,
And in his father’s sight; from day to day,
Then loved her more devoutly. She, bereaved
Of her first husband (Christ), slighted and obscure,
Thousand and hundred years and more, remained
(Without a single suitor, till he came.

.
But not to deal
Thus closely with thee longer, take at large
The lovers’ titles—Poverty and Francis.
Their concord and glad looks, wonder and love,
And sweet regard gave birth to holy thoughts,
So much, that venerable Bernard first
Did bare his feet, and, in pursuit of peace
So heavenly, ran, yet deem’d his footing slow.

—Dante in the Paradiso.

REVEREND MOTHER ST. JOSEPH

BORN at Villefranche (Rhone), January 12th, 1795, of pious and highly respected parents, Jeanne Chanay seems to have been one of those gifted souls whom God raises up, in troublous times, to be as "shining lamps" to light the way for others and reveal the dangers of the rushing current of error and infidelity.

During the French Revolution, M. Marc Chanay, an active and intelligent merchant, was designated as a royalist, and fled to Spain for safety. Madame Chanay, left alone to care for a large family, did not allow misfortune to discourage her. Her home was, as it were, a temple whence she and her children sent up fervent prayers to Heaven at every hour of the day. God kindled in her heart hope and joy by revealing to her that a child would be given her who, later, would become the mother of a numerous band of virgins consecrated to Him. This child of predilection was Jeanne.

Her mother loved her with a more than ordinary tenderness, and from the first glimmer of little Jeanne's dawning intelligence, applied herself to developing in her soul the germs of faith and piety and forming her heart to all virtues. But Jeanne's ardent nature, with its amiable gayety, childlike candour and playful spirit, was not without defect, for a violent temper and a spirit of independence manifested themselves very early. Her prudent mother taught her to do violence to herself and to control these dangerous passions, explaining to Jeanne the ugliness of sin and the sorrow it causes Jesus, Mary and the angels—which lessons easily touched the child's good heart and she would resolve to watch herself more carefully next time. Perhaps the most precious of all the lessons learnt of her saintly mother was love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It was this devotion to Our Sacramental Lord which prompted Madame Chanay to instruct

her little daughter with such care to prepare fervently for her first Holy Communion—"Your heart, my child, will become the tabernacle of Jesus; ornament it each day with some new flower of agreeable perfume. This divine Lamb delights to dwell among lilies. Be pure, dear child, detest all your sins, and absolution will make your soul shine with sparkling whiteness."

Little Jeanne responded well to these exhortations, and when she received Our Lord on the day of her First Holy Communion she felt, in her soul, a fire till then unknown. Hence she wished to do something extraordinary to attract Jesus to come and be born again in her heart the following Christmas. All through Advent she practised mortification and prayed incessantly. "Give me Jesus," she would say to Our Lady; "let my heart be His crib; may your virtues adorn the poor stable of my heart." Just as the consecration bell rang at Midnight Mass, there appeared before Jeanne's eyes "the most beautiful of the children of men" surrounded by a dazzling light. The little girl could distinguish, however, His face, His hair, His whole person resplendent with glory, and His little hand raised to bless her. She fell into an ecstasy which lasted twelve hours.

This first vision was the prelude to many others, and thence forward, Jeanne's devotion to Jesus as a Child was a most tender one. When she was about sixteen years old she saw while in a profound sleep, Our Blessed Lady bearing in her arms the sweet Infant Jesus, standing on a height smiling and inviting her to come to them. The ascent was steep, rugged and beset with sharp thorns. Ascending, she came to a path covered with moss hiding little violets which exhaled a most delicate perfume. Next followed an alley bordered by bushes bearing roses of all colors and of incomparable beauty, and still another, edged with snow-white lilies. Jesus and Mary welcomed her at last, and gave her some of the delicious fruit which lay at Mary's feet. The Holy Infant then explained to Jeanne the four divisions of the pathway which she would have to follow to come to Him—first she must practise

penance, then humility, next charity, and finally purity, which leads to the vision of God.

Marvellous Graces.

Apart from the natural gifts of uprightness, affability, kindness of heart, initiative, and generosity; apart from the advantages of an admirable home-training, Jeanne received many extraordinary graces and lights, and was comforted by signal marks of God's love. Shortly after her mother's death, March 25th, 1813, while she was offering herself to Our Lord to serve Him just as He might wish, He made known to her that she was to be His consecrated Spouse, and Our Blessed Lady instructed her to enter the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, telling her at the same time that she would meet, in a certain street, the Benefactor who would pay her dowry. (Her guardian refused to furnish same, and her eldest brother was opposed to her entering religion so young). All preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, Jeanne in glad response to the Divine call, entered in November, 1814, the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph established at Lyons, and on January 3rd, 1815, was clothed in the holy habit, receiving to her great joy, the name she had so much desired—Sister St. Joseph.

Almost from her entrance into religion, she suffered from ill-health, but Our Lord supported her under this cross, and, on more than one occasion cured her miraculously. Once, when she was grievously ill at Belley, the Child Jesus appeared to her and promised her she would be cured on the feast of St. Anthelm, patron of the city. Accordingly on that festival she insisted on being carried to the Church for Mass. At the Elevation, she prostrated herself to adore Our Lord and was cured at that moment, to the admiration and joy of all.

An extraordinary vision was granted Mother St. Joseph in 1848, when Our Lord appeared to her in the Chapel, bearing in His hands the thunder-bolts with which He seemed to be ready to strike the world, and complained to her of the outrages He was receiving even in the Sacrament of His love.

The good Mother implored Him, by His Precious Blood, to pardon mankind and to pity poor sinners. Jesus seemed appeased by her loving supplication, and when He disappeared, she felt that, in His mercy, He would spare the world, but that reparation was incumbent upon her and her religious. Accordingly, the Sisters made a nine months' novena of reparation to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and never was there in the house more ardor for penance and more love for the Holy Eucharist.

Another favour Mother St. Joseph enjoyed was the marvellous efficacy of her prayers. So great was her faith, so boundless her confidence, that she undertook immense works for God, counting on His unfailing help to prosper them. Nor did she ever trust in vain. When making new foundations, sites were purchased, buildings erected, when the funds were but fractionally realized; and the account of her administration teems with instances of large sums of money having been remitted her from unknown benefactors and unexpected sources, just at the time when her payments were due. Similarly, the good Mother's prayers were efficacious in obtaining miraculous cures, notably, the restoration of the sight of Mlle. Fanny de Vaux, a well-known young lady of Forez, who had been blind from the age of seventeen, and whose letters of gratitude are still preserved at Bordeaux; also the cure of a little deaf and dumb girl, aged eleven, whose speech and hearing came to her right at the moment of consecration, through the prayer full of faith of the good Mother: "Your goodness and Your power, dear Lord, are the same to-day as on the day when You cured the deaf-mute of the Gospel; renew the same prodigy in favor of this child."

And what shall we say of the spiritual cures effected by Mother St. Joseph's charity and prayers? Her pure soul was moved with profound pity for the unfortunate victims of crime, and she would devote herself to bringing about their conversion. Having first won the heart by her gracious amiability and gentle gaiety, she would gradually broach the truths of religion, and usually succeeded in awakening in their

souls a thirst for God. Her words of faith penetrated sinitired hearts like a refreshing dew, and with sorrow for their errors, they would turn to God, their only Good. In the Prison of Gap, which the charitable Mother visited frequently, two assassins thus came under the soothing influence of religion, so that they made a good preparation for death and accepted it with sentiments of faith and resignation.

Principal Foundations.

In her childhood and youth, and during her Novitiate, Mother St. Joseph, endowed with many noble qualities of mind and heart and blessed with many signal graces, served God and her neighbour generously, and, in her simplicity, spoke openly of the extraordinary graces she received. Freely she followed the inspirations of the Holy Ghost; even her confessors placed no restraint on her will in any way. Her path was brightened by the sunshine of sympathy and esteem and bordered by the blooms of confidence and respect. God, it would seem, wished to allow the rich gifts of her noble nature to blossom to fulness of beauty. But, in due time, Our Lord, Who had destined her for great works, had her virtue tried and made more solid in the crucible of humiliations.

Soon after little Sister St. Joseph had received the holy habit, she had been sent to Chazey, and there it had been discovered that she was a real missionary. She exercised a great influence for good through her Catechism lessons and drew souls to God by the good odour of her virtues, especially by her charity to the sick, on whom she lavished the kindest care. In 1819, when she was but twenty-four years of age, she was sent by her Superiors to found a House at Belley. One with less courage than Sister St. Joseph would have indeed been disconcerted by the cold reception given her by the Cure of the Cathedral of Belley, who greeted her with the words, "Why do you come here, little Sister? We have not asked for you. We have teachers for our children, and you will find no resources in this city." But she answered,

“M. le Curé, I came through obedience, and I know I shall find in you a father and counsellor.” Reluctantly, the Cure gave her a small house near the Presbytery to serve as a Convent and School. Within a short period the active Superior had a class of one hundred children. Through her burning words about God in her lessons, through her devotedness in working for the advancement of the pupils, and her sympathetic charity for the sick and poor, Mother St. Joseph had soon won the esteem and gratitude of the whole city.

Viewing the success with which she had overcome the difficulties of poverty and opposition in so short a time, her Superiors gave her orders to found a Novitiate. As soon as this was known, Postulants presented themselves in large numbers, so that it was necessary to acquire a larger house. At prayer, the good Mother thought she heard Our Lord telling her to buy the Chapter-House, and though she had but thirty francs, she made all the agreements for the purchase, counting on Divine Providence to find the means necessary to make the payments when due. Her trust was not in vain, for on the day of payment a kerchief filled with coins (three thousand francs) was found on the floor of her room, having seemingly been flung from outside.

In 1823 the new Bishop of Belley wished that the houses of the Sisters of St. Joseph within his diocese should be detached from Lyons; and, at the head of this diocesan Congregation, he placed Mother St. Joseph. In this new capacity of Superior-General, Mother St. Joseph's energetic zeal did not relent. She devoted herself to have the interior life and regular observance flourish in all her houses, and, at the same time, extended her charity to relieving the poor, consoling the sick, and helping to bring back straying souls to God.

Before long, however, internal difficulties arose, for many of the Sisters of Belley were older than herself and did not approve of her manner of governing. Her vivacious and firm disposition, as quick to execute plans as to conceive them, made her appear too impulsive to them; and feeling, herself, that God did not call her to direct the Congregation, she pro-

voked an election at the retreat of 1824. Mother St. Benoit was elected Superior, with Mother St. Joseph as assistant.

Mgr. Devie now decided to transfer the Mother-House and Novitiate to Bourg, a more central city of his diocese, but he begged Mother St. Joseph should remain in Belley to continue her works of charity. The voice of all miseries found an echo in her motherly heart and she brought solace to wounds of body and soul. It was not long, however, until her excessive labours and rigorous penances brought on a serious illness which the physicians pronounced fatal. It was of this attack that she was cured miraculously, at Mass, on the Feast of St. Anthelm, 1826.

Having recovered her health in so extraordinary a manner, Mother St. Joseph's compassion for the miseries of others increased. Without further delay, she now fulfilled a long-desired project, that of opening a house of refuge for old men and orphan girls. This House she called "Providence." The first old man she received belonged to a poor but respectable family, and in order to save the feelings of these worthy people she asked that the grandfather come as a boarder to her house. Within a short period she had twelve such boarders and twenty-five orphan girls. She studied the tastes and the habits of the old people and tried to make them happy by her kind devotedness. When she saw death approaching, she herself would help to prepare them for the reception of the Last Sacraments and would sweetly direct their thoughts and their hopes towards heaven. To the little orphan girls she was also a mother—bending their young souls to obedience, to the love of work, and to virtue. The silk-worm industry and the making of church ornaments supplied employment for all and brought in considerable resource^s.

As the establishment became filled, and means were insufficient, Providence sent a most generous benefactor in the person of Doctor L. F. Goux, a retired wealthy physician. Doctor Goux loved to succor the indigent and, having made the acquaintance of Mother St. Joseph in 1827, he judged her worthy of his confidence and entrusted large sums of money to her,

to be used in her works of mercy. For the up-keep of her loved Providence, he finally made her a donation of 6,000 francs, expressly "for the needs of the old men who have found in Mother St. Joseph a good Mother," and to make provision for the future of her establishment of charity. At this time she had a new Chapel built. While assisting at Benediction she prayed, "My Master, I owe money to the workmen who have built Your house; You know it, that is sufficient." After Benediction, an old gentleman presented her, at the Church door, with the exact amount required.

When in 1837 Mgr. de la Croix, Vicar-General of Belley, was named Bishop of Gap, he begged Mgr. Devie to have Mother St. Joseph found a Novitiate in his diocese. Having been harbored most amicably by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Gap for a few days, Mother St. Joseph and her missionaries then took up their abode in the large house destined for them. According to her custom, her first care was to select the best room and prepare it to serve as a Chapel. On January 12th His Grace said Mass in this new sanctuary, and the joy of the Sisters in the possession of the Blessed Sacrament knew no bounds. The privations and sacrifices attendant upon extreme poverty marked the beginning of the foundation at Gap, but Mother St. Joseph endeavored to maintain a sweet gayety and a holy fervour among her Sisters. Through their active zeal and generous devotedness, the establishment was solidly organized by the following September, and comprised a large boarding and day school and a Novitiate numbering thirty novices and postulants.

Here it was, in Gap, that Reverend Mother St. Joseph admitted Mlle. Louise Guttin, teacher, and her younger sister, Alexandrine, who had been an invalid for years. To the latter the good Mother said: "Twenty years ago Our Lord promised that He would prepare you for me. God wants you here." Alexandrine recovered her health sufficiently to be received into the Novitiate. In this frail Novice, Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, Providence prepared a kindred soul who was to help Mother St. Joseph in all her fu-

ture foundations and ensure, long after the death of the pious foundress, the preservation of her spirit.

Bordeaux.

In October, 1840, feeling unable to continue the onerous duties of her office as Superior-General of the Congregation in the Diocese of Gap, Mother St. Joseph asked and obtained permission to return to Belley for rest and recuperation. Having heard that Mother St. Joseph had returned to Belley, her nephew, M. l'Abbe Moncenis, acting for His Grace Archbishop Donnet, invited her to come and found a Novitiate of her Order in Bordeaux. A furnished house would be at her disposal as soon as her health would permit her to come. Mother St. Joseph was deeply touched by the action of Providence over her, and her courage was inflamed anew by the confidence placed in her so graciously by Mgr. Donnet. At times, however, her humbled spirit gave way to sadness and fear; "I have neither the health, the talents, nor the virtues necessary for such an undertaking—my task is done." But a divine calm filled her heart again, when Mgr. Depery, Bishop of Gap, encouraged her by these words: "Because you are so diffident of yourself, you are but the more suited to the works of God."

Her first establishment in this diocese was made in December, 1840, at Barsac, a small town eleven leagues from Bordeaux. M. l'Abbe Labonne, an enlightened and generous Curé, had retired to rooms adjoining the Church in order to reserve the Presbytery to the new religious. This was a small five-roomed house, furnished with only the most necessary movables, but when, on December 30th, M. le Cure came to say Mass in the improvised Chapel and the Sisters had the Blessed Sacrament in their little home, their joy was complete. Classes were opened on January 4th. The good Mother took great delight in teaching Catechism to the little ones and she made her love of God flow into their pure hearts. Soon the poverty of the first days gave way to a better situation and peace and fervour reigned in the little Convent. Mother St.

Joseph's courage was further revived by the arrival, on January 20th, of a pious religious, highly respected for her sanctity and prudence, Sister St. Paul, who had been promised her to help in the new foundation of Bordeaux. With admirable ardor, Mother St. Joseph and her Sisters pursued their works of zeal; teaching, visiting and consoling the afflicted, and gently drawing souls to God.

Postulants were admitted to the House of Barsac and as the Presbytery was too small, the house of the Marianist Brothers was purchased, October 18th, 1841. His Grace the Archbishop very kindly helped the Sisters materially by ceding to them the revenues of the large farm, "St. Aubin," diocesan property. Among the many priests who, knowing Mother St. Joseph, sent subjects to her from different parts of France, was the venerable Cure d'Ars. The new foundation prospered and at the Ceremony of the Reception of the holy habit, August 25th, 1842, His Grace was so struck with the development of the Congregation that he resolved to transfer the Novitiate to his Episcopal City. After some difficulty in finding a suitable house, the Novitiate of St. Joseph was transferred to Bordeaux, June 13th, 1844. Echoes of the good done by the Sisters of St. Joseph touched many hearts and numerous vocations were the result. Those candidates who evinced a generous will and sincere desire to correct their defects were admitted without hesitation, but those who did not make serious efforts to advance in the spiritual life were returned to their families without delay. The question of dowry did not stand in the way of the admission of those whose means were limited, so long as they were well disposed to give themselves unreservedly to God. "There is in heaven," the good Mother used to say amicably, "a fabric of money to pay the dowry of souls redeemed by the Blood of Jesus and whom this Divine Master chooses as His Spouses." God blessed her charity visibly, providing the wants of the Convent, when necessary, by extraordinary means.

Before long, the house of Bordeaux was, in its turn, inadequate. Having heard that the Calvimont Mansion was for sale,

His Grace sent Mother St. Joseph to Paris, in September, 1850, to negotiate with M. le Comte de Calvimont regarding the purchase of the property. This estate, which was located in the centre of the city near the Cathedral, included vast gardens. The mansion was sold to Mother St. Joseph, on November 5th, for 120,000 francs, the first instalment payment being provided almost miraculously by a rich proprietor who came, as if by chance, to visit the Convent, and to whom the good Mother applied for help. The Community was installed in this permanent residence, May 1st, 1851, and has since inhabited it.

The last great enterprise of the pious foundress was to have an immense Chapel built in the new Convent Home, large enough to accommodate all the Sisters whom her faith showed her enrolled, in the years to come, under the banner of St. Joseph. On August 2nd, 1851, the corner-stone of the magnificent edifice, ogival style, was laid by His Grace, accompanied by several members of the clergy. When the building was complete, the inner walls were decorated by paintings executed admirably by the Sisters themselves, according to the wishes of the holy Foundress who had said, "God will be pleased with your good will; the angels will add strokes of the brush and the very walls will help praise God."

Thus was completed the third Mother-House and Novitiate founded by Mother St. Joseph. She had proved to be a splendid organizer and financier, having established in all thirty-one religious houses. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, had spoken truly when, on Mother St. Joseph's arrival, he had predicted: "At this moment I am casting the grain of mustard-seed into the ground. God will make it grow into a large tree, whose branches will one day cover my whole diocese." This particular foundation of Bordeaux has indeed developed admirably, its branch-houses numbering well nigh one hundred establishments.

Mother St. Joseph's clear vision made her see the necessity of having her Congregation approved, in order to ensure greater blessings and a more secure stability for the future. First, she wished to obtain the approbation of the Holy See

for her Constitutions. It was felt that a few modifications, necessitated by the changes of two centuries and sanctioned by usage, should be made in the Constitutions brought from Lyons. Ten Prelates who composed the Provincial Council of Bordeaux examined the new manuscript and approved it, affixing their signatures. When the new edition had been printed, the good Mother begged an Ablegate come from Rome, to bear back the Constitutions with him and present them for the approbation of our Holy Father, of blessed memory, the illustrious Pius IX. "I shall die in peace," said the devoted foundress, "if, before I go, my spiritual family is harbored permanently in the bark of Peter."

Legal existence for the Congregation authorized by the government, was likewise solicited; and, thanks to the influence of His Grace, the Archbishop, and of the Prefect of the city, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Bordeaux were recognized by the State "as a Congregation directed by a Superior-General," by a decree, dated October 23rd, 1852.

Her Spirit.

One cannot read the story of Mother St. Joseph's foundations and works, without being struck by her ardent zeal for souls and her whole-souled charity towards suffering humanity. That her Sisters might do much for God, the venerable Foundress realized that they must be formed to all the religious virtues by the practice of the interior life and by an exact observance of their holy rules. Prayer, recollection, silence, charity, flourished in her convents. According to the plans of the good Mother, all the Sisters took part in the humblest offices, the poverty and simplicity of the little house of Nazareth being set up as their model. The Sisters were to avoid all waste in order to be the better able to help the poor. Mother St. Joseph, who felt that a firm vocation is manifested by generosity in denying oneself, ordinarily required an act painful to self-love at the very first interview she would have with the aspirants to the religious state. She sought generous good will and a genuine spirit of simplicity and submission.

With what loving zeal the good Mother devoted herself to forming her Postulants and Novices to vocal and mental prayer! "Of what are you thinking, my child?" she would often ask of her Novices at their work. "Of nothing, Mother." "Dear child, let your mind dwell sweetly on the Child Jesus and on His Immaculate Mother." "Of what did you think at meditation?" "I thought a little of God, but much of my family." "Next time, dear Sister, say to our Lord, at the very beginning, that you wish to spend the whole time with Him. To prepare for this recollection, recall while at your work what you heard during the spiritual reading, or think of the words and actions of Our Lord as recorded in the Gospel, or review the edifying stories you have heard told. Before long, you will love meditation,—then will you become a good, humble and fervent religious."

Her principal efforts, however, aimed at inspiring the Novices with a burning zeal for the salvation of souls. With holy earnestness the devoted Mother would often remind her children of the high aspirations of religious: "You are here to foster in your heart, the spirit of an apostle. Later on you will be helping the priests of Holy Church to extend the love of God in souls; but, in order to give, you must have. Draw, then, from the Novitiate abundant knowledge and abundant charity."

At the general retreat of September, 1852, the last Mother St. Joseph was to preside over, impelled, no doubt, by a presentiment of her approaching death, she reiterated emphatically all her instructions. One special recommendation was that the strictest discipline should be maintained in all the schools and that the Sisters should always render to the priests of God, to the school inspectors, and to all those in authority, the honor which is due to them. For the houses themselves, she insisted, most of all, on the observance of the Holy Rule, on the spirit of humility and charity, and on "mutual support" among the Sisters. All these recommendations had been made previously at the time of her annual visitation of the houses, to which she attached great importance, but now she renewed

her instructions to the united Community with motherly solicitude and loving concern.

Death.

In the summer of 1853, seeing that their loved Mother's strength was declining, the Sisters wished her to go to Caunterets, a watering-place, where she had often regained much vigor. For the first few days of her stay at this restful resort, the good Mother felt much better, and at the same time, her soul was flooded with spiritual consolations. But, on the feast of St. Anne, July 26th, a violent attack of fever made her so ill that the physician pronounced her state very serious. All the Sisters began to pray for her cure, and she regained enough strength to be brought back to Bordeaux by short journeys. When she found herself at last in her own room, surrounded by her Community, an inexpressible happiness was depicted on her countenance. The Sisters prayed fervently, offering Holy Communion and penances for their Mother's recovery; but her painful sufferings continued. Her patience during this illness was admirable; indeed, she seemed to be glad of this opportunity of increasing her merits. "In heaven," she said, "we shall see God and sing His praises,—we shall enjoy Him in proportion to our sufferings in this world and to our love."

She had a kind word and a gracious smile for all the Sisters each time they came to her bedside. "God loves you; have great confidence in His goodness." "Be consoled, life is so short,—we shall soon be reunited." "My children, love one another." "Be faithful to your vocation; it is the greatest grace you have received from God." "Do all for God. Lose no opportunity of acquiring treasures for heaven."

At the close of the retreat, September 20th, 1853, His Eminence, Cardinal Donnet, visited her and charged her to thank God for the good spirit which animated her Sisters. Tears of gratitude streamed down her cheeks and she said: "Thank you, Monsignor. You will always be a father to them, will you not?" That same evening she asked for and received

the last Sacraments with evident sentiments of the most lively faith. From that moment she did not cease praying; her eyes were fixed on the Crucifix and an image of Our Mother of Sorrows placed before her, and she seemed to be speaking to Jesus and Mary continually.

At six o'clock on the morning of October 7th, all the Sisters assembled at the bedside of their dying Mother. By the motion of her lips, they could see that she was taking part in the recommendation of the soul and in the other touching prayers which were being recited. At 6.30 a.m. Sister Mary of the Conception took her hand and said to her: "My Mother, have courage, the end draws near; you are going to see your Jesus Whom you have so loved. 'Jesus, be Jesus to her!'" At these words, an angelic smile played momentarily on the lips of the dear Mother and she peacefully gave up her soul to God at the age of fifty-eight.

The grief and sobs of her daughters, so long restrained, now burst forth. However, a feeling that their beloved Mother already enjoyed the bliss of glory, penetrated their very souls and helped to console them. "How happy our Mother is! It was selfish of us to wish to retain her in captivity. Besides, in heaven she can help us still more."

The spirit of the good Mother still animates her dear Community; her memory lives in all hearts. To the protection of their venerable Foundress, the Sisters attribute, in large measure, the progress of their Congregation and the preservation, in all its houses, of that mutual charity which makes the happiness of the religious life. The Sisters continue to follow her counsels, as if she still lived among them. And without wishing to forestall the judgments of Holy Church, they believe her to be in heaven, able to draw abundantly from the treasures of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord.

—From the French of Abbé P. F. Lebeurier.



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

THE DEAR OLD SAINTS WE ALL LOVE

BY REV. E. A. BURKE, P.A.

AS in life, after we have enjoyed the company of new friends, we go back to the old with a redoubled zest, so in our dealings with the saints, after all this joying with the new ones whom God in His wisdom has given us, in this year of especial grace and favor, we oftentimes feel a slight sense of remorse lest completest faith has not been kept with the old, and return to them with redoubled fervor. And somehow or other, although there could not be the vaguest possibility of that unloveable thing we call "jealousy," we surely feel that they give us a warmer and tenderer welcome than ever before, and flood our soul with sweeter consolations. Then, those wondrous saints of the Thirteenth Century, where can we find their likes? Headed by the great Patriarch, St. Francis of Assisi, although centuries in their graves, they are a real living force in the world to-day . . . just as potent, virile and saving a force as seven hundred years ago, when they walked the earth.

With the passing of the Poverello was really ushered in the flowering of Christian learning and culture, the veritable Renaissance. Our Blessed Redeemer foretold the social reformation of the world after His death; after Francis, a living copy of the Christ, who in the vital moments of his marvellous career tenderly blessed Assisi and declared that from that mountainside would emanate great spiritual impulses, which would effect the lives and culture of men in many lands, it was the same. Anyone who takes trouble to enquire will find literal verification of the promise, and its potent working athwart the history of seven long disturbed cycles which otherwise might have meant for us a complete return to paganism. This wonderful, humble, poor, heavenly-sustained, little man, travelled,

in the twenty years of his ministry, over and spoke the saving word to the people of Italy, Egypt, the Balkans, France, and Spain, and that gentle voice which aroused to religious fervor and created everywhere new generations of militant Christians, made also for greatest development and favor for Christian art, in the period which is known to history as the Renaissance. Of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and cognate studies, the great Franciscan monasteries of Venice, Padua, Bologna, Florence, Sienna, Ravenna, Ferrara, Pisa, Arezzo, Perugia, Ancona, Viterbo, Palermo and Naples were nurseries, and the brilliant flame they fostered and which is still our pride and boast, can be examined in the concrete in all the museums and pinacotheca of the civilized world.

But the miracle of Francis and its human influence necessitated colleagues for the sake of permanency, and of them, or one of the greatest of them, I shall now talk briefly. Of course, I passed through Assisi for the Fêtes of Francois' anniversary, which were very brilliant, and at his tomb found pilgrims from all the nations devoutly venerating the gentle saint. If any one nationality predominated more than another, it was surely the German. In common with their fellow-Catholics throughout the world those people are great devotees of St. Francis. And they are practical Catholics, in all the sense of the word, with profoundest disregard of any human embarrassment. They will just as unconcernedly go down and kiss the floor of some sacred shrine, with all the people round, as we might do if we found ourselves alone in the holy place. But there were Slavs and English and Irish, some Portuguese and Spanish at the shrines. And the French, representatives of what is still Christian amongst them, came to offer their effusive prayer at the Tomb of the Seraphic Doctor who had so much to do with keeping the faith alive in their home-land, when it was in a condition not unlike that of to-day. But I have written of Assisi and St. Francis' fêtes before, and must not repeat further than to say that this year's celebration, both at the Patriarchial Basilica, and The Basilica of the Portiuncula was truly grandiose; worthy of the saint and the occasion; and all those

attending it took away, in full hearts, the priceless treasures of grace and consolation.

St. Dominick's Tomb is, as all know, in the beautiful Basilica to his honor in Bologna. He was the Thirteenth Century Saint-Patriarch, who with Francis of Assisi, founded the new families of religious, which have so renewed faith in the world, and kept it burning in the intervening ages. Wondrous tomb of wondrous saint, which none can regard unmoved! Modest ark of ashes, in respect of proportion, but priceless in its sculpture of great artists, among them the immortal Michelangelo, who loved to elaborate the memorials of Francis and Dominick, out of recognition of their heroic virtues, and the service rendered by them to the cultural glories of our race. St. Dominick was a Spaniard who forgot all nationality and kindred in his passion for souls; but he loved Italy sufficiently to labor in it and die in it, having established about the Chair of Peter his glorious mendicant order of preachers. St. Dominick's church at Bologna, every visitor should see, as everyone acquainted with his life (and who is there in this age when all recite his Rosary that isn't?) will want to see it. St. Dominick who did such herculean work in France, Bologna and Rome, lives in the memory of the people as freshly to-day as when he was here with us stemming the fierce tides of infidelity and Schism, and holding up the arms of the Vicar of Christ for the better functioning of His Church.

From Bologna, along the fertile stretches of the Po, through thriving towns and fruitful acres, we approach the environs of Venice; but an hour previously the domes and towers of Padua appear, and we get down eagerly, to fulfill the purpose of our visit. St. Anthony's Basilica is the glory-spot of Padua, an ancient university town rich in monuments; as, indeed, it well might be of any city of the world. Ask the first Paduvian you meet, what's worth the while here, and even if he be of the careless class, in religious matters, he will answer you promptly, "St. Anthony's!" From near and far its graceful, majestic walls appear, out of which spring, as in a vision, a whole symmetric group of half oriental, half occidental domes, towers, stee-

ples and minarets, making a picture of structural beauty against the clear blue sky, which awes and silences, and carries our thoughts to heaven. It is the realization of Anthony's dying dream.

Where the Basilica now stands, on two sides of a noble piazza, was once a little church dedicated to Mary, Mother of God, which the Friars Minor came to, in 1220. Tradition says that long before, it was a pagan temple, St. Anthony came to preach here, in 1227, and again two years later as Provincial, and buildings and monasteries began to take shape, for he gathered the population about him, by the fascination of his speech, the sweet odor of his virtue, and the renown of his miracles. The Bishop willingly bestowed the extensive property on the Franciscan Order; and it now became one of its greatest centres. Here St. Anthony remained for the last years of his short but wondrous life, and then he expired, whilst on a mission of peace to the warring princes of the moment, at the convent of Arcella, on the 13th of June, 1231, only 36 years old. After long years of contest, between Padua and Arcella, his remains were carried back amidst the reverence and gratitude of the people, many of whom were cured of their evils by contact with them. He was entombed in St. Mary's, where he had wished to die. One year afterwards Gregory IX. canonized him.

St. Anthony of Padua is one of the great saints of the Roman Calendar whose name is most generally known and most widespread. In every church of all lands, even the most missionary, there is a statue of the Thaumaturgus, showing him beautiful in form and winsomely smiling down at the Divine Child, on his arm. Candles are eternally burning at his shrine, in expectation of, or thanksgiving for, his rich favors. He is surely one of the hardest worked of the saints; as he was one of the hardest working, in earthly guise. Indeed, so warm and extended is the devotion given him that it might well excite the envy of the other saints. Who amongst us has not blindest confidence in him?

Many will be surprised to know that his name was not An-

thony at all, and that he was not born in Padua, for whilst he is most popular of saints, few think of studying his life. He was a native of Portugal, where, in its Capital City, he saw the light of day, on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1195. His was a noble family called Brighioni, and at the baptismal font, he received the name of Ferdinand. Recollected and studious youth always, he entered the Augustine Order at fifteen, and gave such intellectual and spiritual proofs as to be raised to the priesthood at the earliest moment allowed by the canons. Subsequently, he labored assiduously in study, teaching, meditation and prayer. The Seraphic Patriarch having risen like a sun in the world, and the renown of his simple teaching and holy example spreading to remotest quarters; and, besides the personal knowledge of the means and purposes of the New Apostolate being brought to Ferdinand's attention by passing apostles to the Moors, who afterwards received the enviable crown of martyrdom, he sought and obtained from his Superior, of the Augustinian Canons, the permission of changing to the new order, his inspired father in God telling him, "Go, go; you will become a saint." So he piously received the coarse grey habit of a Friar Minor with the prayer on his lips, "O Almighty God! If Thou wouldst but associate me in the glorious suffrance of the Martyrs." He went off, then, to Africa, in 1220, to immolate himself for the faith amongst the Moors. But his desire for martyrdom was not to be requited anymore than was that of his Seraphic Father Francis. He fell ill of fever, had to return to Sicily; and the Fourth Chapter of the order being called at Portiuncula, for May, 1221, he hurried thither, and there he met his General, Francis, for the first time. Strange to say, the Seraphic Doctor, great judge of men as he was and model of saints, does not appear to have taken any particular notice of him. We must remember, however, that there were five thousand Minorities in that Chapter and one, more or less, would attract little attention.

There was considerable latitude given the brethren of the large new family in those days. They were under superiors, it is true, but left much alone to perfect themselves in the Sera-

phic virtues. Anthony whom none seemed to bother much about, begged Frater Geraziano to employ him in his province of Bologna; and he having willingly consented, the devoted priest, learned professor, and holy disciple, followed him home, as the least of his novices. Anthony betook himself to the secluded grotto of Montepaulo, far from the world, and there in contemplation, fasting and prayer, brought himself, spiritually and physically, very close unto the great model of the Crucified, as St. Francis, his father, was constantly showing the way. Only when ordinations were held at Froli, did he leave his sweet seclusion, weak, emaciated, and awfully disciplined, to assist at this important event, in the lives of his contemplative companions. A Dominican was to speak the Charge to the new priests; for the two new orders fraternized greatly even then, and St. Dominick's was the Order of Preachers. None would undertake the task without preparation however so inspired from above, his superior commanded Anthony to preach, and he obediently took the pulpit, and made so heavenly a discourse that Bishop and clergy, in greatest admiration, declared the Lord had spoken by his mouth. Hearing this, St. Francis called him from his solitude at once and commissioned him as a "doctor and light," sent him forth to illuminate the world. Of course Anthony obeyed, and following the footsteps of his master, preached Jesus Christ and Him Crucified to the arrested and admiring multitude.

First, he evangelized the people of Romagna—the same true Romagna of to-day—where the recrudescence of Manichaenism, under the new name of Cartarianism, was doing incalculable harm to the Church of Italy, as under that of the Albigensian Heresy, in France, and the Waldesian Error in Switzerland, it was everywhere devastating Christianity. Anthony controverted it effectively with such eloquence, learning and piety that even its ringleaders feared to meet him. They refused belief in the Blessed Eucharist, like the Protestants of later days, and when science availed little to convince them, our saint took to doing the extraordinary, which none can ever resist. He goes into the open street with the Sacred Monstrance, and the hun-

gry mule of the chief heretic humbly goes down on its knees before the God Host, and will not rise till bidden by the saint to do so. Needless to say there was no further resistance on this capital point. Then the heretics advised their followers to keep away from Anthony's preachments. This was on the banks of the Adriatic. He called the fishes of the sea to glorify God where ungrateful man refused. This wondrous miracle, and the devout attitude of the briney tribes listening to his simple praise most essential. Father Francis now sent his beloved son to Bologna to teach theology. The commission ran: "To Anthony, My Bishop, Francis, Greeting; I will be glad if you teach theology to our brothers, for this does not dry out the spirit of piety and prayer, which the Rule entails. Good-bye."

He preached the Lenten Sermons at Vercelli, in 1224, and soon after Father Francis sent him to France, to confront the Albigensian Heresy, which Dominick, too, had combatted heroically. He was subsequently made Provincial at Puy, Francis charging him, in his new appointment, to be the "enemy of sin and the friend of the sinner," which has been the Christlike characteristic of the Seraphic Order.

Anthony is preaching to his brethren when his holy Founder passes hence blessing those about him; and not refusing this same consolation to his well-loved absent brother, for he appears to the devout conferencer and his French auditory, in a halo of glory and in the attitude of blessing them tenderly. In 1227 Anthony left France, with one single brother, and came on foot to Rome, for the General Chapter of the Order. Rumor of his great learning and miraculous powers had preceded him and he is called to preach in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals which he does with more beneficent consequences. He is worn out, but persists in his mortifications and preachings; there is much to be done. He is made Provincial of his beloved Padua and goes on laboring there, as we have already said, till the end was reached shortly afterwards. A mere resume this is of a stupendous life.

We stand before his wondrous tomb, in the great Temple

now bearing his name; and, although admiring his works, in the supernatural order, cut into the pure white marble of the apse, by famous sculptors, are all absorbed in his own mystic presence. Holy Mass is being continuously celebrated, at his altar, and the same Bread of Life which he so lovingly broke to the faithful is being given lovingly by his successors to the crowds of pilgrims, in the support of highest life. Having enjoyed the glorious privilege ourselves, we join the long procession which is approaching the altar-tomb from behind, each in turn pressing open palms against the sacred marble with his restes, and, my so fervently, uttering their pious petitions! It takes time before we reach the hallowed spot and are able to fulfill the ritual, and we touch pious mementos, we have brought along to the tomb of the great Thaumaturges of the Middle Ages, whom we confidently feel is here with us, hearing our humble petition for self and dear ones across the sea, just as when he raised the dead, gave back sight to the blind, commanded the elements and multiplied the necessaries of life, upon earth, for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls.

Away back in his native Lisbon Ferdinand Briglioni, scarce in his teens, had already weighed the world's attractions with those of heaven, in the memorable sentence which has come down to us, "O world, thou art all unfaithfulness to promise, thy riches is vapor, thy pleasures the rock on which all virtue splits," and in this wise appraisal was the root which flowered into that gentle saint who became the continuator of the Great St. Francis' work, and the heir of his spirit and charity. The world is gathered round his tomb to-day, in some vague desire of repaying him for his favors, but the disposition, correct and edifying as it is, can never reach requital; for, as with the Saviour to Whom he so marvellously approached and faithfully served, the "reward an hundred-fold" must ever hold all debtors. But, as in life, he attracts hither even the impious by his sweetness and light, and makes them pious and virtuous, even half resisting—*quia spiritus suffiat ubi vult*, and wherever It breathes that soul is fitted for angelic company. And so we found all sorts at the blessed

shrine of Padua, but whether they journeyed there for simple sake of art, or that of piety, they all went back breathing the consoling words of the liturgic prayer, "O grand Saint, called the Saint of Padua, but worthy to be said the saint of all the world, for thy merits are admitted in all lands, do not disdain to receive the tribute of my homage or to take me into thy protection, thou that frequently held the Divine Babe in thy arms and pressed Him to thy breast and reintroduce Him into my heart whence sinning I have banished Him, and never allow Him more to part from me, but only grant me perseverance and the blessing of praise. Amen." And Saint Anthony never refuses!



“*Si Quarris Miracula.*”

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Her son imprison'd (never mind the cause),
 A peasant widow, Austria's poor daughter,
 Mourn'd in her cottage by the famed blue water
 Of lovely Danube. Mourn'd; then rose to smile
 Athrough her tears, though hope seem'd dead awhile,
 For he to die was sentene'd by the laws.

She smiled; her faith was stronger than her fear;
 Innocent he whom 'neath her heart drew breath;
 Innocent he in hour of dread death
 Whose name from holy Anton she had borrow'd.
 No more she mourn'd, nor more the mother sorrow'd;
 The honor of the Paduan stay'd her tear.

T' obtain the signatures of th' eminent
 For full reprieve, she sallied on love's quest
 All the long day; stirr'd by the sweet unrest
 Her heart leap'd on before, while, nigh to falling,
 She follow'd whither heart of her was calling—
 To evening and the palace battlement.

The aged Emperor to his rest had gone!—
 To sleep, her King, while justice lay enchain'd!
 O Justice! And her clench'd fists, bleeding, rain'd
 A futile fusilade upon the grating
 Of palae wall. To sleep while, sleepless waiting,
 A crimeless man would suffer ere the dawn!

Bow'd, but not broken, to the village shrine
 She rush'd with mother-love that cannot falter;
 Pour'd out her very soul before the altar
 Of Padua's Saint; implored his vaunted aid;
 Then 'neath his image the petition laid,
 And homeward turn'd with eyes like stars ashine.

Lo! at the dawn her son—pardon'd there
Laughing and crying in her arms! Another
Moment for praise divine; then sped the mother
Straight to imperial presence, bold with joy,
To thank His Majesty who saved her boy.
He said, "Not I"; and shook his silver hair.

Nay; before midnight did a friar come
With heav'nly mien from hardby monastery,
Arm'd with a document, which he, though wary,
Sign'd unresisting, awed by nameless guest.
And now amaze and mutual interest
Held king and peasant for a moment dumb.

Swift to the cloister rode the king to learn
Who had disturb'd his sleep. All unavailing;
From cell and shop were friars call'd, but, failing
T' identify his visitant, received
The Guardian's blessing and, still unrelieved
His wonderment, homeward began to turn.

He paused; a picture, age-old, held his eye—
This the mysterious midnight guest, the friar
Whose document he sign'd! Yes, searching higher,
He'd swear on oath! But, Father Guardian said:
"Your Majesty must be mistaken; dead
Near seven centuries is Antony."

And added: " 'Tis the Universal Saint—
Anton of Padua." None the less replying:
"This was my guest," with faith and wonder vieing
The Emp'ror answer'd; and with bowing head,
"Si quaeris tu miracula," he said,
His eyes agleam with light no man can paint.

Benjamin Francis Musser,

In St. Anthony's Almanac.

Note—The above is a poetical adaptation of a true incident from the life of the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, as related by His Majesty himself.

CASSIUS

BY BROTHER GABRIEL, F.S.C., B.A.

"Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves."

IT seems inevitable that there should be in this world men whose lives are blighted by the killing frosts of jealousy—men who look upon the rise of others as their own decline, who are ever suspicious of the motives of their fellows and who spend their days in planning and contriving their petty schemes. Usually, they are small men, very observant and scarcely ever taking the initiative but projecting their ideas through the medium of their fellows. Just such a type has Shakespeare depicted in Cassius.

Nowhere does Cassius reveal his own character better than in his description of Caesar as the Colossus,

"Who doth bestride the narrow world";

and that quite unconsciously. Certainly it is a just comparison. Caesar is indeed a giant when the pigmy, Cassius, is taken as the unit of his proportion. How absurd, and at the same time how saturated with jealousy, is his story of the swimming contest, in which he saved the "tired Caesar" from the waves of the "angry Tiber." We wonder that Brutus did not then chide him, as he did later, with those stinging words:

"Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him."

We have intimated above that he is a politician and we add, a clever one. In this sense he may be accorded such meed of praise and admiration as becomes any revolutionist who labours to forward his own designs, regardless of the general good. There is an utter lack of principle in his dealings; he will win at any cost. Witness the fabrications by which he seeks to weaken the good opinion which Brutus holds of Caesar; the sealed letters, forged in the hand-writing of the

most reputed citizens of Rome, all tending to poison the unsuspecting mind of Brutus; his eagerness to bind the conspirators by an oath; and, finally, his dishonesty in "selling his offices for gold to undeservers," for which he is severely rebuked.

Cassius is very observant and, as a consequence of his keen study of men, has an excellent knowledge of human nature. He knows each of the conspirators, either by his step or the sound of his voice, his suspicions always falling shrewdly to the point, especially in regard to Antony's motives, and he reads the minds of his associates as from an open book. For purposes of illustration let us follow the line of reasoning by which he leads Brutus into the conspiracy. Cassius reveals to him, like flashes in a mirror, his most hidden thoughts, yet with sufficient variations and additions to leave him in a state of perplexity which will not "let him eat, nor talk, nor sleep." Brutus admits that he is "with himself at war," his democratic spirit in revolt against the growing power of Caesarism. How deftly Cassius plays on this, even reminding him that

"There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

He then attempts to prove that this "immortal Caesar" is in reality a weakling, a child of opportunity, whose ever-increasing tyranny is the result of their own shameful submission:

"The fault dear Brutus is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Ever mindful of Brutus' public spirit, his hatred of one-man power and his great sense of personal responsibility, he concludes his victory by the infamous scheme of the forged letters. A perusal of Brutus' soliloquy, "It must be by his death," will show in a striking manner the result of the interview and, incidentally, the precision with which Cassius

has sounded the depths of Brutus' mind. As a contrast between Brutus and Cassius in the matter of keenness, let us recall an incident which occurs after Casca has finished his satirical description of the would-be coronation. Brutus says of him:

“What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.”

Cassius immediately replies:

“So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.”

The remainder of the text bears witness to the accuracy of Cassius' judgment. Is it not from the lips of Casca that we have the choicest gem in the play:

“O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness?”

It is interesting to note, however, that even Cassius is deceived, at least once or twice, in Antony. Yet, such a fact detracts little from Cassius, for in this science he is but the tyro compared to Antony, the master.

As the natural complement to his knowledge of human nature he is shrewd and ever on the alert for any exigency which may arise. When confiding his scheme to the men who are to form the nucleus of his plot, how carefully he avoids all mention of Caesar's name until he is sure of his position. He shows his foresight in urging Caesar to enter the Capitol before receiving the petitions. He is the first to suspect the remark of Popilius Lena, who greets them with the startling salutation:

“I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.”

On at least six occasions Brutus and Cassius are at variance. Three of these are trivial and can scarcely be called arguments: the proposed oath to bind the conspirators, the advisability of broaching the plot to Cicero and the generous offer made to Antony to come to the Senate, unquestioned and unmolested, after the death of Caesar. The other three have a direct bearing on the main action of the drama; the policy of killing Antony together with Caesar, the permission granted to Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral and the plan of marching on Philippi. Surely it is significant that on all these occasions Cassius is right, at least politically. For it seems superfluous, now that the issue has been decided, to enter into a lengthy discussion to prove that Antony's death or, at least, a refusal to let him speak at Caesar's funeral and a defensive warfare, covering a longer siege, would have materially helped in the overflow of Caesarism. In taking the offensive at Philippi Cassius clearly foresees disaster, and his presentiment finds delicate expression in his words to Messala:

"Give me your hand Messala;
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties."

To say that Cassius is an excellent diplomatist is a daring statement in face of the fact that, to all appearances, his conspiracy failed. Nevertheless, we contend that his ability to sway men of the calibre of Brutus and fire them to such a deed of daring, as the assassination of Caesar, stamps him as a powerful organizer. Furthermore, it is unfair to say that Cassius fails to achieve his purpose until we are sure that we know this purpose. This is a difficult matter to decide, but it is fairly evident that Cassius is not concerned with the establishment of a republic, but uses this merely as a means to an end. His real purpose seems to be the assassination of Caesar through motives of envy, jealousy and perhaps revenge. He will never be at ease "whiles he beholds a greater than himself." If this be so, then he attains his end and in so far

is successful. If he pays for it with his life, as do also his associates, it is because his precautionary measures are frustrated by internal forces which he is unable to control. There is a dominant weakness in Cassius—he is afraid of the public. In this way he is handicapped because working through others is not always satisfactory. Brutus, in spite of his moral support, is an impediment, because of his obstinacy and lack of practical experience. He is not the man to take the lead in an enterprise which requires drastic measures. He is too scrupulous and, besides, his motives have nothing in common with those of Cassius. Brutus' dreams of a Republic mean nothing to Cassius. With the death of Caesar Cassius has accomplished his aim and thinks of little but his own safety. It is only in Brutus' failure that we find real tragedy. His dreams are doomed to disappointment from the outset because he is working alone. Personal interests predominated on all sides and these are always detrimental.

“All the conspirators, save only he, (Brutus)
Did what they did in envy of great Caesar.”

We see another reason why those dreams were shattered in the fact that Cassius, having nothing further in view than the death of Caesar, has made no provisions for the future government of the country. It is a principle that he who would shake a kingdom to its foundations must have some powerful organization to substitute in its stead, or he will perish in the resulting chaos. It is foolish to expect that the mere killing of Caesar—the apparent end of Cassius' plan—could ever realize Brutus' hopes for the destruction of Caesarism. This, the text clearly shows.

“O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.”

It lives on in spite of them and in Augustus takes on its highest form.

Toward the end of the play Cassius experiences a change in his attitude toward life. He has ever been a faithful follower

of Epicurean principles, but now he begins to attach importance to omens and portents.

“You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.”

Nor is this the only change. It is a different Cassius who faces the uncertainties of this doubtful struggle. His “Swan Song,” in which he recalls the fact that “this is his birthday,” reveals something of his better nature. The thought of his birthday fills his mind with boyhood memories and these for the time expel the envy, jealousy and hatred implanted there by conditions and experiences which have been unkind. We get the first indication of his better nature, toward the beginning of the play, when he secretly admires Brutus for his nobility of character, but it is impressed upon us with greater force, at the end of the Quarrel Scene, when he clearly manifests himself as overcome by the tidings of Portia’s death. It is worthy of notice in this connection that Cassius enjoys the esteem of those who continually share his company. Even Pindarus, his bondsman, prefers him to his own freedom—

“So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.”

What could be more touching than the farewell of Titinius who, after putting the garland on his brow, pays Cassius the highest tribute within a Roman’s power.

“Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods; this is a Roman’s part;
Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart.”

Finally we have Brutus’ eulogy which is superlative:

“The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.”

Hence we must conclude that in the character of Cassius there is a certain innate something which commands the love and respect of his fellows.

We shall pass over in silence the manner of his death, and give him the benefit of a philosophy little in accordance with our own, simply remarking that time has come round and even as the sun in its red rays is sinking to rest,

“So in his red blood Cassius’ day is set,
The sun of Rome is set.”

As Titinius places on his head the wreath of laurel leaves, we are moved to pity. It is indeed pathetic, but there is a significance which is even more profound and striking. In life, Cassius has craved pre-eminence, has sought for power, if not in himself at least such as he could exert through others. How tragic then it seems that this “wreath of victory” should come to him only in death when he can no longer enjoy it!



Moonlight

I hear a pleasing voice that rifts my dreams,
And calls me from the sleepy hills I roam.
Across my bed the glittering moonlight beams,
Like sunlight on the silver crested foam.

I follow her across the star-strewn sky
And with her cut the wandering clouds in twain.
She sees the little stars go twinkling by
Then peeps out from her hiding place again.

She spins a web of mystic fairy light
That makes the night look lovely from the skies,
Till moonbeams fade, and stars grow snowy white
And with the dawn the magic moonlight dies.

Lucille Bennett.

BISHOP ULLATHORNE*

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

ULLATHORNE is one who should be known by nuns, for he was always a father to them. He said when he was dying: "I have been thinking that if there is anything in my life which may induce God to have mercy on me, it is that I have never forgotten to take care of His nuns." He buried his mother in the chapel of the convent at Stone, in Staffordshire, with the Dominican nuns of the Third Order whom he himself had founded in England: "It will increase by one more sacred tie my attraction to that more than to any other spot on earth." Beside Mrs. Ullathorne were laid Mother Margaret Hallahan and Mother Imelda Poole, and finally, says his biographer, "with the three women whom he had loved most on earth, the Bishop himself."

In his early life in Australia, when he suffered a persecution of calumny both from bigoted sectarians and from people who hated him for his efforts to abolish the system of Transportation, he wrote that his "chief consolation in all my cares is my dear convent of Sisters of Charity (a little band whom he brought out from the Irish Institute of Charity). It is a community of saints. I have had it all my own way from the beginning. It was the sense of the desolation of the Convent which tugged most desperately at my heart and conscience, or I believe I should not now be here." When after some years he returned home, he records in his autobiography: "On the morning of departure I said Mass for the nuns whom I brought to the Colony, who had come from Paramatta to Sydney for a blessing, and to bid us farewell. I had hitherto had the entire guidance of them, and I loved them in God as a father loves his children. They wept through the whole Mass over their separation from their friend and guide."

*The Life and Times of Bishop Ullathorne. By Dom Cuthbert Butler.

Long after, when they were about to celebrate the jubilee of their arrival there, they, of course, asked him to join in it, and he replied, "I have always loved and remembered them. I look back with reverence to that little convent, and thank God for all that has grown from it. Sometimes in your charity say a prayer for the old man who in his younger days took such affectionate care of your Sisters when they crossed the wide world of waters to Australia."

In a letter to a friend he pours out his happy memories of them: "To-morrow I celebrate a jubilee with a Congregation of Irish Sisters of Charity. It is fifty years since I landed the first five Sisters in Sydney after a voyage of five and a half months. Four of the five have gone to their reward. But they grew in numbers and are now one hundred and ten, who have a large hospital in Sydney, another hospital at Paramatta, a young ladies' college, an orphanage, and teach three thousand children besides. They are just going to build a hospital at Melbourne. The good Sister who survives is Superioress of the convent and orphanage at Hobart, although eighty-nine years old. I had a letter from her last week. They were the first nuns in that new world, and that Sister went out as a Novice and was the first professed in Australia. They were my first nuns, and their letters bring a glow to my old heart."

He delights to relate the respect with which these nuns were treated by the crew of the ship on which he brought them to Australia. Three of the sailors had been harshly, and one of them unjustly, put in irons on the quarter deck; as the rest of the crew sympathized with them, the captain became anxious. "At last the two senior Sisters asked leave of the captain that they might speak to the men in irons and try to make peace. The captain was only too glad, and in his anxiety had the imprudence to peep through the window of the cabin to see how they succeeded. The men perceived him there, which spoiled the whole thing. But when the Sisters came before the men, these rose and pulled off their caps with the greatest respect, and listened to them with great

attention; after which one man spoke, for the rest: "Ladies, we know you are true ladies and true servants of God, and give your lives to the poor people; and I can't tell you how much we and all the men respect you. We are not worthy to stand in your presence. But we believe we have been wronged, and all our mates desire us to stand firm and bring our case into court at Sydney." Thus the nuns' pleading was a failure. However, on the next day, Father Ullathorne of his own accord went to these men without the captain's notice, and having been a sailor himself, easily managed them. At the end of the voyage, when they reached Sydney Harbour, "when the Sisters were lowered by a suspended chair into a boat to reach the land, the men all spontaneously arranged themselves along the bulwarks to show their respect, and addressed them in a low voice in the words: 'God bless you, ladies! God bless you!'"

The playful side of Ullathorne's character came out in his intercourse with nuns. Once when he was Bishop, after visiting a convent where he had expressed his preference for the Gothic style of architecture and had made fun of the Romanesque style of some building planned, he replied to some nun: "You are quite correct in supposing that all my badinage and nonsense were never intended to convey my will or directions to Mother Prioress. There was nothing in which I had any right even if I had the disposition to interfere. Where I have a great affection, feel great confidence, and take a great interest, I am inclined to let out an amount of foolishness which I keep hidden from all the world beside; and it is only in two or three religious communities where I at all feel inclined to show this humor."

When his Dominican nuns were first building at Stone, they used every week to send two Sisters from a neighboring town to live in a cottage there while teaching school and visiting the sick. Though our Lord sent His disciples by twos, the Bishop thought that three Sisters would be better, and he put it to them in this playful way: "I find the most inconvenient part of the arrangement of having only two Sisters

in a house is, that if one goes to see them, and they leave their refectory to receive one, the cat eats the dinner. And as Sisters don't like to part with the cat lest the Community should seem to be less in number, neither will they apologize for not appearing, lest Tabby should get expelled; and so the dinner suffers, and the Sisters have to fast on a meat day. I don't know a better reason for having three Sisters in a house instead of two Sisters and a cat, and I only learnt it this morning."

A Representative Man.

Ullathorne is a very representative type. "It may be held," says Abbot Butler, "that better than Manning, better than Newman, better even than Wiseman, did Ullathorne stand for that progressive form of the old Challoner English Catholicism that on the whole has maintained itself, and is still predominantly the Catholicism of the Catholics of England." "After sixty years it can be said that English Catholicism has not undergone any radical transformation from Manning, Faber, and Ward; no doubt their influence has told. But the old stock of English and Irish Catholicism, fire-tried in the long years of persecution and penal laws, has proved itself the strongest, and has maintained itself in its essential characteristics, and has come out dominant.

"Present-day Catholicism in England is more 'Ullathorne' than 'Manning.' On the devotional side there has been an infusion of the spirit and practices of Catholics abroad; but this would have come in any case by force of increased contact with Catholic countries, as it came under Ullathorne at Coventry before 1845.

"Manning's special influence on the Catholic Church in England was exercised on the outside. By his personal relations with leading statesmen, by his administrative ability, by the part that he played in works of great social reform, he brought the Church strongly into public knowledge and repute and into the life of the nation, and lifted it up to recognized place among the great religious institutions of the country."

Abbot Butler's *Life of Ullathorne* has one great merit in my eyes—that it is written by a man who knows what he is talking about. There are no doubt some advantages in having the lives of great churchmen written by laymen. It gives clever men some employment in the service of the Church. The world, too, will probably, being anti-clerical, listen more readily to a layman of recognized ability than to an ecclesiastic. But it is inevitable that such men should often write without knowing how to praise or how to blame—without being able to distinguish mistakes from virtues. The faults of good men, especially when they are young men, ought not indeed to be censured severely; it may be that they ought not to be censured at all, but barely mentioned. But of all things they ought not to be held up as virtues for our admiration and imitation.

One reason why we learn so little from the lives of others, or even why we learn wrongly from them, is just because the authors teach wrongly and misrepresent. And it is worse to teach wrong ideals than it is merely to misrepresent the facts. Now both in *Ward's Wiseman* and in *Snead-Cox's Vaughan*, mistakes committed by these great men in their youth, in disregard of Canon Law (as if they were wiser than the Church), are praised as virtues because made from good motives, when these mistakes in fact produced most pernicious effects, which the laws were made in order to prevent.

Abbot Butler always knows what to praise and what not to praise. His book is written in a most generous and impartial spirit; he exposes with even hand *Purell's* misrepresentations of Manning and Mr. Leslie's systematic detraction of Newman. Without concealing how often *Wiseman* was pronounced to be in the wrong in his dealings with Ullathorne and other bishops, and with his priests, the Abbot yet ranks him above them all. "My impression," he says, "is that, taken all in all, *Wiseman* stands out as the greatest. He was not the deep and acute thinker that Newman was, nor the masterful, resourceful man of affairs that Manning was; nor had he the sound, practical grip of men and things that Ulla-

thorne had; but in the combination of gifts and all-round character, and successful achievement of a great work, he surpassed them all.* This, of course, means Wiseman at his best, Wiseman up to 1855, before the illnesses and troubles of the last years of his life when he was involved in loss upon loss at Rome, and sorrow upon sorrow at home." No one should read the Life of Wiseman without reading this book with it.

The Abbot tells us that he has had to make the Life of Ullathorne a continuation of Bishop Ward's history for the forty years between the re-establishment of the Hierarchy and the year 1890. And he says, "Church history is in a great measure made up of the differences and quarrels of good men." After all, there were differences, as Pope Pius said, between St. Peter and St. Paul, not to speak of the sharp contention of St. Barnabas in favor of his cousin with St. Paul. Newman remarks in some letter that "the higher, the more gifted, the more spiritual are minds, the more difficult to shape in one course. No two saints take quite the same line."

"It has always seemed to me," wrote Manning to Ullathorne, "that the firmest public opposition need make no personal or private variances if only men will be just in word and deed." Justice, however, is a rare virtue. For it is only paying our debts; and that is always much less pleasant than making presents or giving charity. Therefore it is more meritorious.

In the Abbot's opinion, "those who figure in these pages—Wiseman, Errington, Manning, Newman, Ullathorne, Clifford, and the rest—are good enough men, and big enough men, to be able to bear their fair share of human infirmity. Therefore, are they allowed to appear as saying what they said, doing what they did, and being what they were; it being my conviction that the general picture is at once very human and very edifying—the most real kind of edification."

This was Ullathorne's own opinion about the way in which the lives of the Saints should be written. Thus he writes

*Of course we must not forget for Manning and Newman that half of their life was spent in the wrong track, and in getting out of it.

about the volume of the Monks of the West which gave the life of St. Columkille: "I have just completed reading Montalembert's third volume, which is learnedly and admirably done. The life of St. Columba is a masterpiece. It was wise to put forth the weaknesses as well as the strength; the errors as well as the excellencies of those great men, so as to leave nothing to controversy; also because this mode of handling God's Saints, after the Scripture model, makes their whole example more instructive and encouraging, bringing them also anew within the compass of humanity."

Of course there should be a true proportion between the light and the shade. A child will ask about the picture of a zebra whether it is a white animal with black stripes, or a black animal with white stripes. Purcell depicted Manning as a black animal with white stripes. But it is not in any such spirit of Pharisaical superiority or of crankiness that Abbot Butler writes. He is always generous and sympathetic and looks at the good side of every man.

"Une source d'erreurs fréquentes pour l'étranger qui veut juger l'Angleterre," says Montalembert, "c'est le mal que les Anglais aiment à se dire les uns aux autres, d'eux-mêmes, de leur pays, de leur lois, de leur gouvernement—Tout y est discuté, critiqué, débattu, sans réserve---Religion, politique, guerre, législation, administration, il faut que tout passe et repasse chaque jour par ce cribe redoutable." Abbot Butler is neither an Englishman nor a foreigner, but an Irishman familiar with England, and knowing the difference between a bark and a bite. Rome, too, from long experience, understood the "queer, quarrelsome Inglesi."

The Impartiality of Rome.

"The reader cannot but have been impressed," says Butler, "by the prudence, the moderation, and the justice consistently displayed by Rome in all its multifarious dealings with the English Catholics in the troublous forty years of our period. We cannot but be impressed by the patient, deliberate care with which the facts were collected, and the even-

handed justice with which the decisions were given by the Roman courts. It will be pleasing to part with Talbot by citing some words, full of truth and sense, which he wrote to Manning: 'Rome is properly called the Eternal City because they never decide a question before they have heard all the pros and cons, which sometimes occupies much time. There is no place in the world where they are more impartial than in Rome. This I have repeatedly heard confessed by persons who have lost their cause, although it is the fashion to say that in Rome all is got by influence and favor. If you speak of decorations, trifling privileges, and honors, that may be the case sometimes; but in matters of importance nowhere do they give a more patient hearing to both sides of the question than in Rome.'

"The truth of this has been abundantly illustrated in the pages of this Life. Wiseman, Manning, and Talbot, each one of them enjoyed in a very special manner the personal friendship and affection of Pio Nono. Yet neither this personal favor with the Pope, nor Wiseman's great position as Cardinal, nor Manning's diplomatic skill in the working of affairs, nor Talbot's curious 'backstair influence,' were able, all of them together, to deflect by a hairbreadth the course of justice; so that case after case was given against Wiseman."

He calls attention also to the moderation and good sense of Rome in spite of the stream of calumnies poured in against Newman by countrymen of his own.

Ullathorne may truly be called a great man. When in 1850 it was intended to recall Wiseman to Rome and make him a Cardinal in the Curia, he and higher men wished that Ullathorne should succeed him in London. In 1863, when there was a strong opinion in Rome that Wiseman, who was not likely to live to old age, should take a co-adjutor to succeed him, Manning recommended Ullathorne. "I hope I have not gone against your wish," he wrote to Wiseman, "in saying everything both to Cardinal Barnabo (at the Propaganda) and to the Holy Father in support of the appointment of Dr. U. I could do so with all my heart, for I have a high sense of

his goodness, both as a man and as a bishop; and I think him beyond all compare the fittest man to come after you. He would not undo anything you have done. Things might not move onward fast; but they would not go back." The bishops too favored him, and the Propaganda.

A Social Reformer.

The great part which Ullathorne took in redressing the grievances at first of the convicts in Australia and then in the abolishing of the system altogether was quite equal to anything that Manning at a later day was able to do in Britain. For his great services he suffered a fierce storm of hatred from Australians interested in having laborers who were practically slaves, and even from those who had been convicts themselves, but were set free. Yet ten years later his name was cheered at great public meetings in Australia. Nor was he a mere political reformer. He was a truly apostolic missionary. The memory of his own stubborn and defiant boyhood and of his neglect of the sacraments and the Mass before he was converted, gave him a singular sympathy and skill in finding the good side of men, who seemed to be case-hardened. Many of the convicts were real criminals hardened by inhuman treatment, for Norfolk Island then might be called "Devil's Island"; many were only foolish people who had purposely broken the law in order to get themselves transported, under the impression that transportation only meant emigration at the expense of the State. Many of the Irishmen were only "political offenders" or rebels, really patriots. For these he had so much sympathy and took so much interest in their welfare that they said of him: "If he looks like an Englishman, he feels like an Irishman." Indeed he early recognized that the Church in Australia must be Irish. All through his life, though his opinions on British politics were strongly conservative (probably from his experience of democracy in Australia) he always supported every reform in Ireland's laws and government and sympathized with the demand for Irish Home Rule.

When he visited New Zealand he noticed the tribal land-holding system of the natives, and it turned his thoughts to Ireland and its old system under the Brehon laws, and thus he was ahead of all Irish as well as British politicians in his understanding of the feelings of the Irish people about the land.

He was a great admirer of O'Connell and often quotes his wisdom. Thus for example he writes to one who was in doubt about the wisdom of an action that had been done: "Have no anxiety. **When the right thing is done in the right way, it always comes right.** I remember O'Connell saying that, after I had witnessed his bravery under very trying circumstances; and I have always found it true."

His Life and Character.

I have heard many amusing anecdotes from Englishmen about Ullathorne's sayings and doings in his old age, when like most old men, he became garrulous and egotistic. But they were almost all grossly inaccurate. One ran thus: "When I was a sailor before the mast on the Pacific Ocean, I resolved that the hierarchy should be restored in England." He never, as a sailor, was on the Pacific. But when he was a priest returning from Australia by the Pacific, he resolved that he would do his best to have a hierarchy established in Australia—not in England. His resolve to work for the restoration of the hierarchy in England was formed on the day of his consecration as Bishop when he was made one of the Vicars Apostolic who then governed the Church there.

There is, however, one anecdote about him which I believe to be true. Some ladies who were intimate friends, perhaps some of the nuns, suggested to him that now when he was a bishop, he should try to correct some peculiarities which had clung to him from boyhood. He said: "Oh, it doesn't matter. The people like you better and are more easily governed when they have something to smile at."

Ullathorne never was a scholar, but he had a wide general reading. When he was a boy he read everything he could lay

his hands upon. His fondness for Robinson Crusoe gave him an overpowering passion for the sea. He was like the Sailor Boy of Tennyson:

'Fool,' he answered, 'death is sure
To those that stay, and those that roam.

.
God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart
Far worse than any death to me.

Twenty years later he saw with delight the Island of Juan Fernandez. When he sailed in the Baltic he remembered Hamlet, at Elsinore, and he thought with pride of the two great naval victories at Copenhagen against Napoleon. When he was bringing his nuns to Australia, when they came to the region where the Albatrosses dwell he read "The Ancient Mariner" aloud for them, and he notices that they murmured long after the lines:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

He read Tennyson's Arthurian Idylls for recreation during the Vatican Council. He knew French and Spanish. He had crossed the Pacific once with an English captain who had sailed with Lord Dundonald in the war of S. American Independence, and had many anecdotes to relate. He had a collection of Spanish books of which Dr. Ullathorne took advantage; and off the coast of Chili, "in the Bay of Arauca read the epic of Ercilla (La Araucana) and dwelt upon his fine vision in those waters."

In the retirement of his last years, he took to reading the works of "George Eliot," and he writes: "I knew the people who in her youth turned her from Christianity. They were the Brays and Hennels of Coventry, and I must have met her

at their house in her young days, though 'I do not remember her . . . Her whole life was a conflict between her Christian reminiscences and the fragments of her conscience, on the one hand, and German Hegelism and then Positivism on the other.' He notes how her writings grew less and less religious: "There is a keen sense of religion in 'Adam Bede,' and a frightful desolation in 'Romola.'"

When he became a monk he acquired a Benedictine's love for the Fathers, and gained a familiar acquaintance with them. He read them not for any controversial purpose, but for piety and for pleasure. He also had a good knowledge of the history of the Church, especially its history in Britain, and the lives of the English Martyrs and missionary priests, not to speak of the old Benedictine monks whose work is recorded by Bede.

It is superfluous to say that he studied the Scriptures. But it may be mentioned that even in his early boyhood before he went to sea he was very fond of reading the Apocalypse of St. John, which Newman says, is of all books the one most neglected by Catholics, as if it did not belong to us but should be left to others to misinterpret. No doubt there is much obscurity in it, but this is not likely to trouble a child. In any case the general outline of its meaning is clear enough, showing the conflict of the Jews and of Pagan Rome against the Church, which was typical of the conflict going on in every age of the world in some place or other. It is a shame for us that it should be so neglected. It is like our neglect to teach children to remember the day of their baptism, which is their true birthday.

Ullathorne had a quiet sense of humor; as, when he was taking out some ecclesiastical students to Australia, he told them he would give them a free day from study and class as often as the topsails were reefed.

When Bill Ullathorne was a cabin-boy, nicknamed Lumpy by the sailors, on a ship lying in London docks, he scalded his foot, and was sent on shore to an uncle who lived in Somers-town. While he was there he went to Mass with them to

Somerstown Chapel (for I can remember myself, when Catholics thought that "Church" was a Protestant term). In the Catholic Orphanage there was a girl named Margaret Hallahan. Neither, of course, was aware of the other's existence. Ullathorne sailed away, and was converted to God in a Baltic town, became a monk and a priest and went to Australia, purposing to spend his life there, and was several times proposed for a bishopric there. Miss Hallahan went to Belgium and there became a Dominican secular Tertiary at Bruges. But Divine Providence brought both of them to the town of Coventry, in Warwickshire, there to found the Third Order of Dominican Nuns, which now has its headquarters at Stone in Staffordshire, and to co-operate in the revival of the Catholic Devotions in Britain in all their fullness. The British Catholics were then emerging from the sectarian iron yoke which had pressed even more severely and earlier, therefore longer upon the English Catholics† than upon the Irish. The faith was deep and strong, but it was as yet shy of showing itself in the public Devotions of Catholic countries. Ullathorne, partly at the suggestion of Sister Margaret, who missed the devotional practices of Belgium, introduced the practice of the public Rosary, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and processions of Our Lady. Ullathorne first inspired and animated the priests to employ Father Gentili, the Rosminian, to begin to give public Missions to which all were invited. His first Mission was given in 1842 at Nottingham, at the invitation of Dr. Willson, who was soon made Bishop of Hobart's Town, in Van Diemen's Land. In 1845 Father Gentili gave a mission for a week at Coventry with the first procession of our Lady with an image (on three successive days) as an expiation for the Lady-Godiva procession, in which at that time the principal character wore a costume even nearer to Central-African than that of some modern young ladies.

The Catholic procession was a wonderful success; for both

†We should recognize that the persecution was more painful mentally to the English Catholics than to us. For injustice from your own is more painful than from aliens, and is also more humiliating and shameful.

its novelty and its beauty attracted crowds of people who filled all the surrounding streets, and who were marched through the church, in one door and out through an opposite one, in order that they might see it. The other Italian Congregations, the Redemptorists, and the Passionists, likewise took up the work of missions; and the President of Maynooth wrote to Ullathorne that there were a dozen zealous young priests ready to take a share in the Missions. Converts were made in Coventry at the rate of a hundred a year. Twenty years later, after an episcopal Visitation of his flock there, he wrote: "I have just returned from my visitation of my old church and flock. They are a simple and a pious people, who have gone through great temporal hardships. Poor people, they flocked in upon me in the sacristy whenever I was not officiating, from morning till night for three days, with simple faith, weeping, kissing feet as well as hands, and all wanting some little word to take home and live upon. They are an English people of converts, and yet they have a deep faith like the Irish faith with the English quality of good works. It has been a feast to be among them."

Personal Characteristics.

Ullathorne was not physically a big man; he was of middle stature, or a little less. Though the sailors called him Lumpy when he was a boy, he does not look at all that in the photographs taken in his manhood, but slight and graceful, and as Dom Butler says, "perky." When he visited Rome from Australia at the age of thirty-one, after four years of hard work, hardship, and the responsibility of a Vicar-General there, both Cardinal Franzoni at the Propaganda and Pope Gregory XVI., each exclaimed *Qual giovane!* (what a young man). And he keeps this boyish look in the photographs taken at the age of thirty-six.

He never was chatty or talkative even in his boyhood. He was silent and solitary, and he loved to roam alone on the cliffs at Scarborough in Yorkshire, before he went to sea. When he became a monk he had a temptation to leave the Benedictines at Downside for the Cistercians at La Trappe. Bishop

Hedley, who knew him intimately for twenty years of his old age, says: "His manner, no doubt, had its drawbacks as it had its advantages. He was always a little difficult of approach, unless he himself took the initiative; it was the effect of his determination to be genuine and straight." When he did speak, it was like thinking aloud. He was always ready to talk upon books he had read, if any one asked him. When he was a sailor, in the night watches, he would tell the stories from Scott's novels and poems to his mates as they sat together on the leeside under the long boat. He had a hearty relish for anything fine or grand in literature, and when he was tired after his day's work, he found refreshment in a book, generally of Scott. When he was collecting money in London for his Church at Coventry, he wrote: "I walk some twenty miles a day on the London pavements without any excessive fatigue because I have nobody to talk balderdash about it at the end." He records that the first of Scott's poems that he read was Rokeby; and curiously, his uncle many years after bought Barnard Castle. The bishop visited him there and enjoyed comparing the real scene with the descriptions of the poem. Rokeby is perhaps the one of Scott's works which is least often read. This, I think, is because it has a title which sets you on the wrong track, for the story is rather about Barnard Castle than about Rokeby, and because it is not written in Scott's own style, so well suited for narrative, but in imitation of the reflective and meditative style of Wordsworth, which is altogether unsuited for a story; indeed he himself throws it aside whenever he comes to narrate in his loftier passages, and becomes as plain and severe as Dante, who is the great master of style for heroic narrative. I have read somewhere though, that Rokeby was the one of Scott's versified romances that Newman liked best.

Ullathorne and Newman.

The mention of Newman's name reminds me that this was the great friendship of Ullathorne's life in its second half. At first before they knew one another and while Newman

was influenced by friendship for Faber and other enthusiastic young men, there were some of the usual misunderstandings between the band of converts and the old and staid Catholics. But very soon Ullathorne and Newman came to understand one another, both being honorable, straightforward, frank men, and liked one another, and the liking grew into a fast friendship. Ullathorne regarded Newman's presence in his diocese as an honor, and prided himself in his old age on having known how to treat one who was both a genius and a saint. He stood by him and protected him through thick and thin, in sunshine and cloud, and had a part in obtaining for him the Cardinal's Hat. When one of Newman's antagonists told him in his old age: "You don't know Newman as well as I do; he bamboozles you and twists you round his little finger," the old man replied, "It is you who do not know Newman as well as I do. There is not a more honest man on earth, a downright hater of all duplicity and intrigue; his only aim in this world is to advance religion." This friendship was the more honorable to both because Newman, though very loyal and obedient, was no toady or even courtier. The Bishop dedicated his last book, the one on "Christian Patience," to Newman, an act which was fitting in every way. Newman answered: "How good God has been to me in giving me such friends. . . . God reward you, my dear Lord, for your tenderness towards me."

When the correspondence with Kingsley was published Ullathorne took the greatest delight in Newman's part of it. He calls it "the keenest scarification—and that of a 'muscular Christian,'* that ever man gave man. I found when I talked to Newman that he was unconscious of having given Kingsley a sobriquet that will stick to him for life—'Baby Charles.'† Dr. Newman was not aware at the time that Kingsley's name was Charles."

When the part of the Apologia appeared, containing a Gen-

*A name given to a school of men, Kingsley, Hughes and others.

†See the passage from the *Fortunes of Nigel* quoted by Newman in the "Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman" to illustrate cant and hypocrisy.

eral Answer to Mr. Kingsley, now the chapter entitled "The Position of My mind Since 1845," Ullathorne wrote: "What a magnificent thing is the first half of Dr. Newman's last number. It is like the writing of a prophet. No one will mistake him after this." But here the bishop did not remember how much there is of jealousy and detraction and even of envy in men otherwise good. Ullathorne's deliberate and considered judgment may be seen in the episcopal letter printed with the Address of the Clergy in the appendix to the Apologia; and his esteem and friendship grew stronger and stronger to the end.

Any one who has had to suffer attacks like Newman, whether from without or within, may console himself with the Italian proverb that "every kick sends the ass onward."

Dom Butler is a hearty admirer of Newman. He says: "It would be beyond the scope of this book to enter on the subject of the Catholic University; but as I never again shall have a chance of putting on record my father's estimate of the episode, I do so here. He was on the staff as professor of mathematics from beginning to end of Newman's rectorship, and for the first months he acted as working Vice-Rector, and so was in close communion with Newman. His view was that Dr. Cullen and the Irish bishops, never having been themselves in a university, did not properly understand what it was and, with one or two exceptions, did not want such a university as Newman had in mind; their idea was a glorified Seminary for the laity. He considered that, in the circumstances, Newman's being invited to be Rector was a misconception and mistake from the beginning and had not a chance of succeeding. He was devoted to Newman. I think he would endorse Wilfrid Ward's presentation of the case. Ward had a long talk with him over it all, when writing the account. He had a large number of letters from Newman, but considered them too private for publication."

It must be remembered though, that while the Irish bishops and Newman could not agree about the government of the university, none of them ever calumniated him to Rome; on the

contrary, Dr. Cullen defended him there against the calumnies of countrymen of his own, and publicly in a Pastoral praised his Reply to Gladstone. It is curious, too, to find in 1867 Dr. Neve, the Rector of the English College in Rome, informing Ullathorne that every British ecclesiastic he met was talking against Newman, "except Father Burke, the Dominican, who is eager to defend him." I quote this about Father Burke with pleasure because when I was a boy in the Irish College he visited it in his last illness when he was scarcely able to walk upstairs, and I felt it a great privilege to see him. I had received kindness in Ireland from his brother-in-law.

The Abbot says, with reference to Mr. Leslie's assertion that Newman was too sensitive: "When count is taken of the persistent campaign and persecution carried on by Ward and more important men (men whom he had loved, whom he believed to be his friends) against him both in England and in Rome, for ten years and more,—how such charges as unorthodoxy, unsoundness, disloyalty, worldliness, lowness of view, evil influence, Gallicanism, were freely levelled against him,—it will be recognized that, in order not to mind this, he must have not merely been uncommonly thick-skinned, but even rhinoceros-hided."

Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent;

Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent.

"Not insensibility," says Butler, "but acceptance, resignation, faith, trust are the dominant notes in his letters and diaries. 'It was, from the standpoint of this world, a long-drawn out tragedy. No wonder that Ullathorne once said to him that he was under a dispensation of mortifications.' Well earned were the words (of Pope Leo) which set right all that seemed so mysterious and wrong, unless in the light of the Cross."

It is noticeable that those who accuse Newman of excessive sensitiveness never speak of Ward's sensitiveness or of Wiseman's, or Faber's.

Mr. David Lewis, one of the converts of 1845, remarked that whether Newman's theological opinions were the more or

the less probable, he learned them from the books which Wiseman put into his hands as the best. Newman was, as Arnold said, a miracle of intellectual delicacy and justness; his "unsurpassable clearness" was publicly acknowledged by Ward. He is found obscure only by people who, as he said, though styled "English-speaking," know so little of the English language that they fancy that a Latin technical term is translated always by the English word which is most like it in spelling.

Between the opposite extremes of Ward and Acton his position was analogous to that of Burke amid two bands of politicians. Burke was too much of a political philosopher and too moderate in his principles to be a successful party-man.

In short, 'twas his fate, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

And something similar might be said of Newman. It is, of course, the nature of an extreme man to imagine that any one who differs from him, however moderately, is with the opposite extreme. Zeal is a good servant, but a bad master. Ward had no personal dislike of Newman; on the contrary, he said he could pass an eternity in Newman's company whereas Manning made his flesh creep.* He never indulged in such calumnies on Newman as Acton secretly did while professing to be Newman's friend and courting his patronage, and pretending to have secured it. Ward was quite open and above board, while Acton was an artful dodger, and certainly for ten years after the Vatican Council deserved to be excommunicated as richly as any layman ever did for his opinions; the British Diplomatic agent in Rome during the Council, who was almost a Catholic, when Acton was organizing the Opposition, said that Doellinger was Acton's Anti-Pope in whom he recognized the infallibility which he denied to Pius IX. But Ward, good and honest man

*I suppose he was always afraid that Manning would find out that he went to the opera every night; for he used to ask people not to let Manning know he was there.

as he was, seems to have had his head a little turned by his elevation to a chair of dogmatic theology when he had to learn dogmatic theology in order to teach it. "Look at his impertinence," wrote Ullathorne, "in his three censures (in *The Dublin Review*) on the strong ultramontane Pastoral of the Primate of Belgium even after the Pope's letter has so strongly praised it." He also accused Abbot Gueranger of "minimizing" in a work which had been approved by a Papal letter. Ullathorne in a Pastoral Letter in 1867 publicly censured him, though without mentioning his name: "Abstruse questions belonging to doctrine and theological teaching have been discussed in our lay periodical press as to what is of faith and what is not of faith, as to what is of sin and what is not of sin, in a way which . . . bewilders the faithful, while it exhibits us to the non-Catholic world as though, divided like them, Catholics know not what they believe . . . If we must allude to the latest term invented as a brand for the brows of Catholics, the simplicity of your belief will not allow you to be 'minimizers.' And for this very reason is your faith sincere and simple, that you keep to what the Church has taught you through her pastors, and concern not yourselves with such opinions as are framed by any unauthorized teachers."

Abbot Butler makes it clear that the appointment of Ward in St. Edmund's was the beginning of Wiseman's troubles. It was not merely that it caused widespread dissatisfaction as a public insult to the whole clergy, but that Ward's behavior and language there were simply scandalous. He actually had the insolence, for example, to assert openly that the priests in St. Edmund's were "doing the devil's work." In his old age he had the grace to recognize penitently that it was he who had been doing the devil's work. His students, too, were marked for their brattish disrespect for the priests, and after their ordination kept their habit of detracting from their own brethren. Much was then said in praise of Ward's zeal for the Holy See and the Church. But did he ever give any support to the acts and words of Pope

Leo? He grumbled loudly enough at the Pope for making Newman a Cardinal. It looks as if W. G. Ward thought the Pope infallible whenever the Pope agreed with the opinions of Dr. Ward. It is not because he has been proven wrong on so many questions that Ward now is censured, but because of his Pharisaical airs of spiritual superiority and his presumption in accusing everyone who differed from him, and especially Newman, of disloyalty and worldliness. He claimed that he was narrow and strong, but only his language was strong. It must be added that his extravagances had the effect of exciting opposition to the doctrines and principles which he advocated, and that his paradoxical articles against patriotism—not against nationalism, but against patriotism—produced the impression for a time even in circles most friendly to the Church that the English Catholics would not defend their country in time of war. Dom Butler shows at length how much evil influence he had with Manning, and with Vaughan in his youth. Ward really had, with all his ability, the mind of an undergraduate, and Butler compares his language to that of Laurence Boythorn in Bleak House.

Manning's prejudice against Newman was the great defect in his noble character and was as irrational as Errington's against Manning, and I believe it had its origin in Acton's mischief-making in pretending he had secured Newman's patronage against Manning. But this prejudice had had its parallel in the prejudices and misrepresentations of the heroic Bishop Milner, "the English Athanasius" against Lingard. History repeats itself, for human nature does not change. It seems to be a law of nature that the very strong men cannot help being also very narrow—though narrow men are not therefore strong—and that the men of action are not able to understand the thinkers and the mild, persuasive men. I feel sure that if Errington had been Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal, and if Wiseman were a priest, Errington would have been as unjust in an analogous way to Wiseman as Manning was to Newman, or as Milner was to Lingard. In Rome not much attention ever was paid to what

Milner said against Lingard, and Pope Leo XII. at last reserved Lingard as a Cardinal in petto. The evidence of this is so strong that those Englishmen who have denied it and given that honor to Lamennais, can have been actuated only by jealousy against one of their own and by their curious preference for foreigners, and did very little credit to the Pope's wisdom.

It is a pity that the narrow, strong men cannot learn either from history or from the Church that she has room within her arms for the lambs as well as the lions, and that there is use for conciliatory as well as for heroic men in the service of God and the salvation of souls. *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*

Ullathorne's Greatness.

Ullathorne had friends in many nations. In Ireland, of course, he found a multitude among the bishops and priests (especially Father Mathew) and nuns, and among the politicians led by O'Connell. On his way to Rome for his first visit he acquired the friendship of Ozanam, the future President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and he had Gueranger for a fellow-traveller, not yet a Benedictine, but on his way to become one and to restore that venerable Order in France. Ullathorne was the first professed Benedictine that Gueranger had ever met.

In Rome Ullathorne stayed with the Benedictines of San Calisto in the Trastevere, and he made the acquaintance of Wiseman and Cullen. Lacordaire visited him at Birmingham and Oscott. In later years at the Canonizations of the Martyrs of Japan (1862) and at the Vatican Council, he became acquainted with many American bishops. He writes in 1887 to a friend: "Your estimate of the American bishops entirely accords with my own. They gave just that idea of strength without pretension which you describe. In Rome they were good enough to pay me particular attention, as an old bishop; several of them came to see me as soon as they arrived, and said: 'We have heard of you since we were little boys, and wished to make your acquaintance.' What struck me in them

was their remarkable frankness and simplicity combined with modesty and deference of manner.”

Every secular priest should remember and honor this Benedictine Bishop who was even before Manning in his zeal for the elevation and sanctification of the secular priesthood at a time when some bishops taken from their own ranks, particularly Wiseman, had treated them as good for nothing, and thereby (as Manning said), rendered them less competent and less perfect than they would otherwise be. Nor should we forget the generous tone in which Dom Butler always speaks of the priests.

Ullathorne was a strong man, but not narrow. He well deserves to be famous for his work in Australia, for the foundation of an order of nuns, for his part in the restoration of the Hierarchy, and for his work in the Vatican Council, where he especially secured the exclusion of the term *Romana Catholica* lest it might countenance the term “Anglo-Catholic” and the Branch Theory.

And still, such is Newman’s distinction that it is likely that Ullathorne will be remembered chiefly as the man who was the Bishop of Newman and who was worthy to be Newman’s protector, supporter, counsellor and friend.

The age has talked and worked its fill—
The famous orators have shone,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors wrought,
The famous painters filled their wall,
The famous critics judged it all,
The combatants are parted now—
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crowned, the weak laid low.
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strifes are hushed, our ears doth meet
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this and that down-trodden name—

Delicate spirits, pushed away
 In the hot press of the noon-day;
 And o'er the plain where the dead age
 Did its now silent warfare wage—
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom
 Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen might,
 The one or two immortal lights
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 Like stars over the bounding hill,
 To shine there everlastingly.



A thousand changes come and go
 Upon the winding river;
 As gleaming darts of light are winged
 From daydawn's golden quiver.

And in the silence of the night,
 When stars are o'er it gleaming,
 The ripples break in smiles of light,
 As if of star-rays dreaming.

But day and night, the quiet deeps,
 Of dawns and stars unknowing;
 Obedient to changeless laws,
 On to the sea are flowing.

And thus should life, come weal or woe,
 In silent, swift endeavor;
 Flow on until it rests in God
 Forever and forever.

—Selected.

A KNIGHT OF ST. CECILIA

By Caroline D. Swan.

HE had never met Cecile Westover. He had only heard of her. Yet the vividness of the picture his friend L'Estrange, the portrait-painter, had sketched in words, had given him a vision of her. He could imagine her frank dignity, her enchanting smile. "It was like the sun bursting through clouds," he had said, "melting their grays into tenderest gold."

The painter was not in love with her. He idolized another woman, of a different type; so this was purely from the artist's standpoint. Yet it caught and held firm hold of Frank Warfield's imagination. "If I ever should meet her, I should know her at a glance. It is a rare type, but tremendously real."

Still the chance never came and he was on the verge of a proposal to little lily-faced Alicia Ide. Yet being conscientious, and not quite sure of himself, he dared not risk it.

L'Estrange had a delightful studio, and strolling idly into it one day, he found a new wonder on the easel. Warfield gazed in astonishment. It was a female head, but not such as his friend was wont to paint. It had the fascination of strength allied to beauty, more than this, it represented some tense moment of soul struggle. In some occult way, it was great. The painter had created a master-piece. Heaven alone knows how! in that head, so alive with reality. L'Estrange, on his return, was startled by his friend's sudden praise. "I do not know how I did it!" said he, modestly. "It came to me."

"Yes, I see," rejoined the other. "It was an inspiration—a memory, perhaps, of Miss Westover."

"Cecile? Perhaps. But in a new phase. I never saw her looking like that. Yet possibly, under certain pressure, she might."

He produced another canvas. "Here is a study I made of Miss Westover several years ago, when I was painting her portrait. It is like her, yet fails of success." It was lovely, nevertheless, and it occurred to Warfield that it held in germ the peculiar intensity of the more recent creation!

The winter passed, then the spring quietly for both friends. Early summer had come and Frank Warfield had gone to a restful sea-shore place, highly pleased with the great rock-bound coast which had charmed the artist. But one day a gray fog fell over the world, settling down into a sullen drift of rain; and he bethought himself of the small public library of the town where he hoped to obtain something readable. But the novels on its catalogue seemed unattractive—he was something of a critic—and he asked the librarian if she had not a prose work of Maeterlinck, of "Bluebird" fame. He had forgotten its title, and the good-natured custodian of books was vainly trying to help him out.

A sweet, well-bred voice intervented at this point.

A lady near her offered suggestion. "I think I know what the gentleman has in mind. Is it not 'The Treasure of the Humble'?"

He turned with a quick smile to thank her. And the charming face, so beautifully familiar, that he met in that one glance, where had he seen it before? Then it came to him.

"Can it be possible that this is Miss Cecile Westover, of Rhode Island?"

He ventured the question, taking his heart in his hands as he did so, even now, ready to lay it at her feet.

She assented, the flush of rose which flew over her face strangely increasing her resemblance to the portrait-sketch his friend had shown him. She lived in Providence. How came she here?

He made quick explanation, mentioning the sketch L'Estrange had shown him, lest she deem him rude. The bond of friendship between himself and the painter had to serve for his introduction. She accepted the situation with much grace, having once regained her poise.

“You must have seen one of several studies Mr. L’Estrange made before finding one that suited him. He is a most conscientious artist, this depicting of poor me an overwhelming flattery!” A little general comment on the beauty of their seaside resort and some quiet appreciations of the Maeterlinck book ended their interview. Cecile having made prompt but graceful withdrawal.

Young Warfield, left to his own bedazzled idea, could scarcely realize that he had actually seen Cecile Westover. “The world will never be the same, again!” he murmured, gravely. In some way he had idealized it.

Her impressions of Warfield were curiously mixed. She liked him, but long experience had taught her that young men whom she reduced to a condition of dazed admiration, speedily recovered from the same. This one would, also. Still, there lay a steadiness in his voice and glance—a sort of decision, a firmness which would control agitated impulses, should such control be needed. On the whole, she would like to meet him again and study the problem he seemed to present.

But no good opportunity for further acquaintance presented itself. Beyond a few words, kind enough, and a light nod of greeting, Miss Westover took no further notice of Frank Warfield, and, for his part, he found it high time to return to his work. His vacation was over. But he returned as to a new and brightened world. He had seen Cecile Westover.

At his office—he was an architect by profession—he found a stranger waiting to see him. It was a Mr. Waldon who had come to arrange with him about drawing the plans for a magnificent church to be erected in a neighboring city. His offer was liberal, the job profitable in a money way, one, too, that would add to his own reputation as a builder. He thought with pleasure on the prospect thus opened of realizing in actual stone and wood-carving some of his haunting dreams. Should he undertake the task, they must leave him free to achieve a beautiful creation. It was a fine opening, and although the stranger spoke of a slight delay, there being others to consult, Warfield felt sure that the work would be placed in his hands.

After Mr. Weldon had gone he recollected that he had not asked the name of the new church, nor what body of Christians were to build it. "Such a pity that it is not Catholic!" he said to himself. He knew that from several things Mr. Weldon had said.

During the days that followed, he still meditated. He would take the job on the terms offered; he must! Money was none too plentiful with him, though his parents, now dead, had left him a small competence. Reputation, too, was a part of it; building a big city church would bring him into notice. In some way, he did not half like the job; but he could not afford to refuse it.

In this mood, while thus meditating, a new applicant arrived, a Mr. Cochrane, who came to plead for a Charity Mission in the country. It seemed from his story the poor Catholics of that place wanted a little Church—wanted it desperately; but, alas, having no resources of their own, had sent this Mr. Cochrane out to plead for them.

"I have a very extensive undertaking before me," Warfield explained, "one with much money behind it. I sympathize with the people you represent, but you see how the case stands."

The other looked at him with penetrative gaze. He fancied something of internal hesitance lay beneath this refusal.

"Are you pledged to these people, definitely?"

"Not yet, but——" The hesitance was growing stronger, he did not finish the phrase thus half begun. The other took heart.

"Are you a Catholic, Mr. Warfield?"

"Not yet, but——" The hesitance was growing stronger, this call had come from the Catholics! "

"Now, the call has come. A call to poverty and self-denying service, my friend! To a very humble following of the Master."

Warfield was silent, he had no words ready. But he liked this man. It did seem to him like the Lord's call. A new thought came to him. His decision shone like a flash of flame.

"Has the proposed church a name?"

"No, not as yet."

"Are you willing to call it 'St. Cecilia's?' If so I will decline Mr. Waldron's offer and work for you."

Mr. Cochrane's assent was prompt and cordial.

Gazing again at Warfield he saw that a sudden impulse had conquered him, and in swift uplift of soul thanked God therefor.

As for the young architect, his heart had not been in the other job. But this one was strangely attractive. A little gem of a chapel he saw, clear, in his mind's eye. Saw, too, with similar clearness, all the snags on this rural road. No money, he would have to raise some, and opposition to his best plans, sharp opposition from rural wiseacres. Yet, despite all this, above and through it all, rang that heavenly call.

The name of the town was Popular Creek. Going down there a few days later, he found it a charming place, like a painter's dream of beauty. The Creek had beautiful eddies where the water was dark with creamy surface ripples, overhung with bending willow boughs and fringed with yellowing grasses. It drifted on through the little town, a serene congeries of small houses, its main street marked at intervals by stately poplars, which had given the place its name. Stiff, unbending, pointing to the heavens perpetually, they seemed like tireless sentinels keeping watch and ward over the hamlet. And yet their leafage—ever in a sensitive flutter proved them keenly alive to every breeze—to every lightest breath from the skies.

The autumnal color over the whole landscape, thrilling a superficial mystery of haze, completed the charm. "I must tell L'Estrange about this and bring him down here," murmured Warfield. "He would revel in it all. And comprehend it."

Then he thought of the poverty of these people and of the money he would have to raise. "I will bring a photographer, too," he added. "This beauty can be made an asset."

The plot of nearly valueless land which had been donated by some good Catholic for a building site would do very well, but was hardly large enough. However, he found that more

could be procured for a nominal sum. He returned, well pleased, on the whole, with the general outlook and decided to begin drawing his plans at once.

Raising money in Poplar Creek was a manifest impossibility, as he told L'Estrange next time he met him. The painter had listened gravely to his modest account of the interview with Mr. Cochrane and his exchange of the lucrative job for the penniless one.

"I cant't tell, now, why I did it!" said the architect, frankly.

"I can," said the other. "It was an inspiration." Then he added, with a kind of solemnity. "Those things come from the Holy Spirit of God. One stands in awe of them."

L'Estrange was a good Catholic. He entered warmly into Warfield's project, went down to Poplar Creek, saw it for himself and ran wild with delight over its beauty. Next, he sought out his friend, Rosenbach, the German photographer, and soon coaxed him thither. The wonderful pictures of Warfield's vision became realities.

Armed with these, the young builder went to a few people of refinement whom he chanced to know, and in a money way had some success. Telling his story well, frankly and easily, he did in fact raise quite a sum, and his courage rose still more. So, with these pledges in hand, he went to the Bishop.

The people he approached liked Warfield. "Of course they do!" said L'Estrange, to his own heart. "And the Bishop will."

That ecclesiastic certainly did. This young man had stirred his interests and won his heart before his story was half told. "It is the Lord's doing and wonderful in our eyes," said the listener, in the silence of his own soul. "He has touched this man's heart and drawn him, even now, to the very doors of His sheepfold with the mighty cords of His love. It is the working of the Divine."

Aloud he only voiced cordial approval of what Warfield had done. Giving him a list of names of persons likely to aid the enterprise, he explained (saying, "Many of these city men

will be interested in your Poplar Creek doings. Just simply tell them your story. And please show me your plans and drawings when you have them completed."

Examining this list of names, Warfield came upon those of Mr. Westover, Cecile's father, and his brother, Christopher.

Thus the enterprise in hand moved slowly on. And day by day it dawned upon the builder that he had undertaken a great and solemn thing in the planning and erection of a temple to Almighty God. He thought of Cecile and of Saint Cecilia, whose name she bore. The Church of the Saints and the Holy Angels! How should he, sinner that he was, ever dare to enter her Fold? What a piece of underserved mercy that would be! Yet he began to long for this grace.

And while he thus thought, yet dared not make his thought a prayer, the Bishop appeared in Poplar Creek. His formal consent had been obtained at the commencement of the work by Mr. Cochrane, but he was beginning now, to take strong interest in its progress. He would go down there, ostensibly to examine the location, and, perhaps to see again the attractive lingerer at the very threshold, as it were, of Holy Church.

He found Warfield on the spot selected. They sat down together to talk things over and before long the young man had unwittingly opened his heart. The sympathy of the other was so sincere and his comprehension so tender, how could he help it? Yet the Christ-pity was more tender still! He was being softly led to feel that. How good, how sweet it was! It rang like music through the depths of his sub-consciousness.

Before leaving, the Bishop asked a question: "Have you seen Mr. Westover?"

"Not yet. He has been out of town."

"I will speak a good word for you to him," continued the prelate. "He is amply able to help you out! and his brother, Christopher, even more so. He is almost a millionaire."

But Frank Warfield felt his heart sink as he realized what this meant. He had known that Cecile's father was very well to do, but had not thought of him as having wealth like this.

How could he ask a man of such financial standing for the hand of his only daughter?

Yet he was pledged to the church enterprise and would have to interview Mr. Westover about that.

To redeem his promise, the Bishop went to Providence, one fine day, met Mr. Westover, and was invited to dine at his suburban home.

The conversation at table naturally turned upon the new church at Poplar Creek. The Bishop, who had now seen the plans, praised their fitness and also their intrinsic excellence.

Then he spoke of Warfield with warm commendation.

“You have met him?” he inquired of his host.

“Yes, he came into my office the other day. I took a great liking to him, just as you did.”

Cecile, at this, began to listen. Was this the man she had classed in her own mind with the flock of butterfly admirers that hung about her perpetually? This one, it seemed, was really accomplishing something.

The Bishop, meantime, went on very gravely; “I hope, Mr. Westover, to lay the cornerstone of this new chapel in the heart of the builder.” A silence ensued, a pause of serious import, broken into finally by their hostess.

“Has the new church been named, may I ask?”

“Yes, it is St. Cecilia’s.” A swift flash of color swept over the face of her beautiful daughter. Cecile understood. It was hers, her own, the inspiration for this great task, undertaken silently and now sweeping on into superb actuality. The Divine uniting of power and beauty.

The conversation had by this time drifted into other channels, but she was too excited, too full of surprise, to follow it.

Yes, she remembered Warfield.

This man was no dangler. He kept quiet and gave himself up to creative work with absorption of soul therein. Somehow, she was proud of it!

Laying of the corner-stone soon came, and among the number of interested people present were Mr. Westover and his brilliant daughter. She was very kind to the young architect;

yet, he fancied, a trifle embarrassed. He felt that, in some way, she understood. If so, that gracious smile of hers was hopeful. He was a happy man, that day.

Moreover, the good Bishop stood ready to receive him into Holy Church, unworthy though he was, whenever he should say the word. And, please God, he would say it!

After this, while the walls of the church in Poplar Creek were slowly rising, he saw more of Miss Westover. Her fascination did not lessen on closer acquaintance, it increased. Her intelligence vivified her beauty. They were both lovers of music; she was a skilful pianist and Warfield could sing.

But he appeared one day with a worried frown on his bright face, and Cecile set herself to find out its cause. It was money again. The Church was so far erected that its completion had become certain, but the sum in hand was dwindling. More must be raised.

"Perhaps I can help in this," said Cecile earnestly. "I will ask Uncle Christopher. Has he given you a contribution?"

Warfield had to admit that the gentleman in question had not done so—in fact had been a trifle crusty in refusing. But the girl was nowise daunted. "It is the church of my namesake, St. Cecilia. I must aid in its building."

So she sought out her irritable uncle and pleaded with him to such good purpose that he sent for Warfield, who asked but a modest sum from the man of money, it was all he dared! merely enough for the immediate stress.

The old man looked at him quizzically, then the wrinkled face broke into a smile. "Nonsense, Mr. — what's your name?— Warfield?— I can better that. Go ahead and finish that church! I will pay the bills, whatever they are. Keep what you have in hand for the interior. Church furnishings are expensive. No! don't thank me! Save your gratitude for my niece. The women must have their way."

So our hero returned to his task, more in love than ever.

He was soon received into the Church, and after that got up courage to interview Mr. Westover. He answered kindly, "I like you young man, and, if my daughter does, I shall not

oppose your marriage. But I have doubts about her. So many suitors have come to me, just as you have, only to meet refusal from her, later. Apparently, she has no wish to marry. She has her own views.'

Yet the day came when Cecile said "Yes," with her father's approval and even Uncle Christopher's, and their wedding was the first one in the new church at Poplar Creek. L'Estrange thus summarized the matter. "Yes," he said, "Frank Warfield is lucky. He has not sought money, but worked hard to build that church, and has now won the beautiful Miss Westover. Saint Cecilia must have smiled on him!"



THE TRIUMPH OF CATHOLICISM IN PORTUGAL

BY REV. K. J. McRAE.

WHEN I HAD almost decided upon another subject for this paper a copy of the Roman Observer (L'Osservatore Romano) for March 15th and 16th, 1926, came to hand, and the very first article in it happened to be an account of the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the Coronation of Pius XI., in Portugal.

On reading it I found that it revealed a wonderful triumph of Catholicism that should be of interest to the readers of the Lilies. But to enable them to realize the extent of this triumph, to better advantage, I must first place before them the state of practical slavery into which the leaders of the Revolution of 1910 tried to bind the Church.

“On October 3rd, 1910, a revolution, which had been arranged for October 10th, broke out prematurely, and Emanuel II. (the King) fled from the Capital to Gibraltar, where he shortly afterwards embarked for England. A provisional government, republican in form, was proclaimed, with Theophilus Braga, a native of the Azores, as President. He immediately set to work to carry out the radical republican programme, the first of which was the summary and violent expulsion of the religious congregations, the seizure of their property by the State, the abolition of the Senate and all hereditary privileges and titles. The separation of the Church and State was also temporarily decreed by the provisional government.”

“On April 20th, 1911, a second decree of one hundred and ninety-six articles was promulgated, regulating in detail the previously sweeping enactments. Article 38 of the decree prohibited any minister of religion, under the penalties of article 137 of the Criminal Code and the loss of the material benefits (pensions) of the State, from criticizing, ‘in the exercise of the ministry and on the occasion of any act of worship,

in sermons or in public writings, the public authority or any of its acts, or the form of government or the laws of the Republic, or denying or calling into question the rights of the State embodied in this decree or in any other legislation relative to the Churches.' Chapter IV. devotes twenty-seven articles to the ownership and administration of church buildings and property. Churches, chapels, lands, and chattels, hitherto applied to the public worship of the Catholic religion, are declared property of the State, unless *bona fide* ownership by some private individual or corporation can be proved. Chapter V., in twenty-four articles, provides for boards of laymen (after the manner of the French Law of Associations), to take charge of and administer the temporalities needed for Catholic worship. This arrangement is, however, revocable at the pleasure of the grantor (the State). Buildings intended for religious purposes, but not yet utilized, whether in course of construction or completed; buildings which for a year have not been used for religious purposes and such as by the 31st of December, 1912, shall have no board of laymen to administer them, shall be taken by the State for some social purpose. Only Portuguese citizens who have made their theological studies in Portugal may officiate. Chapter VI. deals with the question of pensions for the ministers of the Catholic religion, and permits them to marry. Article 175, Chapter VII., stipulates that 'ministers of religion enjoy no privileges and are authorized to correspond officially by mail with the public authorities only, and not with one another.''' (Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume xii., p. 305).

In all this, readers who have carefully watched the sayings and actions of the Grand Orient, or the Free Masonry of Latin countries, can readily discern its hand and cunning mind. They may also discern the same cunning mind as having planned the similar attempt at enslaving and finally destroying the Church in Italy, France, Russia, Mexico, etc., although Radicals, Socialists, Communists, and Bolshevists may have been credited, rightly or wrongly, with the execution.

When I was in Italy, several years ago, finishing my studies,

although the Grand Orient practically controlled the Government, a person might not advert to the fact, for they worked under various other high-sounding and popular names such as "United Italy," "Young Italy," etc. The Grand Orient, at that time, made no secret whatever of their ultimate aim of destroying all religion and all other governments so that they could turn the whole world into a universal republic in accordance with their own anti-Christian ideas. But, of course, there is one religion that neither they nor all the powers of hell can ever destroy, the Holy Catholic Church, according to the express promise of Christ. (Matt. XVI., 18).

They, however, show their diabolical cunning, wherever they gain control, by depriving the Bishops and Priests of all control of all church buildings and other property, by robbing them of their rights as citizens, that of freely corresponding, by mail, with each other, and requiring that all Bishops and Priests must be citizens of the country in which they work, by birth and education. How can they be educated in the country of their birth and work, when the Government confiscates or destroys all the seminaries in which they can gain the education necessary for their sacred calling? Evidently what the Grand Orient wants is the destruction of the Church so that they can make slaves of the people.

But, through various struggles, reported to us as revolutions or counter-revolutions, the Catholics of Portugal have evidently been able to finally throw off the tyrannical and galling yoke of the Grand Orient, for, according to the correspondent of the Roman Observer, as noted above, "Following the noble example already given by the Senate, the Parliament of the Republic decided to worthily commemorate the anniversary of the Coronation of the August Pontiff (Pius XI.) at the session of March 12th, an event which may well be said to have been another imposing affirmation of patriotism and faith."

"The initiative was taken, as was natural, by the Catholic Centre, whose leader, the Hon. Lino Netto, opened the memorable Session by a magnificent speech in which were reflected

once more the profound piety and eminent oratorical powers of the illustrious parliamentarian."

Even the brief summary which the Observer published shows it to have been a brilliant effort recalling the great benefits which the Church and its Pontiffs, and especially the reigning one, bestowed upon Portugal.

He said, in part, "The happily recurring anniversary which is celebrated to-day with legitimate joy in every part of the world, cannot be indifferent to Portugal, a nation intimately and structurally Catholic."

"I believe, therefore, that I am satisfying an exalted patriotic duty in proposing, this day, to the first political assembly of my country, a vote of homage to the great Pontiff who, by his wisdom and his virtue, has made illustrious, for four years, the Chair of Peter."

"This homage is, without any doubt, in the mind of all of us."

"The Church is in fact—and no one can now deny it—the greatest and the strongest spiritual organization of all time."

"Her moral power, attested by twenty centuries of glorious history demonstrates itself to-day more than gigantic. To her, as an incorrupt fountain of life and progress, people turn, in this hour of uncertainty and menace, forgetting differences of race, language and religion."

After the respective leaders of the other parties or groups, viz., the Republicans, Democrats, Agrarians, Nationalists, Monarchists, and Independents, had spoken more or less eloquently, but all favourably to the motion, "The President of the chamber declared a vote unnecessary, and approved it as passed unanimously."

Thus "The Parliament had worthily and nobly interpreted the sentiments and Catholic traditions of the 'most faithful Nation.'"

The Banquet at the Nunciature.

"On the same day in which the vote of homage to the Pope was passed in the Parliament, his Apostolic Nuncio gave a banquet in honor of the Head of the State. There were present,

besides the President, Senor Bernadino Machado, numerous other representatives of the Church and the State.’

The Speech of the Nuncio.

“Towards the end of the banquet the Apostolic Nuncio rose, and turning to the Head of the State, offered him the following toast :

‘Mr. President, permit me, Your Excellency, that I once more express my sincere thanks for the noble words which you were pleased to pronounce in the memorable session commemorating the Election of the Holy Father.

‘In bestowing the homage of your gratitude upon the venerable Pontiff, who with such a grand spirit of concord presides over the destinies of the Catholic Church, Your Excellency affirmed that, fortunately, there is nothing to-day in Portugal that can create a conflict between free Republican sentiment and free Catholic sentiment.

‘As it was my duty, I hastened to transmit to His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, your expressive declaration, and a telegraphic reply came back, without delay, bringing the paternal thanks of my August Sovereign.

‘Your Excellency had already done much when as President of the Republic, you had the amiability of assisting at the above-mentioned Session. But Your Excellency has wished to do more, and to overstep the limits of simple courtesy, when you have been pleased to assist at to-day’s commemoration, deigning to preside at this humble banquet offered in your honour.

‘I am very much flattered by this token, which, whilst it reflects the affectionate and expansive cordiality of Your Excellency, is invested with great importance as confirming the good relations existing between Portugal and the Holy See. The noble sentiments of justice and liberty by which Your Excellency is animated, the rectitude, the ability and political tact of your Government give me the certitude that such relations shall not only be amicably maintained, but that they will ever be even closer and more cordial.

‘The concord and harmony between the two powers shall be the symbol of the union of all the Portugese for the welfare of their country and the happiness of this noble nation, which has been, in history, a perennial nursery of Saints, heroes, poets, and precursors of world civilization.

‘Treading the same glorious paths of its fathers the Lusitanian (from Lusitania, the poetic name for Portugal) race will accomplish new triumphs and gain new laurels on the road to progress and civilization.

‘With these sentiments and these wishes, I raise my glass to the health of Your Excellency and that of your family, wishing you from my heart the happiest success in the exercise of your high mission, for the prosperity and greatness of Portugal.’ ”

The Reply of the President.

“The head of the State replied to the toast of the Nuncio with the following speech, listened to standing, by all present :

‘Monsignor Nuncio, the benevolent expressions which His Holiness lately deigned to address to me, appeal so much to my heart that I wish to manifest to him, without reserve, my high appreciation of them, profiting by the joyful occasion offered me this day, in which we celebrate the fourth Anniversary of his happy Coronation.

‘Religious peace, after so many vicissitudes, has been one of the most ardent desires of the heart of the Nation. We have always invoked it in our Republican campaigns, during which believers and finally Catholic Priests gathered, ever more numerous, under our banner. And I can assure you that, faithful to its compromises, the Republic will never cease to give all its care to the establishment of harmony in our relations with the Holy See.

‘I, myself, had the honour of taking the first step along this path, when, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, immediately after the constitution of the Provisional Government, and in full accord with it, I voted that our Diplomatic Representation at the Vatican should be maintained in the beginning, and I

continued to maintain the same course afterwards, as Head of the Government and as Head of the State, united in identical purpose with the principal Republican guides. And in this whole period, from the beginning of 1914 to the end of 1917, our policy of reconciliation with Rome found—and it is a duty to record the fact—the most convinced interpreter and the most efficacious co-laborer in the old propagandist and our illustrious Minister at the Quirinal, Dr. Eusibius Leao.

‘The events which have followed, one after another, after the constitutional restoration of 1919, from my Government of 1921, when the Patriarch of Lisbon and other Prelates associated with the Civil Power in the glorification of the “Unknown Soldier,” up to the historic Centennial of Vasco da Gama and its festive solemnity, over which I was asked to preside during its festive commemorative week, all clearly demonstrate that the re-establishment of relations between the Republican State and the Catholic Church does not constitute a merely casual and passing event, but it is, in truth, a fact profoundly and enduringly rooted in the free will of the Nation, in accord with the same principles of democratic fraternization.

‘The generous wishes expressed by Your Excellency are for me motives of sincere joy. After the tremendous crisis of the war, nothing is more edifying than the unwearied power of Catholicism for the consolidation of the tranquility of peoples. Thus, in the face of such a noble example, other passions which still threaten to divide us, will be moderated.

‘The greatness of Portugal depends principally upon the close union of all our hearts. The Catholic Faith, which was a great force for national cohesion in our past history, can without doubt, render again many and eminent services to the prestige of our country, in the world, as far as the extreme Orient, where we have carried the light of civilization.

‘With this sweet hope I respectfully raise my glass in honor of the Supreme Pontiff, and I salute in the person of Your Excellency his most worthy Representative, meritorious by so many titles of our most devoted and faithful affection.’ ”

Umbria Mystica

Older than Rome is Umbria,
 And olive-lined its ways,
 By which its people come and go,
 As in the ancient days.
 Great memories dwell upon its hills,
 And peace broods in its air,
 And all the world adores and loves
 The Saint who slumbers there.

Assisi is like Nazareth,
 And Jesus Who walked there,
 With unshod feet across the stones,
 And raiment worn thread-bare;
 And here St. Francis often toiled
 In joy as willingly
 With those companions, meek of heart,
 Who shared his poverty.

The thornless roses bloom each June
 Within the cloister's close,
 And bells ring out the hours of prayer
 On every wind that blows.
 The purple hills slope dreamily,
 And melt with heaven'd blue,
 And earth holds not a lovelier vale
 Than that St. Francis knew.

The mystic charm of Umbria
 Grows deeper year by year;
 Its wayside Calvaries and shrines
 Through all the world appear.
 Its bells are rung across the plains,
 Or heights wherever stand
 The Brotherhood of Umbria's Saint—
 Seraphic Francis' Band.

—Franklin Pierce Carrigan.

SAINT AND SAILOR—BRENDAN OF CLONFERT

By Eleanor Rogers Cox.

ONE of the many beautiful mural paintings which add distinction to All Saints Church, New York, is that depicting the blessing bestowed by St. Enda on St. Brendan, as the latter set forth upon his great voyage of discovery across the Western main. Viewing it, fancy travels back to a day when the Irish Celt was the torch-bearer of civilization, the Irish Saint the pioneer and apostle of Christianity amid half-barbarous peoples. But a larger vision yet led the steps of Brendan, a world beyond even the realm of dreams shown upon his spirit. Forth on the great waters he would go in his frail barque, his soul unterrified by the boundless vistas of seas where no lands loomed. Men have sung of the Argonauts, and rightly; of Columbus; of Vespucci; of the doughty Spaniards who followed them; of many another. But how many in this our land respond to the name of St. Brendan of Clonfert as that of the most probable first discoverer of America? Surely it is time that this darkling veil of ignorance be cast aside.

St. Brendan's first and unquestionable fame lies in his having been the founder of the great School of Clonfert, for long ages the most celebrated monastic foundation in the West. Indeed, it was the personality of Brendan that most strongly helped to draw to it students from all over Erin, and the traditions of sanctity and learning bequeathed to the School were preserved and handed down through succeeding centuries by prelates and abbots of a shining virtue worthy of its founder. To their enlightened care is due the preservation of many most valuable works dealing with old-time Ireland.

With such a life as that of Brendan there is always a temptation to begin at the Great Moment—that moment preserved for us in this mural painting. Yet to the qualities that nerved

him to that voyage into the unknown deeps, there went many lesser moments—if in a great Saint's life there are really any lesser moments. So back to the sea-coast of Kerry, near Tralee, in the last quarter of the fifth century (about A.D. 488) we shall go, to find him a new-born babe, descended through his father, Findlug, from the renowned Fergus MacRoy, King of Ireland in the first century. Findlug and his wife, Clara, lived under the spiritual direction of the holy bishop Erc, who dwelt in that vicinity. Before Brendan's birth his mother had a vision in which she thought she saw her bosom filled with purest gold and radiant with heavenly light. This the good Erc explained as signifying that the fullness of the Holy Ghost would adorn her child.

There lived in that neighborhood at a place still called Cahir-Aide, a rich man named MacAirde, and to him a prophet of God, called Bec Mac De, announced the fact of Brendan's birth and his future greatness. Immediately the rich man set out to find the home of the child according to the directions given him by the prophet, and having entered and made homage to the infant Brendan on bended knee presented him with thirty cows newly calved, and their thirty calves. At the same time he took the holy babe to be the patron of himself and his people.

Presently, the infant was baptized by Bishop Erc, at a well in the neighborhood, Tubber-na-Molt, or the Welthers' Well, which is still regarded as a holy well, and has given its name to the townland of Tubrid near Ardfert. Yearly there, on the anniversary of St. Brendan, the people hold a station, while votive tributes placed about the well prove their faith in its still miraculous powers.

When but one year old, the child, according to a pious custom then prevailing in Ireland, was taken by Bishop Erc to be placed under the fosterage of St. Ita, in her convent at Killeedy. Here he remained for five years, imbibing, beyond doubt, those sentiments of tender piety and fervent devotion which were to remain his throughout his life. He always looked upon holy Ita, the "Brigid of Munster," as his spiritual

mother, to whom he could come in every phase of trial or difficulty for counsel and fortifying prayer.

When the boy was six years old he passed into the charge of Bishop Ere, who, there is good reason to believe, was the holy Ere of Slane, the "sweet-spoken law-giver of Patrick," who was present as a high official of King Laeghaire at Tara, when St. Patrick first preached there. The remaining years of his boyhood and youth were spent under that austere and holy tutelage, Brendan perfecting himself in the mastery of Latin and the knowledge of the Scriptures, supplemented, we may be sure, by an enlightened acquaintance with his own dear Erin's language, history and literature. Once, in his boyhood there, his young sister, Briga, came to visit him, and was so impressed by the beauty of the life she witnessed, that she, too, resolved to devote herself entirely to God's service as a holy nun.

Grown to young manhood, Brendan, with the blessing of Ere and holy Ita, set forth upon a journey to visit the already famous School of St. Jarlath, near Tuam. On that westward way he encountered the young fighting man, Colman Mac Lennan, whom he induced to abandon his martial ambitions and accompany him on his journey. This young man was the future St. Colman, founder and first Bishop of the See of Cloyne.

St. Brendan remained for some years at Cluainfois, the seminary established by St. Jarlath, who was particularly famed for his exposition of the Scriptures, this, we are told, being a chief reason why Brendan had travelled so far to place himself under his tutelage. From that homestead of the virtues he went, after a time, to Roscommon, a district shortly afterwards colonized by the kinsmen of Brendan under the name of Upper Kerry. Here the Angel of the Lord appeared to him, saying: "Write the Rule that I shall dictate, and live thou in accordance with that Rule." Then Brendan wrote his Rule in accordance with the dictates of the Angel; and it was the Rule by which Brendan himself and the monastic families founded

by him, have lived up to this day, says the writer of the Latin Life of Brendan.

A touching account of a miracle performed in this place by Brendan tells us how one day, when a young man was being carried to the grave, Brendan met the corpse, and calling on the mourning relatives to have confidence in God, he approached the bearers and with words of power bade the cold corpse rise up from the bier. At once the dead man arose, and Brendan gave him to his friends. When the news of this miracle reached the king of that territory, he sent for Brendan, and offered him lands to found a monastery, but Brendan declined on the plea that he could only do so with his master, Bishop Eric's permission. So Brendan returned to that holy mentor and received the priesthood from his hands.

South of the Bay of Tralee, the Hill of Brandon, the last solitary cone of a long range of hills, rises over the Atlantic to a height of three thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven feet. Here it was St. Brendan erected his oratory, and beyond doubt first saw that vision of the Promised Land beyond the watery waste. There is no other view of an equal grandeur in Ireland or Britain with that which delights the eye from this hill. Landward the spectator can behold half the South of Ireland stretching away in lovely variegated vista of mountains and valley, lake and river and town. Oceanward, the illimitable vastness of the Atlantic, showing under the sunset gold a trail of splendor to those Blessed Islands where human care is unknown and peace and loveliness forever dwell. So the Celtic imagination has dared to dream, and not the Celtic imagination alone; for it was in these Western stretches of the Atlantic that the Greek poet and dreamer also placed his Fortunate Isles.

St. Brendan's resolve to discover for himself the Blessed Islands was strengthened by the tale told by the Monk Barinthus of himself and another monk who had sailed to the Land of Promise of the Saints: "A beautiful land of light beyond the clouds and mists of the Western Sea, covered with verdant glades and flowering fields."

So Brendan fasted for the space of forty days, with his monks beseeching God's enlightenment and blessing upon his high adventure. At the end of that time, entirely confirmed in his design, he accepted the offer of fourteen of his monks who had volunteered to accompany him, and with them set sail to Aran to seek the blessing of his beloved friend, St. Enda, on their enterprises. This was gladly bestowed, the great scholar-saint foretelling that God would bring their voyaging to a happy issue. All this has been well told by Denis Florence McCarthy in his felicitous lines :

“Hearing how blessed Enda lived apart,
Amid the sacred caves of Aran-More,
And how beneath his eye spread like a chart
Lay all the isles of that remotest shore;
And how he had collected in his mind
All that was known to man of the Old Sea,
I left the Hill of Miracles behind,
And sailed from out the shallow sandy Lea.

“When I proclaimed the project that I nursed,
How 'twas for this that I his blessing sought
An irrepressible cry of joy outburst
From his pure lips, that blessed me for the thought.
He said that he, too, had in visions strayed
Over the untracked ocean's billowy foam:
Bid me have hope that God would give aid,
And bring me safe back to my native home.”

Then Brendan and his monks constructed for themselves a large curragh, covered with hides and with frames of willow, and providing themselves with rations for forty days, set forth into the unknown deeps, steering for the “Summer solstice.”

For seven years they sailed, passing from island to island, led by God, beholding wonders of His hand on land and sea. At last they reached, it is credibly asserted, the continent of America, and found there a country rich in every natural beauty and means of supporting human life.

“There may not rage of frost, nor snow, nor rain
Injure the smallest and most delicate flower;
Nor fall of hail wound the fair healthful plain,
Nor the warm weather, nor the winter’s shower.
That noble land is all with blossoms flowered,
Shed by the summer breezes as they pass;
Less leaves than blossoms on the trees are showered,
And flowers grow thicker in the fields than grass.”

A fair and mighty river watered this gracious land, but this, heeding the counsel of God’s guiding angel, Brendan would not cross. So again, they bent their oars and sails to their own beloved Erin.

Quickly the fame of their far adventuring spread throughout Ireland, and throngs of holy men and students came to place themselves under Brendan’s spiritual guidance. It is undoubtedly from this time that the villages of beehive cells and stone oratories at Kilmalkedar and Gallerus, as well as on the Blasquet Islands, date.

Though Brendan never again sought the shores of the Western World, yet did he much later voyaging for God. Having established the See of Ardfert, he crossed the estuary of the Shannon and founded a monastery on the Island of Inis-da-druin, known in our own day as Coney Island, where some ruins of ancient churches may yet be seen. About this time, too, he journeyed to Wales, where, after meeting St. Gildas, he went north to Iona, preaching the Gospel and founding many churches on his way. From Iona he passed to the adjacent Northern Islands, and record of his voyaging still remains in the name bestowed on the Sound between Kintyre and Aran: Kilbrennan Sound.

Later annals show him as visiting the King at Tara, and spending some time at the great College of Clonnard. At Clonamery (Cluain Imaire) in the County Kilkenny, close to Brandon Hill, there yet remain the ruins of a church founded by his hand.

With his old love of fair waters still unabated in his breast,

he founded his first monastery on one of the beautiful islands that stud Lough Corrib, for the erection of which he and his nephew, Bishop Moineen (who had accompanied him there) carried the stones, and built with their own hands their cells and little oratory. Here it was St. Fursey received his early training. Later Brendan journeyed northwards once more, this time, to found in the islands of Inish-gloria (Inis-Gluair) another cell and oratory, the ruins of which may still be discerned, rising above the lonely waves of that solitary and desolate sea. Very close to the little oratory lie the two flags which mark the place where it is said the Children of Lir rest, waiting their resurrection. For it was on this wind-swept island, we are told, that Fionnghula and her three dearly-loved brothers finally found harbor and Christian baptism and blessed Death.

For twenty years St. Brendan presided over the great monastery of Clonfert which he had founded about A.D. 556, and where, so great was the fair renown of its founder's sanctity and the learning to be acquired there, that three thousand monks and students made it their headquarters. But he did not die there, though its erection was the great monastic achievement of his life. Shortly after he had built his own small oratory on Inchiquin Island, his beloved sister Briga had come thither from Kerry, anxious to share in the grace of his spiritual guidance, and for her and her holy nuns Brendan erected the convent of Annaghdown on the nearby shore of Lough Corrib, which afterwards became a far-famed center of piety and the site of a cathedral. There it was that in his grey old age the great saint went to die. But he was not interred there, to the great grief of all the people of that region, but in his Church of Clonfert, where he was consigned to sacred earth by the myriads of young and old to whom he had been father, counselor and friend. The shrines which he erected are in ruins; Ardefert and Clonfert are desolate reminders of the Celtic piety which founded them; but we, inheritors of the Irish tradition, hold in high and unforgetting praise the name of Brendan, seaman and Saint.

TRUST IN ST. JOSEPH REQUITED

THE afternoon sun streamed in through the open window, brightening the room in a wonderful way. Beside the window sat a young girl, her dark head bent diligently over her fancy-work, apparently entirely absorbed in her task. But, while her fingers busied themselves with the intricate stitches, her mind was busy thinking about other things.

The work was nearly finished. It had taken a long time—eight or nine months, and now, in less than a week it would be completed. And the money—oh! how eagerly she had looked forward to the treat which she had promised herself with that money. Surely she was justified in using it for her own pleasure. It was only by being very economical with her time-working at top-speed, that she was able to snatch a couple of hours every afternoon to devote to the work up there in the pleasant quietness of her own room. And now that the end was in sight, and the reward almost within her grasp, that wretched bill should appear unexpectedly on the scene, and spoil her little dream. She knew perfectly well that she would never spend the money on herself while there was a bill awaiting payment.

A bell sounding in the distance warned her that school was over. Soon the noise of the tramping of little feet downstairs, and the sound of eager voices calling for “Nan,” would summon her back to her life’s work—the mothering, and house-keeping for her little brothers and sisters. Methodically she began folding up her work, putting everything neatly away in her basket, looking about her the while.

“Saint Joseph, you could easily fix things up for me if you liked,” she said aloud, as her gaze fell upon that dear saint’s picture. Going quickly over to it, she looked earnestly at it for some time. She dearly loved Saint Joseph; he was a great favorite of hers. At last she began to speak again. “You know very well how little pleasure I have in my life,”

she told the saint quite simply. "Do manage somehow to send me the money to pay this tiresome old bill so that I can have my treat after all."

Many other things did she say to Saint Joseph in just the same strain, for she was in the habit of talking thus familiarly to him, and slowly the feeling of great confidence began to steal over her. She knew, of course, that it was not absolutely necessary for her to have this particular pleasure; that she could easily use the money which she would receive for her work, to pay the bill, as she had many and many a time before sacrificed pleasure to duty. But, somehow, this time she felt sure Saint Joseph was going to make her a special gift of the much-desired treat.

"If you do not hear my prayer before my work is finished," she explained to him, "I shall have to use my hard-earned money to pay the bill. So now you have a week to do the trick—surely that is quite long enough for a clever saint like you, Saint Joseph." And with this little piece of "blarney" she left the room in answer to the eager demands that were already being made for "Nan, Nan, where are you?"

Every night before she went to bed Nan stood before the picture and had a talk with Saint Joseph, using all sorts of arguments in order to gain her point. She reminded him that she was a "Child of Mary," and that he would surely please our Lady if he obtained this favour for her child. She coaxed him in every way she could think of, and always she crept into bed with a feeling of assurance, growing more, and more perfect, that Saint Joseph would not refuse her request.

Every morning she eagerly awaited the post-man, suspecting that he would probably be Saint Joseph's chosen medium. Often his whistle sounded at the gate, to be sure, and then she would be all eagerness to hurry out and explore the contents of the letter-box. But then, she believed in doing her part, and so she would deprive herself of the satisfaction of ending the suspense for awhile; sometimes she would wait a couple of hours, sometimes even more. But—no fortune arrived by post.

Meanwhile the week wore on. The work drew nearer and nearer its completion. She had been tempted to dawdle a little and so give Saint Joseph more time. But—no—she did not give in to herself in this either, but spent the usual time at her work each day.

At last it was finished. For the first time hope began to wane. That night she stood before the picture as usual.

“I should have sent in the account to-day,” she told Saint Joseph. “I surely would have if it wasn’t for that old bill. And—and—besides I could not resist giving you just a tiny bit longer, Saint Joseph, dear.” She gazed with pleading eyes at the saint. Suddenly her heart gave a start. Surely—but no, it could not be; she must have imagined it. No—there it was again. Saint Joseph was smiling! He was actually laughing at her! Hastily she turned away, and blew out the light. With a queer feeling of embarrassment she crept into bed.

Next morning she made out the modest account, and posted it immediately. Steadily she avoided looking at Saint Joseph’s picture. But nevertheless she was generously fighting with herself, for she knew quite well that she had no right to feel so hurt—nay, let us be frank—so indignant with Saint Joseph for “daring” to refuse her request.

Many times during the day, for no special reason, she would find herself in her room, and always somewhere near the picture. But she could not bring herself to take her usual place in front of it and “make friends.”

“She surely would before she went to bed,” she assured herself. But, no; the more she put it off, the harder it became. Strange, the thought of the lost treat seemed to trouble her not at all; Saint Joseph filled her whole thoughts—Saint Joseph and that smile. And he had always been so good to her! She lay awake for the better part of the night, pitying herself greatly and considering herself hard-done-by. At last she decided that until she “made friends” with her old Saint Joseph, she would never sleep again. A rather extravagant conclusion to arrive at, but, doubtless she was already nearer

to sleep than she imagined, and, therefore her reasoning powers were not at their best.

However, this time she was determined. She got out of bed, took her vigil light, and walked straight over to the picture.

"It is all right, St. Joseph," she said, hurriedly, as if the words could not be got out quickly enough. "I do not mind in the least. I love you just the same—and—and—I'm sure I imagined the smile."

Then she got back into bed, and in a few minutes was sleeping soundly.

In due time the post-man brought the payment of the account. She recognized the writing on the envelope as that of the lady who was always eager to accept her work, and was ever prompt in her payment for it.

Quickly, and calmly she took the unpaid bill together with the unopened envelope upstairs to her room. Before the picture of Saint Joseph she opened the envelope.

"Now, Saint Joseph," she said. "I am going to try to make up to you for being so horrible. You just watch how cheerfully I fix up this bill under your very eyes."

By this time she had the money out of the envelope. An exclamation of annoyance escaped her.

"Bother! There is some mistake."

But, there was no such thing. In the envelope there was also a note explaining that the conscientious lady had taken the liberty of putting her own valuation upon the work, and had enclosed a larger sum of money which she considered was little enough.

Nan dropped the letter and fixed her eyes upon the picture. At last she smiled; but her eyes were surprisingly bright, and her voice was not quite steady as she said:

"Then you did smile after all, Saint Joseph. You were having a joke with me all the time. Why, there's enough here for the bill and my treat as well!"

M.E.G.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Cause of Beatification and of Canonization of the Servant of God, Sister Saint Joseph Chanay, Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Bordeaux.

Ordinance of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, prescribing the examination of her writings:

We, Pierre-Paulin Andrieu, Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church of the title of Saint Onuphre, by the Divine mercy and the Apostolic authority of the Holy See, Archbishop of Bordeaux, Primate of Aquitaine.

In view of the request addressed to Us by the Reverend Father Edward Ferdinand Spenner, Vice-postulator of the Cause of Beatification and Canonization of the Servant of God, Sister Saint Joseph Chanay, foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Bordeaux.

Conformably to Canons 2042-2048 of the Code of Canon Law:

ARTICLE I.

We hereby, by these presents, order the examination of the writings of the Servant of God, Sister Saint Joseph Chanay, foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Bordeaux, who was born at Villefranche (Rhône), in the Diocese of Lyons, on the 12th of January, 1795, and who died at Bordeaux on the 7th of October, 1853.

ARTICLE II.

We direct attention to the fact that by the terms of Canon Law, there is understood by the expression, writings, not only Autograph writings, but also all texts dictated or printed which have for author the Servant of God; and all the faithful are under grave obligation to send these writings to Us.

ARTICLE III.

The writings of the Servant of God are to be sent within two months dating from May 15th, 1926, to the office of the diocesan secretary, 18 rue Professeur-Demons.

The possessors of these writings, who may be desirous of keeping the originals, must nevertheless present them, in order that an authentic copy may be made of them.

ARTICLE IV.

The faithful who may have any deposition to make for or against the sanctity, the virtues or the miracles of the Servant of God, and who may not have been summoned as witnesses, should request an audience or address their observations to the Rev. Canon Rene Bassibey (promoter of the faith in this cause), 12 rue Saintonage. (Canon 2032).

ARTICLE V.

The present Ordinance will be published on Sunday, May 2nd, 1926, during the sermon, in all the parochial churches of the diocese. It will likewise be read at the principal Mass in all the public chapels.

Given at Bordeaux, in our Archiepiscopal Palace, under Our signature, the seal of Our arms and the counter-signature of the Secretary of Our Archbishopric, April 17th, in the year of grace, 1926.

PAULIN, CARDINAL ANDRIEU,
Archbishop of Bordeaux.

By order of His Eminence,

L. Clavere, Canon,
Secretary of the Archbishopric.

Note—A summary of Sister Saint Joseph Chanay's Biography by Abbé P. F. Lebeurier is published in this June issue of the St. Joseph Lilies.

Saturday, May 8th, was a day of signal rejoicing for the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peterborough diocese, the occasion being the Diamond Jubilee of Rev. Mother Clotilde, one of the foundresses and second Superior-General of the Community. At nine o'clock, in the beautiful chapel of the mother-house, a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, assisted by Right Rev. Monsignor McColl as high priest, Rev. J. J. O'Brien as deacon, and Rev. J. F. Finn as sub-deacon. In a brief address His Lordship spoke of the glorious reward promised those who forsake all earthly attractions to devote themselves to the service of God. To the untiring zeal and genial dispositions of the venerable Jubilarian, he attributed in great measure the present flourishing condition of the Community.

Very hearty felicitations, dear Mother Clotilde.

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On Sunday morning, May 16th, Holy Mass was celebrated in the College chapel by the Right Rev. Dr. Liston, of St. Benedict's, New Zealand. Later in the morning a most interesting talk, affording information about his country, his diocese and labors there, and about his trip, was given by His Lordship to the assembled Sisters. Mgr. Ormond, secretary to His Lordship, and Rev. Father Delany, of Dunedin, with Rev. C. Kehoe, dined at the College.

At the time of Bishop Liston's consecration and appointment as co-adjutor in the See of Auckland, he held the position of Rector of Holy Cross College, which he had directed for fifteen years. His brilliant record as a scholar and his qualifications for this post proved him to be eminently fitted for the more exalted office of the episcopacy. As Rector of this seminary he has been succeeded by the Rev. Cecil Mor-kane, whose aunt, Sister Immaculate Heart, celebrates in November, 1926, her Golden Jubilee in St. Joseph's Community.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ormond was Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Donatus Sbarretti, D.D., while he was Papal Delegate to Australia and New Zealand. The party had been eighteen days on their way here, coming at easy stages across

the contingent from Vancouver, en route to the great Congress at Chicago.

In the afternoon a motor trip was arranged for the visitors to St. Augustine's Seminary and St. Joseph's Novitiate, after which they returned to the College for tea. On Monday the Bishop again offered the Holy Sacrifice for the Community and students.

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On June 3rd Toronto University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on Hon. H. T. Kelly, a Governor of the University and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario.

To the Honorable Chief Justice the Sisters of St. Joseph tender sincerest and most cordial felicitations.

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From Rome, Italy, on way to the Eucharistic Congress, His Grace Archbishop Pisani, esteemed friend of the late Mgr. John M. Cruise of saintly memory, was a welcome visitor at St. Joseph's on Thursday, June 3rd, when he offered holy Mass in our Chapel for the soul of his departed friend.

This the Archbishop's kindly remembrance of their deceased Brother was deeply appreciated by Sisters M. Hildegarde and Innocentia, who were present at the Mass.

OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Evangelista.

On Monday, April 13th, the Community of St. Joseph was bereaved of one of its reverend and beloved members in the person of Sister Mary Evangelista Marsh, who passed peacefully to her reward at the Mother-House, St. Alban Street, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, fifty-nine of which she had generously devoted to God's service in holy religion.

Sister Evangelista enjoyed to a marked degree the esteem of her Community and was one of its most efficient members. For many years she held at different times important offices in the Congregation, but the greater portion of her active life was devoted to the work of education. Being specially qualified in mind and heart for the vocation of the religious

teacher, she exerted an influence that was beneficent and far-reaching. She loved her work and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to know that her pupils were advancing not only in secular learning, but in the knowledge of God and of His love. In later years of retired life when suffering from the infirmities of age, the good religious devoted time at her disposal to visiting the sick and the poor, and instructing many in the saving truths of our holy faith, ever mindful of the Master's assurance that those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the kingdom of eternity.

Amiable in disposition, kindly in nature and gracious in manner, grateful for the least of favors, possessed of an innate refinement of charity that discerns the best in everyone, Sister Evangelista has bequeathed to her religious Community the beautiful example of her many virtues. Of these none were more edifying than her patient, cheerful endurance of suffering, more particularly during her mortal illness which merited her in her last hours the peace of soul that "surpasseth understanding."

The solemn obsequies for the deceased were held in the chapel of the Mother-House on the 15th of April. Mass of Requiem being offered by the Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., assisted by the Rev. T. Hayden, C.S.B., and the Rev. B. Murphy, C.S.B. In the sanctuary were the Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D., the Rev. L. Barcelo, D.D., and the Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C.

The relatives present were Sister M. Bertrand of St. Joseph's Community and Miss Mary Beynon, nieces. Present also for the services were many friends and acquaintances of the deceased. R.I.P.

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Sister Mary Colette.

The Community of St. Joseph records this week the death, on the 14th April, at the House of Providence, of Sister Mary Colette Kiernan, another of those of its venerable members of the staff of that institution who are passing quietly and peacefully from the scene of their earthly labours where, for

a half-century or more, unknown to the world, caring naught for its glamour, indifferent alike to its praise or dispraise, they devoted their lives with abiding faith in God to a service of self-sacrifice for His love. His honour and glory, and for the spiritual and temporal good of afflicted humanity.

After an illness of two months, Sister Mary Colette entered into her eternal reward in the seventy-third year of her age and the forty-eighth of her religious life. For forty-five years she laboured generously in the interests of the House of Providence, God's own refuge of the poor, the homeless and the destitute. An exemplary religious, devoted to fervent prayer and fidelity to her holy rule, God's will for her, she exercised a virtual Apostolate of Charity while accomplishing the duties of her daily life. In imitation of her divine Model she "went about doing good," gentle, patient and kind, endeavoring by word and example, while serving the temporal needs of the many, to give spiritual aid to their souls. The afflicted she comforted, the poor and the destitute she relieved, the erring she reclaimed and protected,—guarding jealously all the while the treasury of her good works, "that they be hidden in time and known only to God, to appear in eternity, or never appear, if such be His holy will."

The funeral services for the deceased were held in the Chapel of the House of Providence, Solemn Mass of Requiem being offered by the Rev. J. J. McGrand, a relative of the deceased Sister, assisted by Rev. F. Corrigan and the Rev. H. Carey. Present in the sanctuary were: Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hand, Rev. M. Cline, Rev. P. Malouf, and Rev. E. Bambrick, of Ottawa. R.I.P.



Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1925—1926



Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

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

President—Miss May Morrow.

First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. T. F. McMahon.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Mrs. Tom McCarron.

Historians—Miss L. Coffee, Miss Helen Monkhouse.

Councillors—Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor, Mrs. F.
P. Brazil and Mrs. Paul Warde.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Eagerly the members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae gathered in the large reception room of the Convent, on March 26th, to hear the distinguished English Dominican, Rev. Hugh Pope, Doctor of Sacred Scripture, address the Association. Miss May Morrow, President of the Alumnae, in a few timely words, introduced the speaker.

Quoting St. Paul to the Corinthians, 9:22: *To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak. I became all things to all men that I might save all.* The Rev. Father proceeded to explain how those who would be imitators of St. Paul in his great Apostolate of bringing souls to Christ should equip themselves by a careful study of Christian Doctrine and Church History.

Rev. Father Pope does not preach; he simply talks; talks charmingly and effectively.

Mrs. E. J. O'Neil voiced the appreciation of the audience in her hearty vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mrs. M. Healy.

Following the lecture, afternoon tea was served in the library, the executive acting as hostesses, while Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Mrs. Tom McCarron poured tea from a most attractive table done with spring flowers and blue candles. Assisting were: Misses Ross, Helen McGrath, Margaret Keenan, Eileen Egan, Helen Monkhouse, Mrs. Paul Warde and Mrs. S. McGrath. Benediction was given by Rev. Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C.

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The Seventh Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will be held this year on September 4th to 10th, at Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, under the gracious hospitality of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose Motherhouse is at Notre Dame. St. Mary's, situated just eighty-seven miles southeast of Chicago and within two

miles of both South Bend, Indiana, and Notre Dame University, is a place well chosen for this notable gathering.

The alumnae of all schools conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, have been organized into the Holy Cross Alumnae Committee, which will work with the Sisters in the privilege of extending the hospitality of the College.

Miss Marion McCandless, 438 Randolph street, Pinckneyville, Illinois, who for the past seven years has represented the Sisters of the Holy Cross on the Executive Board of the I.F.C.A., has been appointed chairman of the convention, and under her leadership extensive plans are being formulated for the entertainment of a large number of delegates and visitors. The visiting religious will be the guests of the Holy Cross Sisters and alumnae and all Federation members will be accommodated at the College, as in an American plan hotel.

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is the largest organization of its kind in the world and is the only one which directly represents the teaching Sisterhoods. Approximately four hundred and fifty colleges, academies and high schools, located in forty-two states, four Canadian provinces and five European countries, are affiliated and represent a membership of sixty thousand women.

September will witness the arrival of more than five hundred delegates and visiting religious at Saint Mary's, where no effort will be spared in making this a memorable occasion. This is the first time in the history of the Federation that a convention has been held with the members of a religious order as hostesses, and the Sisters of the Holy Cross and their alumnae, feeling theirs the honor, open wide the doors of Saint Mary's in welcome.

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Recently at a meeting of the Local Council of Women, Miss M. L. Hart, the retiring Vice-President, was presented with a Life Membership and Pin in recognition of her generous and very capable co-operation in bringing to a successful issue every good work undertaken by the Council.

The Annual Meeting of the Catholic Women's League, Sub-division No. 3, was held in Rosary Hall on April 15th, when the Secretary read a gratifying report of the work which had been accomplished during the year. Then followed the election of officers, resulting as follows:

President—Mae McGrace.
 1st Vice-President—Gladys Smith.
 2nd Vice-President—Lillian Gough.
 3rd Vice-President—Mary Mallon.
 Recording Secretary—Faith Flynn.
 Corresponding Secretary—Margaret Keenan.
 Treasurer—Eleanore Murray.
 1st Councillor—Aileen McDonagh.
 2nd Councillor—Mary McDougald.
 3rd Councillor—Ruth Warde.
 4th Councillor—Helen McCabe.
 5th Councillor—Margaret Butler.
 6th Councillor—Helen Dawson.
 7th Councillor—Kathleen Hickey.
 8th Councillor—Elizabeth Roesler.

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At her beautiful home, High Park Blvd., Miss McGrath entertained for her niece, Miss Helen McGrath, on May 22nd. Miss M. McMahon assisted Miss McGrath.

Mrs. James C. Keenan and Mrs. J. C. McConnell presided at the tastefully appointed tea table and were assisted by the Misses Lorinne Hayes, Eileen McDonagh, Margaret Keenan, Betty O'Brien and Rose Hayes.

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Guests of honor at a delightful Tea given on Saturday afternoon, June 5th, by Miss Rita Halligan in her mother's lovely home, Indian Road, were the 1926 Graduates of St. Joseph's Academy. Mrs. Thomas Halligan received the young guests with her daughter.

At a prettily decorated table Mrs. Sylvester Halligan and Mrs. Tom McCarron poured tea and coffee. Assisting were

Misses Gertrude Hayes, Imelda Halligan, Elizabeth Pearson, Margaret Downey, Mary Pearson and Marion Downey.

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At Rosary Hall, a May-time party was held instead of the regular monthly meeting of Toronto sub-division No. 2, Catholic Women's League. Mrs. J. D. Warde and Mrs. M. Healy presided over the table, which was beautiful in its appointments and floral decorations, and a representative gathering of women enjoyed the hour over this social cup of tea. A piano solo by Miss Marguerita Bullock, and a group of vocal numbers by Miss Marie Wehrle, who was accompanied by Miss Olive Flint, A.T.C.M., added to a pleasant evening. Mrs. M. Healy and Mrs. J. P. Hynes of this Toronto subdivision were named delegates to the National Convention in Ottawa on June 10th to 12th, and their report will be a feature of the June meeting.

Mrs. J. C. Keenan, the able President, was re-elected by acclamation.

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In the inter-golf club matches for the Mail and Empire Trophy, Mrs. Paul Warde and Mrs. Tom McCarron were contestants. Mrs. Warde, who played for Thornhill Club, won her only match with Thistledown, while Mrs. McCarron, who played for Lakeview, put her club up three points in matches with Thornhill, Bayview and Thistledown.

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St. Joseph's Alumnae Theatre night at Lowe's Uptown Tuesday evening, May 11th, in aid of the Scholarship fund was a huge success. Mrs. J. McDairmid convened the sale of home-made candy and Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Miss E. Byrne chaperoned the students of St. Joseph's Academy.

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At the Graduating Exercises of St. Michael's Hospital Training School for Nurses held at Columbus Hall on May 4th, Diplomas and Medals were awarded to thirty-nine young ladies who had completed the required course.

Other recognitions of merit were as follows: Scholarship of \$400 for a course in public health nursing presented by the Auxiliary Association of the Hospital, was awarded to Miss Winnifred Downey. The Dr. Norman Allen Scholarship of \$100 was awarded to Miss Madeline Coffey. The Dr. D'Arcy Frawley prize of \$25.00 was awarded to Miss Binions. Dr. Silverthorn's prize was won by Miss M. Berger. The Corbett-Cowley prize, equally merited by the Misses M. Coffey, R. Sedgwick, W. Downey, L. McIntyre, A. Murray, Rita Eagan, P. Coffey, A. Bourdon and M. Pilon, was won by Miss M. Pilon.

A prize of \$10 was given by the Alumnae Association for the best essay on "What Benefit Does a Training School Derive from Its Alumnae Association?" went to Miss Mary Robinson.

A prize of \$25 given by F. J. Hughes for promoting the spirit of loyalty in the school, was merited by the Misses Helen Walsh, Louise Cassidy, Florence Kuntz, Winnifred Downey, P. Coffey, A. Knight, L. McIntyre, H. Shannon, M. Dandenault, R. Eagan, M. Berger, A. Murray, A. Bourdon, C. Lavis, A. Cronin, was drawn for and won by Miss Agnes Knight.

To these young ladies St. Joseph's Alumnae wish blessing and success in their chosen profession.

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WEDDINGS.

Prendergast—Benoit.

The Sacred Heart Church, LaSalle, was on June 1st the scene of an interesting wedding when Miss Nora Benoit, daughter of Mayor Vital Benoit and Mrs. Benoit of LaSalle, became the bride of Dr. William Killoran Prendergast of London, Ont. The Rev. Father Baillergeon celebrated the Nuptial Mass and performed the marriage ceremony.

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O'Brien—Cochran.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Bloor and Markham streets, on Saturday morning, May 22nd, at 8 o'clock, when Lillian Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Cochran, was united in marriage to Charles L. O'Brien,

son of the late Mr. Michael O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien of Grafton, Ont. Rev. Charles Casserly, C.S.P., celebrated the Nuptial Mass and performed the wedding ceremony.

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Barry—Keogh.

St. James' Church, Colgan, was the scene of an attractive wedding, April 14th, when Teresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keogh, became the bride of Mr. Bernard Barry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barry of Loretto, Ont. Rev. John Keogh, C.S.S.R., Toronto, brother of the bride, officiated. During Solemn High Mass he was assisted by Rev. F. A. McKenna of Orillia, deacon, and Rev. P. Gallery, C.S.S.R., Toronto, sub-deacon. Rev. R. P. Walsh and Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., Toronto, were present in the sanctuary

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Unser—Rowe.

On June 16th a very pretty wedding took place at Holy Rosary Church, when Miss Rita Rowe became the bride of Mr. B. Unser. Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., celebrated the Nuptial Mass and performed the wedding ceremony.

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Entertainments were given by Mrs. James E. Day, Miss Ruth Warde, Miss Lillian Gough and Mrs. Harold Murphy, in honor of Miss Margaret McDonnell, whose marriage to Dr. D'Arcy Prendergast takes place in mid-June.

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Miss Helen Monkhouse invited a number of friends to Tea to say good-bye to her brother Bill, who after the successful completion of Second Year Medicine left for a four months' prospecting tour to Red Lake and other Northern Mining districts of Canada.

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Mrs. Catherine Devlin, of Barrie, is visiting friends in Ottawa.

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At a meeting of the Catholic Women's League, Subdivision No. 1, held on May 23rd, in Columbus Hall, the following of-

fficers were elected for the ensuing year: Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., President; Mrs. A. F. Dwyer, First Vice-President; Mrs. T. W. McGarry, Second Vice-President; Mrs. M. Ryan, Third Vice-President; Mrs. J. L. Hession, Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. E. Berthon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. E. J. O'Gorman, Treasurer. The following were elected as Councillors: Mrs. B. A. Cronin, Mrs. F. A. Verey, Miss K. Ahern, Mrs. J. C. MacMillan, Mrs. J. W. Dillon and Mrs. A. M. Berthon.

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Congratulations and best wishes for future success to Miss Anna Timlin, Orillia; Miss Anna O'Neill, Toronto; Miss Mary Reuter, Port Colborne; who on May 5th completed their course at St. Joseph's Hospital Training School for Nurses.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for the souls of our recently-deceased friends: Mr. James Redmond, Mrs. Frank McConvey (Helen Heck), Mrs. Nora Sheppard, Mrs. Charles Cassidy, Miss Laura McQueen, Mr. Duncan McRae, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. W. J. Barker, Mr. James McSloy, Mrs. Louis P. Burns, Mrs. Charles B. Doherty, Mrs. Thomas J. Lee, Mr. Joseph P. Downey, Mr. Michael J. Shanahan, Miss Catherine Rigney, Mr. Edward Devlin, Mrs. McKenna, Rev. Bro. Oswald, Mrs. Agnes H. Foley, Mr. George Bunker, Mr. James Ryan, Mr. Bert McBrady and Mr. W. Lafrenier.

To the bereaved relatives we offer our deep and sincere sympathy.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The privileges which St. Joseph's College enjoys by its affiliation with the Provincial University of Toronto through the federated College of St. Michael, are in character and importance unique and the advantage of this relation is gradually becoming more fully appreciated as the success of the advancing years is repeated. The number of our students is swelling into hundreds and our graduates are now filling responsible and lucrative positions throughout the province near and far and even in the United States, where their efficiency is readily acknowledged.

The course of education at St. Joseph's includes the requirements for a degree in Arts from the University of Toronto. The College Course is of four years' duration and follows upon the completion of Matriculation or its equivalent standing. It adheres to the prescription of courses laid down in the Calendar of the University of Toronto, and leads to the Degrees awarded to the students who complete their course in that University. The examinations are under common control. There is one degree for all which bears the seal and signature of the University of Toronto. Thus Catholic women students receive as high a training as that given in any University while still kept under strictly Catholic influence and teaching.

The young ladies of the graduating class of 1926 who obtained their B.A. degree, are: Pauline M. Blake, Mary Grace Cooney, Mary W. Coughlin, Norma Duffy, Clara Camilla Coumans, Margaret Edna Crummey, Lillian C. Duggan, Marie Eileen Foley, Helen Kernahan, Eleanor M. McCarthy, Helena J. McCarthy, Rita Frances O'Grady, Gertrude J. Quinlan, Ida J. T. Wickett, and Camilla Wright.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

MUSIC RECITAL

Given by the Pupils of the Junior Grade
on May 10th, 1926.

- Keisling—Duet: Warblers of the Forest
.....Lillian Boyce, Carlotta Provonchere
- Nolek—Valse Idyll.....Muriel Moyer
- Wollenhaupt—Morceau Characteristique.....Helen Locke
- Perrier—Deupieme ValseHelen McGrath
- Bath—Thistledown.....Marciel Sylbas
- Friml—Skip DanceAgnes Ryan
- Romanoff—Minuet Antoinette.....Monica Gallagher
- Mozart—Rondo in D MajorKathleen Connelly
- Scarmolin—Taranrelle Brilliante.....Mercedes French
- Moszkowski—Tone Pictures. (a) Waterlilies; (b) Rest-
less SeasBernice Fischer
- Marling—En AutomneRose Staring
- Lyseberg—Duet, two pianos, Balladine
.....Teresa McMahan, Viola Lyon
- Ambroise—Valse Impromptu.....Alma Parent
- Wachs—Les Sylphides.....Wilhelmina Teece
- Friml—TarantellaJane Morin
- Binet—Summer NightOrla Beer
- Nollet—ElegieWilhelmina Keller
- McDowell—RigaudonEsther Yavner
- Henselt—If I Were a BirdMonica McGowan
- Chopin—Valse, G Flat Major.....Nellie Flynn
- Lack—Etude ArabesqueIrene Connelly
- Spross—Duet, two pianos, Valse Caprice
.....Mary Palmer, Stella McDonald

GOD SAVE THE KING.

WOULD THE REPUBLICAN SCHEME OF PLATO BE POSSIBLE OR DESIRABLE IN OUR MODERN WORLD?

THE Republic of Plato was written about four hundred years before Christ, and although it has shown marvellous foresight in many points, we could never expect it to be a complete solution of all our present-day problems. But Plato has succeeded in pointing out to us the general lines on which the good state, in any age, whatsoever, should be modelled.

However, to make these plans applicable to our modern world, certain modifications would be necessary. For instance, Plato lived in the age of the city state and could not imagine his ideal state as anything but one of these small states amongst several similar communities with whom it contended to maintain its independence. So he modelled his ideal state on Athens, a country with ideal geographic conditions for a small community, supporting almost every variety of vegetation within its few square miles, and conveniently situated near the sea, a country which was ideal for Plato's ideal state with its limited population, in which this intensely communistic system could closely supervise every person and every action. Imagine what would happen if such miniature states tried to exist in, say a few square miles of our western Canadian prairies! Every country is not Greece. Certainly some revision of this intensely communistic plan is needed here.

Also, Plato took war for granted. He could not conceive of a state not primarily organized for warfare, hand to hand, where the virile man who led the good life, triumphed. Again he reckoned without science. In this mechanical age physical strength counts for nought. His virile army would be no more proof against the modern inventions of science, than his intensely communistic state could maintain its strict segregation in these days of steamships and aeroplanes. Plato was also

somewhat inclined to overlook the artisan class, as of small importance, whereas in modern times the order is completely reversed. Practically every country of the world is a democracy. The approval of the people certainly count for something. Plato planned his Republic for conditions of affairs which he thought perfect and would persist throughout the ages. But life is changing, not permanent.

However, these few limitations could be easily overlooked or modified to suit conditions of the present day. Why could we not enlarge on Plato's ideas for the ideal community and extend them to include a whole nation? With our present means of transportation and communication we should be able to keep in contact with vast areas just as easily as Plato did in his small community. For Plato certainly had the three fundamental ideas which go to make up the perfect state—I mean (1) the educating of the people to a common physical standard of the good life, and (2) the vesting of the political authority in the hands of a trained body of select men, together with the third condition Justice, or every man minding his own business for the sake of living well, which gives a soundness and permanence to these ideal conditions. Certainly these three conditions would be most desirable in any age, and I will attempt to show that they would be possible in our modern age.

Plato's Republic is largely a treatise on education, so let us consider the first proposition—the education of the people to a common standard of the good life. What distinguishes one state from another, or what goes to make up a state anyhow? A unity of interest Not at all, for there is a great difference between commercial and civic unity. What is it, then, that makes up civic unity, unless it be the sharing of something in common, a common tradition and education, a common standard of the good life—It is that which makes a community one, and which in time of distress is sufficient to make it want to cling together of its own accord without external force. The system of education which Plato proposes—music and gymnastic, i.e. (mental and physical)—is one which

would bring up our youth with sound bodies and minds, with sound standards of moral principles. What more could we ask? The nation which is formed of such material must of necessity be sound and wholesome.

As we said before, Plato's Republic was written to reform the evils of his own time. But we could easily translate Plato's objection to poets and enervating music into a modern tirade against the evils of the present-day passion for syncopated music, the dance, the novel and the cinema. We must admit that there is great need of reform in all these lines, and Plato's contention still holds good to-day, that such stuff tends to give a weak and over-temperamental strain to our present-day generation. The popular novel and the cinema do give us an unreal atmosphere of crime and excesses. At least they render our minds familiar with such things as crime, excesses, elopements and breaches of the marriage laws. If the youth were brought up completely removed from such deteriorating influences there would certainly be a higher and stronger moral strain in our nation. Plato's rule of life for the youth, while not rigorous, would tend to the unnecessary diseases—it would tend towards the survival of the fittest. Thus by raising the moral, mental and physical status of the nation through a proper system of education and training, Plato would abolish a great many of our present-day evils. Temperance and restraint would be the keynote of his nation. And how many of our criminal laws now deal with excesses—such evils as liquor, drugs, and divorce problems. Statistics show what large percentages of our criminals are mentally defective. Remove these evils and what should we have left for our popular Sunday papers of the present day!

In any nation the laws and constitutions are formed in accordance with the traditions and ideas of the people. And the traditions and ideas of the nation are formed largely through the education and upbringing of the people. Therefore, if any reform is to be accomplished successfully, we must educate the people to the idea. Wonders can be worked through educating the people to see things in the right light.

So I maintain that it is possible, though perhaps difficult to adapt Plato's ideals to our modern world, through educating the people to see things in the proper light. And then, when through the proper kind of education we have such a high type of citizen both physically and mentally, we could educate them to regard the political conditions of their country in the proper light.

And now that we have prepared the material of which our state is composed, let us turn to the second proposition of Plato's plan—that the governing authority should be entrusted to politicians, who should be men of the highest calibre—philosophers—who underwent a special training to fit them for their positions. Surely this plan should be hailed with much enthusiasm in our modern world. In Plato's Republic every man had his own occupation or business and attended to it. Then why should not politicians be trained for their business and left to attend to it without interference. Nothing can seem more in keeping with our present-day tendency to turn various occupations into professions. When our lawyers, the men who interpret our laws, must be professional men, must spend years in training to learn what our laws are before they can interpret them, does it not seem absurd that our politicians, the men who make our laws, have no school of training whatsoever, before they begin experimenting in grim reality with the business of running our country? What grave political blunders and costly errors might thus be avoided!

Some may object that the community life of the guardians planned by Plato would be impossible in the modern world. Not at all, in fact it is quite a feasible and plausible plan. We have a living proof of the efficiency of this plan in the system of the Roman Catholic Church in choosing its priests and hierarchy. It has been shown that the community life for the guardians is best, as they are then free to devote their whole time to the state and are not concerned each with his own personal gain—so, the graft, corruption, and political abuses

of the present day would vanish. Plato did not allow his guardians to handle money at all.

However, Plato's plan for the community of women and children among his Guardians would certainly have to be changed in our modern world. But then, why should not the guardians, like the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, lead a life of celibacy? There would only be a few men in the political profession, not greatly exceeding the present number of clergy. Here, too, in his discussion of the status of women in his Republic Plato has shown great foresight. Women were to engage in all the pursuits of men, only in a lesser degree.

But, you may ask how are these guardians to be chosen? Well, might not the guardians be chosen after the manner of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church? Anyone who wished to become a guardian would enter the seminary to serve a period of training for say, about ten years, to become fitted to assume the duties of governing the state. The only conditions, then, for anyone to become a guardian are that he have the inclination, and that he prove his worth and merit for this position during his period of training. Since this career is open alike to all who can prove their merit, we may call it democratic, and since it is the rule of the trained, select few it is an aristocracy. What more could we ask for than such a democratic aristocracy? And this is really what Plato advocated.

Again it may be objected, would not this become a narrow aristocratic form of government, since the wishes of the people are not consulted on the various issues at hand? And did not Plato exclude artisans and husbandmen from the rule of His state? But surely no one could object to this government since every one had an equal opportunity of becoming a guardian if he could prove his worth, and then, too, in Plato's Republic everybody minds his own business, so no one would interfere with the politicians once they had entrusted them with the care of running the State. Plato excluded artisans and husbandmen from his rule because they did not

have the time to spare to study politics sufficiently. And as to the majority rule—well, we have it now nominally, and we have all seen the great deficiency of the present system. In the first place a considerable percentage of the citizens do not vote at all, and a great many of those who do, do not know really what it is all about, and consequently the average man votes for the party that will best further his own private interests, with little or no concern as to what will be ultimately the best for the state in general. Even at that, they have really nothing much to say about what will be the policy of their government after they have elected it. Our elections are supposedly held to elect those men to office who are best fitted to further the general good of the state at that time. Well, then, is not Plato's plan much more adequate than our present system of the majority rule? According to men who have studied the question and know something about it, men who have devoted their lives to the cause of furthering the interests of the state. For instance they can have no personal property, we can rest assured that it is not for gain or personal advantage they have entered politics. I wonder how many of our present-day politicians elected by the majority could this be said! Surely, then, such men would be best fitted at all times to further the interests of the state. This answers Aristotle's question, "Can the government do anything else than rule for its own interests?" Here since the interest of the government is to further the interests of the people, therefore it must be a good government.

Then the old objection might be raised, would such a life of the guardians be a happy one? I think we might safely answer in the affirmative. Plato says that the just man is loved by the gods, and even men are sure to love and honour him towards the close of his life, if not before. For example, look at our priests and ministers—their worldly gain is small, but haven't they a certain high-minded satisfaction in knowing that they have devoted their lives to the good of their fellow-men. To sum up, "virtue is its own reward." Then, too, there would be much compensation in the high respect

which these self-sacrificing politicians would be held by their fellow-men. This prestige would not only make the politicians' lives easier, but would inspire the whole nation with the highest respect for its governors and its laws. Thus the whole citizen body, paymasters and maintainers, would give their politicians their strongest support.

So I think Plato's scheme of society would be of untold benefit if applied to modern times. By all means make politics a trained profession, and educate the people to respect it as the highest of all professions—the guarding of the interests of the people. And so, as Plato says, the laws made by these experienced, high-minded politicians, whose sole interest in life is the good of the state, are bound to be good. The minor problems of government such as economic problems, trade laws, tariffs and commercial treaties would be handled to the best advantage under these wise politicians. Plato sums up most of the present-day problems of socialism and trade unions by saying that the guardians shall see to it that excessive wealth or excessive poverty be avoided in their State. Plato favoured the guild system of labour, and it certainly has its advantages in that each industry can perfect itself, and each man has his own trade and can become efficient in his line of business. However, these are only of minor importance and could be changed. At least we may rest assured that this select body of trained politicians would handle all these problems to the best advantage of all concerned.

And now that we have shown how Plato's plans for the ideal community may in the main be extended to suit a nation, may we not go one step further and show how they might be extended to include the whole world? If we were to educate our people to see the narrowness of their national prejudices, why could we not have a world federation divided into geographic provinces, under the guidance of its best educated, most intelligent men? It might be a universal court modelled after the Vatican at Rome. Its president might be elected after the fashion of the Pope—he might be selected from any of the national representatives, but after his elec-

tion he would maintain no nationality. Would not this system be superior to the present attempts at world conferences such as the League of Nations?

Finally, let us examine the third condition in Plato's scheme of the Republic—Justice, or every man minding his own business for the sake of living well. It is this which gives soundness and permanence to other reforms of the state. It is this which gives durability to the whole constitution of the state. Certainly it is desirable in any state, though perhaps the most difficult to carry out. However, it might in time be established as a tradition among the people by encouraging its growth little by little, and educating the people to appreciate the idea of Justice.

That Plato's scheme of society would be desirable in any age, I scarcely think anyone will deny. That it would be possible in our modern world I have endeavoured to show. It might be established through educating the people to see things in the proper light. And the system might be maintained through Justice, or getting the people accustomed to each one minding his own business. Some may object that man is but human and that no system however perfect could be successfully worked out on earth, that such is not in keeping with the order of earthly things. Well as Addison makes Cato say,

“ 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.”

Regina Harrison, '27.



MUSIC RECITAL

Given in the College Auditorium by the Pupils of the Senior Grade, on June 9th, 1926.

- Von Wilm—Duet, two pianos, Waltz.....
Claire Chinn, Frances Dickson
- Mozart—Sonata in F Major, Allegro.....
Betty Grobba, Silver Medalist, 1926
- Raff—La FileuseDorothy Richard
- Beethoven—Sonata No. 9, Allegro.....Viola Lyon
- Chopin—Nocturne in B Major.....Rose Burke
- Hahn—Concert Polonaise.....Teresa McMahon
- Friml—Revil du Printemps.....
Teresa McDonald, Silver Medalist, 1925
- Chaminade—AutomneFrances Dickson
- Mozart—Fantasia in C Minor.....
Claire Chinn, Silver Medalist, 1924
- Vieuxtemps—Violin Solo, Ballade et Polonaise.....
Gertrude Bergin
- Beethoven—Sonata Op. 10, No. 2, Allegro, Allegretto....
Gladys Moffatt
- Moszkowski—En Automne.....May Redmond
- Moszkowski—Tarantello.....Olive Flint, A.T.C.M.
- Sternberg—Concert Etude.
- McDowell—Danse Audalous.....Clare
 Moore, A.T.C.M., Silver Medalist 1920, Gold Medalist 1922
- Liszt—Hungarian Rhapsody (Le Carnaval de Pesth) . . May
 Orr, A.T.C.M., Silver Medalist 1921, Gold Medalist 1923
- Chopin—Sonata in B Minor, Allegro, Finale.....
 Hermine Keller, Silver Medalist 1923, Gold Medalist 1926
- Saint-Saens—Duet, two pianos, Valse Caprice (Wedding
 Cake)Claire Chinn, Gladys Moffatt

GOD SAVE THE KING.



FRENCH CLUB EXECUTIVE

Mary Coughlin, Marie Foley, Helen Kernahan, Camilla Coumans.

ST. JOSEPH'S FRENCH CLUB EXECUTIVE

Miss Mary Coughlan.....Miss Marie Foley

Miss Helen Kernahan.....Miss Camilla Coumans

The French Club of St. Joseph's College has as its aim the acquiring of a greater facility in French conversation, and a more profound interest in French Literature. In its early period the French Club included only the students of the Junior and Senior years. Later it was thought expedient to extend its membership to the students of all the four years, much to the delight and satisfaction of all.

Our first move at the opening of the fall term was to hold a business meeting and choose our executive. Thus by avoiding delay we planned to have a flying start and to advance steadily towards our goal. The election resulted in the selection of Miss Marie Foley, as our President, and Miss Helen Kernahan as Vice-President, with Miss Camilla Coumans as Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

What is this Eucharistic Congress? It is a union of Catholics from every nation of the world for the purpose of glorifying their Lord and King, Jesus Christ, under the sacramental species in the Eucharist.

But you say, why can we not glorify God in our own churches—why this great public demonstration? Man being endowed with a body and soul must therefore render to God both an internal and an external worship. Genuine piety naturally manifests itself outwardly and the outward manifestation fosters the internal devotion. Hence although internal and external worship are two entirely distinct things, they cannot be separated in this life. The Church, whose directing Spirit cannot mistake what is best for man, has always provided external worship, and one of the most sublime outward acts of homage which the Church has instituted is a Eucharistic Congress. Promoters of these Congresses are convinced that the increase of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament which the past century has witnessed is in great part the fruit of these gatherings.

The first Eucharistic Congress was held at Lille, in France, in June, 1881, the second at Avignon in 1882, the third at Liege in the following year, and now the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress is to be held at Chicago in June, 1926. Never before, in any city of the world, has so much interest been manifested in a religious function of this kind. How proud these people of Chicago feel that they are privileged to welcome the thousands of century-old Catholic families, who will come from every continent of the globe to pay homage there to their Lord and King. Extensive preparations are being made by these eager citizens that they may honour their Divine Guest and His millions of adorers.

On Sunday, June 20th, the International Eucharistic Congress will be officially opened, on which morning one million Catholics will receive the Holy Eucharist, and in each of the two hundred and thirty-four churches, and hundreds of private chapels, solemn High Mass will be celebrated. June 22nd is the day set apart especially for women. A fitting climax for the great celebration will be the triumphal procession in Mundelein, a suburb of Chicago, where St. Mary's Seminary founded by His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago and Sponser of the Congress, is situated.

And now, even though we may not be able to attend the Congress, let us pray for its success. Let us invoke St. Paschal Babylon, the Saint of the Eucharist and the Patron of all Eucharistic Congresses, to obtain for us that God may enkindle in our hearts His holy love and that devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament may become more and more widespread.

Helen M. Mahon, Form IV.



God With Us

(Written for, and sung at the Eucharistic Congress,
June 24th, 1926).

The King of the World is passing by,
Riding all meek, and lowly—
“Hosanna! Hosanna!” the people cry,
“Emmanuel, all Holy!

Refrain:

Son of God, Thy Word divine,
Changeth still the bread and wine—
Lord, we believe and adore Thee!

Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,
Son of the Virgin, lowly—
The Saviour, the Healer, the Friend is nigh!
“Emmanuel, all Holy!”

The Lord of the Eucharist is passing by,
Clad in His Raiment lowly—
Little White Host, Thou art Lord Most High,
“Emmanuel, all Holy!”

S.M.G.



ST. JOSEPH'S DEBATING SOCIETY

Mary Coughlin,

Dorothy O'Connor,

Norma Duffy.

ST. JOSEPH'S DEBATING SOCIETY

Miss Mary Coughlin. Miss Dorothy O'Connor,
Miss Norma Duffy.

"He who affirms must prove" is not only a legal maxim, but it is often a recognized obligation for critical young undergraduates prone to express views unhatched and opinions untried in the fire of experience. To be able to support the burden of proof, to know how to meet an opponent's assertion with effective refutation, to be prepared to marshal arguments in logical order and to learn to bring timely and convincing testimony as to fact is undeniably most useful intelligence for those who live in intimate and daily intercourse, as "many men of many minds."

This ability is gained chiefly by practice in the art of debating publicly. That it has been, in a measure, successfully gained by some of St. Joseph's star debaters, notably Miss Norma Duffy and Miss Margaret Thompson, is evident from the fact that in the Inter-College debates of this year every effort has proved a triumph and the trophy-shield has become the permanent possession of the women of St. Michael's College, who have won every debate with University College, St. Hilda's, Victoria and McMaster.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE

The first essential for success in life is to follow the vocation which after careful meditation, we know to be intended for us. The one who is in a sphere of life not intended for him is generally a dismal failure or accomplishes only a moiety of the good he might accomplish and has difficulty in doing this. He is never happy and frequently is the cause of much unhappiness and discontent to his fellowmen. The happy choice of a vocation puts into our hands the arms which can be used with the greatest success. Like knights of old we are ready for the battle of life.

Having decided on the profession or line of business we propose following, our attention should be given to the acquiring of a sound, healthy body for without this we shall not be able to respond to the many calls made on us in the strenuous battle of life. We must be temperate in all our habits and upon the regularity with which we carry out our daily routine as to business recreation and rest will largely depend our success in the life work. This element of correct living is imperative if we wish to succeed.

We are usually judged by the company we keep. Our personal friends and associates have more to do with our success or failure in life than we credit them with. The discernment of noble qualities in our friends always leads us to imitation and imitation to acquisition, and so the good is passed on and it is only at the last day we shall learn the effect other's actions have had upon us and our actions have had upon others. Success then demands the cultivation of a fraternal spirit. Our modern societies teach us to mingle with our fellow-men and thus to obtain their co-operation and support in any project that we might wish to put forward to benefit our fellow-men or our country or even ourselves.

A cultured and dignified personality is a great asset to success in one's life work and our home, and our school must

claim the credit for such a personality or accept the blame if such a personality is lacking. A religious education forms a sound basis for a successful career in the world of men. It teaches respect for our superiors and in respecting superiors we deserve and receive the respect of others. It teaches us to give God love and obedience and we love our neighbors and carry out our work with more purity of intention and with a greater benefit to those around us. Without the religious background, one may be a brilliant scholar, but he fails in impressing his neighbors as the person with the secular learning and the further advantage of the religious training certainly does.

The atmosphere of our early home life plays an important part in the formation of our character and so in our being a success. The child who is taught self-control, self-sacrifice and mortification is better fitted to succeed than the one whose parents have surrounded him with luxuries and satisfied his every whim. Self-sacrifice is a strong character-builder, and strong characters are needed more to-day than at any other time in the history of the world.

We must not lose sight of the fact in speaking of success in life that our spiritual success is most important. Lacking this spiritual success which follows the faithful practice of our religion, life is after all a failure. Modern life has subordinated spiritual success to financial and social success, but we have to bear in mind the warning contained in the words, "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

A. McBride, Form V.



Farewell



Farewell, this is the first, the worst Farewell

I've met with on life's sea ;

I hear the tolling of a distant bell,

And know it calls to me.

Farewell bright grounds, with girlish laughter filled,

Good-bye thou stately elm ;

No longer here may I my castles build,

Time's robbed me of my realm.

Good-bye glass alley whose cold walls still ring

With echoes, ceasing ne'er,

As happy hearts in haste bring to their King,

Their early morning prayer.

Good-bye kind library, oh! how oft have I,

When spent with daily care,

Sought peace in you, and let my troubles die,

Can you my sorrow share?

You op'd to me strange, magic lands,

Where I was fain to dwell ;

But morrow's dawn will find me far on sands,

Beyond your magic spell.

And there, upon that long and dusty road,
Which shone so bright before,
Awearry I, with strange and heavy load,
Alone must trudge it o'er.

But none may dare to stay thy helping hand,
That makes my burden light,
When sorrows weigh and press, I still command
Thy mercy, sweet and bright.

And ever when my life is sad and dry
My thoughts to thee will go,
And I will say "at dear St. Joseph's I
Was happy, long ago."

How shall I pay thee, Mother, for thy gifts,
So freely given to me?
No laurel, shaft or trophy can I lift
As offering mete to thee.

But I shall strive to live a life as pure
As should a child of thine.
Then to thy glorious name, one tribute sure,
Is paid by act of mine.

Catherine Fenn, Academy IV.

KENNETH'S SUCCESS

A prize was being offered by the Academy of Art, London, England, for the most original painting from nature. The competition was open to all, rich and poor, young and old. Kenneth Brown, a struggling young artist, ambioned the winning of this prize. A great lover of nature was Kenneth. Day after day he had in vain searched through the country for a scene sufficiently beautiful to arrest his artistic eye.

One fair day in mid-June, he decided to make one more tour of the surrounding district in search of a study worthy of his brush. Hither and thither he tramped until he reached two roads running in different directions. Trusting to Luck, he took the road at his right. He had not walked far before he turned a sharp bend. There, on the roadside, confronting him, he perceived a dream-picture, a quaint rustic little house made of logs. He crossed to the sagging gate and passed into the yard. The roses from the toppling arbor above the gate gave off a rich perfume which delighted him. Walking around to the back of the cottage, he stood still, gazing in wonderment at the almost celestial loveliness which surrounded him on every side.

It was a lovely old-fashioned garden such as one reads about or dreams of. Beautiful flaming red, shell-pink, and snow-white roses nearly filled the garden; tall, quaint hollyhocks, of all colours, made soft silhouettes against the summer sky. Lovely foxgloves nodded to him in the gentle breeze; the shy little violets in the corner dropped their heads beneath his enraptured gaze. The demure lilies-of-the-valley filled the air with a perfume which refreshed him.

A little fountain played in the centre of this Paradise beautiful; the birds twittered and chatted as they splashed in the crystal water, and lovely, milk-white and sea-green water-lilies were mirrored in its translucent depths. A rustic bench of peeling bark covered with moss under a spreading willow-

tree added to the loveliness. At the garden's edge, glimpses could be caught of the deep blue sea, and the waves could be heard as they sang and dashed against the pebble-strewn shore.

Kenneth lost no time in putting up his easel; instantly, he took his brush and palette and set to work with a feverish haste, for the afternoon was nearly spent. In three hours he had transformed a bare white canvas into a picture of vivid beauty. As the afternoon was melting into evening and the shadows were beginning to lengthen, he packed his brush and paints and wended his way among the dew-laden flowers which had closed their delicate petals in blissful slumber. The dewy air mingled with the scent of flowers, breathed of romance and mystery. The roses entwined in the arbor seemed to nod good-bye to him as he turned for one long look before he rounded the bend in the road.

Kenneth won first prize for his picture, which he called, "Just an Old-Fashioned Garden." He received much honour and his name was on the lips of every one in England. But in the midst of all his applause and splendour he did not forget the little old house and garden, and later, bought the place and lived there happily until his death.

Kathleen Tallon, Form 1-B.



Legend of the Mignonette

In a garden grew a flower,
Humbly trailing, it was found
Bent by clustering petals downward
To the damp cool, shady ground.

Day by day the Master spied it,
In its neutral tinted dress;
Called it dull and hateful blossom,
Vowed to ever love it less.

“For,” spake he, “ ’tis never laden
With the halo of perfume;
’Tis a soulless flower growing
Where bright roses fair should bloom.”

“ ’Tis a weed that mars the garden,
Plant me flowers rich and rare.”
Thus he bade the keeper spade it
From his pathway everywhere.

As he spoke a light supernal
Filled each corner of the place,
And the master looked and trembled
At the glory of a face.

Smiling sadly down upon him
With a look that seemed to say,
“Give this modest little creature
Of God’s making leave to stay.”

It was Mary, Virgin Mother,
Like the morning chaste and pure,
Crowned with holy rays from heaven,
That his eyes could scarce endure.

Low toward it she inclined her
Till her lips had touched the plant,
Breathing full upon its petals
Swaying on the mossy slant.

And the air grew faint with odor,
Sweeter than Arabian spice;
Then the Blessed Mary vanished,
She had kissed the blossom thrice.

Since that time in all the garden
Grows no sweeter thing as yet
Than the lovely heaven-born flower,
Than the fragrant mignonette.

D. R. Summers.



COLLEGE AND ACADEMY NOTES

Sports form an important part in life at St. Joseph's. All are enthusiastic from the word "go" and combine their efforts to make athletics a success; much has been done this year to forward the cause.

Since the campus dried up and the weather has become favourable all games have been in full swing—basketball, baseball and tennis are the main centres of attraction, while an occasional game of volley ball is very lively and interesting to the spectator as well as the enthused and excited player. Croquet is also played by the younger ones, who get quite an enjoyment out of it.

Although vacancies have been made by older students retiring, they are picked up quickly and enthusiastically by new subjects.

* * * * *

The late Cardinal Mercier was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Rev. Gerald Phelan, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology at St. Michael's College, Toronto, before the staff and pupils of our school on Thursday evening, April 15th.

Rev. Dr. Phelan is a graduate of Louvain University, and while pursuing his studies at that famous seat of learning, became an enthusiastic admirer of its world-renowned President, Cardinal Mercier, that patriotic prince of the Church, who so fearlessly championed Justice during the World War.

The Rev. lecturer did not, however, speak of the saintly Cardinal's fame as a leader or patriot; but of his approachableness, his self-sacrificing spirit and his fascinating simplicity.

Needless to say, we enjoyed the Rev. Doctor's inspiring lecture, which forcibly impressed us with the truth sung by the poet:



ST. JOSEPH'S ATHLETIC SOCIETY

G. Cooney, M. Crummy, L. Duggan, M. Hayes, G. Quinlan, M. Baechlor.

We flatter ourselves that the past year has been a particularly successful one for the combined athletics of the College.

Regular monthly meetings of the joint executive have been held this year alternately at each of the women's colleges. All final decisions are made by this executive.

The most important advance of the year has been made in an attempt at the institution of the women's M. It may be awarded for the first time this year. Our athletics have been advancing with rapid strides in late years, but until recently no recognition has been given our outstanding players. It is hoped that the M will spur many on to prove themselves worthy of this great honour.

“Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And departing leave behind us
 Footsteps on the sands of time.

* * * * *

Owing to the courtesy of Hon. Chas. McCrea, Minister of Mines, our High School History Classes had the privilege of attending Parliament during the recent session. For many of us this was the first opportunity and was therefore a great help to us in our study of Civics.

* * * * *

The Annual Retreat from April 29th to May 3rd was held this year under the direction of the Rev. Father Conley, C.S.P., and was a success from every point of view. Many of the day-pupils became resident for these few days and all entered earnestly into the spirit of the exercises made most impressive by the Rev. Father who conducted the Retreat.

* * * * *

On Tuesday evening, April 13th, Miss Hermine Keller gave a very successful Piano Recital in the College Auditorium. Hermine appeared to fine advantage and gave evident pleasure to the large audience that followed her with marked attention during her excellent rendition of the following programme:

God Save the King.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Mendelssohn | Prelude and Fugue, No. 2 |
| Beethoven | Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2 |
| Allegro Vivace, | |
| Largo appassionata, | |
| Scherzo, | |
| Tondo. | |
| Brassin | Nocturne in G flat |
| Schubert-Liszt | Hark, Hark, the Lark |
| Schubert | Impromptu Op. 142, No. 3 |
| Chopin | Fantaisie-Impromptu |
| Paderewski | Au Soir Op. 10, No. 1 |

MacDowell	Danse Audalouse
MacDowell	Witches' Dance
Weber	Sonata No. 1
	Allegro.

Accompanist—Eileen Egan, A.T.C.M.

* * * * *

The announcement that we were to have a holiday from study and an afternoon's outing—the Seniors to Sherwood Forest and the Juniors to Scarboro Bluffs—sent a thrill of pleasures through the Academy on May 13th. In quick time preparations were in order and merry groups of girls were to the woodlands away.

Rambling through the woods now in full leafage, baseball and other games in which we engaged gave zest to appetites which we fully satisfied as we partook of bountiful lunches, beneath the sheltering branches of gracious old trees.

Refreshed, we brought our cameras and kodaks into requisition and carried home with us picture-souvenirs of lovely scenery and happy groups of girls who had enjoyed every moment of their holiday.

* * * * *

On Sunday morning, May 16th, there arrived at the College the Right Reverend Bishop Liston of St. Benedict's, New Zealand; accompanied by his Secretary, the Right Rev. Dr. Ormond, and the Reverend Father Delaney of Dunedin, New Zealand, at whose holy Masses offered in the College Chapel, we had the happiness of assisting.

* * * * *

From Rome, Italy, on the way to attend the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, came the Most Reverend Archbishop Pisani, former Delegate Apostolic to Bangalore, India. At his Mass, too, offered in our Chapel, we had the privilege of attending.



ST. JOSEPH'S DRAMATICS

FIRST ROW—E. McCarthy, G. Cooney, A. Hayes, M. Coughlin, M. Foley, H. Kernahan, C. Coumans.
SECOND ROW—K. Young, M. Crummey, G. Quinlan, M. Thompson, M. Baechlor, D. Prunty.

Oratorical Contest.

On May 21st an interesting competition was held at St. Joseph's for first place in the art of oratory and original expression. The contest was open to all the High School classes. These classes were assembled in Examination Hall and given a limited time to write on any one of several subjects proposed. The twelve best papers, two from each class, were selected and the writers were allowed to compete again in an oral test upon their choice of one of the following subjects: "Canadian Poets," "Canada's Place in the New World," "A Trip Through Canada," "Success in Life," "The Eucharistic Congress at Chicago."

The judges, the Rev. L. Rush, C.S.B., B.A., Mr. J. Bennett, B.A., I.S.S., and Mr. Frank McDonagh, B.A., LL.D., in announcing their decision, congratulated the young ladies on their success and expressed regret that there was not a prize for each contestant—as all did well.

The prize, a valuable watch, donated by Mr. Fred. Johnston, of Bradford, Pa., was adjudged to Miss Helen Mahon of Sault Ste. Marie. A second prize, given by Sister Superior, went to Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

The need for training in this most practical of arts is everywhere apparent at the present time, and it is in order to meet this need that frequent debates and oral contests have been held during the year.

* * * * *

A gloom was cast over the entire school when on Wednesday evening, April 21st, the sad message came to our dear Ruth Devlin of the rather sudden death of her father, Mr. Edward Devlin, in St. Boniface Hospital, Winnipeg. Grief-stricken Ruth left immediately for Ottawa, where the funeral obsequies were held.

Our beloved Ruth has the prayerful and deep heartfelt sympathy of all her teachers and school companions.

SAINT KENTIGERN

Kentigern's mother was a princess whose cruel father drove her from home and sent her out on the rough sea at night in a frail little bark with no means of guidance, but the Lord brought the little craft safely to the shores of Scotland, where at dawn her little child was born and where later shepherds found them and took them to the monastery of the good Saint Servanus. Here they were baptized and the mother was called Thenew and the child Kentigern.

Kentigern stayed at the monastery and was educated with others who came there to learn. But the boys were jealous of him because the master loved him most and wanted in some way to cause the master to dislike him.

Saint Servanus had a robin which he prized very much. One day they accidentally killed the bird and blamed Kentigern, but when they accused him before the master, he seemed not to hear, for he was praying that life would be given back to the bird. The Lord heard his prayer and soon the robin flew to its usual resting place on the master's shoulder.

Another time when it was Kentigern's turn to attend to the fires the boys put them out after he had gone to bed. When he awoke in the morning and found them out, he again prayed for aid, and was again answered, for the stick which he held in his hand blazed up, and with it he kindled the fires.

As years went on Kentigern grew to manhood and his time came to leave the monastery.

He lived at Glasgu Camock for a time, but gradually his fame spread and he was made Bishop of Glasgu. Here he built a church and monastery and called it Glasgu, which meant "the dear family." Later this grew into the great City of Glasgow.

Often when the Bishop knelt at prayer a pure white dove was seen hovering above his head. Every season of Lent,

Kentigern left the monastery and went to a far off cave, where he prayed and fasted.

As time went on a new king came to the throne who hated the Church, and when food was scarce and the Bishop asked his aid, the King refused assistance. But the Lord was merciful to the little settlement, and in a storm moved the king's grain houses to the monastery and the monks had food in plenty. But the king's persecutions became so great that they were forced to move. They went to a wilderness, where they erected another church and monastery to the glory of God.

Scarcely had they settled, however, when a prince rode through and asked what they meant by building on his land. Immediately he was struck blind, and by a miracle Kentigern healed him, for which the prince was so grateful that he listened to the teachings of the Bishop and was baptized.

Again a new king reigned and the venerable Bishop was forced to go again to the old monastery at Glasgu, where he died on the morning of the Feast of the Epiphany, his soul as pure as that of a child.

Mary Palmer, Form 1B.



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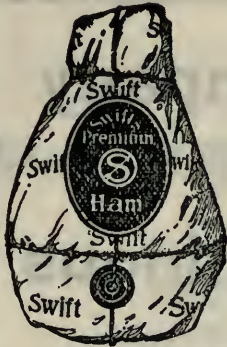
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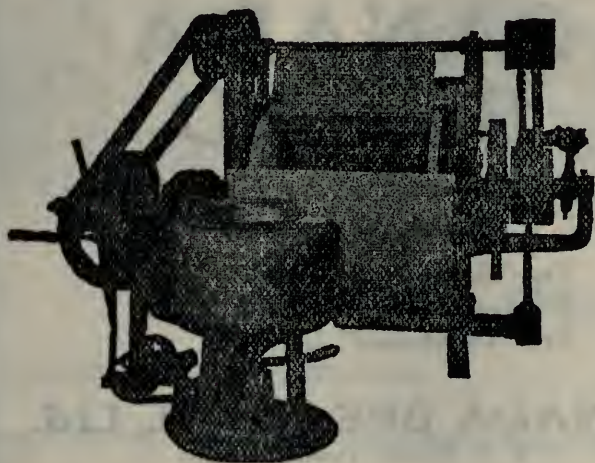
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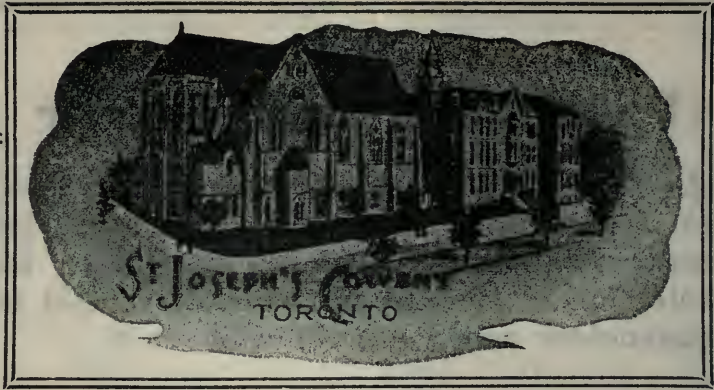
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VOL. XV. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 2

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto in their Seventy-Fifth Year

1851-1926

Full five years and decades seven,
Milestones on the road to Heaven,
We have trod the narrow way
From gray dawn till close of day.

Some have reached the final goal,
Lasting City of the Soul;
Some yet watch the ebbing years
In this lowly vale of tears.

Great St. Joseph, guide us still,
Shield, oh, shield us from all ill;
Lead us to our Home above,
Ever blest abode of Love.

Rt. Rev. Alex. Macdonald, D.D.

THE POEMS OF SISTER MARY CHRISTINA PATMORE

DAUGHTER OF COVENTRY PATMORE

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

A good many years ago when I was a young man on my way home from Rome, I sat beside Father Gerard Hopkins, Patmore's friend, and a poet himself, at dinner in the Jesuits' house in Dublin. But I was too ignorant then to know my good fortune, or to have asked him any question on the subjects about which he could have given me information. I indeed had sense enough to speak not at all unless when my neighbors spoke to me, but listened to what the Fathers and the other guests were saying. The conversation whenever it turned upon any serious topic did not run upon literature. For that was the time when Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was before the House of Commons—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven.

In the hotel where I had stayed in London there was an Irishman from somewhere abroad who had paid thirty pounds sterling to get into the cellar of the House and hear Gladstone's speech through a ventilator in the floor. I had also gone to see the funeral service of Mr. Forster (who had been Chief Secretary a few years before) in Westminster Abbey and hear the famous choir of boys; and though we did not gloat over his death, for we knew that he was a good and well-meaning man, yet we could not but think it symbolic of the passing away of the old order in Ireland—old only relatively however; not oldest, for it had been imposed upon Ireland by revolutionists, religious and political, and we regarded Home Rule like other reforms there as the Restoration, not the revolution. It is little wonder then that my thoughts

were not running upon literature, even if I had known that I was sitting beside a poet, and the friend of a greater poet, a Catholic one too. Still, I regret a lost opportunity.

The merits of Patmore's poetry were recognized by both Manning and Newman. Manning wrote in 1855, not long after the publication of *The Betrothal*—the first part of *The Angel in the House*—

“My reasons for thinking very highly of his poetry are: (1) that he is not afraid to use pure, simple, monosyllabic English, which is a relief to the mind like a green field to the eye; (2) that there is a predominance of imagination over fancy; I mean of the grave, rational, creative power over the freaks of the mere eye of sense; (3) that there is a predominance of the intelligence over the imagination, which gives a masculine tone; (4) and a very pure, noble sentiment over all, by which he has redeemed and elevated a subject which I seldom see treated without wishing it had been left alone. It is a Christian and chivalrous book, and must purify the thoughts of many.”

His second wife, Miss Byles, when he presented his poems to her before their marriage in 1864, wrote to him about them: “You have that very useful gift of saying so much in a few words . . . Then, you touch the most delicate subjects with a purity which leaves scarcely a word to make a child's innocence wonder.”

Patmore's first idol in poetry was Coleridge, the best of whose work, “amounting to about one-sixth of the whole,” always appeared to him a miracle of grace and finish,—“finished from within.” But he did not early learn the secret of Coleridge's versification. Afterwards he was influenced for a time by admiration for Tennyson. At length after many years his genius found a manner for itself in his Odes, and in this form he wrote the idyll, *Amelia*.

When he sent his odes, including the one on the *Espousals of the Blessed Virgin*, to Newman, in 1878, the latter wrote, in part: “Thank you for pointing out to me your poem, *The Child's Purchase*. But it needed not that to make me feel

the original and beautiful colors which you can throw over themes sacred and secular.”

Patmore assuredly was no Dante, but he was a disciple in Dante's school. He thought Dante the only great religious poet after the Hebrew Psalmists. When he was designing to write a great poem in honour of the “Virgin Wife and Wedded Maid” who is mother of our Lord, he prayed to her to obtain for him the same inspiration as she had given to the Italian poet.

I must confess, however, that I like his daughter's poems better than his earlier ones, though she was not a poet by profession, but a holy nun expressing her feelings in verse, and her poems were never even privately circulated in her lifetime. She wrote them out in a copy-book at the request of a lady who was her most intimate friend, on condition that they should not be known to anyone before her death. In his “Angel in the House,” the sentiment is sweet and pure, and the story is interesting, but in the later parts the poetry of it is obscured by the versification, which is too easy-going. The very familiarity of the matter seems to require a form less homely and more noble and dignified, since there is only one step from the sublime or the pathetic to the ludicrous, and the simplicity which in Greek is so pretty and quaint may easily in English appear namby-pamby or childish. In Sister Mary Christina's poems the expression is perfectly natural, direct and simple, “fitting like a glove” or rather like a skin to the thought and feeling. The language is simply the best words in the best order. And the music of the verse is perfectly suited to the feeling. In a poem in our own language of course the diction and style—the words and their arrangement are the first to strike our attention. But the music—the metre, the rhythm, and the rhyme, and the form of the stanza must be suited to the meaning and to the feeling, for music is the expression of emotion as language is of images and thought; and the feeling is the very soul of poetry. The music of the verse has a large part in moving those affections which the poet wishes to express and to excite in his readers. The poet is at a disadvantage

in this respect with the musician. A musician is allowed to tell us the Time (tempo) in which his notes should be sung or played; and everyone knows that by a difference of time the same set of notes may be changed from grave to gay, or from lively to severe—from a Dead March to a jig, or from a comic tune to a dirge. But the writer of verse is not allowed to put directions for the reader to go rapidly or slowly; one must judge for himself from the words and the form of verse. Sister M. Christina shows no inclination towards her father's paradoxical theory that the six-syllable iambic line is the most solemn of English measures.

There is something indefinable, elusive and mysterious in poetry, which is to be felt and tasted not scientifically demonstrated. In the following quatrain,

No power on earth, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line
That shall be absolutely straight—

the diction and metre are correct; the thought is true and clear to us; and the idea—the imperfection of the real compared with the ideal—is a fine one. Yet this stanza is not poetry, because it did not originate in the feelings and was not intended to stir our hearts. It was written as a prose sentence in a book of science published before the *In Memoriam*; and the writer, William Whewell, was quite unconscious of the rhyme in his sentence. It is verse by accident and against the writer's intention. Though it is verse it is not poetry; and because it is verse, it is not good prose, which differs even from blank verse, and should indeed have a harmony of its own, but must not have the regular rhythm of verse.

But this following is poetry—

The Peak is high, and flushed
At his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

Sister M. Christina's poems all have the first condition, that they were conceived in the heart and the soul, not in the head. When they have finish, they are "finished from within." She was not professionally a poet, and she did not adopt in practice her father's maxim, "It is the last rub that polishes the mirror," which the Pre-Raphaelite artists took up from him. She began to write verses at the age of fifteen in the year 1868, when her father composed his first odes in an irregular regularity like that of *Lycidas* and other early poems of Milton, and printed them for private circulation. Whether it is herself or her poems that I love, it is a fact that since I read her life I have felt a sort of devotion to her memory for which I hope she may reward me with a prayer in heaven where she is.

One of her poems in this year is ambitious of the ode-form. But with this early exception there is no sign visible of any labour being spent in the construction of any complex form. On the other hand she did not follow the example of his early versification. Her verse is always marked by a certain dignity of form and strength of expression. It may be that he himself warned her against the ambling and sometimes jogg-trot metre of his early style. But it is likely that her own good taste and distinction of mind would save her from his defect. For women have a more delicate perception than men of the beautiful as well as the good. Coleridge remarks that women, refined but unaffected women, are the peculiar mistresses and guardians of language pure and undefiled, and for this reason, I may add by the way, it is the more distasteful to us to hear girls using in conversation the slang which they have learned from their brothers. Men do not admire their own faults in women. However, this is wandering far away from Sister Mary Christina, whose conversation, even in girlhood, was marked, as we are told by her companions, by a certain distinction and choiceness of language which she perhaps acquired from her father and the men of letters who visited their house. Her poems are indeed quite free from artifice or ambition or ornament; the art itself is nature; they are of the plain style which some French critics call "beau

comme la prose," but always terse and dignified. The following poem seems to me simply perfect in its unity of feeling and expression.

**"My Hour is not yet come.
I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how
am I straightened till it be accomplished.
The Lover's hour is that in which he suffers for His
beloved.**

Thine Hour, my Lord, I hear Thee say:
Desirable that Hour must be
Which straitens by its short delay
The ruler of Eternity.
Oh! let me see Thee then rejoice
And grant me such an hour to know!
 I hear Thy voice
Reply, in accents grave and low;
Hora amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur.

Then, that was not some tender hour
Of converse with Thy mother sweet,
Nor when the wonders of Thy power
Brought new disciples to Thy feet;
***Thine Hour** was that drear April noon
When to the Cross they nailed Thee down:
 Death is the boon
For joy of which Thou wear'st a crown:
Hora amantis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur.

O love, how blinded then are they
Who paint Thee crowned with roses bright!
'Tis well indeed for such to say
That love is still bereft of sight:

* This interpretation of Our Lord's words is that given by Saint Augustine, and is followed by Newman.

But they who on the truth do gaze
 As well as may be here below
 Love thorny ways
 Better than all the flowers that blow.
 Hora amantis illa est
 Qua pro amico patitur.

Then, my Hour shall not be the hour
 When creatures praise and favour pay,
 Nor even when Thy love and power
 Lead me exulting on my way.
My Hour like Thine,* my Lord and Love,
 Shall be the hour of pain and loss—
 Darkness above,
 Beneath, the thorns, the nails, the cross:
 Hora amantis illa est
 Qua pro amico patitur.

And when at last that hour draws nigh
 That bids me leave the flesh behind
 Shall I then turn from Calvary
 A milder death than Thine to find?
 Since Thou didst die all comfortless
 Shall I not welcome such a lot?
 'If Thou thus bless
 One who in life has loved Thee not.
 Hora amantis illa est
 Qua pro amico patitur.

I need scarcely tell the readers of the Lilies that the last English verse here, the self-accusation of not having loved God, is but a specimen of the way in which saints speak of themselves, judging themselves not by the law imposed upon all, but by the ideal of that which is due to God's perfection.

This poem was written when she was a nun; none of the rest of them is equal to it. But they all are "confessions of a beautiful soul." And some of those written in her girlhood show signs of the same spirit. But anyhow there are poets remembered for one single poem, and there is no reason why

she too should not be remembered for this. However, many others though unequal, have the ineffable charm of sincerity and truth. "Heart speaks unto heart."

The following poem written in her girlhood at some period when spiritual consolation was withdrawn from her shows imagination, firmness, and grasp, in the unity with which the idea is developed. The stanza reminds us of one of Tennyson's poems, but the greater length of the line imparts more dignity to the expression:—

Lord, to the soul that loveth only Thee
When Thou art gone, what solace can there be?
What thing or thought can soothe her misery?

The gates are shut; the sentinels are set;
Her sacred promise she must not forget,
But keep the precincts empty for Thee yet.

How empty and how deadly cold and still,
Naught living save the weak and struggling will,
Struggling for life against the torpor chill.

How strange and how far-off the sounds appear
That reach her sometimes from the outer sphere,
Heard only as a ghostly echo here.

How long the days since this dark night began!
No help there is; He will not help Who can,
And vain indeed would be the help of man.

In a poem written in a contrary state of mind when she had recovered peace and joy, the sunshine of the soul, after some spiritual trouble there are lines flowing as smoothly and sweetly as the music of a silver flute—

Once more the beauty of Thy house I see
And love the place wherein Thy glory dwells,
The past and future are as nought to me,
Too loudly of delight the present tells;

What now to me the rivers and the dells
 For is not Heaven more beautiful than these?
 And I can hear its chant as in the shells
 We hear the murmur of the far-off seas.

Sister Mary Christina had a great talent for languages. When she was a child she learned Italian with some friends whom she was visiting, in order to surprise her father. She studied Spanish as well.

I am always interested when I read of any girl or boy learning Spanish, for Spanish was the first modern language that I studied, and the first bit of money I ever earned was for translating Spanish correspondence for a Consul and for merchants when I was a boy in college. But I think that Emily Patmore's study of Spanish was inspired by a loftier motive than mine; it was probably because she felt a strong attraction to St. Teresa and the contemplative, penitential life of the discalced Carmelites. The following translation of St. Teresa's "O Hermosura" was found among her verses—

O Beauty that transcendest
 All things that beauteous be,
 Thou grievest yet not offendest
 And without grief thou endest
 All love that is not Thee.

O Knot that makest one
 Two such unequal things,
 Thou canst not be undone;
 Once tied, thy power alone
 Makes bliss of sufferings.

Thou joinest things that never were
 To Being without end or cause;
 Always exhausted, failing ne'er
 Thou lovest without cause or care
 Through rendering great what nothing was.

These will suffice for specimens of her power. She wrote many others, in which the execution is not always equal to the idea, but they always gush from her heart like spring water from the soil. I wish we had more of them.

Emily Patmore was born in 1853 on June 2nd, and died in 1882 on July 13th, having completed her 29th year. At the age of nine she lost her mother. She had two brothers older, and two sisters and a brother younger than herself. In her twelfth year she and all of the children were received into the Church soon after her father's conversion. She was a very beautiful child, as one can see for himself in the pencil sketch which Holman Hunt, her father's friend, made of her, upon her hands and knees with her little plump face held up, when she was two years old. About the same time her fond and proud father wrote to her mother, who was away on a visit: "I never saw Baby looking so beautiful as she did yesterday evening. Such eyes! I declare I almost fell in love with them. Blue, square, laughing . . . She shall never marry with my consent if she looks so handsome."

All babies' eyes are blue, the nurses say; and what fathers state about their little girls is not expected to be scientifically accurate, especially if the father is a poet. Her eyes when she grew up were a dark grey—eyes as Matthew Arnold would say—

Too expressive to be blue
Too lovely to be grey,

smiling, penetrating, or dreamy sometimes.

When she was four years and a half old, her mother writes of her: "Emily is very gentle and amiable. I look forward to the happiness in her that you have in ——. Even now she amuses Baby (her sister Bertha) in a room alone for three hours every Monday morning while I teach Tennyson (the second son) and the servants are washing. She is of real use in this and many things. She begins to read and write."

The nurse used to say with positive conviction without giving any reasons: "Miss Emily is one apart."

Some anecdotes of her infancy are recorded by Aubrey

de Vere, who was an intimate friend of the family. "Don't you remember?" her father says in one of his letters to Emily, "how he looked like sunshine when he came to see us at Hampstead or at Highgate Rise."

"A wonderful night had come," says de Vere . . . It seemed as if some new manifestation of divine glory were to be vouchsafed to our earth. 'Our child must see it,' exclaimed the poet, 'it is worth while breaking her sleep for it. She will see in it even more than we do. She will never forget. We must wait for her earliest word.' The father snatched her from her little bed; the mother wrapped the blanket carefully about her. He carried her into the garden; slowly they drew the veil from her eyes, and waited in silence for the oracular word. At last it came; and it was this: 'Oh, papa, how untidy the clouds are!'"

The same homely sense without any affectation showed itself when they gave her the first view of the sea. This happened on a stormy day and when the tide was low, and the waves, breaking far out, turned a wide expanse into foam. The little Dame Durden remarked, "How soapy it is!"

She was, however, passionately fond of flowers and could not bear to see anyone pulling the leaves of a flower asunder. She would even pick up dead flowers that were thrown away and bury them in the garden.

When she was eight, her mother writes: "She gets up every morning, takes a sponge bath, and dresses herself and Bertha—all before I am awake. She reads French books alone for amusement, and can translate Telemachus with looking out a word every six or seven lines. She prepares alone, I never see when, a page of translation, a page of vocabulary, and writes an exercise."

She was sometimes "naughty," as we know from herself, that is self-willed and in a temper.

She had the blessing of a happy and pious home. Her father, though brought up without any religion at all, was a man of religious mind, and with the aid of divine grace had already become a High Church Anglican with leanings towards the Catholic Church. The mother was a devout wo-

man, though full of inherited prejudice against "Rome," and brought up her children in the fear and love of God. The little maiden herself had her spiritual day-dreams, and when she was alone would "pretend" to herself she was a nun, and putting her pinafore on her head as a veil, would walk up and down as in a cloister or sit as if in contemplation. She did not remember where she got this ideal, but probably it was from Milton's lines about nuns in *Il Penseroso*, which may have led her to ask her father some questions about nuns.

Emily in some reminiscences of her mother written for a friend, says: "She was very indulgent to us, yet very particular, especially about obedience, and reverence to holy things. I remember once—Bertha and I were always singing or saying a hymn, 'Jesus tender,' it began, and she asked us to call it some other name."

Their modest home in Bedford Street, Bloomsbury Square, not far from the British Museum, in which Patmore had a position, was a centre in a circle of literature and art. The oldest son was called Milnes after the first Lord Houghton, who had obtained for Patmore his place; and Patmore gave him some help in composing the *Life of Keats*. The second son was called after Tennyson; and Mrs. Tennyson too became a friend of Mrs. Patmore. Ruskin was an old friend of Mrs. Patmore, and the Brownings were visitors whenever they were not abroad. All the romantic young artists who formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood had welcomed the first volume of Patmore's poems as expressing their own spirit; Stephens says that they carried it about in their pockets. No doubt they admired the poems for their faults as well as their merits. Woolner, Millais, Holman Hunt, Stephens, John Brett, and the brothers Rossetti all sought the acquaintance of Patmore, who tells us that they were "all very simple, pure-minded, ignorant, and confident." Woolner made a medallion of Mrs. Patmore in profile and one of Patmore. Millais painted her portrait and exhibited it at the Royal Academy. Browning wrote a double sonnet to her in her album in the next year:

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips that should be opening soft
In that pure profile

Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped perfect chin it lifts.

Aubrey de Vere "looking like sunshine" was a valued friend. John Brett made a pencil sketch of her head which shows the delicacy of her features and the oval face. And she was not spoiled by all this worship, but was truly worthy of being the ideal of her husband's poem. She died when Emily was nine years old, and the oldest daughter had to be a little mother to her younger sisters and brother. The oldest brother was now a Midshipman in the Navy. The second boy was in the Blue-Coat School (Christ's Hospital) to which he had been presented by Ruskin. The three little ones were put in a home-school, where Emily too stayed most of her time, for the home was now broken up for a time. But her father often took her out with him when he was visiting friends. They visited Rev. William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet whose graceful and charming little poems are known to few now. He too was a widower with daughters and we can see from her father's letters to her after, that as happens when children of different families are brought together in one house, they all grew wild with excitement and uproarious, and Emily perhaps being the ringleader in romping and screaming.

Two years after his wife's death he made a visit to Rome, partly because Aubrey de Vere was there. He wrote to his daughter when leaving that he feared he should feel very dull and miserable until he got to Rome, "but who can be dull or miserable where Mr. De Vere is?" Patmore had long had leanings towards the Catholic Church. In Rome he had an opportunity of seeing it in all its beauty and

goodness; his hesitations vanished, and he was received. Moreover, 'journeys end in lovers' meetings, every wise man's son doth know.' There he met Miss Byles, a convert likewise. It seems to have been a case of love at first acquaintance. His wife had urged him when she was dying to marry again for the sake of the children, and his own sake, and had willed her marriage ring as a present to his future wife, and had prepared the children to welcome another mother. Miss Byles was a very kind-hearted, unselfish, affectionate woman. She to his surprise was wealthy, and Patmore having delicate lungs, gave up his office in the Museum, bought an estate in the country, in County Sussex, with his wife's money, and devoted himself to building and planting. Emily was soon received into the Church, and the others a little later. Children who become Catholics always take to the Catholic religion by instinct. While the new home was building, Emily, now in her fourteenth year, and her little sister Gertrude six or seven, were placed in a Franciscan convent school "full of old friends of his wife," at Bayswater in London. She must often have seen Manning there, who was her new mother's greatest friend and had celebrated the marriage. But Manning was always very shy, even with little girls. John Ayscough tells us that once at a children's party Manning got a very little girl into a corner, and ventured to begin a conversation by asking her how old she was, and she replied, "Go away, you old silly." This ended the conversation. No record has been kept of Emily Patmore's meeting with him. The second half-year at school is the darkest time in a boy's or girl's life; and it is clear from a letter to her father in February, 1867, that she felt very homesick when she returned to school after the Christmas holidays, and had been pleading to be taken home, and had nearly succeeded in persuading her parents. However, she stayed on, and a letter of her father in March shows that she had changed her mind. "You are quite mistaken in thinking you are born to be a trouble to everybody. You never were any trouble to me, but only a pleasure; and you will not be a trouble to yourself as soon as you get out of your present little bad habit of thinking of yourself."

In November, 1867, he writes to a lady who was a friend, "The boys and girls are growing up as well as can be expected. Emily is at a convent . . . She likes the place greatly, and always comes home for her holidays the better for her training. Gertrude is there too. Bertha and Henry are at home . . . The **immense** superiority of girls over boys strikes me more and more."

So, we see it is never too late for a man to learn. And here it may be worth mentioning that his poem, *The Toys*, was founded on a memory of the childhood of his eldest son, Milnes, who when the poem was written, was a man and far away.

Emily came home at Christmas, 1867, and did not return to school. Ruskin in a note to Mrs. Patmore after New Year, says, "I did so like looking over at the quiet intelligent sweetness of your daughter's face."

When Emily became a Catholic, her dreams of being a nun naturally came oftener into her mind, especially when she came to know nuns. In one of her later poems some lines refer to this early time:

Yet my first Love Thou wert. In the dim distance
I see those days of childish ecstasy;
And Thy pursuing love, despite resistance,
Has brought me now again, O Lord, to Thee.

Her father had obtained the privilege of having a private chapel with the Blessed Sacrament, as their home in the country was far from any town; and Emily was very fond of making visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Emily's father wished for her company in his strolls over his new domain, for his wife did not care for walking. He now continued her education in literature, modern languages and Latin; and she in turn helped in the education of her younger sisters and her little brother. She now made the greatest friend of her life. At Lewes, Co. Sussex, the nearest town, where their parish church was, the Patmores made the acquaintance of a Catholic family, the Robsons. The

eldest daughter, Harriet, was some years older than Emily; they became great friends. As is the way with generous young people, the difference in their age only added a finer grace to their mutual affection. To the younger children, Miss Robson soon became "Dear Obby." Emily had more satisfaction and peace in her company than she ever had had before, and confided to her the desire to be a nun. It was in this year, 1868, that Patmore wrote his first poems in a new style—that of the ode—and printed them for private circulation among friends. Emily delighted in them and learned them by heart. Ten years later when he sent her a collection of his odes, she wrote: "I knew the first IX. Odes by heart before, and they very often 'say themselves' to me, whether I like it or not; it is like a tune that will finish itself if you begin it, because each note is the natural consequence of the former." Emily somewhat ambitiously imitated this form in a poem upon the Blessed Sacrament at this time. It has more of art and proportionately less of nature than any of her poems; but there are some very beautiful lines, e.g.,

Who, Love of love, shall give Thee praises meet?
Our praises lie as dust beneath Thy feet.

In the late summer of 1869, Emily in her seventeenth year was taken by her parents, and Miss Robson with her, for a trip on the Continent to Paris and thence to Switzerland to the Lake of Thun and down the Rhine. According to Emily's diary, one morning they "got up rather early, drove to the valley of Grindelwald . . . and set off on foot to climb the base of the Schreckhorn . . . to the Mer de Glace . . . toiled up the mountain in the burning sun, on narrow paths often on the edge of precipices . . . Mamma and I went on the ice. Papa and Miss R. turned giddy and would not come. We went down shaky ladders with our guide, a nice old man. We came back, and retraced our way down the mountain over ledges of slippery rock where a slip would have sent us into the glacier." From there they went to Lucerne, (and anyone who has seen that glorious lake and its hills and mountains

will wish to have known how she enjoyed it) and then down the Rhine to Cologne and thence to Brussels, and home by Calais and Dover.

And after this Emily by her own wish went to a convent school again. This time by Miss Robson's advice, it was a convent of the Holy Child Jesus at St. Leonard's on the Sea, near Hastings.

There are two photographs of Emily taken in this year, one while she was at home, and one after she went to the school, and it is wonderful what a difference there is. Mrs. Patmore, having no children of her own, was extremely fond of her adopted children, and very kind to them. But she was old-fashioned and indeed old-maidish; and her opinions about dress seemed queer. Emily's heart naturally swelled against stiff and ungraceful dresses. The liking for what is neat and fine and graceful is not at all to be confounded with that vanity and "love of dress" which is rightly regarded as a very mean and dangerous passion in a young woman. And to have her curly elf-locks brushed flatly and tightly back as if they were trying to take the curl out, and platted into some kind of a tight coiffure that I do not know how to describe, must have been irritant to the nerves. Any girl would wish to be "fit to be seen" and not to be "a fright." And to be photographed in a dowdy dress would vex a saint. Emily in the first photo is visibly trying to be amused at something which she hates, as a disgrace, to have to do. And she is planted in an easy chair as if she were an old woman. In the second likeness she is standing up, in her school uniform, and her hair is in some loose fashion, and she looks quite happy and bright. When she was coming to the school, she insisted on her folks coming often to see her as she should be "friendless and lonely." But it did not take her long to find friends among the girls. One of her companions writes of her: "Emily Patmore was my great friend at school. I always think of her as very clever and witty, thorough in every thing she did, very devout in her unassuming way, and yet full of fun. 'Alice in Wonderland' had just come out then, and we were delighted with the book.

We used to dramatise it; and at the Mad Tea-Party, Emily was 'Cheshire Cat,' Lola Fletcher* 'Mad Hatter,' and Frances Allies 'March Hare.' We all joined in a kind of mad romp in the School Hall at 'Five Minutes' when it was empty of the younger children. Emily had a nice voice, especially for reading; and her appearance was very pleasing—at once beautiful and pathetic. Her love for our Blessed Lady was very great. She used to put 'O.P.C.' over everything she wrote. These mysterious letters were a source of great curiosity to us all, and we used to tease her with questions about them, but in vain. We found out eventually that they stood for *Omnia pro Christo.*"

That was Cardinal Wiseman's motto, and as he died soon after she was received into the Church, it is likely that she had seen them in some of the notices about him in the Catholic papers.

Emily was really sensitive and shy, but she tried to overcome it by a frank, plain manner that some of the girls did not like; for girls are very realistic critics of one another, not from malice, but because they have not yet the largeness of mind that can view a character as a whole.

One of her companions, apparently a nun afterwards, writes: "I remember Emily Patmore perfectly well, and the idea I retain of her is her simplicity and plain-spoken ways. I do not think, in those days if we had been asked, you and I would have called her a saint." No, indeed, and why should she? But this is a remark that would only have been made about one who afterwards became a saint. Some of them said she was odd, and told her so. She met their ridicule with good-tempered contempt. She had a certain ascendancy, and inherited from her father unconsciously a certain distinguished and imperious air, which was not popular. Some of the younger ones, who admired her from a distance, used to call her "the heroine."

* Afterwards a Poor Clare, and Abbess for many years at Notting Hill, London. Frances Allies was a daughter of T. W. Allies, professor in the Catholic University, Dublin.

Another companion writes: "I can see Emily Patmore now just as she looked at school, with her tunic always a little slanting on the shoulders, but still rather graceful. Whenever she could manage it, she was somewhere near Mother Aloysia, not talking much but following her about with that light, swinging gait which we all admired. She did things that would have looked foolish in any one else, but there was something about her so noble and distinguished that it made a difference. No matter how recklessly she behaved, not even the most critical could call her silly." She was, then, a good and noble girl with natural faults of self-will and temper, apt to think that the common order was not meant for her, and when thwarted subject to bursts of temper. But the girls noticed that when she was sent, after an outburst, to the Church to pray, she would forget there the passing of the time and return to them subdued and gentle.

Many will read of this attachment of Emily to Mother Aloysia with a smile because they have had some such attachment themselves or know many others who have. Emily also admired greatly the Mother Foundress whose life humanly tragic but spiritually heroic, has lately been told to the world, and she secretly wrote a poem about her in which she says:

Her hands were joined, and in the deep
Of those mysterious eyes
I saw the love and power sleep
Which from much prayer arise.

Emily herself would spend hours in prayer on a free day; but at one time her piety slackened a little. She found herself admired for her cleverness and her acquirements, and her wit, and her talent for apt and amusing verses on any occasion, and her sweet voice; and she began to enjoy and seek for popularity, and did not visit the Blessed Sacrament so often as she had done. In some of her poems there are expressions of repentance for this short part of her life. Thus:

'From him to whom much has been given
Much also shall be asked,'
You said to me, my Life, my Heaven,
When in your light I basked.
But all Your words have been in vain,
And I forget your Face,
Without Your grace.

In deserts where there is no light
I wandering seek repose;
Arise, O Love, upon the night
And scatter all my foes;
Raise up the heart and soul that fail,
And I will seek Your Face,
And much shall knowledge then avail
Joined with Your grace.

There is a poem to the Blessed Virgin of the same time in which the same penitence is expressed:—

I may not joy in earthly love,
Far off seems love Divine;
But Mary, though I know thee not,
I trust in love of thine;
I cannot choose but think that thou
Wilt love me to the last,
Though life is full of trouble now
And full of sin the past

And if I live on patiently
Waiting in pain His Will,
And rest a while in thought of thee,
Thy Son one day may calm that sea,
Commanding: Peace! Be still.

(To be continued).

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND PIETRO DI MARIA

Formerly Apostolic Delegate for Canada and Newfoundland
HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE OFFICE OF PAPAL
NUNCIO AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND

Before leaving Canada for his new mission, His Excellency addressed the following letter to the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Ordinaries, to the Clergy, Secular and Regular, to the Religious Communities, and to all the Faithful throughout Canada:

A telegram from the Cardinal Secretary of State to our Holy Father informs me that His Holiness recalls me to Europe, having destined me for another field of labour.

The Supreme Pastor of the Universal Church has spoken, and I shall obey his orders as soon as possible.

However, before leaving our dear Canada, to which I have devoted as Apostolic Delegate, all my solicitude and all my affection, I feel the necessity of thanking you from the innermost of my heart, Venerable Brothers in the Episcopacy, Reverend members of the Clergy and Religious Communities and all the beloved Catholics of this immense Country, for the sincere and cordial attachment of which you have constantly given me such unbounded evidence. My gratitude is also herewith extended to the civil Authorities, who, on all occasions, have so courteously multiplied towards the Apostolic Delegation and towards me personally, the marks of their most benevolent consideration.

During the eight years I have had the pleasure of passing among you, I was invariably the happy witness of and was often profoundly moved by that living faith, that efficient piety, that solid devotion towards the Sovereign Pontiff, which has caused me to thank God for having sent me amidst a po-



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND
PIETRO DI MARIA,
Papal Nuncio.

pulation so eminently characteristic by their religious convictions.

You will therefore easily understand how deeply I regret to be obliged to part from a country where I felt so much at home and where I am leaving so many real friends among both the Clergy and laity.

One consoling thought is that I shall preserve your dear remembrance in my mind and heart, and pray for you every day. Never indeed shall I cease praying that the Lord may bless you, one and all, with your intentions, your good works and your aspirations. May He bless this beautiful country, favored with so many gifts and natural resources, that it may continue on the way of progress, religious, civil and economic, constantly keeping on towards its destiny of grandeur, which, with God's help, it shall certainly attain.

While expressing these wishes, I say to all: "Au revoir," and to all I once more renew my sentiments of esteem, affection and gratitude in the Lord.

P. DI MARIA,
Archbishop of Ieonium,
Ap. Del.

The Sisters of St. Joseph and their pupils tender very cordial congratulations to His Excellency and wish him blessings unnumbered in his new and important field of labour.



AN EVER-RECURRING WONDER

By Rt. Rev. A. E. Burke, P.A.

IT was a wondrous scene. From all quarters of the globe came people to see it; some loving and believing; some curious, little comprehending; some downright infidel and scoffing—the great mass of the attendance, trusting in their faithful Saint and Patron.

From early morn the vast cathedral, which they call familiarly, "Il Duomo," is alive with worshippers and Masses and Canonical Hours, proceed without intermission. The fervor of the pilgrims grows apace.

The splendid Chapel of the Treasury, large as an ordinary church, and chancelled off the great nave, is packed with people, and all we can see from the main aisle is the crowd of spectators within and the prelates, standing on the plane of the end altar, and agitating the casket of the relics, as they intone prayers and invocations for the multitude. A golden Hermes of the Martyr-Bishop Januarius guards the Gospel corner, and the alcove is railed off with the heavy precious marbles. I was fully two hundred feet away and could only hear the confusion of voices, praying, singing, and shouting, but could see little, and from this vantage-point would never know anything about what was transpiring, so extracting myself from the grip of the crowd, with difficulty, I made my way up the main aisle of the Cathedral and to the very sanctuary, where the Cardinal-Archbishop and his Chapter were chanting the Sacred Offices.

An usher came towards me and said, "I will take you to the Chapel," so traversing the entire nave again, we go out and around to the entrance to the sacristy and through it into the very chapel of the miracle. Not content with this good office, my kind guide brought me through the people, up to the altar-rail, within a dozen feet of the exposed relic and really as far as anyone could then penetrate, for the spaces within were filled, even to the altar-platform itself, with bishops,

prelates, priests, sisters, the usual "medical observers," and whatever other favored folk were able to gain vantage. Here, then, were hundreds; the rest of the chapel contained thousands.

When able to stand up at the railhead to view the wonderful scene, it was a complex picture surely that I saw before me. A priest was saying Mass at the left-hand altar—saying it all by himself if thousands stood around below. It was the Mass of St. Januarius naturally, and the vestments were blood-red. Detachments of the Noble Guard and Gens d'Armes kept the main passages clear. Behind a sort of barricade, little removed from the altar-railing, stood a valiant band of women, called the "Aunts of St. Januarius," praising him and praying to him; sometimes chiding him too, so he might the better show forth his favor opportunely. They answered the litanies, rosaries and prayers devoutly, and, after a long attack and no success in sight, they roundly berated him for tardiness, calling him "cattivo," or bad Januarius, in the high shrill tones of the rabble at the Passion. But these weird reproaches were quickly turned into coaxings and the imploration, "O dear Januarius, lest greater misfortune overtake us, do hear our prayers!" And they sang hymns and antiphons suited to the extraordinary event, and sang them lustily and well.

Picture to yourself a magnificent altar, richly decorated in precious marbles and gems, and loaded with golden vases and candlesticks, rising out of the apse of the Treasury Chapel and ablaze with myriad lights and floral artifices. Venerable bishops, in cassock and manteletta, zucchetto and pectoral cross, flank an ascetic octogenarian canon of the Chapter, wearing a rich stole over his robes, who is standing in the middle of its platform, holding aloft in his hands, and keeping in continual agitation a cylindrical ostensary, glass-faced and gold-mounted, with two round handles which permit of its being easily revolved. Inside this golden glass-faced reliquary are two vials of dried blood, one upright, the other reversed, which contain the blood of the holy Martyr-Bishop (anno 305) and which was caught up and conserved at his beheadal.

To the naked eye the larger vial's contents appears for all the world like what dry, black, hard, bloody pigment would be, long years from life. On seeing it one naturally says, "This can never liquify; it would be most unnatural if it did." But of such are miracles made, and this does really liquify on the authority of the faithful for long ages, and on my own now, for I must gladly add it to theirs.

For long hours they had been invoking the saint and asking him to grant them again the sign of his love and protection through the flow of the blood in the receptacle. They chant litanies; they say prayers and chaplets, without end. They cry and coax, threaten and cajole, and all the time the venerable Canon is reverently revolving the cylinder, and showing it to the Bishops and Scientists near him, so they may note the change or displacement, if any, in the venerated blood. Nothing being noticeable, they begin the prayers and invocations all over again. All the languages in the world are represented about you; everyone is praying in his own intimate tongue.

It is exceedingly hot; we are bathed in perspiration; many cannot hold out longer, for want of faith or force. There is a great, big, lusty French woman next to me, pushed up there to the very railing out of curiosity, and now that she suffers like the rest of us, feeling sorry that she came. She is evidently faithless; and when a young Italian glibly declares, "Nothing doing," she starts off to talk to him familiarly, at the same time removing her outer garments to an alarming extent, and openly declaring: "I don't believe a word of it either!" Her husband, or companion, urges her to be quiet, but she is the flapper sort of woman, and who can keep them quiet for any length of time? Still one must always do one's best; so I quietly observe in my nicest French, "Possibly if you could cover yourself sufficiently to allow the Saint's presence, he might still deign to come amongst us." My own hopes were not too high then, but the ruff went over the bare shoulders at once and she was respectful afterwards.

The Italian Bishop keeps putting up the "Aves" in clearest and firmest tones, and we answer with our "Sanctas." It is

now half-past ten. We notice that the Canon is extra fervent; he kisses the reliquary and holds it close to the American Bishop's view. Something is surely in the doing. He shows the vial to the doctors, with a look of triumph. They nod assent. But still the invocations continue and the "Aunts" are extra insistent. He seems to agitate the receptacle too with even greater vigor now, for has he not the signs of success to encourage him? The Saint is not to fail his votaries this September. The prelates and priests standing round are a study in psychology now. Each one carries his national wonderment in his face. The Americans (there are not a few) are sedate and prayerful, but observant, with that Missourian attitude so typical of their countrymen.

The old Canon never takes his eyes from the ostensary now, and he smiles and kisses it tenderly, as out of gratitude. There is a sure sign of relief upon the faces of the circumstances. The liquidation is taking place . . . it has taken place to the satisfaction of the medical experts! Up goes the cherished signal. The Canon has pulled his handkerchief and waved it above his head. Instantly others do the same. As by magic the great cathedral organ entones the note of the Ambrosian Hymn, which seemingly is taken up in Heaven and Earth, by every lip and tongue, and sung midst tears of joy, sounds of praise-making and shouts of exultation and content.

With the first note of the *Te Deum* all the bells of Naples and the adjoining towns for miles around, ring out their joyous peal; the canons from the numerous fortresses roar out a royal salute; every banner in the great Tyrrenean seaport floats gaily to the proud masthead. The scene within the Duomo is indescribable, as all moments of intense psychological intercourse are. All is joy, reverence and generous thanksgiving. One thinks then that one better understands the grave King David's grotesque dancing before the Ark of the Covenant.

The French lady, a pronounced atheist an hour before, is now in honest tears. Her husband, a thin, hard man, soulless as a Puritan, is also moved and melted. But why remark in-

dividuals further, where everybody seems swayed by heavenly emotion? Before they come, however, to carry the Relic in Royal procession to the Main Altar, those round about press up and kneel and kiss it fervently, touching their chaplets and medals to it, if they can. The French woman is in the midst of the crush. May St. Januarius confirm her and her nation in the faith as he has done with so many faithless souls before! I got to the Relic myself, at last, and there saw flow the red, fresh blood of the Martyr-Bishop; so now understand somewhat better than before, this great marvel-adjunct of our faith, and the love and confidence of the generous Neapolitan people in their powerful benefactor. "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his brother."

The procession now in progress is solemn and impressive. At the end the Cardinal-Archbishop blesses the packed Basilica with the fresh flowing blood of a faithful predecessor prelate who went from cross to crown, two thousand years ago! Masses of people are without, waiting to get in, to see what we have been privileged to see, so we go our way now spiritually exalted, and repeating, without consciousness of same, over and over again, "Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis suis!"

The City, gay and luminous before, seems now to shine in a newly-made glorious ambient. All is rejoicing and festivity. Even non-Catholics and unbelievers, if such there can be in this presence, drink in irresistibly the spirit of the moment. A Triduum of Thanksgiving follows. The streets and edifices are festooned and flag-decked during it, and brilliant illuminations at night, turn the principal avenues into a blaze of glory which must easily outshine the Golden Gates of Sion. The Neapolitan is easily master in display, and decoration; and he is at his best to-day for wonderously, has not his glorious patron shown favor unto him!

* * * * *

St. Januarius was born in the territory round where Naples stands, and became Bishop of Beneventum, at the end of the Third Century. Shortly afterwards, in the fierce persecutions of Diocletian, he was seized and cast into prison by Timothy,

Proconsul of Campania, for refusing to sacrifice to the national gods. First, he was condemned to the fiery furnace, but issued forth unscathed, like Sidrac, Misach and Abdonego. Then, was he cast to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, but fierce lions only crouched at his feet. After curing the blindness of the faithless Timothy, he fell martyr to the sword, in the year of grace 305. A pious woman conserved some of his blood in two little vials, and these together with his head are kept in the Treasury Chapel of the Cathedral. With the return of peace, the body was brought to Naples, and in the year of 1497, just after the discovery of our Continent, buried under the High Altar. The Treasury Chapel where the blood liquifies, and where yesterday (September 19th) we witnessed the stupendous miracle, was built out of the generous offerings of the people, in the 16th Century. Certainly, it is all human hands could do, to honor the best of benefactors. The blood liquifies there sixteen times in the course of the year, and upon fixed dates. It takes from two minutes to two hours for completion. Sometimes it fails, and this is regarded as a time of woe for Italy.

Unbelievers and scoffers (the world is full of them) assert that this miracle is worked by substituting fresh blood for the dessicated matter we see before us. This could not be, for the reliquary is hermetically sealed, and the officiating priest keeps it ever before our eyes. Others think that it takes place out of sympathy with the head nearby. But even these same sages declare that fluid transmission between elements deprived of life is impossible. It comes from heat and agitation, say others. But here again, there is no natural explanation, for dry blood never liquifies, but becomes harder and harder, under the influence of heat. Finally, they say that this is not true blood; but the most expert chemists of the world declare that it is; and we have seen it ourselves, and know that the miracle is not in the liquification alone, but in the varying and wonderful forms the blood assumes. Scientists have examined those vials, in every way known to them, and are in the end obliged to believe the evidence of their senses, even with the opposition of their will. That great

chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy, was one of them, and he declared his belief in the prodigy. It is a stupendous miracle. Let those who do not believe in it go then as we have done—venito et vedete—and they will go back, as thousands have done before, like the French woman, too, with the words of the Martyr ringing in their souls: “I am not dead but live and narrate the wonderful works of God!” The same power that cooled the fiery furnace, and tamed the ferocious beasts is still here; to calm passion, reduce wild hatreds, and procure peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ to all those that believe!



An Heavenly Answer

The earliest light of morn dawned creamy gray,
Thin, given o'er to glimmer, as of doubt;
I watched its progress, since its working out
Into some clear decision meant delay.

“Like all discouraged things of earth,” I say,
“This purples slowly. Say a prayer devout!
The great sky-censer still may swing about.”
Bent on the sea-line, thus I waited day.

It startled me. High up, a blaze of rose
Swung gorgeously across the eastern sky.
—I had not seen, for want of looking up!
Lo, Heaven was waiting, eager to unclose
Its scarlet glories, yet my soul and I
Had well-nigh failed of that divine sky-cup.

Caroline D. Swan.

THE REFORMATION

By J. Harold Cornish.

SINCE 1900 years ago the Saviour of the World told His hearers that He came not to bring peace to the world, but a sword, there have been many remarkable proofs of this omniscient prophecy. No event perhaps has demonstrated the awful significance of those words so pitifully as the Lutheran heresy which has been called the "Reformation." The only other parallel event is that of the greatest Schism of the Eastern from the Western Churches which took place in the eleventh century, and which was healed for a time in 1438 at the Council of Florence, but broke out again a few years later, just before the siege and capture of Constantinople by the Turks under the Sultan Mohamet—in 1453. At that time had the desire for an united Christendom outweighed the local and national prejudices of the Greeks, the Turks would never have crossed into Europe and the long and iniquitous chapter of Turkish misrule would probably never have had to be written. These two great revolutions may well be compared with interest, for they had points in common.

In both cases a touchy national consciousness was opposed to organic unity, and the recognized traditions of centuries were deliberately overlooked in order to set aside the authority of the Roman See. In both cases, moreover, personal pride and state assistance combined against the Church's unity under the pretext of differences of Faith. In the case of the Schism of the East, the harvest has been reaped, for where stands that Church to-day, as compared with the glories which were hers in the centuries of her greatness when she was united with the Apostolic See. She is disrupted into National and Erastian Churches and has ceased to have more than an historic interest for Christians other than those in that part of Eastern Europe and Asia Minor where she still holds a declining sway. As a divine voice she failed to find utterance signally when the Russian Revolution took place some years ago,

and it was left to the Pope's representative to directly challenge the Bolshevik government of Russia. Such are the fruits of Schism as seen in the East.

In the case of the so-called "Reformation" which, commencing in the first part of the sixteenth century, had reached its zenith before that century closed, we may ask what will be the final harvest and how much has been reaped to date? Torn by divisions, split into sects and sub-sects, the army of Protestants marches on, but whither?—none can tell.

The four great outbreaks against the Church of Rome and the Unity of Christendom were launched in Germany, Switzerland, England, and Scotland. Each movement had points in common which lent a well-qualified character to it, but each movement had behind it different forces, and ended up with different results.

The State of Christendom in the century immediately preceding the "Reformation" was not edifying in many respects, it must be frankly said. Constantinople—the Capital of the East and the seat of the Eastern Schismatic Church, had been captured and the Church of Sta. Sophia and most of the other churches of this Imperial City had been converted into Mosques. The Church had been shocked by the quarrels over the Popes and Anti-Popes, following on the removal of the Popes from Avignon to Rome, but for nearly fifty years the Popes had been restored to the Eternal City and the full tide of the Renaissance had been flowing over the Alps into those countries which were soon to raise the standard of rebellion against the See of Peter. The new learning, encouraged particularly by Pope Nicholas V. and generally by all of them, had swept over Europe, and printing, which had just been invented, had enabled a general education to be possible, which previously had been confined to the Ecclesiastics and Students of the Universities. The Bible was being circulated freely, for it was an age of enquiry—and of discontent—for there had been many wars and bitter animosities. In England the Wars of the Roses had decimated the old aristocracy and the large part of the Yeoman class, and that fell disease—the Black Death—had taken a terrible toll not only of the laity,

but of the clergy, and as a result the priesthood had not been well supplied with men. Over Northern Europe there had been also bitter wars, and abuses in high ecclesiastical places. All these events conspired to set the stage for great changes.

The Catholic unity of Europe was waning fast, and while Europe still looked to Rome as the centre of Christendom, great emotional forces were at work everywhere.

The hour preceding disaster had struck, and like the tropical storm, it broke with suddenness and with torrential force, and before men had time to take thought on the appalling prospect of a Church losing a great part of her people, the work of ages had been dashed to the ground.

The Monasteries—the seats of learning and piety—were pillaged. The old hierarchy were expelled from their sees throughout Germany, England, Scotland, and Northern Europe. The old religion was proscribed by the States concerned, new prayer-books were compiled, eliminating in more or less degree the Real Presence, Purgatory, Devotion to the Mother of God; and the Catholic Faith became state-condemned, at the same time as the authority of the Pope was rejected. It is needless to point out that the intellectual forces of the Northern Countries were not by any means on the side of the Reformers, nor were the masses of the people, but the reins of government had been seized and a very brief review of history will show clearly what an important factor this is in influencing public opinion, as for example, France under the sway of Napoleon and without him. The spiritual fervour of the Reformers and their greed for the temporal possessions of the Church assisted each other in a wonderful degree. In England within fifty years from Henry VIII.'s divorce, and his suppression of the Monasteries, the aristocracy and gentry had been so thoroughly brought over to the new religion by liberal donations of Church lands, Abbeys, and the spoil of churches, that they willingly lent all their influence to the weaning away from the old Faith of the masses of the people. The Pilgrimage of Grace in Henry VIII.'s reign, the acclamation of Mary as Queen with the resulting restoration of Catholicism, and Macaulay's estimated Catholic population of 30 per

cent. of the whole even at the end of Elizabeth's long reign, are clear proofs of the task which the Reformers set themselves throughout the last seventy-five years of the sixteenth century in England. It may be said with truth that the task was easier in Northern Europe and Scotland and be it noted as to this that if it was so, it was because the Catholic Evangelization was less complete and the links with the Roman See less intimate.

What, then, were the chief underlying motives of the "Reformation?" The chief motives were that of freedom from spiritual authority, a desire for National Churches, and that national spirit which untempered by any controlling influence has made Europe a battle-ground ever since. Protestantism was a negation of a central doctrine—the Doctrine that Jesus Christ founded a Visible Church whose ministers were authorized to teach the Truth and absolve from Sin. Cardinal Newman has said that Protestantism is not a religion. It is a principle. The history of the "Reformation" showed this clearly, and in order to clothe the principle so as to appear spiritually attractive, the "Reformers" provided various garments wherewith to adorn it, such as the Inspiration of the Bible as the sole rule of Faith, the necessity of Man's direct appeal to God without reference to the Saints in Heaven, or the clergy on earth, etc., but from the first dawn of the "Reformation" to the present day, the one real abiding doctrine of Protestantism has been the determination to achieve individual personal license unfettered by ecclesiastical or spiritual authority. As to all the rest, Newman's words on his conversion will suffice—"I awoke, lo! it was a dream."

Now could we find that the "Reformers" were mild men merely reproving abuses against Christ's religion, or that they were imbued with great zeal for souls, or that they hated persecution, the history of the "Reformation" would make sad reading for Catholics. Far be it from this. In England Henry VIII. and Cromwell, Lord Protector Somerset and Thomas Cranmer, Elizabeth and Burleigh, stand branded at the bar of History as persecutors in the worst sense of the word. They sent Catholics to the stake and the rack for no other reason

than that they believed in their religion, and in "No single instance did a Catholic in England rebel against the crown." The English Martyrs died solely because they were Roman Catholics and therefore the "Reformers" in England were persecutors in the true meaning of the word. Of Calvin, who condemned Servetus—an absolutely innocent man and a Protestant—to death—even Gibbon says of him, "I am more shocked at this act than at all the Auto da Fe's of Spain and Portugal." In Scotland the persecution of the hapless Queen Mary of Scots by John Knox is well known. As to zeal for souls, the "Reformation" period shows zeal for conformity to the new religion, but little else, and the dissenting sects in England had arisen within fifty years of the outbreak.

It may be truly said that of all the four outbreaks against the Church of Rome that in England was most momentous as it has influenced the religious life of more people than any of the others, and therefore, it might not be amiss to consider some of the chief actors in it. Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, the instrument of Henry VIII. in his divorce, and the chief compiler of the Prayer Book of the Church of England, deserves especial consideration. Of him Macaulay speaks thus: "When an attempt is made to set him up as a Saint, it is scarcely possible for any man of sense who knows the history of the times to preserve his gravity." While ready to send others to the flames for their Faith, he was unwilling to die for the Reformed Religion, and he recanted, and afterwards when he knew he had to die whatever he did, he finally died a Protestant. This man who ceaselessly poured the advice to persecute into the ear of Lady Jane Grey, was the leading force in the English Reformation. Could such a man be considered an apostle of the Truth which is Christ's, or a shepherd zealous for the salvation of souls? The spiritual regeneration of Europe was therefore not in the minds of the English Reformers nor in those of other countries, but rather the spirit of rebellion—of individual license unfettered by spiritual authority, and if the comparative intellectuality of the "Reformers" as compared with those who kept the Faith, is considered, we do not find that even in the dark-

est days of the "Reformation" there were lacking men of the highest intellectual attainments on the side of the Roman Church. Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were men of the highest learning and they gave up their lives for the Faith. Macaulay speaks of the former as "one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue" and again he says, "When we reflect that Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of Transubstantiation, we cannot but feel some doubt as to whether this doctrine may not triumph over all opposition." In other countries also there were many men of the highest learning who kept the Faith and refused to join in the "Reformation," and it is needless to add that the whole of Southern Europe and Ireland remained faithful to Rome. Thus we can effectively dispose of the theory that the "Reformation" was a victory of the human intellect over superstition, which has been often claimed.

Seeing then that the masses of the people showed no zeal for the "Reformation," that the "Reformers" were not more, but less, spiritually minded than those who remained steadfast, and that the intellectual elements of Europe were not by any means unanimous for the "Reformation," one is at a loss to find the exact motives for the "Reformation," which was so obviously a disaster to Christendom, except we affirm that the chief underlying causes were the desire for Personal License uncontrolled by ecclesiastical or spiritual authority and the desire for national Churches, Churches which should be one with the State in policy, and whose ministers should be appointed by the State and not by the Pope.

Let us remember this, that no country which did not become Protestant at the "Reformation" has never since become Protestant, whereas many countries which did become Protestant at the "Reformation," or nearly so—such as Poland and Bavaria—have since returned to the Catholic fold. If Protestantism had really been a great spiritual movement with a message to man distinct and clear, surely the opposite would have been the case. The Bible which the "Reformers" placed so freely in the hands of the people was soon to be the means, owing to

its not being explained with authority, and due to its being wrongly translated in so many places and its being interpreted by every man according to his own mind, of planting multitudes of sects each of which was to claim the truth. Who on reading in the Protestant Version of the Bible, the remark of Our Lord to His Mother at the Wedding Feast of Cana, "Woman, what have I to do with thee," can fail to note the ferocity with which the "Reformers" seized on the old Faith, and tried to tear it to pieces regardless of truth or accuracy.

In conclusion let us remember that in the last years of the Eastern Roman Empire when the Turk was at the gates of Constantinople, the minds of the authorities of the Eastern Church were hovering between their passion for Schism and their desire for that strength and defence which reunion with the Roman See would bring them. Temporarily they united, but Schism was uppermost in their minds and once more they broke away, and as their leaders discoursed of dogma and the air was filled with religious dispute, the breaches which finally admitted the Turk to the City of Constantine were being made. To-day there is a repetition of this historical event, and Christians dispute while not only is the Turk and all the Mahomedan peoples anxious to accomplish the overthrow of Christendom, but from within worse enemies infidelity and the cult of Paganism, Modernism and Materialism are undermining the morale of all Christendom. The call for reunion therefore in the face of enemies of diverse kinds is urgent, and the world should hearken with solemn sincerity to that Command so clear and emphatic yet so little obeyed—of the Son of Man, "I will that ye be one, even as I and the Father are One," and the prodigals should return to their Father's home.



A KNIGHT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Prominent among the two score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, in English, Leghorn), in the summer of 18—, was Lord Seybold, a wealthy landowner, whose taste for travel drew him to the Continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country.

A day or two after his arrival in Leghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city had put on holiday attire in honour of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about eleven o'clock, was an impressive and splendid one. A sun, radiant as only the sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with golden rays; the air was palpitating with the melody of joyous church bells; palaces, stores and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of every rich varied colour; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendour here and there along the route; and in flower-strewn streets silent throngs of men, women and children knelt in reverent adoration as the Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable Archbishop walking under a baldaquin, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord Seybold as the cortège approached the point where he had stationed himself, and amused the pitying spectator of "these poor, superstitious Romanists." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers—when suddenly the supercilious expression vanished from his countenance, he grew pale as death, and falling upon his knees, burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord Seybold himself explain.

"While I was watching, with an incredulous eye, the centre of the ostensorium carried by the Archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which ineffable

sweetness, sorrow, and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me; I fell on my knees, believed and adored.'

It was another Saul struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord Seybold abjured Protestantism and shortly afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament.

Throughout his religious life his love for the august Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to It his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the Tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which Our Lord is the subject in the Holy Eucharist. One springtime he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district then infested by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick call and Father Seybold wishing to await his return, sat at the window, contemplating the magnificent star-gemmed Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced, too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the Divine Prisoner, throbbed with holy envy of the constant sanctuary lamp whose rays shone through the chapel windows.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary; and impelled by an instinctive presentiment of evil, he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror; two robbers were standing before the open Tabernacle which they had already rifled of the Chalice and the Ciborium containing the consecrated Hosts. What was he to do? He knew that nearby, under the tower, there were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one, and crush the sacrilegious wretches where they stood.

"But no," he said to himself, the hand that consecrated the Bread of life will not be raised against these unfortunate men.

He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers, and aided by his unusual height, had seized the Ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption, the brigands were about to flee, when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty; and threw themselves upon the priest to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, and holding the Ciborium close to his breast, Father Seybold resisted all their efforts; and, although blows rained upon him, he could not be made to move or relax his hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the superhuman strength he evinced, one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest sank down on the Altar, wounded to death, but, by a supreme effort, still held close to his Divine Treasure.

“Help, Lord,—help!” he cried, “my strength is gone.”

At that moment the pastor, his sacristan and two men who had accompanied them on the sick call, entered the church.

The brigands fled at once, but what a sight met the eyes of the old priest and his companions! At the foot of the altar lay stretched almost lifeless, he whom an hour before they had left full of vigour and health.

From a great wound in his head the blood was streaming, and his enfeebled hand pressed to his heart the holy Ciborium all covered with gore. A heavenly smile wreathed his lips as he gave up the sacred vessel to the pastor, whose emotion completely overpowered him.

“Weep not, my good friend,” said the dying priest, his countenance all aglow with joy and triumph; “weep not! The dearest wish of my life is accomplished: I die for the captive God of our Tabernacle.”

Help was hastily summoned, but it was unavailing; the bullet had done its appointed work. At the very foot of the altar Father Seybold received, in viaticum, the God Who made Himself a victim for all; and before the first blush of dawn tinged the eastern hilltops, the glorious martyr adored the unveiled majesty of Him Whom on earth he had loved even unto death.

THE HEART OF A PRINCESS ROYAL

By Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.

In the large Jesuit College, Louvain, Belgium, is preserved the heart of St. John Berchmans, of the Society of Jesus. I remember holding in my hands the silver reliquary that contains it, and gazing with emotion through the glass cover at the heart within, a heart that had been the home of innocence and virtue, that had loved perfectly God and man.

Suppose it were possible to have on earth the heart of the Virgin Mother of Our Saviour, with what veneration we should regard it! Surely we would look on it as an inestimable treasure and count ourselves supremely happy to behold that heart in which God had dwelt with delight, and whose every throb had been a transcendent act of Divine Love. Mary's Immaculate heart is not on earth. It is living and beating in her breast, as she sits among the Blessed upon her glorious throne in Heaven.

When we lift our thoughts to the Kingdom in which we hope to enter when we leave this world, we behold it filled with the infinite majesty of the Creator, and the adoring, happy saints. There, among the countless multitude of created beings—angels and spirits of men made perfect—none surpasses in beauty, joy and splendour that Princess of royal blood, who was chosen by the Adorable Trinity to be the Mother of the Incarnate Son of God, the world's Redeemer. When we seek the reason of the Almighty's choice, we find it in the truth that the humble Virgin's heart was, beyond all others, most pleasing in God's eyes. Looking on it, He could say: "O My beloved, thou art all beautiful, and there is no stain in thee. Thou alone art My dove, My perfect one. Like art thou to the morning rising, beautiful as the moon, bright as the sun."

Only on the heart does God set value. He cares not whether in outward action we do much or little if our heart belongs wholly to Him. The Lord judges not according to the look of man; for man seeth the things that are visible, but the Lord beholdeth the heart. (I. Kings, c. 23). He reveals Himself to

the pure heart: "the clean of heart shall see God." He delights to be with man, in man's heart; He loves this poor heart of ours: "My son, give Me thy heart." (Prov., c. 23). He commands us to love Him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart," and He promises abundant and special favour: "I am the Lord—showing mercy unto thousands to them that love Me and keep My commandments." (Exod., c. 20.) He is generous with the generous heart, merciful with the compassionate heart, forgiving with the humble and contrite heart.

His choicest inspiration, His most intimate communications are for the heart alone: "I will lead her into solitude and I will speak to her heart." (Osee, c. 2.)

The heart bestowed by the Lord on the Mother of God was the most perfect, the most loving, of all created hearts. "The Father takes pleasure," says the holy Cure of Ars, "in looking upon the heart of the Virgin Mary as the Masterpiece of His hands, for we always like our work, especially when it is well done. The Son takes pleasure in it as the heart of His Mother, the sources from which He drew the Blood that has ransomed us; the Holy Ghost loves it as His temple."

Following the Church's guidance, we honour and venerate Our Saviour's holy Mother, and cherish a firm confidence in the power of her intercession; but the best proof we can give of reverence and trust is to imitate strenuously the virtues of her heart. Surely none should be more desirous to be distinguished for that imitation than those who glory in the title of Children of Mary. She will teach her children the secrets of Divine Love and enable them to win eternal life. "In learning," says St. Ambrose, "the primary incentive is to be found in the nobleness of the teacher. Now, is there anything more noble than God's Mother? Anything brighter? . . . anything more chaste? . . . When did she ever hurt her parents' feelings, even by a look? When did she ever dispute with her neighbors, or despise the humble, or deride the weak, or avoid the poor?" (De Virginitate, I. ii., c. 2.)

She loves her children. "The heart of Mary is so tender towards us," says the Cure of Ars, "that the hearts of all the

mothers in the world put together are like a piece of ice in comparison to hers." And when she presents our prayers to God He receives them with special favour for she is the only human being who never offended Him, and who kept completely His first commandment of adoring and loving Him perfectly. As when we touch an odoriferous plant like musk a fragrance clings to our fingers, so our petitions are perfumed by the hands of our sweet Mother, and we may well regard our prayers when thus presented to the Lord "as an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odour of sweetness," and cherish full confidence that they will be heard and granted by Divine Mercy.

Our Lady's Gentleness.

It is excellent to have a giant's strength, and, while it would be tyrannous to use it like a giant, the exercise of it will be praiseworthy if it is united with gentleness. An observant visitor to a power-house that drives the city tram-cars necessarily remarks the perfect smoothness with which the mighty machinery works. Similarly, Nature effects the wonders of its power, for the most part, silently and gently, and the same characteristic is to be found in Nature's children—the grass, the green covering of the earth; the corn springing up from the soil; the leaf, the flower and the fruit; while in the sky, the "glorious canopy of light and blue" above our heads, countless numbers of vast worlds are faithful in sweet harmony to their orbits, and the poet affirms that each orb "in his motion like an angel sings still choiring to the young-eyed Cherubim."

The Almighty Creator called the universe into being by a tranquil movement of His will, and through His beneficial and all-wise Providence governs and preserves all His works with infinite gentleness and power; in the words of Scripture, "He reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly." When the Son of God took our human nature, He showed in His words and actions mercy, meekness and tenderness. The bruised reed He did not break and the smoking flax He did not quench. His invitation to men was truly worthy of Him Who was called the Lamb of God: "Come to Me, all you

who labour and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you. My yoke is sweet and My burden light, and you shall find rest for your souls." Hence St. Paul entreats hearers by the meekness of Christ; and we are told that the wisdom that is free above is ever gentle and pure.

Our Lady, the Virgin Mother of Jesus, was like-minded with her Son, and the most gentle-hearted of all human beings. Through God's gift of nature and grace she was ever gentle, mild, courteous, sweet in look and manner, loving everyone, and bearing modestly and silently injuries and insults. Like a lamb, she was not tiresome or disagreeable; she was never angry or quarrelsome. Examine the four Gospels, and you will nowhere find in her any trace of impatience or bitterness. At the Annunciation she submits humbly to the Divine Will—"Be it done to me according to thy word." With courtesy and meekness she greeted her cousin, St. Elizabeth, and on hearing her own praise she broke into a canticle of joy, in which she gave all the glory to God: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath exulted in God, my Saviour."

The beauty and advantage of gentleness of soul and manner should create in us a strong desire to possess this admirable virtue. The most esteemed and loved of men are the gentle-hearted. They exercise great influence over even the froward and violent, and lead them whither they will. "You catch more flies," says St. Francis de Sales, "with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar." A Persian proverb runs thus: "A gentle-hearted hand can lead an elephant by a single hair."

Hot temper that breaks into violence of speech or act argues a want of self-control and a real weakness of character, whereas meekness and patience are based on true interior strength. "The patient man," says the Holy Ghost, "is better than the valiant, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh cities." (Prov. 16, 32). Impatience and bad humour fill individuals and homes with misery. Better is a dry morsel with joy than a house full of abundance with strife.

In the highest part of the Peak of Teneriffe there is a plant in the dry and burning waste, which in springtime fills the air

with delicious fragrance; so in the dry land of a hard life a loving nature and gentle words can make that desert blossom like the rose.

Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

Love makes the Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary gentle, and the love of your neighbour, dear reader, will make yours, too, gentle and sweet in thought and word and conduct. "In our journey heavenwards," says the well-known writer, Father Faber, "it is love that takes every step, and love alone. It is not the sharpness or the austerity that merits, but the love . . . Martyrdom without love is unprofitable before God. He has no longing for anything but love. He puts no price on other things. He only wants our love, and more of it and more, and more."

Now, a few practical points to help in acquiring the virtue of gentleness:

1. Be on your guard to show no sign of impatience in word or deed, but keep calmness of mind in all you say and do.
2. Never give a short or bitter answer, no matter how provoking others be.
3. To overcome impetuosity in talk and action, St. Francis de Sales counsels us to use a soft tone of voice and great gentleness and self-restraint, especially when we are not tempted to yield to hastiness and want of restraint. We thus form a good habit which will help us in time of temptation. No matter how often we fail to observe these few points, let us persevere in renewing our resolution to be faithful to them, and we shall undoubtedly advance rapidly, and acquire gentleness and self-control.

Our Lady's Modesty.

The fact that St. Paul, when exhorting the first Christians to a life of virtue, appealed to them "by the modesty of Christ," sets before us a picture of the gravity, self-restraint and attrac-

tive gentleness of Our Divine Saviour. Where the Spirit of Christ reigns, filling the soul with solid virtue, it manifests its presence by producing in the outward man the fair fruit of a genuine modesty. This truth induced St. Peter to urge wives not to seek adornment in the plaiting of the hair or the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel, but in "the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God." (I. Peter. iii., 3-4.)

None possessed the Spirit of the Man God in greater perfectness than she who was created by Divine wisdom and omnipotence to be His Mother; none was more like to Him in the loveliness of hidden sanctity, and in the beauty, modesty and attractiveness of external look and manner. She is the woman to whom an archangel, sent from God, appeared, and she was troubled, we are told, when he greeted her. This is she who objected to becoming the Mother of God until the archangel assured her that her virginity would be preserved. This is she whose humble loveliness gained the favour of the Most High, and whose matchless purity and modesty has won the love and devotion of pontiffs, martyrs and virgins throughout all generations.

Modesty, which shone thus conspicuously in Christ and His Virgin Mother, is a virtue which can be cultivated as effectively as good temper or courtesy. Many persons miss the best prizes in life because they will not strive for them, and this virtue, which bestows winsomeness and a true beauty, and takes the good-will of all, is "a pearl of good price," within the grasp of those who aspire to its possession and work manfully to gain it.

Everyone wishing to obtain this desirable virtue will do well to read attentively—nay, to study carefully—what Joubert, in his "Pensees," has written wisely about it. He says:

"Modesty is a sensitive fear that makes the soul, so long as it is delicate and tender, recoil and hide within itself, like the flower, its fitting symbol, at the approach of anything that might wound it by a rude touch. Hence that disturbance which arises within us when harm draws near, that tact which is the advance guard of all one's perceptions, that instinct warning us of all

that is forbidden, and that timidity that sets all our senses on their guard, and prevents youth from endangering its innocence, emerging from its ignorance, or breaking in upon its happiness.”

“Modesty lowers the lids between our eyes and the outward world. The spectator perceives it by the magical brightening which it lends to our very form, to the voice, appearance, movements, filling them with grace. Modesty is to beauty what limpidity is to a fountain, glass to a pastel, or atmosphere to a landscape. Modesty in youth bequeaths to one’s maturer life fruits still more precious—a purity of taste, the delicacy of which nothing has blunted; a clear imagination, that nothing has dimmed; the love of innocent pleasures, the only pleasures that become familiar to us; the power of being easily made happy; a something that can only be compared to the velvet of a flower that has long been folded within its impenetrable sheath, where no breath has touched it; honour eternally unstained; and, lastly, a habit of self-control so strong that it makes us live irreprouchable, in order to be able to live content.”

Rodriguez, in his “Christian Perfection,” says: “All agree that the essence of perfection consists in purity of heart, in charity and the love of God, yet these no man will attain unless he be extremely careful in guarding his senses and in the observance of exterior modesty.”

Our Lady’s Kindness.

A striking example of Our Lady’s kindliness of heart is set before us in the Gospel narrative of her visit to St. Elizabeth. The Angel Gabriel said: “Behold thy cousin, Elizabeth, hath conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren. And Mary, rising up, went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda; and she entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth. Elizabeth and the infant in her womb thrilled with joy. She said to Mary: “Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?” And Mary rejoiced, and, being filled with the Holy Ghost, broke into that beautiful canticle of thanksgiving and

praise which we call the "Magnificat." And she abode with Elizabeth three months and devoted herself to all those offices of loving kindness which the state of the elder woman and her own gentle and lowly heart dictated. Like her Divine Son, Our Lord and Saviour, who said afterwards, "I have come, not to be ministered to, but to minister," she served Elizabeth in all kindness and love, and took delight in contributing to the comfort and happiness of the mother of St. John the Baptist.

We have another instance of her kindness during the marriage feast of Cana. When the wine failed, she requested her Son to come to the bridegroom's help, and Jesus gratified her wish by changing water into wine.

Genuine kindness is the spirit of Jesus, Who says: "My spirit is sweet above honey, and My inheritance above honey and the honeycomb." Anyone who devotes himself to the assiduous and persevering practice of kindness in thought and word and deed will enter upon a new life and live in a new world, a world of peace and pleasure. As all in Heaven are kind to one another, so a kind man helps to make a Heaven of earth. For kindness propagates kindness, and goes forth like an angel healing wrongs, smoothing away asperities, consoling sad and lonely hearts, infusing in those who are discouraged bright cheer and courage, promoting joyousness, and appealing successfully to all that is truest and noblest in character.

Kindness, says Father Faber, has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning; and these three last have never converted anyone, unless they were kind also. Treat a sinner with harshness, and you harden his heart; deal with him in a kindly fashion, and he is at once softened; he is roused to generosity, and he displays an energy of which he had seemed incapable. Kindness thus reveals the good that is in all men, as the sunshine opens out the flowers, and bids them yield beauty to view, and perfume the air with their fragrance.

The society in which we live acts as a looking-glass to show us an accurate reflection of ourselves. Do we complain that we meet with harsh and disagreeable conduct? Such an experience is a proof that we ourselves are inconsiderate and unkind in our

intercourse with others. Let us change such behaviour and cultivate kindness at home and abroad, and we shall quickly find how agreeable all around us will become. We should imitate God, our Heavenly Father, Whose dealings with men overflow with loving kindness. He displays His magnificence in the wonders of power and wisdom in the universe, especially in the countless gifts and blessings of body, mind and soul which we have received from His mercy and tenderness. Kindness is our imitation of God's splendid goodness and magnificence.

Quiet reflection on our past years will convince us that we have received tenfold more kindness than we have ever shown to others. This fact should fill us with shame, should inspire us with the resolution to treat all in future with sincere and honest good-will. To such a resolution we are urged even by self-interest, for everyone likes (and cannot help liking) the kind-hearted, whether women or men. Shakespeare makes one of his characters declare that

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

So, too, it is said :

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

To a woman who is "froward, peevish, sullen, sour," Katherine, in the "Taming of the Shrew," speaks thus :

Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes;
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads.
A woman mov'd is like the fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry and thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

(Act. V., Sc. 11.)

Kindness adds sweetness to life, and if we wish to be happy and to make others happy, we shall set to work from this pres-

ent moment and in this place where we are to be kind, through God's grace, to all, without exception, genuinely kind in thought, in word and in deed.

Our Lady's Humility.

The root of pride and vanity is the self-love which leads one to glory in honour and praise, and in the success of petty or large enterprises. St. Thomas Aquinas says (11., 2, p.161, art. 6) that the essence of humility consists in repressing the desire of man to lift himself into notice, and that this repression, subjecting him to God and men, in words, acts and manner, shows, in due season, the interior conviction of his own nothingness and unworthiness.

Humility is truth, the truth that God alone deserves glory; that before His infinity man is nothingness. However loudly one may vaunt his self-reliance and independence, the fact is that in the works of nature, as well as in the order of grace, he can do nothing without the support and co-operation of his Creator. Apart from Divine assistance, he cannot use the least member of his body, or any faculty of his soul. Therefore, whatever deed he does, whatever enterprise he carries to a successful issue, the glory belongs, not to him, but to God; and if he wishes to abide in the truth, the cry of his heart must necessarily be, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give the glory."

In this spirit of genuine humility the Blessed Virgin Mary always acted. After Christ, none was holier than she, or graced with higher gifts from God, yet during the course of her life she never sought pre-eminence or honour. When she was praised as being "full of grace," "blessed among women," and the "Mother of the Lord God made man," she gave all the credit to her Divine Benefactor, "Who," she said, "had regarded the lowliness of His handmaid." According to St. James of Sarug (Carm. I.). "God looked at her, and took up His abode in her, because she was the most humble of mortals."

She was humble with her parents, humble with Joseph, humble with Elizabeth, her cousin, humble with all the ministers of the Temple and with people, humble in peace as in trials and

persecutions; in every circumstance she showed forth the love she bore this beautiful virtue, a virtue to which her Divine Son invites us when He says: "Take up My yoke upon you and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls." (St. Matt. xi., 29, 30).

In these words of Our Lord we discover the secret of Mary's humility; she learned by the holy inspirations of God's spirit the loveliness and value of meekness and lowliness of heart, and thereby gained the inestimable boon of peace and tranquillity of soul. Be it ours to learn from her example that, if we wish to shake off the heavy burden of the world's pride and gloom and anguish, and gain true rest for our spirit, we shall do so best by loving and practising a glad, brave and noble humility.

Humility is not what many would have us think it—something spiritless, something passive and inefficient; it is, in truth, a deliverance from evil selfishness, a clearing away of debasing, cowardly desires, and the possession of that true freedom which enables us to ascend above the world and the slavery of the world's unhappy votaries.

By humility we enter into a heaven of interior peace on earth and a heaven of surpassing delight beyond the grave. Pride leads to misery here and hereafter. In Heaven there is no place for pride. To that dark vice Lucifer and his demons gave way, and they were at once expelled from God's presence and cast into hell.

Our Lady's Dolours.

For man it is both natural and right to desire happiness, but the road to it is mistaken by most people. If we examine the words and actions of the majority, we see clearly their conviction that happiness is to be found in amusement and pleasure and freedom from bodily suffering. Not thus is true happiness won. Our Blessed Saviour came to this earth, not only to redeem us from sin and death, and teach us the way to Heaven, but also to instruct us that by following His doctrine and example we shall secure that solid peace of heart which is so essential to real joy and happiness. "Learn of Me," says Christ, "and you shall find rest"—namely, the rest that surpasseth the

pleasures of sense, for He adds, the "Kingdom of God is within you," that kingdom which confers peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The unerring path to this kingdom's happiness is the perfect observance of Christ's words: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow Me." In other words, the royal way of the Cross, the patient and loving bearing of suffering which no one in this world can escape, is the only way to true life and peace. If there were any other road better and more beneficial to man, Christ would have shown it by word and example, but He has said that "through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God."

No beings were dearer to Heaven than Christ and His Mother, and yet the Divine wisdom and power could find no treasure to bestow on them more precious than to make them bear the Cross, to make them suffer for His love. When with understanding and sympathy we read the narrative of the Passion in the Gospel, when we dwell upon the Agony in Gethsemane, the Scourging, the Crowning with Thorns, and the Crucifixion; when we contemplate the Holy Mother at the foot of the Cross, learning then faithfully and courageously the highest and most heroic lessons of sanctity given to her by her Son, we cannot escape the conviction that there is nothing more acceptable to our Creator or more precious and wholesome for ourselves than to suffer willingly for the love of Him Who was crucified for us. Therefore, let us carry the Cross with patience in the company of Jesus and Mary, and it will crown us, even in this life, with true happiness. As that admirable book, "The Imitation of Christ," says: "In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from thy enemies; in the Cross is the infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is joy of spirit; there is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life but in the Cross. Take up, therefore, thy Cross and follow Jesus, and thou shalt go into life everlasting, for there is no other way to life and true internal peace but the way of the holy Cross." (Book II., Chap. 12.)

Our Lady's Fortitude.

As the last day of Our Lord's life may be said to sum up all His sufferings for the world's redemption, so the Blessed Virgin's share in His pain and humiliation on Calvary presents us with a picture of the greatest of her dolours. A useful lesson is taught by her heroic fortitude and willing submission to God's Providence when she stood by the Cross on which her Son was dying—a lesson which should help us to moderate the grief which we feel in life's evils, and to support them with calm resignation to the Divine Will.

The prince of the theologians, St. Thomas Aquinas, tells us that the virtue of fortitude has three degrees—(a) constancy and perseverance in well-doing; (b) the mortification of passion, the rooting out of vice, the contempts of all mere earthly pleasure, and (c) the exposing of one's life for the spiritual and temporal good of one's neighbour. Those three degrees are found in Mary's fortitude. From birth to death she was constant in the perfect practice of virtue and in co-operation with the graces which Heaven gave. St. Ambrose declares (*lib. ii., de Virgin*), that "she was a virgin in both body and mind, humble of heart, serious in her words, prudent in thought, not fond of talking . . . she injured none, but loved all, fleeing from vain-glory." She was quite prepared, if such were God's will, to give her life for the salvation of anyone. In the words of St. Ambrose, "the Mother stood intrepid by the Cross while men ran away. . . . The Mother stood affording an original spectacle, as she did not fear to be sacrificed; while the Son was hanging on the Cross she offered herself to the executioners."

What an example the Blessed Virgin gives us, as she, in calm patience and resignation, stood by the Cross on Calvary! Yet how many, far from trying with God's grace to imitate her fortitude, refuse to suffer the least pain, and break into impatience and anger if Our Lord in His love asks them to bear some cross or trial for His sake.

We have, all of us, need of courage in the midst of life's afflictions. It is not possible for any to escape suffering in this "vale of tears." But we must not be afraid. God never tries us

beyond our strength. He gives abundant help and makes issue with the temptations, so that we may be able to bear them.

Then, dear reader, keep a good heart. Your Heavenly Father is leading you, and little by little He will guide your steps. He does not show you the whole of the path He wills you to walk, lest you should be affrighted, but rest assured that He is at hand to help, and that He is your Champion and Lover.

Live for each day as it comes; you have, with Him by your side, strength for any trial it may bring. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

On your part, you must be up and doing; you must make an effort to correspond courageously with His grace and love. If God is for you, what have you to fear? He is ever gracious, tender and merciful. His love of you never changes; in Him is no shadow of alteration or variability.

Bear in mind that He, the Eternal God, is your refuge, and that beneath you are His everlasting arms to uphold you in every difficulty and to reward the sincere efforts you make to live in perfect conformity with His holy Will.

Our Lady's Faith.

No Catholic has any doubt of the perfection of the faith that existed in the Mother of God, whom the Holy Ghost, through St. Elizabeth's mouth, declared to be specially dear to Him, because of her faith: "Blessed art thou that hast believed." Many of the wondrous events connected with the Incarnation of the Son of God, Mary believed and pondered in her heart. Humbly and trustingly she received God's message, delivered by the Angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word." She believed that those things should be accomplished that were spoken to her by the Lord: and, reflecting in love and wonder upon the Divine wisdom, power and goodness, she breaks out into her grand canticle, the "Magnificat."

Mary's faith, which is indeed a model for us, was lively, simple and strong. Cardinal Newman, even before he became a Catholic, speaks of it thus in one of his University Sermons:

Mary's faith did not end in a mere acquiescence in Divine providences and revelations; she "pondered" them. When the shepherds came and told of the Vision of Angels, which they had seen at the time of the Nativity, and how one of them announced that the Infant in her arms was "the Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord"; while others did but wonder. "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." . . . Thus she is our pattern of faith, both in the reception and in the study of Divine Truth. She does not think it enough to accept, she dwells upon it; not enough to possess it, she uses it; not enough to assent, she develops it; not enough to submit the reason, she reasons upon it; not, indeed, reasoning first and believing afterwards, yet first believing without reasoning; next, from love and reverence, reasoning after believing. And thus she symbolises to us, not only the faith of the unlearned, but of the Doctors of the Church also, who have to investigate, and weigh, and define, as well as to confess the Gospel; to draw the line between truth and heresy; to anticipate or remedy the various aberrations of wrong reason; to combat pride and recklessness with their own arms; and thus to triumph over the sophist and the innovator.—Sermon XV.

Honest Protestants admire the unity of Catholics and their simple, strong and lively faith in the doctrines of the Church. The London "Universe" relates how, when preaching recently to a United Free Church congregation in Aberdeen, the Rev. W. H. Leatham held up the loyalty of the Catholics as an example which other religious bodies would do well to imitate.

"Catholics are taught from their earliest days by wise teachers," said Mr. Leatham, "and are inclined, by a persuasive sense of gratitude, to magnify the Church and its life of prayer, to glory in the privilege of common worship, to rest with hope and faith in the doctrine that is delivered to them, to love and defend their priesthood, and to repudiate that detached and critical attitude in which so many Protestants stand to their church. And in truth they claim their reward in churches crowned with eager and devout worshippers, and in conception of public worship that is not at the mercy of caprice and self-indulgence. It is time that the Scottish churches took to heart a lesson so essential to our very existence."

Be it our privilege and joy to imitate the strong and lively faith of the Mother of God, and to be led by it, as she was led, to keep perfectly the Divine Law, and persevere in professing it till the hour of our death. Her intercession, earnestly invoked, will obtain constant perseverance in the faith, and

will enable us to conquer the temptations which assail us. "This is the victory," says St. John, "that overcometh the world, our faith." Therefore, let us all fight valiantly the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life.

Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

By the Immaculate Conception we mean that Our Lady was conceived without original sin—that is, that her soul did not bear, even for a single instant, any portion of the guilt of Adam's fall, but was full of grace and holiness from the first moment of her conception. This truth is contained in the Scriptures and Sacred Tradition, and has been defined by the Sovereign Pontiff, to the great joy of the Bishops and people of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX., in 1854, declared this dogma as belonging to the faith in the following words, "We define that the doctrine, that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ the Saviour of mankind had been preserved free from all spot of original sin, is revealed by God, and consequently as such is to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful."

It was becoming that when the Son of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, took human nature, He should have a Mother who was absolutely sinless and replenished with all grace and sanctity. The Immaculate Conception of Our Lady is no new doctrine, but is contained in the revelation delivered by Christ to His Apostles; for the deposit of doctrine which Christ revealed was subject to progress and development under the guidance of the Divine Wisdom and Truth of the Holy Ghost ever residing in the Church.

The Angel Gabriel, on the part of God, said to Mary, "Hail full of grace . . . the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee." The grace given her was altogether singular and unique, such as would fit her for becoming the Mother of God—made man—"the Mother of the Lord," as St. Elizabeth called her. "O Virgin," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "in the fulness of grace

thou art to be compared to none; thou surpasseth therein all the orders of the celestial hierarchy"; and St. Cyril of Jerusalem uses these words: "Since He Who was born was Christ, the Only-Begotten, the power of the Highest overshadowed her, and the Holy Ghost coming upon her sanctified her that she might be able to receive Him by whom all things were made."

Even the Protestant Bishop Pearson, "On the Creed," says: "If Elizabeth cried out with so loud a voice, Blessed art thou among women, when Christ was but newly conceived in her womb, what expressions of honour and admiration can we think sufficient now that Christ is in Heaven and that Mother with Him?"

If we honour the sinless Mother of God we shall be animated to live, like her, a sinless life, and to make by supernatural faith and hope and love the best use of the time which is carrying us forward so fast to eternity. And readers who are members of Our Lady's Sodality should strive with special earnestness and perseverance to preserve the bright jewel of holy purity. "Blessed," says Our Lord, "are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." They will see God more clearly in this life, and with more certainty they will come to see Him in the next. Let them show their love of this beautiful virtue by their courage to practise perfect Christian modesty of attire, look and word, and to prove that everything even slightly opposed to purity is distasteful to them. They will thus become daily more like the Mother of God, and merit through Divine Grace to be united with her in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Cardinal Newman, speaking of sinlessness of life in this particular, concludes one of his sermons with this moving exhortation: "O my dear children, young men and young women, what need you have of the intercession of the Virgin Mother, of her help, of her pattern, in this respect! What shall you bring forward in the narrow way, if you live in the world, but the thought and patronage of Mary? What shall seal your sense, what shall tranquillise your heart, when sights

and sounds of danger are around you, but Mary? What shall give you patience and endurance when you are wearied out with the length of the conflict with evil, with the unceasing necessity of precautions, with the irksomeness of observing them with the tediousness of their repetition, with the strain upon your mind, with your forlorn and cheerless condition but a loving communion with her? She will comfort you in your discouragements, solace you in your fatigues, raise you after your falls, reward you for your successes. She will show you her Son, your God and your All. When your spirit within you is excited, or relaxed, or depressed, when it loses its balance, when it is restless and wayward, when it is sick of what it has, and hankers after what it has not, when your eye is solicited with evil, and your mortal frame trembles under the shadow of the tempter, what will bring you to yourselves, to peace and to health, but the cool breath of the Immaculate and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon? It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste! And why is this, but that it gives us Jesus Christ for our food and Mary for our nursing? Fulfil this boast in yourselves; prove to the world that you are following no false teaching, vindicate the glory of your Mother Mary, whom the world blasphemes, in the very face of the world, by the simplicity of your own deportment and the sanctity of your words and deeds. Go to her for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed. She is the personal type and representative image of that spritual life and renovation in grace 'without which no one shall see God.' 'Her spirit is sweeter than honey, and her heritage than the honeycomb. They that eat her shall yet be hungry, and they that drink her shall still thirst. Whoso hearkeneth to her shall not be confounded, and they that work by her shall not sin.' "

LOSS AND GAIN

FOR nearly an hour Margaret Lewis had been sitting before a glowing fire, gazing reflectively into its depths.

Now and then the dancing flames leaped higher, throwing grotesque shadows here and there, and revealing the beauty of the room which spoke so eloquently of artistic tastes, and the means to gratify them. Rare and exquisite pictures adorned the restful, dull blue walls; the graceful Sheraton furniture seemed expressive of Margaret's delicate charm; the atmosphere was sweet with the elusive scent of early violets—everywhere one saw the unmistakable evidences of wealth and culture. And yet, the face of Margaret Lewis, beautiful though it was, was the face of a woman saddened and sanctified—of one who had bidden farewell to the radiant joys of youth, and thankfully adopted the serenity of spirit that only the Lessons of Life can teach.

To the average observer, though, Margaret Lewis had been far more blessed than many—a real Child of Fortune. An unusually attractive girl she, apparently, had danced her way through life and into the heart of David Lewis, a clever young barrister, and their marriage was an ideal one. But the bluest of skies are sometimes overcast, for no life can be untouched by sorrow; and as Margaret Lewis sat there, in the flickering firelight, gazing down “the pathway of the years,” the joys of life faded into nothingness in comparison with her one great trouble, and her eyes were filled with tears of loneliness and longing for her little Helen, the golden-haired child of three, who had been dead for seven years.

David and Margaret had absolutely worshipped this tiny reincarnation of themselves, and their lives had been blessed with a happiness beyond conception. But their joy was short-lived, for little Helen was stricken with infantile paralysis, and died after an illness of only a few days' duration.

At first, it was thought that Margaret would not live through that time of trouble, and the first frenzy of David's grief was more or less absorbed by the weight of his anxiety for her, and his gratitude when she, at least, was left to him. But for her, the glory had gone out of Life, and she was apathetic now, the shadow of her former radiant self.

She sat on, thinking, until a falling coal aroused her from her reverie, while the soft chimes of a distant clock reminded her that it was time to dress for dinner. David would soon be home, and he must not find her crying again. Slowly, she went upstairs, half-blinded by her tears.

After dinner, as they sat over the fire relating the various happenings of the day, as was their wont, David suddenly jumped up.

"Why, Margaret," he said, "a letter came for you to-day, in my care, and I forgot all about it. Half a second."

He was back in a moment and handed her an envelope, which she scrutinized carefully and long, as is the way of a woman.

"Strange," she said, "I don't know whose writing this is, and yet it is not altogether unfamiliar. I wonder where it came from?"

"Why not open it and see?" was the brilliant suggestion, offered by her husband which she laughingly adopted.

In a few minutes Margaret spoke impetuously, "Oh, David, it is from Kathleen Elliott, my dear old friend, whom I have not heard of for years. Don't you remember her? She ran away and married Frank Linton, in spite of everything her people could do to prevent it, and it was said that they cast her off completely. And now the poor thing is dying. Just listen:

Margaret:

In my affliction, I am appealing to you, my girlhood's dearest friend, knowing that you, at least, will not turn a deaf ear to my plea.

Since Frank died four years ago, I have been struggling as best I could to make some kind of a living for myself and

my baby girl. Father and Mother died soon after my marriage, and there was no one to whom I could look for help. I succeeded in getting employment at Madame Rennee's, and more than once, it was I who made the gowns you ordered from her. So often I felt tempted to make myself known to you, and as often hesitated; my circumstances were so changed. But now I am very ill, and they tell me I may not have long to live. Will you come to see me, Margaret, if only for the sake of old times? You will find me at 320 Livingstone Street. I know you will not refuse me. Kay.

"Oh, David! Can't we go right away? It is only nine o'clock, and the poor thing may be in actual want!"

"Very well, dear, I'll order the car and drive round with you."

Soon the big limousine was speeding them on their way, while they talked disconnectedly of old times, and of pretty "Kay" Elliott, the gayest and most popular member of their set, whose hopeless infatuation for Frank Linton, a charming but absolutely worthless young fellow, had been a mystery to all her friends.

They arrived quickly at their destination, and David waited in the car, while Margaret went up to the top at of the apartment house, where Kathleen lived.

The general respectability of the dwelling instantly relieved all apprehension of actual poverty, and Margaret's relief was still further increased by the sight of the kind-faced nurse who opened the door, and in answer to Margaret's eager "Mrs. Linton? I am Mrs. Lewis, and she is expecting me," replied, "She has been watching for you all day, Mrs. Lewis. Please come in."

Entering, she saw a modest little flat, which, though scantily furnished, was very evidently the home of a lady; and in the small bedroom sitting up supported by pillows, hands outstretched in an ecstasy of welcome, was Kathleen—but, oh, how changed from the laughing girl of long ago.

"I knew you would come to me, Margaret," she sobbed brokenly, "You were always faithful."

And Margaret could scarcely answer, "Thank God you sent for me, Kay."

It was the old, old story. Frank Linton, although the soul of good nature and very lovable had never been able to do anything with his life. Handsome, and talented in many ways, he seemed to lack that inexplicable "something" that makes for success. A few years ago he had succumbed to a sharp attack of pneumonia, leaving his wife nothing in the world but a few debts and the one treasure which made up to her for the lack of all besides—their little girl, Joan, now six years old. Kathleen, always clever with her fingers, had, as we have already learned, obtained employment at Madame Renee's, a fashionable dress-making establishment, and her earnings increased considerably by the dainty handiwork which she sold to wealthy patrons. For years she had concealed her whereabouts from even her closest friends, but now completely broken by sorrow and weakened by illness, she had turned again to the friend of happier days. For a while Margaret sat in tearful silence, listening to the story of a life's disappointment, when, suddenly, Kathleen grasped her hands in a passion of eagerness:

"Margaret—my baby—Joan! Will you take care of her when I am gone?"

"Oh, Kathleen, don't talk like that. David and I will do everything for you—bring down a specialist and give you the best of care. Just wait and see how quickly you will get well and strong again."

"No, Margaret, never. And if it were not for leaving Joan penniless and alone, I would be glad. I am tired of it all—tired of the struggle and the disillusionment. But you will take Joan for me, won't you? Father and Mother are gone, I have no sisters, and Frank's sister has a large family of her own. I know your own little girl was taken from you, and her place is unfilled. Soon, my Joan will have no home and no mother, and she is so pitifully young to be left to the mercy of the world. Don't refuse me, Margaret; God will bless you for it, if you take the child."

For a second Margaret hesitated—it was hard to think of

another child in her darling's place. Then, in a flash she saw it all; the now all-too-tidy rooms filled once more with treasured playthings, the silent house echoing again with that sweetest of all sounds, the laughter of a child. And then, she felt the sudden wonder of it all—her own empty life filled once more to overflowing and the restless longing of her heart fulfilled. Helen had been taken and she was left, alone. Now Kathleen was to go, and her child would be left destitute. Oh, surely it was a marvellous readjustment of one of life's many problems—a wonderful working out of the wise ways of God; and smiling through her tears, she took Kathleen's trembling hands in her own firm grasp, and said:

"Kathleen, Joan will be second only to Helen. We will bring her up as if she were our own."

"God bless you, dear Margaret," was the grateful response. "I was so worried about her. Even the little I had saved will go in the expenses of my illness, and I was terrified for Joan. Now everything will be different, and I can die in peace."

At this juncture the nurse came in, solicitous for her patient's welfare, and anxious lest she should tax too greatly her ebbing strength. Margaret kissed her friend goodnight, contenting herself with but a peep at the sleeping Joan, until the next day, when she would come again.

On the way home she told David all about it. Timidly she awaited his verdict, half-fearful that he might not wish another child in Helen's place; but all her doubts were set at rest when he replied: "I am glad of anything that makes you glad, Margaret. If you wish it, we will take the child."

Early next morning, Margaret was about again, laden with flowers and the delicacies which money can so easily procure; but as soon as she crossed the threshold, she felt instinctively that she had come into "The Blessed Peace of Death," and so it was; for Kathleen had died in her sleep. The faint spark of life, which had flared up so brightly the night before in the joy of Margaret's visit, had been extinguished quickly. And there she lay, with an expression of ineffable serenity on her worn face—an expression which Margaret thankfully realized she had brought there, by her pro-

mise to take care of Joan. And there she stood, a lovely child with just such silken hair as Helen's, smiling shyly at her mother's friend—too young to understand the grief that had befallen her.

Margaret took the child into her arms, murmuring brokenly, "You and I, my dear one, will console each other for all that we have lost."

When David Lewis came home that night he crept upstairs, attracted by a sound he had never expected to hear again, the lilt of an old-time lullaby. For a moment he stood silently in the doorway, drinking in the sweetness of the picture, when Joan (whose childish memories of her father were, to his credit, kind) opened her eyes, and, seeing him, called out "Daddy! It's my Daddy come home again!"

And as her husband stooped to kiss the child, Margaret, in her joy and thankfulness, seemed to feel the Blessing of God, which Kathleen had promised should be hers.

Amy McEvoy.



IN THE HAUNTS OF THE DEAR LITTLE FLOWER

I must write you a little story of our visit to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus of Lisieux. As you are aware this little saint was Pius XI.'s first canonization, and I wrote of his emotion and the perceptible commotion of the whole Catholic world, at the time. He promptly placed the happy outcome of the Holy Year, in her hands, and well she did her part. He keeps one of her great relics in his chapel and gives her a special daily cult.

When his Legate, Cardinal John Bonzano, was leaving Rome for Chicago, the Holy Father spoke to him of the Little Flower and Lisieux, which he must pass enroute to Cherbourg from Paris. Cardinal Bonzano was at Lisieux before, but wanted to return again anyway, although Corpus Christi was delaying his departure one day and he could not see how it could be done in the short time at his disposal. But the Holy Father's wish was decisive, and we hurried off with him in the early morning of Saturday, by a train from La Gare de St. Lazare, and soon we were enjoying the soothing scenery of Normandy—its apple orchards and green pastures dotted with sleek cattle—reaching the Saint's quaint little town (25,000) at half-past ten o'clock. We were all fasting to say Mass, of course. It is no distance to the shrine, so headed by the Burgomaster we were soon in the little Carmel Church. The Cardinal celebrated at the Major Altar assisted by his court; we occupied the side altars of which there are six; and we commemorated all our dear friends on both sides of the Atlantic as we murmured the prayers of the Mass of the Octave of Corpus Christi, in presence of Little Teresa's *Restes*, and with much about—especially artificial and natural roses, so intimately associated with her name. Then we all knelt before the chancel of the Tomb and made our thanksgiving, the neat little church all the while crowded with the faithful of Lisieux. After a cup of coffee and the signing of the

Register, we went to the monastery, where on account of the Cardinal, the iron-door was unbarred, and we entered the sacred cloister to visit every corner made holy by the Little Saint, and we conversed with the pious sisters, the Mother Superior and two others being natural sisters of the Little Flower. It was, indeed, a precious privilege, and we touched our chaplets and other objects of piety to the bed, choir-stall, and refectory stool of the dear saint; and the Cardinal went down on his knees with the Community and all before the statue of Our Lady, which had spoken to her, to formally invoke the Saint's assistance, according to the directions of the Holy Father. I can assure you that we responded with a devotion more than common.

The Cardinal then imparted the authorized Papal Benediction to the little Community and we all withdrew greatly touched and edified, to examine the sacred museum, where the golden locks of the little friend of God, as bright as they were on the day the Bishop shorn them off, are preserved. Her baby and First Communion dress and veils are here and also her bridal habit, her hair shirt and other cruel instruments of penance, all so vividly expressive. To them all and to the urn with her ashes, we touched our Rosaries reverently.

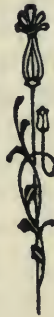
Then, we went up to the old family seat and found it preserved, as it was in her childhood—the same furniture, the same little cot, the canopied bed of later days, her playthings, the cage where she warbled to her dear canary bird, and like St. Francis, taught it a sweeter note in God's holy praise.

In the pretty parterre there is a Carrara marble group where on that bench she first broke the news to her father that she wanted to enter the Carmel, and methought I saw the sweet angel tiptoeing to the Bishop so he might not consider her too tiny to enter the Novitiate.

I plucked a lot of rose petals from the trees from which Teresa used to gather them, and scattered them about generously to bring joy of heart and love of Him that made them. Afterwards we hurried off through the pretty little Norman Gothic town to the incoming train, and were soon steaming away for Cherbourg to take our passage on the Aquitania for

the Eucharistic Congress of Chicago, greatly delighted and spiritually consoled by our visit. Normandy, land of my ancestors, was as lovely as Prince Edward Island in its terra cotta and green as we passed through it that day.

Rt. Rev. A. E. Burke, P.A.



To An Absent Friend

Where dame Nature wafts her incense in the halls of waving
 pine,
Spruce and balsam bow in reverence in her leaf-encircled
 shrine;
And where bees their songs are humming, care-free, in the
 mellow ray
Lulled by music, summer-laden, rest thee, friend of mine,
 to-day.

For the city's calls are many and the streets look scorched
 and grim,
Many a weary heart is aching, sad of soul and sore of limb;
Soon, too soon, the call thou heedest of the restless surge
 and din,
Silence; peace of soul, thou needest,

Think a little, learn a little, pray a little, friend to-day,
Sweep the million molestations from thy heart and mind away;
In the halls of airy vastness commune with the oak and pine,
Till thou, too, like grateful incense, sweeten Mother Nature's
 shrine.

Thus again to call of Duty, thou shalt answer,—newly born—
As it were, like to a babe that laughing greets the smiling
 morn;
Like a knight that goes to conquer, with Love's kiss on his
 brow,
Thine the kiss of God and Nature, newly pledged to serve
 Him now!

Frederick B. Fenton.

WOMAN'S BEST EDUCATION

There is not a religion, a philosophy, a science, an art for man and another for woman. Consequently there is not in its essential elements at least, an education for man and another for woman. In souls, minds, in conscience, in hearts, there is no sex. What is the best education for a woman? That which will best help her to become a perfect human being, wise, loving and strong. What is her work? Whatever may help her to become herself. What is forbidden her? Nothing but what degrades or narrows or warps. What has she a right to do? Any good and useful and beautiful thing she is able to do without hurt to her dignity and worth as a human being. Between her and man the question is not of more or less, of inferiority and superiority, but of unlikeness. Chastity is woman's great virtue; truthfulness, which is the highest form of courage, is man's; yet men and women are equally bound to be chaste and truthful. Mildness and sweet reasonableness are woman's subtlest charms; wisdom and valor man's; yet women should be wise and brave, and man should be wise and reasonable. The spiritual endowments are much the same, but they are not equally interested in the same things. Man prefers thought; woman sentiment; he reaches his conclusions through analysis and argument; she through feeling and intuition. He has greater power of self-control, she of self-sacrifice. He is guided by law and principle; she by insight and tact; he demands justice; she, equity. He wishes to be honored for wealth and position; she, for herself. He prefers science and philosophy; she art and literature. His religion is a code of morality; hers, a faith and love and hope and imagination. She has greater power of self-effacement, forgetting herself wholly in her love. Whether she marry or become a nun, she abandons her name, the symbol of her identity, in proof that she is dedicated to the race and to God. The arguments of infidels have less weight with her than with man, for her sense of religion is more genuine, her

faith more inevitable. She passes over objections as a chaste mind passes over what is coarse or impure. She more easily finds complacency in her surroundings, but she has less pride and conceit than man. She is more grateful, too, because she loves more, and the heart makes memory true. . . .

Whether there is a question of man or woman, the aim and end of education is to bring forth in the individual the divine image of humanity as it exists in the thought of God, as it is revealed in the life of Christ. To train a girl chiefly with a view to success in society is to prevent, is to hinder, from attaining to the power of free, rich and varied life. It is to neglect education for accomplishments; it is to prefer form to substance, manner to conduct, graceful carriage and dress to thought and love. We degrade her when we consider her as little else than a candidate for matrimony. A man may live single and become the noblest of his kind, and so may a woman. Marriage first of all for the race; the individual may stand alone and grow to the full measure of human strength and worth. The popular contempt for single women who have reached a certain age is but a survival of the contempt for all women which is found among savages and barbarians.

—“Means and Ends of Education,” Bishop Spalding.



ST. JOSEPH'S IN-THE-PINES, BRENTWOOD, L.I.

Visited by Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

"Cedar, and pine and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest hue." Milton.

* * * * *

During our brief stay in Brooklyn we had heard much of Brentwood. Always were its praises sung with loving pride; always was its name spoken with deep longing, for, at Brentwood was "Home" and at Brentwood was "Mother."

We reached it towards noon, after a delightful ride through the heart of Long Island. When we passed through the leafy entrance to St. Joseph's in-the-Pines, we found ourselves surrounded by scenes of peaceful loveliness beyond description. As far as the eye could scan stretched broad acres of park and campus, meadow and farm and shady woodland, intersected with long roadways—dim, pine-shaded, invitingly cool. In the midst rose the stately buildings—fitting gems of architecture in this beautiful setting.

Many other groups of Sisters were arriving, for, on this evening, one of the annual retreats was to open, and—the year's toilsome work ended—"the labourers were coming home from the fields." As they reached the wide open doorway, each face lighted up with a joyful loving smile, for just inside, giving to each of her daughters a mother's "Welcome Home" was their beloved Superior, Reverend Mother Mary Louis, who has held the position of Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Brooklyn, for the past thirty-seven years. Over one thousand Sisters are under her wise and gentle sway. We, too, received the same sweet and cordial greeting as the home-comers. Instinctively we felt our-

selves to be in the presence of a personality of rare charm and holiness. Upon that face was stamped the lofty lessons that the years had taught; nobility of soul, self-sacrifice and sanctity.

As we were ushered through the magnificent buildings, the superb equipment of which was in keeping with all else, we noticed particularly that here St. Joseph was "the Man of the House." He stood aloft upon the highest pinnacle of the main building; he smiled down upon us in the long stately corridors, in class-room, Lecture Hall, Library, Recreation Hall. His was the place of honour in the quiet elegance of the Reception Rooms; and in the Chapel, prominently placed and strikingly beautiful, his dear image was the first outstanding object that met the eye. He was out in the fields, too, and among the solemn pines. Everywhere was his benign protecting presence, and so, at Brentwood, all was well.

But not so much for its exterior beauties, unparalleled though they be, is this abode of beauty and culture stamped indelibly upon Memory's wall. Rather was it the perfect courtesy, the exquisite considerateness, the real home love which was there lavished upon us and the bright, brave, large, true spirit of holiness which pervaded the atmosphere. For these things we loved beautiful Brentwood; for these, shall grateful and uplifting memories ever cling to St. Joseph's in-the-Pines.

S.M.G.



A NEW MAGAZINE

The Athenaeum Urbanum.

This magazine is published twice a year as the organ of the Association of those who have been Alumni of the Propaganda, an association which may include not only those who resided in the college of that great institution, but all who attended its schools. The first thing, naturally, which strikes us in this publication is the splendid paper and printing and the beautiful photographs with which it is illustrated. In the front is a very fine photograph of the Pope. All who have seen Pope Pius XI. agree in telling us that no photograph gives us or can give us any real idea of the benignity, sweetness, and spiritual expression of his Christ-like face. But this photo is certainly a work of fine art. Then there is a very fine picture of Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Propaganda, and so famous for his knowledge of the Bible and of the History of Doctrine. I find, too, the familiar faces of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, with whom I was a fellow-student, and who at the height of his greatness has not forgotten his old friends, and of Cardinal Bonzano, and Cardinal O'Connell, and there too is my old professor, Cardinal Satolli, like life. He was truly a great master of theological science, and it was a great privilege to sit at his feet. There is Cardinal Sbaretto, who was beginning to be Professor of Ethics in the Propaganda when I was about to pass from that class into my first year of theology. But I cannot help missing "la cara e buona immagine paterna" of Cardinal Lorenzelli, our professor of philosophy, who always treated me with a special kindness, for which I never can cease to be grateful and who gave me his photograph signed, when I was leaving, with the written words, "Al mio già discepolo e sempre carissimo amico." But I suppose that the publication of his likeness is only deferred for the next number. There are also many splendid views of St. Peter's, and of the Vatican Palace and its halls, and of the Missionary Exhibition. And last, but

far indeed from least, rather last because greatest, I mention the canonization of our "Little Flower," whose banner with her picture is shown in a lovely photograph. And along with her I must not fail to mention our model, who is her fellow-countryman, the Curé of Ars.

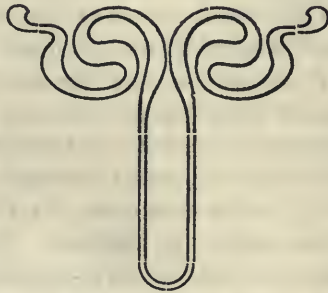
But this is no magazine of beauty alone or of piety alone. There is plenty of learning and of wisdom in its pages. There is an article on the Conversations at Malines, and another on the Conferences at Velehrad, the little village in Czeco-Slovakia, where rest the mortal remains of St. Methodius, Apostle of the Slavs. And we have also another article on the Holy Father's acts during his five years for the promotion of the union of all within the One Fold with One Shepherd, especially his efforts for the Orientals who are in schism. There is a notice of the great Cardinal Gonsalvi, for his centenary, and of his great work in the constructive years following the Napoleonic wars. Then there is a description of the Italian Azione Cattolica, whose aims are the defence, assertion, and diffusion of Catholic, that is Christian principles in the life of the individual, the family and civil society. There is a very interesting article on the Council of Nice; in looking at the picture, from a fresco in the Vatican Library, the reader will please remember that in early times, according to the Greek custom, the left-hand side was the seat of honor.

There is a very interesting article upon the work accomplished in the first session of the Vatican Council in 1870. Some of us will read with special interest and not without emotion the biographical article upon Cardinal Satolli and upon Checchi, our old teacher of moral theology. Perhaps the most valuable article in it is the one upon the Biblical account of the beginning of the world, in Genesis. This essay is from the learned professor of Sacred Scripture in the Propaganda, Dott. E. Rufini. It might have seemed impossible to say anything both new and true on a subject that has been so much studied. Yet Doctor Rufini has accomplished this difficult task. We have no space here to expound his view. But we may say that this essay alone is enough to give value to this first number of the magazine, and we rejoice to see that the

author intends to treat of some Biblical question in each coming number. Next to this in value, I think, comes the essay on the Theory of Relativity, which is the best that I at least have read upon that subject.

Most of the essays in this magazine are written by men who are or by men who have been professors in the Schools of the Propaganda. The remaining few are from men of high standing, former alumni. A magazine written and edited in Rome raises high expectations in a reader. We expect not only perfect soundness of doctrine—that is of course—but great learning and deep as well as clear thought. And certainly our expectations are fully realized. It is also a great gratification to us to see that the Canadian bishops and priests who have been alumni of the Propaganda have come forward so promptly and in such numbers to the support of the new Association; and I must not omit a word of praise to the activity of the Canadian representative, Rev. J. J. Tompkins.

(Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.)



COMMUNITY NOTES

On Sunday, August 15th, the impressive ceremony of Religious Profession and Reception of Novices was held in the chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, Toronto. At an early hour relatives and friends of the participants wishing to witness the solemn function, filled the sacred edifice to capacity.

Reverend R. McBrady, C.S.B., appointed by the Archbishop, officiated. Reverend Father Oswald, C.P., under whose direction the Annual Spiritual Retreats were conducted, taking for his text: *Because you have left all to follow Me, I will give you an hundred fold in this world and in the next, life everlasting*, preached a most impressive and encouraging sermon. The celebrant of the Holy Sacrifice was Rev. P. J. Gallery, C.S.S.R.

The Novices who made Final Vows were: Sister Mary Augusta, Sister Mary St. Raymund, Sister Mary St. Teresa, Sister Mary St. Bride.

The young ladies who received the habit were: Miss Walsh of Lindsay, in religion, Sister St. Aldegonde; Miss Williams of Winnipeg, in religion, Sister Anna Marie; Miss Kelly of Sudbury, in religion, Sister St. Ambrose; Miss Goddard of Brampton, in religion, Sister Helen Marie; Miss McNeil of Oshawa, in religion, Sister Mary Cecily; Miss Armstrong of Toronto, in religion, Sister Mary Norbertine; Miss Delanty of Cobourg, in religion, Sister Mary Colette; Miss Lambert of Kingston, in religion, Sister Mary Patrick.

On the same day four Novices made their First Vows in the chapel of the Novitiate House at Scarboro, when Rev. Father Markle, D.D., celebrated Mass and officiated at the ceremony. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. Father Ronau and Rev. Father Fullerton.

On Saturday, June 19th, St. Joseph's was privileged to have Holy Mass said in its Chapel, by the Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J., a newly-ordained Jesuit of the diocese of St. Louis. Rev. Father

Ellard, who is the son of Mr. H. J. Ellard, Spokane, Washington, is also the nephew of Sisters M. Bertille and Irenaeus of St. Joseph's Community, and what made the occasion particularly striking was the presence also of Rev. Ferguson Ellard, S.J., brother of the newly-ordained priest, who himself had been ordained just two years previously. Near relatives of the two young Jesuits were also present and it was a very happy little religious and family group that spent pleasant hours together that day at St. Joseph's. It is to be regretted, however, that the two sisters of the Jesuits, who are both members of St. Joseph's Community in Los Angeles were not able to be present. God has surely blessed the family in calling them all to His service, and to Father Gerald, as also to his brother and sisters we wish every success and happiness.

On the feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, August 15th, was celebrated the Fiftieth or Golden Jubilee Anniversary of Reverend Sisters Aloysia and Victorine's reception of the holy habit; also the Twenty-fifth or Silver Jubilee of Reverend Sisters Loretto, Dolores and Paula.

During the day the Jubilarians were the happy and grateful recipients of glad greetings and many tokens of kind remembrance from members of the Community, relatives, former pupils and good friends.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given by Rev. Father Oswald, C.P., and the singing of the Te Deum brought the Jubilarians' joyous day to a happy close.

On Thursday morning, September 9th, Rev. Joseph Venini offered holy Mass in our Chapel and gave his priestly blessing individually to the Sisters, one of whom was his teacher when he attended school in Oshawa. Rev. Father Venini made his Theological Course in Genoa, Italy, where he was ordained to the Priesthood May 29th of this year. His venerable parents, who for that intention journeyed to Italy, were present at his ordination, and at his first Holy Mass offered in the old parish church where they in their youthful days attended and received the Sacraments.

Returning to Oshawa with his parents Rev. Father Venini celebrated his first High Mass in the Church of St. Gregory, where he as a boy had served on the altar.

To Rev. Father Venini and Rev. D. J. Carey, who leave next month for China to assist Rev. Father Fraser and his conferes in their labours for the salvation of souls in Chuchow, we wish success, and blessings in abundance.

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Many pilgrims to the International Eucharistic Congress before returning to their respective homes visited relatives and friends living in Toronto. Among those to whom St. Joseph's had the pleasure of giving welcome were: The Most Reverend Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg; Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonald, D.D.; Rt. Rev. Bishop T. J. Kidd, of Calgary; Rt. Rev. A. E. Burke, P.A., founder of Catholic Church Extension in Canada, who accompanied His Excellency, Cardinal Bonzano to the Congress; the Most Rev. Patrick Joseph Clune, Archbishop of Perth, Australia, whose four cousins, Sisters Bernardine, Leonia, Hilda and Casimir, are members of St. Joseph's Community; Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P., of Minneapolis, Minn., and Rev. Arthur Vermeersch, S.J., Member of Commission at Sacred Congregation of Religious, Louvain, Belgium.

OBITUARY.

Sister Anna Maria.

A venerable member of the Community of St. Joseph passed to her eternal reward on the 10th inst., at the House of Providence in the person of Sister Anna Maria Coolahan, in the eighty-ninth year of her age and the sixty-seventh of her religious life. The funeral ceremonies for the deceased were conducted at the House of Providence, on Monday, July 12th, Solemn Mass of Requiem being offered for the repose of her soul by the Right Rev. J. L. Hand, assisted by the Rev. H. Carey and the Rev. P. Malouf.

The greater part of Sister Anna Maria's life in holy reli-

gion was spent at the House of Providence, her years of activity being generously devoted to the aged poor and infirm of the Institute, to whom she endeared herself by her kindness, her charity and her persevering endeavour to ensure their comfort and happiness.

In her community life she edified her Sisters by her regular observance, her constancy of aim at perfection in the accomplishment of daily duty, but more especially by her spirit of prayer and devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Precious, indeed, were the hours she spent daily in His adorable Presence, sanctifying the years of failing health and advanced age while awaiting the Divine "call" to her reward of life eternal.

The deceased religious was born in St. Paul's Parish, Toronto. Four of the members of her family survive her: Mrs. T. Ryan, of Toronto; Mrs. A. Cretch, Mrs. L. Shannon and Mrs. C. Cullen, of Chicago. R.I.P.

Sister M. Angela.

On Tuesday, July 13th, death again visited the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, calling to her eternal reward Sister M. Angela Caplise, one of the oldest members of the Community who out of her long life of eighty-eight years, had spent over seventy years in God's service. And here was true service indeed, generous, zealous, self-sacrificing, for whether as teacher in the schools or as Superior in the Mission Houses of the Community, she devoted all her energies to the welfare of the souls entrusted to her, neglecting no duty, counting no sacrifice, in the interest of God and her Community. Her charity to the sick and poor was outstanding in a life where many virtues shone and her weekly, even daily visits to their homes brought comfort and solace to many a heart crushed by trouble and suffering. And in late years when the activities of the class-room and visits of charity were no longer in her power, Sister Angela might be seen in some quiet corner of the Convent with a group of little children about her knee as she carefully and lovingly prepared their little hearts for

the First Coming of Jesus in Holy Communion which would take place in their souls in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Surely Our Divine Lord, Who said: "Whatever you do to the least of these little ones, you do unto Me," was pleased with His faithful servant, and those who witnessed Sister Angela's perfect peace of soul, and simple child-like trust in God, as death approached, could not fail to realize that "blessed are they that die in the Lord" for whoso trusteth Him is not confounded.

The funeral took place on Thursday, July 15th, after the Mass of Requiem sung by the Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., with the Rev. G. Todd, C.S.B., and the Rev. W. Dore, C.S.B., as deacon and sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were the Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., and the Rev. L. Barcelo, D.D.

Sister Angela is survived by one nephew, Mr. Frank Caplise, of Syracuse, N.Y., and four nieces, the Misses Caplise of Canadaigua, N.Y. R.I.P.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart.

On August 2nd, another of our dear senior members, Sister Immaculate Heart Clancy, who had given nearly fifty years of unflinching service to the arduous labours of the Religious life, passed peacefully from the shadows of earth unto the light of eternal day. Sister M. Immaculate Heart was unusually talented, possessed of a quickness of apprehension and a keenness of wit which with training and experience conduced greatly to her success as a teacher. To instruct the little ones in the Catechism was her greatest happiness. She would take aside the less-gifted ones and apply herself patiently to fix in their memory the great truths of religion, often making use of quaint, but most effective devices of her own contriving for that end. She inspired her pupils with a solid piety, expressing itself first of all in the accomplishment of duty, and she insisted upon their respect for authority, for old age and all kinds of infirmity. Because of her devotedness to them and her lively sympathy with their childish troubles her "young hopefuls," as she called them, loved her so

that when she rebuked or punished them it was with a kindness which made them receive the reprimand with good-will and profit by it. Many of her former pupils continued to correspond with her, others came often to visit her, while several who came to show a last mark of respect and place a Mass-card upon her bier, shed tears of silent sorrow as for one who was very dear.

Outside of the class-room our dear Sister bestowed much sympathetic and solicitous care upon the poor and the infirm. She tried to comfort them and relieve their sufferings and to introduce as much sunshine into their lives as she possibly could.

In the last months of Sister's life she would often speak of death, seeming to foreknow its near approach. Her fervour in reciting the Rosary and vocal prayers was remarkable. The Ave Maria was on her lips a song of love and plaintive petition from her filial heart. She loved to give emphasis to her favorite maxims and to specially applicable parts of the spiritual reading which she made aloud with a voice ever clear and vibrant.

For weeks before the final summons came our dear sufferer had a longing to go into the new life whither her dear ones had preceded her, and it was with a beautiful trust and hopeful confidence that she awaited the call of the Master and with ardour did she answer it. When the hour of her release came, preoccupied as it seemed in preparing for departure, she received the last Sacraments in full consciousness and joining in the prayers of those around her, she passed peacefully to her reward. May her soul enjoy the Divine charms and rejoice in the delights of the Heavenly Jerusalem forevermore!

Sister M. Immaculate Heart's surviving relatives are all living in lands remote. It was her cherished hope that the occasion of her approaching Golden Jubilee in November next would bring her a visit from many of them. The Right Rev. Dr. Liston and party, who called at St. Joseph's on the way to the Eucharistic Congress to deliver messages of friendship from those in Christchurch and Dunedin, N.Z., were among the

last visitors whom she had the strength to see. Their words of cheer and of good report from Rev. C. Morkane, D.D., and Dr. Morkane, her nephews, well known to His Lordship, fairly wreathed her pain-fraught features with smiles of joy.

On August 5th a solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered in the Convent chapel at which many of the clergy and friends of the deceased assisted. At the close of the liturgical service for the dead the procession of Religious, each bearing a lighted taper, followed the casket to the outer portal, where the cortege for the cemetery awaited. Thus passed the mortal remains of our beloved Sister from our midst. Requiescat in pace.

Sister M. Anicetus.

On August 9th, surrounded by the Community of the Mother House and attended by the Rev. Father Oswald, C.P., who gave the final absolution, Sister M. Anicetus Pickett breathed out her pure soul unto God. She suffered much from ill-health during many years and her last illness was both tedious and painful. For days she longed for the moment of her departure, and as an answer to her prayer she expired during the spiritual exercises of the annual retreat; this she desired in order that she might have a share in the most fervent prayers of the assembled Community and enjoy the consolations of our Holy Mother, the Church, at the hands of an attendant priest. She showed the patience and fortitude of an heroic soul, to the very end seeking to improve every moment given her and to render it meritorious for eternity.

Sister Anicetus' twenty-six years of religious life were spent in various fields of labour, so that she came to be generally and intimately known by those within as well as those outside the cloister. In the Mother House, in Barrie, Oshawa, La-fontaine, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, at the House of Providence and at the Sacred Heart Orphanage she rendered faithful and loving service and graciously bestowed kind deeds and kind words upon all who knew her and learned to appreciate her worth. It may well be said that her life and her death alike bore the stamp of God's special favour in her regard.

When charged with the care of little children she watched over them with assiduous attention and showed towards them the caressing tenderness of a true mother. When intrusted with the domestic interests of the house, she was untiring in her solicitude for the comfort of her Sisters by carefully providing for their temporal wants. In whatever task was assigned to her she laboured zealously in the spirit of a true religious, edifying her Sisters by her exact obedience and strict adherence to rule. Everywhere she was welcomed and beloved.

At Sister Anicetus' death the whole community gave testimony of its esteem of this devout and humble religious. Her sick-room was, as it were, a sanctuary, where those who entered learned lessons of virtue, of patience, of fortitude, of piety, sweet humility and resignation from her impressive and beautiful example. Charity towards all and an absolute self-surrender were the characteristic note and the inspiring source of all her virtues. She would speak of herself, of her life and death as of another person, about whom she was totally indifferent. When asked if she wished to die, she cheerfully repeated, "Yes, but as the good God wills it; long ago I surrendered myself to Him, to live or die, to be in health or sickness." She gave herself to God with total self-abandonment even from the outset and during all her life a youthfulness of soul and spirit revealed itself in the candor of her peculiar traits and the artless simplicity of her expression. Her speech was direct and her countenance was an open book which told of the unsullied whiteness of the soul within. The little frown, which momentarily darkened it, like the shadow of a scudding cloud was indicative of her sensitive uneasiness at something which she considered as "not just right."

Of her immediate family Sister Anicetus leaves behind to cherish her memory two brothers, John of Toronto and Michael of Thornhill, and three sisters, Mrs. Lawler of Adjala, Alice of Toronto, and Mary of Thorold, all of whom were present at the solemn High Mass of Requiem celebrated by the Rev. J. Carberry, with Rev. Father Forrestall, C.S.B., as deacon and Father Oswald, C.P., as sub-deacon. Others of the clergy

were in the sanctuary and a large number of relatives and friends attended the obsequies and followed the remains to the grave.

As fire, burning incense makes it exhale its fragrance, so doth suffering, consuming the mortal casement of the soul, draw forth the hidden virtue—sweetness which dwells within it, and so has it been with our dear Sister Anicetus, who has now, we trust, entered into the joys of the Blessed. Requiescat in pace!

Sister Mary Ann.

On August 19th, after long years of suffering sweetly and patiently borne, God called to her eternal reward, still another member of our dear Community, Sister Mary Ann Tone, in the 46th year of her Religious Life. For some years the deceased Sister had taken an active part in the works of the Community, giving herself generously and devotedly to her duties at St. Michael's Hospital, the Sacred Heart Orphanage and the House of Providence, and winning the affection and the esteem of all who knew her, by her kind thoughtfulness and gentle, bright ways. Six years ago, however, she was obliged through sickness to give up all active duty and for the greater part of that time was a confirmed invalid, suffering a veritable martyrdom of helplessness and pain. But although good Sister Mary Ann no longer moved among her Sisters nor attended to the material wants of those who formerly had been the recipients of her kindness, her life-work of devotion to others did not cease; it but took on another form, for her sufferings now became her riches, the merits of which she gave generously to God for souls and for the good of her beloved Community. Sickness, we are told, reveals the soul's true worth, and her soul, like seasoned timber, never bent beneath the strain. Suffering brought out all the beauty of her character and revealed in a new and stronger light the deep religious spirit that had always animated her. The infirmary where she lay became, so to speak, a peaceful sanctuary, a sacred school, where the Sisters loved to go, that they might learn from the saintly sufferer the beautiful lesson

of perfect submission to God's Holy Will. Throughout her illness, her confidence and trust in Him in the throes of what to others would have proved unbearable pain, remained unshaken, for she had learned to accept each new affliction as God's special messenger, and as such to give it welcome.

And she died as she had lived, quietly and peacefully awaiting the call of the Bridegroom, Who had chosen to be a victim of suffering love.

Sister Mary Ann will indeed be missed at St. Joseph's, where her sweet presence exhaled the exquisite perfume of the love of God. But her spirit will remain with us and tradition will hand down to the Community of future days the sweet memory of her patient and saintly endurance of protracted martyrdom.

The funeral took place on Saturday, August 21st; the High Mass of Requiem was sung by a relative, Rev. Father Hawkins, with Rev. Vincent Burke, C.S.B., as deacon and Rev. Father Lowery, C.S.B., as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Blair, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society; Rev. C. James, Vice-President, and Rev. Father Oswald, C.P.

Sister Mary Ann is survived by her mother, Mrs. William Tone, two sisters, Mrs. O'Hara and Miss Catherine Tone, and four brothers, Messrs. John, James and Matthew of Castlewood, South Dakota, and Mr. Patrick Tone of Williston, North Dakota. The Messrs. Simon and Basil Breen and Misses Margaret, Bride and Angela Breen of Strachan Ave., Toronto, are cousins of the deceased. May her soul rest in peace!



There is no Death

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Of rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
To leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1926—1927



Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

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

President—Mrs. Paul Warde.

First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Miss Mary Coughlan, B.A.

Historians—Miss Helen Kernahan, B.A., and Miss Helen Monk-
house.

Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley,
Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was held at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, on June 17th. The President, Miss May Morrow, was in the chair.

The business meeting was followed by the election of officers for 1926-27 which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Paul Warde; First Vice-President, Mrs. James E. Day; Second Vice-President, Mrs. A. J. Thompson; Third Vice-President, Mrs. M. Lellis; Fourth Vice-President, Miss Mary McGrath; Fifth Vice-President, Mrs. Michael Healy; Treasurer, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Theresa O'Connor; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Stephen McGrath; Out-of-Town Secretary, Miss Gertrude Ross; Press Secretary, Mrs. Thomas McCarron; Historians, Miss Helen Kernahan, B.A., and Miss Helen Monkhouse; Councillors, Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley, Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor.

* * * * *

Miss May Morrow, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Miss Teresa G. O'Connor were appointed to represent St. Joseph's at the Convention of the International Catholic Alumnae Association to be held at Notre Dame, Indiana, on September 4th.

After the elections the retiring President and her executive held a reception in honor of this year's "sweet girl graduates," in the old drawing-rooms, where many of the nuns mingled with the Alumnae, renewed friendships and recalled happy memories of days spent within the venerable walls of the convent. Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Miss Hynes presided at the tea table, which was arranged with spring flowers and silver. They were assisted by a bevy of college girls—Miss Alice Hayes, Miss Margaret Thompson, Miss Helen Monkhouse and Miss Patricia Navin. Among the out-of-town guests were: Mrs. Mostellor of Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Cronin, Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. O'Connor, from Sault Ste.

Marie. The afternoon's functions closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel.

* * * * *

On October fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth of this year, nineteen hundred and twenty-six, there will be celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the arrival of the Religious Sisterhood of St. Joseph in Toronto.

The Sisters feel assured that this announcement will be of more than passing interest to hundreds of their loyal friends and former, as well as, present pupils whom they wish to foregather on that occasion to unite with them in the religious and social functions of the celebration.

* * * * *

The Knights of Columbus of the Province of Ontario award annually eight scholarships for competition among the Catholic students of the Province who write the Junior Matriculation examinations set by the Department of Education. These scholarships have a value of one hundred dollars a year during the currency of the university course chosen by the successful student.

It is pointed out by the State Executive of the Knights of Columbus that when a winner elects to take one or more years of his or her university course at local high school, collegiate institute, or college, the scholarship instalments for such years are not payable to the student during those years, but remain to his or her credit with the State Treasurer of the Order, to be paid in full in a manner to be determined by the Executive when the student enters upon continuation of his or her studies at a university, Osgoods Hall, or at a Catholic School of Philosophy in Ontario. When the university chosen has a Catholic college in affiliation, the student is required to enroll through the said college. It is further pointed out by the Executive that, subject to their discretion, it is allowable, for good and sufficient cause, for a student to defer for one year after award, his or her entrance to a university course without losing the right to the scholarship.

The winners of the scholarships for 1926 are as follows:

Edward Noonan, 42 Lyall Avenue, Toronto, Ont., student of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Mary Margaret DeRocher, of St. Catharines, Ont.

Catharine Smyth of Thorold, Ont.

Paul Morey of St. Catharines, Ont.

Helen Cawley of Westport, Ont.

Thomas A. O'Keefe of Ashfield, Ont.

Clarence McAllen of Fort William, Ont.

Gilbert E. Horne of London, Ont.

St. Joseph's College Alumnae congratulate these young students and wish them continued success.

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The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has awarded its first scholarship under the New Education Fund System to the New Brunswick Chapter. It is a four years' scholarship including tuition, board and books, available September, 1926, awarded to Rev. Sister Rogers, St. Michael's Academy, Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph, Chatham, N.B.

* * * * *

Arrivals.

On June 23rd there came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Giblin, 112 Rainsford Road, a winsome little daughter—Joan Marie

There was much rejoicing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Conway (Nellie Beardsall) when Dr. Stork made his first visit to their home and presented them with a sweet baby girl.

Many years of much happiness we wish these proud parents and their precious babes.

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WEDDINGS.

Prendergast—Benoit.

On June 1st a very beautiful wedding ceremony was celebrated when Miss Norah Benoit became the bride of Dr. William Prendergast. Miss Mae Benoit, sister of the bride, acted

as maid of honor, and the four bridesmaids included Miss Winnifred Prendergast and Miss Kathleen Lee of Toronto. The young couple are residing in Toronto.

* * * * *

Kennedy—Malonie.

At St. Brigid's Church, Toronto, on Monday, July 5th, 1926, Miss Mary Gerarda Malonie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Malonie, became the bride of Mr. John Alexander Kennedy, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kennedy, 231 Meagher Avenue, Toronto. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Armstrong.

* * * * *

Ripley—Sims.

On July 31st, 1926, another nuptial ceremony of interest to the Alumnae was held at Little Current, Ontario, when Miss Edna Sims, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sims, became the bride of Mr. Robert Henry Ripley.

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Hough—Elder.

On September 7th, in the rectory of Holy Family Church, a quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized when Miss Winnifred Elder became the bride of Mr. William Hough. Her attendant was her sister, Miss Teresa Elder, and the groom was supported by Mr. Gerard Beaudoin.

St. Joseph's Alumnae tender hearty felicitations to these young couples and wish them long years of happiness and good fortune.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kernahan and their daughters, Helen, Katherine, and Mary, returned in late August from a most enjoyable six weeks' trip through the Canadian west and to the Pacific coast. At Vancouver, they boarded the S.S. Princess Charlotte for a fortnight's journey to Alaska.

Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse summered at a cottage in Muskoka, where over a recent week-end, Miss Margaret Thompson and Miss Pauline McDonagh were the guests of her daughter, Helen.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for the souls of our recently deceased friends: Mr. James J. O'Gorman, Miss Mary Redmond, Miss Eileen Bowie, Mrs. Finucan (Margaret Power), Miss Mary Richichi, Mr. J. Corti, Mrs. James McBride, Miss Rose Meagher, Miss Margaret A. Kennedy, Miss Anna McCurdy, Mr. D. Madden, Mrs. Roche, Mrs. McHale, Mrs. Lorne Hennessey (Marguerite Burns), Mrs. Henry Winterberry, Mr. Robert Orr, Mr. Jas. McAlpine, Mr. Andrew Walsh.

To the bereaved relatives we offer our prayerful and deep sympathy.



CATHOLIC WOMEN AND BIBLE READING

By Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D.C.L.

A REVIEW.

In his pamphlet "Catholic Women and Bible Reading," the Rev. J. J. O'Gorman convincingly urges the necessity of Bible study if one would reach perfection, or even advance at all on the road of Spiritual development.

He cites the statements of learned Catholics from St. Chrysostom of the 4th century to the Popes of the present generation, who all extol the value of the study of the Scriptures.

The writer reminds us of the sacred nature of the Scriptures, which record the words of Christ set down by Divine inspiration. He shows how essential is the reading of the sacred writings if one would gain a knowledge and a love of God and increase in one's self supernatural wisdom.

The author assures us that the study of the Scriptures as interpreted by the Catholic Church, is the most advantageous use of one's intellect possible on this earth. But he reminds us of St. Peter's warning and insists on the need of knowing how to study them.

Scriptural study, though not binding on the laity as it is on the clergy is of supreme importance to all: "Blessed are they that search His testimonies; they that seek Him with their whole heart, shall find Him."

The rating of the Scriptures by the Church is evidenced by its prescribing that all the clergy must daily read and study, meditate and explain the Holy Scriptures as their state requires. They must on each Sunday and Holy day develop from the literal text the content of the inspired words. They must read during the Mass Excerpts from the Bible, etc., etc.

St. John Chrysostom claims that married men have more need

of Divinely inspired Scriptures than Monks, since the former must more often combat in the world, and therefore need a balm for their wounds.

Pius X. pleaded not only for the daily reception of the Blessed Sacrament, but also for the daily reading of the Bible, as a potent means of "restoring all things in Christ."

Leo XIII. granted, to all the faithful who devoutly read the properly edited Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour daily, an indulgence of three hundred days to be gained once a day. He also granted a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions to those who have read in this way from the Holy Gospels every day of the month.

Benedict XV. reiterates St. Jerome's advice of fifteen hundred years ago as of equally vital interest to the women of to-day as of his time.

The qualities to be brought to this reading are piety, faith, humility and a determination to make progress in it with these, the learned and saintly prelates assures us we shall be led "beyond the veil into the Holy of Holies."

The tradition of the Church as enunciated by Pope Benedict XV. is that those who become saturated with Biblical knowledge will achieve to the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ which is the preface to real love for Him.

St. Jerome did not hesitate to say that ignorance of the Bible is ignorance of Christ and ignorance of the will of Christ contained therein.

"Blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy and keepeth those things which are written in it."
"Not by bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

These are Biblical passages confirming human opinions as to the value of reading the Scriptures.

The Reverend pamphleteer advises for common use a very fully annotated edition of the Holy Gospels written by Mme. Cecilia, a London nun, and published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne of London. This, if supplemented by the Abbe Fouard's "Life of Christ," and by a good Catholic book of

meditations on the Gospels, will make a very good library of religious reading.

Progress later may be made from the study of the Gospels and Acts to that of the Old Testament, always conditioned by the understanding that readers have at hand a commentary or sufficient annotations authorized by the Church, such as the Westminster version of the Bible, now in course of publication. The old Douay version is too scantily annotated for wide use.

The interpretations of the Church must be taken as they give the Apostolic viewpoints inspired Divinely and carried down through the ages not only by tradition, but also by a consensus of opinion, including the Holy Fathers of the early Church.

The author of this brochure makes a plea against discouragement caused by surface difficulties, promising that by penetrating more deeply one reaches the fountains of living water.

This instructive and well written pamphlet is published by the Catholic Truth Society, 67 Bond Street, Toronto. Price five cents.

—Patricia O'Connor.



A FAIR LILITH

By Caroline D. Swan.

“Get thee gone, Otto!—Retro, Sathanas!” I cried. I was provoked almost beyond endurance. How could a sober old fellow keep his dignity—or anything else—under the impertinence of such a “Junker?” Was I not the oldest physician in the Dispensary? a man, I flatter myself, of some weight, entitled to a degree of deference? And here was this newcomer fairly playing tricks on me!—What if he was a taking young student, a pet with the ladies?—He should find his level forthwith; I would be avenged.

Just at this point a patient entered and accosted him. He talked with the man a few moments, a puzzled look crept into his blue eyes and I laughed. Presently the patient sat down serenely in Otto’s easy-chair. “Good,” thought I, “Now I have him.”

Then he marched up to me with a mocking bow. “Doctor Weiss,” said he, “shall I give this man papers for the hospital?”

“No,” growled I. “Send him to the Island.—Small-pox.”

He started like a shot. “Aha! my pretty lad!” thought I. “You are not wonted to our work in this sweet little shop.”

“You’ll be down with it in about two weeks,” I observed, grimly.

Such a scared look came over him that I half repented myself. He gazed a moment at my own rugged, pock-marked face, then cried in piteous appeal, “Heavens, Doctor! What shall I do?”

His blue eyes fairly gleamed with terror.

The other men broke into a laugh; it was too funny. Then Dr. Schmidt, a good-natured German, interfered. “Too bad, Weiss! Too bad!” said he. “Here, Otto, come with me. Some brandy, my lad.” And laughing all the while, he took the frightened victim away, out of the Dispensary and down into the street.

“A cruel joke, Doctor Weiss! You are hard-hearted. I did not think it of you.” It was a woman’s voice and there, just behind my chair, stood Madeline Burnet. She had glided in at a side door and witnessed my retaliation. I did feel a trifle ashamed. Miss Burnet was a young woman whom I held in great respect.

She stood still a moment, a grave expression in her soft eyes as if meditating on my case, then handed me a note from her uncle, Dr. Burnet, one of my best friends. And before my limping ideas could find expression, she had vanished. How vexatious!

My conscience, moreover, gave me an intense hammering. Was I getting to be hard-hearted, as she had said? To be sure, life was not very cheering within the rather dirty walls of the Dispensary, nor was it much better at my boarding-place, where the food was poor and the landlady a virago. Besides, our professional work is bad for a man, apt to make him callous.

Still I did not often get so irritated. Otto’s smooth, silky hair, his soft voice, his happy self-satisfaction, were to me the veriest aggravations. He was easy-going, popular and good-tempered; at the Dispensary he enlivened many of our dark days with uproarious frolic. But a lack of solidity spoiled him for me.

Perhaps it was prejudice. Men cannot all have intellectual powers, strong nerves and patient energy; why demand them of this young man? I answered myself on the spot, “Because, though we may not, our profession does.”

My conscience pricked me harder when Otto reappeared. Not for the brandy drinking, which he had taken to naturally as a duck to water before ever coming to us, and wherein he did not outdo many of his confreres, but on account of the evident nervous dread that possessed him. No wonder he feared to see his bright young face made into a counterpart of mine. The small-pox had done its worst on me, short of sending me over the Styx. It had left me badly disfigured, and I could speak of it with authority as one who knew. Cases of it were apt to come before us in the course of our daily duties, but

none had appeared since Otto's arrival. Poor young fellow—he had much to learn.

As time passed and no ill effects came from his exposure to the dread disease, his spirits rose. He bore me no malice. I did not tease him again, and from that hour he seemed imbued with a sudden respect for me.

He tried to break up the gloom of our dingy quarters by coaxing us away from them. To the theatre or some entertainment. At times, it seemed as if he really hated his new profession. I did not blame him! There were times when I hated it, myself.

One day he came in with a mad demand. "Doctor, I want you this evening. We are all going to a seance."

"No, indeed!—Beg pardon, Your Royal Highness.—I never do it."

"Oh, you will, this time. Request of the Prince,—you know—same as a command."

"Don't be gruff, Weiss!" cried our fat German, who always sang second to Otto's air. "Go mit der Prince of Whales that the leetle fish may not eat him up!"

"Go like a Jonah, you should say, and bring wreck to his fortunes!" growled I, little thinking how much truth was soon to make the joke a bitter one.

The house whither we went that evening was on a quiet street and the small drawing-room into which we were ushered differed in no wise from the common. The company assembled was nondescript, except for one man, apparently an Italian. His classic features, seen in repose, were statuesque and made him an impressive personage. The others called him Signor Monaldi.

Otto found cordial reception on all hands, but my own arrival was plainly unexpected. The people, though civil enough, were a trifle discomposed. It amused me to see how my grim visage impressed them despite my efforts to be polite.

The lights were soon turned down and the session began. The usual manifestations were attempted—rappings, music, invisible hands touching ours and the like—but the whole was a

lame performance. Some occult influence, which some of the circle declared to be mine, paralyzed the ghostly visitants.

"You are an unbeliever, Monsieur," remarked a lady near me, unmistakably a French woman.

"Alas," I replied, "in things of religion I fear I am—in all things spiritually discerned. It is my misfortune. But in science, electricity, galvanism, magnetism and that like—my faith is perfect."

"Animal electricity, and mesmerism as well?" queried the Italian, who had now joined us.

"Sans doute!" Then I added, "I am in despair to have hindered the manifestations to-night—to have gone, to have incommoded the spiritual presences!"

"I see no reason, Monsieur, why you should. Science has, also, its relations with the world unseen. And the spiritual, says the theologians, is the highest science. It attains the Divine."

"In such lofty things I am, like Dante, a very humble learner."

"The world unseen is wide, nay, boundless, Signor Dottore; and, like this world, it has two sides, the good and the evil. To the one belong the good Angels and the spirits of good men; to the other evils spirits, evil men—"

"Et Monsieur, le Diable!" added the Frenchwoman curtly.

"As for the latter gentleman, I have not the honor of his acquaintance," retorted the Italian.

At this point a sharp knock at the door closed our discussion! There was a stir in the circle. "Ah, she is come, she is come! Oh good!"

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Mademoiselle Stauton, Mademoiselle Eva. She will complete our circle."

"Is she a medium?"

"Yes, a very powerful one. But not professional, ah, no! Une demoiselle bien née—mais oui—comme il faut. Unique as you say in English! She is unique."

A dark figure swept by us, as she spoke. A touch of velvet and a peculiar fragrance which reminded me of musk and yet

was not that, summed up my impressions of the new-comer. The darkened room forbade further observation.

Her magic presence was felt at once in the circle. The manifestations grew more rapid and far more effective! One revelation followed another with startling distinctness. Finally I was told to ask a mental question for a test.

Without stopping for choice I gave the first that occurred to me! Where is Friedrich Schaeffer and what is he doing? In replying, his place of residence, Utrecht, was correctly given. Then came the details of a very beautiful experiment with the spectroscope, on the fluorescence of uranium salts. I resolved to question my friend in my next letter. 'It was remarkable that the medium should have pointed out his favorite line of research.

The next query I put more carefully. The truth of its answer I could test at once. "What has been taking place to-day at No. 9 Vancouver Street?"

There was a slight delay. Then came a picture of a grave young woman, sweet and home-like, blue-eyed, with soft brown hair. She was using a Beck microscope with some degree of skill; first examining carefully a yellow powder, which the medium took to be *Lycopodium*; then she placed on the object glass the pollinia of *Phalaenopsis amabilis*; I laughed. The plant in question, a rare orchid, was to be procured only from under special hot-house cultivation.

I inquired the name of the spirit transmitting these details. It came like an electric flash—Madame Elelina Weiss, née Zeller, of Munich.

It was the family name of my poor dead wife, the fair young bride of my youth. Few people on this side of the Atlantic had heard her name; the world regarded me as a genuine Crustacean, a crabbed bachelor. Some one must have betrayed my antecedents. I felt annoyed at it.

With this the seance closed and the lights were turned on.

The swift glare revealed a fact that so startled me, strong man though I am, that a darkness came over me and I fainted!—I, the veteran of the hospitals, savage on the nurses when

they did it! Yes, I fainted dead away, like a silly, nervous woman.

It made a sensation beyond that of the spirits, at least, so Otto said.

When I came to he was bending over me, white as a ghost—and perhaps whiter. The Italian stood near, scowling at him. It changed into a smile, that scowl, but I caught it, unmistakable. And there, behind both, stood the woman who had been all the world to me! my sweet young wife, Eva.

Before my dazed brain could clear itself the blackness returned; and, when this second attack was over and I again looked out on the world, all were gone save Otto and the little Frenchwoman. They put me in an auto and Prince, righteously alarmed at the results of his doings, insisted on taking me to Dr. Burnet's late as it was, nor did he breathe freely till he saw me in his hands.

The Doctor, a calm, quiet man, his hair silvered by age, was one of my best friends, so to him I told my tale.

"You were upset, Weiss!" he observed, slowly. "Not to blame, either. Ah no, no!—But the first shock over, now we can reason it out. It is not the first case, in my own experience, even,—of mistaken identity. Years ago, in college, people used to mistake me for Dan Snow, and a scamp he was, too! I was actually called up before the faculty as his scapegoat!—Now, that this young woman should resemble your wife is a curious fact,—a strange fact, if you will—yet, at most, a mere coincidence."

"I am glad to have you think it out for me. I am sure of nothing, myself."

"Your nerves are shaken. You are not fit, just now, to deal with any problem. But one thing I will say. It is no apparition that you have seen, but a flesh and blood young woman. Had your wife any distant cousins, German or English? If so, this girl may be of kin to her family and inherit their traits. Why, Weiss, your wife, were she living, would be no longer young, but between forty and fifty, like yourself. This young lady, on close acquaintance will not resemble her so much—be sure of that. You will see points of difference.

But the state of your health," pursued the old man kindly, putting his hand on my arm, "that is more important. You are worn out, overworked; every day you carry the load of three men and it is crushing you! No appetite, eh? Boarding-house fare?"

I could only assent.

"Well, Weiss, you must stay here, to-night; and to-morrow you can interview Madeline on the *Phalaenopsis amabilis*." He added this hastily as if for fear I might decline his thoughtful invitation. With the assurance that he should find me better quarters forthwith and that I might as well conclude to leave my discouraged boarding-house, he took me to a luxurious room, where he said good-night, bidding me go to sleep like a sensible man.

But sleep refused to come. I lay tossing on a sea of old memories, and not until towards morning did the stillness and the unwonted softness of my bed soothe me into slumber.

When I awoke, it was to a sense of pain and feebleness. Dr. Burnet sharply forbade my leaving the house. I knew he thought my attack something more than a faint, though he did not say so.

A delicious cup of chocolate was sent up to me with dainty rolls. The silvery beauty of it all struck me, the charm of a lovely home. Why should one man have all the joys of life and his neighbor none?—usually, what with science and my daily toil, these matters of personal comfort all slipped by me; now, I had time to think.

Going down stairs at a late hour I found Miss Madeline in her uncle's study. She was wearing pale blue, and, for the first time, I saw that she was beautiful. I found it easy to question her. "You use the microscope a little?" I said, as we came near it.

"Yes, a very little."

"And what have you here?" I asked, catching sight of some minute objects carefully put aside.

"Something curious, Doctor! The pollinia of a rare orchid. A friend sent it to me by mail from Amboy, New Jersey. The

hot-houses there have everything! It is *Phalaenopsis amabilis*. Let me show you, Doctor!"

Alas, she had shown me more than she thought.

And here the story should end, given a sensible man for its hero. Yet, after all, in life do our trains always stop at the right stations? Do they not rather sweep us on and on to the great terminus, wherever that may be?

Dr. Burnet did his best to put on the brakes, in my behalf. He lit on Otto Prince like a hawk. "Never do that again, young man!" he cried. "Why, you came near killing him with your folly! Go home, my boy, and thank the Lord for his life." And Otto never said seance to me again. No doubt he got left-handed blessings, also, from the others at the Dispensary, who had to do my work for several days and found it no trifle.

Yet how could events stop here when, not far away, was the living image of my Eva?

As fate would have it, on my first out-door stroll I met the Italian, Monaldi. He was very polite, inquired for my health and on the merest hint agreed to present me in due form to Mademoiselle Stauton.

The night appointed brought with it a fearful storm. Forked lightning shot down the street, the air was weighted with electricity. It looked uncanny. We stopped at a handsome house and were just removing our wraps drenched with the rain, when a clear, penetrating voice in the next room sprang into melody. It was like a sweet bird singing in a storm! And the words of the song were Heine's.

We both stood there, spell-bound. Not until those tones had withdrawn into tearful silence like a flower closing at night under the stars, did we dare to draw breath. It was the work of a musical artist, delicate beyond measure.

"It is Mees Staunton who sings," explained Monaldi. As we entered the drawing-room, she left the piano to receive us. Her white dress fell about her in fleecy folds, as of moonlight. Despite her golden hair she looked ethereal, even ghost-like! There was much calm grace in her movements which were

quite slow, much repressed power in her voice and eyes. No, she was not like my Eva.

I had to beg pardon for looking at her so. "Forgive me!" I said. "But you reproduce my past. You resemble one, now, in the other country."

"One whom you loved? Ah, Doctor, the Past, how sad! Behold the finality of it. It lies beyond resurrection. Alas, resemblance is not identity." Then she turned swiftly to the piano, saying, "Let me sing for you." The lightning shot in at the window and through her song.

"The hills are clad in Cloth of Gold;
The waves upon the shore
Though like the same, are not the same,
O never, never more!"

Monaldi did most of the talking after this. Miss Staunton was fitful, flashing out a brilliant thing, though, as the mood came over her. I could not recall any of these, afterwards; it was the impression they made, and that only, which was permanent.

I was not the only person fascinated by the charming singer. Otto Prince was a constant visitor there and her devoted slave. Monaldi duly admired her and two or three of his compatriots swelled the circle of her adorers. She carried herself with beautiful poise, broken now and then by sudden caprices which made her a study. She seemed a brilliant bird swaying on the topmost boughs, content to sing and charm the world, with no fear of being caught.

Yet, fool-like, each one of us thought the song was for him alone.

As the days wore on, however, I could not be mistaken in thinking she began to show me signs of preference. And Otto grew jealous. His happy face clouded over, his fun died away. Despite his sweet temper he was learning to hate me.

One day Dr. Burnet spoke his mind. "You are well received, Weiss, at 57th Street?"

"Yes—and it puzzles me. Other men there are younger and far more attractive; so I feel flattered."

“Money, Weiss, money. That is all!”

I was vexed, naturally. Yet the idea rankled. Perhaps she felt the covert distrust, running along like an underground railway. For she grew even more winning and would gently set the other men aside to give me the right of way. I do like to have a degree of deference shown me! Had she found that out?

But I am a man of action, in a way. So one day I asked her to become my wife. She smiled sweetly, assured me of her high regard, and finally accepted my proposal. But she pleaded for delay and of course I promised everything. I went home in a fever of delighted visions.

Yet I might have known some blow would fall. Happiness and I never sailed together long. It was Otto, this time, who capsized my boat.

He came rushing into the office one morning in a blaze of delight. He had offered himself to Miss Eva and had been accepted.

Here was a situation. I burst out laughing! I could not help it. Then I spoke out.

“My dear boy, I was just on the point of telling you the same thing. Miss Eva is to be my wife.”

“Heavens, Weiss! What do you mean?”

“I mean what I say. Haven’t you misunderstood her. She is coquette, tant soit peu.”

“Ah, no, Weiss! It is you who misunderstood.”

We glared at each other like two tigers.

Then Otto got the better of me. He softened and held out his hand.

“I am sorry for you!” he said, kindly from the heights of his serene confidence in womanhood.

A noble nature his, as it then appeared; thinking no evil, fearing no treachery because itself incapable of either;—attaining the sublime of infinite trust because of its own integrity.

But the fall therefrom, should it come, oh! the pity of it!

Life's hard pressures had left no such faith in me. I could only gaze in wonder, as at saints or martyrs; knowing that sainthood and martyrdom lay far above, out of my reach. My confidence in Miss Eva was nearly overthrown. I knew that Otto had told the truth.

But what did the girl mean?

My first idea was to go and find Burnet, but unluckily he was out of town. Miss Madeline received me kindly, but with a gaze of real concern. My face had betrayed me.

Presently she said, with a light laugh, "I beg pardon, Doctor! But are you foppish enough to use perfumes? I surely recognize musk."

The color flew to my face. I felt like a big school-boy caught in transgression. In my pocket lay a bit of ribbon which had belonged to Miss Eva. I produced it.

"Ah, Doctor! A memento from 57th Street? How do your affairs progress, may I ask?"

I answered her question, telling her all. This woman was trustworthy.

"This is a sad story, Doctor!" she cried.

"Tell me what you think!"

"I cannot do it without hurting you too much. It is operative surgery. Your feelings are involved and your pride as well."

"Never mind. I can stand the knife, if you hold it."

"First, I fear your Miss Staunton is a delusion, a fair Lilith of our day. Her object I do not quite see. She is deceiving you, and perhaps your friend also. He is handsome, you say. She may like his attentions and wish to keep him dangling round, while she accepts your offer—forgive me, Doctor, for saying it!—from mercenary motives. My uncle thinks so, for reasons! *Moi, aussi.*"

"Go on!"

"You are a wise man. Now what is Solomon to do? From what you say, I judge that Mr. Prince is not likely to pin her down sharply. She will tell him you misunderstood and he will believe her. But you—will demand explanation."

“Yes, I was just going there.”

“Do not go, Doctor. Let her alone a while. If she denies her engagement to Mr. Prince, whose word would you take for it, his or hers?”

It was a sharp question. I hesitated.

“Enough!” said she. “Your faith is not perfect; it will not strengthen by seeing her. You will only be fascinated again.”

“What would you do?”

“I would wait. If she concludes to throw over your friend, then you can meet her frankly. If she does not know her own mind, give her time. Let her work it out for herself! And if by dint of pressing his suit, your friend should win her, you will not be heart-broken.”

“Terribly unhappy, though, and disappointed. Yet I should not want for a wife a woman who had deceived me or deceived herself. A bride with a regret would be a tragedy.”

I acted upon Madeline’s advice, though with some reluctance,—sent Miss Staunton a pleasant note, saying that urgent business called me to New Haven for a time, and took train for that city.

On my return after a few weeks’ stay I found the dynamite exploded. Miss Eva had vanished from the scene; also, the handsome Italian.

This blow fell with full force on Otto Prince. It was pitiful to see him grown so haggard; the appeal in his eyes was a mute cry for compassion. Still, his faith in Eva did not falter. “I have bought a steamer ticket,” he said, one day. “I must follow her at once. She did not go of her own free will.”

Then Schmidt, our German Doctor, came to me, much disturbed. Otto was in money trouble.

“I lend him,” said the former, “mit goot will. La, wahri-lich! But why pay the note that he make not himself?” My heart sank. It had been taken without question at the bank where Otto deposited, and he had paid it forthwith, to save his credit. He had not yet sailed, so I went to him. He was making no effort to solve the mystery. I begged him to let me

see it. The signature, he said, was genuine. But he was sulky. "There! Take it, Weiss," he cried, and do go away!"

He put it under the microscope. It was on ladies' notepaper and bore traces of gilded initials. "Men do not write on such paper, Dr. Weiss," said Madeline, "and it smells of musk. Mr. Prince must have written his name in blank, and, later, this note has been written in above it."

"An old trick," cried Dr. Burnet. "It was on Otto's money that Monaldi eloped."

Next, we found that Prince had drawn a large sum in gold and sailed for Havre.

Dr. Burnet was disgusted. "So much for spirits!" he cried. "Folly! All utter folly! Now, Weiss, do be a man of sense, again. If you want a wife, and I am sure you do, marry a lady! One whom you know and who is respected. Why not ask Madeline? I am not sure that she would have you—or any other man. But it would be worth trying. She would have no mercenary motive in consenting, her own fortune is ample; and she would hardly be taken with your beauty, Weiss.

"Now, that is cruel!" And I hurried away from the friendly old man.

But his bluff advice stayed by. I thought of Madeline in her soft blue dress; and for the first time my old, pock-marked face really worried me. How could I expect a young woman, with a woman's love for the beautiful, to care for me? And why should she? It was implying, on her part, enough penetration to pierce through the rough outside to the honest heart beneath, and how many women were likely to do that? I came out of my reflections in a very humble state of mind.

Yet one day, in some new mood, I got up courage and in some awkward way, I know not how, asked her to become my wife. At first she made no answer. Heavens! how long that minute seemed. I was an impatient wooer, this time. It was hard to keep myself in hand.

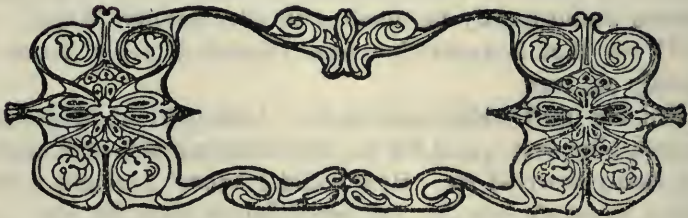
"I believe you do need one to look after you," said the soft voice, very slowly and gently. "But I do not know." I renewed my pleadings. Her serious face broke into a smile; I knew she was thinking of Eva.

“I solemnly promise,” said I, “never to do so again.” So Madeline took me into favor, all undeserved on my part, and has made me a charming little wife.

One day, soon after our marriage, the old Doctor came in with a face full of sad tidings. “A telegram from Madame Monaldi,” he said,—“Your friend, Otto, is dead.”

“Poisoned,” I asked, turning pale.

“No, I think not. He died in Rome at a small-pox Hospital.”





GRADUATES
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE—1926.

TOP ROW—Camilla Coumans, Camilla Wright, Margaret Crummev, Gertrude Quinlan, Rita O'Grady.
 SECOND ROW—Marie Foley, Mary Coughlin, Grace Cooney, Helena McCarthy, Helen Kernahan, Eleanor McCarthy
 CENTRE—Ida Wickett.

RESULTS OF THE EXAMINATIONS IN ARTS HELD AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MAY, 1925

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 1926.

The following young ladies received their B.A. Degree from the University of Toronto:

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class I., Pauline Blake; Class II., Gertrude Quinlan.

GENERAL COURSE—Grade "A": Margaret Crummey, Lillian Duggan.

Grade "B": Mary Coughlin, Helen Kernahan, Ida Wickett, Camilla Wright.

Grade "C": Grace Cooney, Camilla Coumans, Helena McCarthy, Eleanor McCarthy, Rita O'Grady.

Aeg.—Marie Foley, (Hist.), Norma Duffy.

The prize for English in IV. Year, General Course, presented by Mr. W. T. Dockeray, is obtained by Miss Mary Coughlin.

The Latin prize in IV. Year is awarded to Miss Margaret Crummey.

Third Year.

ENGLISH AND HISTORY—I. Class Honours, Regina Harrison.

HOUSEHOLD ECON.—I. Class Honours, Doreen Smith.

MODERN LANG.—II. Class Honours: Norine Wiley, Eileen Young. III. Class Honours: Loretto Bradley.

GENERAL COURSE—Grade "B": Dorothy O'Connor.

Second Year.

MODERN LANGUAGES—I. Class Honours: Ida Jones; II. Class Honours: Mary McGarvey; Transferred: Bessie Dunn.

ENGLISH AND HISTORY—II. Class Honours: Mary McNamara; III. Class Honours: Anna O'Brien.

GENERAL COURSE—Grade "B": Margaret Thompson. Grade "C": Mary Fitzgerald, Gladys Graham, Marion Hayes, Alice Hayes.

GENERAL COURSE—"C": Helen Monkhouse, Rachel Kelly (Eng.), Anita Murphy (Lat.).

First Year.

MODERN LANGUAGES—I. Class Honours: Lorraine Driscoll.

MATH. AND PHYSICS—B.L., Estelle Reynolds.

HOUSEHOLD ECON.—B.L., Patricia Navin, Helen Farrell (R.K.).

ENGLISH AND HIST.—Transferred: Margaret Jones.

GENERAL COURSE—"B," Marie Crean; "B," Katherine Kernahan; "C," Loretto Breen; W.G., Dorothy Enright; W.G., Carrie McCabe; W.G., Theresa McDonald; W.G., Doris Prunty; Margaret Baechler (Lat., Sc.).

GRADUATION DAY AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY—June 18th, 1926

The Seventy-second Graduation Exercises of the Academy were held in the College Auditorium on Wednesday afternoon, June 16th, when seventeen young ladies who had completed the Academy Course were graduated and presented with diplomas and the School's golden testimonials of merit.

The parents of the students and interested friends of the School who thronged the audience hall to honour the occasion and felicitate the staff and pupils on the successful completion of the scholastic year, noted with absorbed attention and evident enjoyment every number as presented of the following:

PROGRAMME.

School Hymn "Hail to Thee, Joseph"
 Conferring of Honours and Crowning of Graduates
 Piano Solo—Chopin Sonata in B Minor (Finale)
 Miss Hermine Keller (Gold Medalist).
 Cantata—Peter Pan Three Part Chorus
 Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

Awarding of Medals.

Piano Duo—Saint Sáens.... Valse Caprice (Wedding Cake)
 1st Piano—Miss Claire Chinn.
 2nd Piano—Miss Gladys Moffatt.
 Valedictory—Miss Helen Mahon.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Choral Instructor and Conductor—Maestro Carboni.

The young ladies who had the honour of graduating were: Miss Dorothy Rita Burlingham, Toronto; Miss Audrey Margaret Campbell, Palgrave, Ontario; Miss Elizabeth Florence Cooney, Toronto; Miss Helen Teresa Cronin, Dublin, Ontario;

Miss Katherine Alice Harris, Toronto; Miss Nora Gertrude Hayes, Toronto; Miss Katherine Anne Kernahan, Toronto; Miss Adele Marie Knowlton, Toronto; Miss Margaret Mary Kormann, Toronto; Miss Helen Margaret Mahon, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario; Miss Teresa Patricia McMahan, Toronto; Miss Gladys Miriam Moffatt, Toronto; Miss Alma Marie O'Connor, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario; Miss Marion Catherine O'Connor, Toronto; Miss Mary Helen Roche, Toronto; Miss Bernadine Majella Simpson, Port McNichol, Ontario; Miss Kathleen Veronica Williams, Toronto.

LIST OF HONORS.

Governor-General's Medal presented by His Excellency Lord Byng for English Literature in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Agnes Foley.

Gold Medal, donated by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Christian Doctrine and Bible History in Lower School—Presented to Miss Frances Wright.

Gold Medal, donated by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whalen, for Mathematics in Form V.—Presented to Miss Marguerite McKenzie.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. M. Cline, for Languages in Form V.—Presented to Miss Marguerite McKenzie.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. Dr. Dollard, for Languages in Form IV.—Presented to Miss Helen Mahon.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. Dr. Treacy, for Mathematics in Form IV.—Presented to Miss Catherine Fenn.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. L. Minehan, for Science in Form IV.—Presented to Miss Catherine Fenn.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. P. J. Coyle, for General Proficiency in Form III.—Presented to Miss Nora McCann.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. Dr. O'Leary, for General Proficiency in Form II.—Presented to Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. G. Doherty, for General Proficiency in Form I.A.—Presented to Miss Catherine Burke.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. S. McGrath, for General Proficiency in Form I.B.—Presented to Miss Marcell Sylvas.

Gold Watch, donated by Mr. Fred. Johnston of Brantford,

Pennsylvania—Awarded to Miss Helen Mahon, winner of the Oratorical and Essay Contest.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. J. J. McGrand, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class—Presented to Miss Jane Swift.

Gold Medal, donated by Mr. S. A. Frost, for Art in Form II.—Presented to Miss Frances Wright.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. W. A. McCann, for Christian Doctrine in Elementary School—Presented to Miss Alma Parent.

Gold Medal, donated by the Heintzman Co. for Associate Grade in Piano Music—Presented to Miss Hermine Keller.

Gold Medal, donated by Mr. F. R. Emery, for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music—Presented to Miss Betty Grobba.

Gold Medal, donated by Mr. Chas. Cope, for Proficiency in Theory of Music—Presented to Miss Claire Chinn.

Gold Medal, donated by Rev. J. C. Carberry, for Art Needlework—Presented to Miss Catherine Burke.

Gold Medal, donated by Mr. J. A. Knox, for Proficiency in China Painting, presented to Miss Edith Roque.

Gold Thimble, donated by Mrs. J. M. Sweeney, for Art Needlework—Presented to Miss Mary Cole.

Silver Thimble, equally merited by Misses Pauline Cartan, Rose Hayes and Vesta Dumouchelle, drawn for and obtained by Miss Pauline Cartan.

Special Prize for Lady-like Deportment in Boarding School, drawn for and obtained (in the Senior Division) by Miss Mary McKenna; in the Junior Division by Miss Margaret Ryan.

Special Prize for Household Science in Boarding School, drawn for and obtained: In the Senior Division by Miss Mercedes French; in the Junior Division by Miss Celine Lafayette.

GRADUATES, 1926—BIOGRAPHIES

DOROTHY BURLINGHAM.

“Always thoughtful, kind and untroubled.”

After passing Entrance at St. Clare's School, Dorothy came to St. Joseph's in 1922. Her simplicity and graciousness have endeared her to both teachers and pupils and we know that she will always help those whom she influences to follow their higher aspirations. Dorothy has always been a very active member of our Mission Crusade, especially when it was a question of raising funds for China. We wish her success.

ELIZABETH COONEY.

“Sincerity, in all its winning charm,
Gains and retains the wide world's confidence.”

Elizabeth passed the Entrance from St. Vincent de Paul School, and came to St. Joseph's in September, 1922. It did not take us long to discover her true worth. In the classroom, success has been her portion, and among her companions, her sympathy and loyalty have won her sincere friends. Elizabeth looks forward to the achievements of higher education, in which we wish her the happy fulfilment of her ambition.

HELEN CRONIN.

“Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose.”

Helen entered upon her High School course at St. Joseph's in February, 1921, and her efforts as a student have always been crowned with success. She has obtained Lower, Middle and Upper School standing.

Generous, impulsive, ready with her word and laugh, she



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, JUNE, 1926.

- FIRST ROW—Elizabeth Cooney, Marian O'Connor, Teresa McMahon, Audrey Campbell, Katherine Harris.
SECOND ROW—Adele Knowlton, Kathleen Williams, Nora Hayes, Mary Roche, Alma O'Connor, Katherine Kernahan,
Helen Cronin.
THIRD ROW—Dorothy Burlington, Gladys Moffat, Helen Mahoney, Daisy Mahoney, Cora Mahoney.

has many friends who have always found her loyal, worthy and true. May pleasure, contentment and success lie ever in her forward path.

AUDREY CAMPBELL.

“True of heart, of spirit gay.”

Palgrave, Tottenham High School, and then St. Joseph's guided Audrey's footsteps. She excels in mathematics, and shows prowess in tennis, basketball, skating—in fact, in all sports. Her sense of humour, her childlike frankness and friendliness, make her beloved by all. A friend sympathetic and genuine, Audrey has proven herself an earnest and successful student. Having completed her Honour Matriculation, she intends beginning a University course. We expect much of her.

NORA HAYES.

“She trips her lightsome way through life,
Leaving behind her, happiness and friends
Where'er she passes.”

Nora came to us from Brunswick Day School in September, 1924, and lost no time in smiling her way into the hearts of all. Of a naturally happy disposition, class-room cares seldom darkened her brow, and difficulties vanished in the sunshine. In spite of her attraction for the charms of social life, she realizes the danger of “a little knowledge,” and so intends to drink more deeply at University fountains. We wish her continued success.

KATHERINE HARRIS.

“So unaffected, so composed a mind
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so refined.”

Katherine has gained the reputation of being a conscientious and talented student. Music, languages, mathematics,

English—all branches seem alike easy to her. Her versatility ensures her success in course of higher studies which she intends to follow.

MARGARET KORMANN.

“With native Humour temp’ring virtuous Rage
Formed to delight at once and lash the Age.”

From the first day of school, all along the flowery path of learning, till the day of graduation, Margaret has been a pupil of St. Joseph’s. Her bright disposition, gaiety and love of fun have made her a favourite and she was always the centre of a merry group and a leader in all the activities of school life.

Margaret has made her way successfully through her elementary and higher studies, graduating in June, 1926. May all happiness attend her steps through life!

KATHERINE KERNAHAN.

Katherine’s school days have all been spent at St. Joseph’s, and from the Primary Class up to Matriculation she proved herself a most satisfactory pupil, never failing to obtain high standing in examinations, and yet always ready for fun and social activities. Amiable and of an unusually sweet disposition, Katherine made many friends, and in the College career she is now pursuing we can wish her nothing better than the continuance of the success and popularity which she has enjoyed in the past.

ADELE KNOWLTON.

“Sweet promptings with kindest deeds
Were in her every look.”

Adele received her preliminary education at St. John’s School, whence she came to St. Joseph’s in 1922. Her win-

ning personality and her conscientious devotion to duty have won for her many loyal friends. We would like to see her frequenting our halls, but know that her capacities and sympathies will continue to bring success and to make her an influence for good in the nursing profession which she has chosen.

GLADYS MOFFATT.

“If you praised her as charming
Some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence
Was felt where she went.”

Gladys spent her early days in Montreal, but since her High School days began, St. Joseph's has claimed her. Gladys has devoted much of her time to all branches of music and on many occasions her voice has delighted her audiences with its mellow richness. The social and athletic functions have always found Gladys a strong supporter and a willing helper. Her mischievous impulses to joke and tease have endeared her to the class of '26. We predict for her a brilliant future in the Music Course upon which she is about to enter.

HELEN MAHON.

“By nature born a friend
To mirth and merriment.”

Helen spent her childhood at Sault Ste. Marie and nature seems to have dowered her with some of the exceptional energy of which her native place is the source. The winner of the prize in our Oratorical Contest, Helen was chosen to deliver the Valedictory on behalf of her sister-graduates. She is also the possessor of the Language Medal. We are confident that Helen will continue to use her powers of leadership to uphold the ideals inculcated by her Alma Mater.

TERESA McMAHON.

“Gentle of speech;
Benevolent of mind.”

Teresa's charming personality has endeared her to her class-mates. Habitually happy, she has always helped us to enjoy our work. Her skill and enthusiasm for music are well known and we look for continued success in that field.

MARION O'CONNOR.

“And sport went hand in hand with science.”

Marion was a leader both at work and at play and will always be remembered for her brilliant work in the basketball games. Marion has ideals of her own and does not readily adopt those of the world which, at times, seems to bewilder her. She intends continuing her studies at University, and we can have no better hope than that she will ever continue the true, whole-hearted companion we found her.

ALMA O'CONNOR.

“The mildest manners
And the gentlest heart.”

Alma received her early education at the Sault. She is of a philosophic mind not generally found among school girls and has always found her delight in delving into records of the past. She excels in all branches of History and was the winner of the Papal Medal for Church History. We wish her every success in the University career which she is about to begin.

MARY ROCHE.

“Faithful in action
And in soul sincere.”

Mary is a most eager student and by perseverance over-

comes all the barriers on the path to knowledge. Her sincerity and her kindness of heart have endeared her to all and will continue to make her future bright and happy.

BERNADINE SIMPSON.

Bernadine followed family tradition in coming to St. Joseph's from Port McNicoll, and like her sisters before her, St. Joseph's found in her an intelligent, responsive student, and an appreciative, affectionate child. Her success in Honour Matriculation work testifies to her close application to study and her wide circle of friends speaks well for her bright and generous disposition. We feel sure that her University career will bring just as gratifying results.

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS.

“A shy, attractive kind of grace.”

Kathleen came to us in 1924 and since then her happy smile has helped to gladden the routine of school life. While devoting herself whole-heartedly to the work at hand, Kathleen has always performed her duty without disturbance or worry. With her bright, optimistic nature, she is sure to bring happiness to others.



RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY (COLLEGIATE CENTRE)

“C” denotes that the candidate has obtained between 50 and 59 p.c.; III. denotes between 60 and 65 p.c.; II. denotes between 66 and 74 p.c.; I. denotes between 75 and 100 p.c.).

UPPER SCHOOL OR ENTRANCE TO FACULTY.

Audrey Campbell, Eng. Lit C., Eng. Comp. C., History III., Botany C., Latin Auth. C., Latin Comp. C., French Comp. C.; Helen Cronin, History II., Chemistry III., Latin Auth. C., Latin Comp. C.; Vera Demary, Algebra C., Geometry II., Latin Auth. C., Latin Comp. C., French Authors III., French Comp. C., Spanish Auth. III., Spanish Composition III.; Mercedes French, Algebra II., Botany C., Latin Auth. II., French Comp. C., Spanish Auth. III., Spanish Comp. II.; Camilla Horan, English Lit. II., Eng. Comp. II., History II., Geometry C., Latin Comp. III., French Auth. C.; Mary Kennedy, Eng. Lit. C., Eng. Comp. III., French Authors III.; Margaret Kormann, Eng. Lit. C., Eng. Comp. II., Latin Comp. C., French Auth. III.; Marion Lecour, Eng. Lit. III., Eng. Comp. III., Algebra C., Geometry III.; Aileen McBride, Eng. Lit. II., Eng. Comp. I., History C., Algebra C., Geometry C., French Auth. C.; Eleanor McBride, Eng. Lit. II., Eng. Comp. I., History C., Algebra C., Geometry II., French Auth. C.; Muriel McGuire, Eng. Lit. C., Eng. Comp. III., Algebra C.; Marguerite MacKenzie, Eng. Lit. III., Eng. Comp. II., History C., Algebra I., Geometry I., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. I., French Auth. III., French Comp. III.; Oral O'Connor, Eng. Lit. III., Eng. Comp. I., History C., Algebra C., Geometry III., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. III.; French Auth. III., French Comp. C., Spanish Auth. C., Spanish Comp. III.; Bernadine Simpson, Eng. Lit. I., Eng. Comp. I., History C., Algebra I., Geometry C., French Auth. C., Spanish

Auth. C., Spanish Comp. C.; Geraldine Stubenssey, Eng. Lit. C., Eng. Comp. II., Algebra C., Geometry C., Latin Comp. III., French Comp. III.

PASS MATRICULATION AND ENTRANCE TO NORMAL.

- D. Burlington—Lit C., A. Hist. C., Algebra III., Chem. C., Lat. Comp. III., French Auth. C., French Comp. C.
- E. Cooney—A. Hist. C., Geom. III., Chem. I., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. II., French Auth. III., French Comp III.
- A. Crean—A. Hist. I., Geometry I., Physics I.
- R. Boyce—Physics C.
- R. Burns—Eng. Comp. III., Lit. III., Br. Hist. II., Algebra I
- M. Byrne—Eng. Comp. III., Br. Hist., C., Algebra C.
- A. Consentino—Eng. Comp. C., Br. Hist. I., Physics C.
- A. Cowan—Eng. Comp. III., Lit. C., Br. Hist. III.
- M. Cunnane—Eng. Comp. II., Lit. C., Br. Hist. I., Physics C
- M. Downey—An. Hist. I., Geom. I., Chemistry I., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. I., French Auth. C., French Comp. C.
- M. Downey—A. Hist. C., Geom. III., Chemistry III., Lat. Auth C., Lat. Comp. II., French Auth. C., French Comp. C.
- G. Donati—Lit. C., A. Hist. C., Geom. C., Chemistry III., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C., French Authors C., French Com. C.
- M. Derocher—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. I., Br. Hist. I., Algebra I., Physics I.
- T. Duck—Br. Hist. C., A. Hist. C., Chemistry C.
- A. Campbell—A. Hist. C.
- C. K. Fenn—An. Hist. I., Geom. I., Chemistry I., Lat. Authors C., Latin Comp. II., French Authors III., French Com. I.
- B. Fisher—Eng. Comp. II., Lit. II., Br. Hist. I., Algebra III., Physics I.
- M. Fournier—Br. History C.
- A. Foley—A. Hist. C., French Comp. III., French Authors II.
- I. Griffin—French Comp. C.
- C. Griffin—Eng. Comp. C., Lit. C., Br. Hist. C., Physics C.
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 G. Stubensey—A. Hist. C.
 A. Tremble—Eng. Comp. II., Lit. C., Br. Hist. C., Algebra C.
 K. Williams—A. Hist. II., Geom. C., Chem. II., Lat. Authors C.,
 Lat. Comp. C., French Authors III., French Comp. C.
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 I. Woods—Eng. Comp. C., Br. Hist., II., Literature C.
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 Hayes, H. Mahon, M. McCarthy, M. McKenna, G. Moffat, L.
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- Associateship Piano (A.T.C.M.)—Honours, Hermine Keller.
 Intermediate Piano—Honours, Monica McGowan and Viola
 Lyon.
 Pass—Teresa McDonald and Rose Burke.
 Junior Piano—First Class Honours—Nellie Flynn.
 Honours—Rose Starring, Rita Shaw, Orla Beer and Mer-
 cedes French; Pass—Agnes Ryan and Augustina Cosentina.
 French; Pass—Agnes Ryan and Augustina Cosentina.
 Primary Piano—First Class Honours: Ellen Orlando, Patricia
 Dever, Muriel Moyer and Helen Wallis; Honours: Nora
 Welsh and George Rennie; Pass: Joseph White.
 Associateship Violin (A.T.C.M.)—Honours: Gertrude Bergin.

THEORY.

- Senior Form, Harmony, Counterpoint—Honours: Clare Chinn.
 Intermediate Grade Form—Honours: Gladys Moffatt.
 Intermediate Grade Harmony—First Class Honours: Anna Hanley; Honours: Mary Walsh and Anderina Cornell.
 Intermediate Grade Counterpoint—Honours: Ethra Wilson.
 Junior Grade Harmony—Honours: Anna Donley, Betty Grobba and Augustina Cosentina; Pass: Dorothy Richard, Orla Beer, Teresa McDonald and Mercedes French.
 Primary Grade—Honours: Teresa McDonald, Dorothy Richard and Nellie Flynn.
 Elementary Grade—First Class Honours: Helen Wallis, Rita Shaw and Nora Walsh; Honours: Mary Jerou.

St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines, Ontario.

- Intermediate Piano—Pass: Margaret Bird.
 Junior Piano—Pass: Margaret Hamilton.
 Primary Piano—Honours: Winnie Read and William Fitzgerald; Pass: Helen Sim and Mae Power.
 Elementary Piano—Honours: Kathleen O'Donnell, Doreen Maddigan and Catherine O'Gorman. Pass: Violet Leek and Jennie Watson (equal); Henry Battle and Genevieve Smith (equal).
 Introductory Piano—First Class Honours: Edith Baldwin; Honours: Mabel Railton, Mabel Stone, M. Gertrude Doyle and Arthur Franklin. Pass: Margaret Cheevers and Dorothy Warwick.
 Introductory School Grade—Honours: Ruth Green and Mary Malloy.

THEORY.

- Primary Grade—Pass: Ina Robbie.

St. Joseph's Convent, Thorold, Ontario.

- Intermediate Piano—Pass: Dorothy Smyth.
 Junior Piano—First Class Honours: Catherine Kilawee

Primary Piano—Honours: Mary Turner.

Introductory Piano—First Class Honours: Frances Lynch.

Honours: Lucille Perusse, George Jones, Elizabeth McMahon and Joyce Jocque. Pass: Loretto Michaud and Mary F. Sneath.

St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C.

Introductory School Piano—Pass: Master Olof Hanson, Pearl Collier, Vera Youngman and Nelda Hilditch.

Introductory Piano—Honours: May McDonald and Kathleen Duncan. Pass: Earl Gordon.

Elementary School Piano—Pass: Betty Senior.

Elementary Piano—Honours: Ruth Nelson and Nina Hunter.

Primary School Piano—Honours: Katherine Watson. Pass: Rose Wesch, Evelyn Anderson, Elizabeth McLeod, Linnea Hanson, Beulah McKinley, Violet McCutcheon and Master Carl Smith.

Junior School Piano—Honours: Dorothy Hardie and Helen McCaffery. Pass: Marie Murphy.

Junior Piano—Honours: Muriel Stephens. Pass: Agnes Roberge and Ruth Gillies.

Intermediate School Piano—Honours: Virginia Riel. Pass: Margaret McCaffery, Mollie Haydon and Aletta McKinley.

Elementary Theory—First Class Honours: Mollie Haydon and Dorothy Hardie. Honours: Nina Hunter, Gwendolyn Palmer and Olive Munro. Pass: Mary McCaffery.

Primary Theory—First Class Honours: Aletta McKinley. Pass: Ruth Gillies.

Junior Theory-History—First Class Honours: Virginia Riel.



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Upper School English Composition and English Literature

Obtained by Aileen Berney, Kathleen Boyle II., Julienne Gauthier III., Ena Harrington, Elizabeth Miller II., Mary Smyth.

Middle School.

Jennie Adimo—British History.

Mary Attallah—Physics.

Ruth Barnett—British History, Algebra.

Aileen Berney—Ancient History, Algebra III., Physics III., Latin Composition.

Kathlyn Boyle—Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Latin, French.

Audrey Bustin—English Composition II., English Literature, British History I., Geometry, Physics.

Kathleen Byrne—Ancient History, Algebra II., Physics.

Jean Carmichael—Ancient History, Algebra II., Latin Authors, Latin Composition.

Gelsomina Capotosto—English Composition III., Literature, British History II.

Mary Cira—English Composition, British History I.

Mary Comper—English Composition II., Literature, British History II.

Teresa Currie—Composition II., British History III.

Josephine Donnelley—Composition III., Algebra II.

Kathleen Downs—Ancient History II., Algebra I., Physics III., Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors, French Composition.

Cecile Doyle—Composition, English Literature, British History III., Physics.

Loretto Driscoll—English Composition III., British History.

Helen Farnen—Composition II., British History.

Lillian Galvin—British History III.

Juliette Gauthier—Ancient History II., Algebra, Physics III., Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors II., French Composition I.

- Bernice Gray—Ancient History I., Algebra III., Physics, Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors, French Composition.
- Dorothy Greening — Composition, Literature III., British History I., Geometry III., Physics.
- Ena Harrington—British History III., Algebra, Physics, Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors, French Composition.
- Josephine Harrison—English Composition, British History II.
- Mary Kane—English Composition III., British History III., Physics.
- Frances Keelor—English Composition, British History III.
- Eileen Kelly—Composition I., Literature III., British History I., Physics.
- Mary Kelz—Composition II., British History, Physics.
- Helen Kennedy—Ancient History III., Algebra I., Physics, Latin Authors, Latin Composition I., French Authors, French Composition.
- Ronona Laplante—Ancient History, Algebra, Physics, Latin Authors III., French Composition II., Latin Composition II., French Composition II.
- Mary Lynch—British History III.
- Anna McDonald—English Composition, British History, Ancient History.
- Madeleine McCauley—Ancient History, Latin Authors, Latin Composition III.
- Jean McGahey—British History.
- Margaret McLean—English Composition.
- Annie Marcynuk—English Composition, British History II.
- Mary Marshman—English Composition.
- Elizabeth Miller—Ancient History I., Algebra I., Physics, Latin Authors II., Latin Composition II., French Authors II., French Composition.
- Annie O'Brien—British History III., Geometry, Physics.
- Eileen O'Neill—Composition, Literature, British History I., Geometry, Physics.
- Catherine O'Rourke—British History I., Geometry, Physics.
- Winnifred Parke—Ancient History II., Algebra, Physics, La-

- tin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors, French Composition.
- Nora Power—English Composition II., Literature III., British History I., Physics.
- Jessie Riley—Ancient History, Algebra.
- Veronica Roach—English Composition II., Literature III., British History I., Geometry III., Physics III.
- Madeleine Smith—Ancient History III., Algebra, Latin Composition.
- Patricia Smith—English Composition, British History I.
- Rosamond Smith—Composition I., Literature II., British History II., Geometry, Physics III.
- Mary Smith—Ancient History III., Algebra, Physics, French Authors, French Composition, Latin Authors, Latin Composition.
- Marion Stubensey—Composition II., Literature III., British History III., Physics III.
- Ethel Sweeney—English Composition III., Literature I., British History I., Physics.
- Winnifred Tadman—Composition III., Literature II., British History III., Physics.
- Anna Tiffany—Composition, British History II., Physics.
- Catherine Wigglesworth—Algebra III.

The following pupils obtained full matriculation to Universities with Honors as indicated:

Kathleen Boyle, Jean Carmichael, Algebra II.; Kathleen Downs, Algebra I., Ancient History II., Physics III.; Juliette Gauthier, Ancient History II., Physics III., French Authors II., French Composition I.; Bernice Gray, Algebra II., Geometry III.; Ena Harrington, Ancient History II.; Helen Kennedy, Ancient History III., Algebra I., Latin Composition I.; Ronona Laplante, Latin Authors III., Latin Composition II., French Authors II., French Composition II.; Elizabeth Miller, Ancient History I., Algebra I., Latin Authors II., Latin Composition II., French Composition II.; Winnifred Parke, Ancient History II.; Mary Smyth, Ancient History III.; Catherine Wigglesworth, Algebra III.

The following have successfully completed the requirements for Entrance to Normal Schools:

Aileen Berney, Kathleen Boyle, Kathleen Byrne, Jean Carmichael, Kathleen Downs, Juliette Gauthier, Bernice Gray, Ena Harrington, Helen Kennedy, Ronona Laplante, Elizabeth Miller, Winnifred Parke, Mary Smyth, Catherine Wigglesworth.

The following pupils have obtained the Lower School Entrance to Normal Schools with conditions noted:

Mary Attallah, Helen Bail, Dorothy Barnett (Arith.), Rose Boyle, Kathleen Boyle, Eleanor Breen (Arith.), Audrey Bustin, Audrey Carton, Madeleine Clancy, Mary Clarke (Arith.), Rita Coll, Claire Cronin (Arith., Latin), Anna Culliton (Arith.), Ethel Dalton (Arith., Latin), Yvonne Desaulniers (Arith.), Aileen Dowling (Arith.), Isobel Doyle, Mary Dwyer (Physiography, Arith., Latin), Helen Ellard (Arith.), Delia Ferris, Margaret Francisco, Elizabeth Fraser (Arith.), Helen Giraux, Eleanor Green (Arith., Latin), Anna Greenwood (Arith.), Agnes Huntly, Audrey Hymus (Arith.), Gertrude Ivy, Alice Keelor (His., Latin), Mary Kelly (Arith.), Mary Kelz, Audrey Koebel, Olga Laplante, Marguerite Langevin (Arith.), Mary Lee (Arith.), Anna McDonald, Margaret McCartney, Madeleine McCauley, Catharine McInnis, Marion McIntyre (Arith., Latin), Marguerite McKenty (Latin), Mary McQuillan (Arith.), Annie Margynuk, Ruth Mitchell (Arith.),

Eulalia Murphy (Arith.), Evelyn O'Donnell, Eileen O'Halloran, Lillian O'Reilly (Latin), Olive Pauline, Anna Pearson (Physics, Arith. Latin), Rosalinde Pelletier, Elizabeth Poole, May Prattis (Arith., Latin), Estelle Rapson (Arith.), Teresa Rock (Arith., Latin), Margaret Scollard, Margaret Sheehy (Physiography, Latin), Alberta Spreen, Catherine Tadman (Arith.), Frances Taugher.

LOWER SCHOOL: The following pupils have successfully completed the first year of Lower School with conditions noted:

Marie Allen, Madeleine Appleton, Catharine Arthurs,

Evelyn Barry, Antoinette Belanger, Josephine Berney, Germaine Bouillot, Mildred Boulogne, Marie Bracken, Helen Brocken, Doris Brown (Arith.), Judith Burrows, Kathleen Byrne, Helen Carmichael, Florence Clancy (Hist.), Helen Clancy (Hist., Geography), Alma Cleary (Geog.), Louise Commander, Marie Cooney, Muriel Cooper, Marie Coughlin, Alice Dalton, Elsa Dell'Angela, Marie Donnelly (Geog.), Marion Duggan (Hist.), Eileen Durand (Hist., Geog.), Dorothy Easton (Hist., Geog.), Helen Egan, Dorothy Finn, Annie Finnegan, Margaret Finucan, Nora Isabella Flack (Hist.), Nellie Flynn, Margaret Forrest, Ursula Gain, Nora Fitz (Geog., Botany), Jean Gallagher, Annie Garrity, Helen Gibson, Elvera Grosse, Jennie Julinski, Eleanor Holland, Mary Horahan, Margaret Hunt, Dorothy Hynes, Mary Jackson, Helena Janetos (History, Geog.), Margaret Johnston, Bertha Kane, Isabelle Kearns, Dorothy King, Helen Lacey (Art), Teresa Leithwood, Bride Lymberry (History, Geography), Marguerite McDonald, Annie McKenna (History), Gertrude McLaughlin, Mary Maher, Annie Maskell, Mary Maskell (History), Juliette Mele, Clara Munroe, Mary O'Brien, Nora O'Connell, Gratia Orandi (History, Geog.), Rita O'Rourke, Dorris Perry (Hist.), Blanche Payment, Mary Pearson, Edna Revoy, Josephine Reilly, Marie Rixon, Gertrude Roberts (Hist.), Helen Rose, Leona Rose, Emma Sauve, Helena Sharpe (Hist.), Mary Sophie (Hist., Geog.), Ethel Starr, Helen Stedman, Christine Sullivan, Hilda Wallace, Christine Wassassek (Hist., Art), Mary Weatherhead (Hist., Art), Grace Westlick, Monica Whittaker, Mary Zincone (Botany).

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By the words of malice spoken,
Half in earnest, half in jest,
Loving hearts are daily broken,
Hearts the purest and the best.

Listen, brothers, be discreet,
Words of malice ne'er repeat;
Loving hearts are tender things,
Words of malice deadly stings.

By the words of love when spoken
To the lowly and oppress'd,
Loving hearts tho' almost broken,
Feel as if forever bless'd.

Sisters, brothers, comfort, cheer,
Banish thus the silent tear,
Words of love you may be sure,
Wounded hearts can quickly cure.

Words of truth when boldly spoken,
Faithfully reprov'ing sin,
Ever is the surest token
Of a spirit pure within.

Sisters, brothers, guard the tongue,
Utter not a word that's wrong.
Boldly speak the words of truth,
Thus become the guide of youth.

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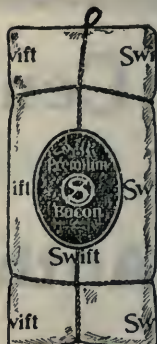
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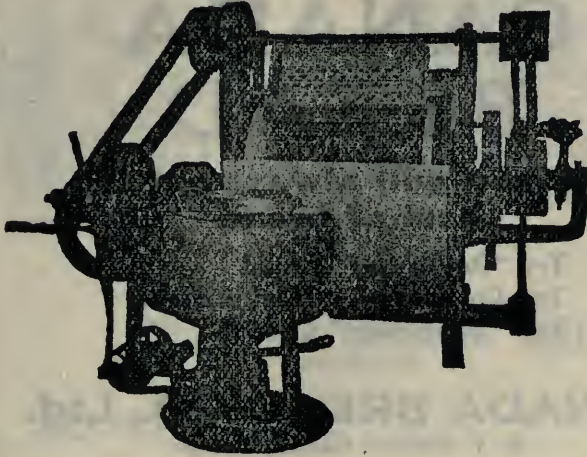
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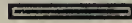
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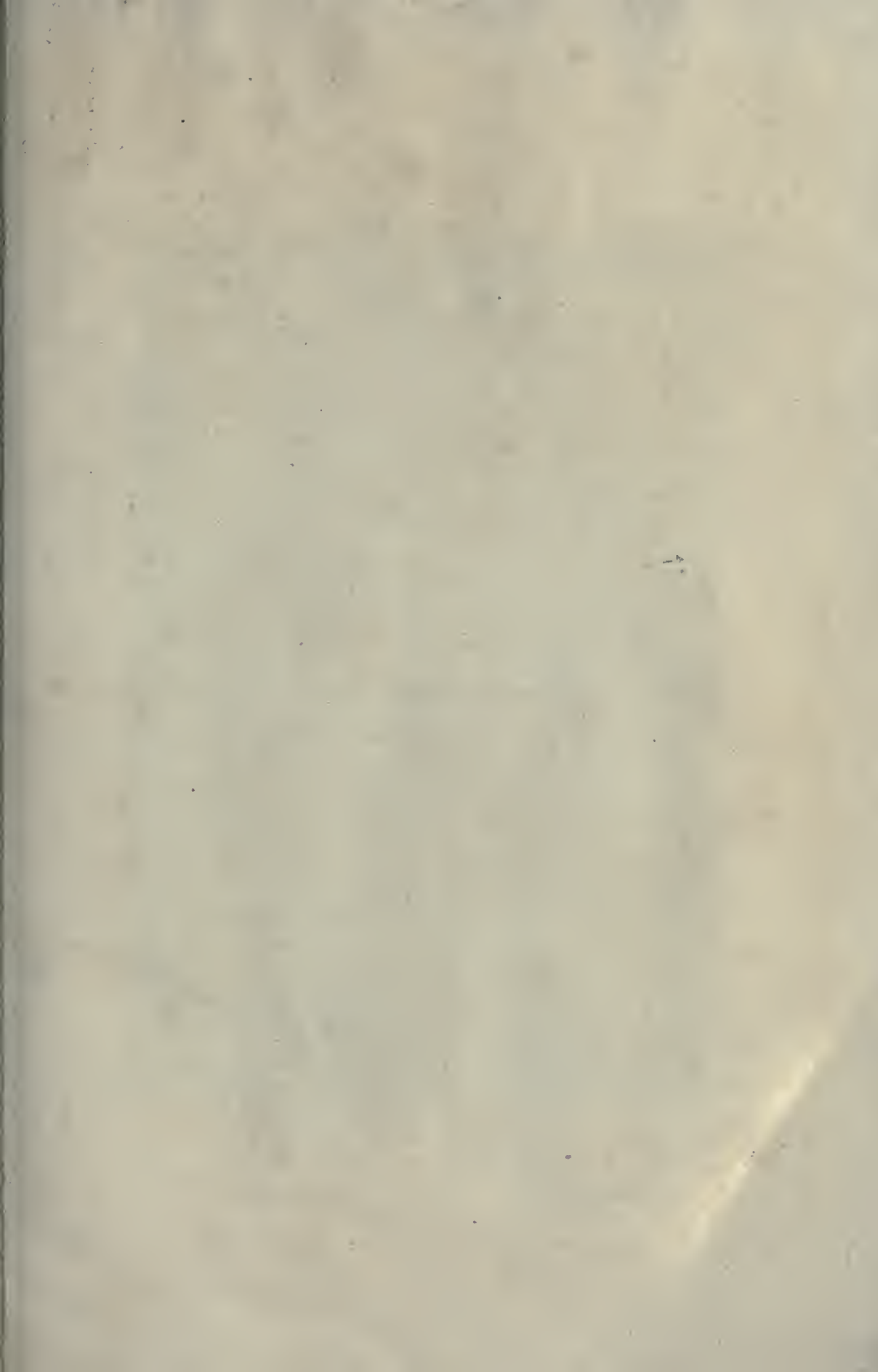
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Mater Dei.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XV. TORONTO, DÉCEMBER, 1926

No. 3

Christmas Eve

The shepherd calls his flock to fold :
The white doves homeward fly ;
The purple clouds float dreamily
Across Judea's sky :
O'er Bethlehem, the shadows fall ;
The stars rise one by one,
While angels wait, with folded wings,
The Birth of God's dear Son.

The scattered sheep are gathered now :
The dove hath found her nest ;
The Son of God, Incarnate is,
And lies on Mary's breast,
While angels' wake their sweetest song,
And all the heavens grow bright
To tell abroad the wondrous Birth
Of this most blessed night !

The little Lamb of God lies low
Within a manger stall,
And shepherds leave their flocks in fold,
Before His feet to fall.
The watchful heavens vigil keep,
The stars are angels' eyes,
While He Who made them, one and all,
Lies wrapped in Infant guise.

Edith R. Wilson.

THE POEMS OF SISTER MARY CHRISTINA PATMORE

DAUGHTER OF COVENTRY PATMORE

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

EMILY Patmore was a high-spirited and self-willed girl, but she was not disobedient. Some one reproached her once in later years with practising penances in disobedience. "No," she replied gently, "I have never in my life done anything in disobedience." Though some called her proud, she certainly had fits of self-depreciation and despondency. I think the following letter from her father was caused by her confession of inability to sew! "March 14th, 1870. My dear Little Girl,—A few lines for the privileged St. Patrick's Day. I refuse to take your warnings that you will never be the least nice in any way or do anything well, but things that are of no use. I fully expect you to be able to dance a quadrille and to play one on the piano well, when you come home; and those are two very useful things. I am looking forward with great and anxious hope to midsummer, for Mamma is rarely well enough or at leisure to walk with me in my new-made paradise." But Emily was not thinking of dances.

Concerning her manner with young men, her father's biographer says: "I remember her as a handsome girl of seventeen or so, with looks and ways of exceptional honesty, straightforwardness, and candour, and a mien of maidenly pride, not altogether concealing possibilities of great fervor. It is evident from her father's letters to her when she was at Bayswater School that she at that time had confessed to shyness and self-consciousness. Shyness, however, often shows itself in unexpected and indirect ways; and it may be

that the very frankness and almost downrightness of her manner was the result of such a feeling and of the effort to subdue it. I gathered from her father that in the home life she was full of fun."

Emily at seventeen found herself admired in the school for her talents and acquirements, her wit and her readiness in making apt and amusing verses, her sweet voice and her noble bearing. She began to enjoy popularity and seek for it, and did not visit the Blessed Sacrament so much as she used to do. She soon repented, however, of this neglect, and writes for example in one of her poems :

"From him to whom much has been given
Much also shall be asked,"
You said to me, my Life, my Heaven,
When in your light I basked.
But all Your words have been in vain,
And I forget Your Face,
And knowledge, Lord, has been my bane
Without Your grace.

In a letter to her sister, Gertrude, at a later time when she was a nun, she says: "Will you not be sorry when May is over? I hope you are one of those fortunate people who have a great affection for Our Lady. I am sure I owe her a great deal. Indeed I do not know where I should be now if I had not thought one day of putting everything into her hands."

Emily had another conflict, such as arises only in chosen souls. She was affectionate though reserved. To the motherly kindness of Mother Aloysia, who was the head-mistress or Prefect of Schools, her heart had responded with a passionate attachment. Every one knows that when a girl becomes very fond of a nun, she thinks that she should monopolize her Mistress, and that the nun should bestow on her an equally particular friendship. Usually these girlish attachments sober

down after awhile into a steady affection and a lasting friendship, which becomes a valuable means in education and self-control. But Emily was not like other girls. She jealously disputed the claim of others to an equal share in her Mistress' attention; and when her Mistress tried to correct Emily's aggressive ways she gave way to bursts of temper and angry retorts. Now, an affectionate heart is necessary for the love of God; the selfish or cold-hearted and indifferent are incapable of loving Him, as St. John tells us. Yet where there is a special vocation, a particular friendship may be an obstacle to a higher perfection. That is, indeed, why we have the virginal state. James Anthony Froude truly recognizes that the virginal state is due to "the realization of the infinite beauty and loveliness of personal purity." Nevertheless, Matrimony also is a holy state, and is a Sacrament and a symbol of the union between Christ and His Church. But in some cases it would be an impediment in the way of a higher perfection, as St. Paul teaches us. And so, too, a particular friendship, as we read in the lives of St. Teresa and St. Margaret Mary, may interfere with that absorbing and consuming love of God to which some souls are called. Emily's conscience began to reproach her that this passionate attachment of hers was taking up time and thoughts which should be given to God, and was cooling her devotion to Him. This was the thing which she was called upon to renounce for God; this was what she meant when she wrote, "I may not joy in earthly love." To renounce this passionate attachment was far harder to her simple nature and affectionate heart than to turn her back upon all that her father's world of literature and fashion offered to her. But she felt that this conflict in her heart between divine and human love must be fought out in the convent school; and during the summer (1870) she obtained her father's permission to return again for another term. And there, after the storm came a calm. The resolution to give herself to God alone was made once for all. Her poems reflect both her despondency and her joy. But I will only quote a few lines about peace and about joy:

But now I have thee and I hold thee fast,
And never shalt thou leave my heart again;
The storms are over, and the winter past;
A mighty calm doth reign.
If aught could trouble now the tranquil deeps,
'Twould be the rapturous love, O Peace, of thee,
But on the breast of God my spirit sleeps
As a gull upon the sea.

And though she now had to leave the convent for a time in obedience to her father, who did not approve of her desire to become a nun, yet she now felt strong in will and in inward joy:

O sunshine, O delight, O deep, deep Peace!
O Lord, my God, what can I now desire?
My joy would now gain nothing by increase,
My heart would gain no joy by hotter fire.
Once more the beauty of Thy house I see
And love the place wherein Thy glory dwells;
The past and future are as naught to me,
So loudly of delight the present tells;
What now to me the rivers and the dells
For is not heaven more beautiful than these?
And I can hear its chant, as in the shells
We hear the murmur of the far-off seas.
Sweet sorrows by which joy doth much increase!
O sunshine, O delight, O deep, deep Peace!

When she returned home at Christmas and announced her vocation to be a nun, her father informed her that he would not consent to her taking the veil, nor even consider it at all before she was twenty-one; and to a girl in her eighteenth year three years of waiting seems a life-time. On Twelfth-Night they had a party; some scenes from "Kenilworth" were acted, in which Emily took the part of Amy Robsart. A guest who saw her remembers her as "very lovely in a clinging white robe, her only ornament a girdle of trailing ivy and a close snood of ivy binding her curls." After the play there was a

dance. The girl who acted Queen Elizabeth slipped from the ball-room during the evening to the Chapel to show her Lord that He was not forgotten amid all the gaiety; and there she found Emily with her costume not even changed, in tears and sobs because she could not be a nun at once. This other girl also became a nun.

In the Spring her father took her to London for the Season and revived his intercourse with his old friends. Emily obediently acted her part in society, but her heart was not there but in the cloister. If she went to the Opera, she turned it into a meditation on holy things. One night when Madame Patti, then at the height of her power and fame, was singing, Emily sat in a corner of their box with her eyes closed. "Oh Emily!" said a girl friend, "what are you thinking of? Isn't it exquisite?" "Yes," said Emily, lifting her eyes, which shone with a light that never was on land or sea, "I was thinking, if a mortal voice can be so thrilling, what must the voices of the angels be!" She was much admired, and one ardent lover with her father's approval broke through her reserve and made a proposal which she kindly but promptly declined. Her father said to her, "I suppose it made you very happy?" She answered quite simply, "Yes." Any girl who was not pleased by such an event would not be normal. St. Thomas explains that the love of virginity is not at all misanthropy; if it were, it would not be a virtue, but a vice; not above nature, but below it. No doubt she was glad to have something to sacrifice for God, as well as to show her father that her vocation to the virginal state was earnest. About this time her father gave her a diamond ring, but she wore it only as a sign of a secret engagement to our Lord. Some of her verses at this time are very sweet, e.g.:

Oh, why may I not bind my soul to Thee
By one strong vow that cannot be dispensed,
That all my daily sacrifice might be
In that one moment, that one word condensed?
Will months and years pass by, and must I still
Be teaching constancy to my weak will?

All human wills are weak in the supernatural life, since without divine grace we can do nothing. But Emily's will was not weak in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, she had a will of iron, and when once she had made up her mind, nothing could move her from it. This strong will, of course, was a source of temptation to self-will, yet without it she could not have pursued her life of self-denial and penance. Whatever there was of obstinacy and contrariness in her nature was now turned by her against the devil, the world and the love of bodily comfort. Even now she practised secret penances which Miss Robson detected when Emily was with them at Lewes. But she obeyed her father's will as the will of God; she grew in gentleness and sweetness with her family; and she was full of playfulness and harmless tricks, and all the time her interior life was one longing for the house of God.

How long, O Lord, how long? I cry
 But not from wrong or misery;
 Only—how long wilt Thou deny
 My great desire well known to Thee?

The passion for the imitation of Christ—

Lord, I will follow Thee with no desire
 To be—Thy handmaid—greater than my Lord;
 To no more honor will I now aspire
 Than earth to her Redeemer could afford—

is one which the world cannot understand in the saints. Thomas Huxley could say in regard to Descartes, whom he admired as the father of modern science: "I feel a sort of shame that any man of science should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him." That is a noble and generous sentiment. And why may not those who follow not Descartes but Jesus Christ be allowed to wish for a share of what the world inflicted upon their Lord and Saviour?

Suddenly in the midst of the three years, at Christmas, 1872, Emily's father informed her that he now was satisfied as to her vocation, and would take her to the convent at St. Leonards, in January. Her delight expressed itself in these verses:

When love makes all things easy
From the greatest to the least,
When death appears a bridal
And life a lengthened feast—
O Love, how can I show my love
When love makes all things light?
“Bear patiently thy weight of joy
And love with all thy might.”

She was nineteen years and a half when she entered the Convent Her attraction still was to the contemplative life, but she chose the mixed life of action and contemplation for two reasons, because it was like that of our Lord and because it was harder for her than the other. For her natural disposition was quiet and dreamy, though in play she grew excited and wild. One of her companions writes about her: “Emily Patmore had been a postulant six weeks when I came to St. Leonard’s. She was exceedingly kind to me and we became friends from the first. She had a beautiful face, but I think it was more the expression than the features that struck one. They gave the impression of a keen intellect and exquisite refinement of thought. One could never imagine her doing or thinking anything that was mean and ignoble. She had a great love for everything beautiful in nature, but her thoughts turned naturally to spiritual things. . . She disliked needlework, but made valiant efforts to do it well. When the time came to make our habits, she was particularly energetic. . . . Two or three times Mother Foundress sent for us and we sat on the floor around her. She talked to us principally of our call to the religious life, of the immense love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and of the grace of perseverance. Later, Mother Foundress said that Emily Patmore had the most beautiful mind that she had ever known . . . Emily told me one day that she thought she could not live if she had not our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to run to many times in the day. . . . Though she was so clever, I noticed that she never answered a general question or explained anything unless she was directly asked to do so . . . I knew by the bright, merry look often in her face that apt or witty thoughts came into her mind. But

she did not express them. I argued that we ought to do all we could to promote gaiety at recreation. 'Yes,' she said, 'but for me mortification is best. As a girl, I always liked being thought clever and sought for notice. Now I must punish that and remain unnoticed.' "

When the time came to be received, she was allowed to choose her name, and she took the name of Christina as the nearest approach to the name of Christ, and she always kept her own feast on Corpus Christi.

"A novice who had been clothed with us was dismissed," writes a companion. "This made Sister Mary Christina and me very much afraid. We met and talked it over, and agreed to pray harder than ever for perseverance."

In a poem entitled the Two Paths there is a stanza which shows that her life of penance was offered for the salvation of others as well as her own :

The other way scarce seen by men
Through lowly vales doth wind;
And Nazareth-like the shady nooks
That travellers here may find;
Here also souls are won for God,
But 'tis by silent prayer
By many a secret sacrifice
And many a lonely tear.

Cardinal Vaughan said that the convents are the engine-room of the bark of Peter; it is the nuns' prayers that furnish the motive power. Dr. Pusey after Newman's conversion wrote to a Protestant newspaper that when he heard that the religious houses were praying for Newman, he began to fear that Newman would be lost to the Church of England.

One who was a novice at the same time had to leave for a while on business. She returned to the novitiate on a dark winter evening feeling lonely and desolate, for her heart had suffered much. As she stood in the dusky hall, down the stairs came Sister Mary Christina like a beam of sunshine, and welcomed her joyously with a warm, sisterly embrace, saying, "Oh, I am so glad you have come back. I have been praying so hard for you to come. Every one is at supper, and I have

leave to look after you." With that she went off and got a hot supper and made everything as cosy as possible. "I can never forget even after all these years," said the aged narrator, 'the warmth and brightness of her welcome, and how she made me at home again and cheered my heart. She was very observant of another's sorrow.'

As Coventry Patmore's first wife had been the inspiration of his *Angel in the House*, his daughter's dedication of herself to God in the virginal life was the principal cause of his turning his poetry to the subject of divine love and mystical espousals. In some of his notes he writes: "That which is unique in the soul is its true self, which is only expressed in life and art when the false self has been surrendered wholly. In Saints this surrender is continual; in poets, etc., it is only in inspired moments." Emily was probably the first—certainly there was no one before her—in perceiving the spiritual meaning of his "Unknown Eros." She writes to him: "That you should know what you want to show to others, viz., the perfection of the state of marriage, is not so strange as that you understand perfectly what makes the real happiness of religious life—and it is real—however unromantic and common the exterior may look, as it does in our Society." Soon after her final vows she writes to her sister: "How I wish, dear Gertrude, that it could be God's will that you might taste the happiness He has given me with my perpetual vows. It is not a thing one can speak of; no one can understand it unless they felt it. As our Lord says: "All takke not this word but they to whom it is given." It is a natural wish for me to have, but of course God knows what is best for you."

When her father was meditating a poem in honor of the marriage of the Blessed Virgin, and mentioned this to her, she replied: "Was it not very curious—I thought so much of you on the feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin, though I had no idea of the intention you tell me of. I hope she will help you to do it very well. I have been thinking that it seemed like a beautiful courtesy, if I dare say so, on the part of God, as He had become man and not woman, to exalt a woman so highly that enough cannot be said of her dignity." We may

for the times and the moments are known to God alone. That does not interfere with our duty to be ever thinking of the end, or the wholesome warning given us by such a remarkable poem as the one you speak of."

To go back for a moment to the reference to her Sister Bertha's paintings,—Ruskin thought so highly of her talent that he used to take the trouble to come to their house to give her lessons, and said that William Hunt's water-colors had nothing like her "exquisite sense of beauty." He wrote to her father next year: "I had really no idea that Bertha was so docile. You told me, you naughty papa, that she liked taking her own way; and I find that so frequent a disposition in young ladies that I easily credited her with it. Love to her." He invited her to Coniston in order that he might be able to give her more time. In 1878 her paintings were exhibited at the Royal Academy and had the honor of being "on the line." I saw a notice of her death about a year and a half ago. One who was a young child in the school and afterwards a religious, writes: "Sister Mary Christina took a kind interest in me, because I was fond of drawing, and my name was Bertha. She used sometimes give me little sketches and paintings, cut off from Bertha's letters to her. One, I remember, was a beautiful little painting of a dead gold finch, which Bertha wrote she had found in the garden. One evening before study I asked Sister Christina to write a prayer on the first page of a new manuscript book I had just bought. At the end of the study she handed me the book with a smile. She had written a poem, evidently original, 'To the Unknown God.' It was far too high and mystical for my comprehension, but I was glad to see an etching of wheat and grapes around the little photograph, which represented our Lord a prisoner in the Tabernacle. She had a classic type of face, pale in color, and spiritual in expression. She filled me with admiration and made me wish to be a nun. She used to tell us nice long stories sometimes during midday recreation, while we sat around her in the summer-house. It was her best way of keeping order, for she had no power of discipline."

As a teacher Sister Mary Christina was revered and loved by the older girls, who all believed and said quite positively that she had a vision of our Lord (and the Sisters thought so too). But there was a class of little ones whom she could not at all control. Many saints, even men, have had no power of government—St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Paul himself apparently, apart from his supernatural and miraculous powers. The little monkeys at St. Leonard's soon found that they could play upon Sister Mary Christina, she had so broken down her own self-conceit and self-reliance and had gone to such lengths of humility, meekness, gentleness and patience, that she was glad to be humiliated. She could not even keep up an appearance of anger or sternness. Some little girls are not much better than boys unless they have a firm hand over them; and these had no respect at all for one who was "just the same as ever with you five minutes afterwards"; and when she took charge of their room they at once started to "tear the house down." Yet in their hearts they recognized her holiness, and long afterwards profited by it. One of them years afterwards expressed their general acknowledgement: "She was helpless before a crowd of merry youngsters, but she left her stamp upon their whole generation."

Those to whom Christ is life feel that death is gain (*Mihi vivere Christus est et mori lucrum*). Sister Mary Christina's thoughts about death were expressed in a poem which she wrote to cheer and strengthen one who was suffering much from family trials:

.
 If 'tis Life that the soul doth sever
 From its dear and sole Delight
 Do they call that "Death" which for ever
 Doth me and my Love unite?
 No! The devil has changed (the liar!)
 The names of Life and Death
 Lest men should to Life aspire
 And leave him alone beneath.

This is Death, poor burdened spirit;
Then be patient beneath thy load;
But that which thou shalt inherit
Is Life—and the Life of God.

This poem was based upon the text of the Scripture that our God is a God of the living, not of the dead. Another poem of like sentiment was written towards the end of her life for the encouragement of one who had a heavy trial to bear, and is entitled

Morning.

When the night is darkest, deepest,
Sudden dawn shall rise
And a voice—'O thou that sleepest
Look to the eastern skies;
No more the north wind bloweth
His cold and icy blast;
Brightly the sunlight showeth
For winter now is past.
Cast off thy weeds of sorrow
And cease thy plaintive song;
This is the gladsome morrow
Thou hast yearned for, so long:
No fears shall now appal thee;
No loss shalt thou deplore;
Jesus and Mary call thee
To them forever more.

Among those who helped Sister Mary Christina upon the path to heaven were Father Whitty, S.J., and the convent chaplain, a Father William Hogan. Father Whitty was an Irish priest who had been V.G. of the Archdiocese of Westminster. When he was a young professor at St. Edmund's in 1845 Newman wrote: "A more winning person I have not met. I really seemed to form a sudden friendship with him, as the ladies in *The Rovers*." He said after Sister Mary Christina's death he had never known a more detached soul. When Sister was dying, Father Hogan was suddenly called to her cell because she appealed for prayers. When he saw her face, he said: "She wants no prayers of mine," and he prayed in silence.

dare to speak of God's courtesy, for St. Francis of Assisi says that courtesy is one of the attributes of God.

In another letter she says: "I must have the pleasure of telling you again how often your words come to my mind and answer my thoughts. I was wondering one day if it was pleasing to God to hear us say the same psalms over and over again and I remembered what you say of the child wanting its mother to repeat her little song,"

And all His art
Is as a babe's that wins her mother to repeat
Her little song so sweet.

A companion says: "She had a great devotion to reciting the office, and used to say with delight that in so doing we were joining the angels in praising God." Another says: "She always seemed to be quite unconscious of doing better than others, or of being remarkably gifted, as she certainly was. She had a clear, beautiful voice, and I well remember how I delighted to hear her lead the Office or read aloud to the Community."

Observe how respectfully and delicately and tactfully she suggests in one of her letters to her father that she did not altogether agree with some of his obscure and paradoxical ideas: "You must have been expecting to hear about the Odes before now. If I say anything foolish, you must remember that I am one of the 'hare-brained brood' you mention.* St. Peter says of St. Paul's Epistles that there are in them certain things hard to be understood, which many unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do the other Scriptures, to their own destruction. I think that might be said of the Odes,—'Remembered Grace' for instance. But anyone who could offend God on such a consideration could never really have known and loved Him. Of course you know the theology of it better than I do . . . I think the Odes are very like Holy Scripture in the way Shakespeare is viz., in being intensely human, and in not saying the

The father wise
Has still the hare-brained brood.
—Crest and Gulf.

words allowed to express the thing, but the thing itself. . . There are two lines in one Ode that I wish were not there. If I have said anything presumptuous, please forgive it."

In March, 1875, after Gladstone made his public attack on the Vatican Council and its decrees, and Acton followed this up with an artful accusation of the Papacy under pretence of defending the English Catholics, Patmore wrote a fine ode entitled, "How It Seems to An English Catholic"—(afterwards changed to the title of *The Standards*) and published it in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by his friend, Frederick Greenwood. His daughter wrote to him about it a few days after her Profession, when he had brought her a copy of it. I was going to alter the order of this letter because the most important part of a woman's letter is always at the end, but then I reflected that the readers of *The Lilies* understand that just as well as I do.

"St. Leonard's, April 11, 1875.

My dearest Papa,—

At last Sunday is come, and I can write about the Ode which Mama so kindly copied out. It would be impertinence in me to praise it; but I can say that it gave me very great pleasure, and new pleasure every time I read it. To say nothing of the general sense, in which I flatter myself I quite understand you, you may imagine how, under the circumstances, these lines went to my heart:

The daisied path of poverty

and

The brightest third of the dead Virtues three.

I hope Dr. Newman has read it. When shall I have the others? And what did the *Pall Mall* say of it? I wish you had brought the critique. Ever since I read it I imagined all the rest you have been writing. I have been indulging in a sort of ecstasy of pride at being your daughter, a very innocent sort of pride, I hope. (You see I am so gushing because nuns have no hearts).

As for myself, dear Papa, I will not say anything about it; some things are too good to be spoken of; but you must thank God for me and yourself for letting me be a nun. I know, many people do not think we are nuns at all; but that is so much the better if our Lord thinks we are so. I had no time to think of anything, the day you were all here (for her Profession, on the Monday before) but of course since then everything has gone on with the usual delightful monotony, which I know you envy.

How beautiful Bertha's paintings are! She does very much better than I ever saw her do before, and she seems to think very little of them. Please will you remember to give Tenny my love and thanks for his note (The second brother, who was in the Christ's Hospital School, having been presented by Ruskin). I hope he tasted the wedding-cake. (Her cake, for her Profession). You made me so happy by what you said when we were first coming out of the church the other day (his joy in her dedication to God). I often repeat it to myself.

Your loving child in J. C.

S. Mary Christina,
S.H.C.J.

Newman had seen the poem, and wrote to a friend who had him whether he had read it: "We were much struck with the poem in the Pall Mall and wondered who the author was; we felt the great compliment paid to us unworthy; and most we felt the depth and seriousness of the appeal itself. I have been prophesying a great battle between good and evil, truth and falsehood,* for this forty or fifty years—but I suppose it is ever going on, and there will be no crisis, till towards the end of the world. In the time of Arianism the great men of the Church thought things too bad to last. So did Pope Gregory at the end of the sixth century, St. Romuald in the eleventh, afterwards St. Vincent Ferrer, and I think Savonarola—and so on to our time. And it must be so:

*It has come in the form of "Modernism" allied with Socialism or Communism and moral evils included.

Sister Mary Christina when she lay prostrate beneath the pall, at her clothing, had prayed that she might run a long course in a short time. And her prayer was heard. There was a strain of consumption in the family. Her mother and grandmother had died of consumption, and her father too had a tendency to that disease. A cold which she perhaps slighted developed in her too, into rapid consumption.

She died the most enviable of deaths having her purgatory completed in this world and having been blessed with a vision of our Lord that she might go straight to heaven. Her last words were, "O I am so happy. Now let me die." When we find the surface of the great world so covered with indifference, wickedness, crime, and irreligion, it is consoling and cheering to remember how much there is of hidden holiness, giving glory to God in secret, and offering prayer and penance for the salvation of men.



SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH CELEBRATE JUBILEE

**Toronto Community Is Seventy-five Years, Society 300
Years Old.**

Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P.

THE Sisters of St. Joseph this week are celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of their coming to Toronto. The event has been marked with a celebration befitting an occasion so auspicious. The Toronto Community is seventy-five years old, but the greater institute of which it is a part and whence it sprung was founded nearly 300 years ago in France. Its history abounds in events that stir our souls. It is replete with adventure and not without its tragedy. The French Revolution, for instance, not only closed its convents, confiscated its property, and scattered its Sisters, but actually executed five of their number. Religion begets sturdy women. The fall of Robespierre on the day before that set for her execution saved the life of Mother St. John Fontbonne. This was an act of Divine Providence. This good woman must have prayed that she would not sing her "Nunc Dimittis" until she beheld the vision of her beloved institute functioning again. A Fatherly God vouchsafed her the opportunity. At the behest of the Cardinal Archbishops of Lyons in 1808, she was invited to St. Etienne. She was soon surrounded by former members of her old Community, and by religiously inclined young women. Within a quarter of a century members of this devoted sisterhood were working in the United States.

Brought Order Here.

About the middle of the last century the Bishop of Toronto was the Right Rev. Armand de Charbonnel. Kingston may boast of its first Bishop who amongst other honors was select-

ed as a member of the Upper House in the colonial days of one hundred years ago. Toronto, however, can point to a former bishop who was a nobleman of France and who gave up his title and estates to work for souls—Armand Count de Charbonnel. To this saintly man credit must be given for bringing to Toronto in 1851 the first quota of St. Joseph's Sisters.

These four religious took up their abode in a one-roomed house on Nelson street, now Jarvis street. As we look in retrospect upon those early days and keep in mind the titanic achievements of those Sisters and their successors in the institute, is it too much out of place to think of another world-wide institution which began in an upper room? The orphans of the city were the first responsibility assumed and never relinquished by the Sisters of St. Joseph. In 1852 St. Patrick's School was opened; in 1853 St. Paul's. The Sisters of St. Joseph were given charge of these, and thus they blazed the trail in the establishment of Separate Schools in this city.

Nurses Typhus Victims.

Eighteen forty-seven was the year of the famine in Ireland. Immigrants from that land came to this country in thousands. They brought with them—gaunt under-nourished souls—the germs of typhus. In 1855 the disease reached Toronto. The little Community of St. Joseph nursed the stricken of all creeds and nationalities. Nine of the Sisters contracted the disease. The Superior of the group, Mother Delphine, was fatally stricken and after a severe spell of acute suffering she died in February, 1856, a martyr of charity. The blessings which have been given to the Sisters of St. Joseph all these years are the rewards no doubt of the crushing sorrow so patiently accepted more than seventy years ago. Possibly that sorrow tended in no small way to develop in the Toronto Community a spirit of Christian compassion, for chief among their works have been those of mercy toward the poor, the sick, the orphan, the aged, the incurable. In 1857 the House

of Providence was opened. Only God knows how brightly have burned the fires of Christian charity within its walls to house comfortably and cheer the days of the aged. In 1902 St. Michael's Hospital saw its beginning. From the first it has been crowded. Three costly additions have failed to take care of the sick who would be treated there. And now a new wing is in course of construction, the cost of which will run near to the million dollar mark. St. Joseph's Hospital in the west end of the city was founded in 1922, and Mercy Hospital for incurables in 1925.

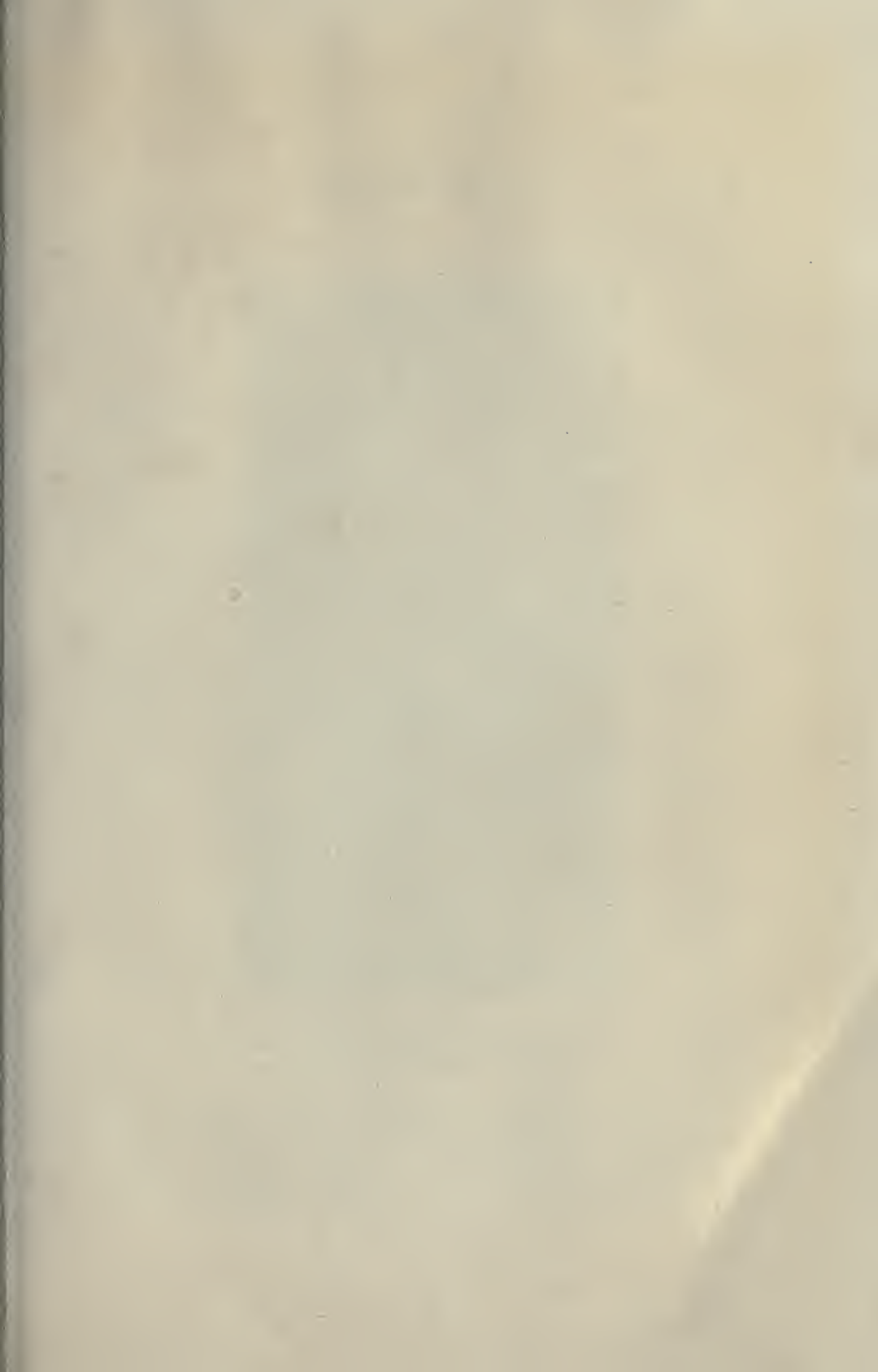
Promote Education.

In the realm of education the Sisters of St. Joseph have not been laggards. In Toronto alone they have charge of eighteen Separate Schools, of St. Joseph's High School, St. Joseph's Academy, St. Mary's Academy. Connected with the Mother-House on St. Alban Street is the College of St. Joseph affiliated with the University of Toronto. This College ranks amongst the outstanding educational institutions of Ontario.

All told to-day nearly fifty houses—a veritable rosary of institutions stretching from Toronto to Prince Rupert—have been founded by the descendants of those four Sisters who lived in a one-roomed house on Nelson Street (now Jarvis) of our City seventy-five years ago. The parable of the mustard seed has been realized.

—Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., Toronto Star, Oct. 23.







*The Rt. Rev. Armand Francis Marie
Comte de Charbonnel,
Second Bishop of Toronto.*

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

CELEBRATED AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

This year the feast of the great St. Theresa, its eve and aftermath were fittingly celebrated at the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto. It was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this Community in Toronto, where in October, 1851, the sainted Mother Delphine Fontbonne and three other Sisters of the Order, arrived at the invitation of Armand, Count de Charbonnel, at that time Bishop of the diocese.

It was proper and salutary that those who are now charged to carry on the work begun by our devoted first four Sisters so long ago should on this anniversary look back over the years that have gone into eternity since, and review the labors undertaken by these strong young souls and continued through countless difficulties with a dauntless courage not realized by themselves nor recognized then save by Him for whom labored.

They began the work with foundation so deep and so solid that it supports still in our day the structure that since has reached over the length and breadth of our great country. It would be interesting to outline in its variety of detail the manner in which this work had very gradually but surely progressed. It would mean to follow the working of Divine Providence in and through all that has been accomplished for God's glory under the patronage of our dear father St. Joseph, by the hundreds of faithful followers who have given themselves to the service of God and the neighbor by the consecration of their lives to the diversified works of this great Community. It would make a story of absorbing interest which in length would far exceed the limit of this brief sketch restrained to an account of the present moment and the joyous celebration, at which many have gathered to express their gratitude and congratulation, and many others by letter or telegram, have expressed their regret at unavoidable absence and who wish to be remembered as loyal and devoted alumnae.

The Jubilee celebration included a period of three days. Thursday, October 14th, was claimed by the Clergy and Religious, who were assembled from various parts of the diocese and beyond. There were representatives present from nearly all the Orders in the Church, as well as from the ranks of the secular clergy. His Grace, the Most Rev. N. McNeill, Archbishop of Toronto, opened the celebration by Solemn Pontifical Mass, while Right Rev. M. D. Whelan, V.G., was Assistant Priest; Very Rev. Forster, C.S.B., and Rev. R. McBrady, were deacons of honor. Rev. P. Coyle and Rev. J. Carberry were deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and Rev. G. Cabana was Master of Ceremonies. Upon this occasion the Archbishop addressed those present by stating the purpose of the celebration and recounting the history of the Community of S. Joseph in the diocese of Toronto, dwelling with emphasis on its genuine missionary zeal in sending forth numerous bands of self-sacrificing Sisters to labour in the schools and hospitals of the middle and remote West, even to the isolated island of Vancouver and to Prince Rupert in the Vicariate of the Yukon. His Grace then announced the Papal Benediction, reading from the altar steps the cable message to the Community from His Holiness Pius XI., expressive of "good wishes for continued increasing prosperity and abundant divine favours in their works."

On the occasion of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Apostolate of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, the Holy Father sends the Apostolic Blessing and heartily wishes them continued increasing prosperity and abundant divine favors in their good works.

(Signed) Cardinal Gasparri.

On the afternoon of this first day an entertainment was given for the guests by the young ladies of the Academy, consisting of choral songs, a salutatory of welcome and tribute of appreciation, a musical selection, and a series of tableaux, relating to the history of the Foundress, Reverend Mother St. John, who suffered

persecution, imprisonment and sentence of death during the riotous days of revolution in France. At the close of the programme the Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, made a graceful and laudatory tribute to the work of St. Joseph's Sisterhood with whom he had been pleasantly associated both in Rochester, N.Y., and in Toronto, for many years. Solemn Benediction was afterwards given in the chapel by Right Rev. D. Morris, with Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D., as deacon, and Rev. H. L. Cormier, S.J., as sub-deacon. The singing of the High Mass and the Benediction was by the Sisters and the Academy pupils under their direction, and it was the subject of much praiseworthy comment as sweet, correct and true. After Benediction a banquet was prepared for the Clergy at which between fifty and sixty were present and Rev. M. Cline acting as toast-master, by a happy selection of responsive speakers, elicited a great variety of appropriately expressive, humorous and eulogistic, post-prandial oratory. The speakers were the Right Rev. J. J. Blair, the Rev. Dr. Treacey, Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., and Rev. Dr. O'Leary.

Alumnae Day.

On Friday, October 15th, the day given over to the Alumnae, the programme was as follows:

Solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock; Celebrant, the Right Rev. J. J. Blair; deacon, the Very Rev. J. J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R.; sub-deacon, the Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.; Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. H. Murray; sermon by the Right Rev. J. L. Hand, who for more than forty years has been actively interested in the educational and charitable works of the Community. Entertainment by the ladies of St. Joseph's Alumnae at four o'clock.

This was followed by a master-piece of eloquence from Dr. J. P. Treacy, characterizing the true work of a model woman in society, in the school and above all in her special sphere of the cultured Catholic home. The address was exceptionally learned, well-knit together and most forceful in its appeal.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at five-thirty o'clock. Celebrant, the Right Rev. J. A. O'Sullivan; deacon, the Rev. G. A. Williams; sub-deacon, the Rev. D. O'Connor.

Luncheon for the Alumnae and friends at six o'clock.

The attendance on this day reached approximately the number of five hundred, including a goodly number from out-of-town and widely scattered places. The pleasures of happy re-union characterized the day's proceedings.

Closing Exercises.

On Saturday, October 16th, there was a Solemn Mass of Requiem for deceased pupils and benefactors at nine o'clock. Celebrant, the Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B.; deacon, the Rev. P. Gallery, C.S.S.R.; sub-deacon, the Rev. F. Pennylegion.

The closing Benediction of the Jubilee was given on Saturday, at five o'clock, by the Rev. Andrew Kenny, a kinsman of the Superior-General, who as representative of the Passionist Community at Union City, N.J., had come to share in the celebration of this Diamond Jubilee.

Early Days Remembered.

6 Sultan Street,

Toronto, October 8, 1926.

Dear Rev. Mother:—

To my formal acceptance of your kind invitation, allow me to add a little personal note—I am sure that I am quite your oldest pupil—seventy-one years ago, the family was living in Toronto, for some little time and at the suggestion of the late Mother Teresa, who was my Mother's niece, I was sent for a short time, a pupil to the little white building on Power street—I remember Mother Teresa coming to tell us of Mother Delphine's death. During all those years I have watched your growth from that tiny white house to your present position as a College in affiliation with our grand university. I have watched my children and later my grandchildren, pass with success through your hands, and now Mr. Murphy and I pray for a continuance of God's choicest blessings on you and your dear Sisters, I am

Yours sincerely,

Frances Murphy.

51 Woodlawn Ave. E.,

Toronto, October 10, 1926.

Rev. Mother Superioress,
St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Rev. Mother:—

The notices in the press of the Diamond Jubilee of your Order in Toronto, recall many memories of fifty years ago.

The fyles of the House of Providence should show of the great interest taken in the early days of your Sisterhood in Toronto by my mother, Mrs. W. A. Murray.

When I was five years of age, 1857, being a big boy for my age, I was sent to school from 36 Bond Street to a small, white roughcast house on the south-west corner of the grounds on which is now situated the House of Providence. I accompanied my eldest sister (who later married the son of Sir J. A. MacDonald, Hugh John, now of Winnipeg. She died in 1881.

I remember the removal of the bodies from St. Paul's Cemetery up to St. Michael's, to allow for the intended building.

I can visualize Bishop Charbonnel as he cut the first sod, the laying of the corner-stone, and when the building was completed and the contractors had removed all the rubbish, how we youngsters played in the corridors before the building was occupied in 1858.

Often have I regretted that when it was necessary to add to the building that the original architecture was not used in the extensions.

It is with great gratification I have seen the progress of the work of your order, and as long as I live I shall commemorate in my prayers my gratitude to Rev. Mother de Chantal, who was a loved and cherished friend of my mother, and was with her when she died, -1889.

Few of the laity of to-day know of the work done in the late fifties and early sixties of the last century. Mrs. Patrick Foy, Mrs. John King, Mrs. John Crawford, and my mother, shortly after the coming of Bishop Lynch.

St. Michael's Cathedral, as it was in those days, inside and

out, had their care, in which the old negro couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cornish, were the help who did the rough work. A Mr. and Mrs. Brown (who are buried under the Cathedral) also shared in the privilege of caring for the house of God.

With assurance of deep respect,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) Jas. P. Murray.

Now that the days of celebration are passed, the Community of St. Joseph feels that there devolves upon it a duty to pay the pleasing debt of gratitude to all its kind benefactors, affectionate friends and former pupils, who have rejoiced with it during these Jubilee functions, encouraging, inspiring and materially assisting in the works which ever await it, and lay imperative daily demands upon its members to perform.

A first and foremost recognition is due to His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, for the celebration of the opening Solemn Pontifical Mass and Papal blessing, as also for the words of congratulation upon the work which the Community has accomplished and the appreciative historical review of its labours in planting the acorn of religion in uncultivated soil, in tending, fertilizing, pruning, protecting and fostering its growth into the stalwart tree which during these seventy-five years it has become, and is sending out branches, now bearing fruit in many dioceses of Canada's broad Dominion. A second debt of gratitude is due to the kind assistance and welcome presence of so many of the diocesan Clergy who have contributed very greatly to making this happy celebration a pleasurable success.



Rev. Mother St. John Fontbonne.

THE JUBILEE SERMON

By Right Rev. Monsignor J. L. Hand, D.D.

The Perpetuity of the Church.

The God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed and His kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people.—Daniel II., 44.

A great king of Syria five hundred years before the coming of the Messiah, while slumbering on his couch had a dream or vision, the details of which in his wakeful moments he could not definitely make out. He called upon the magicians and diviners of Babylon to make known to him his dream and its meaning, but there was no one found among the pagan soothsayers to give any satisfactory account of the king's dream. It fell to the lot of Daniel, the Hebrew exile, to expound by divine help, the dream and its meaning. **The king saw a huge statue of ferocious appearance, the head of which was of fine gold, the breasts of silver, the abdomen and stomach of brass, the legs of iron and the feet of clay, and from a rock a stone not cut by hand struck the statue, which instantly crumbled into pieces, but the stone itself grew until it covered the whole earth.** The interpretation of Daniel was that the head represented the reign of Nabuchodonosor in all splendour and glory, but, that after this great king would come others of inferior rank and qualities until the great kingdom should be reduced to impotence and then should arise God's kingdom which would never be destroyed. This stone denoted the kingdom that should last forever. This is the kingdom of Jesus Christ of whom the angel said to Mary, **He shall be great, he shall be called the son of the Most High, and the Lord shall give unto him the throne of David his father: he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever and of his kingdom there shall be no end.** (St. Luke. Chap. I.;32, 33). The Kingdom set

up by Christ was His Church, a subject ever deserving the attention of Christians and particularly so on an occasion such as the present, when the Diamond Jubilee of one of the most faithful auxiliaries in these parts of the Master's kingdom is being celebrated.

Perpetuity is one of the most outstanding characteristics of the Church of Christ. The prophets predicted that the kingdom of God should be everlasting; the angel confirmed the prophecies and Christ Himself assured His disciples and followers that His Church would last forever, that it should be proof against the corrosion of time and against the onslaughts of the power of darkness. Christ speaks of the wiseman who built his house upon a rock and when the rain fell and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, it fell not, because it was founded on a rock. The Lord is the wiseman and the Church is His house which shall last forever. The existence of the Church is the greatest historical fact of the Christian era. Like an all-absorbing presence the Catholic Church meets the student of the past in the course of his investigations. The philosopher, the statesman and scientist meet the Catholic Church in every great question of our time. The Church has taken root and flourished in every land, not with the artificial life of a stranger, but as a native of the climate and product of the soil. The path of history leads through countless ruins. Not only empires, visioned in the dream of the mighty king of Syria, but many others, have grown up, held sway for a time and fell back into darkness and oblivion. Dynasties of vast power and majesty have toppled over after a few generations and disappeared from the world's charts. Languages have died and have become forgotten, civilizations have come to maturity and have disappeared before the floods of barbarism; races of men have passed away; new worlds have been discovered; whole continents have gone down beneath the waters and have hardly left a trace of their existence. The world goes on, and amid the changes of time one majestic figure remains surviving all catastrophes claiming the attention of the thinking people of

the age. The majestic stability of the Catholic Church has compelled an unfriendly critic to acknowledge in one of the best known pieces of English literature, that she will live on when the greatest works of our civilization shall have crumbled into dust. In the same sense may be quoted the words of the Psalmist, "**They shall perish, but thou remainest, and all of them shall grow old as a garment and as a vesture thou shalt change them and they shall be changed, but thou art always the selfsame and thy years shall not fail. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be directed forever.**"

The natural course of all things that we know of in this world is to grow up for a time, to reach their prime and do their work and then fall into decay and extinction. All material things have in them the seeds of dissolution. Human institutions, it matters not what their nature, are doomed to decay and death. Only the divine can overcome the assaults of time. It is only the divine power that can say with truth and reality, **From eternity unto eternity thou shalt endure and of thy kingdom there shall be no end.** It must be interesting to study the constituent parts of the everlasting kingdom; the stone and brick that go into its indestructible monuments; the designer and artists and mechanics who built this unique construction. The Pharaohs of ancient Egypt strove to leave behind them, since they could not themselves remain, some enduring monuments to their memory, but their pyramids have long since begun to moulder under the corroding hand of time, and even with patching and repairing, it is only a little while until they are reduced to the original clay from which they were made; but the Kingdom of Christ shows no signs of decay as the cycles roll by. In fact it is more animated with vitality and the glow of youth and power now than at any period of its existence as far as the outward observer may see. There were times in the course of the history of the Church when the stress of battle and the overpowering assaults from her adversaries gave hope to her foes that her days were numbered and that it would be but a short time until she

would be compelled to give up the interminable fight. But the promise of the Master was never wanting in fulfilment that He would be with her all days to the very consummation of the world; that He would defend her against all the powers of darkness and that her success was assured. God chose the weak things of the world that they might confound the strong and the foolish things that they might overcome the wise. When about to build His Church, Christ chose the poor unlettered fishermen of Galilee to be the material of His Kingdom. He did not select profound philosophers, or wisemen, or powerful princes of this world upon which to build His Church. Simon Bar-Jona with his personal crudities and rough human impulses, was the rock upon which the everlasting edifice of Christ was to be established. **Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. All power in heaven and on earth is given to me, go ye therefore and teach all nations and lo! I am with you all days.** As soon as the Holy Ghost descended upon them, the Apostles set forth to do the Master's will. They went to different countries, Peter beginning at Jerusalem, proceeded to Antioch and eventually to Rome, the heart of the empire, to spread the gospel and established the Kingdom of God on earth.

The Church in 1851.

Seventy-five years ago, when the good Sisters of St. Joseph first set foot in Toronto at the invitation of the saintly Bishop DeCharbonnel, the outlook for the Church throughout the world was not very bright. She was beset by enemies, it would seem, on all sides. A short time before, the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., was an exile from his own city in a neighboring state, because of the ferocity of the revolutionists of Rome. He returned to his See under the protection of the French army, who for twenty years afterward policed the city of Rome. The Holy See was resting on a veritable volcano as far as temporal affairs were concerned, and the eruption came to a head shortly afterwards when the soldiers of Victor

Emmanuel marched into Rome and dispossessed the Holy Father of the territories of the Church. The Church at that time throughout Europe was the object of attack from rationalist and atheist; society was honeycombed with secret organizations having for their object the conquest of the Church and the annihilation of the power of the Papacy. The flotsam and jetsam of the revolutionary upheavals of 1847-48 fermented with the poison of irreligion and infidelity on the face of every country on the continent of Europe.

Rome, the citadel of religious convictions, was the focus of their venomous and diabolical attacks. Magazines, journals and Masonic publications howled their hate in the ears of the proletariat throughout the continent. The counterfeit of liberty, fraternity and equality captured the shallow minds of the starving populace of overcrowded cities, who sought the overthrow of all authority, religious and civil.

In English-speaking countries the outlook for Catholic progress was not very encouraging. In 1851 a measure called the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced in the British House of Commons in response to a bitter agitation gotten on the occasion of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. The country was led to believe that the Pope had designs on the freedom of the English people and that he sought to divide up the shires of the nation among the members of the Roman Curia. The passions of the multitude were stirred to the boiling point, and mobs, as ever in that country, gratified their ferocity by burning the Pope and the whole Ecclesiastical court in effigy in the parks and public squares. Even her majesty, Queen Victoria, was made to say in her speech from the throne foreshadowing the contemplated legislation of the government, "I assure my subjects of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown and the independence of the nation against all encroachments from whatever quarter they may come." Such were the sentiments that stirred the British people at the very time the Sisters of St. Joseph were taking up their work in Toronto. The blasphem-

mous coronation oath was still on the statute booke of the British constitution and was part of the coronation service of the sovereign of the empire. Conditions in the United States were no better at that time. Knownothingism was just then rampant up and down the Republic. Convents and religious institutions in Boston, Providence, Philadelphia and New York were burned and sacked by the apostles of American Nativism. Legislatures and States were carried off their feet by the furious storms of insane bigotry. The Knownothing society controlled more than fifty members of Congress, showing how widespread and serious was the attack on the Catholic Church at that not very distant date. The recollection of these conditions makes a background of deep colour for the picture of the Church to-day.

Last year the world witnessed the spectacle of representatives from every civilized country of the earth making a pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee Year. Testimonials of respect and reverence for the Holy Father were displayed in journals and magazines of every language in Europe. The Church elicited praise and admiration not only from countries nominally Catholic, but from nations Protestant for centuries, and without much intercommunication with Rome for a long period of time. The Scandinavian countries actually vied with Catholic nations in expressing their respect and reverence for the ancient chair of Peter. It was a sight never to be forgotten, to view the pilgrims from every clime and tongue visiting the great Basilicas and pouring out at the feet of the great Pontiff their heartfelt expressions of admiration for the visible head of the Church of Jesus Christ. Close to the Vatican museum and within the shadow of the great cathedral of Christendom, was the missionary exhibit telling the story not of the dim distant past, but of the actual present heroic work of the missionaries of the Church throughout the savage and uncivilized peoples of the world. "Going therefore" is as real to-day in the Catholic Church as it was in the days of Peter and Paul. The mandate of the Master is just as authoritative to-day as it was in the first century. **You have not chosen Me**

but I have chosen you that you may go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit may remain. Men go out to-day from home and country in numbers, never before equalled in any age of the Church, into the wilds of Asia and Africa and other lands to bring the light of the Gospel to those who dwell in the shadow of darkness, and consider it a privilege, that they may be found worthy of the martyr's crown in the cause of Christ. Age does not write wrinkles on the brow of the Bride of Christ. The passing of two thousand years has not brought decrepitude to the Church of Christ. The light and scientific discoveries of the twentieth century have only aided her in her mission of salvation to the world.

On the shores of Lake Michigan in the great breezy centre of trade and commerce was enacted last June a scene that did much to atone for any offence offered to the Church of Christ by an unthinking people. Everything in which our age abounds in contrast to the things of the past, may be found there, materialism in full tide, worship of Mammon, love of freedom, the gratification of every ambition for display, vanity at the zenith of its foolishness, and all the aggregation of worldliness that can be confined within the circumference of one of the largest inland cities in the world; yet in this our twentieth century, the hum of trade and the cry of sin cease for one great week to give welcome to Christ the Eucharistic King. The whole country hearkened to the call; people of every tribe and tongue rush to Chicago to pay their respects to Jesus Christ the God made man in the Sacrament of the Altar. Why this wonderful change from seventy-five years ago? It would certainly be hard to assign an adequate reason, one that would satisfy an inquiring mind. What has happened in the interval to change the attitude of the world to the Church of Christ? I don't attempt to give a partial reason for the attitude of the world at large towards the Holy Father, but I hope to be pardoned if I presume an explanation, for the change to a degree throughout the United States. I would attribute it to the Catholic schools throughout the country conducted by the good nuns as the schools are in our

own city. There is no gainsaying what the Catholic school has done to impress religion and the love of God on the growing generation. The clergy have done their share it is willingly admitted, but who is it, I may be permitted to ask, forms the very soul of the child's religious life? I have no hesitation in affirming that it is our Catholic teachers, and nine-tenths of these teachers are members of the Catholic Sisterhoods. They are the purest and best women in the world; they consecrate their lives without any thought of self to the work of the Master, in forming little ones after the Divine Model; they give the example of patience, purity and humility in their every-day lives. It was no wonder that the priests and people, prelates and cardinals saluted them at the great Eucharistic Congress as the greatest force for religion and virtue in the Republic. It was the Sisters that planted the love of the Eucharistic Christ in the hearts of the American youth. Another evidence of the everlasting youthful vitality of the Church is the great number of vocations which come trooping in for the service of the altar and the works of charity and education. Seventy-five years ago vocations to the priesthood and the religious state were few in Catholic countries. To-day seminaries and novitiates cannot be built fast enough to accommodate the applicants for the work of the Lord. The very cream of our young people come flocking for admission to our institutions that they may be fashioned and trained for the service of God and the salvation of immortal souls. Verily may it be said with the Psalmist: **"Thou art always the self-same and thy years shall not fail, the children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be directed forever."** During the past seventy-five years the number of priests and religious has increased twenty-fold throughout the world and in North and South America the increase has been fifty-fold in that time. The future is well provided for and the hope of an abundant harvest of souls is well founded.

The greatest organized power, the priesthood always excepted, in the Church to-day is the Sisterhoods of the various religious communities. The ignorant are instructed by them;

the poor are helped and consoled; the sick and afflicted are nursed and comforted; the orphan finds a kind, loving parent in the heart of the pure holy nun. In every form of human misery is the mercy of Christ expressed through our devoted Sisters to the suffering and abandoned. Many forms of philanthropy and sociology have sprung up in our time, good in their way, but lacking that Christlike character, which only the messenger of God can infuse into her work.

From the very arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto they have devoted themselves to the care of the orphan, the sick and the aged. I have been a witness for many years to the Christlike work of the good Sisters in the House of Providence where the aged indigent poor are tenderly cared in that institution. For well over thirty years the number of inmates, many bed-ridden, has been not fewer than four hundred at any one time. The Sisters themselves with the help of some of the inmates, have attended to all the work that the care of that great number of patients necessitated. The slavery of it, the monotony of it, would be enough to dishearten the very bravest, but not the dear Sisters; the more the work and the more helpless the patient the more the good nuns seem to really enjoy it. It is only the realization that their work is for Christ the Saviour, that could give them that power of love and sacrifice by which they devote their lives for the benefit of the poor without any reward whatever, save that which is reserved for those who clothe the naked, feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty—the crown of glory bestowed by the good Saviour Himself. It is the same in their hospitals, the same in their homes for the orphans, the same in the classroom with their pupils; they give the very best that is in them for no other reason than that they do their work for Christ.

Before concluding I wish to say a word of the work they have done in the Catholic schools of Toronto. They have made our schools the envy of educationists throughout the land. They have trained not only the minds of the pupils, but have reached their hearts with a message of Christian love, which

helps them in after life in their dealings with a cold, selfish world. It makes them feel that there is something more than material things in life to labour for and that the real success is, after all, not the possession of worldly goods so much as a clean conscience and the satisfaction of having lived up to the high principles of Christian duty implied in the love of God and the neighbor for God's sake.

There is joy to-day over this celebration in the Church triumphant among those dear Sisters who have passed on to their eternal reward, and who were so anxious whilst here on earth for the success of the work to which they had dedicated the energy of their lives. May those who are left behind, travellers on the road to eternity, continue the great work into its fulfilment, when they shall rejoice, with their lamps still bright and burning, to hear the welcome of the Master: "**Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord.**" Amen.





Rt. Rev. Monsignor John L. Hand.

Photograph by Walt. Dickson.

THE POOR LITTLE MAN OF CHRIST

Rt. Rev. A. E. Burke, P.A.

There is a feeling which seizes upon us at Christmas when exiles from our own family circle and country, that, being unable to pass the festive season, as was our wont, we would fain get off to some suitable secluded centre, where our devotion unfettered by importunity of even casual acquaintance might freely reconstruct the wondrous scene, unalterably associated with the birth of Christ. I cannot say whether this psychology is common to all; but when the store windows were bulging with shopping, when everybody commenced to talk in terms of Christmas, and when the very atmosphere was unaccountably freighted with this mystic spirit, I betook myself quietly to the depot; and, against the advise of any who had knowledge of the design (for the climate is rude enough in these hills now) started off for Assisi and the places consecrated by the footprints of St. Francis, impelled by a kindred desire which could only be requited in this way. And the requital in this case, at least, was plenary and consoling.

It was raining when the Umbrian Mountains made familiar by the masters of the Renaissance (who are now copied in all the prints and lithographs on our walls) were reached; and, as the night falls fast here and I knew nothing of Assisi, I wittingly went on to Perugia, by that winding, rumbling train which covers the country between Foligno, on the main Rome-Ancona line, and Terontola, where the Florence-Chiusi-Rome trunks are encountered, Perugia one hears a lot about, as an old Etruscan stronghold, which the Romans conquered long before the Christian period, a storm-centre in the Longobardic struggles, and, later, the seat of Umbrian state government. It is a strongly walled city, portions of which still show their cyclopean origin, and is possessed of treasures which cannot but greatly interest and delight. Its natural situation, too, is equal in beauty to anything in Italy. Stopping over night in this elevated city, one naturally used the next morning, which was wondrously

bright and clear, for these misty winter days, to get a glimpse at the ancient fortifications and the captivating mountain and valley scenery it focuses, only starting off for Assisi, in the five o'clock bus, almost nightfall, at this season and in this region, and after descending the mountain, by the sinuous highway, passed through twenty miles of fertile fields and gardens, relieved by pretty little towns or villages, until St. Mary's of the Angels, or the Portiuncula, is reached, at the foot of Mount Subasio on which rugged flank Assisi sits in perfect safety and seclusion. Of course I saw little of the surroundings that evening, in the dark, before we had passed the gates and even half way or more up the city heights, where let down at an angle where a number of hostel-runners were hawking their houses. I took the first hotel in sight, Minerva by name, called after the pagan goddess of wisdom, to whom there is still an imposing temple, now turned into a beautiful church, in the principal square of this quaint and interesting city. It is now nearly eight o'clock, so after cleaning up a bit we are in excellent trim for the smoking hot dinner placed before us and this promptly despatched, we start out to see the sights. Despite the dismal drizzle covering mountain and city, like a mantle, making the little electric bulbs look like so many Tangerine oranges, we are able by their light and the changing reflection of the Eastern heavens to distinguish the outlines of the hugh conventual church of St. Francis, with the convent, expansive court and loggia, perched on a bold shelf of the big mountain, half way up the steep city heights. It is a bare Gothic exterior, but lofty and majestic in proportions, with gables, a charming rose window, a campanile of four stories and a buttressing tower, the latter in the Romanesque style. This Franciscan sanctuary contains three great churches: the lowest, the sepulchral tomb of the Seraph himself, the second which was in the beginning the cloister choir, and the great Basilica above, with all the frescos and grandeur. This is the edifice over which the first split in the Order occurred when Francis was hardly cold in his coffin, and Elias of Cortona ruling the Order, which had so marvellously grown round its saintly founder in the few short years of his wondrous life. Francis based everything in his religious system upon the evan-

gical counsels as interpreted by the Church of God. Money, property, human honors were altogether distasteful to him. But, behold, even in his day, conditions supervened which made it necessary to have, and to hold property, and to direct subjects and administer goods conventually; and whilst everybody knew he did not relish this new departure, believing that the "flies" as he termed money and means would surely breed magots and corruption, he was, nevertheless, constrained to accept them as best he could, since such an army of brothers could no longer, live like birds, nor order, discipline and the homogeneity of community life without them be conserved. Elias, therefore, served to build this first great convent, which extended even to the Founder's day and has been the home and centre of the Conventualists even unto ours.

St. Francis was no ordinary saint, no ordinary man, no ordinary patriarch. There have been few such wondrous things done through the wonderful thaumaturges of the race, as were done in him by Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Whose love he shared to such an exceptional degree as to be classed amongst the Seraphim, and Whose life he led in such intimate ecstasie union as to merit in his members the especial marks of His passion. The life he led, the things he did, the way men and even the dumb creatures did his bidding and loved and revered him, above all, the power he exercised over nature and grace, make him a veritable *alter Christus*, and the man of our race since the Great Prototype who lived in the world in completest union with Heaven. From the moment of his conversion when he crucified his flesh with its concupiscences at one fell stroke his entire life was lived in completest communion with his Redeemer, and that Redeemer re-acted on him and with him as the ample participant of His power. We cannot in this poor and grudging day, when miracles and miracle-workers are so rare (although thanks be to God not entirely wanting) understand this Seraph's flame which enkindled the flickering and dying embers of charity in his native Umbria in Italy and the whole world, and fanned them to such heat, as to solace all peoples in their warmth. We can think of no one so persistently athirst for the salvation of souls. No other patriarch can be named, who

leading a life of abjectest poverty and self-abnegation, despised everything which could possibly interfere with his perpetual sacrificing of himself, so that he might be rendered wholly and heartily to his Saviour, or was so heavily laden with the Saviour's beneficence, or bestowed it, so prodigally upon suffering mankind. Free as the birds of the air which he called by name and loved as God's creatures, happy as the babe in its mother's embrace, inflamed with the same love of souls which his Master showed in leaving the bosom of His Father and burdening Himself with our embarrassing humanity, never deaf to the cry of anyone seeking the help of Christ through him, thoroughly devoted to the Master's spouse, the Holy Catholic Church, and to His Vicar on earth the Pope, ever chanting the divine praises, as he went with his brethren through field or tangled forest, or joined his voice in the entoning of sacred office, so humble that he could not even hear a word of praise of the most heroic things he did, the most disinterested soul after the Lord he imitated, was this Seraphic Francis who spent forty-two years of his life conversing of God with men and being utterly consumed with His ineffable love.

In the little shrine or church of St. Mary-of-the-Angels which is called Portiuncula, or Little Portion, he had received his divine call; and went forth to execute it literally and faithfully: "Everywhere on your road preach and say—The Kingdom of God is at hand: Cure the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, drive out devils. Freely have you received, freely give,—carry neither gold nor silver, nor money in your girdles nor bag: nor two coats, nor sandals, nor staff; for the workman is worthy of his hire." Matt. X., 7-10. Behold the Charter of the Seraph: behold the Commission of his Franciscan progeny.

Faithfully, too, was this Gospel injunction fulfilled in Francis, and by the sturdy coadjutors, or companions, whom the Lord had given him, in such vast numbers and of such exceptional fervor. Poverty was never so abject amongst the sons of men; never before so loved by them. Even that of the Saviour Himself, some thought, to be transcended! And Poverty Francis apotheosized because of its god-like value, and hailed it always as "Lady Poverty." Listen to his exaltation of her: "Poverty

was at the Crib, and, like a faithful squire, she kept herself armed in the great contest which Thou didst wage, O Lord, for our Redemption. During Thy Passion she alone did not desert Thee. Mary, Thy Mother, stopped at the foot of the Cross; but Poverty mounted it with Thee, and clasped Thee in her embrace, unto the end. And when Thou wast dying of thirst as a watchful spouse she prepared for Thee the gall. She allowed not Thy body to rest, elsewhere, than in a borrowed grave. O Poorest Jesus, the grace I beg of Thee, is to bestow on me the treasure of greatest poverty. Grant that the distinctive mark of our Order may be, never to possess anything under the Sun, as its own, for the glory of Thy name: and that it may have no other patrimony than that of begging.' The Nuptials of St. Francis with Lady Poverty was the inspiration of all the great painters of that, and subsequent periods of history. And the immortal Dante says, in *Paradiso* XI., 50, that he rose like a Sun and illumined everything with his rays.

“Di quella costa là dov elle frange —
Più sua rattezza, nacque al mondo un solo
Come fa questo talvolta di Gange.”

The people who knew him, called Francis the Poverello, or Poor Little Man of Christ, and when he had nothing, and there was no natural means of getting anything, he rejoiced and was glad, with the special gladness of his virgin soul, miraculously procuring the bare necessities for those about him, but he himself joying on in the material emptiness, which was absolute fullness, with the satisfying love of God. He spoke to the Lord as if he always saw him, there, in person which was often the fact; and to the Blessed Mother, lovingly, confidently, trustfully as her child that he was; but he told her plainly, too, what is implied in this prayer, that for his poor he would gladly despoil her shrine of its jewels, if occasion arose, because the relief of suffering and needy, was the first demand on all human resources, on our generosity and on our charity. He loved his Maker so intensely that he was not unfrequently lost in Him ecstatically; and he so appreciated God's love for us and the

form it assumed in the Babe of Bethlehem, that with seraphic presence, he wished to enact the sacred scene, each recurring Christmastide. All were invited to attend this touching ceremony, for he felt that the hardest sinner could not resist the outstretched arms of the Divine Babe. The Precepio, or Crib, as we have it, in the use of Religion, to-day, was Francis' thought; and that it might be no frivolous innovation, he first sought and obtained approval from the Superior Pontiff; then with fullest confidence sent orders to the overlord of Greccio, Messer John, to prepare a manger there, and cause "hay and an ass" to be brought to it. He went aside, in this place, then, where the Lord had previously communed with him in fruitfulest prayer, and erected his first wondrous crib. Masses were celebrated at midnight over the manger with the Babe, the people crowding the open spaces and he sang the Gospel himself, and preached to them like the burning seraph that he was of the love and abnegation of the Divine Child. In the convent of St. Francis they have ever observed this practice, which has long since come to be an institution all over Italy and the Christian world.

Was it then wonderful that Assisi should have been selected for the great feast of the Nativity; and that there, in that atmosphere and amongst those primitive people, whom Francis' spirit still prevades, should be vouchsafed, from on high, to all such votaries as come hither single heartedly and with the Seraph's love, the consolations, he so ardently prayed to have poured out upon them?

The remains of the Poverello are sleeping beneath us, in the Crypt, hung about with twinkling lights, and many testimonies of heavenly favor. In the Second Church, the original convent chapel, with its low intersecting, painted arches, rich sarcophogi carved choir and chancel chapels, the shades of the ancient masters fairly coming from their frames, the Midnight Mass was chanted. There had been ringing of silver bells, great bells, too, from the lofty campanile, from ten o'clock onward, for the monks are singing the Solemn Office of the Nativity. Matins and Lauds are finished, in the light of flickering tapers, the young novices harmonizing beautifully in the Tracts and Antiphons—one tenor especially would ornament any operatic company—

and the peasants are gathered outside the nave, in the transepts and side chapels of the apse-end, and right opposite the altar, wrapped in rough cloaks and mantles, like the shepherds of old, and many of them carrying pastoral staffs. They follow the offices, reverently as the shepherds did the angels' song. It is a mystic, moving, memorable scene, in which we expect St. Francis himself, in every solemn monk moving out of the shadows of the choir.

The steeple clock chimes the hour of midnight; the great bells of the Campanile fling out an exultant peal, upon the wintry air; the solemn psalmody is over and myriad lights are turned upon the interior nave; the Second Choir take stalls within the Chancel on both sides, from the altar grades to the elevated, well-wrought gates; and the officiating clergy come forward in long and stately procession. The Solemn Mass is commenced and prosecuted on this side of the Great Altar. The Apse-side was used for the Office. The Gloria is entoned with a burst of heavenly music, and the ringing of many silver timbrels which persist to the end, and the great choir and orchestra, in rhythmic cadences, excute the Creed. Sanctus and Agnus Dei are then sung—the words beautifully harmonized by the younger monks.

The slightest sign is made. The faintest sound is heard. The miracle is effected. The Babe is again in the Crib. He is on His Altar. All are hushed in awe and love and faith before Him. Messer John said, that at the Mass in Gereccio, "he beheld a little child, right fair to see, to be awakened from sleep, when Father Francis embraced Him, in his arms." There He is again blessing us as He did the good Francis, long ago; and there is Francis, too absorbing and radiating His love. In true faith there is no time-obstacle; all is present. We are at Bethlehem, in very truth. There can be no doubt of the reality of this scene—"O Blessed Night, the Stars are Shining!" Angels we have heard on high! "Adeste Fidelis! Gloria in Excelsis Deo!" all these sweet praises are resounding through the sacred precincts; and we are all so happy! There, there is peace, there is contentment, there is joy, there is love unutterable! Would it might last forever!

The Deacon chants. *Ite Missa Est!*—the signal to retire; and, with *Deo Gratias*—God be thanked! on every lip and tongue, all move off, as if sorry to leave this holy place, where for four long hours they have been occupied in tenderest devotion. But before they leave the sacred edifice which, to-night, is wrapt in all the mystery of Bethlehem, their attention is attracted to the Precepio, just now unveiled, and illuminated and crowded around by the little ones, who even climb the high bronze chancel to get the better view. There, to be seen, is a wondrous Crib—one that would delight, and no doubt does delight the gentle Francis' heart. Everything that filled the place of the Nativity is there represented, and some things that did not, for the spirit of the Seraph desired to bring the great event home unmistakably to modern minds so as to conquer them unreservedly. There are the animals, there the Manger and the Child, there Mary, Joseph, the Angels, the Shepherds; and off in the landscape, (this is a real cyclorama) the houses with their windows red with light; the mountains, fields, verdure, streams, skies—a thousand things typical of "that blessed Night of our Redemption." There is so much it is hard to see it all. The children are in raptures; their parents and grandparents stand in awe around them, and hardy men make unabashed offering of the reverent tear. All are now in the tender grip of holy peace. Would that the entire world could but find and preserve that peace of Christ in His blessed Kingdom.

"Glory be to God in the Highest, and Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will!" sing the exultant angels. These men here are of good will. They carry the Babe's blessing in their hearts. His peace is in their souls, and they surely enjoy the super-added graces which the Blessed Francis won from his Lover-Christ; all of which, and which only, could make this the happiest Christmas outside of Heaven. Wherefore, am I fully convinced of the wisdom of spending Natal Day with the Poverello—the Little Poor Man of Assisi!



First Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto.



House of Providence, Toronto.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

LITTLE Nathanael knelt by the window, gazing reflectively into the purple depths of the Eastern night. From his early childhood he had loved the gleaming stars, but of late he had noticed one of great size and brilliance, the like of which he had never seen before. How it glowed and glistened! At times, Nathanael fancied that it was calling him to follow its gleam—calling with a mysterious force, quite incomprehensible to his young heart. Whence had it come, that wondrous star, and why?

Suddenly a voice broke in upon his thoughts. "How now, little idle one? How now? Always at this hour I find thee gazing out into the night. Can'st find nothing wherewith to occupy thyself? And what will it profit thee to let the minutes slip away for naught? Methinks thou wilt grow to be but a dreamer of dreams." But Misael, despite the seeming harshness of his remarks, laid his hand gently on the lad's shoulder, and gazed at him with solicitude. To Misael, life was work, and work was life—active, arduous work, which engaged every faculty of one's being. He hoped for great things from this only son; it would go badly with him, were he to be disappointed.

"Ah, let him be, Misael, since he hath done no wrong." Miriam, the child's mother, had entered the room unperceived. "Let him follow the innocent inclinations of his heart. We cannot all be alike. Some must dream that others may do, and there is work for all. Moreover, one can hardly blame Nathaniel for wanting to gaze at the sky. Methinks the world would be but a sad place, at times, could one not look beyond it."

"It may be that thou art right, Miriam. Nay—thou art always right." Misael conceded the point generously, smiling tenderly at his gentle wife.

As they ate, Miriam and Misael spoke of many things, while

Nathanael listened with interest to the conversation; for he was older than his years, and ever anxious to increase his knowledge. Presently, the talk turned into a deeper channel.

“Men say that soon these years of weary waiting for the promised Messiah will have ended,” said Misael, “and that the deliverance of Israel is at hand.”

Miriam gazed at her husband with eyes as full of wonder as Nathanael’s.

“Dost think, my husband,” asked she, “Dost think that we shall live to see His day?”

“I know not, but, surely, His coming would be hailed with joy. While the world was yet young, people began to look and pray for the Messiah. Countless generations have passed, each one more hopeful than the last that they might glimpse the Saviour of Israel! It may be that the Lord will deliver his people, ere long.”

“Will the Messiah be a great prince?” queried Nathanael.

“Yea, great and good and noble in all things,” said Miriam.

“And rich, and powerful,” added Misael. “But some allege that many of the signs and symbols foretold by the prophets may be seen even now,” he went on, “and that the waiting is nearly ended. I would that it were so, in very truth.”

“My father, may it not be that yon bright star in the East is one of the signs they speak of?” Nathanael voiced his thought timidly; he knew his father was not enamoured of stars, nor star-gazers.

Misael suppressed a sigh. “Ever talking and thinking of the stars, child!”

“In sooth, it may be that the King of the Jews will come in thy day, little son,” Miriam smiled encouragingly at the child, “And that thou, having grown to be a great astrologer, would’st find place in the courts of the King.”

A happy prospect, surely, and highly gratifying to Misael’s ambitions, and a great peace descended on the little room.

Several hours later, Nathanael was awakened by rays of dazzling light falling on his face. He sat up, and saw that his room was filled with a wondrous radiance. For the moment he was

too bemused to find whence came the splendour, and then he saw the star of his delight gleaming and glowing, it seemed with living fire. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, he dressed hastily and went out into the night, determined to follow his star, whithersoever it led.

Miriam, likewise, was awakened by the unearthly brilliance, and on looking out, she saw a tiny figure, speeding eastwards. She hastened to Nathanael's room; it was as she had suspected. Her little son, attracted by the light of the star, had gone out into the night alone. Miriam acted quickly, and in the space of a few minutes, she was hurrying along the road, nor was it long before she had overtaken the child. Nathanael, hearing the rapidly approaching footsteps, turned to behold his mother, but his quick misgivings were stilled by the sight of her smiling face. "Nay, then, thou naughty one," was her playfully reproachful greeting. "Would'st startle thy mother by coming out alone, at this late hour?"

Nathanael raised his eyes trustfully to hers. "My mother," he replied, "I would not alarm thee, but how could I stay within when the Star was calling me?"

"How, indeed," was the understanding response, "for even I felt constrained to-night to arise and follow its gleam. But hark! What celestial strains are these? And see in the Heavens! My child, it is the Angelic Hosts."

For a band of Angels had suddenly appeared in the skies. "Glory to God!" they sweetly sang. "Glory to God, in the Highest, and Peace on Earth to Men of Goodwill."

In an ecstasy, Miriam and Nathanael listened for some time, when the heavenly music gradually died away as the Angel vanished; but the glory of the night was in nowise diminished.

"What can it be, my mother?" whispered Nathanael.

"In truth, I know not. But here are some shepherds coming this way. It may be that they can tell us the meaning of these wonderful things. Can'st thou," addressing the shepherds, "can'st thou, then, tell us whence came the Angels?"

"We saw them while we watched our flocks," said one. "And as we fell, struck by fear to the ground, they bade us

to be not affrighted, for that they brought good tidings of great joy. They said that in a stable, here in Bethlehem, there lies the newly-born King of the Jews, and that we are to go and adore Him. Wilt thou come with us, thou and the child?"

"The King of the Jews!" How sweetly these words fell on the listening ears! But, in a stable! Surely, a strange place to seek the King of the Jews.

"Art thou too weary to go farther, son?" asked Miriam.

"Nay, I would follow my Star to the end of the world," replied the child, courageously. So they joined the shepherds, wondering at the things they had seen and heard, and praising God.

They went on until they reached a stable, which, though small and mean, glowed with glory, and lo, Nathanael's Star stood still in the heavens, scintillating like a diamond.

They came to the open door, and they saw a gentle lady, with a face of great sweetness, behind her a kindly man, and in the Manger nearby a Child, before Whose radiance even the Star in the East grew dull, Struck with sudden realization, they fell down and adored in silence, for they knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that this little Child was in very truth the Messias, the King of the Jews, and the Saviour of the human race.

Presently Nathanael, with the confidence of youth, drew near to the Child, and Miriam timidly raised her eyes to the Lady's. But before the indescribable beauty of the gracious countenance which met her gaze, her fears vanished, and she was conscious only of a deep commiseration.

"Thou art so young," she said, "little more than a child! Surely, this is but a poor place for thee and thy Baby!"

"And yet, it was the only place open to us in all Judea—nay, in all the world."

The musical cadence of the voice lingered long in the hearts of her hearers.

Miriam came nearer. "I would bring thee some comforts," she said in low tones, "for thee and thy Child." Then, swift

realization came to her again, and she fell, prostrate in humility.

“Nay, then, who am I to offer comfort or aught else to my Lord and His mother?” she whispered.

“My Son will reject neither the gift nor the giver that cometh with love,” was the gentle response, “and in His name I thank thee for thy kindly thought.”

Miriam looked again into the lovely face, and met the Lady’s tender eyes. The Babe, laughing and crowing as all babies will, put out his tiny hand to Nathanael, who, in an ecstasy of rapture, was bending over the manger. “See, my mother, the Babe smiles on me,” he whispered.

“Thrice blessed are they on whom my Son smiles,” said the Gracious Lady.

“Fair Lady, Nathanael has been watching the Star in the East these many nights, and wondering what might be its portent.” Miriam looked lovingly at her child. Little did we think that it would guide us unto the Messias.”

“Wise Nathanael.” (The child wondered if he heard aright). “Many see their stars and follow them not; but thy child, having glimpsed the Sign, watched and followed its gleams until he found his Saviour.”

“Methought the Messias would be a great king of the earth, fair lady,” spake the child earnestly. “Rich and powerful, and with a great court.”

“He is the King of Kings, Nathanael. Rich, with the things that gold cannot obtain. Powerful, in that He holds the world in the hollow of His hand, and His Court is the Kingdom of Heaven, where those who, having sought and found Him on earth, will come at the end of their days to be with Him forever.”

“And thou wilt come to visit Him again, to-morrow,” promised Miriam, “for I am coming too, and we shall bring Him presents. But now it groweth towards morning, and we must go our way. Thy father would be troubled should he find us gone.”

They knelt again in adoration, while the Lady smiled on them once more, and the gentle man laid his hand in benediction on Nathanael's head. Reluctantly they turned themselves homeward; it was not easy to leave the Holy of Holies.

They walked along in silence, until dawn broke the sleeping earth. The world was bathed in limpid light, and the tints in the rose-flushed sky glowed and melted into an iridescence never seen before.

"My mother, hast thou ever seen so lovely a sunrise?" Nathanael was ever responsive to beauty.

"Nay, never," was the response. "For this is not only the dawn of a new day, but the dawn of a new Life."

A shadow crossed the child's face.

"What of my father? He does not like me to be ever gazing at the sky, and to-night I arose from my sleep and went out to follow the Star. Will he be angered, thinkest thou?"

"Have no fears, Nathanael." Miriam spoke with assurance. True, the happiness of her newly-found faith and knowledge could not be perfect until fully shared with her husband, and it might not be easy to convince Misael that the simple Babe they had just seen was the long-looked-for King of the Jews. Yet, on the morrow she would take counsel with the Mother their King. What wonder, then, that she could face the future with confidence and joy.

"Have no fears," she continued, taking the Child's hand within her own, "thy father wilt never chide thee again, when he learns that through thy stargazing thou did'st lead thy mother to the Feet of the Most Fair."

Amy McEvoy.



St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

SOME GLIMPSES OF MEXICAN HISTORY

By Rev. K. J. McRae.

Persecution.

IN these days we are getting very sad glimpses, alas! of a very sad history of Mexico, a recrudescence of a very long-continued and most tyrannical persecution of the Catholic Church. But, as our Press publishes what little news is allowed to be sent out of the country, I need not dwell on it here.

Of course, the Church is blamed, by her persecutors, for rendering repressive laws necessary, because, as they allege, she is a foreign institution with foreign sympathies, an enemy of the State, of progress, of education, of science, etc. But all this, as we shall see, is utterly false—just as the accusations His enemies brought against her Divine Founder were utterly false.

The Prime Mover in Persecution.

According to Mr. Eber Cole Byam, a Methodist, the son of a Methodist minister, and a Mason, the prime mover in this persecution, is "Latin-American Masonry (the Grand Orient of European Latin countries) which is atheistic, revolutionary and contentious, and in Mexico it has become anarchistic and murderous" (quoted on Page 322 in "The Fairest Argument," the Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana). And Mr. Byam ought surely to know, for he tells us that "I lived for many years in Mexico; I speak the language; I have the honor of knowing some of those who have served Mexico faithfully and well, and I read—at least—a part of its long stormy history (Idem.)"

And General de Castelnau, of France, who ought to be well acquainted with the Grand Orient and its nefarious works in his own country, as well as in Italy, Portugal, Spain, etc., says

in his letter of sympathy to the Catholics of Mexico: "But there as well as everywhere else where Masonic activity is carried on, the hatred of Christianity and the coveting of property possessed by the faithful is dissimulated in a hypocritical manner beneath the deceptive label of free thought. And to achieve their aims the cowardly sectarians of the Lodges do not hesitate to unchain the horrors of civil war and the procession of horrible scourges which it brings with it." (Catholic Register, October 28th, 1926).

If the rulers of the Grand Orient really want to bestow upon mankind their "free thought," or their "philosophy," as President Calles puts it, why do they not secure possession of one or more of the many islands in the Pacific Ocean and establish thereon a colony, or colonies, with a constitution and laws in accordance with their own ideas, and thus demonstrate to the world the superiority of those ideas? Evidently they have no faith in the success of such a project, and, of course, there would be no loot to be had in connection with such a scheme as in the case of persecution of the Catholic Church.

Another very pertinent question is, why do the members of the Grand Orient hate so intensely the unions of men, or women, in religious societies or orders, under vows to God, because, as they allege, a restriction of freedom, whilst they themselves are united together under the most terrible oaths, and obliged to obey their leaders even when total strangers, as well as to absolute secrecy? Surely this is restriction of freedom with a vengeance! And yet, that vows are a restriction of freedom, is one of the reasons they have given in Mexico for prohibiting religious vows, as well as for banishing the religious orders.

Mr. Byam's Account of Work of Catholic Church and Its Destruction.

Let us now see what Mr. Byam has to say in regard to the work of the Catholic Church in Mexico, and its destruction to a large extent by her enemies. "In Mexico the Spanish

conquerors found a people possessing a civilization not greatly different from that of our own (United States) southwestern Indians. The early conquerors made slaves of some of these natives; but when they were all freed the number was found to be 151,000 men. This freedom was by order of the Pope and the Spanish Government. Pope Paul III. decreed in a bull issued June 17th, 1537, that the natives were by right free with full liberty to own property, and that under no circumstances were they to be deprived of their liberties or their properties nor in any manner to be made slaves. The Spanish government, at the earnest solicitation of the churchmen (Las Casas and others), decreed a series of laws which have been declared by those who have studied them the most enlightened laws ever enacted for the government and protection of a primitive people. Under these laws the Indians of Mexico really prospered until the War of Independence.

“That the Church made an honest effort to educate them is proven by the long list of educational institutions founded for their benefit. As a matter of fact, Mexico in colonial days, was noted for its educational institutions.”

“A careful examination of records will show that the Church establishment in Mexico has provided spiritual services with a far less proportional number of clergy, and for a minute fraction of the sum per capita, than is done in the United States to-day. The monks and nuns were mostly engaged in educational work, and the great monasteries and convents were in reality schools and colleges.

“The laws of Reform closed all these schools and prohibited the clergy from teaching, and ordered the monks and nuns out of the country, and confiscated their properties. **The much exaggerated riches of the Church were in reality the endowments devoted to the maintenance of universities, colleges, academies, schools, orphanages, hospitals, and other benevolent purposes.** The government confiscated these funds and let the institutions go hang. Because the churchmen protested against these outrages they were accused of ‘Meddling in politics.’

“The Laws of Reform were not aimed at securing freedom of worship, but the spoliation of the Catholic Church. Some justification was, of course, necessary even to themselves for such an act, and so we have had repeated to us a multitude of charges which, upon impartial investigation, are found without proof.”

“The Laws of Reform denied clergymen the right to dress in any way indicative of their calling; denied the Church the right to own or administer property; to receive bequests or endowments for any purpose; denied it the right to operate schools and its clergy to teach in any manner except theology. The government took possession of everything, including the churches with their contents, and all that was permitted the priests was to conduct religious services in them, but they could receive no support by trust funds nor from revenues of any property.” (Idem, pp. 322-4).

Of course, the so-called Laws of Reform were carefully worded so as not to make it illegal for the members of the Grand Orient to wear a distinctive dress or regalia, or the lodges and the order in general to hold property, etc., etc. Consistency may be a jewel, but not a Grand Orient jewel!

More Particulars of Educational Work of Catholic Church in Mexico.

In the above quotation from Mr. Byam he speaks of the educational work of the Church in Mexico, but he gives few particulars. In the Catholic Mind, for October 22, 1926, just to hand, more and wonderful particulars are given, from the able pen of Gerardo Decorme, S.J., Editor of “La Revista Catholica,” reprinted from the “Catholic Historical Review,” July, 1916.” This learned writer tells us that “To avoid confusion, a distinction must be made between moral education and intellectual education—usually called culture; for although they mutually aid each other, they are quite different in scope. The first tends to form the heart and to accustom the will to follow the dictates of reason, by con-

quering any natural vicious inclinations; in a word, it aims to make a man good, honest, virtuous, social and civilized. The second aims to increase the number of useful arts, to enrich the intelligence and to broaden the field of the material activities. Through her clergy the Catholic Church has as its principal office to teach religious truth and to educate the wili; and thus to civilize and perfect the morality of the world. The Church has never attributed to herself the exclusive mission of teaching natural sciences, though she has frequently taught them, especially in those places where the State was disturbed by wars and dissensions. The progress of science is a thing which belongs to the whole social body; and it is unreasonable to hold the Church responsible for the lack of advance in this regard, for that is not the principal aim of her activities. In this study, therefore, our attention is drawn not to the moral education of the Mexican people (though whatever education exists to-day in Mexico is due to the Church and the clergy), but more particularly to the intellectual education which, although not the exclusive mission of the Church, has been nevertheless imparted by her with so much zeal and with such a liberal hand that without her aid Mexican culture would be reduced to a negligible quantity. . . .

“Mexico is not, like the United States (or Canada), a nation imported from Europe. It is a new native nationality mingled with a third part Spanish and which, little by little, has been transformed by contact with the blood, the religion, the customs, and scientific culture of Europe. To apply to the Mexican people, therefore, the same laws of evolution as prevail in the United States would be a contradiction, an injustice. In less than two centuries after the Conquest, the entire aboriginal population from New Mexico to Guatamala was completely civilized. It became Christian and it was organized on civic lines by Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits and secular priests—a great number of whom laid down their lives in this cause. The incredible exertions of these indefatigable missionaries in learning the native languages, in writing books

in these languages, with which to tame the savagery of the Indians and to reform their customs, are triumphs which have lain in chronicles, waiting for the hand which will do them justice by manifesting them to the world. The entire population of the country in this first epoch knew perfectly the essential doctrines of the Christian faith and the basic laws of Christian morality. Honesty, respect for authority, abhorrence of theft, marital fidelity, hospitality, sociability of a refined order, and urbanity were common virtues which were characteristic of the Mexican people even after long years of revolution and official irreligion. . . .

“Primary schools were established for the children of the *caciques* (Princes or Chiefs among the Indians) and Spaniards in all the monasteries where the friars had a permanent residence. The first school established was that of San Francisco el Grande in Mexico City, by Brother Pedro de Gante, shortly after his arrival in 1523. He succeeded in bringing almost one thousand children to the school, where they were taught Christian doctrine, music, singing, literature, the mechanical arts, reading and writing. Some of these children studied Latin and the higher branches. Up to the year 1658, the Franciscans had established fifty-two monasteries and about one hundred and forty-eight smaller residences. The other religious orders did the same wherever they were established. Among the most renowned colleges were: the Franciscan College of Tlaltelolco (1534), and the Jesuit Colleges of San Gregorio, of Mexico City, San Javier of Puebla, San Martin of Tepetzotlan, and the schools of Patzeuraro, Parras, San Luis de la Paz, and Sinaloa. From 1525, the education of girls was begun by the Theresian Sisters and continued by the Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order, in most of the eighty-five other religious convents founded in Mexico. There were also an Academy for Indian girls, an Asylum for the *Mestizos* (those of mixed blood), which was founded by the Viceroy Mendoza, and the famous college of Ninas and Viscainas, the endowments of which still remain intact (in 1916 when this was written). According to the custom of the

time, the young women were educated preferably for domestic life.

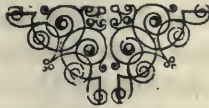
“Up to the coming of the Jesuits, there was no College in Mexico for the secondary education of the creoles, the only exception being the school of San Juan de Letran, in which Latin was taught, especially in the *Mestizos*. The establishment, in 1573, of the College which received the name of the Royal and Most Ancient College of San Pedro, San Pablo, and San Ildefonso, was an important event in the educational history of the country. There the scholars who honored Mexico for more than two hundred years received their education, as one may see in the bibliographies which exist on the subject and in the book ‘*Alumnos Distinguidos de San Ildefonso*,’ written by Dr. Felix Osore. Like the Capital, all the other cities of any importance wished to enjoy the advantages of this secondary education, which was given almost exclusively by the Jesuits. There appeared one after the other, therefore, the College of Espiritu Santo in Puebla (with the schools of San Jeronimo and San Ignacio); of San Javier of Valladolid (Morelia); Santo Tomas (with the school of San Juan, in Guadalajara; Zacatecas (with the school of San Luis); Oaxaca; Queretaro (with its school); Merida, Campeche, San Luis Potosi, Chihuahua, El Parral, Guanajuato, Veraacruz, La Habana, and Guatamala; and the Seminaries of Durango, and Chiapas.

“Higher studies were also given . . . in the University of Mexico, which had been founded in 1551, with all the rights and privileges of the University of Salamanca. It had a library of 10,000 volumes, which was thrown open to the public every morning and evening. Besides the University studies, courses were established there in Mexican dialects, in medicine, and in botany. Charles III. opened the Academy of Beaux Arts of San Carlos. The Universities of Yucatan and of Guatamala were also established by the Jesuits. That of Guadalajara was founded in 1778. The professors of secondary schools, as well as those of the Universities, generally came from Europe. Tuition was entirely free, and, on account of the en-

dowments they enjoyed, was not dependant upon contributions." (Catholic Mind, October 22nd, 1926, pp. 381-5); published by the "American Press," 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N.Y.)

Now, as Mr. Byam has told us above, the enemies of the Church, through their so-called "Laws of Reform" closed all these schools and many others too numerous to mention "prohibited the clergy from teaching, and ordered the monks and nuns out of the country, and confiscated their properties . . . The Government confiscated these funds (mentioned above) and let the institutions go hang." Whenever the enforcement of the persecuting laws was more or less relaxed the Church tried to salvage and rebuild her educating and civilizing institutions, but, just as often, her implacable enemies renewed their persecution. And now they seem to be determined to enslave and destroy her and her institutions completely, evidently expecting that if they accomplish this fell purpose they can enslave and rob the people as they please.

But Christ, Who triumphed over the "Christ-haters" of His day, can and will triumph over these enemies who, most appropriately, call themselves by that name. Let us pray earnestly and continually that He may speed the day.



How the Christ-Child Came

He came with all His power and majesty
Close hidden 'neath the cloak of poverty;
He came a helpless Babe, to soothe and bless
His earthly children in their helplessness.
Sweet Jesus, e'en as shepherds came to see,
I kneel to Thee.

He came a Stranger, to an alien land,
Where none reached out to Him a friendly hand;
He scarce could find a place to lay His head,
As holy Seers of old had truly said.
Dear Jesus, model of humility,
Give ear to me.

He came—a King—devoid of crown or throne,
With winter's icy blasts around Him blown;
Nowhere was aught of shelter offered Him,
The Lord Whose thought could make the sun grow dim.
Ah, Jesus, those privations came to Thee,
For love of me.

He came, and from the hour of His birth,
He suffered pain and hardship on the earth;
The poorest of the poor, He came to show
How men the way of righteousness might go,
Kind Jesus, pleading-wise and trustingly
I worship Thee.

J. Corson Miller.

JULIET

By Rev. Brother Gabriel, B.A., M.Sc.

"My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I should love a loathed enemy."

FROM the fabled times of Pyramus and Thisbe down to the days of "Abie's Irish Rose," it seems the world has never been without some pair of "star-crossed lovers." According to the most reliable sources, the plot in Shakespeare's version, which he has called "Romeo and Juliet," is based on Arthur Brooke's poem, published in England, which bears the somewhat lengthy title: "*The Tragical Hystery of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the Subtill Counsels and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill Event.*" On account of the added interest which an historical background gives to a theme it is worthy of note, in considering Juliet's character, that the people of Verona have implicit faith in the old tradition and still point out with a certain amount of reverence the ruins of her tomb.

The development of character is usually a slow process involving a multiplicity of forces. In the case of Juliet, however, it is a rapid transformation. She is introduced to us as a mere child still in her fourteenth year.

"My child is yet a stranger to the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years."

Her ravishing beauty combined with her lovely disposition, the fruit of many virtues, at once endears her to our hearts. The intrigue and racial hatred, prevalent in those feudal times and so characteristic of the Capulets, have never found a harbour in her innocent soul, nor has the luxury which everywhere surrounds her marred the sincerity of her nature. She is just a simple maiden and as yet has never experienced the

impelling force of love. In fact, she confesses to her mother when broached on the subject of marriage :

“It is an honour that I think not of.”

Even the “valiant Paris,” than whom

“Verona’s summer hath not such a flower,”

has never awakened in her heart a little spark of affection. The enthusiasm with which her mother describes the desirable qualities of Paris draws from her the cold remark :

“I’ll look to like, if looking liking more ;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.”

Ever docile, she will look and try to love merely to please her mother. Little she knows that her whole fate rests on the sequel of that festal night. She does look and she does love, but it is not the valiant Paris, but a stranger and her enemy, the gallant Romeo. She leaves the ball-room an entirely different person. A look, a word, combined with that telephatic something for which we have no name, and there springs up in Juliet’s heart a flame of love so ardent that it well nigh consumes her being.

In the balcony scene which follows, Shakespeare has given us a picture of indiscribable beauty. Like some celestial creature, she stands there “basked in the splendour of an Italian moon” and gazes heavenward in an ecstasy of love. No uttered syllable escapes her lips; yet, in the words of Keats, “her heart is voluble.” When at length that silence is broken it is a sigh forced from her very soul by the thought of the cruel condition which “puts a bar between the owner and his rights.”

“O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn thy love,
And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.

. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself."

At this moment, Romeo reveals his presence and takes her at her word. His appearance under these conditions, however, causes her less embarrassment than we should expect. Probably it is because, being but one in spirit, they cannot be separated and material presence is only incidental. The offering which she has made of herself on the altar of love causes her no regret save that she cannot again pronounce "Love's faithful vow."

"I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
 And yet I would it were to give again."

Like in an Agnes' dream, in which all things are possible, she has beheld her "soul's choice," has pledged her love and now burns with an insatiable desire to seal that bond which will "incorporate and make them one."

"If that thy bent of love be honorable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

Such is the essence of love, an affinity so intense that both subject and object mutually dissolve to form but one being and separate existence becomes unbearable, even impossible.

So precipitous is their love-making that we are apt to fancy that, like a summer tempest, it will be of short duration. Indeed such belief is partly justified on account of the fact that Latin races are naturally impetuous and quick, as the fiery characters of Tybalt and Mercutio or the threats of the exasperated father amply demonstrate. Yet, this sudden change in Juliet's attitude toward matrimony is not without foundation. Had not her Mother encouraged an early marriage, even citing her own example:

By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid."

And besides her involuntary profession of love, made in the very hearing of her unseen lover, leaves no chance for maiden wiles and obviates a prolonged courtship. Above all, it should be remembered that within these few days she must otherwise wed one whom she can never love. Placed as she is between these two alternatives, one as distasteful as the other is attractive, and goaded by the thought of the consequences which must result from a delay, who can blame her for this apparent haste to doff her name and be a Montague. And so, as the story books are wont to say, these two are married, but contrary to the story books, they do not "live happily ever after."

With the new Juliet we have new characteristics revealed. No longer is she a timid child, shrinking bashfully from the world about her and confiding in the counsels of her nurse, but has reached, in what seems a few hours, that state of self-sufficiency which comes with womanhood. This lack of dependance is symbolized by the sudden and ever widening breach in her relations with the fussy nurse, whose fidelity weakens in the time of trial, and culminates in her abrupt dismissal.

"Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall lbe twain.
If all else fail myself have power to die."

Henceforth the friar is to be her only guide. Under his fatherly influence her despair is softened into resignation and peace restored. With what simplicity and frankness she vows her determination to brave all dangers in order that she may

"Live an unstained wife to her sweet love."

How admirable is her confidence! The plan which Friar Lawrence proposes as a solution to her dilemma is desperate in the extreme and yet the readiness with which she gives con-

sent is scarcely believable. With eagerness she reaches for the mystic vial—

“Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.”

The apparent serenity with which she makes her bridal preparations shows implicit belief in the friar’s word. Once, but only for an instant, her faith weakens:

“What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister’d to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour’d,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.”

Although she is sometimes moody and impetuous, as before, her will gains firmness in proportion to her struggles. She is resolute in the accomplishment of her designs and nothing, not even the threats of her father nor the solicitings of her nurse, can shake her purpose. By this we do not mean that she is unreasonably obstinate, but merely unwilling to make a compromise when such is impossible. She may have done wrong, in the first place, by contracting a marriage which she knew her parents could never sanction; but if this be a fault she pays dearly for it. At any rate, does it not seem unreasonable to ask her to do a second and worse wrong to undo the first, so to say?

In respect to her stability, Juliet presents a striking contrast to Ophelia, who sinks beneath a “sea of troubles” simply because she is unable to think for herself and cope with the difficulties which confront her. Even though Juliet is to face still greater perils than ever Ophelia had to contend with there is no need to fear a similar fate. She is sufficiently independent, resourceful and self-possessed to preserve her mental equilibrium. There is another difference which must not be overlooked. While Ophelia is alone in her struggles, loving Hamlet yet feeling that her love is never requited, Juliet is constantly buoyed up by the assurance of unbounded

love and a confiding hope which make her oblivious to all else and give her strength to "meet all perils constantly."

Indeed, what perils does this fearless woman not brave to show the unfathomed bounty of her love! When was there even a greater proof required? She voluntarily casts herself into a death-like sleep, fully aware that in that sleep she will be buried alive in the sepulchre.

"Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all her buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tyblat, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud."

Her mind is clouded thick with many doubts. What assurance is there that she will awake at the appointed time or that her lover will be on hand to rescue her? All the horrors of the tomb are so vividly present to her imagination that for the moment she passes into the land of spirits and sees her "cousin's ghost seeking our Romeo." In an effort to come to his rescue she toasts her lover with this draught of "vaporious drops profound."

"Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

When at length she awakes from her hazardous sleep, calm and restored, she is not discomfited by her surroundings, but solely occupied by the one absorbing thought:

"O comfortable friar! Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?"

Confidingly, she turns to her faithful friend, but what comfort can he give. "A greater power has thwarted their intents." Cruel destiny has outwitted even the sagacious friar and the failure of his scheme produces a sudden change in Juliet's attitude toward him. She who has ever sought his advice now scorns his proffered help. This, indeed, is strange. It is through no fault of his that fate has crossed her hopes and yet she will not harken to his plan, which at once pre-

serves and sanctifies her love, but bids him go and leave her to her lot. The remainder of her battle she will fight alone.

“Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.”

Perhaps this is Shakespeare's manner of indicating Juliet's complete transformation or perhaps it is a covert way of reminding us that her love is not a virtue, but a passion, and will brook no course which separates her from the object of her love.

The sudden realization of her plight does not, as we might well suppose, throw her into a state of wild delirium, but merely nerves her for a cold resolve.

“The expedition of her violent love
Outruns the pauser reason.”

Seeing the empty cup, the token of her lover's faith, she will not be outdone, but sheathes his dagger in her breast and follows him.

“O happy dagger,

This is thy sheath; here rest and let me die.”

Such a conclusion is far from that which we have fancied for these unfortunate lovers, even though from the first we have felt that a similar ending is inevitable. Certainly

“There never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.”

Perhaps if Juliet, after awaking only to find that for her the world has ceased to be, had lapsed into an eternal sleep, it would have been more in harmony with our expectations. At least, we should then have been spared the shock of her suicide. Yet, considering the plot as a whole, we can easily see the fitness of Shakespeare's plan. In his mighty scheme there is something greater even than the romance of Romeo and Juliet. For generations, the Capulets and Montagues had lived at variance and nothing save a spectacle of horror, such as he has pictured in his closing scene, could end their feud and show them the folly of their ways. A great sacrifice was required, and every great sacrifice must have its victims, innocent though they may be.

THE SANCTITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

THE sanctity as well as the dignity of the priesthood is summed up in the principle *Sacerdos est alter Christus*, the Priest is another Christ. Any assertion directly or indirectly contrary to that principle must be censured as erroneous, and offensive to pious ears at least; if not scandalous, and proximate to heresy. There may be in any Seminary some few young fellows who wish to obtain the priesthood without its obligations to holiness, and therefore disparage the state of life to which they aspire, and try to lower the ideals of their companions to the level of their own. A little leaven corrupts the whole mass; and therefore it is important that the true teaching should be set forth, with the authority upon which it rests.

Bishop Ullathorne in 1873 preached a Synodal Discourse on this subject to the prelates of England. Writing beforehand to a friend he says: "I am working up a synodal discourse on the sanctity of the priesthood. It is remarkable that both St. Thomas (O.P.) and Suarez (S.J.) decide that more sanctity is required in the pastoral clergy than in the mere Religious, although the perils are greater."

Already before the Vatican Council this Benedictine Bishop had been interested in this subject. When he was in Rome in 1867 for the centenary of SS. Peter and Paul, and the great Bishop of Orleans called upon him to inform him that the Pope had just decided to convoke a Council, Ullathorne "pointed out the vast importance of raising up the whole doctrine of the sanctity of the state of the secular clergy. The Bishop of Orleans grew warm on this subject and alluded to what he had done with that very view of showing that they are the primal and fundamental Order in the Church."

When the Council met, Ullathorne consulted with Manning, and both were in perfect agreement as to the need of

bringing this subject before the Council, and this would have been done if the Council had not for a time been suspended.

Ullathorne's Synodal Discourse may be read in his works. Abbot Butler in full agreement with it tells us that Ullathorne spoke of "the want (at that time) of clear, definite, and cogent teaching of the sense in which the Church regards the character of the priest, and what her great divines have said upon the sanctity which that character demands. In those earlier ages of the Church when, as a common rule, the monastical and sacerdotal states were separate, the priest was held up as a model to the monk, as belonging to the higher order of sanctity of the two. The teaching of Fathers, classic theologians, and ecclesiastical writers is urged, that the priest, as such, is in a state of greater dignity, calling for higher personal perfection, than the religious, as such; and that the pastoral clergy share in the state of perfection of the episcopate."

Abbot Butler also says of Manning's book on *The Pastoral Office*, which was printed but never published: "It is difficult to see how any Regulars, at least now, could take umbrage at it."

Cardinal Manning writes that "the assertion that the priesthood though highest in dignity is in perfection far inferior to the monastic state without the priesthood, is at least erroneous and offensive to pious ears; I think it deserves all censures below heresy." In other words, it is proximate to heresy and scandalous.

I will add here that it is clear to any student of Manning's correspondence that his supposed hostility to the Religious Orders was simply a reaction against Wiseman's contempt for the secular priests.* Writing to Talbot soon after he was made Archbishop, he says that Wiseman "covered the diocese

* The term anti-clerical has been so often used in Catholic countries many think this is the meaning of the word. But the meaning of the word is that prejudice and contempt for the priests which often is found in Catholics who have the faith sound enough but are wanting in reverence and loyalty to their priests.

with religious houses to save himself the trouble of training a priesthood.'"

Newman was accused by Kingsley of having asserted in one of his Anglican sermons that the Religious is the true Christian. Newman repudiated this proposition very energetically, and found in Kingsley's charge "three blots." Newman in his Anglican sermons arguing against a Protestant error, had said truly that monks and nuns are true Christians, Bible Christians. But he had not said that they are the Bible Christians, the true Christians. It is surely a "quaint" way of quoting a man to ascribe a proposition to him which he never uttered and which he has repudiated very emphatically. If he had uttered that proposition, as it is contrary to the "Sacerdos est alter Christus," it would be censurable as erroneous at least, and would be an insult to priests. The nuns themselves, both from the instincts of their Catholic faith and from their training in reverence for the priesthood, would be the first to reject with horror the assertion that the nuns' state is holier than the priesthood, and that supposing the priest and the nun to be equally faithful to their state, the nun is therefore holier than the priest. Some nuns have been holier than some priests. But this is a comparison of their lives, not of their states.

I will add, as I have been speaking of Newman, that the Anglican writings of a convert are not theological authorities for us; even when their statements are true, they are not authoritative for us. They may be quoted in controversy or apologetics as witnesses to the truth who should be respected by our opponents; but they are not authorities in theology and must not be cited to decide any theological question. Newman's Anglican writings are not "Newman" simply. I feel sure that no false prophet can mislead the Nuns on this point; or, if any of them through simplicity can be misled, it is time that he should be unmasked, for the glory of God and the sanctification of the Nuns and salvation of souls.

Comparisons are odious, and we should, as St. Paul says, "anticipate one another in honour." No one has more re-

spect than I for the Religious Orders or has more opportunity than I in teaching History and the Lives of the Saints for showing their merits and their services; and few can have more friends among them or have received more kindness from them. But I once put this question to one of the most distinguished of the Religious in this country: "Supposing that a young man in a Religious Novitiate were to be posing as a champion of fairness and charity towards the Secular Priests and other Orders, and were to be arguing and making comparisons against his own state; e.g., if a Benedictine Novice were to be arguing that the Carthusian Rule was more perfect than the Benedictine, or a Dominican Novice arguing that the Jesuit Rule was more perfect than his own, how long would he be tolerated and allowed to create dissension?" This Religious replied very energetically: "Out he'd go, just as quick as we could fire him." St. Ignatius of Loyola once caught one of the Fathers in conversation with the novices, praising members of other orders and he said to him: "Could you not find some example of virtue among your own brethren to hold up to these young men?" It is only in Secular Seminaries that the "Novices" are allowed to detract from their own state by comparisons.

When the priesthood and the religious state are united in the same person, the priesthood still remains the higher of the two states as compared with the other. And it is the Council of Trent which said that "the Habit does not make the Religious."

There are ranks and dignities as well as States in the Church. The higher dignity, says Ullathorne, requires the greater sanctity. Whether the obligation is by virtue of a man's office and rank, or by virtue of his state, seems to me rather an abstract question than a practical one. The Papacy is not a state, but an office, and it needs more virtue than any other, and the great majority of the Popes have been saints or saintly men in spite of all their temptations.

The man who detracts from his own state or his office cannot feel himself unworthy of it, and he who does not feel

himself unworthy of his own state, or office, cannot have humility, though he may have the pride that apes humility, in despising his own state and profession and his own brethren.

“Novices” in a Seminary should not be making comparisons at all. But it is still worse to be making comparisons against one’s own state than comparisons in favour of it; and it is worse to be detracting from one’s own brethren than from others. Real charity begins at home.

In the evil days of the great apostasy and persecution, secular and regular Priests went together to the dungeon, the torture-chamber, and the butchery on the scaffold. *Haec est vera fraternitas, quae nunquam potuit violari certamine: qui effuso sanguine secuti sunt Dominum, contemnentes aulam regiam, pervenerunt ad regna coelestia.*



MARGARET LILLIS HART

At St. Michael's Hospital, on Saturday, the sixth of our melancholy November days, there fled beyond the shadows of earth into the light of eternal day the strong, calm, fearless soul of Margaret Lillis Hart. She was one who by her manifold social and literary labors gave herself unselfishly to the service of others and who, in turn, was taken to the heart of the multitude. The brightness of her intellect, the nobility of her character and the generosity of her disposition have won her a host of friends who cherish her memory, and are now conscious of a loss to earth, which is Heaven's gain. The motto of her professional and private life seems ever to have been: "He that would save his life shall lose it," for she held herself always ready at the cost of any sacrifice for the execution of the good purposes of God.

Though a resident of Toronto from early years, Miss Hart was born in England, and before coming to Canada she lived for some time with her parents in Bermuda. Her only surviving relative, a brother, the Rev. William Hart, celebrated the High Mass of Requiem on the funeral day in St. Francis' Church, Grace street, where a large congregation of representative men and women gathered to show a final mark of respect and tender affection to a high-minded, great-hearted, public-interested friend. Well, indeed, had she earned this reverence and esteem, for everything in her life revealed the absolute dominion of the Faith of Christ upon her soul and her persevering desire to serve that Faith without reservation or delay.

Miss Hart started out on her career as a teacher in one of the Toronto Separate Schools, but she soon relinquished this profession for journalism, at which she seems to have served no patient apprenticeship, but to have come at once into the possession of her full inheritance. She became Associate Editor of "The Catholic Register," was on the staff of "The

Sunday World," was editor of "The Canadian League" and besides this was a frequent contributor to many other publications. What she wrote was said not from report but from personal knowledge, and she was a witness always of the truths she set forth. Her rich experience, her keen insight, her broad intellectual sympathy found always in the lines from her pen a clear, forceful and wide range of expression. In her writing she never failed to express herself. She was a woman of high enthusiasm and sound common sense, without personal vanity, self-controlled, just, kind, generous in compliment and appreciation of the merits of others, strongly religious and entirely devoted to her work, her religion and those about her. She had a strain or tinge of self-opinion in her temperament and a faint sympathy with political ideals and principles, but not for practical politics, nor was she anything whatever of a suffragette. She never showed the faintest subservience to social position; she worked hard for her own support and in order to have something to give to the less fortunate; she was a good business woman and always lived within her means.

Owing to her versatile genius, and multiple social and professional relations Miss Hart was intimately and widely known. She was an active worker in the National Council of Women, the Catholic Women's League, St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, the Catholic Young Women's Literary Society, and the Women's Press Club, in all of which at different times she held the most prominent offices and discharged their varied duties in a thoroughly efficient manner. As evidence in this connection the following beautiful tribute may be cited here. Mrs. J. Wesley Bundy, a prominent member of the National Council of Women and Past President of the Toronto Council, in expressing her personal regret at the loss of her dear friend, said on behalf of the Council: "During my three years' term of office as President I know of no one whose opinion I valued more highly than I did that of this splendid officer, who served as Vice-President for a number of years. Her sincerity, her sane judgment, her fairness under all circumstances and her beautiful character made her an outstanding figure in the

Council. I cannot speak too highly of her work and of what it meant to me.' On account of the many excellent qualities, which are seldom found united in a single person, Miss Hart was indeed a valuable member of any Club, and she was usually the prime mover and most zealous worker in all projects which appealed to her humanitarian sense and tenderly compassionate heart. One of the last efforts of her unwearying philanthropic activity and one for which her failing strength seemed unequal, was the Orphans' Shamrock Sale last March, when so large a share of the labor of organization fell into her willing hands. In the giving of herself Miss Hart was a princess of charity.

Above all the interests to which this valiant woman subscribed, we cannot fail to note that it was her strongly-religious sense that predominated. It was her consolation at all times amid the uncertainties of life and the apprehensions which they beget, to reflect simply that God is a most tender Father and like St. Theresa, she felt that she could never sufficiently thank Him for having made her a child of the true Church and for the graces that flowed from this first blessing. This sentiment was frequently upon her lips in her public utterances, and she found in it a balm for all the sufferings and disappointments of life. By this confidence in God's paternal care her soul was firmly established in peace and she displayed a remarkable equanimity rarely, if ever, disturbed. With so many evidences of the divine blessing attending her, Miss Hart could hail with joy the close of life as the termination of her appointed course and the moment of glorious reward. And now, having reached that bound of life where we lay our burdens down, may her spirit have serenely found in death, that laying aside the cross imposed was to exchange it for the crown. May she rest in peace! S.M.P.



The Chapel, St. Joseph's Convent.

THE AFFAIRE OF ST. EVREMONDE

By Caroline D. Swan.

Victor St. Evremonde for once found himself in a common railway carriage bound for Paris—not only that, but in a crowded one. But he had to bear the unwonted discomfort, without loss of dignity. Even the presence of one pretty girl failed to better the situation. The whole train was overcrowded owing to some unusual happening.

He bit his lip in haughty vexation, then resigned himself. Presently there came a stir; the whole obnoxious crowd were getting out at a way-station. All but the nice girl. He thought quickly. "She is not with them—no, of course not!" He stopped to pick up her satchel, swept to the floor in their mad rush for exit. Her sweet voice of thanks, as he restored it, was not English. "She is some foreigner!"—he made his best and most humble Parisian bow, as the sense of this came to him.

"I beg a thousand pardons—but Mademoiselle is not English"—he had begun to think she came from fairyland—"could I be of any further service?"

Then she actually looked at him. And the high-bred Frenchman, whose one sin was ultra fastidiousness, felt this an undeserved honor.

"I am American," she replied, from St. Louis, Missouri, a state of our Middle West." the answer was frank and made with no hesitation. She had seen in that one glance that here was what the Chinese call a superior man.

Her frankness was perfectly dignified. He could but wonder and admire. She had found education, too, of some kind in that Western state, for she understood French and spoke it a little with a slight accent. He was soon *au courant*" of the situation.

In the pell-mell of starting, a tourist party, "specially conducted," had contrived to lose her. They still had her belongings. But she was not alarmed nor grieving. "I am not sorry," was her comment. "The thing was not to my taste. Now I go on to Paris all the same."

Her self-poise bewildered him. How little she knew what she was doing.

But he followed her lead and tried to amuse her, telling her stories of travel in such an original and brilliant way that she soon smiled and finally broke into a silvery laugh of uncontrollable merriment.

Then he ventured a question, "What hotel do you prefer, in Paris? Or is it a pension? You will let me see you through the formalities of arrival?"

To his relief she named a small but choice hotel, whose proprietor he knew. He could now really aid her; St. Evremonde knew his Paris.

His Paris, also, knew him; so all went well at the hostelry. One glance at those brave, beautiful, innocent eyes was enough for mine host—more than enough. He knew she might doubt many things, yet never so much as dream that the world might distrust her. He bowed low in sincere admiration. Everyone of standing knew Victor. "Take good care of her, my friend!" had reached him, in a quiet aside. "The Marquise will come for her to-morrow."

So Mademoiselle Barr from the States received every attention.

On the morrow a beautiful equipage left a quaint old lady at the quiet hospice. Miss Alida Barr found her more than charming. And in turn the Marquise ceased to blame Victor for his folly—his infatuation she had mentally termed it!—"I also admire her!" she said to herself. For her part the American girl was delighted to accept the hospitality this kind old lady so frankly offered.

The charming apartment which the Marquise occupied and to which she carried her young guest was, in itself, a study; its decorations few, but choice. Everything harmonized; everything bore the stamp of ancient elegance.

The very next morning her thoughtful hostess had something to say: "Now, my dear, you are in Paris, the home of loveliness. I want you to see its shops and its costumes. You need a little frock to replace that in the lost luggage. I know just the place where it is waiting for you—for you and no one else! It is a beauty, so dainty. I can imagine it now."

So Mademoiselle Barr was waited upon with all deference and a whirl of fair costumes flung before her dazed eyes. She chose the plainest one, white, with a dash of silver in its trimmings very much doubting, in fact, whether she ought to afford that. The Marquise approved and with a dear little hat and glove of Paris, her cup overflowed with delight.

Later, she began to comprehend. She found that the Marquis held a sort of Salon—like those she had read of—where certain choice spirits—rare people were sure to be found. Her first appearance there must be a success. And it was. With her frank ways, her prettiness, and her curiously imperfect French, she proved a novelty, a fresh attraction for elderly and jaded people. The men of a past generation, who came as a mark of respect for the Marquise, smiled upon her new guest. The old lady was delighted. The Americanine was, indeed, well received.

Mademoiselle Alida, for her part, was quietly making her own comments. She said little, but that little was to the point. She found favor with a crusty old lawyer, unusually hard to please, who made a big effort to explain the many turns and twists of French politics to this interesting stranger. What she learned that evening was soon to be useful.

The aged Marchioness was what Paris calls devotee, and several church dignitaries graced her receptions. Alida's frank piety became a real spiritual bond between herself and her kind patroness—but Victor seemed invisible. The receptions, the beautiful church service, the home life, all went on without him.

Finally Alida ventured to question the Marquise. "My son is much occupied," she explained. "He holds an important government position. An election is coming; he is a factor in it. He cannot spare a moment, even for me."

Her listener felt confounded. This young aristocrat, so suave and graceful, apparently an idler, was in reality a worker for the State, a force in politics, a power in public life. Her surprise was genuine.

She interviewed her legal friend, M. Etienne Blot, about it all. "The election?" said he. "Who can tell? The forces ecclesiastical, the whole weight of the church is pitted against the government and Poincare re-actionists. And then, there are

the Socialists. No one can forecast results. The vote of Provinces may 'down' Paris."

"And on which side is M. Victor St. Evremonde?" she inquired, as if the notion had just occurred.

"M. Victor?—Oh, he supports the government, of course. But his mother disapproves."

"The dear old lady! Of course she does!" thought Alida. But she dared not say it aloud.

Later, in the drift of drawing-room conversation she caught the name of M. Victor. It was an aged Abbe who was speaking. "When he returns to his duty," said the gentle voice, "to his forgiving Lord, his politics will alter." "God grant it!" murmured the young listener.

One day, however, Victor talked with his mother about Alida. "She is a success," said the old lady. "And is sought after. The young Letellier has eyes for no one else."

"Why, I thought he was destined for the Church."

"She is charming him away," said Madame, soberly. Victor waked up. "There is great wealth at stake," he observed. "The Family Letellier are just rolling in it. The lad is really devote, but the parents disapprove."

The next evening brought St. Evremende to his mother's reception, politics notwithstanding.

He found she was right as to Jules Letellier. That fascinated youth told his innocent secret to every looker on.

Victor, of course, knew better than to parade his family relations with his mother's young quest. He was attentive, properly so; but the most scrutinizing looker-on would have espied nothing else.

Yet, she was lovely, that evening. The Marquise had given her a fresh costume, a pale violet combination of silk-tissue and lace, fit for a princess. At its value Alida could only guess. But she wore the royal gift right royally; Victor saw that. She told him something, too.

"My uncle, Mr. Percy Barr, of New York, has already taken the steamer for Havre. He comes on business and will stop for me. I want him to meet your mother and express our thanks for her great goodness to me."

And so they were soon to lose her. Yet not before the Marquise had made a discovery. One day she caught a delicate twinkle of piano notes from below, the touch of a most timid performer. And then a voice of song. "Why," said the lady, suddenly, "Vraiment!—Verily, she can sing." It was a bird-like voice, sweet; vibrant, with a suggestion of undeveloped power. Behold, a new feature for her evenings!

"It will do." And the verdict was that of one steeped in music.

The simplicity with which Alida gave her little bird-song and the Jenny Lind quality of her voice captured her refined listeners, as it had the Marquise.

St. Evremonde himself said nothing, leaving the plaudits to Jules Letellier and the other guests of the occasion. But the next day he reappeared—at the first quiet hour, and begged Alida to sing again.

"With pleasure," she answered, quite simply, as if unaware of the compliment of the request. "What shall it be?"

"You shall choose. One of your own favorites."

"So she sang 'Bonny Doon,' very tenderly. Also that pathetic thing:

"Joys that we's tasted
May sometimes return;
But the torch, when once wasted,
Ah, how shall it burn?"

Then, in sudden transition, she swung up into the glory of "Jerusalem the Golden, with milk and honey blest."

It was as if the pathos of that earth-sorrow could find its perfect, its whelming answer there—and only there. The voice gathered power, bursting into beauty as a bud into bloom. It was too much for Victor. The tears sprang to his eyes! He kissed her hand and strode away, departing with out a word.

"Let me thank you dear," said the Marquise. "God knows what you may have done for my poor son. His feelings ran away with him."

Victor had understood. That voice had been calling him home.

On the morrow, the uncle arrived and their singing-bird had flown.

The weeks that followed were brilliant ones for Alida. The uncle, who had no mind to part with her—her own parents were dead and gone—had not welcomed the suit of Jules Letellier and had in his own mind approved her refusal—nevertheless, he thought it his duty to remind her that such an offer—such a chance of attaining great wealth might never come again. But her “No” remained firm.

The uncle took her everywhere; her foreign tour was not to be a failure. Picture galleries, opera, music and the best plays, magnificent church services in the various cities they visited, kept her almost bewildered. She liked Switzerland best of all. The snow-covered mountains, the clear lakes, with their wonderful reflections, the waterfalls, and the lovely Swiss cottages were all quiet and gave her a chance to think.

Finally a stray picture-card gave the Marquise her address and a letter followed.

“My son is very attentive,” said the old lady, therein. “He sees I miss your brightness. He escorts me to church and the good Abbe is delighted.”

Notice of all this was taken elsewhere. One of the leading spirits among the Socialists interviewed one of Victor’s party members. “What has come over St. Evermonde? Is he ill? He looks sober. Has he deserted the Bloc des Gauches?”

“I do not know. But something has come. In love, perhaps! *Quelque petite affaire de coeur.*”

“You can’t afford to lose him—indeed, no! Wish he could join us. He is the ablest man in your crowd.”

“The government knows that they must coax him back. Poincare, Herriot, all the leaders know it! We should offer him something handsome.”

“Oh, St. Evremonde knows better than to leave you. Should the Clericals get him, that is the end of his future.”

“Yes, but men have follies. There was Winston, the Englishman. The priests got him. You know how he slipped away.”
 “Yes, but M. Victor is French. He is another matter, my good friend.”

And here the discussion ended.

St. Evremonde was indeed in the throes of a mighty struggle. Not merely the forces of love—for his swift, intense feeling for this young girl who had crossed his line of life could be nothing else—but, alas, the line itself was blurred and wavering. He knew his future, as the world looks at things, would be ruined, politically, should he desert his party. His mates would call him a renegade, and, as a broken man, what had he to offer Alida? Yet a divine voice was calling him mightily, in the deeps of his soul—calling so sweetly that the road of sacrifice seemed beautiful beyond all else on earth.

Was it a mere impulse of feeling which he could conquer? Or would it conquer him? The softer side of his being—why crush it down? Why not yield? And let his Crucified Lord lead him on forever. Why not enter these open doors of Peace?

He felt strangely aware of some soul elsewhere pleading strongly that thus it might be. What a power it was, that power of the cross, over all earth and heaven!

From this fog of undecision two things emerged. He would go to Father Anselm, the good Abbe of his mother's receptions. His gentle ways would be a comfort now in this stress of perplexity. And, the great decision made, he must then see Alida—must see her for the last time before the great world should make her its prey.

He was not disappointed in the Abbe, who soothed him, explaining what a mighty and glorious work he could still do in public life, for the Lord's cause and kingdom.

"He is waiting for you, my son, even now—waiting for you to drive the plough. He has marked out the furrow."

Then Victor spoke of Alida; the young stranger from America. Again came the word of cheer. "I wish you well, M. Victor. She is a sweet, pious girl, with her heart still in her own keeping."

"But I shall be a ruined man with nothing to offer her—or but little. She will only refuse."

"Do not worry so, my son. The girl who set aside the great Letellier fortunes is not like that."

Thus encouraged, St. Evremonde sought out Alida. The

uncle, who fancied he knew what brought him, was not altogether displeased. "Good heavens!" he cried. "These foreigners!"—for several more, by this time, were dangling around his lovely niece.

"Well!" he murmured. "If I must lose her, this one is better than the others. A settled man, with a home to give her, and a future—a career! That is written all over him!"

Alida had received him cordially. Yet he approached her with trembling humility, fearful of her New World independence, her bright self-poise. He told his story well, told how he had sacrificed his earthly prospects, the honor and fame almost certainly his, alienated his former friends and delighted his foes.

"But no! I do not regret it!" he cried, almost tearfully. The impulse of the moment bore him on. "It was the Lord's call. To be at peace with Him is joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"Surely, my friend. You have done your duty. And chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from you," said the girl, falling back, American fashion, on the Scripture word.

Then St. Evremonde made the plunge, venturing to tell his love in all its intensities. He saw her shining eyes fill with tears, as she spoke.

Then he drew her to him very softly and though trembling like a startled bird she made no resistance. Finally, she found voice to speak.

"Give me time to think of all this, M. Victor!"

"Surely, dear. All the time you ask. But let the final word be gracious."

He released her with a timid touch of his lips on her white brow, the mere wraith of a kiss. But Alida knew, then, that she belonged to St. Evremonde. Her heart's consent had come.

The Marquise was delighted, and so were her best friends, the elite of her circle, and the aged Abbe never married a more devoted couple.

The affair became the talk of all Paris. Public men asked one another, "What came over St. Evremonde? Volte-face?"

"Yes," would be the reply. "The clericals got him. He is ruined politically. 'Napoleon is done'."

“But what did it? Not that little girl who came to see his mother?”

“That is incredible!—but what a disaster! We cannot do without him. Oh, those priests! *Le succes de leurs manoeuvres!*”
.. “Verily, an affair incomprehensible!”

“Not altogether,” said a third. “First came the mother’s prayer; then, the mighty force of love, united with those of God and His Church.”



THE MODERN NURSE

By Margaret Lillis Hart.

MODERN warfare more than anything else was a contributing cause to the growth in numbers of the modern nurses.

When the World War sent out its call for service women and girls volunteered as readily as did their husbands and brothers. Nurses trained in days of peace, or veterans who had won laurels in what were skirmishes by comparison with later chaos, received thousands. These they trained, until fitted for the great venture. They went out with the strength of armies to do their "bit."

The world has had its heroines—its Jeanne Mance, Florence Nightingale, its Sisters of Charity, who braved battlefields and plagues to help humanity. But unfortunately the status of the Nurse moves with the times in which she lives. Few hospitals in England in the middle of the 19th century gave suggestion anywhere of the trim, alert nurse of to-day. The private home had only its Sarah Gamp whose tippling habits stirred the wrath of Dickens so that his scathing picture of her had no little part in rousing the country to a change.

Like other benefits, no matter how useful, once the novelty has worn off, the world forgets to wonder. Canada for one hundred years has had its nurses, beginning with the heroic women who braved the terrors of unknown seas to nurse the savage Iroquois. But familiar pictures of to-day were then unknown. In the Hospitals or private home, travelling smartly from house to house among city streets, examining teeth, eyes or hair of children in the schools, probing into the "history" of men or women who visit various clinics in aid of ad-

vice or more material assistance, serving doctors in operating rooms where oftentimes issues of life or death are at stake, figures flitting through wards where still lie thousands of the heroes who fought to make the world safe for democracy, were then unknown. Such is the Modern Nurse, such some of the many phases in which she is met—phases some of which are as modern as the nurse herself for school inspection, visits to the home, public outdoor clinics—yes, and the need for service in Military Hospitals. Saving lives in Canada's lonely regions are all more or less modern developments requiring work of many kinds from the nurse, to all of which she measures up with an efficiency that astonishes the thinking, though the casual observer may pass her by as a very small cog in the every-day machinery of life.

Perhaps they are skeptics who tell us that standards among some classes of students and professions they enter are being lowered. Young men and women do not "burn the midnight oil"—or to be strictly up to date—the white light of electricity with brows swathed in cold compress as did the student of a former generation. Be this as it may, the Modern Nurse beyond contradiction is the product of ever-increasing application and intelligent appreciation of the studies and objects of her calling. Not that she burns the midnight light in the seclusion of her room nor impairs her health by the cold compress—all this is prohibited, were she so inclined, by the curriculum of her school, so arranged that every moment from 5.30 a.m. or 6 a.m., until 9.00 or 9.30 p.m. is taken up with lectures, demonstrations or practical work with the patient in ward, diet kitchen or other parts of the hospital. Their curriculum, too, contains certain welcome "hours" and "afternoons off," but in no advanced school is there one minute of the 1,440 of the 24 hours of the day unaccounted for on its daily schedule.

(Note: The Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses disapproves of the eight-hour day for graduate nurses on special duty in hospitals, but recommends that no nurse

should be allowed on duty longer than twelve hours consecutively in hospitals).

Emulation is fostered by incidents, trifling to the outsider but affording thrills and pleasures unspeakable to the nurse in training. Perhaps it is the moment when the young probationer gets her cap. In the Hospital where this is written the cap is given after four months during which the young aspirant and her work are on trial. The cap is her first step on the road to promotion and is looked forward to with as much expectancy as the young soldier aims for his first stripe. After a year the blue and white dress of the house is given her. Up to this point, the uniform has been plain blue. Another step on the road to the final goal of achievements is when at the end of sometime over two years she is given the black velvet band for her cap, the symbol bringing her thrillingly near the close of the three years of constant and conscientious work, when she dons her white uniform and with arms filled with flowers and accompanied by plaudits of friends, receives diploma and pen-credentials that she is fully guaranteed to serve the public in her chosen profession.

That the modern nurse should be regarded in the same light as members of some, if not all other professions, none will deny who study for a moment the long list of subjects on the curriculum. To do this it is necessary to get away from the old idea, that any woman with some experience in her own family or that of her neighbor's, could nurse. There have been thousands of good women, mothers and others—God bless them—who have served well in the past, but to-day's nursing is on a scientific plane as far removed from that of former days, as is the darkened canopy of night from the glorious aurora of the spreading dawn.

Few, for example, who come to the hospital realize the forces that have combined to give them the efficient aid that continues the wonderful work of the surgeon of modern science. For her preliminary term the young probationer is taught something of the history and ethics of the nursing

profession. During this term, too, as during the entire course she is impressed with the truth that a kind heart which will sympathize individually with the patients is more important even than theory. Like the poet or the successful teacher, the seed of adaptability is native. If this is absent when the probationer takes up the preliminary work it is soon apparent to the practised eye of the Superintendent of Nurses and the aspirant may be surprised to find herself rejected without assigned reason.

Previous education on the part of the Probationer must have two years' High School training or its minimum. Junior, Intermediate and Senior years make the follow-up terms of the course. In a summary such as this we can only mention some of the subjects to which the Modern Nurse must familiarize herself sufficiently to apply them to the practical side of her profession. Anatomy, Physiology, Personal Hygiene, Bandaging, Chemistry, General Medicine, Venereal Diseases, Public Health Nursing, Orthopedic Surgery, Mental Diseases, Technique of the Operating Room, Materia Medica, something about diseases of the eye, ear, throat and tuberculosis, massage and surgical emergencies. This bare list of names is of little interest when presented in a baldness where space prohibits expansion. But like figures, it is impressive and does not lie.

It is in practical results that the Modern Nurse amazes. Who without her training could change the sheets on the bed of the sick, make comfortable the pillows, attend the dressing of wounds, bathe the poor tired limbs, prepare the appetizing tid-bit—in short, transform misery into happiness that gives thanks to the Creator for a renewal of life?

All demonstration and lectures are given by specialists through the co-operation of the Public Health Department of Toronto. The course includes examinations set by the Council of Nurses.

The subject of the sculptured panel embraces the history of the nurses from the earliest days of this country to the present time.

The group on the left-hand side of the design represents the courage and self-sacrifice of the nurses who offered their services and lives for the great cause of freedom. Two sisters dressed in the service uniform are nursing a wounded soldier.

In the background is 'History' holding the Book of Records from 1639 to 1918, who, lifting the veil, reveals down the ages, as it were, the great deeds of heroism and martyrdom of the early nursing sisters.

The group on the right of the panel represents these noble sisters who, at the call of 'Humanity,' left their native country, France, and came to a land of savages to help the sick and needy. A sister within the palisades is nursing a sick Indian child. Beside her are standing the dreaded and treacherous Iroquois, who, suspicious and ignorant, were ever ready to return evil for good.

In the centre, dividing the two groups and presiding over them, stands the draped figure of 'Humanity' with outstretched arms. She holds in one hand her sceptre—the Caduceus, the emblem of healing—and with the other indicates the heroic courage and self-sacrificing loyalty of the nurses down through the ages."

The Memorial is made of white marble and was executed at Carrara, Italy. It has been placed in the Hall of Fame of the Federal Buildings, Ottawa, where it was publicly unveiled on the afternoon of August 24th, 1926.



“Erected by the Nurses of Canada in remembrance of their Sisters who gave their lives in the Great War, nineteen fourteen-eighteen, and to perpetuate a noble tradition in the relations of the old world and the new.

Led by the spirit of humanity across the seas, woman by her tender ministrations to those in need, has given to the world the example of an heroic service embracing three centuries of Canadian history.”

**THE HONOUR ROLL OF CANADIAN NURSES WHO GAVE
THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR.**

Canadian Army Medical Corps Nursing Service.

Baker, Miriam E.	MacDonald, Katherine M.
Baldwin, Dorothy M. Y.	MacPherson, Agnes.
Campbell, Christina.	McDairmid, Jessie M.
Dagg, Ainslie St. C.	McIntosh, Rebecca.
Davis, Lena A.	McKay, Evelyn V.
Douglas, Carola J.	McKenzie, Mary A.
Dussault, Alexina.	McLean, Rena.
Follette, Minnie A.	Mellet, Henrietta.
Forneri, Agnes F.	Munro, M. Frances E.
Fortesque, Margaret J.	Pringle, Eden L.
Fraser, Margaret M.	Ross, Ada J.
Gallagher, Minnie K.	Sampson, Mae B.
Garbutt, Sarah E.	Sare, Gladys I.
Green, Matilda E.	Sparks, Etta.
Hennan, Victoria B.	Stamers, Anna I.
Jaggard, Jessie B.	Templeman, Jean.
Jenner, Lenna M.	Tupper, Addie A.
Kealy, Ida L.	Wake, Gladys M. M.
King, Jessie N.	Whitley, Anna E.
Lowe, Margaret.	

Imperial Army Nursing Service.

Hannaford, Ida D.
Nicol, Christina.

United States Army Nursing Corps.

Graham, Florence B.
Overend, Marion L.
Symmes, Kathleen E.
Walker, Anna A.
Welsh, Anne K.
Whiteside, Lydia V.

THE HIGH TIDE

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my 'seven times' over and over,
Seven times one are seven."

"I am old, so old I can write a letter"—

"Childish!" said Jean, contemptuously, and putting the little blue and gold book in the seat beside her, she turned her attention to the landscape flashing with dreary monotony past the windows of the train. The endless succession of farms and fields and forests, varied occasionally by a rapid glimpse of a cluster of houses, proved quite as flat and unprofitable as "Songs of Seven," and after a few minutes Jean's dark, curiously unchildlike eyes turned again to the interior of the Pullman. Already, after four hours of travelling, every detail of the coach was familiar to her, and the passengers within her range of vision afforded very limited opportunity for observation or speculation. On the opposite side, half-way down the car, one section was occupied by a small family—a pale, quiet woman with two pale, quiet little girls who showed no disposition to make their presence annoying or even audible to the other passengers. They were about six and eight years old—mere babies in the eyes of thirteen-year-old Jean. Next to them a nervous old lady was tating in spasmodic jerks, and in the adjoining seat, a stout man alternately dozed and read "The Dry-Goods Review," his feet propped on two sample cases.

In Section Twelve, directly opposite to that which Jean occupied, a morose young man sat with his back to the engine and to the rest of the travellers, and started with unseeing eyes at the patch of grey-white linen pinned to the dusty plush of the head-rest. At intervals his left hand, lying on the arm of his seat, slowly clenched and as slowly relaxed; otherwise, he was quite motionless. Even this slight

movement had not escaped Jean's keen eyes. She darted fugitive glances in his direction, and then, realizing that he was quite unconscious of her scrutiny, she frankly stared at the haggard, boyish face with its expression of mingled anxiety, shame and stubborn resentment. Jean decided that the face gave promise of romantic history, but it was a promise that seemed likely to remain unfulfilled. She wished that she were in a position to see the occupants of Section Seven—an obviously newly-married couple who had lately boarded the train, studiously unconcerned, and blissfully ignorant of the trail of confetti which marked their passage down the aisle. In Jean's estimation they were the most interesting travellers she had yet seen; but to observe them as she wished she would have to sit with the old lady in Section Eight, and this would demand an explanation which Jean did not feel inclined to give to a stranger.

She was not naturally a shy child; her reserve was the flimsy cloak of a romantic sensibility which had grown more sensitive under the sting of reproach and ridicule. Left an orphan at an early age, she had been brought up by her father's two younger sisters, who zealously and effectively looked after her physical, mental and moral welfare, and understood her not at all. Mary, the younger, whose more active nature led her to assume the position of virtual head of the little household, was seriously of the opinion that Jean's peculiarities of language and temperament were evidences of a slightly unbalanced mind, and that if the child were to grow up into a healthy, normal human being, these idiosyncrasies would have to be eradicated at all costs. Her stern measures to this end were sometimes tempered by the intervention of her elder sister, Margaret—not because the latter had a better understanding or appreciation of Jean's nature, but because she found in her romantic fancies and solemn, old-fashioned speeches an inexhaustible source of amusement which she took no pains to conceal.

Jean's precocious language and abnormal sentimentality were in some measure the result of her inordinate love of

Shakespeare's plays, about half-a-dozen of which she had read in an old volume of her father's before she attracted the horrified attention of Aunt Mary, who justly considered Shakespeare's Complete Works very unsuitable reading for even a very old-fashioned child. Secretly, she wondered how Jean would find any pleasure in the perusal of works which had always represented to her a particularly dull and difficult portion of English Literature. Jean herself would have found it difficult to explain her keen enjoyment of Shakespeare. The narrative interest attracted her, the romantic element held her, but in the poetry itself her very soul sang, and her favorite passages were read and re-read until they became a part of her mind without a conscious effort of the memory.

Any poetry might have fulfilled in some degree this need of her nature, but Jean knew no other and wished for no other. Moreover, when Aunt Mary prohibited Shakespeare and hid the book, Jean showed that she was a normal human being in some respects by repeatedly finding it and openly reading it before her Aunt's outraged face. Jean met her Waterloo, however, when the time came for her to make a long-promised visit to her maternal grandmother—a visit which her Aunts devoutly hoped might be indefinitely prolonged.

"I will not have you reading Shakespeare on the train, Jean," said Aunt Mary, firmly, locking the valise after confiscating the obnoxious volume, "and if your grandmother is willing for you to do it, you can buy one when you get there. I certainly won't take the responsibility of allowing you to keep this. Your Aunt Margaret is buying you a book to read during your journey. I told her you would have to have something to occupy your attention, or there's no telling what outlandish thing you might do. If only one of us could go with you—but it's too far. Please try to be careful, Jean. Whatever you do, don't lose your money, and don't pay more than a dollar on the diner; the waiter won't expect a tip from a little girl. Don't talk to anybody on any pretext, and for heaven's sake don't talk aloud to yourself—goodness knows I've done my best to break you of it. It makes you so con-

spicuous, and a lady is never conspicuous—remember that, Jean.”

Jean remembered the words, but she had never taken particular pains to appear either inconspicuous or ladylike; and now, as the train sped on through the gathering dusk, she turned her face towards the window and addressed her pale reflection in a subdued murmur:

“If only I had something to read besides ‘Jean Ingelow’s Poems’ the evening wouldn’t seem too long and so—lonesome,—and the perfectly ridiculous reason Aunt Margaret gave for buying it—that I should like it because my name is Jean, too. You might as well say,” she added, with a scornful glance at the somnolent figure in Number Ten, “that that fat man would appreciate Shakespeare if his name were William Smith!”

At this point the motionless young man across the aisle suddenly turned a startled face in Jean’s direction, and she realized that he had caught her in that most “outlandish” of all acts—talking to herself. In some confusion she hastily seized her despised book, and, opening it at random, began to read, “The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571,” at first mechanically, then with genuine interest. When she came to the musical refrain of the milking song, she unconsciously began to whisper the words to herself, and continued to read in a low voice as far as the arrival of the son.

“‘God save you, Mother!’ straight he saith;
‘Where is my wife, Elizabeth?’”

murmured Jean, and, looking up as she turned the page, she became aware that the man in Number Twelve was gazing at her again with an agitated, almost frightened expression which made her feel vaguely resentful.

“He needn’t look at me as if I were a dangerous lunatic,” she thought. “Surely he has heard people read aloud before now,” and as soon as she was unobserved she defiantly began to read again in the same tone:

“And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
‘O come in life or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth.’”

“Oh, good Heavens!” groaned the young man, crossing the aisle in one stride and sitting down opposite Jean, who gazed at him in astonishment.

“I beg your pardon,” he stammered awkwardly. “I’m sorry if I frightened you—but I can’t stand it any longer. Either I’m crazy or you are. Probably I am; I’ve been worrying so much all day that perhaps my mind is giving way. Anyway, I keep hearing things. A little while ago I thought I heard some one near me say “William Smith”—that’s my name, and I looked all around and couldn’t see anyone who knew me. And then I imagined I heard, “Where is my wife, Elizabeth?” and I said to myself, “If it comes a third time, I’ll have to see about it,” and just now I heard something like, “My lost love, Elizabeth.” You didn’t say anything about Elizabeth, did you?”

Jean, on the point of replying, suddenly remembered Aunt Mary’s solemn injunction and silently handed him the open book. His mystified expression vanished as he read it, but Jean fancied that his relief was tempered by some disappointment, and this relief was strengthened when he said, returning the little book:

“I know it was foolish, but—I did hope you might know something about Elizabeth.”

Jean’s devouring curiosity almost conquered obedience, but she remained resolutely silent, until her companion said hesitatingly:

“You must be wondering who Elizabeth is?”

Jean threw caution and obedience to the winds. Was she to refuse to listen to a man who was obviously willing and even eager to impart to a sympathetic ear a tale that bade fair to rival “Romeo and Juliet” in romantic interest.

"I suppose Elizabeth is the lady you are in love with," said Jean, composedly.

"Right—as far as you go," said William Smith, "but what on earth can a child like you know about love?"

Jean found his ill-concealed amusement very annoying.

"I am nearly fourteen," she returned coldly, "and I know that 'love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs: Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes: Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lover's tears,—a choking gall and a preserving sweet.'"

It was some moments before William Smith found breath to stammer feebly:

"What—where in the world—"

"In Romeo and Juliet," said Jean, and added, "Romeo acted something like you—he was in love, but Rosaline didn't like him, so his friends advised him to fall in love with somebody else, and he did."

"Thanks for the advice," said William Smith, dryly, "but I'm afraid I couldn't be so accommodating. You see, I'm married to Elizabeth—since yesterday morning."

"And you've lost her already!" gasped Jean, incredulously.

"Well, you see," said the boy, uncomfortably, "we had a sort of quarrel about where we would go on our honeymoon. We hadn't thought much about it until the last few days, and then we had so many other things to think about that we decided to get married first and talk it over afterwards. In the meantime I made up my mind that we would go to New York—Elizabeth had never been there and I thought she'd be delighted; but when I told her last night in the hotel she said she had decided to go to some dead old town around Cape Cod, and she stuck to it—and when I told her how stubborn she was, she lost her temper and called me a selfish brute, among other things," he finished, gloomily.

"Well?" asked Jean, impatiently, as he paused.

"Well," he continued, "this morning I went out to get a

shave, and when I came back she was gone, and so was her baggage. She didn't leave any message, and I think she must have gone to Boston—she has relatives there, and she knows the city well. I don't think she'd be so foolish as to go alone to a strange city. So now I'm on my way to Boston, and if she isn't there, I'll—well, I don't know what to do."

"I'm going to Boston, too," said Jean, very inadequately as she felt; but she could not think of anything else to say. It was evident, however, that the young man had been relieved in some measure by the conversation; his anxiety remained, but much of his dejection had vanished. He even descended to practicalities.

"How about some dinner?" he inquired, glancing at his watch, "Are you going into the dining car? All right, I'll go with you."

As they passed her seat, the nervous lady, who had been watching them with a not unnatural disapproval, made a clucking sound, indicative of extreme horror; but neither of them noticed her, and she subdued, too timid to take further action in the matter.

Two minutes later William Smith ushered Jean into the gleaming, clattering dining car, pulled out a chair for her with mechanical courtesy, sat down, picked up the menu and turned to look for a waiter. At that instant several things seemed to happen simultaneously; an inarticulate cry, a choked exclamation, a muffled crash as William's chair struck the next table. Jean, looking up sharply, had a vague impression of many startled and amused faces, and a momentary glimpse of one particular face—childishly pretty, and transfigured by a great joy, shining through unmistakable traces of recent tears.

Jean heroically fixed her eyes on the menu and, to distract her attention from the confused murmur of reproach, remorse and explanation which reached her ears from across the aisle, she began to repeat to herself such passages from "The High Tide" as had remained in her memory.

“The level sun like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,”

whispered Jean,

“And dark against day’s golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth
My sonne’s fair wife—”

Across the aisle William Smith, who had forgotten Jean’s very existence, looked at his wife and unconsciously completed the quotation.

“Elizabeth!” he said softly.

—Alumna.



ARCHBISHOP LEPICIER'S TREATISE ON MATRIMONY

THERE is another work from the unflagging industry of the indefatigable Archbishop Lepicier. The Preface to it is dated from Naimi Tal in the Himalay Mountains, on September 20th, 1925, in the fortieth year from his ordination to the priesthood. That is just one year longer than the time from my own ordination, which took place on the feast of St. Bartholomew or Nathanael in 1886; and this makes me look up in admiration and amazement at the immense number of valuable works which he has composed in that time. The third volume of his Diatesseron, or Harmony of the Gospels, is now printing; the fourth will soon be ready; and then we may expect from him the commentary on the Acts of the Apostles to which he has devoted six years and which has been for him "a good preparation for his mission in India."

This volume on Matrimony may be considered as a commentary on St. Thomas's doctrine and upon some canons of the New Code, and upon the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. concerning Matrimony,—a document which as our author says, is too little remembered and noticed, and therefore he has included it in this book as an appendix.

It is worthy of observation that the duty of upholding the dignity and honor of the marriage state, and the holiness of sacramental matrimony, falls chiefly upon those who have chosen a higher and more perfect state of life. Among the men of letters and philosophers or critics how few there are who defend this holy institution,—how many writers of plays and how many critics there are who make a mockery of conjugal fidelity and chastity. Among the poets how many there are who glorify unlawful love (if it deserves the name of love). How few married men have like the poet Patmore devoted any time and labor to showing forth the beauty and purity of conjugal love and the dignity and holiness of sacra-

mental marriage as a shadow of the union of Christ and the Church, which is His Bride and His Mystical Body through whom He makes children of God, so that we call her our mother.

This book is divided into Questions and Articles. In the second article our author treats of a topic which is very important at the present day; that is the moral obligation of men, by the law of nature, to marry unless there be some reason to justify an exception to the law. The principal exception, of course, is a divine vocation to the state of virginity. But where some such reason is not present, or where celibacy is not due to some obligation to parents or the community, the natural conscience of mankind disapproves of the selfishness which keeps men single. St. Paul taught men the duty of marriage, and now again it looks as if there is need for the Church to impress this duty upon young men, in opposition to the selfish and lawless spirit of the age.

Archbishop Lepicier has an appendix upon the vice which goes by the name of Neo-Malthusianism, which President Roosevelt called "race-suicide." And here I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for Mgr. Lepicier for having taken the trouble to read Malthus's book before talking about it. He is almost the only man I have ever known (besides myself, if I may be said to be acquainted with myself) who has ever performed that simple duty of knowing what he is talking about when he is talking of Malthus. Archbishop Lepicier knows and states that Malthus was no teacher of vice. The history of Malthus's book is very simple. In opposing Godwin's doctrine of the perfectibility of the world, Malthus came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly,—wrongly as I think,—that the rate at which the human race was increasing was greater than that at which the means of living were increasing, and that the scarcity of food would cause quarrels and wars between nations or between classes. This led him afterwards to write against early marriages and against any policy of increasing the population by youthful marriages. But though he counselled the postponement of marriage to the age of twenty-nine or thirty for men (an unwise

counsel) yet he denounces as unnatural and unimaginable any policy or any state of public opinion which should frown upon large families, when once men were married. And here I must point out that the immoral doctrine which has unjustly received the name of Neo-Malthusianism in Britain should rightly be called Millism, after J. S. Mill. Francis Newman (brother of the Cardinal) whose opinions in religion differed little from those of Mill, says: "In every moral aspect of the case John Mill is opposed to Malthus; and Mill's followers have no right to call themselves Malthusians." This omission of Mill's name by the public as well as by his followers, and the substitution of the title of Malthusians, is the more remarkable because when a Memorial to Mill was proposed in 1873, after his death, the question was raised, and Gladstone refused to contribute to it because of Mill's views on the limiting of population. Catholics in Britain especially should have known who is the real author of this immoral doctrine in their own country (for we are not now speaking of foreign countries), because when Mill's *Political Economy* was published in 1848, W. G. Ward criticized it in *The Tablet*, and drew attention to the immoral consequences to which it led by logical consequence, and the absence of all sense of the sin and turpitude of such practices. Mill did not repudiate the consequences which Ward detected. Morley in his *Life of Gladstone* has misrepresented in favor of Mill and against Gladstone. It is possible that Mill would have shrunk from some of the practices which his later disciples teach. It is true, as Mill himself says, that the effect of a doctrine on the mind and character is best seen not in him who forms it, but in those who are formed by it. He was a better man than many of his disciples. For he had been brought up an atheist by his wicked father, and yet he moved towards religion and morality. But they are men mostly who had been taught and have abandoned religion and morality. It can only be an artful dodge to cloak themselves and their immoral principle under the name of a Christian clergyman rather than of a non-Christian philosopher, which

has kept them from calling their doctrine Millism. Nevertheless Archbishop Lepicier, who cannot be expected to have known these particulars, has shown an unusual spirit of investigation concerning Malthus and an unusual solidity of knowledge.

These are a very few points from a most interesting as well as a most learned, wise, and instructive work. I confidently recommend this treatise to every priest and to every professor of theology or ethics or Canon Law as the very best that they can find on the subject.

REV. M. J. RYAN, St. Augustine's Seminary.

Asleep

Folded in sea-mists fleecy and white
 Lie the fair meadows, slumbering light;
 Roses and daisies, asleep in the grass,
 Go dreaming, unheeding shadows that pass.

Never a worry, never a pain
 Breaks the white silence guarding the plain;
 Gleams of still water, lillied of rim,
 Silverly beckon, starlit or dim.

Butterflies, brilliant of exquisite flight,
 Are tranquilly resting in elfin delight.
 Dew-silvered alders whisper, benign,
 "Cometh the morning, fresh and divine."

O for your quiet, free from caprice,
 Ever encircling centres of Peace!
 Tranquilly hoping morning to greet,
 Oh that my spirit were sleeping as sweet!

—Caroline D. Swan.

CHARACTER STUDIES FROM "MACBETH"

By Brother Gabriel, B.A., M.Sc. Longmans, Green & Co., 15c.

"Macbeth" is a typical tragedy, but in it Shakespeare uses external facts, the story of the temptations and crimes of Macbeth leading to his downfall, to represent a great internal tragedy. He shows the influence of growing evils upon character, which ends in complete moral degradation. The tragedy, is, then, both external and internal. Primarily the play is a study in character.

Brother Gabriel has made very thorough study of Shakespeare, and his character sketches are especially comprehensive and complete. He has traced the inner struggles of MacBeth and the transformation of a seemingly great and strong character in which ambition lurks, into a state of utter moral ruin. Great insight into character is necessary for so intelligent a handling of the matter. The character of Lady Macbeth is also ably drawn. In her we see an energetic and in some respects very womanly nature, but with a dark, cruel side, reacting upon her husband and impelling him to his evil course, and finally the horror of it all crushing her when it is too late to control events. A contrast between these two inseparable characters is skilfully drawn. All the quotations substantiating the statements put forward are particularly apt and convincing.

We are pleased that Brother Gabriel is continuing to devote his time to the study of the works of the great dramatist and feel that his characterizations will be very useful for students of the drama.

“MEUM AND TUUM”

By Edith R. Wilson, M.A.

IN this year of Franciscan celebrations and Centenaries, our thoughts, not unnaturally, turn to the consideration of Holy Poverty, the fair bride of St. Francis and crowning virtue of his Order! Holy Poverty, beloved of saints, despised and abhorred by the worldly and worldly-wise among the children of men, finds, indeed, an honored place in every Religious Congregation, but is variously interrupted by each; one Order laying stress on personal renunciation while allowing the accumulation of corporate property,—as among the Benedictines,—another limiting, or discouraging, even corporate wealth. Individual ownership is, of course, contrary to the spirit of all Religious Life and many are the precautions adopted to preserve the spirit of detachment and safeguard it against the insidious growth of attachment to material objects, even those necessarily allowed for the use of Religious. Among the Carmelites, the use of the possessive pronouns, “my” and “mine,” “thy” and “thine,” is strictly prohibited. All must be, “ours.” This rule finds illustration in an incident recorded in the life of the Little Flower, who tells of the somewhat trying inconvenience she experienced one evening when, anxious to finish some pressing work, she found a certain Sister had, by mistake, taken “our” lamp, meaning by “our” not a lamp used by them in common, but the one allowed for her personal needs, in consequence of whose loss, she was obliged to spend the evening in darkness and enforced idleness. But, alas for poor, human nature! Not only is its clinging attachment to external possessions too strong to be overcome by mere nomenclature, but, as a matter of fact, the pronouns my and mine, thy and thine, do not always denote mere possession, in the sense obnoxious to the Carmelites. Rather,—(such is the subtlety of language), as soon as we pass beyond the realm of mere external, ma-

terial objects, we find them denoting a varied series of very complex relationships, involving moral and mental endowments, duties, and obligations which, often, neither can nor should be relinquished nor enjoyed corporately. One may speak of his or her cloak, watch, house, garden, lands; the pronouns denoting a personal and exclusive claim to certain temporal possessions: We may not all be ready to say with Iago in Shakespeare's Othello, "Who steals my purse steals trash," but we all recognize that our purse is ours, to retain or give away as we will. But when we say, my parents, my family, my friend, my home, my country, my honor, my good name, or again, my duties, my responsibilities; we feel these illusive little pronouns imply much more than is usually summed up in the phrase, "meum and tuum." We have entered into a new field of relationships where the sense of possession, though still latent, is largely modified by that of mutual ties, duties and obligations. The law of self-renunciation does not, indeed, cease to operate when we leave the realm of material goods, but its function is different. We have passed, as it were, beyond its literal, to its spiritual application. The sweet ties of home, of friendship, or of country, may be relinquished at God's call; but "my parents" are my parents still, to whom I owe love, honor, reverence, and, it may be, material support; while his country's need may possibly recall even the monk from his cloister, as was the case with the expatriated Religious of France, in the late World War. In a word, the gifts of God which involve moral responsibility and obligations on our part, are a *trust* from Him alone. Even as the Procurator of a Monastery must carefully guard the goods entrusted to him by his Superior, and could never fulfill his Vow of Poverty by yielding them up to another, so in all those moral relationships, which endow us with possessions far more precious than material wealth, we hold from God,—as the feudal knight of old held from his Suzerain,—on the tenure of *services* our motto must ever be, "Ich diem." My talents are mine, yet not mine; not mine to relinquish nor hide in a napkin, but mine with which to

“trade,” until He Who gave, demand their return. So with the question of my honor, or my good name: A very holy Bishop once told the writer that the Religious, or others, who offered themselves as “Victims” in any of the Expiatory Associations that have existed in the Church, were not at liberty to offer the loss of reputation, since this might bring injury upon the Church and must be guarded as a sacred trust, unless God Himself suffer them to be deprived of it. In a lower plane of thought, the sacredness of one’s honor finds expression in the words which Scott puts into the mouth of Douglas on parting with Marmion: that southern knight of doubtful fame, of whom he had been the enforced host:

“My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The *hand* of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion, clasp.”

The hands which have been lifted to God in holy Vows are not indeed one’s own, but His, yet, for that reason, must guard the more faithfully what He has consigned to their hold. Entering upon still more hallowed ground, we speak of, my Church, my Religion, my Guardian Angel, and, most sacred of all words, my God, as the inalienable possession of each soul, whose wealth of spiritual endowment makes our utmost gift of earthly gear, seem but poor requital. We are, indeed, taught in the “Our Father,” to use the plural pronoun, since we are praying as a corporate body, members one of another, in the unity of Christian fellowship and are thus reminded of this union. Perhaps some of us may have heard the story of the young French noble who was catechizing a class of little peasants on his seignurial Estate. The young aristocrat, in lace and velvet, repeated the opening words of the “Our Father” to the rudely clad group before him, but one lad stood silent, his eyes fixed on his coarse homespun and wooden sabots, till his young lord exclaimed impatiently, “What

makes you so stupid, Jacques? Why wont you say 'Our Father?' " Then glancing furtively upwards, the peasant boy asked slowly, "Be you and me, Brothers?" It is to be hoped the young Seigneur felt the full import of the question. Finally, there is a class of possessions of whose claims we would oftentimes gladly disembarass ourselves: as, my conscience, my duties, my obligation, my debts, my sins. Not infrequently we endeavor to shift the burden of these possessions to broader shoulders, or lessen their weight by generalizing them: It is more comfortable, sometimes, to remark in impersonal fashion: "Our duty towards our neighbour requires us to love him as ourselves," than to ocknowledge clearly to oneself, "*my* duty towards *my* neighbor requires *me* to love such an one as myself." It is easier to say, "We all leave undone those things we ought to do and do those things we should not do," than to make our accusation a strictly personal one. Yet both in the Confessional and at the Altar, we are bound to say, "*I* confess that *I* have sinned through *my* fault, my own fault, my most grievous fault." Just as in the Creed our profession of Faith is a personal one, though made in public and shared by others, so, in Confession, a more intimate sense of personal responsibility before God is impressed upon us by this use of the singular form. And so, as we began our brief survey of the uses of "Meum and Tuum" with the thought of holy poverty and self-renunciation, of all we could claim as "my" or "mine," so we close with that of responsibility for the same. The first thought links us to the Franciscan memories of the present year: the last, brings us to the feet of the Great King,—The Christus, Rex Mundi, whose feast we have just celebrated.



St. Joseph's College, Toronto.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1926—1927



Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

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

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Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

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Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

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Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Miss Mary Coughlan, B.A.

Historians—Miss Helen Kernahan, B.A., and Miss Helen Monk-
house.

Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley,
Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

One of the happiest events in the history of the Community of St. Joseph in recent years was the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary on the 14th, 15th and 16th of October. Visiting Sisters from many parts of the country flocked to the Mother-House to be present on this joyful occasion, while a constant stream of visitors from the outside world showered their felicitations on the Sisterhood during the three days. Artistically decorated in white, gold and brown, the stately halls and rooms of the convent presented a pleasing background for the festivities. On the morning of the 14th, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the chapel by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil. On the afternoon of that day, tableaux depicting the founding of the Order in Toronto seventy-five years before, were presented in the auditorium by the pupils of the College and Academy. On the afternoon of the 15th, a concert was given by the Alumnae, under the direction of the President, Mrs. Paul Ward. At the close of a most enjoyable programme, an address was given by the Rev. Dr. Treacy, in which a glowing tribute was paid to the part played by the Sisters in the cause of higher education for Catholic women. How the Order has fulfilled the present-day need of a wider culture without sacrificing any of the ideals attributed to Christian womanhood, was pointed out by Dr. Treacy.

From the late Miss Hart, who at that time was a patient in St. Michael's Hospital, calmly awaiting the call of the Angel of Death, came the following message: "Loving congratulations to St. Joseph's Community and the Alumnae Association from a member who is absent but would love to be with you." (Signed) Margaret L. Hart.

Following this, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in the chapel. Tea was then served in the reception rooms from many tables exquisite with autumn flowers. A number of the members of the

Alumnae took advantage of the occasion of the three days to re-visit the scene of their youth, and when distance made this impossible, a host of letters bore congratulations from all parts of the world.

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Among the patronesses at the recent Newman Club Residence "At Home" were: Mrs. James E. Day and Mrs. W. T. Kernahan.

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Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse entertained her youngest son over the Thanksgiving week end. Jack is now a resident student at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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Miss Eleanor Ward and Edith Northgrave entertained for the Debuntantes of this year.

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At a meeting of the Catholic Women's League held in Columbus Hall in November,, the President, Miss Gertrude Laylor, M.A., spoke of the irreparable loss to the League in the death of Miss M. L. Hart, and invited all members to attend the Requiem Mass to be offered in St. Francis' Church at the request of the League for Miss Hart; also to be present at the Requiem Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral for the deceased members of the League.

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Our Delegate, Miss M. Morrow, who represented us at the Biennial Convention of the I.F.C.A., praised unstintingly the sociality of those taking part in the various functions, the splendid addresses, the cordial hospitality of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and everything in connection with the event. Because of limited space, we cannot publish in full Miss Morrow's fine report of the Convention. The following is but a synopsis of it:

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae founded by Sister Mary de Paul Cogan, M.A., and Mrs. James J. Sheeran in 1914, has now in affiliation five hundred Alumnae Associa-

tions making in all a membership of sixty thousand Convent educated Catholic women.

The Seventh Biennial Convention of the Federation was held this year at Notre Dame, Indiana, September 4th-10th, with headquarters at St. Mary's College. The Delegates were formally received in the Social Hall of the College on the evening of September 4th, when the President of the College, Mother Pauline, in the name of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, welcomed them. Her Community, she said, felt proud of the opportunity afforded them of extending hospitality to the representatives of so distinguished an organization as the I.F.C.A. Marion McCandlish, member of the Holy Cross Alumnae and Chairman of the Convention, on behalf of her Association, welcomed the delegates to her "Alma Mater." Mrs. Benzinger, President of the I.F.C.A., then responded in the name of the delegates to the words of welcome extended by St. Mary's, after which Mrs. James J. Sheeran, co-founder of the I.F.C.A., addressed the delegates on the foundation and early history of the Federation.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., Director of the International Federation, then addressed the Delegates on the Federation and the Hierarchy. Bishop Shahan commented on the vital force of Catholic education and in the name of the clergy of the country laid his tribute of praise at the feet of the Catholic Sisterhoods.

The necessity for concerted action on the part of Catholics to save the children from irreligious education was the subject spoken of by the Right Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

On Sunday, September 5th, the Delegates assisted at the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop Noll and in the afternoon enjoyed a motor trip through South Bend, also a visit to the University of Notre Dame as guests of the President, Rev. M. J. Walsh, C.S.C.

On Monday the opening meeting of the Convention was held with Mrs. Benzinger presiding. Greetings were read from Cardinal Hayes, various Archbishops and Bishops of the

United States and Canada and from heads of schools, including one of cordial greetings and best wishes for the success of the Convention from the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto.

During this session, Sister Mary de Paul gave an interesting account of the work accomplished by the Maryknoll Missions. At the afternoon session, the International Chairman's reports were read and Catholic education discussed, especially Catholic College Education for women.

Tuesday morning the Department of Education held its session with Mrs. Mary B. Finan, B.A., in the chair, interesting reports on the Braille System, on Music, Art, Civics, and Legislation were read.

Tuesday afternoon the Department of Literature held session with Mrs. Thomas McGoldrick presiding. Sister M. Eleanor, C.S.C., of St. Mary's College, spoke on the cultural value of reading and writing. The Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., gave a brilliant dissertation on Literary Self-Pity, and the Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., gave an address on the Catholic Press.

At the Social Service session held on Wednesday, a particularly interesting report on Child Welfare was given by Miss Harvey Smith, B.A., and the Rev. Michael Mathias, C.S.C., of the Bengal Mission of Washington, made an eloquent plea for greater interest in the foreign Missions.

The special meetings of the remainder of the week were of a business nature. Reports of Governors and Acting Governors from the various states of the Union and the four Canadian Provinces: New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec, were read and approved.

A unique and important contribution to the Convention Programme was made by Mrs. Geary—a display of dolls dressed in the habits of the various Orders affiliated with the I.F.C.A. A book designed and printed under her direction contained the pictures of these dolls, with historical data, attached to each and prefaced by a lovely little poem on the Religious Life from the gifted pen of Sister M. Eleanor.

List of Executive Officers of the I.F.C.A.: Director, Rev.

Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Ph.D.; Founders: Sister Mary de Paul Cogan, M.A., Mrs. James J. Sheeran; President, Mrs. Mary B. Finan, Chicago, Ill.; Past President, Mrs. Harry M. Benzinger, Baltimore, Md.; First Vice-President, Miss Marion McCandlish, Peckneyville, Ill.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Robert Devine, Ottawa, Ont.; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Frank McGowan, Canton, Ohio; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Katherine G. Hogan, New York, N.Y.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kate Driscoll, Louisville, Ky.; Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Holmes, Norfolk, Va.; Trustees: Mrs. Alfred C. Whitten, Washington, D.C.; Miss Ruth Fox, Racine, N.S.; International Chairman, Mrs. James Mallon, Toronto, Ont.; Sub-chairman, Miss May Morrow, Toronto, Ont.

The Biennial Banquet held in the dining-room of the College, where covers were laid for four hundred, brought the Convention to a close.

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At the request of the Sisters of St. Joseph a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered in their chapel on Saturday, November 13th, for the repose of the soul of Miss Margaret Lillis Hart.

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Rev. Sister M. Bertha, Assistant Superior of the House of Providence, Toronto, on November 21st, observed the fiftieth or Golden Anniversary of her reception of the holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

In the early morning a High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered by Right Rev. Monsignor Hand in the chapel of the Institution. To the Jubilarian it must have been a joy and consolation to know that the hundreds of good, saintly old people, whose fading lives she had done so much to cheer and comfort, were assisting at her Jubilee Mass that morning, supplicating with grateful hearts blessings for her from the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, to Whom so early in life she had consecrated herself.

During the day, from members of the Community, old friends and former pupils, came Jubilee Greetings and tri-

butes of kind remembrance, all of which were greatly appreciated by the Jubilarian.

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Weddings.

St. Joseph's Church, Powassan, on Monday, September 27th, was the scene of an interesting marriage when Miss Henrietta Alice Maloney became the bride of Mr. John J. McCauley of Hamilton, Ont. Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., of Toronto, cousin of the bride, celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

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On October 12th, at St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Miss Alexandrina (Rina) Gunn was married to Dr. George Stanislaus Buck. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. D. Whelan. During the Offertory Mrs. F. J. Schreiner sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," and during the signing of the registrar Mr. Gerrard Kelly sang "A Song of Thanksgiving." Mr. Harry O'Grady was at the organ.

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On November 25th, at St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, Miss Claire Kelly became the bride of Mr. Charles LaBine. The Rev. Father McGrand was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and marriage ceremony.

St. Joseph's Alumnae extend hearty greetings to these young couples and wish them long years of happiness and prosperity.

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A most enjoyable and instructive lecture on Dr. Johnston and His Friends, was given by Sir Bertram Windle on Saturday afternoon, November 20th, in the drawing-room of Mrs. Arthur Anglin, 70 Grosvenor Street. The affair was in aid of the St. Basil's Council of the Catholic Church Extension.

Tea was served in the dining room and library. Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. J. Falconbridge, Mrs. H. A. Fricher and Miss Hanrahan presided at the tables.

Miss Margaret Hunt was the hostess at a big Coming Out Party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hunt, in Jenkins' Art Gallery.

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Miss Jean Gilooley accompanied her brother, Mr. Charles J. Gilooley, to New York to see one of the series in the World's baseball matches between the Yankees and St. Louis.

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Mrs. John B. Green, of Chicago, Ill., called at the College to visit her teachers.

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Very cordial felicitations to Rev. George E. Doherty, Parish Priest of St. Leo's, Mimico, who on November 15th celebrated the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Ad multos annos.

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We are sorry to learn that Miss May Orr, who since the death of her beloved father has been residing with her sister, Mrs. Tom McCarron, is suffering from a fractured arm sustained when she slipped on the sidewalk Friday evening, Dec. 3rd. Speedy recovery, Miss Orr.

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We are delighted to know that Miss Helen Kernahan, an Arts graduate of last year, and Miss McCarron, have completely recovered from a severe illness.

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On February 4th and 5th in Massey Hall, Rev. Brother Gabriel, whose series of articles dealing with Shakespearian characterization, appeared recently in *The Lilies*, is presenting with the De La Salle Dramatic Society, a revival of "Macbeth." That the production will be in every way an artistic delight must be the opinion of those who saw his Passion Play of last spring. Miss Mary Coughlin, an Arts graduate of the class of '26, is to play Lady Macbeth.

Prayers are requested for the following lately deceased friends: Mrs. Joseph F. Crummey, Miss M. Matilda Meehan, Mr. James O'Connor, Mr. Peter Stock, Mrs. John P. Casey, Miss Catherine Carroll, Mr. Samuel Williams of Winnipeg, Mrs. Peter Tully, Mr. Roderick A. McIntyre, Mrs. F. S. Bourns (May Doyle), Margaret Lillis Hart, Mr. Frank Latchford, Senator George McHugh, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Albert Pascoe, Mr. John Williams, Mr. William Casserley, Mrs. Mulroy, Mrs. John Cashman (Lizzie Payne), Mrs. Hannavan (Mary Kidd). Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon them! To the relatives of the deceased we offer sincere sympathy.

Solemn Requiem Mass for Margaret L. Hart and all the deceased members of the Alumnae was offered in the chapel of St. Joseph's Convent on November 27th.

Just as we go to press we learn with deep regret of the death of Dr. Gideon Silverthorn at St. Michael's Hospital. We extend our sympathy to his widow, Dr. Victoria Silverthorn, to the other members of the late Doctor's family and to the staff of St. Michael's Hospital, in the great loss sustained by the death of this distinguished surgeon.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

Lady Willingdon Visits St. Joseph's College.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 16th, Her Excellency, Lady Willingdon, wife of the newly-appointed Governor-General of Canada, paid a visit to St. Joseph's College and Academy, where she was entertained by the pupils of the school, and was afterwards the guest of the Community at afternoon tea.

A visit was first paid to the chapel and then as Lady Willingdon, accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Osborne, entered the Music Hall, she was greeted with a very hearty welcome song by the Junior Choral Class of the school. Little ones, ranging from five to twelve years of age, frocked in dainty white, and each waving a Union Jack, lined either side of the hall, and through their fairy ranks, Lady Willingdon passed, bowing and smiling, and here and there bestowing an affectionate kiss on baby faces that smiled fearlessly into hers.

As Her Excellency entered the Auditorium, the senior girls in school uniform, and the College students in cap and gown, sang softly and devotionally the National Anthem, after which Miss Helen Monkhouse, a Third Year Arts student, read a touching and beautiful address of welcome, in a clear voice and with truly sympathetic interpretation. Little Miss Betty Burke, a charming maid of seven, then presented Lady Willingdon with a basket of exquisite pink roses—the school's tribute of esteem. The College and Academy students were individually presented to Her Excellency, by personal request of the latter. On her return to the Music Hall, the little ones once more greeted her with song, this time a sweet Farewell, which deeply touched her heart.

Afternoon tea was served in the large Reception Rooms, where Her Excellency chatted leisurely with the Sisters and the members of the Alumnae Executive, who had been invited to meet her. The delightful half-hour of social intercourse

with Lady Willingdon made a very definite impression of great charm and courtesy, both of which qualities will win a secure place for Her Excellency in the affection of the Canadian people. Lady Willingdon, in turn, expressed her deep pleasure in being able to visit St. Joseph's, and her sincere appreciation of the warm welcome tendered her.

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The opening meeting of the St. Theresa's Literary Society was held on October 27th at St. Joseph's College. The Dean of the College explained that the Society would this year study modern drama and dramatists and briefly sketched the development of the drama. A second meeting was held on November 18th, when Miss Dorothy O'Connor and Miss Alice Hayes read papers on Anton Tehekoff and A. A. Milne.

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From November 27th to December 1st a Retreat for the University students of this College was conducted by the Very Rev. J. Milway Filion, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuit Order in Canada. This was the first time that an opportunity of making a retreat had been afforded the College students and their large attendance was an evident proof of their appreciation of it. In the Conferences the Retreat Master spoke of the advantages of a Convent education and the importance of a good Catholic training in preparation for a career in a pleasure-seeking world, whose standards are far from those established by Christ when He was on earth. Only a small number of those attending the Retreat, the Reverend Father said, would be summoned to the higher calling of a Religious Vocation, while the others, by strict adherence to Catholic principles, must be an example to those around them. On the morning of December 1st the Retreat ended with Holy Mass, an instruction and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Father Filion's wealth of knowledge and deep understanding of character, together with his copious illustrations and fluent oratory, where quotations from the poets abounded, made the Conferences interesting from a literary point of view as well as from a spiritual standpoint.

THE POETIC SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS

S EVEN hundred years ago St. Francis died. His Brother Ass* disappeared beneath the crypt of a beautiful church, but the life of his spirit had just begun. Men of all nations have written about him—they have praised him and laughed at him, admired him and imitated him, but I think few so truly understood him as did Frederic Ozanam. To him St. Francis was not St. Francis, but simply Francis of Umbria in Italy. Ozanam stands out above all other writers of his time as an authority on a subject of so much interest to the world this seventh centenary of St. Francis—founder of the great Franciscan Order. No other author reproduces the spirit of St. Francis in all its simplicity and religious ecstacy or expounds clearly its gradual growth and its influence in every aspect of life and art, so well as does Ozanam in his "*Les poetes Franciscians en Italie.*" Ozanam wished to trace the great poetic vocation of St. Francis and naturally he endeavoured to explain the formation of the popular poetry of Italy, of his time, such as it was.

As far back as the first century the passion to express the ideal made every one of the first Christians, poets. The catacombs reveal their impassioned endeavours to give real representations of the new and comprehensive life within. Until the days of persecution were over their life was an existence whose pent-up emotions found no outlet save in carving symbols on rough stone. Freedom brought assurance and improvement. They supplemented their crude carvings with naive inscriptions. On the tomb of a child martyr, for instance, is found "*Florentius felix agneglus (sic) Dei.*" The rhythm of life beating within them necessitated what has been wrongly criticized as poor art. It is all admittedly bristling with mistakes and lack of finish, but it was popular, that

*St. Francis always referred to his body as "Brother Ass."

is, the effort of the ignorant; for it must be remembered that the early Christians were few, and not many were educated. Yet from the fourth century even until the thirteenth and greatest, the best treasures of art and poetry were preserved against the inroads of the vandals and of time, in the Churches of St. Paul and St. Mary Major. In Italy, above all other countries, the poesy of the people found its expression only in the Basilicas. They could not fashion Latin phrases as easily as they could fresco, so the first poetry was mural. The miracles of the saints, their lives and teachings, were celebrated on the walls of the churches. In a confusion of the sacred and the profane, in faulty form, yet in Latin, these men who were not scholars, wrote for themselves in what manner they could best understand. And where their brush failed the pen was made to supplement their meaning.

Naturally, Latin in time became too antiquated. The dialects spoken and understood by the people were never used as a medium for poetic expression, consequently progress in poetry was becoming the prerogative of scholars; for the people had been struck dumb, it seemed. This glorious country whose spirit had flourished in the sun of every century was to be desolate of poetry—until St. Francis came. The first to give voice, in the idiom of the Italian language to the “emotion he had recollected” in the tranquility of the cave, his *Canticle of the Sun* echoes and re-echoes through long, dark centuries. His brother of Verona whose *Hell and Heaven* struck so many souls owes his appeal to this use of the new medium, so too the Blessed *Jacopone*. To their master Francis is due indeed the birth of Romanticism and the re-birth of sacred poetry.

That Francis was the moving force in this great regeneration is due partly to his naturally generous disposition and partly to the inspiring beauties of his home surroundings in the enchanting sun-bathed valley of Umbria, where nature speaks continually with the voice of mysticism fraught with beauty and harmony. The sky, the fields, the vineyards, even the flower-adorned roadsides seem to smile the smile of the

just. How could a being like Francis, brought up amongst such picturesque surroundings, enobled by the rugged beauty of sunlit forests and wild mountains be else but a poet. He was primarily a spiritual musician, then a jongleur and extemporiser! Nature taught him, France taught him, and Italy's genius infused into him that heavenly essence.

Poetry of words did not come at first, for as yet his genius only let him love. He could not reach God near enough to show his love, so he loved Him through nature. He made a fool of himself, as it were, but this seeming foolishness sprang from a harmonious hunger for God. He differs from most poets because his entire trust in God and complete abandonment to Divine Providence freed his soul and let it expand to embrace the whole world. He sang hymns in the woods, not in praise of a cosmos, but of the foundation of the world, of stars, of men, as individuals. He is sublime whereas others are only elevated.

Like all Troubadours he must have a lady love to whom he could dedicate his earliest yearnings. St. Francis chose the Lady Poverty. To her his first reverence was paid, but his tributes were genuine impassioned cries far surpassing the platitudes of the strolling jongleur. What medieval bard ever gave utterance to such expressions as: "O most sweet Jesus Christ, have pity on me and on my Lady Poverty, for I burn with love of her and without her I cannot rest." They reveal an ardour which burns as fiercely to-day and which will continue to fire the hearts of his disciples in days to come.

When St. Francis gave up his family, his clothes, his all, to wander beneath the kindly stars, he kept his singing heart, for poetry of soul was part of his creed, and from the day he first sang under the trees love of music became synonymous with Franciscan. Never in all his days did he condemn an art, which he ranked amid the joys of heaven. He knew it as a means whereby to reach heavenly conceptions and it is said, when on his death-bed he needed consolation angelic visitors sang to him and soothed as naught of earth could his pure spirit.

Francis' very grief was full of harmonious sadness, for it was an anguish like to God's, the sorrow of a soul attuned to heavenly rhapsodies. When his comrades found him wandering about in agony, he cried, "Ah! I weep for the Passion of Jesus Christ, my Master, for Whom I ought not to be ashamed of weeping throughout the whole world."

Has not his life made immortal all that is best, most beautiful in the world? Living in contemplation of eternity, he saw the immense glory of Nature wherein God hides Himself. He loved the forests, the streams, the fields with an intense passion and spent hours alone at evening singing with a free heart their praise of the Creator. In flashes he saw as did David, something of the Divine will, and like him, uttered in simple yet passionate and irregular metre, the truths vibrating in his inmost soul.

"In the eighteenth year of his penitence" he burst forth into a new melody, the *Canticle of the Sun*. It is the fruit of ecstasy that is of spiritual passion. Although he ordered Brother Leo to write it and fit it to more harmony and rhythm, it is essentially his. The brothers learned it; the people soon knew it by heart. All Italy was chanting it as the sun rose and set over the toil of thousands, for an Italian may do without food and clothes, but not without song which issues from the heart.

The first truly romantic poetry of Umbria, of Italy of the world, was just a stream of delicious earnestness, so pure, so true, that the quarrelling Magistrates of Assisi embraced each other upon hearing it. Love and hope inflamed every line. Not only the Franciscan soul, but glorious Umbria is mirrored in it. Crude in form, its spontaneity made it the first cry of a poesy which flooded the world with its sincerity. And what of the *Canticle of Love*, instinct with the fire of divine ecstasy, which drew its existence from the transport on Mt. Alvernia. Words are poor raiment for such heights of poesy. Only on his descent could Francis give expression in broken yet precise lines to that flood of Divine Love which inundated his being.

Men wonder why so great a genius has given us so few poems, but Francis' poem was life itself and of what a renaissance has he not been the cause. His written works are rare and imperfect, but in their very incompleteness lies their dignity. How could one express such elemental truths under the restrictions of our rhymes and metres? No, Francis infused his joy in Music, his conceptions of the harmony of Nature and God into far better mediums than pages in books, but was not he a living book which harbored as between two covers the spirit of a great poem.

A whole generation of poets have descended from the hill of Assisi, of which it was said in his time, "This is indeed the camp of God and meeting place of His knights." It was these knightly Troubadours who were to perpetuate his school of poetry. Have you not heard of St. Bonaventure, who although he gave the world philosophy, originated the Angelus as an evening salutation to his Lady? And Jacomino of Verona, who sang in the rhyme of the Troubadours, on street corners, to teach the people heavenly truths. Perhaps the greatest of all was blessed Jacopone. The poesy of God's country, St. Francis' country caught him and he has given us the Stabat Mater. Dante himself owed his wonderful use of the idiom and his inspiration for the Divina Commedia to St. Francis and Jacopone. It were well if we could learn the secret of the genius, which has shed its blessing over the whole world.

Helen Grant, '30.

Brother Ass and St. Francis

It came to pass
 That "Brother Ass"
 (As he his body named),
 Unto the Saint
 Thus made complaint:
 "I am unjustly blamed."

“Whate'er I do,
Like Balaam you
Requite me with a blow,
As for offence
To recompense
An ignominious foe.

“God made us one,
And I have done
No wickedness alone;
Nor can I do
Apart from you,
An evil of my own.

“If Passion stir,
’Tis you that spur
My frenzy to the goal;
Then be the blame
Where sits the shame,
Upon my goading soul.

“Should one or both
Be blind or loth
Our brotherhood to see,
Remember this,
You needs must miss
Or enter heaven through me.”

To this complaint
The lowly Saint
In tears replied, “Alas,
If so it be,
God punish me
And bless thee, Brother Ass.”

—Father Tabb.

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Third Councillor—Miss F. Wright.
Fourth Councillor—Miss M. Gendron.
Sacristan—Miss J. McKenna.
-

Mr. Wilson McDonald gave a very interesting talk on "Canadian Poets and Poetry," and read several of his own poems to the girls of St. Joseph's College on Monday evening, Nov. 22nd. Dr. Pocock, in introducing Mr. McDonald, explained that as well as being one of the foremost of Canadian writers, Mr. McDonald is also an artist, a playwright, and a pianist of note. Mr. McDonald has a pleasing voice and the music of his lines was charmingly expressed in his reading, the chant in "I Love Old Things" being particularly effective. "The Last Portage," given by special request, was greatly enjoyed. The poet's prize, a copy of "Out of the Wilderness," given for greatest knowledge of Canadian poets, was awarded to Miss Helen Grant.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

The Canadian National Exhibition had its origin long before most of us here were born, as an ordinary big fair receiving a grant like all others in Ontario from the Provincial Government. As it grew, the vista of possibilities prompted the management to forego the grant with its conditions, and make the exhibition bigger and better than a mere Fall Fair.

Through the years improvement and expansion have been noted with each succeeding exhibition, resulting in a size and importance that make it now practically international in character insofar as the exhibits are concerned. Various countries are represented at the Canadian National Exhibition, and the latest to apply for space or for permission to erect a building is Russia. Needless to say, the exhibits from other countries add immensely to its educational value; for every part of the British Empire, in fact nearly the whole world, is represented there. Thus one gets an idea of the products of different countries far more real and vivid than that obtained by mere reading.

The attention given to agriculture, manufacturing and arts, brings each year the newest and best in the leading departments. A person interested in machinery finds here the latest inventions and improvements. The agricultural department shows the progress in developing grain and livestock. The art department includes an excellent showing of paintings and drawings.

The Canadian National Exhibition in its progressive development has taken another decided step forward in the world of art, especially in the realm of music. This year was arranged a series of musical events which it would be difficult to excel in variety and importance as well as in public appeal. Never before did music play such a part in our Exhibition as it did this season. One of the most notable features was daily programmes by famous bands, and the Chorus of two thousand trained and sel-

ected voices, led by Dr. Fricker, Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir. Each of the ten days of the Exhibition is set aside for some special purpose. Thus we have Music Day with its splendid programmes rendered by the local Conservatories; Press Day, Manufacturers Day and Children's Day, when all Young Canada fills the spacious grounds and buildings with their happy laughter. In the joy of youth, they throng the Midway, which for them has an irresistible attraction, with its many and varied wonders. Frequently, too, is heard the terrified wailing of a lost child before it is taken in charge by a kindly policeman.

The buildings also, have their attraction and many an interesting hour may be spent wandering among the achievements of man. In the Manufacturers' and Music Buildings, the number of pianos, phonographs and radios show what an important part these play in the life of our young nation.

The display of motor cars, consisting of models of all kinds, from the Ford to the house on wheels, prove this to be one of America's leading industries.

It would be impossible to limit to an essay, a detailed account of the Canadian National Exhibition, but as nearly everyone has enjoyed a visit at some time, he has assuredly carried away with him a comprehensive picture of this wonderful Fair and its national importance.

—Hermine Keller.

St. Joseph's Academy Field Day

Our Annual Field Day celebration was held on Wednesday, September 29th. For weeks previously the athletic field was alive with sport enthusiasts practising for the great event. Every pupil from the oldest and most dignified to the youngest wee tot in the school, was eager to win glory for her class—girls who before thought they had neither taste nor time for sport, practised with good-will, and such enthusiasm was itself enough to make Field Day well worth while. Many former pupils returned to witness the games.

Winners in the contests were as follows:

Tennis (doubles)—Margaret Lyon and Eleanor Godfrey.

Basket Ball—Form III.

Volley Ball—Form II.

Soft Ball—Form 1-A.

Relay Race—Form 1-A.

Other victors on the field were: Patricia Dever, Kathleen Carneu, Helen Duke, C. Bassy, B. Brutton, Muriel McCarthy, Carol Williams, Annie Lorraine Healy, Louise Healy, Marjorie Miller, Madge Price, Gertrude and Margaret Penoves, Patricia Downey and Marjorie Hudson.

The Mission Crusaders took advantage of the event to add to their charity funds. Each High School Form prepared a refreshment booth. The vendors presiding at the several tables believing in the adage: "Opposition is the life of trade," kept up a friendly rivalry during the business hours and were generously supported by their respective followers.

The proceeds of the day's sales totalled \$60.00, which was immediately dispatched to a poor Mission in the West.

Norma McCann, Acedemy, Form IV.

On October 16th the resident and non-resident pupils celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the establishment of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph in Toronto when a number of tableaux and pictures depicting the history of the Community were presented.

A CONTRAST

George Eliot is admittedly a great psychological novelist and in the contrast presented by two characters, Dunstan and Godfrey Cass in her famous "Silas Marner," her skill as a psychologist is clearly shown.

Godfrey and Dunstan Cass were the sons of the influential village squire, and owing to the death of their mother, the brothers were neglected, as was their home, by their easy-going father, who liked rather to preside in Raveloe inns and taverns than look after the affairs of his family. The squire's house was a mockery to all things domestic, and his sons, the perfect product of their environment, were lazy, careless and weak-minded, but as different as day and night.

Dunstan, the eldest son, was spiteful and overbearing and so addicted to lying that he took even the smallest opportunity of telling an untruth, whether he would profit by it or not. Had the presence of the mother been dominant in the Cass household, her influence would greatly have changed Dunstan's character, for in many instances the author brings out his capability for business transactions, and love of driving a bargain, which had it been done for a better motive, might have been his making.

Godfrey, the less wild of the two, was cowardly and irresolute. He was essentially domestic in nature, and again, too, as in the case of his brother, his mother's influence or that of some thrifty guardian might have altered his whole life, for being negligent and easy-going he was undoubtedly influenced by his surroundings. As well as this, heredity played a great part in the formation of both characters, for the squire's careless habits were outstanding in his sons.

Opinions may differ as to which character might have turned out the best had it been influenced rightly, but to my mind the eldest son would have made the better man, for Dunstan, though boastful and avaricious, had great determination, while Godfrey's character would always remain weak and mediocre.

Jane Swift, Form 1-B.

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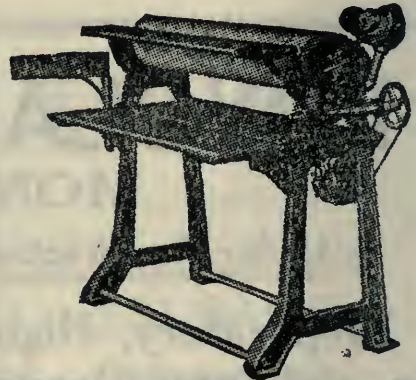
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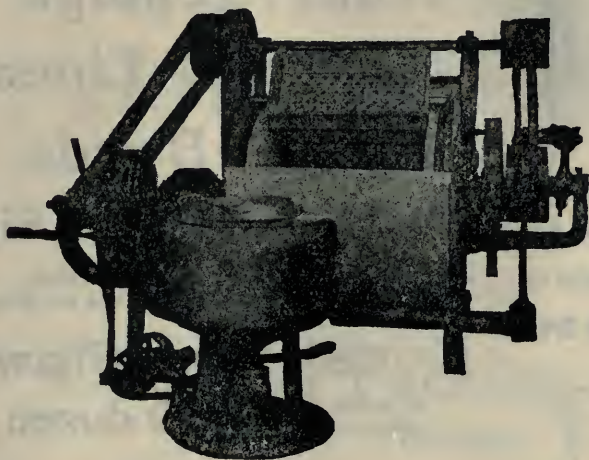
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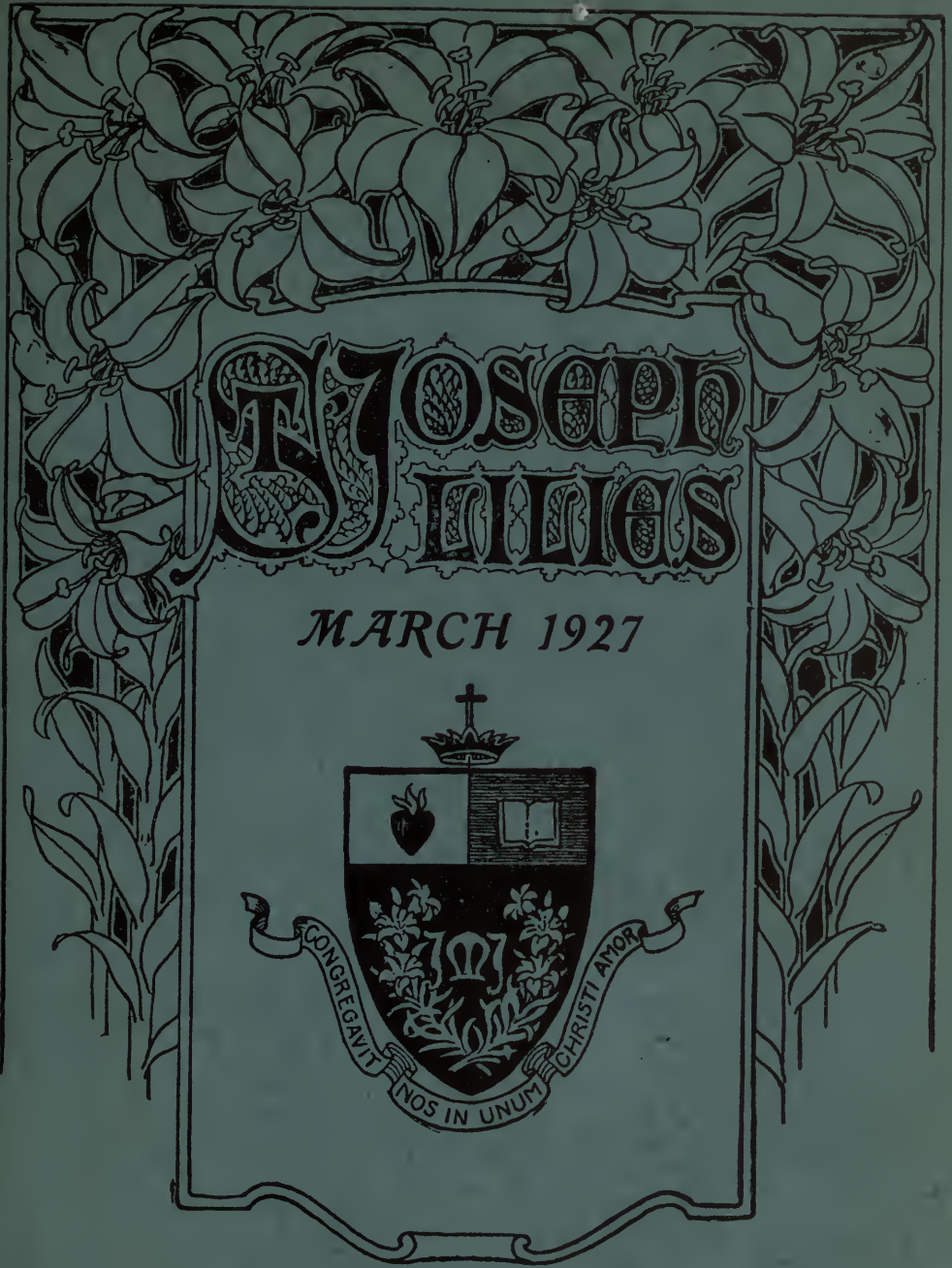
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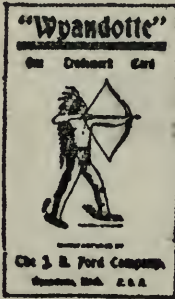
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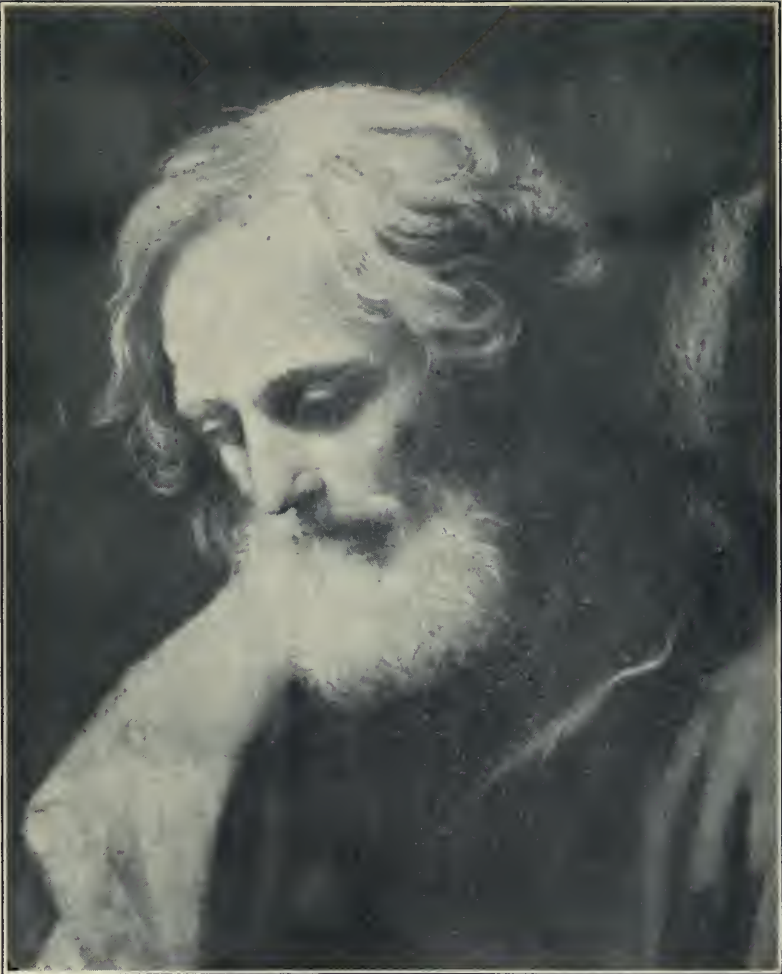
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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1927

No. 4

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH

NO SOONER had the Egyptians, remarks St. Bernard, fixed their eyes upon the great and admirable qualities of Joseph, than, as if by enchantment, they were attracted to his person.

The spouse of Mary, more aimable assuredly than the minister of Pharaoh, has obtained a more signal favour, for within the last few centuries, the grandeur of his virtues and the excellence of his merits having appeared in their full light, he has seen the most docile as well as the most savage hearts attach themselves to him.

If we seek to know the reason why devotion towards this great saint has made such rapid progress in idolatrous countries, we may find it in the reflection that, as our Saviour, in His infancy, would only enter Egypt carried thither by St. Joseph, in the same manner the faith of the Saviour seems only willing to introduce itself among infidel nations by the aid of the same Saint; and if it was in his company that the Infant Jesus threw down the idols of Egypt, it is also by the devotion of His beloved foster-father that He will combat them at the present day. In fact, is it not in order to recompense St. Joseph for the labor and fatigue he underwent in that barbarous country, that God has rendered his name illustrious among idolatrous nations? Is it not in order to manifest to the world the ardent zeal of this saint for the salvation of the Egyptians, who had given shelter to Jesus and Mary, that the Eternal Father has confided to him, if we may judge from appearances, the conversion of so many infidel nations? St. Hil-

ary, considering St. Joseph in the journey from Judea into Egypt, carrying the Infant God in his arms, sees in this devoted servant the figure of the apostles, who were to carry all over the world the faith of their Divine Master.

Also St. Anselm represents to himself, in the person of Joseph, whose heart burned with the desire of seeing the entire world subjected to the amiable yoke of Christ, preachers who extend the limits of Christianity, and who, like valiant captains, cease not to enroll new soldiers under the banner of Jesus Christ. God, therefore, wished to do more for our saint than the king of Egypt had done for the first Joseph. The recompense of his zeal and labors was, firstly, the conversion of idolatrous peoples, like the Egyptians, operated by his special intercession; and, secondly, the perseverance of many in following the light of faith. Thus, the Church contemplates with joy the happy accomplishment of the project she had formed to spread devotion to St. Joseph throughout the universe, hoping thereby to find in him a protector full of zeal for the propagation of the faith. And since things are never better preserved than when under the action of the hand which formed them, it is very probable that our holy religion, which, while yet in the cradle, was confided to the guardianship and care of St. Joseph, in the person of the Infant Saviour, must, according to the designs of Heaven, and in the different states in which she finds herself, experience the effects of his protection,—God wishing that she should take birth, develop, maintain herself, and flourish under the guidance of him who, according to St. Bernadine of Sienna, held in his hands the keys to open the gates of the new law and close those of the old.

Nothing is so dear to the Church as her faith. She looks upon it as a stronghold, to the preservation of which is attached the salvation of the kingdom of her Divine Spouse. Relying implicitly upon the promise of Jesus Christ, it is not through fear that the gates of hell or the powers of earth can ever succeed in weakening it; but she dreads the snares which are laid for her children, and spares no pains to repulse the enemies who surround her. Therefore, she has special recourse

to the protection of those saints who preached or defended it with the greatest success; as, for example, that of the princes of the apostles, SS. Peter and Paul. It was in the midst of the greatest dangers of the Church, according to some writers, that the devotion to St. Joseph took its rise. A fatal schism had arisen in the West, which, like a furious hurricane, attacked the faith on all sides, and threatened destruction. A Council was held at Constance to devise means to remedy the evil. Then Gerson, in a discourse which he pronounced before the august assembly, proposed, among other means of calming the tempest and bringing about a change of morals, to invoke St. Joseph in a special manner, and to propagate devotion towards him, in hopes that it would be a forerunner of that peace which was so ardently desired. According to him, the illustrious patriarch, having been the guardian, and, in some sort, the tutor, of Jesus Christ, he would also fulfill the same offices to Christianity in general. His discourse was favorably listened to and approved by the Council.

The Holy Ghost seemed to approve of Gerson's language, and manifested His approval by inspiring the people of the West with the thought of honoring St. Joseph by a special devotion. They seemed convinced that the prayers and merits of this great saint not only averted the evils which threatened Catholicity, but that they also drew down upon them the richest blessings.

Since the Church has experienced the efficacy of St. Joseph's protection, whether in propagating or manifesting forth the faith in all its purity, she is inspired with a fresh motive to honor him—namely, the benefit thence to be derived by the Faithful. Therefore, she seems to regard St. Joseph as the protector of all Christians, and, as such, she judges him worthy to be chosen, invoked, and imitated by all ages and conditions of men.

Go To Joseph

Of old it was said to the needy and suffering people in the kingdom of Egypt: "Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you." (Gen. xli.)

The same is now said by the Sovereign Pontiff to all needy and suffering people in the kingdom of the Church—"Go to Joseph."

If you labor for your bread; if you have a family to support; if you endure privation and suffering; if your heart is searched by trials at home; if you are assailed by some importunate temptation; if your faith is sorely tested, and your hope seems lost in darkness and disappointment; if you have yet to learn to love and serve Jesus and Mary, the Nursing-Father of Jesus—Joseph is your model, your teacher, and your father. Truly, in all things, St. Joseph is the people's friend.

Frost Magic

Unto my window in the starry night—
 Working such magic as no man hath seen,
 Such wizardry as but in dreams has been—
 Came the frost-fairies, and with fingers light
 Fashioned and wrought such fantasies so bright
 Of fern and frond and fow'r, all crystal-clean,
 As never bloomed in earthly garden green
 Nor in earth's meadows ravished human sight.

Fragile and fine, of silver and of pearl,
 Sparkled the fairy garden in the sun,
 Divinely curvey in wondrous leaf and whorl,
 Yet fugitive as fancy; for anon,
 As mist dissolve where sunlit surges swirl,
 Invisible it vanishes, and was gone!

—P. J. Coleman.

NEWMAN

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

ONE of the most striking and interesting episodes in the course of Catholic literature and thought in the new era since The War is the great outburst of popularity for Newman among the Catholics of Germany. An account of this movement has been given in *The Month* (1922, July and November) and in *The Catholic World* (1923, April). Not that Newman was unknown in Germany before. His lectures on *The Position of Catholics in England in 1851** were translated long ago and introduced by a preface from Doellinger. Translations also have been made of the *Idea of a University*, the *Apologia*, and the *Essay on The Development of Christian Doctrine*. But now we see an enthusiastic plan of presenting the whole of Newman's thought to the German nation both by selection and by all of his works in a collection. One German publisher gives a selection of passages from Newman on various subjects in seven handy volumes together with an "Introduction to Newman's Character and Work" in another volume of one hundred pages by Fr. Erich Przywana, S.J., who expounds Newman's fundamental ideas and principles and traces the connection of his thought with the school of Alexandria and with St. Augustine, and with St. Ignatius of Loyola. In another series of New-

*The history of the outcry about "Papal Aggression" has never been properly told. It was really the work of the refugees from the Roman Republic of 1848, acting through the secret societies and some Whig politicians on the newspapers, and they upon the Protestant clergy and they upon the passions of the people, and all these upon Parliament. Yet in the height of this artificial agitation, on November 14th, 1850, Macaulay at his window in The Albany heard the ballad-singers entertaining the crowd in the street with:

Now all the old women are crying for fear:
The Pope is a-coming, oh dear! oh dear!

Last November, in happier times, witnessed the introduction of the Bill for the repeal of old penal statutes.

man, the Grammar of Assent is translated with the title "The Philosophy of Belief" (a title which I like very much) by a writer whom it converted. One of these German disciples of Newman considers it a special disposition of Providence that "the greatest, the noblest, the most successful apologist of the Catholic faith in recent times should have been a British subject, since supremacy in the world has passed, as a result of The War to the Anglo-Saxon (I would prefer to say Anglo-Celtic) peoples."

While his fame is thus growing abroad, it is not likely that his influence will wane at home. Sanday, the Biblical Critic, confessed that Newman was better qualified than any other man for the supreme work of writing a Life of Christ—"No one ever touched the gospels with so much kinship of spirit as he,"—an exaggeration indeed but one which we need only correct thus: "No one ever touched the gospels with more kinship of spirit than he."

Froude said in Newman's life-time: "To him, if to any one man the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism (in the English-speaking world). A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy, and wins illustrious converts, and has kindled hopes that England will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman by the solitary force of his own mind has produced this extraordinary change. Of the magnitude of the phenomenon no reasonable person can doubt."

I certainly do not suppose that Newman was either infallible or impeccable. I presume that he had some defects and made some mistakes. But there are a few obscure critics who seem to think that, if they could prove him to have one fault or to have made one mistake, this should be taken for the whole substance of his character and conduct, and should be enough to damn him. To no other man is any such test applied.

Perhaps the best proof of Newman's greatness is that it survived the lifeless "Life of Newman" by Ward, which gave great and just offence to the Oratorians. That book certainly tended to "damn with faint praise," like a "candid friend." Mr. Ward when he wrote that work was getting old; he had written himself out and had nothing new to say; he was not in good health; his spirits were low partly because of ill health, and partly because he was suspected by some people of Modernism—unjustly indeed, yet not altogether unnaturally (for we can hardly wonder if a man who was always praising Kant and Hegel should be thought to understand them really and hold their principles). Thus he was in "the blues" when he wrote the Life; and he diffused his own bluish tinge over Newman. Some of his remarks indeed are just a little too simple even for an English man of letters. Thus he tells us that Newman's conduct sometimes "greatly angered the first Lord Acton." Is it then a discredit to a Catholic priest that his conduct angers a heretic?—for, a heretic Lord Acton was for at least twenty years of his life, his religious beliefs, whatever they were, resting on private judgment as much as Doellinger's or Gladstone's. Ward also tells us that Lord Morley saw in Newman only a great master of style, not a thinker at all—as if Morley would, or could, see anything great in a man who became a Catholic. It is Morley himself who more fittingly might be described as one in whom the Siren charms of style took the place of deep thought. Morley had a charming style not indeed by nature but because he cultivated it carefully knowing that with the general reader a passionate phrase, or a fine image has more influence than coherent reasoning. Mr. Ward's misrepresentations—not intentional of course—can now be clearly judged in the light of Abbot Butler's Ullathorne. The Abbot has done us a great service by exposing Ward's misrepresentations in favor of his father and of Wiseman—misrepresentations in no way discreditable to Ward but very misleading nevertheless.

The Life of Wiseman is a work of great ability, and of singular interest and charm, a masterpiece of literature. But

it is a tissue of misrepresentation, as no doubt most biographies are; but this is a very pernicious kind of misrepresentation. A man should be praised for his virtues and good deeds; Ward, however, has given Wiseman more praise for his lawless follies than for his good works. Some of the statements too are contrary to the facts, as e.g. that Wiseman not only aimed but succeeded in creating harmony among the different elements in the Church, whereas in fact he found his diocese and his seminary in peace and created dissension by his own unwise methods, especially in his seminary by inflicting W. G. Ward on it and by mixing up Oblates with the diocesan priests. In the last years of his life, when he had been humbled by adverse decisions from Rome, he let Ward go and withdrew the Oblates, and he kept quiet, and then peace and concord grew up again. In this way he produced unity. It is not as a Bishop or a Rector that Wiseman was great and deserves to be famous. My purpose, however, is not to detract from a great man but to censure the biographer who teaches us to admire and imitate what was not praiseworthy. Yet I do not blame Mr. Ward so much as I do those two anti-clerical priests who came forward with him in the book about his father to disparage other priests, their old professors, for the honor and glory of a layman. The misrepresentation of Newman is quite opposite.

Newman's Private Life.

It is not with Newman's works that I purpose to concern myself here. The man himself is more interesting, as he was in his private life with his family and friends.

Newman was born at No. 80 Old Broad Street in the City of London. The family soon after removed to No. 17, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square. His father was then a partner in a bank, Harrison, Prickett, and Newman, whose offices were at No. 1 Mansion House Street. The ancestry of a man of genius or exceptional character is of little importance, for the genius is not by inheritance; but it may be mentioned that his mother had a French name and some French blood in

her veins. The Foudriniers, a French Huguenot family, emigrated to Holland in the Seventh Century. Paul Foudrinier, born in Holland, came to Britain in the Eighteenth Century and married Susanna Grolleau, who was born in England. Their son, Henry Foudrinier, a Draper in Lombard Street, conformed to the Church of England and married Jemima White, widow of some Mr. Manning. And their daughter Jemima married John Newman, the father of the Cardinal.

The early childhood of Newman was mostly spent not in London but at a country house called Grey's Court, at Ham near Richmond on the Surrey side of the Thames.

They left Grey's Court in September 1807, when he was six years old, for Brighton, travelling by carriage all the way. And here they often spent their summers, still keeping their house in London.

The family numbered six, three boys and three girls. The father was a man of culture, well acquainted with Shakespeare, and knowing music and the theory of it. Newman mentions that his father once took him to the Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street to hear some piece of music. It is almost superfluous to say that Newman became a master of the violin and in early manhood composed pieces of music.

At the age of seven he was sent away to a large boarding-school,—a great mistake in the case of a home-loving and sensitive child with such a poetic temperament. The lives of all the poets, Shelley, Tennyson, Coleridge, Gray and all who were subject to such an experience, show how they were injured by it. The head master was very kind to the little fellow, and Newman became gratefully attached to him. Newman scarcely ever took any part in the games, and spent his recreation hours mostly in reading. He early showed a talent for composition in prose and verse. His youngest brother Francis mentions "a little play written by John, when he must have been under ten, and when I can hardly have been full five years of age. We three boys and my eldest sister Harriet were all dressed out theatrically, in our drawing-room, to my father's great amusement. I acted the part of Fisherman to the lord

of a Welsh castle. I remember the eulogy put into my mouth on the great lord for his eminence in the four cardinal virtues, and above all for being so fond of fish." Many a little play Newman composed. One was an historical drama in which the Emperor Augustus came in. At the age of fourteen he wrote a burlesque opera and composed the tunes for the songs himself. He said in later years that the only form of composition in which he felt any pleasure was writing verses; and no doubt if he had cultivated this talent he might have become a poet in act.

Frank Newman was a chatterbox. "As a little boy I was a rattling talker," he says himself; "and if a gentleman petted me, I was soon on his knee, quite at home; and my father said of me to my mother before the family: 'Never tell a secret to that boy, for it will be sure to leak out from him.'" He acknowledges that as a man too he was regarded as given to blabbing.

The second son Charles showed himself in manhood to be a perfect crank, and abnormal, and though not without talent could never make any use of it or keep any place, but had to be supported by his family.

These two brothers were educated at the same school as John, and had the advantages of their older brother's presence. The school at Ealing, near Richmond on the Surrey bank of the Thames, had a great name; it was managed like Eton. Once a year it had a Speech Day which the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father) used to come to. 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 it. The head master apologised to the Duke for his voice; "but the action was so good," replied the Duke.

The head master used to say that no boy ever went through the whole school from bottom to top so quickly as John Newman. His father wanted to send him to Winchester before the University; But Newman's own entreaties aided by his mother and his school master obtained permission to stay at Ealing for another half-year.

Incipit Vita Nova Joannis Newman

Newman tells us that when he was a boy his intellect was infected by infidel books. "When I was fourteen, I read Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament and found pleasure in thinking of his objections. Also I read some of Hume's Essays; and I recollect copying out some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, in denial of the immortality of the soul, and saying to myself something like, 'How dreadful but how plausible'." In a private note book he recorded: "I recollect thinking—in 1815 I believe—that I should like to be virtuous but not religious. There was something in the latter idea I did not like; nor did I see the meaning of loving God. I recollect contending against Rev. Mr. Mayer (one of the masters) in favor of Pope's Essay on Man. What, I contended, can be more free from objection than it? Does it not expressly inculcate that "Virtue alone is happiness below?"

The spiritual conversion which he underwent in the autumn of 1816, owing to the fatherly care of Rev. Mr. Mayer, is described in the Apologia, which is familiar to our readers. But at the same time he imbibed from a book of the Protestant Bishop Newton the absurd and horrible notion that the Pope was Antichrist. Luther's rejection of The Apocalypse shows that he felt an uneasy consciousness in his heart that it condemned himself as the False Prophet (for there are many antichrists one after another) teaching men to worship The Beast by apostatizing from the true faith at the dictation of the apostate secular power. Calvin, more hardened and audacious, called the Vicar of Christ Antichrist, as the Jews had called Christ Himself an agent of Beelzebub. Newman was so filled with this delusion of Satan that, he says, "I actually erased in my Gradus ad Parnassum such titles under the word 'Papa' as 'Christi Vicarius,' 'sacer interpres' and 'Sceptra gerens,' and substituted epithets so vile that I cannot bring myself to write them down here." It took more than twenty years of study, reflection, and prayer for light, to clear his mind of this obsession, until at last he "saw that from the na-

ture of the case the true Vicar of Christ must ever to the world seem like Antichrist and be stigmatized as such because a resemblance must ever exist between an original and a forgery; and thus the fact of such a calumny was almost one of the Notes of the Church."

Frank Newman swallowed the error even more deeply, and doubtless Charlie also.

Before Newman left Ealing his father's bank was obliged to close, though it was quite solvent and paid all claims within one month. The name of the firm then, according to Mozley, was "Ramsbotham, Newman, Ramsbotham & Co, 72 Lombard Street, and appears in the list of London bankers from 1807 to 1816." The name has some little interest for me, because when I was a child there were still circulating in Newfoundland some half-pennies having on one side a figure of a ram hung by a rope around its middle, the ends of the rope being in a bow knot. My grandmother whom I asked about it, told me that they had been issued by an English firm named Ramsbotham formerly established in the town of Harbour Grace. I have sometimes wondered if this business house had any connection with the bank in London.

In spite of their loss of prosperity the Newmans were still a happy family. Newman writes a few years later to his mother: "We have not had to weep over the death of any that we love. We are not disquieted by internal variance. We are not parted from each other by circumstances we cannot control. We have kind and indulgent parents, and our tastes, dispositions, and pursuits are the same. How grateful we ought to be." Soon after he was twenty-one his mother wrote to him that she thought his puritanical opinions were causing him too much of dissatisfaction with himself. He replied: "If these sentiments made me melancholy, morose, austere, distant, reserved, or sullen, then indeed they might be the subject of anxiety. But if, as I think is the case, I am always cheerful, if at home I am always ready and eager to join in any merriment, if my meditations make me neither absent in mind nor deficient in action, then my principles may puzzle the

gazer but cannot be accused of bad practical effects. Take me when I am most foolish at home and extending mirth into childishness; stop me short and ask me whether my opinions are less gloomy; no, I think I should seriously return the same answer, that I shudder at my own weakness.”

Newman continued to remain at Oxford after taking his degree, having still his Trinity Scholarship, and taking private pupils. In June or July 1821 his brother, Frank, came to Oxford to study under him during the long vacation. They took rooms in Seale's Lodging, long since pulled down. Frank Newman without one spark of his brother's genius or spiritual wisdom, was a very bright and precocious youth, and afterwards superior to his brother in scholarship in the narrow technical sense of the term. He composed a Dictionary of the Berber language, and made a translation of Homer which upset very much that amiable man, Matthew Arnold.

It was in obsolete words and doggerel verse with a tune like Yankee Doodle, though he was probably unconscious of this; and it was perhaps the most grotesque translation of the Iliad or of anything else ever made. However, this was due to want of taste and judgement not of learning. Mozley says: “Frank pursued his studies under John's direction as far as was compatible with an amiable but universal antagonism. From boyhood the two brothers had taken opposite sides on every question.”

In 1822 Newman was elected a Fellow of Oriel. Frank says: “The kind Dean of the College, the Rev. Endell Tyler, at once insisted that I should have my meals from Oriel Buttery. So we moved into a lodging known as Palmer's (now gone) in Merton Lane (near Oriel). Here we found Rev. J. Blanco White abiding. The Provost of Oriel admired him and invited him to join the Fellows' Table (i.e. dinner); but breakfast and tea he shared with us. He and my brother enjoyed the violin together. I gradually heard their theological talk, which was apt to end by Blanco's sharp warning: ‘Ah! Newman, if you follow that clue, it will draw you into Catholic error.’ But I now believe he meant into unnatural self-hatred for sinful thoughts, etc.,

and maceration of the body and self-flagellation. I had not yet guessed how wide a chasm would soon open between us two brothers.”

The Parting of the Ways

Newman was ordained a deacon on June 13th, 1824, and preached his maiden sermon on June 23rd for Rev. Mr. Mayer in the church of Worton, a village not many miles from Oxford. In another sermon he implied that the sacrament of Baptism regenerates and is what makes men Christians. Frank Newman was indignant at this doctrine. “In my rising manhood I received inestimable benefits from my eldest brother,” he says. “He supported me not out of his abundance but when he knew not whence weekly and daily funds were to come. I was able afterwards to repay his money but this could not cancel my debt. Yet a most painful breach through mere religious creed broke on me in my (twentieth) year and was unhealable. Each wished to the other everything best, yet the Church was to him everything, while the Church, as viewed by him from the day of his ordination, was to me nothing. Hence we seemed never to have an interest nor a wish in common . . . The sudden shock (the sermon) appalled both me and Mr. Mayer. I could not but say to myself, What next? . . . A second shock came quickly.”

Frank Newman had been entered at Worcester College, Oxford, in November 1822. But it was only in the summer or autumn of 1824 that he obtained rooms in the college building itself. “While I was arranging furniture in my new rooms,” he says, “I suddenly found a beautiful engraving of the ‘Blessed Virgin’ fixed up. I went to the print-shop and begged its immediate removal, and then learned that my brother had ordered it . . . After my repulse of his engraved Virgin, he came out with an attack on Protestants saying that they forgot that sacred utterance, ‘Blessed art thou among women.’” Frank made a reply so silly that John treated it with contemptuous silence, and Frank at once thought his argument unanswerable. “John again returned to the charge about Pro-

testants in general as ignorant and hasty, and I gradually thought him to be undermining every objection to the invocation of the Virgin, though he never urged me to practise it . . . Perhaps I now first heard from him that the New Testament was not complete without tradition."

I infer from Newman's own Memoir and Letters that Francis' memory has inverted the order of his two "shocks." In those years we find Newman learning whole tracts of the Scripture by heart, beginning with the Epistle "to the Ephesians" (as it is entitled*) and recommending his sisters to learn by heart as much as possible of the Scriptures. Who can tell how much this Epistle and its teaching of the organic unity of the Church of God had to do with changing the state of his mind and enabling him to perceive the nature and the guilt of schism?

One of the places mentioned by Rev. T. Mozley, and sometimes by Newman in his letters, as a residence of the family, is Strand or Strand-on-the-Green. The student of Newman may like to know what I have accidentally found—that this is a row of antique houses with gardens, at Kew† on the southern bank of the Thames a few miles west of London, and facing the bridge which crosses the river to Brentford. As this row of houses fronts the river and has a green in the rear it received the name of the Strand-on-the-Green.

The Death of His Youngest Sister

In the Christmas time, on the eve of the Epiphany, 1828, his youngest sister, Mary, died, after an illness of twenty-four hours, probably from heart-failure, when she was only eighteen. Pusey who was lodging near them, at Brighton, wrote: "Every consolation a brother can have he has most richly—her whole life having been a preparation for that hour." She was a very affectionate, amiable and nice-looking girl, and since her father

*The titles of the books of Scripture are not inspired, or infallible.

†This name was formerly pronounced as a dis-syllable—Kay-oo. But I believe it now is pronounced as one syllable . . .

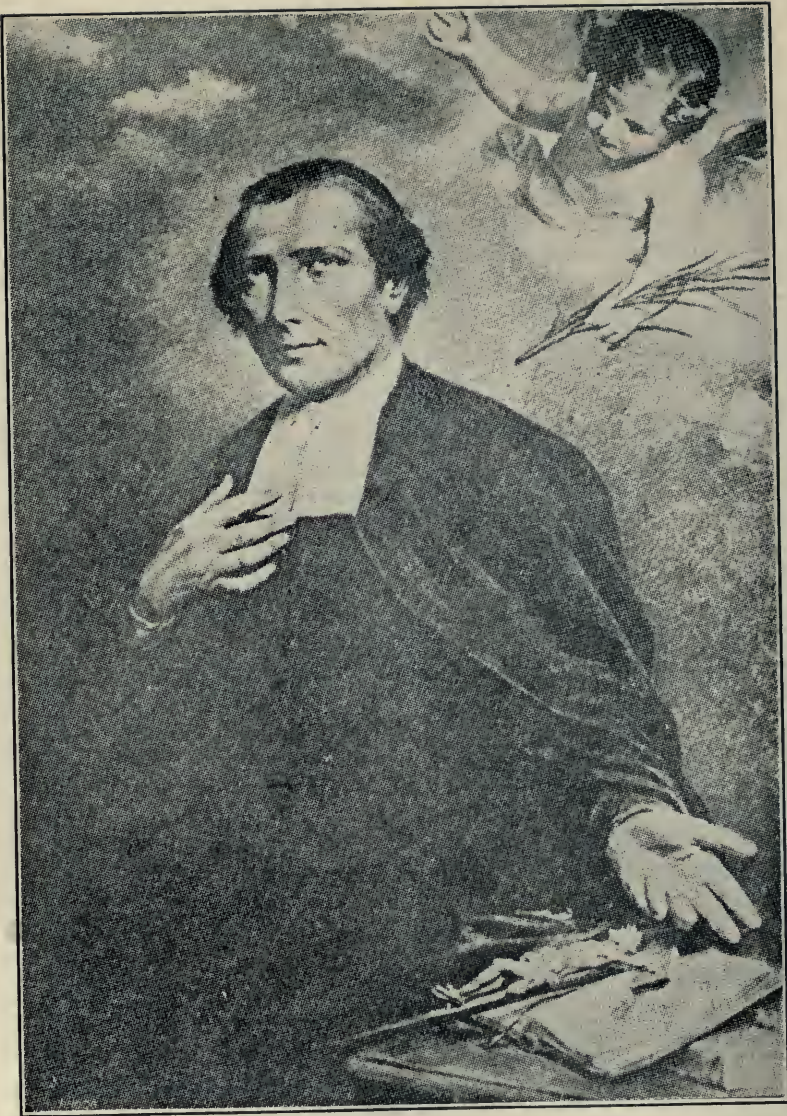
had died seven years before, her feelings to her oldest brother were almost like those of a daughter to a father. In Newman's "Loss and Gain" there is a good deal of his own home life if you know how to read between the lines. The names, a little changed, are all taken from his own family, and many of the incidents. Charles Reding's oldest sister, Mary, is really Newman's second sister, Jemima; and Reding's youngest sister is called Caroline, which was the second name of Jemima. In the eleventh chapter of that pleasant little novel there is a conversation which is reminiscence of Mary, and which will amuse any young lady who may take the trouble to read it. In his "Consolations in Bereavement" written a few months after her death he says:

"Death came unheralded. But it was well.
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore."

"It goes to my heart," he wrote to Jemima, "to think that dear Mary herself in her enthusiastic love for me would so like them (could she see them) because they are mine."

His second sister Jemima, was very affectionate, though not gushing. She was singularly unselfish, sweet and gentle; and everyone loved her. She always had her brother's confidence because she was sympathetic and kind. In one of his early letters after Mary's death he says, "Dear Jemima, I know you love me much though your disposition does not lead you to say much about it, and I love you too, and you (I trust) know it." In a letter to him during the year of mental trouble which preceded his entrance to the Church, she says: "I know reserve and all feelings and habits connected with it are a great fault in me." The letters which passed between them at the time of his conversion are very touching and show how good she was. It is one of the mysteries of Divine Providence that people so good do not see their way into the visible Church.

(Continued on page 77)



BLESSED BROTHER SOLOMON.

Martyred at Paris, September 2, 1792. Beatified in Rome, Oct. 17, 1926.

THE PROTO-MARTYR OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

BLESSED BROTHER SOLOMON, F.S.C.

One of the Martyrs of the Carmes, September, 1792

Beatified by Pope Pius XI., October 17, 1926

IN THE early days of the eighteenth century there lived in the French seaport town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, a distinguished and pious family named Leclerq. The device upon the family crest was "Duty first"; and, indeed, the members had been ever known for their fidelity to the noble ideal expressed in this motto. From time immemorial it had been the custom for all the family to assemble daily and recite prayers in common before a large ivory crucifix that hung in the main hall, and the devotions were invariably concluded by the reading of some appropriate passages from the Bible or the Imitation of Christ.

On November 14, 1746, a newcomer was welcomed into this truly Christian home, and, at Baptism, he received the name of William Nicholas Louis. It is not surprising that in such a family circle there were early sown in the boy's heart seeds of deep faith and solid piety, which were to develop in him that true heroism displayed later in the great crisis of his life.

Though ever affectionate and submissive towards his parents, young Louis was, at first, inclined to be quarrelsome with his companions. Soon, however, his character improved through the influence of good example and a thoroughly Christian education. At the age of ten, he was sent to the Christian Brothers' school, and before long was distinguished for his studious habits and excellent behavior. Speaking to one of the neighbors one day, his mother remarked: "Since Louis has been at the Brothers' school, he is like a plant transplanted to the banks of a stream. Soon, I am sure, he will be all that

it is my daily prayer to God he may become." This good woman often said to her children: "It would be better for you to encounter a mad dog than a bad companion." His mother's wholesome teaching and example, supplemented by that of his zealous and devoted teachers, were not lost on Louis, and when, in 1761, he graduated from the Brothers' school, he was a splendid type of a good Catholic boy.

On leaving school, he took a position with a business firm in his native town, and there his manly bearing, joyful and lively disposition, and polite manners, won him many friends and earned for him the confidence of his employer. To acquire more experience in the commercial world, Louis was afterwards sent to Paris, the gay metropolis that was later to witness his glorious triumph. Many were the dangers to which this good young man was exposed in a large city and away from the salutary influence of his home, but a constant fidelity to his religious duties was his safeguard. He found strength for every struggle in frequent Confession and Communion, and made it a practice never to pass a church without entering to pay his respectful homage to Our Dear Lord and His Most Blessed Mother. Often in moments of difficulty and danger he would fling himself upon his knees before Our Lady's shrine and exclaim, "Mother, save me!" No wonder so fervent a prayer was heard and answered.

As was his custom, young Leclerq went to early Mass and Communion at the Church of Notre Dame des Champs on St. Joseph's Day, 1767, and there, among the group of Christian Brothers in the sanctuary, he recognized one of his beloved former teachers at Boulogne. The remembrance of the happy days he had spend under the guidance of this kindly man, and the deeper realization of the influence of his saintly teachers upon his own life, made such an impression on his mind that he prolonged his prayer for more than an hour. Here it was that God was waiting to discover to him his life-work. "Cannot I, too, do something more for Our Dear Lord?" he thought, as he looked at the humble religious on their knees before their Master's altar-throne. "What better could I do than to devote

my life to the Christian education of Christ's little ones? Has He not said, 'He that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me?' " In the intensity of his emotion, the tears rolled down his cheeks. He felt a great change within him, and when presently he arose and left the church he had made a determined resolution. He went directly to St. Sulpice told his spiritual father all that had taken place within his soul, and, by noon, he was on his way home to Boulogne. His parents were surprised at his sudden appearance, and still more so when he announced that he had decided to become a Brother of the Christian Schools. "You love me too much to refuse your consent," he protested. 'Indeed, his good parents were but too happy in the thought that their boy had made so noble a choice. Had it not been their highest ambition that at least one of their children might be called to the Divine Master's special service? Little they dreamed how great a grace was in store for Louis when they bravely made the sacrifice exclaiming: "Go, in God's name, and with our blessing'"

Young Louis Leclercq went at once to the Brothers' Novitiate at St. Yon, near Rouen, and there, on the feast of the Ascension, he was clothed in the holy habit of St. De La Salle, receiving the name of Brother Solomon. During the time of his novitiate, Brother Solomon earnestly endeavored to prepare himself by prayer and study for his mission as a religious teacher. He soon acquired a great love for the Rule of his Institute, and manifested a determined will to follow closely in the footsteps of Him Who has said: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come follow Me." In a letter to his mother, written about the time he was beginning his apostolate, he said: "How happy is the religious who serves God faithfully" I daily experience more and more the truth of those words of Our Divine Master, 'My yoke is sweet and My burden light'."

Many noble qualities of mind and heart ably fitted Brother Solomon for his work as an educator, and from the first his zealous labors were crowned with success. After teaching for

some time at Rouen, he was sent to the Normal School founded by the King of Poland at Mareville, and here, May 28, 1772, he made his perpetual profession and consecrated himself for life to the service of the Master he loved so well. On this occasion he wrote to his father: "I cannot tell you how happy I am. Now I may say in all truth that my heart is forever confirmed and established in Christ Jesus." The example of this good and zealous religious induced many others to dedicate their lives to God, and among others were two of his own brothers. One of them followed him into the family of St. De La Salle, and another entered the holy priesthood.

In time, Brother Solomon had become so fervent a religious, so eminent an educator, and so successful an administrator that he held with distinction several posts of responsibility in his Order. He was successively Master of Novices and Director of the Brothers' largest renowned college in France, that of St. Yon at Rouen.

In September, 1782, Brother Agathon, the Superior-General, appointed Brother Solomon his private secretary, a position of exceptionally grave importance in those troublesome times. The terrible days of the French Revolution were at hand, and, in 1790, the laws that doomed the monastic orders threatened the Brothers by imposing upon all teachers a test oath that implied approval of the Revolutionary Constitution and schism from the Church. Like so many of the faithful Bishops and Clergy, the Brothers refused to take such an oath, and they were everywhere expelled. Then it was that Brother Solomon was entrusted with many a delicate mission by the Superior-General, who appreciated the devoted loyalty and fearless courage of his secretary. In his humble way, Brother Solomon wrote to a friend: "I am travelling with the Superior-General, who is so kind as to call for my services from time to time." His correspondence during this period is remarkable for elegance of style as well as for loftiness of thought. A saintly and learned religious who read some of his letters, said: "Brother Solomon has acquired all this perfection of eloquence at the foot of his crucifix."

We may judge of the sentiments of this good Brother, in view of the impending persecution, from the following words he wrote in a letter to his family: "I congratulate my sister on her generous and heroic desposition in asking of God that she might have the grace to die for the faith with her eight children, if the persecution goes on as far as that supreme test. That would indeed be a favor; but, while waiting, we must, like the first Christians, prepare ourselves by the practice of Christian virtues and by assisting at religious services whenever we possibly can." The storm had at last broken upon the clergy and religious, and Brother Solomon knew that he must be prepared for the worst; but he would not abandon his post of duty. About this time he wrote his sister: "I do not know what will happen to me, but up to the present I have suffered nothing for the Faith. May Our Dear Lord be pleased to make me worthy of that grace! We must be prepared for anything and everything that God's providence may permit."

The "Reign of Terror" had now begun. The revolutionary mob was in control of Paris, and soon all the prisons in the capital were crowded with the victims of their anti-Christian hate. When the prisons were filled, they used the deserted monasteries and desecrated churches as jails, and at any hour of the day or night the prisoners were liable to be slaughtered in cold blood.

Brother Solomon was in the midst of the fray, for the Superior-General had entrusted to his faithful secretary the care of the Order's affairs in Paris and the guardianship of the house and property at St. Sulpice. But the revolutionary spies shadowed all who were suspected of being faithful to the old Church and to its visible Head, Christ's Vicar on earth, and the courageous Brother was soon remarked for his assiduity in assisting at Mass celebrated by orthodox priests, and for his zeal in distributing Papal Briefs and other Catholic literature. At last, on the feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption, August 15, 1792, he was denounced as an enemy of the new "Liberty." He was at once arrested and imprisoned in the Carmelite Church, where were also the Archbishop of Arles, the Bishop

of Beauvaris, and over 200 priests. In this holy company, Brother Solomon prepared himself for death, being determined to lay down his life rather than take the infamous oath that was required as the price of freedom.

In September, the mob, crazed with blood, began a series of frightful massacres in the prisons. At the Carmelite prison, the gallant band of heroes, with the venerable Archbishop of Arles in their midst, gathered around the altar and heard the cries of the assassins who clamored at the gates. A few, overcome by terror, had escaped; but, struck with shame at deserting their brethren in such an extremity, they returned and shared their fate. Awed by the sublimity of the scene, the wretches hastened the work of slaughter, lest the hearts of the spectators should be softened ere the massacre began. The prisoners were offered their lives on condition of taking the revolutionary oath, but all refused. Brother Solomon, who was the first to be questioned, bravely professed his faith and his pride in his vocation as a religious teacher. Then the saintly Archbishop repeated the prayer for those in the agony of death, and imploring forgiveness for their murderers, they calmly and joyfully received the death blow. It was the 2nd of September, 1792. Thus the first martyred son of St. John Baptist De La Salle passed to his reward.

“Not one of them,” says the Abbe Berthelet de Barbot who escaped the massacre, “uttered a cry of pain or a murmur of complaint, but all died with serenity in the hope of a better life.”

These noble confessors of the Faith are known in history as “The Martyrs of the Carmes” or “The Martyrs of September.” Their beatification took place at Rome on Sunday, October 17, 1926. In all, 191 martyrs were beatified. This is one of the most numerous groups ever dealt with in any beatification ceremony. Many French Bishops attended, including the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, as well as many relatives of the various “Beati” and representatives of the religious communities to which they belonged.

—Brother Simon, F.S.C.

A MARTYR'S PRAYER

(Favorite prayer of Blessed Brother Solomon, F.S.C.)

Sanctify my heart, O Jesus, make it grateful for all Thy favors, and inflame it with the fire of that love which Thou camest to cast upon the earth. And since Thou didst ardently desire that it burn in all hearts, take from mine all that could hinder the accomplishment of Thy will. Grant that henceforth I may fulfill all my obligations with that spirit of faith and purity of intention which alone can make our actions agreeable to Thee and deserving of celestial glory. Amen|



A HAND STRETCHED OUT

Eleanor Rogers Cox

IN THE great office of the municipal service corporation whither Evelyn Carey had come two years ago, the clerks all typed away each working day with an energy that seemed as if for dear life itself. As a matter of truth the show of energy covered many a whispered "aside," many a shift to improve the looks nature had endowed them with. In both these respects Evelyn was entirely at one with her companions. It was scarcely necessary for her to interrupt the flight of her fingers over the keyboard in their task of making the required perfect copy, to gossip a bit with a next-door neighbor, or to make deft repair of some facial short-coming. If the gray-haired elderly woman who presided over the room knew of these things (which she probably did, having mounted rung by rung to her present eminence) she let them pass as an irremediable condition incidental to New York girlhood, something which not even a wholesale supplanting of the present force would change.

Evelyn, though her face this morning wore its usual rather conventionalized expression of "sweetness," was excited to a degree that made her long impatiently for luncheon-time, with the wider chance it afforded for discussing the interests agitating her breast.

To begin with, there was the dance she had attended last night, the dance against which her father had set his face, but which her mother had conceded, because nothing in life hurt her so much as a tear twinkling on her daughter's eyelids. Pleased as she was to have won her way, she really did love them both enough to wish that she herself might not be so often the cause of parental disagreements. And it would be nicer—matters at home would be so much more comfortable all round—if Will Faraday were a Catholic. Otherwise she

could scarcely see why that particular lack—his lack indeed of all formal religion—should cause her worry. Socially, the young man rose level with the plane of her highest expectations. An up-and-coming young bond salesman, he made a good income, looked highly decorative in evening clothes, and was liberal to the point of lavishness in all those courtesies that enhance manly merit in the eyes of the average New York girl.

Then too, his taste in dress was flawless—of that Evelyn was certain; otherwise, perhaps, she would not have ignored with such airy indifference the parental protests against the shortness of costume and the heightening of color which, as being in Mr. Faraday's opinion "the right thing for a stylish girl," were now becoming matters of habit with her. In justice to Evelyn it must be said that in neither of these points did she differ from the majority of the foolish young ladies about her.

Will's engagement ring glistened on her finger. It was by far the handsomest ring in that room. And at dinner, after the dance last night, he had again brought up the subject of their marriage. For a moment she had almost quarreled with him! He could not get married in her church. No, positively, that was one concession no one could force him to make. That had roused her to a swift display of summer lightning. Did he mean to think she would get married elsewhere? Besides, there were her father and mother. Gayly, then, he proposed a compromise. Why could they not be married, as so many other nice people were these days, by judge or license clerk? Surely, at twenty, a girl could decide for herself. Did she intend to remain always in leading-strings? After that, the dispute had simmered down, Evelyn dreading to hear Will again pronounce her "narrow." Still, under the influence of that dread, she had weakly promised him before they parted, to reflect on the matter from his standpoint, not perhaps realizing that a marriage of this kind would have no validity in the sight of God.

Such on this particular morning was the trend of her thoughts which had not, it must be said, interfered in the

slightest degree with the correctness of her copying. She was however distracted presently by a sound, which interpreted as a sigh, caused Evelyn to glance at her right-hand neighbor.

The girl—or rather the young woman—was not like Evelyn at all, different indeed so much from that modish maiden that the latter had confided to her latest luncheon intimates that that Mrs. Raymond just got on her nerves. She wondered why married women came back to business once they were through with it, destroying their home-life, spoiling their husbands and making it hard for other girls, just to earn pin-money for fine clothes.

Had any of Evelyn's listeners been in a questioning mood they might have retorted that Mrs. Raymond was not concerned about fine clothes. Neatness and business-like as her dark dress was, it was not shortened like Evelyn's nor did her face wear the hues of rose and lily, which seemed the conception of loveliness in that office. Yet no one could deny that the quiet young woman possessed the gift of charm.

Then, too, she had a cheerfulness—"fortitude" a solemn person might have called it—that seemed to place her beyond the reach of ordinary annoyances. This was another count against her. Evelyn said she did not "like those people that are eternally smiling."

But her neighbor was not smiling this morning. In fact something dewlike glistened on her lashes, as she turned to meet Evelyn's surprised:

"What's the matter?"

"I—I cannot speak of it now," Mrs. Raymond murmured hurriedly, again concentrating her glance upon her work. "Later, perhaps, I may tell you."

"O!" came frigidly from Evelyn.

She was sorry she had courted rebuff by her question. Never would she cheapen herself in that way again.

A short while afterwards Mrs. Raymond rose from her place to answer a telephone call. Now telephone calls unless for serious reasons, were forbidden in that office; so upon Mrs. Raymond's return to her place, Evelyn was not at all surprised

to see that she was closing her desk about to leave. Then, quite to Evelyn's surprise—and it must be said to the awakening in her breast of a real rush of girlish sympathy—Mrs. Raymond whispered:

“Forgive me for not telling you just now. But I have been so troubled! My little girl is very sick. The Sister at the Day Nursery just called me——.”

“Oh, you poor thing!” Evelyn gasped, with a sympathy that was half remorse for her own mistaken judgement. “I never knew. I never thought.”

But the other had scarcely paused to listen.

“Say a prayer for my little one—that God will spare her to me!” was her half-choked plea, as she hurried off.

“Indeed I will,” Evelyn promised.

Almost with a sensation of amazement, she found herself several times during the remainder of the day making petitions for the life of the child of whose existence she had been so surprisedly made aware.

This was on Tuesday. On the following Friday morning when she came over to her desk she was delighted to see that her neighbor was again in her place. Though her face was still white and fretted-looking enough, there was no mistaking the happiness illuming her gray eyes. Evelyn, with sudden girlish impulse, leaned over and kissed her cheek.

“Oh, you need not tell me,” she exclaimed. “I can see your little girl is better. But I never had an idea that you had any care of that kind. If I had——.”

She could not say in so many words how different, with that understanding, her attitude might have been. But Mrs. Raymond comprehended the unfinished sentence, and made a compact with herself that henceforth she would see, through their outward veneering, those better qualities of Evelyn's nature which had responded to her own distress. At the same time an earnest desire to aid in their reawakening and development entered her breast. So firmly did the desire persist, that she made it a part of her prayers and Mass intentions, though indeed a less unselfish person would, in her place, have con-

sidered her own cares sufficient burden for her petitions. She was glad, when, one afternoon of the next week, as they were about to leave, Evelyn said:

"I should like to go a little way home with you. I want to hear about your little girl. If you wish to tell me, of course," she added hurriedly; afraid of overstepping the bounds of the other's reserve.

"Why," Mrs. Raymond responded with friendliness, "I shall be glad to tell you of her and glad to show her to you, too, if you can make time to call with me at St. Agatha's Nursery."

After a short ride they turned down a side-street, where, if one might judge by the signs on door and window, all central and Balkan Europe was represented. About half-way down the street was the Nursery, a neat oasis of new red brick and the orderliness associated with it. The children were being marshalled down from their quarters to meet their mothers, while the Sister in charge watched their progress and the reunions with smiling gravity. Beautiful it was to see how each little one, of walking age, slipped a tiny, confiding hand into the Sister's palm, in temporary farewell. Even four-year-old Celia Raymond, in her eager rush towards her mother, did not forget this loving ceremonial. Mrs. Raymond presented Evelyn to Sister Alicia, and the latter in true Sister fashion invited the girl to enter the Nursery chapel.

As she knelt in the chapel Evelyn breathed a heartfelt aspiration that everything would come out well for her fiance and herself—meaning by that, that in some way their religious divergences might be smoothed away.

When they had once more reached the street, the little girl tripped demurely along by her mother's side and Mrs. Raymond spoke in lowered tone to Evelyn:

"I'm sure you are waiting impatiently to know more about this, but I have hesitated to tell you, because the story is a little depressing. Thank God, though, I can tell it without sadness; for I know that I have acted for the best."

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that," answered Evelyn, "and one

of these days, say tomorrow, we can have luncheon together, and then, if you care, I should certainly like to hear it."

So it was that on the following day, Evelyn heard her neighbor's story. "A few years ago I was a girl, light-hearted as yourself. Father had died when I was a small child, and my older sister was married; so mother and I lived quite happily together. That is, I was happy, though it would be too much to say mother was—towards the end anyhow. For I had begun to think the sun rose and set on the man who afterwards became my husband. And it wasn't much wonder—I can understand that even now. Though his position was little better than my own, he was handsome, well bred, determined to raise himself—and devoted beyond words to myself. Indeed there was only one discordant note in all our plans—a religious one."

"Yes?" Evelyn interrogated tensely. "Please go on, Mrs. Raymond; I did not mean to interrupt."

He used to say that though he came of Calvinistic stock, he himself had no prejudices. He believed in everybody going his own way—or hers. But just the same, he said, he had some rights. Why should he be expected to stand up before a priest and make promises that grated against everything he had been taught? Of course I need not say that strong as was my feeling for him, I never yielded an inch on this point."

"You didn't?" Evelyn exclaimed eagerly. "Then I think I know just what happened. He yielded and was married in church. Then, gradually, as he saw day after day your all-round piety and goodness, he said: 'Well, I guess my wife's faith is good enough for me, and———.'"

The other regarded her with quick surprise.

"Why you are saying precisely the thing I thought would happen," she said, "and which did not. Our marriage before a priest was my husband's first and last concession to all I believed in. From the first few happy weeks onward, his dislike of all Catholic practices was like a gradually increasing cloud darkening all the happiness we might have otherwise found. He did not go to church himself on Sundays; so he had

the great opportunity to find fault with my going. When the baby came, it meant struggle and bitterness to have her baptized. Sometimes"—her voice wavered with the recollection of buried emotion—"loving him as I had I was tempted (God forgive me) to make the sacrifice that would have meant a peaceful home. Then something—prayer—always came to help and save me. Yes, if I am a Catholic today, if my child possesses the one saving Faith—not to my own poor strength but to the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus I owe it.

"But what use to linger over a story that I am sure has been duplicated thousands of times, in different ways, in such unions as ours? In the third winter after our marriage death snatched away my husband, and I could truly say that scarcely one of the hopes and dreams I had cherished remained. His parents who were comfortably situated, would have gladly kept the baby, but I resolved that, so far as I could manage it, no other but Catholic influence would ever enter her life. My own mother had become too feeble to be troubled by an added care. So I did the one practical thing under the conditions, secured a position at the work I best understood, leaving little Celia here in the daily care of the good Sisters. Of course I went back to live with my mother; and I tell you, that now, when I get home of evenings, I feel like a person who after being buffeted by the waves and nearly lost, has at last reached sheltered harbor. From a heart warm with gratitude, I can repeat the words of Joyce Kilmer's poem:

"Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of His chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and pain of life,
And oh, thank God for God!"

Evelyn did not reply; her accustomed readiness in rejoinder had deserted her. She felt that, without deserving on her own part, a hand had been stretched out to her on the brink of a precipice. Nor did this impression wear away with increasing days.

Reinforced by prayers for help, she was strengthened to reject the proffered happiness that bore within itself the sting of so much pain, the peril of apostasy, and a sinful life with a man to whom she would not truly be married. Not without hurt to her heart and crushing of her social aspirations was that rejection accomplished.

But the triumph remained with her, and soon, her soul again attuned to the ideals she had been so near sacrificing, she too could say:

“And oh, thank God for God!”



Some Morning Soon

Some morning, soon—
I hope I shall arise
To hear the glad lark trilling in the blue,
And see the lilac's train of loveliness,
And glistening hill-tops in their verdant dress;
The young days touch the woods with luscious hue,
And star with brilliance all the daises' eyes.

Some morning, soon—
Each bud and blade and tree
Will seem the lovelier every moment seen.
Divinest whisperings we shall hear and know
When rivelets with dulcet murm'ring flow,
And golden echoes wake the sylvan sheen
As chain-bound Spring at last breaks wild and free,
Some morning, soon.

—Frederick B. Fenton

OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH

By Rev. K. J. McRae

Christ's Obedience Unto Death

By the time this issue of the Lilies shall have reached its readers the Church will have repeatedly proclaimed, in her different Services, the "Obedience of Christ unto death," and we, no doubt, will have read of it in the history of the Passion recorded in the Gospels.

Now we know that it was not absolutely necessary for Christ to have died at all in order to have accomplished our Redemption, for, inasmuch as He was God as well as man, any act that He chose to offer in expiation of the sins of mankind, would have been amply sufficient, because it would be of infinite value, as the act of a Divine Person.

But when we study the matter carefully we can perceive an eminent fitness that Christ, as Redeemer, should have been "Obedient unto death" in atonement for sin, at least mortal sin, which is disobedience unto death.

Mortal Sin Disobedience Unto Death

"God and sin are diametrically opposed; they are incompatible one with the other. Hence the expression, 'Sin, as far as in it lies, would destroy God.'" (Bellord's Meditations on Christian Dogma, Vol. 1. P. 50). This reasoning may, perhaps, be more easily understood by a careful examination of the nature of mortal sin. It may be defined as a grievous, deliberate and wilful thought, word, deed or omission contrary to the law of God. Now the law of God is simply the expression of His Will. Mortal sin is, therefore, a clash or war of wills, our human wills pitted against the Divine Will. Now, since God's will is a part of His Essence, mortal sin is, therefore, a war to the death against God. And, as we cannot kill or

destroy God, we turn our back upon Him and chose whatever is the object of our sin instead of Him, that is, we make it our god, our idol.

From all this it may easily be seen that, as far as in it lies, mortal sin is, in the first place, disobedience unto death of God, in wish, and actually the death of God the Son, inasmuch as He chose His own death as the price of our Redemption. It is, in the second place, disobedience unto death for the supernatural life of our souls, for it drives out sanctifying grace, the source of that life. And, in the third place, the mortal sin of Adam and Eve, in eating the forbidden fruit, was disobedience unto death for their natural life, as well as for their supernatural life, and, inasmuch as we are the heirs of Adam, it was disobedience unto death for our natural life too.

We Also Must Be Obedient Unto Death

From all this we can easily see the necessity on our part to be like Christ, obedient unto death, that is, to be always ready to sacrifice our natural life, if necessary, in order to preserve our supernatural life and gain eternal life, both of which are lost through mortal sin.

Everything must act in accordance with the law of its being. The locomotive, for instance, must run along two steel rails, for, otherwise it will go to destruction—is reduced, in a moment, to scrap-iron. In the same way we must obey the law of our being, that is, the Ten Commandments of God and those of His Church.

Our Divine Saviour, Who is the “Way, the truth and the life” (John IV., 6), brings this vividly home to us in His warning “Enter ye in at the narrow gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there are who go in thereat. How narrow is the gate, and straight the way that leadeth to life; and few there are that find it” (Matt. XIV., 13, 14).

He here likens “Human life to a journey along a definite way . . . and first describes the way of living in the world.

It is broad and easy. It appeals to crude nature; it involves no restraint. We go on in it without moral effect, following natural motives. It is pleasant to the natural man. There are no fierce combats against the lusts of the flesh and the world, no renunciation, no chastisement of the flesh. Of course, it has in it none of those deeper joys that come from the consciousness of duty nobly performed, but the thoughtless multitude, which lives on the surface of things, wrecks not at the absence of these. It is easy, and demands no deep thought, no sacrifices, and its motives can be apprehended by the senses. Moreover, the multitudes are there. The people whom we meet in social converse are there. The public thought of the day is a voice from that broad path, and invites us to travel therein. Popular men, successful men are there. We are drawn by the tide towards the same broad road. It is hard to stand aloof, and follow a hard and unpopular law of conduct, when all about us men are moving in another direction.

“The poor Christian lives in the midst of a world which by the testimony of John IV. 19, ‘Lieth wholly in wickedness.’ The moral atmosphere is filled with false philosophy and vain theories. And many a man, who has resisted for a time, ends by going with the crowd. And thus the great stream of humanity rolls onward through that terrible road, forgetful of God, forgetful of Heaven. Generation after generation passes on, and perishes, and no word of God is sufficient to arrest the dreadful procession.

“Opposed to this broad and thronged way is the straight gate and narrow way that leads to life. Here again the use of the gate and the way is synonymous, and the terms merely strengthen each other in the metaphorical expression of the difficulty of the way of righteousness.

“As the Lord views the two ways of human life, the terrible truth of the difficulty of righteousness, and the fewness of the elect elicits from Him this earnest exclamation. As we have said before, Christ was there reflecting on the way of human life throughout all ages. His words are borne out by the fact both as regards nations and as regards individuals. In case

of nations, a nation is not rated by whether the institutions of God are upheld in her realm, or whether her people obey God, but she is rated by her revenues, her army and navy. And in human society, observation shows plainly what a small portion of humanity profess a definite belief in Christ and His law, and only a small part of these retain that living faith which reflects itself in the character of a man's life. To find in human society the man who with definite aim is moving along in the narrow path is not the rule, but the exception.

“Now it is expedient for man to keep these two truths in mind in his progress in the law of Christ, that it is a narrow and difficult path and that the elect are few. One succeeds much better in an undertaking when he has counted the cost, and has moved the mind to the proper preparation for that which is to be expected. Of course, the difficulties of that way will only be felt by those who are doers of the word. The more one goes with the world, the more does he lessen these difficulties. To move faithfully in the narrow way of Christ, one must in large degrees oppose all the thought of the world, which comes to us in multifarious and powerful agencies; he must oppose popular theories, which appeal to the proud aspirations of a people; he must oppose the mighty movements of his own nature. It is hard to do this, and often the error prevails that one is doing it when he is not. A perpetual vigilance must be kept up, or one will unconsciously fall into the easier way of doing as the rest do. The very nature of the Christian life is such that one must go somewhat deeply into it to find its real nature, and to find something that will sustain a man in his combat with the spirit of the world . . .

“Put away, therefore, the fatal error that salvation is easy to achieve. Such an error breaks down the distinction between the Christian and the man of the world; and while it leaves a man nominally in the ranks of Christ, it renders him without religious character. The narrow way is not found without earnest seeking; whereas the broad way of the world offers itself to all. In the narrow way we cannot walk without continual restraint and patient effort; the very impetus of un-

redeemed nature bears us on in the broad way. Moreover, man is an imitative animal, and it is easier to imitate the multitudes of the world than the few of Christ. Now as the prudent mariner often consults his compass to get his bearings in the pathless ocean, so the Christian should often by proper thought and self-examination certify himself that he is in the narrow and difficult way that leads to life" (Rev. A. E. Breen, D.D., in *Harmonized Exposition of the Four Gospels*, Vol. II., pp. 256-260).

We have an infallible compass, the will of God, expressed to us in His Ten Commandments, interrupted for us by His infallible Church. These Commandments should be for us, like the steel rails for the locomotive, immovable guides holding us to what God commands on the one side, and opposed to what He forbids on the other. If we are obedient to these guides, unto death if necessary, to the end of our lives on earth, thus preserving our supernatural life, we will enter upon the enjoyment of our complete life of eternal happiness in heaven. And one single moment of that happiness will cause us to forget all the difficulties, the troubles, and the trials we may have encountered in the narrow and straight way of life, no matter how great they may have been. Add to this the fact that this unalloyed happiness will have no end, and that so one can in any way whaeever interfere with it. This happiness is, finally, so great that even St. Paul, who had the privilege of being taken up to the third heaven, found human language so totally inadequate to express or describe it, that he was forced to exclaim, in the words of Isia (64, 4) "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love Him." (I. Cor. II., 9).



RT. REV. A. E. BURKE, P.A.

THE RT. REV. MONSIGNOR A. E. BURKE D.D., P.A.

"I will come again and take you to Myself."—St. John xiv., 3.

It is with deep regret that we announce to the readers of St. Joseph Lilies, in this number, the death of one, who for so many years was a valued and much-appreciated contributor to our magazine, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. E. Burke, D.D., P.A.

Born at Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1862, the late Monsignor Burke was educated at Charlottetown and Laval University, Quebec, which education was broadened and deepened by later years of extensive travelling and intimate intercourse with prominent affairs and men of two continents. Always zealous for the glory of God and for the establishment of His Kingdom in the hearts of men, Mgr. Burke served as a young priest on missions in Canada, and later received recognition of his untiring services, by being appointed first President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, a society which has done an incalculable amount of good in establishing and supporting Catholic Mission Churches throughout the land, but particularly in the far West. We cannot but think that, during the celebrations of Holy Year in Rome, where the beautiful exhibits of Catholic Church Extension work from all over the world were shown, it must have been a secret joy and consolation to this founder of the work in Canada to see and hear the interest evinced therein by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. Not to go so far afield, we think too, that as now Mgr. Burke's services for God on earth are ended, it must be no small part of his joy in Heaven to look down upon numberless little churches and chapels located throughout Western Canada, where God is now worshipped and His Name adored.

As was to be expected from one of his untiring energy and whole-heartedness in the cause of right, Mgr. Burke offered

himself for services during the Great War, and he was appointed head Catholic Chaplain of the Canadian troops, with the temporary rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The later years of his life were spent in Rome, where he was engaged in special journalistic work for European and American papers. It was in connection with this work that the late Monsignor attended the Eucharistic Congress held at Chicago last year, travelling from Rome in the retinue of the Papal Delegate. The work entailed in press reporting is always one of heavy mental strain and it would seem that along with the exertions of the Congress and the long journeys in connection therewith the physical demands proved too much for his years. Shortly after returning to Rome Monsignor fell ill, and although he recovered temporarily, he succumbed on December 15th, to what was perhaps the first real illness of his strenuous life. During these weeks of suffering when he lay ill in the Hospital of the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, some of that kindness, which he had bestowed upon others came back to him in turn "like bread cast upon the waters," and, it must have been to him a great source of consolation that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., with whom he had enjoyed more than ordinary intercourse, sent him the Papal blessing,—not only an inestimable privilege, but also a valuable help towards finishing the journey of life holily. And so the consolation, which came from the recognition of him and his work by the one who holds the highest place as Christ's Vicar upon earth, were not wanting. Monsignor Burke's work on earth was done, and with that ready acceptance with which he had ever bowed to God's will amid the trials and vicissitudes of life, he awaited the approach of death, which to him was no grim message, but the blessed harbinger of the new and fuller life to come.

And so the Church Militant has lost a true and loyal son; the Catholic Press a brilliant and versatile correspondent and controversialist, and St. Joseph Lilies a delightful and untiring contributor; for the issue in which we now record his death is the first for many years that has not been enriched by a contribution from his pen; but most of all have those

who knew and loved him lost a true, devoted friend. Our Community in particular is deeply indebted to him for many kind offices of charity and courtesy, and we trust he is now enjoying a reward in heaven. But inasmuch as Holy Mother Church bids us ever to be mindful of the faithful departed, we would ask the readers of St. Joseph Lilies, who have so often enjoyed the work of his pen, to join us in a fervent petition that Almighty God may greatly reward one, who gave his life and talents to His Divine service and interests. May he rest in peace!

Unicorn and Phoenix

The Unicorn, they say, has eyes,
In which all man's lost goodness lies.
The fiery Phoenix, I've been told,
Renews its youth while growing old.

One wears, for snout, a silver lance,
Reflecting God's rich radiance.
One, golden-winged, soars swift and high,
Unseen by aught but Heaven's eye.

One has white flanks of fleecy wool,
That Eden's bliss made beautiful.
One spans all space with the speed of a breath,
Like souls released at body's death.

The Unicorn and the Phoenix live,
But from mortal sight are fugitive;
Immune from the lust of the hunter's hand,
They feed on love in the Promised Land.

—J. Corson Miller.

ROMEO

By Rev. Brother Gabriel, B.A., M.Sc.

“My mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night’s revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!

Among the Romans, there was a belief that man’s destiny was written in the stars. Ages have passed since and that great Empire has faded into oblivion; yet, much of its influence has remained, especially this philosophy of fatalism. Shakespeare’s Romeo is an excellent example. In the discussion of this character, we shall have ample opportunity to note the chain of misfortunes by which cruel fate withholds him from his heart’s desire, as one might dangle a bright object beyond the reach of an infant until its little heart is broken.

Shakespeare says nothing regarding Romeo’s age; but that he is young seems obvious, probably in his twenties. Tybalt, who is himself still in lusty youth refers to him as “boy.”

“Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shall with him hence.”

Although there is a possibility that this reference may be purely in scorn, yet we deem it superfluous to seek for further proof in a matter which is really self-evident. We may also infer from the text that he is handsome and has an attractive personality. Even Capulet has a good word for him and secretly admires him.

Tyb.—’Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap.—Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern’d youth.

It is a more difficult matter to form a true conception of Romeo's natural disposition. Since he is in a mood when introduced, we are apt to fancy him as habitually despondent. Furthermore, his many prophetic utterances, most of them pessimistic, would tend to strengthen this opinion. On the other hand, Shakespeare is careful to remind us that his hero is, at present, anything but himself.

“Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.”

His sparkling wit exhibited as flashes amid his gloom gives further evidence of the Romeo that might have been.

Rom.—Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer.—Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom.—Not I, believe me: You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer.—You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom.—I am too sore empierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.

When, a little later, this time after the Balcony Scene, Romeo and Mercutio engage in another battle of wits, the latter is so overpowered that he cries for help.

Rom.—O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!
Mer.—Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

There is an apparent hatred for society in Romeo's make-up and it can be partly explained by the fact that there are no suitable companions. Like Juliet, he cares nothing for the ancient feuds but rather adheres to the motto: “Live and let live.” His soul is tuned to higher things. Benevolio and Mercutio are the only ones who share his company. Yet, the reserve and melancholy of the former and the coarse manner

of the latter, with his loose talk and lack of refinement certainly do not fit them as associates. Their presence seems only to interpret, by way of contrast, the somewhat elusive character of Romeo.

A further contrast to this choleric pair is observed in Romeo's love of peace. The fact that he will evade a quarrel, however, must never be mistaken for effeminacy. He is not present nor cares to have any part in the first street fight. When Tybalt later seeks him out and hurls the gibe of "villian" in his teeth, for Juliet's sake, he is more anxious to explain than to seek revenge. Yet, this does not prevent him from drawing a moment later to beat down their weapons when his petulant companion, Mercutio, would protect his honour.

"Gentlemen, for shame, forbare this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!"

But Mercutio is wounded unto death and this affords a true occasion. Presently, the furious Tybalt returns, now glorying in his foul triumph. This is too much for Romeo: they draw and Tybalt is slain. It is a just punishment for Tybalt who has dogged Romeo's steps with purpose to foment a quarrel. Although there is a suggestion of revenge in Romeo's challenge yet he may still claim the right of self-defense. The clash was inevitable and this seems to have been the moment. Both Juliet and Friar Lawrence bear testimony which would indicate his innocence.

Jul.—My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain
And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my
husband.

Fr. Law.—Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt.

It is not this which makes him cry out on the top of it all:

"O, I am fortune's fool,"

He realizes only too well that in shedding Capulet blood he has sealed his doom. The struggle has begun and it is fate not Romeo that is the victor.

But Romeo is first, last and always the ardent lover; his very name suggests romance. He is introduced to us, love-sick and smarting under Cupid's dart. His admiration for Rosaline seems without bounds.

"The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since the first world begun."

However, she will not requite his love and he is driven to despair. Then comes the "ancient feast of Capulets." Romeo, though with some reluctance, yields to the entreaties of his comrades and enters the House of Capulet, an unbidden guest. It is Benvolio's trick, and it succeeds beyond his wildest hope. At the first glimpse of Juliet, Romeo's love for Rosaline, great as it had been, is swallowed up as a drop of water is lost in the "multitudinous seas."

"Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw beauty till this night."

Cupid's second aim is perfect and this time both hearts are pierced by the same shaft. Scarcely a dozen words are shared by these ill-fated lovers before all else fades and they alone exist in a world of forgotten things. Severally, they pass from the great hall as spectres, not of this creation. Both are silent and seek seclusion. Romeo wanders aimlessly about like one who has been stunned. Having deluded his companions, he returns and, at the peril of his life, scales the high wall to worship near that sanctuary where he has left his heart.

"Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out."

His soliloquy, though scarcely less than adoration, but feebly expresses the promptings of his soul or his admiration

for this "bright angel," this "fair living saint." The balcony scene is so delicately cast that one can scarcely read it without some feeling of intrusion upon a sacred rite.

Indeed, this rapture is all too heavenly for earth and too inordinate to endure. Even Romeo doubts its reality:

"I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

Gervinus, a shrewd judge of dramatic character, reading this scene, foresees disaster and coldly reminds us that "excess in any enjoyment always brings bitterness." The aged monk, by way of contrast, represents the "pauser, reason." He chides Romeo for his impetuous haste, reminding him that "they stumble that run fast." His advice is salutary:

"These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

However, in the hope that this new and apparently heaven-made bond may end an ancient feud, he concurs in their romantic marriage.

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household's rancour to pure love."

Little he realizes what a sad harvest must be reaped ere the fruits of his prophecy be garnered.

Envious fate cuts short the bliss of these two lovers almost within the echoes of their marriage vows. Even while Juliet longs for the "wings of night" which bring her Romeo, her doomed lover, banished for Tybalt's death, comes with faltering steps to bid a sad adieu. Shakespeare has wisely left this

scene to our imagination and hence we see only the last farewell of a parting which is so beautifully sad that words would fail to tell. Banishment is cruel under any circumstances, but for Romeo 'tis death, for leaving Juliet he leaves the world.

Both Romeo and Juliet feel the presence of this unknown power which seems to outwit them at every turn. There is always that indefinite premonition hanging over them as if fate has marked them for her victims. As Romeo is about to enter Capulet's hall on that momentous night, we hear him say :

“My mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.”

Again, when they are parted by the verdict of banishment, we have the same fear expressed. In this case, however, Romeo is the more hopeful.

Jul.—O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom.—I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul.—O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom.—And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

And finally, while Juliet sees her husband pursued by the spirit of Tybalt, Romeo dreams that his: “lady came and found him dead.”

Yet, it is not fate alone which determines the issue but a combination of chance and character. Fate, through the medium of an illiterate servant, brings together these children of hostile families. In the name of peace, Romeo steps between

Tybalt and Mercutio and is the indirect cause of the latter's death. To avenge this deed he kills Tybalt and is banished. The emissary despatched by Frail Lawrence to advise Romeo of Juliet's counterfeit death, meets with the misfortune of being quarantined while the harbinger of the false tidings reaches Mantua without delay. Romeo, having come to the tomb where all is confirmed, rashly swallows the deadly potion dispensed by the poor apothecary and dies just one moment before Juliet awakens and almost in the presence of the aged monk who could have explained everything.

As this young life is crushed out after its short span of mingled bliss and woe, we cannot but feel that fate has triumphed. Such a close is tragic in the extreme but not altogether unexpected. In fact, it seems the logical sequence of a passion so violent that it has robbed him of his saner self.

“The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.”

Yet, it is all so different from the end which we would have desired for this gallant lover that we feel no inclination to suppress that sigh of pity which rises in our breasts as he takes a sad adieu of this cruel world.

“O, here
Will I take up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.”

AN EASTER AWAKENING

IT WAS Holy Saturday, and you would have known it if you had lost all count of time. The sky was beautifully blue, and the sun smiled on everyone and everything. The air was full of promise of spring, and there seemed to be an atmosphere of quiet expectation, as though the world were waiting breathlessly for the rustle of the Risen Saviour's garments, which some people say may be heard very, very early on Easter Sunday morning. Others say that at the dawn of Easter Day the sun dances three times, and Peter, who now was seven years old, found this a possibility of absorbing interest.

Peter, be it known, was going across the street to call on Mr. Johnson, as was his daily custom, although this afternoon he was a little later than usual. He had had a busy and an exciting day. At his house, the windows had all been freshly curtained, furniture and brasses had been polished to the winking point, and all sorts of fascinating preparations were being made for the morrow's feast. Peter, to quote Nora, the maid, had been "into everything," and enjoyed himself thoroughly, but now all the arrangements were completed, to his mother's infinite satisfaction, and he was going to chat for an hour with his friend.

Mr. Johnson, who was no longer young, lived in a large house, with only servants to look after him, and he was very rich. Peter's home was just a bungalow, and his mummy and daddy were not rich at all—at least, not as the world judges. Great aunt Johannah—a truly formidable soul—evidently agreed with the world; for Peter once happened to hear her say, "These two (meaning his proud parents) never had a cent to bless themselves with." Still, they blessed themselves at the appointed times. Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, although possessed of cents beyond counting, was never seen to bless himself, so Peter did not quite see the connection be-

tween cents and blessings. That was one of the many questions tucked away in the back of his mind, to be propounded when least expected. Today, however, he wanted to talk about Easter.

The impassive countenance of Greaves, the butler, relaxed into the geniality reserved for Peter, as he opened the door.

“ ’E’s been hexpecting you all day, Master Peter,” he whispered.

And presently, said expectations were being satisfied.

“We’ve had the busiest day at our house, Mr. Johnson!” Peter, relaxing into the depths of an armchair, sighed the sigh of the weary—likewise the contented.

“You don’t tell me! Is that a fact?”

In an atmosphere of such gratifying interest, Peter continued to wax eloquent.

“Yès, indeed! We’ve had such heaps to do, mummy and I, getting ready for Easter.

“And now everything’s done, I suppose?”

“Yes, everything! Even to Confession! At least mummy and I went. daddy’s going tonight, and in the morning we’re all going out early, to receive Our Risen Lord.”

Peter, having attained the great age of seven, had made his First Communion, and had glimpsed the Vision of the Beautiful with the wondrous clarity of childhood and innocence.

Mr. Johnson poked the fire vigorously, which seemed a most unnecessary proceedings, for it was burning brightly, and the room was warm.

“Hm-m! Hm-m-m!” He cleared his throat loudly. “Will the Easter Rabbit be going to your house, Peter”? He asked.

“Who is the Easter Rabbit? Tell me about him,” Peter demanded, with the thirst for information common to small boys as well as girls.

“Oh, perhaps he’s gone out of style” said Mr. Johnson, “but when I was like you he often came to our house, and left Easter Eggs, and sometimes toys, if we were good.”

“Something like Santa Claus?” (Peter evidently cherished the kindest memories of Santa Claus.) “I never heard of the

Easter Rabbit, but mummy is expecting the Easter Angels to pass by; they bring peace and joy you know."

"Pretty fine things, Peter! Pretty fine things."

"That's what mummy says. But then,"—a trifle wistfully, "you cannot play with joy and peace, can you?"

"No, Peter, you can't!"

Mr. Johnson seemed quite sure of that, which was very comforting to Peter, and thus they chatted on contentedly; for in the journey of life there is a way to understanding, where youth and age walk hand in hand.

And now it was eight o'clock; Peter had gone; and Mr. Johnson after his supper was again sitting by the library fire, lost in thought. Through the unshuttered window, the Paschal moon peeped in, while the stars twinkled and winked at each other; did they foresee the outcome of these deep reflections? But Mr. Johnson was thinking neither of the moon nor of the stars. He was back in the forgotten past, back to another Holy Saturday night when the little lad he used to be was curled up in a big chair having a bedtime talk with his mother.

"Mother, won't you feel sorry for Judas in the morning?"

"I'm always sorry for Judas, son!"

"Yes, but especially at Easter, mummy, when Our Lord comes back from the dead."

Strange—the appeal of the spiritual to the hearts of children; but children, after all, are nearer to God than any of us.

"Judas had his chance, son, and lost it. He had our Lord's love and friendship and gave them away for a few pieces of money. Wasn't he blind and foolish! So blind and foolish that he would not even turn to the gentle Saviour to accept mercy and forgiveness."

Out of the past, each word came clearly, so clearly that Mr. Johnson started in his chair.

"Blind and foolish," he whispered, "God help me! As blind and as foolish as I!"

For he had been another Judas. He too, had thrown away the friendship of Christ as he advanced in worldly wisdom. Years ago, Sunday Mass had become "an awful bore," and

gradually dropped; Confession "all right for girls," while morning and night prayers were never thought of. His life was too full for religion. In fact he had almost forgotten its existence. Had little Peter's artless prattle awakened the long-silent chord in his memory?

"He did not even have the sense—no sense—mercy—mercy and forgiveness." Why, the room was alive with echoes! He fell on his knees. "Oh, God, be merciful!" he whispered, "be merciful to me—a sinner."

The clock struck the half-hour, and a sudden thought came to him. It was not far to the Cathedral, and it would be open quite late tonight. Always, with Mr. Johnson, to think was to act, and presently he was swinging down the road at a good pace for one who usually rode in elegance and ease.

He soon reached the Cathedral, where he stood awhile, ashamed to venture in. Then—perhaps his Guardian Angel gave him a push—he gathered sufficient confidence to enter. Once inside the House of God, he hurried straight up to the Altar, and kneeling before the gentle Saviour whom he had forsaken for thirty years, he whispered again and again with the passionate fervor of his awakened faith: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!"

Never, from the moment it was first uttered, has that cry for pity failed to evoke a swift response; and when he timidly raised his eyes to the gleam of the Sanctuary Lamp, which had shone steadily through all the time of his indifference and neglect, and to the crucifix above the altar, he grasped the full significance of the consoling answer to his tumultuous doubts and fears:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting Love."

He looked across the aisle. A priest was walking up and down reading his Office and waiting for penitents—waiting, through the goodness of God, for him. He slipped into the kindly shadows of the confessional. The priest followed . . .

"Ego te absolvo." The words of mercy and pardon fell sweetly on the ears of the penitent. Forgiven! Taken back into the friendship of Christ as fully and graciously as though

he had never sinned or strayed! The wonder of it all swept through his soul, and his heartfelt Act of Contrition found fit expression in a strong man's tears.

Next morning, Peter found Mr. Johnson kneeling side by side with him at the altar rail, and I am sure Our Lord brought a special grace to each of them; but little did Peter dream that he was a real apostle, and worthy of the name he bore.

At breakfast, mummy said something to daddy about their being "more joy in Heaven," and Peter rather wondered what they would do with it all. But then, there were so many things to wonder at! For the Easter Rabbit called, really and truly (I suspect Mr. Johnson must have sent him word) and left a baseball set such as Peter had wanted for ages; consequently, that young gentleman looked forward to a season of vast popularity with "the gang."

So you see, it was a gloriously happy Easter, from every point of view.

—Amy McEvoy.



The Handmaid of the Lord

Her little house was redolent
Of almond boughs in bloom;
Across her hill the lilies sent
To her their sweet perfume;
When, whiter than the lilies far
That blossomed by her door
And brighter than the morning star,
God's angel stood before.

His hair was as a golden mist
His brows that aureoled,
His wings a flame of amethyst
And hyacinth and gold.
Abashed, the shrinking maiden saw
And trembled at the sight,
And hid her face in fear and awe
To dim the blinding light.

A silent hush of wonder mute!
Then from the silence grew
A voice as sweet as bird or lute
That thrilled her spirit thro';
"Hail! full of grace!" Like music's chord
The message sounded clear.
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
She said. God smiled to hear.

God from His high hushed heaven leant,
Compassionating man,
And smiled to mark the maid's assent
That ratified Love's plan.
Then stooped the Word Divine to earth,
Man's nature to assume
And work, thro' veils of human birth,
Reversal of man's doom.

The lilies in her garden heard,
The roses dew-emppearled,
And breathed the tale to breeze and bird
To bear it round the world.
Her rapture burst from earth in flowers
That flamed in field and grove;
And songs of joy that shook her bowers
Extolled Incarnate Love.

And "Ave!" cooed the fluttering dove
To Mary as she went
About her household tasks of love
And o'er her distaff bent.
To her in reverence inclined
The flowers her path that wreathed,
And every little wandering wind
Its "Ave!" to her breathed.

—P. J. Coleman.

A SWEET CANADIAN SINGER

By John M. Copeland

That thou, and thou alone
 Held in thy arms close to thy heart
 Eternity's Mighty God;
 Or that to Calvary's Height thy feet
 Didst press the path He trod;
 Ah! not for such art thou the "Blest"
 'Mong women here below;
 But that thy soul, "the Bride of God"
 Was pure as driven snow!

—MARIE.



Mrs. Sarah L. Grant

WRITING recently in the New York Times' Book Review an epitome of last year's poetry, H. S. Gorman does not deplore but comments that the best of a bountiful yield was of adequate quality, yet minus anything strikingly superior in this era of the reign of King Prose.

Despite apathy and the absence of merited encouragement, however, writers born with a modicum of ink in their veins continue responding to an inherent urge and all through life endeavor to give expression, and mantle with graceful phrase and measure, much beauty of thought and salutary counsel.

Such a voluminous composer of prose and verse is the subject of my sympathetically disposed critique.

Since childhood Sarah L. Wilson, later Mrs. George Grant, Montreal, has been an assiduous devotee of the writers' art and guild.

Within the happy, protective environment of Villa Anna, St. Ann's Convent, Lachine, Quebec, her flair received en-

couragement. As originator and charter member of her beloved alma mater's literary society, and over the nom de plume "Marie" a regular contributor long after graduation to her school periodical "Echoes from St. Ann's," her facility and style developed. Journalistic expression possessed a definite appeal for Mrs. Grant and among numerous publications that have accepted her copy, she wrote for the New York Recorder, the True Witness, Montreal, and was a correspondent of that brilliant Irishwoman "Kit," who edited an attractive and popular page in the Toronto Mail. She was also a columnist with the Belleville "Ontario" staff and today is the author of monthly reviews appearing in St. Michael's Tidings and St. Patrick's Message, parish magazine sponsored by Father McShane of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

That beautiful canticle "Lord God of Hosts, the heavens and earth are full of Thy glory" might consistently be the key to Mrs. Grant's themes apropos the loveliness of Nature. I take a liberty in curtailing such a poem—

At night when the world is silent,
When the mists of twilight fall;

To look through the green at high Heaven
And smile at the moon's gentle grace,
To breathe and to pray in the shadow
Of Nature—in God's holy place.

Her stanzas recall that some of Bliss Carman's most whimsical lines were redolent of the lilies of the field.

APRIL

Storm and sunshine, smiles and frowns,
Nature warming every breeze,
Tiny blossoms peeping shyly,
Soft green buds on shivering trees.
Hid in shadowed corners, melting
What was once the spotless snow;

All that Winter's reign has left us,
 Vanished Ice King's afterglow.
 April's breath has warmed our planet
 Making way for May's sweet Queen,
 The sapphire dome of sky above us
 Smiles on Earth's new robe of green.

Not hers is the modern cynicism, contempt and satire of many poets, nor is it humor, but spontaneous compassion co-operating with deep religious feeling—

Ah, who has not laid, with one's heart, away
 Some cherished form in the cold, damp clay?
 Ah Me! Can our dead see us weep and pray?
 Miserere Domine
 And "out of the depths" the echoes roll—
 The pitiful prayer of a suffering soul:
 A God its theme and Heaven its goal.
 Miserere Domine
 "Have Mercy O Lord" the wide world o'er
 On wings of Faith the requiems soar,
 From countless souls for evermore.
 Miserere Domine.

A mother of sons and daughters, one who has borne vicissitude inseparable from Life, with a journalist's unusual opportunity to observe the world's mistaken philosophies, she depicts the sophistries that allure Youth in the followins abbreviated lines—

Strayed through the month which has ended to-day,
 The numberless deeds I had hoped to fulfill;
 My roseate dreams! my dauntless good will!
 Like the mists of the dawn they have faded away.

But ye, the young whom Wealth and Beauty beckon—
 Who quaff Earth's sweets like bees the honeyed rose;
 Say, "What is Time?" With rippling laugh for answer.
 "Ah! Time's the stream where short-lived pleasure flows."

Youth built him an altar of jasper,
 A maid fashioned thrones of gold—
 With gems from the disc of the rainbow
 Like the storied shrines of old;
 'Mid perfumes and vapory incense
 And lamps of ruby flame,
 And blooms from the Orient's garden
 They worshipped—a Shade, a Name.
 For the god enthroned—their ideal—
 Was only of sordid dross.
 And his soul shrank back from false worship,
 Her shrine—a heart-broken loss.

There is evident in "Marie's" compositions an absence of mechanics, of constructive uniformity, with moderate striving for singing, lilting measures, but she uncovers the hidden gold of Christian poetry in her motifs. Her fountain of beautiful inspiration absorb vitality from the Rock, the well-springs of fervent Faith, as reflected in this tribute on a Sister's Golden Jubilee—

Oft since the years, the golden years
 When first thy girlish heart,
 In ardent youth, half smiles, half tears,
 Didst choose the better part,
 Back on the wings of holy love,
 In Christ's eternal name,
 Fair spirits from the court above
 With heavenly mission came.

They garnered all the noble deeds,
 The kindly acts, the grace
 Which frames the purest creeds;
 Then, on through boundless space
 They bear aloft the trophies rare
 For which those years pay toll,
 And angels lay at God's white throne
 The harvest of a soul.

Maternal tenderness encircles the Babe, Jacqueline, which one's imagination pictures in this opening verse of three—

What did we do without you,
 Baby Mine?
 Ere you came with wealth of love about you
 Baby Mine?
 Fragile and fair from some far-off zone
 You came and conquered our hearts for your own,
 Your crib, tiny, white—a young queen's throne.
 Baby Mine.

In her poem on music—our sublime solace—Mrs. Grant embellishes a beautiful thought, but space forbids reproduction in entirety—

The Lord has dressed the flowers in beauty,
 The fields in tints of rainbow hue.
 The mountains reared their oak-crowned summits,
 Piercing the skies of cerulean blue.

Jehovah paused—His gaze through ages
 Beheld the wreck which Crime would bring,
 Beheld the tears which Woe and Sorrow
 From victims' eyes would daily wring;
 And God, in pity, found a solace
 For weary hearts that mourned on Earth:
 He sighed that Grief should mar His hand-work,
 And Music—Music Divine—took birth.

Although the authoress's geneological tree has some Scottish branches, she resembles the great colonizing St. Patrick, from Auld Scotia, in her love for the Emerald Isle of her ancestors. Her pen has ever been brilliant in promoting Ireland's happiness and Irish culture, as this poem will attest—

Where Nature's garb outrivals
 The emerald's vivid green,
 And rivers ripple softly
 The Irish hills between,
 Around the rugged coast-line
 The wild Atlantic rolls
 And chants the lonely sorrows
 Of Erin's exiled souls.
 No other spot is fairer,

For Nature's lavish hand
Has strewn her hills and valleys,
Her oak-crowned mountains grand,
With gems of rarest beauty.
The sun shines brighter there,
And moonbeams smile at nightfall
On scenes surpassing fair.
O peerless Mother Erin,
Thank God that now, at last,
Above thy fair horizon
So long with clouds o'ercast,
The "Sunburst" proudly flutters
And flings to every breeze
The folds of Ireland's banner,
"The gem of Irish seas."

The subject of this sketchy review is indefatigable in her production of timely papers on current world and local events affecting religion and the Church, which appear in the parochial press of Montreal.

Hers is the jewel of animated Faith, the elusive guerdon which that delightful, refined poetess of reverence and seriousness, Margery Pickthall, seemed to have been seeking in "Lead, Kindly Light," by Cardinal Newman.

Mrs. Grant does not indulge in lengthy verse. Her compositions are not tangled webs of obscure meaning, but melodic lyrics on a lofty plane that portray with transparent piety the writer's mental reactions towards human frailties and the vital phrases of life.

SISTER M. AVELINE'S TIMEPIECE

Art square or round—O telltale clock
That ticks, remorseless, time away,
Which faithful tells the passing hour,
The time for books, the time for play?

CANADA-IN-CHINA

IN the evening of Sunday, December 13th, 1925, Catholic Toronto was deeply stirred by a unique celebration held in St. Michael's Cathedral, the Departure of the pioneer band of Canadian missionaries destined for their allotted field or labour, Chuchow, China! This district, with which current war reports has now made us familiar, is the largest prefecture of Che-kiang, one of the eighteen provinces of China proper, and is situated on the Pacific Coast, about midway between Shanghai and Hong-Kong. Chuchow is some ninety miles inland, and is reached from Wenchow, the nearest seaport, by a river journey of two or three days! At the conclusion of the ceremonial the vast congregation was stirred to tears when the missionary band—Fathers Fraser, Morrison and Serra—in simple black cassocks and wearing large crucifixes, followed the imposing and colourful procession of prelates, priests and acolytes down the central aisle of the great Cathedral. Blessings, prayers and good wishes followed these meek but brave Apostles, who were leaving all dear to them for the great Quest of Souls.

Christmas Day found our missionary band in Vancouver, and sailing thence across the broad Pacific, a journey of five or six weeks, they reached the scene of their future labours, Chuchow, China. Hemmed in by lofty mountains, picturesque, peaceful, secluded; populated by a race wholly Chinese, and almost entirely pagan, yet withal simple, kindly, industrious, Chuchow seemed an ideal spot for the work of evangelization and immediately the great task was begun.

Soon there began to come back to the beloved Alma Mater on the Kingston Road (St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary), all manner of cheery news—various and much-needed improvements in the mission buildings, a flourishing school for boys, a Canadian gift of a new church for Sungyang, and

best of all, a daily increase in fervent converts. God's smile seemed to rest upon Chuchow, and all went well.

Hardships and heavy labours there were in plenty, but no complaints from our selfless missionaries. A chapel-boat was built, in which Father Fraser was enabled to make extensive exploring tours of the district. Into pagan wilds, where never before had white man penetrated, went the intrepid "Xavier," for thus appropriately was the mission-boat named. The account of these journeyings reads almost as a parallel to St. Paul's account of his own apostolic wanderings. There were undreamed-of dangers, well-nigh impassible roads to cover, perilous precipices to climb, yawning chasms to bridge, treacherous rapids to cross, there was hunger and thirst to endure, food often disgustingly unpalatable, and rough shelter in miserable Chinese hovels; there was Holy Mass in mud cabins, and in open barns. But what of all this? It is only the accepted portion of the missionary in pagan lands. To be clothed in soft garments is not for these followers of "the restless, bare-footed Wanderer of Galilee."

True missionary joys were to be had in abundance in Chuchow, for there, the harvest was ripe, and the labourers were coming into the field. The close of the first year found their numbers more than doubled. Father Wm. Fraser left his parish in Albion, Ontario, to join his brother in Chuchow; and from the China Mission Seminary of Toronto came Fathers Carey, Venini and Kam. In little "Canada-in-China" there was great rejoicing when the staunch and sturdy "Xavier" reached there from Wenchow, bearing this precious relief-contingent. Seven missionaries, in less than two years! Is it any wonder that the sleepy, slimy Dragon, who claims China as his lawful spoil, suddenly became alert and watchful, and fixed his evil, jealous eye on the prosperous mission of Chuchow?

Shut off from the surrounding country by its barricade of frowning mountains, and being utterly without any of the modern means of communication, little or nothing was known in Chuchow of the fierce revolutionary struggle even now raging in China, with the progress of which, we, in far-off Canada

are in daily touch. So, as bolts from the blue, came imperative warning messages from outlying districts urging our missionaries to flee for their lives, as the anti-Christian Army was even then heading for their district. Dire news did these messages contain of the awful havoc the Army of the South was leaving in its wake; missionary buildings, erected at such cost and sacrifice were now but smoking ruins; priests and sisters were taken captive and most inhumanly treated; flocks were scattered, and whole villages, terror-stricken, were apostatizing before the slogan of hate of these emissaries of the Evil One: "Death to the Europeans! Down with the foreigners! Root out the Christians!"

The alarming news of the oncoming marauders soon spread through the city, and the inhabitants, Christian and pagan alike, flocked in terror to the Mission Compound, begging the Fathers to allow them to secrete their valuables in the mission buildings. But this would be but to court disaster and the petitions were wisely refused. Father Fraser immediately forwarded messages to his brother-priests, directing them to make for the treaty-port of Wenchow without delay. Then taking with them the sacred vessels, and all documents of importance, he and Father Venini once more boarded the trusty "Xavier" and, saddened perhaps, but filled with unwavering trust in God, they headed for Wenchow.

Before leaving, however, they placed their beloved Mission in the hands of a guard, with whom perhaps, the Cantonese Army had never before reckoned, not a terrifying guard to look at, but nevertheless, one who in an hour of imminent peril proved "more terrible than an army in battle array." In the gentle hands of the Little Flower of Jesus the sorrowing missionaries left their beloved Chuchow, and events proved her indeed an able defender. The missionaries all met in Wenchow, and after a few days' sojourn there, they unanimously decided to return to their own Mission. They found it in full possession of the dreaded Cantonese Army. But the "Little Sister of the Missions" had done her work well. Her wonderful relic, secured in Rome by Father Fraser at the time of her



Father Fraser returns on the "Xavier" after a long missionary tour.

canonization, had become in faraway Chuchow an impregnable shield of defence against the ruthless enemies of her well-beloved. The Mission buildings remained unmolested, and so far, our good missionaries are safe. The fierce and malignant Cantonese have gone on to Shanghai, and the good work goes quietly on in Chuchow.

Particulars of the siege have not yet reached us. The latest letter of Father Fraser is a glad cry of thanksgiving to God for miraculous deliverance from "a danger which threatened the complete destruction of all mission activities in Chuchow." He asks us to join him in this thanksgiving, and to plead for a continuance of the protecting power of Providence. Let us also thank our beloved Little Flower, and let us beg our St. Joseph, Patron of China, to shield the tender bud of Christianity just unfolding in Chuchow, with the same paternal love with which, long ago, he shielded the Divine Babe in a hostile and pagan land.



*St. Francis Xavier China Mission
Seminary*

Lilacs

Over my garden wall,
Breathing sweet fragrance for creatures all;
Lilacs purple and white and fair,
Flaunt their plumes with stately air.
Some one planted them long ago,
Quite unthinking that 'I would know,
This day, the beauty of lilacs gay,
That bow to the breeze and gently sway.

This morn I planted a lilac tree,
Its plossoms perchance I never shall see;
But surely there'll come an evening fair
With fragrant twilight and perfumed air;
When some one's dreams may the sweeter be
Because I once planted a lilac tree.

Mary Ellen Nelson.

NEWMAN

(Continued from page 20).

The oldest of the three sisters, Harriet, was very clever and highly educated, but apparently fidgety and conceited—the kind of girl, I infer, who always imagines that others of her family are making mistakes, and says: “If mother had only done as I asked her” or (when she is married) “If my husband had only taken my advice,”—although perhaps he has done so, and she can persuade herself that her opinion had been the opposite of what it really was, like Mrs. Nickleby.

**“There shall be five in one house divided—
three against two.”**

Charles Newman is thus described by Francis in various passages which I string together: “In opening life my brother Charles became a convert to Robert Owen, the philanthropic Socialist, who was then an atheist. His ruin was from Owen’s “Socialism and Atheistic Philosophy,” After my father’s death he disowned us all as ‘too religious for him.’ He soon broke loose from Owen, and tried to originate a ‘New Moral World’ of his own, which seemed to others immoral and absurd as well as very unamiable. He presently began his rebukes on Owen himself. To keep a friend, or to act under a superior seemed alike impossible for him. He was a Cynic Philosopher in modern dress, having many virtues, but one ruinous vice, that of perpetual censoriousness by which he alienated every friend as soon as made or in the making, and by which he ejected himself from all the posts of usefulness. His sole pleasure in company seemed to be in noting down material for ingenious, impertinent, and insolent fault-finding. Hence no one could safely admit him. His brother humbled himself to beg a clerkship for him in the Bank of England. But Charles thought it his ‘duty’ to write to the Directors

letters of advice, so that they could not keep him. He said he ought to take a literary degree at Bonn; his brothers managed it for him; but he came away without seeking the degree. About 1830 or a little later he formally renounced his brothers and sisters, and wrote to other persons requesting them not to count him a Newman. His brother-in-law, Rev. T. Mozley (Harriet N's husband) took him up very liberally; but after my sister Harriet's death, J.H.N., and I bore his expenses to his dying day. His meanness seemed to me like that of an old cynic. Until his character developed, I never understood that of a Greek Diogenes, only lacking his hardihood and impudence. He had all the same dear, sweet influences of home as all of us, yet how unamiable and useless he became, loving to snarl most at the hands that fed him. He was not, however, a profligate or a rogue." He spent his life in a small town in South Wales and seems to have grumbled against his brother, so that the local correspondent of some Protestant newspaper accused Newman of neglecting his impoverished brother. "I had to defend the Cardinal once," says Francis, "against the wholly unjust charge of neglecting him."

"The Cardinal was high-minded in regard to money and was honored among his friends for this temperament. Even Charles said of him, 'John ought to have been a prince, for he spends money like a prince.' The temperament of all the so-called Puseyites was financially noble. They treated the zeal for Church Pelf, when a bishopric or deanery became vacant, with a lofty scorn. Pusey out of his moderate fortune subscribed one thousand pounds on a single occasion. 'Thenceforward, the purses of the laity (my brother told me) were opened, and we never wanted money for our purposes'."

A Prophet is Not Honored in His Own House

Newman was naturally of a very cheerful and bright disposition and generally had a smile on his face. His sister Jemima used to apply to him some lines in one of Keble's poems:

—“Hearts that know no guile
That all around see all things bright
With their own magic smile.”

He always took charitable and hopeful views of people, and looked at the good side of them. His family used to say of him, “All John’s geese are swans.” His home too was a happy one. In one of his poems he speaks of:

“Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unasked, unhopd, have come;
And choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet even here the following of Christ brought him troubles. His mother in the end of her days and his sister Harriet were not in accord with his theological change after 1833, and he was obliged to remind them that even a prophet is not honored in his own family. After his mother’s death which had not been expected, in May 1836, he wrote to his sister Jemima, who had been married three weeks before, “What has been distressing to me in my work is that it has been one of the causes which kept me from being much with mother lately. But there was another cause, I mean, of late years my mother has much misunderstood my religious views, and considered she differed from me; and she thought I was surrounded by admirers and had everything my own way; and in consequence I who never thought anything more precious than her sympathy and praise, had none of it.”

To Harriet, who had now gone to live with her sister, he wrote: “I fear you remained here so long on my account . . . If dejection from solitude ever comes, it never is of long continuance, and is even not unwelcome. I never feel so near Heaven as then . . . I am learning more than hitherto to live in the presence of the dead.”

Francis Newman

Francis Newman, trained by John, easily gained one of the best "Double Firsts" ever known in Oxford, and a few months later was elected a Fellow of Balliol. But he soon resigned because he could not sign the "Thirty-nine Articles." In 1830 he went off on a mission, though a layman, to convert the Mohammedans of Bagdad. But after a couple of years being sick and lonely he returned. He and his brother, who came home from Scily, arrived at their mother's house on the same day. Francis now found himself differing more than ever from his brother's religious opinions, and soon left the Church of England altogether for the Baptists. He married a lady who was one of the Plymouth Brethren and very pious, but she had no influence over his opinions.

Francis Newman acknowledges that he was always influenced by "pure hatred of Popery." Moreover, though he was a young man of religious and pious temper, his intellect was infected with the principles of private judgement and rationalism. He soon was known for tendencies to "free" thought, and friends in the university had warned him that he would become a Socinian if he did not take care. And indeed he ended by retaining nothing of the Christian religion but the "Our Father," and not feeling sure of immortality. In addition to his intellectual tendencies, it is clear to me that Frank Newman was also actuated by a spirit of contradiction and contrariness. Some one asked him once in later life if he was against slavery, and he replied humorously: "Oh I am anti-slavery, anti-liquor, anti-tobacco, anti-everything." And publicly he expressed in one of his books his spirit of contradiction on a subject too sacred for unnecessary quotation. His biographer, Mr. Sieveking, candidly states also that he was actuated by jealousy or envy of his brother's great reputation which he considered excessive especially for a Catholic and a convert. Moreover, he fell in love with Maria Giberne and three times asked her to marry him, once in his youth, once while in Bagdad, and once after his return. When she became acquainted with John

and adopted his theological opinions, she by degrees, grew to be a very close friend of his, partly no doubt because she saw that he was not thinking of marriage, for she was a virginal soul and at last became a nun. Her friendship for John was an annoyance to Francis and increased his opposition to his brother, says his biographer, who by the way is her nephew.

Francis became a vegetarian; but this was not from sympathy for the animals; for he held that plants, too, have feelings of pain. He was always cold, whether this was due to want of beef in his food, or not; and he would sit over the fire with an overcoat and with fur-lined boots over his shoes. And in the street he wore three coats, the outside one green with age. When he was a professor in London University he marched through the streets in trousers with the lower part of the legs, for six or eight inches, made of leather. And over his shoulders he wore a rug with a hole in it for his head. He wore a felt hat, white or grey, with a broad brim, on the back of his head. At that time there was a cant, "Where did you get that hat?" And he once told some friends whom he was calling on, that the little boys in the street inquired where he got his hat, and "Really I could not remember." To the young ladies who knew him he was an object of amusement and love, as he was very attentive, courteous, and old-maidish. His temperament was simple, self-complacent, egoistic, odd and very indifferent and placid. In his old age he disgraced himself by the fanatical bigotry which led him to write a childish book disparaging his brother's memory on such grounds, e.g., as that the Cardinal was not a Prohibitionist. Gladstone observes that it is a common device with unbelievers when they wish to attack the Christian Religion to pretend to be Protestants attacking the Catholic Church, in order that they may get Protestant support for their assault upon what Protestants as well as Catholics believe. Francis Newman certainly acted on this plan in his attack upon his brother's fame. Even during his brother's life he once privately furnished a critic with some information about the Oratorian's early opinions and acts which was incorrect, from a failure of memory.

But with all their variances of religious opinion there was no personal quarrel between them. About 1835 Francis Newman- joined the Baptists and actually underwent the ceremony of baptism in contempt of that which he had received as a child. His brother as a clergyman could not now associate with an apostate. "In my brother's conduct," says Francis, "there was not a shade of unkindness. I had myself slighted relationship in comparison with sectarian brotherhood." Some time between 1841 and 1845 it dawned on Francis that his brother had as much right as he to change from their youthful "Evangelical opinions. "From his sympathies I thought pure hatred of Popery had long since turned away. I had not seen and known his excellence. I therefore wrote him a letter of contrition. I was happy to find him able once more not only to feel fraternally, as he had always done, but also to act fraternally." In his old age Francis said to a friend after a stormy discussion at some committee, "You know how widely and how strongly my brother and myself differ in opinions; yet this has never created the slightest personal discord."

"Not Peace but Separation"

Harriet Newman, the eldest of his sisters, seems to have been a little difficult to live with. Her health was delicate. Newman says that she was easily fidgetted and overset. Maria Giberne says that she could not take to Harriet even in her first youthful enthusiasm for the family. Harriet was deeply bigoted against the Catholic religion in spite of the influence of her husband, Rev. T. Mozley, as well as of her brother. Indeed I think she kept her husband from becoming a Catholic. There are few letters between her brother and her—none after he resigned his office as a clergyman of the Church of England. In September and October 1843, she with her husband made a tour in Normandy. He was delighted with what he saw, especially the Catholic Churches, and returned strongly inclined to become a Catholic. She was as obstinate or more obstinate than ever, although she had received much kindness and hospitality from Catholic friends whom they made there. During

this visit, at the time when her brother was resigning St. Mary's, she wrote to him asking him to tell her candidly his opinions and intentions. His candid reply to her ends: "My dear Harriet, you must learn patience—so must we all—and resignation to the will of God."

Jemima, who had his confidence, writes a week after this date, to him: "As Harriet requests you to be candid, you cannot say less than you have done." There are no more letters between them given. When he was preaching his sermon at Littlemore on the Parting of Friends, he had not known that he was parting with his sister. The allusion to Naomi and Ruth and Orpah had as it were prophetically a deeper pathos than he knew. He must sometimes have thought thankfully in after years that there could be no parting between him and Mary, though it is not likely that Mary would have quarrelled with him.

Every priest and every physician knows some family, probably more than one family in which there is some one who is quite respectful in his thoughts as well as his acts towards outsiders, strangers, or mere acquaintances, but despises his own family and nearest friends as fools (for familiarity breeds in some minds contempt) and dictates, meddles, and bullies,—all for their own good of course, and forgetting that charity begins at home, thinks the same things wrong in them as are right in others. Or perhaps it is some woman clever but egotistic and conceited and therefore foolish, and addicted to lecturing and scolding, and giving her family "a piece of her mind" and telling them "what she thinks of their conduct," exactly as if it were what God thinks.

Every nun probably knows some young lady who can be almost agreeable and compliant with everyone except her own mother but is wilful, contrary, and disobedient to her mother or even to her father. The German proverb "Street angel, home devil" is violent in its language but it expresses a truth about a common disease of human nature. There is nothing for which I so much admire St. Ignatius of Loyola and the training which he gave to his Company as for his wisdom

in teaching them to respect and praise the good that is next to one as much as that which is at a distance, for it is easy to idealize the distant and to condemn the familiar; and with some people an old and intimate friend is only a dish-cloth to be used when wanted, not to be honored like new ones. Harriet Newman with many virtues seems to have been like this. No doubt she loved her brother, but she could not honor a prophet who was only her brother. She worried much more about his tendencies towards Catholicism than about Francis' public apostasy to Unitarianism or Charles' atheism. Francis tells us that she could speak disagreeable things; he suspects she spoke sharp words (or wrote them) to John. There was nothing for Newman to do but keep away from her for peace' sake and leave her letters unanswered. Having scolded and insulted and quarrelled with her brother, she then persuaded herself, as some people can do, that he had quarrelled with her. She complained to Francis, "John can be most amiable, most generous. He can win warm love from all his friends; but to be his friend the essential condition is that you see everything along his lines and accept him as your leader." If this meant that Newman fell out with any of his family or his old friends because they did not follow him, it is simply untrue and contrary to the known facts. Keble in one of his poems says:

"No distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong nor wrath of deadliest mood
That magic may o'er power."

And this would hold still more of brother and sister. In making new friends of course, Newman naturally preferred people who agreed with him in religious opinion to those who opposed him. But his faithful affection for his old friends in spite of all divergences in religion is a most notorious fact. What Harriet said of her brother would be truer of herself. It is important to remember that this quarrel took place before he actually became a Catholic, perhaps two years before it. The fact is, Harriet was a female Pope. Francis when he had

sought and easily found a reconciliation with his brother, made some attempt in favor of Harriet. But Newman seems to have replied that Harriet must change her temper and become less presumptuous and seek a reconciliation herself. "Harriet," he said, "has that in her which I cannot permit." This was simple self-respect. I suppose her estrangement became greater after he entered the Church. They did not meet again. She died eight or nine years later, in the summer of 1852, after a long illness. But she did not wish to see her brother before she died. On July 17th in the following summer, writing to Henry Wilberforce he said: "I lost my sister this day year." Under these simple words there lay a wound in his heart.

Such were the trials of Newman for the sake of Christ:

We may look home and seek in vain
 A fond fraternal heart
 But Christ hath given His promise plain
 To do a brother's part.

Newman doubtless received other brethren and sisters, as the Lord had promised, but he certainly received them "together with persecutions." (Mark X. 30.)

The Oratory

I have found a slight sketch of Newman's Oratorian life in Edward Dowden's letters in 1883. "I drove to my host, Wilson King, the U.S. Consul, who lives in delightful rooms in "The Plough and Harrow," Edgbaston, almost next door to Newman's Oratory. He dined once at the Oratory—was received by the Cardinal and Fathers in silence, except by the one he knew, Father Ryder. All filed into the Refection Room, headed by the Cardinal—a small table for each person—two candles on each table. Two fathers carve and serve (after the anti-phonal grace). Then they too sit. Several courses—choice of beer or cider. One mounts the pulpit, reads aloud some of the Vulgate and life of St. Philip Neri. Then one father proposes some theological or moral question. The Cardinal says Latin grace—blows out his candles. Every one blows out his. All

file out, headed by the Cardinal, to the Common Room, for talk and wine. Newman's talk was very perfect in form. He inscribed in one of his books for King, "Dominum expectans viriliter age." (Awaiting the Lord, act like a man—psalm 26.)

The Idea of a University

Some one has told me that he had seen a criticism of The Idea of a University to the effect that Newman's conception did not include professional education. A couple of sentences from the book will suffice to expose this misrepresentation: "The view taken of a University in these Discourses is that it is a place of teaching universal knowledge." This is the very first sentence. There is a special Discourse (the 7th) on Professional Education: "In saying that Law or Medicine is not the end of a University, I do not mean to imply that the University does not teach Law or Medicine. What indeed can it teach at all if it does not teach something particular? It teaches all knowledge by teaching all branches of knowledge. A professor of law or medicine in a university treats his own subject with a largeness of mind and philosophy and resource which belongs not to the study in itself, but to his liberal education." Both in the Preface and in the 8th and 9th Discourses he explains the difference between a university in itself and a university employed and controlled and perfected by the Church for the salvation of souls. As to Discipline he says: "A University is not a Seminary or a Convent; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world" (Dis. IX. 8). "Some seem to think that because our University has been recommended by the Holy See and is established by the Hierarchy, it cannot but be engaged in teaching religion and nothing else, and they want to have the discipline of a Seminary, and some think that a professor in a Catholic University cannot recount the present geological theories without forcing them into an interpretation seriatim of the first two chapters of Genesis."* (On Catholic Literature.)

*Observe that this is why Galileo got into trouble, because he did not leave such questions to the theologians.

Spring

Let me send you flowers from my garden
The precious ones that blossom in the spring,
The valley lilies with their bells so waxen
That gladden hearts and cause our souls to sing.

Tulips with their cups of dew-kissed splendour,
And splashed with gold or tinted ruby red,
A violet from its bed beneath the willow
With furry stem and coyly-hidden head.

Daffodils with sunny golden petals
A branch from off my purple lilac tree
A crocus—oh, so brave in mauve and yellow
Dear little flower that I love to see.

From the fern nook by my little river
I'll pluck the sweetest flower I know,
With springtime in its leaves so green and tender
The snowdrop with its lovely head bent low.

Take these little flowers from my garden
The precious ones that make the birdies sing;
The sun will shine and all the earth will gladden
For all the world is happy in the spring.

—Lucille Bennett.

COMMUNITY NOTES

On Monday morning, January 5th, there was held in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban St., Toronto, the interesting and impressive ceremony of Reception and Profession of Novices into the Community. Seven young ladies who had satisfactorily completed their term of Postulancy, received the Holy Habit, and thirteen Novices who had completed their Novitiate training made their final vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. D. Whelan, V.G., officiated with the Rev. Father R. McBrady, C.S.B., Chaplain of the Convent, assisting. Rev. Father John Keogh, C.S.S.R., brother of Sister Marius, was celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Father Cyril Kehoe, O.C.C., taking his text from St. Luke, chap, V. 11, preached on appropriate sermon. His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonald presided in the sanctuary which was well filled with assisting clergy among whom were: Rev. P. Coyle; Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B.; Rev. J. J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R.; Rev. J. H. Barry, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father O'Sullivan, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Scholly, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Forestell, C.S.B.; Rev. V. Reath, C.S.B.; Rev. Father LeBel, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Malouf; Rev. Father Pennylegion; Rev. Father Cormier, S.J.; Rev. L. Doherty, Mimico; Rev. L. Hodgins; Rev. Father Clair; Rev. Father Gallery, C.S.S.R.; Rev. G. Kelly; Rev. Father Ronan; and Rev. Father O'Reilly, Hamilton.

The young ladies who received the Holy Habit were: Miss Catherine Fenn, Bracebridge, in religion Sister M. Etheldreda; Miss D. Delany, Quebec, Sister M. St. Kyran; Miss M. Knovitsko, Regina, Sister M. Joanna; Miss M. Brodie, Toronto, Sister M. Theophane; Miss L. Driscoll, Toronto, Sister Mariana; Miss B. Laroche, Ottawa, Sister Marie Therese; Miss U. Rice, Dundalk, Sister M. Ita.

Final vows were made by: Sister Maura, Sister M. Marius, Sister Natalie, Sister M. Zita, Sister Eustace, Sister Amata, Sister M. Donata, Sister M. Mildred, Sister M. Odilia, Sister M. Ethelburge and Sister M. Jeanne.

On the same morning at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Kingston Road, Toronto, temporary vows were made by: Sister M. Paul, Sister M. St. Fabian, Sister M. Frances Marie, Sister M. Giovanna, Sister M. St. Eligius, Sister M. Emilie, Sister M. Agnita, Sister Mary Harold, Sister Marie Reine, Sister M. St. Leonard, Sister Mary Rita, Sister Mary Edward, and Sister Mary of the Cross.

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, Toronto, on the feast of the Epiphany, January 6th, Rev. Sister M. Theola, Superior of the Convent, observed the Silver Jubilee of her religious profession and Rev. Sister M. Ambrosia the Golden Jubilee of her Reception of the holy Habit. A Mass of thanksgiving was offered that morning for the Jubilarians in the Convent Chapel by the Chaplain, Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., at seven o'clock, and a High Mass at nine o'clock, by Rev. Father Kehoe, O.C.C.

On the same day at the House of Providence, Power Street, Rev. Sister M. Theodore observed the Golden Anniversary of her Reception. And Rev. Sister M. Flavia, the Silver Anniversary of her religious Profession. The Masses of thanksgiving offered in the Chapel of that Institution for these devoted Sisters were attended by a large congregation of the inmates—God's poor, to whom they had ministered and whose grateful prayers were fervently offered for them that morning.

On that glad day, to the four Jubilarians came many hearty greetings and valuable mementoes from their relatives and numerous friends.

Ad multos annos!

OUR SIFTON MISSION.

It is not known to our readers that last summer in response to the invitation of His Grace, the Archbishop of Winnipeg, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto took over the Ruthenian Mission of Sifton, which lies about two hundred miles north of Winnipeg.

The Foundation was made early in July by five Sisters accompanied by His Grace, Archbishop Sinnott, but for whose fatherly solicitude, even the bare necessities of life would have been wanting in these first days. Many thrilling episodes were experienced, such as have contributed to the inspiring history of earlier foundations of Religious Orders in Canada. It is our purpose here to outline briefly the work connected with this typical Western Mission for the many who are interested, and who have contributed greatly to the furtherance of this work for the greater honour and glory of God.

The part of the former Ruthenian Convent which remained after the fire, and of which the Sisters took possession in July, consisted of two large class-rooms on the first floor, a Chapel and Sisters' Apartments on the second, two large dormitories on the third, and a basement, throughout. Although the convent had been unoccupied for only four years, there was much to be done by way of repairing and cleaning, as a result of the fire. Kind friends from Winnipeg gave every assistance, repairing among other things, the broken-down fences and gates, which up to this time had been useless in keeping the neighbours' cattle from wandering freely over the premises. The water was supplied at first from a well, by means of a rustic pump, while candles and kerosene lamps were used for light.

Having set their little Convent home in good order, the Sisters, discovering how small was their fuel supply, set out to replenish it by a search for fallen timber at the rear of their home. They were assisted by a stalwart Pole, whose English vocabulary was limited to a word or two which for him had special interest. Trees, which had been felled by the Telephone Company were trimmed and sawed on the spot. These were then borne home in triumph, the logging-crew resembling the stretcher-bearers of the battle-field.

On July 20th, Holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in the Convent Chapel, Father Holloway of Dauphin having loaned four complete sets of vestments and other requisites for the Holy Sacrifice. This good priest has aided the Community

not only spiritually, but in many ways materially, even performing manual service in his efforts to lighten their burden.

Mass is celebrated in the Polish Church, in the Latin rite, on the second Sunday only, and the regular Ruthenian Mass the first Sunday of each month. The Sisters' first attendance at this latter proved a novel but edifying experience. At the first sound of the bell, which was to announce the arrival of the priest in town, they assembled in the church at nine a.m., and after a long interval of waiting a second bell was rung to notify the congregation that confessions would begin. The people came in large numbers, the men brown and weather-beaten, the women wearing kerchiefs on their heads and in fresh Sunday aprons. The faith and devotion of these people are remarkable. As they enter the church they pause each in turn, before a table on which is placed a Crucifix and picture, both of which they venerate after three times making the sign of the Cross. Then after humbly prostrating they salute the congregation at right and left and return to their places. While confessions are still being heard, and thanksgiving offered, psalms are intoned in Ruthenian and responses made by some of the Congregation.

Mass was preceded by several processions, in which men bearing lighted candles accompanied the priest around the altar, down the aisle and into the sacristy. So different were the ceremonies that only the more solemn parts of the Mass were distinguishable. The sermon lasted three-quarters of an hour and at the conclusion of Mass Vespers began and not until two o'clock did the Sisters leave the Church.

Late in July His Grace, Archbishop Sinnott, again visited Sifton, to review the plans for restoration of the frame building on the old foundation of the one which had been destroyed by fire and the work began immediately. A few days later, the Delco Light and plumbing were installed in the part of the old building which remains standing.

The Sisters received much consolation in these first hard days from the frequent, encouraging messages from the Mother-House, Toronto. Not only were these letters a source of in-

spiration, but they brought material help from various sources. The Winnipeg Houses of the Congregation sent supplies at every possible opportunity and many substantial gifts, including a sanctuary lamp and rug; statues and altar linens were thankfully received from thoughtful and benevolent Winnipeg friends. Through the zeal and kind interest of Miss Hoskin, President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension, Toronto, the Sisters were supplied with all the vestments necessary for the Holy Sacrifice, in both the Latin and Ruthenian rites. The Sisters deeply appreciate the boxes of children's clothing which have been received from time to time from friends in Ontario parishes.

Early in September, the Community received a visit from the Mother-General. This visit, although it lasted but one short week, gave fresh impetus to the labours of the little Missionary band, and with renewed courage and zeal, they prepared to open school on September 16th, in the Convent class-rooms. It might be explained, here, that the attitude of the people towards the nuns was, at first, one of timidity and aloofness. The School Board having advertised already for a teacher for their Public School, refused to give the Sisters charge of it, and though they have regretted this since and have moved to dismiss the teacher engaged, she insists on fulfilling the year contract.

At 9.30 on September 16th the Sisters awaited the arrival of their first pupil. Ten o'clock found them still waiting and hopeful, though as yet no applicant appeared. This circumstance they attributed optimistically to the late date of a Ruthenian festival. Not discouraged they appeared again on Tuesday morning, and a welcome was warmly given to one Grade VI. day-pupil. The following day saw the attendance increased to two pupils. A few days later, a boarder arrived for second year High School work. She had been sent by Father Fee, C.S.S.R., of Saskatchewan, a timely benefactor. Soon a second and third came to join her as companions. A few days later a Ruthenian boy left the Public School to attend St. Mary's, thus betimes and slowly the attendance continues to

grow. Encouragingly, the little mustard seed gives promise now of developing into an immense tree, which is a proof beyond doubt that God is blessing his work begun amidst reverses and solely with the hope to extend His Kingdom in this forsaken corner of the vineyard.

On October 5th, the little Community had banished forever as they hoped, the family lamp and the serviceable pump, but within two days, both were restored to a usefulness which lasted until the electrician, summoned from Winnipeg, removed the cause of the trouble in the newly-installed Delco plant.

The weather prediction of an early winter necessitated the prompt engagement of a caretaker, and earnest petitions were made by his devoted children to their faithful Patron, St. Joseph, who, mindful of their wants as always, sent the needed janitor, through their good friend, Father Holloway.

The double windows which had not been marked and which had evidently never properly fitted, were brought forth and tried, each in turn, until at least thirty-two times before they were finally adjusted. The labour, with a cold wind blowing against the panes of glass, was made doubly difficult and trying. The dormitory windows had to be let down from the roof by a rope and fitted from the inside. This perilous task lasted several days after which the Sisters were confronted with another direful situation.

Meantime actual winter had arrived. There was delay in delivery of the coal, and there was no wood on hand. Though efforts were made to procure it, the promises of prompt delivery were not fulfilled. Father Holloway again came to the rescue and accompanied by his brother, they solved the difficulty by cutting down an old summer house, which supplied fuel until coal arrived. At least it came and with it a further drop in the temperature. Then to their dismay it was found that the furnace had not the capacity to heat the newly-restored building. The Boarders' Refectory was removed to the play-room in the basement and mattresses and furnishings were carried back to the old building lest they be destroyed by the cold and dampness. Some of the pipes were frozen and

the steam-fitter was called in from Winnipeg. After much discussion, telephoning and delay, a new furnace was installed. As a result of the last mishap, the floors in the new building were so badly mared that after repeated efforts to remove the disfiguring marks they still remain.

On December 8th, the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, Father McCann, C.S.S.R., returning from a Northern Mission, called at Sifton and celebrated Mass in the Convent Chapel, after which he gave an inspiring conference to the Sisters and children. This event happily terminated the first five months of labour in Sifton.

The Music Class at present includes three Ruthenians, two Greeks, two Presbyterians, two Jews and one Polock. One requires often the gift of tongues to cope with the situation, but thus far harmony prevails in the little Music circle at Sifton.

From a human standpoint, the results may seem but slight and at times disappointing, yet without doubt the Sisters are slowly, but surely, winning the confidence and good-will of these poor needy people. Frequently now the Sister-nurse is called upon to attend to little bruised or wounded fingers and such minor physical troubles which show that confidence in their helpfulness and charity is growing apace. Mothers bring their sick babies for attention, while the Sisters have gone to the homes to attend more serious cases, and in the absence of doctors or in urgent cases have been called as often as five times in one day.

In the hope of having the children become acquainted with the Sisters it was proposed to hold Sunday School in the Convent, as the pastor was obliged to be absent for all but one Sunday in each month. This brought the gratifying attendance of forty the first day. This number has since increased to sixty-five including many children who come as far as eight miles. Although class is held at three o'clock, some young enthusiasts begin to arrive at eleven. One of them explained his early appearance by saying that he thought there might be two Sunday Schools in one day.

We might add that recently Rev. Father Fee, C.S.S.R., of Saskatchewan, coming from Swan Lake, paid a visit to the Sifton Convent and brought with him an outfit for lantern-slides, showing scenes in the life of Our Divine Lord. These he exhibited and explained to about ninety of the most intensely-interested little folk who had gathered into a crowded class-room. They came in response to an invitation sent to the Public School teachers who announced it promptly in their schools. The children and all who witnessed this pictorial and instructive treat were charmed and at the end of two hours were willing to wait for more. We hope they may come again and that we may have a similar treat for them.

Such is the story of the first never-to-be-forgotten eight months which, though trying, were months of untold peace and joy. Each day's sun rising over the Western prairies as it shed its genial rays into that little Ruthenian settlement was rivalled by the ever brighter sunshine that radiated from within the hearts of those in that little Convent home.

It is noteworthy, too, that in spite of many hardships due to circumstances and to the severe climate, the Sisters have not missed a day's duty. Something have they accomplished, unique have been their experiences, yet even though many difficulties stand in their way, these courageous missionaries, relying on God's help through their kindly benefactors, are strongly optimistic for the future. They realize that it has ever been the small beginning accomplished by a courage born of confidence in God that has characterized the great apostolic works of the Catholic Church in its extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1926—1927



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Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

During the Christmas Season many members of the Alumnae Association made the holidays delightfully pleasant for the young people by the interchange of family social functions. Among those who entertained were:—Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. W. J. Northgrave, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. D. O'Brien, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. Arthur Anglin and Mrs. Hayden.

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Mrs. James D. Warde, Mrs. Stafford Higgins, Mrs. A. J. Gough and Mrs. James E. Day were week-end guests of Mrs. George C. Lang, Kitchener, Ont.

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Mrs. Lillian Gough spent the Christmas season in Montreal—the guest of her sister, Mrs. Vincent Heney.

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Mrs. William Wallis spent part of the Yuletide season with her sister in Detroit.

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Mrs. J. MacMillan of Baltimore was the guest of her mother and sister, Miss May Morrow, for Christmas.

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The soleful and artistic rendering of the Christmas Carols by St. Clair's Chancel Choir under the direction of Rev. Bro. Stephen delighted those who had the good fortune of hearing them.

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At the monthly meeting of No. 2 division of the Catholic Women's League held January 9th, the president, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, read letters of thanks for the Christmas cheer provided by them for the Immigration Hostel, the Mercy Hospital for Incurables, the Home for Incurable Children and the Mercer Reformatory.

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Some of the conveners of the banquet held in the Pom-

peian Room of the King Edward Hotel in honor of Mrs. Henry Cockshutt on the eve of her departure from the Government House were:—Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Miss Gertrude Lawlor, Mrs. Manning Doherty, Miss Florence Boland, Miss M. McMahon. Among those present at the banquet were:— Mrs. F. Devine, Mrs. L. A. Gurnett, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Victor Ross, Mrs. H. Moore, Mrs. T. A. Craig, and Miss Mary McGrath.

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The patronesses of the annual ball held by the Newman Club at Columbus Hall on January 7th were: Lady Falconer, Lady Windle, Mrs. Wm. Magner, Mrs. T. P. Phelan, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. T. E. McDonnell, Mrs. Manning Doherty, Mrs. Chas. McCreagh, Mrs. Hugh T. Kelly, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. Frank Shannon, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Frank O'Connor, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, Mrs. D'Arcy Frawley and Miss Gertrude Lawlor, M.A.

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Mrs. W. H. Arthur Fair gave a very lovely tea and shower at her home, Ross Park Drive, in compliment to Miss Susannah Francis McCormick, who on January 15th became the bride of Mr. F. R. Halloran.

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St. Michael's Hospital Auxiliary held a bridge and dance in Columbus Hall on January 13th. The president, Mrs. J. F. Killoran, and Mrs. J. Robert and Miss Julia O'Connor received the guests. On the same evening Mrs. Harry Phelan, Mrs. T. W. McGarry and Mrs. R. Greer entertained to dinner and afterwards took their guests to the Auxiliary Party.

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Mrs. Paul Warde, president of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, held a meeting of the executive at her home on Rosedale Heights to make final arrangements for the theatre party in aid of the Scholarship Fund, held on February 14th.

After the business meeting, tea was served in the dining room. Mrs. P. J. Mulqueen presided at an attractive table centred with a silver bowl of spring flowers and tall yellow

candles in silver sticks. Misses Gertrude Ross and Florence McNeil assisted Mrs. Warde. Those present were: Misses Mary McGrath, Theresa O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. M. Lellis, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Mrs. F. P. Brazill and Mrs. James D. Warde.

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At St. Monica's Church on Tuesday, January 18th, Miss Grace Madeline Burns, B.A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burns, Falcon St., became the wife of Christopher Edwin Fraser, B.Sc., son of the late Mr. O. K. Fraser of Brockville. The marriage ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Father Murray.

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The first wedding to be held in the new St. Peter's Church, near Bloor and Bathurst Sts, was that solemnized on Tuesday, February 15th, when Susanna Frances McCormick, B.A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael McCormick, of Los Angeles, Cal., became the bride of Frederick Roderick Halloran, of this city, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Halloran, Palmerston Blvd. Rev. Father Burke officiated. St. Joseph's Alumnae extend hearty greetings to these young couples and wish them much happiness and prosperity.

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Madame Aurelien Belanger of Ottawa, vice-president of the Ontario Chapter of the Catholic Alumnae, was in town for the opening of Parliament. Her husband represents Russell County, Ont.

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At the January meeting of No. 1 Subdivision of the Catholic Women's League, the president, Miss Gertrude Lawlor, M.A., presented the Most Rev. Neil McNeil Scholarship to Miss Helen Farrell, pupil of St. Joseph's College Academy, who held first place in Junior and Senior Mat. Exams., June 1925.

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The members of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association offer very hearty congratulations to the Honourable W. A. McGuire

on his appointment to the Senate of the Dominion in succession to the late Honourable George McHugh.

To. Mr. J. J. Daley on his election to the vice-presidency of the American Librarian Association.

To Mr. J. P. Hynes, who on February 19th was elected to the presidency of the Royal Architectural Institute.

To Mr. Valdez and Mrs. Ivy Powel Valdez on the coming to them on February 16th, of a dear little daughter, Maria Mercedes Beatriz.

To Miss Helen Farrell to whom was awarded the Most Rev. Neil McNeil Scholarship (\$100) for the highest standing in Junior and Honor Matriculation, June 1925.

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St. Elizabeth's Visiting Nurses Association held its eighteenth annual meeting at St. Michael's Palace on February 11th. Mrs. James E. Day, the president, was in the chair. Reports on the year's activities were read by the president, the treasurer, the secretary, the conveners and the various committees and by the superintendent of nurses—Ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine visits were made by seven nurses to one thousand and two hundred patients; three hundred and twenty-two births were attended.

Rev. Father Haley, director of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, spoke of the marked progress the Association had made during the past year and congratulated the executive and nursing staff.

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Miss Eleanor Warde entertained at an evening bridge for her cousin, Miss Ruth Sheehan of St. Catharines.

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Mrs. William K. Prendergast (nee Nora Benoit) held her post nuptial reception on Monday, February 21st, from four to six o'clock, at her home, 71 Harper Ave., Moore Park.

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Mrs. Paul Warde was hostess to a dinner party on Saturday evening, March 5th, and left for New York by motor with Mr. Warde on the following day.

Mrs. T. F. McMahon and Mrs. Stephen McGrath tripped off to New York for a little holiday.

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Judge Jean Norris, the first woman magistrate, who presided in the Woman's Court and the Domestic Relations Court, New York, is a popular visitor in town—the guest of Mrs. A. M. Hobberlin, Castle Frank Crescent.

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Miss Rose Kennedy and her niece, Miss Hilda Shea of Stratford are guests of Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

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Mrs. P. J. Hayes and Miss J. Lehane went to Lindsay to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. William Lehane.

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We are glad to know that Mrs. A. J. Thompson has recovered from her late illness. We wish a speedy recovery to Miss Margaret Duggan, who is quite ill and under hospital treatment, and Mrs. F. S. Brazill, who had a nasty fall on the opening day of the new St. Joseph's College Residence; also Mrs. M. Lillis, who is at present confined to her home through illness.

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One of the smartest parties of the season was a luncheon-bridge given by Mrs. Frank P. O'Connor in her palatial home, Castle Frank Road, before leaving for the South. Among the guests were noticed the following members of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association: Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Mrs. J. D. McDiarmid, Mrs. Harold Murphy, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. Michael Healy, Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. Paul Warde, Mrs. P. W. O'Brien, Mrs. T. Battle, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. J. Northgrave, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. Harry Phelan, Dr. Aileen McDonagh, Miss Mary McGrath and Miss Lillian Gough.

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John Galsworthy's "Loyalties" a drama in three acts was presented at the Empire Theatre on February 14th for the

Alumnae Theatre Party arranged in aid of the Scholarship Fund.

Mrs. Tom McCarron, convener for the sale of tickets, made a splendid distribution.

The alert young ladies, Miss Kernahan and Miss Monkhouse, conveners for the sale of homemade candy, on their toothsome commodity realized the sum of \$60.00

Altogether the 'Party' netted the Association \$278.09.

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To the Rt. Rev. John T. Kidd, Bishop of Calgary, who on February 16th celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the Priesthood we tender very cordial felicitations and wish His Lordship many, many years of successful Apostolic service.

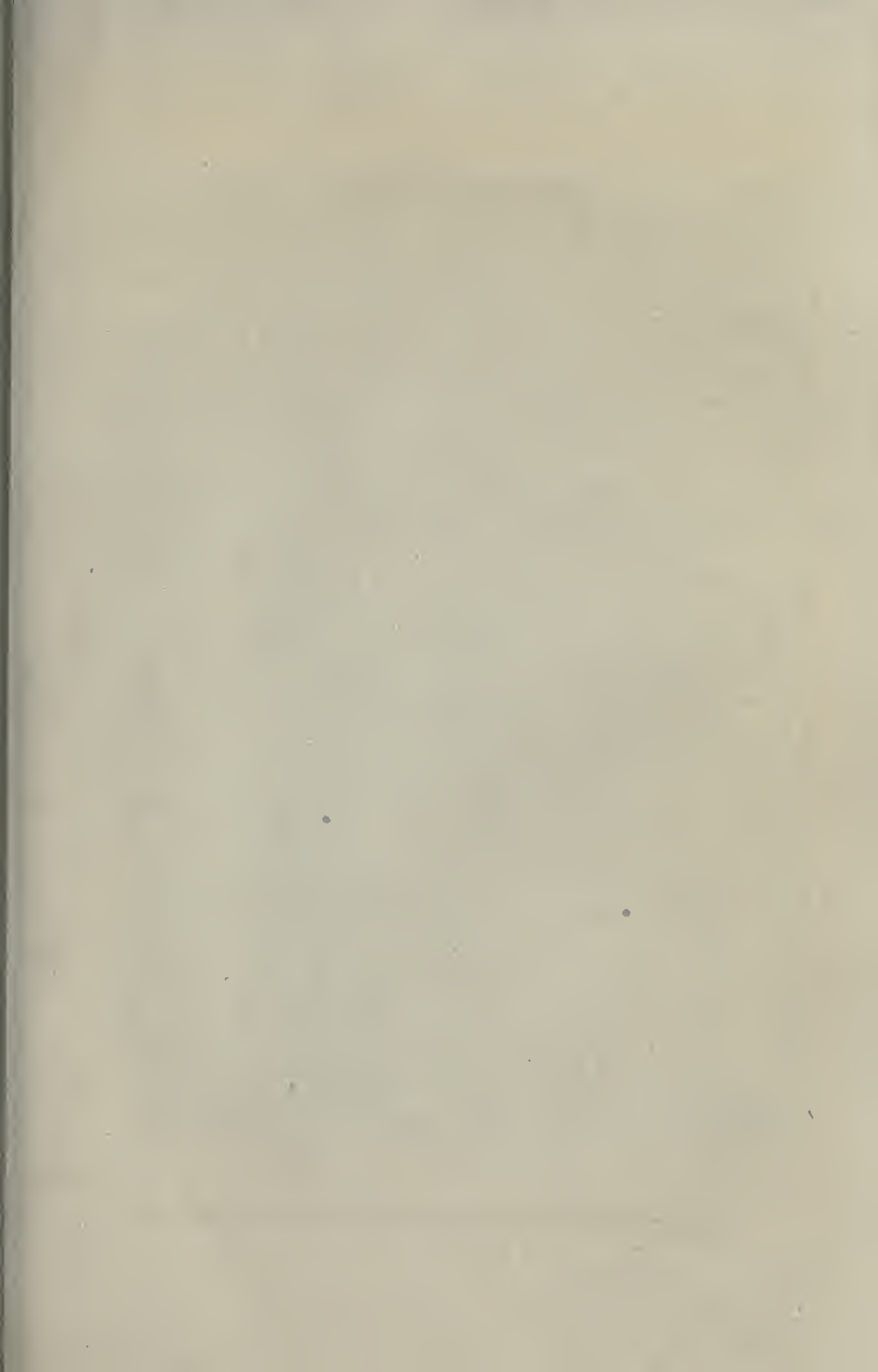
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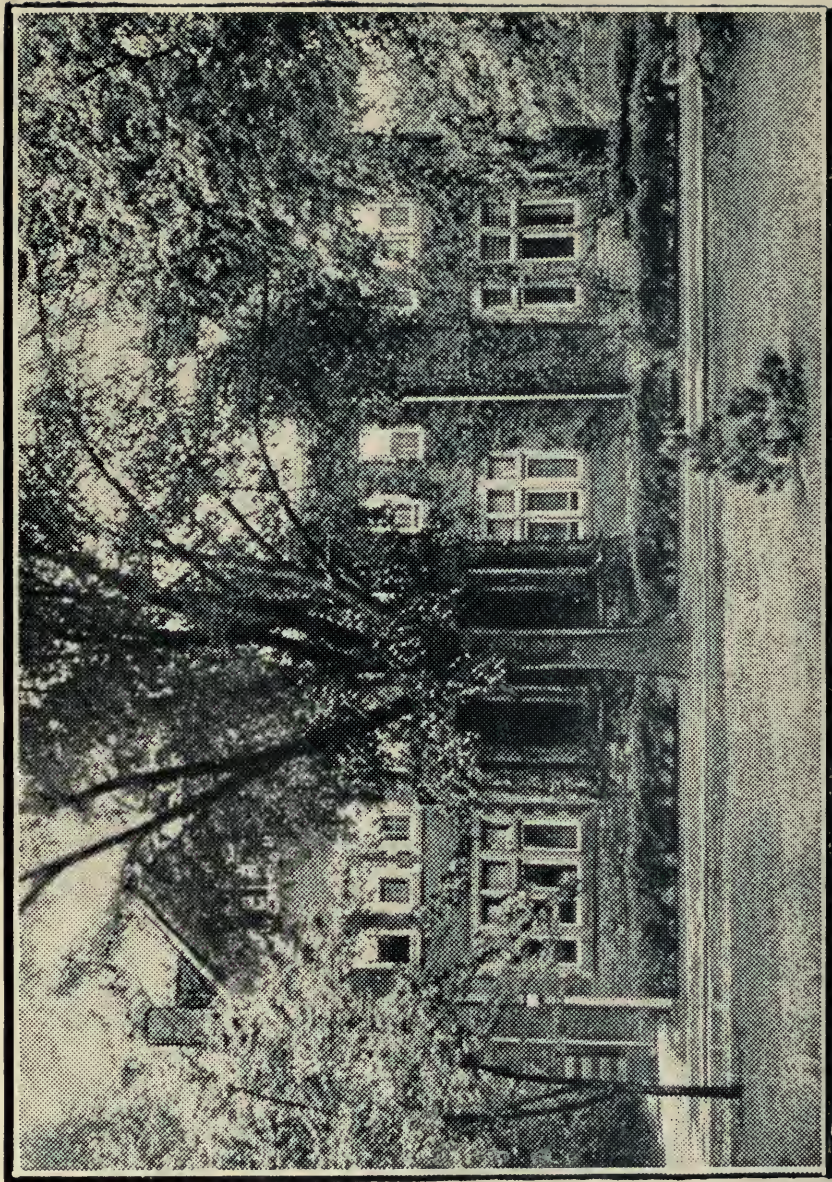
On Monday, February 28th, the Catholic Women's League held a much-enjoyed "At Home" in Columbus Hall under the convenership of Mrs. T. W. McGarry, who received the guests at the entrance, assisted by Miss Gertrude Lawlor, M.A., President.

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Our sympathy to Mrs. M. Petley who we are sorry to learn is again very ill. She has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Prayers are requested for the following recently deceased: Rev. J. Sullivan, C.M.; Rt. Rev. Alfred Ed. Burke, P.A.; Mr. Michael McNeil, Mrs. Michael Maloney, Miss Mary Meehan, Mr. J. Scanlon, Mrs. Anne Mahoney, Miss Margaret McSherry, Mrs. McKirnan, Mr. Martin McCarron, Mrs. Wm. Lehane, Miss Mary Lonergan, Miss J. Doyle, Miss Jane Kearney, Mr. A. McKeague, Mr. A. Beer, Mrs. Bogue. Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon them! To the relatives of the deceased we offer sincere sympathy.





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE RESIDENCE.

COLLEGE NOTES

A reception for the Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, Premier of Canada, was held at our College on February 4th. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Rev. T. Manley, Chancellor of the Diocese, Rev. Mother Superior of the Community, the Superior of the Convent received the Premier on his arrival.

After greeting the members of the Executive of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association the Premier was met by a guard of honor of white frocked children, who sang a song of welcome composed for the occasion. Four rows of young pupils waved flags as the Prime Minister passed through the ranks—on to the Auditorium, which was filled to capacity with guests waiting to see the leader of the Canadian Government. Upon the stage were grouped in tiers the Senior Students and College body in their university gowns, who extended the Premier a vocal welcome under the direction of Maestro Signor Carboni. This was followed by an address read by Miss Margaret Thompson on behalf of the undergraduate students—to which the Premier replied in most cordial and earnest terms.

“I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate the welcome you have all been so kind and so generous as to extend in this beautiful way. When I came here I thought it was to shake hands with a few young ladies, and, still being a bachelor, I rather looked forward to it. As you know, I have been travelling around a good deal lately, but I cannot remember that I have ever been the recipient of more genuine kindness than has been accorded me here to-day.

The Premier concluded his address with a very appropriate reference to the approaching Jubilee of Confederation, and an appeal to the young women present to carry along the good work which the women of Canada have been doing for three centuries.

The distinguished visitor then proceeded to the Alumnae

Reception Rooms where tea was served by the members of the Executive as hostesses.

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“Popularity is not good for most things. It has been good for the novel and the drama,” said Rev. Father McCorkell in speaking to St. Joseph’s College Literary Society on Monday, February 8th.

Since novels are dramatized, the novel is probably the more popular, Father continued. To be successfully dramatized a novel should have a plot, since this is essential in a drama but not in a novel. In drama only the more important actions of the characters are recorded; the novel has much greater freedom in this respect. But since concentration is the highest form of poetry this gives the drama a decided superiority.

Zola in his novels portrays real people as they are in real life, but puts no soul in his works. He has extreme realism, but nothing of the idealists. George Elliot in “Middlemarch” has successfully combined the two. Hardy shows the influence of both these writers. In his “Return of the Native” the relationship of the novel and the drama is probably best shown.

The “Return of the Native,” a novel, is also a drama, for it is in five books that correspond in form to the five acts of a play, and the stage setting is Egdon Heath.

Miss Aileen Young moved a vote of thanks to Father McCorkell.

Music and tea brought a most enjoyable afternoon to a close.

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On Friday, February 11th, the day on which the Chapel of our new College, 29 Queen’s Park, was opened, the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, visited us accompanied by the Hon. Mr. McCrae, Minister of Mines, and Mr. McGarry, former member of the Provincial Government. The Honorable gentlemen, after making a tour of inspection of the College, met the students in the Assembly Room, where the Premier expressed his admiration of the building and his pleasure in finding so many young people engaged in the pursuit of cultural know-

ledge. Miss Norma Duffy, on behalf of the students thanked the distinguished guests for their visit and invited them to come again.

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On Thursday, February 17th, at 5.30 p.m., the Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonald gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in our Chapel and after supper we spent a pleasant hour at a little informal gathering at which the Bishop read several of his charming lyrics and gave impressions of his life in Eastern and Western Canada,—the former, his home, the latter his field of labour for many years. We are deeply indebted to His Lordship for this delightful visit.

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The sophomore class at St. Joseph's entertained the College girls on the evening of February 23rd, at a delightful party given in honour of the graduating year. As it was the first affair of this kind held in the new residence it proved doubly enjoyable to everyone. Several skits of humorous college incidents, songs, and favours made the evening pass very pleasantly.

The feature of the evening was a very original prophecy for the class of '27. Refreshments, music and dancing concluded the programme.

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An innovation in our new Residence is the popular little Tuck Shop where hungry undergraduates may secure wherewith to gratify their taste.

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A MEMBER OF UNIVERSITY SENATE ADDRESSES THE ART STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE.

On tip-toe of expectation the students of St. Joseph's College awaited the welcome arrival, on March 3rd, of Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., who had so kindly consented to be present at their fortnightly literary meeting and impart to them some little, useful share of her great knowledge and wide college experience. Miss Lawlor was one of the first women to bear off honours at University of Toronto, where she graduated in

a most unusual double course including classics, mathematics and the modern languages. One loves to draw close to and gaze at one who has achieved so much beyond the ordinary; it makes one feel that it might be possible to learn the secret or become charged with the magic power, which by way of self excuse, we like to think "does the trick."

This was, however, the exact point upon which Miss Lawler wished to undeceive the students, for whom, she said, she would deliver a message from Wagner, "knowing that you will take it from one who likes to flatter herself, notwithstanding the passing of the years that she is still a student."

Wagner's determination was to give expression to his soul in defiance to laws and conventions; to make the love of God and his neighbor the foundation of all his work and the chief purpose of education. With persevering industry he labored towards the goal, giving us a message by his life and work.

"I shall ask you to consider with me for a few minutes the character of one really on the world's lips now for nearly two centuries,—I mean Wagner. I presume that you know him in the details of his life, in his music, his reform of the opera, in some of the disputes around his name. But it is his character more than anything else I would ask you to consider, for it is very seldom that a man or woman possessed of such a fine character is able to put into a single work the truths he holds, as Wagner did.

"Born 1813, died 1883, he covered the century with his life, but he seems to have lived from the beginning of time to the end, for we cannot think of him but as the 'enchanter,' who is for all time. We might also add that he is for all people, because the most astounding quality of his music is its power of exciting admiration in persons who could hardly be supposed capable of the emotion. Wagner lived not in music alone, but in almost every artistic and social movement that interested mankind in his time and he wrote works of a complex nature, in which music was only a part, forming with poetry and scenic representation an invisible whole. He studied everything that was possible for a man to study and he came to the wonderful

conclusion that music had gone as far as it could go. Versatile genius that he was, he tried to combine all arts into one single art in which he would be able to carry them to their utmost power and express in this combination the whole soul of him who was a philosopher, a poet, as well as a musician. Ten of his operas alone, ten are said to surpass "Faust" as poetry. But Wagner himself would ask you to hear them sung with the best orchestras he was able to provide, and with the best scenic and dramatic accompanying arrangement.

"At eighteen years of age there was no one so expert as Wagner to play Beethoven. There was a challenge ringing in his ears which stirred his ambition to do something to surpass all others. He heard the whispered words 'Have I any melody in my music? Why are you trying to do what is impossible for a human being to do?' and he would say to himself, 'I know all the rules of classical music. You are not going to crush what I believe is my message to mankind.' The whole effort of his life, his undeviating advance through all his struggles, his fixity of purpose and the unity of his works are evidence of his conviction that he had a message and of his determination to deliver it, and inspired thus, a character so opinionated as his would not allow itself to be turned from the straight line to the goal so obstinately sought."

In illustration of so many of Wagner's characteristics already pointed out, Miss Lawler outlined very faithfully and with true artistic appreciation one of Wagner's pieces of superlative melody, namely "Die Meistersinger" which brings out most clearly the lesson of a strong determination to do what is right at any cost and another that is scarcely less important, which shows that unless one understands the foundation of one's work thoroughly there can be no success that is lasting. Application of these lessons was aptly made by the lecturer, who recounted the case of another seeker of right in the person of the nation-wide popular professor of Harvard University, Professor Robert Lord, who is now preparing to become a priest, having resigned his chair at Harvard for this purpose. This surprising result grew out of a sensational disturbance

at Harvard a couple of years ago, occasioned by the exclusion of the Jewish people from that University. Very often a disturbance like that makes people think, and the best thinking is done by those who have had the privileges of a thorough education,—such men as the learned Professor Lord. “What would this beautiful building be without its efficient teachers, who not only teach, direct and govern in it, but who train by their bright example of life and work those who come within the range of their influence and who submit to the disciplinary laws which they insist upon having carried out. In the spring-time of life we are inclined to feel sometimes a little defiance of these laws and of law in general, but when the pulse is a little slower, then wisdom tells us we have need of laws by which to go and which restrain us from romancing on the foundation principles of life. Once in a hundred times the student is right and the professor is wrong, but ninety-nine times the professor is right and the student wrong, though it may not now seem so to you. You do not realize it when you are passing through college, when you are under subjection, but when graduation comes and you have to give an account of your stewardship to the world you will understand the meaning of it all, and see that the chief purpose of an education is to enable one to realize the immortality that is in him.” Another little point which the lecturer made was that it is only when full Nationality is attained that harmony begins, hence while Canada has been growing up into a nation it has not been able to furnish a field wide enough for its authors, who have all been obliged to go to some foreign country for a finish and to widen the extent of their experience and broaden their horizon.

Miss Lawler finally referred to the fact that the names of those to whom she had spoken, have been registered in her own Alma Mater, where she watched the numbers increase from year to year, where the ideals of the staff and student body were those of the great Sisterhood itself, and where success in attaining them she hoped would ever be as great in the future as in the past.

A vote of thanks was voiced by the president of the Literary

Society, Miss Eileen Young, who expressed the great satisfaction which was felt at having so distinguished and so interested a guide and patron of the College with them, and as a token of their appreciation Miss Ida Jones on behalf of the Society presented to Miss Lawler a beautiful bouquet of dainty pink roses, which she directed to be placed for her before the tabernacle.

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CHEKOV, THE DRAMATIST.

IT is a curious and unaccountable fact that a country whose history extends over a period of twelve centuries and whose cities boast of traditions of the most cosmopolitan culture in Europe, should not have contributed any name of literary fame to be reckoned with throughout the continent, until the nineteenth century. Pushkin, the first Russian poet of unusual genius, was born in 1799. In an amazingly brief period, however, Russian literature took its birth, developed, and matured to its full fruition. Through its artists, like Turgenev, Tolstoy, Gogol, Chekhov and Dostoevsky, it has attained a secure place in the ranks of the world's literature.

Chekhov was born in 1860 at Taganrog, a port on the gulf of the Black Sea. His father was a serf who by his cleverness obtained his emancipation early in life. The family was very poor and for many years the son, Anton, was their sole support. It was not till the latter had worked out his career that he became a landed proprietor. The children all received an advanced education. Anton attended school in his native city and later entered the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Moscow, where he took his degree. During his undergraduate years he published articles in various journals and soon won attention for his short stories. We are told that a current magazine to which he contributed increased its circulation incredibly as soon as his writings were printed. His first book appeared in 1887. He is best known to his countrymen for his short stories, but because of their theatrical presentation his dramas are most familiar to us. Among the best known of these

are "The Cherry Orchard," "The Three Sisters," "Uncle Vanya," "The Sea Gull," "Ivanov." Chekhov died in 1909, after a long period of convalescence from an illness which he had contracted when a student. In spite of his literary and scientific pursuits he devoted a great deal of time to the execution of philanthropic schemes. We find him at one time investigating and improving the condition of the prisons in Siberia, at another devising measures to combat cholera in the east. Again he is organizing famine relief, and later devoting his attention to educational systems. He scorned partisanship in any form, but he was at all times honest with himself and with his fellows. He writes in a letter:

"I am not a liberal, not a conservative, not a believer in gradual progress, not a monk, not an indifferent. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more, and I regret that God has not given me the power to be one. I hate lying and violence in all their forms. . . Pharisaism, stupidity and despotism reign not in merchants' houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation . . . That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, (or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade-marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take. . ."

Chekhov is essentially a realist. His science has taught him to be a close observer. He depicts life exactly as he sees it with uncompromising fidelity to fact. He emphasizes neither its sordiness nor its sublimity. He does not create extraordinary characters in unusual situations, but places very ordinary persons in very probable circumstances and reports faithfully and with the insight of a psychologist their significant thoughts and actions. Unlike some of his contemporaries, his realism is not harsh or condemning. It is rather portraits of life seen through a sympathetic eye. It is the synthesis of a sadly disillusioned, disappointed mind with an intensely kind and feeling heart. These two characteristics are

further contrasted in his letters and in his conversation. He was a brilliant and pleasing conversationalist, much sought after in social gatherings, yet his letters speak that note of gloom and disappointment which seems to be the heritage of the Russian. He writes again and again of "the great emptiness in his soul." Again, unlike his contemporaries of the realistic school, Chekhov, besides being exclusively objective, is wholly impersonal. His characters are what they are and do what they do regardless of the author. He puts no interpretation on their actions, neither approves nor disapproves, accepts nor rejects. He writes to a friend:

"You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-stealers, say: 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But that has been known for ages without my saying so. It is the individual always that his humanity is concerned with, the suffering unit. And understanding all the motives, he sees the truth behind the lie—and there is no lie. The only lie would be to fail to understand."

Chekhov's dramas are tragedies of inaction. In "The Cherry Orchard," Mme. Ranevsky will be content and prosperous if she will only consent to sell her estate. There is no reason to prevent her doing so except a little impractical sentimentality. She refuses and is ruined. In "The Three Sisters" the sole desire of the three sisters is to go to Moscow. There is no reason why they should not go, but they cannot bring themselves to it and are crushed. This consistent failure to act brings themselves disappointment to most of his characters. There is little or no plot in these dramas but their continuity of movement.

There is a continuous tenor of gloom in all these sketches, a note of awe and wonder sounded by a history of disillusionment and shattered ideals. Vershinin says in "The Three Sisters": "The Russian is peculiarly given to exalted ideas, but why is it he always falls so short in life? Why?" And again:

"The other day I was reading the diary of a French minis-

ter written in prison. With what enthusiasm and delight he describes the birds he sees from the prison window, which he never noticed before when he was a minister. Now that he is released, of course, he notices the birds no more than he did before. In the same way: You will not notice Moscow when you live in it. We have no happiness and never do have; we only long for it."

Still, there is a vague hope, an uncertain optimism, which seems to point to a far-distant millennium when conditions will be "What they ought to be instead of what they are." Laevski in "The Duel" says:

"In the search for truth men make two steps forward and one step back. Suffering, mistakes, and weariness of life thrust them back, but the thirst for truth and stubborn will drive them on and on. And who knows? Perhaps they will reach the real truth at last."

Vershinin says:

"It seems to me that everything on earth must change, little by little, and is already changing under our very eyes. After two or three hundred years, after a thousand—the actual time doesn't matter—a new and happy age will begin. We create it—and in that one object is our destiny, and, if you like, our happiness."

Trofemov in "The Cherry Orchard":

"There is happiness, there it comes; nearer and nearer; I hear its steps. And should we not see it, should we not know it, what matter? Others will see it!"

Chekhov's fame promises to be as enduring as it was phenomenal. The universality of appeal of these stories written about typical Russian folk would seem to prove conclusively that their author had many, if not all the elements of a great artist. We might justly apply Chekhov's criticism of Tolstoy to himself:

"One reads it with the same interest and naive wonder as though one had never read it before. It is amazingly good."

Dorothy O'Connor, '27.

JOHNSON AND THE LITTLE STUDENT.

IT WAS past midnight, and the once-so-gay Little Student had sat in her room for quite a long time now. Hunched over a desk, she was slowly turning the interminable pages of Johnson's "Preface to Shakespeare." At last, with a sigh, she pushed the hateful thing away. "Oh! dear! What a horrid book to have to read the night before a final! That Johnson must have been an awful bore." And having thus somewhat relieved her outraged feelings, the weary crammer buried her head in her arms, and unintentionally fell asleep.

To find oneself suddenly transported to an 18th century tavern, would be, to say the least, surprising. But such is the happy illusion of dreams, that the Little Student found herself in none other than the Turk's Head Tavern,—and at a shocking late hour—and took it all as a matter of course. There, calmly sitting on a wooden bench, and gazing on mural decorations not by Angelo, her attention was attracted by a very, very noisy crowd grouped around a wooden table in the centre of the room. "How gay they are," she thought and taking a seat near them, listened. And this is what she heard:

"Sir," said a clever-looking man to a huge giant seated on his left. "You will drown your appetite for dinner. Do you know that you have already consumed twelve cups of tea?"

"Sir," replied the other, "I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number my cups of tea?"

"Score one for the giant," thought the Little Student, and looked at him again. He was very odd looking, with his rusty brown suit of clothes, his little old shrivelled unpowdered wig which was too small for his head, his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches loose, his ill drawn-up black worsted stockings, and his pair of unbuckled shoes. But despite all this, there was an indefinable something about him that breathed "personality," but which the Little Student promptly designated as "It."

"I encourage this house," the big man was saying, "For the mistress of it is a civil woman, and has not much business,"

and then, "Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people, because, in the first place, young acquaintance must last longer, and then too, young men have more virtue than old men."

"Then, Sir," said one, "I'll wager that none of us will have much virtue left by the time that waiter comes." And forthwith, loud cries were set up, upon hearing which the waiter, who had been dallying in the kitchen boasting to the cook, what a fine fellow he was—came rushing in and with much clatter of dishes and tongue, the dinner began.

In vain did the Little Student try to attract the waiter's attention, for she too was hungry. He either would not or could not see her, but retreated to the kitchen with a virtuous air. So, preforce, she sat and watched, and after observing the one whom she mentally called, "The Giant," eating, she suddenly found that she did not feel hungry at all, but instead, rather sick. For the Giant had abominable table manners. Once, the dinner of good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pye, and a rice pudding had been placed upon the creaking boards, the art of conversation became for him a lost art indeed. Wheezing greatly, he rivetted his bulging eyes upon the plate, over which, he projected his huge head, and grew red and hot with the exertion of eating.

And thus it happened that the Little Student feeling rather disgusted, turned her gaze to the man who sat on the Giant's left. He reminded her of nothing so much as an overfed cock. Thick-lipped, loose hanging skin for cheeks, in all, rather bestial looking. She recalled that the Giant had called him, "Bozzy," and thought it very appropriate indeed.

Continuing her survey, her eyes suddenly encountered one of the handsomest men she had ever seen. Erect, well-formed, portly, but not corpulent, the Little Student found him very "easy" to look at. She was just in the midst of noting and admiring the way he wrinkled his forehead, and covertly trying it herself, when the swinging doors opened, and a gust of wind and rain and a man, blew into the room.

He was elegant, with the body of a fencer. Over he came, threw off his glistening cloak, called the boy, was served, dis-

dained the soup, and began on the leg with great gusto. "Such weather" he exclaimed, "And such a time to hold a meeting of the club." At this the Giant raised his head and answered, smiling, "Why, Davy, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." And then he seemed to go into a sort of stupor, sitting quite still for some moments, as did the whole company, and the Little Student herself,—who somehow, on hearing the man, forgot his manners. At length he began to squirm in his seat and rouse himself, and then he began to speak,—of poetry, of history, of music, and of art, of everything that to one listener at least, had, until now, meant very little

Finally, the voice stopped, and the world rolled on again, The Giant tipped the waiter, rose, bade good-night to the company, and strode out. At his heels went Bozzy, strutting fearfully, and after Bozzy ran the Little Student.

Down the street under the shining stars,—for the rain was over and gone,—to where the Giant stood, waiting. She stumbled for words.—"Are you really Johnson, I mean,—the real Johnson?" He stared. "Yes, Madame, I am, but pray, what are you doing on the streets at this late hour?" And then he, and the streets, and Bozzy's cocked nose, and the stars, and her mother's voice, became suddenly and inexplicably mixed.

"You poor child. You must be cramped from sitting all night like this. Why didn't you go to bed?"

But the Little Student sat bolt upright in her chair and only smiled in her mother's face, thinking. "I think that Johnson was like that, and I used to say that he was just the type of a man one would expect to define, "network" as "Anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances with interstices between the intersections." And then she laughed happily for now, you see, she knew better.

And before I tiptoe out and close the door very carefully behind me, may I say that while I am sorry that this little dream has seemed to you but a poor thing at best, after all, I shall be philosophic and, like Johnson, content myself with

“considering how insignificant this will appear, a twelvemonth hence.”

—Gladys Graham, '28.

* * * * *

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THIS world is full of books. Men of all ages, nations and types of character have contributed to the ever-increasing number. Some are long, some short; there are big ones, little ones, humorous ones, sad ones, but very few good ones, in proportion. Literature comprises these last few, and every nation has its own.

Wherever a people have long lived together in close relationship one sees distinct forces shaping their outward career. They begin and continue to live as a whole, and their development is due to a permanent motive force, the mainspring of which is the tendency of their soul or intellect. We find the history of this development, of their thoughts and actions, in their literature. That is, in the best works of every age, is embodied the essence of its moral advancement. At the close of centuries, in a country such as England, a great many such valuable historic documents are to be found.

In recent years the study of literature has been made easier. Eminent scholars have discovered that it has an anatomy, (if one may use the expression). Men knew, long ago, facts concerning man, but very few concerning men. They could read a great poem or novel and arrive at conclusions dealing with the nature of the writer, without referring from this to his contemporaries. They neglected to perceive all the effects upon him which his time had exerted and so lost the realization of the character of a whole age, which was just within their reach. Pope has said: “The proper study of mankind is man.” We are all alike and so are perennially interesting to each other. To gather knowledge of our fellow-beings from observation is possible, but requires a great and trained mind. To know and realize just how the barbarous Saxon became the English man of today is beyond that. It is outside the sphere of history

as well. One must have recourse to the best books, that is to literature.

England and France alone can boast of an unbroken chain of great and representative literary men throughout their existence. Germany has two blank centuries. Italy and Spain have produced nothing since Lope de Vega, Calderon and Cervantes. To one who is English this affords an immense scope wherein to search for and find moral knowledge as well as pleasure and companionship. Among our great poems and excellent novels there is found more true history of our race than in a mass of histories. They are instructive because they are beautiful. A beautiful thing is one which inspires a noble emotion and who could deny this of even our earliest epic Beowulf? Their usefulness increases with their perfection, for they first seize our interest by their outward form, drawing us to experience and the truths they hold imprisoned. Literature, thus, has a special office which historic chronicles have not. It takes note of sentiments. A great soul which has been widened and strengthened by sorrow, which has arisen from a chasm of despair with a new and clearer view of life, unconsciously imparts to us these salutary discoveries in all its works. Who, when in grief, has turned to magazine or newspaper stories? It is always the Bible fount of wisdom and comfort, or other soul-stirring volume, which is sought by despairing hands. Only in later life, when youth first feels the weight of years, is the value of a habit of reading, of turning frequently to converse with the great, really valued, (and the hasty persual of ephemera books does not come under this head). Gibbons once declared he would not exchange his love of the great masters for "the wealth of all the Indies," nor would anyone who recognized their worth.

We who today are still young and not yet possessed of habits and character must realize what it is to study literature, especially that of our Mother England. An indifferent student will get nowhere. If one is prejudiced against a dish it will of course have a disagreeable tang. It is not by carelessness that one acquires a taste for reading. Instead one must have

a genuine thirst for culture. When the text is known and able criticisms have been read then will come thorough enjoyment. There is reason for perseverance for through-out the whole course of literary history is found this maxim: "Life is too short for reading inferior books." Great works cannot die. They are made of the best parts of the souls of great men and they live forever. In the crucial moments of our life they cheer us, on urge us on. To study English literature, therefore, is our opportunity. Let us seize it. It will help us; it will make us, for it has been said: "Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are."

—Helen Grant.



ACADEMY NOTES

Pupils of the Theory of Music Class showed great diligence immediately after the Christmas vacation in preparing for their mid-winter examinations, which were held on February 11th and 12th.

The Practical Music examinations were held February 19th, Mr. Viggo Kihil, one of the well-known professors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, presided.

Results are being eagerly awaited, but somehow we feel very optimistic when we remember the old adage, "No gains without pains."

—Frances Dickson, Form III.

* * * * *

On Friday and Saturday nights, February 5th and 6th, De La Salle Dramatic Society under the direction of Rev. Bro. Gabriel, gave a most creditable exhibition of their talent and training in their artistic presentation of that great Shakespearian drama, "Macbeth." As this is one selection included in our English course for Matriculation it was of particular interest to the student body. The skill with which each actor played his part from hero to page was remarkable for an amateur performance. The costumes were in perfect harmony with the scenery and time of the play. Mr. Corbett as Macbeth acted with the spirit of real interpretation and his enunciation was faultless. Miss Mary Coughlan as Lady Macbeth was known to us before as she is a graduate of both our Academy and College, and has been noted for her special talent along dramatic lines. She played the part to perfection; every gesture portrayed her feelings to us and made us live the scene. Banquo, McDuff and others were also very good. The humorous "Porter Scene" was interpreted successfully by Mr. J. Hennessy. We were enthralled throughout the play and waited eagerly for the curtain to rise on each new act. We sincerely congratulate all the cast and hope to see more of their productions in the near future.

—Frances Wright, Form III.

THE COMMERCIAL CLASS.

Last month we wrote our final examination Theory of Shorthand. Judging from the advertisements of the various business colleges one would think any shorthand system to be delightfully "easy" but to the student writing a final examination any system is quite complicated.

For three hours we struggled desperately with the upward R's and downward R's; stroke and circle "s"; hooks and loops, grammalogs, phrases and outline words.

When writing a theory test the words have a provoking way of eluding the memory. However, the examination is over. We did our best and we hope for the best too.

—Beatrice Palmer.

* * * * *

On Monday, February 7th, the Second Form Art Class had the privilege of an afternoon free in order to see an exhibition of the Art of the Italian Renaissance which was being held in the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Two of the most notable pictures are "St. Roch and Piero della Francesca's Crucifixion." The former, an immense picture twelve feet by eight, was the first to attract our attention. Like the picture, the frame, too, is massive, being made in six parts and is ornamented with Greek and Pagan motifs contrasting with the religious subject of the picture.

The Crucifixion about fourteen inches by sixteen inches is considered an absolutely perfect gem of art. It is noble and intellectual and at the same time resplendent as a jewel. Throughout the picture the masses of light and shade show great skill and there is strong contrast between deep dark and head lights.

We also noticed "The Infant Christ and St. John" by Bernadino Luini; "Beatrice d'Este" by Bernadino de Conti; "The Madonna and Child" by Sandro Borticelli, "the Head of Christ" by Il Conte Francesco Melzi and "the Madonna and Child" by Perugino.

This exhibition included besides a group of Italian Renais-

sance "Old Masters," furniture, majolica, vases and other art objects.

Not everyone is privileged to see such treasures. This visit to the Art Gallery was something more than an afternoon away from the classroom. It was a visit of great intellectual value to us all (for it showed us a little of what can be accomplished when the spirit of Christianity prevails. It made us remember that this was the period that produced the wonderful cities of Christian Rome, Milan, Perugia, Venice, Palermo and Florence. We see now that great men and their works are not merely fairy tales.

Christine Bassy, Form II.

* * * * *

Mrs. Shreiner, a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Kelly, entertained the Sisters and pupils one evening in February. Many fine vocal selections were rendered to the delight of the appreciative audience.

—Betty Grobba, Form I.

* * * * *

A charming little amateur performance, "A Peep into Toyland," composed and directed by Miss Patricia Dever was held in the Auditorium on the evening of February 27th. Those particularly deserving of mention were: "The Dutch Doll," Orla Beer; "The Jack-in-the-Box," Rita Dever; "The Charleston Doll," M. Calvert; and "The Wooden Soldiers," Angela Hurson and Emily Bogue. It was a delightful little play and thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

—M. C. and R. G., Form I.

* * * * *

An inter-class debate was held on February 25th between Forms 1-A and 1-B, the subject debated was "Resolved that the industry of agriculture is more valuable than that of Forestry." The decision was made in favour of the affirmative although the negative side was very ably upheld by Misses R. Godfrey, L. Hayes and R. Hill. The winners were Misses J. Swift, C. Lafayette and R. Staring.

—Rose Brown, Form I.

On the Monday afternoon preceding Lent, a concert was given in the College Auditorium to commemorate Canada's Noted men and women who gained a noteworthy place in the history of our young country. The meeting began with the singing of "O Canada" by all the High School pupils. A number of interesting papers were read which told the lives and accomplishments of our famous men and women. Lantern slides which traced the history of Canada from the time of Columbus up to the present day.

A short play for the benefit of our American pupils entitled "George Washington" was cleverly acted by three of the senior pupils.

Two solos by Miss Gladys Moffat added much to the afternoon's programme.

A vote of thanks was given by the Third Form for the enjoyable afternoon.

—Marie Morrison, Form IV.

* * * * *

Last month we visited the museum to examine minutely rocks and minerals, with which our study of Physiography acquainted us. Our inspection was varied, from building stone to the most precious of all minerals, diamond. It was a brilliant sight—those sparkling lustrous gems covering completely the floor of a large case.

We journeyed with our instructress backward through centuries viewing first mummies from pre-historic time to those of a century or so ago. Although hundreds of years have passed they remain well preserved. Our modern age can boast of no such craft for the preservation of the body.

Then we were delighted with some heavy old gold jewellery belonging to an Egyptian princess. They are skilfully wrought in forms of animals and men.

Another point of interest was a room divided off by wall which originally encompassed an Egyptian goddess and her worshippers. On the walls is depicted the complete story of the wars and victories, together with the booty taken from conquered countries. Lastly the prosperity lived of peace. The

Queen's likeness which covered a complete panel was removed by her successor, thereby ruining an ancient masterpiece, an act very significant of the strife for supremacy prevailing throughout human history.

Many ancient coins were on display, two silver pieces of which are said to be of the thirty for which Our Lord was betrayed.

—Anastasia Thomas, Academy, Form II.

* * * * *

SPRING.

The brook is flowing swiftly through
 The world of sun and shade
 The sky above is, oh! so blue,
 The bird his nest has made.
 The mating that will soon begin
 He sings about, with cheer.
 Sadness to-day would be a sin
 For Spring is here!

—Doreen Wright, Form III.

* * * * *

SMITH'S INITIATION.

Smith started slightly and listened. Up the stairs came the sound of hurried footsteps. So they had found him, even here! Well, he would escape yet. They had been following him for days, and many times before, he had been in just such a tight place.

He rose and turned off the light, and just in time, too, for the next minute, his pursuers had rounded the corner in full view of the door. In the dark Smith felt safer, but yet he had no time to lose. He walked quickly to the open window, reached out and grasped a thick vine creeping around the

window, and holding tight, swung himself easily out. Here, however, the hardest part was still before him. He could find no footing and had to trust his own strong hands to let him down inch by inch to the ground.

This would be slow work. The leaves of the vine would be almost sure to rustle and disclose his whereabouts to the men who followed him, and even now the moonlight was full upon him. He did not pause to listen until he was half-way down. When he did, he heard from the room above, the words—"Look, Jim, here's his knife, and the smell of cigarette-smoke is still strong. He must have just left the room." Then he gasped, and Smith too gasped, for both had heard the snapping of the vine above Smith's head.

The two men rushed to the window and arrived there just in time to see Smith hurled through the air, his face in the moonlight looking ghastly and contorted with fear.

Smith rolled over. He seemed powerless to open his eyes. His one thought was to get away. But perhaps they already had him. No, that could not be, because he was not tied. And then, for the first time, came the thought, "Why had he done it?" He had been so very sure of himself, had thought himself clever enough to get away with anything. Well, evidently he wasn't going to this time.

After lying thus helpless for minutes which seemed to be hours, he forced open his eyes with a mighty effort. At once he cried out in amazement. He was in his own room, in his own bed, and beside the bed stood Jim, his school chum.

"Hurrah! old boy! you've come to" cried Jim, "that was a fine way to act. You know we decided not to initiate you after all. I sort of thought you hated the idea, and Frank and I were coming to tell you not to worry. That was a desperate get-away you made. But, cheer up, the worst is over now and the only fun you missed was the Field Day and the big game!"

Mary Palmer, Form III.

LAUGHTER.

Trembling, borne on Zephyr's wings,
With mission gay to remedy
Sorrow and what sorrow brings—
A loss of love, and enmity.
Seldom seen, but always felt,
Am I what you're seeking after?
From me scorn and anger melt.
I am Laughter!

—Eleanor Godfrey, Form III.

* * * * *

WHAT I HOPE TO GAIN FROM MY EDUCATION.

“What I hope to gain from my education” is a proposition foremost in the minds of many students in all parts of the world. When I voice my thoughts on the subject I cannot help but wonder for how many I shall prove the spokesman.

By means of education I hope to gain a knowledge of things scientific and practical, which will enable me to live in a manner most useful to my fellow-creatures, in order that I may accomplish the end for which my Divine Creator intended me, and by so doing render myself more acceptable to Him.

It is by the practice of science that one may learn to adapt Nature's gifts to the needs of mankind, such as medicine, food-production and the manufacture of necessities like clothing. It is by practical education one learns to understand the usefulness of science, and these two combined have produced the commodities and conveniences, which in our modern life we have come to consider necessities.

By education, primitive thought it was in its earlier stages, mankind has developed its present standards of morality. Therefore, is it not reasonable to hope that, by taking advantage of education offered us to-day, we may attain a higher standard of living than would be ours if our mind were not cultivated?

When we consider how the teachers of the past have taken advantage of the knowledge imparted to them in order that they might increase the store of learning they should pass on to their pupils, our teachers, who in turn are teaching us, we cannot fail to comprehend the great and indefatigable effort of thought made on our behalf, and we remember then that we, in our turn, must be the teachers of to-morrow.

Education develops in us an understanding of things spiritual, beautiful and artistic, and by application and study I hope to learn to more keenly appreciate those things which are a source of satisfaction and happiness.

By my education, I hope to strengthen my character, to become more self-reliant and to school myself to meet those unknown trials which lie before me in the path of life. I want to learn, that I may instruct those who in the future will depend on me for consolation and advice and in order to fit myself to take an honourable place in society.

—Mary Lyon, Form III.

* * * * *

MY WISH.

I'd love to travel o'er the world,
 Forget this little world of mine,
 Travel, travel, north and south,
 In every country, sea and clime.
 When I'm sad and when I'm glad,
 My wish looks only sweet and fair
 To travel on, in God's great world,
 Into the everywhere.

—Carrie Doran, Form III.

MONTREAL VISITED.

The Island of Montreal is reached by the large Victoria Jubilee Bridge spanning the width of the river, which is one mile, crossing from the shore opposite to the city.

Rising before us is the famous Mount Royal, gradually sloping towards the city. Along the foot of the mountain is the principal boulevard, Sherbrooke street, on which are the Convent of the Grey Nuns, McGill University and St. Mary's College.

Ascending Mount Royal, from the top of which we have a view of the entire Island from the St. Lawrence as far west as the Ottawa River, we are much impressed by the natural beauty of the scenery.

Descending westward around the mountain, we come to St. Joseph's Shrine, where we meet the humble yet well known Brother Andre, under whose inspiration and direction the Shrine was constructed. Here we see where crutches, eye-glasses and invalid chairs have been left by the fortunate clients who have been cured through the intercession of good St. Joseph at this favored Shrine, and which bear testimony to St. Joseph's interest in the sick.

Down the great number of steps which lead from the Shrine built far into the side of the mountain, we travel towards Lachine to feast our eyes on the Rapids. We find them to be tumbling, foaming waterfalls which, although not large, are treacherous. They have been overcome by the great Lachine Canal, through the gates of which we see more than one important looking steamer pass.

Back again in the heart of the city, we visit our chief place of interest, Notre Dame Cathedral. When we look skyward we see the two lofty spires with their bells weighing over six thousand pounds each and which are the largest on the Continent. We gaze not only at the outside, but also at the beautiful interior which brings forth from us expressions of delight. This large church will seat over fifteen thousand peo-

ple, and we are told by our guide that it was built between the years 1824 and 1829.

Leaving the Cathedral, we go back again to the center of the city, by crossing Place D'Armes. Many large financial institutions are located in the downtown section, including the Bank of Montreal. Passing westward along Notre Dame street, many important business houses are seen, and we are impressed with the activity all around us. Reaching Victoria Square, we turn northward and by ascending a somewhat steep hill, come to St. Catharine street, the principal retail section of the city. There are fine stores of almost every description here and the demands of the shopper are easily met.

The principal hotels of the city are the Mount Royal, Windsor, Ritz Carlton and the Queen's. Montreal harbour, the greatest in Canada, docks the largest ocean steamers as well as those which traverse the lake, bringing to the port all the products of the country, and in the large warehouses along the water front these are stored until final distribution is made.

Marie M. Cole, Form 1A.

* * * * *

EXCHANGE.

Nardin Quarterly

We certainly enjoyed reading the magazine published by the Nardin Academy, Buffalo, and would like to add a few words of praise to those of their other readers.

The most remarkable feature was the abundance and exceptional quality of the poetry. The many stories, too, show a very high standard and especially portray a keen interest in literary composition. We notice however no mention of athletics. Perhaps they were just put aside for the more appropriate Christmas articles. We hope to be enlightened next time.

—H.Q.

The Labarum

The neat appearance and artistic cover design of the Labarum invite us to a closer scrutiny of this little magazine, which is published quarterly by the students of Mount Saint Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa. The contents of the Autumn number are of a very high character, from cover to cover. We enjoyed in particular the editorials, and the column entitled "Verselets."

* * * * *

Mt. St. Mary's Record

"For New Hampshire to its sons and daughters is a bit of heaven on earth, and after one has gazed at its autumnal beauties, one must agree that Paradise has for a time been transplanted there." We, too, in Canada, have beautiful autumns and can appreciate the scene that must have prompted the composition of a New Hampshire Autumn, an appealing bit of description for all lovers of nature. The Poet's Corner in the Mt. St. Mary's Record is especially worthy of mention, and many of the little poems worked out so carefully show great promise for America's literary outlook in the future. So, too, do the delightful little stories narrated here and there throughout the Record. On the whole the Autumn Number is well worth the time spent in reading it.

* * * * *

The Alvernia

The Alvernia, a delightful magazine published by the students of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pennsylvania, found much favour with the college students here. It is very helpful to read of the interests of other colleges, especially one which we find so similar to our own.

It includes an extensive range of matter, from the articles treating of strictly literal subjects, to accounts of the college current events. In many of the articles much originality is

shown both in the subject and the treatment of it. The articles on "Success in Life" and "Ambition" are especially worthy of mention.

Considerable space is given to the accounts of various sports, and the jokes, of course, provide the lighter vein.

We wish to congratulate the staff of the Alvernia for the splendid matter and arrangement presented in its magazine.

—E. O'B.



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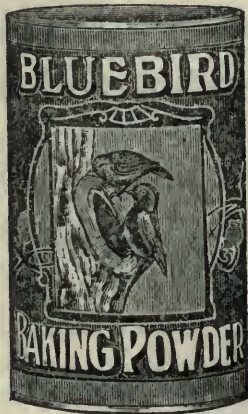
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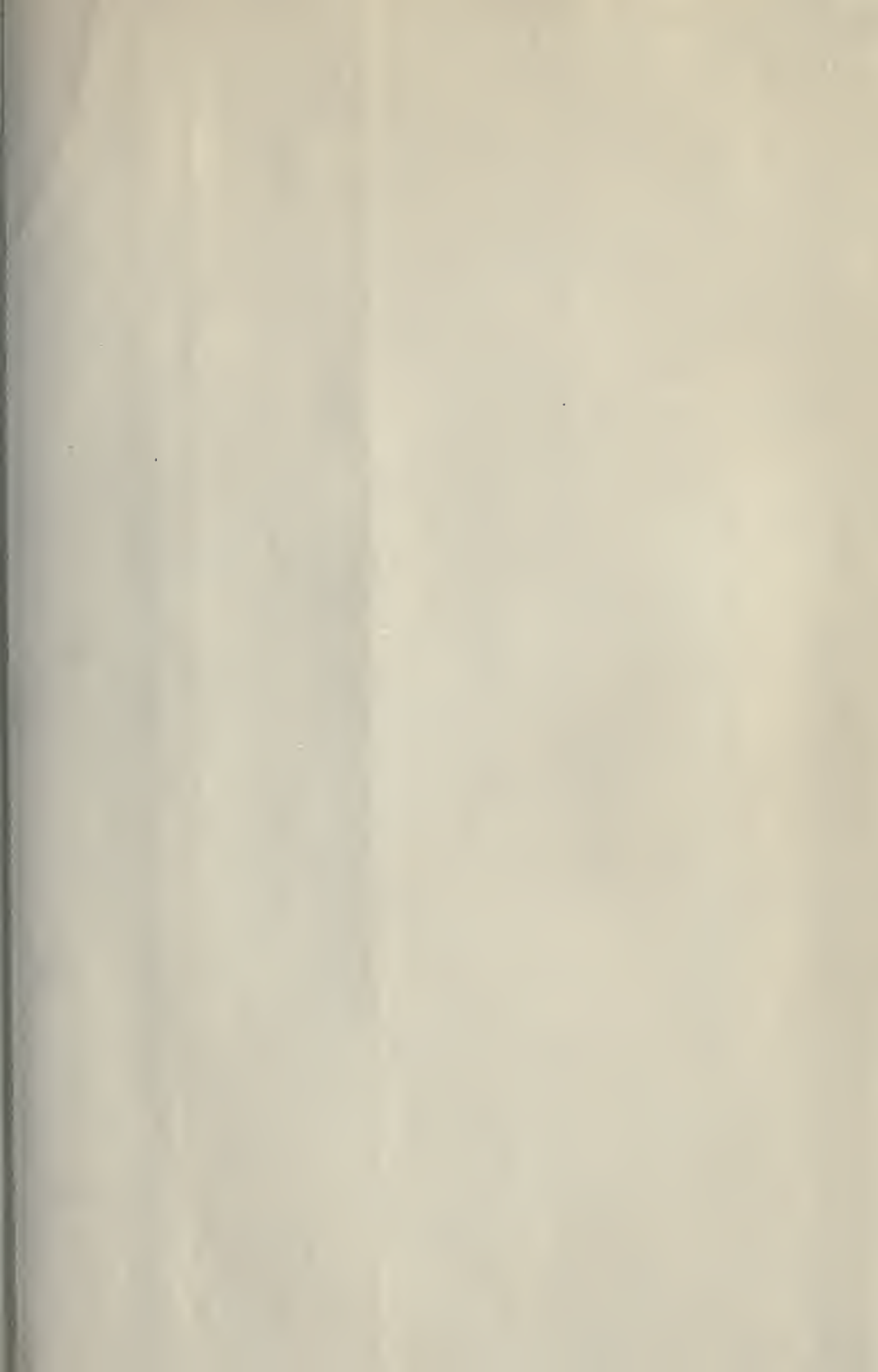


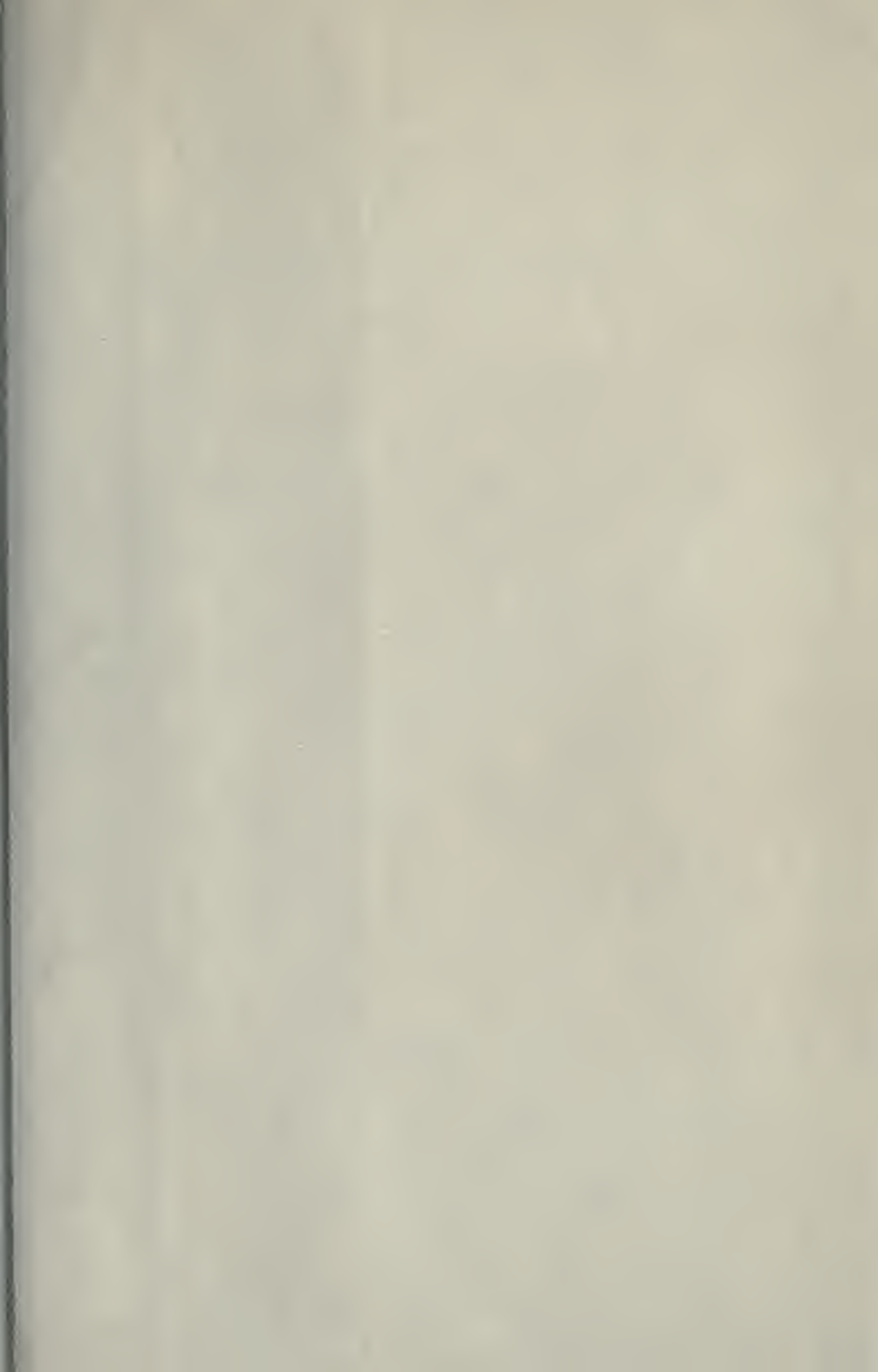
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