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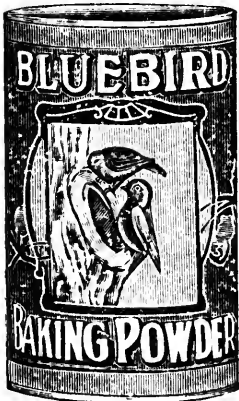
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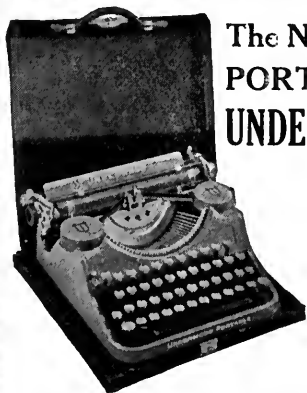
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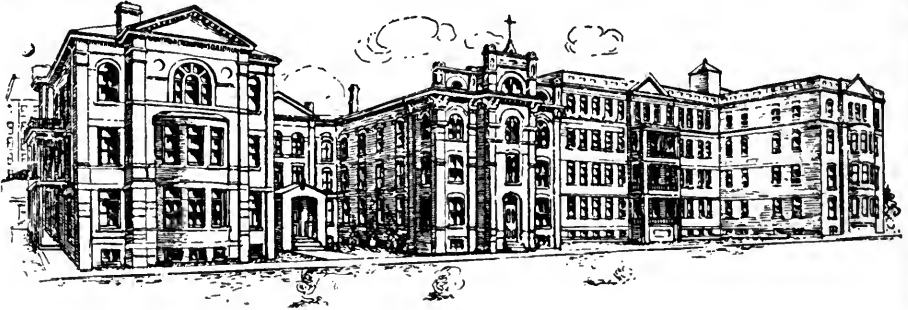
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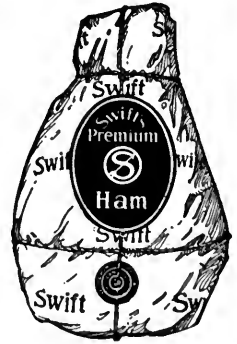
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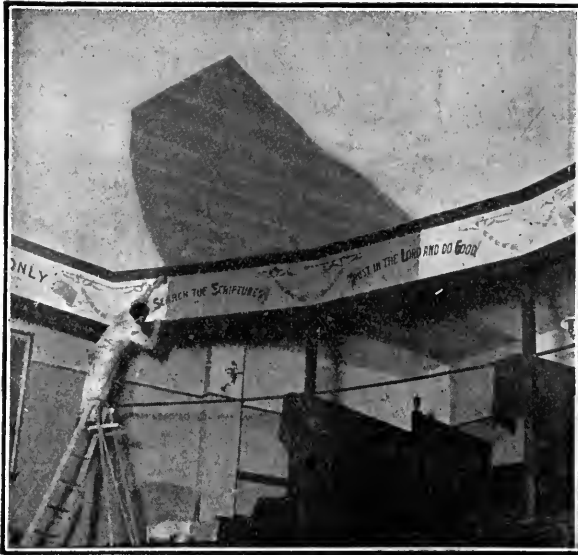


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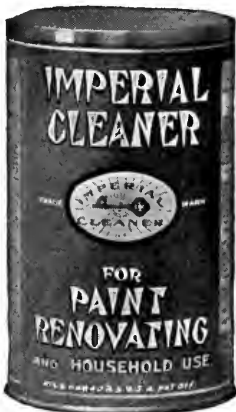
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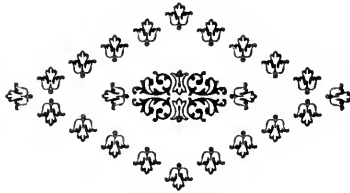
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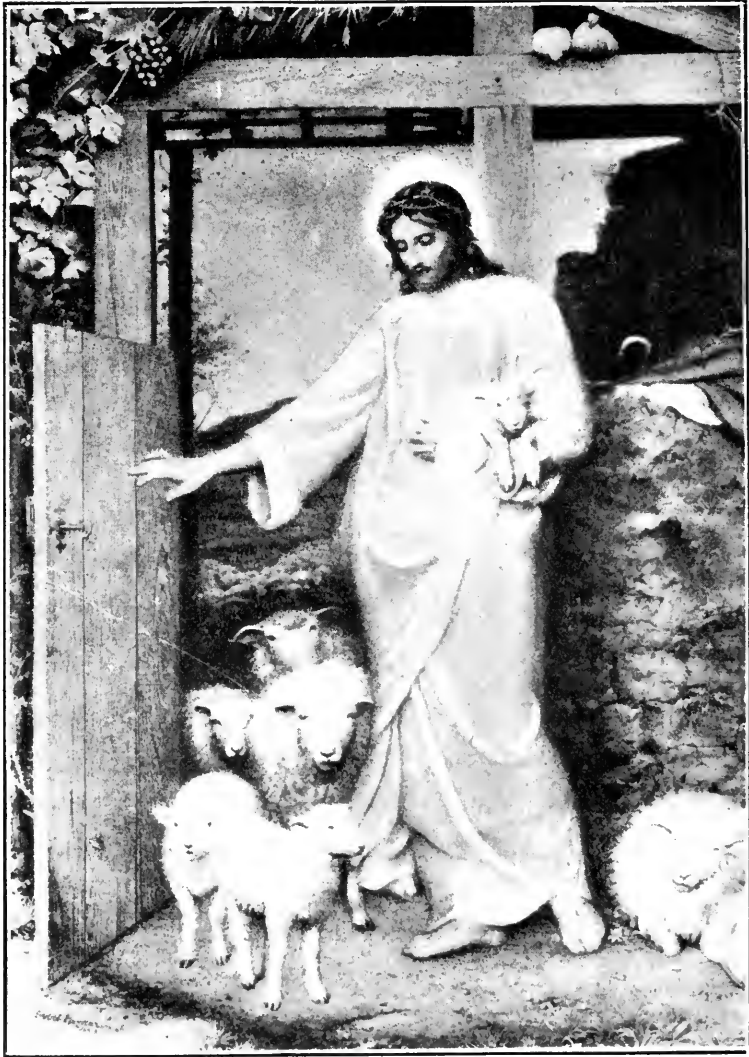
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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1932.

No. 1.

MINE KNOW ME

Jesus said to the Pharisees: "I am the good shepherd . . . I am the good shepherd; and I know mine and mine know me. As the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father . . ."

I have never seen a shepherd leading home his sheep, but sometimes at the turn of evening when the hills are fresh from rain, even the driest fancy, I think, could be called into service to make one listen to a crunch of cloven feet against the cool, wet grass, and make one watch upon a slow, close, level movement of white-fleeced backs and an equally constant movement of white-fleeced heads bending and lifting, bending to the ground and lifting; all crowded close, close to one another and to the shepherd who goes on before. The sheep crowd close, they know their shepherd. Following him, they measure ground already tried for them, they are secure.

SECURITY—how we cling to it! Men fight for conservation of property, not so much because they fear the loss of the enjoyment of ownership as that they fear the loss of that security which any owned thing seems to give. And we have crucified thieves because they seemed to threaten that security.

I am the good Shepherd . . .

Securus judicat orbis terrarum—how immense, how ungovernable are the thoughts of men, and what relief is ours to know, to be certain that our ground is tried for us; that, free from anxiety, we, a living Church, are led by Divine guidance; that God is with us to keep our path straight. It is this leadership

of Christ which gives the Church that power to separate truth from error, and free from care to make her final judgments true. This leadership was Newman's "Kindly Light."

I am the good Shepherd . . .

SECURE WITH CHRIST—how fragrant is a life secure with Christ—how complete and free from loneliness is any life that knows Christ, as the novice knows Him when she accepts the crucifix that she is to wear as the symbol of her consecration, as the child knows Him, as the Father knows Him and He knows the Father, as the sheep know their shepherd.

Bernita Miller, B.A.

MY TRUST.

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 I place my trust in Thee!"
 Whatever may befall me, Lord,
 Though dark the hour may be
 In all my joys, in all my woes,
 Though nought but grief I see,
 "O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 I place my trust in Thee."

When those I love have passed away,
 And I am sore distressed,
 O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 I fly to Thee for rest!
 In all my trials, great or small,
 My confidence shall be
 Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,
 "I place my trust in Thee."





BLESSED THOMAS MORE—Knight and Martyr,
February 7th, 1478-July 6th, 1535.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

Knight, Martyr.

February 7th, 1478—July 6th, 1535.

By JOHN B. O'REILLY, ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

The Dawn of a New Era.

Eight miles from Westminster Bridge, near the main road to Canterbury, lies the village of Eltham, once a place of fame by reason of its royal palace. Henry III. kept Christmas there in 1270. So did Henry V. after his victory at Agincourt. Until the times of Queen Elizabeth, the stately palace, which was also a fortress, was a meeting place for prince and courtier. The royal buildings have disappeared save for the banqueting-hall, whose fine hammer-beam timber roof is comparable only to that in the Hall of Middle-Temple. The moat crossed by a fifteenth century bridge, heavily clad with ivy, and the ancient houses close by combine to make the Eltham Palace a scene of captivating interest and beauty. It is an easy task to conjure up visions of Tudor days such as that when "the King kept a solemn Christmas at his manor at Eltham." The King was Henry VIII. We are not concerned with this particular visit, but with an earlier one, for the King had passed several years of his childhood here to whose company is introduced his future Chancellor, Thomas More.

Somewhere about A.D. 1500, William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, a patron of learning, who had a country house near Eltham, asked his guest, the already famous humanist, Erasmus, under whom he had studied at Paris, to receive a few friends who were interested in the revival of Greek learning at Oxford. These were John Colet, "the English Plato" and educator of boys, who afterwards became Dean of St. Paul's;

1. Edwin Ryan, John Colet, Educator of Boys, in the *Catholic Historical Review*. New Series, Vol. IV., 18-26. April, 1924. Also in A. F. Leach, *The Schools of Medieval England* (New York, 1915), 277-281.

Grocyn, an Oxford tutor of uncommon merit and later rector of St. Lawrence Jewry; and a young law student from Lincoln's Inn named Thomas More. During this visit to Lord Mountjoy's estate, More and Erasmus dined with the children of Henry VII., amongst whom was the young Prince Henry, with whose royal bearing, betokening a certain loftiness of mind joined with singular condescension, they were much impressed.

Among the voluminous correspondence of the great Dutch scholar is a letter² written some years later describing the reception at Eltham Palace. The guests were given audience in the Great Hall, where the attendants both of the house and of Lord Mountjoy's were assembled. "More," writes Erasmus, "after saluting Prince Henry, presented him with I-know-not-what writing. Being entirely taken by surprise, I had nothing to offer, and I was obliged to make a promise that I would write something to show my respect. I was somewhat vexed with More for not warning me, and especially so, since the Prince while we were dining sent me a note asking some fruit of my pen. I went home and in spite of the Muses, from whom I had long been separated, I finished my poem within three days." Prince Henry we shall meet again under much different circumstances. Had Cardinal Wolsey been present at this gathering he would have completed the company of actors who were destined to play the leading parts in that tragic drama which changed the course of English history.

To estimate the influence of More and his contemporaries one must visualize the England of their day.³ On Friday, 22nd of August, 1485, Richard III., the last of the long line of Plantagenets, died at Bosworth Field. His crown was placed on the head of Henry VII. and the last elements of feudalism

2. Epistle to Botzheim from which F. Cadogan Cooper, A.R.A. drew his inspiration for his painting, "The New Learning in England." T. E. Bridgett, *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1924). P. 39.

3. Hilaire Belloc, *History of England* (New York, 1928), Vol. III., 381 ff.

disappeared. The barons of England had perished in the War of the Roses and the old fabric of the governing aristocracy was in ruins. The rapidity with which the old chivalric traditions in England died out was in a great measure due to the influence of the new King's character; the extinction of many important families and their ending in single heiresses, for the number of children in the wealthiest classes was small; and the effects of the Renaissance into which England was proceeding at great speed. In spite of his unpopularity and doubtful title to the crown, Henry became the absolute master of the realm. All the forces available, the monopoly in artillery and printing, the creation of a ruthless and ubiquitous Intelligence Service, his fiscal revolution, perpetuated by continual extortions, were mustered to maintain his claims. His position was strengthened by the growth of nationalism which was rapidly becoming a potent force which a ruler could use with effect. This movement was gaining greater strength in England than on the Continent due to the insular position and clear cut boundaries of the country, the trained use of the new vernacular English tongue, the natural speech of all classes, and the increasing appeal to Scripture as against the living authority of the Church whose visible head was in Rome. The Fifteenth Century saw the rise of international European diplomacy, startlingly and even shockingly resemblant to our own modern intrigues, perfected into a system by the Venetian ambassadors. Intrigue and double play between governments and governments is as old as society, but Tudor England and the Europe of that day gave birth to new agents of the state, expert in professional cunning and deception, for whom this work, as apostles of an incipient nationalism, was to be their lifelong career.

An interesting side-light is thrown upon the early growth of nationalism in a letter written by Cardinal Pole to the Emperor Charles V., in which the Cardinal has told of a conversation he had as a youth with Thomas Cromwell.⁴ The topic

4. R. W. Chambers. *The Saga and the Myth of Sir Thomas More*. From the Proceedings of the British Academy (London, 1926), 25 ff.

of conversation was government and statecraft. Cromwell, after ridiculing the *Republic of Plato*, which after so many years had led to nothing, said he had a book on statesmanship in manuscript by a practical modern writer based on experience. This book, which he offered to loan to Pole, was *Il Principe* of Nicolo Machiavelli. It is noteworthy that the two books of paramount importance on the state written in the sixteenth century, *Il Principe* and the *Utopia* of Thomas More, were completed within a few years of each other. Machiavelli expressed in writing the ideas which had been gaining ground for some decades. He learned from observing the leading patrons of the pagan element of the Renaissance the methods of violence and unscrupulous deception which the Prince may use unhesitatingly to construct a national state. This idea of an absolute state in which religion is the touchstone of loyalty, a department of the civil service, he learned from the teaching of the masters of Roman Law who emphasized the worst elements of the Justinian Code. While More could not have read *Il Principe* before he wrote the *Utopia*, his work is a distinct reaction against the ideas of his continental predecessor. More derived his inspiration from the great political thinkers of the Middle Ages, from men, like Augustine and Aquinas, who stood for a united Christendom. From *Utopia* to the scaffold, More stands for the common cause, as against the private commodity of the single man or even the single kingdom. He will not accept the new statesmanship which regards the nations as totally independent, 'gladiators in the European arena.' From the age of Bede to the fifteenth century, Europe had held its own against the blight of Islam. Now that one point of the Moslem Creseent rested at Gibraltar, the other on the Golden Horn, men like Fisher and More could never forget that Asia, Africa and half of Europe had fallen before the Turk who was still advancing. In the eyes of these men Christian kings who would rend Christendom asunder by heresy or war among themselves for personal and material aggrandizement were traitors to a common cause; and justly did they regard them so, since they contributed as much to the destruction of traditional European culture as the Mahometan

Turk. The author of the *Utopia* knew the world on the eve of the Reformation, and dealt with more problems than at first sight might be suspected. And by way of commentary, the modern student must turn to those pages of history wherein are recorded the glorious deeds of Don Juan of Austria, who at the call of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Saint Pius the Fifth, led the combined troops of Spain, Venice, and the Papal States to a glorious victory at Lepanto, while Catholicism was being stamped out in Britain, and the rulers of France and Germany would make no alliance with the Champions of Western Civilization. They imagined that a victory on the Adriatic would only increase the power of the Pope as a temporal sovereign and thus frustrate their own designs on Italy.

Into the midst of the changing England of the fifteenth century came the Renaissance, the final flowering of the Middle Ages. Few periods of history present more difficulties to the student than the Age of Humanism, the Renaissance, the New Learning,—call it what you will,—because the several current accounts of the movement contain more fiction than fact. To say that the Renaissance was Catholic is true; to say it was a revolt against the ideas of Mediaeval Christendom is a lie. Humanism in itself is a neutral force.⁵ It developed and flourished under the direct approval and patronage of the Papacy. From the abuse of Humanism there arose much of the Italian Paganism, and this Italian Paganism was about all the Elizabethians got from Humanism. One cannot lose sight of the fact that the Renaissance in England, which began and ran its first stage normally, was arrested in the middle of the sixteenth century, and did not reach maturity until decades later. Printing begun by Caxton and Wynkyn made no progress for about two centuries. English architecture, sculpture, painting and stained glass suffered the same retarded growth. The true main-stream of English tradition in prose was dammed; only in the day of

5. J. S. Phillimore, Blessed Thomas More and the Arrest of Humanism in England, in *Dublin Review*, Vol. CLIII. July, 1913, 1 ff.

R. W. Chambers, "Sir Thomas More's Fame Among His Countrymen" in the *Fame of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1929), 20 ff.

Dryden was the old stream re-opened. Humanism was an affair of great leaders and great personalities. Because it was, the torch once lit, was quenched when Fisher and More ascended the scaffold and the movement, personified in these two men, was paralysed.

Few men have suffered greater injustice at the hands of their biographers than Erasmus of Rotterdam, who diverted the current of ancient learning from profane into Christian channels. Amateurist historians after reading the *Moria*, a few of the letters and colloquies, have not hesitated to pronounce a verdict on his character, and have essayed, with full assurance of success, to define him. Three centuries of bias and myth-making processes have created an Erasmus, who never existed, the reformer, the hero of revolt, the first modern man. Nothing could be more damning than this unfortunately too popular conception of the great Humanist, because on the strength of his orthodoxy the writings of Sir Thomas More stand and fall. The future martyr adopted and defended many passages from the writings of his continental contemporary because the Erasmus he knew intimately for over a quarter of a century, with whom he studied and prayed and shared the hospitality of his home, was a loyal son of the Church. That the Chancellor of Henry VIII., who possessed a knowledge of men, was correct in his judgment, is the unanimous decision of Henri Bremond,⁶ Father Bridgett⁷ and Cardinal Gasquet.⁸ For Erasmus was, to quote Lord Acton,⁹ eminently an international character and was the first European who lived in intimacy with other ages besides his own, and could appreciate the gradual ripening and enlargement of ideas. He devoted himself on equal terms to classical and to Christian antiquity, and drew from both alike the same lessons of morality and wisdom, for he valued doc-

6. H. Bremond, *Sir Thomas More* (London, 1920), 22-47.

7. T. E. Bridgett, *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More* (London, 1924), 83-86; also p. 280.

8. Cardinal Gasquet has devoted a long chapter of his *Eve of the Reformation* to Erasmus.

9. Lord Acton, *Lectures on Modern History*. Edited by John Neville Figgis and Reginald Vere Lawrence. (London, 1930), p. 87.

trine chiefly for the sake of a good life and a happy death, and was impatient of subtle dialectics and speculative disputations. With so much of the Renaissance studies as did not serve the good estate of souls, he showed little sympathy, and was indifferent to art, to metaphysics and to antiquarian pedantry. Nothing caused him more pain than to be charged with heresy¹⁰, or even with a leaning towards it. And this because he was so sure of his own full acceptance of the Church's teaching.

The world of Sir Thomas More was the dawn of a new age, a world aroused by explorations, discoveries, and inventions. In the November of 1477, William Caxton, who had acquired a knowledge of printing in the Low Countries, brought out from his press, set up somewhere near Westminster Abbey, the first book printed in England. In 1492, the last Caliph of the Moors in Spain signed the capitulation by which the banner of Castile waved over the highest tower of the Alhambra. The same year that saw the expulsion of the Moors from Granada witnessed the discovery of the New World by Columbus. In 1497, the Genoese John Cabot, in the service of Henry VII., sailed from Bristol and discovered Newfoundland. In 1498 Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and opened up a new route for Oriental trade free from either Turks or Mongols. In 1521 Magellan circumnavigated the globe. The leadership in scientific thought passed from Regiomontanus (or Johannes Müller of Königsberg, 1436-1476) to Albertus Brudzewski and Nicholas Copernicus, two Germanized Poles. Commerce and industry flourished in the great cities of Bruges, Antwerp and Venice. The great banking families like the Fuggers, Portinari, Medici, and Sassetti controlled the gold of Europe. Alexander VI., Julius II., Leo X. wore in succession the Fisherman's ring. Raphael and Luther were born in 1483. Sixteen years later, Savonarola, the reformer of Florence, was burned by his enemies in the Piazza of his beloved city.

Such was the world of More's boyhood and early youth.

10. J. P. Whitney, Erasmus, in the *English Historical Review*. Vol. XXXV. (London, 1920), p. 22.

II.

Early Years of Sir Thomas More.

At the meeting of Eltham, More was twenty-one years old, and was reading law at Lincoln's Inn. A Londoner, born in Milk Street, Cheapside, in the ward of Cripplegate Within, on the 7th day of February, 1478, the son of a barrister who afterwards became a judge of the King's Bench, he had received his earliest education at St. Anthony's grammar school in Threadneedle Street, where, under Nicolas Holt, he was brought up in the Latin tongue.¹¹ The households of great ecclesiastics in Mediaeval England were schools both of learning and good breeding for the sons of the gentry. When More was in his early teens, his father, following the custom of the day, placed him in the domestic service of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. There he began to display that combination of seriousness and gaiety which marked his character throughout life.

That More attached very definite importance to the influence of the experience he gained in the household of John Morton, the greatest prelate of fifteenth century England, is indicated by his references to the Cardinal not only in his *Utopia*¹², but also in his *History of Richard III.*¹³ No man knew the world better or was of greater influence in public affairs than this Prince of the Church, who had been the faithful friend of Edward IV., the feared but cautious enemy of Richard III., and the man to whose wisdom Henry VII. in a great measure owed his crown. He was one of the great figures of the Renaissance in England, a bold statesman, a wise builder, a churchman with a keen eye for essentials. That the Cardinal¹⁴ made a

11. C. E. Shebbeare, *Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1930), p. 10.

12. *Sir Thomas More, The Utopia*. Edited by J. H. Lupton. (Oxford, 1895), 41-59.

13. *The English Works of Sir Thomas More*, Edited by W. E. Campbell (London, 1931), Vol. 1, 424, 426, 453-455.

14. Thomas Stapleton, *Life and Illustrious Martyrdom of Sir Thomas More*. Translated from the Latin by Phillip E. Hallett. (London, 1928), 4-5.

profound impression on the youthful Thomas goes without saying. He stood in the boy's eyes for an incarnation of the Church and of devotion to the great interests of his country. From him he learned to appreciate the value of scholarship and erudition, the vast importance of ecclesiastical authority, and even something of the ways of kings. In this household of culture More displayed some talents for acting, taking part, especially at Christmas time, in the pageants, masques and plays. The aged Archbishop was delighted with his towardness and wit, and would often say to the nobles who dined with him at divers times: "This child here waiting at table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." "Whereupon for his better furtherance in learning"¹⁵ he placed him in Oxford.

It was probably in 1492 or thereabout, when he was fourteen years old, that More entered University. He resided in Canterbury Hall, the site of which was afterwards covered by Cardinal Wolsey's great foundation, Christ Church. More, like every boy with studious habits, was thrilled with the vigorous life of his University. That Oxford belonged to a Europe still largely Mediaeval, not yet rent asunder by the heresy of Nationalism; an Oxford where Erasmus might share the Greek scholarship which Groecyn and Linaere had brought from Italy; an Oxford of Colleges and Halls whose names, Oriel, Merton, Lincoln, All Souls and New College, recall the charity of our Catholic forefathers, Catholic devotions and Catholic life, when England was Our Lady's Land. The Oxford of More's undergraduate days included many things which we admire — the East Magdalen Tower was standing white from the masons' hands—and many things which are no more. To the West, where to-day we approach Oxford amid a wilderness of coal-heaps, railway sidings, and dilapidated buildings, monuments of an industrial age, More saw vast churches of cathedral proportions standing amid their conventual buildings, Oseney Abbey and the Houses of the Black and Grey Friars which far surpassed anything Oxford can show to-day. Ever since 1684, except during the World

15. William Roper, *The Life of Sir Thomas More* (London, 1903), p. 5.

War, the great Tom bell (dedicated to Saint Thomas of Canterbury), in the tower of Christ Church, has sounded the curfew for town and gown. As its booming voice thunders out one hundred and one times, the number of original students plus one, one cannot help but feel that it sounds the knell of Mediæval Oxford, for this bell is one of the famous Oesney bells, all that was salvaged from the storm which laid desolate the most sacred spots of England. More entered into the life of the University and was a diligent student in classics and rhetoric. His father allowed him nothing¹⁶ but the necessities of life, and, in after years, More gratefully acknowledged that throughout these days he indulged in no vice or pleasure, spent no time in vain or harmful amusements, and did not know what luxury meant.

Fearing the love of Greek might turn his son from the career he had chosen for him, More's father cut short his university life after two years, and placed him at New Inn, an Inn of the Chancery dependent on Lincoln's Inn. Here he acquired the learning of writs and procedure before studying the more abstruse branches of legal science at Lincoln's Inn. After seven years of study he emerged an utter barrister and a confirmed humanist. During this time, reading law had not been his only concern. More realized the inadequacy of a practical education, and studied in addition Greek, Latin, French, music, poetry and Christian thought. During his early years in the legal profession he lectured in law at Furnivall's Inn. He found time to give another course of lectures under the patronage of his old Greek master, Groeyn, in the Church of Saint Lawrence in the Old Jewry in London. Here he treated of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* from the standpoint of history and philosophy¹⁷; a course of studies which were followed with keen interest by the old and young, priests and laymen.

During these years as a lecturer, More chose for his living quarters a room close-by the famous Charterhouse, where he might live in meditation and prayer. So far as he could he

16. H. Bremond, *Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1920), 10-12.

17. Thomas Stapleton, *Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1928), 8-9.

followed the Offices of the Carthusian Fathers¹⁸, and began to discipline himself severely. He took to wearing a hair-shirt, which he continued to do throughout his life, and allowed himself only four or five hours of sleep a day. His friends were few, Dean Colet his confessor, the *Hellenist* Groeyn, his director in Colet's absence, Linaere, Erasmus and William Lilly, the young and attractive scholar who, after his Oxford years, had gone to perfect his Greek in the Isle of Rhodes. Until now More's only duty was to let himself be led; now he began to enjoy the liberty of choosing his own course. Here we see the real Thomas More. He applied himself to exercises of piety, study, vigils and austerities; in a word, to all that would bring perfection of soul. He seriously thought of becoming a priest and religious, for he was strongly attracted towards the Franciscan Order. After long reflection he abandoned this hope upon the advice of his confessor; his decision was due to his mistrust of his powers of perseverance.

More, who had now quitted the Charterhouse, continued to make progress in his study of law. In 1504 he was a member of Parliament, where he displayed that independent spirit which characterizes his whole life. He induced the House to oppose one of the many requests of Henry VII. for grants which might well be called extortions, and thus provoked the wrath of Master Tyler, a Privy Councillor, who complained to Henry that his purposes had been thwarted by a beardless youth. The King was so enraged that he wreaked his vengeance on More's father by a heavy fine¹⁹. The young parliamentarian seriously contemplated leaving the country, but on the death of the King, 1509, he changed his plans. Meanwhile he had married, in 1505, Jane, the eldest daughter of John Colte, gentleman, of Newhall, Essex, and settled in a commodious house called "The Barge," by Walbrook, in Bucklersbury. More's married life was extremely happy, and the union was blessed with four children, Margaret (his beloved Meg.), Elizabeth, Cicely, and John. One

18. H. Bremond, *Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1920), 15-20.

19. T. E. Bridgett, *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1927), 41-44, 53-55.

may think with reason that he patterned his home life after that Prince Charming of the Italian Renaissance and friend of Savonarola, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, whose life he translated with certain of his letters and his twelve precepts of good life. Sorrow crossed the threshold when, within a year after his son's birth, the mother died. Realizing the needs of his infant children, More soon married again; his second wife, Mistress Alyce Middleton, a widow, *nec bella, nec puella*, proved a good mother to her loving household.

III.

“Whom the King Delighted to Honour.”

On April 22, 1509, Henry VIII. came to the throne, at the age of eighteen, acclaimed by a joyous and hopeful nation. Henceforth the fortunes of More are bound up with those of the King, Cardinal Wolsey, and Thomas Cromwell. In September, 1510, Henry's future Chancellor was elected to the important office of Under-Sheriff in the City, and a few months later became a bencher, which qualified him to lecture in law to his fellow barristers and to judges. More's talents and legal activities soon brought him into prominence with English and foreign merchants; when in 1515 it was imperative to send an embassy to Flanders²⁰ concerning certain delicate commercial matters, he was appointed to represent their interests. One can well imagine More's great delight in the cities of Bruges, Brussels and Antwerp, when these cities were creating those enduring memorials of civic architecture, the pride of Belgium to-day, which wars of later years have not destroyed. The masterpieces of painting, which rival the finest work of the Florentines of the Quattrocento, rich in colour, exquisite in detail, had been executed by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, Memling, van der Weyden, and Dierick Bouts for court and guild. More saw the Beguinages and the great

20. T. E. Bridgett, *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1924), p. 67.

schools of the Brethren of Common Life, where the *Devotio Moderna* was reflected in their religious life. He saw the University of Louvain, then nearing its first centenary, built around the Church of Saint Pierre, at that time reaching its completion. The printing presses in this University town were rapidly turning out editions of the classics, legal and theological works, and the literary productions of distinguished humanists. More made the acquaintance of that Great Maecenas of Learning, Jerome Busleyden, Founder of the College of the Three Languages in Louvain, and delighted in his rare collections of antiquities and books. His host at Antwerp was the learned and genial Peter Giles, and there the idea of *Utopia* formed in his mind. In December 1516, this remarkable book, the most brilliant achievement of sixteenth century humanism, was printed in Louvain by that master craftsman of the printer's art, Thierry Martins, and was immediately translated into other languages. Utopias are the creations of political and social thinkers who offer new worlds for old, or old worlds for new. Sir Thomas More preferred the old²¹, and his *Utopia* is a protest against the New Statesmanship and the New Economics of the Europe of his Age. One must remember that it is not an entire social philosophy, nor a statement of the author's ultimate convictions, nor a work for popular consumption (otherwise it would have been written in English), but More at his best, witty in his seriousness and serious in his wittiness.

After six months absence More returned to England. His fame as a lawyer and humanist was unequalled in the realm. His promotion in the Royal Service was rapid, but at the cost of all he valued most. It separated him from his home and children, whose education was now the thing nearest to his heart. On the Evil May-day, 1517, he was appointed by the Privy Council to harangue the rebels in the streets during the riots which have since made history. In the summer of the same year he set out with the embassy to Calais. In 1518 he

21. On the theories of *Utopia* consult, R. W. Chambers, *The Saga and the Myth of Sir Thomas More*.

W. E. Campbell, *More's Utopia and His Social Theories*. (London, 1930).

was made Master of Requests, a month later Privy Councillor, and accepted a pension of £100 a year for life. In June, 1520, he attended Henry VIII. to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In 1521 he was knighted, made Under-Treasurer, and was sent abroad on important commercial and political affairs. The following year he found time to write his tractate on the *Four Last Things*²². Promotions and honours followed in quick succession, Speaker of the House of Commons, High Steward, first to the University of Oxford and then to Cambridge, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, until finally he was created Lord Chancellor of England, Monday, October 25th, 1529.

In 1523, More purchased a piece of land in Chelsea, where he built his new home about a hundred yards from the north bank of the Thames, with large gardens stretching along the river. Here at times the King would come as guest or uninvited, and would walk in the gardens with his arm around More's neck enjoying his company and brilliant conversation. The Royal Chancellor was too acute to be deceived by the caresses of his King. "If my head should win him a castle in France," he wrote to Roper, his son-in-law, "it should not fail to go."²³ Dark clouds of the coming storm were already appearing on the horizon. More, who had known Henry VIII. as a youth prince at Eltham, who had seen him at the Court and travelled with him in England and on the Continent, could not but discern the inconsistencies in his character. Henry was popular as King, yet a distinguished sinner. He was a scholar, yet of an uncontrolled temper. He loved his country, but loved himself better. For the Church he had a deep affection, but when the crisis came the regal hypocrisy was revealed.

But it is at Chelsea, as in former days at the Charterhouse, we are brought into close intimacy with the real Sir Thomas More, surrounded by his children and his children's children. His house was the meeting-place of famous men and scholars,—its doors were ever open to the poor. History throbs with life, for

22. The English Works of Sir Thomas More. (London, 1931), Vol. 1. 459 ff.

23. W. Roper, *Life of Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1903), p. 22.

history is flesh and blood. And that is why Erasmus' "Life of More"²⁴ is of fascinating interest. More was, he tells us, a man of medium height, of clear complexion with a faint glow of health. His hair was dark brown or brownish black; his eyes greyish blue; his face pleasant, cheerful, with a readiness to smile; his mien inclined towards merriment rather than dignity. His right shoulder was a little higher than the left, especially when he walked. This was not a defect of birth but the result of habit, for he wore his gown awry (a point of academic freedom). His hands were somewhat coarse. (In Holbein's sketch they are concealed in the wide sleeves of the gown). He was careless of his personal appearance and was indifferent about food. His drink was the thinnest of small beer or water, and he preferred a simple diet of milk foods, fruit and eggs. His general health was robust, but he suffered from time to time from a chest infection. His voice was neither loud nor yet weak, but penetrating; not resounding or soft, but that of a clear speaker. He spoke with perfect articulation without rapidity or hesitation. He delighted in every kind of music, and played the viol and flute. As for his vocal talents, we have two not incompatible statements. Erasmus says he could not sing; Cresacre More says he sang in the parish choir. He got mirth out of everything, even the gravest matters, and had a gift for cheering the depressed. He could tell a joke, and, what is rarer, appreciate one. He loved animals, studied their instincts and habits. He kept all sorts of birds and a menagerie of monkeys, foxes, ferrets, weasels and the like. His house was full of curious and interesting things. He loved flowers and shrubs, and had acquired an unusual knowledge of gardening.

To complete this full-length portrait of More, we must turn to the pages of Stapleton, his biographer,²⁵ and to John Bouge,²⁶

24. Erasmus, Letter to Ulrich van Hutton in T. E. Bridgett *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1924), 56 ff.

25. T. Stapleton, *Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1928), Chapter VI.

26. His Letter written to Dame Katherine Mann contains important details of information printed in the *English Historical Review*, VII. 713-14. (1892).

a Carthusian Father, who was for some months the spiritual director of the future Chancellor of England. More continued to practise throughout life the austerities of his youth at the Charterhouse. After four or five hours sleep, he rose at two o'clock, and until seven in the morning studied and meditated upon the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers of the Church. He heard Mass daily, and strengthened himself by Holy Communion before undertaking any difficult task. When he was at home, he had night prayers for his family, at which he presided, even when he was Chancellor. Pilgrimages to the shrines of Our Lady and the Passion of Christ were his particular devotions. His love of his domestic oratory, where he spent long hours in prayer, did not in any way cause him to neglect his parish church, where he served Mass, performed the office of vergier, and walked in rogation and other processions. His charity to the poor and afflicted was heroic; to widows and orphans he gave his legal services gratuitously. He lived by faith and for Faith he died.

VI.

“Put Not Your Trust in Princes.”

In October, 1529, Sir Thomas More took the oath as Chancellor of England at Westminster Hall, in the presence of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk and a distinguished gathering of prelates and nobles. Seldom before, and at this time, not for almost two centuries, had a layman held the office. The King's choice immediately won the unanimous acclamation of the people. During the three brief years that he kept the Great Seal, More served his King and country with exemplary justice. No one cared less than he for the mere dignity of the office²⁷; few men in such an exalted position have exercised such genuine humility. More's father, though ninety years of age, was still a judge of the King's Bench, and before taking

27. T. Stapleton, *Life of Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1928), Chapter VII.

his seat upon the Woolsack, Sir Thomas used to kneel in court before his father to receive his blessing. The Chancellorship of More is chiefly memorable for his unparalleled success as a judge. Wolsey, notwithstanding his rare talents for business, had left, under the pressure of time, a large number of cases unheard. All these were cleared off, and the more recent cases were quickly dispatched. So that one day in court when Sir Thomas called for the next cause he was told that there was none. This incident gave rise to the well-known epigram:

“When More some years had Chancellor been
No more suits did remain,
The like will never more be seen
Till More be there again.”

The validity of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon, his brother Arthur's widow, was now the question of paramount importance. The King was determined to have his will in the matter of the divorce, and little opposition was placed in his way. The masses of the people were unaware as to what was actually happening; the leaders and nobles were only too willing to put their trust in princes. Henry soon won to his views the Parliament of 1529. A few months later came the royal proclamation ordering the clergy to acknowledge the King as “Supreme Head of the Church in England as far as the law of God will permit.” More immediately proffered his resignation, as he wished to follow his conscience as a Catholic rather than receive the honour and rewards of the world. His firm opposition to the divorce, his staunch defence of Papal Supremacy, his strong hatred of heresy, soon lost him the royal favour. On the afternoon of May 16, 1532, he delivered into the King's hands the Great Seal of England. His resignation meant the loss of all his income except about £100 a year, the rent he received on some property he had purchased. With a cheerful indifference²⁸

28. T. E. Bridgett, *Life and Writings of Blessed Thomas More*. (London, 1924), 242 ff.

he reduced his style of living to match his straitened means, and retired to the quiet of Chelsea to devote his time exclusively to writing.

More's entry into the Royal Service synchronized with the rise of Lutheranism in England. In June, 1520, Pope Leo X. excommunicated Luther and ordered that in every diocese Lutheran writings should be sought out and burned. On May 12, 1521, Cardinal Wolsey formally opened his campaign against the heresy by a public demonstration; the same year, Henry VIII. printed his *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, to which Luther replied by a scurrilous attack. Though More's only share in the authorship of Henry's book had been the preparation of the index, he was now drawn into the controversy; in 1523, at the request of the King or his advisers, he answered the Wittenberg doctor. The local diocesan courts, warnings to booksellers, and the seizure of heretical writings failed to stem the steady infiltration of Lutheran literature through the Hanse Merchants into London. The Bishop of the City, Cuthbert Tunstall, decided that another method must be used, and issued, in 1527, a licence to More to collect heretical books and pamphlets in order that he might reply to and refute them. It was in response to this invitation that More wrote his *Dialogue*, which appeared in 1528. The third book of this treatise is devoted to a long discussion of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament. A few months later appeared the *Supplication of Souls*, a reply to Simon Fish's *Supplication of Beggars*. It was during his Chancellorship that More found time to write the first three books of his *Confutation of Tyndale*, the most voluminous of all his works. The answer to Tyndale's attack on More's *Dialogue*, completed in nine books, was published in two parts, 1532-1533. In the retirement of Chelsea the ex-Chancellor wrote in quick succession, *Against Frith on the Blessed Sacrament*, his *Apology*, and a defence of that *Apology*, under the title of the *Debellation of Salem and Bizance*. More's "English Works" are the ablest and most interesting statement extant of the attitude that a loyal English Catholic was taking towards the issues raised

by Luther and his followers. And the learned world to-day is grateful to His Majesty's Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, for making them accessible after a neglect of almost 400 years²⁹. Two of the seven volumes under the general editorship of W. E. Campbell have already been published, and the others will be issued in the not distant future.

More's literary work and retirement at Chelsea was interrupted after a few months by the legislation of a Parliament which had now become the mere tool of the King. He had been summoned by Henry himself to attend the Coronation of Anne Boleyn. With this invitation he refused to comply, and so earned the implacable hatred of both. More wished to avoid a public rupture, and kept prudently aloof from all discussion. In 1534, he was accused of holding communication with Elizabeth Barton, the Maid of Kent, who had predicted the loss of Henry's kingdom. Though he was proved to be innocent of this charge, more serious attacks were developing. The Act of Supremacy was passed on March 30, 1534, which required all, who should be called upon, to take an oath acknowledging the children of Anne Boleyn as legitimate heirs to the throne, and to this was added a clause repudiating the authority of the Pope. On April 13th of the same year More was summoned to Lambeth to take the oath, and on his refusal was committed to the Tower. In the following November he was attainted of misprision of treason, and the grants of land made to him in 1523 and 1525 were resumed by the Crown.

During the fifteen months in the Tower, More retained his habitual gaiety and joked with his family and friends whenever they were permitted to visit him³⁰. His ill-health and the poverty of those nearest to him were great trials, but nothing could weaken his determination. All attempts at coercion and

29. A. Goodier. The Rehabilitation of Sir Thomas More, in the *Month*, January, 1928, 1-8.

H. Pope. More vs. Tyndale, in the *Dublin Review*. January, 1928, 13-31.

30. T. Stapleton, *Life of Sir Thomas More*. (London, 1928). Chapter XX.

threats were of no avail; the heroic deaths of the Brethren of the Charterhouse and that of Cardinal Fisher gave him fresh courage in his defence of things eternal. When he was alone he devoted his time to writing, to prayer, and to meditation on Death. His letters to his beloved "Meg" (the last was written with a coal), his tractate *On the Passion* and the *Dialogue of Comfort* (More's *Consolation of Philosophy*, comparable to Boethius', which he admired), were his literary legacy to a changing world. On July 1st, 1535, he was indicted for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death. On July 6th, the octave day of the Feast of St. Peter, More died a martyr for the Primacy of the Pope, the One Supreme Head of the Church.

Sensitiveness

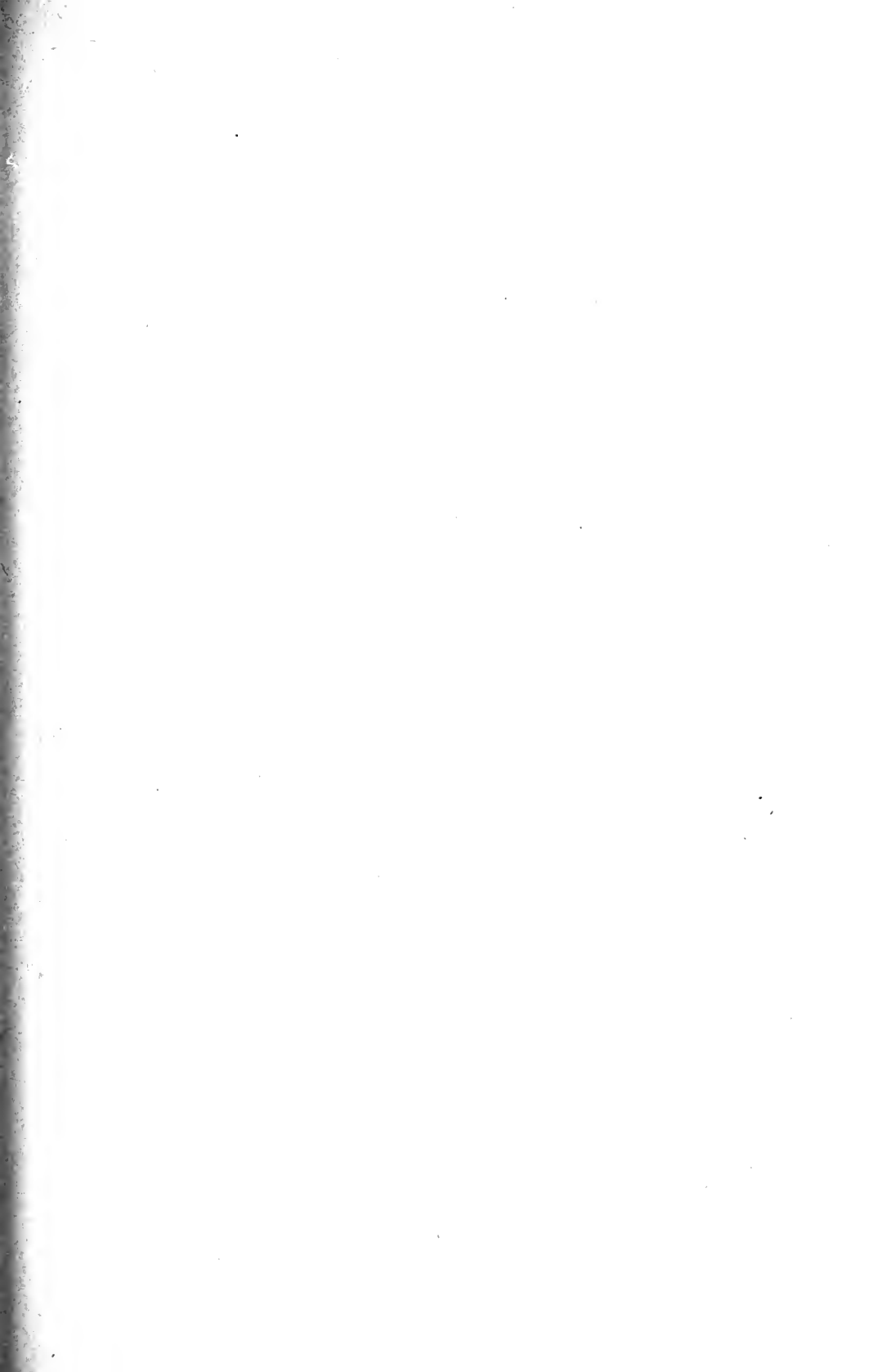
Time was I shrank from what was right,
 From fear of what was wrong;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
 And sorer shame aside;
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at Heaven was pride!

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
 And calmly do my best;
 Leaving to Him with silent eyes
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
 Men count my haltings o'er;
 I know them; yet though self I dread,
 I love His precept more.

—Cardinal Newman.





**HIS EMINENCE ALEXIS HENRY MARY, CARDINAL
LEPICIER, O.S.M.**

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious.

**To His Eminence St. Joseph Lilies sends hearty Jubilee
Greetings and good wishes for many blissful golden years.**

**HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI'S GREETINGS TO HIS
EMINENCE CARDINAL LEPICIER ON THE OCCA-
SION OF HIS GOLDEN SACERDOTAL JUBILEE.**

To Our Beloved Son, Alexis Henry Mary Lepicier, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the Title of Saint Susanna—Pius XI. Pope.

To Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

In silence and peace a devout soul profiteth and learneth the hidden sentences of the Scriptures. The whole course of your life, especially since that day, now fifty years ago, when you made your solemn religious vows, is a proof of how fully and profoundly you have understood these words which we read in the golden book of The Imitation of Christ. Indeed, nothing has been preferable nor more pleasing to you than the pursuit and advancement in divine studies, giving the second place to merely human affairs, in order to concentrate on the contemplation and understanding of heavenly truths.

The celebrated writings about God, the Supreme Ruler of the World, about the Blessed Virgin Mary, and upon many other religious subjects, which you, following in the footsteps of the Angelic Doctor, have produced in different languages, with great learning, and in many volumes, are visible to the whole world. But if they have made your talents shine outwardly and far afield, the evidence of virtues which grow by being practised has served to illumine your private life within your own religious family. For, in filling various offices in your Order, especially that of Superior-General, you always showed a sound judgment and a sense of justice; and so great has been your industry and prudence, that the members of your Order have never hesitated to turn to you when in need, and even the Sovereign Pontiffs have seen fit to use you for some particular mission. Not only have you given active help to this Roman Curia by your discretion and advice, but you have carried out with eminent success the Apostolic Visitation of the Dioceses of England and Scotland, a commission entrusted to you by Our predecessor, Pius X.

We Ourselves, wishing to acknowledge and increase your deserts in the Church, first raised you to the Episcopal dignity, and then entrusted you with the care of visiting in Our name and with Our authority the distant missions of India and Africa. Afterwards We most willingly enlisted you in Our Sacred College of Cardinals, naming you also Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. However, all these important duties and dignities did not detract you from the office of teaching to which you have been dedicated for a great number of years, and indeed there could be no work more noble nor more agreeable even for one advancing in years.

Recently We were pleased to show publicly Our benevolence towards you, by sending you as Our Legate, first to the solemn celebrations in honour of St. Joan of Arc at Orleans, and then to the International Eucharistic Congress held so triumphantly at Carthage. And this same benevolence, ever increasing, We wish to testify again to-day, when in the midst of Paschal joys there occurs the anniversary of that day when you consecrated yourself for ever to Almighty God by solemn vows.

Therefore while We regard you, Our beloved son, as singularly fortunate and happy for having practised such conspicuous virtues in the religious militia, and for having drawn from the fountain-head of revelation so many inspirations of mind and consolations of soul, We take part with Our whole heart in this common joy of yourself and your religious family, at the same time imploring God that He may deign to preserve you as long as possible to His glory, to the love of your brethren and to the benefit of this chosen portion of the Church.

Finally as an earnest of these favours, and as a proof of Our special regard, We willingly impart the Apostolic Blessing upon you, Our beloved son, upon those associated with your labours and upon your whole Order.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 27th day of March, being the feast of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the year of our Lord, 1932, and the 11th of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. XI.

OUR SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

The Blessed Virgin and the Supernatural Life.

In this article we shall consider the relation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the supernatural life. The Catholic Church's doctrine on the Blessed Virgin Mary has always been that no one can be saved eternally without her co-operation. The Holy Fathers and Doctors taught this doctrine, and the faithful always have believed it, and put it into practice. After the hope placed in Jesus Christ our Mediator, Catholics place their hope of eternal salvation in the Mother of God. It is because of this that they revere, honour and love her; and it is because of the great confidence in Mary, Our Mother, that they are attached to her. This doctrine has always been the stumbling block of those who are outside the fold of the Catholic Church; it keeps many from giving their allegiance to the Church; it even scandalizes them. This is not surprising. But if they only knew the role that Mary plays in the drama of the salvation of mankind, they would not only accept the teaching of the Church, but they would also have a great devotion to her. Ignorance of this essential doctrine is an obstacle to many. Even Catholics do not always grasp in full the doctrinal foundation of their belief in and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For these reasons, we shall show the position of the Mother of God in the economy of our salvation, that is, what she is, and what she did and does for us in the supernatural order.

Who the Blessed Virgin Mary Is.

God created Adam. He adorned him with every perfection in the natural and the supernatural order. He made him the partaker of human nature and of Divine Nature by grace.

He gave him sanctifying grace, with its entire supernatural organism and with its helps. He made him His adopted child and the heir of His kingdom. Although these gifts were personal gifts to Adam, yet God decreed from eternity that if Adam remained faithful to Him, these perfections would belong to the human race, of which God constituted Adam the moral head. He decreed that Adam should be the father of all those who would be born to him. That meant that Adam would transmit the human nature to all other men; and, if he were faithful to God, not merely the human nature, but the human nature adorned with the supernatural prerogatives. In other words, had Adam been obedient to God, he would have transmitted to all men and women the perfections of the natural and of the supernatural order which he received from God. The means of transmitting these perfections was the natural act of generation, just as it is the natural act of generation by which the human race is propagated. Since it was so, God gave a help-mate to Adam to be associated with him in the propagation of the human race, and in the transmitting of sanctifying grace. Associating her with him in this great honor, God made her equal to Adam in nature and in grace; He gave her the same perfections of body and of soul both in the natural and the supernatural order, so that nothing was wanting to her for fulfilling the duty imposed upon her. Such were the first plans and schemes of God in regard to man. Such were the decrees of God concerning the participation in God's Divine Nature by grace and in His perfections by the infused supernatural virtues. But both Adam and Eve sinned. The plans of God — (if it is allowed to speak of God thus) — were made void. The sin of our first parents deprived them of all the supernatural and preternatural perfections, and wounded the natural perfections. Due to their sin, God took away not only all the gifts which He had bestowed upon them, but also the prerogative of transmitting by natural generation sanctifying grace or the participation in the Divine Nature and Perfections; He left them the prerogative of transmitting human nature, deprived, however, of grace and contaminated

by sin; He left to them the honor of being our parents in the natural order only.

Immediately after the fall of Adam, God promised to give us another Adam in the person of Jesus Christ, Whose honour, prerogative, privilege and duty it would be to be the Father of the human race in the supernatural order in this, that He would regenerate us supernaturally, giving us sanctifying grace and the supernatural virtues through the merits which He would gain for us by His Life and Death. When the time for the coming of Our Saviour was ripe, God sent His Only Begotten Son vested with our human nature to bestow on us the perfections which were lost for us by Adam and Eve, and to make us His adopted children. To fit the new Adam for the exalted duty of regenerating us supernaturally, God adorned the Sacred Humanity of Jesus with every perfection of the natural and of the supernatural order; nay, He gave Him even His Divine Subsistence, Existence and Personality. But He willed also to give Him a help-mate who would co-operate with Him in the regeneration of mankind, a help-mate worthy of Him, so that by a mysterious union and co-operation of Jesus and Mary, the children of men might become the children of God. Indeed, the Blessed Virgin Mary is the Second Eve, as the Holy Fathers of the Church call her; God gave her an exalted part in the sanctification of the human race; thus Mary replaced Eve in the position which she would have held had she not sinned. By this the Blessed Virgin Mary became our Mother in the supernatural order, just as Christ became our Father in the same order.

We said that to fit Christ for His exalted duty God adorned His Sacred Humanity with all the perfections of the supernatural and of the natural order; to make Mary a fit help-mate of Christ in the same exalted duty, He also adorned her with wonderful perfections of the natural and of the supernatural order. We shall now consider what these perfections of Mary were.

There was really nothing external to distinguish Mary from any other child as far as natural existence was con-

cerned. She was conceived in her mother's womb as any child is conceived — by the process of natural generation. Yet she was not an ordinary creature; she was an extraordinary creature, even from the first moment of her conception, both in the natural and the supernatural order.

From the first moment of her conception, she was immune from the defects under which we labor in the natural order. Her intellect knew no ignorance nor sterility. At the moment of her conception God endowed her with natural knowledge and infused knowledge. These two knowledges enabled her to know all things knowable in the natural and supernatural order. God enabled her to use her will from the first moments of her conception; she desired, she loved, she had sentiments and affections, she was always united to God; she always tended to God as to the last end. There were no perverse concupiscences in her to rebel against her soul and against God. The passions and the senses in her were in perfect harmony with her reason and her will, and were always under the dominion of her soul.

In the supernatural order, her perfections were still greater, even at the first moment of her conception. At that moment God preserved her, due to the merits of Christ, from the common sin which stains every soul that is conceived by the natural process of generation. God abolished the laws that regulate the supernatural order in regard to every other soul. He removed the curse which was brought on us by Adam. The Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without original sin; she was made immune from the effects of original sin. God endowed her soul from the very first moment of her existence with sanctifying grace; she was God's beloved child always; the partaker of His Divine Nature and perfections at the moment of her creation. Her intellect was perfected by faith in the supernatural order, by the intellectual virtues and divine prudence. Her will was ennobled by supernatural hope, charity and justice. Other supernatural virtues and the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost were given her. In a word, the whole supernatural organism with its splendor, brilliancy and majesty

adorned her innocent soul. These virtues were given to her in greater abundance than to any other creature, for she was chosen to be the Mother of God and our Mother, which demanded a greater amount of perfection. St. Alphonsus de Liguori teaches that the first grace of Mary, that is, the grace with which God adorned her soul at the moment of her conception, and the supernatural virtues which perfected the natural powers of her soul, were greater in intensity than all the graces and virtues of all the angels at the time they were confirmed in glory, and all the graces and virtues of all the saints taken collectively at the end of their journey towards Christian perfection. She had more grace and charity towards God than all the Seraphim, Cherubim, and all the angelic choirs in heaven; she had more grace and charity than all the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, and all other saints. She was intimately united with God by transports of love, and she was loved more by God than anyone else with the exception of Christ. Her faith was more perfect than the faith of all angels and men; she knew God's mysteries better than anyone else; she enjoyed the supernatural contemplation of God more profoundly than all the mystics taken collectively. She had more hope, more prudence, more justice, more fortitude, more temperance, more humility, than all the saints. These supernatural gifts in Mary's soul were not sterile; from the first moment of her conception she performed the acts of all these powers; she believed in God and in all He revealed to her; she hoped in Him and in His promises; she loved Him and us all with a love that was profound and universal; she elicited the acts of all the other virtues with the help of actual grace which was given her in great abundance; she was docile to all the inspirations and motions of the Holy Spirit. All these acts were meritorious. All these acts increased sanctifying grace and all the virtues in her, so that she became dearer and dearer to God. Every second of her existence increased her loveableness and sanctity. Each act performed increased her majestic splendor in the supernatural order. Each act united her more closely to God. Every pulsa-

tion of her heart, every sigh, every thought, every affection, every desire increased the divine life of grace in her and intensified the function of the supernatural organism.

Mary was born in the same manner as we were born. She was a weak and a frail babe. Externally, she resembled any other child; she slept, she wept, she was nourished, she grew, she learned to lisp her first words and to take her first step; and she advanced in perfection of body and of soul. Yet, she was different from other children. She was not impotent in her soul either in the natural or the supernatural order as we were during the time that intervened between our birth and the age of reason; she used and exercised all the gifts of her soul which she received at the moment of her conception. Hers was a life of virtues and of merit. During that time she continued to grow in grace and virtues; all her acts were good and meritorious. She was always united to God, even when she slept; and she grew holier and dearer to God every moment.

As soon as she reached the third year of her age, she began manifesting the greatness of her gifts, the grandeur of her soul, and the holiness of her life. She was so perfect that she did not even commit a single imperfection; she was immune from the perverse concupiscences which rebel against our reason; she was immune from ignorance of the intellect and from the weakness of our will; she was impeccable due to all the graces which she received. Every act was a meritorious act. She began to manifest all the virtues in such a heroic degree that she was as dear to men as she was to God. During that time until the Annunciation of the Conception of Christ to her by the Angel, she merited continuously. Truly, she was "full of grace," as the angel saluted her.

Who can imagine how rapidly she grew in holiness from the time that she conceived Christ in her womb? She was in intimate contact with the Font of all graces and virtues, not only spiritually and supernaturally, but naturally and physically; in fact, no one could be more intimate, for she was to be the Mother of God. Christ's Blood was her blood, Christ's

Flesh was her flesh; Christ lived in her womb; Christ's bodily members were fashioned from her bodily substance. Then, after Bethlehem, she took care of Christ, and He was dependent upon her. The daily contact of Christ with her; her intimate relations with Him for the thirty-three years, were the augmentation of her already stupendous gifts in the natural and the supernatural order. Who can conceive her perfection, her merits, her majesty? We shall know how wonderful Mary was when we see her in heaven.

She was the help-mate of Christ, associated with Him in the work of restoring the human race to the condition in which it was created by God. All these perfections were given to her by God through Christ. She came from Christ as Eve came from Adam. All her glory and her dignity came from Christ. She owed everything she was and everything she had to the merits of Christ. Though those perfections were personal, yet they were given her with the purpose of co-operating with Christ in the salvation of the human race. She was a second Eve to the Second Adam, Who was to regenerate the children of men into the children of God. She was fitted for that duty, just as Eve had been; nay, she was more fit than Eve, because Mary was the Mother of God the Son, the beloved daughter of God the Father, and the worthy spouse of God the Holy Ghost, Who fashioned the human members of the Son of God in her womb.

What Mary Did For Us in the Supernatural Order.

By becoming Man, Christ Jesus regenerated us in the supernatural order. He became our Mediator. To regenerate us, He used certain means; He restored us to the pristine condition by meriting for us, by suffering for us, by interceding for us, and by being the physical, instrumental Cause of all the graces we have and will have. Since the Blessed Virgin Mary was the help-mate of Christ in the regeneration of mankind, she had to procure our sanctification, our redemption, the augmentation of the divine life in us and its perfection through the same means as Christ did, just as Eve, who was

the help-mate of Adam, had to procure the propagation of the human race by the same means as did Adam.

The first way in which she was to co-operate with Christ in the salvation of the world was by suffering and crosses. Christ suffered and died for us; for our Redemption and Salvation were also an Atonement for the sin committed by our first parents and by every man; and there could be no Atonement without sufferings and crosses. Consequently, the Blessed Virgin Mary being associated with Christ in our redemption, had to be associated with Christ in His sufferings and His crosses, in His Passion and in His Death. In such a manner, Mary undid the harm that was done by Eve, as Christ undid the evil which was perpetrated by Adam, and just as the two sexes were the cause of our downfall, of all our miseries, of all evil, of death, so also the two sexes were the cause of our restoration to the supernatural life, of all our joys in the supernatural order, of our eternal joys, and of our eternal life.

All the sufferings and crosses of Mary were voluntarily taken; she was preserved from the stain and the effects of original sin; but she freely took suffering upon herself in order to co-operate with Christ in our redemption. All the crosses, sorrows and sufferings of the Mother of God taken separately and independently of Christ's merits would have had no value to redeem us; they were finite; but when they were associated with the sufferings and crosses of Christ, they had a certain value to redeem us. Her sufferings and crosses were not needed; Christ's sufferings and crosses were of infinite value, and, therefore, sufficient to redeem us. But God willed that Mary's sufferings and crosses should be united to those of Christ; that is why she suffered so much with Christ. In fact, all her sufferings and crosses were united to those of Christ, by which they were made potent and capable of conferring the life of the supernatural order and all the perfections of that life upon us all. All the sufferings and crosses, humiliations and sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary, were caused due to the sufferings and crosses of Christ. It was on account

of Him that she suffered, whatsoever Christ suffered in His Body she suffered in her soul; the Seven Swords pierced her heart. The sufferings and the crosses of the Blessed Virgin Mary made her our Co-Redemptrice and our Mediatrix; by suffering with Christ she became our Co-Redemptrice; by meriting graces for us, by her sufferings, by her intercession and by her physical co-operation in the procuring of all the graces, she became our Mediatrix.

Let us now see how much our dear Mother suffered in order to regenerate us in the supernatural order. She conceived us in her womb when she conceived Christ, Who is the mystical head of the mystical body of which we are members. She carried us in her womb for many days in order to perfect us supernaturally; in her sacred womb we were perfected by God; we received in the womb the plenitude of God's life which was in Christ, and the supernatural organism with its perfections. When the time came that she was to deliver us, she gave us birth in anguish, pains and sorrows, upon Golgotha at the foot of the Cross of Christ. Rightly did Christ say then to us: "Behold thy Mother." Rightly did He say to the Blessed Virgin Mary about us: "Behold thy Son." We were then born supernaturally.

Our dear Mother suffered much for us. She suffered from the inconveniences of poverty; she suffered want; she suffered from the inclemencies of the weather; she was fatigued from work; she suffered hunger and thirst; she led a penitential life throughout her sojourn on earth. But all these ordinary sufferings and crosses were nothing in comparison with those which she underwent on account of Christ. To understand the acuteness of those pains, we must bear in mind that there was no one, and there never will be anyone, who loved Christ as she did. The more we love a person, the more do we suffer when that person is afflicted by pain. Hence we can understand how intensely the Blessed Virgin Mary suffered. Only a few days after the birth of Christ she began to suffer on account of Him. When she took Christ to the temple, it was with the purpose of offering Him as a holocaust to God the

Father. She realized that God gave her Christ for a time only, a time during which the Divine Victim for the sins of men was being prepared. It was not an easy thing to offer her Son to be sacrificed a Victim for the Redemption of the world. Sorrow oppressed her soul; anguish weighed down her heart when she was going into the temple to offer Jesus to God. That sorrow and that anguish was transformed into acute pains when Simeon prophesied that Christ was sent for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which was contradicted, and that her own soul a sword should pierce. (Luke, II., 34-35). Indeed, a sword of pain pierced her heart then; her whole body and soul were shaken with spasms of suffering in anticipation of the pains and sorrows which were actually felt later on.

The next sword that pierced her immaculate heart was when she had to fly to Egypt with the Infant Jesus in order to save Him from His enemies, who were bent on destroying Him. She realized then more than ever that Christ was the sign of contradiction to others. Not to speak of the difficulties and privations of the journey, she suffered over again the pains and sorrow which she suffered on that day when she offered Christ in the temple. From that time on, her sorrows and pains were multiplied. When she looked on the beautiful face of her Babe nestling on her bosom, she saw that that Face would be disfigured by blows and by spittle; when she held the tiny Hands and Feet of Christ, she knew that they would be pierced with hard nails; when she contemplated the Body of her Son, and her God, she remembered that it would be bruised for our iniquities and drained of its Blood for our sins. When she recalled that her Son would leave her some day, that He would suffer much, and that He would die an ignominious death on the Cross, her heart bled. Who can describe her sorrows caused by the recollections of those things? Only a mother who would be placed in the same circumstances could give us some idea of her anguish and anxiety. Every time Mary was kissed by Christ or received some token of affection from Him, the joy was accompanied by a heart-

pang. She counted the years, the months, the days, the hours and the moments, wondering when Christ would be taken away from her to pay the price of our redemption; every moment which passed meant to her that the object of her love and care was closer to the time when He would be separated from her, and closer to the time when He would be sacrificed as a Victim of God's justice; every moment of joy spent in the presence of Jesus was appreciated and thanked for, but it was always marred by the stern reality that He was to be with her for a time only. She was illuminated from on High about the future of her Son, for she was greater than the Prophets who knew the future of Christ. Christ had often told her that He had to die, that He would be the outcast of His chosen people, and that He would be ridiculed and crucified by those whom He loved. When He worked in the carpenter's shop with Joseph, He pointed out to His dear Mother the wood upon which He would hang in an agonizing death. The little walks which Mary took with Jesus made her suffer also, for He would speak to her about the scheme and purpose of the Incarnation and Redemption, in which They were interested; thus pain upon pain was added to the already lacerated soul of Mary.

The interior sorrow was often augmented by external pain. What must have been the sorrows and pains of Mary when she lost Jesus! The three days were to her a real martyrdom. She searched for Christ; she stopped everyone whom she met on the highways and inquired whether they had seen a Boy of twelve, with golden hair, with a beautiful Face, dressed in white and red, and she always received a negative answer; she repeated the description of her Child over and over again with the same result. With a heavy heart and a weary body she turned her face to Jerusalem in the hope of finding Jesus; the sight of Mount Calvary, just outside that city's walls, recalled to her more vividly than ever before that same day her Son Whom she had lost would expire there; she reproached herself again and again for her negligence, which in reality was not negligence at all.

What must have been the sorrows of Mary when Christ

said adieu to her at His departure from her home in Nazareth to fulfil the Will of His Father by preaching the Coming Salvation! She realized that the time of Christ's death was near at hand. With joy mingled with sorrow she followed His public activities for the three years and the three months — years of labor, suffering and persecution for Christ. Christ announced to her, just before going to the Cenacle where He instituted the Sacrament of the Altar, that His death would come on the morrow. Can we imagine Mary's sorrow at that time? What a sad separation it was!

After a few hours, a friend announced to her the terrible news that Christ was captured, and that He was in the power of His enemies. She stayed up all night, hoping against hope that God would not permit Jesus to suffer and die. She was informed about the progress of the unjust, mock trial. The moments seemed years, and hours centuries to her; anxiety encompassed her heart. Her desires and expectations were futile; Jesus, her Beloved Jesus, was condemned to die upon the Cross; the fears of the inevitable became realities now. She hastened to see her Son again. Learning the exact route which was to be taken to Mount Golgotha, she stationed herself in a place that would allow her to see Jesus. She did not wait long; she heard the screams of the mob, the curses of the soldiers, the jibes of the high priests, the jeers of the rabble and the laughter of the Jews, which indicated to her that Christ would soon be before her. The gruesome procession approached; in the midst of the drunken soldiers she beheld a sight that sickened her; she saw the Face of the Victim; it was bruised and covered with blood, spittle and dirt; it was disfigured and blackened with blows; she saw that the Head was covered with a Crown of Thorns; the Eyes puffed out and made sightless by blood; she saw that His Body was weakened and exhausted by fast, maltreatment and cruel tortures; His clothes were saturated with blood; she saw that He was abandoned by all, sympathized with by few, and detested by many. She pushed her way through a hostile mob to ascertain whether the Victim was truly her Son; she recognized Him when He

addressed her by the dear title: Mother! The sorrows and pangs were so great that were it not for a miracle she would have died.

Christ had to go. She followed in His bloody footprints to the Mount where He was to be executed. She was not allowed by the guards to approach Him; she was close by to see the end of the greatest of all dramas enacted on earth and in which she played an important role. She was able to follow the various phases of the execution of the sentence passed on Christ. She heard the thuds of the hammers driving the nails through the Hands and Feet of Christ; she heard the moanings which involuntarily escaped His lips. The pains which passed through the Body of Jesus vibrated with acuteness through her soul and heart. What a spectacle she beheld when the Cross was raised and made fast in the rock! She was unable to approach the horrible death-bed of Jesus for some time, yet she saw what Christ suffered, and that sight made her suffer. When the sun was obscured and the lightning and the thunder filled the hearts of the Jews with fear and consternation, causing them to withdraw from the Cross, she approached to the foot of that horrible gibbet. She was silent with grief, for she suffered as only a mother can suffer in witnessing the death of her son, and as she wept the drops of tears fell profusely to the ground to mingle with the Blood of her Son. She saw His Body in excruciating agony and torn with spasms of pain; she saw His Lips parched and burning with fever; she saw the Hands and Feet lacerated by cruel nails, every nerve and muscle twitching with pain; she saw that Christ was covered with one sore from the top of His Head to the soles of His Feet; she watched the Blood fall drop by drop to the ground, and with It the Life of her Son slowly passing away. The sorrows of her heart were so great then that no one can describe them; the sword of pain was driven into her soul even to the hilt. Her soul was, then, the altar upon which Mary sacrificed her Son for our salvation; it was the innocent victim for our redemption; and was then performing the same duty as the Body and Soul of Christ were

performing on the Cross: that is, she was co-operating with Christ in the regeneration of the human race. And when she saw Christ expire and give up His Soul into the Hands of His Father, she would have died also had God not strengthened her in a marvellous manner.

Mary was left alone. She was separated forever from the earthly presence of God, her Son. The grief of her soul increased continually, for she had not come to the end of her pains and sorrows. The Body of Christ was taken down from the Cross. The lifeless and stiff Body of Jesus was placed in Mary's lap. What a scene that was! Mary, the second Eve, who knew no sin, beheld her beloved Son killed by the sins of her other children—the adopted children of God. She held Him, just as Eve held Abel, who was murdered by his brother Cain,—filled with sorrow and pains. She looked into the lifeless Eyes of Christ and she remembered how they shone during the many years of His terrestrial life. She reverently removed the Crown of Thorns and kissed His Forehead. She washed His Body and prepared It for burial. In doing this last kind act for Christ she went back in memory to Bethlehem, where she saw Him as a Babe beautiful to behold, now disfigured by His Passion and Death; she went back in memory to Nazareth and recalled the phrases uttered by Christ, the smile upon His Lips, the sweet kisses on His Lips, now cold in death; she recalled the embraces of His Arms, now lifeless. These and other scenes of His Life came back to her memory, and her dolours came upon her in full acuteness. She realized that He was to be no more with her; that she would not hear His voice again nor see His Countenance; these thoughts crowded her mind, filling her heart with sorrow and sadness, and causing her tears to flow and fall upon the cold Body of Christ. Then the Body of Christ was placed in the tomb and Mary drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

Such were the sufferings of Our Dear Mother; sufferings which made her our Co-Redemptrice. These sufferings, united to the sufferings of Christ, have redeemed us. But let it be kept in mind that Christ was our primary Redeemer and the Blessed

Virgin Mary our secondary redeemer — a redeemer subordinated to Christ. Why has she suffered if it was not for the same purpose as Christ suffered — for us; now, He suffered to redeem us and to make a satisfaction for our sins. The Blessed Virgin Mary had the same end in view. She suffered to pay a price for our sin; to satisfy for us, not “*de condigno*” as Christ did, but “*de congruo*”; she suffered to redeem us not primarily as Christ did, but secondarily and subordinately to Christ; she suffered to obtain for us the grace of regeneration, for, as we said, she was constituted by God to be a help-mate of Christ, and so the end of her life and suffering was the same as Christ’s. We cannot assign any other reason for her suffering than that she was the Co-Redemptrice of the human race. We suffer because of our sins, whether original or actual; even were we never guilty of any actual sins, we would still be worthy of suffering, due to the fact that we have been contaminated by the stain of original sin and victims of the effects of original sin, one of which is suffering. But the Blessed Virgin Mary who was not only free from every actual sin but also from original sin, was not deserving of any punishment for sin. She suffered because she took our sins upon herself in union with Christ. She suffered for us, and only for us, as did Christ with Whom she was associated. She suffered for our redemption, and to make atonement for our sins to God Almighty; she suffered to obtain for us both the supernatural life and the abundance of that life by which we become pleasing to God, and by which we become the adopted children of God and the heirs of His Kingdom.

Not only was Christ our Redeemer, but He was and is our Mediator. Since the Blessed Virgin Mary was associated with Christ in the regeneration of men, she also was and is our Mediatrix. Now, Christ was and is our Mediator before God by His merits, by His intercession and by instrumentality; the Blessed Virgin Mary was and is our Mediatrix in the same manner.

Mary merited for us. She merited for us by her life and by her sufferings all the graces which we need for our salva-

tion and our eternal life. What Christ merited for us "de condigno," as the theologians teach, the Blessed Virgin Mary merited for us "de congruo." But let us understand this correctly. Christ is the Principal Mediator. He alone is the necessary Mediator. He alone could have merited for us. It is through Him that we receive every grace; it is through Him that we are sanctified and obtain heaven. No one else was necessary to help us to obtain graces, virtues and heaven. But God willed to associate Mary with Christ in all things; yet she was dependent on Him in all things; her merits would have been worthless to obtain graces for us without dependence on Him. She is subordinate to Christ in all things. She is the secondary mediator under Christ and through Christ. Being associated with Christ in our salvation in all things, and being united to Christ in procuring all graces for us, she is a powerful Mediatrix before Christ just as Christ is a powerful Mediator before the Father. Just as God gives us no graces unless on account of the merits of Christ, so likewise Christ does not give us any grace unless on account of the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Is this surprising? Yes, it is, unless we understand how important Mary was in the economy and scheme of the Incarnation and Redemption. She was so important that without her the Son of God would not have come here on earth and assumed our flesh; without her there would have been no redemption; without her we would still be in sin. This point is brought out very clearly in the Gospels. When the time for the coming of the Redeemer arrived, God did not send His Son without consulting Mary about it, and without soliciting her consent. He did not act as He does at all other times. When He created Adam, He consulted no one about it; when He created Eve, He did not consult Adam about it; when He created or performed anything else, He asked no one about it. He did what He desired and willed. But when He was about to give us His Son, He sent His angel, Gabriel, to negotiate with Mary about that important matter and to obtain her consent. She was free to accept the dignity of the Divine

Maternity or to refuse it. He did not fecundate her virginal womb without her permission; the angel announced to her what God intended to do, but he did not force her to accept. When she wondered at the salutation and the announcement of her dignity the angel explained all; when she proposed her difficulties, he solved them. The purpose of the whole mystery of the Annunciation was to solicit the consent of Mary to the Incarnation of the Son of God. The fact is that the Word was not made Flesh until the Blessed Virgin Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." It was only then that the Holy Ghost descended upon her and the Power of the Almighty overshadowed her and she conceived the Son of God. It was then that God assumed our flesh.

If the Incarnation depended upon her, why should not all the graces which we receive and can receive depend upon her merits? Was it not in her womb that God assumed our flesh? Was not the Blood that was shed for us taken from her blood? Was not the Flesh of Christ that was lacerated and bruised in order to obtain graces for us taken from the flesh of Mary? She prepared the Holy Victim in her womb that our salvation might be possible. In doing so, she united herself to the intentions of God the Father, Who loved the world so much that He did not spare His Only Son; that Divine Son was her Son, and she had a right over Him just as the Eternal Father had; yet she did not spare Him that we might obtain every grace for our salvation. She united herself to the project of the Eternal Father of sacrificing Christ for us. She did not prepare the Victim only in her womb, but for thirty years as well the Victim was hidden with her and was protected from all dangers; under her care Christ grew and was perfected in wisdom before God and men. When the time came that Christ was to be sacrificed upon the Cross, Mary cooperated in that supreme sacrifice; she gave Him to God to be immolated; Christ offered Himself for us upon the altar of the Cross and upon the altar of Mary's heart. Since the Incarnation and Redemption depended upon her, it follows that

every grace that comes from Christ to us comes through Mary, who was associated with Christ in all things, even in meriting for us the things that He merited for us by His Life, Passion and Death. It is from Christ that we receive the supernatural life, its augmentation, its perfection and its eternity, but we receive it all through Mary, for she also merited all graces for us with Christ.

Mary also prayed for us, and through her prayer obtained graces for us which she dispenses to us. Before the Son of God came here on earth, she prayed that God would deign to send the Redeemer of the world. After Christ was conceived, she prayed for the graces that were needed by us all. Throughout His life, Christ prayed and interceded for us. The Blessed Virgin Mary did the same thing, nor does she cease to pray for us now in heaven. She shows to her Son her merits gained during her life on earth, the sufferings and sorrows which she underwent for our salvation; she speaks to Him about our needs. And her prayers are efficacious; God hears her and grants her the graces which she dispenses to us. There is not a single grace which is not dispensed to us by Mary due to her intercession for us before God, Whose Mother she is. By her intercession she obtained all the conversions that were ever made or will be made. The grace of true faith for unbelievers; the grace of baptism for those who believe; sanctifying grace for all of us; the theological and moral virtues; the holy gifts of the Divine Spirit for everyone who is baptized; the actual graces that are given to us by God; the good thoughts, the holy desires, the divine inspirations, the virtuous acts, the meritorious deeds which we are able to perform: all these are obtained for us by Mary. She is our powerful Advocate before God, Who can refuse her nothing she asks for us, for we are her children, conceived in her womb mystically and born mystically on Mount Calvary. If the first miracle of Christ was performed even before His appointed time, due to her intercession, how powerful is she now? What son will refuse any petition of a mother? She is also our Mother; she shows God how much she suffered and what

pangs transfixed her heart when she stood under the Cross; she pleads with Him; she intercedes for us; and He does not refuse. No, He does not refuse to grant the petition of our Mother for us; He gives us everything that Mary asks for us; He will even give us the grace of perseverance and the bliss of heaven due to her intercession.

The saints taught this doctrine — a consoling doctrine, indeed! And there is nothing surprising in this doctrine. Does not the Catholic Church teach that the saints in heaven pray for us? If, then, we find it a natural thing to accept the doctrine of the Church concerning the power of the saints in our behalf, we ought to find nothing strange in accepting the teaching of the saints that the Blessed Virgin Mary obtains every grace for us, and that without her intercession we cannot receive a single grace. The Church accepts this doctrine at least tacitly, and some day she will define it as a dogma of our faith. Is Mary not our Mother? Did she not generate us supernaturally in union with Christ? Has she not given us the supernatural life and existence in union with the Son of God? Do we not resemble her? Have we not her beautiful features? Since she is our Mother, she loves us, and wants us to be happy; but to be happy we need graces to overcome every temptation, to perfect our supernatural life, and to reach our eternal destiny. No mother is indifferent to her children, and why should Mary, the best of all mothers, be indifferent to us? She knows our wants, and she does not fail to use her powerful intercession to obtain every grace. In doing this, she is remaining faithful to her duty, a duty which is the association with Christ in the salvation of us all and by the same means. Now, Christ always intercedes for us before His Eternal Father, as St. Paul teaches. He always prays for us; and when Mary prays for us, she is fulfilling her office and duty.

Finally, the Blessed Virgin Mary is the physical instrumental cause of all the graces which we receive. By this we mean that the Blessed Virgin Mary does not only co-operate in our salvation by her merits and by her intercession which

are a moral co-operation, but she is also the efficacious physical cause of all the graces which we receive. Certainly, she is not the principal efficacious cause of grace, nor is she capable of such casuality; God alone is the principal efficacious cause of grace. But the Blessed Virgin Mary is the instrumental physical cause of grace in this, that she physically co-operates in conferring it. There are many reasons for this assertion; we shall give only three. The first and the most important one is this: The Holy Doctors of the Church teach that Mary was and is associated with Christ as His helpmate in the salvation of the human race. We have insisted much on this truth, for its comprehension gives us an understanding of the importance of Mary's role in the economy of the eternal salvation, and so we insist upon it again; it gives us the foundation for the doctrine which we are explaining now. Christ's Sacred Humanity was and is the physical instrumental cause of the supernatural life; through It and by It we receive all the graces which we need for the salvation of our soul. Since this is true (and St. Thomas teaches this doctrine in his *Summa of Theology* III. P. q. 13), and since Mary was and is associated with Christ in the regeneration of the children of men into the children of God, she co-operates in this task in the same manner. Hence she is the physical instrumental cause of all graces. This reason is strengthened by the second, which is this: There is an axiom that is accepted by the Holy Doctors of the Church and by all the Catholic theologians, that whatever was bestowed by God upon other creatures was also given to Mary. Now, according to a common opinion of Catholic divines, the Holy Sacraments co-operate in the conferring of the graces not as moral instruments but as physical instruments. Why, then, should we deny this privilege to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the beloved child of God and the Mother of Jesus and also our mother? These two reasons are fortified by the third, which is taken from Tradition. The Holy Fathers and Doctors of the Church, when speaking of the causality of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the regeneration of the human race, use expressions which point towards physical instrumentality. They

call her the aquaeduct through which graces given to us by God flow upon us; they call her the neck of the mystical Body of Christ. These expressions cannot mean instrumentality; an aquaeduct through which water passes is not a moral instrument but a physical one; Christ considered as Man is the Head of the mystical body, and as such He is the physical instrument of the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity in conferring graces upon us; therefore, the Blessed Virgin Mary is considered by the Holy Fathers and Doctors as a physical instrument, united to Christ, of all the graces which are given to us by Jesus. There is no reason why we should say that the Holy Fathers and Doctors attributed only moral instrumentality to the Blessed Virgin Mary; on the contrary, there is every reason why we should hold that they attributed physical instrumentality to her, for the comparisons of which they make use justify us in interpreting them in this sense.

By holding that the Mother of God is not only a moral instrument of all graces, that is, not only the dispensatrix of all graces by her intercession, but also a physical instrument of all graces that are given us by God, we can understand much better how it is that she is our mother in the supernatural order not partially, but wholly. In the natural order, our mother is not only a moral instrumental cause of our being, life, bodily organism and perfections; she is also a physical instrumental cause through whom God confers on us all that we are and all that we have in the natural order. If, then, the Blessed Virgin Mary is our mother in the supernatural order (a fact taught by the Catholic Church), she ought to be a physical instrumental cause of our supernatural being, life, organism and perfections. Doubtless, the moral role which Mary plays in the acquisition and the distribution of graces is sufficient to explain her supernatural maternity, and the Catholic teaching does not demand more; but how much fuller, how much more intense, how much more similar to the Paternity of Christ is her maternity if the blood of our soul, namely, the sanctifying grace, is formed by her physical co-operation! In this light, her maternity towards men appears more fecund-

ate, more universal, more real and more divine. In fact, a complete maternity requires a constant physical action of a mother upon children. Hence, the presence of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the acquisition and perfection of our supernatural life is more real, more efficacious, if, instead of reducing her power over us to a mere intercession to a mere moral causality, it implies an incessant physical influx upon our souls. (cf. Ed. Hugon O.P. *La Causalite Instrumental*, chap. VI.).

Such is the relation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the supernatural life. We Catholics ought to be thankful to God for giving us Mary, His Mother, for our Mother and Advocate. Without her there would be something missing to us in the supernatural order, something that is very dear to us all—a Mother. Our religion would not be animated by the sweet consolations which come from the relations of a mother to a child and vice versa. The intimate desires of our heart and the yearning of our soul for maternal love and protection would be sterile. So in giving us the Blessed Virgin for our Mother, God has satisfied all our desires and yearnings. We have a mother in the supernatural order; we have a mother who conceived us in her womb; who carried us below her heart; who gave us birth in pains and sorrows; who takes care of us; who prays for us; who caresses us; and who will lead us to the haven of eternal rest. We have a mother in the supernatural order whom we can love, whom we can caress, whom we can obey, to whom we can have recourse in all our temporal and spiritual needs, to whom we can confide our secret thoughts and desires. We have a powerful Mother; she can obtain all things for us, for she is also the Mother of God and a compassionate Mother who loves us, and who will obtain for us the joys of heaven.







MONSIGNOR JOHN M. FRASER, P.A.

Recently elevated to the dignity of Prothonotary Apostolic in recognition of his zealous and indefatigable labours as Canadian pioneer in the cause of the Chinese Missions.

Heartiest congratulations to the most worthy son of Toronto for this well-merited distinction.

THREE BOOKS ABOUT NEWMAN

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

1. Cardinal Newman: A Study, by J. Lewis May. Published by Geoffrey Bles.
2. Cardinal Newman: A Biographical and Literary Study, by Bertram Newman. Published by G. Bell & Sons.
3. Newman. By Gaius Glenn Atkins, Professor of Homiletics in Auburn, N.Y., Theological Seminary. Published in series of "Creative Lives" by Harpers.

The third of these books is an American book, and what is more remarkable, it is not only Protestant, but what the English would call "Dissenter" or "Political Dissenter." It is one of a series of "Creative Lives" published by "Harper and Brothers," the editor of the series being Mr. Harold E. B. Speight, M.A., D.D. It is very remarkable in an American Protestant series that this life of Newman comes out before that of John Wesley.

The author of the Life, Mr. Gaius Glenn Atkins, is professor of Homiletics in Auburn, N.Y., Theological Seminary. This Seminary used to be Presbyterian, but Mr. Atkins seems to be Baptist. He is deeply prejudiced not against Newman personally, but against the Church, against the very idea of any Church in the proper sense of the term—"Newman sought, for his own peace, a church which would have the power through its supernatural authority to do for him what he could not do for himself."

Mr. Atkins is so biassed that he censures Newman defending himself against Kingsley and Newman defending the Church against the hypocritical blackguard Achilli. It appears that Mr. Atkins' respect for Newman is not as great as that of the editor of the series of Creative Lives and of the publishers.

Yet he acknowledges that "Newman's continuing influence is

felt to-day in the Roman Catholic Church, and the Anglican Establishment, and the Protestant Communion. It would be difficult to find any one else in the long, rich record of Church history of whom this could be said . . . There is a great and always growing Newman literature . . . And he may be traced through the indices of the outstanding biographies and autobiographies of the nineteenth century . . . Whatever has been noblest in preaching in the last two generations has shared his qualities and been fed by Newman through channels now impossible to trace."

In the United States "the Newman Societies and Newman Halls in many of our colleges and universities will keep his name alive, and in the most tenacious centres of tradition."

"Newman did a vast deal to secure a new status for Catholicism in England. . . The softening of religious antagonism is one of his great contributions." He deserved the reward of the Cardinal's Hat even more than Manning: "Manning's essential service to Church in England was not comparable with Newman's, and Newman was the greater man." He has "influenced the whole of Protestantism" too by giving it "a changed conception of the Church and its authority." He was great not only in his genius and his writings and his preaching and in what he effected, but in his character: "He had a power of his own to dominate the situations he created and the causes in which he was engaged, which set him out clear and strong against all the shifting backgrounds of his long life, and asserts and maintains his significance against the envious years. . . allure of his personality has always dominated the recital of what he did. . . Twenty years ago I made a study of Newman in connection with the classic confessional literature in which the *Apologia* belongs; it has been a happy labor to renew and extend that early acquaintance. There is a haunting quality in John Henry Newman which will lay its spell upon any one who seeks to know his mind and his spirit."

The book has no distinction of style. Many of the sentences are long and involved; and in one I have noticed that the subject has no predicate. There are a few mistakes of fact, e.g., the writer thinks that Kingsley mixed up an attack

on the Catholic clergy with a censure upon Newman. On the contrary Kingsley, while censuring the Catholic clergy, went out of his way to attack Newman. Again he thinks that Newman's father was an Evangelical and his sons Latitudinarian. This again is the reverse of the fact. In the dispute about the writing of a letter on Sunday, it was the father who wished the letter to be written; it was the son who from scruple refused. But in general this Life is very careful about facts. It must be said also to the credit of this writer's perspicacity that he recognizes Newman's practical ability as well as his literary genius.

I have said that this ultra-Protestant is sometimes very unfair to Newman. But I must also say that he has not anywhere calumniated Newman so grossly as Mr. Wilfrid Ward in all sincerity did in order to justify Manning. For Mr. Ward in perfect good faith repeated the old calumny that Newman had anonymously attacked Manning for his opinions about the Temporal Power. Now, Newman was the most unlikely man in all England to have done this. But Mr. Ward was a friend of Lord Acton, the owner of *The Rambler* magazine, and might easily have inquired of him and found that Newman had neither hand, act, nor part in the *Rambler* article. A correspondence on this subject had taken place between Manning and Newman, and the latter had indignantly repudiated the charge, and had shown that he was then warning the *Rambler* men that they deserved to be silenced, and had declared that he could have no friendship with Manning until the latter withdrew this accusation. Yet so deeply was this falsehood rooted in the mind of the younger generation in Westminster diocese that Mr. Ward actually introduced it into his biography of Newman. He did not see this was accusing Newman of being a hypocrite as well as an anonymous assailant of an old friend, and never thought of inquiring from Acton whether the charge against Newman had any foundation, whereas Newman had been Manning's oldest and best friend. Shane Leslie may be excused because the angishore was writing as an avowed advocate of Manning.

Bertram Newman's Study.

Mr. Bertram Newman informs us that he is no relative of the Cardinal. And yet this statement does not help us much. The English are not a clannish race, and do not keep up a knowledge of distant connections. In a Toronto office to which business brought me sometimes, there was about twelve years ago a young lady named Newman whose forehead and nose, viewed from the side, were very like the Cardinal's. Her father was an Englishman, but did not know of any relation to the Cardinal's family. And yet I could not help thinking, on account of this likeness, that there must have been some common ancestor. The Jewish Encyclopedia claims the family for the Jews chiefly on account of his nose. But the nose was Roman. Froude tells us that Newman's forehead and nose were strikingly like those of Caesar. Once when Newman was in Rome, as he was visiting the sculpture gallery in the Vatican Palace, his companion, looking at a Roman statue, said, "Where have I seen that face before?" and, after a pause, "Why, its yours!" That Encyclopedia also asserts that the name of the family was originally Neumann. If it were so, this might prove that they were Dutch or Hanoverian. But surely it does not follow because some German Jews have taken the name Neumann that therefore all the Neumanns are Jews. The inhabitants of England or of Britain, did not grow out of the soil, certainly; the first inhabitants came from the Continent; the ancestors of the English are generally said to be Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. Anyhow, this Jewish claim offended the Cardinal's relations. The author of a literary Life of Newman has said that the mental qualities revealed in his writings are Jewish. I suppose a man who loved the Scriptures so much, and knew so much of the Bible by heart, would acquire some likeness to its modes of expression.

Mr. Lewis May and Mr. B. Newman are very different men from Mr. Atkins. Though they have not received the gift of Faith, they are quite free from prejudice against

the Church. Mr. May says that the apology which Kingsley offered to make for his first attack on Newman was in fact "nothing but an aggravation of the insult." Mr. Atkins complains that nothing is known of Kingsley's pamphlet against Newman, but what Newman tells us (though there are in fact three different English editions in which the attack and the reply are bound together). Mr. B. Newman, without any reference to Mr. Atkins, who is the later writer, says that any one who has taken the trouble to read Kingsley's pamphlet, will certainly not think Newman too severe. Mr. May says that Kingsley when he attacked Newman, must have been "suffering from that state of mental excitement which the Scots call fey" (*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*). Kingsley persuaded himself that he had been attacked by Newman. "I trust," he wrote to a friend, "to make Newman and his admirers sorry that they did not leave me alone." Besides the fact that Newman had a good cause, and Kingsley a bad one, Mr. May says that, though Kingsley could write well, his attack was only "the blind rushes of brute force; the rapier of Newman played like continuous lightning around the staggering body of his valiant but unskilled antagonist." It reminds us of the duel between Black Roderick* and James Fitz-James in the *Lady of the Lake*; or to take an instance from history, it was like the conflict between Luther, armed with his (metaphorical) muck-rake, and Erasmus with his razor-edged rapier; or again we may compare Kingsley to a bull in the Spanish arena charging a skilled toreador. "Newman with a pen in his hand was a match for the whole world," says Mr. May.

*In Scotland the "Mc" often was pronounced "Vich," e.g., Roderick Vich-Alpine—

Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.

The Irish are Macs, unless they be of Scottish descent. And we should say "The Os and the Macs," not "The Macs and the Os," because the Os are an older stratum in the population of Ireland.

Not a Man of Letters.

Mr. Newman writes of his hero as "a man of letters," yet he knows and tells us frankly that "Newman was not a literary man; he was a priest first and foremost" even when he was an Anglican, using his literary talents for the service of religion, just as Fra Angelico is not a painter, but a religious who paints. Mr. Newman, mentioning the number and variety of aspects under which the Cardinal is viewed by different kinds of people, says: "Out of this welter of opinion three solid facts emerge: he infused fresh life-blood into the Church of his birth, and the impulse which he gave to it shows, after ninety years, no sign of exhaustion. In virtue of the same influence he led not a few of his countrymen into the Church of his adoption and was the chief means by which the majority of English people were reconciled to its renewed and active presence in their midst. He is also recognized to be an English classic, little as he himself was concerned to achieve any literary fame." Mr. May says like Mr. Newman: "Few things would have been less welcome to Newman than to hear himself described as a man of letters. Everything he wrote was concerned with the direct purpose of advancing God's Kingdom on earth. It would have been inconsistent with his character to employ his great gifts in any other manner or with any other aim. Literature with him was always a human means to a divine end; and though he always was a literary artist—and a supreme one—it was not art, but the advancement of religion, that he had in view. In so doing he produced works which for grace and charm, for power and simplicity—the noble simplicity of genius—stand almost alone in our language. His works at once scholarly and inspired, are amongst the most glorious jewels of our literary heritage."

Mr. Newman says: "Though his character may afford a problem to the psychologist, no one doubts what is its clear significance, its eternal value, as shown in the life which he led and the example which he set. . . The plainest record of his

life and achievements is the best testimony to his greatness, and he has no need of eulogies such as he never sought in his life." This fair-minded writer recognizes that, if Newman did much service to the Church, he also gained much from the spirit of the Church. He tells us that in spite of many disappointments at the hands of men in office, "it is important to observe the influence at once liberating and invigorating, which the Church of his adoption exerted on Newman. His Catholic sermons are superior in purely literary merit to those of his Anglican days, and his London and Birmingham lectures (on Anglican Difficulties and on the Position of Catholics in England in 1850) have a freedom and force which he had scarcely had occasion to display previously. His spirit had found its natural home, and his intellect, satisfied but not idle, was the freer to display its powers. Contact with the immemorial history, the world-embracing scope, and the immense experience of affairs divine and human possessed by the Church of Rome had wrought in him a Catholicity of outlook which increased with years. This is well illustrated by his idea of the scope and purpose of University education which he expounded in his Dublin Lectures. . . Some essential elements of his ideal he did indeed derive from Oxford, but to these was added a more generous conception of the range of studies necessary for the vitality of a University."

Mr. May illustrates Newman's style by his taste in architecture. "I cannot deny," writes Newman from Milan, "that however my reason may go with the Gothic, my heart has ever gone with the Grecian. I loved the chapel of Trinity College at Oxford more than any other building. There is in the Italian style of architecture such a simplicity, purity, elegance, beauty, brightness—which the word 'classical' implies—that it seems to befit the notion of an Angel or Saint. . . It is so soothing and pleasant, after the hot streets to go into these delicate yet rich interiors, which are like the bowers of Paradise or an angel's chamber."

"It is this preference for the classical," says Mr. May, "which explains the perfect lucidity of his literary style, its

harmony, its grace, its symmetry, its unerring poise, its measure, its restraint. And that style is but the reflection of a mind to which carelessness, confusion, slovenliness were utterly abhorrent."

"The most obvious quality of his style," says Mr. Bertram Newman, "is the absence of mannerism—which makes it the despair of the imitator."

Newman's Intellectual Calm.

"In what regions of unruffled calm were these serene and beautiful pages composed?" asks Mr. May concerning *The Idea of a University*. "In what haven of grave and studious tranquility were those delicate arguments taken up so adroitly and woven into language of incredible perfection? The answer is that these Lectures were written under stress of difficulties and anxieties so poignant as to have broken the resistance and crushed the spirit of many a man seemingly stronger than Newman. It may have been that in the dual crisis by which he was now confronted (the Achilli trial and the troubles about founding the new university) it was the very unworldliness of his character that rendered him immune from attack and brought him scathless through a trial that would perhaps have borne down a man of coarser fibre."

In a former number of this magazine I have quoted the remarks of W. G. Ward about the contrast between the troubles which Newman had while at Littlemore and the undisturbed philosophical tone of his book on *Development* which was composed there. This power of forgetting worries is one of his great characteristics. Newman did not naturally like argument; we do not hear that in his youth he joined any debating club in the University. He used to say that when opponents have explained themselves so as to understand each other, argument is either superfluous or useless. Hence he studied and practised the arts of explanation and definition and description. Zeal for the interests of religion and the conversion of souls led him to cultivate all the arts of rhetoric. Mr. Newman tells

us that a misfortune of title is necessarily incidental to most of Newman's works. A work entitled "Lectures on Certain Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Submitting to the Catholic Church"—and a work seventy years old at that—"would not raise lively expectations in the breast of a lover of letters . . . but no other book of Newman so well exhibits the full range of his oratorical powers. Every weapon from an armoury that had by this time become marvellously well equipped, is employed."

"It is too often forgotten," says Mr. May, "that Newman the poet and visionary, was also a profound and accomplished mathematician. He will bring to the demonstration of a proposition not merely a wealth of poetic imagery and historic illustration but a sureness, a lucidity, a deftness, and a skill that is mathematical in its precision. . . The Development of Doctrine is a work which marks him out as one of the greatest and most original thinkers of his own or any generation." It should be noticed that the title of this book is not quite adequate to its contents, for it treats also of the development of institutions, and shows the growth not only of the Catholic creed, but of the Church herself. "It abounds," says Mr. May, "in passages of intense power, of almost lyrical beauty; but this beauty, as always with Newman, is not an adornment; it is intrinsic in the very nature of the subject and inseparable from it. It is born of the fire, the enthusiasm within, so that some force external to the writer seems to have taken the pen and written for him." When we call this book an original book, we are not to forget that the principle of Development was not new in Catholic theology. It was acknowledged in the plainest terms by Vincent of Lerins in the fifth century in the *Commonitorium* which he wrote against the innovations (or what he thought innovations) of his own age; and his language shows that the principle was generally held by Catholic theologians. It was often expressed by the Franciscan Masters who did so much for the development of doctrine concerning the sinlessness of the Blessed Virgin. But it was original in an Anglican. And of course Newman ex-

pounded it and its working and its conditions with a distinctness and an amount of analysis and a quantity of illustration, analogy, and proof which no Catholic had undertaken. Above all he supplied the tests by which reason may distinguish a development from a corruption. Thus he showed that doctrines which Protestants were taught to consider corruptions of the Christian creed were in fact developments.

Newman's Irony.

Newman was naturally a man of cheerful and mirthful disposition, apt to speak of antagonists with good-humored ridicule rather than any serious censure.

Mr. Newman writes: "As soon as he became a person of importance, he seems to have been regarded by the general run of Oxford society as a rather mysterious personality who was all the more effective for a power of sarcasm which he could not always repress." "Newman," said one of his disciples who had made some flippant remark, "turned round and deposited on me one of those icy and ponderous 'Very like-lies,' after which you were expected to sit down in a corner and think of amending your conduct."

"Loss and Gain is remarkable as exhibiting Newman's astonishing powers of satire, and incidentally as enabling us to estimate the effort which it must have cost him to repress them as much as he did."

Mr. Lewis May says of the correspondence with Kingsley and the commentary on Kingsley's letters which preceded the *Apologia*: "Newman's biographer restrainedly calls it a witty caricature of Kingsley's argument.' It was not a caricature and it was a great deal more than witty. It was a piece of devastating irony which Kingsley's 'rough but manly intellect' found unquestionably embarrassing."

He says of the Lectures on the Position of Catholics in 1850: "In them Newman was giving high festival to irony, suffering it to run riot among the flowerbeds of the Protestant parks and pleasaunces. The peals of laughter with which

the gambols and curvetings of this spirited steed evoked were audible outside of the building. . . Never was such a gift for satire put to such dazzling use."

England then was probably as ignorant and misinformed and bigoted as Ontario is now. This is Newman's summing up of the whole matter: "Such then is Popular Protestantism considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its faith is prejudice; its philosophy is theory; its facts are fiction; its reasonings are fallacies; and its security is ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The law says that white is black; ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be; Fallacy says, it must be; Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be."

"The very facility," says Mr. May, "with which Newman wields his weapon deprives the display of some of its effectiveness, and one is tempted to ask whether what was done so easily was not an easy thing to do."

Of course the temper of these Lectures was not habitual with Newman. It was an exceptional time of excitement and the assailants of the Church needed to be chastened.

Mr. Bertram Newman says that "The only charge which has ever been seriously and intelligently preferred against Newman is that some parts of his polemical writings (e.g., against Kingsley) were too severe and harsh. It is not the heaviest of indictments, and in any case, the decision must be left to those who have been subjected to similar provocation, and who have at command similar weapons to his; and they can scarcely be many."

Newman As a Poet.

If Newman had written nothing but his verse, he would be classed as a poet among the poets without any hesitation. But because he was also a preacher, an apologist, a controversialist, an historian, a philosopher, and a theologian, there is a dispute whether he can have been a poet also. And then there are also some old egomaniac pedants besotted with national

bigotry and malevolence, pretending to be critics and to enjoy Homer and Horace when they could no more enjoy either Homer or Horace than they could translate Sanscrit.

Some critics, not unfriendly ones either, think that the *Dream of Gerontius* is not a poem because it has not such poetic style and expression—such diction and phrases—as we find in Shakespeare and Keats and Wordsworth and Tennyson. This specially poetic style may be illustrated by a single quotation. Scott writes in *The Lady of The Lake* :

The hearth's decaying brands were red
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.

Now, this is good description, but there is no special attention to the art of expression; it differs from prose in little but in metre and rhyme, but a similar idea is expressed by Milton in a special phrase which we are tempted to call an inspiration—

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

And Milton finally strikes out the famous expression—

“No light but rather darkness visible.”

Pindar among the Greeks and Virgil among the Latins are distinguished for a special poetry in the expression, besides the thought and feeling.

No one can be more appreciative of this style than I am; and of course the diction and expression is what first strikes our notice in a poem or any other writing. But after all there are other poets besides those who possess this particular talent of style. Shelley and Byron and Southey and Scott and Cowper and Gray have it not, yet are acknowledged to have written poems and to be poets. Newman's favorite poets in his youth were Scott and Southey and Cowper, with Crabb's *Tales in verse*, and then Kéble; and his taste in style was all for sim-

plicity. I think he could not have cultivated a style like that of Keats any more than he could have worn a display of jewelry and a bouquet in his button-hole. There is an essay of Matthew Arnold, a great admirer of Keats, showing that picturesque phrases are not the principal thing in the composition of a poem. Certainly such a poem as the *Dream of Gerontius* should not be written in a style that would draw attention to itself; the style should be, as it is, transparent and unnoticed, allowing our mind to fix itself altogether upon the thoughts and ideas.

Education.

“The saintly Newman, so unworldly as to mistrust the very reality of material phenomena, aimed at turning out finished ‘men of the world,’ men who in manners or in culture would not show to disadvantage in comparison with the sons of Oxford or Cambridge, and who should add to the immeasurable moral and spiritual riches which their Catholicism conferred upon them the intellectual and social advantages of a liberal education. He saw no reason why ignorance, narrowness of intellectual outlook, awkwardness, boorishness, should be the necessary concomitants of spiritual illumination. Of course if knowledge, if intellectual enlightenment, were to endanger the faith of those who set out to acquire them, then the temporal must yield to the eternal. Newman, however, saw in ignorance and narrowness, in *gaucherie* and unfitness for the world a danger for Catholics themselves, and the grounds, of which Protestants were only too ready to avail themselves for the sneering at the backwardness and the obscurantism of the Church. A purely cloistral training for those who will one day have to leave the cloister and depart “into the world and wave of men,” and that at the most impressionable period of their career, constitutes a grave gratuitous danger. Ignorance of the world and its ways in those who have to live in it, is a peril to themselves and a reproach to the body to which they belong. If, then, Newman laid stress on such things as intellectual culture, philosophic enlightenment, and an unre-

stricted field for all branches of knowledge, provided theological studies had their place, it was not because he set a value on secular things in comparison with Divine Truth, but because he did not wish Catholic youth to suffer from a serious and unnecessary disadvantage in their intercourse with their Protestant fellows. His policy and his attitude were alike dictated by a desire to advance the influence of the Catholic name."

The Catholic University.

A great deal has been written about the causes of failure in this enterprise. But I must go further down into the roots of the matter than any writer I have read. In the first place, the government of Great Britain and Ireland in those days would not grant any aid in money nor even a charter to confer degrees, because the Irish Protestants, who had almost all of the public offices of Ireland in their hands, and wanted to keep them so always, were opposed to all higher education for Catholics. Moreover, this sectarian bigotry could put on a mask of liberalism against denominational education just then in favor of common, undenominational schools. In the U.S.A. the Unitarians had just succeeded in abolishing the old system of denominational schools by raising an anti-Irish cry; anti-Irish, not openly anti-Catholic; for I have heard Irish-American prelates say that, while some Americans hate the Irish for being Catholics, there are many more Americans who hate the Catholic religion because they think it is Irish, as so many Protestants in Canada think that it is a French religion. (Twenty years after the American Revolution, an American Government composed of old revolutionists declared that it would not allow the leaders of the Irish Protestant rebellion of 1798 to enter the United States). The second great difficulty was that it was never clearly and plainly settled among the Bishops of Ireland and England whether the proposed university was to be a formally Catholic university for the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland or an Irish National University, Catholic just because the Irish peo-

ple are Catholics—like the present University whose politics are much more in evidence than its religion. So little was this point made clear in 1851 that Manning when consulted by Newman a few years later about difficulties from some national bigots, advised him to remove the University from Dublin to Liverpool.

Boyhood.

Newman as a boy at school was not any more pious than his companions. "I recollect," he says, "thinking 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." He had read Pope's 'Essay on Man' and was so influenced by it that he argued in its favor with Rev. Mr. Mayer, the teacher of Classics, who converted him. "Virtue alone is happiness below"—what, said Newman to him, can be more free from objection than that? In a Catholic treatise, of course, Religion is classed as one among the virtues; but in English literature (perhaps in other Protestant literatures, too) there has arisen a habit of distinguishing between religion and virtue. Newman has not said much in the "Apologia" about his conversion, because that book is a history of his opinions not of his soul.

The University.

When Newman went up to Oxford about ten years before the rise of the "Anglo-Catholic" School there were three parties in the Church of England which may be compared to the Pharisees, the Sadducees and the Herodians. The Evangelicals were the party with which Newman had most affinity, though they were not an intellectual party. It may be said that Keble's "Christian Year," 1827, on one side, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" on the other, later on, did more than any other two books to dissolve or melt away the old-fashioned Protestantism of the country. It was Richard Hurrell Froude who (in 1828 or 1829) brought Newman and Keble to understand one another. Froude, a

pupil and disciple of Keble, was the first Protestant Englishman, says Dean Church, who, without any intention of joining the Church of Rome, aimed at being fair and just to it, and admired it. This statement will be surprising to many of our readers, who probably think that the first of this kind was Keble. But it is certain that Keble at first was not so friendly to Rome and that he was influenced by Froude. Newman, when he became a Catholic, firmly believed that Froude too, if he had lived, would have come over to Rome.

Discipline In College.

Newman tells us that he himself was not a good disciplinarian. But we must always remember that Newman judged himself by a very lofty standard and very severely. Many a man would be very well satisfied with himself if he were as good a disciplinarian as Newman. It is not, anyhow, a very serious criticism. Abbot Butler remarks that Ullathorne, who was so well able to govern men, did not show himself well qualified to govern boys. When Newman first was made a tutor, the Provost of Oriel, Copleston, did not give the tutors the support that they needed in dealing with the "Gentlemen-Commoners." These young bloods, before the uprising of the capitalist or manufacturing class in 1831, and the popular clamor for the "reform" of Parliament, had their heads swelled by the great triumph which their fathers had won over both Napoleon and his ally, Democratic America; and they needed to be tamed and made to study. It is certain that when Hawkins was elected Provost in succession to Copleston, in 1828, Newman's reason for voting for Hawkins rather than Keble was chiefly his confidence in Hawkins' determination and ability to enforce discipline; and this confidence was not misplaced. It soon became a saying among the students that the Provost was as bad as a Tutor. The Fellows of the College had a sufficient opinion of Newman's power of discipline to elect him Dean; and it is certain that he did make an efficient Dean and bring in strictness. "What did he say to you?" one un-

dergraduate asked of another who had been called up by the new Dean. "I don't know," replied the delinquent, "but he looked at me."

In the Catholic University at Dublin he was not immediately responsible for discipline.

The Apologia.

The years following his resignation from Dublin were sombre (to use George Eliot's favorite adjective). They were not unhappy, but (except for the interior life of the spirit, the life of prayer and meditation), they were dull and drab and a little weary.

"Newman, says Mr. May, was growing old. It is remarkable how a sense of failure and disillusionment ages a man, and Newman had been suffering disillusionment ever since 1839, when the ground — the Anglican ground which he had deemed so solid — failed beneath his feet. And since 1845, since he had become a Catholic, disillusionment and disappointment had almost constantly been his portion. He was, as it were, flung aside and forgotten; his writings and teachings were suspected (by half-educated and miseducated men); he was only remembered, if remembered at all, as one who had been great in former years, but who had long since had his day. The great Oxford leader whose very name had once seemed like a clarion call to his disciples, was now a little old clerical schoolmaster, clad in rusty black, patiently discharging his ecclesiastical and pedagogic duties within the walls of a rather unlovely building in Birmingham. He was rescued from his premature and undeserved oblivion by a strange means. It was a Protestant who brought him back to the foreground of the battle; it was a Protestant who was the means of restoring to his name all, and more than all, the lustre it had borne in its palmy days, so that men once more spoke of him with veneration and bated breath. That lustre, that prestige, he has never since lost."

Rev. Charles Kingsley, in a review of some volumes of

Froude's history of the Protestant "reformation" in England and Scotland — a strange text for a sermon on veracity — accused the Catholic priesthood of not regarding veracity as a virtue; and he dragged in Newman's name without rhyme or reason; and when he was brought to task, "offered an apology which was in fact an aggravation of the insult." . . . "It was in reality a blessing (for Newman) that the time-limit for the composition (of the Apologia) was so short, but the strain on its writer was superhuman. It was the fire of his spirit, seeming to shine through him as a fountain lit up from within, that enabled him to carry through in triumph so stupendous an undertaking."

It is interesting to notice the difference in tastes concerning Newman's books. Mr. Augustine Birrell suggested that any one undertaking to read a course of Newman should begin with "The Present (1850) Position of Catholics in England." But Birrell was writing for Protestant Englishmen, and especially for Baptists and other Dissenters. Mr. Bertram Newman advises his readers to take up first the Historical University Sketches; and shrewdly adds that, in order to taste their full flavor, they should be taken after reading Macaulay's essays. No doubt the contrast between the style, the tone, and the temper of Newman and that of Macaulay would enable one to enjoy more exquisitely and appreciate more clearly the excellence of Newman. Professor A. A. Quiller-Couch of Cambridge University selects the Idea of a University and advises every literary aspirant to wear it as "a frontlet on his brow, a talisman on his writing wrist." Walter Pater described it as "the perfect handling of a theory," and says that for scholars the reading of such a book has something of the uses of a religious 'retreat,' a sort of cloistral refuge from "a certain vulgarity in the world."

Manning's Panegyric on Newman.

The funeral sermon at the Requiem Mass in the Oratory of Birmingham was preached by William Clifford, Bishop of

Clifton, who had served Newman's first Mass, in the chapel of the Propaganda, in 1847.

Cardinal Manning's panegyric was preached in the church of the London Oratory. "It was in itself a magnificent panegyric," says Mr. May, "the more noble and magnanimous when we recall the dissensions which had estranged the two men for so many years. We may almost read in it a public recantation, a proud yet generous confession of error and misjudgment, made by one who was himself on the brink of the grave. All differences are sunk now, all strifes are hushed . . . The words he uttered were listened to with profound attention by the great congregation, they were pondered upon in every quarter of the globe, but it was not to these multitudes near or far, present or scattered about the world, that his words were spoken—not to any of these, not to any on this side of the grave. They were a salutation and a farewell to him who had passed forever beyond the range of human vision. They are, or they imply the acknowledgment made before the world of a great error, a great misunderstanding. Cardinal Manning was a great figure of his time and wrought many great deeds, but never any so splendid as these amends uttered before the face of all the people, to the spirit of John Henry Newman, now once more and eternally his friend."

The Pope's Sentiment.

The reply from Rome to Manning's letter informing the Holy Father of the Cardinal's death, said that "His Holiness understands full well the special sorrow which your Eminence must have felt in the loss of a colleague with whom you had many events of life in common and to whom you were bound for so many years by the closest ties of friendship.

I need hardly tell you that His Holiness also was deeply grieved at the announcement of the departure of a man who by his learning, his writings, and his singular piety gave great splendor to the Sacred College."

Two Hills Look Down

Two hills look down on Derreen town:
 Dark Bockagh to the north
 O'er furrowed fields and bogland brown
 In purple pride looms forth.

O'er green Teebohine's grassy plains,
 Fair Teev-na-Creeva's lands,
 Old Fairymount in suns and rains
 To southward nobly stands.

Now blue in light, now gray in mist,
 Changeful 'neath changing skies,
 With azure clothed or amethyst,
 My hills austerely rise.

Between them flows the reedy Lung
 Through meadowy glen and vale,
 Where oft' I roamed when I was young
 And high of heart and hale.

I've had my taste of ill and good,
 Of life I've had my fill,
 Since last on Fairymount I stood
 And climbed up Bockagh Hill.

And whatsoe'er I've known of joy
 I'd gladly give or share,
 To be again the truant boy
 Who blithely wandered there.

But still I see them in my dreams,
 And on life's sunset track
 To find their unforgotten streams
 My heart still travels back.

And if the fates be kind to me
 Nor fortune darkly frown,
 Some day the hills I hope to see
 That look on Derreen town.

P. J. Coleman.

ROBERT HOLMES—Artist

INTERPRETER OF OUR FLOWERS.

“The flower thine eyes beholdest to-day
Hath in God’s spirit bloomed eternally.”

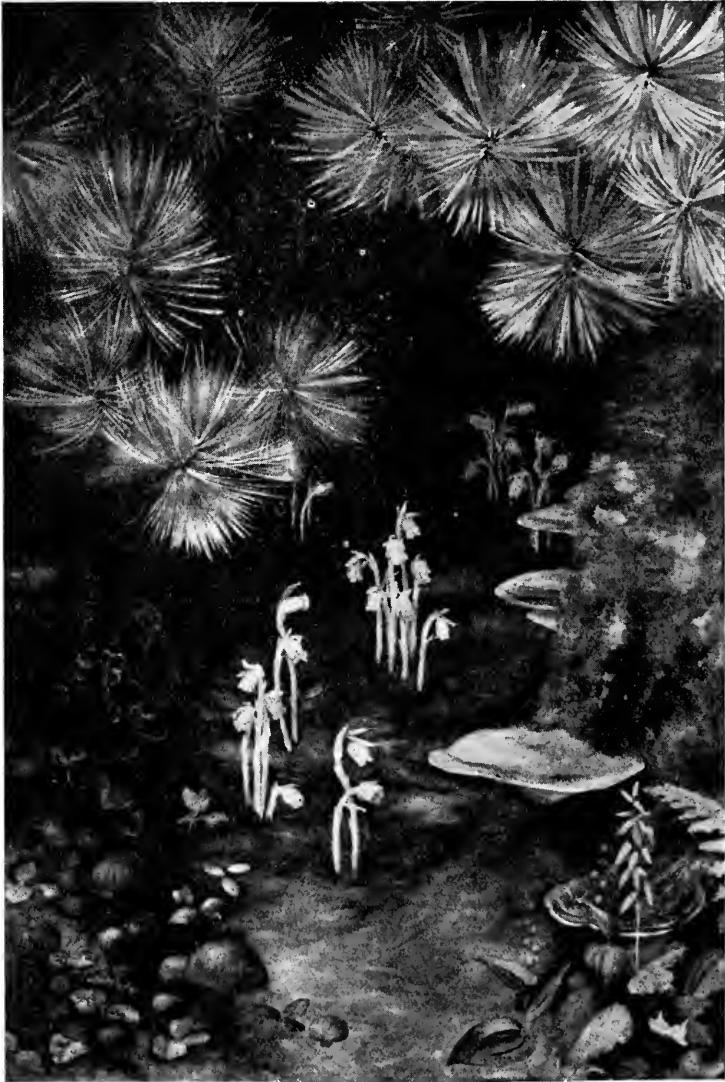
In the world of flowers and plants, science has brought us into the presence of wonders and mysteries, that widen the horizon of the mind; poetry has furnished us with an abundance of striking imagery, whose beauty and grandeur are doubled by its truthfulness; but Art, as given us in a series of studies by one of our own Canadian artists, Mr. Robert Holmes, has united poetry and science and has enriched our ideas and elevated our conception of Nature.

Mr. Holmes has left us perhaps the most complete authentic record of Canadian wild flowers, for he has painted more than a hundred varieties, in water colours. This medium has distinction and dignity and gives the elusiveness of the shy things of the wood, showing forth their peculiar delicacy and transparency, yet, as used by Mr. Holmes, possessing the solidity and strength of oils.

The studies are out of the usual trend and have a distinct self-created distinction. They show the flower, not as a still-life composition, nor as a scientific record, but as a living object of beauty, growing as he found it, in the hidden depths of the wood, or by the translucent pool. The soul of the flower has been captured; the flower portraitist, by his treatment of the subject shows his own gentle, lovable disposition, for he was a poet by nature and outlook.

Some one has said, “Flowers prink up when they hear Holmes coming.” He chose Wild Flowers for the best part of his life’s work, and for a man whose master passion was design in art, what greater and finer field for design and colour could he have selected!

His was a loving, exhaustive study. He knew the botanical



Indian Pipes.

R. Holmes.

biology and translated it into beauty. He travelled thousands of miles within a radius of a hundred miles of Toronto to get his records.

What led him to paint wild flowers seriously and exclusively was his desire to give his pupils as much Canadian inspiration as possible. At first, he asked them to base their designs on flowers on something native, and characteristic of the country, and to assist them in this, his first sketches were made. He had a passion for elements of form in nature—in trees, in plants, in flowers, in snow, in water, in clouds. He never painted full landscape. To him, the wonder of God's creative power was mirrored in each tiny part. After all the great master Leonardo da Vinci, whose genius had mastered the science of his time, deigned to give his most careful attention to a hidden flower and has left us a wonderful series of studies of the lowly violet.

Holmes, too, bent down close to mother earth that he might show some of her enchantments to those who were busied with the material things of life. Hill-tops, hidden hollows, deep glens, secluded woods, bright meadows, meandering brooklets—all were invaded to record the beauty of form and colour, in the grasses, the soils, in rocks, in leafage, in the overhanging branches of the dignified maple, of the trembling locust and of the stately balsam.

He looked into nature with such easy sympathy as the open-eyed daisy looks in the face of the sky. Many a long, lone tramp he made with his kit, over valley and hill, far into the wildest woods he could find, so that all alone, he might transfer to canvas one more glorious bloom with all its environment.

His love of nature was affectionate. Had he not chosen to paint flower pictures one supposes he might have selected children, or birds or butterflies. In several of his pictures we notice a glowing moth, worked in for the mere fantastic effect.

Holmes' pictures apart from their intensive delicacy as studies in form and colour, are wonderful gradations in green, in all textures and depths, with all manner of lighting and

shadow and suggesting cool, quiet depths in solitude. He was as particular about the lowly Skunk Cabbage of the road side as about the dignified Cardinal Flower. He saw beauty in all.

Twice an almost complete exhibition of his pictures has been held in the Art Gallery of Toronto, and it was not to be wondered at, that the admirers of his art were varied in age and culture. His flowers spoke a language understood by all. The moment one stepped into the room where the pictures were hung, there was a sensation of being where the flowers grew. I heard a visitor remark as she was leaving: "I feel as if I had had all the pleasures of a ramble in the woods, seeing their beauty and feeling the delightful freshness of the atmosphere without getting my feet wet."

Standing alone in the room, one almost heard the chirp and twitter of the birds, the leaves rustling in the gentle breeze, the insects drone and hum as they flitted happily from flower to flower; even sensed

"The perfume from the blossom's cell
On every zephyr stealing."

There is hardly a flower that has been overlooked by Holmes.

How he loved the Pink Trailing Arbutus, emblem of the Land of Evangeline:

Sprinkled with star dust fine
In the glow of dewy daybreak
How the waxen petals shine!
Fairy magic on her way, pearly petals.
Scented are the spring-time breezes
With a mingled incense rare.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit appears in state surrounded by draperies fit for a king. Peeping up from under the purple and green sheath, this member of the calla family delights the artist and expresses a kindred feeling with the poet who wrote:



Wild Geranium.

R. Holmes.

“With hooded heads and shields of green
 Monks of the wooded glen
 I know you well; you are I ween
 Robin Hood’s merry men.”

and then

Violets, their indelible impression of blue, tinged with lilac,

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
 Or Cytherea’s breath.”

Indian Pipes, bunches of ghostly white stems close to the buttresses of the tree and guarded by fungus fairy tables. Weird odorless flowers, grouped perfectly and silhouetted against the dark, deep recess of the woods and overshadowed by blue-green pine branches. As we look, we understand why the Indians regarded the Pipes as symbolic of a departed friend.

Wild Geraniums in luxuriant tufts, finely detailed, beautifully executed.

Trilliums, graceful, drooping beds, that in the distance look like hail on the ground, but a close-up shows the exquisite delicate beauty that entranced the artist.

Wild Roses with their ample coloured petals, glancing half concealed from among their own green bowers with a certain noble civility in their wildness.

Canadian Anemones with their interesting leaves—these first heralds of spring.

Wild Sunflowers radiating the golden glow of the sun.

Black Eyed Susan, whose brilliant colours quiver with light.

The Evening Primrose of incomparable perfume.

“Stealing and giving odour.”

Lady’s Slipper with its greenish purple bracts. In its native environment it piques our fancy for there is something mysterious and abnormal about all the moccasin group, and we gaze at them curiously as we might upon a veiled lady of the Orient who had settled in our midst.

“Shapely the flower, so lightly poised
And warm its ruddy glow.”

Bloodroot—“whose rolled-up leaves if your uncurl,
Each of 'em cradle to a baby's pearl,”
fragile and dainty.

Milkweed of the wayside, that never is quite as lovely in flower as in fluff.

Queen Anne's Lace, forming medallion patterns of exquisite design whose beauty makes us forget the practical side of life and we become entangled in its meshes of soft ash green.

Perhaps the outstanding study is the Cardinal Flowers now owned by the National Gallery in Ottawa. Here are dignified Cardinal Flowers from the Muskoka Highlands, brilliantly coloured, growing by a deep pool whose depth of colour shows the perfection of the water colour medium in a master's hand. Over-hanging is a lovely silver maple branch, quivering with life and forming a delightful pattern whose background colour and the faintly discerned dog-berry leaves, create a wonderful perspective depth.

“How carelessly it wears the velvet of the same
Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
To paint it, in the robes of doge and priest.”

There are many other pictures and there is a wonderful beauty in all; something intangible that tenderly reminds one of enchanted hours in Nature's solitude.

Mr. Holmes was born in Cannington, Ontario, and came to Toronto to study medicine. A visit to the Art School changed his career. He studied in Toronto and then in the Royal Academy, London, England, under Gerald Moira. Later he taught in Upper Canada College and there started his life-long friendship with Stephen Leacock. He was an Associate and later on a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and also held, for some years, the Presidency of the Graphic Arts Society and of the Ontario Society of Artists.

In his death in 1930 tragedy and poetry were strangely intermingled. Replying to a toast to the graduates of the



Wild Aster.

R. Holmes.

College of Art, he said he must have been assigned to this particular toast because he was a Futurist, but more likely it was "because of the affinity between my love for flowers, and the flowers about me—the boys and girls of the graduating class, who are the real flowers of life." He sank into his chair, his chin dropped on his breast and his gentle spirit passed on into eternity.

Mr. Holmes was of a gentle, lovable disposition, a perfect gentleman. His sense of humour was as buoyant as it was chivalrous. He was a master of design, a competent lecturer in sculpture and architecture. His ideals were high and he never stooped to create foolish things that he might be popular.

He was a painter who made little poems of petals, that breathe the moist fragrance of the woods and that, hung indoors, would entice the bees and humming birds to seek their honeyed sweetness.

In his work there is a spiritual inspiration whose gentleness and sweetness drives out the gross and the sordid; an inspiration which uplifts the soul with a deep joy and happiness and which arouses the highest and noblest impulses in man, for

“God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man’s careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from the flower
And wake his heart in every hour
“To pleasant gratitude.”

The appeal of the beautiful flower, the delicate plant, the soft-shaded leaf, the sighing of tree boughs make man better and wiser.

Flowers are thoughts of the spirit of God,
Their love is love of His grace,
Their fragrance is breath of divinity,
Their beauty the light of His Face.

S.M.L.

ANNE-JULIENNE DE GONZAGUE

Archduchess of Austria and Servite of Mary.

S.M.P.

(Concluded)

Her Exceptional Piety.

The pious Princess prayed much not to say always according to the words of the Saviour, "We ought always to pray." One of her devotions consisted in reciting one thousand Hail Marys for each feast and octave of the Blessed Virgin. She would call that the Mantle of the Madonna. Almost every morning she assisted at five Masses in the Church of the Capuchin Fathers, which is to say that she remained there the greater part of the morning, and she returned there in the evening for Complin, after which she usually spent two hours in prayer in her little private oratory which she had erected in this church. A long corridor which joined this oratory to her dwelling gave her full liberty to pass from one to the other without being seen by anyone.

She belonged to the confraternities of the Holy Sacrament, of the Holy Trinity, of the Immaculate Conception, of Mount Carmel, of the Cord of St. Francis and others. She had carefully set down in a note-book, in order not to forget, the obligations of these various Associations and she was most faithful to fulfil all the conditions. Her daughters and others of her household belonged also to several of these confraternities and Anne-Catherine exhorted them to observe the rules. Then to spread the devotion, she was pleased to distribute to everyone rosaries, medals, holy pictures indulgenced by the Pope.

It is useless to say that she was insensible to human honors. The love of such things could not be reconciled with the love of the Cross, and she loved the Cross and suffering and mortification. The more she advanced in perfection the more lively became her desire to immolate herself entirely on the

altar of the religious life. She took the surest way of arriving at the realization of her wishes by nourishing a most tender devotion to the Mother of the Crucified. Each Saturday (not prevented by a feast) she had three votive Masses celebrated in honour of the Immaculate Conception, the Association and the Assumption of Mary.

No matter where she went she was never willing to accept the carpet and cushions offered to her on account of her rank. With her knees on the pavement or on the bare ground, she would spend hours in the praises of her Heavenly Mother. Not content with passing a good part of the day in prayer, she employed in it as well a great part of the night, after having ordered her servants to go take their repose. In these circumstances her confessor believed himself obliged to use his authority to make her shorten her prayers, but she begged him with such insistence to be patient with her that the Father usually yielded and allowed her to prolong her conversations with Mary, her beloved Mother.

On the feast of the Annunciation, which in the year 1606 fell on Saturday, Anne-Catherine was in her chapel after Holy Communion, absorbed in prayer, when suddenly the Blessed Mother appeared to her, saying with gentle voice: "Anne-Catherine, it is time that you put into execution what you have so much desired since your infancy. I wish that you build here at Inspruck a convent for religious. By admitting to its virgins whom I have chosen, you will become their mother according to my promise. Do not hesitate, for I will be with you and shall supply for whatever is lacking of light and strength." After which the vision disappeared.

The Archduchess, penetrated with fear, was nevertheless jubilant. Mary wished that she should live in a convent, and this convent she was to build. What mattered the uncertainty of the rest? The Mother of God would aid her in all her difficulties. Before undertaking anything in a work of that importance the pious Archduchess laid before the Sovereign Pontiff, Paul V., her design and asked his blessing. Not only did the Holy Father give his approval to all, but he offered to as-

sist her in the enterprize as far as he was able. Amidst difficulties innumerable and contradiction and criticism which caused her delicate heart keen suffering, the work progressed miraculously to the amazement of her opponents. One of the chief objects of Anne-Catherine's solicitude was the spiritual edifice, i.e., the kind of life which the future occupants of her convent should lead, for she built without knowing to what religious the new house would be an asylum. As was her wont she had recourse to prayer, fasts and other mortifications in order to know the will of God.

This divine will was manifested to her only bit by bit. At first was the rule. One day Anne-Catherine seemed to hear a voice saying to her: "Go, write what will be dictated to you, and you will not be led into error." She obeyed what she believed to be an order of our Blessed Lady. She wrote a rule of life so full of discretion and perfection that the Sovereign Pontiff to whom she submitted it, judged it immediately worthy of praise by a Brief of the year 1610, then confirmed and approved it. It was this rule which the cloistered religious observed with the most edifying fidelity until the suppression of their convent.

For whom was this perfect rule to be? This was the question asked by the many different religious Orders, who offered their services to the Archduchess. To all she replied that she could not decide so weighty a question until she would learn the will of the Lord. One day when she was kneeling before the miraculous image of the Holy Virgin in her oratory and entreating not to be left any longer in uncertainty upon this subject, an interior voice was heard suddenly to say: "If it is for me, Anne-Catherine, that you have built the convent for which I have given you the plan and marked the site, if it is for you and other souls whom I shall choose to consecrate yourselves to my service, is it not just that your name should be that of "*Servants of Mary.*" The Archduchess took these words literally. The result shows that she was not mistaken. Grateful and happy, she hastened to reply to the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, Discalced Carmelites,

all of whom had made appeal, that she had decided to give the new convent to the religious who should be truly the *Servants of Mary*.

The Archduchess may be justly called the foundress of the *Second Order of Servites*, who are cloistered and follow her inspired rule of life. She richly endowed several foundations. The *Third Order*, or Tertiary Servites, she also founded, and she and her second daughter, Marie, became members of the same, while the eldest daughter, Anne married the Emperor Rodolph II. in 1611 and was crowned Empress of Germany, and six years later she exchanged the grandeur and richness of the throne of the Caesars for a cold and lonely tomb.

When Anne-Catherine became a Servite-Tertiary she took the name Anne-Julienne because of her devotion to St. Juliana, foundress of the Mantelees of the Third Order and her daughter Marie became known as Anne-Catherine after her mother.

Sister Anne-Julienne was a model in everything for those chosen souls whom she gathered about her in the monasteries she built. Her humility, charity, strong faith in the directing hand of God and her intense zeal for the spread of religion were characteristics evident to all who came within the range of her influence. The Sisters and the servants who knew her intimately esteemed her as a saint. She lived daily in the abiding presence of God and was guided in all she did by His Divine Will.

Miraculous cures innumerable were wrought at her tomb, before witnesses making testing examinations and confirming their authenticity. Her intercession was sought far and wide. Between 1649 and 1926 many events have been accomplished near the venerated remains of Anne-Julienne. At first a long prosperity of a little over a century was the lot of the fervent Sisters who guarded her tomb. Her convent became the center of ardent religious life. Thanks to the munificence of Emperors and Archdukes a pleiade of houses of the Order was scattered on the mountains of the Tyrol. But alas these good times had an end. The Servite Order severed like others from relation with Rome, was dispossessed of the greater number of its houses. This was the fate of the daughters of Anne-Julienne

who, driven from their holy retreat, were dispersed to the four winds, their two magnificent monasteries were confiscated and appropriated as national property. There now remains of them not a stone upon a stone. But the Tyrol has not lost its affectionate remembrance of its venerated foundress, Anne-Julienne, who departed this life Aug. 3, 1621, at the age of 55.

In June

A day of bloom ascends the skies,
 Of lilaes and bird ecstasies,
 Of light and love, the song I hear
 Climbs skyward over marsh and mere
 In golden whirls—and sorrow dies.

A wave of joy sweeps from mine eyes
 Their mist of tears. Strange thoughts arise
 Of heavenly bliss, eternal cheer,
 A Day of Bloom.

Blest hours of light! my spirit flies
 To Paradise, in wild surprise,
 I see thee there, O love thrice dear!
 Thy voice is in my heart, as clear
 As when, of old, life seem likewise
 A Day of Bloom.

Caroline Davenport Swan.

LITTLEMORE

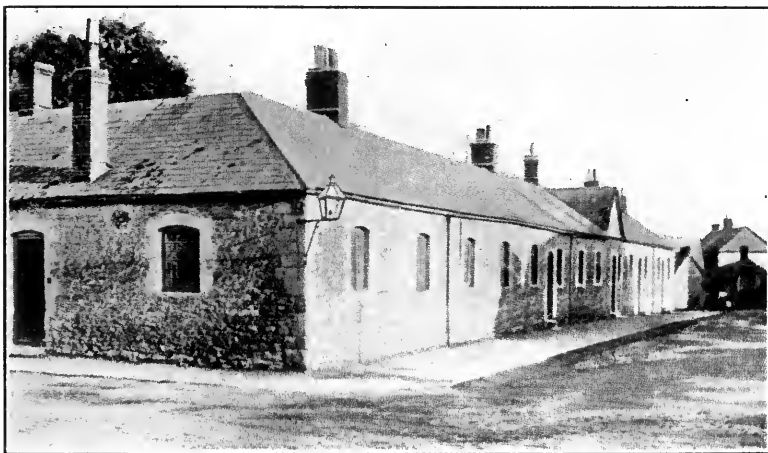
By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

The account of Newman's reception quoted in Ward is not quite accurate in its details. The writer of it has mixed up the memory of two visits of Fr. Dominic Barberi, for he had spontaneously paid a visit in June of the year before. I quote therefore one of Fr. Dominic's letters describing the great event: "I have already written you that I had received Mr. John Dobree Dalgairns in our chapel at Aston Hall. When he learned that I was leaving for Belgium, he wrote and asked me to call at Oxford on the way, telling me that I might have something to do there. I left Aston on the 8th (October, 1845) and reached Oxford at ten o'clock that night, soaked with rain (having had an outside seat on the coach). Hardly had I reached the Inn when I found Mr. Dalgairns waiting to take me out to Littlemore, the monastery established about three years back by Rev. John Henry Newman. There these Oxford men lead a penitential life, much more severe than that usually led by Religious. We reached Littlemore about an hour before midnight, and I took up my position before the fire to dry himself. The door opened, and what a spectacle it was for me to see at my feet John Henry Newman, begging me to hear his confession and admit him into the bosom of the Catholic Church. And there by the fire he began his general confession with extraordinary humility and devotion. In the morning I betook myself to Oxford to say Mass in a Catholic church there, and returned to Littlemore once more amid pouring rain. There I terminated Mr. Newman's confession, and then heard the confession of two other gentlemen who were there, namely, Revs. Stanton and Bowles, both of them, like Newman, ministers of the Church of England. That same evening about six o'clock I received the profession of faith of all three, and gave them conditional baptism. On the following morning, Feast of St. Francis Borgia, I said Holy Mass for the first time in their private Oratory. I had previously

borrowed all that was necessary from a good priest of the neighborhood. At the Mass I gave Holy Communion to Mr. Newman and four others, companions of his, formerly Protestants, now most fervent Catholics. When all this was done I was invited to go to the house of a gentleman (Mr. Woodmason) in the same village, and receive the abjuration not only of himself, but of his wife and two daughters. Two others of this gentleman's daughters are still hesitating to take the final step, but I have every hope that they will come to a right decision very soon. The following morning, that is, on the eleventh, after I had said Mass again in the private chapel at Littlemore, I came on to London. Those who know Mr. Newman and his companions will be in a position to judge and weigh the results of such an event. Newman has been up to now the soul of the Puseyite party, which is the most widely diffused in the Church of England and embraces all that is serious and devout in the Protestant Church. He is reputed to be the most learned ecclesiastic in England. In my judgment he is one of the most humble and loveable men I have met in my life. All that I have suffered since I left Italy is well compensated by such a happy event as this . . .

The Chapel where I said Mass at Littlemore is not public but a private oratory. It is nothing more than a small dark room in the interior of the monastery. The converts go to Mass in the public church at Oxford, a league away. I therefore went there also one morning, after my return from London, and gave Holy Communion to all the converts. You will naturally be curious to have some details about Littlemore, which you may have thought of as a kind of Monte Cassino. I assure you I have never seen any monastery so poor. It is simply a long outhouse or hayshed (fienile)* with a ground floor only. You could touch the roof with your hands. The small cells are partitioned off from each other by rough bricks only. Inside the cells the furniture consists of a little straw bed

*It is not impossible that Newman was attracted to this building by the remembrance that our Lord was born in a stable and laid in a manger.



The Cottage of Littlemore, near Oxford, which Newman turned into a House of Studies, 1842.

and one or two chairs of the poorest kind. To pass from one cell to another you have to go outside—almost in the open air. Our Retreats are palaces compared to this. Inside this out-house there have been gathered together for several years past the greatest luminaries in the religious world of England. Their practices of penance were extraordinary; I hope they will moderate them now, as I have not failed to suggest. Their idea was to establish an order of Anglican monks, one of whose aims should be to revive monastic ideals in the Anglican Church. But God has had a better design. I have no precise knowledge as to their future course, but believe that all will become priests. They are under Wiseman's jurisdiction. As a consequence they will do what he tells them, for they are docile and teachable beyond words."

(This is one of a series of Fr. Dominic's Letters published in "The Harvest," a monthly magazine published by the Protection and Rescue Society in Salford, Lanes., England).

THE JUBILEE OF LE PUY

For a few weeks in this year, 1932, the ancient city of Le Puy* in Velay, was the centre of interest for Catholic France if not for the whole Catholic world. The occasion was the famous "Pardon" or Jubilee granted when the Feast of the Annunciation falls on Good Friday. The coincidence of the time of the Promise and of the Redemption when "the fragrant visit of the angel falls within the shadow of Golgotha" seems always to have had a mysterious significance in the Church's life. It occurred in 1921, but will not occur again until 2005.

Le Puy has special associations for the Sisters of St. Joseph, for it was here that the Congregation had its beginning in 1650, conceived by the zeal of the saintly Jesuit, John Paul Médaille and approved by the Bishop of Le Puy, Mgr. Henri de Maupas. The Sisters of St. Joseph were still at Le Puy at the outbreak of the French Revolution, when Bishop de Galard was sent into exile and the great sanctuary fell into the hands of the schismatics.

Le Puy is one of those sacred spots which, Maurice Barrès says, "draw the soul from its lethargy, are bathed in mystery and chosen from all eternity to be the seat of religious emotion." In such places Heaven seems to stoop a moment to touch the earth and the veil that separates the material and spiritual realms is so thin, that something of the light of the unseen world reaches us, closed in though we are by "this muddy vesture of decay." We must seek in legend the explanation of the peculiar predilection of our Lady for this austere pile of rock which dominates the valleys of the upper Loire. For it was in the times when St. George was evangelizing Velay that our Lady, we are told, healed a poor woman of a grievous malady and sent her to announce to the Bishop that she had chosen this rock for her sanctuary. The good Prelate set out

*E. Peyriller in "Le Correspondant," Paris. U. Rochon and P. E. Cadilhac, in "L'Illustration."

for the chosen spot. As he climbed the steep slope in the burning July sun, he was suddenly refreshed, in his exhaustion by a fragrant breeze, and on arriving at the summit found it covered deep with snow. As he knelt in prayer a hind appearing from the thicket, crossed the snowy expanse. The Bishop marked her tracks with thorn branches as the limits of the future sanctity. The next day, returning with a great multitude, he found the thorn branches covered with red roses. So Le Puy was born, a witness of the choice of "Madame Sainte Marie," and its history throughout the centuries has been closely connected with all the movements that have stirred the national life of France. Le Puy Saint-Marie gave the greatest impulse to the Crusades, held out longest in the struggles against Albigensians and Calvinists, English invaders and French rationalists. A rugged fidelity seems to emanate from this ancient rock-built shrine of Mary.

The special object of veneration was the "Vierge Noire"—a statue of evident Oriental origin said to have been modelled by the Prophet Jeremiah himself and left to the priests of the Mosaic law. It was carried off by the Sultan of Babylon or Egypt, and left in turn to the King of France,—some say Dagobert, others Clovis, still others Saint Louis. Popular tradition points to Saint Louis as the recipient, when he was a prisoner at Damietta. This ancient image which was so often to signalize the triumph of Mary over foreign and religious foes, was burned in the public square during the French Revolution. The one now venerated in the Chamber of the Angels of the great Basilica is a very faithful copy dating from the eighteenth century.

The beginning of the great Jubilee of Le Puy is also shrouded in the mists of legend. It probably originated in the forebodings which preceded the year 1000. In 992 it seemed that the prophecies which foretold the end of the world were being fulfilled, and the people in their alarm and uncertainty, taking hope in the coincidence of the Annunciation and the Agony, sought out in her chosen sanctuary, "The Gate of Paradise,"

“The Way of Good Counsel,” “The Advocate of Sinners,” “The Source of Salvation, of Consolation and Beatitude” as she is invoked in the ancient liturgies of the Church of Le Puy. The Church responded to this confidence by many precious indulgences to which she added continually as the devotion spread. At length the Jubilee Indulgence was granted to all who visited the sanctuary on the day of the Pardon. The first historical references to the Jubilee of Le Puy are found in the fifteenth century, when Pope Martin V. confirmed the Jubilee indulgence as a custom already immemorial. Juvénal des Ursins in his biography of Charles VI. relates that at the Jubilee of 1407 the multitude of people was so great that two hundred perished. Since the Jubilee lasted only one day the crowds from Germany, Italy and Spain rendered impassible the roads leading to the city. Food often ran short and in 1502 the townspeople were ordered to provide themselves by March 5th with sufficient bread to last over Easter. Three thousand confessors were called to aid those in the city. In 1524 a reinforcement of 4,000 confessors was necessary. Finally the time of the Jubilee was lengthened to two weeks. These great religious manifestations are connected with the most important events of the history of France. To the Pardon of 1429 came Elizabeth Romée, mother of Jeanne d’Arc, to pray for her daughter, who was setting out just then on her mission for the salvation of France. No poor, bewildered peasant this, who sets out for Lorraine, on her month’s pilgrimage to the shrine of Mary, but a valiant woman, as the mothers of the saints must be. Here she met Jeanne’s brother, and the Augustinian friar, Jean Pasquerel, who was to be her daughter’s chaplain and confidant. From this mystical meeting at Le Puy begins the fulfilment of Jeanne d’Arc’s mission, so closely are spiritual and physical action related to each other in all great events. The statue of St. Jeanne by A. Besqueut stands to-day in the Basilica of Le Puy, where her mother once prayed, and where she now receives the honours of the Church. So the Pardons of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reflect the national struggles, and religious decadence.

The last Jubilee of the eighteenth century should have been in 1796, but Bishop de Galard was in exile and a constitutional Bishop officiated in the Cathedral, while the faithful worshipped in woods and caverns. Since the Revolution the traditional solemnity has been resumed. In 1856 Napoleon III. erected on the Rocher Corneille, which dominates the city, a gigantic statue of bronze made from the cannons captured in the Crimean war and dedicated to Our Lady under the title of Notre Dame de France.

The Jubilee of 1932 was attended by pilgrimages conducted by bishops from all parts of France. From 3,000 to 5,000 people arrived daily during the first week, in the second from 5,000 to 10,000. On the day of the closing there were between 60,000 and 80,000 people present. The Jubilee of 1932 was perhaps unique in its mingling of mediaeval and modern elements. During the two weeks everyone wore the Crusader's Cross at the left side, hung on blue and white ribbons—our Lady's colours. At the closing procession the "Black Madonna" was carried through the streets, accompanied by her body-guard of penitents—mediaeval brotherhoods of laymen—in their white habits carrying banners bearing the date of their foundation, 1226, by members of religious orders in their costumes, by the Chapter of the Cathedral, and the Bishops and Cardinals. The tall, red-roofed houses were hung with banners, and roses of all colours showered down. Mingled with this mediaeval colour boy scouts in khaki helped the police to keep order, loud-speakers placed 100 metres apart directed the movements, announced the hymns, and regulated the music by transmitting the notes of the Cathedral organ. The long spirals of the cameras which registered the moving spectacle trailed through the crowds. So the Church binds together the Past and the Present, absorbing all and adapting all to her needs, at once the most modern of the moderns and most attached to her ancient customs, for she is ageless. Le Puy Sainte-Marie and Lourdes call to each other across the centuries—the oldest and the latest manifestation of Our Lady's love and care for France.

S.M.B.

Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association

1930—1932

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The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

President

Miss Teresa O'Connor

First Vice-President

Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

Second Vice-President

Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse

Third Vice-President

Mrs. W. A. Wallis

Fourth Vice-President

Mrs. James E. Day.

Fifth Vice-President

Miss M. Morrow.

Past President

Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.

Recording Secretary

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Treasurer

Miss Julia O'Connor, 853 Bathurst St.

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Miss Mary Hayes, Miss E. Kormann.

Councillors

Miss Kelman, Miss E. McBride, Miss M. McGrath,
Miss M. O'Connor, Mrs. Pajolas.

 ALUMNAE NOTES 

On Thursday, June 2nd, after assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent Chapel, our Association held its twenty-second annual meeting and election of officers.

Officers elected for term 1932-'34 were: President, Mrs. Frank Pajolas; Vice-President, Mrs. W. A. Wallis; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. D. O'Brien; 3rd Vice-President, Miss M. Morrow; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan; 5th Vice-President, Miss Mary McGrath; Recording Secretary, Miss Irene Richard; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Kenneth Aitken; Out-of-Town Secretary, Miss Mary O'Connor; Press Secretary, Mrs. Grattan Giblin; Treasurer, Miss Julia O'Connor; Historians, Miss Kelman and Mrs. F. O'Connor; Counsellors, the Past Presidents.

All proceeded to the Assembly Hall of the Convent, where the Annual Banquet was held in honour of the College School Graduates of 1932. In their pretty graduation costumes, and wearing their gold medals, the twenty-six graduates, seated at a central table within the U-shape tables occupied by the Alumnae, presented a charming picture.

A vocal solo by Mrs. D. Ryan, who was accompanied by her daughter, a member of the graduating class of 1932, and solos by Mrs. J. F. Killoran, were delightful features of the evening's entertainment. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, voicing the sentiments of the Association, complimented the retiring President, Miss O'Connor, on the courteous and capable manner in which she had fulfilled her position as head of the Alumnae during her term 1930-'32, and as a token of the Society's appreciation, presented her with a bouquet of lovely flowers.

Toasts: Miss Teresa Geraldine O'Connor, toast mistress. Our Sovereigns, Spiritual and Temporal. "Where God is, all agree."—Vaughan. Alma Mater, "Sweet promptings into kindest deeds were in her every look."—Whittier. Proposed

by Miss Kelman. Responded to by Miss Helen McGrath. Our Guests, "Welcome as the kindly showers to long parched earth."—Dryden. Proposed by Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse. Responded to by Miss Florence Boland. The Graduates of 1932. Proposed by Miss Rhona McDonagh. Responded to by Miss Laureen O'Brien.

* * * * *

Bon Voyage to Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and Miss M. Kelman, who are representing our Alumnae at the International Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, Ireland.

* * * * *

On Saturday, June 18th, the Holy Rosary Church was the scene of a very interesting wedding, when Eileen Marie Kormann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frantz J. Kormann, became the bride of Mr. Edward Wilfred Rush, son of Mrs. Rush and the late Edward Rush of Toronto. Rev. Father Rush, C.S.B., brother of the groom, was celebrant of the Nuptial Mass and Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., performed the marriage ceremony.. To Mr. and Mrs. Rush we wish many, many happy years.

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On Wednesday, April 13th, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered in the Convent Chapel for the happy repose of the deceased members of the Alumnae, and on the following day members of the Alumnae and a number of the Sisters of St. Joseph visited the graves of the deceased Sisters in St. Michael's and Mount Hope cemeteries.

* * * * *

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Florence Quinlan on her success in obtaining from the University of Toronto the degree, Doctor of Philosophy, and to Miss Hermine Keller on obtaining the degree, Bachelor of Music. Hermine before graduating from St. Joseph's Academy, won honour Associate Standing from the Toronto Conservatory of Music. We are proud of our brilliant Doctor and Bachelor graduates and wish them success and blessing in their respective avocations.

At the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Wednesday morning, June 1st, Adele Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Knowlton, was united in marriage with Mr. Leo Joseph Hickey, son of Mrs. and the late David Hickey. Rev. Father Vincent Hickey, brother of the groom, was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

To the bride and groom our best wishes for long years of happiness and prosperity.

* * * * *

On June 10th, St. Joseph's Convent opened its hospitable doors to the delegates and visitors who were here in Toronto attending the sessions of the Catholic Women's League of Canada. The Honorary President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, Rev. Mother Victoria together with the President, Mrs. Teresa G. O'Connor, and the other officers, were the hostesses.

They greeted the guests in the spacious reception hall, and then ushered them into the beautiful chapel, ablaze with lighted candles, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, the nuns' choir furnishing the music. After Benediction tea was served in the drawing-rooms, where the tables were artistically decorated with lace, lovely flowers and candles in silver candlesticks.

Mrs. James D. Warde, a Past President of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, expressed the official greetings of the Alumnae and the Sisters of St. Joseph to the delegates and guests.

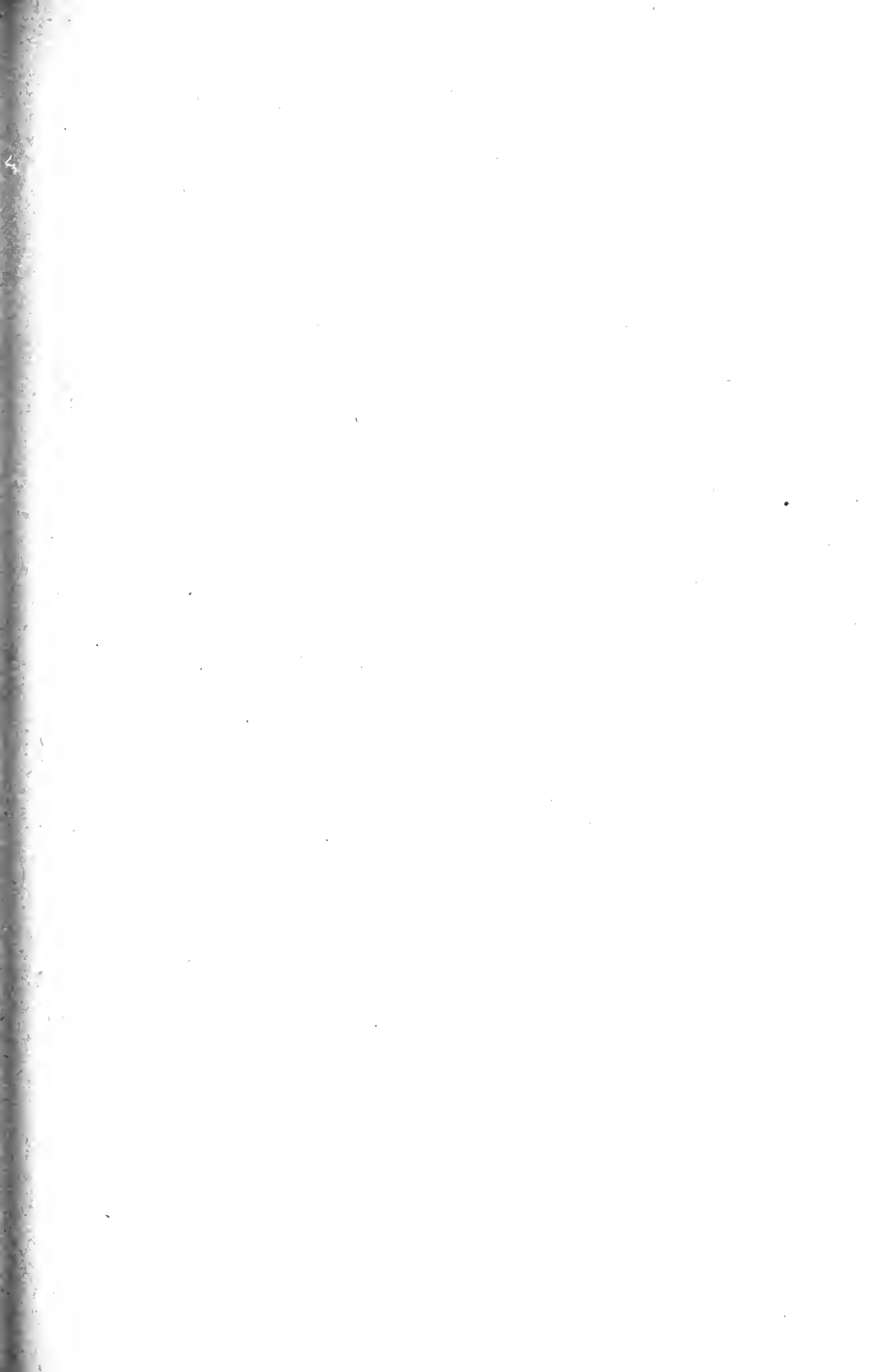
Mrs. J. A. McDonagh, Mrs. W. A. Wallis, Mrs. Michael Healey, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Miss M. Morrow, poured tea. The students of the college assisted.

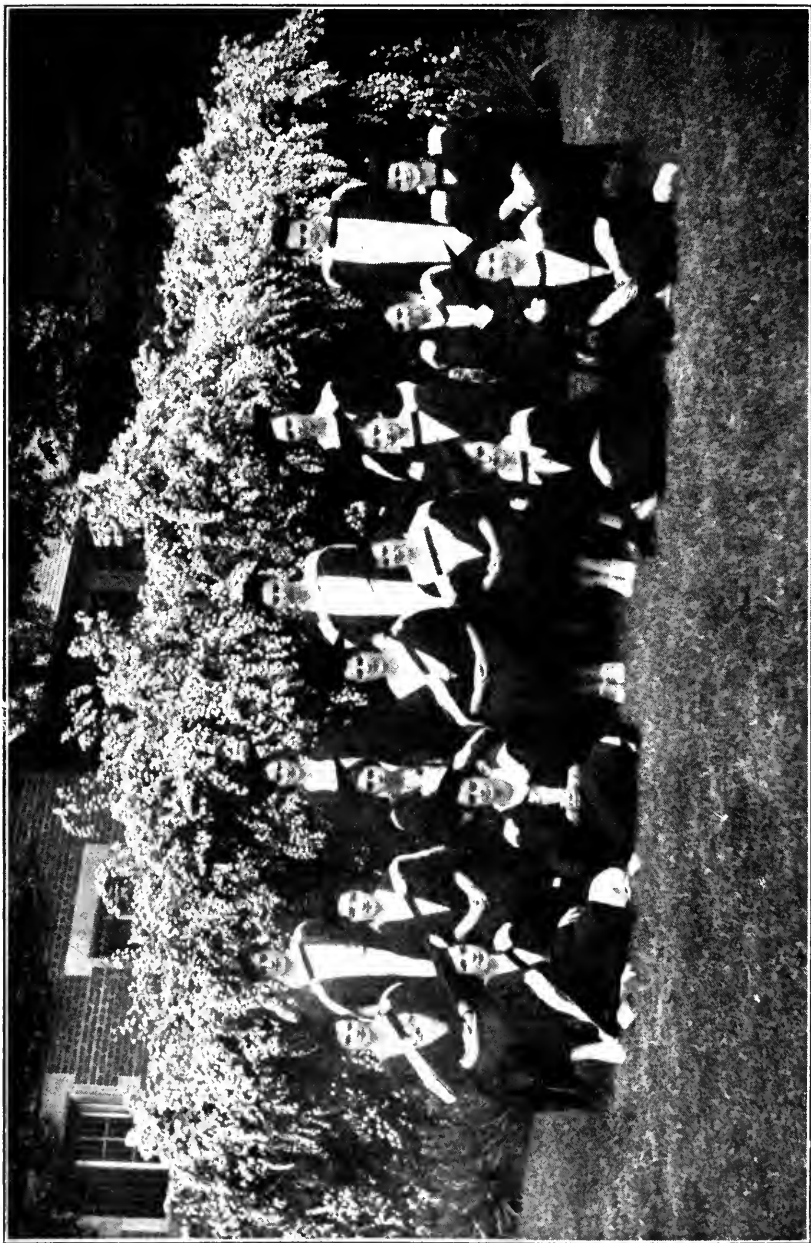
Mrs. W. J. MacIntyre, Charlottetown, National President of the Catholic Women's League, spoke with glowing praise for the work which the C.W.L. had achieved during the past and former years and the great work of the future.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased: Rev. Dr. James Foley; Rev. Father Mullen C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father George C. Williams, P.P.; Rev. Nicholas Roche, C.S.B.; Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, Fullerton; Mother Bonaventure Devine; Mrs. E. M. Murphy; Mrs. D. H. Lehane; Miss Estelle O'Brien; Mr. Thomas W. Colleran; Mr. Peter Goodwin; Mr. Clark; Mrs. Collins; Mr. Lawrence Murphy; Miss Alice Campbell; Miss Cecilia Coleman; Miss Catherine Hurson; Mr. Frank Cairo; Mr. Bouveir; Mrs. James O'Brien; Miss Mildred De-Rocher; Miss Kathleen Roche; Mrs. Jerry Burns (Susie Ryan); Miss M. A. Garner; Miss Catherine Daley; Mrs. Michael Conroy; Mrs. Carriek; Mrs. Barry; Miss Lalone; Mr. John Gerard Hanley; Mrs. Whelan; Mrs. Noon; Mrs. Boehler; Mr. Richard Coady; Miss McGarvey; Mrs. Margaret McNeff Kilty; Mrs. Frank Scully; Mr. William O'Connor; Mrs. James Carolan; Mrs. G. Cameron; Mr. Edward Webster; Mrs. Sarah Devaney.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.





GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, JUNE, 1932.

Top Row (left to right)—Loretto McGarry, B.A., Jessie Grant (Occasional), Kathleen Peck, B.H.Sc., Jennie Farley, B.A., Willie Ann Luckett, B.A.
 Middle Row—Bernita Miller, B.A., Ella Coughlin, B.A., Pauline Bondy, B.A., Lorraine Paterson, B.A., Constance Hinds, B.A., Norma Coughlin, B.H.Sc., Agnes Costella, B.A., Patricia Cashman, B.A.
 Bottom Row—Jeanette Naud, B.A., Ronona Laplante, B.A., Frances O'Connor, B.A., Evelyn Scully, B.A.
 Absent—Eileen Battle, B.A., Myrtle McQueen, B.A., Katherine Gleeson, B.H.Sc., Eileen Harrison, B.A.

VALEDICTORY

Those days were sturdy days and sweet
And fleeting.

Strong with the ivied strength of old tried walls,
And high long echoing halls,
And the yet closer bond of years' tradition.
Strong with the quiet of security,
And the loved friendships there.

Remember

The splash of long white light down the curved stair,
The seampery shadows winking at the sun,
The morning Mass and blessing of the day,
And the soft rustle of the Autumn leaves
Blown by the wind across the park
Even to the corner where we waited oft
On lecture way.

Remember

The evening's study, and the evening talk,
The solemn, foolish, confidential things,
The laughter over all.
And evening Chapel
And the tiny wisp of white curled smoke
The dying candle mingled with our prayer
There . . . in the quiet.

We remember;

For hidden in our graduation gifts
Each takes a bit of College beauty with her
And leaves its beauty whole.

The beauty which belongs unto the years,
Which we leave unto others.

And to them,

As to us on our new uncertain way,
The blessing of St. Joseph's.

—Jennie Farley, B.A.



COLLEGE NOTES



The College Banquet, tendered to the Graduating Class by the Undergraduates of all years, took place on the Wednesday evening of Easter Week at 6.30 p.m. Besides the Graduates, the guests of honour were Rev. Father Bellisle, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College; Rev. Father Roche, C.S.B., Professor of Philosophy; Rev. Dr. O'Reilly and Rev. Dr. Dillon, Professors of Religious Knowledge; and Miss Clare Quirk, M.A., Lecturer in Latin.

After the much-enjoyed banquet, which did credit to the skill of our Convent Chef, toasts were proposed and responded to by the Reverend clergy present.

The Graduates were presented with artistic metal book markers and paper knives, bearing St. Michael's College Crest, souvenirs of a happy evening.

* * * * *

On Friday morning, June 10, Convocation Day for the students of the University of Toronto, the twenty graduates of St. Joseph's College assisted at Holy Mass in the College Chapel, in thanksgiving for success in their recent examinations, and to ask God's blessings on their future lives.

* * * * *

After Holy Mass, Rev. Father Bellisle, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, delivered a very impressive sermon. Taking as his text the words: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it," he pointed out to the Graduates that two Master Architects were at work upon the souls of men, God and the Devil. Each builds, not for time, but for Eternity, and it is a question of man's free will which of these Architects will rear the structure within each soul. God builds upon a foundation of humility, with faith, hope and charity to gird and crown the building, while the devil's

materials are pride, avarice, sensuality, and all that is comprised in the spirit of the world and in hatred of God.

At the breakfast, which was served on the verandah, overlooking the garden, gorgeous with iris, pionies, and sperala, Father Bellisle and Father Kelly, the College Chaplain, were guests. Each Graduate was given a beautiful picture of St. Joseph and an Imitation of Christ, gifts of Mother-General and Sister Superior.

Condescension

Is it naught that I called thee out of nothingness,
Stamped thee with My Image: wiped away all traces
Of sin original: wooed thee with great graces
That thou mightest be Mine; reckoned life's pain less
Than nothing, and death, divine pleasure to win
Thee (so fondly I love thee), and draw thee from sin?
See how I plead with thee, veiling My Majesty!
Spurn not My love then, nor count it as naught.

Sr. M. St. J.



**EXAMINATION RESULTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
IN FACULTY OF ARTS, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.**

At the Commencement exercises held at Convocation Hall, June 9th and 10th, the University of Toronto conferred degrees on the following students of St. Joseph's College:—



PRIZE LIST.

The Robert McBrady Silver Medal in IV. Year Pass Course—
Miss W. A. Luckett.

Scholarship in Modern Languages II. Year.
Miss M. H. Dart.

Scholarship in Household Economics, II. Year.
Miss M. M. McCarthy.



BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Classics:—

Class II.—Miss C. M. Hinds.

Pass—Miss L. A. Paterson.

Modern Languages:—

Class II.—Miss P. J. Bondy. — Miss J. O. Farley.

.. —Miss R. M. Laplante. —Miss E. Battle.

Class III.—Miss M. L. McGarry.

English and History:—

Class II.—Miss B. M. Miller.

Pass Course.

Grade A.—Miss W. L. Luckett.

Grade B.—Miss M. M. McQueen.

.. —Miss F. M. O'Connor.

.. —Miss M. E. Scully.

Grade C.—Miss A. J. Costello.
 „ —Miss J. Naud.
 Without Grading—Miss P. Cashman.
 „ —Miss M. E. Harrison (Eng.).
 Aegrotat—Miss E. Coughlin.
 Occasional—Miss J. C. Grant, III. in Honour.
 French, Pass in Spanish.



BACHELOR OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Grade B—Miss K. Peek.
 Without Grading—Miss N. A. Coughlin.



THIRD YEAR.

Classics :—

Aegrotat—Miss H. C. Quinlan.
 Transferred—Miss D. M. R. Greening.

Latin (French Option) :—

Class II.—Miss M. M. Hussey.

Modern Languages :—

Class II.—Miss H. C. Hartmann, Miss E. F. Hartmann.

English and History :—

Class II.—Miss M. A. McKenna, Miss A. L. McAlpine.

Pass Course.

Grade C.—Miss I. M. Baxter, Miss R. M. Carroll, Miss G. V. Gibbons, Miss M. A. Hayes, Miss T. M. Hayes, Miss M. J. Lynch, Miss U. Murray, Miss M. M. O'Brien, Miss H. M. O'Donnell, Miss M. E. Palmer, Miss A. C. Spreen.

Without Grading—Miss L. B. Richardson (Col. II., Math. I.), Miss H. A. Tallon.

SECOND YEAR.

Latin (French Option):—

Class II.—Miss H. M. Egan, Miss M. H. McHenry.

Modern Languages:—

Class I.—Miss M. H. Dart. Class II.—Miss M. V. Dart.

Household Economics:—

Class I.—Miss M. M. McCarthy.

Commerce and Finance:—

Transferred—M. E. Shanahan.

Pass Course.

Grade B.—Miss M. M. Gillooley. Grade C.—Miss A. L. Hayes. Miss M. C. O'Connell.

Without Grading—Miss M. F. C. McNamara (Latin).



FIRST YEAR.

Moderns:—

Class II.—Miss B. Grobba.

B.L.—Miss R. Godfrey.

English and History:—

B.L.—Miss M. Flahiff.

Mathematics:—

Miss M. Brohman.

Household Economics:—

Miss M. Whelan.

Pass Course.

Grade B.—Miss D. Smyth; Miss U. Riordan.

Without Grading—Miss M. Murray (Algebra and Geometry).

**COMMUNITY NOTES****Mary's Day at St. Joseph's.**

On Mary's Day, May 7th our College School pupils, over four hundred strong, wearing the Miraculous Medal and blue ribbon badge assisted at holy Mass and received Holy Communion in honour of the Queen of Heaven, our Immaculate Mother. Later the resident pupils renewed their Sodality Act of Consecration.

The afternoon witnessed a happy event which we hope to make a yearly recurring part of our Mary Day Celebration, when a large number of former pupils brought their children, ranging in age from five years to babyhood, for a visit to Alma Mater. The hall, gaily decorated with balloons of all colors, and other novelties to captivate the children's interest, became a scene of intense excitement as the first shyness vanished and the little ones began to play. A new wonder dawned when they were arranged in a delightful group, preparatory to being photographed. Silence fell with the arrival of refreshments, after which the ultimatum of the mothers decreed "Time Up." The guests departed, the children each wearing a dainty medal in honour of Our Lady's Day, carried a bright balloon souvenir, and promised to come back again very soon.

* * * * *

A charming visitor to St. Joseph's during the Twelfth National Convention of the C.W.L. was Miss Mary Hawks of Washington, D.C., who was guest speaker at the Convention banquet, on Wednesday, June 8th.

Miss Hawks represented twenty-five million American Catholic women at Geneva, in March, in her capacity of President of the National Councils of Catholic Women of America, and Executive member of the International Union of C.W.L.

Miss Hawks took as her topic, at the banquet, "Leagues

in an International Programme," in which she related the procedure at Geneva. At the close of her talk, Miss Hawks told of the little Canadian boy in Father Finn's Choir in New York, who sang with such feeling and understanding that she watched him to find the key of his ability to render the love and pathos of life at so early an age, and she discovered that he always sang with a Crucifix folded between his hands.

Miss Hawks was on the staff of the "Catholic World," New York, for some years, but of late is connected with the N.C.W.C. in Washington, D.C.

* * * * *

On Friday, May 6th, members of our community, the College and College School Students enjoyed a rare musical treat when Renee Nizan, a noted young French organist, gave a very delightful organ recital in our Convent. Mademoiselle was accompanied by her father and Rev. Dr. Muekle of St. Michael's Cathedral.

* * * * *

Under the spiritual direction of Rev. T. Mangan, C.S.S.R., a closed Retreat for the lady teachers of the Separate Schools will be held at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans street, June 17th-20th.

Sister M. Fidelis Clarke, Community of St. Joseph, Toronto.

On April 22nd, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake., Searboro, the soul of Sister M. Fidelis Clarke passed through death's mysterious portal to enter, we hope, into the joy of the Lord. She had reached her 72nd year and was within a couple of years of her Golden Anniversary in religion. Her last hours were as an echo of her whole life; in peaceful confidence she calmly expired as a tired child falls asleep in a parent's protecting arms. When the end approached she felt no fear, for her unfaltering trust in the loving Providence of God was very great.

Sister Fidelis was born in Conneautville, Penn., and was preceded in religion by her sister, Sister Francis Clare, beloved by many as their Novice-Mistress and reputed as a saint. Shortly after entering the Novitiate, Sister Fidelis was appointed to a class of young children. To this beloved apostolate among the little ones she was so intently devoted, that in it she excelled remarkably, and for well over forty years in St. Paul's and St. Mary's schools of Toronto, and also in St. Catherine's Separate School, she continued the good work. By her exceeding kindness, her zeal, her "savoir faire," she obtained surprising results. Her reserved exterior and dignified bearing aided in the discipline of her class and repressed any attempt at mischief.

There was about Sister Fidelis a spirit of other-worldliness and all-embracing sympathy which may be considered her characteristic gift. In her heart the whole world found refuge, the poor, the sick, the little ones being objects of her special solicitude.

On April 24th, feast of St. Fidelis a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Markle and two assistants in the Novitiate Chapel, after which the funeral cortege wended its way to Mount Hope. There the prayers were recited and a last blessing was given by Rev. Dr. Markle, surrounded by members of the Community and faithful friends. R.I.P.

THE MASTER'S WORK.

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do,
 To honour Thee to-day?
Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul
 That I may say?
For, see, this world that Thou hast made so fair,
 Within its heart is sad;
Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and weep,
 But few are glad.

But which among them all is mine to-day?
 Oh, guide my willing feet
To some poor soul that, fainting on the way,
 Needs counsel sweet;
Or into some sick-room, where I may speak
 With tenderness of Thee,
And, showing who and what Thou art, O Christ,
 Bid sorrow flee;

Or unto one who straits call not for words,
 To one in want, in need,
Who wills not counsel, but would take from me
 A loving deed.
Surely, Thou hast some work for me to do;
 Oh, open Thou mine eyes
To see how Thou would'st have it done,
 And where it lies.

ONLY A PENNY

“Immortal only are the kindly things you did—
Amen, amen, I say you did them unto Me.”

It was precisely three o'clock in the afternoon when the meeting took place. He had on an old brown felt hat—very tightly pulled down to cover the greater part of his forehead. His coat was frayed, and I noticed that the inside pocket was missing. He wore no vest; his dirty calico shirt, without collar or stud, braved the dusty winds and the heavy grit of the city. A couple of rather large nails did service as trouser-buttons—and they evidently were not altogether safe, for his trousers seemed to be longer on one side than on the other.

In three seconds I had summed him up—mentally: “An outcast—drunkard—probably wants cash.” Was I right? His first question came with evident hesitation.

“Would you—would you be so kind, sir, as to give me the price of a meal?”

His tone was plainly gentlemanly, I thought to myself: “A former society man. Drink has done it.” Aloud I said, “Sorry, but I do not give money to drunkards.”

The words were brutal—unnecessarily brutal—but at the moment I did not think they were.

His face twitched: he showed intense emotion not untouched by agony. He barred my progress.

“Sir”—he spoke very softly—“Sir, I am not a drunkard. You will pay for a meal?”

“Bah!” I answered, adding derisively, “Anything else you want? But if you are really so hungry, here take this,” and I tossed him a penny. He looked his thanks and tottered. Then pulling himself together, he managed to cross the busy street. I suddenly felt a wave of pity steal over me, but quickly it passed and I decided that someone else “could act the Samaritan.”

* * * * *

I left the corner and soon all thoughts of my encounter disappeared. When I arrived in Gladstone St. I saw the loved light shining through the open window. Home! After tea a desire to tell the family of my meeting took possession of me, but I looked into their pitying eyes and I was ashamed.

I slept, and in my dreams I was carried to the "regions beyond." I thought I was surrounded by demons—in hell. Then somehow I was changed into the rich man, commonly known as "Dives." I was unhappy. Then I had a fresh experience. Suddenly I was in new surroundings and I saw a ragged personage on my right. Instinctively I knew that this was Purgatory. Swiftly he flicked through the flames and an angel was beside him. He soared aloft and there above in splendor I saw the Mother and her Son; and the Mother kissed the stranger's brow. Then I saw more clearly. It was "my drunkard!"

* * * * *

"Harold! Harold! For heaven's sake, Harold, wake up! Whatever is the matter?"

I heard the words distinctly, it seemed. Then I felt the pillow; it was wet. I touched my forehead, and beaded drops of perspiration moistened my fingers. The reason rushed back to me.

I explained my "gasping" slumber with mental reservation. I said I had an attack of "nightmare." All were satisfied—except one. That one was I.

Instead of going direct to the "office," I went to the spot where I had met my drunkard. I described him to a constable. "Oh," he said, with an enlightened grin, "that's 'Lawyer' Nevin you want. He's in the hospital. Brilliant chap—went to war—wounded—decorated—white—no work—wouldn't beg—starving."

I heard no more. For the moment I was deaf and dumb. Starving! Then he was not "a drunkard!" Starving! Then I was . . .

I recollected myself and asked tremulously, "Where is the

hospital?" He appeared not to notice my agitation. "First turn to the left, then fourth building on the right."

St. Elmo's Hospital looked particularly attractive this morning. I knocked and when I enquired if Mr. Nevin was in the hospital, the nurse looked at me queerly.

"Any relation?" she asked.

I replied quickly, "No, just a friend."

"Well, sir, I'm sorry, but your friend has passed away. He died at six-thirty this morning. Lacked nourishment, unfortunately—Why, sir, are you ill? Just sit down here for a few minutes." I took the proffered chair. But still there was constantly recurring "Six-thirty! Six-thirty!"—Ah, God! It was six-thirty when I was aroused from sleep. Six-thirty!

I saw to it that he had a decent burial. But it would have been attended to without me. For the Parish Priest had visited him shortly before his death.

Since then to "God's own poor" I've always lent the "helping hand."

T.M.D.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasures of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ibid.

THE BULKLEY VALLEY BARBECUE.

Of those who glance at this title there may be many who have but a faint idea of its significance. Perhaps some of you have made the delightful journey from Toronto to Prince Rupert on the Canadian National Railway, and on stopping at Bulkley Gate, have gazed in awe and wonder at the great but treacherous canyon below, through which the Bulkley River flows.

The Bulkley Valley stretches from Bulkley Lake, for many miles on either side of the river, to Hazelton, a distance of 100 miles, where the Bulkley joins the Skeena River to flow to the Pacific Ocean. This valley has very arable soil and is dotted with a thousand small lakes. Snow-capped mountains surround it and shelter it from severe storms. To those of us who live here, there is not a more beautiful and beloved spot on earth.

Now the Barbecue, which I am about to describe, is the usual annual celebration peculiar to this part of the country. Perhaps when motoring you have bought a Barbecue sandwich and would be glad to know whence it derived its name.

On the eve of Labour Day a huge pit is dug, oblong in shape. It is lined with rocks which fit closely together. A fire is built in it and let burn until the stones are exceedingly hot. The fire is then removed and huge quarters of beef, placed on galvanized sheeting, are put into this hole. The top is then securely covered.

In the morning about eleven o'clock the meat is ready to be taken out. The covering is removed and the single pieces are drawn out on the tins to long stands. Here bread has been cut and seasoning is available. Carvers begin to cut the meat which is of golden brown colour and gives off a delicious appetizing odour.

Everyone lines up with his slices of bread and each in turn receives a large, juicy slice of "barbecued" beef. This is the

most "tasty" sandwich anyone could wish for. I fear you may think that we who enjoy this sport must be very rough, uncouth people, but this is a mistake.

Often, when visitors hear of the Barbecue they say, "Oh! surely nice people do not participate in it. There will be only cowboys and Indians." However, we can assure them that all the best people will be there and finally they do condescend to come along with a "Now promise me you won't ask me to eat any of it." But somehow they get the spirit of the West and soon learn to relish the Barbecue Sandwich.

In the afternoon the crowd is entertained with a wonderful exhibition of steer-riding, bucking horses, fancy-riding and horse races. The greatest horse race is the Bulkley Valley Derby. In it only the winners of foregoing races are allowed to ride. A grand prize is awarded to the man whose horse wins this race.

An Indian war dance is also a very popular item in the list of amusements. Certain chosen Indians dressed in Chiefs' attire jump about in a wild and fantastic manner, keeping time to the monotonous beating of a tom-tom.

Then in the evening the celebration is concluded with a monster dance. Here you meet practically every one in the "Valley" and—oh the happy community spirit that obtains in this gathering!

If any of my readers chance to be journeying through the Bulkley Valley in September, stop and join us in our annual Barbecue, and I promise you a very thrilling entertainment.

Antoinette Bourgon,

Form II., St. Joseph's Academy,
Prince Rupert.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE CITY, B.C.

Queen Charlotte City—a beautiful, high-sounding name which might well conjure up in our imagination a queenly city with magnificent boulevards, majestic public buildings, and a rich residential section, and perchance an arm of mighty ocean reaching gracefully in and bringing to the shores of the splendid city the great “Empresses of the Pacific.”

Now, for an optimistic lover of Queen Charlotte City this is a picture we like to think of when looking into the future of fifty years or so. But if you have none of the ties of childhood memories which so strongly bind one’s heart to a place and gild it with a peculiar charm, you will be fairly “spell-bound with disappointment” when, after a night’s journey on the Steamship Prince John, you come in view of a little wharf extending into the water, and near it the ruin of an old mill.

Here you behold the remnant of a busy little town of four or five years ago, a hurrying bustling place with a thriving business for everyone.

You disembark, and may either take the bus or walk along the country road to the hotel, which is small, but nevertheless neat and well kept. After securing your room and resting for a while you will start to look at the points of interest.

The only industries are the raising of garden stuff for home use, and fishing. In connection with the latter there is a saltery owned by a Japanese firm which carries on the business of salting and packing the fish. The fish are brought up in boats to the little docks onto which the wide doors of the saltery open. Here the fish are taken in, cleaned, salted, and packed in huge boxes to be shipped to the Orient.

The hospital, in former days the residence of my grandmother, is a substantial building with an adjoining cottage for the nurses’ home. The staff nowadays consists of just the doctor and his wife, but nevertheless the little institution ren-

ders good service in this settlement so far removed from any large centre.

Further on you will come to Beattie's Departmental and Drug Store, where "My Dad" commenced business many years ago in the days when Queen Charlotte City was at its best and trade was flourishing. In the last few years a decided slump has come, it is true, but like many others, my father has great hope for the future of Queen Charlotte City.

There is one restaurant kept by a quaint old Swedish man who the people nicknamed "Potroast" because of his skill in preparing that particular dish.

There are not enough Catholics here, or in fact in any one place in the Queen Charlotte Islands, to form a parish or even to build a Mission Chapel. Once or twice a year a missionary priest makes his way to the distant Catholic homes miles apart, where he offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administers the sacraments to those sheep in the wilderness.

Lately a road has been built from Queen Charlotte to Port Clements. It is a grand sight to see the towering pines stretching up into the azure sky and the spruces reaching out their branches till they brush the ears as they pass. As you near your destination you will probably behold a scene of wondrous beauty as the sun in the distance, sinks gently into the sea. Then as it passes from view, the trees cast their shadows across the road, and the moon begins to show her face from behind a hill, casting a flood of pale glimmering light over land and sea. Here at Port Clements the SS. Prince Charles, gaily lighted and with orchestra playing, is waiting to take you on to Prince Rupert.

Margaret Beattie,
Grade VIII., St. Joseph's Academy.

Prince Rupert.

AN INDIAN MYTH.

We stood on the bank of the Capilano, spellbound. It was one of Spring's rare evenings when all is in peaceful bliss. The trees were covered with fresh green leaves. Below these were a profusion of flowers. Once again we gazed at our surroundings. Forming a back-ground were the mountains, yes, those mountains! How stately and independent do they stand with their high snow-capped peaks towering into the heavens! We turned towards the East. Ah, here are the forests. Over yonder stands a mighty pine murmuring some tale of long ago. A tall cedar spreads its branches over our heads. Now and then some daring bough swept down and brushed our faces. As far as the eye could see, there were trees, only trees. It is such forests that make British Columbia so famous. We faced the West. The dying sun was sinking deeper and deeper into the vast Pacific Ocean. The distant sky glowed, then was overspread by a suffused light of a delicate orange, merging away into a blue, and as we watched, into a purple depth.

Alice and I sighed. Was not nature beautiful? The south opened to us Vancouver Centre and Burrard Inlet. Each house and building was represented to us by a ghostly dark shadow. Behind this a trail of smoke was slowly making its way towards the sky. It came from Lulu Island. Then arose that distant song from the Capilano Canyon, and we stood spellbound.

"Did you," I asked my friend, "ever hear the Indian legend of Yaada?"

"No, what is it?"

"I'll tell you. I read it, but I thought it was a fable until now."

"Oh! Tell me, please tell me."

"Well, it was supposed to have happened many years ago. In the Charlotte Isles, the land of totem poles, there lived a

beautiful Indian maiden called Yaada. She was loved by everyone because of her beauty, kindness and virtue. A young Indian chief, Muskoka, loved her and soon a day was appointed for the union. Yaada, though, did not seem content. She liked him, but still she did not consider him as a lover. The appointed day was drawing nearer and nearer. But before it arrived, an Indian chief from Capilano brought his fierce, painted warriors to these isles. He fell captive to Yaada's smiles and to her singing. She, too, was caught in the net of his love. The morning of the great day arrived. Muskoka, worried because Yaada had not appeared all morning, made his way to her tent. After several fruitless calls he entered. It was empty. He hurried to the shore. The strangers were gone.

"He had taken her, my Yaada, to his Squamish land," he cried.

Meanwhile, Yaada had left with her Squamish lover. He led her onward through the ocean rough, then, into a river toward his home. The song of the paddle, the river's ripple, the murmuring pines and all was certainly as a beautiful dream. Weeks and weeks they travelled and at last he said, "Up on that bank I live, for this is Capilano, my dream land."

Yaada worked joyfully about and even taught birds to sing for her lover, fed the tiny animals, trained the vines about the tent's door, and lastly, taught the Capilano how to sing. But her own people were quick to battle, quick to cross the coastal waters. They made their way through creeks and forests and stole her from the Squamish Chieftain to bring her back to the land of Totem Poles. But now she was sad and discontented, for not to friend but unto foremen she belonged.

But at sunset and when there are fires on Lulu Island, the Capilano sings and sobs for Yaada. Listen, Aliee. Hear it?

We listened in silence, while the canyon murmured its song.

"Isn't it wonderful?"

We sighed again, awoke from our dreams and started to walk homeward.

Agnes O'Neil,
Grade X., St. Joseph's High School.
Vancouver, June, 1931.

A BABY LAUGHS

A silvery, bubbling, mirthful sound
Comes a-lilting,
As fragile and soft as fairy's wings
Of silken gossamer or the things
That well from the throat of a bird.
And it sings
With the small head tilting
Of a land that is far and far away,
Of snowy bunnies with floppy ears,
Of goblins gay,
And moon's tears
And gilded music-boxes that play.

And it poises and pauses and lilt and sings
As on the night, when the King of Kings
In swaddling clothes
Against the breast
Of His soft-eyed mother
Took His rest,
The cherubs small
In Heaven above
Looked down and laughed
And the laugh was love.

Harold A. Dennies.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Stanton Hospital is situated some nine miles outside the City of Sydney. It is a Government institution, capable of accommodating about two thousand patients, and into it, as into a harbour of rest, are borne the flotsam and jetsam not only of the great city, but also of the world beyond.

Attendant Murphy silently paced the long ward of the great hospital during his weary night watch. The shadowed lights and the groans of the wakeful sufferers made him feel creepy, for in his temperament there was the awe of the supernatural, and he knew that death was hovering near more than one bed that night. Silently he fingered his beads and prayed for the souls of those who were soon to meet their God.

Suddenly the bell that announced the advent of a new patient rang startlingly in the stillness of the night, and he went forward to meet his new charge.

Abruptly another attendant said as he presented the patient: "Have him ready for an operation in the morning at seven: Dr. Sutton's orders." Murphy had heard the same command many times in the years that he had spent at the hospital, and he was accustomed to sights of wasted and suffering bodies, but it required an effort for him to control the feeling of utter repugnance to the figure that stood before him. A great hulk of a man he was, with bloated face and eyes that seemed ready to burst from their sockets. His clothes were ragged and dirty, and his whole appearance spoke of dissipation and sin. But that was not all: one side of his face, from the mouth downwards, was eaten by a terrible ulcer, unwashed and uncared for, and it was necessary that the putrid flesh should be taken away as soon as possible.

It was Murphy's duty to take the information required by the authorities.

"Your name?" he asked.

“Joseph Moran,” was the reply.

“Religion?”

“None,” was the gruff answer that came almost defiantly from the corrupting lips.

“Joseph Moran, no religion?” queried the attendant as he looked at the man. “Don’t you think you had better tell the truth? You’re going to face a big operation in the morning.”

“Look here,” said the man angrily, “I’m game to die; I’ve lived a sinner and I’ll die one. No priest or parson for me. I’m no religion. Don’t interfere.”

Murphy knew that the rules forbade him to press the matter, and he did not refer to it again, but it was with a doubting and troubled heart that he proceeded to wash and prepare the patient. It was a difficult task, and the lights in the ward were paling in the light of the breaking day before he felt that the hopeless outcast was ready for the surgeon. Moran lay gasping and weak, and whenever his eyes rested on Murphy they glared at him vindictively.

When Murphy’s time came to leave duty he wondered if he dare mention the matter again, but the angry glint in the man’s eyes warned him off. As he left the hospital he prayed over and over again: “Mother of God, don’t let him die in his sin.”

But Moran did not die. A skilful surgeon brought him safely through a severe operation.

The days wore on, and Joseph Moran’s great strength helped him on the way to recovery, and soon he was able to be helped out to the sunny and bright places of the verandah. But one evening, when it was time to return to bed, he was missing.

Unmindful of the terrible wound that needed dressing, lured on by the demon of drink, he had slipped quietly away to his former haunts of dissipation.

When Murphy heard what had happened he prayed the harder, for he knew full well that a few days of his former life would be sufficient to wreck the weakened man. Sure

enough, before the week was out he came again, and, oh! the horror of it! The wound that had needed such care had been neglected. It was uncovered, and the sight of it was almost too much for Murphy.

Another operation was necessary, and this time Murphy thought there would be no second chance for Moran.

"Mother of God, pray for the dying! Heart of Jesus, once in agony, have pity on the dying," were the silent prayers of his heart every time he looked at the bed where Moran lay moaning. Surely it was terrible to see a man die in his sin. But there might be help, and he brightened at the thought. "Why not chance sending for Father Hogan? In a short time the priest was speaking kindly to all the patients in turn. He came at length to Moran, but what he said and how he said it is known to those two alone, but within an hour of his coming to the ward a sinner's blackened soul was made white by the words of the Holy Absolution.

Murphy had deemed it prudent to absent himself from the ward during the priest's visit, and when he heard the toot of a very wheezy motor horn he knew that Father Hogan had gone.

He hurried to see if Moran needed attention, and perceiving him to be in a very weak condition, he tried to induce him to take a drink. To his surprise, it was pushed aside, and when he kindly insisted, "You must drink it," the reply came: "Leave me; can't I fast? His reverence is returning."

No more words passed between them, but the attendant made ready for the priest's return. Soon, very soon, he came, and the deeply fervent words of repentance sounded brokenly through the ward.

It was a miracle, thought Murphy. Later he said to the sufferer: "Someone must be praying for you to have got such a grace." The man replied in feeble tones while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Yes, yes. My child, my little girl, is praying for me. Long ago she loved me, but I broke her mother's heart and I left them both. Drink did it all. She has gone to a better world, but my girl lives, a nun, praying

for me, I know. And now I'm ready. God have mercy on me."

"But why not send her a message?" asked Murphy.

"No, no. I have been a bad father to her and I do not deserve that she should come. God bless her and keep her soul white."

He resolutely refused to reveal the whereabouts of his daughter. He died before he left the operating table a few hours later.

Father Hogan said Mass for his soul, and somewhere still a loving daughter prays for the soul of a prodigal father.

—Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

GLIMPSES OF TORONTO—SECLUDED CLOISTERS.

Motor Row is dedicated to the modern era of speed. Yet here one finds two of the most sequestered spots in Toronto. The garden of St. Joseph's Convent is such a peaceful place. White statuary seems the embodiment of the spirit of the garden. Even when pupils are playing in it there is an air of seclusion, as though it were set apart from the busy world about it. Then St. Mary Street gives a view more usually associated with a European city. It ends in an archway, which might be the entrance to a castle. Actually, it leads to the quadrangle of one of the colleges, but the best view effect is obtained from Bay Street. Such an Old World atmosphere surrounds the short street that, like the convent garden, it takes one's thoughts far away. The rush of traffic is forgotten. We gaze at the archway, becoming enveloped with a feeling of peaceful mystery, far removed from the urgent air of Motor Row.

E. Lillian Morley, in *The Globe*.

June 10th, 1932.

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO HAVE
OBTAINED DEGREES FROM THE UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO, 1914 — 1932.**

1. Agnes Murphy, B.A....1914—Sister Mary Agnes,
M.A.1925 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
2. Emily Johnston, B.A...1915—Sister M. Josephine,
B.Paed1924 St. Joseph's Convent,
Vancouver, B.C.
3. Mary McSweeney, B.A., 1915—Sister M. St. Charles,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
4. Madeline Burns, B.A...1916—Mrs. C. E. Fraser,
Toronto.
5. Eileen Dowdall, B.A...1917—80 Albany Ave., Toronto.
Home: Almonte, Ont.
6. Emily Quigley, B.A. ..1917—
Home: Penetanguishene, Ont
7. Muriel Gendron, B.A...1917—Staff, Parry Sound
Collegiate.
8. Florence Quinlan, B.A..1917—Lecturer in Physics,
M.A., Ph.D.1918 University of Toronto.
9. Kathleen Gilmour, B.A..1918—Mrs. M. E. O'Grady,
187 Pearson Ave.,
Toronto.
10. Geraldine Korman, B.A.1918—Sister Mary Alicia,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
11. Mary Hodgins, B.A. ..1918—Sister St. Leonard,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
12. Edna Madden, B.A. ..1918—
Home: Penetanguishene, Ont
13. Madeline Murphy, B.A.1918—Sister Mary Augusta,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
14. Helen Duggan, B.A. ..1919—
Home: Vermont Ave.,
Toronto.

15. Marion Allen, B.A.1919—Mrs. S. H. O'Brien,
932 King St. E.,
Hamilton.
16. Theresa Murphy, B.A. .1919—Monastery of the Good
Shepherd, Toronto.
17. Geraldine O'Connor, B.A.
..... 1919—Mimico, Ont.
18. Mathilde Sears, B.A. ..1919—On Staff of Scarboro
Home: 647 Euclid Avenue, Collegiate, Scarboro,
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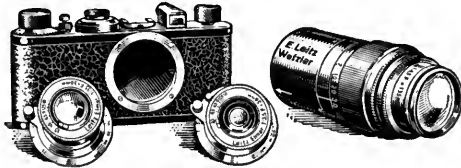
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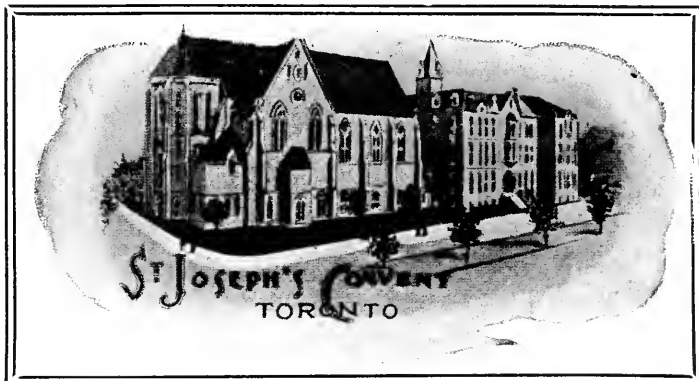
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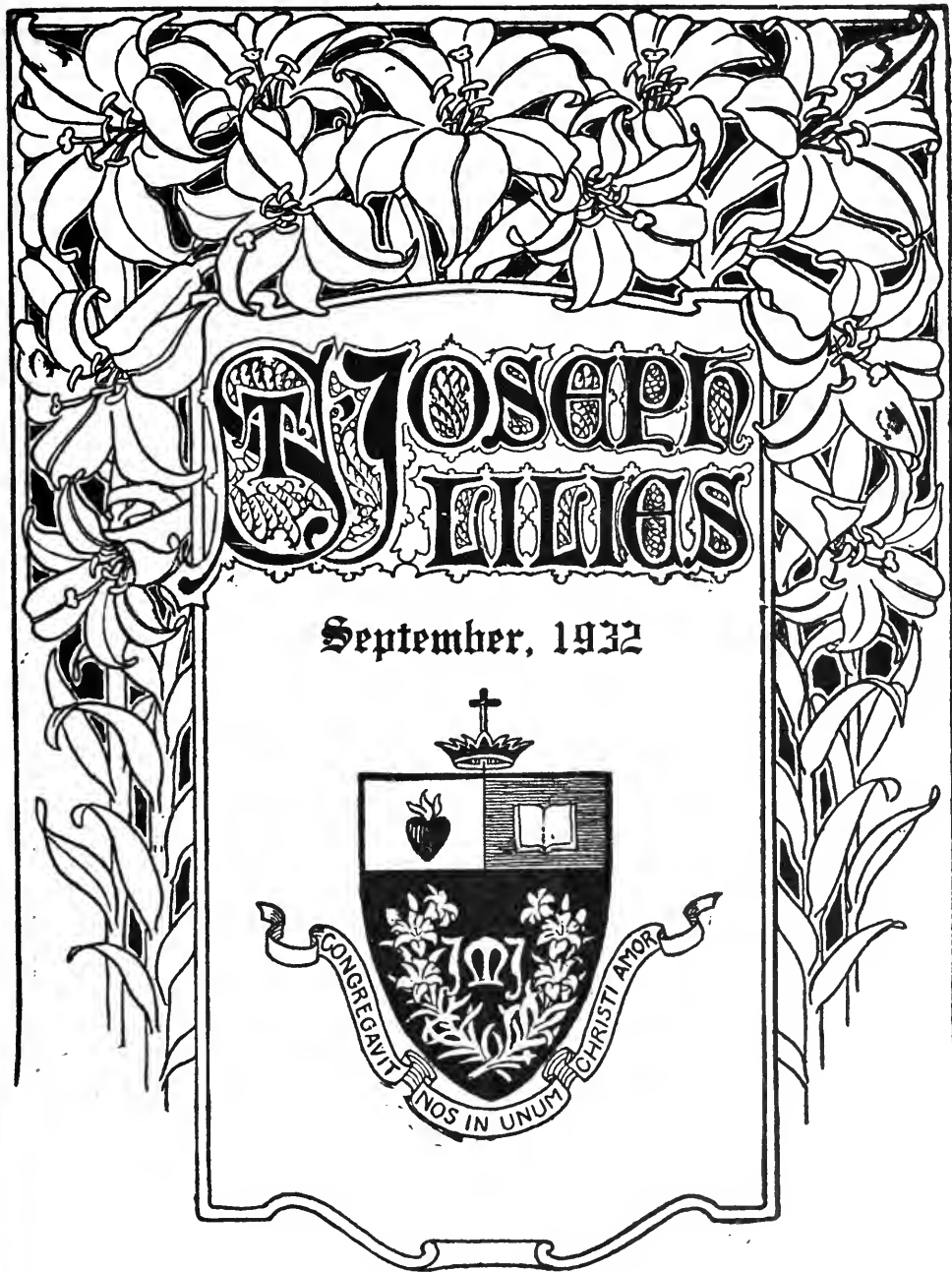
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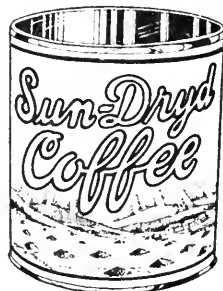
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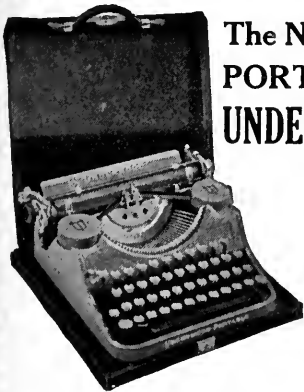
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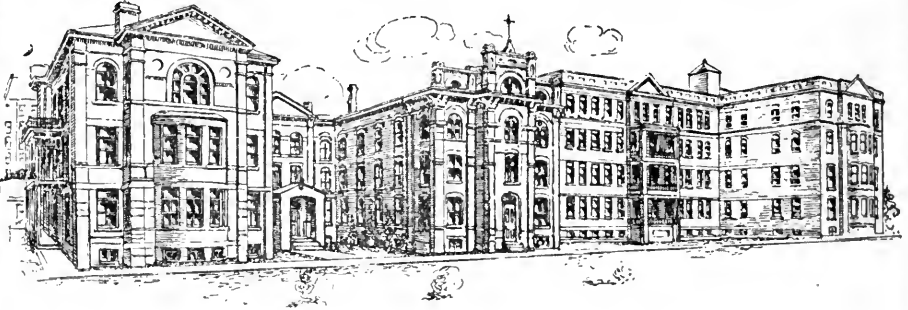
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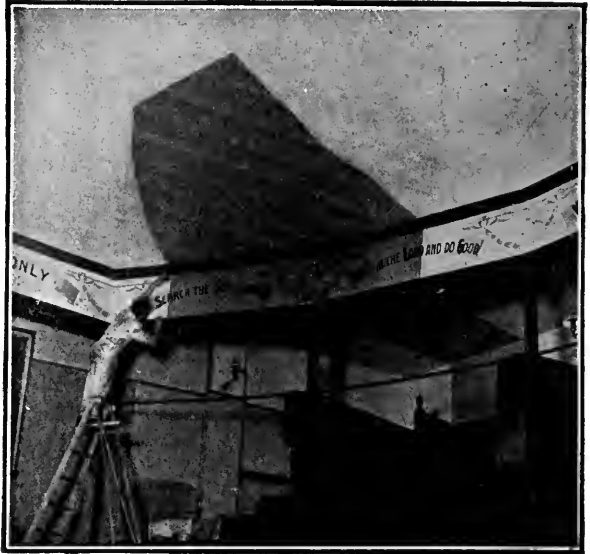
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Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1932.

No. 2.

Our Lady of the Lilies

I know the way my Lady went
From humble Nazareth,
When to the hills her steps she bent
To greet Elizabeth.
I know the way my Lady went,
I know it by the mystic scent
Of lilies tall and lilies sweet,
That bended them, with joy replete,
To lay their glories at Her feet.
Ah, lilies, ye were not so fair,
Until My Lady journeyed there.

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

—Rev. Hugh Blunt.

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF 1932

Rev. M. Cline, Toronto.

It was fitting, indeed expected, that the Eucharistic Congress of 1932 should hold a prominent place among the great international celebrations of the Blessed Sacrament. Visitors who feared the Irish people might yield to the clamor of bad times and political turmoil rather than listen to the voice of faith were ill-informed regarding the finer instincts of Irish Catholicity and the story of its endurance. Personal attachment to Christ overmasters all alliances and all fellowship in the Emerald Isle. This constitutes the essential factor and vivifying element in the unbroken loyalty of Ireland over a span of fifteen centuries.

Late-comers may, in fitful moods of devotion, approach the banquet-hall without prescribed vesture and may even partake of the fragments of the feast without due appreciation of a reality that it is the Body and Blood of our Lord, but it is different with those who have shared the hospitality of the guest-chamber for fifty generations. They see and know Christ best in "the breaking of bread."

Congress week filled the most brilliant chapter in the history of Ireland. During that momentous period the eyes of the world were centred on Ireland as the theatre of a great religious drama. The voice of Dublin spoke in the Vatican as well as in far away Australia. Dublin was a city of light and color and public prayer. The piety of fifteen centuries of worship was crowded into a great triumph of Eucharistic adoration.

To Canadians acquainted with the fickle character of Irish climate and the facility with which rain falls in that region, the programme of functions which featured the Congress was audaciously risky. The agenda, beginning with the arrival of the Cardinal Legate at Dun Loaghair to the final Benediction from O'Connell Bridge, was based on a faith which if it

did not remove mountains, at least dislodged cloud-banks. Nothing but good weather could have made the sessions possible. And to the joy of the believer and the astonishment of the unbeliever, faith triumphed over experience. The weather was not only kindly, but wooing, in its sunshine and soft breezes.

But besides the weather there were many other favoring circumstances. Dublin, where the great festival of faith was held, had long been a warrior city in the battle for the faith. It is also a city of large hearts and big ways. One of its chief attractions is Phoenix Park, which on four occasions during the Congress, presented a religious landscape not unlike the scene where Christ multiplied the loaves and the fishes.

Of the assemblies which met and merged in that week of Eucharistic fervor the three most outstanding gatherings were the welcoming throngs that greeted the incoming Cardinal Legate, the thousands of children who came to take part in their own special service and what we may now regard the crescendo of all the religious exercises, the High Mass of the concluding Sunday.

The advent of the Irish-loving Cardinal Lauri was picturesquely grand. Bright skies appropriately harmonized with the color of his glistening robes and smilingly gave him a place in the sun. Thousands, representatives of all walks of Irish life, accorded him a welcome truly regal. His way to the Pro-Cathedral was a triumphal tour over streets lined with people from pavement to roof.

Children's morning was a great pageant of youth. One hundred thousand little ones entered the park with beaming faces, singing hymns in Latin and Irish. The youthful pilgrims came to pledge their loyalty to Christ the King, and they did it well. The girls vested in white veils and the boys in colored blazers, knelt before the altar as a white army of peace and piety. They sang the Mass in a tenor of heavenly quality which told the joy of their hearts. Their pious demeanor and rigid reverence during the Holy Sacrifice evoked words of eulogy from the presiding Cardinal Legate, who was

much affected by their childlike faith and devotion. After the Mass the Cardinal moved amongst them, smiling on them, patting them on the head, and greeting them with words of blessing.

Sunday was the climax to a great week of solemn adoration. Tens of thousands from all over Ireland, together with the pilgrims of twenty nations, poured into Phoenix Park hours before Mass. The great grassy plain stirred and undulated with a living mass of humanity as the worshippers stood, sat or knelt. Everything seemed remote from earth during that apocalyptic hour. The swelling chorus of a million voices made the skies resonant with the glory of the Eucharist. Amongst the laity the men of New York, the girls of the Dutch Grail, the Sodalities of Dublin, Pioneer Abstinence Association, members of the Belgian delegation and contingents from England held place and prominence. In direct view of the altar were white squares of surpliced clergy backed by sombre groups of black robed Christian Brothers. Members of different Sisterhoods also occupied an area special to themselves. Their head-dress and picturesque habits gave color and adornment to what was rapidly shaping itself into a mighty tableau.

The procession of dignitaries preparatory to the Mass was one of liturgical grandeur. Nine Cardinals in flaming red robes moved to their places and seated themselves on red thrones with golden porches and gilded canopies, and one hundred and sixty-eight Bishops, together with a vast number of richly-clad Monsignors, filled the beautiful colonnades like a river of molten purple.

Archbishop Curley, the celebrant of the Mass, had no sooner reached the foot of the altar than Ireland was on her knees and the spacious park became a sanctuary with a silence deep and reverent as a Cistercian Monastery. A million worshippers followed the different parts of the Mass with the rhythmic unison of disciplined soldiers on parade. The singing of the choir was exceedingly sweet and deeply devotional. Count McCormack, clad in a scarlet tunic of the Papal order, sang

the Panis Angelicus with the warm glow and pathos of a soul festive with the good cheer of salvation. Next came the top note of the Congress, the tiny tinkle of St. Patrick's bell which thrilled the vast audience with a quaint echo that carried their thoughts back to the first-born days of Christianity, when Ireland spoke with the accent of a novice. The Mass was no sooner over than the Park once more resounded with the tread of marching thousands who walked eight deep to O'Connell Bridge, where Solemn Benediction-ended the greatest national profession of faith in the Real Presence since the Reformation.

Reviewing the Congress as a whole one cannot ascribe its success to organization, which in itself was wonderful, nor to the hierarchy and clergy who laid the plans and worked them out in detail, but to the whole-hearted piety of the laity, which rapidly kindled into a Pentecostal fervor. It was strictly a People's Congress, a congress of the poor and humble toilers of a nation which gives Christ a central place in the affairs of every day life, with evidences of such an enthusiastic and infectious faith we cannot but hope that the soul and heart of Ireland will remain true to Christ as long as the shamrock has root in Irish soil and the Shannon finds an outlet to the ocean.

Without constant union with our Lord there cannot be any real holiness, one reason being that without recollection the inspirations of the Holy Spirit are missed and with them a host of opportunities of little sacrifices and a shower of graces.—Rev. Wm. Doyle, S.J.

SCOTT

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

This is the hundredth anniversary of Scott's death, as his countrymen are remembering. We who are not his countrymen have a reason of our own for remembering him, for Newman has taught us that Scott was one of those, who along with Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, prepared the way for the revival of "Anglo-Catholicism" (i.e. Semi-Catholicism), which is known as the Oxford Movement. Newman, when he was a little fellow, listened with interest to the Lay of the Last Minstrel read aloud by his aunt and his mother. When he was a boy at school when Waverley and other novels by the great Unknown were published, he read them in bed early on summer mornings before it was time to get up. When Scott was dying, Newman was praying for him regularly.

Scott in Gladstone's opinion was the greatest of Scotsmen. This much is clear to all, that he, unlike most "men of letters," was a man. He guarded himself very carefully against the vanity and jealousy and envy and spite and other meanesses found in the literary character. He was not only a great writer, but a great man.

Scott was one of the few Lowlanders or Sassenach who have ever won an entrance into the heart of the Gael of the Highland and the Isles. Perhaps the family name may indicate that a remote ancestor was an Islander who received that name from the Sassenach among whom he settled. There are, or were, two races (at least) and two languages in Scotland, as much as in Canada, Belgium, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, or "England and Wales," and there was plenty of fighting between them in old times. The division is well brought out in "The Lady of the Lake." It is the Highlanders that can properly be called Scots, the Lowlanders are only Scottish (which they used to spell Scotch). But Scott could sympathize with the Gael as well as with the Lowlander, and

he could celebrate the Highland Victory of Killi-erankie as readily as the Lowland victory of the Harlaw. In this respect of broad and generous feeling he belongs to the same small class as the great Marquis of Montrose, and "Bonnie Dundee." What a contrast between his generous benevolence and the bilious malignity of Carlyle against the Kelt of Scotland as well as of Ireland. Nor were his patriotic sympathies confined to Scotland; they embraced the whole of Great Britain in days when North Britain was as provincial and parochial as the North of Ireland still is. A lover of Scotland, he was quite above envious detraction of the English and the old prejudice in favour of France against England as well as Ireland. He celebrated in great poems both Bannockburn and the battle of Flodden. In Rokeby he showed how Englishmen and Irishmen could be personal friends and intermarry. He thus taught all of his fellow-subjects or (if you prefer the word) citizens, how several and many parts, agreeing to differ, could form one great whole, in which the union would benefit every part and every part be loyal to the whole. The tragic tale of "The Two Drovers" was written to show both the Gael and the Saxon Englishman the weaknesses against which each should guard himself in communication with the other.

There are plenty of things in Scott that are offensive to a Catholic because they are unjust to the Catholic Church. But these were old, inherited prejudices, not personal opinions. Macaulay,* the son of a Scotsman, confesses that of all the

*There are two distinct and different families of this name, Macaulay; one a Highland tribe, cousins of the McAlpines, MacGregors, MacNabs, Grants, and others, all descended from Kenneth McAlpine, ancient King of the Scots; the other, the family of the Historian, is really Norse, descended from some Olaf who settled in the Hebrides. The Highland tribe sometimes spell the name "ey." The historian had no love for the Highlanders. In regard to the battle of Flodden, there is a curious anecdote well authenticated. One hundred and sixty years after the battle an Englishman called as a witness in Court, swore that when he was about twelve years old he drove a cart-load of arrows for the army from Northallerton, in Yorkshire, and on the day of the battle he brought the arrows up the hill to the archers. His testimony was accepted. There is therefore no reason to doubt his statement that he remembered seeing the last Abbot of Fountains Abbey.

nations which in the Sixteenth Century abandoned the Catholic religion, the Scottish became the most anti-Catholic (except the Gaels in the Highland and the Isles) and regarded the Catholic religion with "a hatred which might justly be called ferocious." Even in the early part of the nineteenth century there still was so much of sectarian narrowness that *The Lady of the Lake* was censured in a Kirk magazine as the work of an atheist. Both Scott and Burns departed from the National religion; but Scott in the direction towards Catholicism, whereas Burns had moved away towards Deism and Unbelief. Scott is a moral and decent writer; but of Burns only selections usually are published. Certainly I have never seen any more than a small volume of select poems; and it is only fair and charitable for me to suppose that most of his admirers read no more of him than I do myself. Matthew Arnold, who as a professor of poetry had to read him through, describes him in the vigorous language of a letter, as "a beast with gleams of genius." One of the ways in which Scott shows his respect for the Catholic religion is that his repentant sinners become Catholics, e.g., Effie Deans and the old "pirate," and even enter monasteries. The great virtue which he loves to inculcate is the forgiveness of enemies. How beautifully, how forcibly, how picturesquely is this virtue taught in the story of Marmion and De Wilton. "Vengeance to God alone belongs," says De Wilton, "but when I think on all my wrongs, My blood is liquid flame." And then the midnight encounter on the lonely moor, and the fall of Marmion:

"For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
 (O then my helmed head he knew,
 The Palmer's eowl was gone).
 Then had three inches of my blade
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
 My hand, the thought of Austin staid;
 I left him there alone."

How beautifully *The Lady of the Lake*, too, ends in the reconciliation between the King and the aged Douglas, and the

King's generous words about Roderick Vich-alpine, "My fairest earldom would I give, to bid Clan Alpine's chieftain live."

Scott was both a great story-teller and a poet. He was well entitled by Byron "the Ariosto of the North." Of his tales in prose the most wonderful is the "short story" of Wandering Willie, in *Redgauntlet*. Among his own ballads some critics give the palm to the one sung by Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot in *The Antiquary* about the battle of the Harlaw. But I confess that my own taste is for "Cadyow Castle," the story of Bothwellhaugh's punishment of the Regent Moray. Some historians say that story is not correct; but that question does not affect the poetry. In the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* some stanzas and many single lines were supplied by Scott's own mind. The ballads were lucky to have been collected by poets,—Burns, or Hogg, or Scott, and intentionally or accidentally improved by them. In "Otterbourne," for example, two stanzas about the death of Douglas are really from Scott's pen:

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three;
And hide me by the braeken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.
Oh, bury me by the braeken bush
Beneath the blooming brere;
Let never living mortal ken*
That a kindly† Scott lies here."

Among his novels or prose fictions the one that I like best, though I do not think it at all the greatest is *The Pirate*, because it is all about islanders and islands like my own native

*Kindly—typical, genuine or specific, as an Irish poet has said, "Kindly Irish of the Irish." When I was young, the salutation of an elderly Irishman when he entered a house was "God save all here," and the proper answer to it was, "God save you kindly," i.e., likewise.

†Before the Norman Conquest the literary quarter of England was the North. After that Conquest a great part of the population moved across the border to escape the Norman yoke. But the ballads are not older than the fifteenth century.

land, and because I fancy that I once knew a Minna Troil, the enthusiastic Norse nationalist young lady, who wanted to revolt against Scotland and rejoin Norway, without understanding that her islanders would have to fight not only the Scots, but also the British navy.

Gladstone said of *The Bride of Lammermuir* that in the sense of fate and doom brooding over human fortunes, there has been nothing equal to it since Aeschylus.

The most anti-Catholic of the novels is *Ivanhoe*. We may excuse him for favouring Protestantism against Catholicism, but it is a very different thing when he takes up the Jews against the Catholics of a Catholic age (ignoring at the same time the wrongs which the Jews have suffered from Protestants). The calumination of the Cistercians is unpardonable, for at that time the Cistercians were in first fervour, and perhaps the most austere of religious Orders. I can only suppose that he wanted to bring in a wicked monk in order to suit the vulgar taste, and did not wish to vilify the Benedictines, whom he liked and who were respected by all educated men, and therefore he dragged in the Cistercians, who were almost unknown to the early 19th century.

Scott's titles are not well chosen. A title to a novel should be an introduction—should, as it were, strike the keynote and draw our attention to the hero or the heroine or the place. "*Guy Mannering*" should have had some such title as "*Ellendronan*." Again "*The Antiquary*" is no proper name for the tragic story which that gentleman only helped to unravel. The title of "*Rokeby*," intended to pay a compliment to a friend, sets the reader's mind upon the wrong track from the beginning and obscures the story. It might better have been called *Bernard Castle*.

The dates at which the novels were really composed need a good deal of investigation. *Dame Una Pope Hennessy* is certainly right in holding that Scott must have been privately practising the composition of novels long before he gave up the writing of poetry and took to publishing prose. There is so great a difference in merit between compositions that were

published about the same time that we can hardly believe they were composed at the same time. The handling of the ghostly and goblin matter in *The Lay and Marmion* is so much superior to that of the *White Lady of Avenel* in *The Monastery*, that one can hardly regard the latter as really later in time and practise and acquired skill. The *Abbot* is ostensibly the sequel of *The Monastery*, but the difference in manner and merit is so great that some suspect *The Monastery* to have really been composed at a much earlier time. Part of *Guy Mannering* and part of *Redgauntlet* are each written in a fashion of epistles, as if by an inexperienced and unpractised learning, prentice hand. Dame Hennessy conjectures that the earliest of his prose compositions was part of *Guy Mannering*, which he then could not finish; then the first of *Redgauntlet*, which he got dissatisfied with; after that *St. Ronan's Well*, which he likewise laid aside; and fourth, *Waverley*, in which the first chapters are by no means equal to the rest of the book, as if they had been written earlier when he was less expert. It is a curious slip for a great mind that in *The Antiquary* the sun is made to set in the German Ocean, i.e., in the East, in one of the most exciting events. Scott incidentally taught historians how to understand the past, says Macaulay. Such a novel as *Woodstock* gives a more real Cromwell than any of the *Lives*. It seems strange to outsiders, lookers on, that his countrymen should prefer Burns to Scott as their national poet when he never showed any love for the Highlander, and that some should actually call Burns the "greater poet." This last phrase seems to me an abuse of language. Let us grant, for argument sake, that Burns wrote some lines or some stanzas more poetical than anything in Scott; this would prove him a more poetical poet, but not a greater one than Scott. Lyric poetry or elegiac poetry or pastoral is the most poetical kind of poetry, but the judges do not rank the lyric poets or elegiac or pastoral, therefore "greater" than the epic and the dramatic poets. Does any who is able to read Greek literature say that Sappho or that Theocritus (pastoral) is a greater poet than Homer or Aeschylus? Does any critic

rank Euripides, because of his choruses, above Aeschylus? No one places Catullus or Horace as a greater poet than Virgil. Some people may think that Keats wrote some stanzas more poetical than anything in Wordsworth, but they are not therefore obliged to say that he is—or if he had lived longer would have become—greater than Wordsworth. So much for the principle, now for the fact. I am not disposed to admit that Burns has in fact written anything more poetical than the three stanzas that close *The Lady of the Lake*; or the battle of Flodden, or the translation of the *Dies Irae* in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (and the translation of poetry into poetry is the most difficult of all work) or than some of the lines and stanzas which Scott inserted into the old ballads, as the *Death of Douglas* quoted above, and the following in *Thomas the Rhymer*:

“It was mirk, mirk night and there was nae stern light,
 And they waded thro’ red blude to the knee;
 For all the blude that’s shed on earth
 Rins thro’ the springs o’ that countrie.”

I fear that it is because of his merits that Scott is less popular than Burns in their native country. First, Scott moved away from Knoxism in the direction towards Catholicism, that is, the true Christianity, and contributed to the revival of Catholic ideas and principles in the whole of Britain: In the next place, Scott was a gentleman and politically a Conservative, full of the spirit of honour, chivalry, and loyalty; and though he shows, and thereby virtually teaches respect and sympathy for the poor, he was not like Burns, a Radical and almost a revolutionary democrat. Again Scott was a singularly decent and moral writer, whereas Burns was vulgar, coarse and gross, and he demoralized the country of Ayrshire (as I have been told in very strong language by a man from that country) and not that country alone. I have it on the best of authority that when a young Scotsman designs to lead a Scottish lassie a-tray, he will generally begin by

quoting some of Burns' humorous verses in order to destroy her shame and horror of sin and make immoral conduct appear to be only fun. For these reasons the impartial Christian world will continue to honour the name of Scott, and the non-Catholic Scots will find it difficult to win our respect until they send Burns to the rear and give the primacy to Scott.

IMPERFECTUS.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
 But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
 But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
 Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought
Or if a painter, with light and shade
 The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

I wonder if ever a rose was found
 And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
 And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah, never on earth shall we find the best;—
 But it waits for us in the land of Rest,
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
 'Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

—James Clarence Harvey.

Maelisu's Hymn to Archangel Michael

O angel!
Bear, O Michael of great miracles,
To the Lord my plaint.

Hearst thou?
Ask of forgiving God
Forgiveness of all my vast evil.

Delay not!
Carry my fervent prayer
To the King, to the great King! !

To my soul
Bring help, bring comfort
At the hour of its leaving earth.

Stoutly
To meet my expectant soul
Come with many thousand angels!

O soldier!
Against the crooked, wicked, militant world
Come to my help in earnest!

Do not
Disdain what I say!
As long as I live do not desert me!

Thee I choose,
That thou mayst save my soul
My mind, my sense, my body.

O thou of goodly counsels,
Victorious, triumphant one,
Angelic slayer of Antichrist!

—Selected from Ancient Irish Poetry.
Translated by Kuno Meyer.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life. Such are the words of St. Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians, Chap. V., 25-26. These words of the great Apostle refer to the Church taken not in the sense of a mystical edifice; He is speaking of that great religious organization and visible society founded by Christ for the purpose of conferring supernatural life upon mankind; he is speaking of that marvellous instrument in His Hands through which He confers on us, increases and perfects in us the supernatural life of grace; he is speaking of that stupendous organ to which Christ confided the supernatural treasures made and founded by His Life, Passion and Death; He is speaking of the Church composed of the Pope, bishops, priests and faithful. It is this Church that Christ loved; it is this Church for which Christ delivered Himself; it is this Church He sanctified and made perfect; and it is about this Church that we shall write.

They who are outside of the Church hate her. They consider her a menace to freedom of conscience, of action and of belief. They claim the Church has usurped the rights of the individual in matters of divine worship. They teach that Christ did not establish any religious society, such as the Catholic Church. They contradict the teaching of the Church in matters of dogma and morals. They rebel against her teaching and ordinances, considering them unjust and unlawful. They detest her, her ministers and her faithful. They would like to wipe her off the face of the earth, and do all they can to effect this, thinking that they are doing a praiseworthy thing. They act thus because they do not understand that without the Church there would be no salvation. They fail to realize that Christ established the Church with a pur-

pose; they do not comprehend the fact that He made her our spiritual mother here on earth, in whose womb we are conceived in the supernatural order through Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary by God Himself; they do not realize that it is through her that God gives us our supernatural life, existence, and perfection; they do not grasp the fact that God gave her the duty to nurture us in the supernatural order, to watch over us, to guide us and to lead us to heaven where we will receive the fulness of Christ's perfection.

Catholics love the Church; yet there are many Catholics who do not understand fully the importance of the position which Christ the God-Man, gave to His Church in matters pertaining to our supernatural life. It is due to this that they are careless in their obedience to her; it is due to this that some Catholics leave the Church; it is due to this that they murmur against her ordinances, break her commandments and prefer to suffer the shipwreck of their faith than to adhere to her laws. In this article we shall consider the fact that Christ instituted the Church, and the important rôle which the Church plays in the salvation of mankind.

Christ Instituted and Organized a Church.

The purpose of Christ's coming upon this earth was the redemption and salvation of the human race. He came to impart the supernatural life which He possessed in fulness, to all men and women. It was for that purpose that He expounded His doctrines, taught us the mysteries of God, gave us divine precepts and merited for us by His Life, Passion and Death all the means wherewith we might obtain participation in God's Nature and Perfections. It was Christ who did this, and He alone could do it. He established a visible Society called the Church, in which we must live if we desire to be saved eternally. Christ's sojourn here on earth was limited to a definite period of time; He had to return to His Celestial Father; He had to leave us and deprive us of His visible presence. *Yet He would not leave us orphans* (John xiv., 18);

He provided for the salvation of all ; He instituted and organized a Church ; He gave us a Mother who would lead us to Him. He instituted the Church, because the work of salvation of all men and women had to be continued unto the consummation the world ; since His bodily presence lasted a short time, He supplied for His absence in a visible form by His invisible presence in the Church. In doing so he accommodated Himself to our nature, just as He accommodated Himself to our nature when He came to us in a sensible and a tangible form ; we are spiritual as well as corporal ; yet we are drawn more vehemently to that which is palpable to our senses than to that which is spiritual. In establishing the Church, Christ supplied the wants of all men and women of all times and places in matters supernatural ; the Church, whose duty it is to propagate and continue the work of Christ, that is the redemption and salvation of mankind, supplies His corporal presence and His salutary visible influence to all people. This is so true, that if Christ had not established the Church, His work that is, His merits, graces, doctrines and all the fruits of His Incarnation and Redemption, would have profited no one, with the exception perhaps of His contemporaries. After His ascension, His doctrines would have gone into oblivion, for there would have been on one to keep them living in the minds and hearts of men ; His merits would have profited no one, for there would have been no one to apply them ; all the means of our salvation would have been without results, for there would have been no one to apply them to each individual ; in a word, unless Christ had established His Church, His Life, Passion and Death would have been in vain. It is true that God could have instituted and used other means of extending the reign of Christ in the hearts of men and of applying His merits to all ; God is free and omnipotent ; yet when we consider the nature of man, his tendencies, his good qualities, his defects and limitations, no other means would have served for the attainment of the end of Incarnation and Redemption after Christ ascended into heaven as well as the Church ; being a visible society, endowed with the authority

and power of God, furnished with visible means of transmitting the supernatural life to men, she fits in wonderfully with the economy of the salvation of man who is both spirit and matter.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Christ proceeded from the first moment of His public life to establish His Church, to give it its internal and external form, and to give it its end. That Christ instituted a Church, that is a religious society of men, a visible society, endowed with a visible supernatural form, and furnished with means of leading men to the possession of God, is so evident from the testimony of the Gospels, that no one but they who are prejudiced against the Church will deny it. Christ often speaks of His Kingdom. *Do penance, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand* (Matthew iv., 17); *Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom* (Matthew iv., 23; *I must preach the kingdom of God, for therefore am I sent* (Luke iv., 43). What is this Kingdom of Christ, Kingdom which is of such high value that man must sacrifice all for it, Kingdom which Christ compared to a mustard seed which, though the smallest of all seeds, becomes a large tree when it grows! This kingdom is the Church. Christ expressly identified this kingdom of heaven with the Church: *“Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church . . . and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven* (Matthew xvi., 18-19). This kingdom is the Church, for Christ did not establish any other kingdom here on earth besides the Church. Christ could not have meant anything else; the only other possible conjecture is that He meant heaven. But this is excluded by the fact that He told us that in this kingdom there would be bad and good souls who will be separated on the Last Day by the angels. *The Kingdom of heaven is like to a net cast into the sea and gathering together all kinds of fishes. Which when it was filled, they drew out, and sitting by the shore, they chose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast forth. So shall it be at the end of the world. The angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just* (Matthew xiii., 47-49); He told

us also that there would be scandals in it (Luke xviii.). In heaven there are no wicked, there are no sins, there are no scandals, therefore, Christ's Kingdom is His Church. The Church is His Kingdom here on earth, where Christ reigns supremely over the souls of men through the agency of men.

This argument is corroborated by the fact that Christ organized the Church and gave it an internal and external form and end. He chose the Apostles as His ministers whose duty it was to propagate His teaching and work (Luke vi., 13), and to continue His mission here on earth, which is the salvation of men (John xx., 31). To be able to execute this mission, Christ conferred His divine power upon them: *He gave them the power to govern souls* (Matt. xviii., 18); He gives them the power to preach and expound His doctrines, that is the unsolved mysteries and the moral precepts and commandments; He sent them to teach all nations the things He taught them. He made them guardians of His teachings which they were to explain to all without a semblance of error; through them Christ will speak, govern, reprove, guide and lead: *All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world* (Matt. xxviii., 18-20). Not only did He give the Apostles the power to teach and govern men, but He also confided to their custody the means of transmitting to men the supernatural life, its perfection and completion. He gave them power to regenerate the children of men into the children of God; the means of it was the power to baptize (Matt. xxviii., 19); He gave them power to change the bread and wine into His Body and Blood, by which the supernatural life is increased: *Taking bread, He gave thanks, and broke; and gave to them, saying: This is my body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of me. In like manner the chalice also . . . saying: This is the chalice, the New Testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you* (Luke xxii., 19-20); He gave them power to remit the sins

of those who offend God after they are baptized. *As the Father hath sent me, I also send you . . . and He said to them: . Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained* (John xx., 22-23); He gave them power to bring down the Holy Ghost into the souls of the faithful (Acts viii., 15-17); He gave them power to transmit the powers which they received from Him to others by ordaining their successors who were to carry on His mission (Acts vi., 6; II. Corinth. viii., 23; I. Cor. iv., 1); He gave them power to heal souls of the smallest malady, at the moment of their death, by means of unctions with oil (James v., 14); He gave power and authority over marriage in this that He raised it to the dignity of a sacrament (Matt. Chap. xix., 1-9). On account of the powers and the authority which the Church received from Christ, the faithful were given an obligation to obey the Church; if they refused to obey, they were to be considered as a heathen and a publican: *If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican* (Matt. xviii., 17). The faithful are obliged to respect, love and listen to the teaching of the apostles of Christ as they are obliged to love, respect and listen to Christ Himself. *He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me* (Luke x., 16). All these things were given to the Church for the purpose of enabling every man, woman and child to attain the supernatural end.

The three years and three months of Christ's public ministry were chiefly occupied with the formation of His Church. During that time Christ had no other purpose in His mind; He Himself never baptized, never administered any other Sacrament; He only instituted the means of our salvation. He was interested only in establishing an instrument through which and by which He would accomplish His mission; He was interested only in the organization of His Church, in giving it its form, its end, its means. That work accomplished, He was ready to return to His Father. When we keep this in mind, we will easily understand why Christ remained so short a

time here on earth, and why His public life was so brief. Yes, once He established the Church, His work was assured of an eternal duration. Once He established it, He was able to ascend the heights of Mt. Calvary, to be nailed to the hard wood of the Cross, upon which He shed every drop of His Blood and gave up His natural life as a sweet holocaust for the supernatural life of all men and women. The shedding of His Blood and the sacrifice of His Life were the instruments which unified and made efficacious the means given to the Church by Christ for the salvation and sanctification of souls. The merits of Christ's Life, Passion and Death were given to the Church as a divine treasure from which She could draw the riches to enrich souls and to pay the price for their ransom. Every drop of His Blood and every pang of His Body and Soul became so many precious jewels by which the Church adorns the souls of the faithful. In such a manner the Church founded and instituted by Christ with its whole organism was unified by Christ and was made a living organ for the salvation of mankind.

After His Resurrection Christ appeared and conversed with His Apostles. The purpose of these apparitions and conversations was to strengthen the faith of the Apostles, and to give the final touches to the construction of His Church. This fact is very striking indeed; He dealt with the Apostles concerning the continuation of His mission here on earth. After the finishing touches were given to His masterpiece, He left this world and returned to His Father. The Church was then perfectly organized in all its constituent elements and essential parts and armed with all necessary powers and credentials; her doctrines were confirmed; the Apostles were chosen; the Sacraments instituted; the hierarchy established; yet there was need of another power to unify the whole Church—the Holy Ghost. Christ told His Apostles that it was necessary that He should return to His Father; it was necessary in order that the Holy Spirit might descend upon the Church and make it not only a living organ, but an organ capable of functions by which souls would be sanctified: *I tell you the*

truth, it is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go I will send Him to you (John xvi., 7). That is why before He went to heaven He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should wait for the promise of the Father, "which you have heard," saith He, "by my mouth."

For, John, indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Acts I, 4, 5. The presence of the Holy Ghost in the Church was so necessary that until He descended upon the Apostles the Church did not and could not function vitally and continue Christ's mission here on earth. The divine powers in her slumbered; her mission was a sealed book; no one preached, no one baptized; no one gave absolution of sins; the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was not offered; the Jews and pagans still stood expectantly at the door of the Church, but there was none to open to them. The Church lay, as it were, in a trance, she resembled a gigantic machine which is indeed put together, but is not as yet set in motion by the master hand of him who made it. Such was the condition of the Church when Christ ascended into Heaven.

The Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles on the tenth day after Christ's Ascension; it was the feast of Pentecost for the Jews; He filled the souls, the minds, and the hearts of the Apostles with gifts which made them more than great organs of Christ for the salvation and sanctification of souls. From then on the Church produced vital functions by which Christ's merits are applied to souls.

The Apostles went out into the world and propagated Christ's Gospel. They converted nations to Christ, they sanctified souls; they established the Church wherever they went and ordained ministers to replace them; they formed dioceses, and when they sealed their faith with their blood the Church was a power in the world for the reformation of morals, for the illumination of minds, and for the salvation of men.

The Church of Christ was built on a rock; it is indestructible. Though Christ is not visibly in it He is invisibly present.

He keeps this Church in its original form. There were many enemies bent on destroying the work of Christ; there were heresies which endeavored to contaminate Christ's doctrines and works; there were many external enemies, many tyrants in the persons of mighty kings, emperors, generals, princes and others who persecuted the Church of Christ; in fact, there is not a place on the face of the globe where the Church was not persecuted, and there was never a time when the Church was not molested, contradicted and thwarted, yet she always remains the same. Persecution was followed by persecution: the popes, bishops, priests and faithful were martyred and their blood flowed like rivers, but the Church only grew stronger. The power of mighty monarchs was pitted against her, military forces, astuteness of diplomats, and everything that the world has in its power was used to demolish the Church, nay, even the powers of hell rose against her, but neither the powers of the world nor the power of the devil was able to destroy her. The fury that rose against her was spent; persecution ceased, powerful and influential men who sought to overthrow her perished; the artifices of Satan were frustrated; but the Church, though she was tossed to and fro upon the billows of strife, hatred, heresy, persecution, like a bark upon a stormy sea, was never engulfed, and she is still what she was when Christ instituted her; she is still the great organ through which Christ governs souls; she is still a powerful instrument in the hands of Christ for the salvation of the human race. And she will always remain so as long as there is one soul to be saved, for Christ said He would build His Church upon a rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. (Matt. XVI, 18.)

The Church of Christ is one, that is, there is unity of faith, of morals, of cult, of government in her. All her members hold the same beliefs, observe the same commandments and precepts; they worship God in one and the same manner; they are ruled by the same ruler whom they love and respect. Wheresoever we find her, we find sameness and unity in all things; it makes no difference what the color, the nationality,

the language, the customs may be, there is uniformity everywhere.

The Church of Christ always remains Apostolic; being found upon the Apostles, she never severed her union with them. Time could not break the chain of Apostolic succession; for pope followed pope, bishop followed bishop, priest followed priest, in an order that can always be traced to one of the twelve Apostles. She remained Apostolic in her teaching, she persevered Apostolic in her morals, and she will always remain thus.

The Church of Christ is Catholic. She was founded for the salvation of all men, and she is true to her mission. People of all nations belong to her; she is found in every country, place and climate; men and women of different characters, nationalities, language, customs, traditions belong to her.

The Church of Christ is holy. She was sanctified by Christ, and she was given the means of sanctifying men and women. She is holy in her teaching, she is holy in her morals, she promotes holiness in her children, she sanctifies those who belong to her. During twenty centuries of her existence she has sanctified souls and led them not only to ordinary but to heroic sanctity. She has many saints whom she honors on her altars, souls whose lives were a perfect imitation of the life of Christ, souls from every walk in life, from among the poor, the rich, the royalty, the learned and the illiterate, from among men, women and children. The Church will continue to promote holiness among the faithful; Christ lives in her and will continue to sanctify souls through her; for as St. Paul says: *“Christ loved the Church, and He delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the Word of Life, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish.”* (Ephesians V, 25-27).

The Roman Catholic Church alone has the marks of the Church of Christ; she alone is one, apostolic, catholic and

holy. There are many churches that claim to be the Church of Christ; but when we subject them to a test, and compare them with the Church of Christ as it is described in the Gospels, we find that they have not the marks of the true Church. They lack unity either in faith, or morals, or worship, or government; in fact, the thing that characterizes them is disunion; there are as many ideas of what is right and wrong as there are minds, for they have broken away from the centre of union, which is the Roman Pontiff, the successor of Peter. They have no Catholicity: they do not extend to all nations or countries; they do not teach the same doctrines and morals; they worship God in a different manner; their teaching is not that of Christ; their morals are contrary to those of Christ; they have no means of sanctification; they propagate doctrines and morals that are not found in the Gospels; they have no saints. Since this is true, it makes no difference what claims they put forward to show that they are the true Church of Christ, their claims are false. To the immediate successors of the apostles and to the Fathers of the Church they would be unintelligible.

What the Church Does For Our Supernatural Life.

The Catholic Church was established for one purpose, namely, that through her all men and women might receive the supernatural life. Outside of her fold this life cannot be attained. The Fathers of the Church teach that outside of the Church no one can be saved. St. Cyprian says "No one can have God for his Father, who has not the Church for his Mother." This teaching is based upon the teaching of Christ who gave to the Roman Pontiffs, bishops and priests the power to teach, to rule and to sanctify souls, and whom everyone must obey under pain of damnation: *Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.* (Mark XVI., 15-16). Yet this doctrine must be understood correctly, otherwise it is false. The

Church is a moral body. Like all living bodies, it is composed of two elements: one visible and called a body proper, the other invisible, called a soul. A person can belong to the body, or to the soul, or to the body and soul of the Church. To belong to the body of the Church, it is necessary to be an actual visible member of the visible society of the Roman Catholic Church, believing all the things that the Roman Catholic Church proposes for our belief, and obeying the Roman Pontiff. To belong to the soul of the Church, it is necessary that one be in the state of grace and have supernatural charity. To belong to the body and the soul of the Church, the requisites of the one and the other are necessary. It is so necessary to belong to the soul of the Church that if one, even inculpably, were not to belong to it, he cannot be saved. There is nothing surprising in this; no one can be saved unless he is in the state of grace. Hence all those (even those who are not Catholics, such as the pagan and the Protestants), who are in the state of grace and in good faith concerning their religion, belong to the soul of the Roman Catholic Church. It is so necessary to belong to the body of the Church that if anyone culpably remains outside the fold of the Roman Catholic Church, he cannot be saved. In other words, if one knew that the Roman Catholic Church is the true Church, and yet willfully and knowingly remains outside of her fold, due either to pride or some other vice, and refuses to believe all that she teaches, and spurns the authority of the Roman Pontiff, he cannot be saved though he may lead a virtuous life. If he does not know that the Roman Catholic Church is the only true Church, and he cannot know this being invincibly ignorant, he can be saved as long as he is in the state of grace. Only those who spurn the Roman Catholic Church cannot be saved. The reason why it is so is because God willed it so. No doubt, God could have arranged for our salvation in a different way; but He did not. He gave the Church the merits of Christ and all the means of salvation and sanctification. He made her our mother here on earth in the supernatural order. God could have created us in a different manner than

He did; He did not need our parents as instruments through whom He gives us our natural existence, life and perfections; yet He wants that; without them we could not have natural life. The same is true of the Church; we cannot live the life proper to the supernatural order unless we receive the blood and flesh of that order in the name of the Church. She is the instrumental cause of our supernatural life. Let us see now in what manner.

In the first place it is through her teaching that she generates in us the supernatural life, and augments and perfects that life in us. The beginning and the foundation of that life is faith. She instils in us the first germs of supernatural knowledge. Without her, we would know nothing about God in the supernatural order; we would know nothing about the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation and Redemption; nor our supernatural destiny. She possesses the treasures of Christ's doctrines and morals; she imparts to us all that we must believe and do to obtain supernatural life. It is her duty imposed by God, to congregate the children of men at her knees that she may dispel their ignorance in matters supernatural and enlighten them on the things that are necessary to be known in order to enter heaven. Our natural powers left to themselves cannot acquire this knowledge; they know only what the Church tells them about God's intimate life. The Scriptures are not sufficient; it is impossible to understand them unless the Church interprets them; different minds grasp the truths contained in them in different ways; she alone knows the true meaning, and she is infallible. Hence there is no truth in the supernatural order unless through her. Without her, we would be what others are who spurn the Church as the infallible teacher; they are seeking knowledge about God and their destiny; they search Scriptures, but they take from them false doctrines; confusion and lack of truth is their lot. Christ promised His assistance to the Church alone and not to each individual; the Holy Ghost makes her infallible and not each individual.

The Church not only instils supernatural knowledge in us,

but she also augments and perfects it. She leads us to a profounder knowledge of God in the supernatural order. She helps us to see deeper into mysteries revealed to us. She guides us and preserves that knowledge in us. She shows us what is wrong and what is right, what we are to believe and what we must not believe. Without her vigilance and guidance we would lose our faith; our natural powers are not potent enough to escape all error in those matters as the history of the Church manifests; with the loss of faith, we would also lose the supernatural life. She is a bulwark for us against false doctrines and heresies. She is a guide to us in our difficulties and intellectual problems. She leads us safely through the whole span of our terrestrial life. These prerogatives in the Roman Catholic Church keep her faithful and immune from the aberrations in faith which are the lot of those who are not Catholics. They are divided among themselves upon dogmas and morals, contained so clearly in the Gospels. There is no union in their beliefs, and there is no union in their moral teachings. This is a pitiful state, yet not a surprising one for they have no guide with an infallible authority. They have cut themselves off wilfully from the fountain of truth, and so they have blocked the salutary influx in matters of faith that is in the Church, making it impossible to reach them; their faith is languid and without vigor; it is incapable of producing vital acts; discord and errors abound among them. This would happen to us also if we were to spurn that Church who, like a good mother, protects us from going astray on the road that leads to heaven.

In the second place, it is through the Holy Sacraments that the Church concurs in the conferring of the supernatural life. Sacraments produce grace in us as instruments of God. They are the means through which the Church gives us divine life of grace and virtues. Christ instituted the Sacraments, and He confided their administration to the Church. He did this when He chose a certain class of men whose sole duty is to give graces to us all, through the Sacraments. This class of men, the bishops and priests, are the most essential part of

the Church; so we can say that the Church confers Sacraments and through them all graces and virtues.

When we were brought to the holy font of Baptism where we were regenerated as children of God, becoming partakers of His nature and perfections, it was not the officiating priest who regenerated us, it was the Church. The salutary waters of Baptism that flowed down our brow were vivified by the life and the supernatural energy of Christ which is in the possession of the Church, causing us a supernatural organism of grace, enabling us to produce functions of supernatural life. The Church took us, so to speak, into her womb which is fecundated by the life of God, and made us live the life of God. When anyone has the misfortune of killing that life in himself by committing a mortal sin, that person cannot be reinstated to life again in any other way but by the Church. The Church has the power to breathe on the spiritual corpse the breath of life and reanimate the life of grace in him. Acknowledgment of his faults, confession of his sins, perfect contrition and perfect purpose of amendment would do him no good unless the Church which has the Keys, absolves him; once she accepts his repentance, his sorrow, his confession, his purpose of amendment, and pronounces an absolution over him, he is revived, and God forgives and forgets. Each augmentation and each perfection of the supernatural life that comes through the Sacraments comes from the Church. When we are strengthened against the enemies of our soul, when we receive the fulness of the Holy Ghost by the Sacrament of Confirmation we are strengthened by the force that is in the Church and we receive the Holy Ghost from her. When we are nourished with the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, it is due to her; it is her power that changes the bread and wine into the Immaculate Flesh and Blood of the Son of God. When we are about to die, she comes to our help by the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; she anoints us to strengthen us against the assaults of our enemy the devil; she washes our soul from all stains of sin, and she enables us to appear pure and holy before God. She makes other Christs; for by the

Sacrament of Holy Orders she anoints men to replace the bishops and priests who have gone to their eternal reward; she makes it possible that Christ's mission here on earth be continued. Even the natural life, or rather the propagation of the natural life by natural generation in wedlock depends upon her; she has rights over the contract between man and woman; she decrees what is allowed and what is not allowed; she constitutes impediments; this is so true that unless she sanctions marriage, there is no contract, and marriage is either invalid or unlawful. But when she sanctions it and blesses it, that union becomes a Sacrament; it is capable of promoting the growth of the spiritual life in those who contract the union; it is blessed by God, bringing benediction upon the husband and wife and their children.

Finally the Church preserves and augments supernatural life in us by her precepts, ordinances and ritual. She knows that we are frail and prone to evil, and that we rebel easily against God's laws; she knows that we are attracted by our passions, and that we have many temptations; so she helps us to be faithful to God. She puts upon us the necessity of observing the laws of God if we wish to be saved; she guides us by solving the difficulties of our conscience; she insists upon the accomplishment of God's Will in all things. To facilitate the fulfilment of the natural and the supernatural laws of God, she instituted her own code of laws and precepts by which the proneness of our body to evil is curbed and the frailty of our soul is strengthened. She imposes on us the precept of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days, so that we honour and praise God as we ought; she imposes fasts and abstinences, in order that our senses and appetites may not rebel against God and our reason. She warns us against false teachings of the world, its customs, its maxims, its pleasures, lest they enervate the supernatural life in us; she tells us to avoid everything that can bring death to our soul; in a word, like a good mother she watches over us and takes great interest in our supernatural welfare, lest we go astray and lose the way that leads to heaven.

Knowing that notwithstanding our endeavours we still sin, and therefore are guilty of punishment, she reaches into her treasury and gives us the price by which we can pay for the temporal punishments due to our crimes; she does this by giving us Indulgences. Knowing that we need help to fulfil all our duties, she also comes to our aid. She gives us holy water, scapulars, medals and other blessed things. Things that are blessed by the Church have been endowed with a power proper to themselves; they can excite faith, hope and charity in us; they give us strength against our spiritual enemies. To instil devotion in us, a devotion which is necessary for the salvation of our soul and to bring us closer to God, she invented that solemn liturgy, that beautiful chant, those solemn services which raise our minds and hearts to God, which bring God closer to us, and which make us taste the peace and joy of heaven. Not being satisfied with all these things, she intercedes for us all, through Christ our Lord before the throne of God; she prays for us to God to draw on us blessings, graces and benefits. She blesses us in the name of God. She blesses our enterprises and undertakings. She blesses our houses, our fields, our objects, our possessions; in a word, she empties herself to enrich us, to beautify us and to save us.

Such is our Mother the Church. No wonder that she is loved so much by her children who think it a glory to sacrifice their lives for her. The Apostles went out from their own nation and cast their lot with the Gentiles to propagate her; they suffered much for her; they gave their blood to water the seed which they planted and to make it grow. Martyrs become martyrs because they will not deny her teachings in dogmas or morals, because they will not break their alliance with her, or because they will not permit her to be slandered, impoverished. Missionaries are happy to leave their homes and sacrifice their riches and positions to make her known to those who know her not. The Fathers and Doctors of the Church spent their whole life writing in her defence and explaining her majestic doctrines and morals. In

doing these things, they did nothing more than Christ did who loved the Church and delivered Himself for her. We also ought to love the Church. Perhaps we cannot do great things for her as the Apostles, Martyrs and Doctors did; but we can obey her, respect her and be docile to her as to a mother who loves us with an everlasting love.

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruits when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

An old chronicle sums up his virtues and sanctity in this way: "A just man, indeed, was this man; with purity of nature, like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle and forgiving of heart, like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist, like David; an emulator of wisdom, like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth, like the Apostle Paul; a man full of grace and the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like the beloved John; a fair flower garden to children of grace, a flaming fire, a lion in strength and power; a dove in gentleness and humility, a serpent in wisdom to do good; gentle, humble, merciful towards Sons of Life, dark, ungentle towards Sons of Death; a servant of labor and service for Christ; a king in dignity and might, for binding and loosening, for liberating and convincing, for killing and giving life. Such was the Apostle of Ireland, the glorious St. Patrick."—Canon Sheehan.

Equinoctial

When the wind of the Equinox
Over the valley is sighing,
Droning in caves and clefts of rocks,
On desolate beaches crying:
We know that stately Autumn's come;
Flaunting its banners golden
And red to tops of a solemn drum,
Where its majesty's beholden.
From the dark caverns, glens and woods,
Where primal harpings linger,
Rise sagas of its varied moods—
Notes as from some great singer.
In fogs it drapes our northern capes,
And veils the shaggy shorelands;
Its viking strain's on the grey, torn main;
Its lute on the misty moorlands.
But where our Empire's ensign flies
O'er Australasian waters
A kindlier breeze of Spring-kissed seas
Greets, then, her sons and daughters.
How blest each Zone when love, alone,
Can thus all hearts embellish:
The world, in grace and kindness grown,
A livelier hope will cherish!
Then, there will be, from sea to sea,
Concord and Understanding
With Progress crowned; Depression downed,
And Amity commanding.

—Frederick B. Fenton.

ADDRESS OF AMBASSADOR PAUL CLAUDEL

At the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society of Washington, D.C., held on April 24th, 1932.

It is not an everyday occurrence when an ambassador is required to make himself the panegyrist of a Saint. If after some dubitation I accepted the invitation of our reverend pastor, Monsignor Buckley, to address you about your holy Patron, St. Vincent de Paul, the reason was that St. Vincent was a Frenchman and he was also an ambassador. That he was a Frenchman you are well aware, as he was born in one of our smallest villages in what was at that time the poorest part of France, a country of pines and sea dunes which shows some likeness with Florida. But how can we say that Vincent, the poor priest, was also an ambassador? Of course, we know that every Saint is an Ambassador of God to men, and we know also that he occupies an official standing as an envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary from sinners at the Court of God, with a halo around his head which takes the place of our feathered hat. But Vincent made also himself a self-appointed ambassador, from one part to another part of humanity, across that limitless expanse of hard and barren soil which is called egoism, indifference, insensibility, dullness of heart, a much more dreadful thing than dullness of mind; across a treacherous ocean of fickle waters, with nothing under your feet but an absence of any substance or solidity, a wilderness of waves where the winds blow every morning from a new direction, but never as utterly empty or as full of idle vapors as the ever-changing soul of worldly people.

The first embassy of Vincent, as he was a new fledged diplomat just out of the training school, was an embassy to Hell, as I think that nothing on earth was nearer Hell than the galleys of Barbaresque pirates and those bagnios of North Africa where during many centuries the discords and criminal



HIS EXCELLENCY, PAUL LOUIS CHARLES CLAUDEL,
Ambassador of France at Washington, D.C.

indifference of Christian monarchs allowed the most bestial forms of robbery, violence and slavery to prosper and to desolate one of the most beautiful regions of the globe. Vincent, to make himself accredited, had to don the official garb of the place, not golden embroidery and white kid gloves, but chains of iron and to take his residence on the lowest level of suffering and humiliation. At such price a path was found to the heart of Hell, and Vincent could say like the prophet: "O Hell, I will be thy liking!" If we could see things from the proper point of view, maybe we could see that the men who gave North Africa to Christian civilization, who cured the world of one of its most hideous plagues, were not Charles the Tenth, or Marmont, or Bugenaud; they were called Saint Louis and Saint Vincent de Paul.

In Algiers Vincent had taken contact not only with Christian slaves, but with the immense world of outside darkness, with Islam and Heathenism, and all his life he worked to make that acquaintance more widespread and more intimate. Nowadays, you know, there are priests of St. Vincent, priests of the Lazarist Order, who are doing missionary and educational work in all countries of the world conforming to the spirit of their founder. Just as there are factories and Echeltes du Levant on the coasts of Asia, India and Syria, there are nowadays disseminated on all important points of the world spiritual Comptoirs where the sons of St. Vincent are transacting business and delivering goods for the account of that big firm which is called the Church of God.

Such is the outside darkness, but what about the inner darkness, with that enormous dolorous mass of suffering, poverty, disease, ignorance, which in our time as well as in the time of Vincent, constitutes the bulk of European nations? And what about that other part of humanity on the unwilling shoulders of which God has put the heavy burden of intemperance which labors under the burden of undeserved richness, of misused health, of unfulfilled duties and of undelivered goods? It was in great part thanks to Saint Vincent and to his faithful sons and daughters, and friends, that relations were

not broken between those two parts of humanity, to the infinite grief and damage of both, it is owing to their eagerness and care that a blind hand hesitatingly is led to a blind mouth. You know St. Vincent is always represented with a child in his arms; he was the first reaper of that huge harvest of innocent souls which vice, folly and ignorance are sowing every night in the dark furrows of our big cities. As he pitied over the little ones, he pitied over the sick people. He was the founder of the Angelic order, the Daughters of Charity, whose white wings are palpitating over every asylum of poverty and pain. And in those days of ours Vincent sent his last brigade, the friends of the French Professor Ozanam*, not only to wait at an appointed station for the poor, but to find and to get them in their helplessness; the retailers of charity, the paying agents of an unknown debtor to millions of creditors unknown and powerless, those people who are as well known in every tenement as the letter carrier or the process server, but who do not come to bring bills, to exact money, to recall dates or to press execution, but, on the contrary, to acquit themselves of a big debt, that debt of love which Our Lord has contracted on the cross towards suffering humanity and of the liabilities of which he has made every man jointly and severally responsible.

Members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul! What you were called to bring to your brothers is not only bread, or money, or help, or even hope and every form of material or spiritual comfort. You have to learn from the insatiate exigency of need the great art of giving yourselves, as the personality of an ambassador is sunk in the dignity and will of the sovereign who has sent him to foreign parts. A few years ago, as I sailed back from Indo-China to France, I found myself on the steamer in the company of two Carmelite Sisters, who traveled not in a first-class stateroom like myself, but in the steerage among soldiers and low-caste coolies, and I was granted the privilege to have with them many enlightening

*Frederick Ozanam a clever young Frenchman, lawyer, author and professor in the Sorbonne founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, May, 1833.

conversations. In particular, they related to me a most striking work of a French girl who has left a book of highest mysticity under the name of Consummata. You know that in France when the state or municipality is claiming a private property, for instance, for making a public thoroughfare or a railway, they have the right to do it by paying a pecuniary indemnity and in such cases the plot of ground is said to be expropriated. We say expropriated for cause of public utility. It was just what that French girl had said of herself. She said: "I just do not belong any more to myself, I have been expropriated for a cause of public utility." Well, gentlemen, I think that word expresses precisely what your patron St. Vincent thought of himself and what every Vincentian after him is thinking also of himself. He does not belong any more to himself. He is utterly dispossessed. He belongs to the need which claims him as to the power which uses him. He is constituted as a link. He has a right outside of himself to be there, an official standing, a right superimposed to his own person to hear what other people have to say and to make himself heard by them. He is the representative of a kingdom where love is considered above justice and grace above beauty, where knowledge is called faith and where law is a friendly proposition answered by a gratuitous obedience. He is a perfect ambassador as he is a perfect Vincentian.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart cannot exist without self-denial, the flames and thorns around that Heart, the cross that crowns It, point to a love of and call for suffering.—Father William Doyle, S.J.

A Request

(Written for St. Joseph's Lilies, June, 1923).

Little Therese! Little Therese!
I come with a whispered prayer.
Little Therese! Little Therese!
Have you a Rose to spare?

No pale bud do I ask of you,
But a bloom that is wonderous fair,
Little Therese! Little Therese!
Have you a Rose to spare?

Too little your hands to hold them all—
You are dropping them everywhere;
That beautiful one so near your heart—
Have you that Rose to spare?

Ah yes, I know for your Love's dear sake
Thorns were your hoarded share;
Sometimes though you asked your Love
If He had a Rose to spare?

What do you whisper, little Therese,
As you smile in the picture there?
Have you but thorny stems for me,
And never a Rose to spare?

Then teach me, like you to prize the thorns
With their hidden healing rare,
And I shall be glad, because for me
You truly had a Rose to spare.

Sister M. Geraldine, S.S.J.

ST. BASIL THE GREAT

By JOHN B. O'REILLY.

Saint Basil, the third child of a family of ten, five girls and five boys, was born towards the end of the year 329, in Caesarae, the capital of the Roman Province of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor. The city at that time had a population of almost half a million, was an active centre of commerce and industry and locally important for its schools. He came of a family of splendid Christian traditions, whose members for years had filled with honorable distinction important offices in the Church and State. Under the Emperor Licinius, his maternal grandfather suffered impoverishment and died a martyr, while his father's mother, the saintly Macrina, and her husband, spent long months in exile in the cold and dreary forests of Pontus, victims of the Diocletian persecution. The traditions of steadfast piety found in these two families, were united in the marriage of Basil and Emmelia, the parents of our Saint. The father had a great name in Pontus and Cappadocia for his lands, legal attainments and his professorship of rhetoric as well as for his sterling character and integrity of life, unspoilt by his triple prosperity. Emmelia's worth is attested by the eminence of her children, four of whom are canonized saints, and history constantly associates her with the mothers of Saints Augustine and Gregory of Nazianzus as another conspicuous example of high-minded and noble womanhood.

The earliest years of Basil's life are associated with the family estate at Annesi in Pontus, a place of unusual natural beauty, where his mother built a chapel for certain relics of the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste. He was a sickly child and soon after his birth was given out to nurse to a peasant family. When he grew strong enough he was sent to his grandmother, Macrina, who gave him his first lessons in religion and told him stories of the persecutions and of the miracles of Gregory

Thaumaturgus, the great archbishop who, on his election to the episcopate, found his diocese pagan and left it Christian at his death. He was taught his letters by his father, who could add a parent's solicitude to the practical skill of an experienced teacher. He associated with other children equally favoured in their formative years and at the age of fifteen he returned to Caesarea, where he began a four-year course of rhetoric and philosophy. He then proceeded to Constantinople, the new capital of the Empire, to whose schools the best talent of the world was now turning to be near Caesar's court. Here he remained two years, probably following the lectures of Libanius, the celebrated philosopher and future professor of Saint John Chrysostom. In 351 Basil, now a young man at the age of maturity, left the city, and following the fashion of those who could afford further education, took up residence in Athens, the greatest intellectual centre of the day, which gave to professor and student alike a diploma of prestige no where equalled.

Basil came to Athens in the autumn of paganism when the City of Pallas Athene, crowned with violets, was still ancient Athens. The wonderful vision of gleaming marble and stately columns, the glowing colours of the Parthenon, the shining helmet of the virgin goddess, the cool arcades, the crowded theatre and the glorious Propyleia—all the splendours that we now try to recover from the piteous ruins of the Acropolis—were then a reality. Athens was still the heart of that rich and subtle combination of philosophy, letters and perfect aesthetic taste that make up Hellenism. Here were the temples and statues that formed the standards of beauty for the rest of the world. In the theatre of Dionysius beneath the Acropolis the chorus still sang Aeschylus' strophes, and the cool evening breezes still rustled through the leaves of the olive groves at Kolnos, where was staged the discussions of many philosophers. The dying gods found a last refuge in the city where they had grown, and every Christian knew that beautiful and attractive as Athens was, priceless as was the erudition, the pure Greek and the perfect style that could

be learned only here, there was still a great danger to the faith in the plausible discourses of the Athenian professors.

Such was the Athens that drew hundreds of students to its halls—students whose manner of life and sense of humour bear a striking resemblance to those of our day. They grouped themselves into national societies named after their respective countries, or joined one of the many fraternities known in academic circles as the “Wreckers” whose members devoted their time to humiliating freshmen or to creating misery for their professors by singing or talking while the dons endeavoured to deliver their lectures. Basil’s reputation for his rare ability reached the city before him, so that Gregory of Nazianzus, an old class-mate at Caesarea, was able to save him from the customary Athenian initiation which was commenced by enrolling the new student in the class of some prominent professor, and was terminated by throwing the unfortunate victim into a tank of water. A few weeks of university life made Basil acquainted with its dangers. He avoided the company of pagan students and kept away from the races, theatres and parties, their popular amusements. He knew only two roads—one to the church, the other to the lecture hall. He applied himself with remarkable success to his studies, which included metaphysics and poetry. He was proficient in mathematics, but disliked the subject, while medicine proved to be particularly interesting as he spent many a day in ill health. After five years of university life, during which he made many acquaintances, including Julian the Apostate, the future emperor, Basil said good-bye to his fellow-students and to his room-mate and constant companion, Gregory of Nazianzus, with whom he had studied and prayed and shared the joys and sorrows of his undergraduate days.

During his long absence from home his father and grandmother had died and Basil returned to find himself the owner of property scattered over three provinces. He accepted a chair of rhetoric in Caesarea and for two years his fame steadily increased, reaching such a height that demands for his services came from every side. In the unsympathetic at-

mosphere of pagan Athens he had preserved his vocation, but now in the whirl of flattery and glory that rolled around him, he came near losing it. A secular career of assured brilliance lay before him. At this crisis, his sister Macrina intervened, and under her influence the ideals of his Athenian days re-awoke. He resigned his chair at Caesarea, was baptized and gave himself to God at a time when hundreds of men and women in all parts of the Church were leaving their homes to go into solitude, to do penance for the sins of the world.

Basil decided to embrace the monastic life, and set out at once for Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia, to study the lives of the fathers of the desert, their devotional and ascetical practices, and especially the work of Saint Anthony the Hermit and Pachomius, the Father of Egyptian Monasticism. After two years of travel he returned and chose an isolated spot on the river Iris as a place of retreat, near the home of his mother, who with her eldest daughter, Macrina, had made their estate at Annesi a religious community that soon attracted to its austerities women of the first families in Cappadocia. In his place of solitude with its wooded glen, wild flowers, and singing birds, Basil spent seven years in prayer and rigorous penance. The rough ground was his bed, the sun his heat, fresh vegetables and dry cakes which he baked himself, his daily meal. He studied and memorized the Sacred Scriptures, wrote treatises on the spiritual life and compiled with the assistance of Gregory of Nazianzus a book of choice selections from the works of Origen. Monasticism had been established in the East for some years, but to become a monk one had merely to retire from the world and serve God according to one's own zeal or join one of the loosely-organized groups of hermits who took their oldest member as their guide. Basil organized the monks of Pontus and Cappadocia into religious communities with a definite rule of life, so that to-day he is revered in the East as the founder of its monasticism. Hospitals for the poor, schools, orphanages and other charitable institutions were established throughout the country under his direction—another evidence of his genius for organization.

Basil was now taking an active part in ecclesiastical affairs and in 364 he was ordained a priest with still many misgivings as to his fitness for the office. He plunged into administrative work and was soon the most prominent figure in the diocese. For five years he loyally upheld the authority of his bishop against the Arian party. He revised and enlarged the liturgy and made eloquent and successful appeals for supplies during the devastating famine that swept over the country from 368 to 370, after he himself had sold his possessions to set an example.

In the same year the diocese of Caesarea became vacant, and Basil, the logical candidate, was nominated to fill the office. He was better prepared than anyone available in the East. As a leader and organizer, he could concentrate the orthodox strength and direct monastic activities. As a university graduate and rhetorician he could sway all who heard him. He was now in the prime of life, but bore the marks of premature age. He was a striking figure, tall, upright in carriage, with brown eyes and brown hair, his face pale and emaciated with close study and fasting. He manifested in every tone and gesture at once his high birth, the supreme culture that comes from contact with the noblest of books and men, the dignity of a mind made up and a heart of single purpose.

Two problems confronted Basil on the eve of his election. What attitude should he take towards the Arian heresy, which was spreading in the East, a heresy not unlike the modernistic teachings of today, which gave its followers a christianity robbed of mystery, rationalized and diluted, and a creed which denied the divinity of Christ and the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Secondly, what should be his policy towards the Emperor Valens, a confirmed Arian, the head of the Empire, who was enforcing an unorthodox creed by military and other disciplinary measures, on Basil's suffragan bishops and spiritual children. The course to him was clear. He had only to look back over the first three centuries of the Church, the Age of the Martyrs when human blood flowed in torrents with-

in the boundaries of his own jurisdiction, when thousands died for the principle of religious liberty that men have an inviolable right to worship God as God has decreed. No more revolutionary doctrine had ever been heard within the boundaries of the Empire than "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and render to God the things that are God's." After two hundred and fifty years of conflict when the victory for Christianity was inevitable Constantine granted the Edict of Milan, the charter of religious liberty which admitted that the Church was beyond the jurisdiction of the State. In 325 the heresy of Arius was condemned by the assembly of bishops representing the Universal Church, which met in the Bythynian City of Nicea, and Basil, as a living witness of the teaching of the Church, was conscious of his solemn obligation to enforce its decrees, which proclaimed, as Peter had 300 years before, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

The nine years of his episcopate were spent in one constant and bitter fight for orthodoxy. He told the Emperor Valens that no temporal prince had authority to dictate what his subjects should believe and refused his tainted gift at the Altar. He united the Catholic forces of Cappadocia with those of Syria, Palestine and Egypt and broke down the Arian party. He was a champion of the faith who never flinched when threatened with banishment, torture, or even death. He built an immense hospital just outside the city of Caesarea, according to plans derived from Alexandria, which included wards for the sick and poor and rooms for strangers and travellers. He was the father of the poor, and like St. Paul, with whom he has been compared by his own brother Gregory of Nyssa, he was all things to all men. In spite of continual illness, for he suffered for years from a torpid liver, he carried on an immense correspondence which in the printed collections of to-day includes letters to St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan; St. Damasus, Pope at Rome, and St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria. Men from far and near, like the great deacon, St. Ehprem of Syria, came to hear him teach or to consult him in their difficulties. Worn out by his apostolic

labours, Basil died on New Year's Day, 379. The Church of Caesarea had lost its great bishop. On the day of his funeral Jew, Pagan, and Catholic united in lamentation, and so great were the crowds that pressed in to touch the last remains, that several fatal accidents added to the universal gloom.

The Inner Light

The vales are silvered, soft in dewey sheen;
The pale illumined summits of the hills
Fling violet shadows where the spring-fed rills
Leap down their slopes and whiten each ravine,
O breathless sweetness of the known and seen!
The outer husk art thou of joy that fills
The universe!! we cry, apace, "It thrills
The tremulous white stars and swells serene
Through realms of space past earthly measuring."
"Shall it thus reign without and not within?"
Conscience still answers, with her wisdom-sting;
"Are sun and love and light not thine to win,
Not thine to dwell in? Rise to the Divine
And bid thy soul in starry sweetness shine."

Caroline Davenport Swan.

SIX PENNIES

In an old rather ancient village church along the Rhine there is a pulpit of recent date; it is ornamented with a picture of St. Joseph and around it are engraved six pennies, all dated 1901. The following is the explanation—the history of it.

The old pulpit, which had done service for many years, was suffering from “senile decay:” it had to be replaced by a new one. The congregation had started collecting for some time, but the sum was not nearly sufficient. In the village lived a gentleman, Mr. G., who made his money as a prominent business man, and had retired. But his faith? He never practised his religion as a Catholic. To him the priest went one day, asking for a donation for the pulpit, but Mr. G. would not give anything. Half in jest, half sarcastically he said: “Well, the church is dedicated to St. Joseph: I think he was a sort of cabinet maker: ask him, he will make you a pulpit.”

Some time afterwards, there were about a dozen men sitting together in the private room of the brewery, drinking their glass of lager-beer, talking about different things, collecting stamps, etc. One asked if it would be possible to collect in, say six weeks, 500 pennies coined in the same year? A discussion followed, some thought it possible, some not. Mr. G., who was present voted “no.” But some opposed him, with the result that Mr. G., who always posed as an authority, got up, saying: “I tell you it is not possible in so short a time, but if any of you bring me within six weeks 500 pennies of 1901, I will give 1,000 marks towards the new pulpit.”

“I take you at your word,” said the manager of the brewery—a very good Catholic.

“So you may,” replied Mr. G., “but you will never do it.”

The date of the night when this meeting took place was the 5th of February—just six weeks before the feast of St. Joseph.

Now all people, old and young, children and grown-ups,

hunted for pennies of the year 1901, and brought them to Mr. B., the manager of the brewery. At the end of the fifth week he had 494 coins, but day after day of the sixth week passed by without any more coming in. The morning of the 18th of March arrived—still the six pennies were wanting. Mr. B. was so near the winning goal.

Whilst in this difficulty he resolved to ask St. Joseph, and with his daughter he walked to the Church. On the way he met two young men, had a few words with them and learned they were two tradesmen looking for work. When parting he told them he was going to Church. "Oh, we just came from there, we just said a few prayers to St. Joseph, for both of us are called Joseph, and, of course, to-morrow is our feast. But it just strikes me, we forgot to put a few coins into the poor-box so if you go to Church put this in." Saying this, he handed Mr. B. three pennies, and his mate gave another three.

"It is very little," the man said, "but we cannot do better; our supply of cash is very short."

Mr. B. thanked the two men; going along he looked at one of the coins, it was 1901! And so were all the others! With thankful feelings he entered the Church to pray. In the evening he went to Mr. G., delivered his treasure, told him everything. Mr. G. listened with attention and astonishment—this combination of circumstances, this coincidence set him thinking. After a while he said: "Just a moment," then he left the room, returned again saying: "Here, Mr. B. are the thousand marks I promised for the pulpit, and here is another little sum for the church. Take both to the priest and tell him from this out, I will lead a different life—the life of a practical Catholic." And so he has done. The grace of God had triumphed.

And so, St. Joseph, "sort of a cabinet maker," had built a new pulpit, and restored to the practice of his religion a man who had been straying away for a long time.

—Australian Messenger.

**HOW A MISSIONARY PRIEST FROM HEATHEN LANDS
WAS IMPRESSED BY THE THIRTY-FIRST
EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS**

By Rev. T. Gavin Duffy
Missionary Apostolic of Pondicherry, India

There may be those who stayed away from Dublin's Grand Assembly because they were "afraid of the crowd." And yet the crowd at least to us who were home from pagan lands was positively soothing—it massaged our souls. For there was an atmosphere of Faith, a cosiness of Love, which felt to us heathen-world exiles like a downy bed to one who has been sleeping on bare earth or on the rugged rock.

Let the journalists tackle the task of adequately praising the organizers of the Congress; let the experts seek for suitable superlatives to lavish on the superb policing of traffic and transportation; let the sectional meetings and exhibitions find elsewhere the praise that is their due; let the facts and figures, the names and nationalities, the red and the purple be fitly chronicled and appreciated. A Missioner from the wilds may be permitted to reserve the short space at his disposal for a record of the spiritual comfort brought him by the assembled multitude.

An Unfriendly World

The pagan world is selfish; it is unfriendly; and it hates the name of Christ. The crowd at the Congress was typical of Ireland—generous, friendly and enthusiastically Catholic.

Stepping off the boat all unprovided with any sign or emblem of the pilgrimage I met the merry eyes of a workman on the dock. "Father, you have no badge," said he. And forthwith takes off his own and pins it to my lapel. Then, seeing my hand move in the direction of my pocket: "Sure, you wouldn't like to spoil a poor man's gift." he says.

Generosity! Why, not the most lavish worldly festivals that I have seen on any continent were half so generous as the back streets of Dublin, where much-needed pennies have been saved from sugar and tobacco and the very necessaries of life for six months past, in order that every window might have its flag and every alley its shrine and every soul its share in doing something towards the external welcome due to Our Blessed Lord.

Even to the Depths

Dublin was sold out of flags and bunting long before the Congress; and every town and village of the land had its forest of banners floating in the balmy breeze and twinkling in the gay sunshine which a smiling Providence provided—a spell of perfect weather almost unprecedented in this climate having prevailed during the entire month. And no wonder—if God Almighty ever chooses to discipline the fickleness of Nature—for has he not seen the little ragged, barefoot boys, wasted with poor food, carrying through the streets to their wretched homes those triumphant, pathetic little parcels bought He alone knows how and destined to unfurl into flags of welcome from windows darkened with every misery known to man.

Generosity! Ah, my people! May your heroic mastery of the art of giving to God mark you for ever even among His chosen ones. We whose eyes are daily blistered with the utter selfishness of paganism feel the thrill of your divine charity creeping up our very spines like some mystery, delightful but uncanny. Would that paganism might learn from you how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

The Caress of Courtesy

With hostile eyes around us, amid suspicion, distrust, misrepresentation, we live in unChristian places. Think then how impressive to us is the little cheery “God bless you, Father” of the Dublin urchins, the painstaking salute of the

men, the deferent friendliness of the big policemen on point duty.

These little courtesies, addresses to the Master through His Priests, do not precisely tickle one's vanity, but they do most certainly give a joyful caress to the heart and make one feel homely in the Faith.

Apart from this normal tenderness of the Irish for religious things, there was during the Congress much courtesy and good feeling; no jostling, no nagging, no repining. When the people had to walk, they trod a cheerful road; when they had to stand, they were not querulous; and order was throughout so perfectly and so cheerfully responsive to the instructions of those in charge that one astonished Frenchman is said to have exclaimed: "So these are the Irish who are not fit to govern themselves!"

A Grateful Spiritual Tonic

At any rate to us who are used to seeing the chaos of Hindu processions and pilgrimages and the fiendish pageantry that surrounds popular devotion to the idols, it was an astonishing and very grateful tonic to join in the quiet, friendly, cheerful, docile and prayerful co-ordination of a million wills towards the one Thing that matters—God amongst us.

Thus we come, at last, to the real point of it all, which was prayer. You may take the testimony of one who has travelled extensively and seen too much that nowhere ever, was such a feeling in the air of intimacy with the Divine in the midst of the work of everyday life. Prayer was the normal occupation of Dublin during these days.

Of course the loud-speakers helped. Sermons were on the air; one I listened to, with bowed head, as I paused for a moment on the sidewalk of the busiest street; another as I sailed out on an errand in the harbour. The beautiful strength and simplicity of a Plain-Chant Mass held us in close touch with the Altar even at moments when conflicting duties withdrew us from the scene of action. So that not only could one

follow the Congress from sick bed or a parlour, but from the city streets and from public places far remote from town.

True Cause of Joy

Not, however, in the marvels of science lay the point of our astonishment and joy, but in the faith and spirit of the people. Down along the quays men and women knelt to the clarion call at the Elevation; silent as in a church, reverent as only the Irish can be, fingering their rosaries, striking their breasts, all ears for the word of God, all eager for the Pope's message—they followed every phase of the proceedings with eagerness of loving devotion equal at least to that of the favoured ones before the altars.

This it was, most of all, that poured balm on the souls of us who came from the distant front; assuredly we feel profoundly grateful to the homeland for that vibrating, direct and vocal Faith in which they bathed us during these days. The Good News that we have set ourselves to spread in the far places will be a warmer and a more compelling message for having been touched with the fire of these Irish hearts which believe so firmly and in such perfect unison amid the collapse of the world's belief.

I love to look on the earth
Asleep in the Night's embrace,
And in each shining Star
A skill Divine to trace.

And the moon for me has a charm,
In the calm blue vault above,
A charm so deep and abiding,
For it shines on those I love.

—F.M.

Saint Joseph

Saints know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint!
And would that I could feel a little part
Of that great love Teresa's kindred heart
Felt for thee, Foster-Father! But the taint
The chill is on my soul; and few and faint
The prayers that from this earthly bosom dart
Up to that heavenly throne whereon thou art,
In glory not too high to hear my plaint.

Patron of all who work in humble ways!
Pray that from pure and earnest motive I
May fill with patient toil the moments flying;
Patron of happy death-beds! when my days
Have reached their term be thou dear Joseph! nigh,
With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

—Rev Matthew Russell, S.J.

 COMMUNITY NOTES 

The Spiritual Retreats held at St. Joseph's Convent were this year directed by the Jesuit Fathers. The Rev. Father F. Wafer Doyle, S.J., of Toronto, conducted the first; the second was under the direction of Reverend Father Downes, S.J., of Loyola College, Montreal, and terminated on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th, when the annual solemn ceremony of Profession and Reception was held in the Chapel of the Mother House, St. Alban Street. Four Sisters who had completed their noviceship had the happiness of consecrating their lives to God by taking the perpetual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience; and fourteen young ladies, who were being admitted to their Canonical year of Novitiate, received the Holy Habit of the Congregation. Very Reverend Henry Carr, C.S.B., Superior-General of the Community of St. Basil, officiated at the ceremony, and was assisted by Reverend Dr. Markle of St. Augustine's Seminary.

At the close of the ceremony, Holy Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Oliver, C.S.B. The Sisters who took final vows were: Sister Helen Marie, Sister M. St. Dunstan, Sister M. Bernarda, Sister M. St. Irma.

Earlier in the morning, at St. Joseph's Novitiate, Scarborough, Ont., the following Novices took first vows, Reverend Dr. Markle, Novitiate Chaplain, officiating; Sister M. Judith, Sister M. St. Julia, Sister M. Emiline, Sister M. St. Dominic, Sister M. Febronia, Sister M. Casilda.

The following young ladies received the Holy Habit: Miss Wogan, Sister Mary St. Robert Bellarmine; Miss Fulton, Sister Mary Fidelis; Miss White, Sister Mary St. Gabriel of the Passion; Miss Cahill, Sister Maria Consolata; Miss Gignac, Sister Marie Zelie; Miss Doran, Sister Mary Eveline; Miss Moore, Sister Mary Kathleen; Miss Coyne, Sister Mary Angelina; Miss Snider, Sister Mary Devota; Miss McCormack, Sister Mary Ida; Miss Latchford, Sister Mary Scholastica;

Miss Desjardins, Sister Mary Wilfrida; Miss McCarthy, Sister Mary Berchmans; Miss Raddie, Sister Mary Honora.

On the same day, at St. Joseph's Convent, 530 College Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, when His Excellency the Most Reverend A. A. Sinnot officiated, Sister M. Jean Baptiste, having completed her term of probation as a Novice, took perpetual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Sister M. de Sales

Reverend Sister M. de Sales, one of the best known religious of the Province of Ontario, died in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on early Sunday morning, June 19th, in her 76th year. The name of this beloved nun links the present with the early days of hospital life in Toronto, particularly that of St. Michael's, for she was there when that institution opened its doors, forty years ago, and continuously labored there in an active capacity until death closed a career heavily fraught with love and mercy and kindly ministrations. Men and women of every creed and every walk of life to-day bear witness to an extraordinary life imbued with the highest ideals of charity.

Sister de Sales was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, Janet Ryan, the youngest of a family of nine, six of whom were girls and three boys. But one sister, now survives, Mrs. Phelan, Ireland, mother of the present Superior of St. Michael's Hospital, Sister Margaret. The late Rev. Patrick Ryan, C.S.B., pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, was a brother. Sister de Sales came to Canada when quite young and entering St. Joseph's Convent, completed her education there. She entered religion at the age of twenty, and on the completion of her novitiate, took up the duties for which she was trained, namely, that of teaching. She celebrated her golden jubilee on Nov. 21, 1927.

Love for the poor and suffering, however, for whom she was always most considerate, gave her a strong desire to be in their midst. The opportunity arrived when an epidemic broke out and she volunteered to assist in nursing the sick. She was sent to the House of Providence, Power Street, and there labored indefatigably among them. While stationed there she also nursed, at intervals, in the Isolation Hospital, this institution being served by the volunteer services of the Sisters. At this time also the Sisters of St. Joseph were conducting a boarding-school for girls on Bond Street—an old Baptist church which they had taken over. Upon the insistent appeal of the then Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Allen, Archbishop Lynch invited the Sisters to turn this boarding school into a General Hospital, which they did, serving the public with fifty beds. The first patient was admitted on July 2nd, 1892, and in August of that same year Sister de Sales took up her life work in that institution. She graduated as a trained nurse in 1895, and had been on active duty ever since. Many are the stories, humorous and otherwise, all blended into the one purpose, the performance of some charitable deed, that can be told about her.

The funeral Mass was sung in St. Joseph's chapel, St. Albans St., on Tuesday, June 21st, by the Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., with Rev. James Carberry, P.P., as deacon, and Rev. S. McGrath, P.P., as sub-deacon. Rev. Wilfrid Smith, chaplain of St. Michael's Hospital, was master of ceremonies. About fifty priests were present in the sanctuary, while the spacious chapel was crowded with religious and laity of every rank. Graduate nurses formed a guard of honour from the chapel to the entrance of the Convent as the remains of the beloved Sister passed on the way to her last resting place—Mount Hope Cemetery.

—Toronto Globe.

A little more than two weeks ago Sister M. de Sales, long identified with St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto, in the odor

of sanctity and in the livery of her life-long patron and father, St. Joseph, fell asleep in Christ.

The Sisters of St. Joseph will miss Sister M. de Sales and mourn her. She was an edifying religious. Her heart was of gold. Under the influence of heavenly grace it was purified to a point of high sanctity. This good woman possessed, too, a personality that was unique. It was a curious blending of the religious and the human—and most attractive. She could be the martinet, a worshipper of stern duty's form and yet be the most lovable of women.

Sister de Sales was a great nurse. She was present at the birth of St. Michael's Hospital. She saw—and that with laudable pride—the babe in swaddling clothes become a veritable giant in size, equipment and efficiency. In the years that intervened this good religious and nurse ministered so skilfully and faithfully to God's suffering children who came to St. Michael's that she was known to and revered by thousands. Only the Saviour can count the souls that love Him to-day all through the benign influence of that frail little Sister of St. Joseph, Sister de Sales.—Catholic Record, London, Ont.

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SISTER M. GERALDINE FRASER.

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albani St., on the feast of Good St. Ann, the soul of Sr. Geraldine Fraser after a lingering illness took its homeward flight. Like a trammelled songster, her ardent spirit struggled to be set free and the last faint fluttering heart-beat brought a long desired release.

Our deceased Sister was born in Scotland sixty-one years ago and came at an early age with her parents to Toronto, where she received her education in schools taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. In her graduating year she entered St. Joseph's novitiate and was soon after appointed to the work of teaching. She showed exceptional talent in many arts, especially in original expression and dramatic composition.

In recent years she produced several interesting and instructive dramas which were presented in Massey Hall, at the Princess Theatre and elsewhere. Among them were "Il Poverello," "Christ The King," "The Canadian Martyrs" and a Canadian History Pageant of Confederation. Many graceful poems, chiefly on religious subjects, were also the product of her facile and ever ready pen.

For over forty years this widely known religious taught in the schools of the archdiocese of Toronto. Hundreds of pupils who came under her sympathetic instruction will acknowledge her influence and hold her in endeared memory. Large numbers of men, women and children gathered around her bier and placed Mass cards there as evidence that she whom they had known and loved in life, in death is not forgotten. Notably among them were the Knights of Columbus, who in a body recited the rosary on the eve of the funeral day, when solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Convent chapel by Sr. Geraldine's two brothers, Monsignor J. M. Fraser assisted by Rev. W. Fraser deacon and Rev. F. Pennylegion as subdeacon. In the sanctuary were Monsignor Morris, Monsignor Blair, Rev. Fathers A. O'Leary, D.D., L. Markle, D.D., J. Muckle, D.D., J. C. Carberry, J. McGrand, J. Kane, C.S.S.R., H. Fleming, C.S.S.R., W. Coll, C.S.S.R., J. O'Donnell, C.S.S.R., F. W. Doyle, S.J., A. Doyle, C.S.P., J. E. McGarrity, C.S.P., W. Sharpe, C.S.B., A. O'Brien, C.S.B., M. O'Neil, E. Kelly, W. Murphy, F. Bennett, C. W. James, W. Egan, S. Auad, S. Cassin, H. Carey, F. McKenna, J. McDonagh, C. Lanphier, F. J. McGoey, Barrack, Malone, F. MacDonald, Forgash, Smith, Kelly, Bro. Theobald.

To thee surviving members of the family,—Monsignor and Rev. W. Fraser, Alexander and Charles Fraser of Chicago, Sister St. John of the Good Shepherd Community, Toronto, and Miss May Fraser, with Rev. F. Carroll, President of the St. Augustine Seminary, and Mr. W. Carroll, nephews of the deceased, we offer our sincere sympathy.

TO OUR DEPARTED SISTER GERALDINE

Thou, Geraldine, hast gained that blissful goal
 Whence oft times thou hadst drawn thy power to sing
 So sweetly of thy heavenly Spouse and King,
 Whose constant love had ruled thine ardent soul.
 We would through prayer and tears have had thee stay
 For long to cheer us in this nether vale,
 And with inspiring song our hearts regale,
 Ere burst thy soul upon th' eternal day.

From Eden's flowery vales betimes let fall
 The rose that blooms in fadeless beauty there;
 That fragrant rose which now thou hast to spare
 Will soothe the hearts and dry the tears of all
 Thy friends who hope 'ere long to share with thee,
 The joys of blissful immortality.

—Rev. William Fraser
 Catholic Register, Aug. 11th, 1932.

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SISTER M. AVILA McGUANE.

On Monday morning, August 22, at St Michael's Hospital, Toronto, where she lay critically ill for a month past, God called to her eternal reward, Sister M. Avila of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto.

At the time when Sister Avila was taken ill she was discharging the duties of Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in Vancouver, B.C. where for the past four years she had won the esteem and affection of all with whom she came in contact, had influenced the children with whom she dealt as Principal of St. Patrick's School, and had veritably breathed into her little Community the sweetness and charity of Christ.

In the earlier years of her religious life, Sister Avila taught in St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto, and in Lafontaine,

Ont., in both of which schools she showed her skill and zeal as an educator and inspired her pupils with the highest ideals of a Christian life. At intervals covering a period of twelve years, she held the responsible posts of Mistress of Novices and of the Junior Professed, and those, whose privilege it was to be her novices, testify gratefully and affectionately to her careful religious training and to her deeply spiritual outlook on life, and they still cherish in memory the beautiful conferences, instructions and informal talks on the things of God, which the late Sister was so specially gifted to give, for her conversation was ever, as St. Paul says, "in heaven,"—the rich fruit of uninterrupted recollection and deep meditation on God. During the other years of her religious life she was Superior of the Convents of the Community in Lafontaine, Richmond Hill and St. Catharines.

In such a life as Sister Avila's it is difficult to lay stress on any one virtue, where all was beautiful, virtuous and attractive. But to speak of her charity, the queen of all virtues, is to embody every lovely reflection of God that adorned her soul. Unfailing kindness and exquisite thoughtfulness for others were hers in an extraordinary degree, while her soul, strengthened by habitual union with God, was ingenious in finding excuse for the short-comings of others. Her filial devotion to the Mother of God was another distinguishing feature of her spiritual life and was beautiful to witness. The name of Mary was ever in her heart and on her lips. Throughout the long and painful weeks that preceded her death, Sister Avila bore her intense suffering patiently and uncomplainingly, in the spirit of Christ Crucified, and she prepared for death with a fortitude that is the possession of those only, who during life have yielded perfect submission to the Holy Will of God.

Such a life does not close without leaving behind a great sense of loss and loneliness nor, on the other hand without occasioning joy in Heaven. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light."

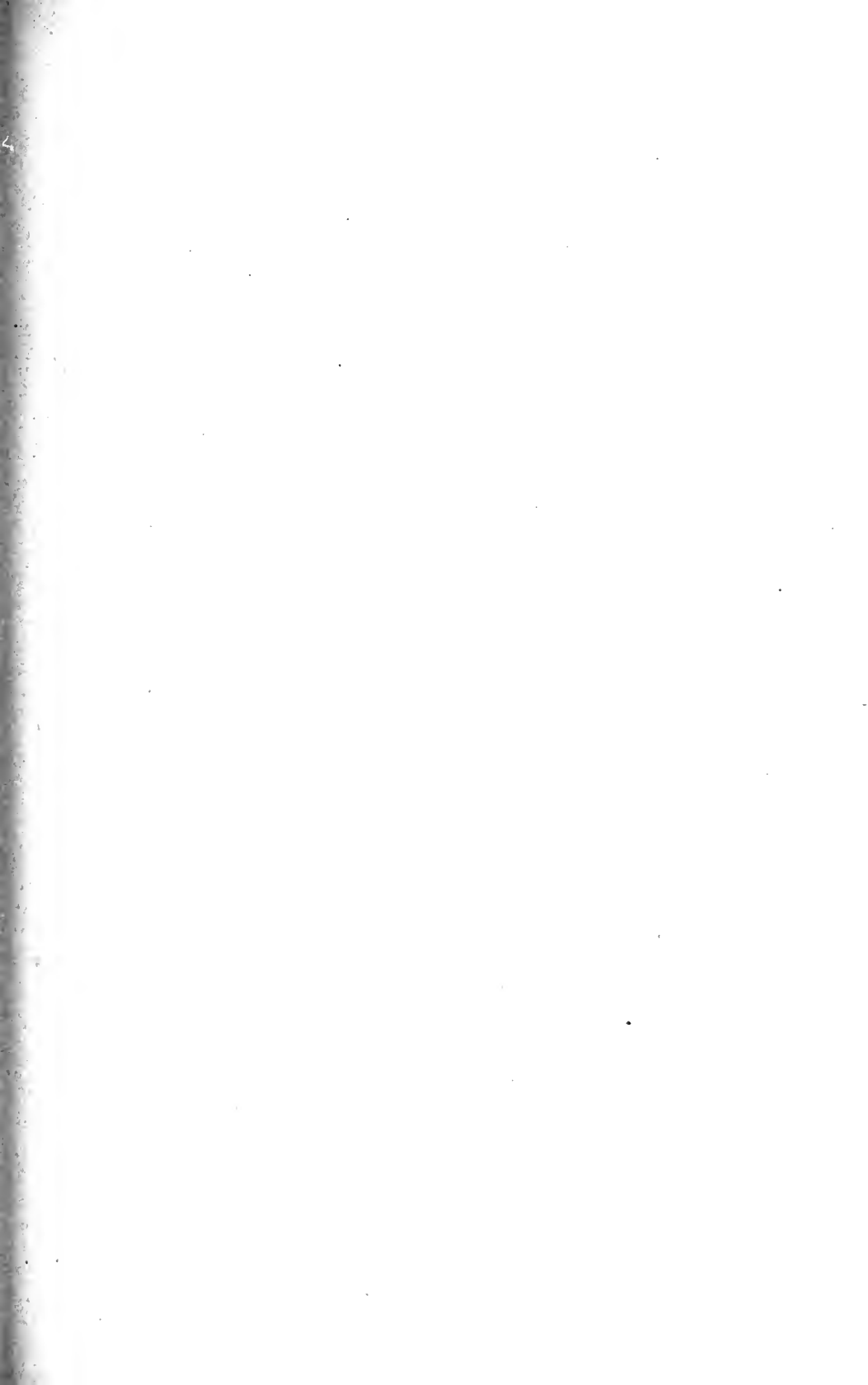
The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto,

Wednesday, August 24th. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. Coyle, Toronto, assisted by Rev. J. McCarthy, Norwood, deacon, and Rev. G. H. Wilbur, C.S.B., sub-deacon. Interment was in Mount Hope Cemetery. The immediate relatives of Sister Avila who are left to mourn her loss are: Miss Dora McGuane, Toronto; Mrs. D. Melan, Edmonton; Mrs. L. Ogburn, Seattle, sisters, and Mr. F. McGuane, Toronto, a brother. May her soul rest in peace!

St. Francis of Sales was filled with so great a confidence in God, that in the midst of the greatest disasters nothing could disturb the peace of his soul. "I cannot but be persuaded," he often said, "that he who believes in an Infinite Providence, which extends even to the lowest worm, must expect good from all that happens to him."

TIME'S PACES

When as a child I laughed and wept,
 Time crept.
 When as a youth I thought and talked,
 Time walked.
 When I became a full-grown man,
 Time ran.
 When older still I grew
 Time flew.
 Soon shall I find in passing on,
 Time gone.
 O, Christ, wilt Thou have saved me then?





Miss Florence Quinlan, B.A., M.A., U. of T., Ph.D., 1932, and
Alumna of St. Joseph's College.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
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Mrs. Frank Pujolas.

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Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan.

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Miss Mary McGrath.

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Recording Secretary

Miss Irene Richard.

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Miss Mary O'Connor.

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Miss Julia O'Connor, 853 Bathurst Street.

Historians

Miss M. Kelman and Mrs. F. O'Connor.

Councillors

Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse,
Mrs. J. A. Thompson, and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.

 ALUMNAE NOTES 

The Tenth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held during the last week of August, in Denver, Colorado.

Not the least interesting of the very enthusiastic sessions was the one dealing with International relations. To meet the requirements of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae, founded in October, 1931, with Mrs. M. J. Lyons, of Ottawa, as its first President, it became necessary to amend the I.F.C.A. Constitution. Heretofore Canada has been federated with the I.F.C.A. by provinces, whereas now federation will be truly international — as a nation with other nations. This is the realization of the wish of the Canadian Alumnae for many years, and is the first federation by nations, which will lead to broader and even greater achievements than those already to the credit of this wonderful organization.

At the close of the Convention, the following resolution was presented by the I.F.C.A. in Convention assembled:

Whereas: Canada has set the example of National Federation of Alumnae units, for the purpose of legislating for themselves in accord with the Canadian system of education:

And whereas Canada has set an excellent precedent to all Alumnae of National Governments, for federation organization that may yet develop into a world-wide union of all our schools:

RESOLVED: That we give our unqualified approval to the Canadian Federation, wish them unlimited success in their program for Catholic Education in Canada, and welcome them as an integral unit of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, trusting that we may profit by their initiative, independence, sincerity and co-operation."

The Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae will hold its second Convention early next Spring. The Ontario Chapter

of this Federation will convene in Kingston in the Spring of 1933.

Reported by Mrs. J. A. Thompson,
Governor of Ontario Chapter I.F.C.C.A.

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The members of the Theta Phi Alpha Fraternity who were in convention at the Royal York Hotel, June 28—July 2nd, were entertained at an impromptu tea on Thursday, June 30th, by the Sisters of St. Joseph, and members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae. Tea was served in the Alumnae Rooms, with Mrs. Kenneth Aitkins and Miss Florence Quinlan and members of the Alumnae in charge of the arrangements. Reverend Dr. Muckle, of St. Michael's Cathedral, and Reverend Father Bellisle, of St. Michael's College, gave short addresses to the members. Miss Edmarie Schrauder, of Munro, Michigan, President of the Society, at the request of Reverend Dr. Muckle, explained the aims of the fraternity, and, in a very happy manner, thanked the Reverend Fathers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Alumnae for their kindly welcome and hospitality. At the close of the Convention the members representing various States from California to Michigan visited places of special interest in the Province of Quebec.

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TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC WOMAN LEADER.

(Reprint from Editorial Column of "The Catholic News.")

His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, at the commencement exercises of Mundelein College in Chicago, told the twenty-four graduates that there is work to-day for leaders among Catholic women, and he instanced as an example of what a graduate of a Sisters' college can do, the effective protest made before a Congressional legislative committee by a woman well known in New York against a bill that would permit the dissemination of birth control knowledge. His Eminence told the graduates that they, as Catholic

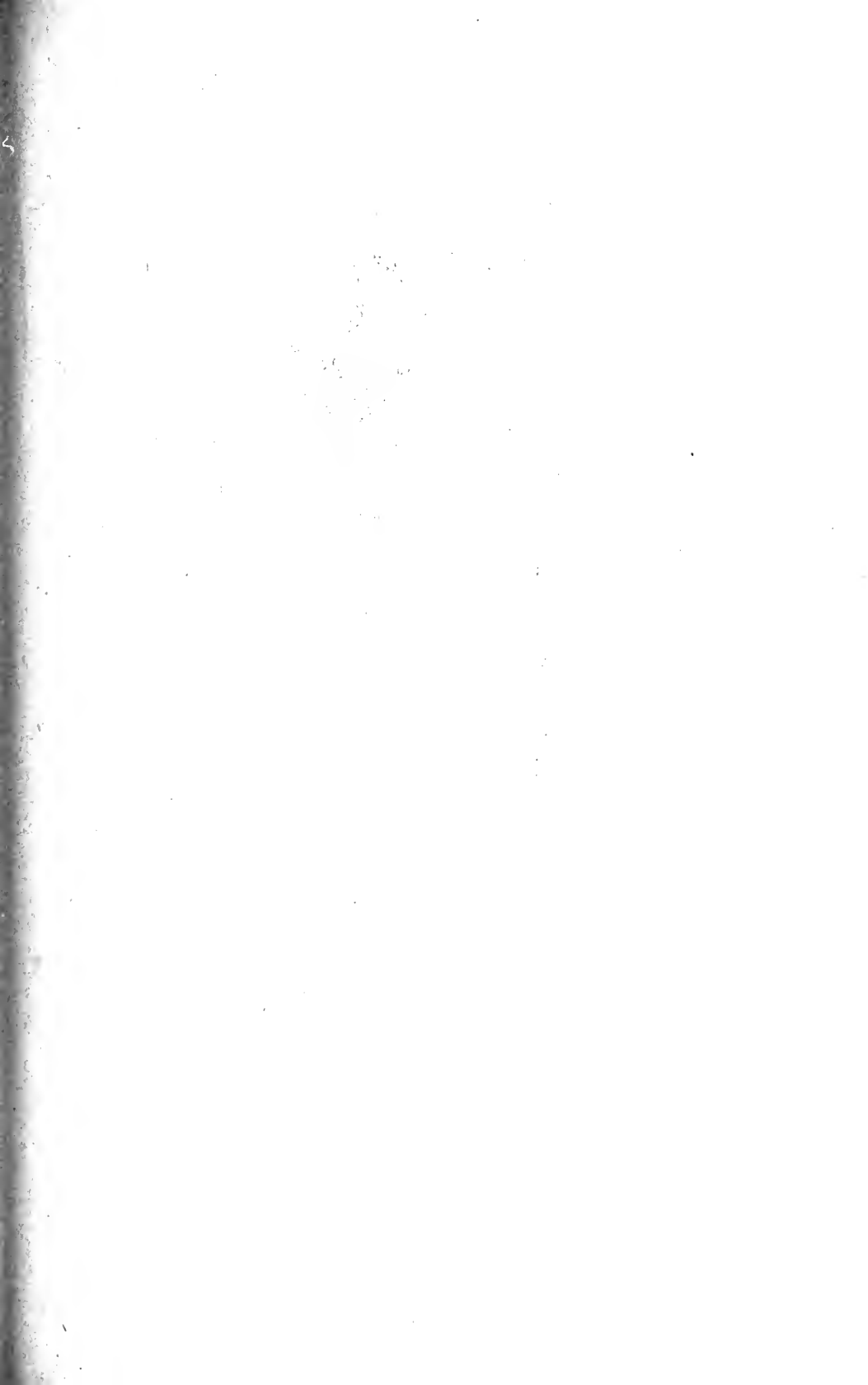
women, should familiarize themselves with the doctrines of the Catholic Church, proclaim those doctrines at every opportunity, that they should be leaders, first in their own homes and then among those outside, conduct themselves irreproachably, be serious in speech, truth, and spirited.

Cardinal Mundelein predicted that this country is facing "the same fate as ancient Greece and Rome, which also had their golden age," not at once, "but eventually in the perhaps not-too-distant future." "The very same causes that ate away their strength; that weakened their morale, are at work with our people to-day," he said. "It was not lack of training or courage on the part of their soldiers," he said. "No, it was moral decay that was the cancer eating into this national life. And in this woman played the main part, for it was easy divorce that undermined the family, that wrecked the national life. We are facing just the same conditions to-day." Continuing, the Cardinal said:

"A generation ago we would not even have mentioned the word 'birth control' before an audience like this. To-day, a lot of pagan women, like their predecessors of ancient Rome, restless, neurotic busybodies, are clamoring before the legislature of the land for the right to desolate our population, to undermine in every possible way our national defense, to raise their hands and stop the procession of little souls that come from the creative hand of God. . .

"What can you do? In the past month one of the most impious and iniquitous measures that was ever presented to a legislative body was brought before Congress and the proponents of the measure were gleeful and sanguine of success. It was defeated in committee, 20 to 4, and the members of Congress stated that the most telling and convincing argument to defeat the bill came from a Catholic woman, a graduate of a Sisters' college, the wife of a physician, the mother of five children and an officer of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae."

It was to Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, of Brooklyn, that Cardinal Mundelein referred. Our readers will recall that she





Miss Hermine Keller, graduate of St. Joseph's, who has obtained her degree of Bachelor of Music from the University of Toronto.

was an especially effective speaker at the hearing in Washington on May 24 before the House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee on the Hancock bill to legalize the distribution of birth control information. Mrs. McGoldrick told the committee she was privileged to represent 100,000 members of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. She confined her testimony to a consideration of the effects of the proposed measures on the young.

Mrs. McGoldrick submitted to the committee an illustrated pamphlet containing contraceptive information, which, she said, was being sold publicly in New York, particularly to high school pupils. She submitted similar pamphlets which, she said, had been sent to her home through the mails. She protested against the enactment of the birth control measures on the ground that they would lend the support of the federal government to that sort of thing.

Those who are familiar with Mrs. McGoldrick's splendid work as a representative of Catholic women in fighting birth control propoganda and in battling for clean motion pictures, will rejoice at the tribute paid to her by Cardinal Mundelein, especially since she has been unjustly criticized in quarters where her endeavors were misunderstood, if not misrepresented.—News Letter of the I.F.C.A.

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GIRL SCOUTS AT EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

A World Camp of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, all of the Catholic faith, was held in Ireland in June in connection with the Eucharistic Congress. The American delegation consisted of ten girls, selected by the local Girl Scout units throughout the country and approved by the International Committee in New York. All of them were convent-bred, and the great majority came from academies affiliated with the I.F.C.A. Three leaders headed the delegation, which arrived in Ireland on June 18, and returned to America on July 18.

All the British Isles, the British Dominions, India, France,

Finland and Belgium were represented in the camp in addition to Ireland and the U.S.A. It was held on the estate of Lady Powercourt, honorary commissioner of the Irish Free State Girl Guides. The reason for its existence in connection with the great Catholic gathering was explained by Mrs. Leigh-White, a non-Catholic, who is deputy-commissioner of the Irish Guides.

"All Scouting is founded primarily on faith," Mrs. Leigh-White told the girls. "That is why it should be associated with any great public demonstration of faith."

The most thrilling moment of the trip to the American Girl Scouts was the Mass on Sunday in Phoenix Park, where one million people met to attend the Holy Sacrifice. The most impressive moment, of course, was the Elevation, during which, as Miss Alice Conway, head of the delegation, said, one felt alone though among so many because of the profound reverential silence. The girls also attended a midnight Mass in the town of Enniskerry.

Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Chairman of the I.F.C.A. Girl Scout Bureau, was also in Ireland for the Congress, during which she invited the American girls to tea to meet Monsignor Spellman and Dr. Fulton J. Sheen.

The Girl Scouts met another warm friend at tea in the residence of the American Envoy in the person of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, one of the first friends of Girl Scouting. In England they were entertained by the International Commissioner, Mrs. Mark Kerr, and in France by Countess de Montmore, also International Commissioner of the Catholic Girl Guides.

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At the close of the Eucharistic Celebration several of our party visited with relations and friends in Ireland while we who had booked for a Post Congress Tour sailed out from Dublin feeling sorry, I must confess, that we could not tarry longer in Ireland. On to Liverpool and London we went, where we visited places of historic interest well known to readers of the Lilies—Thence to France, to Lisieux, home of

St. Theresa of the Child Jesus; assisted at Mass in the Carmel Church; knelt at the Shrine of the Little Flower of Carmel and prayed her to shower on us and our friends some of her choice roses. Then we went up to the old family seat, which is now as it was in her childhood—the same furniture, her baby cot, her canopied bed, her playthings, all of which we reverently viewed. Paris was our next stopping off place. Here we visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame and all important places of note. From Paris a day's travel by rail brought us to Lourdes, where we made the most of the one day at our disposal. Rising early, we went to the Basilica for Mass; visited two other churches in connection with the Basilica. Later we assisted at High Mass sung at the Basilica, and were pleased to have one of our number—Miss Angela Tone Breen—act as organist during the celebration. After Mass we visited the Grotto, where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette. A procession of six or seven hundred pilgrims with a Priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, proceeded from the Grotto around the grounds to a large court, where the sick were arranged in chairs, to each of whom was given the Sacramental Blessing; and the procession then wound its way back to the church, where Solemn Benediction was given to a vast congregation. Heavy rain prevented any out-door services in the evening. Rome was our next objective, on way to which city we visited Avignon, Nice and other places. Arriving at Rome, we made a tour of all the great churches and places of historic note. The crowning pleasure of our tour was our visit to the Vatican City, where we enjoyed a twenty-five minutes' audience with Our Holy Father, who welcomed us as children returning to their father's home, blessed us individually, and all for whom we wished his blessing. The address of His Holiness, given in German, was interpreted by His Excellency Bishop Dechamps.

Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.

Weddings.

The Church of the Sacred Heart, Toronto, was the scene of a pretty June wedding when Mille Dionysia, daughter of the French Consul and Madame Charles Rochereau de la Sabliene, became the bride of Monsieur Henry de la Myre Mory, son of Count and Countess de la Myre Mory, of Nice, France. Rev. Father La Marche was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

* * * * *

Tuesday, June 28th, at St. Augustine's Church, Brandon, Manitoba, Miss Rose Margaret Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stone, was united in marriage with Mr. Victor Gerald Byers of Montreal. Rev. Dr. Lynch was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

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On Saturday, July 23rd, the Church of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, Ont., was the scene of a popular wedding, when Miss Irene Berhalter, B.A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Berhalter, Thorold, was united in marriage with Mr. William F. Talon, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. James Talon of Cornwall, Ontario. Rev. Father Staley, P.P., was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

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At the Church of St. John de la Salle, Niagara Falls, New York, Miss Zita Mary Nolan became the bride of Mr. John Edward McNamara. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Pastor.

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On September 17, at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, Miss Margaret Macdonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald, Toronto, became the bride of Mr. Charles Pearson, also of Toronto. Rev. Father G. Kelly was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

Very cordial felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson, who in June celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their marriage, and to

Reverend Sister Bertille, S.S.J., and Reverend Sister Eugenie, S.S.J., who on August 15th observed the Golden Anniversary of their Reception of the Holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

To Reverend Sisters Agnes and Herman Joseph, on the Silver Jubilee anniversary of their Holy Profession.

To Reverend Brother Patrick on his Golden Jubilee anniversary.

To all we wish many more happy years.

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During the summer holidays Alma Mater had the pleasure of welcoming home the following out-of-town Alumnae:

Mrs. Farber (Helen Ashbrook), Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Jean Harrison, B.A., Port Colborne, Ontario.

Miss Loretta Bradley, B.A., Timmins, Ontario.

Miss Ida Jones, B.A., Ottawa, Ontario.

Miss Kathleen Young, B.A., Ottawa, Ontario.

Miss Mary McNamara, B.A., Timmins, Ontario.

Miss Ruth Agnew, B.A., M.A., of Smiths College, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Gallagher (Agnes McMahon), Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. Maloney (Ada Warndfeldt) Wheeling, W.Va.

Mrs. W. Loney (Alvira Beggy), Rochester, N.Y.

Mrs. T. F. Forestell (Irene O'Driscoll), Bridgeburg, Ont.

Mrs. Rafael Valdez (Iva Powell) West Summerville, Mass.

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From Miss Kelman we have received a most interesting account of her ocean trip with her fellow-pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, of delightful acquaintances made, her impression of the Congress and description of the churches and historic places visited during her stay in Ireland, which we regret reached us too late for insertion in this issue of the Lilies.

Obituary.

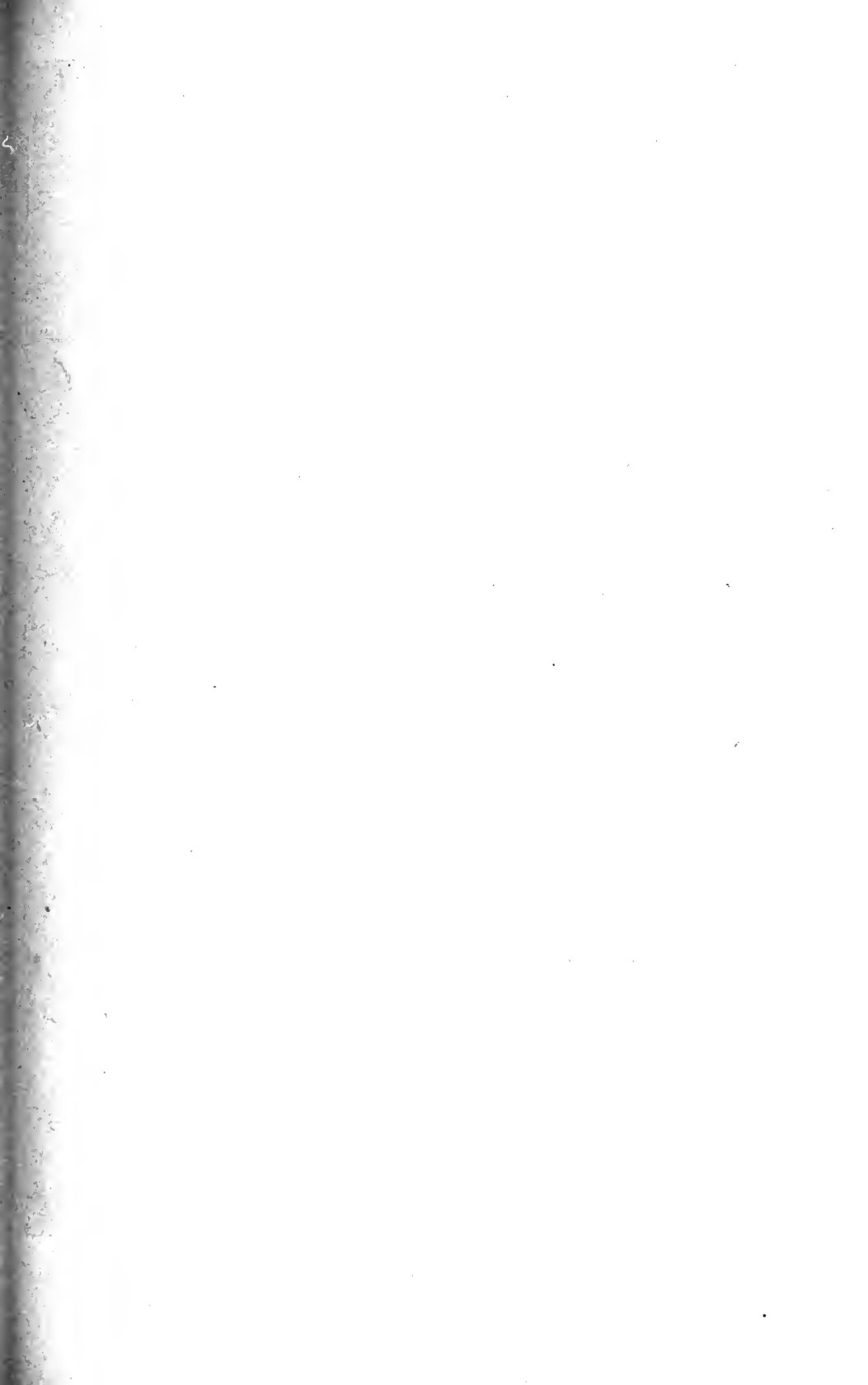
The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased: Rev. Father Francis Duffy, Rev. Father John McPhail, C.S.S.R., Mr. Thomas Walsh, Honourable Judge Meagher, Mr. Stephen Hurley, Mr. Connor Meehan, Mr. Joseph McKenzie, Dr. M. F. McRae, Sister M. Berchmans Morkane, Mrs. Lynett, Mr. George Brophy, Mr. Thomas Patrick Phelan, Mr. John Maloney, Dr. George O'Leary, Mr. Thomas Tighe, Mr. Philip Walke, Mrs. M. K. Hynes, Mr. Thomas McCarron, Mr. Nicholas McCarron, Mrs. Thomas Hennessy, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Mary J. Harrison, Mrs. Medard Decroches, Miss Isabel Hurley, Mr. Neil Joseph Smith, Mr. Lawrence Tracy, Mrs. J. D. McKenna, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Emily Shannahan, Sister M. De Sales, Sister M. Geraldine, Sister M. Avila, Elizabeth Costello.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

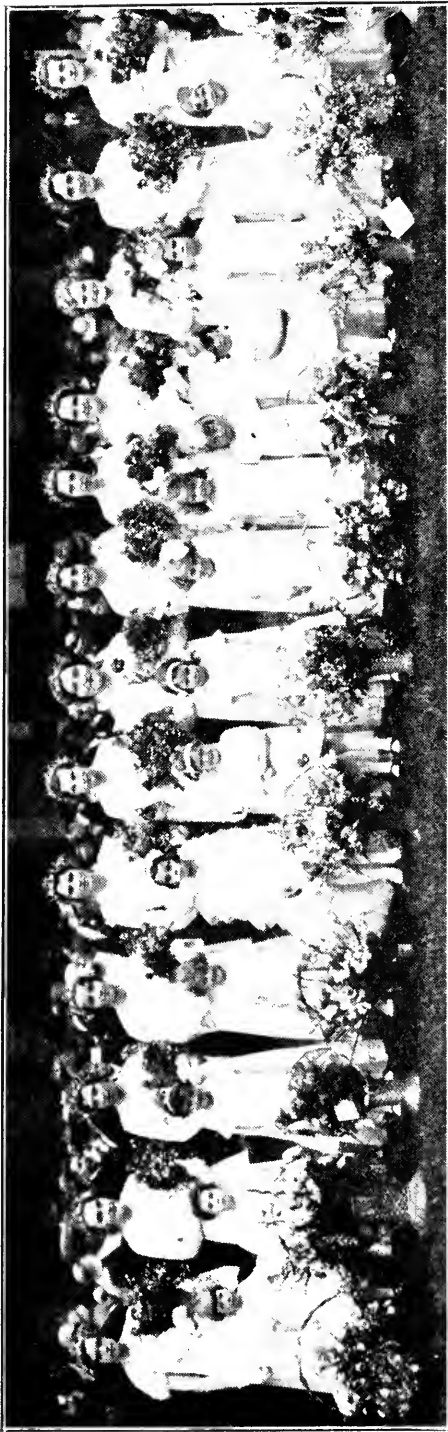
A heart-felt smile, a gentle tone,
 A thoughtful word, a tender touch,
 A passing act of kindness done—
 'Tis all, but it is much.

These are not things to win applause,
 No earthly fame awaiteth such;
 But surely by the heavenly laws
 They are accounted much.

—Anon.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE-SCHOOL GRADUATES



Margaret Fullerton, Cornelia Hayes, Mary Cosentino, Sheila Griffin, Laureen O'Brien, Olive Cozens, Mary Coghlan, Annie Stone, Mary Loftus, Elaine Murray, O'Sullivan, Mary Meehan, Evelyn Arnold.



Nora Phelan, Audrey Van Hessel, Kathleen Lawlor, Verna Rowe, Mildred Peet, Helen Gaughan, Irene Byrnc, Helen Wallis, Geraldine Hector, Margaret Rosar, Mary Woods, Mabel Greene, Rita McCartney.

CLOSING AND GRADUATING EXERCISES AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

The calendar of events at St. Joseph's College School includes no more important item than "Graduation," which from the dawn of school life is the objective of each student, and, in after life,—an inspiring memory still to guide to further efforts to attain the goal to which it points. The unusually large crowd that witnessed the exercises on Wednesday, June 1, in honour of the twenty-six young ladies on whom the dignity of graduation was conferred were unanimous in their praise of the order, splendour, and perfection that characterized the programme.

At four o'clock the pupils of the High School Grades, in uniform mounted the tiers, and formed—in successive rows at the rear of the spacious stage—a striking background to the daintily-attired graduates, who followed, each accompanied by her "angel," to occupy the foreground of the stage.

The group included Miss Evelyn Arnold, Toronto; Miss Irene Byrne, Bolton; Miss Mary Coghlan, Toronto; Miss Mary Cosentino, Toronto; Miss Olive Cozens, Toronto; Miss Margaret Fullerton, Toronto; Miss Helen Gaughan, Toronto; Miss Mabel Greene, Toronto; Miss Sheila Griffin, Toronto; Miss Cornelia Hayes, Toronto; Miss Geraldine Hector, Toronto; Miss Kathleen Lawlor, Toronto; Miss Mary Loftus, Toronto; Miss Rita McCartney, Toronto; Miss Mary Meehan, Toronto; Miss Elaine Murray, Toronto; Miss Laureen O'Brien, Toronto; Miss Lois O'Sullivan, Toronto; Miss Mildred Peet, Toronto; Miss Nora Phelan, Toronto; Miss Margaret Rosar, Toronto; Miss Verna Rowe, Toronto; Miss Anne Stone, Toronto; Miss Audrey Van Hessel, Toronto; Miss Helen Wallis, Toronto; Miss Mary Woods, Toronto.

To complete the picture was a gorgeous array of flower baskets and bouquets below the footlights, forming a bank of colour against the stage.

The usual hearty rendering by students, of the School Hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph," and the words of welcome by the Salutatorian, Miss Nora Phelan, led to the essential exercise of conferring of honours and the crowning of the graduates.

During the re-assembling of the graduates, Miss Naomi Perras, gold medalist of 1932, played very creditably—"Etudes," Op. 36, No. 13, by Arensky. Probably no number was so thoroughly enjoyed as the Cantata, "Indian Summer," perfectly and artistically rendered by the School. The high degree of finish portrayed indicated the ability of the Choral Conductor Maestro Carboni, while orchestral accompaniment added considerably to the charming effect.

The announcing of class distinctions was followed by the "Valedictory," very feelingly delivered by Miss Mabel Greene, who expressed the resolution of the class to endeavour to be true to their Alma Mater, by the practical application in their lives of the teaching it had given them.

In addressing the graduates, Rev. Father Kirby, M.A., after extending his congratulations, and heartily approving the sentiments expressed by the Valedictorian, advised the graduates to courageously uphold the principles they had formed. Commenting on the recent Encyclical of our Holy Father, he urged them to be at all times truly Catholic, to be fearless in their convictions of right and wrong, to stand apart from the crowd if need be, to uphold the ideals to which they had been so efficiently trained.

"God Save the King" brought to a close an event which could not but bring satisfaction to the parents and friends of St. Joseph's students and a stimulus to the undergraduates, who enjoy in anticipation the privilege of being forever associated with St. Joseph's College School.

Class Distinctions.

Highest standing in Church History—In Senior Grade, Miss Anna Egan; Intermediate Grade, Miss Maude Tisdale.

Highest Standing in Languages—Form V., Miss Mary

Loftus; Mathematics, Miss Lillian Karmalski; English Literature, Miss Vivian Pilon.

Highest Standing in Languages—Form IV., Miss Nell Wagner; Mathematics, Miss Mary Hallinan; History, Miss Marie Tisdale.

Highest Standing in Commercial Course—Miss Mary Mary Coghlan; speed and accuracy in Typewriting, Miss Rita Meehan.

Highest Standing in English Literature in Form III.—Miss Marion Mitchell.

Highest Standing in year's work in Form III.-A, Miss Marie Lambe; Form III.-B, Miss Monica Reynolds; Form II.-A, Miss Yvonne Dalton; Form II.-B, Miss Mary Malony; Form I.-A, Miss Marjorie Cherry; Form I.-B, Miss Catherine Richards; Entrance Class, Miss Eunice Duffy.

Highest Standing in Associate Grade in Piano Music—Miss Naomi Perras; Intermediate Grade, Miss Gerarda Ryan.

Special prize for Lady-like deportment in Senior Division of Day School—Miss Agatha Cira; Intermediate Division, Miss Mareella Foy. Senior Division of Resident Pupils, Miss Colette Labbe; Intermediate Division, Miss Helen Ricker.

SEPTEMBER.

There is a gentleness about September,
 As though the pensive year had passed to rest
 And, laden with fruits, upon her breast,
 Was breathing praise for all she could remember
 Of blessings, poured, dew-like upon her arbours
 —All cherished loveliness which now she harbours!

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE-SCHOOL

The following students have been successful in the June examinations at St. Joseph's College School. Honours are noted: I., 75-100 per cent.; II. 66-74 per cent.; III., 60-65 per cent.; C, 50-59 per cent.; R, recommended (66-100 per cent.):

Upper School

Brady, Patricia—Modern History C, Algebra C, Geometry C, Latin Authors III., Latin Comp. C.

Byrne, Irene—Eng. Comp. C, Literature II., Modern History I., Algebra C, Geometry III., Latin Authors III., Comp. C. French Authors C, Comp. C.

Cozens, Olive—Eng. Comp. III., Literature II., Latin Authors III., Comp. C, French Authors C, Comp. C.

Dickson, Imelda—Trigonometry C, Chemistry C, Latin Comp. C, Authors III., French Authors C, Comp. C.

Dillon, Rena—Eng. Comp. III., Literature III., Modern History C, Geometry C, Latin Authors III., Comp. C, French Authors C, French Comp. C.

Egan, Anna—Modern History I., Geometry II., Latin Authors I., Comp. I., French Authors II., Comp. II., Alg. I.

Fullerton, Margaret—Eng. Comp. II., Literature I., Modern History III., Algebra I., Geometry II., Trigonometry III., Chemistry II., Latin Authors II., Comp. II., French Authors II., Comp. I.

Greene, Mabel—Eng. Comp. III., Literature I., Modern History C, Algebra III., Geometry III., Latin Authors II., Comp. II., French Authors II., Comp. II.

Hayes, Cornelia—Eng. Comp. III., Literature II., Modern History III., Algebra II., Geometry II., Latin Authors II., Comp. I., French Authors I., Comp. I.

Hector, Geraldine—Eng. Comp. C, Modern History C, Alge-

bra III., Geometry C, Latin Authors C, Comp. C, French Authors C, Comp. C.

Karmalska, Lillian—Eng. Comp. I., Modern History I., Algebra I., Geometry I., Trigonometry I., Chemistry I., Latin Authors I., Comp. I., French Authors I., Comp. I.

Loftus, Mary—Eng. Comp. III., Literature II., Modern History II., Algebra I., Geometry C, Latin Authors I., Comp. II., French Authors II., Comp. I., German Authors I., Comp. III.

Mulcahy, Mary—Geometry C, Latin Authors II., Comp. C, French Authors C.

Murphy, Elizabeth—French Authors II., Comp. I., German Authors II., Comp. I.

Murray, Elaine—Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Modern History C, Algebra III., Geometry III., Latin Authors I., Comp. I., French Authors II., Comp. I., German Authors II., Comp. C.

O'Donnell, Eileen—Eng. Comp. C; Literature C, Modern History C, Algebra C, Geometry III., Latin Authors C, Comp. C, French Authors III., Comp. C.

O'Hagan, Claire—Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Modern History C, French Authors C.

O'Sullivan, Lois—Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Modern History C, Algebra C, Latin Authors C, Comp. II., French Authors II., Comp. III.

Peet, Mildred—Eng. Comp. II., Literature I., Modern History II., Algebra C, Geometry III., Latin Authors III., Comp. C, French Authors III., Comp. C.

Phelan, Nora—Eng. Comp. III., Literature II., Modern History II., Algebra III., Geometry C, Latin Authors III., Comp. II., French Authors II., Comp. III.

Pilon, Vivian—Eng. Comp. I., Literature I., Modern History I., Algebra I., Geometry II., Latin Authors I., Comp. I., French Authors I., Comp. I.

Reynolds, Aileen—Trigonometry II., Chemistry C.

Rosar, Margaret—Trigonometry C, Latin Authors C, Comp. C, French Authors C.

Rowe, Verna—Eng. Comp. C, Latin Authors C, Comp. III., French Authors C, Comp. III.

Tuttis, Vivian—Eng. Comp. III., Literature III., Modern History C, Geometry C, Latin Authors 3rd, Comp. C, French Authors C, Comp. C.

Van Hessel, Audrey—Eng. Comp. III., Literature C, Modern History III., Algebra C, Geometry III., Latin Authors II., Comp. III., French Authors III., Comp. C.

Wallis, Helen—Eng. Comp. II., Literature III., Modern History C, Algebra C, Geometry III., Latin Authors II., Comp. III., French Authors C, Comp. C.

Young, Edna—Eng. Comp. III., Modern History I, Algebra III., Geometry III., Latin Authors I, Comp. II., French Authors C, Comp. I.

Middle School.

Armstrong, E.—Alg. II.

Bailey, M.—Ane. Hist. III., Geom. C, Chem R, Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. II.

Bailey, P.—Lit. R, Can. Hist. R, Chem. R.

Bennett, N.—Chem. R.

Bogue, E.—Ane. History I, Alg. II., Geom. C, Chem. C, Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. III., Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.

Breen, M.—Ane. Hist. I, Physics C, Lat. Authors C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.

Breen, T.—Ane. History II., Geom. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Brown, I.—Ane. History I, Geom. II., Physics I, Chem. II., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. III.

Cairo, M.—Ane. History I, Geom. C, Physics III., Chem. R, Latin Auth. C, Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Calvert, B.—Alg. I., Can. History III.

Carolan, B.—Ane. History C, Alg. C.

Caruso, K.—Physics C, Chem. C, Lit. C.

Choate, N.—Ane. History C, Chem. C, Latin Auth. C, Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. III.

Coghlan, V.—Ane. History I, Geom. R, Chem. R, Latin R, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.

- Conlon, A.—Anc. History I., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. I., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. II., Ger. Auth. I., Ger. Comp. C
- Conlin, G.—Comp. C, Lit. C, Alg. C.
- Dandy, H.—Lit. C, Alg. I., Chem. R.
- Dean, A.—Alg. III., Chem. R.
- Delaney, D.—Physics I., Chem. II.
- Doody, M.—Comp. R, Lit. R, Can. Hist. R, Chem. R.
- Driscoll, C.—Anc. Hist. II., Alg. III., Geom. III., Chem. II., Latin Auth. R, Latin Comp. R, Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. II.
- Farah, N.—Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C, Chem. R, Latin Auth. R, Latin Comp. R, Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.
- Fenelon, E.—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Ger. Auth. C, Ger. Comp. C.
- Fischer, A.—Anc. Hist. II., Comp. C, Geom. III., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. III., Ger. Auth. III., Ger. Comp. C.
- Gaughan, H.—Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.
- Gray, E.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. III., Chem. I., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. I.
- Gray, W.—Anc. Hist. II., Algebra C, Physics C.
- Griffin, J.—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. III., Chem. III., Latin C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. III.
- Griffin, R.—Anc. Hist. II., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. III.
- Grimes, F.—Can. Hist. C.
- Haffey, M.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C, Physics II., Chem. III., Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. I., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. II.
- Hallinan, M.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Chem. R, Latin Auth. R, Latin Comp. I., Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. II.
- Harcourt, M.—Alg. I., Lit. R, Can. Hist. R.
- Harris, J.—Alg. R, Geom. R.
- Harrison, L.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C, Chem. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. C.
- Harrison, M.—Lit. R, Comp. R, Can. Hist. R.
- Heydon, —Lit. III., Can. Hist. C, Alg. III., Chem. C.

- Horahan, M.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C, Chem. II., Lat. Auth. II., Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. I.
- Horgan, F.—Anc. Hist. I., Chem. C, Latin Auth. R, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.
- Hurley, M.—Can. Hist. II.
- Hurson, A.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. II., Chem. III., Latin Auth. R, Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II, Fr. Comp. II.
- Hynes, M.—Geom. C.
- Jerou, M.—Lit. C, Can. Hist. III.
- Kane, G.—Lit. II., Alg. III., Fr. Comp. R.
- Kelly, C.—Alg. II., Can. Hist. R.
- Keelor, F., Alg. C, Geom. C.
- Kelly, R.—Comp. C, Alg. C, Chem. R.
- Kennedy, M.—Comp. C.
- Kidd, B.—Anc. Hist. II., Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. III., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.
- Lambe, M.—Chem. R, Can. Hist. R, Alg. R, Lit. R.
- Lanson, M.—Comp. R, Chem. R.
- Laplante, F.—Alg. I., Lit. R. Comp. R, Can. Hist. R.
- Leon, M.—Chem. R, Alg. R.
- Locke, M.—Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Lat. Auth. R, Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.
- Lockwood, S.—Lat. Auth. C.
- Madren, J.—Lit. C, Chem. R.
- Magner, N.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. R, Chem. R, Lat. Comp. R, Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.
- Malone, M.—Can. Hist. C, Alg. C.
- Martin, J.—Lat. Auth. II., Lat. Comp. III.
- McCarron, C.—Phy. C, Chem. C, Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.
- McCarthy, A.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom., Chem. R, Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. I., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. R.
- McGee, M.—Alg. C, Chem. R, Can. Hist. R.
- McGrath, H.—Fr. Comp. R.
- McGraw, M.—Chem. R, Can. Hist. R, Alg. R.
- McKinnon, A.—Alg. III.
- Meehan, M.—Phy. I.

- Meyer, A.—Lit. R, Comp. R, Can. Hist. I., Alg. I.
 Mitchell, M.—Lit. R, Can. Hist. R, Alg. R.
 Mulcahy, M.—Anc. Hist. II.
 Myers, K.—Lit. III., Can. Hist. II.
 O'Brien, G.—Can. Hist. R, Alg. R., Chem. R.
 Ogden, B.—Anc. Hist. C, Lit. III., Alg. C, Phy. III., Geom. R.
 O'Hagan, C.—Phy. C.
 O'Leary, N.—Lat. Comp. C.
 O'Reilly, E.—Comp. C, Lit. II., Can. Hist. I., Anc. Hist. I.,
 Alg. I., Geom. III., Phy. I., Chem. II.
 Pape, M.—Lat. Auth. R, Lat. Comp. III.
 Paré, J.—Anc. Hist. II., Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. III., Fr.
 Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.
 Parent, I.—Anc. Hist. II., Chem. C, Lat. Auth. R, Lat.
 Comp. II., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. III.
 Pearson, H.—Comp. III.
 Phelan, E.—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C, Lat. Auth. R, Latin
 Comp. I., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. II, Ger. Auth. III., Ger.
 Comp. C.
 Polito, J.—Comp. C, Anc. Hist. I., Geom. R, Chem. C,
 Lat. Comp. II., Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C.
 Pikutus, A.—Can. Hist. C.
 Reheichi, R.—Comp. II., Anc. Hist. C, Alg. C, Phy. C.
 Reuben, M.—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C, Chem. C, Lat. Auth.
 II., Lat. Comp. III., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. C.
 Reynolds, M.—Lit. R, Comp. R, Can. Hist. R, Alg. R, Chem.
 R.
 Riordan, D.—Comp. C, Can. Hist. III., Alg. C.
 Roddy, L.—Anc. Hist., I., Geom. R, Chem. R, Lat. Auth. R,
 Lat. Comp. R, Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.
 Runge, A.—Lit. I., Can. Hist. I., Anc. Hist. I., Fr. Auth. R.
 Russill, M.—Comp. C.
 Ryan, C.—Can. Hist. C, Chem. R.
 Shreve, D.—Can. Hist. C, Anc. H. II.
 Slattery, N.—Lit. C, Lat. Auth. R, Lat. Comp. R.
 Spaens, M.—Anc. Hist. I., Lat. Auth. R, Lat. Comp. I.,
 Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. R, Ger. Auth. II., Ger. Comp. C.

- Tisdale, M.—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. H., Chem. R, Lat. Auth. R, Lat. Comp. R, Fr. Auth. R, Fr. Comp. R.
 Vance, H.—Comp. C, Can. Hist. C, Alg. II.
 Walsh, M.—Can. Hist. C.
 Walsh, P.—Can. Hist. C. Lit. R, Alg. R.
 Walsh, E.—Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C, Chem. C, Lat. Auth. C, Lat. Comp. I, Fr. Auth. R. Fr. Comp. R.
 Wogan, A.—Fr. Auth. R.
 Wright, M.—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. III., Chem. III., Latin Auth. R, Lat. Comp. I, Fr. Auth. II, Fr. Comp. R.
 Yawny, T.—Alg. II.

* * * * *

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

Elementary.

Honours—Estelle Tipping, Eileen Hurley.
 Pass—Mona Kennedy, Peter Culotta.

Introductory.

First Class Honours—Ann Lorraine Healy.
 Honours—Jean Lahey.

ASSOCIATE PIANO—WRITTEN.

Honours—Naomi Perras.

VIOLIN.

Elementary.

Pass—Frances Grimes.

Theory.

Intermediate—Form.

Honours—Marie Caruso.
 Pass—Naomi Perras, Mary Delauey, Anna Finucan.



RHYTHMIC ORCHESTRA.

B. Gallivan, M. Tait, J. McInnis, S. Kelly, H. Williams, B. McGarrity, M. Eliot, M. Allen, Y. Craig, E. Heit, J. Feeley, H. O'Hearn, B. Sinton, Y. Heenahan, J. Triola, J. Caruso, J. Dease, A. Hardie, F. McNamara, J. Brint, J. Peltier, M. Parker, M. Britton, M. Mohan.

Junior—History.

First Class Honours—Helen Ricker, Eileen Phelan, Ellen Orlando.

Honours—Cathleen Callaghan, Phyllis Greisman, Mary Mills, Muriel Reuben.

Counterpoint.

First Class Honours—Ellen Orlando, Eileen Phelan.

Honours—Phyllis Greisman, Muriel Reuben, Vivian Tuttis, Helen Ricker.

Harmony.

Honours—Eileen Phelan, Emily O'Regan, Cynthia Bell, Mary Delaney, Bertha Horrocks.

Pass—Mary Mills, Ellen Orlando, Noreen Bennett.

Primary Theory.

First Class Honours—Lynette Roddy, Alice Ratchford, Laurine Sinclair, Lucy Reuben, Elizabeth Sutherland.

Honours—Dorothy Duhan.

Pass—Rita Whyte, Gerarda Ryan.

Elementary Theory.

Honours—Lucille Greenberg, Loretto Cairo.

* * * * *

COMMERCIAL.**Commercial Diplomas Awarded to:**

Honours—Anne Stone, Mary L. Coghlan, Mary Johnson, Kay Taunton, Rita H. Meehan, Colette Labbé, Rose M. Dick, Rita McCartney, Eileen Deasy.

Pass—Veronica Newman, Agnes Ryan, Mary Woods, Anne Edwards.

Shorthand Diplomas Awarded to:

Honours—Elizabeth E. Murphy.

Pass—Madeleine Appleton, Mary Attallah, Naomi Perras, Katherine Falvey, Willo Sagel.

Bookkeeping Diplomas Awarded to:

Honours—Margaret Hare.
 Pass—Cecilia M. Byrne, Monica Henderson, Mary Mulligan.
 Partial Standing—Elsie Thompson, Orla Beer, Marie Russell, Mollie Austin, Frances Wilson.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL—JARVIS ST.**Middle School Results.**

Alderson, Helen—Anc. Hist. I, Physics III., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. III.

Bishop, Doreen—Anc. Hist. C, Alg. II., Physics III., Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Black, Ursula—Can. Hist. III., Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C, Latin Comp. II.

Bouchier, Alexina—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist. III.

Basseur, Stella—Can. Hist. III.

Brisbois, Olga—Anc. Hist. III., Physics C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C. Recommended in Geom., Eng. Lit.

Brown, Marie—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. II., Alg. C.

Burke, Sheila—Anc. Hist. C, Geom. C, Physics II., Latin Comp. II., Fr. Comp. C. Recommended in Latin Auth., Fr. Auth.

Burnie, Audrey—Anc. Hist. C, Alg. C, Physics C.

Capotosto, Mary—Eng. Comp. II., Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist. III., Alg. I., Chem. III.

Comartin, Louise—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist. C, Alg. C, Chem. III.

Comper, Annie—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. C, Chem. C.

Crosby, Eileen—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. III.

Marie Culliton—Anc. Hist. II., Chem. III.

De Rosie, Beatrice—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C, Physics II.,
Rec. in Latin Auth., Latin Comp., Fr. Auth., Fr. Comp.

Dillon, Reena—Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C, Physics C, Latin
Auth. C, Latin Comp. I., Fr. Comp. C.

Donnelly, Margaret—Anc. Hist. III., Alg. III., Geom. C,
Physics III., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. III.,
Fr. Comp. II.

Doyle, Teresa—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. C,
Alg. II., Chem. III.

Dwyer, Anna—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist. III.,
Alg. C, Chem. III.

Fairall, Lorraine—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit., Alg.

Flett, Leona—Alg. C.

Flood, Gertrude—Can. Hist. C.

Foggett, Ethel—Anc. Hist. I., Geom. C, Physics II., Latin
Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Frezell Marcella—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist.
III., Chem. III.

Gain, Ruth—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C.

Gallagher, Muriel—Alg. C, Chem. III.

George, Lenore—Anc. Hist. II., Alg. III., Geom. C, Chem. C.

Hamra, Ruby—Anc. Hist. II., Geom. C, Physics C, Latin
Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. III.

Healy, Frances—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist.
II., Alg. III., Chem. II.

Henry, Edna—Eng. Comp. II., Eng. Lit. I., Can. Hist. II.,
Alg. I., Chem. III.

Hopperton, Joan—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist.
II., Alg. C, Chem. II.

Keating, Catharine—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist.
I., Alg. I., Chem. I.

Kelly, Aliee—Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. III.

Kelly, Florence—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist.
III., Alg. C, Chem. C.

Kirk, Gertrude—Alg. III.

Kohler, Virginia—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. I., Can. Hist.
C, Alg. II., Chem. I.

- Lomore, Helen—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist. I., Alg. II., Chem. II.
- Lynham, Mary—Can. Hist. C.
- Lynn, Esther—Physics C.
- Maedonell, Angeline—Eng. Lit. C, Physics C.
- McDonnell, Margaret—Eng. Lit. C, Anc. Hist. III., Alg. III., Geom. C, Physics C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Comp. C.
- McGinn, Josephine—Alg. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Authors C.
- McGoey, Mary—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist. III., Alg. C, Chem. II.
- McKenna, Mary—Anc. Hist. III., Geom. C, Physics III., Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. III.
- McLellan, Kathleen—Eng. Lit. C.
- Mancuso, Mary—Eng. Lit. III., Physics C.
- Martin, Anna—Eng. Lit. C, Anc. Hist. II., Alg. II., Geom. C, Chem. C.
- Meagher, Miriam—Anc. Hist. C, Physics C, Chem. C.
- Meschino, Mary—Alg. III., Chem. C.
- Mitchell, Mercella—Alg. C, Eng. Lit. C.
- Moore, Madeline—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist. II., Alg. I., Chem. III.
- Moran, Cecilia—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. I., Can. Hist. II., Alg. I., Chem. I.
- Mullen, Mary—Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. III., Chem. C.
- Mulvaney, Mary—Eng. Lit. C.
- Murphy, Mary—Can. Hist. C, Chem. III.
- O'Connell, Helen—Anc. Hist. C, Geom. II., Physics II., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. II.
- Pilon, Clare—Anc. Hist. III., Physics C, Rec. in Geom., Latin Auth., Latin Comp., Fr. Auth., Fr. Comp.
- Quilty, Patricia—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. C, Chem. C.
- Rice, Violet—Eng. Comp. III., Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist. C, Alg. C, Chem. C.
- Richea, Lucilla—Latin Comp. III.

Riley, Geraldine—Anc. Hist. I., Latin Comp. II., Physics C, Rec. in Latin Auth., Fr. Auth., Fr. Comp., Eng. Lit., Geom.

Sabiston, Frances—Eng. Lit. III., Can. Hist. C, Alg. III., Chem. C.

Sullivan, Patricia—Anc. Hist. C, Physics C.

Sweeney, Madeline—Anc. Hist. III., Alg. III., Physics C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III.

Sweeney, Mildred—Eng. Comp. II., Anc. Hist. C, Geom. C, Physics II., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. III.

Wall, Kathleen—Anc. Hist. C, Physics C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. III.

Walsh, Anna—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Can. Hist. II., Chem. C.

Ward, Marion—Anc. Hist. III., Physics C, Lat. Comp. C.

Wright, Lillian—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. II., Can. Hist. C, Alg. C, Chem. C.

Young, Irma—Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Chem. III.

Upper School.

Black, Ursula—French Auth. C, French Comp. C.

Donnelly, Margaret—Eng. Lit. I.

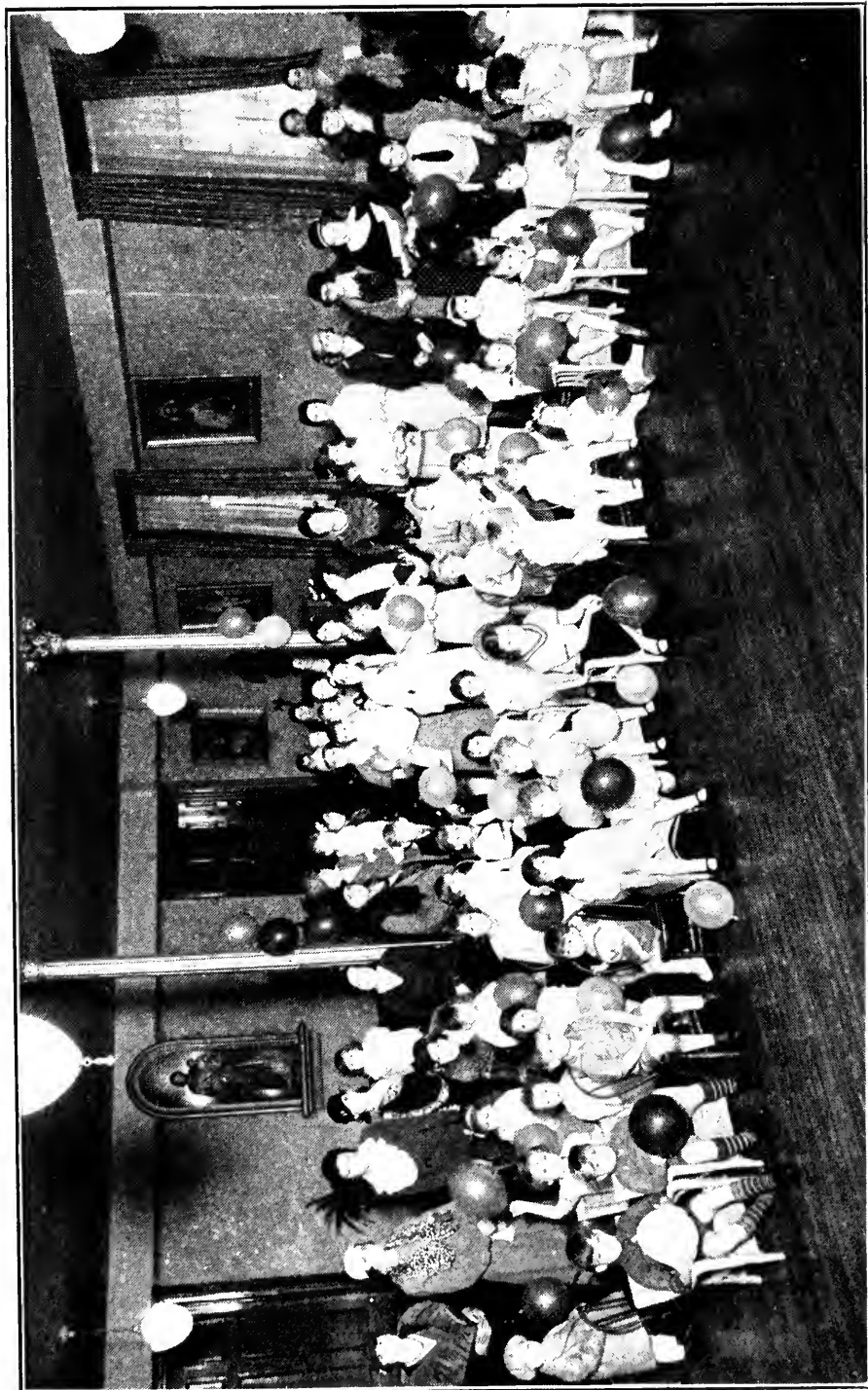
George, Lenore—French Auth. C, French Comp. III.

WHY COMPLAIN?

Season of snows and season of flowers,
 Seasons of loss and gain,
 Since grief and joy must alike be ours,
 Why do we complain?

Ever our failing, from sun to sun,
 O my intolerant brother,
 We want just a little too little of one,
 And much too much of the other.

—James Whitecomb Riley.



Babes and very young children with their mothers, who took part in the Mary's Day celebration at St. Joseph's Convent, on May 7th, 1932.





BOOK REVIEWS

**THE FOUNDING OF CHURCHILL****By James F. Kenny, Ph.D.**

The "Founding of Churchill" is, in a sense, an innovation in biography. The biography of a man and of a place linked so that their stories become almost one. At a moment in the annals of time their history touched and merged; Churchill became the life work of Knight, as Knight's untiring efforts gave life to Churchill. Years passed; Knight became a name in a journal yellowed by age; Churchill flourished and became a Canadian trade centre of to-day.

These two interests are given in a new manner by Dr. Kenny. His book is divided into two distinct parts which fit, one into the other. The first is a chronicle of Churchill from the hazy years of the sixteenth century and early explorations, through trips and settlements, summers of work and privation, winters of cold and waiting, deaths, fires, attacks, fruitless expeditions, efforts building up little by little, through to March 29, 1929, when the end of the all-steel line reached Hudson Bay. The second part is the period 14 July—13 September, 1717, the latter part of Knight's occupancy. Thus the author gives a very full historic background, then allowing Knight to take his own place within it, in his own words, even in his own amusing spelling.

The chronicle of Churchill is an orderly survey of extraordinarily comprehensive and accurate data. When one considers the labour of gleaning from aged records, and the greater task of gathering together in so clear a manner the material found in this first and larger part of the book, it is an occasion of astonishment. It is the treasure of the archives brought to public light.

Through the hundred and eight pages of the chronicle there is but one character, Churchill. The historic site dominates

the scene. Even Knight is little more than a statistical shadow, his personality to come from the journal following. There are necessarily many dates, many events, many names, but the interest roused by each in turn is swallowed up by others and still others in quick succession, giving an impression of multiplicity, of passing time, and passing effort. It is the turning, turning, of little, transitory, but struggling Man about the rock, bay and river that are forever.

An effect of this multiplicity is that it is difficult to visualize. We are not near them. The scene is viewed from a distance of both years and miles. The enthusiasm, the heart-break, the glow of adventure that must have lived in the growing walls of the fort, are dimmed.

Yet there is tragedy in the simple sentences, suggestive of suffering: "two iron falconets were damaged during the winter while firing a funeral salute." Tragedy mainly in the story of thwarted efforts told in simple words. The flood sweeping over the old fort, staying in the walls of the new buildings; the provision ship that did not arrive; the Indian messengers sent out who never returned; and the possibilities: "On 9 August adverse winds compelled him to turn southward. Had he been able to push on, it is just possible that the last survivors on Marble Island might have been rescued."

For clarity and condensation of style Mr. Kenny is scarcely to be excelled. There is not an unnecessary word nor a vague phrase. Each sentence is direct, concrete, and purposeful, each paragraph brings its quota to an exceptionally clear and orderly whole. There is no claim to colour, shadings, allusions. The very bareness of the style reflects the barren land, the rock and ice, and steady movement to achievement. There is a feeling of solidity given. One can rely unquestionably on every statement. One feels that the history of Churchill is here.

Into this exact and true background fits the journal of Knight: "Blowing, blustering weather. Wind N.N.W. . . . Fair weather, Little Wind, Vereable. . ." The breath of the country round, and the strain of action is here: ". . . a hew-

ing of trees, and a Splitting of ye roots for crooked Timber." So also their anxiety; and the continual uncertainty of every outcome, the steady movement forward just the same, working, building, exploring, hoping; and the quiet tragedy of that recurring phrase: "Ketcht but one fish too Day" . . . "Wee ketcht never a fish this last 24 hours." . . . later: "5 hands out hunting too Day, which they all did gett but Just as much as will serve us to Morrow."

There one finds the moss, the trees boughed low only on the south side, the precious fresh water, the plaguing "Musketos and horse flies," the summer haste when "Yesterday and too Day Smells very much of ye fall." One meets Knight fighting through his journal against powerful forces and unavoidable disasters: "No man in the World Ever could have taken better methods than I have don, yett . . ." as he worries over expeditions: "I am in great fear for the Northern Man and the English Ladd . . . the Iskemays have come nearer," and when Davis failed to bring in the ship: "the hot hair-brain fellow might have seen his Mistake by the Sett of the tides . . . the blockhead turnd Tail and Runn away . . ." One can almost hear the squeak of the quill.

Thus the journal rounds out the chronicle, and the chronicle becomes a most complete frame for the journal. "The Founding of Churchill" will prove of greater and greater historical value.

J. Farley, B.A.

* * * * *

POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.

Edited by Robert Bridges.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, by G. F. Lahey, S.J.

It is a happy thing that there is no royal road to poetry. The world should know by this time that one cannot reach Parnassus except by flying thither. Yet from time to time more men go up and either perish in its gullies fluttering ex-

celsior flags, or else come down again with full folios and blank countenances. Yet the old fallacy keeps its ground. Every age has its false alarms.

Hopkins was not an example of the "old fallacy," for he flew straight to the top of Parnassus, and characteristically kept it so secret that his generation and the generation that followed him after his death in 1889 never knew of his achievement. Not until his friend the late Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, edited the first volume of Hopkins' poems in 1918 did the world know that the second half of the nineteenth century had possessed another major poet whose achievement in bulk and quality can perhaps best be compared with Matthew Arnold's. The first volume went out of print, and for the last few years it has been impossible to obtain it. It is now re-issued intact with an appendix of additional poems, with notes and an introduction by Mr. Charles Williams, to whom Robert Bridges had confided the task of preparing a second edition.

It must be said that none of the additional poems here first collected are of prime importance, thus proving how thoroughly Robert Bridges did his work. The majority of them are early poems written from 1860 to 1866, and the best of them show very markedly the influence of Keats, not only in metrical form but in imagery. Nevertheless, "A Vision of the Mermaids," written in 1862, when Hopkins was eighteen years old, and with the sensuous opulence of the young Keats, could only have been written by a boy of genius. Even the most acute literary sense fostered by intensive culture will not enable a young undergraduate out of his study of poetry to produce such lines as:

Soon—as when Summer of his sister Spring
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,
And boasting: "I have fairer things than these"
Plashes amidst the billowing apple-trees
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind

With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,
A glorious wanton;—all the wrecks in showers
Crowd down upon a stream, and, jostling thick
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stiek
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:
So these Mermaidens crowded to my rock . . .

Yet Hopkins was not to develop along the lines that this poem indicates. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church while still an undergraduate, although, on Cardinal Newman's advice, he finished his studies at Oxford, taking a double-first in Greats in 1867. That vein of rich sensuousness then flowed into another channel; and the early examples of this later preoccupation are far less felicitous than those modelled on Byron (for example: "The Escorial," dated 1860). Thoroughly characteristic, however, are "Lines for a Picture of St. Dorothea," "Winter With the Gulf Stream," and "Margaret Clitheroe" — the final lines of the latter may be quoted as an example of Hopkins vitality in plain speech:

Within her womb the child was quick
Small matter of that then! Let him smother
And wreck in ruins of his mother.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Hopkins was the most original of the poets of the second half of the nineteenth century. It is true that Tennyson, Browning, Arnold and Swinburne are all truly individual, speaking with distinct and unique voices; but none of them broke down so violently as Hopkins the old rhythmic forms. They were all inventive, and each added something new to English poetry — as, indeed, did the two Rossettis and Francis Thompson — but no poet writing to-day feels that he can learn technical secrets from these poets, whereas Hopkins is full of strange powers (and an

unexhausted technical prowess) which he feels he must assimilate and possess.

Technically Hopkins is a great liberating influence in English verse. Poetry is made up of many elements, and it is only the greatest poets who possess all the elements; but what poetry has been weakest in, since the seventeenth century, is rhythm. The eighteenth century only heard music in a regular pattern, and in spite of Blake and the Romantic revival, this is largely true of the nineteenth century. Thus it came about that a metrist like Swinburne was hailed as a great master of music, partly because nobody could fail to scan his verses. Arnold was far finer rhythmically, and there is nothing in Swinburne to match the rhythmic beauty of the famous lines beginning—

Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay . . .

Hopkins is one of the great masters and innovators of rhyme in the English language. The best analysis of his poetry in this respect is in the chapter entitled "The Craftsman," in Father Lahey's monograph on Hopkins, which reveals the complexity and logic of his technique. The analysis of such a sonnet as "The Windhover" into "sprung rhythm, falling paeons, outrides, rocking rhythm, monosyllabic feet, catalectic inflections," may confound the reader, but to anyone with a sensitive ear Hopkins is as easy as he is beautiful to read. Those who find such lines as the opening of the sonnet "Windhover" difficult must ask themselves whether their ear is not as yet imperfectly trained to poetic rhythm as distinct from metrical scansion.

Hopkins had the true poetic power of phrase. Such lines as: Didst fettle for the great grey dray horse his bright and battering sandal!—his description of Oxford: Towy city and branchy between towers; Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked, river-rounded—suffice to illustrate his felicity and originality; but the white-hot intensity of his greatest work can be felt only as a whole in such poems as

“That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection.”

The letters quoted by Father Lahey in his all too short biography of Hopkins, are of such quality as to make it desirable that an edition of his letters and a selection of his prose should be published. Father Lahey quotes a description of Hopkins as a young man by a college friend, who writes:

His conversation was clear and incisive, and perhaps critical in excess. As to the quality of this criticism I thought much at the time, and have thought much since, that it was the best of the kind to be had in England . . . His acquaintance with poetry was extensive, and his judgments differed upon various poets considerably from what most people entertain . . .

There are critical passages of great interest in the letters written to Coventry Patmore from which Father Lahey quotes extensively; but these letters ought to be printed in full. In a letter from the Royal University of Ireland dated June 4, 1886, Hopkins writes to Patmore:

What marked and striking excellence has England to show to make her civilization attractive? Her literature is one of her excellences and attractions, and I believe that criticism will tend to make this more and more felt; but there must be more and more of that literature — a continued supply and in quality excellent. This is why I hold that fine works of art . . . are really a great power in the world, an element of strength even to an empire.

There is a letter to Patmore dated Dublin, 1888, containing a magnificent criticism of Keats, which is far too long to quote here. Hopkins's eminently sane, exceptionally acute mind displays its logical power far more obviously for the general reader in his prose than in his poetry. This is an additional reason why his prose should be collected and published: for everything possible should be done to make Hopkins's work more generally known and to spread the fame of this poet of true genius.

T. L. S.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

Alone in the garden greenhouse,
 Near the Chapel, old and gray
 An old man talked to the flowers
 In his quaint old-fashioned way.
 "To-morrow will be the Feast Day
 Of my Lady, the Queen Divine,
 And none but the fairest flowers
 Shall I lay before her shrine."

Then he made a garland of roses,
 Fragrant, and red as wine,
 And 'round and 'round he twined them
 With the honeysuckle vine.
 'Twas the mystic hour of twilight,
 His loving task complete,
 When the night-wind seemed to whisper—
 A message low and sweet.

"Oh, take me, too!" said the lily,
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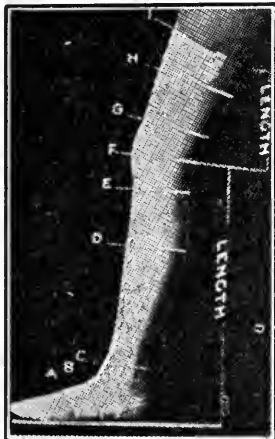
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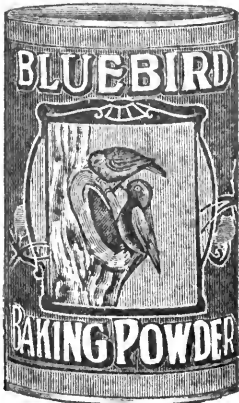


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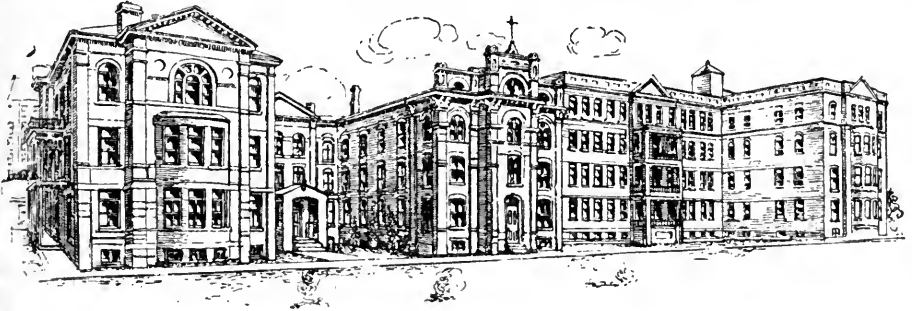
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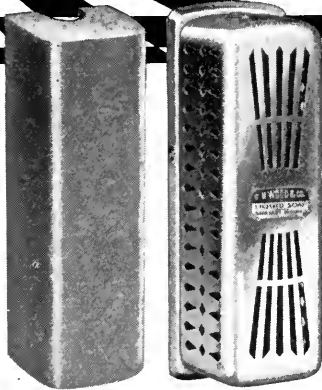
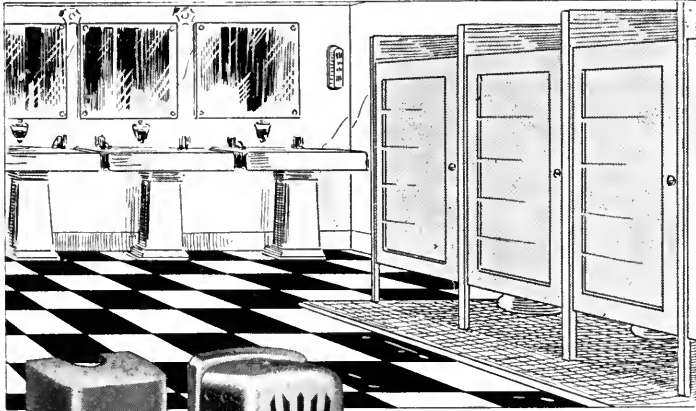
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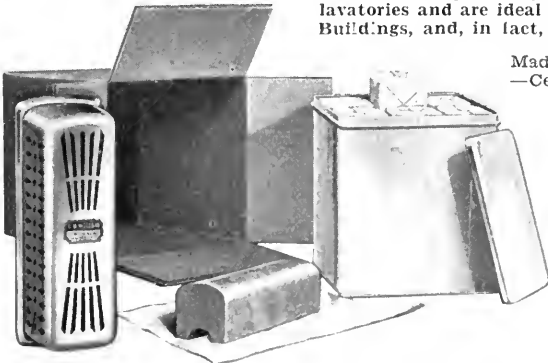
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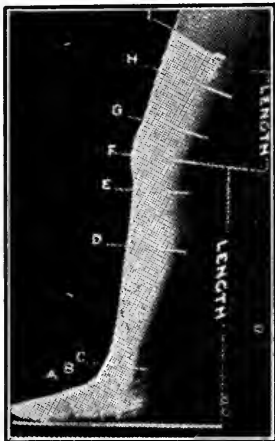
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ST. JOSEPH LILIES

ALUMNAE AND FRIENDS

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THE EDITOR ST. JOSEPH LILIES,
ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
ST. ALBAN STREET,
TORONTO, CANADA.



BETHLEHEM—BY HOFFMANN.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1932.

No. 3.

*O Little Baby King,
Make me in every thing
Like Thy sweet Mother.*

*Heart, mind and spirit bring
Always to Thee to cling,
And love none other.*

*Ah, Little Baby King,
Heed, please, the pray'r I sing
To Thee, my Brother.*

F. X. Pierce, S.J.

EDITORIAL

THE return of Christmas and the close of the year makes us reminiscent. We think of by-gone anniversaries and their associations, and these thoughts remind us that two decades have passed since St. Joseph Lilies first gave forth their fragrance.

Twenty years ago, at the close of the day celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto, a number of their former pupils assembled at the College, formed our Alumnae Association. The motto "For God and Alma Mater" was chosen, and Archbishop McEvay blessed the Association.

That year the members numbered three hundred and thirty, all of whom were in close touch with one another and with Alma Mater.

The St. Joseph Lilies was indicative of the efforts of these first members of the Association to establish a lasting union in a truly Catholic bond.

In the records of 1912 they have outlined their ideals as follows: "We have planted our 'Lilies' under most favourable conditions. St. Joseph guards them! The Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto has wished them prosperity. Our Patron and our Chaplain guard them. The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph watch them day and night. Many friends surround them. A zealous band of Alumnae is working strenuously to keep the ground properly nourished, to bring the necessary fertilizers, to keep out all noxious weeds, to let in all life-giving sunshine. A College of enthusiastic children is watching and waiting, and praying and working to be able to enjoy the ambrosial fragrance of our Lilies."

Twenty years have passed since that vision was glimpsed, and now as the Christmas number of St. Joseph Lilies seeks in its heart a message for its readers, it finds uppermost the note of gratitude and good will to those exceptionally devoted friends, whose generosity and fidelity, in word, in work and worth, have been unflinching and untiring through the years, first and foremost to the literary contributors, and among these, especially, the priests of the Archdiocese.

Their fluent and gifted pens have ever been at the service of "The Lilies." Indeed, in each succeeding edition, through two decades, have appeared brilliant themes, essays or poems diversified in subject and equalling in merit the best offerings of the literary world of to-day. Notable among these has been a masterly and exhaustive study of Newman, which many of our readers will remember with pleasure.

Always their contributions have been appreciated even although, in a review like St. Joseph Lilies, the necessity of insisting on an assortment of articles has excluded many valuable offerings.

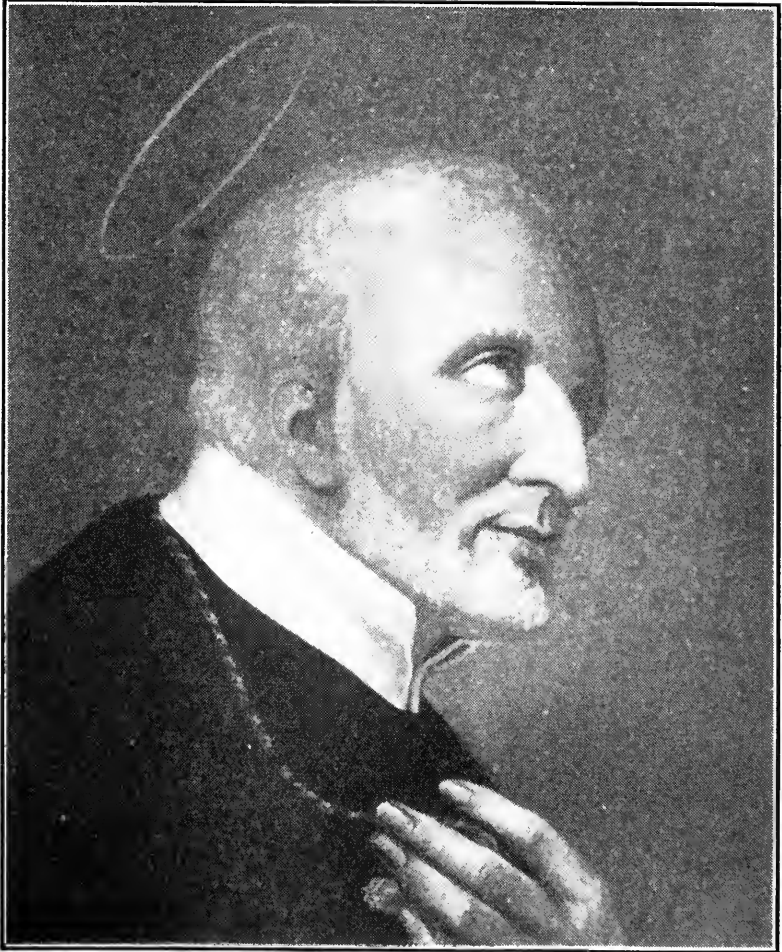
Another claim to our gratitude comes before our reminiscent mind as we survey the vast field covered in the infant days of the magazine under the management of Dr. Gertrude Lawlor, and later Sister Emerentia, whose brilliant work was recognized by outstanding literary critics, even in other countries than Canada. Sister Dympna succeeded Sister Emeren-

tia as Editor, and for twelve years nobly carried on the work, with great ability and patience, amid the difficulties of modern journalism.

St. Joseph Lilies has high literary aspirations, but let us not forget that its primary motive is to cement the union of our Alumnae. We want them to make the magazine theirs, and, to accomplish this, all must contribute in some way. Helpful advice, wise counsel, and benevolent criticism, will always be welcome, so that the fragrance of our "Lilies" may prove ever more attractive. Then, also, the garden plot must be extended and the growth encouraged through the medium of zealous and enthusiastic subscribers. We need their good will to impart to us courage, and the motive power provided by pecuniary support. Will they be kind enough to glance inside the cover of this number of St. Joseph Lilies, and, having listened to the promptings of their generous nature, translate them into action?

May the Christ Child and His Holy Mother bless all our good friends this Christmas-tide by implanting within their hearts the true spirit of the season. May the message of hope and cheer, of peace and goodwill, as sung by the Angels of Bethlehem, find an echo of reality in the experience of each and all. May the spiritual joy that fills the inmost soul with ecstasy and transports it to the gates of Heaven be verily the portion of each Alumna and friend. Then truly shall hope have replaced fear, faith dispel doubt, and good will conquer all antipathy, that from the heart all may praise the All-loving Father that His Christmas gift, His only Son, is

"Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn.—once sent."



ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

Founder of the Redemptorist Order, which this year celebrates the Bicentenary of its foundation and Centenary of its coming to America.

BICENTENARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS AND CENTENARY OF THEIR COMING TO AMERICA

(The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Alumnae are most happy to extend their sincere felicitations to the devoted Redemptorist Fathers on their double centennial. As beneficiaries of their many faithful services, the Community and pupils feel they have a personal interest in the double celebration of this year. Their coming to Toronto has been a continued blessing to the Convent and College School of St. Alban Street. The celebration of the Reverend Fathers thus finds full echo in the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto.—The Editor).

GROWTH.

Redemptorist Centenaries Recall Order's Growth.

(Condensed from article by Rev. Henry Schorp, C.S.S.R.)

THE year 1932 marks the bi-centenary of the founding of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the centenary of the coming of the Redemptorists to America.

When St. Alphonsus laid the foundation of his work at the Cathedral of Seala, in the presence of Monsignor Santoro, he was surrounded by a small community. How the work has increased since that eventful day can be seen from the fact that there are to-day 348 houses with about 5,735 members.

The first band of Redemptorists did not leave Europe until 1832, and was destined to labour in the extensive diocese of Cincinnati.

From the beginning, the work of the Redemptorists was carried on in several languages, English, French, German and Italian. The German congregation in Pittsburg became the first permanent foundation.

During the years following, over sixty separate communities were established besides House of Studies at Esopus, N.Y., and Washington, D.C., and a House for Laymen's Retreats at West End, N.J.

The rapid growth of the Congregation made Provincial divisions advisable. However, in a review like this we can touch only on the high lights.

Perhaps the most remarkable development of the Baltimore Province was the call to Brazil, South America, in 1929, when two Fathers left for that field. To-day there are three communities, at Aquidauana, Miranda and Bella Vista. It is noteworthy that a hundred years after the arrival of the first Redemptorists, Fathers from the Baltimore Province should be doing the work of our pioneers below the Equator, even working for the Indians in the wilds of Matto Grosso.

EDUCATION.

Redemptorist Communities Are Centres of Great Apostolic Activities Wherever Established.

In the field of Catholic Education, the Redemptorist Fathers, from the beginning of their ministry in this country, erected schools, sometimes under seemingly impossible conditions. In order to manage their schools with better results, the Fathers secured the services of the Teaching Orders—Brothers and Sisters.

The Redemptorists have in the course of the last hundred years laboured in others ways also for the spread of Catholic principles in our public life, by the aid and encouragement they have given to the Catholic Press and organizations like the Central-Verein.

The Canadian Province for the last five years has published "The Eikon," a monthly magazine in honour of Our Mother of Perpetual Help and of St. Alphonsus. From the initiatory number the magazine has met with signal success.

Naturally, a Toronto Review such as the St. Joseph Lilies would enlarge upon the Canadian Section of the Congregation

of the Most Holy Redeemer. With this in view, we feel the following synopsis covers the ground sufficiently.

“Although the early Redemptorist Missionaries in the United States paid an occasional apostolic visit to Canada, it was not until 1874, under their successors, that the first Canadian House of the Redemptorists was established in the historic City of Quebec. In 1879, French-speaking Fathers were called from Belgium to take charge of the famous Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. For over fifty years Belgian and Canadian Redemptorists have ministered at the noted sanctuary to pilgrims from every part of the North American Continent.

In 1918 the Toronto Province — taking in all English-speaking Redemptorists in Canada — was formed, and its growth has been rapid. Its houses, fifteen in number, dot the Dominion from coast to coast, from Charlottetown and Corner Brook, Newfoundland, in the East, to Vancouver in the West. The Province is fully equipped for the training of its young men. The Preparatory College, with High School Course and two years’ of Arts, is at Brockville, Ont., in St. John, New Brunswick, is the Novitiate; and in Woodstock, Ont., the House of Studies, or Seminary of Philosophy and Theology.

In Western Canada, the Ruthenian Vice-Province of Galicia has also two foundations, one in Yorkton, the other in Ituna. There, as in Galicia, the Redemptorist Fathers belong to the Greek Rite. To save the faith of the Ruthenian immigrants that have come to Canada within the last few decades is their arduous and meritorious task. These foundations are off-shoots of Galicia, where the Fathers are taken up with mission work that carry them to the very borders of Russia. There, as in Canada, they are laboring for the great ideal of Christian unity between the Eastern and Western Church. That they may be one! . . . was not that the prayer of our dying Saviour?

Does not this illustrate most beautifully the Catholicity of the Congregation of St. Alphonsus? Like the Church, her sons are “all to all” to win souls to Christ.

The purpose of the Redemptorists has been to contribute their share to maintain religion among the faithful for whom

they labour, and by so doing, serve both God and country. That their labours have been blessed by God and appreciated by the Hierarchy, clergy and laity of the country, can be seen from the remarkable growth during the last hundred years. The small band of three priests and three brothers who landed in New York in 1732, unknown and friendless, has grown to four Provinces and three Vice-Provinces. Everywhere the work of the missions is carried on unceasingly from the State of Florida (and even further south to Porto Rico) to the shadow of the Arctic Circle in Northern Canada, and from east to west across the whole continent. And right here let us mention a special work set in full motion by a well-known Redemptorist, the Sisters of Service, who celebrate this year the tenth anniversary of their foundation.

The Redemptorist Congregation has lasted for two centuries. It has known the bitterness of persecution and of banishment, but it has tasted, too, the unspeakable sweetness of the love and loyalty of God's children. While there may be a feeling of legitimate pride in its accomplishments, there is, in its members, an overwhelming sense of responsibility. They must carry on the work inaugurated by their Founder and continued by his saintly followers. They must not allow the vigour of his heroic spirit to wane.

The Redemptorists stand on the threshold of the third century of their existence. Behind them are the years filled with God's goodness. Before them lies the arduous work of the Apostolic Ministry. Within them stirs the spirit of a zealous Doctor of the Church. Above them — His hands stretched out to bless — is Christ. Confidently, eagerly, they face the problems of the new century.—“The Eikon.”

The Community of St. Joseph and their Alumnae congratulate the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and while praying that God may continue to bless, sanctify and support the activities of the Fathers, not only in Canada but in every other land, may be allowed to cry out, in the words of the Psalmist: “With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously and reign.” (Prov. 44.5).

Thanksgiving

REV. FRANCIS C. YOUNG.



THE other day, when we felt sad,
 We met a laughing little lad,
 Whose rosy cheeks attention tore
 From worldly cares that only bore.
 We stopped to ask this playful child,
 With Infant Christlike features mild:
 "Who gave to you those cheeks of rose?"
 He smiled and said: "Dod dave me dose."

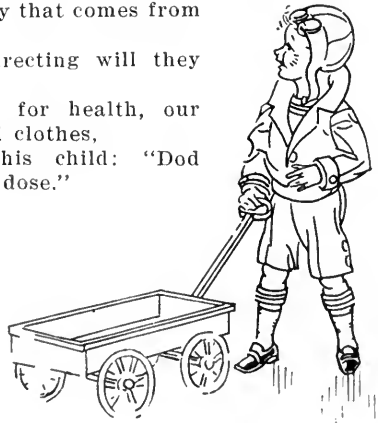
A little child, we're often told,
 Shall lead us to the Gates of Gold.
 'Tis this that tells the reason why
 Our tiny tots the knots untie
 Of problems that confound the wise.
 Whose sin-stained souls all Truths disguise.
 Now tell me, why, do you suppose,
 That child just said: "Dod dave me dose?"

In bed of pain a neighbor lies,
 While others, worse, deprived of eyes,
 Of hands, of feet, of tongue, of mind,
 Still smile a smile that says they find
 A peaceful joy that comes from
 God,

To Whose directing will they
 nod.

With thanks for health, our
 food and clothes,

Let's join this child: "Dod
 dave me dose."



THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

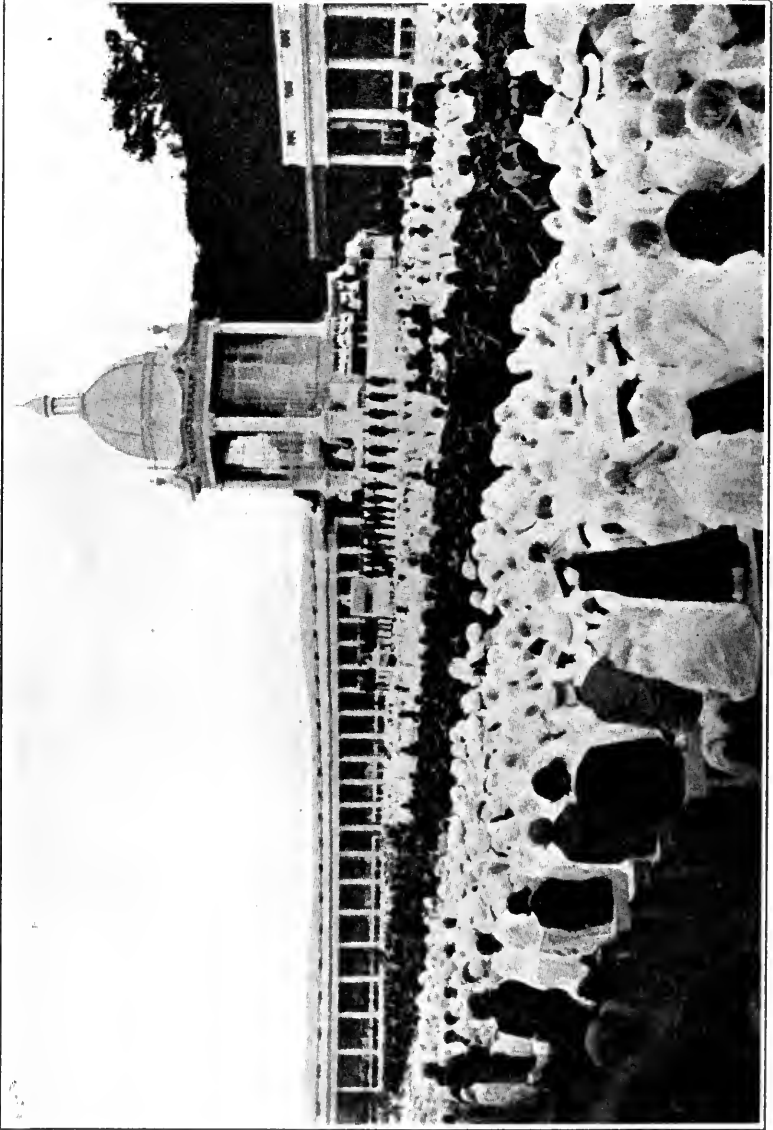
Dublin, 1932

By THE REVEREND J. P. TREACY, D.D.

THE Thirty-First Eucharistic Congress held in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, was a wonderful panorama, a worshipful pageant where the Catholic religion was displayed in all its piety, its devotion, its enthusiastic faith, with all that pomp and power and circumstance of ordered ceremony which holds and captivates the minds of men. Not only for Catholics but for those who had no religious convictions of any kind, or who were prejudiced onlookers, there was a compelling force, a strange fascination, which they were unwilling to concede though they could not but admit its influence. The flare and feverish activity of Chicago's streets were absent. The ugly noises and smells of industrialism with its blatant and discordant architecture and machinery, the hurry and bustle of thousands of ant-like humans carrying burdens too large for them, wandering aimlessly in search of a living, down alley-ways and across congested thoroughfares, were all transmagnified into the aristocratic repose, the settled quietude of the Phoenix Park. The green grassy slopes, the myriad flower beds, the botanical and zoological gardens, the neat villas and lordly demesnes, with the Liffey flowing through sedges and bulrushes, provided a fitting framework for the Eucharistic Convention of 1932.

When it is said that God made the country and man made the town, the inference is not so much one of primary or secondary causation as of religious spirit. It means that God is nearer to us in the open spaces, the green fields and woods, than in ugly red brick houses and the uglier workshops of the big cities. In this respect the contrast between Soldiers' Field and Phoenix Park is markedly in favor of the country background.

It may be that Catholicism, though Divine and international, appealing as it does to all ranks and conditions of life, is nevertheless specially and irrevocably adapted to an agricultural civilization. Its beginnings were circumscribed by such conditions. Its earliest leaders and converts were taken from the plough, the yoke and the fishing nets. Zaccheus and Matthew are alone among the money changers. The others grew up on the soil. Land was the chief wealth in the early Church of the Orient. Money then was only a medium of exchange. A man like Job was rich in man-servants and maid-servants, he-asses and she-asses, camels, sheep, cattle and horses in abundance on his broad acres. His substance, as the Holy Book says, "was round about him like a fence." The stars in the heavens, the lightnings and thunder, the hawk and the eagle and prancing race-horse, all reflected for him the attributes of the Creator. Job speaks of the economic values of clouds and frosts, snows and wintry rains, and the "shower of their strength." Face to face with Nature, he saw God and worshipped Him in His works. It came quite as a matter of course to a man who lived a country life of peaceful meditation to offer sacrifices to God every morning and every evening. You could not imagine a modern captain of Materialistic industry offering any sacrifice, religious or otherwise, in his ugly factory surrounded by his grimy slaves and his other implements of Mammon. The thing is unthinkable. The sense of environment and of psychological proportion would be against it. Besides, worship demanded that a man should offer some manner of life of which he was the owner and which he wanted to give back to the Creator. Hence the sacrifices of sheep, goats and cattle, the fruits of the soil, bread and wine. The life of the earth was given back to the Life Giver in vicarious offering, for the life of the man who owned the soil and its products. The earliest forms, then, of Divine worship are intimately connected with an agricultural civilization before and after the transition from Judaism to Christianity. Nay, more, the teachings of the Gospel have an agricultural flavour; they are illustrated and enlivened



CHILDREN'S MASS IN PHOENIX PARK.

by pastoral references and farm stories in the most of the eighteen parables which have been handed down to us. The types, manners, social groups, are taken from agricultural life. It was so even in the Middle Ages. The strength of the Church was in the country places. The Benedictines, the Cistercians, and their progenitors, Columbanus, Gall, with their Celtic and Saxon monks, when not engaged in copying the Scriptures and teaching the children of the surrounding locality, worked on the land, cutting and hewing timber, fishing the rivers, draining, cultivating and reclaiming the soil.

Not that the Catholic religion does not and can not flourish in the industrial surroundings of the great cities and the busy marts of commerce, but her fairest fruits are gathered from the open spaces of Nature. After all, Industrialism, with its selfish individualism, its cornerings of markets, its habitual manipulation of Governments, its displacement not only of the earnings but of the real handiwork of men and women, was not begotten in the womb of Catholicism. It was conceived and born in the Pagan Europe of the Renaissance and in alien creeds.

The implications of both influences never touched Celtic Ireland, which clung to the old religion as tenaciously as she held on to the land. Such thoughts were uppermost in our minds as we gazed upon that immense gathering of 850,000 men and women in the Phoenix Park at the closing of the Pontifical Mass. Seventy-three trains from all parts of Ireland poured streams of passengers into the railway stations of Dublin. Others came in donkey carts, on horse back, in pony traps, the farmers in the ubiquitous Ford, the swanky folks in their limousines, until over 7,000 automobiles were parked together in one angle of the 2,714 acres of the Park, in various sections, Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc., etc., by previous arrangement. It reminded me of a sermon I heard as a boy in the old church of North Adjala. Father Miller, C.S.S.R., was describing the Last Judgment in the Valley of Jehosaphat where the nations were gathered. "There are white men and

black men, red men and yellow men, and every kind of man and woman too."

Amongst the 400 Bishops and Archbishops, clothed in all the purple glory of their holy office, none caught the eye and received the attention as the Indian Prelates. "Were they really Catholics?" Oh yes. "I mean Roman Catholics?" Quite so. "What do they do here at all?" We were at the



BENEDICTION ALTAR ON O'CONNELL BRIDGE.

Polo Match where McGee used up four ponies. The Indian Bishops came with a number of these priests and sat down in front of the two old ladies who were discussing their orthodoxy. We were sitting behind and heard the loud whispering. Finally one old dear said to the other: "I have it. The white Bishops say Mass in white and the black Bishops have to say Mass in black."

How wonderful is Mother Church in arranging the different functions for her variegated Hierarchy. Cardinals were there from America, Germany, England, France, Italy and

Ireland, attended by their domestic prelates. Archbishops and Bishops were a congregation in themselves. The Religious Orders and humble secular clergy numbered over 7,000. Our own Canada was represented by Bishops McDonald, Bunoz, O.M.I., McNally, Morrison, Deschamps, and Archbishops Forbes, Duke, McGuigan, O'Donnell and Sinnott. Over forty priests from Canada and 1,100 pilgrims swelled the Canadian contingent. The Rev. Fathers Cline and Brown contributed to the devotional inspiration of the Congress in their scholarly and much appreciated papers. Rev. Martin Johnson was present in his capacity as Director of Organization. They all came to do honor to the Mass, and though the Mass is the same whether on Calvary or in the gorgeous Cathedrals of France and Italy, or in the sheet metal sheds of the prairies, yet we shall, must realize, that circumstances of time and place and person may add to its solemnity. Here there was one appeal to the mind, to the heart, to the various emotions and sentiments which stir men to think great thoughts and to do great things for religion or country. The sound of the Pope's voice sending a blessing from far-away Rome "to his dear Irish children," the thin raspy tones of St. Patrick's Bell that rang out the first consecration on Irish soil 1,500 years ago, and transformed the magic swans back again into the Daughters of Lir; the sharp command of the General and flash of swords in the sunlight when the Sacred Host was lifted; the "Panis Angelicus" of Count McCormick; the swelling volume of children's voices singing the old Plain Chant; the crooning of aeroplanes in the sky and the ceaseless flight of the seagulls circling round and round above the High Altar of Sacrifice — are memories that shall never perish. Then came the Cardinal Legate's sermon in perfect English, but with a touch of the Irish brogue, which evil habit was contracted by too much familiarity with the Irish in Rome when he was plain Monsignor Lawrence Lauri of the Propaganda.

The Mass being over, people settled down for lunch — and what lunches!

Mary and Annie had provided our basket. We had different kinds of sandwiches. Towards the end we opened the thermos bottles and had our tea. Glen apologized that he didn't like tea, and besides he had done so much for his Lord and his country by kneeling for three hours in that grass



DECORATIONS IN MARLBORO' STREET.

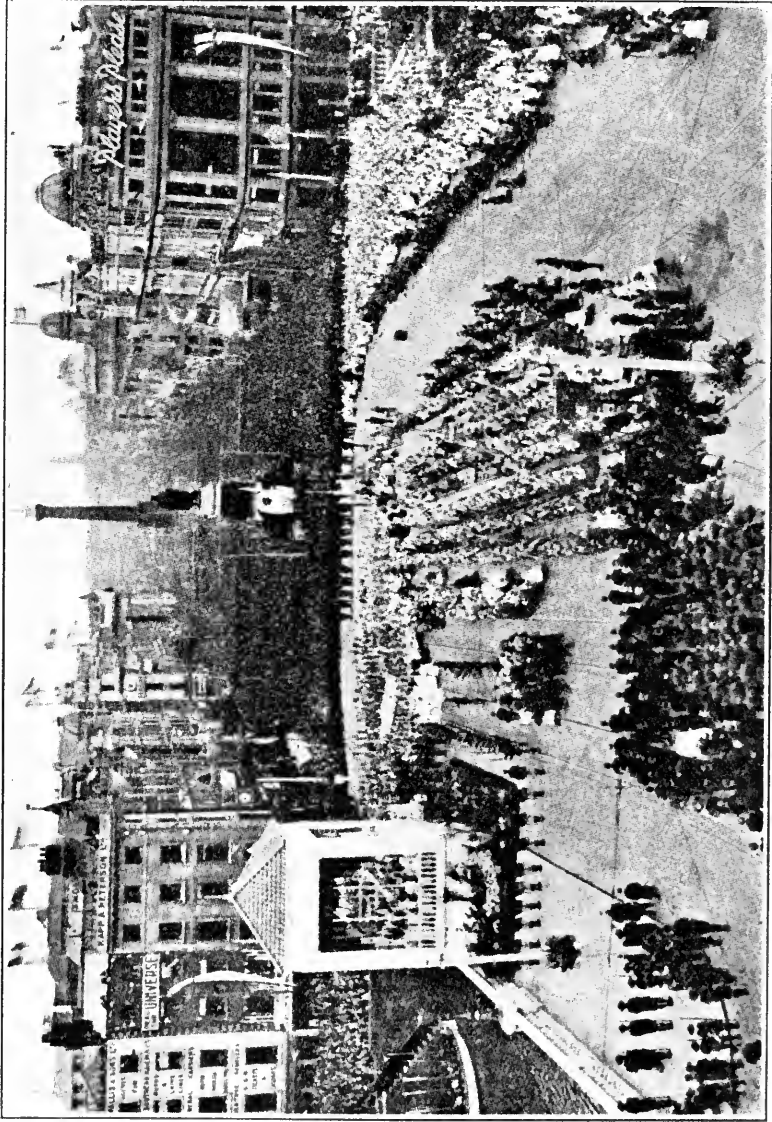
that something stronger than tea was forthcoming. He pulled out his flask and drank the horrid concoction which it contained. He is hopeless and shameless. The procession back to the city took three hours, so that it was 7.30 p.m. when the final Benediction given by Cardinal Lauri closed the Thirty-first International Eucharistic Conference.

The streets for miles around were packed with dense masses of people. There were no accidents, no untoward occurrences, no loud shouting, squabbles or disturbance of any kind, despite the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish propaganda which had pictured Ireland as the favoured haunt of blackguards and gunmen. One of the City Magistrates told me they had not a single criminal case before the bench during the Congress. I marvelled at the sobriety of the people in general in cities, towns, country places and at the football, polo and hurling matches. They were regarded by foreigners as a nation of tipplers, and here in their own country one never saw a drunken man. What was the reason of it? Naturally I attributed the good effect to the power of supernatural grace and the influence of Holy Church.

“Holy Church nothing!” said an old classmate. “It was Lloyd George did it. He put an enormous tax on whiskey during the war and our present government keeps it up. With whiskey at sixteen shillings a bottle no fool will get drunk. It costs too much.”

So there you are. You take it or leave it. Old Sir Roger de Coverly, of happy memory, would say that both of us were right. One marvelled at the order, system and harmony that pervaded the different meetings and functions of that vast congress of men of various nations and races, each with their own foibles and weaknesses and idiosyncracies. Yet there was order, system and organization, all due to the General Committee of Catholic laymen, drawn from different bodies and different ranks of life.

There was full co-ordination between the National Government, the Church, and the Municipality of the City of Dublin regarding all arrangements to be made for meetings, processions, garden parties and receptions. The perfection of the noiseless, smooth-running machinery excited my curiosity. “How did you do it?” we asked Mr. Frank O’Reilly, the Director of Organization. “Well, you see,” he replied, in that quiet Dublin drawl, “some of us had attended many of the former Congresses and we profited by their mistakes. Be-



WHERE THE CONGRESS ENDED

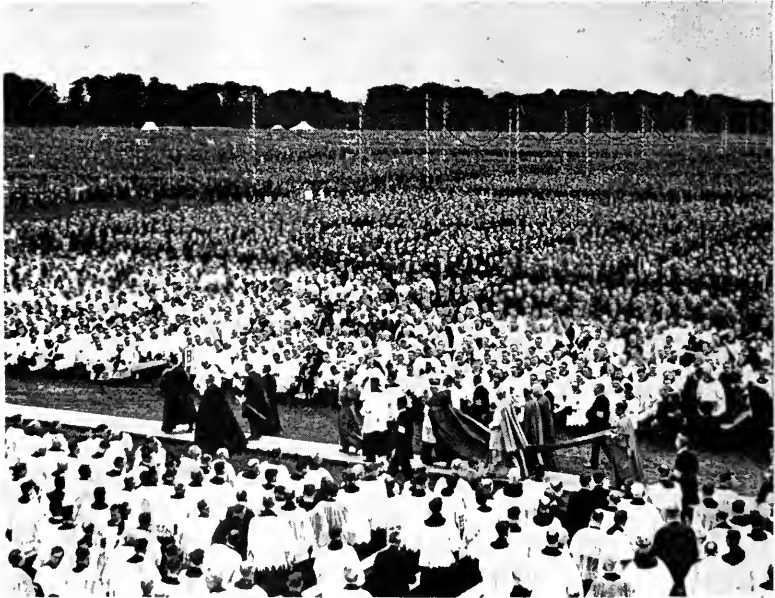
sides," he added, "we have been 'rehearsing' for over twelve months."

There were Committees of Organization, of meetings, of transportation, of printing, of publicity, of building, of receptions, of accommodation, of stewarding. Nothing was overlooked. The twenty-two National groups or sections knew beforehand their appointments and allocations at meetings, general functions, and at the great Mass ceremony. Interpreters were provided in the different hotels and departmental stores and at conspicuous places in the city. The newspapers carried **seven** columns of public notices of Congress activities in the seven languages of Europe. In the parlour after dinner one day in a certain college one heard Italian, French, Spanish, German, Arabic and Polish interchanged between young Irish ecclesiastics and laymen and their foreign guests. Getting lost one day, I wandered into a large hall filled with bishops, priests and lay people who were holding a meeting. On the platform were a number of venerable bishops and priests. The speaker, a member of the Hierarchy, was earnestly expounding his theme in a foreign language to a delighted audience. It sounded like Greek, and then again there seemed to be Hebrew words. I enquired respectfully of the young attendant, who told me: "This is the Gaelic Section." And so it was. "Are you Irish?" says he. "I am," says I. "Don't you know your own language?" says he. "I don't," says I. "God help you," says he. "Amen," says I.

After an hour's discussion, in which many joined, the hymn "God of Our Fathers" was chanted in the tongue of our fathers, and then I felt at home, for Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald of Canada came forward and offered a wonderful prayer in the ancient speech of Gall, Columbanus and Columbkille. The old tongue of Scotia major and Scotia minor has been resurrected along the Celtic fringe, in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall and Bretagne in France. The Gaelic speech is the forerunner of Gaelic Nationalism, whether in or out of the British Empire it is hard to say. If they were wise they would stiek together on the rocky islands where Providence

has placed them; they would all give loyalty and allegiance to the same King in whose veins flows the blood of the ancient Kings of Ireland and Scotland, and they would all stand shoulder to shoulder against the Socialism, the Republicanism and the Communism of old decrepit Europe.

The Anglo-Saxon myth of cultural superiority derived



THE LEGATE GOING TO THE CLOSING MASS IN PHOENIX PARK

from pre-war Teutonic Kultur has done more to disintegrate the British Empire than all the Republicans, Socialists and Communists of the British Isles put together. Between the Die-Hard Anglo-Saxons and the Keltic instringeants the decent people are being kept constantly in hot water. It would be, as Lord Palmerston suggested, "a good thing for the former to study history and for the latter to forget it." The hopeless historic illiteracy of the one was exemplified some time ago when a leading London newspaper described the elevation of

an Irish Bishop to the Cardinalate as "a Papal compliment to the Anglo-Saxon race."

The Welsh, Scottish and Irish peoples are not complimented when they are called Anglo-Saxons. Nor are the English themselves predominantly of the Teutonic strain. Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, librarian of the Bodleian, in his work "Keltic Researches," flays the Anglo-Saxon myth. He writes authoritatively on the subject. "There is good reason to believe that Lancashire, West Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Rutland, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, and part of Sussex, are as Keltic as Perthshire and North Munster; that Cheshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Huntingdonshire, Gloucestershire, Devon, Dorset, Northamptonshire and Bedford are more so, and equal to North Wales and Leinster, while Buckingham and Hertford exceed even this degree and are more so, and are on a level with South Wales and Ulster." (Rolleston).

The Celtic strain in the British Isle is naturally religious. It is this strand in their blood that spiritualizes even the hopeless blunderings and stupid excesses of the islanders.

St. Augustine's great paragraph, "that the soul of man is naturally Christian," was scarcely correct. It were more of a truism to say that it was naturally religious. Supernaturalism implied by Christianity, or, as Belloc would say, Catholicism, means "above and beyond nature." In that sense the Celt is naturally religious. Living in close proximity with Nature, her laws, her country, her charm, her abandon, he reacts to her influences for good or evil. That such implications lead to superstition and cruelty at times is but part of the price one pays for too exclusive an education at the fountain of Nature when not subjected to the correction of Catholicism.

The transition to Christianity from the spiritualized form of Paganism of the ancient Celts was facilitated by their social structure, which was founded on the sacerdotalism of the Druids. Their authority overshadowed that of the chiefs and kings. Such a condition made for the predominance of the

spiritual and rendered conversion to Christianity easy, but its contribution to national and political unity was negligible. Nationalism in Ireland, fostered by the Protestant Irish in 1782, 1798, 1841, and again in the Sinn Fein movement, met her Nemesis in the Internationalism of the Church. The battle may be fought along the same lines some day as in the England of Elizabeth, in the France of Louis XIV., and in the Germany of Luther, when Nationalism triumphed over the Church. At present one hears only the rumblings of a certain spirit of Republicanism fostered in too many cases by those whose leadership in religion and education may be subversive of the real economic, social and religious progress of the people.

Through good and evil repute, the peoples of those islands are welded together by the Celtic blood which is common to them all. They are Anglo-Celtic nations. The Empire is British or Anglo-Celtic. The constituent features of each one are necessary for the whole amalgam. "It is," says Rolleston, "precisely in this blend of Saxon and Celtic elements that British people are unique; it is precisely this blend which gives to this people the fire, the *elan*, and in literature and art the sense of style and colour and drama which are not common growths of German soil, while at the same time it gives the deliberateness and depth, the reverence for ancient law and custom, and the passion for personal freedom which are more or less strange to the nations of Europe." There is, then, nothing wrong in the revival of the ancient language, the manners, customs and games of our Celtic forefathers provided that, unlike the European Renaissance of the sixteenth century, ideas and concepts are not also resurrected which may serve for the aggrandizement of nationalism at the expense of religion. For, after all, the chief glory of Ireland is not in the pomp and power of material greatness, but in her practice of the Christian virtues outlined above the Cross of Calvary, in her devotion to the God of the Eucharist, in her unquestioned and unalterable loyalty to the See of Peter. The Congress has provided food for reflection for those who,

inspired by no higher sources of information than the constant and virulent propaganda which, as Augustine Birrell once said, "has been waged for two hundred years," were reluctant to believe that the higher standards of Catholicism still flourished in that country.

The Congress has proved that the faith of the Irish people, from the rich aristocrat in his lordly demesne to the humble cotter in the bogs of Connemara, maintains its inspirational influence over the social, economic and political life of the country, and is a powerful factor in the universal Catholicism of the Church herself. Not only from Catholics in Europe and America, but even amongst the Protestant Irish of the "Black North," a more kindly appreciation has been evoked by the piety and devotion of the people in the South.

The "Irish Christian Advocate" of Belfast, staunch Protestant paper, deploring the regrettable excesses committed against the returning Congressionists from the North, says, in apology:—

"Let the Church of Rome take the fullest pride she may in the vast undertaking and the success that attended it.

"Not the most churlish Protestant will seek to detract from the honour.

"The religion and the bannered display are not ours, but to those of 'the Faith' the appeal must have been resistless and overwhelming.

"In one respect the great Roman Congress has been unique. Never for any Protestant assemblage can there have been so many Protestant prayers offered up, as Protestant prayers most devout and passionate were offered for this Roman Catholic Congress.

"We make bold to say there is not a Methodist church or chapel in this land wherein prayer did not rise that God the Spirit might gain the glory at the great celebration. Other prayers for other things we have regretted in the course of years, but these prayers for our countrymen we will recall with devout and unmeasured satisfaction."

A Protestant gentleman writing to the "Smethwick Tele-

phone" gave his experiences of the Congress in the following words:

"It was a great thing, greatly done. The Church that carried it through knows how to do such things, and the whole conception was upon the grand scale, the incredible crowds in Phoenix Park, the greetings to the Pope and his voice back from Rome in reply, the supreme artistry of the music, the unearthly beauty of the great tenor's solo. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I welcome anything in the world to-day that is a demonstration of the force and power of Christianity and of its living hold on men and women the earth over."

"It was, I venture to say," asserted Cardinal Verdier of Paris, "the greatest religious demonstration since the days of Pentecost."

Meeting Cardinal Lauri at Kingsbridge, I asked him what were his impressions of the Congress that had just terminated. He replied with an outburst of feeling: "Magnificent! Superb! Glorious! Something supernatural! Thanks be to God!" And the feeling was there and the tears were in his eyes when, the day after, his steamer moved slowly out of the harbour of Kingstown while the bands played the familiar air: "Come Back to Erin."



POPE PIUS XI.

MADONNA'S LULLABY

ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI.

Mary sings; the ravished heavens
Hush the music of their spheres;
Soft her voice, her beauty fairer
Than the glancing stars appears:
While to Jesus, slumbering nigh,
Thus she sings her lullaby:

“Sleep, my Babe, my God, my Treasure,
Gently sleep: but, ah! the sight
With its beauty so transports me,
I am dying of delight:
Thou can’st not Thy Mother see,
Yet Thou breathest flames to me.

“If within Your lids unfolded,
Slumbering eyes, You seem so fair;
When upon my gaze you open,
How shall I Your beauty bear?
Ah, I tremble when You wake,
Lest my heart with love should break.

“Cheeks, than roses sweeter,
Mouth, where lurks a smile divine—
Though the kiss my Babe should waken,
I must press Those lips to mine:
Pardon, Dearest, if I say—
Mother’s love will take no ‘Nay.’”

As she ceased, the gentle Virgin,
 Clasped the Infant to her breast;
 And upon His radiant forehead
 Many a loving kiss impressed:
 Jesus woke, and on her face,
 Fixed a look of heavenly grace.

Ah, that look, those eyes, that beauty,
 How they pierce the Mother's heart;
 Shafts of love from every feature
 Through her gentle bosom dart:
 Heart of stone — can I behold
 Mary's love and still be cold?

Where, my soul, thy sense, thy reason?
 When will these delays be o'er?
 All things else, how fair so ever,
 Are but smoke: resist no more.
 Yes, 'tis done: I yield my arms
 Captive to those double charms.

If alas! O heavenly Beauty,
 Now so late those charms I learn,
 Now at least, and ever, ever,
 With Thy love my heart will burn.
 For the Mother and the Child—
 Rose and Lily undefiled.

Plant and Fruit, and Fruit and Blossom —
 I am theirs, and they are mine;
 For no other prize I labour,
 For no other bliss I pine:
 Love can every pain requite.
 Love alone is full delight.



St. Patrick's Grave

By THE REVEREND J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

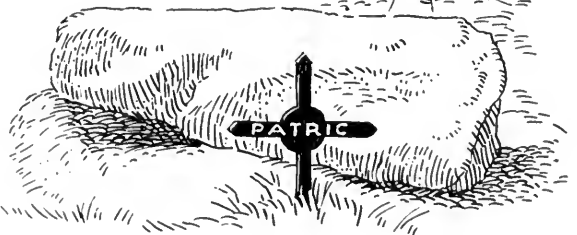
OVERSHADOWED by the interest and splendour of the Eucharistic Congress, a great event is being celebrated in Ireland this year. This is none other than the fifteenth centenary of the landing of St. Patrick on Irish shores. St. Patrick came to Ireland just fifteen hundred years ago, in the year of Our Lord 432. Celebrations have already taken place at the Hill of Slane in Meath, at the Hill of Cruachan, or Croagh Patrick, in Mayo, and at Saul in Down, where he is said to have celebrated his first Mass in the island of his predilection.

Landing in Belfast, on my way to the great Congress my first thought was of Saint Patrick, and as I would never be nearer to his place of sepulture, I determined to make a pilgrimage to Downpatrick, which is about thirty-five miles from the Ulster capital.

It was a beautiful morning in the end of May, 1932, that, in company with another priest, I set out by motor-car for the place glorified in history by the death and burial of the Apostle of the Gaels. We had a lovely drive through the beautiful Irish glens. The perfume of early primroses filled the air.



*Tomb of St. Patrick, St.
Brigid and St.
Columbkille.*



The blackbird, the thrush, and the linnet sang forth their matin praises to God; the fields were a vivid green, and round each field was a border or frame of blazing gold, for the furze was now in full bloom!

Comfortable farmhouses, in perfect order and repair, met the eye on all sides. It was a country where the inhabitants seemed contented and prosperous in a surprising degree. I said to myself: "St. Patrick loved this land of Down, and his blessing is still falling upon the fields and the people."

Strangford Lough is an arm of the Irish Sea that penetrates deeply into the land of the County of Down. It was of service to St. Patrick in aiding him to come far inland by boat on his first visit in 432. The Saint came as far inland as the draught of his vessel would allow, then he landed and proceeded to the summit of a small hill; he founded a church and a monastery there. The name of the place was called Saul, which word in Gaelic means "a barn or store-house."

On this drive from Belfast we first visited Saul, and found the little hill, on which a cross and banner had been erected, and a wide road was in process of making, up the hillside to the summit. This place, Saul, seems to have had a particular charm for St. Patrick. It is connected with all the first great acts of his apostleship, and when he found he was about to die, he desired that he be hurried to Saul that he might die in that beloved locality. It is a place of quiet valleys, of gentle hills, and of low-murmuring waters; a place of rest and seclusion. No great main roads cut through it, and the noisy centers of population are far distant. From the summit of his little hill he could see the smooth waters of the great Lough, and, to the south, the dreamy contours of the Mountains of Mourne. Here he could pray without interruption for the success of that great work which he was about to commence—the conversion to Christianity of the pagan people of Ireland!

From Saul we proceed about four miles, and suddenly we were in the town of Downpatrick. A well-built, prosperous and interesting town is this place, which will always be associated with the life and name of the Apostle of Erin. Here it

was that St. Patrick had his Cathedral, and a Cathedral to his name is still standing there. It is a pre-Reformation structure of the twelfth century, with a very high and square tower over its front entrance. Strange to say, this venerable structure is a Protestant church!

Many of the great churches of Catholic Ireland were "taken over" by Protestants during the so-called Reformation. For instance, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is now a Protestant church, and St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, is another. It seemed strange, however, to come to St. Patrick's own Cathedral and find it devoted to Protestant services. The surprise was much the same as if one went into St. Peter's at Rome and found a Protestant service in full swing. However, we had no opportunity of entering this church, for every door was locked and bolted, and there were no outward signs of it being the fifteenth centenary of the arrival of its founder.

There was an iron grating in the middle of the front door, and I approached this and took a long look inside. It took some time for my eyes to become accustomed to the inside gloom, and so, as I turned away, my companion was impatiently hurrying to take his place at the grating. As I passed him, I whispered in an awed tone of voice: "A most wonderful view indeed!" My companion hurried the more at this. For a minute or so he peered into the darkness, then his head came back with a jerk as if someone had struck him on the face. As he came back to where I stood, he was breathing hard, and no wonder, because the great front door of St. Patrick's Cathedral opened on a *coal-hole*! They keep the winter supply of coal in the vestibule of the church!

By the side of the Cathedral is a graveyard, and following a well-defined pathway, we soon stood before the most venerable monument in the whole island. Before us was a huge flat stone or boulder, rough and unhewn, weighing a couple of tons, and graven upon it in letters of the ancient Gaelic tongue was the name *Patric*! The stone was, perhaps, ten feet in length, seven feet in width, and three feet in depth. A constant tradition mentioned in the earliest histories, and

maintained through nearly fifteen hundred years, tells us that underneath this sacred stone repose, not only the bones of the great St. Patrick, but also the bones of two other great Irish saints, namely, St. Bridgid and St. Columbkille!

How strange it was, here in a Protestant graveyard, under the shadow of a Protestant church, to come upon the grave of an Apostle of Catholic Ireland! In former years of my life I had followed traces of his footsteps and his glory throughout Leinster and Connaught and Munster, and now here, in this remote corner of Ulster, I came upon his grave.

As I knelt to pray beside this rough and lichen-covered boulder, I thought how unaccountable it was that in nearly every country in the world vast Cathedrals and rich sanctuaries had been erected to the glory of his name, while the relics of this grand servant of God continued to repose in this desolate and neglected spot! The free Ireland of the future will have a great work of gratitude and thanksgiving to perform at Downpatrick in the happy years that are to come.

Keeper of the stable door
 Joseph, 'tis a humble task;
 But thou guardest treasure, more
 E'en than Solomon could ask.

Keeper of the stable door
 Art God's porter still to-day?
 See, I come a shepherd poor:
 Thou wilt turn me not away?

—H. F. B.

THE SLUMBER SONG OF
THE MADONNA

Sleep, little nestling, I love Thee.
Sleep, little King. I am bending above Thee!
How should I know what to sing
Here, in my arms, as I swing Thee to sleep?
Hushaby low,
Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
Mother has only a kiss for her King!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only I know that I love Thee, I love Thee,
Love Thee, my little One,
Sleep.

Is it a dream? Ah yet, it seems
Not the same as other dreams.

A ring of light was round Thy head,
The great-eyed oxen nigh thy bed,
Their innocent milk-white foreheads bowed.
Their sweet breath rose like an incense cloud
All round us in the lanthorn-light.
About the middle of the night
Through that dark open door-way, far
Above the hills, I saw a star

Then, with crimson gems a-flame,
Through the door the three kings came;
And the black Ethiop unrolled
On this rough floor his cloth of gold,
And they poured forth before Thee there,
Gold and frankincense and myrrh



THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR J. L. HAND.

THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR HAND

By THE REVEREND JOSEPH McDONAGH.

FIFTY years in the priesthood sits lightly on the head of Monsignor Hand. The twinkle in his eye, as the reviewers have said, shines with undimmed lustre. It recalls the twinkle of stars on the battlefield — just before the battle. That twinkle can mean anything. It may be twinkling at you or with you. If you believe in solid orthodox progress, it is with you. And if you don't — well, life for Monsignor Hand has been just a succession of noble battlefields, and his judgment is always keen and usually persuasive, by reason, may I hasten to add, of its inherent logic. He might be described by the psychologist as a forceful thinker. The new priest attending a diocesan conference in St John's Chapel makes a delightful discovery in Dean Hand — a president who thinks with his intellect and not with his will.

This gift of constructive intelligence is responsible for his battles and his triumphs. One of the principal results of these is the Holy Name Society, not only in Toronto but in Canada. When he formed the first branch at St. Paul's in December of 1905 he introduced a devotional element of practical effect into the lives of thousands of men. The glorious procession of this October which did him honour was the latest of a series of silent and powerful yearly demonstrations which recall the city's debt to their originator. He will always be a "man's man." They know it, and, followers all, even unto this day, they cleave to their leader.

A sacerdotal jubilee is usually conceded to be a re-capitulation to the influence of the jubilarian in his personal sphere. Thus, an essay on the late Dean Harris must hold a mirror up to the grandiloquent, clerical gentleman of letters in his career of convivial and dignified bonhomie. An essay on Father McBrady would devolve into a panegyric of the scholarly classicist in his cycle of character-forming labours. Few of us realize, at first, how impersonal and objective is the life

of Monsignor Hand. Had he chosen to write the learned theological treatises of which he is capable, we would have known more categorically, the balanced thinker of the priestly conference with the far-seeing vision. Had he developed the oratorical flare he exhibited back in the 'eighties, when he packed St. Michael's Cathedral three successive Sundays for a defence of the Jesuit Estate Act, we might have known him as a Canadian Father Ryan. But he chose to live the objective life. He has not driven his chariot wide o'er the fields of glory. He saw a day's work and he did it. That is why the annals of many of our great Catholic civic efforts would be incomplete without his life story.

For forty years the Separate Public School Board of Toronto has leaned upon his wisdom. The brick and mortar of many of our fine school structures, as well as the warp and woof of the educational life of the system, reveal his tempering counsel. We can say without fear of question that no other mind over that period of time had such dynamic influence. The St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, from its very inception, has the same tale to tell. Even the House of Industry shapes its policies with his assistance. This is but a part of his civic programme — he has done more important work.

The lives of such men as Archbishop O'Donnell, Monsignor Whelan, Dr. Treacy and Father Cline received a re-orientation in the Deanery of Saint Paul's. Perhaps greater than these shall arise amongst the many priests who are practising the principles they learned from him, by precept and example. *Quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum* might have been written over his portals. But I think he chose rather to write *Non recusam laborem*. For he never confused complacency with content: the work was more important than the worker, and many to-day are grateful they learned from him this salutary truth.

Some men are classified as church builders. A willing parish, a little nerve and a good architect, and, presto! you have your church builder with his monument or his mausoleum.

A parish builder uses subtler stuff. He builds in the fleshy hearts of men. St. Paul's Church, which has been equalled but once, since its construction in 1889, was built by Bishop Mahoney at a cost of \$101,125. In fifteen years, from 1892, Father Hand was not only able to pay off \$60,000 on this debt, but to build the campanile, and spent \$50,000 more on improvements around that fine plant in Power Street. No wonder the "Globe" could say on October 31, 1907: "The parish priest of St. Paul's combines qualities that are sometimes thought to be inconsistent. The brain of a born financier does not usually accompany mildness and benignity of character. But they are certainly mingled in Father Hand's case. . . . The priest went on attending to his parish duties, winning the love of his people by the eternal fount of sympathy that welled in his nature for them in their joys and their sorrows, their temptations and their triumphs. For such a churchman the purses of the people are always open."

The words of the "Globe" strike the keynote of the Monsignor's life. He sparkles with sympathy, tempered, of course, with judgment and experience. Humanity in its rarest and crudest state swarms in the back streets of his parochial field of action. It is related that once an old woman was discovered in poverty in a filthy cottage, in a questionable lane. The St. Paul welfare societies were sent into action, food dispensed, the home made shipshape and tidy, and the poor soul treated in Christ-like charity for the remaining years of her life. She died and left seventeen thousand intact — to the pastor of another city parish. The Dean smiled and carried on.

On another occasion he was blessed by one of those assistants sent by God to a deserving parish priest, an apostle of the poor and the fallen. After a long session of arduous labour this young man was one day called to the pastoral sanctum to receive, in astonishment, a two months' vacation and a fully-paid trip to Europe. Only the good angels of God could tell of similar deeds of his charitable heart.

We asked Miss Kennedy how one could best picture Monsignor Hand — she is president of the thriving Old Girls' Association, and stood by him "when he was right and when

he was wrong." "Coming back from the school," she replied, "with a dozen laughing children clinging to his coat-tails. They all love him." There you have the real father of his flock. Since 1892, with this intangible asset of devotion more solid than material wealth, he has built the sodalities, choirs, St. Vincent de Paul Societies, Holy Family Confraternities, the Holy Name Society, Sacred Heart League, and other organizations of the efficient parish. The material results came in the Parish Hall, commodious Presbytery, Soldiers' Memorial, Stations of the Cross, marble altars and classic decorations. The St. Paul's Old Boys' and Old Girls' Societies carried this loyalty city-wide. Truly St. Paul's is unique.

His contacts with St. Joseph's Community were many and pleasant. The teachers in the parochial schools, and the angelic workers of the House of Providence, especially received encouragement from his fatherly interest and spiritual guidance. No great public function within the Gothic chapel or golden Commencement Hall seemed complete without his kindly presence. Different graduating classes have treasured his words of wisdom in the palpitating moment of their scholastic triumph. Father, Dean or Monsignor, St. Joseph's recognized the man and revered the priest. And, I am sure, hastens to pay him tribute in the hour of his golden jubilee.

Nor is his race run yet. At the recent Holy Name celebration, all eyes were on those grand old men who made Canadians feel proud of the stock of their forbears, Archbishop McNeil and Chief Justice Mulock. On the same platform stood Monsignor Hand and Chief Justice Latchford. These men carry the heaviest burden of their times. They look not backward but forward. The latter two named seemed on the point of joining the revered class of the former. But they stand all four, as inspiring reminders that a man's work may reach its flower in the glorious sunset of evening — the long mellow evening of our northern clime. *Ad multos annos*, Monsignor! May the twinkle of your eye never grow dim, and a health to the priest more varied in gifts than the redoubtable Father O'Flynn.

THE NATIVITY

FULL of joy His beauteous Mother
Stood beside our new-born Brother,
Who was cradled in the hay;
And her spirit's exultation
Thrilled her frame with sweet elation,
To behold Him where He lay.

Oh! that deep, ecstatic feeling,
O'er the stainless Mother stealing.
Marked the Sole-Begotten's birth;
How her soul's silent laughter
Filled her gaze the moment after
She first saw His face on earth.

Whose the eyes that would not measure
Wonder-wide, that Mother's pleasure,
Like to which no bliss hath been:
His in sooth were utmost rapture
Who one glimpse of her could capture,
At her mother-play serene.

Christ she saw, in wintry weather,
Housed with ox and ass together.
For His sinful human race:
Saw His creatures bend before Him—
Wailful Sweeting!—to adore Him,
In His lowly lodging-place.

Compassing the crib completely
Angels many sang full sweetly
Their immeasurable joy;
Where an old man with the Maiden
Silent stood, their hearts o'erladen
Wondering o'er her wonderous Boy.

Fount of Love, my Mother Mary!
 Yield me love, nor let me vary
 In this love that flows from thee:
 Let me love my God and Saviour
 So, that with my heart's behaviour
 Even His well pleased may be.

Mother mine! this favour do me:
 Let His pain, gone through and through me,
 Rest implanted in my heart:
 Of the pangs that in the manger
 Lay for earth's celestial Stranger
 Let me bear, like thee, my part.

Make me joy with thee more truly,
 To thy little Jesus duly
 Clinging till my life be past;
 Yield of thy Babe fruition
 And my exile's one ambition
 Be, like thine, to hold Him fast;
 Spread throughout the world such longing,
 And, when souls to Him come thronging,
 Let mine be at least the last.

Virgin of all virgins, take me
 Into grace again, and make me
 Catch thy Baby to my breast;
 Let me bear thy beauteous Burden,
 Born that, life's immortal guerdon,
 Dying, He from death should wrest.

Let my heart, like thine, be sated
 With Him, nay, inebriated,
 Dancing in its mystic bliss:
 Overcome are all my senses
 With a wonder that immense is,
 At communion such as this.

Keep me, under thy protection,
 For thy Son, from all defection
 Warded by His word, His grace:
 When my dust to dust returneth,
 That for which my spirit yearneth
 Grant me, too — to see His face.

J. D. T.

GRATITUDE.

Father, we thank Thee!
 For all the year has brought of sun and shade,
 Ripe fruits and garnered stores of golden grain;
 For ready answers when we sought Thine aid
 In sorrow and in pain.

Father, we thank Thee!
 As when on some steep height we stand to gaze,
 While hill and valley, wave on wave unroll,
 And note how distance, softening their ways,
 Dovetails them in a whole.—

So thus we thank Thee,
 That in Thine ordered graciousness our feet
 Were led to tread the paths we fain would shun;
 That through the maze, of what we call defeat,
 The year's hard course was run!

For this we thank Thee,
 That all Thy promises have been fulfilled.
 That light was given when shadows grew apace;
 When hearts were faint, fresh grace has been instilled.
 Fresh grace to seek Thy Face!

And thus we thank Thee,
 That as the past is sanctified and blest
 In the soft light of Love's clear atmosphere,
 So for the future we will strive our best,
 And trust Thee without fear!

—M. S. Hewer.

SILVIO PELLICO

THIS is the first centenary of the golden book, "My Imprisonments," which appeared in 1932. With this book Silvio Pellico closed the first period of his political and literary career, and opened the second epoch of his life when he became a Christian writer in the fullest meaning of the term.

His life is well known. Educated in a Christian manner, he afterward fell under the influence of the Voltairian Thought. He was one of the first Italian patriots who suffered at the hands of Austria, who then unjustly held the regions of Lombardy and Venetia under her heel. Pellico was arrested in Milan in the Spring of the year 1820 and was charged with conspiracy against Austria. He was sentenced to death; the sentence was afterwards commuted to life imprisonment and then again to ten years. His memoirs deal with these ten years which he spent under the "Leads" of Venice and in the fortress of Spielberg, Austria. During this "durance vile" he retraced his road to God which he had lost in the turmoil of political passions. His great suffering purified him while some of his companions who underwent the same sentence became more hardened in their unbelief. At the expiration of his sentence he returned to Piedmont, a deeply changed man in his ideas.

He wrote and published "My Imprisonments" (*Le Mie Prigioni*). The book was judged by the critics of the time as an act of weakness. His old friends, steeped in Voltairian culture, expected from Pellico, home from Spielberg, a book breathing hatred and revengeance. The book, instead, revealed a man who, through suffering had acquired a strength of character given only to few: forgiveness.

In the midst of political struggles, very few understood that such a book would do more harm to Austria than volumes of violent invectives.

The public was sure that "My Imprisonments" would end ingloriously the literary career of the author. But the public

opinion erred. Many works of Pellico are dead, or almost so, but "My Imprisonments" is quite alive. The book is quite alive not only in Italy, but all over the civilized world, and at a distance of a hundred years the book meets with the favor of the readers, who now more than ever before, have a relish for biography. And how did it happen that the critics of Pellico's time missed the message? This is easily explained. When Pellico wrote the book he had already had great experience in fine letters, in patriotism, in persecution, in imprisonment, in philosophy, and in poetry. He had tried many things and for them also suffered. His critics were, each one, either one thing or the other—I mean a scholar or a poet, or something else—but had not had the experience in everything, as Pellico had. None of his critics was so mature as to see in the book the deep human feelings which it contains. Indeed these human sentiments of Pellico's are dressed in meek and humble expressions, but sincerity is in them. They are the thoughts of a man who had divested himself of any superfluous pomp of words and set his soul in contact with God.

"My Imprisonments" was written at the insistence of Pellico's spiritual adviser—his Father Confessor, and Pellico wrote without material purposes in mind and without literary or political preoccupations. The result was a masterpiece of truthfulness; nothing is more alive and immortal than that which conjoins man to God, the supreme Truth.

As time went on the whole world sensed in the author a sincere man and the whole world felt an infinite sympathy for him. Austria suffered more from the book of this man who tried to excuse and forgive his jailers than it would have from fifty volumes of reeriminations and curses.

The issue of "My Imprisonments" marks a new phase in the writer's life. Here he began a gradual ascent, during the remaining twenty years of his life, to the highest spiritual peaks. His devotion to Our Lady of Consolation was his main aid in his rise. He had become a life-long guest in the house of the charitable Marchioness Barolo, in the city of Turin. This house was situated near the Church of Our Lady of Consolation

(La Consolata) and Pellico was often seen in it. The sweet memories of his boyhood, his innocence and early enthusiasm came back to his mind and he sang: "I was assailed by an invincible longing for God, and Our Lady gave me hope to possess Him."

Every day he went to Mass at the Church of the Consolata and every Saturday he was amongst those who went to Confession.

A brief examination of the lyric poems of Pellico gives us an idea of his devotion towards the Mother of God. There is in his soul the same sublime rapture as in the soul of Dante and in his lines to the Blessed Virgin he approaches the beauty of the lines of Dante.

"Thou art the woman in the highest dignity," sings Pellico.

"O Virgin Mother—created beings all in loveliness surpassing, as in height above them all" (Par. 33), sings Dante.

His former friends conjured to down his name and to obscure his literary worth. He seems to answer them by affirming that the Queen of Heaven was the "consoler of our fathers and ever sympathized with our sorrows." And again he says in another poem, "In the most wretched days of my life her invisible hand dried my tears." And Pellico persevered in his religion and his spirit of forgiveness until he died.

B.

Mary, true 'twas ever known
 Sons should like their mothers be:
 Thou dost count me all thine own,
 Mother! If for that alone
 Mend me, make me like to thee!

A CHRISTMAS FANCY

By J. R. O'CONNOR.

WHEN Jesus was a child, like all small boys
No doubt He loved to play with pretty toys,
Longed for the noisy drum, the bow and dart.
And other gewgaws dear to childish heart.
His blessed Mother, when His birthday came
(Now known as Christmas — feast of happy fame),
Bestowed upon Him presents she had bought,
Or useful garments her fair hands had wrought.
Perhaps the gentle Joseph, Him to please,
Would take the Little Fellow on his knees,
And with deft fingers, skilled in carpentry,
Would fashion playthings wonderful to see.
These offerings did fill His soul with joy,
The same as gifts to any normal boy.
He cherished them as tokens of a love
The donors bore for Him all else above.
And yet I wonder if His spirit caught
A feeling kin to envy as He thought
Of all the Christmases that were to be
When jolly Santa Claus with bounty free
A down the chimneys stealthily would drop,
And fill the children's stockings to the top!
For though divine, He also human was;
And, as a child, might sigh for Santa Claus.
Did He e'er say: "How pleasant it would be
If only Santa Claus could come to Me?"

RENÉ BAZIN, 1853-1932

SISTER M. PERPETUA, C.S.J.

NEWS of the recent death of this most popular of French writers has re-awakened interest in his life and work. M. René Bazin was born at Angers, in the valley of the Loire, France, on December 26th, 1853. His boyhood was passed



RENE BAZIN.

with an aunt in the country near Legré, a few miles from the city home, because of his frail constitution and delicate health. He was not sent to school, but was allowed to roam the fields and mountain forests, like Walter Scott explored the Highlands and with much the same result. He thus gained an intimate knowledge of nature in all its changing forms. In his tender years all was joy for him. In his preface to "Contes de bonne Perrette" he explains the charming cause:

"Instead of having for my horizon the walls of a class-room or a yard, I had the woods, the meadows, the clinging sky, the babbling brook. My friends were the mist, the sunshine, the twilight, when fear follows your shadow, . . . the flowers whose histories I knew better than those of the Egyptian kings, the birds which have their names written in the movements of their flight, and I recall how on certain days my soul overflowed with joy and it seemed so light that it was

ready to escape and vanish into space I reaped my harvest then, unconsciously. Since then I have recognized that the wealth of accumulated impressions belonging to those days has been a provision which endures."

Thus we see that the great novelist's early life amidst the rare beauties of the rural, provincial world which charmed and moved him so deeply, afforded an admirable training for his powers of observation. It was, moreover, an excellent preparation for the work he was to do. Its influence is vividly discernible in the numerous novels and sketches which flowed so freely from his graceful and remarkably fluent pen. He would seem to have the mind of a poet, the heart of a patriot and the soul of a child.

We are told that when walking one day with Louis Bertrand along the Champs-Élysées, his companion confessed that he was disgusted at the baseness and sordid vulgarity depicted on the faces of the majority of the passers-by, Bazin met that reflection with the rejoinder, "My friend, we must look only at those who are in the state of grace." The fellow-novelist, Louis Bertrand, in the name of the "Académie Française" of which M. Bazin was a member, delivered an address under the portico of the church of St. Philippe de Roule, Paris, at the close of the octave Mass of Requiem, in the course of which the speaker stressed particularly the fervent faith that animated the deceased and his exceptional piety of soul, the quality of which is infinitely rare.

Continuing the very touching oration, he said reminiscently: "Last year at his home René Bazin told me of that book which is truly his spiritual testament, with an emotion which immediately took possession of me. I said to him, 'Magnificat! The title alone holds the most beautiful of promises!' and I recited the first verse of the liturgical hymn, that cry of jubilation and humility. . . . And then uplifted by this sacred inspiration, we recited it almost in its entirety, in alternate voices. I still hear the accent of the late beloved master when he reached the words: *Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus.* It seems to me that

it was his own canticle of thanksgiving that he had chanted then. What he wrote seemed all to have a sacramental savour. One felt that as he wrote the Sacred Host was still on his lips. His faith in some manner lifted him out of himself. Religious asceticism increased his stature and transfigured him." Could there be anything more supremely beautiful said of a departed friend?

This gifted man of letters, when still a youth, studied law at Paris and became a professor of law in the Catholic University of Angers. Meantime, his talent for story-telling led him to write a series of sketches of provincial life and descriptions of what he heard and saw in his frequent excursions into the heart of nature along his beloved streams and mountain sides. He won his first popularity by *Une Tache d'Encre* in 1888. It received a prize from the Academy, which is evidence of its superiority over the work of ambitious competitors, possibly because of its freedom from the sordid realism of the day. It is a fascinating romance taking its title from an awkward accident of a splash of ink let fall on a valued book by a maladroit youth whose love dreams are upset by the unfortunate mishap.

M. Bazin's work is that of a man who knew and loved his country, his characters and his work. His interest in them all is genuinely sympathetic. A note of sadness and of protest against the existing social evils and the too oppressive burdens borne by the struggling peasant farmer is found in much of the work that has provincial France for its background. He has written novels of great power and interest on work-girls, on the exodus of the peasantry from country to town, on the religious persecution consequent upon the quarrel between Church and State and on the insoluble problem of the lost province. The last is best set forth in his masterpiece, *Les Oberlé*, 1901. It is an Alsatian story of great charm and has been dramatized, 1902. It was chiefly due to the rare merit of this novel that he was admitted to the Academie, 1904.

With the simple people of the country who are unspoiled

by the alluring distractions of modern civilization, the reader is drawn into the sweetest and most affectionate sympathy. They are surrounded by an atmosphere of tradition which is essentially Catholic, and they are animated by a deep, strong faith which they hold at whatever sacrifice. A vivid picture of the decay of peasant farming is given in that story of the Vendee entitled *Memoirs d'une vieille fille*, 1908. It is an indirect plea for the development of provincial France.

Besides some dozen novels and a continued series of sketches of local colour and interest, contributed to Parisian journals over a period of fifty years, M. Bazin may also claim modest distinction as a poet and a painter, being the inheritor of talent in both arts from clever, traditionally refined ancestors. One of his most exquisite books has for title, *Notes d'un Amateur de Couleurs*. One of the first attempts at writing was a short story in alexandrines: *La Fille du Sardinier*. He then thought that his vocation would be to write in verse.

M. René Bazin has been variously classed as a realist, a naturalist, a genre writer, an impressionist and a regionalist. But whatever of the qualities of each or all he possessed, we shall agree to distinguish him among his contemporaries as the voice of a noble appeal for grace and mercy for his beloved France. He was the good and faithful harvester who has bound together his sheaves of slow ripening, and plump-filled ears, to present them before the Good Master Who will bestow the just reward.

Jesus, Mary's Babe,
Purge me of all sin:
Like Thy Mother dear,
Make me pure within,
From it every blemish take,
And my heart Thy temple make.

—J.J.B.

THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE

August 31, 1932

By FLORENCE QUINLAN, M.A., Ph.D.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun has been truly called "one of the most beautiful and impressive of celestial spectacles." Since calculations show that another total solar eclipse will not occur in Canada until 1954, many people travelled to Quebec in August of this year to witness this spectacular event:

When the moon gets in the direct line between the earth and the sun, it casts a shadow, and as it moves onward in its orbit this shadow may trail across the earth's surface. To an observer in the path of the shadow, the strong, dazzling light from the central part of the sun, or photosphere, is cut off, and it is possible to view and study the outer sections. The layer which overlays the photosphere, and surrounding the whole, is a wonderful halo of pearly light called the corona.

The path of totality for the eclipse of August 31, ran diagonally across Quebec, Vermont and New Hampshire. Astronomers from various parts of the world, stationed themselves along the path of totality to make observations during the eclipse. However, in only four or five places were they fortunate in having skies sufficiently clear to carry out their program.

More fortunate were the travellers in motor cars, who could move away from the clouds to points where the sun was shining. At Louiseville, Quebec, where our party stopped, a few minutes before totality the highways were lined with automobiles, while people stood peering heavenwards through dark glasses or developed photographic films. Gradually the sunlight grew fainter and assumed a strange bluish green tint. The thin crescent of the moon soon disappeared, and dusk settled over the country side. In the sky was a huge black ball surrounded by a deep yellow uneven ring of fire with pearly

gray streaked wings extending horizontally on each side to a distance of a sun's diameter. To the right, Jupiter could be clearly seen. Then as the moon left the sun, the shadow bands were observed. There were dark grey bands about a quarter of an inch in thickness and an inch and a half apart, moving



The Solar Corona, August 31, 1932. Photographed by G. Harper Hall, at Maskinonge, P.Q. Focal length of lens 26 inches. Stop F/8. Exposure 2 seconds. Magnified 4 diameters.

rapidly in a direction apparently away from the sun. Rather quickly, daylight returned, and the spectacle was over. Those who were fortunate enough to have seen it, rejoiced, while unsuccessful astronomers tried to be cheerful, and to hope for better luck at the next eclipse in Greece in 1934.

AN IMPRESSION

A HAPPY chain of circumstances, a gracious invitation, and a careful eye on the calendar by an interested-in-every-thing young son, that led our wandering motor car to York Beach, Maine, at the end of August. In our plans one fact loomed prominent—that day of days must be kept free for the great performance to be staged by Nature, the greatest of “producers.” Many times during the night before we glanced at the skies, sometimes overcast, sometimes with a star peeping through, to see if the Weather Man was to be kind. And when the day did come, it was still uncertain.

There we were, in the “centre of totality” (magic words!), and so, after lunch there seemed to be nothing to do but wait till 3.20, the time set by scientists for the curtain to go up in our “locale.” The sky had cleared greatly, and the fleecy clouds drifting across only enhanced the beauty when things started to happen. Promptly the first tiny “nick” appeared. Seated in deck chairs, and armed with smoked glasses, we gazed and wondered as that “orbed maiden . . . whom mortals call the moon” silently trailed her shadow across and blotted out the face of her mighty rival. Lower and lower dropped the temperature until the thermometer registered 60 degrees instead of 70. We shivered a bit and waited. Suddenly it was on us; we dropped our glasses and tried in a few short seconds to grasp a beauty we should never see again—a turquoise mist over the sky and sea, a star hanging luminous, the famous “corona”—a moment of unforgettable beauty. Groups of silent watchers here and there on the rocks, all bathed in that unearthly light, surely “a light that never was on land or sea.” Then it was over, and Old Sol began to edge his way through once more, and the eclipse of 1932 was a thing of the past.

Anne Aitken.

The total eclipse on August 31st brought to Quebec and the Eastern States many distinguished scientists from across the seas.

Abbe Georges Lemaitre, from Belgium, sought evidence in Quebec for a theory upon which he has been working, and Don Maurus Moorat, O.S.B., F.R.A.S., of Ramsgate Abbey, Southwold, England, witnessed the phenomenon in Manchester, N.H.

CHIME ECHOES

Fast fades a year where Struggle's set
Its seal of conflict, stamp of pain;
Where Faith and Fear, converging, met,
And Sorrow sang Hope's strain.

But where our common paths have led
And drawn us to a nobler way,
A charm upon our lives has shed
A star of serene ray.

Take heart, oh weary world, again,
And, like the blithesome bells above,
Ring out the holy, happy strain—
The chant of Christian love.

The wind may howl across the moor,
In raging swirl swoop down the snow;
The open, hospitable door
Is proof of Friendship's glow.

As, when the yule log forest-stripped,
Lighted, gives comfort to the room,
We, too, by warmth of Kindness gripped,
May each dispel some gloom.

And, like the bin that sifts the ash,
Cast out all dark, corroding blight:
The care, the fret, the sin that clash—
And hail Christ's clean, clear light.

Life may be touched by rainbow hue,
Each day a gem of regal worth;
Its deeds as gold and ring as true,
Since God sent Love on earth.

Through Hope is Confidence led on,
Bright Star of a New Era's dawn;
Effort the crown at last will don,
And Faith salute the morn.

F. B. Fenton.

ANGELIC INTERFERENCE

By MIRIAM WEICERT.

IT was the feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, and methinks they must have been keeping it in great style, with many a fluttering of their wings, those gorgeous wings which so effectively protect their charges from the snares of the evil ones.

For there was a mighty breeze blowing on the second of October, with forceful rustling of leaves in the lovely garden, down somewhere in the south of the Emerald Isle. Yet it was not forsooth a cold, inclement breeze, but mild, albeit a bracing one, such as you would feel on a fine day, on the shores of the blue ocean. Thence the belief, that there was rustling of angels' wings amid the rustling of the trees.

This second of October happened to be a Sunday, and if your Guardian Angel, dear reader, had glided unobserved into the community-room of the convent in question, about one p.m. he would have seen a happy group of nuns enjoying their mid-day recreation and busy with their Sunday recreation work, a work of charity, sorting and classifying stamps for the missions. Here brains must be as alert as the fingers, else she might put together into the same compartment the *Republique Francaise* with the *Deutsche Republik* or King George of England with the Free State of Ireland. Both unpardonable mistakes!

Fingers worked; so did the tongues, and nuns being very joyful people, the conversation was interspersed with happy mirth.

Suddenly Reverend Mother informed the family that she had a letter to read to them. "From whom? From where? What about? etc, etc." Reverend Mother had to wait awhile until the avalanche of questions had subsided, then she explained, it was from Toronto, asking for an article for a convent magazine. Rev. Mother suggested that all those who felt able to wield the pen should start composing. I am sure the Guardian Angels must have been highly amused at the

manifold suggestions that were made concerning subjects for the article in question! Anybody listening in would have been amused! And did one Guardian Angel smile, I wonder, or was he worried, at one of the nun's (his charge) determination to make a bold attempt to have a try at writing something? His worry arising from the fact that it might perhaps mean he would have to be doubly watchful, lest distractions might have disastrous consequences? Anyway, whether pleased or not, the angelic guardian simply had to put up with it, for his charge was determined to make the bold venture, regardless of the consequences!

It being the feast-month of the Holy Guardian Angels, what better than write something in connection with these Holy Spirits. "And He hath given Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

The following, which really came to pass, may perhaps bring home to some reader the truth that the guardian angels take a real interest in the souls confided to them.

It happened in a convent in England. One fine summer's day a little nun was busily engaged in dusting the books from the shelves of a small library.

Now, what made me say a "little" nun. I really do not know, for Mother X was by no means a small woman; rather just above middle height. Perhaps it was the fact that she kept—was determined to keep, the heart of a child, in spite of the years which would creep on; mindful of the dear Lord's words: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

However that may be, we can watch her intent on her dusting occupation. Her rather thin, oval face absolutely lacks an aesthetic palor, nay, her cheeks, on the contrary have the hue of bright scarlet poppies!

A great grievance it was to poor Mother X that nature should so effectively have rouged her cheeks as soon as she was in the cloister. What an irony of fate when as a child she had been nicknamed "pale face" and not even illness could pale Nature's rouge now. A pair of tell-tale dark brown eyes, twinkling with merriment, often brought the owner into em-

barrassing situations, for they insisted on betraying feelings. When they should have been looking the quintessence of meekness, they looked daggers, and then twinkled with suppressed mirth, when they should have looked ever so solemn. At the moment they were innocently scanning the titles of the books being dusted. There were really, in this little library, not many books that would fascinate the modern young lady of to-day, such as belonged to the "Associate Workers for the Poor Churches" who gathered in this room at stated times.

Good instructive books there were, but very few novels. How Mother X wished she had a few up-to-date Catholic novels which might perhaps tempt some of her protégées and so prevent them from reading the rather doubtful works in which she fancied some might be tempted to indulge. Yes, she did wish she might have a few more novels like those of Father M., which were sparkling with humor and made delightful reading. How many volumes he had produced, and here in this library there was only one! Would that she could have every one he had written! But there was no one to present them to her and no money in the house to buy them.

The bell ringing for Office made Mother X lay aside duster and apron and all thought of her library books, to dutifully betake herself to the chapel to sing the praises of the Lord.

And be it borne in mind that this thought was never even breathed to anyone. She had merely wished very earnestly for the new books. Mother X and her guardian angel were on the best of friendly terms and often times she had asked him to go on an errand for her, which he had always done in a most satisfactory way. This time, however, she had not so much as thought of mentioning the matter to him. Besides, to whom could she have sent him? She had always been definite in her instructions to him.

A few days passed and a parcel of books arrived marked Mother X. Books? That was strange, she thought; she was not expecting any. Within the parcel there was a letter which would give her the clue. It was from the brother of one of the Ladies of the Association, who thought a few

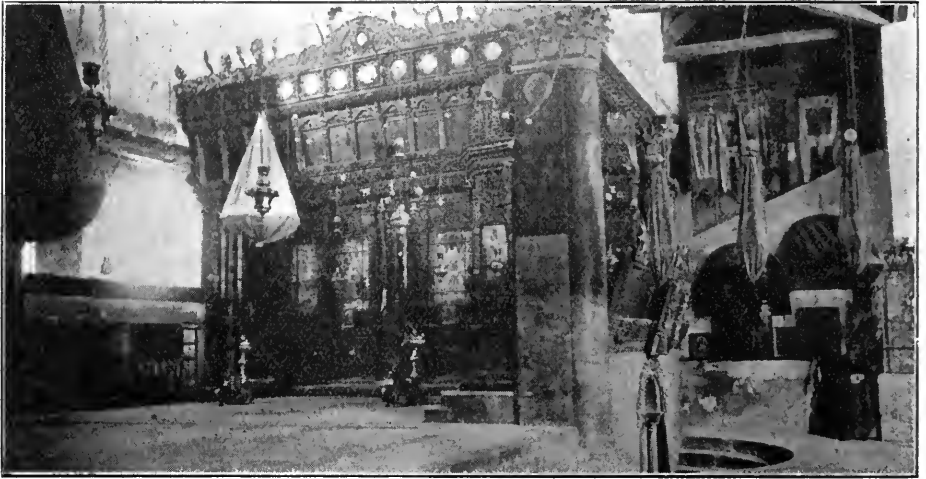
books for the library would be welcome. Several volumes by Father M. were there, and a promise to complete the collection. Mother X finished reading the letter. What did it all mean? Why had Mr. B. sent the volumes now, and to her? Then quick as lightning her thoughts flew to her Guardian Angel. It must have been he! Oh how grateful she felt!—How attentive he was to all her wants. But the agent sent by her Angel must be thanked, and quite promptly, she told him how she attributed to her Guardian Angel his inspiration to send her the coveted books.

A few more days passed, and the afternoon for the sewing meeting came around. Mr. B's sister was present, and she told Mother X how delighted her brother had been with her letter. "Do you know," she added, "when my brother first told me that he intended sending some books, I asked which books? So and So's?" "No," he said, "Father M's." "Father M's?" I replied with some surprise, "Why these?" "Because," answered my brother, "I think Mother X. wants them." "Now," added Miss B. when she had ended relating the conversation, "Wasn't that very strange?"

Had there been any doubt about the matter in Mother X's mind, it would now have vanished completely. Yes, most certainly her Guardian Angel had run an errand on his own.

"He hath given His angels charge over thee to guide thee in all thy ways."

God and His angels are near to the man of faith—so near that the gross veil of the body alone intervenes between our soul and the presence of God and our Guardian Angels.—Archbishop Ullathorne.



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

OUR LORD'S CRIB

THE cradle of Our Saviour, the identical Crib in which the Divine Infant was laid, was for a time preserved in Bethlehem, the city of His birth.

On the eastern hill of Bethlehem St. Helena erected a chapel, adorning it with costly marble and precious ornaments.

The exact spot, where, according to tradition, the Infant Saviour was born, is marked by a star cut out in stone, surrounding which are the words: *Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est.*

The paintings and wonderful mosaics which formerly adorned the shrine have deteriorated, and the grotto was plundered about sixty years ago by the Greeks, who carried off almost everything of value.

About the seventh century, at the time the Saracens took

Jerusalem, the relics of the crib were brought to Rome. They are preserved in the Church of St. Mary Major. Pope Sixtus built on the right side of the main altar a very beautiful and spacious chapel, from each side of whose main altar two stone stairways lead to another room, "The Chapel of the Crib." The sacred relics consist of five pieces of board taken from a sycamore tree. Two of the pieces stood upright in the form of an X, upon which the other three rested, supported by a sixth piece (which, however, is missing) placed across the base of the upper angle of the X.

They are preserved in a silver-mounted reliquary adorned with bas-relief and statuettes, and are now kept in a side chapel.

On Christmas Eve the relics are carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they are solemnly exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

Then do, old and young, rich and poor, hasten to pay homage, as did the Shepherds and Kings of yore in far-off Bethlehem to the Infant Christ, their King.

Origin of the Devotion to the Crib.

St. Francis of Assisi was the first to popularize devotion to the Crib as it is known to-day.

With the approval of Pope Honorius, St. Francis constructed a crib, grouping around it the figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, the ass, the ox, the shepherds. A painting by Grotto in the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi thus depicts the legend of the ecstasy of St. Francis on Christmas Eve at Greccio. Francis, with the aid of a friend, Giovanni Velita, had made the first crib there. Having sung the words of the Gospel, "and they laid Him in a manger," he knelt down to meditate when there appeared in his arms a Child surrounded by a brilliant light.

A Famous Santo Bambino.

One of the largest and most beautiful cribs in the world is in the Franciscan Church of Arc Coeli. The famous Santo Bambino is a figure carved out of wood said to have come from the Holy Land. Numerous jewels of great value adorn it. From eve of Christmas until the Feast of the Epiphany it is exposed, and on the latter feast the Minister General of the Friars Minor from the top of a high flight of stairs blesses the city with it, "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

SHEPHERD DIVINE.

(Translation from the Spanish of Fray Luis de Leon.)

Shepherd Divine, would'st leave Thy flock untended?
 The piteous, drifting sheep?
 Alas! while angels greet their Lord ascended,
 We, masterless, must weep.

How sunk the hearts of those who, blest exceeding,
 While pastured by Thy hand,
 Now hungering roam, all lesser calls unheeding,
 A huddled, stricken band!

On life's wild sea, wreck-strewn, uncharted, raging,
 Must we not drift astray?
 What star can guide, what spell, the storm assuaging,
 Can hold us safe, till Day?

O glowing cloud, thy rich flight homeward aiming,
 What solace hast thou left?
 O envious cloud, our heav'n-lent Quest reclaiming!
 We, earth-bound, mourn—bereft.

—E.H.A.

MUSKOKA IN WINTER

BUT few there are who have not heard,
In far-off lands and near,
Of fair Muskoka's loveliness
When summer-time is here.
Her clear blue skies, her perfumed air,
Her ever-rippling waves,
Make all who once have visited,
For evermore her slaves.

But come with me some frosty morn,
While all the world is still,
New fallen snow lies on the ground,
The sun peeps o'er the hill;
Its rays upon the snowy earth
Reflect in beams of light,
And all the poor cold forest land
Is dressed in purest white.

No longer do the little waves
With baby breezes play;
They, too, are still and quiet now,
For frost has claimed its prey.
And on each crest, to keep it warm,
A blanket soft and light,
Is spread by Nature's kindly hand
All through the wintry night.

Yonder, above its snow-clad roof,
The little church spire's seen;
It lends an air of holy peace
Unto the quiet scene;
The cottages now covered o'er
With icicles and frost,
Resemble fairy palaces
Some elfin queen has lost.

In yonder clump of evergreens,
To children's great delight,
The decorated Christmas trees
Do make a wondrous sight.
And when the evening shadows fall
Upon the listening earth,
The moon's bright beams on glistening snow
To earthly stars give birth.

And now some jingling sleigh-bells break
The silence of the night,
And down the road a cutter glides
'Neath moonbeam's frosty light.
Muskoka has its beauties rare
In summer-time, I ween,
But who can picture aught that may
Surpass this winter scene!

—A. Marie Fenn.

THE FIRST MASS ON MUSKOKA LAKE

1877 — ST. ANNE'S — 1932.

THE door of the little cabin opened, a chill November wind filled the bare room and made the tallow candle flicker and grow dim, bravely lighting up again to cast a mellow glow on the stalwart form that entered.

“Boys,” cried a voice, keyed high in excitement, “Bishop Jamot is at the house — We’re having Mass in the mornin’.”

Such words to city-bred Catholics might not mean anything extraordinary. Do we not have Mass every morning, not in one but in many churches within reach? But that night to these boys, as to many others, the message seemed heaven-sent.



Mass in the morning! Calvary’s Sacrifice renewed again in Canadian

woods! God is merciful! Thanks be to God!

“At what time?” the elder of the young men asked, his face alight with happiness.

“Seven o’clock, Joe. I thought, maybe, you chaps ’ud like come along and help tell the folks.”

“Sure would; thanks, old fellow.”

The remainder of the evening was spent in notifying the few families spread along the deeply-wooded shore of Lake Muskoka.

Next morning, early, very early, a crowd commenced to gather. Where? Why, at the Kelly Shanty of course, where the Bishop had passed the night. It had been at the expense of much self-sacrifice that the majority had reached the temporary church; some had trudged miles through rough bush, but the majority had come in log canoes or “dug-outs.” No aristocratic Rolls Royce nor humble Ford to be had in those days.

The Kelly Shanty was a log building, some twelve by sixteen feet in size, with a tiny “lean-to” at the back, which

served as a bedroom. The Kellys were six in number, big healthy boys and girls, full of health and vigor. Where the Holy Man took his much needed rest is a mystery, unsolved. But take it he did, for there were no marks of an ill-spent night on his smiling countenance as he stood in the doorway awaiting the hour of Mass.

He was a tall, spare man, with keen blue eyes, a kind face, and an endless power of endurance.

“Brethren,” he said, as the last “dug-out” was lifted out of the water, “I’ll hear Confessions in the shanty. Please remain out doors until we are finished,” he smiled, “close quarters, you know. Then if you boys will lend a hand we will improvise an altar.”

The Sacrament of Penance being administered to all, the erecting of the altar began. Four blocks of wood, about a foot high, were brought in from the wood pile. On these a table was placed and pushed snugly against the wall at one end of the poor little room, poor, aye, but soon to be rich — how rich! A sheet, fresh from the tub, pressed by Mrs. Kelly’s capable hands until its humble folds shone in purest white, was draped and pinned by willing hands. A Crucifix appeared, a treasured possession of one of the young men; candles, from the Bishop’s bag, were made to stand on saucers; a few wild asters, which had evaded the autumn frost, were the only decoration available with which to honour the Sacramental King.

Mass commenced — no, a server was not lacking; a young man stepped forward to claim this privilege.

Lowly the shanty, poor the room, and humble the altar, yet the great God of Heaven visited there, and never were souls more devout or hearts more desirous of receiving their Lord.

After Mass the Bishop, in a few simple words, encouraged his little flock, exhorting them to keep the Faith, and wishing them every success



in their new homes, so destitute of the comforts of life yet so happy in neighborliness and love.

One short hour later, in the same shanty, the same room, aye, at the same table, the whole congregation breakfasted, the Bishop presiding, and in his quiet, dignified way, adding a zest to their simple fun.

A. M. F.

THE CHILD JESUS.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
 His hair was like a light.
 (O weary, weary were the world,
 But here is all aright.)
 The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast.
 His hair was like a star.
 (O stern and cunning are the Kings,
 But here the true hearts are.)
 The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart,
 His hair was like a fire.
 (O weary, weary is the world
 But here the world's desire.)
 The Christ-Child stood on Mary's knee,
 His hair was like a crown,
 And all the flowers looked up at Him.
 And all the stars looked down.



A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH, APOSTLE OF CÆSAREA

* *Mother Marie De La Conception, 1838-1920.*

By SISTER M. ST. BERNARD, C.S.J.

THESE is much that is surprising—even disconcerting—to the casual reader, in the life of this St. Joseph nun, who, attracted from her childhood to a life of solitude and contemplation, found herself called to a life of unremitting activity in Asia Minor, and serenely gave the days and nights of practically her whole religious life to the care of the corporal quite as often as the spiritual wants of her neighbor. That this life of external activity was accompanied by no slackening of spiritual advancement is a proof of the reality of this extraordinary vocation.

For Jeanne Mélanie Godin, in religion Sister Marie de la Conception, was led by strange ways to the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. The part of the biography which describes her long quest is deeply interesting, and the insight and skill of the biographer are shown in the way it is handled. We never lose sympathy with Mélanie in the many disappointments she meets with in her long search for the way to which God has called her; not only that, but we see her emerge from each trial stronger and ever more perfectly detached from every human consideration.

Born in 1838 of a well-to-do family of Lyons, Mélanie Godin to great energy of character and piety, joined a love of Nature and out-of-door life which were to soften the severity of her years of exile. She early wished to give herself to God, and at eighteen entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Jesu-Marie at Lyons; but delicate health obliged her to leave without receiving the habit. Her younger sister was received into

*Mother Marie de la Conception 1838-1920 by the author of "Lu!" is published by Desclée de Brouwer et Cie, Paris-Bruges.

this order two years later and has devoted her whole religious life to the work of her order in the Indies. Mélanie, pursuing her dream of penance and contemplation, applied successively at the monasteries of the Poor Clares, the Carmelites, the Franciscans and LaTrappe, and met with the same refusal everywhere on account of her evident frailness of health. She opened a store for the sale of religious articles at Fourvière, but her biographer says that Mélanie, absorbed in the works of Henry Suso, Ruysbroek or Tauler, failed to attract customers and was forced to sell out her business at the end of six months. She was next attracted by the projected foundation by Abbé Guy of an order consecrated to Mary Immaculate, which although cloistered and severe, would receive persons of delicate health. Mélanie became a member of this community of aspirants, and evidently took upon herself the heaviest of its burdens. The opening of an orphanage by this order probably awakened in Mélanie the desire to devote herself to works of active charity, for when the embryo order was disbanded in 1856, we find her associating herself with the remarkable work of that still more remarkable man, Père Rambaud, at the Cité de l'Enfant-Jesus. The story of this wealthy silk-merchant who became the founder of one of the greatest works of charity of the nineteenth century—combined school, orphanage, hospital and old people's home—is full of interest. Here Soeur Mélanie, as she was now called, followed all the practices of the ascetical life under the direction of Père Rambaud, and devoted herself to the care and instruction of the children. Père Rambaud laid the foundation for the moral training, which is the end of teaching, by giving Melanie and her two companions a course of instruction in Philosophy and Psychology, which was later published under the title of "Méthode d'instruction raisonné." But after six years of labour, Mélanie, feeling that the work of the Cité should be in the hands of a religious order, quietly withdrew.

After spending some months with the Dominicans of Oulins, re-building her now shattered health, Mélanie, partly with the view of learning God's Will in her regard, partly

following the attraction she had always had for solitude and poverty, undertook the series of pilgrimages which form so strange a chapter of her life. Alone, on foot, and begging her way, she visited Saint-Baume, Our Lady of La Salette and Notre Dame de Laus in the upper Alps. It was not the spirit of Benedict Joseph Labre, remarks her biographer, but that of St. Francis of Assisi that animated her—the soul of the poet and the artist, God's troubadour, singing the works of God. All her life she was to look back on these days on the roads as the happiest of her life.

On her return to Lyons, Mélanie, now thirty-seven years of age, applied for entrance as a student at the Normal School of the Sisters of St. Joseph. What a strange anti-climax to the romance of the pilgrimages! At the end of two years she applied for entrance to the Novitiate—to the dismay, be it acknowledged, of the superiors, who in spite of their respect for her sanctity and her achievements at the Cité Rambaud, could not imagine that this woman of almost forty could respond to the religious formation of the Novitiate. A delay of five months before being received as postulant, and a return to the world for a year to recover some degree of health were the last trials Melanie had to undergo before she found herself admitted to profession as a Sister of St. Joseph. It was only the consideration of her extraordinary virtue that induced the superiors of the order to receive one who was so unfit physically for the works of the order. But it was literally a soul dead to self and to the world who was offering herself, and the Superior had the wisdom to perceive it.

In religion Mélanie, now Sister Marie de la Conception, gave herself with such generosity to her duties and to the service of others, that in ten years she was declared by the physician to be unfit for any work whatsoever. It was just then that Father Monnet, S.J., asked for Sisters of St. Joseph to act as auxiliaries to the Jesuit Missions in Armenia. Volunteers were called for and Sister Marie de la Conception offered herself at once. Reminded by a sister of her broken-down health, she said, with a humility that was near sublimity,

“Eh bien! je serai le fumier de la Mission d’Arménie.” Nine sisters were sent to fill the three Missions of Adana, Caesarea and Sivas, and Sister Marie de la Conception was named Superior of Caesarea.

The story of the next twenty-three years in the life of Mother Marie de la Conception brings us close to the age of miracles. The journey itself by way of Constantinople, across the Black Sea, and overland to Caesarea in carts, required no mean courage. Their first dwelling, called the “Cenacle,” did not even keep out the rain, but nothing could dampen their ardour; Mother Marie had the gift of inspiring courage to meet every emergency. The sisters had to begin to learn Armenian and Turkish. Mother Marie never became proficient and applied herself to the manual work to leave more time for the Sisters to study. Besides, she understood marvellously and made herself understood by all who applied to her. To the Oriental all the French are doctors, and the sick of all classes applied to her for remedies. They must have been successful, for they came in increasing numbers, till, when the school was opened, she had to set special hours for consultations. Not content with this, she visited the sick, even in the Turkish quarter, where it was death for a Christian to enter. It was by such corporal ministrations that Mother Marie prepared the way for the spiritual aid she also gave so abundantly. She taught the elements of hygiene and house-keeping, and was able, through continual aid sent from Lyons, to relieve the poverty she found around her.

The difficulty of the apostolate in Armenia was even greater than in a new country where Christianity is quite unknown. In Caesarea there were, besides the Turks, separated Greeks, three sects of Schismatic Armenians, Protestants, and Catholics of the Greek rite.

In spite of this opposition, the sisters’ schools flourished from the first. When cholera broke out in 1894, Mother Marie was at the point of death from fever. She arose and went with the devoted Jesuits to bring aid to the cholera-stricken when the schismatic priests fled. During the massacres of

the Armenians in 1895 the Sisters and Jesuits sheltered four hundred persons besides their pupils. Afterwards they opened an orphanage for the children of the victims. From the orphanage developed workshops where silk-weaving was taught to girls, who were thus kept longer under Sisters' influence. There are charming incidents related, showing the happy effects of the sisters' influence, especially on the young. Among these the story of Merzouka is particularly beautiful, as is also the relation of the vacation excursions made to the villages around Caesarea to help Father Granseault in his missionary work.

These were happy years. New labourers had come, till at length there were nineteen sisters at Caesarea. Only the joy of the sisters at the coming of Mother Henri-Xavier for the visitation of the Armenian missions makes us realize what these years of exile from their sisters and friends in France must have been. After 1902 Mother Marie was, to her joy, relieved of her duties as Superior. She continued, however, to be the Mother both of the sisters and people of Caesarea. In every trouble, young and old sought out her whom they called the Saint. But she had always loved solitude, and now able to follow this attraction, she speaks less and less. Sisterly charity still called forth the quick smile and the word *à propos*, but generally "she passes like a beneficent shadow—spending but not wasting herself." Her recollection was so constant that she acknowledged once it required an effort to distract her thoughts from God. She was evidently raised to a high degree of mystical union; once she was seen raised from the ground in prayer, and at times again she suffered terrible interior anguish; but the favours she received remained for the most part a secret between God and herself. Her great simplicity and perfect obedience to her spiritual guides saved her from any danger of pride or illusion.

The Great War came, and the French missions in Armenia had to be abandoned. France was now an enemy of the country, and the sisters were ordered to take only their linen and depart at once. The Turks were in possession of their

houses before they could be vacated. Mother Marie was now seventy-six, and so frail that it was thought she could not survive the journey. But she was to live five years more of gradually increasing infirmities, and to go through one last terrible combat before she had reached the final perfection of self-abnegation, and had given the supreme test of love. She died in perfect peace in the eighty-second year of her life.

To make a successful biography of a saint, and particularly of such a saint as Mother Marie de la Conception, the key-note of whose life was self-effacement, would seem to be a difficult task. Yet this life is supremely successful, because the author, avoiding the dangers of the physiological-imaginative method, has confined himself to a beautiful spiritual objectivity. There is an unctiousness in the style that recalls the Lives of the Saints of other days; at the same time the exactness of detail that we have come to expect is not wanting. It is to be hoped that an English translation will make this work available to the Sisters of St. Joseph of America, to whom Mother Marie's life of service to God and humanity cannot fail to be an inspiration.

Guardian of Bethlehem and Nazareth!

Guide, thro' the desert, out of Egypt's land!

In faith and love, we elasp thy guardian hand,
And choose thee as OUR guide in life and death.

O sweet Saint Joseph, pray that, franchised and forgiven,
We all may share, one day, thy changeless bliss in Heaven!

DE CRIB

De leaf all fall six week mebbe,
 An' nice white snow ees on de groun',
 Jus' lak tapis immaculé
 De Angel ees drop all aroun',
 For welcome agan cette année
 Dere King ever pure lak a swan.

Up dere on ole church of village,
 In leetle crèche of wood and straw—
 More nice dan all de saintes images
 Good girl or boy dey ever saw;
 Le p'tit Jesus, He get hommage
 Of all de peop—et ca n'manque pas!

In poor berceau He look so sweet,
 Dat leetle Chil' from Heaven come—
 Wid baby han' an' leetle pink feet
 Our great good God bless tous les hommes.
 Hees face ees smile each tam He meet
 Wan soul dat to adore, has come.

An' too, ma frien', you no forget
 De Moder of de Holy Chil',
 She love Heem very moche, an' yet
 She love us too, a great beeg pile!
 Bimeby she seeng de sweet
 And p'tit Jesus go sleep for w'ile.

Joseph, de good ole Saint, he stan'
 An' guard so well dat familiee
 De whole day long, he work hees han'
 Lak charpentier on Saint Remi
 An' w'en night come, de holy man
 Protec' from harm, Jesus, Marie.

De ox, vieille bête de somme, for sure,
 An' ass, all grey an' all poilu,
 Stan' close by leetl small crèche toujours
 To keep from col' L'Bébé Jesus.
 An' on de groun' of stable poor
 Some ugly hay cover le nu.

Dose shepherd braves, dey hear de song
 De angel seeng from heaven fair,
 De joyful gloria dat morn
 Eees ringin' glad all t'rough de air,
 An' in ma heart, I seeng wan song:
 Vive Jesus et sa Sainte Mère!

O cher Jesus (how sweet He lie!)
 You no stay in de crib so col'
 Das not for . . . you lef' de sky
 Wid all eets beauty an' eets gol'.
 Non!—come, come to my heart, sigh,
 For sure, I love you till I die!

—Sister St. Teresa, C.S.J.

NICKOLAUS

By BERNITA MILLER.

IT was the eve of Saint Nicholas' feast, the sixth of December. The Hotel Dieu nuns in a small town of Lower Canada, out of respect to a few German families that are old settlers in their neighbourhood, have for many years observed this feast, in the traditional manner, whenever one of these Germans is in hospital. On this particular evening there were two such patients in,—a fair, blue-eyed lad of about fifteen years with a broken back, and an aenemic man who was in his fifties. Both had been in the auto accident that had landed the boy here several months before. The older man, however, was in only a few days. He was very wasted, and talk ran that he would not last long.

It was already past seven o'clock when Paul, the orderly who was to act the part of Saint Nicholas, found that the ancient costume of the saint lacked — of all things — its whiskers. He had spent the better part of an hour digging down through the heap of red stockings and gawdy ward decorations that lay — folded neatly before he got at them — in a barrel in the cellar, and he had reached the point where he would not have found it hard to convince himself that "l'ancien Nicholas" had never possessed such an article.

He did not like to lie, though, to the little Sister who was in charge at night. She was strange here — she knew nothing at all of this Saint Nicholas business. And, too, it seemed to him, she would so easily believe for truth what he said. She was different there from his Marie. Marie would be cross at him when he called at her house to-night. When she asked what had kept him so long, he would have to give a better reason than the lost whiskers of l'ancien Nicholas. What to do about it?

It would be at least half-past eight before he could leave the place. Three wards to visit—children's, men's and

women's. The children would keep him a good half hour. Well — what to do?

He stuffed the decorations back into the barrel. A few minutes later he was off to explain matters to Sister Angelique. She was not in the office, and while he waited, an old man shuffled in through the main entrance. It was the grandfather of the lad with the broken back, Mr. Becker — Herr Becker they called him. Herr Becker was hardly approachable — he was stiff and old and gruff. But he had fine long silvery hair and a noble beard. And so Paul advanced to the occasion.

“Gut'n Ab'n, Herr Becker.”

“Abend,” Herr Becker corrected.

Paul proceeded to elaborate in careful French the exact state of affairs. He said that he was to act Saint Nicholas to-night and had been looking a long time for the saint's whiskers, but could not find them. That Marie — Mein Herr perhaps remembered — Marie would be waiting for him. Finally, that Mein Herr had such a beautiful beard — he would make a perfect Saint Nicholas.

Herr Becker glowered. “Heraus!” he bellowed, his voice cracking on the word, and continued on his way to the ward. Paul went back to wait for Sister Angelique.

A few minutes passed, and Sister Angelique had not yet come. Paul decided to follow up Herr Becker for a last try. At the entrance to the ward he stopped, annoyed. A white canvas curtain hung in the doorway. That meant that someone in the ward was asleep — sometimes it meant death. He pushed back the curtain and looked in.

At the far end of the room, old Herr Becker was sitting on one of the straight-backed chairs that served for ward visitors. Herr Becker's, however, was out of line with the other chairs; he kept his placed with its back against the foot of his Herman's bed. For he had found that if his chair was turned the usual way, with its back to the wall at the head of the bed, from that position he could not help but glimpse, even if only from the corner of his eye, the sallow face of that other German, Schmidt, whose bed stood next to the lad's. He hated

Schmidt. Herman was Herr Becker's only grandson, and Schmidt had been driving the car which had thrown out Herman's chances for life when it threw out his body. No one wondered when, with Schmidt's arrival in the ward, Herr Becker's chair assumed its awkward position. That was, however, the only form he allowed his bitter feelings to take. He said nothing; but often as he sat there, waiting and staring, as the ward wit put it, like a grizzly watchdog, his lips bit hard to keep down the curse that he had for the sick Schmidt, and indeed for all men.

Nickolas-night was so different from any other night for that curse. He ached to stand up and shout, in the face of the whole ward: "*Je vous maudis!*" He thought that if he could do that his feelings might be satisfied, perhaps even so satisfied that he could put back his chair again by Herman's face. *Je vous maudis! Je vous maudis!* — he was weaving in his mind a picture of himself and these words when Paul appeared in the doorway. He raised his hand as a sign to Paul to keep out — Herman was asleep — and returned to his picture.

But now the picture was taking on a new turn: it was a man dressed as Saint Nicholas, his hand lifted as if in blessing, who said "*Je vous maudis!*" There, said Herr Becker to himself, there is my choice at last.

Paul led the way down to the cellar, and, with light heart, undertook the process of changing Herr Becker into Saint Nicholas. It was a very complex process: the costume consisted mainly of a loose white sheet twisted into voluminous folds. One large fold served for a hood, the rest for pockets. A wide-brimmed red hat, a pair of black patent boots, and a huge club were the other accessories. Paul managed the fitting easily enough, since he worked on the theory that the suit itself didn't matter much and the beard was everything.

Well, Herr Becker had the beard, and that problem was at last solved. A beautiful beard, long and silvery. Part of the hood fell down from beneath the broad-brimmed hat so as to conceal the neck and most of the face as well. The beard was really everything.

Paul explained thoroughly.

"You must pass on a word of blessing to each, Mein Herr. They say that the man who plays Saint Nicholas gets some sort of blessing himself."

"Bless them?"

"Yes, just a word. I guess you could leave out that part if you didn't want them to know your voice — but, then, that is not usual. I will explain everything to Sister Angelique tomorrow. For Marie — I can't keep her waiting any longer. But you needn't give yourself away if you don't want to. Thump your stick a few times when you walk down the hall, so they can tell you are coming. And when you reach the ward — go to the children's ward first — blast your stick hard against the door. (Not too hard, though — last year I almost broke the door!)"

"And bless them?"

"Yes, when you stop at each bed and give them these things— Look! Already your pockets are beginning to bulge round with the apples, and the toys will make them stick out funny. So, then, when you hand little Annette, for example, her toy, you might say — (and give Annette this special rag dog, please) — you might say — well, something about her burnt legs, and you hope she gets better. And you could give that rosary to blind Perrichon, and say something about him, perhaps, being able to see God. No, wait: '*Saint Nicholas vous bénit!*' 'Saint Nicholas blesses you!' — that will do for all.

"Yes, that would do well. One thing more — Saint Nicholas must keep the hood close to his chin. For if he should meet Sister Angelique — well, she was new, she might not know the difference. And if anyone else were to ask about the beard, he must shrug his shoulders — just so — eh?"

His last direction given, Paul left. Now Herr Becker was alone with his secret. He gathered his folds and thumped along. *Saint Nicholas — vous maudit — Saint Nicholas — vous — maudit—*

Thump, thump, thump! Who is that going down the hall?

Saint Nick, of course. Good old Saint Nick! He loves children. But he is passing by us? We would call him as the German children do: *Nickolas, Nickolas, komm zu meinem Haus!*

Oh, come in here, Saint Nick, come in here *first*. Good Sister Angelique, go bring him back.

Ah, is he coming now? Yes, says Sister, he has turned his stick this way. And he comes for the French children too? Yes, yes, all children are alike to him, French or German -- it is all the same.

Thump! There, he's outside the door. Oh, he's coming in! No, no, we won't look! We won't look! We don't want to see him.

Eh -- what's that he is giving to Annamarie? An airplane! No, no, Monsieur Nicholas, that must be for the boys. Annamarie is only a baby, and a girl. Monsieur, Monsieur, what have you got for me? And for me? And for me?

Our Father Nicholas is bewildered with all this noise. He thumps along heavily from one bed to the other. His big red hat has slipped down too far over his hood, and he can hardly see. From deep down in his pockets, under a heap of candy, a doll squeaks "Ma - ma!" and makes everybody laugh. He pours out the toys from his pockets -- some blocks of the Infant Jesus' Life for Monsieur Bondy's little girl; a shotgun for the Pelletier boy; a bright red flag for Louis Nicole. Candy, too.

Already some of his pockets are empty, and his dress sags. He has hard work keeping the hem of his skirt out of the way of his big boots. He stumbles here and there as he thumps his way back towards the door.

Thump -- Saint -- Nicholas -- vous --

Crash! There went Annamarie's airplane. She screams, and tears at the bandage on her eyes. She does not care for toys. She wants light and a glimpse of Saint Nicholas.

Wait! wait! *wait* Saint Nicholas! cries Annamarie. Are you there, Saint Nicholas? Tell me, are you there? Do you hear me? Are you there? Then why do you not speak to me?

There is only one toy left, the sticky mama-doll, and that has

a broken head. Saint Nicholas holds it up for the Sister to give to Annamarie.

But Annamarie insists he must come back himself, else she will not believe he is there. She wants to *see* him. Sister Angeli-que, too, pleads softly: "Revenez, Monsieur Becker!"

Well, to please Sister, then. He stoops to Annamarie's cot (it is a little hard for him to stoop so low), and roughly guides her small fingers over his stick, his hat, and his beard.

Ah — And now if he would say something to her she would be quiet for good. Just one word, and then she would not cry again — never.

Her one hand clasped the broken doll, the other tugged at his beard. Come — what would he say to her?

"*Saint Nicholas — Saint Nicholas — vous — —*" God have mercy! One can not curse a child! You dare not curse anyone. What was the right word? What had Paul said?

"*Saint Nicholas vous — te — benit!*" He managed the words somehow and Annamarie was satisfied. He was glad though that Sister could not see his face. His cheeks were burning.

Wearily, he re-gathered his folds. *Thump — Nicholas — vous — —*. Outside the entrance of men's ward he paused a moment, pushing aside the heavy curtain just a little to make sure first whether the boy Herman was asleep or not. It would not do to go through with this, he said, if Herman was awake. He lifted his hood — it was damp with perspiration — and tried to raise himself by leaning hard on his stick. But try as he would, from no angle could he see well enough. He felt that his eyes were dim and he was old. But that was not the reason. From the doorway, one could see very little of Herman's face, even if the light in the ward was good, and the light was not good. For just as his own chair had its fixed position, so too the lad had his: never to turn to one side or the other, always flat on his back, to face the ceiling. Schmidt's bed was a little nearer the light, and the old man could see him lay a thin finger across his lips for a sign.

Evidently Herman was asleep. Well, then, the stage was set.

The stage was set, but by this time the player, Herr Becker, was no longer ready for his act. He fingered the curtain that meant sleep — and sometimes death — and hesitated. Saint Nicholas, helpful spirit, came forward to present to Mein Herr several excuses, such as that there was no use visiting another ward when there was nothing left to give away: all that remained was a few sticks of candy and three or four apples. The children had got it all. And wasn't it too much to expect that an old man who was tired should visit another ward? . . .

Mein Herr, gratefully accepting the excuses (though he could see through them, to be sure), withdrew from the curtain, and with hat pushed back, his hood down, his stick under his arm and sheets dragging along, went on his way to the cellar.

Two wards left — *Parbleu!* The seamp of a Paul should have to make his own explanations to Sister Angelique in the morning.

Sweet Infant Christ,
We consecrate to Thee
Our life, our all.
Oh! make us wholly Thine,
Most Blessed Child Divine,
And may Thy smile benign
Upon us fall.

Sweet Infant Christ,
Enfold us with Thy love
Till life be o'er.
Thy holy grace impart,
Till with Thee, where Thou art,
We rest in Thy blest Heart
For evermore.

THE NATIVITY

CANTICLE OF SAINT EPHREM (FOURTH CENTURY).

WHEN the Son was born, light shone forth, darkness was chased away from earth, and the world was illumined. Let it, therefore, praise the Son, the Splendour of the Father, who illumined it

The blaze of His light went through the East; a star lit up Persia; the rising of Christ allured her and announced to her that the Victim was come which moves all to rejoice.

Great Assyria, well instructed, called the Magi, saying: "Take presents and go to Judea to honour the King there born."

The princes of Persia with exultion took presents from their country, and brought to the Son of the Virgin gold, myrrh and frankincense.

Entering the house of the poor little Maid, they found therein the Infant lying; and drawing nigh to Him, they adored with exultation, and opened their treasures before Him.

Thereat said Mary: "For whom are these? For what cause? And what may be the reason that has called you from your country that ye should come with your treasures to the Child?

They make answer: "Thy Son is a King; and on His head are gathered all diadems in one, since of all is He King; His power is more high than the world, and His empire all things obey.

"A great treasure is thy Son; His riches suffice to make all rich. Treasures of kings will sometimes fail, but He can neither fail, nor be ever measured."

"Ye men, you must inquire who the King is before you adore Him, lest you should perchance have gone a wrong way, and some other be the new-born King.

"He is but a little tiny Infant; and lo, as you may see, He has neither royal diadem nor throne. What have you then

seen to make you pour forth your treasures and honour Him as King?"

"A little One He is because Himself has so willed; and He loves meekness and humility until He is made manifest. But the time will be when before Him all diadems shall bow down and shall adore Him."

"My Son has neither armies nor legions nor troops. He is lying in His mother's poverty. Why do you call Him King?"

"Heavenly are the armies of thy Son. In the firmament do they move; everywhere do they spread abroad their glittering rays: from amongst them one has come to call us. Our whole country was in alarm."

"Quite recent is the Infant. How then should He be a King since to the world He is unknown? How could this little One reign over men powerful and renowned?"

"Old is thy little One, O Virgin. He is the Ancient of days, and before all times. Adam is much His junior. By Him shall all things be renewed."

"Surely it behoves you to expose the whole mystery, and explain who revealed to you the mystery of my Son, who in your parts is a King?"

"A great star appeared to us, more splendid than all the other stars. With its light our land was lit up. It gave to us the news that a King was born."

"I should be loath that you tell this story in our country lest the kings of our land from envy lay snares for the Infant."

"Fear not, O Virgin; for thy Son will bring to nought all diadems and tread them under foot; nor by their envy will the kings have power to hurt Him."

"I fear Herod, that unclean fox, lest he perturb me, and, drawing his sword, cut off the sweet cluster while yet unripe."

"From Herod fear nought, because by thy Son it is that his throne subsists. For as soon as thy Son shall have begun to reign Herod's throne will be destroyed and his crown will fall to the ground."

"A very torrent of blood is Jerusalem; in it all the best men are being slaughtered; if he should have his attention

drawn to the Infant he will fall on Him. Therefore speak secretly and act without noise."

"All the torrents and swords shall be laid at rest through thy Son. Blunted is the sword of Jerusalem, and refuses to serve for Slaughterers."

"The scribes and priests of Jerusalem help on the shedding of blood and are void of understanding; deadly strife will they stir up against me, and against the Child. Magi, I beg you, keep silent. . . .

"The Angel who appeared to me explained at the Annunciation that His Kingdom would have no end; but that the secret must be kept and not be made known." . . .

"From out of the entire heaven one single star has stirred together Persia, which is certified that thy Son is the Son of God, and that to Him all nations will be made subject."

"May Persia rejoice at your tidings; may Assyria exult at your return; and when the reign of my Son shall arise, Himself will plant His standard in your country.

"Let the Church sing out with gladness: Glory to the Son of the Most High by whom the heights and the depths are illumined. Blessed is He Who by His birth has made all things joyful."

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies;
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?
Yet! Strange-Year. Thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But, dearer than thou — in his shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.



The week of October 4th was the 350th anniversary of the reform of the Calendar ordained by Pope Gregory. The day following October 4th, 1582, was called October 15th. In addition to Calendar changes, greatly improved lunar tables were introduced for the purpose of computing the date of Easter. An article in the "Southwark Record" notes that the necessary calculations were executed by Luigi Geglio (Aloysius Lilius), Ignatius Danti and Christopher Clavius.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE WITH THE UKRAINIANS

By JOHN MCGILLIVRAY.

"WELL, my friend, this is Christmas Eve!" This from one Boris Weselenchuk, who up to five minutes previous had been a complete stranger to me. I looked a little suspiciously at my customer in the dentist chair, but there was no sign of mental derangement in the honest, friendly and intelligent face.

"Why, man," I said, "this is the sixth of January. Turkey and plum pudding and good cheer are all over two weeks ago."

"Pardon," he broke in, "I should have said it is Christmas Eve for *us*, we Ukrainians who are of the Eastern Rite and who do not keep your calendar."

"What!" I gasped, for this was something new to me.

“Yes, our people still keep the Julian calendar, so we are thirteen days after you. We cling to our old customs, so in Canada still keep to religious Feast days.” Boris departed. I was alone. My thoughts returned to the conversation.

So this was Christmas in Sifton — not only in Sifton, then, but in vast districts in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, wherever these three hundred thousand Ukrainian Canadians are located — these people with a mother tongue and customs all their own, but one with us in creed — all loyal children of Rome.

Had I been observant I might have noticed that during all the past week there was something ado. Weren't the little local stores more than usually crowded? Wasn't the laughter more than usually bright? The express parcels that arrived at the little station tri-weekly more numerous? Yes, and what about the tempting odours these days from every little kitchen?

A knock was heard on my door. It was my friend Boris again, all beaming and smiling. “Mr. McGillivray,” he addressed me, “my wife and I would like you to come and keep Christmas with us to-night. I shall come for you a little before six this evening. All right?”

“All right? Why, I am delighted. Thank you ever so much.”

How well I remember the details of that Ukrainian Christmas Eve years ago! The cloudless night, the light layer of snow, the bitter cold, and my inward rejoicing when we arrived at Mr. Weslenchuk's home. Thrusting open the front door, my host's great lusty voice addressed the family within, “*Kristos Rejedieta.*” This means “Christ is born”; to which young and old make answer: “*Slavetch Yehhaw.*” “Glory be to Him.”

Mrs. Weslenchuk, with her ample, spotless white apron and her kind motherly face, encircled in a bright yellow silk kerchief, came forward to welcome us. She was followed by Grandpa and Grandma Hordoniski and Great Grandpa Weslenchuk, and all the “little ones,” though the latter ranged in years from twenty to two.

I glanced about the room and noticed there were no lamps.

lit, but, instead, Christmas candles, which were indeed very effective.

The floor was covered with hay, a reminder that He, Whose birthday we were celebrating, was born in a humble manger. Hay is also spread on the dining table before the table cloth is laid.

The first part of the Feast belongs to the children. They search in the hay for gifts that the Christ Child might have brought. Candies and nuts, and other good things lay hidden, and while the children were making merry with their newly-found gifts, Mr. Weselenchuk explained to me many of their Christmas customs. The dinner which was to follow is really the beginning of the festivities. In fact it is considered the great family gathering of the year. It consists of twelve courses in honour of the Twelve Apostles. The same national dishes are served in every Ukrainian home. Christmas Eve is a fast day, a strict fast, not even allowing the use of lard in preparing food.

Dinner announced by Mrs. Weselenchuk, we knelt down first and said prayers in honour of the approaching Feast. A very tempting dish called *Koutya*, made up of wheat, poppy seeds, honey and walnuts, was the first course. Then everyone stood up and sang a Christmas carol. Following that, beet soup, "*borah*," was brought in. It is very delicious, and it is said only a Ukrainian can prepare it perfectly. A Christmas carol was sung between each course of the meal. The soup was followed by fish, baked and stuffed with a very tasty dressing. A boiled pastry, the "*perohay*," came next. Some of these "*perohay*" are stuffed with cabbage, some with cheese, potatoes, prunes or apples. Each variety constitutes a course. "*Helopchy*," a mixture of rice, onions and butter rolled in cabbage leaves and baked, followed. Mushrooms, rice pudding and raw fruit completed the meal.

After the dinner dishes had been put away, there was more singing and the family made merry. Then, as I realized the hour was getting late, I made a movement to rise.

"Our Mass to-morrow morning will be at five o'clock," my

host informed me. "There will be a sermon and special Christmas music. Will you be there? It may be of interest to you. You will see no crib as in your churches, and our singing will be all unaccompanied, for, you know, we do not have organs."

"Why must Mass be so early?" I enquired.

"Well, because our pastor will have another Mass some twenty miles away at eleven o'clock. All three missions have Mass in turn for Christmas. The Christmas Feast lasts three whole days. The first day in honour of the Christ Child; the second Our Lord's Mother; the third the feast of St. Stephen."

"Well, as I was saying," Mr. Weselenchuk resumed, "after Mass to-morrow we will have our Christmas dinner, and then all the young people of Sifton — and my Peter and Nicholas and Martha and Olga will be there, too — will go from house to house singing Christmas carols. They will be very tired when they return home late to-morrow night — but they are doing it for the Church — every family gives a contribution. The morning following they will go by sleigh out to the country, and the third day will take the other direction. They have lots of fun, these young people,—more than just singing," he added with a smile. "They are well treated wherever they go, especially in the country. But they will not dance yet — oh, no! not until after Twelfth Day."

"This is all very interesting," I said. "I'll try to be at Mass — but — I don't promise, in case anything should happen, you know," I added significantly. But, in any case, Mr. Weselenchuk, "don't forget to have the carollers call at my house. I wouldn't miss them for anything, and, besides, I would like to contribute my mite. Good night, everybody. Will you please say that beautiful Christmas salutation again for me?"

"*Kristos Rajediesta!*" broke in my host, to which the family in chorus responded: "*Slavetch Yehhau!*" and with these words ringing in my ear, I wended my way homeward.



TO KINDLE A FIRE

MARY KELLAR.

THE little old trail which led toward Bethlehem lay covered with a shining blue-white blanket of freshly fallen snow, its brightness jewelled by the reflection of the myriad of dazzling stars above.

The beauty of the still night was not lost on the roughly-clad little girl, who trudged the snowy path hugging her bundle of odd sticks close to her small bosom. A vision of the roaring fire so soon to be kindled quickened her pace, for though her shapeless burden was lighter than usual, still to the little girl and her old grandmother kindling was kindling—and fire was fire.

She lifted her clear eyes to the magic of the starlight night. Were the same old stars really brighter, she wondered, or what caused that glittering light which turned the whiteness at her feet into polished silver? Even the tiny crystals of ice which clung to the twigs in her arms became jewels of unusual splendour beneath their glow.

One star in particular held her attention. Its ethereal beauty outshone the whole heavenly firmament. Surely there must be great happiness in heaven to justify the wondrous golden lights that one huge star reflected; for now it seemed as if heavenly voices filled the night air with hymns of great rejoicing. Closer and closer they came. The little girl listened in rapt surprise. "Glory to God in the highest, peace" . . . ah! that was it . . . "peace to men of good will."

Perhaps the wise old Simeon who spoke such wondrous things of the great God on high would hear that music too. Had he not instilled in her heart the great desire for the coming of her Saviour? And would he not, perhaps, tell her a wonderful story of a night when the great King would really come; and then she would know peace — even in the little thatched shelter by Bethlehem road?

"The great King, my child," the old grandmother had said, "will rule in a great city." Yet it would be a night like this with the stars at their fullest and angels singing, and a great golden chariot descending to earth.

She rounded the last bend of the old road. But the light! Could it be there was a light in the old stable by the wayside? No. Just those haunting beams from that great star which lingered o'er its roof. The tumbled door was partly open. Who could be there where only animals were wintered? She crept softly to the doorway and peered within. A strange hallowed light seemed to envelop the scene before her. There by the straw-filled manger knelt a beautiful woman, her hand stretched toward the tiny Infant in its humble bed. Leaning on his staff behind her stood a kindly man gazing on with tired, shining eyes. Such a beautiful Babe, the little girl thought. And what a wondrous light shone around His head! From their stalls the animals were looking on in quiet contemplation. But this little Infant must be kept warm, and there was no fire! Impulsively she approached the Madonna and laid the rude bundle of precious fuel at her feet. The mother turned and smiled at the child in understanding gratitude.

Hushed voices deliberated outside. The little girl knew these shepherds of the hills, who moved so reverently forward into her place before the Infant. She drew back timidly, and with a long last glance at the holy scene, slipped out into the night. Cold, she felt none, for within the little hut that night, a great fire was kindled in two peaceful hearts which echoed to the angels' song: "Glory to God in the highest, peace to men of good will."

My heart Thy stable is, dear Lord,
Oh grant that it may be,
Not fair or wide or rich enough,
But POOR enough for Thee.

—M.B.

■ ■ ■ COMMUNITY NOTES ■ ■ ■

In the beautiful Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, on the Feast of the Assumption, Sister Mary Frederica, formerly Miss Catherine Bradish, of Winnipeg, had the happiness of pronouncing her final vows in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Reverend Father Webb, O.M.I., officiated at the ceremony and celebrated the Mass which followed. Sister Mary Frederica is well known in St. Joseph's parish, Winnipeg, and her many friends wish her long years of happiness and successful work.

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For some years past the Medical Service of the hospital, under the leadership of Dr. Julian Loudon, has conducted each September an intensive post-graduate course of instruction of one week's duration. This course is given free of charge to all qualified medical practitioners, and consists of a series of lectures illustrated by clinical cases, pathological specimens, and X-ray pictures, together with a number of bedside clinics and practical demonstrations of various methods used in the diagnosis of disease. That this venture is proving eminently successful is shown by the increasing attention from year to year.

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The Retreat for business young women, given by Rev. J. Mangan, C.S.S.R., at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, during three days in early September, afforded those who were fortunate enough to be free to make it, three days of quiet prayer and seclusion from the busy world. The Retreatants expressed unbounded appreciation of Rev. Father Mangan's interest in their spiritual welfare, and of the splendid conferences.

This was the first Retreat for business women to be held at St. Joseph's, but it is to be hoped that, with this promising beginning, it will become an annual event.

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In October, 1932, at St. Michael's Hospital, was published "The Probe," a volume of sixty-four pages, printed and bound in an attractive manner, and produced by the Nurses of the graduating class. Within its covers are to be found articles by several members of the medical staff, by the Chaplain, and by members of the nursing service; numerous photographs,

verses, jokes and "wise cracks." The Editors, Miss Rose Sherry and Miss Constance Bond, are to be congratulated on a most creditable production.

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One evening in the early fall Bishop Kidd honoured St. Joseph's Community, St. Alban Street, with a visit. His Excellency gave an informal talk in the Community Room.

He referred to the wave of atheism sweeping through the world, the persecution of the Church in Mexico, and of the many trials of Mother Church. His reminding us of Napoleon's words, "It's all right to pray, but keep your powder dry," made us smile, and brought home the necessity of preparedness at the same time recalling that the prayer of faith can move mountains.

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On Sunday, November 6th, the members of the Teachers' Retreat Association attended Mass and received Holy Communion in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel. Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., Spiritual Director of the Association, who delivered a short but inspiring sermon on the necessity of the deeply spiritual life of the teacher. After the Mass a substantial breakfast was served. To all interested in the training of our Catholic youth, the large membership of the Teachers' Retreat Association is extremely gratifying.

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In connection with St. Michael's, a much-needed addition to the Hospital Nurses' Residence, is approaching completion. This will accommodate a number of nurses who have been most uncomfortably housed outside the hospital.

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On September eighth occurred an unique event in the history of the hospital, when the members of the Visiting and Interne Medical Staffs and the Board of Governors were entertained at dinner by the Sisters of St. Michael's Hospital. The dinner was planned as a tribute to the Surgeon-in-Chief, Dr. George Wilson, who had recently returned from a trip to Europe. Dr. Magner, acting for the Sisters, was in the chair, and short addresses were given by the Chairman, Dr. A. J. Mackenzie, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Loudon, Dr. McCollum, Father Cline and Mr. Hughes. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Wilson expressed his deep appreciation of the honour which had been paid to him, and his firm belief in the future of the hospital, which he regarded as being second to none in the Dominion.

Many of our readers were not present at the ceremony of the departure in St. Michael's Cathedral, October 16th, on the occasion of the official sending forth of Reverend Father McNab and Reverend Father McGillivray as missionaries to China. The young missionaries will be in their new home for Christmas. At the same time, two Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception left home and country to join their Sisters already in Chuchow.

Perhaps the many friends of St. Joseph Lilies do not know that our own Sisters of St. Joseph also have a mission in far-away China? Yes, in Hunan, in the territory under the care of the Passionists.

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The New Chapel at Mercy Hospital was opened on Wednesday, October 5th, by the Reverend Monsignor J. L. Hand, assisted by Reverend Joseph Bagnasco. The Chapel was filled to capacity with Sisters, Nurses and patients, many of the latter in wheel chairs. Folding doors between the Chapel and ward were thrown open, permitting bed patients to assist at the Mass also. The altar is a work of art donated by Mr. A. W. Holmes, and was beautifully decorated with crimson roses.

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His Excellency the Reverend P. T. Ryan, Bishop of Pembroke, visited St. Joseph's when he was in Toronto for the Bicentenary of the Redemptorist Fathers. This year also is an outstanding one for the Pembroke Diocese — its Golden Jubilee year. Just fifty years ago Pembroke was erected into the Vicarate Apostolic, under the Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, who, when the Diocese of Pembroke was formed in 1898, became its first Bishop. His marked ability and piety were shown in the organizing and building up of the diocese. Three years before his death, in 1915, he asked for and obtained an auxiliary in the person of the Right Reverend P. T. Ryan, who was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Pembroke, 1915. He succeeded Bishop Lorrain as Bishop of Pembroke in 1916, and still looks after the ecclesiastical and spiritual needs of the diocese, where there are seventy - five diocesan priests and about fifty thousands souls under their care.

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A recent visitor to St. Joseph's was His Excellency, Bishop Bunoz of Prince Rupert. His Excellency entertained us with an account of his trip to the Congress, to Lisieux, and to Rome.

Among the old girls who visited St. Joseph's recently were Miss Ella McDonnell, of the Metropolitan Hospital, New York; Mrs. Irwin (Jean Procter), with her baby daughter, Lorna Jean; Mrs. J. Mogan (K. Donley); Miss Muriel Tester; Miss Ruth Dolan, who has moved from Newmarket to Toronto; Mrs. F. Byrnes; Mrs. R. Kenny and baby, Peter; Mrs. R. Harding; Mrs. S. M. Lambert (V. Palmer), Chicago; Mrs. Parnell Howe; Mrs. Gerald Burke (Detroit), with her Ann and Babs; Mrs. Milne, Sanborn, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Trepanier.

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The celebration at St. Patrick's brought His Excellency, the Right Reverend Gerald Murray, to Toronto, and St. Joseph's was honoured with a short visit. His Excellency spoke of the work to be done, and promised a welcome to any volunteer workers for the West. The Solemn Triduum to commemorate the 200th Anniversary of the Founding of the Congregation of the Redemptorists was preached by His Excellency.

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We have just received a letter from His Excellency, Bishop O'Leary of Edmonton, announcing that the new Chapel to be erected in Wetashiwin, Alberta, is to be named St. Joseph's. It was made possible by the offerings of the Separate Schools under the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto.

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As we go to press, arrangements are being made for a new lighting system in the Chapel at the Mother House on St. Alban Street.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Holy Cross McKinley.

On Friday, October 7th, Sister M. Holy Cross, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, passed peacefully away at St. Michael's Hospital. The late Sister had undergone a critical operation a few weeks before, and seemed to be steadily improving, so that her death, which came suddenly, was a great shock to her Community and friends.

Sister Holy Cross (Josephine McKinley) was the third daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James McKinley of Wyo-

ming, a pioneer family in Western Ontario, highly respected for their sterling qualities, and especially for their solid Catholic faith and religious principles. After completing her secondary education in her native town, the late Sister came to St. Joseph's, Toronto, as a resident pupil, and later attended the Ottawa Normal School. Having taught for a few years, she answered Christ's invitation to follow Him, and joined the Community of her Alma Mater, in which she was engaged in teaching up until the time of her last illness.

For the twenty-four years, Sister Holy Cross laboured indefatigably in the class-room, having taught in Orillia, St. Catharines, and different parish schools in Toronto. For the past few years she was Principal of St. Basil's School, where she taught the Entrance Class, not only with gratifying examination results, but with the far greater success of instilling into the minds of her pupils high ideals, and of impressing on them something of her own nobility of character and love of truth. Her affection for little children, especially for the poor and neglected, was one of her beautiful characteristics, and that the children with whom she came in contact loved her in turn, was manifested by the numbers of her former pupils who came to pay the last respects to their teacher. There were many touching incidents which proved the gratitude of those to whom she had been kind. She had pondered well Christ's sweet words: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these my little ones, you do unto Me"; and it was with His spirit that she taught and worked to the end, and in spite of continual suffering and ill-health. The perfect calm and peace with which she faced the coming of death was a source of edification to all present, and a last proof that she had laboured for God alone, and was confident of His merciful judgment and promised reward.

The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Convent, Sunday, October 9th. The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B., Chaplain of the Convent and life-long friend of the family.

The deceased Sister is survived by three brothers, Mr. A. McKinley and Mr. F. McKinley of Sandwich, Mr. C. McKinley of Wyoming, and two sisters, Sister M. Thecla, Sisters of St. Joseph, of London, Ontario, and Mrs. E. Donnelly, Toronto.

May her soul rest in peace!

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ALUMNAE NOTES



St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association held its first quarterly meeting October 16th. at the Convent. Mrs. F. T. Pujolas, President, was in the chair, and welcomed the members and the guests, among whom were the two speakers, His Excellency, Archbishop Neil McNeil, and Mrs. M. J. Lyons, of Ottawa, President of the Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae; Mrs. D. O'Meara, President of the Loretto Alumnae and her executive. Our beloved Archbishop's address was a call to build up our unit of the National Federation; to make it strong both in numbers and in efforts for the cause of the Church in Canada. In his own direct style, His Excellency made us see, with his clear, far-reaching vision, the problems of the Church; he made us feel a grave sense of responsibility for the successful solution of these problems; then, true to his role of pastor and guide, he pointed out the way: the strengthening of the National Federation through the strengthening of each unit of the Federation. He showed us that results quite impossible to small groups can be attained easily through our larger federation. By building up a strong, nation-wide association of Catholic women, having the advantages of education, culture and social influence, we offer the Church an effective means of watching and influencing legislation, and of combatting her greatest enemies: materialism and communism.

In the fuller realization of our duties and opportunities for service, we shall knit closer the ties of love and loyalty that bind us to Holy Mother Church, through her representative, our venerable Archbishop, to whom we offer the gratitude and filial devotion of each member of our Alumnae.

Mrs. Lyons explained the Canadian Federation, and outlined its programme. Artists who contributed to the delightful programme were Miss Hermine Keller, Mrs. Malone and Mr. Fred Kelly. The tea arrangements were in charge of Miss Mary McGrath, with Mrs. W. J. Northgrave, Mrs. F. Latchford, Mrs. W. H. McGuire and Miss Teresa O'Connor, Past President, pouring tea. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the afternoon.

* * * * *

Dear Sister:

Isn't it a pity our Alumnae meetings cannot last longer? I wanted to tell you so many things at the last one, and what

with rejoicing with Sister Imelda on her renewed health, and welcoming Sister Josephine home from the West, trying to hear more news of Edith Northgrave's new daughter, and so forth, I was just well started when time was up!

I was telling you about our Reading Club, which is open to any or all members of the Alumnae. It is really a very happy side of our activities, and so interesting! We not only discuss the books of the day, but at each meeting (semi-monthly, at the homes of the members) we analyze one chosen book, under the five divisions: Narrative, Setting, Presentation, Characterization, Significance. I wonder if there aren't some more Alumnae who would like to spend so enjoyable an evening with old schoolmates? Let me know if you hear from any.

Since the fees have gone up at the University we have been augmenting on Scholarship Fund by small bridges in our homes. Last week Mrs. Landy and Mrs. Wm. O'Connor (Kate Lorden and Anne Kernahan, you know) had about fifty friends of the school, mostly old pupils, of course, at Mrs. Landy's home. Everyone was anxious about Lorraine Phelan, and glad to know that she is putting up such a plucky battle. She is going to pull through with all our prayers storming Heaven. Mrs. Pujolas, our new President, is going to have four or five tables of Bridge next week for the same good cause — Scholarship! She is hoping Irene Richards will be well enough to attend. She is able to be about again, you know. Mrs. Pujolas in her school days was Nellie McCarthy, you remember. Rose Ferguson is getting along splendidly after her accident. What gems of poetry must have taken form during Rose's enforced rest — when the pain was less acute!

Talking of poetry reminds me that one of the books given to the Convent Libraries throughout Ontario, by the Ontario Chapter of the Canadian Federation of Alumnae, was "In Towns and Little Towns" — a book of rare little gems by Father Leonard Feeney, S.J. Didn't you love the one about Veronica Johnson?

See how one thing suggests another! Did you know that Veronica Frank is back in Toronto? She is a nurse, but just now she is helping the Catholic Welfare Bureau.

These are busy days for the younger graduates. Almost all the young Catholic girls belong to the Junior Catholic Women's League, and they meet regularly to sew and chat — making clothes for needy babes. Marion Battle was their hostess last Monday night, and Dorothy Latchford the week before.

The Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae, with the Catholic Women's League, was successful in its protest against Matriculation Spanish in cases where it was objectionable for our schools. Tell me when to stop!

What is that about enough being as good as a feast? I hope I haven't taken too much of your time with all this gossip, or whatever your more kindly term would call it. I'll leave the rest for my next letter. Best wishes. Your devoted
"Old Girl."

Since the above letter was written, we have learned, with regret, that our prayers for Lorraine were not answered as we had hoped.

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How we wish we had some more letters like the above for publication! There are so many, that just one or two or three cannot possibly give all the news of interest. We would like to hear from many others among the Alumnae, and in this way we can bring about a closer bond of union.

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Another interesting letter came to the Editor from Hope Thompson. Hope is practising law in Washington, D.C. Not long ago she addressed the Foreign Policy Association at Utica, where the so-called "World Court" was discussed in a debate. Mr. Elihu Root's secretary, Professor Jessup, debated with Miss Thompson. Again in New York Miss Thompson spoke on the same subject before the League of Nations Association. Mr. Everett Colby, President of the New Jersey Bar Association, had the affirmative and Miss Thompson the negative. There was a nation-wide hook-up. Hope's pet hobby just now is foreign affairs.

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We also heard from Elizabeth Clarke in Brooklyn. Kathleen, with her three children, spent the summer with her. We hope to hear from the New York girls soon again.

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Congratulations to Dr. J. F. Kenny, Director of Historical Research and Publicity at the Dominion Archives, on winning a trophy award in the 1932 Aonach Tailteann for his book on Early Irish History.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. P. Heenan (Edith Northgrave) on the birth of a little daughter, Edith Mary Patricia; and to Mr. and Mrs. T. Evans (Edna Rosar) on the birth of a young son, Michael Joseph.

In honour of Mr. John Drinkwater, British playwright and

poet, Miss Lucy Doyle entertained at luncheon at the Old Mill. Mr. John Drinkwater is the second of the "seven" stars which the Pleiades Club is bringing to Toronto. Miss Lelia Swanton Doyle is director of the Club.

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Mrs. V. A. McDonagh has been elected Vice - President of St. Joseph's Hospital Auxiliary for the coming year. Mrs. C. E. Tipping is corresponding secretary. Mrs. A. McDonald is on the committee.

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A committee of reception met in Mrs. James Keenan's drawing-room to arrange for the Convention of the Historical Association, to be held in University College December 27-29th.

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Miss Virginia Denroche has been chosen Social Secretary of the Laurier Twentieth Convention Club, and was an active worker for the Convention Dinner and Piccadilly Faire.

Mrs. Cluff (Alice Power) called recently on the Sisters in Vancouver and spent some time recalling happy memories of St. Joseph's.

The Alumnae have representation on seven of the standing committees of the Local Council of Women.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Pape (née Angel Durkin), 3 Linden Avenue, celebrated the twenty - fifth anniversary of their marriage in September. A reception was held during the afternoon, and numerous friends, who came to offer their good wishes, testified to the affection and respect in which Mr. and Mrs. Pape are held. The eldest of their seven children planned and directed the celebration for their parents. All who visited their home could not but mark the wonderful spirit of union and of true Catholicity existing there. We offer to Mr. and Mrs. Pape our heartiest congratulations.

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Mrs. A. J. McDonagh and Mrs. Fred O'Connor welcomed the guests to an enjoyable Bridge at the Granite Club, under the auspices of Subdivision No. 2 of the Catholic Women's League.

Miss Antoinette Young and Miss Mary Hurst, of St. Monica's School, are to be congratulated on winning essay prizes presented by the Catholic Women's League.

Among the officers chosen by the Catholic Women's League for the coming year are Mrs. W. Crossland, Vice - President; Mrs. P. Byres, Collingwood; Mrs. H. Pooock, Councillor, and Mrs. J. Keenan are on the Committee of Conveners.

The Junior Alumnae Meeting.

Sunday afternoon, November 20th, the Junior Alumnae held its first elections. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Rev. Sister Immaculata; President, Miss A. Foley; Vice - President, Miss E. Sheedy; Second Vice-President, Miss M. Ryan; Corresponding Secretary, Miss G. Hayden; Recording Secretary, Miss M. Dunne; Treasurer, Miss Mary Frawley; Councillors—Miss H. McGrath, Miss R. Halligan, Miss F. Hayes, Miss N. Phelan, Miss T. A. Doherty. At the business meeting the decision was made that the Alumnae convene three times a year. It was proposed to have a Communion Breakfast in January, to be favoured by a guest speaker. Plans were also discussed for the Annual Dance, to be held shortly before Lent.

At the close of the business meeting, the members attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel, and then were served tea in the reception rooms. Mrs. J. R. McRea and Miss M. Wright poured tea. There was a large attendance of girls, approximately ninety.

A cordial invitation is extended to all former pupils who have not been enrolled to come and realize the joy which is afforded by once more living within the old walls of Alma Mater.

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Marriages.

Miss Justine Mulligan, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Mulligan, of Sudbury, and the late Judge J. Mulligan, of Ottawa, to Mr. Arthur Michael Hitehen, of Toronto.

In St. Paul's, Miss Muriel Elizabeth Travers, daughter of Mrs. and the late Edward Travers, to Mr. John Bernard Sheridan. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan will live in Toronto.

On October 8th, Miss Ruth Ridley, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. S. M. Ridley, Prince Arthur Avenue, to Mr. Stephen H. Vickers, younger son of Mrs. W. H. Vickers, Summerfield Gardens.

Miss Margaret Mary McDonald, daughter of Mr. John McDonald, to Mr. Charles Henry Pearson. In the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Rev. G. Kelly performed the ceremony.

In St. Joseph's Church, Miss Pauline Catherine Lynch, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Lynch, to Mr. Arnold Joseph Hendriks.

Miss Olive Dunn, at St. Cecilia's Church, by the Rev. J. P. Treacy, to Mr. Alex. McDonnell.

Miss Teresa White, second daughter of Mr. J. White, London, England, to Mr. Edward Corner, Yorkshire, England.

In Newman Hall, on November 19th, Miss Teresa Elder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elder, to Mr. Norman John McRobb.

* * * * *

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased: Rev. J. Jacqmin, Sister Veronica (Chestnut Hill), Sister Mary of the Nativity, Pembroke; Mrs. James Johnson, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Robert Clarkson, Mrs. James Crothers, Mr. Charles Regan, Mr. Edward Dinner, Mr. Michael Mogan, Mrs. John Brady, Mr. Patrick McGuinness, Mr. Thomas B. Palmer, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. W. K. Murphy, Mrs. J. Brady, Mrs. Thomas Mulvey, Mrs. J. D. McKenna, Mrs. Catherine McFadden, Mrs. F. Schill, Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. Milligan, Mr. F. Roche, Mr. J. Bench, Lorraine Phelan, Mrs. F. Redican.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

* * * * *

Grief spread throughout our Convent School when word came that Lorraine Phelan was dead. Her former classmates could scarcely realize that she was gone; she who but a few weeks ago was so full of life, so loved for her winsome ways, for her kindly thought for others. The Grim Reaper spares neither the young nor the beautiful. Six weeks of intense suffering, patiently borne, prepared her soul for entrance to the eternal home, where sorrow and parting are unknown. May she rest in peace!

To her sorrowing parents and the other members of the family we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

■ COLLEGE NOTES ■

The opening meeting of the Sodality was held on Sunday, October 23rd, at 3.30 p.m. in the College Chapel. After the recitation of the Office and the Beads, Father Bellisle, Spiritual Director of the Sodality, addressed the members in a short sermon on the Mystical Body of Christ, and he urged the girls to increase their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, particularly by saying her Rosary beads. Benediction followed, and after the meeting closed, tea was served in the common room.

H. McHenry.

The following are the results of the elections for offices in the different societies of the College:—

BLESSED VIRGIN SODALITY.

President . . . H. McHenry, '34.
 Sec. - Treas. . . M. Flahiff, '35.
 Organist . . . Gertrude Gibbons, '33.

ST. THERESA'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

President . . . M. Hussey.
 Vice - Pres. . . Eugenie Hartmann.
 Secretary . . . Josephine Lynch.
 Treasurer . . . Rita Carroll.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

President . . . Eugenie Hartmann, '33.
 Vice - Pres. . . Dorothea Greening, '33.
 Sec. - Treas. . . Margaret Gillooly, '34.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

President . . . Marguerite Hayes, '33.
 Vice - Pres. . . Margaret Gillooley, '34.
 Sec. - Treas. . . Margaret Flahiff, '35.

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

President . . . M. Hussey, '33.
 Vice - Pres. . . H. McHenry, '34.
 Year Repre- } Dorothea Greening, '33.
 sentatives } Judith Burrows, '35.
 } Margaret Ryan, '35.

HOUSE COMMITTEE.

Head Girl . . Lucille McAlpine, '33.
 House } Clerese Hartmann, '33.
 Committee } Dorothea Greening, '33.
 } Helen McHenry, '34.
 } Margaret Flahiff, '35.

CERCLE FRANCAIS.

President . . . Marion Darte.
 Vice - Pres. . . Clerese Hartmann.
 Secretary . . . Helene Darte.
 Treasurer . . . Helen Egan.

College opened this year on the 28th, and on the 29th, the Feast of St. Michael, the annual Opening Mass for the student body of St. Michael's College was celebrated at St. Basil's Church. The students, headed by Reverend Father Murray, came in procession from the College to the Church, looking very dignified in Academic dress. The Solemn High Mass and the devotional plain chant by St. Basil's Scholastic Choir could not but stir up in the hearts of the students a great love and admiration for our beautiful faith, while the sermon by the President of the College, Reverend Father

Bellisle, C.S.B., made a deep impression on all. In his sermon the President, among other things, pointed out to the students that it was a positive duty, not a matter of mere choice, for them to make the best use of the advantages their parents were giving them in sending them to the University, and that it was quite as incongruous for a student not to study as for a doctor not to practice medicine or a lawyer not to practice law.

On Thursday evening, October 27th, the English and History Club met in the common room. The speaker, Mr. Morley Callaghan, was introduced by the President, Mr. Green. Mr. Callaghan talked informally of modern literature. In his opinion, Canada will not have a literature which will be distinctly Canadian. He thinks that the differences of language and interests between the French and English are too great to permit a literary union. There will be rather a North American literature produced by Canada and the United States.

Mr. Callaghan then answered questions proposed by the members of the Club. On being asked what plan he followed in writing his stories, he stated that he had no definite one. He uses some interesting event which he has experienced or heard of as basis for his work, and gradually and naturally the story develops around it. To the question as to whether he made a note of brilliant conversation for future use, he answered that he never did, and that he considered it would be a waste of time.

After Mr. Callaghan's discussion, the members were favoured with "Rachmaninoff's Prelude," played by Miss Mary McGuire.

Refreshments were served, and brought to a close a very interesting evening.

L. McAlpin.

The annual hike, an ever-welcome event for St. Joseph's girls, took place this year on Friday, October the twenty-first. We left the College early in the afternoon and headed for the eastern city limits. Thence we wended our way to

the woods of St. Joseph's farm, whose gorgeous display of autumn leaves we shall not soon forget. After much sliding and climbing up hills, stepping across winding streams, climbing over and sliding under fences, we came upon a spot which was well sheltered by hills, an ideal location for our campfires. There was keen rivalry as to which of the two fires would boil the corn first — a novel type of competition. After consuming large quantities of food fit for a king, we tramped through the woods just at sun-set, and it was with the greatest regret at leaving the lovely place that we returned once more to the city streets.

H. Egan.

Another college term has been heralded in — the first term of enticing college life for many at St. Joseph's College. After several days of respite kindly allowed them, the freshettes were ceremoniously initiated into a college career by a number of sophomores who undoubtedly possessed vivid imaginations. The first scene was enacted in "the wee sma' hours" of Thursday, September the twenty-ninth, and was followed by five days of subservience, where figures wearing blue berets resembling chefs' caps, and carrying oranges for sustenance, could always be seen in the college or on the campus. Such, though, was the friendly spirit existing between these two groups, that on one memorable occasion the sophomores could be seen escorting the freshettes across the street from lunch, despite the displeasure various occurrences had caused the newcomers.

The final act took place on the following Monday when the freshettes presented their concert, consisting of skits, recitations and parodies, the theme song being "The Night the Sophs Came In." Sophomores then presided over a mock scene where their inferiors in College rank were "tarred and feathered." Finally, the freshettes took a pledge of allegiance to their Faculty and College. Tempting refreshments were then served by the sophomores, and all, seniors, juniors and sophomores, united in making their newly-initiated brethren feel at home.

M. MacG.

Le Cercle Francais held its opening meeting on November 2nd, with Miss Clerese Hartman in the chair. Following the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by Miss Helen Egan, the chairman called Miss Pauline Bondy, past president of "Le Cercle," to introduce the speaker of the evening, Reverend Father Bondy, who charmed his audience by a most penetrating and lucid exposition of the life and work of Monsieur Rene Bazin in whose recent death the Catholic Literature of France has suffered a great loss.

After the expiration of the meeting a pleasant half hour was spent in French conversation. C. II.

The Autumn Tea and Reception was held this year on Thursday, October thirteenth, immediately after Benediction, in the Convent Reception rooms. Each of us had the honour of being presented to Mother-General, who, with a smile and words of welcome, made us feel St. Joseph's is indeed our other home. After a sumptuous tea, such as only our dear Sisters can provide, we spent a happy evening dancing and chatting with newcomers, and, in general, have the very nicest of times. We wish to thank Sister Superior who, though unable to be present, so thoughtfully planned this delightful tea for us.

It is nice to have some of the graduates back in our midst, even though they are so busy learning to be "school-marms." Welcome back, Lorraine, Pauline, Jennie, Evelyn, Eileen and Connie! It wouldn't seem just right without you.

Who said "Freshies?" If you really want to see the genuine type, pay a visit to the College. We have them in all sizes --and with various achievements, as the Initiation Concert proved.

Congratulations to Helene Darte, '34, and Margaret McCarthy, '34, on the Scholarships they win this year: Helene in Moderns, Margaret in Household Economics.

We have some Scholarship holders among the Freshies too. Lillian Karmalska, St. Joseph's College School, has three Scholarships to her credit, a Knights of Columbus, the Fontbonne and the Neil McNeil. Irma Clavette, of Sudbury, Ontario, won the Gertrude Lawler and the Robrt Simpson with a special prize of \$50.00 for the highest standing in the Northern Ontario Collegiates.

Kathleen Gallagher, South Porcupine, Ontario, won the St. Joseph's College Tuition Scholarship.

Our warmest thanks to Sister Superior and the Staff for the beautiful new Common Room we found waiting for us when we came back. Our appreciation is shown by the use we make of it at every free minute.

The Students' Administrative Council planned and executed a very successful Bridge party Wednesday, November 16th. The proceeds went to the poor.

St. Joseph's College Annual At Home is to take place early in January.

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held October 24th. The President, Margaret Hussey, gave an outline of the significance and aims of St. Theresa's Literary Society. Our Honorary President, Father McCorkell, spoke to the members on the subject of Wordsworth's Mysticism. Mysticism is a direct, conscious contact with God — a contact that requires a special grace. Wordsworth, with his acute sensibility, did have a contact with a god, but we feel that it was largely an affair of the senses. Father McCorkell agrees with Babbit that Wordsworth is not a transcendentalist, because he lacks the power to lift his thoughts directly to the Christian God. The attitude of Wordsworth to his god is

that of a pupil to his teacher. Father McCorkell reinforced this theory by quotations from "Tintern Abbey."

"well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart, the soul of all my moral being."

A vote of thanks was moved to Father McCorkell for the interest he has shown in the Society, and this was seconded by Lueille McAlpine.

The first closed meeting of the Society was held on Mouday, November 7th. Margaret Flahiff gave a thoroughly sympathetic and enjoyable discussion of Sigrud Undset's "Burning Bush." Margaret Hussey gave an appreciation of Knut Hamsun's "Hunger." The selected passages illustrated Hamsun's art of combining realism with whimsical humour.

The aim of the Society to obtain a general survey of the modern novel has aroused many enthusiasts, and we may predict a profitable and enjoyable year.

J. Lynch.

What does Jesus prize?
 Gifts of gilded treasure,
Where the dazzled eyes
 Dream with dancing pleasure?
Towers that touch the skies,
 Domes of mighty measure,
 These doth Jesus prize?

Nay, but He doth love
 Words in kindness spoken,
Thoughts that dwell above,
 Holy vows unbroken,
Meekness like the dove—
 More than fane or token,
 These doth Jesus prize!

BOOK REVIEW

"OBSCURE DESTINIES."

WHEN Coleridge spoke so affectionately of his friend, Charles Lamb, as being one "to whom no sound is dissonant which tells of life," he might almost have coined the phrase as a fitting tribute to America's favorite woman novelist, Willa Cather. Miss Cather's unique power of observing and portraying these human "soundings" is remarkable in her latest book, "Obscure Destinies" (which is not a novel, but a collection of three long-short stories of the West). The first—and most appealing—of these stories concerns one "Neighbour Rosicky," a seemingly commonplace Cjeck farmer whose inner fineness is revealed with exquisite artistry. The second story, "Old Mrs. Harris," presents the problem of old age among middle-class Tennessee people and, according to her critics, being unsurpassed in its purity of language and simplicity of style. The third tells of a life-long friendship broken and is less interesting than the other two, although there is a charm and wistfulness in the character of the child through whose eyes we see the tragedy.

None of the stories carries any great plot; their distinction lies in the atmosphere created and the "realness" of her characters who are never marred by any exaggeration of virtue or failure; there is some redeeming nobility in the most selfish character, some endearing weakness in the noblest; and it is not only the central characters which are so real to us, but even the most inconsequent has a specific individuality of his or her own.

As Canadians we were enchanted by Miss Cather's story of old Quebec, "Shadows on the Rock," and, as Catholics, by "Death Comes to the Archbishop." This latest book comes to us with no appeal outside of its own intrinsic quality; but every lover of books knows that a character drawn by Miss Cather is a real person to be known and loved, and a story from her pen well worth more than one re-reading.

Margaret Thompson.

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THE MAGNIFICAT.

THERE is a barrier before René Bazin's "The Magnificat." An invisible but very definite barrier, formed partly by place and partly by time, and which the reader must pass before reaching enjoyment of the book. For the life there is not our life. Our rush of modern days and our sign-blazing streets would not understand. One must be quiet, quiet, and listen to the pulse of the story. Also pray, do not read a translation. Excellent as the present translation is, it clouds the book. There is a subtle link between the life and the words of a nation, and anything holding the soul of that nation can never be quite transcribed into the word-clothes of another.

"The Magnificat" could be nowhere else but on the rock-hard soil of Brittany. The people are the *Bretons tetus*, strong, hardy,

powerful in their simplicity and sincerity, and immovable in their decided way of life. And the breadth of the fields blows through the book. The struggle goes on around, men go their way, men die, women are broken-hearted, but the fields are always there, calming in the very labour they cause, and in the quiet of a Sunday morning, "giving glory to God in their silence."

Silence heightens the drama. The silence of deep feeling, and of almost terrible strength of mind. And the silence of prayer. Old Maguern, at the news of war and its misery; clasping his toil-wrinkled hands on the table; Anna's quiet, bright-eyed waiting; Gildas' silence, or short, cut phrases on the drive home from midnight Mass, and the power of his simple cry in the night: "I'm afraid, Anna, I'm afraid." It is interior power set amid exterior ordinary life. It is seen again on the battle field, in the words of the dying soldier who had wished to be a priest: "God Himself has ordained me this day . . . in my blood, as Christ was . . ."

Once sheer poetry gleams across the tale. It is the song of the larks as Anna washes in Benmur Pool. "The day has begun with beauty; it shall end with loveliness. God has made the world miraculous with light . . ." But for the most part it is quiet. The picture left with one is that of the young priest opening his breviary, . . . but also of the old, old couple on their way home, with Anna; the feeling left is a deep "Magnificat," . . . with also a strain of "Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine . . ."

Jennie Farley.

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BOOK NOTICE.

"**SIR BERTRAM WINDLE**," by Monica Taylor, S.N.D., D.Sc., a most interesting memoir, will be welcomed by friends and admirers of the great scientist, educationalist and convert, who did so much to make the Catholic Church known and respected by thousands outside the fold. Toronto was indeed fortunate in having the benefit of the last years and ripened spiritual and intellectual experience of this great scholar. It will please Canadian, and particularly Toronto readers, to learn from the letters in the last section of the memoir, and written by Sir Bertram during his residence in Canada, that he was happy here in his work as professor, lecturer and writer, and this happiness must have compensated him somewhat for all he had left behind in the homeland.

—E. O'M.

The Past but lives in words: a thousand ages
 Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,
 And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us
 From fleshless lips.

COLLEGE-SCHOOL NOTES

Sodality. The annual elections for the officers of the Sodality of the Children of Mary took place on Sunday, October 23rd. Those honoured by the electors were:—President, Brenda Kidd; Vice-President, Marie Tisdale; Secretary-Treasurer, Eileen Phelan; Choristers: Geraldine Kane and Rita Mayer. Councillors: Betty Calvert, Elsie Boutin, Marie Gendron and Margaret MacDonell. Sacristan: Angela Hurson. There are some resident students who have not yet had the privilege of joining the Sodality. On December the eighth those to be received are given the Medal and Blue Ribbon of Our Lady, the emblems of their membership. Then our Chaplain said a few words on the ideals and aims of the Sodality.

Eileen Phelan.

Field Day. The Annual Field Day of St. Joseph's College-School was held September 5th, 1932. The Auditorium, where the pupils were assembled, presented a gay array of colours, from the red, white and blue of one Form to the black and silver of another. The refreshment booths were artistically decorated with balloons, paper streamers and colourful posters.

At two-thirty a Punch and Judy show was given, and loud applause gave testimony to general enjoyment. Later the baseball and basketball games were played off, and after a most enjoyable afternoon we all returned home, limping but full of glee.

Lynette Roddy.

The New Boarders' Concert. We sat in the Auditorium eagerly reading the programme when, lo and behold! a trumpet blew and an unmistakable herald stepped forth. In dignified accents and most herald-like language the prologue was read; the concert was duly ushered in.

There were many amusing and clever acts, quite worthy of their excellent introduction. One, we all enjoyed, was the song by the great singer who didn't sing, accompanied by the great pianist who didn't play, rewarded by the blossoms which no longer bloomed.

As the entertainment progressed our admiration for those who had both produced and performed it increased accordingly. Originality was everywhere evident, but the crowning act took place when four performers came down and passed some most delicious candy among the audience. You may be sure the audience was very appreciative, both of the play and the refreshment, and quite agree that the school was very fortunate in finding such talent in its midst.

Marie Tisdale.

French Conversation. Parlez-vous francais? We do, and this is how it began. Opportunity, in the form of an hour lesson every Thursday afternoon, knocked at our door. And, of course, since Opportunity knocks but once, and then runs, we thought it better to open the door and admit it. So far we have not regretted our move.

Under the excellent tutoring of Mlle. Le Prevost, we intend to become shining stars in that most distinguished branch of learning

—French. The main purpose of these French Conversation lessons is to become better acquainted with conversant French.

In addition to Mlle's questions, which we bravely answer—not forgetting to carefully round our mouths and trill those Parisian "r's"—we are, at present, enjoying to the utmost a French comedy, "Les Deux Sourds." In this, we both work and play, because we certainly enjoy the correct translation, and very often the mis-translations.
Betty Calvert.

Initiation. The Seniors at St. Joseph's College School received the Freshettes with all cordiality. As the season advanced we all breathed easier. There would be no initiation.

Alas! Alack! One night we received an invitation to the Auditorium. Unsuspecting, we came down in pairs, joined the merry group, and found out we were to be initiated. We were solemnly conducted to an ante room, and left to await our fate. The girls retired to the Auditorium. One by one we were called. What was happening? Who goes next?

We were put through a series of gymnastics, quite original, and I trust we did not look quite as foolish as we felt. The crowning effort of the evening was the debate. We were divided off in couples, and given topics which varied from "Picture wire is of more value to humanity than thumb tacks," or "Is it an advantage for a Chinaman to have a pig-tail or not?"

At the close of the evening we were ordered to present an entertainment at a later date. We did. And now we, too, are "old girls." Our year has begun. May it be a happy and successful one for all!
Anarita McNamara.

"Our Chapel." It was the Feast of Christ the King, and as I knelt adoring the Blessed Sacrament in our school chapel, my whole heart and soul seemed to be filled with reverence.

The Monstrance shone like the heavenly sun among the golden coloured "Mums" and deep yellow roses, which were so carefully and beautifully arranged on the main altar. Many large and small candles burned brightly, and above the Blessed Sacrament a dim light glowed and resembled the star that aroused the shepherds on the eve of Christ's birth. Ferns were placed about the sanctuary, and their tender greenness made the altar linens more vividly white.

The bright midday sun beamed through the stain-glass window and let its rays fall peacefully on the statue of St. Joseph, the patron of our school. On the opposite side of the chapel Our Lady's altar was decorated with deep red roses.

Without, the loud October wind rustled the newly-fallen leaves from their slumbers, but within our chapel reigned a heavenly stillness, for Christ the King was receiving the silent adoration of His worshippers. Moreover, this reverent silence bespoke the heart's attitude to God, which is love, silent love.

Margaret Coughlin, II B.

Mission Work. An atmosphere of breathless expectancy seems to pervade the earth during the season of Advent. Now more than at any other time God seems very near to us, and the radiance of His love shining upon the world, casts over it an unearthly glory. During this season we strive earnestly to make

ourselves worthy to enter the presence of the Infant King and to prepare in our hearts a shelter for Him. We gather our gifts to lay at His feet, — the sacrifices, the prayers, the triumphs over temptation, and offer them as assurance of our love.

And this year the students of St. Joseph's College School are happy to be able to present to the King of Kings an offering which will be most pleasing to Him. At Muriel Lake, in Alberta, we have succeeded in building a chapel, to be dedicated to St. Joseph. We are justifiably proud of the fact that owing to the magnificent co-operation of the whole school, we have been able to provide a shelter where God may be worshipped in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. That which formerly was the supreme height of our ambition is now a reality.

Nell Magner.

All Saints' Eve. Hallowe'en—what eerie spirits this word calls up! Dark, secret, mysterious, it must always remain. Yet its celebration usually falls little short of the hilarious Tradition must be observed. Al! must celebrate. A committee was chosen and a meeting held in secret.

Games were to be made the order of the evening, and that we might enter more fully into this spirit, hair ribbons were enjoined on all. The Auditorium was attractively decorated in orange and black, while from the balcony above apples, tantalizingly hung, were just out of reach.

Our celebration was honoured by a visit from Sister Superior and several Sisters of the Staff. They watched while the Seniors played such games as musical chairs and scramble for candy. While we were all playing at Bog the Kitten, a mysterious hand placed the following message on the door:

“This is where the first doth lay,
The boarders pass it every day,
It's in a room that holds us all,
And yet in something round and small.”

What excitement this caused! There was a scramble, and then we were off on the treasure-hunt; following clues hither and thither through long corridors, up and down winding stairs, until finally the foremost hunters found:

“You're a second Captain Kidd;
Claim the treasure

When this game was ended all sat down to rest while the committee served refreshments. Delightfully appropriate prizes were then awarded to the victors of the various games, and we retired to dream.

Freda Horgan.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

A Pleasant Hour. On November 10th we had the very great pleasure of being entertained by a trio of little boys, conducted by Reverend Brother George. The young soloist of the evening, Patrick Byrne, astonished us by his excellent rendering of old and difficult yet equally beautiful songs. “I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen” was a general

favourite, and merited a hearty encore. Two very musical young gentlemen, one on the piano accordion and the other on the ukelele banjo, helped to make the evening a success. We wish to thank Rev. Brother George, and we hope that they will come back soon again.

Eileen McGoey.

Symphony. On Tuesday evening, October 25th, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Ernest MacMillan, presented the first concert for the season. The Brahms Symphony was beautifully rendered. It occupied the second half of the programme, and really overshadowed the first half, which consisted of Glinka's Overture, "Ruslan and Ludmilla," Handel's Suite from the "Water Music," and Beethoven's Concerto number four. The second movement of the symphony was very lovely, and the interpretation of the orchestra left nothing to be desired.

Viggo Kihl was the soloist of the Beethoven Concerto, and the most delightful portion of it; the part most effectively rendered was the dialogue of the Andante movement, where we hear the emotional contrast of the continuous unison of the strings and the tuneful poetry of the piano.

The Symphony adds many admirers with each additional concert, and we are privileged to be allowed to follow the noticeable development of this popular orchestra.

Margaret MacDonell.

Music Recital. A light ripple of excitement disturbed the even tenor of our way the first week in November. Two accomplished artists gave recitals in our Auditorium. On November 3rd, Miss Freda Gronowetter, a 'cellist, with her accompanist, Mr. Carl Goldner, introduced us to the glories of a 'cello. Miss Rita Savard showed us just what that master instrument, the piano, can give when played by an artist.

Miss Gronowetter's programme was well chosen and beautifully executed. Her first number by Hayden brought out all, from the slow deep notes of the 'cello, that stirs your imagination with their spirit of deep contemplation and wistful melancholy, to glowing passages giving forth her loveliest tones. Miss Gronowetter's other numbers were varied and skilfully developed.

Words fail to express our surprise and appreciation of Mr. Goldner's part in the evening's programme. His compositions were especially interesting to would-be musicians, as they form part of the course of many of the students.

Miss Savard needs no introduction, for she is an old student of St. Joseph's College School, and won a Scholarship which enabled her to spend three years studying music in Europe. Her sweet humility and perfect poise are at once an attraction, but when her nimble fingers touch the piano one instinctively breathes: "Oh! here is an artist!"

Miss Savard opened her recital with that brilliant composition, "Rejoice Beloved Christians," by Bach-Busoni, and then immediately plunged us into one of Beethoven's brilliant immortal sonatas, containing passages which drew forth soul-satisfying emotions. Her technique and expression were flawless both in Chopin and in "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." Her programme was closed with "La Leggerezza," by Liszt.

We thank you, Rita. You are indeed true to your Alma Mater to give a recital in her Auditorium, and to let us reap, in a measure, the harvest of your years of study. God speed you, Rita! St. Joseph's expects great things from you.

Margaret MacDonell.

Results of Recent Examinations.

PIANO.

Associateship (A.T.C.M.), Teachers—Naomi Perras, Honours; Anna Finucan, Conditional in sight reading.

Intermediate—Bertha Horrocks, Alice Ratchford, Agnes Fischer, Honours; Mary Mills, Pass.

Junior—Josephine Scott, Lucy Reuben, Honours.

Primary—Mary McKenzie, Honours; Lorraine Bogue, Pass.

Elementary—Estelle Tipping, Eileen Hurley, Honours; Mona Kennedy, Peter Culotta, Pass.

Introductory—Ann Lorraine Healy, First Class Honours; Jean Lahey, Honours.

Associate Piano, written—Naomi Perras, Honours.

VIOLIN.

Elementary—Frances Grimes, Pass.

THEORY.

Intermediate—Form—Marie Caruso, Honours. Counterpoint—Naomi Perras, Mary Delaney, Anna Finucan, Pass. History—Marie Caruso, Honours; Anna Finucan, Pass.

Junior—History—Helen Ricker, Eileen Phelan, Ellen Orlando, First Class H.; Cathleen Callaghan, Phyllis Greisman, Mary Mills, Muriel Reuben, Honours. Counterpoint—Ellen Orlando, Eileen Phelan, First Class Honours; Phyllis Greisman, Muriel Reuben, Vivian Tuttis, Helen Ricker, Honours. Harmony—Eileen Phelan, Emily O'Regan, Cynthia Bell, Mary Delaney, Bertha Horricks, Honours; Mary Mills, Ellen Orlando, Noreen Bennett, Pass.

Primary Theory—Lynette Roddy, Alice Ratchford, Laurine Sinclair, Lucy Reuben, Elizabeth Sutherland, First Class Honours; Dorothy Duhan, Honours; Rita Whyte, Gerarda Ryan, Pass.

Elementary Theory—Lucille Greenburg, Loretto Cairo, Honours.

A Day With Scott. As we go to press, the Entrance Class Pupils are entertaining the College School with "A Day With Scott." It promises to be a great success, and we hope to tell our readers more about it in our next issue.



ZARA'S GIFT.

Little Zara sat huddled close to the fire inside the tiny cottage, which he called home. Once or twice he had to blink back the tears, for to-night in Bethlehem there would be games and festivities, and everyone was going into the little city.

How Zara longed to go! he must go with his father and the other shepherds to watch the flocks on the hillside.

He heard his father coming, his handsome young head jerked up proudly; he would not let him know that he had been crying. The father found his little son ready to go.

Nearing the hillside the boy ran on ahead to meet a tiny lamb which came frisking up. He gathered it in his arms, and it nestled confidingly against his shoulders.

Zara would have done almost anything rather than part with his lamb. Its mother had died, and his father had given it to him for his very own.

"You and I are alike," he would whisper, "in that we each have no mother."

The night was bitterly cold, and by and by, as it grew dark, the shepherds built a fire, and gathered close around it telling stories to pass the time.

"I was in Bethlehem just a short while ago," said one, "and walking towards the gates a man stopped and asked me if I knew where he could obtain shelter for himself and his wife. He was poorly clad, but had an air of gentle dignity and refinement about him, which impressed me. I directed him to an inn. The woman stopped and thanked me, and she smiled the most beautiful smile I have ever seen. In her eyes was a wondrous light which nearly dazzled me."

For a while the shepherds talked, and then one of them said: "Look, comrades! There is a light in that old stable!" "Perhaps it is a poor traveller seeking shelter," suggested another, "although the inns must be filled if one is forced to look for rest in that cold place." Suddenly Zara, who had fallen asleep, with the lamb in his arms, awakened and sprang to his feet. "Father!" he cried. "Father! look at the light! Oh, look at it! Do you not see it!" His father, seeing nothing, strove to quiet him, but to no avail. By this time the others had noticed it, and now suddenly it came upon them brighter than the noon-day sun. Blinded, the shepherds fell on their faces and heard: "Peace be to you. Fear not. Behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord. Hasten to the stable, just outside the city, and there you will find the Child wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Then came the sweetest music ever heard by mortal ears, and into each man's heart stole a wondrous feeling of peace and joy. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," resounded in the heavens. The song ended, the light vanished, the shepherds found themselves alone.

"Come," said Zara's father, "let us hasten to Bethlehem and see this wondrous Child." They hurried away, Zara stopping only long enough to gather his precious little lamb in his arms. Enter-

ing the poor stable, they found their Saviour, and, falling down, adored Him.

Zara looked at the little Babe on the rough straw, and his heart filled with pity. He looked so cold lying there, with no warm sheepskin over him, such as Zara himself always had. A great desire to give this Holy Babe something suddenly sprang up within him. The lamb moved in his arms. Should he give his lamb? Oh, no! Why should he? But the Babe looked so cold — as if He knew the struggle going on in Zara's soul the Child turned His beautiful, wondering blue eyes on the boy. With a parting hug to his beloved little playmate, he laid the lamb beside the Christ Child. It nestled to the Babe's little shivering Body and warmed Him. Baby Jesus smiled, the sweetest smile ever seen, a smile that sent an unutterable glow of happiness through Zara's whole being, and repaid him for his sacrifice.

Next morning everything was bright, and there was gladness in the heart of the little shepherd boy. He was on his way to the stable where lay the King of Kings, to adore the Little One, Who had smiled on him — a smile he would never forget. Softly he entered and knelt before the manger. The beautiful lady smiled a smile something like the Babe's.

Then suddenly a cry of joy burst from his lips, and his eyes shone with happiness. There on the straw lay the dear little Babe fast asleep, and nestled close under His tiny Head, making the softest of pillows and warmest of bed-fellows, was Zara's gift.

—Rose Welsh.

“CHRISTMAS DAY.”

'Tis the twenty-fifth of December,
Oh! children of God, remember,
A little Babe was born
On a wintry morn
In a lowly stable in Bethlehem.

The Halo from Jesus' Head
Was the only light that was shed,
And the angels' voices singing
Was the only music ringing
In that lowly stable in Bethlehem.

The first to visit this new-born King
Were the shepherds guided by an angel's wing,
Then came three kings from afar,
Led by the radiance of a star,
To that lowly stable in Bethlehem.

So let our hearts be there,
In that stable so bare,
On the day that we all remember,
The twenty-fifth of December.

—Alice Hill.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

To the average person, Christmas shopping may hold out a pleasant vista, but to me it is only the prospect of contending with querulous shoppers jammed in seething masses.

I had not set out on my shopping without some preparation. I had made a list of intended gifts, and my choice for Dad was a tie. The salesman who waited on me was a short, stout individual, with a very misplaced sense of humour. He had evidently decided early in life that Nature intended him to be a "funster," and gallantly he had undertaken the position. When he beheld me wandering uncertainly amid the bewildering array of haberdashery, he at once bestowed upon me a most dazzling, paternal smile. He then proceeded to the business of selling with gestures which made me think of how an epicure might behave on beholding some rare dainty placed for his delectation. In a rumbling voice he addressed me:

"Well, Missie"—"Missie," mark you—"what can I do for you." I at once perceived that here was one of those new-type salesmen who would have us believe that their only anxiety is to serve. However, despite his frequent insinuations as to the recipient of the tie — he did not even attempt to conceal his mirth when I said, a trifle indignantly, that it was for my father—I completed my purchase satisfactorily enough.

The next item on my list called for a visit to Toyland, having taken upon myself the duty of assistant to Santa Claus. It was all too apparent that others besides myself had the same thought, and from the number in that department on that one day—I should estimate it roughly in the thousands.

My young brother Johnnie, from early infancy, had shown a regrettable inclination to collect useless scraps of paper and string and stuff them under his pillow. But now, having attained the dignity of his three years, he scorned his cot as a warehouse, and had been clamouring loudly for some weeks past for a garbage-wagon! Nothing else would satisfy him, and great-aunt Eliza, whose pedigree is unimpeachable, was shocked, and firmly asserted that the poor child certainly did not inherit such traits from her side of the family.

But evidently the idea of constructing a garbage-wagon had not yet occurred to Santa's elves, or whoever make toys, and it was my lot to wander aimlessly among rocking-horses, aeroplanes, cars, dolls, houses, balls, balloons, whistles, trains, and so on—looking for the toy that could not be found. At length I purchased a toy that could serve the purpose, and several other articles, one of which was a rubber doll which squeaked every time any pressure was brought to bear upon it.

By this time I was loaded with parcels of every size and description. Reaching the street, the rain began to pour steadily, and my thoughts as I stood waiting for the street car, which seemed to have gone out of commission, are not suitable to be recorded here. At last it arrived. My clothes soaking with rain, I by sheer force of push boarded the car — it was one of the old ones — the original horse car without the horse. The rubber doll squeaked as several of my parcels fell. About this time I began to utter moans, and my appearance must have been most ludicrous. You are

all acquainted with the effect — hat over one eye, drenched hair, straggling——.

I hung on to the bar—thoughtfully provided for such as me—for what seemed an interminable length of time, and at last roused myself sufficiently from the bitter apathy into which I had sunk, to ascertain my whereabouts. I squeezed my way to the conductor, and haggard-eyed, asked if I were anywhere near home. At his pitying response, I limply let go of what remained of my purchases, groaned feebly, and lost consciousness.

I was on the wrong car! Do your Christmas shopping early!

—Margaret Donnelly.

Dear Sister.—It is noon and very hot, but fortune has favoured me with a shady nook, and I shall now fulfil my promise to write you and describe this beautiful island of Bermuda. The main island is fourteen miles long and four miles wide. Of the remaining three hundred and sixty-four islands, some are large enough for several residences, and some are mere specks in the blue of the Atlantic. The majority are uninhabited coral formations. I think, dear Sister, one of the most beautiful names for this little gathering of islands is "Paradise of the Atlantic."

Everything is coral here, the houses, streets, sidewalks, fences and walls—all of the whitest coral. Vines cover these buildings, and the colours green and white meet the eye on every side. There is no factory smoke to stain this beauty spot, and the island well deserves the name "Garden of the Atlantic."

The climate is very warm, and through January we spend a considerable time gathering bananas, loquats, paw-paws, strawberries, roses, and flowers of every kind. The Passion flower is one of the most beautiful.

One bright sunny afternoon we decided to drive around and see the different caves that one hears about so much. The most interesting of these was the "Devil's Hole," a salt water lake filled with all kinds of monstrous fish. We had an opportunity to do some fishing here, but without success.

We continued our drive and sight-seeing expeditions for many days. I could tell of the many drives, the narrow, crooked lanes with their hedges of rare flowers, the parishes with their quaint old churches and cemeteries — but it would be impossible to describe it all in such a brief space.

As the time of our departure is drawing near, I shall have to keep my many other pleasant experiences until I see you.

Sincerely,

Mary O'Connor.

WHY VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS.

Once upon a time, in an old garden, there were all sorts of flowers, roses, violets, snowdrops and hyacinths; it was always bright and sunny in this garden.

One morning great news came to the flowers, and they were all very excited.

The king of the garden was going to come and give a golden heart to the most beautiful flower. The day passed, but no king came.

The next day came, and they heard footsteps, but, alas! there was just an old lady with wrinkles in her face.

She said to the snowdrop: "Oh! You beautiful thing. May I have one of your snowy blossoms?"

"No, no. We can't spare any; we need them all for the king."

"Ask the violets," said the snowdrops.

"We'll give you some," said the violets.

The next day a lame robin came and begged for just one seed.

"No, no," said the snowdrop, "we cannot spare one seed."

"We'll give you one," said the violets. So they gave him one.

The next day an old frog came and asked the snowdrops for the nectar juice, and they said: "No; we can't spare any."

The violets then gave him a drink. Quickly the frog changed into a beautiful king, who scattered a shower of golden hearts among the violets.

This is why violets have such golden hearts.

—Marcella Foy, age 8.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF PRINCE RUPERT.

Having lived all my life on the Prairie, I hardly knew what to expect on arriving at Prince Rupert. Alighting from the train, all I could see was the rock cliffs on one side and the open harbour on the other.

We left the station and ascended many hills, along narrow little roads cut through the rock. I was quite surprised and fascinated with the quaint little city, whose weather-beaten, rain-lashed houses were built high up from the rocks.

On my arrival the sun was shining brightly. It continued thus for two weeks; then the wind came up from the South-east and brought the usual rain. Even during the finest weather there is a coolness due to the ocean breezes.

The mountains tower above, and at times the peaks are hidden from view by white, fleecy clouds. Prince Rupert has the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen. The clouds floating in from the harbour have wonderful soft colouring.

The harbour presents a lovely scene on calm mornings, with its heavily-timbered shoreline and small islands reflected in the glassy surface of the water.

Totem Pole Hill is a picturesque spot, laid out in little winding paths, lawns and flower beds. On top of this hill is a huge Totem Pole, hence the name.

The steamships come in and out of the harbour, and are especially beautiful at night, floating in, brilliantly lighted against the dark background. The fishing boats present a busy scene, chugging back and forth with their cargoes.

I have learned now to appreciate the quaintness and beauty of the city of Prince Rupert.

St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert.

Isobel Brannan.

WINTER SPORTS IN WINNIPEG.

Winter sports in Winnipeg include skating, ski-ing, tobogganing, sleighing and tramping. Some people consider tramping too vigorous, but many participants enjoy starting out on a clear winter's night, tramping a few miles over the freshly fallen snow, joking, singing, merry-making, and then returning for refreshments.

A more sensational sport is tobogganing. The toboggan slide in the River Park is the largest, perhaps, in Western Canada. Hundreds of people go there yearly and enjoy the thrill of a swift ride on the return slides.

There are numerous public rinks, open to all, and many private rinks. A big event of the season is speed-skating contests, and fancy skating exhibitions are given annually on the Arena Rink.

Ski-ing and sleighing are popular, although ski-ing is not as common here as in the East. In the hockey season, the wave of excitement runs high. Every week a number of games are played and large crowds are attracted. The excitement increases when the finals are being played for championship.

Winter in Winnipeg! What a jolly, healthful time! When the whirling snow drifts into huge piles to stay, and the thermometer falls to forty below! How exhilarating is the clear, dry atmosphere, and how one's spirits soar under the blue skies and the brilliant sunshine! In this continental climate we grow in endurance, as, with heads bowed, we face the cold sharp winds. We face the storms as did the Buffalo, our emblem, long ago in the open-wind-swept prairies of our dear Western Canada.

Cecilia Ottenbreit.

St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg.

CHRISTMAS LILIES.

Lilies standing by the Infant,
Tall white guardians of Our Lord,
Tell me, don't you feel the honour
Standing by One so adored?

Key of Heaven in your petals,
Snowy white, unstained by sin,
Oh! if all God's other subjects
Could say they'd not offended Him.

Lilies picked to guard Our Saviour
In His Crib this Christmas week.
The Crib which in the Church is leading
Repentants to the grace they seek.

Lilies on an Easter altar,
Stand beside the Host adored.
But I'd rather be a Christmas lily
And stand beside our Infant Lord.

—Dorothy Daly.



"OUR LORD'S CRIB."

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TO THE INFANT JESUS.

The gentle tinkling of a bell,
A golden Monstrance gleaming,
A beauteous, frail, white Host,
Love beyond all seeming.

The gentle bleating of a lamb,
A Babe, on straw a-lying,
Whose beauteous, frail white Face,
Peace full-deep supplying.

These two, how far apart,
And yet how closely twining,
Through the white Host's Heart,
The sweet, dream Face is shining.

—Rita Mayer.

BETHLEHEM.

O dearest Mother Mary,
 How happy you must have been,
 To be in the stable of Bethlehem
 And see such a wonderful scene.

The shepherds came to the stable,
 With their little lambs, we're told;
 And the kings from the East came with presents
 Of frankincense, myrrhh and gold.

I wish that I were also there
 To adore the Infant King,
 And listen to the angel choir
 Throughout the stable ring.

—Kathleen Bennett.

EAVES TROUGHS.

You all know how announcements are made at the College School. But can you imagine Sister saying: "Any girls found walking in the eaves troughs will not be allowed out on Sunday!"? Yet this announcement was solemnly made one morning at the Lycée, and no one seemed to find it at all amusing. Nor did I when I went back for a second look at the eaves troughs. They are wide, high, and made of stone, and, according to the French girls, the very best means of nocturnal prowling. The only evident result of the newly enforced rule was that the freshies learned how to avoid the creaking halls.

Dorothy Chambers.

Editor's Note.—Dorothy and Mary spent the scholastic year 1931-1932 at Lycée Victor Duruy, Paris. We hope to hear more of their new experiences there.

* * * * *

The Editor wishes to thank all who have contributed to St. Joseph Lilies. It was impossible to publish many of the contributions received; the authors should not be discouraged, for the end of this department in the Magazine is not merely to publish matter, but to develop literary talent, and no one can write an article for the "Lilies" without receiving experience commensurate with the effort entailed. Articles not returned will be published in later issues.

Special mention:—Rosemary McCormack, Edna Gray, S. McLaughlin, J. Turnbull, Rita White, M. Conlin, M. Henry, T. Mei, T. Teolis, J. Rabnet, D. Sheahan, M. Henry, C. Evers, E. Duffy, of St. Joseph's College School, Toronto; A. Paumer, A. Kergin, E. McLeod, St. Joseph's College, Prince Rupert; J. McGavock, E. Troat, J. Golli, E. K. Brown, H. Bonar, S. H. Young, of St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg; A. Knechtel, Annette Giguere, of St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.



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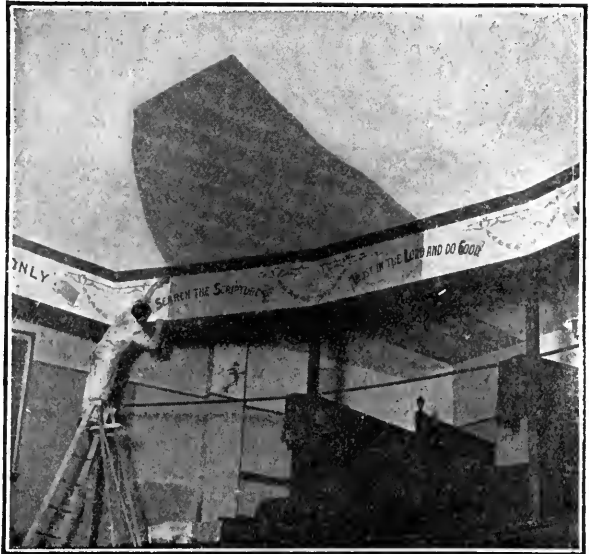
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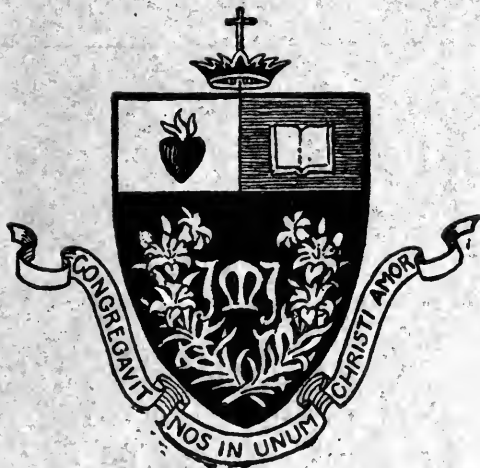
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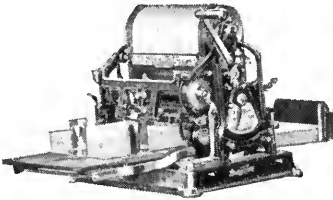
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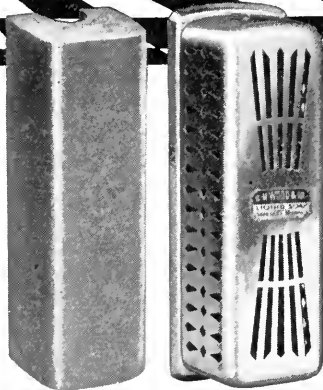
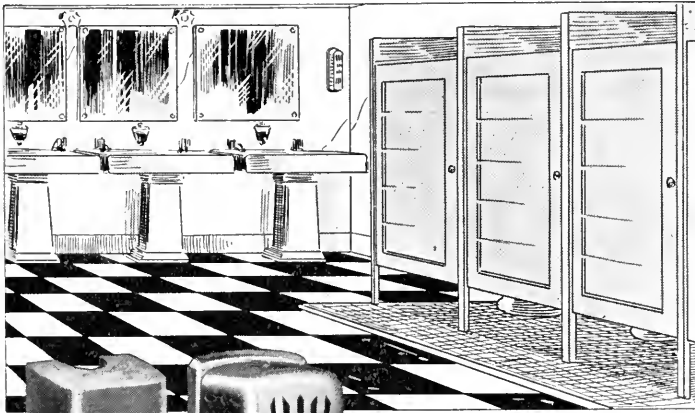
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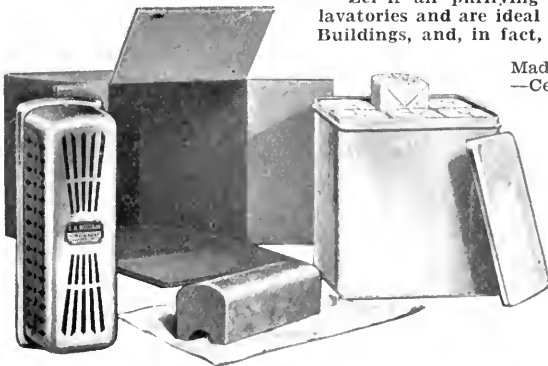
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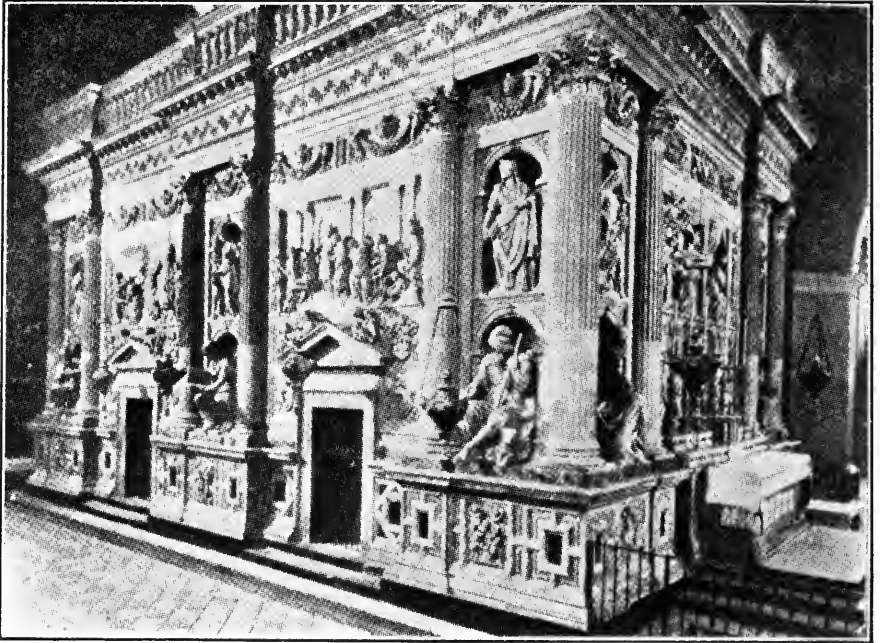
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MARBLE CASING
ENCLOSING THE
HOLY HOUSE.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1933.

NO. 4.

EDITORIAL

WE ALL have a serious obligation of believing in true history, for the moral needs of human beings are not circumscribed by the physical acts of the day, as in the case of animals, in which the present physical necessities are satisfied and the whole past duration of life is discarded from memory and neglected. Man's moral and mental life have roots in the past from which he draws soul nourishment. The historical skeptic cannot be a good citizen nor hope for true religion, for both citizenship and religion come to us on the stream of history that flows through the years of the past. Critical history, by which true events in the past are winnowed from light and spurious elements of uncertainty and falsehoods, is synonymous with true history, but, like all values in human life, it has counterfeits and defects. When criticism becomes excessive and unreasonable, it tends towards skepticism and the denial of history.

Of late years a captious spirit of denying generally accepted facts, especially in minor matters of history, is a cheap and easy method for writers who would win admiration as critical historians. They have, however, by their arts, merited from an irritated public the inglorious name of debunkers.

A debunker is one that has an itch to unsettle our minds on commonly accepted facts of history.

Some one would consider it clever to disprove the incident in our local history of Laura Secord's famous hike from Queenston to Beaver Dams to warn the British troops of the approach of the American invaders; or, in American history, the crossing of the Delaware by Washington, and just be-

cause it is generally accepted and made popular by graphic pictures.

Similarly, Church history does not escape, and especially in minor events that the Church accepts from mere human history, and perhaps decorates it with some popular devotion because of the certainty or great probability of the testimony on which it is founded.

The vision of Bernadette at Lourdes would be a fascinating target to shoot at if the stream of obvious miracles that succeeded the child's wonderful story did not make such attacks clearly impossible.

Even Sacred Scripture, which is more than human history, offers a temptation to the debunker, if he can do the trick and escape by some subterfuge the censures of the Church.

To debunk the real story of Jonas and the whale and make it a myth and allegory seems to be the first pitfall for a mind of modernistic proclivity and preconceived bias against miracles, or from perhaps a misdirected conciliatory turn that would satisfy rationalists that Catholics are not crude and credulous.

A new edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia is about to appear, and we members of the devout laity are assured that the debunkers will be restrained in matters of our popular devotions that the Church accepts on the great probability of human history and prudently enhances with premiums of spiritual rewards.

This issue of St. Joseph's Lilies affords a very fair example of debunking the debunkers on the affair of the Santa Casa, the Holy House of Loreto. A very notable writer has been happily induced to defend this shrine of devotion from the Parthian assaults of nimble critics, who rely mostly on the shafts of negative arguments. Perhaps more examples will be forthcoming in the future.

This is a suitable occasion to return our cordial gratitude to the generous contributors who made the December issue as successful as it was, and an appeal for the continuance of their

support. We expect the "Lilies" will become a real medium of intercommunication between all the friends and benefactors of St. Joseph's Convent School, and we also hope to make it an organ of education on religious topics, current scientific matter and such general events of the day as may seem to have a peculiar interest for our narrow circle of patrons. We promise to make the review, if possible, of interest without including a very intensive treatment of deep professional matters which are perhaps beyond our ability to treat adequately in such a magazine as this.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO

By THE RIGHT REVEREND ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D.

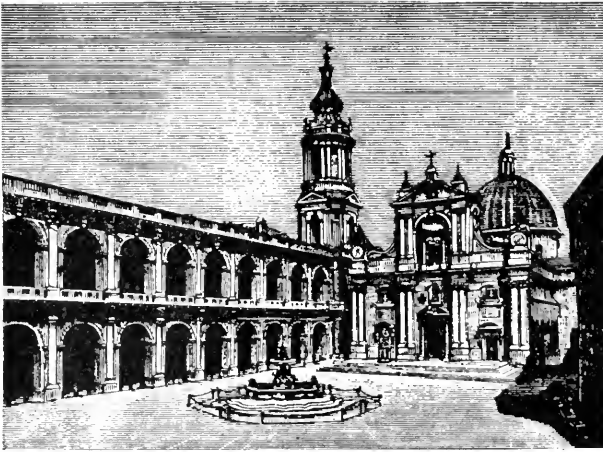
Honorary Chaplain of the Holy House and Member of the
College of Defenders.

"**H**AVE you also written about the Holy House?" It was Pius Tenth of saintly memory who spoke. I had presented him with a copy of my book, bearing the above title, which was published in New York twenty years ago, and is now out of print. He added, after glancing over its pages: "Preti e frati oggi scrivono contra questa tradizione—Priests and friars write to-day against this tradition." You could tell by the tone of his voice that he was greatly displeased. For the Church celebrates in Mass and Office the bringing of the House of the Holy Family by Angels from Nazareth to Tersatto, thence to Loreto, and Pope after Pope has sponsored the tradition.

The little town of Loreto stands on the top of a high hill overlooking the Adriatic, some fifteen miles south of Ancona. It has grown up around a basilica, beneath the dome of which is to be seen a tiny stone cottage cased in marble. This in Santa Casa, or the Holy House. It stands there, and has stood for upwards of six hundred years, without foundations

on the bare earth. It is about thirty feet long by thirteen wide inside, and has one small window on the west. Its walls of stone up to ten feet or so are topped with brick to the height of eighteen feet, but the brick was added after the coming of the House. The walls are worn smooth by the kisses of innumerable pilgrims.

The Holy House of Loreto is its own witness, and no amount of critical cross-questioning can pick a flaw in its



LAURETAN BASILICA AND THE APOSTOLIC PALACE.

testimony. The purpose of this paper is to make this plain.

We have authentic testimonies of eye-witnesses who saw the House in Nazareth before 1291. It stood in front of a grotto in the crypt of the great basilica built to enclose it in the fourth century. The basilica was destroyed by the Saracens, but the House escaped, being hidden in the crypt. Pilgrims who visited the place after 1291 testify that the House was no longer there.

In 1315, twenty-four years after the removal of the Holy House from Nazareth, there comes into view for the first time, on the wood-crowned heights of Loreto, a cottage-shrine without foundations. A document cited by Canon Chevalier,

at page 156 of his "Notre Dame de Lorette," shows that it was already a place of pilgrimage. In 1315 the judge-general of the Marches of Ancona passed sentence on a lawless band of Ghibellins for violently entering and plundering this sanctuary two years before. They bore away the rich votive offerings of the shrine, and stripped the statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the statue of the Child Jesus in arms, of its garlands and strings of pearl. Before this time there is no record of the existence of such a sanctuary at Loreto. It has had a continuous history ever since.

Here is how the Holy House witnesses to its own genuineness. It is a piece of Nazareth set down under Italian skies. It is of the native soil of Nazareth. The stone in its walls is the stone of Nazareth; the mortar that holds the stone in place is the mortar of Nazareth. For the truth of this I can vouch personally. I have been twice in Nazareth, and each time brought thence samples of stone and mortar that are still in my possession. I have compared them with the stone and mortar in the walls of the Holy House of Loreto, and I am as sure as a man can be of what he has seen and touched that they are the same. No such stone or mortar is to be found in Loreto or its environs, nor indeed anywhere in Italy.

About the middle of January, 1909, just before leaving Rome to visit the Holy Land, I went to Loreto for the express purpose of examining the Holy House. I found the walls to be of stone for the first ten feet or so, beyond which they appeared to be of brick. The stone is in the form of brick, but very irregular in size, varying in length and varying much more in thickness — some of the stones being several inches thick and some few not much more than an inch. It is very hard and very compact, of a greyish colour, slightly tinged with yellow and red, and of a remarkably fine grain. These are its distinctive physical qualities, and to me they served to mark it off from any stone I had seen elsewhere up to that time.

Some weeks later I was in Jerusalem, and from thence

went to many parts of the hill country of Judea. But though little else except stone is to be seen there, I could see none that closely resembled the stone of Holy House. Shortly after I went to Nazareth and there, for the first time, came upon the object of my quest. I have now in my possession specimens of the stone of Nazareth, picked up near the Russian High School, and taken, by kind permission of the Father Guardian of the Franciscans, from the upper grotto, which are identical, in the physical qualities described above, with the stone of the Holy House.

The upper grotto, like the lower one, is hollowed out of the soft whitish limestone of the hill. On entering, you see inserted no one knows when or by whom, a greyish stone in the form of a cross. As soon as I set my eyes upon it, I said to my companion, who had been with me at Loreto: "That is the stone of the Holy House." There was the same fine grain, the same flinty hardness, the self-same colour. I have held in my hands a copy of the report published in Washington some thirty odd years ago by Father Benedict Vlaminck, O.F.M., concerning excavations made by him in and around the sanctuary of Nazareth. On the stone in question he observes in a footnote: "This stone, called at Nazareth 'sultani,' is identical with the stone used in the construction of the Holy House."

About two miles beyond Nazareth, on the way to Mount Thabor, we passed through a field where the stone was of the same greyish colour, very slightly tinged with yellow and red. I said to my companion: "Here are plenty of the stones of which the Holy House is made." But I noticed in many of them little holes of about the size of one finger, where a softer substance had worn away in course of time. I had not observed these holes in the stones of the Holy House, and this gave me pause. After my return to Rome I went a second time to Loreto and examined more closely the walls of the Holy House. I found not only that the stones were identical in all physical qualities, in hardness and compactness, fineness of grain and colour, with the stones I had brought from Naza-

reth, but, also, that in several of them there were the same little holes I had noticed in the stones of the field at Nazareth. I may add that the stones in the walls of the Holy House appear, from their smallness, and lack of uniformity in size, to be field stones, mixed perhaps with stones from the thinner layers of a quarry, near the surface.

I am neither a chemist nor mineralogist, but one need not be one or the other to attest the identity of the stone of Nazareth with the stone of the Holy House. One need only have eyes to see and hands to feel. There are some things that are quite evident to one's senses without the aid of physical or chemical experiment, and the identity of the stone I brought from Nazareth with the stone in the walls of the Holy House was quite evident to my senses — so evident that I simply could not doubt it.

On my second visit to Loreto I drove to Mount Conero, in company with Signor Avvocato Pietro Gianuzzi, archivist of the Holy House. It had been alleged that the stone of the Holy House was taken from the quarries of Mount Conero, some ten or twelve miles distant from Loreto. We found that there was no truth at all in the allegation. The stone of Mount Conero, of which I brought samples with me thence, is much less compact than the stone of Nazareth and the Holy House, of a coarser grain, and the colour is whitish or of a rose-red tinge.

I was in Nazareth again in 1927 in company with the late Father Haley. I brought thence samples not only of stone, but also of the mortar made of the white limestone of the hill. On visiting Loreto the following year I found it to be the same as the mortar in the walls of the Holy House. I may say here that the mortar used in Italy is of a vastly superior kind, being made of volcanic substances taken from the soil. The mortar in the walls of the Holy House is so poor that you can pick it out with your finger nails. In places where pilgrims bore away too much of it I have seen it replaced by the darkish Italian mortar, which is as hard as the stone itself.

In his "History of the Holy House," book 2, chapter 26, Horace Tusellini, S.J., long resident in Loreto, tells us that Pope Clement VII sent three men to Nazareth who brought back specimens of stone that were found to be identical with the stone in the walls of the Holy House. "It is a well-known



THE INTERIOR OF THE HOLY HOUSE.

fact," he adds, "that there is no such stone in Picenum, all buildings, however old, being made of brick because of the lack of stone suitable for building."

About the middle of the last century Dean Stanley wrote a book entitled "Sinai and Palestine." In this book he says that observations made on the spot enable him to declare with certainty that there is no truth at all in the story, believed by so many credulous Catholics, of the removal of the House

of the Holy Family from Nazareth to Loreto. On seeing this, Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, wrote to Monsignor Bartolini, at the time Secretary of the Propaganda, Rome, himself also afterwards Cardinal, saying that this statement of Stanley's must be met. In the summer of 1855 Bartolini visited Nazareth, took thence samples of stone and mortar, got permission from Pius Ninth to take bits of stone and mortar from the walls of the Holy House, submitted the whole without indicating in any way whence the different specimens came, to Professor Razzi of the Sapienza, who pronounced them to be physically and chemically identical. These facts I have drawn personally from the pamphlet published by Bartolini after his return to Rome—"Sopra la Santa Casa di Loreto," pp. 72-79.

But the most remarkable testimony of all remains to be related. When Dean Stanley's book appeared, there was a distinguished teacher of chemistry in the University of Oxford of the name of Faller, who, determining to test everything thoroughly, set out to Nazareth, bringing his kit of tools and chemical appliances. There he subjected stone and mortar to a searching analysis. Thence he went to Loreto and diligently compared his findings there with what he had found in Nazareth. Something, however, he had overlooked, so he returned to Nazareth and came back once more to Loreto. Convinced at last by the eogeneity of scientifically established facts, and moved by the grace of God, he went a third time to Nazareth, and was there received into the Church in the Sanctuary of the Annunciation.

All this I have on the testimony of Father Alphonse Ratisbon, the Jew who was converted by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the church of San Andrea delle Frate, in Rome. His account of the matter appears in "The Annals of Our Lady of Sion in the Holy Land," March, 1881, page 13. In my book at page 330 I give a wrong reference—Vol. 1, n. 10, 1858—having got it at second hand. When I was in Rome several years ago I went to the Convent of Our Lady of Sion in order to verify my reference. I was informed that they

hadn't a copy of the Annals there, but that I should find them in Paris in the Motherhouse. When I called on my way home, the good nuns told me they could not then look up the matter, but would write me later. It was some months before I heard from them. I had given them a false clue, and the wonder is that they ever got what I asked for. But it lies before me as I write — a longish extract in French from what would appear to be autobiographical notes by the same Father Ratisbon. I give a couple of citations, which I do into English: "At that time (1858) I had each morning for my server at Mass no other than the Rev. Doctor F., Protestant Pastor and Professor in the University of Oxford, who had become a convert."

He goes on to tell at some length, as I have briefly related above, what led to Doctor Faller's conversion, and adds: "Translation of a soul from the region of pride and darkness to the realm of lowliness and light, new miracle, as striking in its way as the miracle of the translation of the Holy House."

Seeing is believing. But seeing is knowing first. I have believed and I have seen. But I believed before I ever did see. I believed in the miraculous translation of the Holy House with the faith of a little child. "Everybody in Rome believes it," wrote Newman, telling of his visit to Loreto in the late 'forties of the last century. I was in Rome for five years, and there learned the service which the Angels had rendered their Queen. I left Rome on the 30th of June, 1884, and on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2nd, set eyes for the first time on Loreto and its Holy House. I have been back there again as many as seven times. My faith has not grown stronger, but my knowledge has been widened and enlarged. Science is built up by observation, and while I let others speak for themselves, what I myself have seen with my own eyes and touched with my own hands and gathered from well-authenticated documents, gives me the right to proclaim, in the name of science, that the tiny stone structure which stands to-day within a lordly basilica at Loreto

stood in centuries long gone by in front of the lowly Grotto of the Incarnation at Nazareth. I say the Grotto of the Incarnation advisedly, not the Grotto of the Annunciation, for according to the early tradition of the place, attested by the pilgrims Daniel and John Phocas while Nazareth was yet in the possession of the Crusaders, the Angel Gabriel was in the House while the Virgin was in the Grotto some twenty-one feet from where the Angel stood when he made the Annunciation.

At Loreto the four walls of the House of Nazareth stand without foundations on the bare earth. This has been proven time and time again. When I was last in Loreto myself, I lifted a rectangular piece of the pavement by the north door as you enter, and by the light of a candle saw that the walls of the House at that point were three or four inches above the ground. It stands on an old road of uneven surface between Recanati and the sea. In New York I asked a master mason: "Could you set up a stone building and make it stand on the bare ground without foundations?" "Yes," he said, "today we could tie the stone with steel bars and make the building stand anywhere." "But if you had only mortar?" "Oh, no; in that case, there would always be a weak spot somewhere, the building would sag and in time fall down." The four walls of the Holy House have stood for upwards of six centuries without other physical support than the bare uneven earth.

The Holy House left its foundations in Nazareth. They were discovered there in 1620, as Thomas of Novara tells us in words cited by Canon Chevalier at page 86 of his book: "We ascertained that the foundations correspond exactly to the walls and the House to the foundations, place to place, site to site, space to space, at Nazareth, I say, and at Loreto." He had brought with him from Loreto the measurements of the Holy House.

A beautiful marble casing, designed by Bramante and adorned with marble figures of sibyls and prophets by famous sculptors, has taken the place of the rude brick walls built

about the Holy House when it first came to Loreto. A ledge of marble about a foot in width and eight inches above the pavement of the basilica, runs right around this casing. On the ledge, all the way around, are to be seen two deep furrows made by the knees and tops of the shoes of pilgrims as they circled the Holy House in prayer. It was Faith that wore those furrows in the stone. That Faith can never die.

Outside of Nazareth, far the most venerable Shrine of Our Lady in all the wide world is the Holy House of Loreto. But so closely linked is Loreto with Nazareth now that they are one. There are bonds that time cannot sever nor distance annul. From the dawn of the fourteenth century the New Nazareth on the shores of the Adriatic has been the goal of pilgrimage — a pilgrimage slender in its beginnings but swelling to huge proportions as the centuries rolled on.

The Pope calls for pilgrimages in this year of Jubilee. Let pilgrims to Rome extend their pilgrim way to the shores of the Adriatic. They will find there the four walls of the lowly cottage in which Jesus and Mary and Joseph lived and loved for so many years after their return from exile in a strange land.

“To us,” writes Father Faber, “Nazareth and its Holy House, exiled, wandering, angel-borne, Syrian (Palestinian), Dalmatian, Italian, all by turns, are consecrated places, doubly consecrated by their old memories, and also by their strange continued life of local graces, and the efficacious balm of a Divine Presence, awful and undecayed.”—“Bethlehem,” Chap. 2, page 66.

Let me point out, in conclusion, that the Lauretan tradition is confirmed by the testimony of miracles. This is the judgment of the Holy See as expressed by the Congregation of Rites: “Comprobatur virtute miraculorum.” It has been said that miracles wrought in the sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin prove her goodness and power, nothing more. But there are sanctuaries and sanctuaries. The claim is made for the sanctuary of Loreto that it is the House of Nazareth. Such a claim is made for no other sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin. If the

claim were false, can anyone seriously maintain that the working of miracles did not serve to establish and perpetuate the falsehood? We are confronted, not by a theory, but by a fact; for, as a matter of fact, one main reason why the Sacred Congregation pronounced in favour of the authenticity of the Holy House was the testimony of miracles.

We believe to-day that the Lady who called herself the Immaculate Conception really appeared to Blessed Bernadette in the Grotto of Lourdes. On what ground do we believe this? The Church has accepted the story of Bernadette because of the miracles since wrought at that famous shrine. The little peasant girl of the Pyrenees might have been subject to hallucination; might have been deceived. But God is not deceived, and does not set the seal of miracle upon falsehood.





CHRIST THE KING

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Or ere the morning stars together sang,
 He reigned a King, and when His FIAT rang
 Above the void, the primal Night, dismayed,
 Fled from His high command. In might arrayed,
 He reigned in Heaven. Around His awful Throne
 The marvels of His Kingdom were made known,
 The glories of His sceptre, ne'er to fade!

This is the King of Glory—this is He
 Was crowned with thorns in Pilate's judgment hall!
 Who can deny His royalty? Shall we
 Forget He suffered to redeem our Fall?
 Far o'er the listening world let us proclaim
 Jesus our King! Exalted be His Name!

Reverend James B. Dollard, Litt.D.

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF
THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL
THE APOSTLE

By REVEREND RAYMOND J. PRINDIVILLE, C.S.P.

UNDER the patronage of St. Paul the Apostle, the greatest of converts, the Missionary Society of Saint Paul the Apostle was formed seventy-five years ago in New York City by Father Hecker and his associates to work for the conversion of non-Catholic America. This year, then, brings the Diamond Jubilee of that small but apostolic body of missionaries.

For several years Fathers Hecker, Walworth, Hewit, Deshon, and Baker had worked zealously as Redemptorist missionaries in America. A misunderstanding resulted in the formation of a distinct community. On March 6, 1858, Pope Pius IX. dispensed Father Hecker and his associates from their vows as Redemptorists, thus setting them free to found a new religious society whose distinctive note was to labor for the conversion of non-Catholics and to present the truths of the Church in a way peculiarly adapted to conditions in America. The new community was in some measure to reflect the characteristic features of the time and place of its birth, in so far as it was compatible with faith and piety.

Let it be noted that the aim of these Paulist missionaries was not to make the Church American or to become more American than Catholic. They denounced the spirit of nationalism in religion; they spoke strongly against all attempts to tie the Church to any one type of civilization, culture or political institutions. Theirs was the task to make at home by the fireside of the Church all that was good, noble, honorable, generous in the American character and at the same time to bring into the minds and hearts of their countrymen, particularly their non-Catholic brethren, the innumerable gifts and graces of Catholicity. It has been written of Father

Hecker that he knew his America. "He saw the clumsy, gangling giant growing up on this continent, and he was anxious not only that it should not be a power against the Church and against Christianity, but that it might become a great religious and spiritual force."

The Paulists commemorated their jubilee on their patronal feast, the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, in all their churches with appropriate thanksgiving to Almighty God.

The first coming of the Paulists to Canada was at the request of Monsignor Hand, to give a non-Catholic mission. Later in 1914 at the invitation of Rev. L. Minehan, the Paulists took over his parish of St. Peter's, which he had established and tended for many years with exceptional zeal. The Community had already been given charge of the Newman Club for the Catholic students attending the University of Toronto.

The Society has houses in other cities—the Mother House at 59th St., New York City; Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland, Oregon; San Francisco; Los Angeles, Winchester, Tennessee, and Austin, Texas. The Houses of Study include St. Paul's College at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.; the Juniorate near St. Charles' College, Baltimore, Maryland, and the Novitiate at Oak Ridge, New Jersey. Pope Benedict XV. in 1922 invited the Paulists to care for the English-speaking residents and tourists in Rome, and so gave this young congregation the Church of Santa Susanna, one of the oldest in Rome, having been originally built in the third century.

In appreciation of what the Paulist Community has done in carrying on the ideal of Father Hecker and those of his associates, the conversion of our non-Catholic fellow-men, the Jesuit weekly, "America," has expressed the following editorial which kindly epitomizes the Paulist work of seventy-five years both in Canada and the United States:

"Particularly one notices how many features of our Catholic missionary life in the United States at the present day were first popularized, if not actually invented by the Paulist Fathers. Taking merely at haphazard a few of these missionary features, some of which date from Father Hecker himself, one notices too what

might be called characteristically Paulist phenomena. First, that these features were considered novel and rather radical when first proposed; secondly, that once tried out they were found so practical that everyone took them for granted, and few remembered any more where they originated. So we have the idea of the monthly magazine, represented by the "Catholic World"; the five minute homilies for use at Low Masses; the plain yet conciliatory apologetic books of Hecker, Conway, Elliott, Searle and others; the widespread distribution of pamphlets and bookracks; lectures and explanations, especially for non-Catholics; the idea of the Apostolic Mission House for training in home mission work; the Apostolate of the Radio; the work of the Newman Clubs in secular colleges and universities; and last, but not least, a great confidence in the power of the Church to adapt itself fully to American customs and ideals. Perhaps no better attempt can be made at evaluating the retrospect of those seventy years than to ask: What would be the position of the Church in this country to-day if those five men had not banded themselves together as they did, under the patronage of the Apostle of the Gentiles?"

ST. PATRICK'S THORN.

Near Tours is the Church of St. Patrice, a handsome and well-kept structure.

For over a quarter of a century the worthy pastor, Abbé Dordillon, has laboured there. As you enter the church you observe on the left a fine statue of St. Patrick, of the traditional order, but over the high altar a window depicts the Apostle clean-shaven.

The village cross was unveiled and blessed on St. Patrick's Day, 1872. The most interesting feature of the village, however, is a mile away, where, in the heart of the wood on a hill which overlooks the wide-flowing Loire, is St. Patrick's miraculous hawthorn, which has never ceased through the centuries to be a place of pilgrimage. A generation ago a small chapel-like structure was erected at the side of the miraculous thorn and surmounted by a statue of St. Patrick. On the walls of the monument the faithful French folk have written their petitions to Ireland's Apostle or registered words of gratitude for favours received.

FATHER GABRIEL DE LA RIBOURDE, RECOLLET

BY THE REVEREND E. KELLY.

THAT Kingston has the honour of being the Mother See of Ontario is a fact generally known by our people, but how many of them are aware that Fort Frontenac, the site of the present Kingston, had a resident pastor almost a century before Bishop Maedonell was born? How many, familiar with the story of the Jesuit Martyrs of Huronia, are aware that this first pastor of Fort Frontenac, like these Jesuits, was called upon to give up his life for the Faith he came to preach? Perhaps at some future time he, like them, will be raised to the altars amongst the canonized Saints of God.

This great priest, Gabriel De La Ribourde, was born at Brie about 1620, and was the last scion of a noble Burgundian family. Although, because of his station in life, the world had much to offer him, he cast all these aside, and on November 1st, 1638, made his profession in the Province of St. Denis of the Order of Recollets, that branch of the great Franciscan family which had sent the first missionaries to Canada. More than thirty years of his religious life were spent in his native France. After ordination he performed the work of his Order as preacher, confessor, etc. He held the office of Guardian for a time, and was also Master of Novices at Bethune in Artois. In this last position he had as one of his novices Louis Hennepin, who later, as a priest, was his companion in Canada.

In 1670 the Canadian field was again opened to the Recollets, and Father Allard, Provincial of the Province of St. Denis, with four members of the Order, one of whom was the subject of our sketch, sailed from Rochelle in the month of Our Lady of that year. Three months were consumed in the long and tedious journey, and the ship was nearly wrecked

off Tadoussac. Father Tanguay says that Father De La Ribourde was far advanced in years on his coming to Canada; Father Jouve, the historian par excellence of all things Franciscan in Canada, says that he was fifty years old.

Arrived finally at Quebec, they were well received by Bishop Laval, although that prelate had not been consulted as to their coming. The Intendant, Talon, who had made a visit to France, had brought the Fathers with him on his return to Canada to counteract what he considered the undue influence of the Jesuits in the colony. This friction between the local government and the Jesuits was largely due to the firmness with which the Jesuit Fathers upheld the attitude of the Bishop in regard to the liquor traffic amongst the Indians. The Intendant and his party regarded only the economic side of the issue, while for the Bishop and the missionaries it was a moral question.

But, apart from the motives which inspired their official patron, there was no Order which had more right than the Recollets to the field that had been opened up by LeCaron and D'Olbeau, and where Viel had died a martyr's death. A house was built for the newcomers on their arrival, and so rapidly was the work pushed forward, that on the Feast of St. Francis, October 4th, the Bishop said the first Mass in the chapel of the institution. When they had been established in their new home the Provincial returned to France, but, before leaving, he appointed Father De La Ribourde Guardian of the Convent and Provincial Commissioner for Canada. These appointments were confirmed by the Provincial Chapter in Paris the following year.

As soon as the new Guardian took charge he lost no time in the development of the work in hand. As the residence the Fathers now occupied was but a temporary shelter, he began the erection of a new convent on the site of the old one, abandoned at the time of the capture of Quebec, and which had fallen into ruins. Within ten months of his appointment the corner stone of the new building was laid by the Intendant, on June 21st, 1671. Nor was this all, for the

Church of Notre Dame des Anges, built in 1620, which had also become delapidated, was also re-built at this time. During his first year of office Father De La Ribourde established the Third Order of St. Francis at Quebec, and it was shortly afterwards begun at Montreal and Three Rivers. This Confraternity flourished, and a Recollet notes in 1681 that many pious souls in Quebec are members of it. The Third Order continued on in the colony long after the British Conquest, but as the Government of Great Britain refused to allow the Recollets to admit any new members to their Order, the disappearance of the Recollets brought about the extinction of the Third Order also. It was only in 1840 that this pious society for people living in the world was re-established at Montreal by Bishop Bourget.

For three years Father De La Ribourde held the office of Guardian, exercising the ministry in and around Quebec in addition to his work as the head of a community in its infancy. When his term of office had expired, as was the custom in his Order, he stepped down and another took his place. Some who are not familiar with the customs of Religious Communities in this regard would have it that Frontenac was the cause of this change, but the "Fighting Governor," whatever quarrels he may have had with the Jesuits and the Sulpicians, was always friendly to the Recollets. Latour, in particular, is in error in saying that the Father was sent off by Frontenac to Three Rivers, as his next station was at Fort Frontenac.

In July, 1673, Frontenac summoned the chiefs of the Iroquois to meet him at Cataragui, where addressing them as his children, he urged them to embrace the Christian Faith, condensing the whole doctrine of Christianity into the two great Commandments of love of God and love of neighbour. They must live at peace not only with the French, but with the Hurons and Algonquins, who were allies of the French. This "sermon" of the Governor had a conclusion much more practical than spiritual. He informed the Indians that they could procure goods in this fort, which his men were building while the conference was in session, of better quality and at

cheaper rates than they could from the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany).

Some historians, such as Ferland and Sulte, hold that Father De La Ribourde came with Frontenac on this occasion and remained at the Fort as Chaplain to the garrison left there by the Governor, and as missionary to the Indians of the neighbourhood; but Father Jouve above referred to says that the Father's term of office at Quebec was not completed until the autumn of that year, when he took up his abode at Fort Frontenac.

The journey to his new station occupied ten or twelve days, and he gives us a graphic description of the Rapids above Montreal. On his arrival he began a mission for the French, and made a beginning of the work amongst the Indians by gaining their confidence. What this good religious experienced during the next two years only the All-Wise God knows. Hundreds of miles from any priestly fellowship, his only companions rough soldiers and fur traders, wild Indians and couriers de bois, hardly less wild than the savages, his mind must have often reverted to other days; even the pioneer establishment at Quebec must have appeared to him as the veritable acme of civilization.

A year after its foundation the trading concessions of Fort Frontenac were given temporarily to two Montreal merchants, Basire and Lebert, but Frontenac and La Salle had other schemes in regard to the place. In the autumn of 1674 La Salle went to France to bring the matter before the King. In his petition to His Majesty, he offered to reimburse the king the ten thousand livres already expended on the Fort; to maintain it at his own expense with a garrison equal to that of Montreal; to employ fifteen or sixteen labourers to clear and cultivate the ground; to provide all arms and artillery necessary to defend the place; to form a colony of French settlers there; to build a church as soon as there would be a hundred people at the place; to support one or more Recollets there in the meantime; and, finally, to form a settlement of friendly Indians in the neighbourhood.

This offer was accepted. La Salle was knighted, and the Fort with lands adjacent, to the extent of four leagues frontage and a depth of half a league, as well as the neighbouring islands were granted him. In the government of this domain he was to be subject only to the Governor of Quebec. Added to this was the advantage of the place for trade with the Indians. Before all these improvements had taken place Father De La Ribourde had been changed. In the fall of 1675 he returned to Quebec, where we find him again Guardian in the spring of 1675. His next mission was Three Rivers, where he remained but five months. He then returned to Fort Frontenac, replacing his former novice, Father Hennepin; Father Buisset, who had been there with the latter, remained with Father De La Ribourde.

What a wonderful change had been wrought in his absence from the Fort! La Salle had assuredly kept his contract with the King. The wooden stockade had been replaced by a large fort with ramparts and bastions of stone, from which frowned nine cannon. There were ample quarters for officers and men, a forge, a mill, a bakery and a well. Two officers and a surgeon, ten or twelve private soldiers and nearly four times that many masons and laborers and canoe-men made up the complement of the Fort. Along the shore was a village of twelve French families to whom La Salle had granted farms, and farther on was a village of one hundred Iroquois families whom the commandant had prevailed upon to settle there. But near by was what most interested him—the church with the residence of the Fathers close at hand, both built since he had left the place.

(To be continued)

A MARCH ROULADE

(A Chant for St. Patrick's Day.)

W HERE winter late on hill and plain
Had held his surly sway,
Thou comest, March, in robes of rain
And clouds of pearly gray.

The crocus kindles round thy feet,
And, with uncertain throat,
The blackbird tries in cadence sweet
His first full golden note.

Thou bringest to our meadows wet,
Thy bursts of rain between,
The first shy trembling violet,
The shamrock's trailing green.

The valiant shamrock's verdant leaves
That brave the blustering East,
Whereof her crown green Erin weaves,
To keep her Patrick's feast.

Her crown of faith and hope and love
Whose triple diadem
Like jewels bright from Heaven above
Her sorrow's tears begem.

O faith that never knew defeat
But conquered rack and rod!
O love sustaining, strong and sweet,
That bound her heart to God!

O hope, by which she conquered Death!
For this, His threefold gift,
To Christ to-day with grateful breath
Our hymn of praise we lift.

On this glad day of all the days
Of all the lengthening year,
Our hearts in homage fond we raise
To her Apostle dear.

That she, in truth and virtue strong,
In paths of honor set,
May rise supreme o'er ancient wrong
And ancient feuds forget.

And, linked in bonds of love that bless,
And friend to all mankind,
May put from heart old bitterness,
Old hatreds cast from mind.

Come with thy promises sublime
Thou harbinger of Spring!
The presage of a nobler time
To holy Ireland bring!

Quicken the blossom of our hopes
In wintry hearts, O March,
Who bringest new green to meadow slopes,
New buds to beech and larch!

Bring, herald of a happier age,
Her freedom's fuller morn,
To be the golden heritage
Of centuries unborn!

P. J. Coleman.

AN OUTING IN '47

By REVEREND THOMAS MURPHY, O.M.I.

THE unexplored portions of North America early became an attraction for the Apostles of the Gospel of Christ. Wonders had been done in the Californias by the Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits. Regions to the North, given by the Spaniards, the generic name of Oregon, were still mostly virgin. Three Bishops had recently been named by the Holy See having their seats in Oregon, Walla Walla and Victoria, in all of which places there were but a handful of faithful and no churches. In response to the repeated and urgent requests of these new Bishops, Bishop Charles Eugene de Mazenod at Marseilles, France, founder of a new Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, sent out in 1847 to the Pacific slope of the Rockies, to this new "Land of Promise," the first band, consisting of Father Richard, the Superior, Father Pandosy, Father Chirouse, Brother Blanchet, a Scholastic and one Lay Brother. These were the pioneers, the vanguard of many future battalions.

It was on February 4th that these five intrepid missionaries set out for America. They embarked at Havre on the Zurich, a sailing vessel. The sky was sombre, the winter cold piercing. Falling snow covered the ship as with a white shroud. Were these Oblates going to death or to life? Humanly, it was death, at least for Father Richard. Never strong in health, and worn down by the ceaseless labors of nearly twenty years around Marseilles, Father Richard was threatened with decline. He had even thought of resigning from active service and preparing for death. An illness worse than any previous had kept him in bed for weeks to leave him in a state of alarming weakness. Often had he sighed for the "Fields Afar," but opportunity had hitherto passed him by.

On the 8th of January, 1847, this physically powerless man received an order from his Superior to hasten away to the

end of the world. Father Richard was overjoyed. He set about his preparations, and invoking his Patroness, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, he offered to God the sacrifice of his life. It mattered not if God should require of him to breathe out his last in a strange land far from home and friends.

The sea did not show itself kind to the valiant apostles. At



ON THE OUTLOOK FOR MARAUDERS.

times the tempest attained such violence the passengers felt they must be shipwrecked. "I was not afraid," writes Brother Blanchet, April 20th, 1847, "but I admit it was terrifying to behold those enormous masses of water advancing like mountains, then slapping with resounding clatter the ship, which they covered over and seemed about to engulf. Some waves were so high as to wet the sailors clinging to the yards. What frightened me were the twists that wrenched the vessel when the whirlpools boiled around and over it. It would

tremble in every joint, and seemed as if it would break in pieces. More than once the sails were blown away. For ten days we dared not venture on deck. It was then I sang like Jeremias! 'Waters have flowed over my head: I said: I am cut off and have called upon Thy Name from the lowest deep. Thou said'st: 'Fear not!'"

But the captain was not singing, still less praying. "For more than thirty years I have sailed the Atlantic and never have seen anything like this. All the devils of hell are taking a hand!" he exclaimed, cursing.

"You would hardly guess," continues our informant, "whom the sea tried the least! Well, it was Father Richard. He was sick but two or three days. I myself had to stay in bed for weeks, and a good part of the day for the rest of the time. The ocean treats bilious constitutions rather badly. It mocks at the best of cordials and medicines."

Worn out, the travellers landed at New York on Good Friday, April 2nd. They were off again Easter Tuesday by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Crossing the Alleghanies, they reached the banks of the "Beautiful" Ohio. At Wheeling, capital of West Virginia, they took the boat which carried them to Cincinnati for Quasimodo Sunday. On the following Wednesday they floated out upon the Mississippi, the "Father of Waters." On April 16th they alighted at St. Louis, having in ten days travelled nearly 1,300 miles. Here they met Bishop Blanchet, who, with another priest, accompanied them to Walla Walla, his Episcopal See.

At St. Louis the little company took the boat up the Missouri to Kansas City, some two hundred miles away. The navigation of this river was dangerous and slow. Sandbars and tree-jams blocked the channel.

May 1st they wharfed at Kansas City, at that date a straggling village and the last port of civilization. Here the missionaries joined a caravan. Imagine a file of from forty to fifty heavy four-wheeled wagons surmounted by a rounded roof covered with white and yellow cloth, each wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen; further, a hundred horsemen with

muskets slung at their backs; lastly, women and children, singing, yelling, wailing; a collection of families lured on by the rosy promises of speculators, all making for Oregon in the hope of growing wealthy.

Noise, noise, amid slowness indescribable. How else could it be, in a country without roads or bridges, a country fur-



PART OF THE CARAVAN.

rowed by innumerable large and winding rivers, and lying between boundless marshes wherein wagons sank to the axles. Beyond the belt of immense marshy prairies, which seemed never to end, it was necessary to master the foothills, the ascending benches of the Rockies, to toil up to the higher plateaus so as from these to descend the opposite slope, amid boulders, brambles and impenetrable thickets along the brinks of dizzy chasms to the beds of torrents. In many a steep place the wagons had to be fastened by cables to stout trees and the loads carefully eased down by a pulley-like arrangement to the bottoms below.

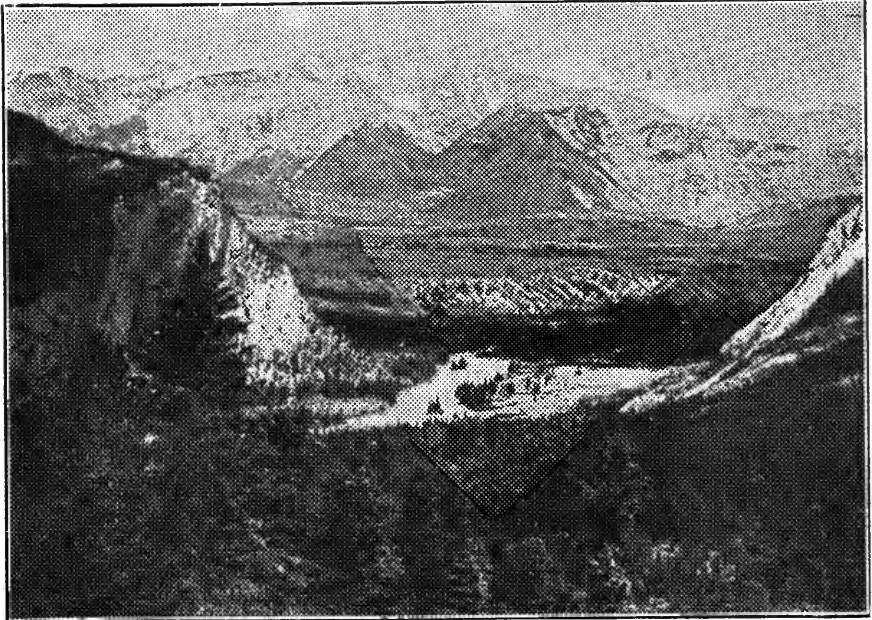
“We thought ourselves lucky,” wrote Brother Blanchet, “if none of us broke his head, his leg or his arm, and the going was as fast as that of a turtle. Oxen are not in the habit of speeding. They are generally noted for their majestic leisureness. At this rate we shall at the most get to our goal by September or October. We can make no more than ten or fifteen miles a day. Patience is the only choice.”

On such expeditions there is no lack of either fatigue or danger. Lives were never safe, for along those endless marshes were stationed barbarian tribes whose chief industry consisted in stripping the defenceless wayfarer. There had often been real battles in which blood flowed. There were casualties on both sides, and the dead remained on the ground. Accordingly, when at evening a halt is called for camping, the leader of the caravan orders the wagons to be drawn up in an oval or circle close to one another. Within the enclosure thus formed the men lay down to sleep, rolled in a blanket or buffalo skin. A guard, however, is told off, and continues the whole night. Several sentinels, gun to shoulders, keep their silent beat with watchful eye ready to rouse the sleepers at the slightest alarm.

At the very first halt a general council met to discuss whether the missionaries should mount guard in their turn. “In view of the respect,” said one of the old men, “which the Indians have for the Black Robe in general, the priests are a greater help to us by their presence alone than as many soldiers armed cap-a-pie; considering, too, the rank they hold in society, it is my opinion they should be dispensed from all service, except in case of pressing peril.” This proposal was unanimously accepted — a remarkable thing, since not a man in the assembly was Catholic, and thank God this caravan saw the dreaded pillagers of the prairie only from a distance. Doubtless the good order which marked the progress of the caravan, and the many horsemen who patrolled the line of march on both sides, inspired would-be marauders with a wholesome fear.

“Shall I say a word about rations during those long

months?" wrote Father Richard. "It all smacks of the wild nature we are living in. For bread, we have cakes like those dealt out to sailors; so hard, stores of perseverance and courage are needed to nibble off small pieces! Unlucky for those possessed of delicate jaws. The Bishop's companion has parted with four of his molars. He risks being toothless



"NEAR THE "PROMISED LAND" --- WALLA WALLA

by the time he gets home. Our menu? Ah! to be sure — extremely varied. Judge for yourself: Pork boiled in fat, pork fried in pan, pork fried on stove, again pork boiled, pork fried, and so on, indefinitely. Water brackish or muddy—but even if such we are greedy for it. If we could only sleep at night! He that sleeps fares richly. But there are the swarms of gnats, sandflies, mosquitoes, and other lovely insects thirsting for your blood! Yet how light these troubles! (Admire Providence)—I am better, cured, growing stronger

day after day. How many have been ill! Your Oblates have never straggled. Father Pandosy is ever in high spirits, awaking echoes in forest glade and prairie expanse by the canticles his powerful voice carols. The others, too, are, as always, gay, as you know them, especially Father Chirouse. Entertain no anxiety about us. The future is smiling!"

For the first week of August the caravan had topped the crest of the Rockies and was down at Fort Hall, close to which the Snake River winds its tumultuous course to the Columbia. Here Father Richard, impatient to set foot on the "Promised Land" of his future labors, left the slow caravan. With a few good riders for this last stage of the journey he took to horse on August 14th. Once more Brother Blanchet writes:

"Here is a new method of travel, much quicker than ox trains. Usually we make twenty-five to thirty miles a day, sleeping at night under the stars. In France I had almost no experience of equitation. Now a gallop of twenty miles without a stop is but a lark. Previously to sleep on the ground seemed a hardship for me. Now I stretch out on boards or upon rocks and sleep like a dog. I feared the fatigue for our Father Superior, but he bears with it marvellously."

This cure of Father Richard was close to marvellous indeed. It was the more striking as he was obliged to sleep in the open during very cold nights after the stifling heat of the day. The thermometer, which climbed to 70 deg. and 80 deg. at mid-day, fell at dusk to zero, because of the proximity of the mountains, whose snowy peaks were perceptible not far away.

From the steppes of a desolating aridity the travellers began to climb down the first spurs of the Blue Mountains by the narrow valleys of the tributaries of the Snake River, in the midst of a denser vegetation and of shady forests. In about twenty days the cavalcade conducted them at last to Fort Walla Walla, which they reached September the 5th.

And setting foot on this Promised Land, they asked one another in astonishment: "But . . . Where is the Episcopal City? Nowhere! There is not a trace of it even!"

A MODERN MISSIONARY WORK

By EDWARD F. CROSSLAND.

A GLANCE over the "city news" of any paper to-day will reveal the great attention being given to "relief" work in aid of the unemployed and of families destitute of material goods. Through the municipality and personally, the more fortunate in each community are helping those in need. If a poor man out of work comes to your door you do what you can to help him.

This is North America. If we were to turn our eyes to Asia, we would see there a material destitution even greater than here, but there is not the same obligation on us to aid them. But there is another destitution which every Catholic man and woman has an obligation to do his or her part to relieve. It is a spiritual destitution—a lack of the greatest good, of the key to eternal happiness—the lack of the gifts of the True Faith. If these spiritually destitute were to imitate the poor man in America and come to your door for relief, you would stand at the door day and night, and the stream, stretching miles wide, would never cease. With this thought in mind, is there not call for serious reflection and heart-searching on our carrying out of this obligation towards those placed in this greatest of all needs?

The Catholic Church, because she is Catholic, can never cease to have the missionary spirit. It is part of her structure—is even the reason for her existence. Her charter, given by her Divine Founder, Christ, is essentially missionary: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (St Mark, XVI., 15).

Each one of us is a part of this Catholic Church, a living member of that living Body. When Christ spoke the above words to the Church, He spoke to every member. If each one desires to take part in the heavenly life of the Church, and to receive the rich and eternal rewards given to that Mystical

Bride of Christ, each must also share in that essential part of the Church, her missionary spirit. Each one must have in his or her heart some of that undying eagerness to bring every precious soul to Heaven. Our Blessed Lord would have died on the Cross if His Sacrifice had saved the soul of only one little Chinese boy in a small village of Manchuria. Can we say that we love Our Lord and serve Him if we have neglected to realize this missionary spirit which lies, perhaps dormant, in our hearts, and have not done something about it?

There is a way open to us to-day to perform the greatest of missionary labours without even leaving Canada. It is to pray for the establishment of a Native Clergy in Mission lands. This work, in an organized way, is a modern movement to supply the long-standing need of priests to convert and instruct the billion pagans of Asia, Africa and Oceania. More specifically, the call has gone forth from the Holy Father to support the Society which he has made peculiarly his own—the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle. This Society is devoted to the establishment of a Native Priesthood in mission countries. It seeks to attain this end by inviting all to pray for this intention, and by collecting money throughout the world and spending it in building seminaries and supporting native seminarians in these mission countries. This Society has been raised to the dignity of a Pontifical Society, directly subject to the care of the Pope, and shares this rank with only two others—the parent Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the other Auxiliary, the Association of the Holy Childhood.

This Society is the result of the zeal of two Catholic women, and is another example of the glorious part which Catholic women have taken in the life of the Church in the past, and a challenge to their sisters of to-day to carry on their great work. About 1889, a French lady, Madame Bigard, and her daughter, Joanna, decided that a good way in which they could promote the spread of our Holy Faith in pagan lands would be to work especially for the establishment of a

Native Clergy. To this end, they offered their prayers and material help, which went to such things as the building and support of Seminaries for native priests, and the support of native boys studying for the Priesthood. Their work finally grew into the present Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle. Prayers for an increasing number of native priests, and alms to build and support seminaries, are the two weapons.

Why does the Church stress the matter of Native Priests? Apart from the merits of the case itself, the words of the Pope, the Divinely constituted spokesman of Christ's Church, are sufficiently grave to merit the deepest attention of every Catholic. Back in the seventeenth century, Pope Innocent XI. said: "Rather ordain one single native priest than convert fifty thousand heathens." The present Holy Father has said: "The Native Clergy is my constant and chief preoccupation." One of the leading Superiors in mission lands, Archbishop de Guébriant, says: "The question of a Native Clergy is one of life or death for our missions."

However, any thinking Catholic will readily admit that the number of foreign missionaries in the mission countries is pitifully insufficient. If you were to imagine the City of Toronto as totally non-Catholic, and that four or five priests from Korea, unable to speak any English, were asked to come to Toronto and convert the hundreds of thousands living there, you would have some idea of the situation facing our brave missionaries in the East. No wonder they cry for prayers and for money to raise up many native boys to become priests and spread the Faith among their people.

This is the natural way for the spread of the Church. The foreign missionary's special work is to lay the foundations of the Church in a pagan district, and then pass on to do the same in another district. But how can he pass on if there is no one to build the glorious edifice whose foundations he has laid, if there are no harvesters left behind to reap the harvest of which he has sown the seed? No. For lack of Native Priests who will continue and extend his work, the foreign missionary must stay there to attend to his little flock

and must look with longing and heartache towards the great fields about him waiting to be won for Our Lord and Heaven.

For it is really the work of a clergy native to a country to consolidate and to spread the Church founded there by the foreign missionary. As Archbishop Salotti, the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, said recently in Rome, the foreign missionary, despite his heroic



FATHER PAUL KAM, LISHUI, AND FATHER WONG,
LUNGCHUANG.

Two Native Chinese Priests in the Canadian Prefecture of Chuchow, Chekiang, China, under the direction of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

good-will and burning zeal, cannot approach the native priest in efficiency. The foreign missionary, of course, is most necessary, especially at the beginning, or there would never even begin to be a Native Clergy, who must come from the Christians converted by the foreign missionary, and who must be given Christian education, be trained in seminaries, junior and major, and even for a long time be guided and strengthened by foreign priests and bishops. Yet ultimately the native priesthood, once well established, is far more efficient in the maintenance and rapid spread of the Faith in a mission country.

The native priest need spend no time in learning the language of the land—it is his own. He knows the mentality and psychology of the people whom he is going to try to convert. He knows their likes, their prejudices, weaknesses and good points. He is used to the climate. Another very important consideration is that his work is carried on without suspicion on the part of the people. No taint of foreign superiority, foreign domination or greed, is connected with him. He is a fellow-countryman of the people whom he is evangelizing. He is bound to them by the same bonds of friendship, parentage, suffering and hopes. The vicissitudes of foreign powers and the vagaries of politics in no way retard his work.

This last characteristic is most important. Everyone knows from the daily papers the troubles, nationalistic feelings and warfare that are rampant to-day in such places as China and India. The foreign missionary is always in danger of being hindered in his work, or even expelled from the country, and if there are no native priests the Church will die there, and who can bear to think of the fate of those countless souls, each one so precious to Our Blessed Lord and infinitely loved by Him?

The East may even now be on the road to supreme dominion of power in the world. It has the advantage of numbers, with some one billion inhabitants, compared with about seven hundred million in Europe and America. Politically, Japan is one of the great world-powers. China is waking up and becoming conscious of its immense strength. India is in a ferment of national feeling and desire of independence. Africa is also feeling this desire to end the political domination of Europe. Commercially, Asia is steadily advancing, and is already threatening the trade and the manufacturing supremacy of the West.

All this means that the East, the Mission lands, may one day hold supreme place in the world, and if it is pagan and anti-Christian, what danger would there not be for the Church! One of the first steps which Asia would take would be to expel

all foreigners, and therefore, foreign priests, or at least put a very strict "quota" on them. What then would happen to the Catholic Church in those lands if they had no native priests? No wonder the Holy Father has spoken so forcibly and even anxiously on this matter of the formation of a Native Clergy in mission lands.

What is the practical conclusion of these thoughts?? It is a resolution to pray for the success of the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle in establishing a Native Clergy in Asia, Africa and Oceania.

They need help. The mission countries are poor -- the Christians are few in number, are often but recently converted, and share the general poverty of those lands. The boys, blessed by God with the Divine vocation to the Priesthood, need a long and thorough preparation for that great and sacred office.

To bridge the gap between the needs of this preparation and the poverty of the people, is, besides prayer, the purpose of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle. This Society is erected in twenty-seven countries. In each country there is a National Director, who endeavours to establish the Society in every diocese, with a Diocesan Director. These latter then endeavour to establish it in the parishes, with the co-operation of the pastors, and in this way they collect money and solicit prayers from the faithful. The money collected is sent to the National Director, who sends it to the Central Council of the Society in Rome. Here, this Council distributes the money in the best manner possible. It is used to build, equip and maintain Preparatory and Major Seminaries, and to support the native boys studying for the Priesthood.

In the financial year 1930-1931, about \$750,000 was collected by the Society. Of this, \$200,000 was spent in the building of Seminaries, and about \$250,000 in the support and education of native seminarians. The other \$300,000 is in the form of perpetual bursès, and only the interest on it can be used. England gave about \$12,000. Canada gave nearly

\$60,000. This is a splendid showing, and is due to the wonderful and zealous work of Father Henri Jeannotte, P.S.S., a Professor of the "Grande Seminaire" of Montreal, and National Secretary of the Society of St. Peter for Canada East.

As yet, the Society of St. Peter is not established in Ontario and Western Canada, except in the Seminaries. However, every Catholic is earnestly asked to remember this work in his or her prayers. Surely it is a work dear to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord—the raising up of priests in pagan countries to win their fellow-countrymen to Him, their King. By your zeal and interest, you may be the means of sending one Native Priest into the great harvest field of the East, which will mean the salvation of thousands of souls for eternal happiness with God. Thus, a most direct and most efficacious way of helping the missions is to pray for the establishment of a Native Clergy, for, as Father Jeannotte has written: "nothing more powerful for the evangelization of the pagan world and the progress of the Church and ultimately for the salvation of souls, can be done than the training of excellent Native Priests."

(Editor's Note.—The writer of "A Modern Missionary Work" is Secretary for Ontario and Western Canada of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle. Conditions of membership in the Society and the privileges accorded the same are enumerated in a leaflet published at 67 Bond Street, Toronto. We are pleased to note here that the first Seminary to be directed and staffed by Chinese Catholics has just been opened in Suanhwafu.)

GOD'S LIKENESS.

Not in mine own but in my neighbour's face
Must I Thine image trace;
Nor he in his but in the light of mine
Behold Thy Face Divine.

GOD'S THEATRE

WE live in the age of Picture House,
Of films and "talkies" rare,
But with God's theatre, I am sure,
None of them can compare.

Now let me just remind you all
In case you might forget,
That each one has a part to play
As in this world they're set.

This world is God's own theatre,
His actors, all, not some,
So mind you play up to your part
As on the stage you come.

Oh! mind not what that part may be,
Just do your little bit,
And whether it be bright or not,
Just make sure you are "it."

So whether in the lime-light glare
Or in the shadows dark,
Listen well to this prompting soft
As o'er life's stage you walk.

That when the last act is ended,
Just as you pass away,
The Lord may take you by the hand
To play with Him for aye.

S. M. W.



ELEVATION OF THE CROSS, BY PETER PAUL RUBENS.

RUBENS' ELEVATION OF THE CROSS

“The Elevation of the Cross,” by one of the greatest Flemish painters, Peter Paul Rubens, is a variation from the design of the great triptych in Antwerp Cathedral. It was on the artist's return from Italy, where he had spent seven years in study, that he painted two very important works—“The Descent from the Cross” and “The Elevation of the Cross.”

The composition shown here is a popular one for religious paintings—the great central light cast against a dark background, the grandiose masses, the distinct and massive divisions. The scene is powerful and grave; it is serious and enforces seriousness. In the centre is the suffering Saviour nailed to the Cross, the weight of which requires eight men, some of whom wear armour, to raise it. The Christ figure possesses a peculiar grace which gives it a natural delicacy and all the grace and beauty of an academic study. On the left of the cross is a leader, probably Pilate, without a helmet, mounted on a white charger, extending his hand in which he holds a war club, giving orders. He is attended by a standard-bearer and other soldiers. On the right, women and children huddled together look on with horror, whilst St. John the Evangelist stands by and consoles the Mother of Sorrows. In the background we see a group of soldiers and two malefactors and men and women clinging to rocks and trees. In the distance the City of Jerusalem can be faintly discerned.

The canvas is rather sombre, and in spite of high reliefs and deep shadows, the painting is flat. The colouring is not very rich, yet it is full, well sustained and effective. A soft golden glow is diffused throughout, but there is no single division in the lights, and scarcely a detail in the dark parts. The soft flowing way in which the colour leaves the artist's brush is perhaps the most inimitable part of his art.

The original painting was secured a few years ago by the Art Gallery of Toronto from Sir George Lindsay Holford, Equerry-in-Waiting to King Edward VII.

GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION IN COSTA RICA

By HOPE K. THOMPSON.

ON Good Friday, dispensing with the usual siesta, immediately after luncheon, we went on foot to the Keith Bank, where Mrs. Keith had graciously invited us to see the procession. The streets were thronged with people. They were walking not only along the single file sidewalks bordering the one-story adobe or cement earthquake-proof houses, and stepping off upon the sharp, rugged stones in the street only when some one older came along in the opposite direction, but the rough streets themselves were crowded with pedestrians,—all moving in the same direction toward the Cathedral and the down-town streets, through which the procession was scheduled to pass. It seemed as if all the 350,000 inhabitants of Costa Rica had crowded into the capital, San José. The day previous they had arrived, on foot, in the high mahogany-wheeled carts drawn by sturdy oxen, on horseback, and a few in automobiles. For, on Good Friday, in accordance with a long established custom, nothing on wheels moves—railroads, trolleys, carriages, carts, autos or baby carriages. Walking is the only means of transportation.

As we waited for the procession, we watched the dense crowd in the street below. A few showed Spanish ancestry, but the great majority evidently were descendants of the Indians who had inhabited Central America prior to the Spanish conquest. Here and there, was the black face of a negro, some having been brought from Jamaica to work the banana plantations. The prevailing color worn was black. Only a few had departed from that ancient custom and wore colors. The long, narrow black scarf-shawl covered the heads of the women. The men were usually bare-headed.

Finally, a slight opening was made in the crowd, through which slowly marched the priests. They were followed by

little boys representing the Apostles. Each was mounted on a board platform about a yard square, and carried high above the crowds by four men. These tiny lads, about four or five years old, balanced themselves so perfectly that they seemed almost motionless, despite their teetering pedestals. In their mantles of dark green, sapphire, blue, wine red, wood brown, etc., leaning on their staves, they seemed like the actual figures from the stained glass windows in the churches.

After the Apostles, came seven little girls, dressed in white and gold, each on her high-swaying platform, carrying a white banner, on which were written in gold the last words of Christ.

The crowds surged in between, and it was difficult to see the heavy golden casket, with glass sides, containing a life-size figure representing Christ, as the men in the crowded street struggled toward it, to act as bearers for a few seconds on its way around the town.

Little girls, about two and a half to five years of age, dressed to represent angels, mostly in white, but some in delicate pink and pale blue, with huge white wings, then appeared, each on her wavering platform, which was covered with the gorgeous flowers which grow so luxuriously in Costa Rica. Some were a mass of the purple orchids, which are so expensive in the florists here, but which are almost as common in Costa Rica as our garden daisy; others had the rarer white orchids and the magnificent American beauty roses. On some of the platforms was a harp, or a cross of flowers, which the tiny tot used to steady herself. One of these crosses was made of magnificent white orchids with deep reddish purple tongues.

After more than twenty angels had passed, came more high-carried platforms on which were standing, seated, or kneeling older girls, who looked to be about fifteen years of age. Mary Magdalen, with long, wavy tresses, Rebecca with her jug at the well, Mary with her box of ointment, etc., were represented. They were garbed to resemble the religious pictures for which the Middle Ages were so famous.

Then came a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin, carried erect by the women, with their black covered heads. The bearers changed constantly, and the end of the procession seemed to be this surging mass of women, each struggling to keep near the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the place of honour, for was it not through Mary that Christ came to this earth of ours and through her intercession that we receive so many favours.

Note.—Some months ago the Catholics of Costa Rica erected a statue of Christ the King upon the summit of Ochomogo, a historic site stained with the human blood of the days of old. The statue with its pedestal stands nearly thirty feet high. The President of the Republic was ill at the time of the ceremony, so the Government was represented by the President of the Costa Rican Congress.

The plain brown habit worn by all Franciscans was designed by St. Francis himself. It is of coarse brown serge and is girded at the waist by a thick white cord. This cord is perhaps the easiest way to distinguish a Franciscan, for, as is well known, Carmelites wear brown, but the brown habit of the Carmelite is girded by a leather belt.

Here is an interesting little story about that cord. One day, about the beginning of the seventh century, Father Francis Solano, who was destined later to become St. Francis Solano (patron saint of Peru) was walking in the country when suddenly a mad bull appeared and rushed towards him. The saint raised his hand, commanded the bull to halt, then took off his white cord, tied it around the neck of the bull, and the animal allowed him to lead it home, as quiet as a lamb.

Another time the same saint was in a part of the country that was ravaged by grasshoppers. Taking pity on the people whose fields were being ruined, Father Francis Solano raised his hand, pointed to some distant mountains, and commanded the grasshoppers to go there, one and all, which they did, obeying him instantly.

BETTER THAN TECHNOCRACY

By NEIL MacKINNON.

AT THIS moment there is a huge bulk of a man lying before me, nearly prostrate. A hard-faced giant bends over him, applying pressure that he may not rise. The men are opponents in a most harassing wrestling match, and I am a spectator. It is not because I like such engagements that I am a spectator. Nor is it because I feel that you like these things that I ask you to sit in with me at this ring-side. Maybe you dislike affairs of this kind. Perhaps you dub them brutal. And this match *is* brutal. No matter; stay with us in this arena; we also suffer. My sympathies are with the grappler whose shoulders are only inches from the mat. He is not an unblameable mat-man at all, but his opponent has perhaps followed referee's instructions less than he has. In fact, it would seem that he has taken advantage of every mean hold available to maintain his top position.

The headliners are Big Capital and Labour. You know both well; that is why I asked you to watch. The latter has been getting the worst of it throughout the bout; until now he is in a bad way. The onlookers know that with Labour there is no feigning. But all are suspicious of wily Big Capital. They think that if he were to follow the rules he would not be so fresh and overpowering. They clamour for him to "play the game" by Labour. But they know he is not listening.

Many straggle in and out of this immense arena as the bout continues. Half an hour ago our attention was interrupted by one of these late-comers, because he entered with a din that could be heard all over the building. He seated himself beside me, and straightaway swaggeringly introduced himself: "I'm Mr. Technocracy from Columbia." And this announcement was no less noisy than the clatter he made on entering. Then, with the same volume of voice, he pro-

ceeded to explain to me how Big Capital was able to tie Labour up so badly.

TECHNOCRACY'S EXPLANATION.

This Mr. Technocracy (you must all know him by this time) pointed out that Big Capital had been "machining" Labour. All his tackles were "machine" tackles; all his locks were "machine" locks. The machine at every turn! At every opportunity, my companion expostulated, and always with increasing effect, some combination of the "machine" hold was brought into play against poor Labour, so that now he was lost to defend himself.

Of course, Mr. Technocracy talked loud and long before he began to be quiet and well behaved as he is now. He suggested all the remedies that would save Labour's position. And in spite of his loquacity and exaggerations I cannot but admit that he made some good observations, especially when he harped on the "machine" hold of Big Capital. But what I remarked was that he said nothing really new, and apparently failed to see that Big Capital harassed Labour with a battalion of minor holds. Many of the fans knew more of what has been happening in the ring than does Mr. Technocracy, for they have watched from the beginning. He has surpassed them only by drawing the attention of all by his bustle to a keener interest in Labour. And that is something in the nature of a real accomplishment.

Well, that seems to be about the present position of Capital and Labour, and also of Technocracy.

THE CHAFF OF THE THEORY.

Most of what is new in Technocracy is found false. It is a false claim that pretends by any simple remedy to put the thirty million registered out-of-works in the world back in employment, as this ultra-modern science claims can be done. Here no panacea is to be found; a host of co-operators must unite to obtain a solution. For instance, war debts must be

junked; tariffs must be modified to restore a balance of world trade; interest rates must be reduced to tally with the change of values which the last half-dozen years have brought. Nor is the wage and price system to be replaced by any system that makes energy the unit of value, as the technocrats have dreamed. Any system capable of replacing the wage must be a modification of the wage, such as the profit-sharing or co-partnership scheme put forward by Popes and Catholic sociologists. But even if the time were opportune for such discussion, and we hardly think it is, we have not space to treat that scheme here.

ITS BORROWED GRAIN.

And what is true in technocracy has been known for long enough. A general review of its true elements is helpful in obtaining a perspective.

That there are more idle hands now than ever before is well known. (One-quarter of the entire industrial population of the world, according to a report from Geneva). That millionaires, on the other hand, have been steadily on the increase, both as to the number of the money-men and the wealth controlled by each, is likewise a fact no less well known. That the increased introduction of high-powered tools into industry has been the cause of both the one and the other—that is, of widespread poverty and concentrated wealth—is no new observation either. Mechanical devices, it is said, have so usurped the place of man, that never again can the same volume of work be found for human hands to do as in the past. And we agree with them in that assertion; or, rather, they have come to agree with us. Again we see eye to eye with the Technocrats when they say that men should work four days a week, four hours a day, with an age limit beyond which a man need not work. As far back as 1929, the American Federation of Labour furnished statistics showing that only two and a-half days of each week were necessary to meet the nation's needs. The same source told us that in 1929 industries upon which forty per cent. of American workers

depend, handled enormously more business with 900,000 fewer employees. So we agree that the present working day is too long, but the critical problem is to introduce curtailed hours, *with uncut pay envelopes*. The figures quoted show what the mechanization of industry is doing, and where the mystifying profits of machines are being salted away. But they do not supply a remedy. They just say that mass-production engines are being used to lever poor Labour onto the flat of his back; that Big Capital has been doing the levering, heedless of all rules of justice.

Such figures tell us, too, how the depression grows. Economists saw that those 900,000 men, for instance, who had become non-wage earners, would be unable to buy what their fellows had produced, and that more of these workers would be laid off in consequence. And so would unemployment increase indefinitely through lack of buying-power in the increasingly idle public. Thus the machine itself causes underconsumption, and we get into a series of interlocking circles that puzzles the sociologist who tries to locate the economic causes of the present crisis. What everybody sees is that the permanence of Labour is being interfered with, which is equivalent to digging away at our very civilization, which rests so largely on the permanence of decently-paid Labour.

THE FAULT OF MODERN SOCIAL SYSTEM.

Civilization's task is to use the machine together with the money that controls it, in equity to mankind. No mere economic proposal, no utilitarian solution of unemployment can adequately accomplish this task. Any body of men not primarily motivated by moral principles will but add their own weight to sink us deeper in depression as often as they are trusted to smoothe it out. Justice comes first or nothing follows. That is an outstanding fault of technocracy — it is a mere calculation not necessarily related to religion. It is but one of many champions of this calibre who have entered the lists for Labour. Socialism is probably the most persistent

of these champions. But Socialism, in spite of the fact that many workers fail to perceive it, is wobbly-kneed and three-parts blind, always prone to fall headlong. Even a series of surgical operations would not put it on a sure footing. It comes a cropper at the outset when it opposes the natural right of private ownership, and strikes at human liberty in the control it seeks of the family. It cannot at all cope with social difficulties; its promises are specious, every one. Men who are unwary enough not to see that it is a product of economic conditions, and who are simple enough to give themselves up to it, may expect to find themselves crippled, both socially and religiously.

It is, therefore, pathetic to find Christians and Catholics groping after soulless systems of such sort. Instead of being definitely opposed to them, they seem rather to express pleasure that Socialism is gaining ground. They will tell you that the sympathies of the clergy are really with Capital; that it is only the exception, the Vaughan and the Coughlin, who has at heart the interests of Labour. It would seem that they are impatient with the Church because she does not solve the social problem single-handed. They lose sight of the fact that the Church does not resort to strong military methods to enforce her teaching. She launches no fleet to shell the domains of Big Capital. Physical coercion is not her method. She follows a better method.

THE FUNDAMENTAL REMEDY.

Moral suasion is the sole weapon of the Church. She teaches the principles of Christian justice and charity. By the force of moral suasion she has accomplished more for the worker than has any other agent. This statement is no exaggeration. From slavery to the harmonious life of the guild system, the Church was the sole emancipator. And from Calvinism to Communism she has remained the strong stay against world catastrophe that might logically have followed these errors. And if any power will bring the worker back to his

social status, it is the same power that gave it to him in the first place—the Church’s social doctrine. The constant, effective champion of the wage-earner remains the Church; the Papacy is more actively than ever his advocate. From it are flashed the elevating ideas that will be taken up by our sociologists and handed on by our preachers until a healthy social conscience is built up. The great Labour Encyclicals of Supreme Pontiffs carry the fundamental formula of recovery.

These teach that a man has an inborn right to labour, just as he has the right to life, and that this right may not be denied, therefore, without manifest injustice, without sin. A living family wage is strictly due him by that labour, that, too, is Papal teaching. There is a minimum of justice, beneath which it is not lawful to pay a man. So strict is the insistence of the Church on this minimum of decent livelihood, that our Catholic sociologists say that it is the first claim upon any industry. And they prove this ethically. That means to say, that no man is entitled to a cent *more* than his own conventional living wage until all employed are in receipt of their minimum wage. Of course, the employer’s claim to his living wage comes first; but there can be no question of *profits* for him until he has paid all his workers the amount agreed upon as sufficient for reasonable living. These obligations the employers must meet, or be guilty of violation of commutative justice, and therefore bound to restitution. And they are urged to go beyond this, in profit-sharing with their help.

Workmen are encouraged to Labour Unionism to enforce their rights; governments are besought to foster legislation in the interests of Labour, such as unemployment insurance, the regulated working day, etc.

Undue wealth is not countenanced. St. Augustine says: “Those who possess superfluities possess the goods of others.” St. Anselm repeats: “The superfluities of the rich are the necessaries of the poor.” And St. Thomas strengthens their words by proclaiming that the goods which a man has in superfluity to his wants belong by natural right to the poor.

These are but vistas of Catholic thought. We could be

as detailed as we are general. Perhaps too much is made of economic difficulties and too little of the larger principles which underlie them. The Church awaits the co-operation of her children to make more of these principles. She looks for the co-operation of the world. Engineers without religion cannot save the world: that is our point. Only by a return to Christian principles will Capital cease to take inhuman advantages, and Labour recover from its fall.

We read recently that Plant No. 2 of Technocracy's organization is a quiet spacious room in a sky-scraper in mid-Manhattan. Here draftsmen and calculators are completing a new group of charts intending to show how the age of power can further eliminate human toil. Preliminary calculations indicate the figures may prove sensational, but in the laboratory one sees only stooped silent men figuring carefully, drawing lines across endless charts. Inspection is permitted only on condition that its address is kept secret.

BLESSED HERMAN JOSEPH.

Blessed Herman Joseph was a faithful client of Mary. As a child he spent his time for play praying before an altar of Mary in the church at Cologne. One bitter cold day Herman Joseph came into the church barefooted. The Virgin spoke to him, and asked why he had no shoes and stockings. Herman said his parents were too poor. She pointed to a stone, and told him to lift that stone whenever he needed any money for himself and the family. He found four pieces of silver, and then ran back to thank his Heavenly Mother, Mary. Others boys lifted the stone but did not find anything.

Once Our Blessed Mother is said to have reached out her hand to take an apple that Herman Joseph offered her, as promise of his love. Herman entered a monastery, and he was so devout to Mary and received so many favours from her, that he was called "Joseph."

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

IN THIS article we shall consider a very efficient cause of the supernatural life. This cause is so important that without it there is no supernatural life; it is instrumental; it is more proximate in conferring that life on us than the other, and it actually comes in contact with us when it confers on us that life with its complete organism and perfection. God, one in Nature and three in Person, created that life, but He left the actual conferring of it to different means by the reception of which we can be recipients of it; Christ's Sacred Humanity restored that life to us by His Passion and Death, and by His merits, he made it possible for us to be recipients of it, yet he also left the application of His merits to other means which He instituted. He left these means in the custody of the Church, giving it the power to use them for the salvation and sanctification of souls. These means are the seven Holy Sacraments. They are the cause which confers on us the life of God immediately and directly.

The Sacraments are the relics of the Incarnation of the Son of God, as St. Thomas of Aquinas teaches (Prolog, in L. IV. Sent.), in this that they are the signs left by Christ in His memory and because they apply to us the merits and fruits of the Incarnation. They are the essential constituents of Christ's Church; for by them the faithful are distinguished from those who are not the followers of Christ; by them also the members of the Church are united to form the mystical Body of Christ; by them the Church confers salvation and sanctity. They are the fountains of the Saviour from which men must drink if they wish to be saved: "You shall draw water with joy out of the Saviour's fountains" (Isaias X. II, 3). They are the medicine which restores us to the life of God

and which heals the wounds of our nature. They are the spiritual oil which anoints us for the combat with the enemies of our soul. They are God's admirable instruments to make us partakers of His Divine Nature and Perfection. We shall consider, first, that there are Sacraments; secondly, their effects and mode of effecting; thirdly, the requisite conditions for their reception.

There are Sacraments:—A Sacrament is a sensible or an external sign of interior grace instituted by God through Christ for the salvation and sanctification of men. It is a sensible sign, that is, something that is perceived by our five external senses. It is a sign of interior grace, that is, it does not only signify grace, but it also confers grace on those who receive it with requisite conditions. It is instituted by God through Christ, that is, God is the principal cause of the Sacraments, and Christ considered as Man is the instrumental cause.

That the Sacraments were instituted by Christ God-Man is a truth that cannot be denied. Holy Scripture shows us that Christ instituted not only one Sacrament or two, but seven Sacraments. Of these Sacraments, Baptism and the Holy Eucharist are definitely mentioned in the Gospels; the other five are alluded to. The Gospels show us that Christ came here on earth to redeem us and to give us supernatural life. He suffered and died for us; He merited for us; and yet we do not find anywhere that He actually applied the fruits of His life, Passion and Death. This fact is strange unless we search more assiduously into the Gospels, for there we will find that He left the application of His merits to certain external means. The first thing He did was to choose a band of men, the Apostles whose duty it would be to apply the merits of Christ's Incarnation and Redemption to the individual soul. He took special care to instruct them in all mysteries which He revealed; He gave them special power to do that which He did, to continue the work of the Redemption. He conferred on them the power to teach, to govern, and to sanctify souls. This band of men was segregated from the

laity. He consecrated and anointed them. On the night of the Last Supper He made them priests and bishop; He conferred on them the Sacrament of Holy Orders: "Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luke XXII., 19).

This Gospel narrative becomes unintelligible, if we deny that the Apostles were ordained by Christ; no one can give us the reason why Christ chose the Apostles; no one can tell us in what they were distinguished from the laity who believed in and followed Christ; there must have been some external sign by which Christ willed to show this choice and to distinguish the apostles from the laity; in the Old Testament we see that in matters of special choice God designated His chosen ones by external signs; Saul and Daniel were designated Kings of Israel by unction with oil; the prophets by external signs also; why should He have neglected to do the same to those who were to propagate Christ's teaching, and work? The Gospels do not tell us what this external sign was; but we know how the Apostles ordained their successors, so that we can conclude without danger of error that Christ had designated the matter of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The Apostles would hardly venture to do that which was not commanded by Christ; they received commandment to do that which Christ told them to do and nothing more. The Apostles ordained by imposing their hands upon those whom they chose to be their successors, upon those who were to govern the Church to teach the doctrines they taught, and to sanctify the faithful. (II. Timothy I, 6; Acts V.; Acts XIII., 3). Through the rite of the imposition of hands interior grace was conferred: "For which cause I admonish thee that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee, by the imposition of my hands" (II. Timothy I, 6).

Christ did not only give the Apostles the power to govern and teach, He also gave them means by which souls were to be sanctified. He gave them holy, visible, tangible means, means that not only signify holiness, that do more than excite faith in those who receive them, means that really and directly produce in the recipients that which they signify, and into

which Christ poured His own efficacy of redeeming and sanctifying souls.

The first of these means after Holy Orders is Baptism: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. XXVIII, 19; "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark XVI, 16). This power consists in regenerating the children of men into the children of God. This power is that of conferring a new life, a life of grace upon those who believe. Without the reception of Baptism, there is no salvation there is no participation in the Divine Nature. The water of Baptism has all the ingredients of effecting grace in us all. It is the germ of life that enters our souls, fructified by the Blessed Trinity in whose Name it is conferred, cleansing the soul from every stain of sin which is death in the spiritual order, signing it with a seal of the adoption to the sonship of God, transmitting to it the Nature and Perfections of God, and giving it the right to the eternal heritage of God our Father.

The second means of sanctifying souls was given by Christ to the Apostles when He gave them the power to remit the sins of those who had already received Baptism, a power of resuscitating the soul from death in the supernatural order; "He breathed on them; and He said to them: receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained" (John XX, 22-23). In such manner Christ instituted the Sacrament of Penance.

(To be Continued).

THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROOM IN ROME

BY THE REVEREND GERALD DOYLE.



St. Thérèse.

ON the front of a building in Via di Capo di Case, Rome, is a bust of the Little Flower, and beneath the bust a tablet states that: "IN THIS HOUSE, FORMERLY THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, DWELT, IN NOVEMBER, 1887, SAINT TERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS."

In her own inimitable way, St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face tells of her pilgrimage to Rome in company with her father and her sister, Celine, but no mention is found in her autobiography of the hotel which housed them during that eventful visit to the Eternal City.

During the intervening years the building, no longer an hotel, changed hands, but fortunately the proprietors preserved the register which gives the information that a certain room was occupied by the two daughters of Mr. Martin.

It was in this room on the second floor, and directly above what is now a coffee shop, that the Little Flower found her rest each night following a strenuous day of seeing Rome: the Pope, the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Catacombs, the various churches, and all the places that bring joy to the heart of the true pilgrim.

Perhaps as she stood at the window of her room and thought of the events of the day just finished, she whispered her prayer to St. Joseph, under whose protection she had commenced the pilgrimage to Rome, as she herself writes in her autobiography:

"I was well aware that throughout the pilgrimage I should come across things that might disturb me, and having no knowledge of evil, I feared to discover it. As yet I had not

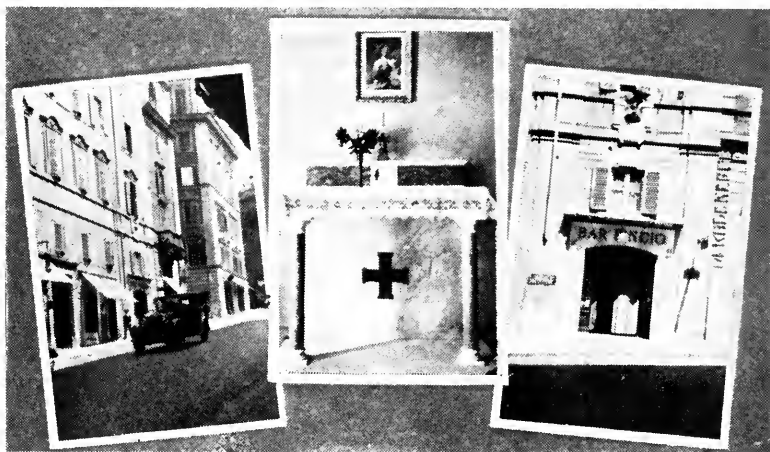
experienced that '*to the pure all things are pure*'—that a simple and upright soul does not see evil in anything, since evil exists only in impure hearts and not in inanimate objects. From my childhood devotion to St. Joseph had been interwoven with my love for Our Blessed Lady, so I prayed to him also that he might watch over me. Each day I said the prayer beginning: 'St. Joseph, Father and Protector of Virgins.' Under such patronage I felt quite sheltered from harm."

The prayer finished, she would probably lean on the window-sill to gaze at the stars, and then turning her head to the left, she would see the little Church of St. Joseph not a stone's throw away, and it is very likely that she sometimes visited this church, where she could be alone with God and free from the routine of an efficiently-organized pilgrimage.

This church would have had an unusual appeal to her, not only because it was dedicated to St. Joseph, but also because it was the chapel of the first Carmel of the Reform to be founded in Rome, having been founded by nuns from Spain in the sixteenth century. The grating of the nuns' choir is half concealed behind the altar, and would not be noticed by the casual visitor. In the last century the government took a part of their monastery, as Father Chandlery tells us: "Adjoining the Church of St. Joseph is a convent of poor Carmelite nuns, who have lost nearly all their buildings and other property. St. Philip Neri was at one time confessor of this community. In the church occurred a miraculous event. Blessed Carlo da Sezze, a Franciscan lay-brother, was one day hearing Mass in this sanctuary, when suddenly a ray of light streamed from the Sacred Host in the priest's hand and went, with burning radiance, to Blessed Carlo's breast, on which ever afterwards was impressed the mark of a deep wound. His heart, with that glorious mark still upon it, is reverently preserved in a costly reliquary in S. Francesca a Ripa."

Recently, on account of the plans of Rome for new streets, the Carmelite nuns have had to leave their historic convent, and are now in a new monastery outside the walls of Rome; but the Church of St. Joseph still stands, rather desolate.

Returning to the room of the Little Flower, admittance to which is now rather difficult as it is necessary to interview the portress in charge of the building, and after a little conversation, she will lead the way up a flight of stairs and unlock the door of the room. The room is of medium size, about fifteen by twenty-four feet in dimensions, and the ceiling is not high. There is one double window, plainly curtained, of



VIEWS OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE LITTLE FLOWER STAYED WHILE IN ROME.

1. *Street in front of the room.*
2. *Altar in the room.*
3. *Above the window of the room which the "Little Flower" occupied is a tablet and a bust of the "Little Flower."*

medium size, while the floor is of stone, like most floors in Rome. The walls and the ceiling are painted a yellow colour, and the room is devoid of all furniture or decoration except a small altar and a picture of the Saint placed above it. On the altar is always kept a vase of flowers, while an electric light, in a rose-shaped fixture, burns before the picture.

The original intention was to make the room into a chapel which would be open to the public, and for this reason the veil which the Little Flower wore during her audience with the Pope was sent from Lisieux to be placed in the room;

but financial difficulties presented themselves, and the veil is now in the first parish church in Rome to be dedicated to the Little Flower: Santa Teresa a Panfilo, San Panfilo being the name of the catacombs under the church.

Although the original hopes for this holy room have not as yet been realized, and it is not officially open to the public, nevertheless it is not used for any other purpose, and the altar, the flowers, the light and the picture silently keep guard over its precious memories; while outside, on the front of the house, just over the window of "the" room, is the bust of the Little Flower, the arms clasping the crucifix and roses, while the eyes are looking up to Heaven — that Heaven which she was to enter within ten years of her pilgrimage to Rome as a girl of fourteen years.

RELICS OF THE PASSION IN ROME.

First of all comes the three chief relics of St. Peter, a large particle of the Cross, the Veil of Veronica, a very fine photograph of an ancient portrait of Our Divine Lord, and the lance with which the side of Our Divine Lord was pierced on the Cross. Dante, in his *Paradiso*, praises the impressiveness of the portrait. The lance was acquired by Pope Innocent VIII. from the Sultan. In the Basilica of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem, one of the seven chief churches in Rome, the great relics of the Passion are in a special chapel, namely, three particles of the Holy Cross, one of the Nails of the Crucifixion, the Inscription with the words in Hebrew, Greek and Latin: "Jesus of Nazareth, King."

In the arch-Basilica of the Lateran, there are besides the heads of the two Princes of the Apostles, the Table of the Last Supper and a part of the Holy Cross and relics of the Passion. In the Church of St. Praxede there is a portion of the pillar at which Our Divine Lord was scourged. The *Sancta Sanctorum*, the Chapel of the Lateran, the last remnant of the old Lateran Papal Palace, and really the Private Chapel of the Pope, contains remarkable relics of the Passion.

ST. THOMAS CONVERTS A NEW YORK BANKER

MR. MOODY OF WALL STREET.

AMONG recent prominent converts to Catholicism is Mr. John Moody of New York. For a number of years he has played an active part in the banking interests of Wall Street. He was born and brought up in the famous financial district and about a year ago was received into the Church.

Here is his own story as he told it a short time ago in St. Mary's Roland Park, Baltimore :

A Strange Situation.

“About a week ago I gave a lecture at the Converts' League in New York. A week later, a certain banker said to me at luncheon: “I notice that you have been talking before a Catholic organization here in the city. That's all right, but don't you think you're taking a chance? The first thing you know the public will think that you're a Catholic.” They seem to insist that I am not a Catholic because I do not preach it from the house-tops. Moreover, I am often asked by those who know I am a Catholic, ‘Why did you enter the Catholic Church? You started as a Protestant,’ they say, “then you became in turn a Pragmatist, an Indifferentist, an Agnostic. Why did you become a Catholic? Was it politics? Was it from a sentimental motive?” ‘No,’ I answer, ‘it was neither.’ ‘Well,’ I say, ‘it may be a matter of conviction.’ ‘Oh, I never thought of that,’ they often answer. People think it strange that I entered the Catholic Church after having been forty years in Wall Street. Most of my friends, however, have the opinion that it is explained by the fact that my mind is decaying. A few weeks ago, an old friend of mine went to my son and said: ‘How is your father feeling these days? He must be getting along in years, isn't he?’ ‘No,’

my son replied. 'You know,' continued my friend, 'when men begin to grow old, they are apt to get into their second childhood. I am worried about your father because I met him a few months ago and he told me that he had become a Catholic. You had better keep a watch on him.' My son was rather incensed. He began studying himself and is now well on the way to becoming a Catholic.

The Protestant Point of View.

"You young men really don't understand the Protestant viewpoint. I mean, not the prejudices, but the kinds of reasons they assume are the real ones why people become Catholics. One of the first to whom I spoke after my conversion expressed his opinion that I became a Catholic because I liked ceremonies. Then there are other peculiar ideas. There is the idea that a man becomes a Catholic because he is more fond of the Mass than he is of a sermon. The average Protestant won't go to church unless he can hear a good sermon. Occasionally, however, there is one who really wants to worship. This man usually finds his way to the Catholic Church. The modern Protestant finds it hard to realize that it is a matter of belief because they have no dogmas nowadays.

Instability of Modern Thought.

"Now for the question: Why and how did I become a Catholic? For a long time, whenever I heard of anyone becoming a Catholic, I made the usual remark that it was the last thing I would ever do. I said that all through my life. I was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but after reaching maturity I abandoned it. I looked into Protestantism of various kinds; then I wandered off into Pantheism and studied it because I am, by nature, somewhat of the student type. At the age of thirty I was disillusioned with Pantheism. Then I became interested in modern philosophy, and was carried along by William James and others of his type. From that

time on I had no faith. I was a modernist. But I discovered in the course of time, as most men do who give a little thought and consideration to the matter, that you could not be happy in modern thought unless you were very agile and could read —just your views and opinions from time to time, because some authority is constantly coming along to refute the man who had preceded him and upon whom you had based your theories. In 1900, Herbert Spencer was the last word. After him came William James only to be succeeded by George Santayana. Then came Bergson and after him Freud in psychology to upset the views which I had accepted as a young man.

Emptiness of Human Authority.

“So in 1920 I came to the point where I considered modern philosophy futile. I did not know what I believed. I had no answer to life, a position which most men reach finally who have been a bit studious and analytical. One finds himself going around in a circle and getting nowhere. The trouble with the average man who is not a real scholar is that he is too apt to respect the statements of a self-constituted authority. I remember that I accepted Darwinism because these great men said it was true. The same was the case with Spencer. But after a while I began to say: “Do these men know?” One day — I think it was in 1922 — I happened to be discussing this subject with a certain college professor. He said to me: ‘Well do I know that it is true; moreover, it is frightfully unfortunate. If the public only knew what ‘eggs’ we are! For, as a matter of fact, we do not know any more than anyone else, and sooner or later we are disillusioned by our own ideas.’ This started me thinking. I remember that in my banking life I had a few heroes whom I used to worship; but as I grew older I began to see the weaknesses of these great men in Wall Street. I realized that in business and politics most of these big men turn out to be ‘eggs’ sooner or later. And my friend had told me the same thing about philosophers. It was in this mood that I happened to

read Chesterton's 'Orthodoxy.' I learned from this book to laugh at the modern philosophers. But I thought: 'There is some answer to life somewhere? Where is it?' I realized that the answer was not found in the various religions wherein I had found myself from time to time. Where was the answer? Catholicism was the only thing I had not tried. Why? Because I had inborn in me a prejudice against the Catholic Church. I had been taught that Catholicism was something that one should never pay any attention to.

The Influence of a Mass.

So it went on. I was now past fifty, disillusioned with everything I had tried. Still I was seeking for some answer to life. I was soon to find it. I can remember it started a little in this way. I was in Vienna in 1927, with a friend on business. We were visiting bankers and talking shop most of the time. One day we went to visit a banker who, for some unforeseen reason, could not keep his appointment. We had an hour to waste, and I suggested that we visit the old Cathedral of St. Stephen, which was close by, to see what it was like. It was the fifteenth of August; a High Mass was being sung. I had never before been in a Catholic Church except as a sight-seer in Europe; never over here. This was the first Mass I ever saw. There was an immense crowd present, and we, in the midst of it, were pushed towards the front of the church. I realized that it was some great service; it was very beautiful. Suddenly we heard a bell ring and everyone about us dropped on their knees. We couldn't move; we were hemmed in. I looked at my friend and said: 'I suppose we'd better kneel down.' We did; well, we stayed down as long as the rest of the people. I was very much impressed, so much so that I went at five o'clock for Vespers. The three succeeding mornings I attended Mass in the Cathedral. Before leaving Vienna I said to myself: 'There is something in Catholicism — something real. I am going to look it up.'

Examining the Evidence.

I came back to New York and spoke about it to my wife. She said: 'Before you know it, some priest is going to get you and convert you.' 'No, no,' I answered; 'I shall go in myself if at all.' As soon as I had the opportunity I looked around for some literature on Catholicism. And, believe me, I searched many stores before I found it. There are many like myself who look for Catholic books and don't find them. However, I chanced upon Father Fulton Sheen's 'God and Intelligence.' In that book I found, in the first place, an analysis of modern philosophy that was just the thing for me. Then I found an elucidation of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Up to this time this name was for me only a name. In fact, I doubt if I ever knew the name. I was fascinated by Father Fulton Sheen's account of the philosophy of St. Thomas. Soon I began to build up a library of scholastic philosophy, throwing out Mrs. Eddy's books and others of that type to make room for St. Thomas. Before I realized it, I was studying St. Augustine as well. I was learning theology. By 1930 I had about six shelves of Catholic books. About this time I knew I was about to become a Catholic. But I took my time. I went to three educated Protestant ministers and asked them to answer my objections. Finally, when I had tacked them to the wall, they told me that I belonged to the Catholic Church and that I had better get there as soon as I could. Still I hesitated. I re-read Santayana and the other modern philosophers. I spent a whole year going back to pick up stray ends to see if I had missed anything. After this year I reached the conclusion that the Catholic Church was the only place for me.

Converted by St. Thomas

"I went to a priest in a little country church in New York State. A week later I was received into the Church. I was confirmed by Cardinal Hayes and took the name of Thomas.

And if anyone asks me how I came to enter the Catholic Church I shall say that St. Thomas did it. One thing more! I have been in the Church nine months, but I can truly say that in these nine months I have found peace as I have never found it before. I am sure to-day, and every day of my life, that the Catholic Church is the only answer to life. I say this as a man who for forty years has had experience with all sorts of theories, and I repeat that in the Catholic Church alone can one find a definite answer to life."

MY LITTLE CALVARY

Lord, how trivial seems my Calvary
When I consider Thine!
For only Simeon helped Thee lift Thy Cross
But many carry mine;
I am not scorned nor scourged nor ridiculed,
But all along the way
Are many sweet un-named Veronicas
To wipe my tears away.
There are no cruel nail-wounds in my hands,
No thorns upon my brow;
And ministering angels walk with me
To smooth the way — but Thou!
How should I dare to call it Calvary—
This sheltered life of mine,
O broken, beaten, bleeding Lord, my God,
When I consider Thine!

V. M. T.

SAINT JOSEPH

MARY, in a garden praying, heard an angel calm her fears,
 "Ecce, ancilla Domini—," echoes always down the years;
 Mary took for her youth's morrow the Seven Swords' immortal
 sorrow,
 And somewhere, alone, on bended knee, Joseph pondered
 Virginity.

Mary, tender Mother-Maiden, rode one eve into Bethlehem,
 The World's Hope beneath her heart — and no room at the
 inn for them.

Mary turned with heart unfeared toward a lowly stable door,
 Joseph, by the dumb beast's bridle—ah, what troubled heart
 he bore!

From the grotto's heavenly glory, and the angels' song of
 peace,
 Joseph bore the Child and Mother, till great Herod's rage
 would cease;
 Mary knew on the desert sands God's own hand at her heart
 so meek;
 Joseph thought of food and water for a Maid and Infant weak.

Joseph came to the time of parting; Jesus and Mary closed
 his eyes;
 Guessed he of the dark day coming—the Mother's anguish, the
 rabble's cries?
 A tired carpenter, Death found him, going home when work
 was done.
 In life and death, we still invoke him, linked with the Mother
 and the Son.

Miracles? We only know he earned their bread in a lowly
way.

Vigils? Raptures? I think his sleep was sweet and deep at
close of day.

Many a saint who would be hidden God had set in blinding
light;

The tender Joseph He leaves us ever *a simple man, a faithful
knight.*

Catharine McPartlin.

THE SHAMROCK

THE March wind carolled at its birth a tender vernal strain;
'Twas cradled in soft Irish earth, 'twas nursed by Irish
rain.

To Tara's king its triple leaf proclaimed the Triune God;
And still of Ireland's holy faith it speaks from Ireland's sod.

Fair symbol of a people's hope that through affliction's years
From grief has drawn a greener tint, as thou from heaven's
tears!

Dear emblem of a race whose soul of sadness blends with mirth,
Like thee the faith of Irish hearts grows deep in Irish earth.

Green and unfading as when first in Erin's soil 'twas set,
It thrives, by dews celestial nurst, by blood of martyrs wet.
Tempests may trample it to earth; they pass, and by God's love
With fresher life resilient it smiles to Heaven above.

Columawan.

A PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH

WHY art thou rich to give
 Beyond all knowing?
 Why are thy roughened hands
 Filled, overflowing?
 Because thy simple heart
 Knew not the spoiler;
 God filled its hungerings,
 Joseph, the Toiler.

 That I be rich like thee,
 Teach me by thy poverty!

Why was it thine to guard
 Child and Pure Maiden?
 Why were thy gentle arms
 So treasure-laden?
 For thy fair lily-sheaf,
 White as none other,
 Like to thy purity,
 Spouse of God's Mother!

 That I may holy be
 Teach me thy chastity!

Why wast thou called to rule,
 Joseph, so tender?
 Why did thy Lord to thee
 Meek homage render?
 God for thy ruling gave
 Grace above measure;
 His word thy only law,
 His Will thy pleasure!

 Like thine, for love intense,
 Be my obedience!

Why art thou throned high?
Joseph, so lowly?—
First of God's mighty sons,
Silent, strong, holy?
Before thy glance benign
Evil powers crumble;
God hath exalted thee,
For thou wast humble.

That I may reign with thee,
Teach me humility!

S. M. Geraldine, C.S.J.

THE HOSPITAL NUN

I watch her glide from bed to bed
And think of Him, the tender Lord
To Naim's sad Mother from the dead
Her stricken darling Who restored.

I think of Christ of Nazareth,
Who went His round of gracious days
With love, Who vanquished sin and death
And walked in mercy's gentle ways;

Who healed the blind, the halt, the lame,
The leper cleansed, the sick made whole;
The weeping sinner from her shame
Who raised and made her white of soul.

O little nun in wimple white!
When death shall dim my closing eyes,
Be near with your sweet smile to light
My trembling soul to Paradise!

M. S.

EASTER IN HAWAII

By FLORENCE CRAEME.

HIGH above the city of Honolulu stands the "Punchbowl," the crater of an ancient volcano, so-called from its likeness to a huge bowl. Inside the crater is a rock that, many years ago served as an altar upon which the heathen Kanakis offered human sacrifices to their gods.

In recent years the Christians of all denominations have gathered at the "Punchbowl" for the Sunrise Services each Easter morning.

A special programme of music, hymns and appropriate sermons is prepared and an immense wooden cross is erected on the old heathen altar. This huge white cross is lighted up by the searchlights from Aloha Tower and Forts Kamehameha and Fort DeRussy, whose beams are directed upon it, making it visible for miles. A mixed congregation crowds about the foot of the cross, overflow the "Bowl," and gather in groups near the summit of the mountain. Just as the first rays of the sun peep over Diamond Head thousands of voices of men, women and children sing out hymn after hymn of praise to the Risen Redeemer.

Then as the sun goes higher in the heavens, the crowds make their way downwards to the city. There they scatter, most of them going to the various denominational churches for the regular Easter service.

The Catholic soldiers and their families from Schofield Barracks, the largest United States Army post, are too numerous for the small chapel at their disposal, so on Easter the Military High Mass is celebrated at the Bowl.''

This Military High Mass is a very impressive ceremony. On a raised platform at the east side of the "Bowl" is placed the altar. It is beautiful hand-carved California Redwood, finished in white and gold. The Spanish missionaries brought it with them from California about the year 1825. An immense white screen behind the altar forms a back-

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb, and "Three Against the World," by Sheila Kaye-Smith, were reviewed by Josephine Lynch. The former is a spiritual autobiography of a girl of the Shropshire district. Its setting and dialect are of this region, and the nature descriptions are delicate and unusual. The second novel reveals the writer's uncompromising attitude towards her characters—the result of her ardent regard for truth and a rationalistic art.

The third open meeting of the Literary Society was held February 7th. The interesting personality of Padriac Colum, Irish poet, novelist, dramatist and story-writer, was the subject of an unusually enjoyable talk given by Mrs. Keenan. "Padriac Colum," Mrs. Keenan remarked, "has been called a miracle of manhood." At twenty-one he had written two plays. His dramas are pictures of the Irish midlands. The writer developed the situation and fitted the characters to the situation. His methods of technique have proved remarkable, and have been followed by many other dramatists.

In 1907 his first book of poems was published. These were only twenty-five in number, but were of rare and exquisite beauty, so carefully had they been culled.

Mrs. Keenan read a few poems, "An Old Woman of the Roads," "The Cradle," and "Dream and Shadow," poems shining with sincerity, freedom from mannerisms, and simplicity.

Padriac Colum is a poet who believes in magic and fairies, and possesses that mystical substance called genius. Above all, he is intensely religious and, as Mrs. Keenan concluded her address: "To think of him as not being religious is not to think of him at all."

The President, Margaret Hussey, expressed her appreciation, and the vote of thanks was moved by Eugenie Hartmann.

M. Hussey.

BOOK REVIEWS

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE: A Memoir. Monica Taylor, S.N.D., D.Sc. a distinguished member of the staff of the Notre Dame Training College Laboratory at Downhill, Glasgow, has here set forth the life of her friend and colleague, Bertram Coghill Alan Windle, F.R.S., F.S.A., K.S.G., M.D., M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., D.Sc. To perceive the simplicity which is the true essence of greatness, to communicate this perception; to show the man austere and lovable; to feel and share the feeling of the high adventure that was his life—it is not too much to say that the writer who succeeds in all this has produced a great book.

That Sister Monica realized the magnitude of her task is clearly shown in the words of her introductory note:

Paradoxical as it may sound, Bertram C. A. Windle was at the same time one of the best known and one of the least well-known of men. His gifts were so versatile, his power of work so prodigious the fields of his activity so diversified, that many of those who admired him and sought him in one sphere of activity had but the slightest idea of his achievements in another. Nor was his personality, with its manifold facets, appreciated in its entirety except by comparatively few. Physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually, he was fashioned in large mould. High lights and deep shades flitted across the pathway of his life. In spite of great outward successes he did not always find life easy. Like Saul of old, he often had need of a David to charm away those deep depressions that are so often the accompaniment of genius. In the following pages an attempt has been made to give a comprehensive, albeit a short, account of his life story. Speaking of the art of the biographer, Sir Bertram once expressed the opinion that the task should never be undertaken by a near relative, and that the subject of a biography should be allowed to tell his own story by means of letters and extracts from his own writings and utterances. These principles have been acted upon wherever it was possible to do so.

The author, undertaking this work as a labour of love and reverence, has achieved success in a measure which it is possible to realize only after reading the whole book. It is a work whose aim and scope are impossible to describe adequately within the limits of a brief review.

Chronologically, the work falls into three distinct sections, but within these Sister Monica has not slavishly followed chronological order when, by departing from it, she could more perfectly present her subject. The first part (to 1905), dealing with Sir Bertram's early life and his Birmingham career, describes vividly his youth and early education, his reception into the Church, his achievements as teacher, as scientific investigator, as university organizer and administrator, as public lecturer and citizen, as champion of the cause of education; and it concludes with a delightful glimpse into his private life, his tastes and hobbies at that time. The second part of the book takes up Sir Bertram's life as President

of Queen's College (later University College), Cork, and carries it through the troubled years of the Great War, and the Irish Convention of 1917-18, in which he played so important a part, prior to his departure from Ireland in 1919.

The last section of the work, treating of the ten years of his life in Toronto, will perhaps appeal most strongly to those of us who at this time first knew and loved Sir Bertram Windle. Here the story is told almost entirely in his own letters; and these revive a host of dear daily memories, and raise up again in our midst the tireless champion of all Catholic causes. Yet even those who thought they knew him well in these last years of his life will be constantly surprised by the fresh, perhaps the new, realization of the breadth of his interests and the scope of his activities during the period when he was Professor of Anthropology at St. Michael's College and Lecturer in Ethnology at the University of Toronto.

So much for the bare outline of Sister Monica's plan of the memoir. It is a book that at once invites and defies quotation—quotation both of Sir Bertram's writings and utterances and of Sister Monica's admirable narrative. Wisely true to her declared purpose, the author has chiefly allowed her subject to speak for himself—in his formal and informal correspondence, in reports of addresses and of friendly conversations, in the laconic, curiously eloquent notes of his journal. Again, she has allowed his friends to speak directly, in tribute to his life and character. And Sister Monica's continuous account weaves together all these varied threads with rare delicacy and understanding, firmly coherent but never obtrusive.

This is a biography, however, in the best and fullest sense of the word; the reader becomes unaware of the author in his absorption in the subject of the work. With the turning of every page one is more astounded by the incredible variety of Sir Bertram's mind, more impressed by the fulness of his outer life, more awed by the depth of his spirituality, more moved by the spirit in which, for him, the adventure of life and of the soul became one.

It is literally impossible to give any idea of the diversity of Sir Bertram's interests and activities. Wisely, this book has attempted no statistical survey. Only by degrees, sometimes quite casually, are we made aware of Sir Bertram's contributions to anatomy and medicine, to biological and pure science, to archaeology and ethnology, to English literature — notably eighteenth century literature — to the improvement of education and commerce and living in Ireland, to art and music and all aspects of primary and secondary education, especially the education of women and Catholic education above all. Against all this in true proportion we begin to see the magnitude of his contribution to science and philosophy and religion in their interrelations, and to realize the enormous impetus and power that one unswerving purpose can give to life. "On the 23rd of January it will be forty-five years since I was received into the Church, one of the few major acts of my life which I have never regretted, though it has cut me out of many things which I should have liked. But any price is worth paying for the pearl of great price, and how much smaller mine was than that paid by many! Please pray for me, that I may be a better and more useful Catholic in the future than in the past." "The cause of the Church is simply and honestly *everything* to me, and I subordinate everything to it." And it was surely this which

gave Sir Bertram his uncompromising courage to face not only the grave decisions and the tragedies of life, but also the dark night through which all great souls must pass.

In the end, through all our delight in his humour, our admiration for his scholarship, our astonishment at his manifold achievements in every field, our edification at his private works of charity and goodness, the abiding impression of this book is one of acquaintance with a saint's progress. As Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., wrote at the same time: "You read a lot about the 'mortification' of the Saints, and how they scourged themselves and so forth. These exterior things are as nothing to the interior discipline which a Catholic, or, I dare almost say, any large-hearted man, must inflict upon himself if he is to be of any wide-reaching good. The priest must always do so, else he is false to his office. A man in Windle's position should do so, else he neutralizes all his value. Bertram Windle did so, with heroism. The motto he chose for *The Church and Science* was, 'Science without Charity inflates; Charity without Science extravagates; Science along with Charity creates.' His talk had nothing of the penury of that which excludes God and His grace; nor of the vagueness of that pietism which takes no trouble to ascertain the facts. But this man, who went to Holy Communion, and who studied hard, was constructive; and may this stand firm as his enduring panegyric. Upon the lips of this Catholic man of science were words alike of human knowledge and of Divine wisdom."

Non omnis moriar. The man of whom such things can be truly said, can, indeed, never wholly die. R.A.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY GOES FURTHER: By E. M. Delafield.

AS YOU WILL probably surmise, this novel is a sequel to "The Diary of A Provincial Lady." E. M. Delafield (a pseudonym, by the way, for De La Pasteur) was a brave woman to take her provincial lady further. The first book was such a gem of good-natured superficial comment on manners and neighbours that one would expect to be disappointed in the second. To be honest, "A Provincial Lady Goes Further," lacks the spontaneity of its predecessor, but it still retains the crispness and wit of Miss Delafield's best manner. In this volume "The Lady" is not concerned with her domestic tribulations, although they keep cropping up at inopportune moments, as she has wielded her pen to some small advantage and has found herself an accepted member of London literary society. This new work, of course, introduces us to a number of new characters, all skillfully and satirically drawn. These include self-termed litterateurs, dowager hostesses, frivolous women and the usual vaguely snobbish gentry, French governesses, village neighbours and servants. The delightfully phlegmatic husband, Robert, and the children have their place and the family goes through the mild adventures incidental to a holiday in France, country, town and school life. It is an exuberant account of modern middle class English. The provincial lady has such a well-bred, humorous charm that one has the impression that the author has written herself into her principal character. The book is decidedly feminine, so much so that I doubt that anyone but a woman could

WINTER SPORTS IN QUEBEC.

King Winter, in the Province of Quebec is eagerly awaited by many sportsmen, who wish to take in and enjoy the numerous sports of the winter.

Ski-ing is about the most popular, and many ski on the streets on the various hills, and some experts go ski-jumping at Sandy Bank. Tobogganing is also very popular, and the famous Chateau Ice Slide is in constant use by many tourists and residents of the city. There are also numerous skating rinks, and this seems to be the favorite way of passing the winter evenings.

There is held about the middle of February the annual Snow-shoe Races. All the clubs of the city have entrants, and very keen competition is shown. Now, the most important event of the winter season is the "International Dog-Derby." The young musher from Le Pas, Emile St. Goddard, has broken all records, and succeeded in winning the trophy four years in succession. These are the chief events which make the winter season in Quebec so delightful.
Gerry Kane.

NEDDY'S TRIUMPH.

The donkey was standing by the gate, feeling depressed. No, his name wasn't "Neddy." You see, he lived about nineteen hundred years ago, before donkeys were universally called "Neddy." I doubt if he had name at all, so we will call him "Neddy."

"Here I am," he thought, "weighed down with goods until I can hardly move; then beaten because I don't move fast enough. I'm left out in all kinds of weather, half starved, and get scarcely any rest!"

Perhaps poor Neddy could have borne it if there had been someone who really wanted him. His master kept him simply because he was useful, and never once thought of being kind to him, while a conceited camel across the way, who did scarcely anything, was noticed by many. All he did was boast of the fine cities he had seen and of the great men he had carried. Generally, Neddy listened, but this morning he had news of his own. "When I was in town to-day," he began, "there was a great crowd gathered around the Temple. In the centre stood a young man talking to them. He looked very tired, and his friends continually urged him to stop and rest, but he would not. He had such a soft, pleasant voice, but it was his eyes which entranced me. They looked so kind and gentle, yet there was something in them which I've never before seen. And then, too, he spoke with wonderful earnestness, as if he meant what he said, not as though he was trying to show how much he knew.

"My master stayed until the crowd began to disperse. We were jostled around, and suddenly found ourselves quite close to him. I was heavily laden, and, as I passed, stumbled and fell against him. I arose, and stood fully expecting a shower of blows. Then suddenly I felt a soft caressing hand on my neck, and that wonderful Voice said: 'Is he not too heavily laden?' My master growled, 'No!' and passed on. The Stranger petted me once more, and somehow my load did not feel half as heavy after that."

The camel was rather discomfited. "Humph! I've been petted by much greater men than just a poor preacher," he said, tossing his head.

A few days later Neddy was standing tied to the gate post, thinking of the Stranger Who had been so kind to him. Those few pats, and the quiet intercession on his behalf, were practically the only kindness the little donkey had ever received. Neddy loved Him with all his donkey heart. Just then two strangers came down the road. "He said we should find him here," said one, and the other nodded in agreement. The camel held his head up proudly. Doubtless these two had come to admire him. However, the aforesaid head came down about ten inches when, without a glance in his direction, they went over and led Ned away. If donkeys could laugh, Neddy would have made the hillsides ring. He trotted off, throwing a look of triumph at the mortified desert animal.

Finally, after walking some time, they rounded a bend, and there, waiting for them, was the Stranger! He walked towards them, and after thanking the two men, one of whom He addressed as Peter, He mounted Neddy's back. The others walked along beside them. Without a falter, without a stumble, the little donkey picked his way along. Who could do otherwise, with that soft, gentle hand guiding him?

As they neared the city a great shouting was heard, and when they reached the gates a great crowd came pouring out. Neddy pricked up his ears. What were they going to do? Why — Why, they were coming to greet the Stranger!

"Hosanna! Hosanna! Hail to Jesus, King of the Jews!"

They spread their garments on the ground, they waved palms, shouting, while Neddy carried the King, Jesus, into the city.

Neddy was content because his beloved Stranger had been thus honoured; and as for Neddy himself — had he not had the honour of carrying a King?

Rose Welsh.

I WONDER?

I sometimes sit and wonder
 What God and the Angels do;
 And if the stars above are made
 By having broken through.

And does the Baby Jesus sit
 Before His Mother's knee,
 While she recounts again to Him
 The merits of Calvary?

Is Heaven a mass of dazzling jewels
 Such as never was viewed before?
 And is the Gate of Heaven really
 A tiny golden door?

Marjorie Cherry.

THOUGHTS ON A COLD.

Colds! Colds! Everyone has them. Surely, then, I may discourse upon a subject of such widespread interest?

There seems to be a lack of knowledge of what we call a cold in the head. I have always thought it one of the things that issued from Pandora's box. The only people whom I have asked: "What is a cold?" say: "A cold? Why, a cold"—(vague gestures) —"a cold's — well, it's a cold, that's all. It's a germ." They go on to say that the air is full of germs. Now, what are germs? Are they infinitesimal, centipedic, tentacled insecta? Then I defy you to close your eyes and see the air as full of them and retain your belief in fresh air. Are you to believe that if you open your mouth an army of these things rushes in, with the result that you are a walking test-tube of Bacillae, and have a cold into the bargain? If this is the case, we should inaugurate a new municipal department, whose officials will patrol the streets with fly-guns, followed by the street-cleaning section, who will sweep up the defunct germs. Furthermore, they tell us that cold begins in the head and works down. According to this, we develop pneumonia, stomach 'flu follows, and we wind up with cold feet. That's a strange way of reasoning, but most of us start out with cold feet, so that upsets that theory. Lastly, why call it a cold? There isn't anything particularly cold about it. A "hot" would be more to the point.

And have you noticed how colds begin? You sneeze. Agonizingly conscious of baleful looks, you continue to sneeze with increasing frequency. Then your voice begins to take on a tubalike quality. About this time you should begin to take cold preventers.

Soon your usual creamy pallor (the heroine always has a creamy pallor) has been replaced by a ruddy glow. You have a fever, and all agree that the best place for you is bed. You picture yourself lying in bed, daintily fragile, propped up by pillows, receiving beautiful flowers and sympathetic friends. And this is what happens:

You find yourself wrapped in blankets with your feet in a steaming solution of hot mustard. You are fed aspirin tablets like so much candy, and if you didn't have a headache before you've got one now. You feel sorry for yourself, and tears of self-pity trickle weakly down your cheeks. Meanwhile, your downy (?) couch has been prepared for you, and when you climb into it you collide violently with a hot water bottle. As you sip your hot lemonade — it might even be hot (diluted) brandy — you are convinced of the futility of human existence, and resolve to waste away. Finally, you drift into sleep.

In your dream you see yourself, ethereal, helpless, garbed in flowing white, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a flannel nightdress. You are supported and harassed by millions of germs. Your knight in shining armour is galloping to your rescue, but as he approaches you see his armour is now a swallow-tail and his lance with fluttering ribbon a stethoscope. You are at the edge of a quicksand, but how are you going to cross it with these chips off the Mephistophelean block plaguing you? You set your lantern jaw and step resolutely forward into a seething treacherous mass

of mustard, into which you immediately begin to sink. Terrified, you utter piteous cries for your knight, but you have laryngitis, and he can't hear you. Meanwhile you are sinking fast. Christian in the Slough of Despond had nothing on this! At last, weakened by your struggles, you give in. Amidst the demoniac laughter of the germs you go down to Gulliverian defeat in a mustard bog, beneath the onslaughts of the Lilliputians of Germville, feebly brandishing a bottle of Listerine in one hand and a bottle of Buckley's in the other.

If you are worse the next day, they might even try the turpentine and goose-oil remedy on you. It's old-fashioned but effective, not to mention odorless — but you can't smell, anyway. And if you are better you go to school. There is about you an unmistakable aroma of patent cold medicines, musterole and mentholatum, and instead of being swamped with affectionate sympathy you are more or less a social pariah. What a fall, was there, my countryman!

Now, will you wear your goloëhes?

Edna Gray.

EASTER LILIES.

Easter lilies, pure and white,
Guarding Christ, the risen Lord,
In your purity and height
Have your God and King adored.

What is it that the lilies say,
As they stand there, keeping guard?
All the long, bright Easter day,
Watching Christ, the risen Lord.

What is the song the lilies sing?
What are the words they say?
In each lily-heart doth ring:
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Let us with the lilies sing,
And with the lilies pray,
And give adoration to Our King
Who is risen up to-day.

Laurine Sinclair.

EASTER JOYS.

The Passion Flower's petals closed,
And Chalice cups of lilies fair
Decked the earth on Easter morn,
While glorious raptures filled the air.

When Angels rolled the stone away
And Christ came forth no more to die;
Sweet echoes rose from all the earth
To join with strains from choirs on high.

Rita Donnelly.

"IRELAND'S WEST COAST."

Ireland's West Coast will not appeal to those who love the tranquil loveliness of an island's interior. But, rather, to those who prefer the rugged shore, the wild, pounding sea, and the towering, wave-swept pinacles and domes of rock, on whose ledges the many screaming gulls have made their homes.

For more than a year the west coast of Ireland was my home. A low, stone cottage, overlooking the water of "Sligo Bay," where day after day the tides came and went; and the setting sun was an ever-increasing glory. It was during my stay here that I had the opportunity of examining, by both land and water, the coast and its wonderful formation, where, through the ages, the elements have beaten the monstrous cliffs into dim cathedrals and caverns storm-haunted, where the winds chant and sing.

To those who seek the ports of peace, here are many havens. Above the shore in sheltered coves, where the winds whisper soft, and the long arms of the blue Atlantic lap the yellow sand, the children gather mussels among the low rocks, or tramp for flounders when the tide is out. I have watched them, with their gay little red and yellow boats, scrambling over the stones, seeking for colourful shells and shining agate. The fisher folk of these small towns are truly delightful, lovers of poetry and mythology — inhabitants of a land of mystery and sublimity, they could be little else.

The climate is mild, and the tang of sea-weed and salt is on the wind as it sweeps inland. Along the open coast squalls are frequent. Perhaps storms appeal to you most of all; and, wrapped in oil-skins, you would seek a safe place from which to watch the spirit of the tempest at play. Storms come swiftly on wings of night, and in a moment long sheets of silver rain have completely encompassed the gold of the day. Clouds, ebony-black, enclose the heavens, and streaks of flame light the glowering coast. The winds shriek and moan around the cliffs; and the waters, foam-flecked, struggle and snarl at each other as they rush up on the shore and over the crags, where they burst in stinging spray.

How the storm inspires and uplifts you! It sings and it laughs, and the flying rain cools and refreshes you. Increasing in its fury, it buffets and beats you, it rages and screams, until you cry out in the agony of your being; then, shrieking its mad mirth, it leaves you, whimpering and useless, cowed and broken and desperate in your appalling fear to find some little crevice. Blinded by spray and swirling sand, you stagger against the road-wall. There, completely spent, you stand looking out into the darkness alone, less than the wind, the sand, nothing, before the grandeur, the miracle of the storm.

Slowly the wind dies, the rain ceases. One by one the black clouds vanish below the ocean's rim, until at last, the great stars and a sailor's moon appear, to light the indigo of sky and water. How clean and pure you feel, your mind untroubled, your soul unfettered, unconfined; the night how beautiful, how new.

Jean Turnbull.

JIMMY'S GIFT.

"D'ya think they'd cost more than twenty cents, Ragsey?" The blue eyes of the shabby little brown figure stared meditatively into the wistful brown ones of Ragsey, as little Jimmie trudged off to the neighboring park where a dilapidated bench beside a deserted duck-pond offered rest to the weary lad and faithful dog. Meanwhile Jimmie speculatively fingered the two thin dimes that must buy his Easter offering to the newly-risen Lord.

Only last Sunday at Mass Jimmie sat listening wide-eyed when Father Sullivan had explained the wonderful feast of Easter Sunday.

Jimmy sighed, and thoughtfully scratched Ragsey's back. "P'raps we might find a cheaper store that's got lilies. Eh, Rags?" And Rags began a series of plaintive yaps and whimperings that plainly said: "Sure — you're all right, Jimmie, but, oh my back!" "Well, c'mon, Rags, it's not too late to look some more."

The brisk, attractive young saleswoman who stood admiring the Easter flowers in the window-display of her shop glanced up and smiled at the eager gaze of eight-year-old eyes. Jimmy smiled back, and Ragsey looked questioningly from one to the other. Judy Burwell beckoned, but just then a customer entered and she hurried away.

Jimmy still gazed longingly at the Easter lilies—budding—blooming—so near and yet so far. His upturned nose was pressed into a flat white button, his arms encircled the neck of the understanding Ragsey, and his mouth pursed in a toneless whistle. Finally, he released his bear-like grip on Rags and followed by that patient creature, entered the shop.

Judy, although Jimmy was unaware of it, knew the motherless boy's sad history. Since the death of the guiding light of his life, Jim's mother, his father had absented himself from Church. "Well, Sonny?" Again she smiled, giving re-assurance to the trembling Jim, who nervously pulled Ragsey's ill-treated mongrel ear and turned scarlet at Rag's whimpers of protest. "Anyway," thought Jim, "she doesn't speak like the flower ladies in the other shops." Bravely he began: "It's about the Easter lilies — mebbe one in a pot — how — how much — would one be?" Judy bit her lip reflectively. She liked the honesty of Jimmy's blue eyes—but why should the boy want Easter lilies? "Forty cents!" abruptly. "Forty cents!" repeated Jim incredulously. "Forty cents!" "Why, why, oh—Rags, they're Forty Cents!" Even Rags looked startled, but snuggled comfortingly against Jimmy's knee. A great tear rolled down the lad's cheek, and Jimmy found himself sobbing out the story to Miss Judy Burwell, proprietress of "The Flower Garden." He wanted to make a sacrifice to Our Lord to gain grace for his father.

Easter Sunday — there was still lots Jimmy didn't understand. Why Miss Burwell looked "sorta funny" when she made him flower messenger to St. Mary's; or why Dad, his big Dad, had actually cried that night, and was now beside Jimmy and they were going to Mass. What happiness Jimmy knew when Dad approached the Communion rail with him; and what happiness in his thanksgiving!

"Dear Lord, I hope you like the lily. And thanks for Miss

Burwell and for her getting me a delivery job; and thanks for Dad coming back to Church. I don't understand it very much now, but Dad says later on I will. So thanks, dearest Lord, for everything.

Margaret Conlin.

A VALENTINE OFFERING.

Dear God, Who on the Cross has lain,
Giving up Your Heart in unbearable pain,
I turn to Thee, O Love Divine,
And offer up this heart of mine.

Though my soul is stained with sin,
This heart of mine is warm within,
With love of Thee, O Precious Blood,
Accept this token of my love.

And unworthy though I be
I come to Thee on bended knee,
And, O my Jesus, Sweet and Kind,
I offer Thee this Valentine.

Elda Teolis.

DEEDS SHOW.

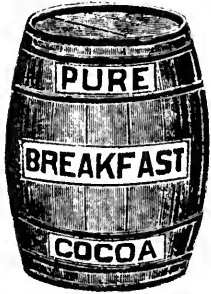
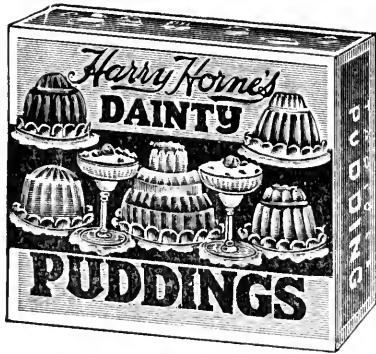
Oh! Life is bright and happy
When a smile we send around
To fill all hearts with gladness
And take away the frown.

Oh! Life is bright and happy
When a pleasant word we say
To give others new encouragement
And help them through the day.

Oh! Life is bright and happy
When a little deed we do
To show some dear but doubting one
That our friendship will be true.

And, oh! how very happy
Our souls will surely be
When we tell the Risen Saviour
"Our deeds are all for Thee."

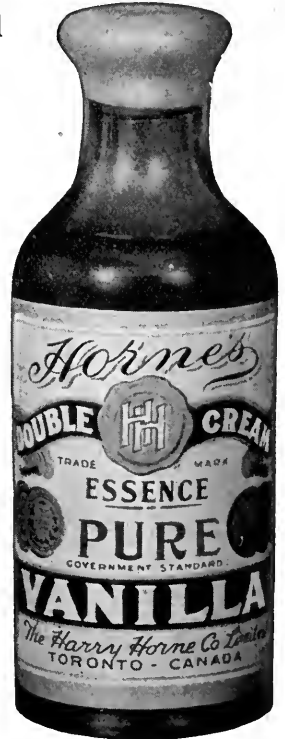
Norma Ruthven.



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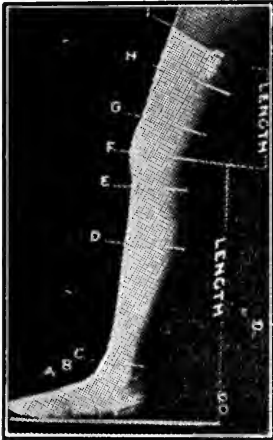
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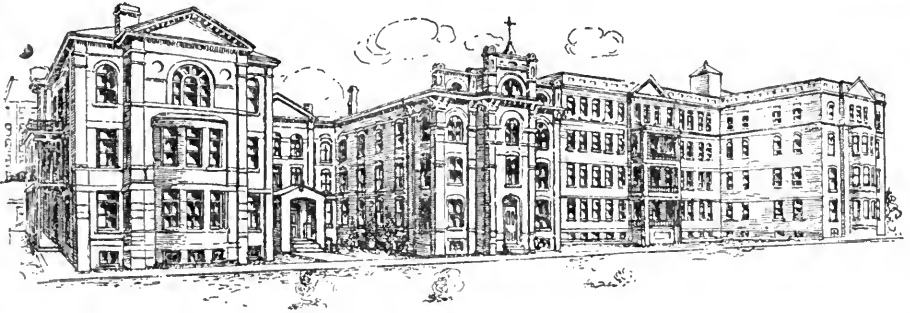
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