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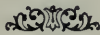
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Armand, Count de Charbonnel, born at Monistrol-sur-Loire, France, December 1st, 1802, was consecrated by Pius IX. in the Sistine Chapel, Rome. He was the Bishop of Toronto who invited the Basilian Fathers to make a foundation there. In 1860 he resigned his See to join the Capuchins and died March 29th, 1891.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1933.

NO. 1.

EDITORIAL

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

THE present number of the "Lilies" is particularly fortunate in its ability to present to its readers a brief chronicle of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and, incidentally, a momentary side light on the origin of the religious body of educators that founded it during the infancy of the Catholic Church in this diocese, and are still presiding over its auspicious destiny.

The rise and progress of great successful institutions of the Church have one very notable characteristic of uniformity that shows the directing hand of Providence. They are miniatures of Holy Mother Church herself: beginning in stressful times filling a great demand of needful humanity, persistent and successful from the outset in face of apparent overwhelming opposition, true to their own inspirations and eventually crowned with abundant success. They are not usually the pampered protégés of governments or royal favour; in fact, the human element seems absurdly inadequate and out of all proportion to their lofty ideals and their ultimate objective of advanced secular education and religious culture.

The Basilian Community was born in the stormy era of the French Revolution, cradled and reared in the fastness of the mountains, with all the opposition of one of the greatest persecutions that ever fell upon the Church. Its successful services to the Church in France were extended to England, the United States and Canada. In this city, St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto is an evidence of its vitality and high inspiration.

St. Michael's was the principal source of higher education afforded by the Archdiocese of Toronto during the early period of poverty and varied struggles, when a mere outpost of missionary endeavour. Bishop Charbonnel's description, in his letters to France, of the poor sordid conditions of his remote diocese on the frontiers of Western Canada is the background of St. Michael's College in its initial period. It has evidently kept even pace with the cultural advance of this proud, imperial city that is approaching its first million of inhabitants.

St. Michael's in its onward progress affords an opportune comparison of the independent traditional Catholic College as it existed in the past and in the State University as it stands at present.

In its first stage it certainly produced great and successful scholars who attained positions of eminence and perhaps the present alumni will not outstrip them; but the overwhelming argument in favour of the felicitous transition the College has passed through, are the material advantages it has thrown open to its clients, an open way to all professions and positions of State patronage. To critical Catholics of former days it seemed like a blind alley that led to high culture, science and religion only, and not to mundane success. Its present standardized education waives all criticism against it as an individual institution, and its popular State System of instruction is its permanent apology.

The alumnae of St. Joseph's system of education are happy to take this occasion of showing their appreciation and gratitude for the success of St. Michael's, for they have become, in their last stage, alumnae of St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto.

It is a rare advantage for a Convent Academy to attain: These two Religious Communities in early days took their sites on the old suburban locality called "Clover Hill," and the name was well omened. Their alumni and alumnae are still in clover with educational advantages that open on to fields of a prosperous future.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

BY THE REVEREND T. VAHEY, C.S.B.

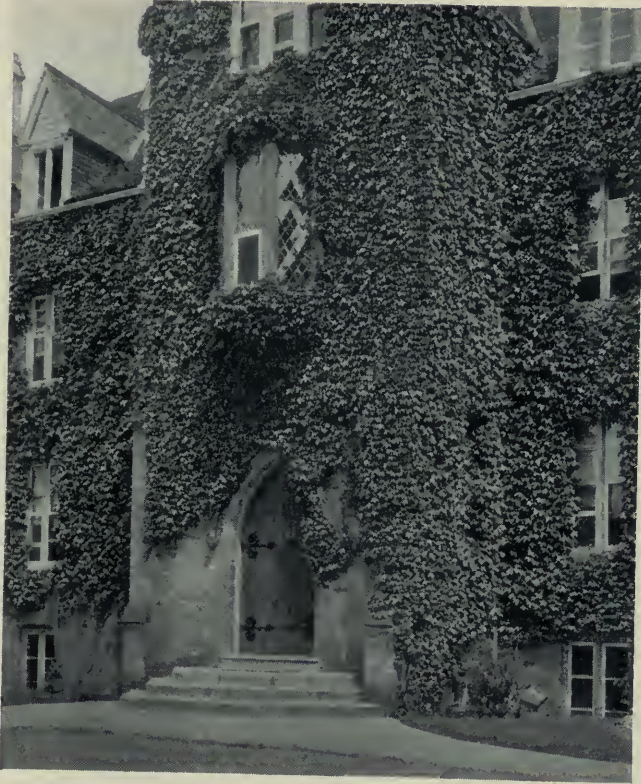
THE Institute of St. Basil was founded in 1790 during the French Revolution. A great dearth of priests had resulted from the suppression of the Religious Orders during the Revolution. Monsignor D'Aviau, the holy Archbishop of Vienne, influenced a small band of secular priests to defy the law prohibiting Catholic Colleges, and to take refuge in the Village of Saint Symphorien in the mountains of Vivarais. Here a seminary was established, which was in reality the first school conducted by the Fathers of St. Basil.

In 1802, when the storm of persecution had subsided, this noble band of secular priests moved from their mountain fastness to the town of Annonay in the Province of Ardeche. They acquired possession of an old monastery which the good Franciscans had been forced to abandon, and transformed it into a beautiful college.

From 1802 to 1822 these holy teachers, who preferred, perhaps, to labour for the salvation of souls in parishes, continued their work of education, not only at Annonay, but in other colleges which they erected throughout France and Northern Africa. Through their efforts many young men were encouraged to lead very pious lives and informed that they had vocations to the priesthood. In 1822, with the consent of their Bishop, these priests formed themselves into a Religious Community. In 1837 the constitution they framed was forwarded to the Holy See for approbation. From that year the simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were taken by this band of secular priests, who became the first Basilians of that Institute which is to-day so well known among Catholic educators.

In the year 1852 Bishop de Charbonnel, the second Bishop of Toronto, invited the Basilian Fathers to establish a College in this city. He himself had been a student in their College

at Annonay, and was very well acquainted with the priests themselves and the character of their work. The invitation was accepted. Three priests, with Father Soulerin as Superior, came and erected the first Catholic College in the Pro-



MAIN DOOR

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

vince of Ontario. Although the Institute and the Diocese were poor, nevertheless by dint of sacrifice the corner-stone of St. Michael's College was laid in September, 1855.

From 1855-1881 the College made great progress in the face of numerous difficulties. It had attracted students not only from Ontario and Quebec, but from Massachusetts, New

York and Pennsylvania. After Father Soulerin returned to France in 1865, he was succeeded by Father Vincent as Superior. Until 1881 nothing extraordinary or exceptional occurred. However, in this eventful year St. Michael's College was invited by the University of Toronto to become an affiliated College. Through the united efforts of Archbishop Lynch and the other Bishops of Ontario, of Father Vincent, Father Teefy and Dr. O'Sullivan, St. Michael's accepted the offer of affiliation. By her action on that occasion St. Michael's set a precedent for the other denominational colleges in Ontario.



REV. HENRY CARR,
Superior-General

From 1881 to 1896 the supervision of the College had been committed to Father Teefy and Father Cushing. In 1896 the University Act of Federation was passed by the Provincial Government uniting University College, Trinity, Victoria and St. Michael's into what now constitutes the University of Toronto. Upon the testimony of Sir William Mulock and Sir Robert Falconer, the Fathers of St. Basil manifested singular foresight in accepting affiliation. "It was," said the former, "an epoch-making day." It granted a new charter to Catholic education in this province. It has even been said by those who are in a position to know that the friendly attitude of Saint Michael's in her dealings and relations with the men chosen to represent the University on that occasion indirectly influenced the step taken by the other colleges in accepting affiliation and federation.

St. Michael's did not actually enjoy the benefit of affiliation until 1906. Father Cushing, Father McBrady, and Father Nicholas Roche supported the belief that the students should be enrolled and registered in the several courses offered by the University. Until 1906 the College authorities had ad-

hered to the time-honoured curriculum of the French Catholic Colleges. Excellent as it was, it was not flexible enough to meet the needs of the time. In 1910 the first class was graduated from the University. Year after year there went forth from St. Michael's young men equipped with a University education in the course they elected to choose, and proud in the possession of a degree recognized in Europe and America.



DR. ETIENNE GILSON

From 1910 until the present year, the College has had to face perplexing problems. Due to the wisdom and prudence of her Superiors, she has been successful in solving them.

St. Joseph's College and Loretto Abbey have since become affiliated with St. Michael's proper, and the three Colleges now constitute St. Michael's College, the Catholic College in the University of Toronto. The union of these three Catholic Colleges has centralized Catholic education, and brought those charged with the responsibility of imparting Christian knowledge to a mutual understanding and better appreciation of the difficulties to be encountered. The union has been very successful, and judging by results, the Catholics of this



SIR B. WINDLE.

Province have just reasons to be proud of it. It is difficult for a Catholic College so constituted to influence the other constituent parts of the University, nevertheless, St. Michael's College

has been contributing as well as deriving benefits. The other Colleges recognize her faithfulness to religion and discipline; they have noticed her love of tradition, and have admired her for not sacrificing that Basilian personality which was brought to this city from far-off France.

The College has become so prominent in the field of education because it has not been satisfied with mere mediocrity. All Basilians must obtain their Bachelor and Master's Degrees, and must procure their certificate from the Ontario College of Education before they are permitted to teach in the High Schools or Colleges conducted by the Basilian Institute. Many are sent abroad to the Universities of Europe to further their learning. Through the wisdom of Father Carr, while Superior of the College, the services of Maurice De Wulf, Hilaire Belloc, Sir Bertram Windle and Leon Noel were enlisted. Later, under Father McCorkell (who succeeded Father Carr as Superior), the dream of having a Mediaeval Institute was realized.

Etienne Gilson, an authority on the Latin Fathers and the historical development of a Christian Philosophy, is the head of this new academy of graduate studies. Dr. Phelan, whose writings and learning have won him international recognition in philosophical circles, is professor and assistant director. Jacques Maritain, who is probably the best living interpreter of the works of the Angelic Doctor, as well as an authority in Art and Social Ethics, is also a professor in the Institute. The personnel of the staff of the Mediaeval Institute also includes the following Basilian Fathers: Dr. Carr, Father Muckle, Father Bellisle, Father McCorkell, Father B. Sullivan and Dr. Bondy.

During the regime of Father McCorkell the Institute was in its infancy. Due, however, to his indefatigable efforts and constant attention, its growth has exceeded the fondest anticipations of its most enthusiastic supporters. During the time Father Bellisle has been Superior the Institute has doubled its enrolment. Real research work has been done by the students, and the results of their investigations are nearing publication.

The aims of the Mediaeval Institute are most praiseworthy.

- (1) To investigate the real facts of the Middle Ages and give them their proper orientation and interpretation.
- (2) To correct the false impressions left by historians, who either misunderstood or purposely misinterpreted the facts.

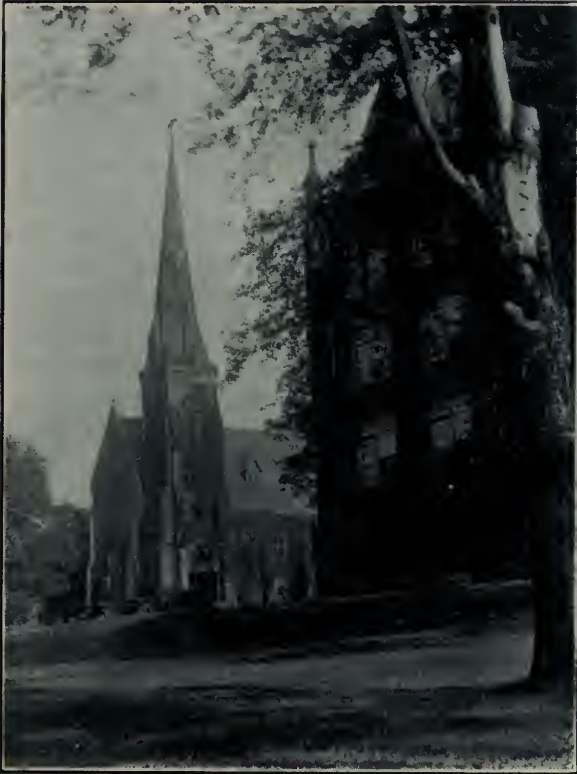


LIBRARY OF THE MEDIAEVAL INSTITUTE.

- (3) To effect a renaissance of the Christian life and thought that sanctified the Christian in the ages of Faith.
- (4) To set forth the profound philosophical and theological thoughts of the Fathers of the East and West. This is to be accomplished by a process of research into their original writings.
- (5) To develop in the graduate student a desire to know and a facility to obtain all the knowledge he can

acquire about Mediaeval Art, Literature, History, Science, Law and Architecture.

- (6) To make the student a more pious Catholic by the acquisition of such knowledge.



VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM SOUTH-EAST.

These, roughly, are the aims of the Institute. Its possibilities are tremendous. Basilians are at present being trained in the greatest universities in the world that they may be able to carry on the work being done by its present professors. Many Ph.D. Degrees have been conferred, and the recipients are now lecturing in Catholic Colleges in the United States.

The Basilian Fathers then, whose residence in Ontario has not even been as long as the lifetime of their most inestimable member, Father McBrady, C.S.B., who was born in 1849, have made a contribution in higher education to Toronto University and are giving an impetus to Catholic Higher Education wherever their influence is being felt.

The past has had its graduates. Their Alma Mater is very proud of them. With very few exceptions, they have reproduced in their lives the life of the Basilian Institute which is contained in the words of the prophet: "Bonitatem, disciplinam et scientiam doce me." Their future, too, will have its graduates. The knowledge they will possess will have been acquired methodically in accordance with Papal Encyclicals on education. These young men will leave St. Michael's portals knowing that here they have no lasting city, that God's Kingdom is not of this world, that they are to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and then all other things will be added unto them. Secular knowledge will only serve them in furthering divine. They will welcome suffering and self-sacrifice. They will endure persecution for their Faith. All profane learning will only excite their curiosity. They will employ it only so far as it tends to make them better Christians. They will love God and their neighbour, they will offer their daily actions as prayers before the Most High, and will long with eager expectation to be dissolved and be with Christ.



AN ODYSSEY OF CONSECRATION

By THE RIGHT REVEREND ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D.D.

THE Homeric *Odyssey* is an epic of wanderings—the wanderings of Ulysses in quest of his native Ithaca after the siege of Troy. The interesting tale of “An Outing in 47,” told by Father Thomas Murphy, O.M.I., in the March “Lilies,” calls to my mind the story of the wanderings of an elder brother of the Bishop Blanchet, who bore a prominent part in that “outing,” the Most Reverend Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon City, whose memory is enshrined in the name he made for himself as the Apostle of Oregon. This story I had from the lips of Father Hylebos, one of the pioneer missionaries of the Far West who came out with Modeste Demers, first Bishop of Vancouver Island, and Father, later Archbishop, Seglvero, shortly after the abrupt closing of the Vatican Council in 1870. It is the story of the travels by sea and land, of the first Vicar Apostolic of the Oregon mission in quest of a consecrator. It is told briefly, but not very correctly in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. 11, page 593, as follows:

The immense territory of the Oregon mission (which stretched all the way from the north-western boundary of California on the Pacific side of the Rockies up to the North Pole) was made an Apostolic Vicariate December 1st, 1843. Father Blanchet was made its first Vicar Apostolic and titular Bishop of Philadelphia. The letters from Rome arrived in August, 1844. To receive episcopal consecration he started for Canada on December the fifth, boarded a steamer on the Columbia River, touched at Honolulu, doubled Cape Horn, landed at Dover, England, went by rail to Liverpool, took a vessel to Boston, and thence proceeded by rail to Montreal, a journey of 22,000 miles. He was consecrated by Bishop Bourget in the Cathedral of Montreal, July 25th, 1845.

Father Hylebos, when he came to Victoria for the funeral of Father Brabant, Apostle of the West Coast of Vancouver

Island, where he laboured alone for upwards of thirty years among Indians, told me the story as he had it from the lips of Archbishop Blanchet himself in the Archbishop's house. It differs in some particulars from the one given above. To receive episcopal consecration Father Blanchet started out in a ship (I believe a sailing ship) from the mouth of the Columbia River, landed at some port in Mexico, and went up to the Bishop of the place. He presented his papers; they were plainly genuine, but there was no one to identify himself. He was travelling alone, for he could not afford to take one of his two priests with him from Oregon. In the ordination of a priest the ordaining Bishop asks the one who presents the candidate, *Seis eum esse dignum*—Do you know him to be worthy? Much more would an affirmative answer be required to establish, not the worthiness but the very identity of the candidate for episcopal consecration, and there was no one to answer for Father Blanchet, though his papers were unexceptionable. So he took ship to Honolulu, because he could find in the Mexican port none that was going to the Old World, transhipped there, went around the Horn and, after six months at sea, landed at Marseilles. He went to the Bishop there, produced his papers; they were excellent, but there was no one to identify him. From thence he sailed to Liverpool. The rest of the stay is as told above.

It may be asked: Why did he not go to Rome? The same difficulty of identification would confront him there. He went instead, via Liverpool and Boston, to Montreal, where even the Protestants could identify him and attest his worthiness; for as the writer in the Catholic Encyclopaedia tells us, "during the cholera epidemic of 1832 Father Blanchet attended the stricken so fearlessly that the Protestants of the place presented him with a testimonial."

From Montreal the newly consecrated Bishop presently returned to Europe, visiting France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Italy in the interests of his vast vicariate. At Rome he gave the authorities such a glowing account of the Pacific Coast and its potentialities that they erected the vicariate

into an ecclesiastical province, with Walla Walla in Washington, Vancouver Island, and Queen Charlotte Islands, as suffragan sees. He was himself made Archbishop of Oregon City, now by change of see and title, Portland; his brother, Augustin Magloire, Bishop of Walla Walla, afterwards Nesqually, now Seattle; and Modeste Demers, Bishop of Vancouver Island Archdiocese, now Diocese of Vancouver. When Bishop Demers landed on Vancouver Island there was not, I was told, a single white Catholic there to greet him. Maybe some day even Queen Charlotte Islands will have a Bishop, though in the meantime there is but a wee mission on the islands attended from Steward, in the Vicariate Apostolic of Bishop Bunoz.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the odyssey of consecration that I have tried to set before you in plain prose, is that the like never happened before in this world and is positively certain never to happen again. When Columbus discovered America the only inhabitants were pagan savages. Until 1843, when Father Blanchet became Vicar Apostolic of the Oregon mission, the Pacific Coast, got its Bishops from Spain. Had Father Francis Norbert Blanchet of 1843 lived in our day and had to seek episcopal consecration outside of his own territory, he could reach Montreal from far Oregon in a few days by rail, and by airship in less than a day. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—The times change and we change with them. Let me make an end with the concluding words of the sketch of this pioneer Bishop that appears in the Catholic Encyclopaedia (*loc. cit.*) He found on the Pacific Coast a wilderness, spiritual as well as material; he left, after forty-six years of heroic work, a well-provided ecclesiastical province. His name will be forever illustrious in the history of the Church in America as the first Archbishop of the Northwest and the Apostle of Oregon.



THE VISITATION OF ELIZABETH—Rembrandt, 1608-1669.
Detroit Institute of Art.

"THE VISITATION," BY REMBRANDT

By ARDA.

THE Scripture relates how "Mary arose and went into the hill country to the house of her cousin Elizabeth and saluted her." This meeting is styled the "Visitation" and sometimes "The Salutation of Elizabeth." "Whence it is to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to visit me," spoke Elizabeth through the influence of the Holy Spirit. We are told of Elizabeth that she was righteous before the Lord "Walking in all His commandments, blameless." Mary loved and honoured Elizabeth and having heard that Elizabeth had been exalted to a miraculous motherhood, made haste to visit her. Thus they met, "these two mothers of two great princes of whom one was pronounced the greatest born of woman and the other was his Lord."

Rembrandt's representation of this scene differs considerably from that of the earlier times, being staged in the more natural surroundings of his own epoch. Elevation of character as shown in the Italian School may be absent, but the artist has given a truth and intensity of expression most appropriate to the sacred persons. Here we have a scene of the artist's own time and every-day life laid in the front of the house of Zachary and Elizabeth. In almost reverential pose Elizabeth has descended the steps and is embracing with outstretched arms the Virgin Mary, who appears to have just alighted from her journey. How stately and dignified, yet modest, confident and calm she stands! The face of Elizabeth shows care and devotion as she speaks in sincere humility and joy, "How is it that the Mother of my Lord should come to visit me!" The aged Zachary, whose body and hands seem to tremble as he hurries down the steps to welcome his guest, is being supported by a youth. He is one of those types of old men for whose characterization Rembrandt has always been famous and the features resemble those of his own father. Behind Mary stands an olive-skinned, bare-footed attendant

in the act of removing a mantle from the shoulders of the guest. In the back-ground St. Joseph holds the ass on which Mary has journeyed; a peacock with a gem-like train and a hen with a brood of chickens are in the foreground.

The costumes are of Rembrandt's time and yet in spite of this realism a mystical, transcendental effect is produced by means of the colour, lighting and spacing.

The palace with its huge columns is on the top of a hill, permitting a distant view of Jerusalem in a valley, in the dim light of the late afternoon. A Gothic cathedral dominates many houses, chimneys and gables, while nearer are the strong city walls and a viaduct over a deep valley. On a road in the valley is a man driving his horse. Between the steps and the valley, space effect has been secured by placing St. Joseph and the donkey so that they are partly hidden by the ridge.

The panel has a curved top and is only twenty-two and a quarter inches high and eighteen and seven-eighths inches wide. The artist's name, "Rembrandt, 1640," is signed in the centre of the lowest step. The picture is in a state of excellent preservation, having all the jewel-like fineness of touch peculiar to the artist's early years, yet in the precision of design, in the refinement of the colour combination which has its centre in Our Lady's blue dress and mantle and Elizabeth's warm red costume, we recognize the mature artist.

Here the mysterious powers of light and shade are at their best in the master's hand. The great, gloomy background; the brilliant concentration of light on the central group, repeated in delightful rhythm on Zachary, on his helper and again in the foreground on the little half-shorn poodle, who is spellbound, awed, when in the natural way he should frolic and bark to greet the guests. His lights reveal the miracle of delicate colouring and no reproduction can do justice to the marvellous original with its rich colour harmonies, and golden glow suffusing the scene. Luminous shadows full of atmosphere play about in intricate patterning and in subtle and various gradations. The high classic pillars, in opposition to the almost horizontal lines of the steps which end in gentle

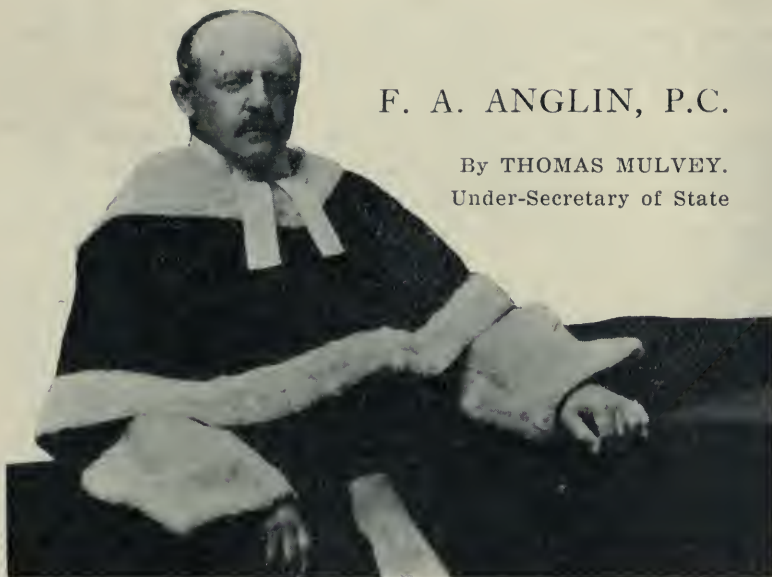
curves give dignity. The impression of the far-reaching landscape to the right, is worked out by the light from the upper right, permeating through deep shade.

Though the representation thus conceived appears like a scene of every-day life, nothing can be more poetical than the treatment, nor more intensely true and noble than the expression of diminutive figures, nor more masterly in finish than the execution, nor more magical and lustrous than the effect of the whole.

The original of the picture was purchased by the Detroit Institute of Art, and had formerly been in possession of the Duke of Sardinia, the Duke of Westminster and Alfred de Rothschild of Halton Manor, England. In Florence there is a "Visitation" by Albertinelli, famed for its large and solemn beauty and religious significance which is worthy of being placed over an altar on which we might offer up the precious work of Rembrandt as men offer incense, gems and gold.

O Flower in the garden bed,
You are not sweet as others are;
You can not balm and sweetness shed,
O gold, brown-spotted star!

And yet I love you for your name,
A name, they gave you when, of old,
Our Lady's love made world's aflame:
They called you Mary's Gold.



F. A. ANGLIN, P.C.

By THOMAS MULVEY.
Under-Secretary of State

FRANK ANGLIN and I first met at Easter time in the year 1879. He was then a student at St. Mary's College, the English Jesuit College of Montreal, and I was preparing at St. Michael's College for my matriculation at the University of Toronto. We exchanged our school-boy views of the academic questions, and discussed the appropriate place for our future advancement. Since that time we have been very good friends. We crossed swords many times later on in discussing legal questions, but our friendship was not in that way upset.

These are the mile posts:

1865--Born April 2nd, Saint John, N.B. Father—Timothy Warren Anglin, Speaker of House, 1874-78, and sometime associate Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto.

Schools—St. Mary's College, Ottawa (Jesuit); Ottawa University, Graduate of 1885, Graduate in Law, Gold Medalist, Honour Student; Called to Bar, Hilary Term, 1888, at age 23.

- 1892—Married Harriet Isabel, daughter of Archibald Fraser, of Fraserfield, Glengarry, niece of the late Sir Richard Scott and of the late Honourable D. A. Macdonald, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.
- 1896-99—Surrogate Clerk, Ontario, temporarily, in succession to his father.
- 1902—Appointed King's Counsel.
- 1904—Judge, Supreme Court of Ontario.
- 1906—Commissioner for the Revision of the Statute Law of Ontario.
- 1909—Judge, Supreme Court of Canada.
- 1923—Canadian Nominee for International Court of Justice.
- 1924—Chief Justice of Canada, succeeding Sir Louis Davies.
- 1924—December 30th, made Knight Commander Saint Gregory the Great.
- 1925—February 6th, appointed to the Imperial Privy Council, and sworn in by His Majesty the King, July, 1926.
- 1925—April, made Honourary Member Inner Temple.
- 1930—Honourary LL.D., University of New Brunswick.
- 1930—November 8th, made Knight Grand Cross Saint Gregory the Great.
- 1933—February 28th, retired from Supreme Court of Canada.
- 1933—March 2nd, died at Ottawa.
- Last audience with Pope, December, 1931.

Immediately after his admission to the Bar he entered into partnership with the late Denis A. O'Sullivan, K.C., who had previously for many years been Counsel for the Episcopal Corporation of the Diocese of Toronto, and after Mr. O'Sullivan's death he continued in that position until he was elevated to the Bench. As legal adviser of the Archbishop of Toronto he was of incalculable service to the Church, but his service did not end with his legal activity. His musical ability was very considerable. He had a fine baritone voice, and was always ready for the demands of any Toronto choir. He sang frequently both at St. Michael's Cathedral and at St. Basil's. His musical training is vouched for by the fact that he published several productions, amongst them "Salve Regina" and "Ave Verum." Moreover, his Catholic activities were not confined to local matters. He was an intimate friend, and for many years a correspondent with, His Eminence Cardinal

Bourne. It was through his activity and his influence with the Hierarchy of Canada that prayers for the King and the Royal Family are said in all Churches at the High Mass each Sunday.

An incident that happened early in the year 1899 may be worth mentioning: After the return of Sir Wilfred Laurier's Government in 1897, a number of Catholics of all shades of politics at Toronto found it advisable that greater recognition should be given in public appointments to qualified Catholics, and an association with this in view was established and carried on for several years. Anglin was one of the members. At a meeting held in February, 1899, the question of the appointment of a County Court Judge came up for consideration. Anglin's name was mentioned for it, but I was able to pass on to him a statement by a prominent member of the Government that he was considered to be of too good material for a position of that kind. He moved a resolution in which a mutual friend was recommended for the County Court Judgeship, and was appointed. Later the promise of a position suitable for Anglin's capacity was carried out when he was appointed to the Supreme Court of Ontario. It is interesting to note that at the meeting to which I refer, Frank Latchford was named as Chairman of the organization, with the result of his political preferment and subsequent advance to the Bench, and to his present position of Chief Justice of the Second Appellate Division of Ontario.

The first reaction to this incident is that it was fortunate that Anglin was not hidden away in a County Judgeship. His tenacity and capacity would not have permitted him to be hidden away.

This is scarcely the place to describe the growth and maturity of the late Chief Justice as a lawyer. The Law Reports indicate, by his considered judgments, the extent and breadth of his legal knowledge. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council accepted one of his decisions which made an advance in the study of a most difficult question—the Law of Contributory Negligence, and the late Lord Haldane, in the Judicial

Committee of the Privy Council, remarked that on reading his judgments which came before the Committee in appeal, they always contained material that was of assistance.

The late Chief Justice was trained in the principles of the common law of England, and when he reached the Supreme Court of Canada it is not likely that his knowledge of civil law was extensive. Nevertheless, very shortly he became a sound civilian, with an accurate knowledge of the fundamental principles of the law of the Province of Quebec.

It cannot be taken as a coincidence, as the members of the Supreme Court of Canada have always been highly personally regarded both for their character and ability, nevertheless while Chief Justice Anglin presided in the Court, its standing, in the minds of both the legal profession and the public community at large, attained a position for soundness and authority which it had never had at any time during its prior history. It must be borne in mind that the internal working of any Court requires very considerable administrative ability of the Chief Justice, and there can be no doubt that this popular advance with regard to the Supreme Court was due to him.

The unusual honour in the election of the late Chief Justice as an Honourary Bencher of the Inner Temple should be pointed out, and it shows the high regard in which he was held by the English Bar.

He always thought for himself. He was a loyal British subject, and when the situation of Ireland was a subject for consideration of Irishmen in Canada, he was a loyal Irishman, and always advocated constitutional methods. But beyond this he was a loyal Canadian. While he was ready to follow the examples of other countries, he first considered such examples from a Canadian standpoint to the extent to which they were of advantage to Canada.

The late Chief Justice was appointed Commander of the Order of Saint Gregory the Great by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. This is one of the highest honours for the laity. In fact, there are only two which precede it, namely, the Supreme

Order of Christ and the Order of Pius IX. This Order was founded by Pope Gregory XVI. in the year 1831 to reward the civil and military virtues of subjects of the Papal States. The Order consists of four classes: Grand Cross Knight of the first class; Grand Cross Knight of the second class; Commanders and Simple Knights.

There was an undercurrent of criticism at the time this decoration was conferred upon the Chief Justice, it being suggested that under the circumstances it should not have been received or worn. Undoubtedly the King's Regulations provide that no subject of His Majesty should accept or wear the insignia of a foreign Order without having obtained His Majesty's permission to do so. There can be no doubt but that the foreign Order referred to in the King's Regulations is intended to mean an Order created and established by a foreign sovereign, the underlying idea being that a British subject should not place himself under obligation to a foreign ruler without the permission of the King. At the time of granting this honour, His Holiness the Pope could not then be considered in the position of a foreign sovereign. He had no territorial authority whatever. The Order was established to honour the subjects of the Papal States. On the fall of the Papal States the Order was continued to honour outstanding supporters of the Papacy throughout the world. At that time His Holiness had no subjects in the usually accepted meaning of the word. In a religious sense, all Catholics on earth are his subjects, but this expresses a quite different notion from that implied in the King's Regulations.

Subsequently the Chief Justice was promoted to the highest Class of the Order of Saint Gregory the Great—a Knight Grand Cross. It is interesting that subsequent to the appointment to the Order, and prior to the promotion, the status of the Pope changed, and His Holiness became the Sovereign of the Vatican City. The criticism in this matter is entirely due to the resolution of Parliament in the year 1919 requesting His Majesty not to confer honours on Canadians, and it is implied, of course, that His Majesty could not be asked for

permission to wear a foreign honour when Canadians were precluded by the resolution referred to from accepting one from His Majesty himself. The recent promotions of holders of Orders appear to be quite similar to that of the late Chief Justice.

Chief Justice Angin was a practical Catholic. His family life was exemplary. He was a sound lawyer and an upward Judge. But he was more than this. He was saturated in Catholic culture, and it radiated from him in all the actions of his life.

To every soul there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.



ST. JEANNE TRIUMPHANTLY ENTERS ORLEANS.

SWORD OF GOD

By "POLMAISE."

"Consider this unique and imposing distinction. Since the writing of human history began, Joan of Arc is the only person, of either sex, who has ever held the supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen."

THE tribute is from Louis Kossuth.

And now comes the ultimate Catholic portrait of St. Jeanne from the pen of Guy Endore.* And there is no mumbo jumbo about Endore. George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" he shows to be the febrile creation of one who fitted fact into the design of an ill-founded and preposterous theory. Anatole France fares little better. Those who would explain Jeanne in the jargon of Freud or some Russellite hypothesis of hormones are laughed out of court. Without any preconceived rationalization but with gigantic research, this new book gives us the objective facts. Guy Endore professes his adherence to Judaism. He approaches his work not from a faith which would willingly accept miracles, but *from a reason which resolutely refuses to dismiss the supernatural because it cannot comprehend.*

St. Jeanne is an astounding fact.

The years 1412 and 1431 embrace the entire life of la Pucelle. Her passage from the obscure village of Domremy to the stirring incidents of Orleans, Patay, Rheims, and her death at Rouen happened within the brief space of three years.

Her story occupies the loftiest place possible to human achievement, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal. In vision, faith, loveliness of girlhood and sound military achievement, it is flawless, it is ideally and exquisitely perfect.

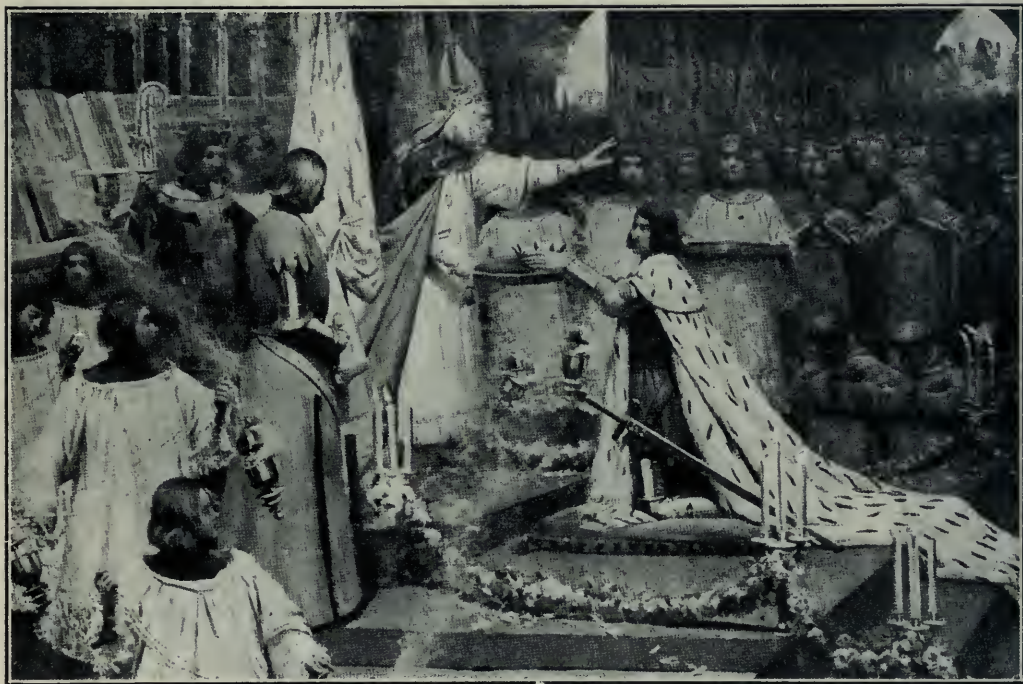
St. Jeanne found France a great nation, helplessly and hopelessly crushed, its treasury exhausted, its soldiery disheartened

*"The Sword of God: Jeanne d'Arc," by Guy Endore, New York; Farrar and Rinehart, \$3.50.

and dispersed, its chivalry torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people through long years of outrage and contumely.

The little girl-saint laid her hand on this corpse—and France arose.

That is the astounding *fact*. A touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery. The flash of a “sword” of God.



ST. JEANNE ASSISTS AT THE CROWNING OF THE KING AT RHEIMS.

In the glow of that strange “fire,” consider the actual details of history.

Jeanne’s childhood, like that of the “Little Flower” of Lisieux, was that of a singularly pious young girl who often knelt in prayer and who loved the poor tenderly. She tended sheep. As she wandered with her flock, her “Voices” revealed to her the great mission of delivering France. They reiterated:

“It is God that commands it.” And little Jeanne d’Arc went forth.

Her antagonists were the great Talbot, Fastolf and the Earl of Suffolk, the world’s greatest generals of the day; and their armies covered the provinces of France and held every centre of military vantage.

Jeanne had a search made for an ancient sword buried, her “Voices” averred, behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catherine de-Fierbois. Girt with this sword, she raised her standard, a quaint oriflamme of white silk bearing the words “Jhesus-Maria” and a picture of God the Father, and kneeling angels presenting a fleur-de-lis.

In one year she delivered France.

A manuscript, which still exists, and which attests its receipt in Brussels *before* any of the events referred to received their fulfilment, chronicles her claim that she would “save Orleans, compel the English to raise the siege, that she herself would be wounded by a shaft in a battle before Orleans, and that she would in the course of the coming summer have the King crowned at Rheims.”

The English were routed.

Campaign followed campaign, culminating in the great victory of Patay. *Two months after she had assumed command of the armies of France, little St. Jeanne dominated the strategy of Europe.*

Throughout the crash of arms the armour-clad Maid was ever at the head of her troops, a fearless Knight. And yet with all she retained the sweet gentleness and simplicity of Domremy. It was her habit, after a fray, to make the rounds of the battle-field with an old priest and minister to the poor wounded English soldiers, a wistful, unselfish little girl-saint.

On July 17th, 1429, in the historic Cathedral of Rheims, Charles VII. was solemnly crowned—with la Pucelle standing by with her standard, for—as she explained—“as it had shared in the toil, it was but just that it should share in the victory.”

When she had rescued her King from his vagabondage, set



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JEANNE AT ROUEN.

his crown on his head, she was offered rewards and honours; but Jeanne refused them all and would take nothing. All she would take for herself, if the King would grant it, was leave to go back to her village home, and tend her sheep and feel her mother's arms about her and be her house-maid and helper.

Endore writes that the rightness of Persia or Egypt in the wars they waged centuries before Christ can be settled because no one now cares how the question is decided. "But the Jeanne d'Arc question is alive. Therefore, it cannot be settled. Why is the Jeanne d'Arc question alive? Because the Catholic Church is still alive. Because people can still dispute concerning the possibility of miracles, of visions, etc. Because England and France are alive. Because the sore spot of which she was the centre in her day is still to-day a sore spot, which must not be touched *indelicately*."

The circumstances of her disgraceful betrayal and martyrdom are well-known. Her demeanour at the stake was such as to move even her most bitter enemies to tears. She asked for a cross, which, after she embraced it, was held up before her while she called continually on the name of Jesus.

"Until the last," said Manchon, the recorder of the Trial, "she declared her "Voices" came from God and had not deceived her."

The story of St. Jeanne d'Arc, Deliverer of France, can be measured by the standards of all times. Judged by any or by all she will ever be acknowledged the most noble child, the most innocent, lovely human character the ages have produced.

O endless day, without or cloud or shade,
No power can snatch from me thy glory all divine!
The passing show of earth from off my sight doth fade,
And heaven is mine.

REVEREND VINCENT J. MURPHY, C.S.B.

By REVEREND M. V. KELLY, C.S.B.

A STUDENT of rare ability, leading his class, imbued with an earnest, unostentatious piety, studious, dutiful, even



FATHER VINCENT J. MURPHY, C.S.B.

beyond the wishes of the most exacting, attractive in appearance, and still more winning in disposition, modest, genial, courteous, excelling on the athletic field no less than in the class-room, — such he was throughout the years of youth, growth and formation.

A priest, a religious, scrupulously devoted to every duty imposed by his calling, zealous, fervent and edify-

ing, declining no task however tedious, shirking no responsibility however onerous, gracious and deferential to the opinions and wishes of others,—thus was his career begun.

Add to all this a competency which seemed to guarantee success in everything undertaken. Succeeding years showed the teacher whose pupils achieved the best results, the organizer whose baseball or football team always seemed to win, later the financier entrusted with the temporal interests of his college, and evincing a rare efficiency which apparently

took little time to acquire, finally the preacher possessed of all the gifts required to make a great pulpit orator.

Of the future nothing was too much to expect,—great responsibilities to be assumed, great results to be achieved in the highest of causes, influence for good, far-reaching and always more and more irresistible. No position of authority or power would apparently be beyond the capacity of this richly endowed and ever faithful worker in the Master's vineyard.

But an all-ruling Providence, whose ways are so often mysterious, would have it otherwise. God would be served in another and higher way. He has no need of our achievements. What are all our gifts, our efforts, our successes to Him whose power knows no limit? Through unspeakable kindness He will condescend to make use of us, almost to seem to have need of us, and with many gratifying results will bless our humble efforts in His service. But we must not forget that all this is merely condescension to our weakness. What He looks for above all is a faithfulness to His wishes, a willingness to bear whatever He sends us, a resignation of ourselves and of everything we prize, into His Fatherly hands.

In response to a call such as this, Father Vincent Murphy was to spend the greater part of his last fifteen years. In the midst of his most devoted efforts and while still in the prime of life, the continuous strain proved too much for his physical strength. Owing to a loss of health never to be regained, a spirit of activity, of zeal, of enthusiasm for duty had to yield to a spirit of patience and of submission to the most harrowing experiences. Gradually, more and more was exacted of him. Succeeding years brought new troubles or aggravated those already long-endured. A Father in heaven was asking for greater and greater sacrifices.

Almost might it be said that his acquiescence was complete. How generously he would have given a long life of unbroken service and toil in the daily recurring duties of a fervent priest and religious. All would have been a labour of love. Instead he was deprived of all. First health, then every

thought of accomplishing cherished purposes, all hope of ministering to souls, every prospect of preaching God's word to them. The same loss of strength which made work an impossibility called him from every form of relaxation, until eventually, even his confreres, the members of a devoted family, the love of a surviving father and mother, offered but little relief and scarcely served to mitigate the sufferings of a never-ceasing struggle.

There was nothing left but life, and as he had long since surrendered every prize that this world had to offer, death had no terrors for him. Everything had been given to God and he had only to await the hour when it would be God's turn to recognize the sacrifices so generously offered in obedience to His holy will.

In what consisted his life-work? The world would dwell with admiration upon those earlier years, replete with energy, so readily expended and so wisely and effectively directed. Nor shall we be disposed to discount the world's estimate as we recall the many things accomplished during that period. The world, however, would take little account of the years that followed. Only God and His angels know of the harvest of souls gathered in when it was no longer his to act, but to bear and to bear heroically. By the Cross, the Saviour of Mankind opened heaven to all; by carrying the Cross and following Him, this faithful disciple fulfilled his mission on earth.

Within my spirit's garden-plot
Love grew—a rose-tree, golden-hued;
To earth it dropped, and flourished not
Until I bound it to Christ's Rood.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF SUGGESTION

By J. R. MURRAY.

SUGGESTION is a very popular subject, although its popularity is sporadic. We do not know when the great wide world will participate again in one of those larks, when a certain way of suggesting old things is supposed to be strangely, magnetically new, and many books and pamphlets and articles are put up in a day for our information—and read almost through.

Suggestion is not, and never will be a dead issue among a few types of persons which are perennial, and they, to do them credit, usually have no care what others think or say about their efforts to use as well as talk it. At the times when what we call the popular spotlight swings amiably towards their camp, the generals of their movements appear. Their brilliancy is amazing. But when the spotlight moves on, things quickly settle down.

The latest manifestation of this sort is easy to remember. The name of Emile Coué was magic. It swept France—all Europe—then this country. The newspapers at that time gave to the man of magic more prominence than we might suppose they would do a crowned head, if royalty should condescend to visit the democratic shores of America. Forty thousand consultations in a year was only one of the accomplishments of this new proponent of suggestion. Christian Science was sent into total eclipse.

At one point, however, someone may have made the suggestion that of suggestion enough was had, and the reaction was unexpectedly successful. It became violent in both England and America. Indeed the ultimate verdict of the great writers was very plainly that Coué was not one whit better than many a circus-performer.

The extreme opinions expressed served the purpose of re-establishing a more sensible view of suggestion, but there

must remain through the thick and thin of praise and opposition the plain truth that in suggestion there is some value, the extent of which is to be judged carefully, and not to be emphasized magnificently. In the face of all the potentialities which are so often advertised for suggestion, no excuse is needed, therefore, for saying that he who preaches suggestion, preaches not a mountain, but a mole-hill.

In the system of mental suggestion which Coué proposed the effects claimed were more prominently therapeutic; cures were made, and made by mental healing—the method was a substitution of mental endeavour for drugs. The name of “faith-cures” is often applied to this practice, and abusively, since faith should be Divine faith. In fact the miracles which God works at shrines as a reward for the Divine faith of the elients who there implore His grace, were and are commonly supposed to be replaced by this more or less charlatan system of beneficial agency. From the Catholic viewpoint this is usurpation: no one indeed can take God’s place.

But the essential particular, which we know by the general consensus of its practitioners, and the one we must question, is that suggestion’s power is the power of fancy or imagination, by them whimsically designated the subjective mind. The theory is, in short, that a line of action put into the imagination has its effect on the subconscious self, and inevitably has a practical, and perhaps wonderful outcome.

THE AVAILS OF FANCY.

The truth is rather that the admitted power of fancy, or imagination, has a small, narrow compass of influence.

In nervous subjects that influence can be expanded, and if to such a degree that it runs amuck, they simply “go off their heads.” Also it is clear that fancy can cure any disease it causes; if the cause of any disease is removed, the cure will be effected, evidently. Thus, emotional diseases can be treated through the fancy and creditable results obtained.

It is an altogether materialistic view of mind and fancy, however, to identify the two. It pertains to a materialistic

definition of mentality both to say mind is in luminous brain vibrations, and to add that they are perhaps not different in kind, but only in mode, from the vibrations that conduct the functions of the body, in order to make a distinction between the conscious and the subconscious. If it were true, we could say by our knowledge of physical science that the functions of the body and even of nature, the great world outside the body, could be reached in vibrations; and we could suppose that fancy would be capable of beginning a message that might be directed to the whole economy of the bodily functions, then to the material world, and through it to other minds. In fact, telepathy or secret communication would be possible at last. The supposition is that the vibrations of all animate and even inanimate nature are substantially the same as the vibrations of thought. We could compare this to the colour scheme lying between red and violet, beyond which there are short waves like the ultra-violet, and long waves like the ultra-red, which extend themselves illimitably, and carry the primary impulses of conscious fancy, so that the prismatic colours which are visible to us are the vibrations of fancy, and the other manifold rays, long or short, extend onwards to convey the conscious fancy vibrations that received primarily the suggestion.

CONTRAST OF MIND AND FANCY.

But what is the real distinction of mind and fancy? The old one. There is an inorganic mind (the true intellectual mind), and there is the organic, or in a more scholastic term, the fantasy, located in the brain, and designed to bring up individual pictures of the present and past: it is something in the way of an album.

We could illustrate the working of the mind and of the fantasy in the following way:

Leo XIII. was taken in the Standard Dictionary to be the type of the Caucasian. One of the human races and Leo XIII. were thus said to have a definite relation of identity. With the

purpose of showing that mind is not matter, we now ask if Leo XIII. could be predicated of any other man. Can we say Pius X. is Leo XIII. though both are Caucasians? Have we not something else but the individuality of Leo XIII. to represent the Caucasian? Could this, if we have it, be imprinted on any organ like a picture of Leo XIII. on paper? Or could we make of two or three pictures of men of the Caucasian race a "composite photograph" or, in an inexact term now in use, a "generic image" which would represent the typical Caucasian and each member? If the two or three happened to have grey hair or no hair at all, then every Caucasian would have to have grey hair or no hair at all.

The answer is that we have something besides Leo XIII. to represent a class; that something cannot be imprinted on paper like a picture, and can not, therefore, be imprinted on the brain, because the brain is matter as well as paper, capable of receiving individual pictures, and not more. No one can gainsay that.

We arrive in this way at a breaking-off point,—from matter. What is the something that will apply not only to Leo XIII., the type of the Caucasian, but to all Caucasians? What is the something we might obtain from Leo XIII. alone, and could apply to other individuals in as much as they answer its class requirements. That something is the universal "idea," the class thought, totally different from a composite picture or image, from fancies or phantasms, which are the pictures of individual things.

We may recognize the picture of Leo XIII. by the phantasm we have of another picture we have seen; an ethnologist would determine him to be a typical Caucasian through predetermined class thoughts, purely intellectual, predicable of an indefinite number of Caucasians. He might possibly never before have seen a picture of Leo XIII.

We have said enough perhaps about the mind and sense, or the intellect and fantasy. Following those two in close relation are the corresponding appetites, the intellectual appetite following the mind, which is called the will, and the sensitive

appetites following the objects of fancy, resident in organs, and commonly called the emotions or passions.

Thus, four faculties, the mind, fancy, will and emotions are those to which a suggestion can be made.

COUÉ'S GREAT MISTAKE.

The points of reception of suggestion being four, how are we to get the greatest value from suggestion? Coué chose fancy as the faculty that gives suggestion all its efficiency. He even deprecated the use of the will or the emotions; and strangely, very many who practise psychotherapy agree with him in that point. From that one-sided view was formulated the catch-word: "Every day in every way, I grow better and better." One could paraphrase the meaning of this: "It does not matter very much whether I wish it or not, so long as I get myself to imagine I'm growing better, unconsciously there will be an improvement." Success follows not by willing but by an imagination that sees as already accomplished that which is desired.

If we should borrow from medicine a lemma (and we need not hesitate as to this particular truth, the doctors will tell us, for they are unanimous in its regard), we can state that at the basis of mental therapeutics is the tremendous influence of the fancy over the emotions. For example, a man walking a rope ten inches from the ground will usually be far steadier than if he were a hundred feet high. The reason is that the emotion of fear makes him tremble. And since he sees in fancy what might happen to him, the fear is all the greater. And the emotions or passions, in turn, have an immense effect on the functions of the whole body. They can even change its secretions from alkaline to acid. Bad news may give us indigestion; so many, therefore, do not read mail before breakfast. The emotions of sorrow and joy result in real changes in the beating of the heart. Fear makes the eyes dilate, the hair stand on end, the breath catch, the skin prickle, the voice husky, the mouth dry, the face pale, and the stomach seem to sink. A cry of "Fire" in a theatre has given the

writer all those reactions. The hearing of that simple word had an almost ungovernable power, which would have practically forced me to run had it not been broken down by the greater fear of being trampled upon.

We have undoubtedly a great medium of therapeutic communications, not in fancy, but in the passions which fancy stimulates. Coué was utterly wrong.

When we are sick, we do not naturally long for an exercise of our imagination or fancy, so much as we long for a bed in a sunny room with blue walls and with windows with beautiful views. A picture of all that in the fancy may help. But it is not nearly so good as the actual thing. Our reactions to the pleasant surroundings will settle our nerves and our emotions, and it is the soothing emotions that effect the improvement.

THE WORKSHOP OF SUGGESTION.

If suggestion has any power, then, to what faculty should it primarily appeal? Remembering that the intellectual mind is the real ecome of man, perhaps suggestion should be made most often in the form of ideals. It would really be mental, intellectual suggestion. In practice, too, who can deny that it is the person with ideals who gets there? For him the ultimate goal conquers present difficulties, the standard that measures the cloth of life. And if there is intellectual suggestion, there is at once suggestion to the will, and through it an effort can be made in some degree to influence the fancy, to rectify it if it is disordered.

But there remains the conclusion which the correct distinction of faculties and experience makes obvious, that therapeutics or mental healing by suggestion must appeal very largely to the passions. If we could stimulate a healthy functioning of the heart and other organs as far as we can by the known methods, we could help recovery of health to some extent in ourselves or others.

Outside that narrow compass suggestion is a delusion, and perhaps categorically it should be called a fake on account of its pretensions.

A MODERN EDUCATOR

By THE VERY REVEREND R. PITTINI, S.C.

IN a few lines we wish to introduce to our readers Blessed John Bosco, or Don Bosco as he is known to the world in general. At present his cause for canonization is a source of prime interest to us.

He is a world figure, and, according to Pope Pius XI., will have a place among the brightest stars of Catholic activity.

THE EDUCATOR.

The greatness of Don Bosco is manifold, yet he will be always characterized as "the outstanding educator; the best friend of needy youth," of our times. His life was totally consumed among youth, and his two branch societies, the Salesian Fathers and the Salesian Sisters, grown up in half a century to a membership of almost twenty thousand, have carried his new methods, spirit and programme, in about thirteen hundred educational institutions, throughout the world.

They are called Salesians from their patron, St. Francis de Sales, whose characteristic spirit of meekness, gentleness, charity and patience lies at the root of Don Bosco's method of education.

The essence of this method consists in substituting superiority by loving paternity in the educator's authority; in creating a permanent friendly contract between educators and pupils as a means of preventing faults and sin, and as a source of powerful moral influence; in infusing an air of confidence, cheerfulness and joy in the educational environment; and in promoting a spontaneous, sincere, deep religious conviction and practice as a supernatural prop to youthful fragility and irreflection.

Such a system is reasonable, and its results so complete, that its universal adoption will soon be recognized as an in-

dispensable condition for the successful training of modern youth.

HIS LIFE.

Don Bosco was born in Piedmont, Italy, in 1815, of humble farmers, economically poor, but very rich morally and religiously. His mother, Margaret, a widow of twenty-nine, was a guardian angel to her three boys, but especially to John, her youngest.

Endowed with unusual gifts, and following a supernatural call, he early turned his thoughts towards the holy priesthood, and only by overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles, he finally reached the altar.

His first provincial field was the capital of Piedmont, Turin; the first absorbing object of his attraction, the poor abandoned boys of that industrial city. He became their friend, their father, their king.

The history of his achievements from his first meeting a poor lad, Bartholomew Garelli, in the sacristy of St. Francis of Assisi, Turin, December 8th, 1841, to the immense educational organization he left behind, when he went to his reward on January 31st, 1888, constitute one of the most thrilling romances and a golden page of Catholic history.

To outline it even in a few pages is quite impossible, but in recent years interesting biographies of Don Bosco have been published.

Don Bosco's beatification took place with an immense solemnity in Rome on June 2nd, 1929. His probable canonization will bring to the height of Catholic glorification a humble priest, who lived among and for humble needy children. The evangelical statement, "he went about doing good," is the best definition of Don Bosco's life.

DON BOSCO'S LAST MESSAGE TO HIS FRIENDS.

I feel that I am leaving you and I foresee the day approaches when I must pay my tribute to death and descend into the grave. Should my presentiments be fulfilled and this

letter be the last you receive from me, my last souvenir is: I recommend to your charity all the works which God has deigned to intrust to me during the last fifty years; *the Christian education of youth, ecclesiastical vocations and foreign missions*. I particularly recommend poor, desolate children to your care, who were always dear to my heart and who, I hope will be, through the merits of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, my joy and my crown in heaven. Now I invoke God's benediction on you. May He deign to pour His most precious blessings on you and yours! If my prayer is heard, you will have happy lives; lives full of merit; crowned, on the day God has fixed, with the death of the just. For this end the Salesians and all pupils of our institutions unite their prayers daily with mine; and, through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and of St Francis of Sales, we have a firm and sweet hope of being all united in eternal bliss. Have the charity to pray in your turn for me, who am, with the deepest gratitude, my well-beloved Co-operators,

Your humble and devoted servant,

John Bosco.

Turin Italy, December, 1887.

THE SUNBEAM.

A ladder from the Land of Light,
I rest upon the sod,
Whence dewy angels of the night
Climb back again to God.

—Father Tabb.

CHURCH MUSIC

By REVEREND J. E. RONAN.

ONE of the outstanding features of the Catholic Church is the grandeur with which she surrounds the public worship of God. You may follow the Church into any land where she has made known the Name of the Most High, and there you will find the eternal mountains have been hewn and fashioned into majestic temples where He may be adored. These temples you will find adorned with the richest jewels, the choicest woods, and the purest marbles that nature can furnish, while within these stately structures beneath the lofty dome, the graceful arch, the King of Kings is honored with an external display of reverence, solemnity and devotion such as never was accorded any earthly monarch.

And this, our faith tells us, is all as it ought to be. The emblazoned altar, the reverential lights, the shining vestments, the dignified and graceful ceremonial, the solemn strains of music, — all these are none too significant to bespeak our faith in God's majestic presence. We make our religious functions beautiful because the dignity of divine worship requires it. But there is another reason, and it is to be found in the very nature of man. We are human; we have a body as well as a soul; we have emotions and sentiment as well as intellect and will, and it is neither natural nor inspiring to present our religion to us as a matter of cold logic without any appeal to our sensible nature. While it would be utter folly to say that sacred art could ever take the place of dogma, of catechism, or of the pulpit message, yet we do say that the beauty of religion is inseparable from its truth. Beauty is the splendour of the truth. And it is a plain, psychological fact that we can pray better and assist better at the Holy Sacrifice when we do so in an environment of chaste and appropriate art.

Considering this, we are not surprised that the Church has always been watchful and unbending in her adherence to the

highest principles of sacred art when it is used in the adornment of her solemn liturgical functions. Although the Church, knowing the great power of art, and the delight it gives her children, is always ready to encourage its use and its improvement, nevertheless she finds that it, like all human activities, has a tendency to excess, and needs discipline, as well as sanctifying inspiration. Music, particularly, has required repeated legislation throughout the centuries, and this for many reasons. Music, of all the arts, is perhaps the most direct and immediate in its appeal. It is a form of expression in which all the faithful can participate, and hence, it is apt to suffer from the excesses of popular taste and vanity. Moreover, music is capable of making itself far too impressive, far too prominent and obtrusive, turning the church into a concert hall or theatre, using religion for its own glory, rather than humbling itself for the glory of God.

The harm that can be done to religion by allowing free rein to Church music is in proportion to human vanity and the power that music has to dispose human beings. If you doubt this power, then try to answer for yourself the following questions: Why is so much of our recreation time spent in listening to music? Why is radio advertising always sugar-coated with music? Why is there a band and bugle to accompany the soldier as he marches off to war? During the recent broadcast of President Roosevelt's inauguration ceremony a great part of the time was given over to the playing of stirring national airs—and why? What message is there in "La Marseillaise" for the Frenchman, the "Star Spangled Banner" for the American; "God Save the King" for the Englishman? Why was the Bard in Ireland a man of such influence? and why did Queen Elizabeth say: "We never can make Ireland Protestant as long as the minstrels are there? What kind of world would this be if there was no "sound of music" in church or theatre, school or home?

Music has always been associated with Christianity, since the first Christmas night, when the shepherds heard the Divine symphony and the heavenly choirs that were summoned to

celebrate the birthday of the Infant Christ. "Song has come to us from the angels, and symphony has its source in heaven," writes Chateaubriand in his "Genius of Christianity." "Music," writes Cardinal Newman, "is the expression of ideas greater and more profound than any in the visible world. Ideas which centre, indeed, in Him Whom Catholicism manifests, Who is the seat of all beauty, order and perfection . . . Is it possible that the inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so varied yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? . . . It is not so, it cannot be. No! they have escaped from a higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sounds, they are the echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels or the magnificent of saints."

The present Holy Father is not the one to occupy himself with mere trifles, and yet he has considered Church music of such importance that he has issued a constitution "Divini Cultus," addressed to bishops, priests, religious and the faithful throughout the universal Church, insisting upon diligence and zeal in its development and reform. Pope Benedict XV. issued several instructions on the same subject. And the great and saintly Pope Pius X. issued his "Motu Proprio" on Church music as the first public act of his pontificate. We shall not here discuss the details of these documents. But we can say that no choir master or person interested in Church music can find other reading more instructive or inspiring than the pages of the "Divini Cultus" or the "Motu Proprio." It is not always pleasant to do things simply because we are commanded, but every zealous Catholic will find it a joy to hear the Voice of the Church and co-operate with her in sanctifying the arts for the greater glory of God. Church music reform is good because it is commanded. Conversely, let us say, it is commanded because it is good.

FATHER GABRIEL DE LA RIBOURDE

Recollet

BY THE REVEREND E. KELLY.

Gabriel de la Ribourde, born at Brie about 1620, gave up all the world could offer to the last scion of a noble Burgundian family, to enter the Order of Recollets. After more than thirty years devoted to works of his Order in his native France, he was sent to New France as Guardian and Provincial Commissioner. He spent two years at Cataragui (Fort Frontenac) under Frontenac, a short time in Quebec, and in Three Rivers, and then returned to Fort Frontenac, replacing his former novice, Father Hennepin, as Superior.

WE have an interesting account of the manner of living amongst these early pioneers of our Province from the hand of LaSalle in a letter to France. The Indians willingly allowed their children to be instructed by the Recollets. Evening and morning prayers were said in common. All the French heard Mass daily. On Sundays there was High Mass, Catechism and Vespers. There was no drunkenness or disorder amongst either French or Indians. This flattering account of the settlement by its proprietor might be held with suspect had we not confirmation of it by the testimony of Father Potention Ozon, who in his capacity as Commissaire of the Recollets, visited the place and remained long enough there to convince himself of its truth.

But Fort Frontenac was only the beginning of LaSalle's great project. He would dominate the whole continent by linking up the country of the Great Lakes with the Mississippi valley. He had returned to France to advance these schemes before the arrival of Father De La Ribourde at the Fort and had been successful in his negotiations.

By this new grant he could build as many forts as he wish-

ed in the western country on the same conditions as he had built Fort Frontenece. In return he was to have the monopoly of the trade in buffalo skins.

On All Souls' night (1678) Fathers De La Ribourde and

Buisset were aroused from their slumbers at eleven o'clock by the unexpected arrival of Father Hennepin and two other Recollets, Fathers Membré and Watteau. These brought wonderful news. La Salle had returned to Canada and was about to begin his expedition to the West and South. Men came in parties during the next few days, and with these Father Hennepin set out on November 18th for Niagara, where a stockade was erected and preparations were made for building a ship above the Falls. During the winter the work progressed and in the Spring the Griffon, as she was called in compliment to Frontenac, whose coat-of-arms bore that mythical monster, was launched into the Niagara. On May 11th Father Hennepin returned to Fort Frontenac and the obediences or appointments having been delivered, it was found that Father Buisset was



FRONTENAC

From the statue by Philippe Hébert,
R.C.A., at Quebec

to remain at the Fort, Father Watteau was to go to the newly erected post at Niagara, and Fathers De La Ribourde, Hennepin and Membré were to accompany LaSalle as missionaries on the western expedition, the first named being the Superior.

Some writers have said that Father Hennepin prevailed on Father De La Ribourde to accompany them. This, of course, could not be. No religious could abandon his post and travel over half a continent to oblige the whim of a friend.

The party arrived at Niagara on July 30th, 1679, accompanied by LaSalle, who had gone down to Quebec during the previous winter, and had been detained there by his interminable financial troubles. On August 7th, after the Griffon had been towed by hand against the strong current to the smooth waters near Lake Erie, all embarked and intoned the Te Deum. With all sails set and the fleur de lis at the peak; with all her guns roaring this first ship to sail the Upper Lakes ploughed her way amid the treacherous waters of Lake Erie, where never sail had been seen before. The Griffon was brigantine rigged and was of but forty-five tons, quite a contrast to the leviathans of the lakes in our day, some of which carry fifteen thousand tons.

For three days they sailed westward, coming on the fourth day to the Detroit River, up which they turned. Sailing on, the Griffon crossed Lake St. Clair, and breasting the current, came to Lake Huron—"La Mer Douce"—the Fresh Water Sea. All went well at first, but they soon encountered one of those storms for which the Upper Lakes are famous. The pilot was loud in his complaints at LaSalle for having brought him to drown in an inland lake after all the honours he had won at sea. Recourse was had to St. Anthony of Padua, and LaSalle promised that a chapel would be built in honour of that Saint if they were saved. The little Griffon weathered the storm and came finally to the Straits of Mackinac, where she anchored before the Jesuit mission of the Ottawa Indians, where Mass was said.

Early in September they bade adieu to the Jesuits and their dusky charges and sailed into Lake Michigan as far as Green Bay. Here the Griffon was loaded with furs collected by agents sent up the Lakes by LaSalle the year before. Retaining with himself fourteen men, LaSalle sent the Griffon down the lakes to Niagara under the command of the pilot

with instructions to return for another cargo as soon as possible.

On the 18th of October, 1679, she sailed away and was never heard of again—the first in that long list of lake shipping to disappear without leaving a trace. LaSalle and his party, which included the three priests, continued down the lake in canoes, suffering terribly from the autumnal gales which they



THE EARLIEST PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS, DECEMBER, 1678

The figure on the left is Hennepin, the priest, who accompanied La Salle.
From the sketch in Hennepin's Travels

encountered. Once in making a landing in a rough sea Father De La Ribourde was almost drowned, but was rescued by Father Hennepin, who carried him ashore on his shoulders. Father Hennepin tells how the Superior, although drenched to the skin by the icy waters, laughed gayly at this unwonted mode of conveyance. Sleet and rain added to their discomfort as they paddled on in the rough sea, or huddled about the fire of driftwood on the shore with no protection but what their blankets afforded. Soon their food supplies gave out and hunger was added to their miseries. Once they paddled thirty miles without a bite to eat. On another occasion they were

forced by hunger to eat the flesh of a deer that had been killed and mangled by wolves. Occasionally they fell in with bands of Indians from whom they procured meat and corn in exchange for the hatchets, beads, etc., that LaSalle had brought along for trade purposes. Father De La Ribourde, of whom it has been said that he consulted his zeal rather than his strength to gain souls for Christ, fainted several times. He was restored by a confection of Hyacinth which Father Hennepin had brought with him.

As they approached the head of the Lake game became more abundant, and what pleased the Fathers still more was a bountiful supply of wild grapes which they pressed to supply wine for the Holy Sacrifice. Once the party was in great danger. A young Indian had stolen some goods belonging to LaSalle's men, and the commander made a prisoner of him. One hundred and twenty savages came, bent on freeing him. A parley ensued in which due compensation was made, and the Indians for good measure added a number of beaver skins.

After circling the end of the lake they pushed on till they came to the St. Joseph River, where a rude fort was erected. Here a chapel was built, dedicated to St. Anthony, in which Mass was said according to the vow of LaSalle. As the weather was very cold, and fearing a freeze-up of the river, the party set out again on the 3rd of December and paddled up the St. Joseph River as far as about the present city of South Bend, and after a portage of five miles, launched their canoes into the Kankakee, which bore them to the Illinois. At night they slept on the frozen ground amid a dismal morass, by day they often went hungry owing to the scarcity of game amidst these swamps. They came at last to the boundless prairies, where their guns kept them well supplied with food.

On the banks of the Illinois River LaSalle erected Fort Creve Coeur, where he intended to build a ship which would take the party to the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. Within the fort was a chapel, but as the supply of wine had become exhausted, Mass could not be said, and the devotions were limited to the recitation of



CHEVALIER DE LA SALLE
 After an engraving in the Library, Rouen,
 reproduced by Gravier in his "Life"

Tonty, the Italian lieutenant of LaSalle, was left in charge of the Fort with fifteen men in addition to the two friars. During the temporary absence of Tonty all but three of the men deserted after plundering the Fort. The remainder of the party then left the Fort and dwelt amongst the Illinois Indians in a village close by. The Fathers studied the language of the Indians and followed them on their hunting expeditions, but the fruits of their labors were not very encouraging. They baptized many dying children and adults, but only two adults in health, one of them afterwards died with the attendance of the medicine man. When the grapes began to ripen they

morning and evening prayers, with Vespers and a sermon on Sundays and Feast days. The ship was begun, one of forty tons, and a party was sent to explore at least a part of the country on the "Great River." Father Hennepin went with this expedition, and before embarking, he knelt to receive the blessing of his revered Superior, who bade him: "Be of good courage, and let your heart be comforted."

The commander, anxious for news of the Griffon, left the place soon afterwards for the shores of Lake Michigan.



"THE GRIFFON."

pressed them and so had the consolation of again being able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice.

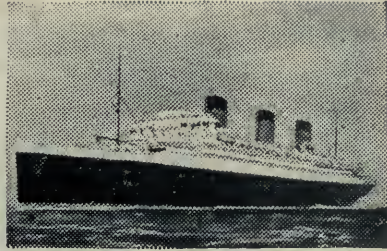
In September, 1680, the village was attacked by the Iroquois and utterly destroyed. The Fathers were absent at the time making a retreat in a cabin about a

league from the village. As the Iroquois had a wholesome fear of Frontenac with whom they were at peace, the lives of the party were spared for the time being, but Tonty, who had done all that man could do to protect the Illinois and his own party, decided that they should return to Green Bay.

The two priests, Tonty and the three faithful men set out in a leaky canoe, and after paddling about five leagues, landed to make repairs to their craft and dry their baggage. Whilst the others were thus engaged, Father De La Ribourde retired to the shade of a neighboring grove to recite his Office. He was never seen again.

As evening approached and he did not return, guns were fired and a fire was lighted to guide him back to the camp. Tonty and one of the men, in searching for the Father, discovered the tracks of the Indians who had seized and murdered him. These were Kickapoos, enemies of the Iroquois, about whose camp they prowled in search of scalps. The body was thrown into a hole, where it was found some time afterwards by the Illinois, who carried it, still dressed in the habit, to their village, where they buried it according to their custom. The breviary and ordo of the dead priest fell into the hands of a Jesuit missionary years afterwards.

Thus perished under the war clubs of the savages for whose salvation he renounced station, ease and affluence, a holy priest and a true son of St. Francis. "He had," says the



MODERN STEAMER ON
LAKE ERIE.

Mortuologue des Recollets, "an extraordinary zeal for the salvation of souls; and God willed that his blood be shed for the Illinois, as the seed for Christians and martyrs."



FORT FRONTENAC—KINGSTON TO-DAY. ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE IN FOREGROUND.

WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

By A. E. ROLAND.

THE girls of St. Mary's had assembled outside the ancient little church to form an outdoor procession in honour of Our Blessed Lady. A consecration of Sodalists had just taken place, and they now wore their ribbons and medals. As they took their places, the leaders moved forward slowly, whilst they all joined in hymns to Mary. Soon the function was over, Benediction inside the church bringing the evening's devotions to a close.

Geraldine O'Connor, the leader of the procession, usually spent some time in prayer after the services, but this Sunday she wanted to get home early, for she expected two cousins to visit her.

Her home being at considerable distance from St. Mary's, and already having delayed talking to the girls, she hurriedly took a short cut, up a path leading up to the railway embankment, intending to cross the track, thus saving the round of the bridge.

On reaching the railway, the instinct of caution made her look up and down the track before crossing, although the mail train was not due for an hour yet. She thought she heard a distant rumble, but it was probably fancy. Stepping quickly forward, her foot caught on a loose sleeper and was held firmly by one of the points of the rail. In vain she tried to extricate that foot, but all efforts were useless. She looked anxiously about her, but nothing was to be seen except the long line of rails, with waving meadows on either side. Would she shout for help? How ridiculous that would be, for there was no one near! She would make another effort. It was useless; she could not extricate the shoe from the rail, nor her foot from the shoe.

She had reason for alarm, for quite distinctly she heard the rumble of the train. Less than a minute would bring it

to the spot. Curiously, now she forgot to call for help, and in her distress, fervently invoking Our Lady of Perpetual Help, frightened, she sank to the ground. Yes, sure enough, the mail train was in sight. She tried to scream, but her throat was dry, her tongue unable to move. No sound escaped her lips. Held in that inexorable grip of iron, she closed her eyes and waited for the end. She sank into unconsciousness, and remembered no more until she opened her eyes to find her mother bending over her in her own room.

No, she did not hear the sudden jar of brakes being applied, nor see the iron monster being brought to a standstill within twenty yards of where she lay. Surely the driver must have seen her in time! No, he did not see her lying on the rails until the train had been stopped. THEN he had noticed her: What had made the engineer stop? The pulling of the communication cord on the train had caused him to shut off steam instantly and apply the brakes. The conductor, investigating why the cord had been pulled, found an elderly man writhing on the floor in the paroxysms of epilepsy, his daughter standing near. The girl in her excitement had pulled the emergency cord. "If you had simply loosened his collar and allowed him to lie on his back on the seat and opened the windows he would have come around all right," said the conductor. Just then the man slowly opened his eyes, and the convulsions ceased.

The engineer at the moment was not aware of what was taking place within. His eye caught sight of the huddled form on the track, and he ran towards it. In that inexplicable way in which people gather from no where, a number of persons had come to the spot. Some of them, recognizing Geraldine, had willingly carried her home.

But why should the epileptic take a fit at that particular time? He was subject to them, no doubt; one was liable to seize him at any moment. A coincidence, perhaps? Geraldine did not think it a coincidence; nor did her Mother. Our Lady of Perpetual Help did not forget her newly consecrated child. The ribbon and medal round her neck, although covered by

her coat, and the fervent prayer uttered, had more to do with the stopping of the train than the girl passenger's alarm.

"Deliver us from all dangers, O thou ever Glorious and Blessed Virgin."

LILIUM REGIS

O Lily of the King! low lies thy silver wing
And long has been the hour of thine unqueening;
And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,
Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.
O Lily of the King! I speak a heavy thing,
O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,
And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,
With the mercies of the King for thine awning;
And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,
Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.
When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters!

O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!
But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower that dawn-winds
shake,
And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.
O Lily of the King, remember then the thing
That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,
As they dance before His waw sing there on the Day
What I sang when the Night was on the waters!

—Francis Thompson.

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By REVEREND L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

(Continued)

THE condition laid down by Christ for the restoration of the supernatural life in the Sacrament of Penance is that souls subject their sins to His ministers. This condition is such that without it there cannot be any remission of sin committed after Baptism. The fruits of Christ's Incarnation and redemption are in the hands of the priests and bishops; when a sinner comes to them with a contrite heart, confesses his sins, and purposes never to sin again, and they being morally certain of these dispositions in a sinner, open the treasures of graces given to them by Christ, they pour the Blood of Christ upon the soul, they breathe the Breath of God upon that spiritual corpse and thus they re-animate it and resuscitate in it the life of God.

These two means are the Sacraments of the dead; they confer supernatural life upon the souls. Christ also gave other means to confer the augmentation, the perfection and completion of that life. These means are the four other holy Sacraments. He instituted the Sacrament of Confirmation by which the fulness of the gifts of the Holy Ghost are given. He promised to give us the Holy Spirit; He promised to send the Paraclete upon all those who believe; but He left the means of the actual realization of this promise in the hands of the Apostles and their successors. The Gospels do not tell us what this external sign is; yet the Acts of the Apostles tell us that the faithful received the Holy Ghost by the imposition of the hands of the Apostles, a rite, no doubt, prescribed by Christ since they used it, an external rite by which graces were given: "Now when the Apostles, who were in Jerusalem, had heard that Samaria had received the word of

God, they sent unto them Peter and John. Who, when they were come, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For He was not as yet come upon any of them; but they were only baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus. Then they laid their hands upon them and they received the Holy Ghost (Acts VIII., 14-17).

Christ instituted the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist. On the evening of the Pasch before His Death, He gathered His Apostles to eat the paschal lamb with them. During that Supper, He took bread and wine which He changed into His Body and Blood. "Take ye and eat, this is my Body which shall be delivered for you; this do for the commemoration of Me." In like manner also the chalice after He had supped, saying: "This chalice is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of Me." (1 Corin. XI., 24-25). Christ gave that power to His Apostles and their successors: "do this for commemoration of Me." By this power the substance of bread and wine are changed into the substances of Christ's Body and Blood. Under the species of bread and wine, Christ is really, truly and substantially present with His Divinity, with His Body, His Soul, His Blood. It is under these species, visible and tangible species, that the God-Man enters into the souls of men; it is under these species that the supernatural life is strengthened and nourished; it is under these species that the God-Man changes us into Himself; without these Eucharistic species God does not enter into our soul; there is no real presence of Christ in our soul; there are no great delights which follow the physical contact of our soul with Christ without the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist; there is, in fact, no life of God in us without this Sacrament: "Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you. For My Flesh is meat indeed: and my Blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him. As the living Father has sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me the same shall live by Me." (John VI, 54-58).

God instituted Matrimony; He created man and woman for the purpose of propagating the human race by the union of man and woman, a union which He blessed. Christ elevated this natural contract to the dignity of the Sacrament. (Mark X, 2-12). Hence the promise, the consent of the contracting parties brings grace upon them, a grace which enables them to fulfil their duties, a grace which sanctifies all their acts. The external rite of the celebration of matrimony confers grace; this rite among Christians is designated by St. Paul as a symbol of the grace-giving union of Christ with the Church: "So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ loved the Church: because we are members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great Sacrament, but I speak in Christ, and in the Church." (Ephes. 28-32).

The Gospels do not show us when or how Christ instituted the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. When he sent His Apostles, He gave them the power to anoint the sick with oil; but it does not appear that this had any connection with the healing of the infirmities of the soul, but with the healing of the bodily infirmities. However, the rite of anointing the sick with oil is promulgated by St. James as a Sacrament; with this anointing interior grace of spiritual alleviation is connected; from which we can conclude that St. James is the mouth-piece of the teaching of Christ in this matter; let it be remembered that not everything that Christ said, taught, instructed and decreed is contained in the Gospels. "There are also many other things which Jesus said," says St. John, "which if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the lines that should be written" (XX., 25); only a few things were written in the Gospels, the rest was transmitted orally to others. Yet the Epistle of St. James (X, 14-15) contains the promulgation of the doctrine of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Surely

St. James would not do anything on his own initiative? What he did was imposed by Christ. Here are the words of the Apostle which, if used without prejudice will shod the doctrine of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man: and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." Christ instituted this Sacrament to help the dying in their last struggles against their spiritual enemies. He instituted it to alleviate the soul of the sick; He instituted it to remit sins in those who cannot confess their sins; He instituted it to remove the stains of sins left after the reception of the other Sacraments.

The history of the Catholic Church corroborates the arguments from Scripture. We can find in the writings of the Fathers from the first century to the Christian era that it was an accepted truth that Christ instituted the Seven Sacraments. The fact, brought out in the whole tradition, is that the Seven Sacraments were the only means by which supernatural life, with its complete perfection, was transmitted by God to men. This shows us that the Church has always adhered to this teaching of Christ, and that Christ, and no one else, has instituted the Seven Sacraments. There are many heresies concerning the Sacramental system of the Church; there were many persecutions because of this system; there were men who taught that Christ had not instituted the Sacraments; thus the administration of the Sacraments were impeded; but this system was not destroyed, and the doctrine concerning the Sacraments is still taught by the Church. The Sacraments have been, and always will be, the channels through which the merits and fruits of the Life, Passion and Death descended and descend upon us all; they will always be the sources from which the Blood of Christ will flow upon us to give us His Life and Perfections.

(To be Continued.)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By JENNIE FARLEY, B.A.

IN the City of Paris, one hundred years ago last month, there was formed a small friendly society having for its purpose the greater glory of God and the good of humanity.



FREDERICK OZANAM

The eight members placed it under the protection and guidance of St. Vincent de Paul. And to-day, what town has not a branch, as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul spreads and thrives, even in this very wise world?

For we are very wise. We know so many things. There are no angels, and God is a pleasant myth. Reason is dependent on itself alone, and able to fathom all things. Such is not the universal opinion, but it is staining through,

like ink poured into a stream, tinging deep roots of plants and finding far corners. And we are very wise.

It is not the first time in history that this has occurred. And each time, one name or several rise like shining lights amid the error, and prove that He "hath founded His Church upon a rock."

It was such an atmosphere that Frederick Ozanam met when he left his home in Lyons and went, as a young man, to the University of Paris. He was quite a remarkable student, with his large, luminous eyes, long, thick, black hair, and a winning smile lighting his somewhat heavy features. He had

come with high honours and high hopes, but he was afraid of Paris, afraid of contact with minds of a trend so different from his own. So he kept apart, and worked and waited. One day a fellow-student saw him at Mass; they met, and became fast friends. Gradually other Catholic students began to know them, and each other. With these friends, and with his good host, M. André-Marie Ampère, Ozanam was very happy.

But there were things to be done. The professors were inserting into their lectures attacks upon God and His Church. Ozanam and his friends came to an agreement that each attack would be answered by an open letter from one of their number. The plan was carried out; the letters were read aloud by the professors to an interested and appreciative class; the religion of God was ably defended; and a wonderful kinship grew up among the Catholic students. That kinship that is born of a sentence, or even of a word which reveals "your thought is my thought." They were thus brought together, and the nucleus of the gathering, the centre, too, of every argument, was Ozanam, with his prodigious knowledge and inspiring enthusiasm.

These arguments, begun informally in class, or on the University steps, were carried on later in the form of an Historical Society, under the capable guidance of a Catholic professor, M. Bailly. Here the members, chief among them the eloquent Ozanam, defended their views to the equally enthusiastic atheists and non-Catholics. The meetings were breezy, and even stormy. Then came the occasion when someone rose and said:

"Yes, it is true if you speak of the past, but the day of the Church is gone; she has no vitality; she is effete; she is now powerless to do anything for humanity; and you who boast that you belong to the Church — what are you doing? Show us your works that we may be convinced."

And they felt that it was true. And so it was that Ozanam and four intimate companions formed the plan of a smaller society within the Historical Club, for the purpose of charity; to give freely of their money, and much more freely of their

time. Four more joined them, and the little group was called the Conference of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Its aim was to help the soul while ministering to the body. Two principles were adopted at the very first meeting. One was the exclusion of politics from the Conference room. The other, that the Society offer no inducement to anyone to seek admission to it in hope of gaining worldly advancement. Ozanam writes to his cousin, Falconnet:

“Sometimes, when the air was clearer and the breeze softer, under the rays of the moon gliding over the dome of the Pantheon . . . the policeman could see, with an anxious eye, six or eight young men with linked arms walking for long hours over the deserted Place. Their faces were calm, their manner was peaceful, their words full of enthusiasm, emotion and consolation. They spoke of many things, of heaven and earth. They spoke of God, of their fathers, of their friends at home, of their country, of humanity. The stupid Parisian who jostled them as he hurried to his amusements did not understand their language; it was a dead tongue, which few people know here. But I understood them, for I was one of them.”

Intimacy thus shared is very precious. It can be understood, in part, or imagined. But even by one who has had the rare privilege of such a friendship, it can scarcely be described, for it is like the scent of incense after Benediction, a lingering, enveloping blessing.

They had wished to keep it so. They had not planned the Society as it afterwards developed. And when a new member was proposed for admission, the strongest objections were made. But at last, in their unselfishness, they yielded, and in a few months the Society counted fifteen members.

Years passed, and the Society spread throughout France. Ozanam, now a professor, chose a comparatively unremunerative and uncongenial post at the Sorbonne, Paris, so that he might be in the centre of the Catholic movement. And here his untiring energy, splendid eloquence and understanding sympathy were freely spent.

When yet a youth, Ozanam had suffered a terrible tempta-

tion against faith, which lasted an entire year. In his mental agony, he had promised that if God would send him the light of faith, he would devote his whole life to its defence. Remembering his own time of trial, he always gave the finest understanding to young men yielding to unbelief. And from his professor's chair, with the Society and in his writings, he fulfilled the promise of his youth.

He died beloved and honoured. And now the Society has spread to many countries and across many seas. Let us hope that, in the full intensity of its original aim, it may kindle the charity of many, that Faith may shine high, and God may say to this tired world: "Peace be to you."

Editor's Note: *Frederick Ozanam is to have his memory honoured in the centenary of the Society's foundation by naming after him a square in Paris. The "Place Ozanam" will face the Church of Notre Dame des Champs in the Montparnasse district.*

CHARITY.

"For blessed charity is not a canker,
Which knaws, like vice, into our paltry wealth;
Charity is not rust, nor moth, nor robber.
But holy alms are like the dew of heaven,
A moisture stolen from the field by day,
Repaid with silent usury at night."

—Wiseman.

BLOSSOMS AT VALLEYVIEW

By SISTER MARY LEONARDA, C.S.J.

IN "Spring at Valleyview," the artist has interpreted the poetry of the apple orchard growing on the slope of the hill, and bathed in the midday sunshine of the early Spring.

"Have you seen an apple orchard in the Spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary,
With the wealth of promised glory,
In the Spring?"

What appealed to the poet appeals to the artist too, and here the apple trees in the foreground are of paramount interest. There are a number of them, but there is no fault of sameness, no tediousness, hence the calm that induces an appreciative spirit. The high, rugged barked tree in the foreground, attracts the eye first. What strength and beauty in the lines of the trunk, as it leans slightly to one side! Its blossoms are not so profuse as those beside it, for it has weathered many more fruit-bearing seasons and withstood many more wintry blasts. The sunlight plays on the side of the trunk, breaking up any undue heaviness, and the rather bare upper branches lead the eye to the marvellous wealth of delicate pink blossoms, bathed in sunlight, and crowning the trees on either side.

A large mass is out of place in a naturalistic landscape, especially if it block the viewpoint and prevent the eye from wandering on; but here the artist has given an outlet, in the space down-hill; even farther down to the stream, that one knows, runs placidly through the vale.

Deep shadows under the trees contrast delightfully with the brilliant "little suns" made by the openings between the blossoms. How happy the contrast here between the cool, delicate, grey-greens of the slope and the varied pinks—from shell to coral—of the blossoms above! And there, just down

the gentle slope, are little groups of lambs munching the tender spring grass, while two or three sedate sheep lie or stand half-hidden near the tree trunks. Thus has the artist secured unity of interest.

To the right, mid-way up the canvas, framed in delicate blossoms, is "the home," and towards the centre and higher



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

F. H. Brigden, O.S.A.

up the barns and other farm buildings. These objects are introduced for the psychological value as also to give play to tonal qualities.

Up, on the other side of the valley, is a wide sweep of rolling country, broken by the delightful undulating curves of the landscape and clumps of trees and groups of buildings. Soft high lights are skilfully disposed of on the tree-tops and

on the high parts of the fields to the left, while the dark masses of foliage, farther off on the hills, make a satisfying contrast. The high horizon is a gentle, waving line of low light, except, towards the upper right, where the dull monotony of the sky is broken by the slanting rays of the sun.

It is a finely built up composition. The balance, or counterpoising of attractive forces, is excellent; harmony or agreement of ideals in the shape of the rounded tops of the apple tree, and of the distant trees and of the curved fields, is ideal in its simple lines and their arrangement for a quiet rural scene; rhythm, the repetition of the same form, in gradual diminuendo, telling the charm of insistence and refrain, is well marked, in the tree trunks and the radiation of the branches. Nature is variable, and hence the rare occurrence of similarity adds interest; just as in a parade it is amusing to find a big soldier and a little soldier together, so it is with the trees in this composition.

The modulation and gradation of colour give life and soul to the picture, and here is the limitation to reproductions in black and white. To evoke a vision of colour by mere words, is to strain unduly the sources of literature, to hint at what has been lost; but even in the reproduction there is an exquisite delicacy about the picture which shows Nature has been watched with unremitting attention in her various moods. In the original, the colour scheme is a pleasant combination of delicate hues. Mid-day sunlight bathes the tree tops, and the blossoms are of delicate pink, blending almost imperceptibly into white. The sparkle of lights in the foliage, the fresh green of the grass broken by spots of yellow dandelions in the foreground, please the artistic eye. The patches of sunlight in the distance lend a subtle enhancement of delight in contrast to the bald local colour nearby.

This is no modernistic landscape, in which the artist alone can take pleasure, and that for technical reasons. "There is room enough," wrote Constable in 1820, "for a natural painter." "Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great," he added, "but these things are the

essence of landscape." Such were his views of landscape art. Mr. Fred Brigden gives us what he sees, and also the result of personal communing with Nature, something of the poet's vision in the melting beauty of the peaceful "Valleyview." Here we have Nature at peace, Nature in her idyllic mood, not just as Corot saw it in his beloved woods at Barbizon, but as it was seen by the Canadian artist in Ontario, not far from the Queen City, Toronto.

No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple-blossoms render
In the Spring.

We are particularly pleased to have a personal notice of the artist himself, of whom, as Canadians, we are proud, who adds to the picture a little more realism for the interest of our readers.

May 17th, 1933.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

My brother George has shown me your very delightful critique of my "Apple Blossom" picture, and, naturally, I am very much flattered that one who shows as much understanding of art as you do in this article, should have so many nice things to say about my work. It really could not be improved upon. (I mean your article).

I do not think the article calls for any special reference to the artist, unless you would like to mention that I was President of the Ontario Society of Artists from 1927 to 1931.

"Valleyview" is my summer home. I am not married, and have a very companionable sister, also unmarried, who lives with me. We generally move out to our country place in June or the last week in May, and if you ever take any auto drives we would be glad to have you visit us, where you can see the setting for the picture.

I have converted an old farm building into a studio, and from the window of this a very fine view can be had looking North and West for many miles. "Valleyview" is the name we have given to our little cottage, which is nothing more or less than an old farm house, built over one hundred years ago. It is, however, very beautifully situated on the top of a hill, and we have fine views in almost every direction.

To reach "Valleyview," go north on Yonge Street to Stop Eleven—the Newtonbrook Post Office is right on the corner. Driving East one and a half miles, you come to Bayview Avenue, and our little cottage is just a short distance further on. I would appreciate having a copy of the paper when it is printed.—Sincerely yours,

Fred H. Brigden.

FLYING VISIT TO A CONVENT IN CORK

By S. M. WENCESLAUS.

I PROPOSE to-day, dear reader, that we should pay a flying visit to a Convent, far away from you, on the banks of the fair River Lee.

Did I hear you say you had no time? Not even for a flying visit? With my flying machine? No, really, that is no excuse, for my flying machine is the swiftest on record. It is named: "Imagination." I am sure I know of nothing that can beat its record speed! So I take no refusal to my invitation, and, in the twinkling of an eye, we have left Toronto and have landed in Cork!

I purpose to take you to a Convent well known there. If you are too tired to "foot it," as they say, we will take the bus, which will leave us at the foot of the Windmill Road. The road methinks would be termed a lane, for it is a very narrow little street which climbs up the hill. On one side a row of very small dwellings, not unlike a row of dolls' houses, all alike; on the other side, a little way up, we come to the entrance of the Convent Chapel.

The door is open as if to invite us, so we just step in. The chapel is a large one, and its walls are ornamented with Celtic designs. We see above the organ gallery three beautiful stained-glass windows representing Ireland's three great saints, St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbeille.

The organ gallery is not used by the nuns, but by the Children of Mary, who assemble there, once a month, and it is also used by citizens wishing to take part in the Holy Hour, which devotions are held monthly.

The open grille near the altar separates the nuns' choir from the main part of the chapel. As Exposition is continuous from seven a.m. until five-thirty p.m., the chapel is never without worshippers.

The Sisters, who during their time of prayer in Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, wear a long white cloak edged with blue, are, according to their rule, wholly devoted to Reparation. The Mother of God when inspiring their foundress, a Belgian, Emilie d'Oultremont, Baroness d'Hooghvorst, made her understand that she wished them to take her place near her Divine Son on earth.

When we have spent a few minutes with these devout worshippers, let us call on the good Sisters who carry on their unique work.

To reach the convent we climb further the up-hill street to the entrance of the convent. We ring and the door opens as if by magic, and we find ourselves in a little porch, behind the grate of which a nun appears. A blue veil and a white wimple about the face is really all you can see. Having asked what we wished, a door on one side opens mysteriously, and we are ushered, or, rather, usher ourselves into Reverend Mother's parlour. A little rattle of keys, and a nun appears at the cloister door with a smile of welcome on her face.

"Visitors from Toronto, is it? Oh! surely you will need a refreshing cup of tea?" For the nuns are hospitable people; so a convent tea is promptly ordered, but while it is being got ready we are invited to go round the garden.

This convent garden is always a surprise to whoever visits it, for nothing from the outside leads one to suspect the treasures within. Overlooking all, stands a statue of the Sacred Heart. Flowers of many kinds, varieties and colours grow on the side of the straight walk, and separated from it by a box hedge, are the homely greens so prized by those in charge of the culinary department. To the left of the garden is a little wood, now at its best, because the copper and silver beeches, the May trees, and the lilacs and laburnums have all donned their summer garb. This beauty spot at one time had been a quarry. Its usefulness as such having passed, the good Sisters turned the unsightly place into an inviting retreat. A natural niche enshrines a statue of Our Lady as she appeared to Blessed Bernadette.

In our walk through the grounds we examine at leisure the habit of our guide. It is white, with a sky blue scapular and veil of the same peculiar blue. Below the square white wimple a gilt heart is affixed, and a white rosary hangs from a blue girdle. The white and blue costume was shown by Our Blessed Lady herself to the holy Foundress.

Like all other Religious Communities, the days are almost too short for the works attempted. Many times during the year retreats for women engaged in various kinds of works are carried on. These retreats are in some cases given by priests and in others by the Sisters. The surroundings are conducive to prayer and contemplation. Converts are instructed and children prepared for their First Holy Communion. There is a lending library, where by means of the circulation of good Catholic books, the nuns try to counteract the spread of literature which may have a demoralizing effect upon the readers. There is also an Apostolic Work Association, the members of which meet at the Convent every Thursday afternoon, for the making of vestments and altar linens for use in the churches at home and in the missions.

In the course of our conversation we also learn there are six houses in this Province, London, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Dublin, Cork and Limerick, the last-named being the Novitiate House. But there are convents of Marie-Reparatrice scattered all over the world, in Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Hungary, the United States, and Canada had a province of its own with three houses, Montreal, Three Rivers and the Novitiate at St. Laurent. The Society has also a footing in the Mission Field. There is a convent at Entebbe, Uganda; Rose-Hill, Mauritius; and at Fianarantsoa, Madagascar. Cairo and Jerusalem also have houses, the latter of which enjoys the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament exposed night and day without intermission. The Mother-House is at Rome, the centre of all Catholicity.

And now we find ourselves back again in the little parlour, our starting point, where, after partaking of a delicious convent tea, we take leave of our kind guide in white and blue.

who hopes we have enjoyed our visit, and with a hearty "God bless you!" promises us a warm welcome if we ever return.

So now, dear reader, let us board once again our plane "Imagination," and having landed you safely in Toronto, amid your familiar surroundings, there is nothing left for me to do but to bid you farewell.

SONGBIRDS.

There's a little latticed cage,
Where the nuns are chanting lauds,
The prisoners of Love,
The singing birds of God.

O beautiful pure white birds
Ensnared by love alone
And put in a cloistered cage
To sing before His throne.

—H. F. X. Sharkey.

THE HAPPIEST HOME

THE happiest home this earth has seen:
 'Twere surely a picture to paint again—
 A tale that were never retold in vain,
 For home is the haven desired of men!

* * * * *

The happiest home—it was only a cot,
 Its roof was low and its floor was clay,
 The path that led to its narrow door
 Was trodden of men from day to day.
 By a garden patch it was girded round—
 Too tiny a space you well might fear
 For the dove that cooed in the sheltering bough
 And the petted lambkin that gamboled near.
 White was the wing of the cooing dove—
 Spotless the fleece of the household pet,
 And the lilies beside the casement there
 Were the whitest and sweetest ever set.
 Ah! Glancing lilies, what sights ye saw
 From the wane of stars to the set of sun!
 Where within the walls of that happiest home
 The simple tasks of the day were done,
 We know that at eve ye bowed and bent—
 Each bloom or bud on its waving stalk—
 When together the cottage toilers went
 Softly adown their garden walk.
 We picture them then released awhile
 From the weary strain of the toiler's day,
 When tools and bench of the artisan
 And housewife's spindle were set away.
 When guardian-wise through that trellised door
 Came Joseph, gentle and grave of mien—
 Lifting aside the boughs that bent
 To touch the robe of the crownless Queen.

Their silken petals the roses flung
For carpet where'er those fair feet trod—
And the white lamb pressed to the side of her
Who mothered on earth the Lamb of God.
On its yielding fleece the rosy Hand
Of the Infant Christ betimes was laid—
Betimes it smoothed the eager wing
Of the dove that flew to Him unafraid.
Lily and lamb and dove without—
Spindle and bench and crib within!
Memories these of that happiest home
Where never had fall'n the blight of sin!
By doorway and hearth the angels stood—
Wardens for aye of its peace and joy—
Of Mary's spindle and Joseph's bench
And the simple crib of the Nazarene boy.
And never elsewhere? Nay, say not so—
For wherever the lamp of Faith is set
As a household light, the angels go
To tend and to guard its shining yet.
When the worker's heart to his God uplifts—
When babes at the knee of the mother bend—
In the Master's Name and when with hers
Their voices in prayerful praise ascend—
Where the lilies of stainless lives unfold—
And the doves of peace and good-will abide—
Wherever in act and word and thought
The Sacrificed Lamb is glorified—
There, as in Nazareth's blessed bound,
Hover and wander the angels round,
There, as in Nazareth's hallowed breeze
Riseth their voiceless ecstasies—
Till before the throne the chorus swells—
"God bless the homes where His Presence dwells!"

Margaret M. Halvey

FANCY AND FAITH

FANCY, I ride athwart Life's tide,—a barque, with sails
 aquiver.

Ungainly gear I fling to rear, and down Care's mournful river.
 I leave the dreary, locked lagoons; Doubt's rocks and reefs
 and shallows;

The treacherous snags of torturous crags, the half-lights and
 the shadows.

Leaps high for me Adventure's sea, in criss-cross rhythm
 breaking;

Its foam whirl o'er waves that curl; its wilding echoes
 quaking

My gypsy song the high wind's gong and canonading music;
 The sun's rich glow across my bow; the bird's shrill flute my
 pibroch.

FAITH, though I'm FANCY, and I dance upon the crested
 waters,

And from my lip untuned words drip to cheer Life's sons and
 daughters—

My rudder keen, my courseway clean, oh! what have I for
 fearing?

My challenge hurled to all the world, my port of triumph
 nearing!

FAITH, beacon gem and diadem, thou wast not giv'n for
 scorning.

I groped and creaked till o'er me streaked the kind ray of thy
 morning.

Upon Life's steep and billowy deep I'll chance not lanes of
 folly,

With thee, friend true, to speed me through—

Sincerely yours,

MOST JOLLY.

Frederick B. Fenton.



We extend our congratulations to the Brothers of the Christian Schools on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Juniorate, and we join with them in earnest thanksgiving to Him Who "hath given the increase" and blessed their efforts for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, by bestowing a thorough Catholic training and education on so many of the youth of Canada.

The last days of Holy Week were beautifully commemorated at St. Joseph's. On Holy Thursday silent adorers kept watch before the exquisite repository in the Convent Chapel. During the Three Hours on Good Friday, the Scholastics from St. Basil's Community, under the direction of the Reverend G. Phelan, gave an impressive rendering of several selections from the Office of Holy Week. The beautiful plain chant melodies, blended in perfect unison and alternating with dignified harmonies, were most touching. On Holy Saturday the exultant "Alleluias" awakened our souls to the joys of Eastertide.

The Spring meeting of Catholic Teachers of St. Joseph's Separate Schools was held on March 26th at St. Joseph's Convent. Prior to the meeting the teachers assisted at Holy Mass and received Holy Communion in the Convent Chapel. In spite of the inclement weather, the number present was most gratifying. The Reverend J. A. Kane, C.S.S.R., in a stirring and appropriate talk on "Christ, the Model of Teachers," provided inspiration a-plenty for many days to come.

The association is an outgrowth of the Closed Retreat for Teachers which was conducted last June by Reverend Father Mangan, C.S.S.R. Over one hundred teachers are at present enrolled as members of this Society, which has for its twofold objective: The spread of Lay Retreats, and the greater personal sanctification of the Catholic lay teaching body.

The elected executive is as follows: President, Miss F. Lunney; First Vice-President, Miss Ethel Quinn; Second Vice-President, Miss Nell Doherty; Treasurer, Miss Nan Gordon; Secretary, Miss Mary O'Connor. Advisory Committee: Reverend Father Mangan, Reverend Mother General, Miss Rose Dorsey, Miss Gertrude Murray, Miss Helen Rumball.

The Annual Closed Retreat was held this year at St. Joseph's Convent, from June 2nd to June 5th.

On the evening of Friday, March 24th, the Sisters and Nurses of St. Michael's Hospital enjoyed a programme of short Irish plays provided for their entertainment by Reverend Father McIlhenny, C.S.S.R., as a token of appreciation for kindness shown in his recent illness.

Master Frederick McMahon, a former pupil of St. Monica's School, distinguished himself by winning the gold shield in an oratorical contest. The address which brought him the honour was on "The Futility of Disarmament." Congratulations! Beverley Grover, of the same school, has also won honours in a similar contest. Jack Miner (aged 12) represented St. Michael's School in the Oratorical contest sponsored by the Catholic Women's League. He was awarded a five dollar prize, being judged best of the speakers from the elementary schools.

On St. Patrick's night the sombre lecture hall of the Nurses' Residence of St. Michael's Hospital was transformed with attractive appropriate decorations. The Intermediate Nurses gave several selections, and the Probationers, choruses with special wording for the Graduates. Refreshments were served by the Probationers, the graduates receiving special attention, and the evening was brought to a happy close by an hour of dancing.

We congratulate the Redemptorist Fathers on the very successful production of the sacred drama, Gounod's "Redemption." The chorus work was exceptionally fine, while the characterization of the various subjects of the tableaux was excellent. We are pleased that a number of our alumnae helped in the presentation of the drama.

Towards the end of April, Reverend Mother-General and her companion left Toronto to visit our five missions in Manitoba and the three in British Columbia.

On the afternoon of May the sixteenth, St. Joseph's Hospital held the graduation exercises for their Nurses at the Parkdale Canoe Club, Lakeshore Boulevard. A reception at the Hospital followed.

In the evening of the first day of May the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Michael's Hospital, held an important meeting, at which there was a large attendance. The President, Miss Kayes, presided, and Miss Belair read an instructive paper, "Inspirations from the Life of Our Lady." To honour Our Blessed Mother, it was decided to band the members into groups of fifteen to attend Mass daily during the month of May; to have a General Communion Day, May 13th, and to crown the statue of Our Blessed Mother on the last Sunday of the month. An entertainment programme followed, in which Miss Shannon gave a piano solo, Miss R. Smith and Miss Parent a group of songs, Miss Dumond a recitation, and Miss Kizbey a mandolin selection. An informal tea followed.

St. Michael's Alumnae Association held a banquet the evening of May 22nd in the Nurses' Residence in honour of the graduating class of '33. The class dinner of the graduates was held in the Royal York on May 18th.

A very successful Oratorical Contest was held on May 9th, in St. Joseph's Convent Auditorium, by the Third Form students of St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis Street. The speakers were Misses Shirley Barnett, Clarice Wainman, Anne Frezell, Mamie Driscoll, Clare Creamer, Helen Hawshaw, Helen Bernatt, Monica Hilton, Delphine Dencault and Kathleen Plumtree. The winners, Helen Hawshaw, Mamie Driscoll and Anna Frezell, were awarded cash prizes donated by Rev. E. Kelly, Mr. J. J. Murphy and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Miss Mary Moloney, accompanied by Miss Catherine Wilson on the violin, delighted the audience with her singing, and Miss Joan Hopperton played a piano solo.

On behalf of the teachers and students Miss Betty Wilson thanked the judges, Reverend Father Bellisle, C.S.B., Reverend Father J. B. O'Reilly, and Reverend Father James Fullerton, also the donors of the prizes and the Sisters of St. Joseph's College School for the privilege of holding the contest in their beautiful auditorium.

Miss Lillian Moore, a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, now director of social service department of the Hospital for Joint Diseases, Madison Ave, New York, has recently had a bronze plaque erected in the Hospital in recognition of the service on behalf of crippled children. Congratulations! St. Michael's is proud of her distinguished alumna.

"What you do to the least one of my little ones you do unto Me."

And Lillian's letter tells us "It has always been my proud boast that I am a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto."

IN MEMORIAM.

Sister M. Dolores Tuffy.

On Tuesday, April 25th, Sister M. Dolores, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, went to her reward after thirty-four years of religious life, years filled with deeds of charity and zeal. Sister Dolores, who was formerly Miss M. E. Tuffy, Pembroke, Ont., entered the Community of St. Joseph when quite young, and gave herself most generously to the service of the Divine Master. Seventeen of these fruitful years were spent in Thorold, where her name is a household word.

Hundreds of little ones, the lambs of the flock, received their first instruction from her, and as they passed through the grades, her interest in them remained undiminished. Many young men and women will hold the memory of their first teacher in benediction. She it was, who instructed and trained them for that ill important event in their lives, their First Holy Communion. No Missionary Sister in Fields Afar worked more energetically and devotedly, than did Sister Dolores in looking after little foreigners. Hundreds of New Canadians received their first lessons in religion and English from

her lips. Poverty and loneliness appealed to her sympathetic nature.

Another of the loved works which filled her busy day, was the decoration of the altar. No labor was too fatiguing, no duty more perfectly performed than that which concerned the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle. With the Psalmist, she might truly say, "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house."

In the beautiful Convent Chapel at St. Joseph's, Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father O'Neill, with Rev. Father Miller as deacon and Rev. Father Gavard as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Father Sharpe, C.S.B., Rev. Father McKenna, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Mogan of St. Catharines.

To her sister, Mrs. Ronald McMillan, of Detroit, and other relatives, the Community offers heartfelt sympathy.

Sister M. Basilla McGurn.

On Thursday, April 27th, at St. Michael's Hospital, Sister M. Basilla, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, went to her eternal reward, after a protracted illness, borne with loving submission to God's Holy Will.

Sister Basilla, formerly Miss A. McGurn, Marysville, Ontario, joined the Community of the Sisters of St Joseph, Toronto, thirty-seven years ago, and from her first days as a postulant until ill health overtook her, she laboured unremittingly and effectively for God and His Church, as a teacher and an educator. Hers was no ordinary personality, kind, witty and of a refreshing candour and striking singleness of purpose, she won admiration and affection wherever she was known. Her success as a teacher, particularly of the Entrance Grade, in the different Separate Schools to which she was appointed, and her personal influence over her pupils, testified not only to her natural ability and sterling character, but also to a soul, whose deep spirituality was overflowing in zeal for the souls of God's little ones. For some years she rendered the Community outstanding service as the directress of its schools, evincing in that charge great executive ability and understanding.

But God, Whose will is our sanctification, cut short this life of activity in its very prime, and asked of Sister Basilla another and higher service, that of suffering; and even as she had

worked for God, so did she suffer for Him, courageously and generously to the end.

The Funeral Mass was celebrated on Saturday, April 29th, by Rev. Dr. Markle, with Rev. Fathers James and Ronan acting as deacon and sub-deacon. Interment took place in Mount Hope cemetery.

The deceased is survived by one brother, Mr. Thomas McGurn, of Marysville, Ontario, and two sisters, Sister M. Leo, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, and Miss Mary McGurn, Belleville, Ontario.

INCENSE.

Three times a day our angels pray
 Before the throne of grace,
 Imploring God to spare the rod
 And grant us time and place
 To mend our ways, if far astray,
 Or lagging in the race.

With folded wings, an angel swings
 A golden thurible;
 Incense and cries together rise
 To God's own citadel.

—Michael Garvey.

 BOOK REVIEWS

 THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM—BY PETER CARDINAL
 GASPARRI.

Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$1.75.

FOR some years past those intrusted with the religious instruction of Catholic youth have been looking eagerly forward to the publication of a Catechism said to be in course of preparation by His Eminence, Cardinal Gasparri. An authorized translation of this Catechism is now available, having been recently issued by the Vatican Press.

This work is designed to meet the oft expressed need of a uniform Catechism for the Universal Church. It is arranged in catechical style, and is complete in three progressive parts: (1) For little children preparing for their First Communion; (2) For older children who have made their First Communion; (3) for adults who desire a fuller knowledge of Catholic Doctrine.

In harmony with the Decree of Pope Pius X. concerning First Holy Communion, the scheme of instruction presented in the first part of this Catechism is necessarily very brief and simple. The third part is copiously annotated, with references to Holy Scripture and ecclesiastical authority.

The three parts are printed together in one volume, and this volume will prove an invaluable hand-book of religion for the use of teachers. But the evident intention is to have the parts printed separately for the use of those concerned.

S. M. W.

 PAGEANT OF LIFE—OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY.

Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.00.

IN reviewing this, the fourth of a series of novels by Father Dudley, I find myself under a handicap, since it the first and, to date, the only book of his that I have read. In a reviewer, however, this may also be an advantage in a left-handed fashion. I believe that it is a fact that first impressions, and necessarily the fresh opinions they engender, are of a peculiar value in criticism; that is to say, they are unhampered by preconceived prejudices.

One is tempted in writing of "Pageant of Life" to grow controversial. Eliminating the religious question entirely, the pros and cons of propaganda's place in literature could, with this novel as a starting point, furnish a hundred paragraphs. But the temptation shall be resisted. Suffice to say that if propaganda (in its good sense) has a place in the novel, this is an admirable example of it. The spiritual issues which form the basis of the story are sound; nevertheless it is not this, but rather the manner in which

they are introduced that gives the book its *raison d'être*. The average layman must know how difficult it is to enjoy and assimilate fiction in which religion has a predominant part. Now, it isn't necessary to say that this is because hitherto the introduction of religion into the modern novel has seemed to require didactic prose and what the "Catholic Times" calls "pietistic dialect." Father Dudley, without apparent effort, has avoided these pitfalls. His characters and the strong religious undertones are necessary complements of each other in order that the sequence of events that make up his plot may reach a perfectly logical fulfilment. Father Dudley doesn't insinuate that he is teaching a lesson that, for the public's sake, has a sugar coating. He says openly that he has undertaken the task of disclosing the spiritual struggles of an exceedingly complex character, that in portraying this character important truths must be stressed, that these truths and their influence on the actions of the protagonist must be illustrated to be understood . . . and such illustrative incidents make up the novel. In other words, Father Dudley has made an extremely moving and thoughtful study of spiritual life digestible as fiction by using not only relevant, but interesting episodes to develop it.

The central figure, Cyril Rodney, is solidly drawn. A clever literary device has aided this. That is, Rodney suffers and enjoys physical parallels to his inner life culminating in his actual crucifixion as a parallel to the spiritual stigmata under which he has laboured since a child. This actually isn't necessary, but it serves to strengthen the significance which lies in a human *via crucis*.

The manner of writing is modern and readable. The broken paragraphs and the occasional use of the stream of conscious method show a good sense of dramatic technique. Father Dudley is a more than worthy successor to R. H. Benson. He has introduced Catholicism into the modern novel with amazing and justified success.

E. G.

TO MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

Dear God,
 Herewith a book do I inscribe and send
 To Thee who art both its beginning and its end;
 A volume odd,
 Bound in some brief allotted years,
 And writ in blood and tears;
 Fragments, of which Thou art the perfect whole
 Book of my soul.

Break Thou the sealing clod
 And read me, God!



Beginning on June 12th, the Catholic Women's League hope to hold a large convention. Many matters of importance are to be discussed, and a number of alumnae hope to be present.

Kingston is the chosen city for the meeting of the Canadian Federation of Catholic College Alumnae, to be held there early in September. The delegates will later go to Montreal to attend the National Convention, to be held the following week.

We offer our congratulations to Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, an enthusiastic member of our alumnae, who has been elected President of the Catholic Women's League; to Miss Virna Ross, who has been chosen delegate to represent the Catholic Junior League at their Convention in Quebec; and to Miss Helen Monkhouse, who has been elected President of the Twentieth Century Liberal Club.

The convenors for the Junior Alumnae dance were: Misses Helen McGrath, Agnes Foley, Mary Hayes, Helen O'Brien, Rose Brown, Helen Heatherman, Nora Welsh, Lillian Boyce, Agnes Ryan, Mable Green, Orla Beer, Helen Cozens, Margaret Wright, Margaret Hynes, Virginia DenRoche, and Patricia Brady.

At the regular quarterly meeting of Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, held on Sunday, April 30th, in Saint Joseph's Convent, Right Reverend Monsignor Blair, as guest speaker, delighted the members with a most interesting talk on the Western Missions and some experiences of the missionaries there. Mrs. H. T. Roesler gave a talk on the "Mary's Day Movement," sponsored by the Federation of Catholic Alumnae. A group of songs were given by Miss Elsie Sinclitico,

accompanied by Miss Hermine Keller. Mrs. Pujolas, President, welcomed the guests, and the hospitality of the tea tables were dispensed by Mrs. Day, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Halford and Miss McGrath. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament fittingly closed the meeting.

Many of our alumnae have been very active in the work of the Catholic Junior League. Margaret Keenan is the President, Gertrude Ross vice-president, Helen McGrath treasurer, Rhona McDonagh, press, Helen Heatherman, corresponding secretary. A number of members have given assistance in the out-patients clinic at St. Michael's Hospital, others have sewed for needy mothers, and others again ministered to underprivileged children, and nearly all have taken part in the Tag days for the various charities.

St. Joseph's College Junior Alumnae Social, held in the Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward Hotel on Friday evening, April 21st, was a delightful event. The guests were received by the President, Miss Agnes Foley, and by the Patronesses, Mrs. Frank P. Pujolas, President of the Senior Alumnae; Mrs. Stephen McGrath, Mrs. Edwin Rush, Mrs. Leo Hall and Mrs. Norman McRobb. The Convener was Miss Helen McGrath. The guests numbered 400, and among them were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warde, Miss Gertrude Hayden, Miss Mary Frawley, Miss Madeline Wright, Miss Margaret Ryan, Miss Katherine O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. Leo Killoran, Miss Estelle Phelan, Miss Joan Hynes, Miss Mary and Miss Margaret Dunn, Miss Eileen Sheedy, Miss Adele Tremble, Miss Jean McCabe, Miss Muriel McGuire, Miss Margaret Hynes, and Miss Simone Poupore.

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association entertained at a Bridge on Saturday afternoon, March 6th. Mrs. Frank Pujolas, President, and members of the executive, received. Prize winners were: Mrs. Healey, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Pamphilon, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Conlon and Mrs. Latchford. After the Bridge the members of the Association and the Sisters of the Community mingled in happy re-union. Tea was served from tables bright with colorful spring flowers in silver vases and green

candles in silver holders. Those pouring tea were Mrs. R. A. Hayden, Mrs. D. J. McCarthy, Mrs. D. L. Monkhouse and Mrs. J. B. Wright.

The following is an extract from the Congressional Record, February 28, 1933:

Mr. Moses: "Mr. President, among the matters upon the agenda for the approaching session of Congress is the matter of the protocol of the so-called World Court. The Women's Bar Association of the District of Columbia at the request of the Bok Foundation have made a study of the question. The report was made by Miss Thompson, a distinguished woman member of the bar of the District of Columbia. I ask unanimous consent that the report may be printed as an enate document."

The Presiding Officer: "Without objection it is so ordered."

And the report, about 75,000 words, has been printed, so we understand why we have not had a letter from Miss Thompson for some weeks:

Mrs. A. Jardine-Smith has moved to Brandon. We hear that recently she motored to Sifton to visit the Sisters there. We hope to get an account of her trip for the next issue of the "Lilies."

Marie McAteer, R.N., is taking a post-graduate course at Cornell. "To receive the 'Lilies' here will seem like a little bit of home . . . and please do not fail to note change of address . . . and all good wishes for your success in your wonderful work." Extract from Marie's letter.

August Kennedy MacDonald was made Deacon on Sunday, April 2nd, at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, by Bishop MacDonald, and ordained at Winnipeg May 23rd by Archbishop Sinnott. He is a brother of Aileen Street (Mrs. Jack) and nephew of Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. Rush (Eileen Kormänn) on the birth of a boy (Francis Joseph Patrick Rush); to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doherty (Mary Calvert), on the birth of a boy (Terence Arthur Doherty); to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hickey (Adele Knowlton) on the birth of a son (David).

On March 29th Bettina Vegara gave a violin recital in Hart House. Congratulations to the talented young musician, who made her public appearance six years ago.

On Easter Monday, at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Miss Ruth Dolan was married to Mr. Denis Mungovan, of Newmarket. Ruth had a very enjoyable visit with her teachers and friends a short time before the wedding. All best wishes to the happy couple!

We are pleased to hear that Miss Catherine Kernahan is recovering from her recent illness.

Miss Evelyn Krausmann spent several weeks in Toronto visiting her many friends, during which time she was the guest of her cousin, Catherine Sheedy.

“I look forward to the ‘Lilies’ ever so much. It is a link with my happy school days at St Joseph’s . . . Did you hear Emily has a little son, Richard Jean Joseph? How the years pass! When I left home four years ago Emily still seemed a little girl . . . I long to see Trinidad again, yet I have much to be grateful for. I often think we are the happiest couple in the world, blessed as we are with a lovely little girl, Mary Stella. The Catholic Mission is eight miles from here, and when the priest visits the settlement it is with us he stays.” Thus writes Anita de Montrichard, now Mrs. T. R. Hayes, from the “Department of Agriculture,” Mbale, Uganda, British East Africa. Anita wants to hear from some of the former classmates, and we hope she will not be disappointed.

On May thirteenth, hundreds of mourners crowded into St. Michael’s Cathedral to assist at the Pontifical High Mass celebrated at the request of the Catholic Women’s League for the repose of the soul of Dr. Gertrude Lawler, M.A., LL.D. Representatives of the University were present, as also many noted educationalists. Archbishop Neil McNeil celebrated the Mass, the Right Reverend Monsignor Whalen, arch-priest; Rev-

erend E. McCorkell, deacon, and Reverend G. Kirby sub-deacon. The late Dr. Lawler was the first President of Saint Joseph's Alumnae and of the Catholic Women's League.

In Rochester, New York, on April 5th, Miss Dorothy Agnew, B.A., one of our graduates, passed away. Dorothy made a very brilliant course in Arts at St. Joseph's College, winning the Governor-General's Medal for Proficiency—no small achievement considering the hundreds of students competing for the honour. For some years ill-health had withdrawn Dorothy from active life, and it has been a sorrow to her near ones and her many friends to see this young life, so full of promise, slowly ebbing away. Nature had endowed her with exceptional gifts of mind and personality which would have insured a distinguished career in the world, but God had other designs for her, and, having purified her in the crucible of suffering, took her to Himself. To her sorrowing mother and sister and brother we offer our sincere sympathy.



The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased:

The Reverend V. Murphy, C.S.B., Chief Justice Anglin, Mrs. E. Henderson, Mr. Thomas Buckley, Mrs M. Angelo, Mrs. W. Dillon, Miss Dorothy Agnew, Mr. McBride, Mrs. R. Kramer, Mr. Henry V. O'Connor, Mr. D. Small, Mrs. H. Corti, Mrs. L. D. Tighe, Mrs. Whyte, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. D. J. O'Connor, Mrs. W. H. Steele, Mr. Gorman, Mrs. Schenck.

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



GRADUATION DAY.

Friday, June 9th, was Convocation Day at the University of Toronto, and so St. Joseph's, as an Affiliated College, was all astir "early" in the morning. For although we are proud of our connection with so great a University, and the afternoon's Convocation is one of the great events in a student's life, yet, as Catholics, an integral part of Graduation Day would have been lacking did we not begin our rejoicing by returning thanks to God, at Holy Mass, for the success with which He crowned our four years' work. The Mass was celebrated at 9 a.m. by our President, Reverend Father Bellisle, C.S.B., after which breakfast was served on the porch overlooking the garden, and each graduate was presented with a unique souvenir by Reverend Sister Superior, a climax to her many acts of kindness, during our sojourn at St. Joseph's.

After Convocation, which took place at 2.30 p.m. at Convocation Hall, the graduates and their immediate families were the guests of the Staff at a delightful Garden Party held at the College. The central tea-table, which was laid on the porch, presented a charming sight, decked as it was with iris of many colours, silver and tempting viands. Smaller tables, placed throughout the garden, accommodated the guests. When tea was over, the graduates and their friends proceeded to the Mother House, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, followed by one of Reverend Father Bellisle's convincing and eloquent sermons, a farewell message and word of advice to the Graduates of 1933.

As the graduates filed into the beautiful Gothic Convent



GRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, IN ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 1933.

Standing—Miss A. Spreen, B.A.; Miss M. Hussey, B.A.; Miss M. Palmer, B.A.; Miss L. Richardson, B.A.; Miss I. Baxter, B.A.; Miss C. Hartmann, B.A.; Miss J. Lynch, B.A.; Miss M. McLinden, B.A.; Miss A. McKenna, B.A.

Seated—Miss H. Tallon, B.A.; Miss R. Carroll, B.A.; Miss E. Hartmann, B.A.; Miss U. Murray, B.A.; Miss D. Greening, B.A.; Miss M. Hayes, B.A.; Miss T. Hayes, B.A.; Miss L. McAlpine, B.A.

Absent—Miss R. Burns, B.A.; Miss M. O'Brien, B.A.; Miss H. O'Donnell, B.A.; Miss G. Gibbons, B.A.; Miss E. Crover, B.H.Sc.

Chapel, they looked very picturesque in cap and gown and ermine decked hood. And it was touching, indeed, to see Miss Margaret Hussey, President of S.A.C., and Miss Lucille McAlpine, Head Girl, go forward and place beautiful bouquets at Our Lady's and St. Joseph's altars, respectively, a tribute from the Graduating Class to their beloved Patroness and Patron.

We feel sure that no graduates have a lovelier Graduation Day than the students of St. Joseph's, where the religious atmosphere mingles with the dignity and pomp of a great University's Graduation Exercises.

The Annual Retreat opened this year on March 2nd, and closed on the morning of Monday, March 6th. The Retreat was preached by our good friend and former President, Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., whose inspiring conferences were greatly appreciated by us all. From beginning to end, the Retreat breathed the spirit of the great St. Bernard, and filled us with an ardent desire to reproduce in our lives something of the virtue and nobility of character which made Bernard one of God's most lovable saints. We wish to take this opportunity of expressing to Father McCorkell our sincere appreciation of the helps that he gave us during those three most important days of the College year.

St. Joseph's has once more won distinction this year in the Women's Athletics. Agnes Gardner, '35, who won the Tennis Championship in the Fall, brought further glory to us by winning the Badminton Championship in March. Congratulations, Agnes!

The outstanding event of Easter term has always been the College Banquet in honour of our Graduating Class. This year the celebration took the form of a "High Tea," truly the most delightful and enjoyable party of the whole year. There was only one thing to mar the perfection, and that was the

absence, due to illness, of our President, Reverend Father Bellisle, C.S.B., whose response to the toast to the University of Toronto always filled our hearts with a justifiable pride in our renowned Alma Mater, and inspired us with a serious sense of our duty as Catholic students in the University. However, we were grateful indeed to have three of our Professors present, who, though they acknowledged that they had come with some misgiving to a Graduates "Tea," seemed to enjoy the party quite as much as did we.

The tea table, which was laid in the spacious common room, was resplendent with gleaming silver, spring flowers and delicious food, was a great credit to the artistic skill of Miss Olive O'Connell, '34. Miss Mary McNamara, '34, and Miss Louise Hayes, '34, poured, while the Misses Marion Darte, Helen Darte and Mary Murray, also members of Third Year, were most hospitable hostesses. Reverend Fathers Murray, C.S.B., Thompson, C.S.B., and O'Donnell, C.S.B., made splendid speeches, in which they all paid tribute to the excellent work being done at St. Joseph's. Mrs. K. Young, England, a new member on the Staff, answered the toast to the Faculty, while Miss Margaret Hussey, '33, President of the Students' Administrative Council, and Miss Lucille McAlpine, '33, Head Girl of the Residence, and Miss Dorothea Greening, '33, answered the toasts to St. Michael's and to the Graduates respectively. The graduates were presented with artistic silver bar pins with St. Michael's crest as appropriate souvenirs of their four happy and profitable years in College, and also as a mark of affection on the part of the Undergraduates. The Third Year is to be congratulated for the efficiency with which they planned and served the tea, which, although eminently successful, was tinged none the less with sadness at the thought that soon the Graduates would be gone from our midst.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, under the able Presidency of Miss Helen McHenry, '34, has had a very successful year. We owe a vote of deep gratitude to Reverend Father

Bellisle, C.S.B., our Sodality Director, for the many practical and beautiful talks he gave us on our Blessed Mother. Miss Jean MacDonald, '36, has been elected President for next year.

Our Dramatic Society once more showed its capabilities in acting when it presented, during Passion Week, "The Upper Room," a Drama of Christ's Passion, by R. H. Benson. This little drama, as beautiful in diction and so restrained in action, was given full justice by the caste, which seemed admirably chosen for the parts. Miss Clerese Hartman, '33, interpreted the role of Mary in a most perfect way, showing dignity and strength in every action. Miss Mary McGuire, '35, as the boy of the landlord, won the hearts of all by her realistic portrayal of the treatment of Christ at the hands of the mob, while Miss Eugenie Hartman, '33, as Peter, and Miss Dorothea Greening, '33, as Judas, showed decided dramatic ability. The programme and caste was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

The Scene is laid throughout in the Cenacle or Upper Room.

- ACT I.—Immediately after the Last Supper.
- ACT II.—At Dawn on Good Friday.
- ACT III.—At Sunset on Good Friday.

TABLEAU.

CAST.

Samuel, the Landlord's Boy	Mary McGuire
Achaz, the Landlord	Margaret Flahiff
Joseph of Arimathea	Helen McHenry
Judas	Dorothea Greening
John	Callie Dunn
Petter	Eugenie Hartman
Loginus, Roman Soldier	Irene Baxter
Mary	Clerese Hartman
Mary of Magdala	Mary Palmer
Veronica	Kathleen Gallagher
Speaker of the Prologue	Lucille McAlpine

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy and family, and particularly to Sister Mary Agnes, our revered French teacher, on the death of Reverend Father Vincent Murphy, C.S.B., who died March 28th.

We also offer our sincere sympathy to Reverend Father McCorkell on the death of his father.

Have you seen St. Michael's College Year Book, "The Thurible"? St. Joseph's girls get honourable, or, shall we say, "proud" mention?

Congratulations to Miss Mary McNamara, '34, on her election as Head Girl of the Residence for next year. We wonder who will be her House Committee, chosen, alas! to keep us in order? Dont worry, Mary — we'll try to be good!

IF.

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.



Journey's End.

One evening in the early Spring our auditorium was the scene of "Journey's End" as enacted by the Dramatic Society of St. Michael's College.

The stage was a perfect setting of a dug-out, the actors realistic soldiers. They seemed to actually live the life "our soldiers" led "over there." The awful silence before the "big push," the strain of waiting, men's nerves stretched to the breaking point, the petty disputes, the steady grind of duty—till even the audience felt tense.

The young men deserve great commendation. They brought out the story cleverly, portraying the poignant moments as brilliantly as the lighter comedy passages.

The audience showed their appreciation by their complete silence during tense moments, and their applause between acts and at the close. The good Fathers are indeed splendid directors, and we thank the boys for their excellent acting. We hope they will bring another play to our auditorium in the near future.

Margaret MacDonell, V.

The Donovan Affair.

"The Donovan Affair," presented by Newman Club at Eaton's Auditorium, had a special attraction for the College School, since two of our graduates—

Miss Nora Phelan and Miss Mabel Greene—were in its cast.

The play was a great success, and the interest maintained till the last minute. Many were the guesses we hazarded as to who was the villain, but so splendidly was the tension held that we were kept in suspense till the end.

Congratulations, Newman, on your fine performance!

Margaret MacDonell, V.

The Annual Retreat.

"A retreat is a time of withdrawal from the world that we may come closer to God." In the conference which opened the recent retreat, given at St. Joseph's College School, the Rev. E. J. Byrne, C.S.P., struck the keynote in the manner in which the coming days of prayer and recollection were to be spent. A clear explanation of the most important doctrines of the church and a most enlightening discussion of the problems confronting modern youth provided material for the inspiring conferences. A most interesting and instructive supplement to the regular exercises of the retreat was a Question Box, in which a variety of questions were answered and advice given on many points. The students who enjoyed the privilege of making their retreat under Father Byrne's direction are deeply appreciative of his efforts on their behalf.

M. Tisdale, V.

Essay Contest. During March every available source of information on the development of radio broadcasting was in use. Books and magazines were borrowed from the libraries, radio stations were inspected, and dictionaries were carefully thumbed. What was it all about? The Catholic Women's League were holding a competition and offered a prize for the best essay on "The Development of Radio Broadcasting in the Last Five Years." Besides this, three prizes were offered in each Fifth Form. So the students set to work immediately, and the results were indeed gratifying. The prizes were awarded to Dorothy Chambers, Nell Magner and Lynette Roddy in VA, and to Edna Gray, Marie Tisdale and Angela Hurson in VB. From the essays written by the six whom we have mentioned above, the best was sent to the Catholic Women's League, and although the results are not yet known, we are confident that the essays from our school will be among the best.

Mary Hallinan, V.

Debate. On March 16th the Fifth Form Mission and Literary Society staged a debate. The subject under discussion was: Whether or not Communism is Beneficial to Mankind. The affirmative was upheld by Dorothy Chambers and Madeline Wright, while the negative was ably supported by Edna Gray and Rita Mayer — so ably, in fact, that the negative won! In addition to the debate itself, Mildred Sweeney reviewed the life of Matt Talbot and Mary Hallinan read an interesting paper on Saint Patrick. Margaret McRonnell played a few well-known Irish airs, and then the meeting was adjourned after an address by the chairman, Lynette Roddy.

Nell Magner, V.

Tag Day. March 17th was fittingly celebrated this year at the College School. After Mass, during which the favorite hymn, "All Hail to St. Patrick," was sung, the girls set out for their assigned streets to tag the passers-by with dainty green shamrocks. St. Basil's Parish was the most successful in the St. Patrick's Day Drive for the Catholic Unemployed. Was it because our girls were tagging in that district?

L. Matte, IV.

Reviewing. Reviewing! How uninteresting, but the First Forms had a novel idea on the subject this year. Literary meetings were used to get greater interest, and they were successful. During the first of the meetings in Form IA papers were read on the following topics: Sir Walter Scott and his poem, "The Lady of the Lake," by Kathleen Bennett; a character portrayal of Malcolm Graeme by Muriel Browne, and a delightful sketch of Ellen by Elaine Browne.

Mary Martin, I.

China. St. Joseph's College School most certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Father J. Sharkey for his interesting lecture and slides on China. He told us about many of the Chinese customs; that people are hired to weep at funerals, for instance, and his talk was as educational as it was interesting. The slides showed us the conditions existing in China more clearly than any spoken words could have, and the extreme poverty of the missions was vividly portrayed. We are always glad to hear of our mission fields, and such an afternoon could not do less than rekindle our zeal, and spur us on to greater efforts.

M. Tisdale, V.

Missions. Form IA reports their monthly Mission Meeting held on Thursday, May the Fourth. The programme consisted of a short speech by the President, stories and the life of St. Catherine. Kathleen Bennett, I.

Tenebrae. Wednesday night, April 12th, a number of the senior girls attended Tenebrae at St. Basil's Church. Tenebrae is the name given to the services of Matins and Lauds belonging to the last three days of Holy Week. The Office of these three days is treated as a dirge commemorating the death of Jesus Christ. The fifteen psalms were chanted by the Basilian Scholastics. After each psalm a candle was extinguished until finally the whole church was in darkness. This was followed by a loud clatter and noise symbolic of the convulsion of nature which followed the death of Jesus Christ. However mournful the Tenebrae was, we found it most impressive and interesting. Rita Mayer, V.

A Surprise. One morning in Form IB it was announced quite unexpectedly that some of the girls had prepared a most pleasant surprise for their classmates. Rose Walsh had dramatized a scene from "Silas Marner"—Dolly's Visit to Silas. Cecilia Smith as Dolly Winthrop, Frances Walsh as Aaron, and Helen Rosenberg as Silas, acted well their parts, and fully deserved the hearty applause given them. Mary Martin, I.

Concert. During the Retreat, when our comrade Forms were engaged with higher matters, Forms IA and IB took advantage of the opportunity and held an impromptu concert in the Study Hall. Despite the fact that they were taken unawares, the girls responded nobly. A Chemistry Lesson by Isabel Kelly, Mary Martin's "Hockey Broadcast" and "When Miss Jones Missed the Street Car," by Cecilia Smith, were very enjoyable, while a Talk on Politeness by Alice Hill made every one fully resolve to read at least one book on etiquette. Each one did her best and at the close of the programme it was unanimously agreed that it had been one of the most amusing afternoons of our School Year. Rose Welsh, I.

Operetta. On the evenings of May 4th and 5th, a colorful spring-time operetta called "At the Rainbow's Edge," was ably presented by the junior pupils of St. Joseph's College School before a large audience of parents of the students and their friends.

The fairylike little girls appeared in a variety of roles, including a chorus of gnomes, brown and white bears, snowflakes, sunbeams and rainbow rays whose duty was to provide the new spring colors for the spring flowers, who were the primary pupils of the school. The story of the rainbow painter's adventures with the late spring snowflakes, the frost king, and the final triumph of the sunbeams brought from the south by the friendly robin, was admirably told in song, dance and dialogue.

From the highly intelligent performance of the dog Bow-wow to the white and silver dignity of the Frost King, the drama was well done. Nurse Nature was excellent and her clear and pleasing enunciation of her part added much pleasure to the performance. The programme closed with the full chorus of players singing their school song. M. Tisdale, V.



JUNIOR PUPILS IN "AT THE RAINBOW'S EDGE."

High Mass. On Holy Thursday we attended Solemn Mass in the chapel, with Reverend F. Sharpe officiating. A choir of Sisters and girls sang the Mass of the Angels in parts, which according to all reports, was delightful. Shortly after Mass the girls left for their Easter vacation.
Rita Mayer, V.

An Hour. On Tuesday, May the ninth, the First Forms spent a very enjoyable English Period. One of the University graduates from the College reviewed with them some of the principal authors and poems studied during the year, endeavoring to impress upon them wherein lies the true appreciation of Literature.
Rose Welsh, I.

Feast of St. Joseph. The feast of our beloved patron, St. Joseph, occurring in Lent, could not be celebrated with much ceremony, but on May 3rd his patronage was effectively celebrated. St. Joseph's altar was beautifully decorated with lilies and yellow daffodils. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in his honour with Father Sharp officiating, and in the evening Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament concluded a very joyful feast.
L. Matte, IV.

Recital. On Easter Monday the Sisters and their friends attended a delightful recital given by Miss Rita Savard in the school auditorium. Needless to say, Miss Savard's performance was charming and the numbers were rendered with her masterful and inimitable technique. The programme included a Sonata in C major, by Beethoven, four Chopin etudes and Schumann's Carnival. We are indeed grateful to Miss Savard and eagerly await another of her musical evenings in the near future.
Dorothy Chambers, V.

Conservatory Concert. Those of us who had the privilege of attending the Conservatory Concert at Massey Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 2, were delighted with the varied and well-balanced programme.

From the opening selection, the Overture to Oberon, by Weber, down through the brilliant concertos by Schumann, Rubenstein, and the masterful Beethoven, and incomparable Liszt to the final preludes of the master singers, the audience remained enthusiastic. The guest artists of the evening were warmly received by an appreciative audience.

Our only regret was that this concert was the final one of the season.
Margaret Haines, V.

The Rhythmic Band. On May 11th a singular entertainment was presented in the auditorium by the talented young members of our school. The rhythmic band consisting of forty uniformed members, favoured us with several well-known selections. The band was conducted with all due pomp and ceremony. The Oxford Piano Course was illustrated in two parts. Two recitations, one rendered especially vivid by the introduction of two little girls as "grandmother" and "grandfather" dancing a minuet, were given. The band evinced their further talent by the novel arrangement of singing and rhythm in the "Baby Parade." The large large audience showed their enjoyment of the evening by their profuse applause.
Eileen Phelan, V.

The Repository. One could scarcely forget our repository on Holy Thursday. It reminds one of Keat's significant phrase, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The repository was the essence of beauty in its natural sense. One might describe it as a huge embarkment of fragrant lilies—stately, white and beautiful. Here and there lights twinkled and if one looked steadily enough one might discover a little golden door, behind which was the Cynosure of all eyes. Is it any wonder that the lilies were so fragrant and so glistening, and the lights so sparkling?

Rita Mayer, V.

Music Recitals. This year May was the musical month at St. Joseph's. It was then that the music students displayed their exceptional talent and technique in a series of four interesting recitals.

The first was that of the Juniors whose youthful efforts gave promise of future proficiency. Towards the end of the month another group of young players entertained. The very simplicity and unconscious grace of these little tots both delighted and charmed all present. The mixed recital, of Intermediate and young Senior pupils took place on the 19th of May. On the 30th the Seniors brought to a successful close the music performance of the season. Rightly do our teachers deserve thanks and congratulations.

Angela Hurson, V.

Mary's Day. Once again it is the month of May. That beautiful month in which nature her gayest and brightest apparel and, in her silent way, pays homage to Our Lady, Queen of May. In by-gone years, the May procession was always on the last day of the month. But this year we had it on the thirteenth of May—Mary's Day.

The procession took place, in part, in the open air. Beautiful hymns were sung and Our Lady's banner floated high in the breeze. The statue of Mary was carried, and later crowned, surrounded by pretty May-flowers. The procession then led indoors, and after crowning Our Lady's statue in the reception room, continued into the chapel, hymns being sung all the while.

Finally this beautiful tribute to Our Lady was completed with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, thus ending a sweet and happy Mary's Day.

Betty Calvert, IV.

Literary Society. A few weeks before the winter term concluded, something entirely new and entirely pleasing invaded the unchanging sameness of Third Form class activities. This something is a Literary Society, and a very fine one, too. The bi-weekly meetings are not without humour, from the nervousness of presidents, agitatedly trying to compose themselves, and the excited stumbling of secretaries through their minutes, to the numbers of frightened girls commencing their orations in a timid voice, gaining courage as they proceed, and finishing with a grand flourish. Of course there is the bad few days that everyone experiences when preparing herself for the ordeal of oral composition, but what is that, compared to the enjoyment of listening to everyone else. And if one does make an error, it is something at which everyone laughs, not an unforgivable sin. And so, every two weeks,

the first period of Thursday afternoon means relaxation, that is unless you have to take the platform. The Literary Society has been undeniably a great success. Sunny McLaughlin, III.

EXAMINATIONS.

No Mohammedan ever turned his face towards Mecca more longingly than we, as First Formers, turned our glances on the seemingly unattainable Fifth Form. However, much water has run under the bridge since then, and most of us are now of the mature and dignified Fifth. Now that we are here, we have been facing a growing conviction that the spectre of exams, at which, in our youthful ignorance we waved an airy hand, is not so easily braved as we had thought, and an air of nonchalant superiority has failed to quite camouflage our agitation. The filling in of those legal-looking application forms has knocked down our last defence, and we are now openly quaking. The spectacle of the Fifth wrestling with the alphabetical intricacies of Algebra, juggling French verbs and *Oratio Obliqua* — in short, fighting a battle equal to any of Caesar's, and while "heat revels unrestrained"—is almost too much. The inimitable Horace has said that "Life has given nothing to mortals without great toil"—could he have been thinking of Matric. exams? O magical, whimsical June! Let it not be said that we were cowards.

Sic transit Form V.

Edna Gray, V.B.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Interest was quickly aroused at school by the announcement of an Oratorical Contest, sponsored by the Catholic Women's League. The subject, "The Ontario Separate School Question," was especially appropriate, as it is a much-discussed topic in all Catholic centres. As was revealed later, this particular subject was chosen to educate the youth of to-day in what may be their problem of to-morrow.

Keen competition and whole-hearted enthusiasm was displayed by all, and in the following contests the audience had an opportunity of viewing the School Question from all angles.

The judges finally concluded that Margaret Conlin and Maude Tisdale would represent St. Joseph in outside contests.

Winning several elimination trials, Margaret advanced to the finals, which were held in Rosary Hall. The competitors represented numerous Catholic centres of the province.

The keen enthusiasm previously exhibited by Margaret's school-mates was once more shown in the large gathering of St. Joseph's girls assembled for the finals. Her many staunch supporters waited anxiously while the judges debated long and earnestly to arrive at a conclusion.

Their final decision placed Margaret at the head, thus adding new laurels to the Brown and Gold—a fitting reward for weeks of hard labour.

Congratulations, Margaret — we're proud of you!

Gerarda Ryan, III.

OUR MUSIC HALL.

The pupils of St. Joseph's College School look with exceptional pride on their Music Hall. The recent addition of the amber glass is very effective. Above the stained-glass doors are representations of the classical instruments, the harp, lute and lyre. On the centre window of either side and above the entrance, is the school crest emblazoned on a blue ground.

During the day the hall is illumined by topaz-rays cast by the sun as it filters through the glass at night by the amber-shaded ceiling-lights.

Subtle inspiration is derived from this atmosphere of quiet and beauty. May the patroness of music continue to bestow upon our pupils her many gifts!

Jean Turnbull, V.

THE WOODS IN SPRING.

Cheer up! Cheer up!

That was the note that pierced my waking ears as I still lay in the bunk. I could not believe it, for on looking out of my small cabin window I could discern the hoar-frost that had settled upon the sweetly-scented pines and cedars, during that cold March night. But that cheering note was repeated, and a second time it pierced my doubting ears.

Before long I had unbolted the cabin door and was standing in front of my forest home. As I inhaled the fresh and fragrant morning air, my eyes gleamed over the surroundings. Below me was the winding river; its brown waters were still gripped by the Ice-King's powerful grasp; to the right rose the snow-capped hills; to the left, and behind me, lay this vast stretch of virgin forest. I searched and searched in vain for the Spring's red-breasted messenger, who that frosty morning had heralded his mistress's advent. No doubt he was concealed among the welcome needles of some pine-tree bough.

Above me, in the east, I saw the morning sun, mounting the heavens slowly, and casting his warming rays over the frozen world. Its warmth encouraged this early songster, and he resumed once more his sweet and cheerful song. It filled the silent woodland and re-echoed through the dense forests; it travelled to the high hills and rebounded in an unceasing chorus: "up!" "up!" "up!"

And the sun mounted higher and higher, and the heat of its rays grew in strength, the snow that lay strewn and packed among the trees and over the open spaces gradually melted. Its volume slowly decreased, and before many days had passed by it disappeared entirely.

When the snows had melted and the winter frost had freed the ground, signs of life began to appear. Tiny mosses and wild shrubs spouted, and as Spring advanced, they grew in size and beauty. Buds covered the numerous arms of the trees, and flowers commenced to dot the damp ground. First came the delicate violet, in its many hues; then appeared the beautiful jack-in-the-pulpit; and, lastly, came the final member of the early Spring flowers, the doubly sweet Sweet William.

In time the waters that had settled over the ground from the melting snows dried up, and revealed from their absence a beautiful

mantle of resting green covering the whole territory. A maze of flowers, herbs, and shrubs dotted the woods; the stately trees proudly displayed their leafy vestments and exhaled copiously their many-scented perfumes. The songs of the birds filled the reviving woodland, and the noisy bustle of its fur-coated creatures made the woods as a novel life. All these aspects greatly added to the splendour and the glory of the woods.

Indeed, these changes were not abrupt, but came gradually. Nature executed her grandest work, and added its most artistic touches, to tasks well nigh completed, while the world was buried in deep slumber. Each morning the red-breasted messenger from the pine-tree tower merrily announced a new event.

But the ruddy-bosomed robin does not linger in warm regions: it seeks cooler localities. Accordingly, when strong heat began to characterize the days, the songster grew weary, and, content with his achievements, he sang his parting notes and flew away.

Although no longer present physically, the robin's memory and his music still lingers. The re-echoing of his cheerful chantings ever penetrates the silent woods. I can still hear the reverberation of his pleasant words as they rolled through the air:

"Cheer up!" "Cheer up!" Beatrice Wilson, III.

A MEDIAEVAL TOWN—HASSETT.

Hassett is such a fine example of a mediaeval town, that Brown-
ing mentions it in his poem, "How They Brought the Good News
From Ghent to Aix."

We are all familiar with the saying, "Time changes many things." Hassett really must be an exception. Nothing could seem more fitting than to find dashing through the streets some fine morning a pair of mounted men, garbed in the bright blue clothes of the burgher. If such men were to come back to life they would hear the same clicking of wooden shoes, see the same dull-coloured full skirts of the women as were seen when moats and spiked walls were not an ornament, but a protection. Best of all, however, our imaginary friends from a world of long ago would see familiar people and faces that would remind them of the jolly folk of five hundred years ago. For as a town Hassett is a unit. Few leave the place, and still fewer come to take up residence there during long periods of time.

The smiling townspeople are attractive. But I suppose it would be difficult for them not to be so, in a community where good health goes hand in hand with hospitality.

Many of the houses hold memories of the period when the line of the Contes de Brabant was all-powerful in the Lowlands. The roofs of the substantial abodes are interesting, as red tile is used. Throughout the entire town there do not seem to be two with the same slant or height. Large squares of coloured tile are used in the floors. The windows are usually leaden. There are no front lawns as in western countries, but very good use is made of the little ground at the back, where tiny lawns are bordered by gay flowers. Sometimes the distance, from one side of the cobble-stoned streets to the other, is no greater than eight feet. A one-time convent has a drawbridge all of its own.

If one wanders near the borders of Eastern Belgium, a visit to such a picturesque old town as Hassett will be well worth while.

Mary Moloney, III.

REMINISCENCES.

Six years ago I was a happy, carefree boy of seven summers, in a beautiful Austrian village on the Danube River. Our dwelling was a small cottage nestling peacefully amid simple flower gardens and a few surrounding acres of well-kept farm land. To the back of the house was a stable occupied by three horses, a cow and a few wooden cages that held my much-loved birds, the doves.

Father went to his work on our small farm early every morning, while mother engaged in her household tasks, and I went merrily to school. We lived happily for some years, when father, wishing to improve his income, came to Canada.

A year elapsed. Conditions in Austria had been going from bad to worse. Taxes were high, produce scant, so there seemed only one solution to the difficulty—immigration.

I was now nine years old, and to me it seemed a bitter ordeal to bid farewell to my playmates and to all that I had known and loved so dearly. Young as I was, I was beginning to taste the bitterness of life.

Three months later all was ready for Canada. First we went to Vienna by train, where we stayed for two days, when we visited the many historical sites and places of olden days. Then, receiving notification from the Government as to our date of departure, we left for Basel in Switzerland, where we remained only four hours, and then went on to Paris. Time was limited here, and in a few hours we left for Cherbourg, France. Four great ships of different lines were waiting for transports.

The first two days at sea the weather was calm. The third day a great storm arose, which lasted four days, during which time mother and I were sea-sick. You can imagine my disappointment at my fate when, with boyish longing, I was aching to explore all the wonders of this great floating city, "The Empress of Scotland."

The ship dropped anchor at Quebec on Sunday morning, and the train left for Winnipeg at noon. There was a strangeness in the landscape, and yet there was a welcome too, for many of the farms and ranches reminded me of our own little farm in Austria. When the train at last stopped from its long journey, we were met by my uncle and taken to his home. Finally, we settled in a home of our own in the German parish of St. Joseph, Winnipeg.

From time to time letters came from Austria. Things were not improving, but growing steadily more distressful. The poor people worked and saved, and yet were unable to secure the bare necessities of life. Five or six years ago all was peace, content and plenty. To-day desolation and want is over all the land. Adversity brings out the best in man; surely, then, if we wait in courage, patience and prayer, Christ the King will lift the pall of economic distress, and we will rise from the strife, a nobler generation.

Joseph Golli.

St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg.

ALICE ARM AND ANYOX.

Alice Arm and Anyox are situated about eighteen miles apart at the head of one of the arms of Observatory Inlet, on the northern coast of British Columbia.

The chief industry of Alice Arm is Silver Mining. At the present time of depression, owing to the slump in the mineral market, Alice Arm is not of vast importance. However, when the price of silver rises, Alice Arm will, no doubt, be one of British Columbia's largest mineral producers.

The transportation facilities into the mountains are very convenient. A railway, seventeen miles long, constructed a few years ago, leads up the valley, along the Kitsault River, into the heart of wealth. At the end of the railway is situated the well-known Dolly Varden Mine, and across the river the Torbrit Mine. Connected with these larger mines are the numerous properties, on which all development work has proven entirely satisfactory.

Apart from the mineral wealth of this country, Nature has also contributed scenic beauty. Anyone visiting or living in the vicinity of Alice Arm is astounded at the enormous mountains with large glaciers, creeping down between, and the beautiful snow-capped peaks, richly tinted with the glow of a Western sunset, all of which reflects into a perfectly calm bay below.

Anyox is important on account of its great Copper producing industry. The large plants on the hillside run continually—week in and week out—shutting down occasionally for necessary repairs. The ore, after being brought out of the mine, is carried in ore cars to the concentrator, where it is crushed and undergoes chemical treatment. The produce is then transferred to the smelter, and the molten metal poured into huge blocks of copper, and usually shipped to the United States on freight boats.

The scenery around Anyox at one time was also just as beautiful as that of Alice Arm, but owing to the terrific sulphur smoke fumes from the smelter, the vegetation for miles distant in every direction has been destroyed.

Alice Kergin.

St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C.

THE THING IN THE NIGHT.

Crash! The calm of the sleeping house was shattered by the sudden report. What was that? I crept further under the covers and vainly attempted to convince myself that the sound was due to my over-active imagination. Burying my head in the pillow, and sticking my fingers in my ears, I counted innumerable sheep—sheep in black masks with ugly automatics all pointed at me. I wriggled restlessly, telling myself repeatedly that no burglar would invade our domain. "Nonsensical!" I scolded myself. "Go back to sleep!" "But I can't!" I wailed in answer. I couldn't go to sleep. It was a physical impossibility, so I had to investigate.

I flung the covers back and jumped on the icy floor. Was that a figure, that vague Something lurking in the shadows? I hesitated a moment, self-preservation fighting against cowardice, and then flung myself bodily at that Something. A bony arm clipped me

under the chin, knocking me prone on the floor, and muffled me in yards of heavy material. Momentarily baffled, I lay quite still. In a paroxysm of fierce resentment, I struggled vigorously, and succeeded in extricating myself. The interloper had fled, leaving no traces except my sore chin. "Surely," I thought, "with all this racket, I must have awakened the family? Whoever it was, he can't have gotten far from here." But as several minutes elapsed and there appeared no anxious parents and no pestilent "Brother," the thought assailed me: "Suppose he had murdered them all in their sleep!" I shut my eyes, and tried to blot out from view such a ghastly scene.

Just as I was in the throes of a mental anguish, far more terrible than any physical pain, the light flashed on suddenly, and Peter's dear, tousled head peered in my door.

From angry bewilderment, his expression changed to one of sheer enjoyment, and he stood there chuckling. The humour of the situation did not strike me. There I was sprawled on the floor, swathed in yards of curtain, whose rod was poking in my left side. I glared at him coldly, and remarked that I was glad someone was enjoying the situation, and that if he were a gentleman he would help me to regain an upright position. Somewhat mollified, he offered his assistance, which I declined.

"Did you hear the shot?" I asked, struggling awkwardly to my feet. "What shot?" "The shot, stupid! the noise that woke me up and caused me to tackle this ferocious thing?" I held a curtain at arm's length and surveyed it with disgust.

Peter scoffed openly. "A shot? — You probably heard a blow-out, or dreamed it, or somethin'. Go back to bed — you women are all ————" And with this parting shot he lurched sleepily in the direction of his room. Such contempt served only to arouse a determination to investigate and to turn the tables on Peter.

I crept towards the stairs. Each time that I placed a foot on a step it creaked loudly. As I proceeded on my unlit way downwards I was convinced that I was being followed. Eventually I mustered courage to glance furtively over one shoulder. For all that I could see, a whole legion might have been dogging my now terrified footsteps. I descended more rapidly, too paralyzed with fear to turn around again. Chilly sensations chased up and down my backbone. Ah! at last — two more — one more step. I sidled to the wall, with the purpose in mind of allowing my pursuer, if any, to pass me.

For what I thought to be hours, I crouched motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. Something was moving in the library — there! it moved again! — with the furtive footfalls of one who wishes to come and go undetected. The realization that here was something material, something tangible, restored some of my courage. In a mad dash, I flew to the door, flinging it open, at the same time feeling nervously for the light switch. I groped blindly about, every nerve in my body tensed. IT was touching me! — there again! Something brushed against my ankle. Something snapped. I tried in vain to scream. My heart thumped madly in the oppressively silent room. And, oh! blessed moment! — just as I felt on the verge of insanity, terrified at the thought of feeling that THING again brush by me — I found the switch and flooded the room with light.

Prepared to see almost anything, I finally dared lower my eyes to the level of the THING. A shattered electric light bulb lay at my feet, and brushing my legs and purring contentedly was — our kitten!
Sunny McLaughlin, III.

Editor's Note: The work given in by the pupils this year has been most satisfactory and had we more space at our disposal more would have been printed. We hope to give special attention to the College School in the September number, so be sure to leave your correct address and secure a copy. Work done during vacation may be sent in for publication. It depends on each girl to make the number a success.

The rose, so long considered the floral emblem of England, was not known in that country until the early part of the fifteenth century—Rose trees were then brought from Italy and planted in the royal gardens. They were sent as presents from the Holy Father, and highly esteemed by royalty. It became the custom to carve them over the doors of the confessional as holy flowers; hence the term 'sub rosa' (under the rose) used to mean 'with secrecy.'

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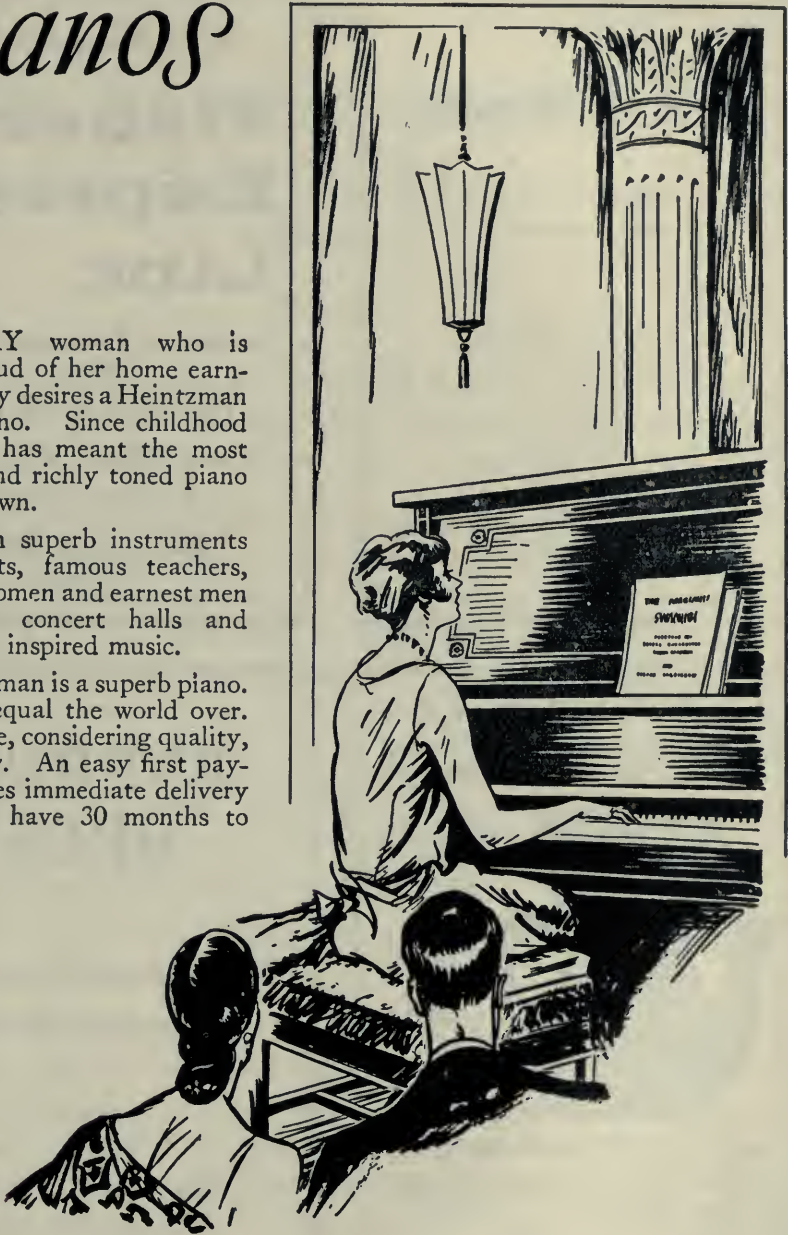
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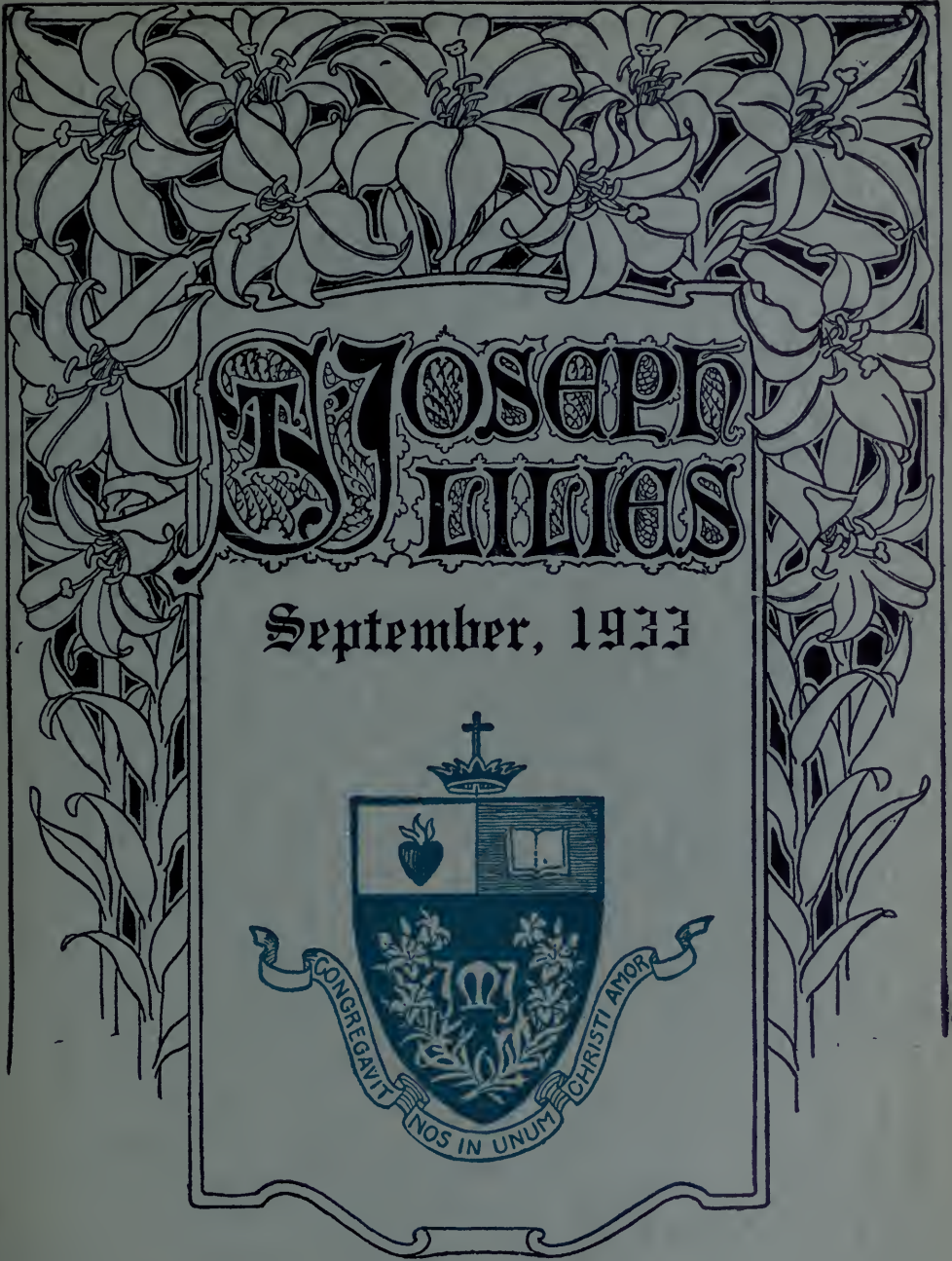
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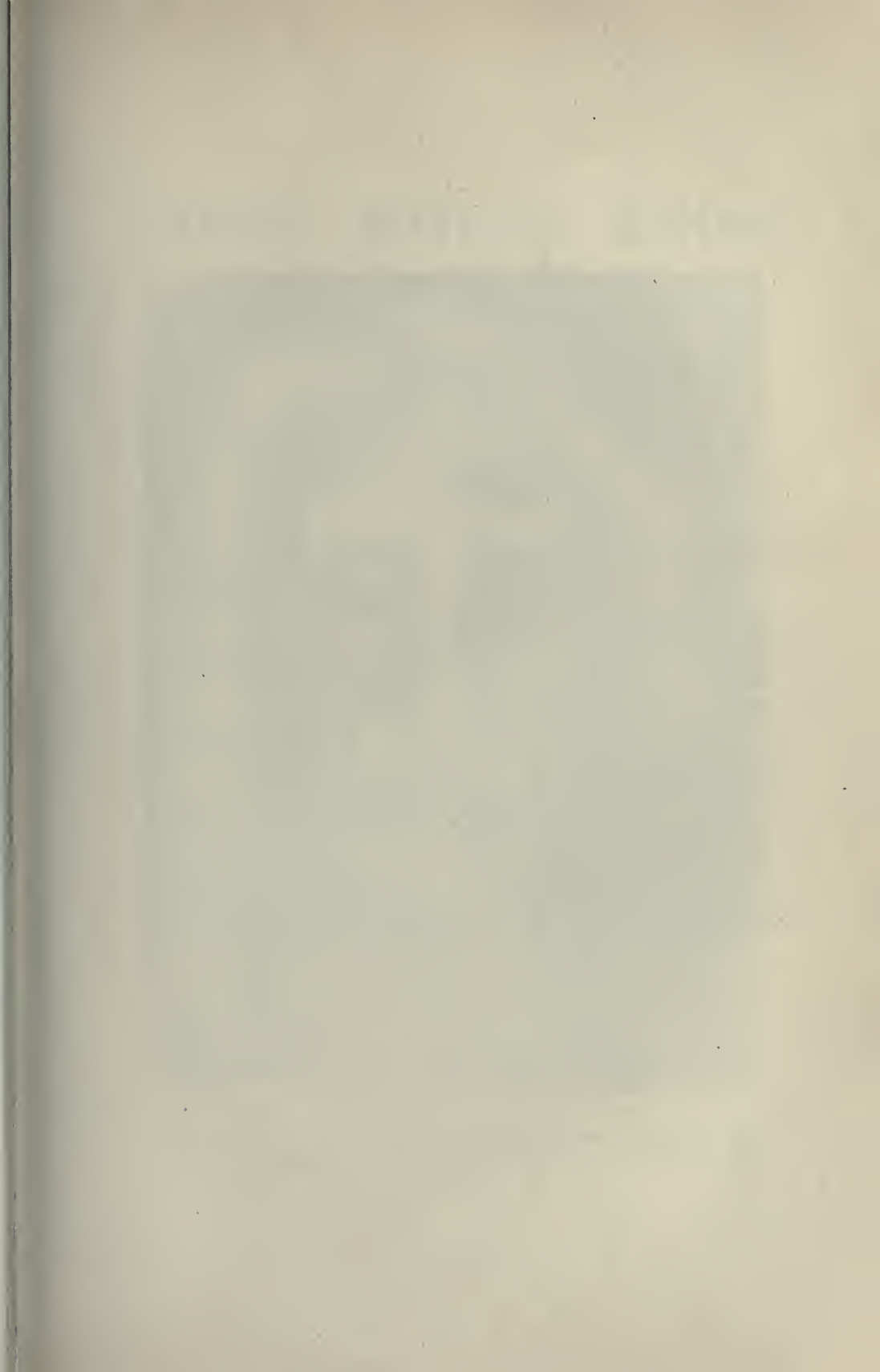
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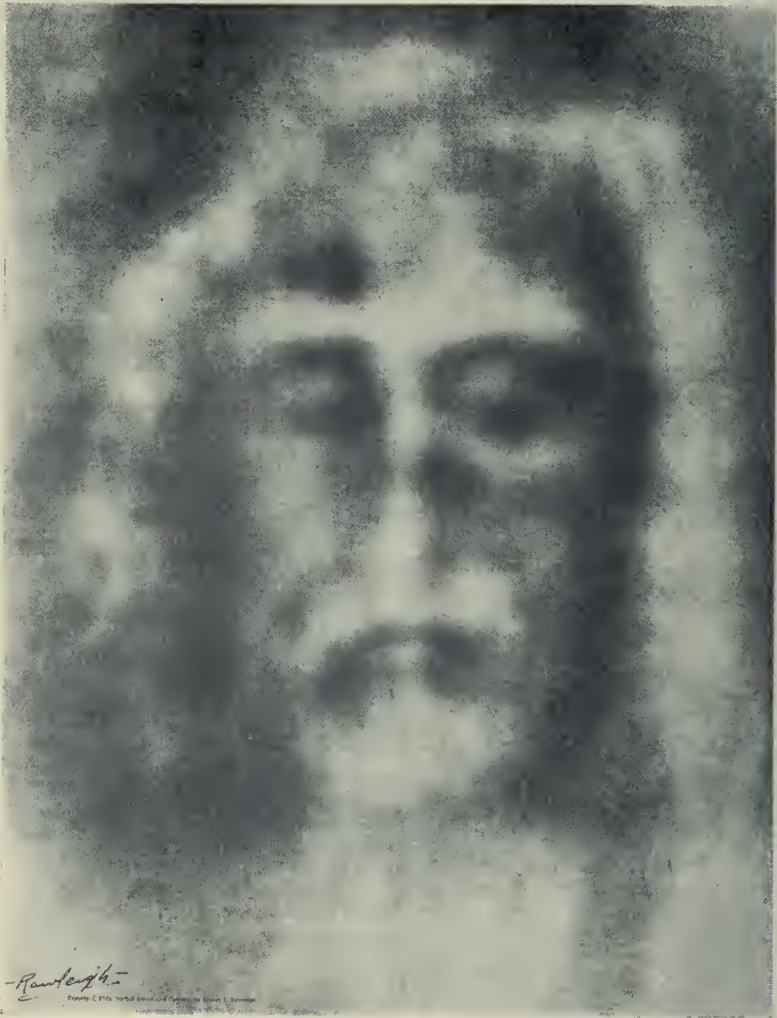
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Rawley

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Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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EDITORIAL

WE present to the readers of this number of the Lilies a brief historical sketch of the Holy Shroud of Turin, replete with both devotional and critical interest. Until about thirty years ago critical interest was absent from this ancient relic of the Master since there was no hostile attitude among Catholic writers towards its authenticity.

Chevalier, a representative of modernistic criticism at the beginning of this century, drew wide world attention by denying its historical value, taking occasion also to show that the Church gave no sanction of her teaching authority to this treasure of Turin, the Holy Shroud of Our Lord, even though the faithful of all preceding ages had shown it the relative honour that was shed upon it by the Saviour Himself, Who was wrapped in it when lying in the tomb.

The consequent violent controversy that sprang from such a bold and sudden repudiation of the time-honoured relic was, however, useful in bringing out clearly the distinction between the authoritative teaching of the Church and mere human history on sacred matters.

Theologians assure us that the Church teaches officially in four different ways: by dogma, doctrines, canonization of saints and dogmatic facts. Outside of these she allows all events occurring in her life of the present and the past to float on the evidence of mere human history. Dogmas are defined by the Church, and generally in plenary councils, as implicitly contained in the very doctrines delivered by the Master Himself. His original teachings need only be closely inspected

and dogmas become reluctant with the divine light of their origin. The Voice of Christ is heard in the dogmas, and thus they must be believed on divine faith.

The Church also defines doctrines that flow logically from the dogmas although not implicitly contained in them, but still necessary to protect the dogmas and elucidate them. Many false doctrines have been condemned and thus the opposite of such teachings defined as true, and there is a host of such definitions. She dictates infallible events also in the canonization of saints and other "dogmatic facts" necessary to maintain the living organization of the Church, as, for instance, that Pius XI. is a true Pope entitled to govern the faithful.

Other affairs transpiring in the life of the Church and her long history are mere historical facts carrying their own intrinsic evidences to which the Church may show her countenance of favour because of their truth. But when they are contraverted she refrains from any decision.

The Holy Shroud of Turin is one of such historical matters like the apparition of Lourdes, private revelations of saints, modern miracles, and all manner of preternatural favours.

The officials of the Church and her theologians are naturally critical towards such events, both to uphold the dignity of the Church and protect her members from deception. And if the favour of the Church is extended to such events, it is a good criterion of their own intrinsic historical value.

The Holy Shroud has of late years been subjected to the microscope in the hands of scientific experts, and to all the tests that critics could demand, and the interesting issue of the scrutiny is the declaration now coming out in learned ecclesiastical reviews by eminent writers that it is impossible to account for the imprint of Our Lord's Face and Body on this winding sheet except by the embalming unguents, and perhaps blood with which it was saturated.

The startling image of His Face is not a work of human art. Photography is new, of only a few years ago, and yet this imprint of the Shroud is a real negative that the art of

painting could not be conscious of nor produce in the simple ages of the past.

Debunker is the name affixed to such headlong critics, and the faithful are reasonably pleased when their shocking objections are cleared away and such treasures of the Church as the Holy Shroud appear again with undiminished credibility to impress our spirits and elicit in us the old devotion of our ancestors.

HYMN TO ST. THÉRÈSE OF LISIEUX

By REV. J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

CALLED by the Lord; from your dear home
 Unto the Cloister's peace you came,
 Your heart a fount of innocence,
 Your soul a torch of Heavenly flame.

O "Little Flower," blanchèd and pure,
 Who suffered with your wounded Lord
 To aid God's priests, that so His Church
 Might conquer Satan's ravening horde.

Like a fair candle, burning there
 Before the altar, night and day,
 So was the ardour of your prayer
 Tinged with His sorrows' reddening ray.

Flower of Jesus, may we all
 Love Him and serve Him like to thee;
 Then worldly ties away shall fall
 And with His eyes we too shall see.

Refrain:

Sweet Little Flower, Oh! hear our prayer,
 And send thy shower of roses down,
 That we may live in virtue here,
 And gain in heaven a fadeless crown!

SHROUD OF GOD

By "POLMAISE."

ENSHRINED in the beautiful marble chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, behind the high altar of the Duome in Turin, rests a *Shroud*, a tattered shroud of finest Damascus linen. It is the Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord.

Joseph of Arimathea it was who supplied the linen cloths—there were more than one—for the enshrouding of the Christ's Body, which he had begged from Pilate. And it was he who offered the new sepulchre, which he had just hewn out of the rock, as a burial place for Our Saviour, and who, with Nicodemus, "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight, and took the Body of Jesus and wound it in *linen clothes* with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

On the third day, when Our Lord rose from the dead, the women who first found the tomb empty ran to convey the news to the Apostles, and *Peter, returning with all haste, found there only the linen shroud which had enveloped the Sacred Body of Our Divine Lord.*

These winding-sheets were gathered up by the holy women and reverently treasured as most sacrosanct relics, until the time came when the Patriarch of Jerusalem was made official guardian of these and the other relics of the Passion — the wood of the Cross, the Nails, the Sponge, the Lance, the Reed—as detailed in the inventory of St. John Damascene.

It was largely for the recovery of this sacred linen, together with the wood of the Cross, from the hands of the infidel Saracen that medieval Europe poured out its treasure and life-blood in the historic crusades. Its full story is a secret of the feudalism of Europe. Battled for in Holy Land by Coeur de Lion, the de Montfords and Tancred, rescued by Godfroi de Bouillon though scathed by fire in the sack of Jerusalem,

it was brought to the West in 1205 by the knights of the Fourth Crusade, and remained for centuries the most revered cult of the now long suppressed great military orders.

Venerated successively in old France at Besancon and Saint-Hippolyte, it was finally carried to the ancient Abbaye de Lery of Champagne, and placed under the custody of — not the Church authorities, but the *House of Savoy*. The Dukes of Savoy built a magnificent shrine for it at Chambéry — which became world-famous as a place of pilgrimage. A great fire broke out in this shrine in 1532, and the sacred Shroud might have been lost but for the bravery of the Duke of Savoy and some Franciscan friars, who faced the flames and rescued it, though the reliquary containing it was almost red-hot. The cloth, in fact, was blackened by the smoke and burnt in two places. The Poor Clares were given the task of restoring it as far as possible to its former colour, and Blessed Sebastian Valfre was later on commissioned to re-stitch it in several places. Taken to Turin in the sixteenth century by the House of Savoy, it has remained there ever since enclosed in a silver casket of great value.

There is a tremendous significance to Christians in this linen. *It is the Shroud of God.*

The cloth is about thirteen and a half feet long by one and a half wide, and the remarkable thing is that *the outline of Our Lord's Body is clearly distinguishable, together with the imprint of His Sacred Face — corresponding to that on the Towel of Veronica at St. Peter's*. What has intrigued the ages, however, is that the blurred outline on the Winding Sheet seemed to exaggerate the proportions of normal anatomy. Then came the miracle of the modern camera and a startling discovery: photography, reducing the enlarged blur, *brings out the Sacred Face of Christ*.

The Winding Sheet is exposed but rarely. The last great occasion was in 1898, when the present King of Italy was married to Princess Helen of Montenegro. The Shroud outline was photographed, and copies of the Face were made a

royal gift to the ruling heads of Christian nations. One was sent to Lord Aberdeen — then Governor-General of Canada — and His Excellency in turn graciously presented it to a devout Catholic, Barry Hayes of Ottawa. Years later this photograph, through the medium of a priest, a nephew of Barry Hayes, was committed to the Buffalo studio of E. J. Rawleigh, well-known American photographer. Rawleigh turned the most cunning resources of science towards bringing out in full relief the lights and shades which form the shroud impress. He has worked from a "positive" to a *developed negative*. The result was the bringing out of a Face that stirred Christian thought throughout America and Europe.

We conceive this *Face in the Shroud* to be one of the most interesting discoveries of the Christian era.

Of the *countenance* of Christ, "which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled," there is no mention by the Evangelists. Crude frescoes there are in the catacombs, but they are of the third century; and in the fifth, Augustine categorically declares: "We completely ignore what the Face of Christ was like."

Tentative concepts of Christ's face there have been in Art, of course, but tentative only. It was more than Dante would venture — "where language and vision and art itself must yield." It is to the creative genius of Michelangelo we owe the rugged Christ of the Sistine Chapel's *Last Judgment*. Likewise to the emotionalism of Leonardo da Vinci we owe the wan-like Nazarene of the Milan *Last Supper*, over which Ruskin so enthuses. Then there is the conventional *Christus* that in religious imagery all recognize in the nun-like oval figure with long clustering hair, arched eyebrows, soft beard and thoughtful eyes. This face, unoriental as it is in caste, is the type that, down the centuries, under the brushes of Rubens, Raphael, Correggio, Murillo, Van Dyke, has moved through the studios and shrines of the world. In our own time, with scientific research striving for racial and historical accuracy, this is the type deferred to. Holman Hunt spent four years

in Syrian villages searching for a physiognomy that responded to it; Beda, likewise, while Tissot spent many years in Palestine on the same mission. Also was it the figure accepted for Anton's Christus at Oberammergau.

And yet this standardized expression of the Face of Christ can only trace its origin to an eighth century discourse of John Damascene, and a twelfth century forged document purporting to be a letter describing Christ written in His life-time to the Roman Senate by a certain Lentulus, prefect of Jerusalem. Against its authenticity there stands the fifth century positive disclaimer of Saint Augustine: "We completely ignore what the Face of Christ was like."

There lies the significance of the Face we here reproduce from the actual Winding Sheet of *Him Who was crucified*.



THE STORY OF A MOTHER PARISH

St. Joseph's, Leslieville

By REVEREND J. A. McDONAGH, B.A.

THE true Catholic heart is always entranced with the romance of a parish. And if we are to write the romance of a parish, what story more appealing than that of a mother parish? And what mother more lovely than St. Joseph's of Leslieville? Bear with me as I tell the tale.

In the east corridor of the City Hall there hangs a painting of "Toronto in 1897," by Owen Staples, R.A. East of the Don a fringe of buildings on Broadview and a meagre string of stores and residences on Queen Street out to Munroe Park boundary a vast region. And there sits St. Joseph's in the fields, solitary and peaceful, in a land of nurseries and brick-yards.

To-day if you cross any of the bridges over the Don or the great Danforth viaduct, pause to marvel at the densely populated urban metropolis extending far to the east. A quarter of a century made the astonishing change. And here you have the history of a great mother parish.

Seventy years ago and three, before Confederation, Catholic farmers of the region built a little school-chapel on Curzon Street, next to where now stands Leslie Public School. This was placed under the venerable St. Paul's. For sixteen years, under Vicars-general Rooney and McCann, a little congregation from the great suburban area had the consolation of Holy Mass. In 1871 a new school-chapel was completed. It ended its days as a club-house in 1917, when it became unsafe. The formality of erection into a parish in 1878 gave St. Joseph's the first chance to call her soul her own. From then until now she has rejoiced in a phenomenon unknown to any settled regions. From her maternal bosom have sprung seven great daughters, glorious and care-free in their reckless youth. The dancing light of their fresh-cut marble is oft encircled by a

ruddier glow from the venerable heart of their beaming mother. They reflect and enhance her calm glory.

But long erstwhile the pioneer pastor laid the basis of this faintly discerned future. Michael McCartin O'Reilly, six foot four and broad of shoulder, was a church builder of renown. Merritton, Stayner and Brentwood testify to his building bent. This saintly soggarth from Longford, Ireland, with his eighteen inch silk topper, won the heart of the village. The Protestant builders offered a supply of brick; the Protestant postmaster, Leslie, of Leslieville, offered the land for a song, and in 1884 the building began. Two years later it was opened by Bishop O'Mahony. For fifty years, twice burnt and once rebuilt, it has remained the perfect parish church of the village of Leslieville.

Previous to one of the many picnics which helped to pay the debt, it was once prematurely announced that there would be a tug-of-war between the Hibernians and the I.C.B.U. A delegation of indignation from the A.O.H. faced the giant Father O'Reilly. "What right have you to suppose we are going to pull?" said they. "What right has any priest to ask an Irishman to support his church?" said he. "Well, then, what are we going to pull for?" they parried, likewise. "You'll pull for all you're worth," he said. And they did.

Even to this day the orchard around the rectory has been a source of magnetic disturbance. In days past a chicken coop increased the trouble. Before the time of the Holy Name Society an intruder found Father O'Reilly bearing down upon him. As he cleared the fence the priest's boot caught him squarely. "O, Hell!" said he. "Not O'Hell but O'Reilly," said the priest, "and God help you." The story went around the world.

The coming of the electric cars in 1892 saw St. Joseph's waxing strong. The Jubilee volume of that year tells us there were two hundred and twenty families in the parish. So scattered an area presented a new problem. Thus was brought about the last great effort of Father O'Reilly. It arose from the crying need of the parishioners in the Village of York for a chapel. Mass had been said at the home of Mrs. Murray

on Main Street. But as far back as 1853 one Terence O'Neil had donated a strip of land on a commanding site overlooking the deep glen and the lake, that Holy Mass might be said for the repose of his soul. Here, with required additional property, Father O'Reilly built the mission chapel of St. John the Evangelist. Three days after its dedication by Archbishop Walsh, May 22nd, 1892, the pious request of Terence O'Neil was fulfilled. Eight months later, in 1893, Father O'Reilly sang his "Nunc Dimittis," and was buried in St. Joseph's Church. His work was done. The good Redemptorist Fathers took over the mission, and thus was born the first daughter of St. Joseph's. Father Dodsworth and Father Grogan are best remembered of these men.

Then began the unsettled decade when Leslieville suffered growing pains. Dean Bergin came as administrator until 1895. Father McEntee then became pastor until 1902, when he resigned owing to ill-health. The parish received its first curate in Father Lynett in 1897.

The coming of Father Hugh J. Canning, in March, 1903, began an eventful regime. The Inspector of Christian Doctrine in the Separate Schools (for such he was) put a zest into every parish affair. Street cars were running on Queen Street, families were flocking into the parish, the brickyards were moving east. As late as 1898 a team of horses had foundered in the mire of Leslie Street. In bad weather funeral coaches had to remain at Queen Street while the casket was carried on foot. But progress marched in. The streets became better, the population thicker, and a glorious era ensued. The good pastor fostered the school and planned a greater one. He had a splendid boys' choir and gallery choir under John and Richard Howorth; he organized debating and athletic clubs, and drove great distances on sick calls. St. Joseph's was looking up.

Then came disaster. It is said that a candle left burning in the choir loft at the conclusion of a mission brought on the fire of 1907. The wags say the fiery sermon of the missionary was the cause. But the church was gutted, and a large portion of the parish archives destroyed. The Reverend

Mr. Bushnell, who had an Anglican Church on Brooklyn Avenue, generously offered this for Mass. But it was found more convenient, however, to acquire the Presbyterian Church at Gerrard and Bolton. For over a year this became the parish church. Then in 1919 the completely renovated St. Joseph's was re-opened. Father Canning was sent to Our Lady of Lourdes and the Chancellor himself, Reverend Francis Frederick Rohleder, assumed charge. The temporary chapel became a new parish under Father O'Donnell (now Archbishop), and another daughter was born.

Therein lies a story. It is said that Father Canning would have called the fledgeling St. Augustine's, in deference to Eugene O'Keefe, and as a sentimental sequence to St. Monica's. But it was called St. Ann's. So, instead of St. Augustine's parish the diocese received St. Augustine's Seminary. What strange things come from a candle left burning in an organ loft!

The new pastor, better known as "Father Fred," was one of the most lovable characters who ever graced the diocese of Toronto. Born in Westphalia, Germany, he was a musician to his finger tips. His kindly soul blended into the rural surroundings, while the mellow strains of his evening organ filled the passerby with thoughts of God. The parish rolled on like a symphony. With motherly pride, she saw the birth of a new daughter in 1913. Up on hectic Danforth, Father Cline built the Holy Name basement near the school, and awaited prosperity. All seemed well.

The powerful harmony vibrating in the life of the kindly Father Fred received a rude jolt in 1914. His health had been failing. The new rectory was in the course of construction and the old parish house had been moved over to Curzon Street. Then his world came tumbling about his ears. War was declared. It hastened his death, September 10, 1914.

The next few months, whilst Father Bench came with Father Finnegan, who was very well known, saw a tremendous enlistment. The bronze tablets at the back of the church testify to her great war record. Anniversary services in November, to-day recall their glory.

The present brilliant regime began April 2, 1915. The brisk advent of the new pastor, Reverend Arthur J. O'Leary, D.D., brought a period of extensive organization. Every phase of parochial life felt a breath of fresh air. You marvel to-day at the beauty of St. Joseph's unrivalled grounds. It took fourteen hundred loads of fine loam to build that terrace. It takes constant care on the part of the caretaker to produce that lovely lawn. In the neatness and cleanliness of the property you have the key to the marvellous efficiency of the fifteen parish societies. As director of the Priests' Eucharistic League, Doctor O'Leary learned to centre everything around the Blessed Sacrament. So the Holy Hour on Friday is a focal point for seasonal devotion and society meetings. Once a year, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the impressive procession throughout the spacious grounds with open-air Benediction, brings visitors from near and far. The careful work of the Parish Visitor makes St. Joseph's a laboratory parish where human tendencies may best be studied with accurate information.

For those statistically minded, there are now about seven hundred children in the fourteen-roomed school. There are now over eight hundred families. Four hundred of these will change their address in the course of a year. One fifth of the families are mixed marriages, so that every phase of the modern city parish is now being reproduced. Quite a change from Leslieville village as remembered by Mr. James Murphy and Mrs. Maria Finucan, the two oldest parishioners.

Of late years the parish has been favoured, at times by the presence of Bishop Alexander MacDonald. Father Bernard O'Donnell and your humble scribe have been assistants, six and five years respectively. The Separate School, splendidly managed by the Sisters of St. Joseph, has now six portables in its spacious grounds. The debating prowess of the parish will be remembered by every club which contested at various times in the past decade for the city shield. The various literary clubs of the present era produced these formidable teams.

More might be said about the famous Dante Club, the I.C.B.U., St. Joseph's Court C.O.F., and so on, but a book would not describe the activities of a great city parish. Some day the vital life may petrify and be reduced to mortar and stone, but no signs of moribundity are yet apparent. Arterial sclerosis, hardening of the arteries and premature senility might be expected of the old Mother Church of the East End. But she still possesses sufficient vitality to take a lead amongst her children in extra parochial activities.

When the time comes that electric moguls replace steam in the city environs, when synthetic chemistry renders the industrial zephyrs of the east less hard on the olefactory sense, the great harbour development beside a marvellous beach, will produce a new population around Fleet Street, with great apartment houses overlooking the lake. Then will the parish reach new flower. Meanwhile, at ease about her widening horizon, she rejoices in her rural memories. Listen, she lilts in the very name of her streets:

Greenwood, Redwood, Myrtle, Cherrynook,
Highfield, Woodfield, Hunter, Rushbrooke,
Applegrove and Glenside,
Hiawatha wold,
Riverdale and Ashdale,
Bain and Marigold.

The "wold" referred to is rapidly losing its woodland character as the city marches in and the trees disappear. But the old parishioner everywhere clings to the quiet memories of the lovely district of the past. New glories will undoubtedly attend. New daughters and grand-daughters, like Corpus Christi, St. Brigid's, Holy Cross and St. Dunstan's have risen in her fields, and others will doubtless arise. But ever and anon the wonder will be from what source she draws her abundant life.

"I know not whence is that Promethean heat
That can thy life relume." (Shakespeare).

St. Joseph knows. Ask him.

THE CATHOLIC APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

By REVEREND E. J. McCORKELL, C.S.B.

RECENTLY in a remarkable book, *The Invitation Heeded*, written a generation ago by James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, Passionist), one of the great converts of last century, I came across the following passage: "I thought of the English language, in which I had learned to think and to express my thoughts; and I remembered how, for three hundred years, that tongue had been one vast engine of ceaseless attack upon the Roman Catholic Church; how its literature was saturated with a spirit of the most deadly antagonism to that Church, not in the department of theology only, but of history, and poetry, and travels, and fiction, aye! and the very primers in the hands of the little children." It is an echo of a longer passage to the same effect in Newman's *Present Position of Catholics in England*: "It was surely a most lucky accident for the young religion, that while the English language was coming to the birth with its special attributes of nerve, simplicity and vigour, at its very first breathings Protestantism was at hand to form it upon its own theological 'patois,' and to educate it as the mouthpiece of its own tradition The works of these celebrated men (the great Elizabethans) have been but the beginning of a long series of creations of the highest order of literary merit, of which Protestantism is the intellectual basis and Protestant institutions the informing object."

What these two great writers have felt, and expressed so forcefully, is undoubtedly a common experience. A Catholic reading English literature cannot help but feel in a strange world; things that he takes for granted are strangely want-

ing, and ideas that to him ring false are instinctively felt on every page. And this is true not merely of didactic and controversial writing, where you would expect it; it is true also of imaginative literature, though these false notions are here often disguised and are more elusive. Let us begin by setting forth briefly a few of these false ideas.

There is, first of all, the spirit of nationalism, or to put it another way, a false idea of the state. As is well known, Christian unity was broken by the Reformation. There were nations before that event, each with its proper individuality, but limited in the scope of their activities by a common Christian philosophy, a common faith, and submission to a common father of Christendom. The rejection of the common father led to adulteration of the faith and to the emergence of a variety of false philosophies. Among these latter, very logically, appeared in due time the theory of the absolute state, which is held widely to-day — absolute, not in the sense of arbitrary, but in the sense that it admits no authority but its own in the province it chooses to exercise that authority — a theory of the state which, in the fine phrase of Mr. Belloc, believes in “the divine right of mechanical majorities.”

This theory clashes with Catholic doctrine in all sorts of ways. In the literature of the nineteenth century you will find the attempt to determine the relation between the individual and the state, as if the conflict of authority were entirely between these two. The fact is, however, that there are two other societies, the Church and the family, and these two are directly of divine origin, whereas the state is only indirectly so. So that there are the rights of the family and the rights of the Church as well as the rights of the individual to be harmonized with those of the state. The rights of the family are disputed by modern theories of education, which do not admit that the role of the state is merely supplementary to that of the family. The rights of the church are disputed in the matter of marriage legislation, and they are entirely ignored, for instance, in the definition of Locke and

Huxley that the object of the state is the good of mankind—a definition which amounts to pure Pelagianism in that it assumes that men can be made good without grace.

It is needless to say that many Catholics are misled by this false doctrine of the state, notably in the matter of the relation between Church and state. How many have you not heard defending the separation of Church and state in America as ideal, forgetting that Pius IX. condemned the following proposition: "The Church should be separated from the state and the state from the Church."

There are utterly false ideas of human nature in English literature. For a long period there was the Lutheran idea that human nature was destroyed, and not merely wounded, by original sin. Then there was the very opposite idea, the purely Pelagian one, that nature was intact after original sin, and could work its way unaided. This idea runs through the Deistical literature of the 18th century, and at the end of the century appears under another form in the Primitivistic movement. Later there was the "economic man" of the 19th century, a creature without free-will, or original sin or any supernatural destiny, and the attempt was made by Mill and his school to build up a civilization with this unreal unit as the prime factor. Education would remove the prejudices of the past, and science would eliminate disease and poverty. The attempt was foredoomed to failure, and the disillusionment came with the Great War, with democracy everywhere discredited, and civilization itself on the verge of ruin. In our day the ideas of Mill are renewed in the naturalistic movement of Mencken and his school, which has provoked the humanism of Babbitt and T. S. Eliot, which, though better, is still unsatisfactory. It is time to return to a realistic philosophy of human nature with Aquinas as the common doctor.

Parallel to the idea of human nature is the idea of Nature in general, which enters so largely into English literature, and in fact all literatures. Now, there is a Christian idea of Nature, and there are ideas of Nature which are not

Christian. There is the Greek idea of Nature, which is all-inclusive. The Greek universe is a self-contained universe, including the First Mover as well as the last thing moved. There is no room for miracle, because there is no idea of creation, miracle being obviously additional creation. There is, of course, no room for grace. In the Christian view, however, God transcends the universe because He is Creator, but He is also immanent in Nature, and in fact Nature is not merely what is contained in the definition of its essence, but actually what it may come to be through the intervention of God. Further, Nature in the Christian universe has been wounded by original sin, though not destroyed, and grace is needed to heal these wounds.

We may ask, which idea of Nature is implied in the poetry of Pope? Does Pope's recoil from wild rugged Nature of storms and mountains, and his preference for the "methodized Nature" of the landscape garden, imply the view that Nature has been corrupted by original sin, or merely wounded? In any case, it would appear certain that it is not the Greek view which is implied. And what are we to say of Wordsworth's view? Is Nature closed upon itself, or does the *quickenning Spirit* transcend the world of eye and ear? If we take the earlier Prelude for our source of information, we must conclude that Nature is closed upon itself; in other words, Wordsworth holds to the Greek view, and not the Christian. But a thorough study of this interesting subject is still to be made.

There is an un-Catholic idea of freedom running through English literature. Indeed, it is only to be expected that with the Christian doctrine of free-will warped, and even entirely repudiated, there should be false ideas of civil and religious liberty. In the nineteenth century, for instance, we find civil liberty believed to consist in doing what one likes as long as he does not injure others. Apparently the ability to commit sin is of the essence of liberty. Religious liberty in this same century consists in the freedom to propagate heresy at will, and the notion that the Church directly; or

through the agency of the State, might stamp out heresy, is scorned as mediaeval and unworthy of a civilized man.

I need not say that there is a Catholic idea of Romanticism and many false ideas as well. Wherever the Romantic is defined as the remote in time and place, or as the purely subjective, you have the literary analogue of Idealism and Subjectivism in philosophy, and Protestantism (with its private judgment) in Religion. Realism, even the sordid type, is much nearer Catholic truth than this kind of Romanticism, for Catholic philosophy is a realistic philosophy. But there is a true Romanticism, the basis of which is the soul's longing for the infinite, uncreated Good. There is undoubtedly an element of the personal and the subjective about this genuine Romanticism, but it is dominated by the objective truth towards which each soul yearns and to which it attains its own degree, and this objective truth is the God of supernatural faith. Romanticism inevitably concerns itself with God, but the spurious Romanticism gives us only a Pantheistic God. Of this we have too abundant evidence in English literature.

There is abroad in English literature since the 16th century, and especially in the 19th, a false philosophy of history. It would perhaps be more true to say that there is no philosophy of history, for there is no rational interpretation of the events of history that is not basically Christian. Even Hegel admits that the idea of an intelligible meaning of events comes from Christianity. The modern idea of definite progress towards an indefinite goal has about it an inner absurdity. Yet how filled with it is the nineteenth century English literature! In the Christian philosophy there is continual progress following a providential law from a definite beginning to a definite destiny — from God to God. The most magnificent application of this idea is the plan of that greatest of all purely human compositions, the *Summa Theologica*, which begins with God as the efficient cause, and ends with God as final cause. For the Christian philosopher there is no such thing as chance. Everything has a teleological import.

He knows that God is taking care of everything that is happening, and so every event can be interpreted in its particular relation to the end of the world. What that end is may be described as the completion of the City of God. Or it can be defined simply as peace, "peace in the shadow of the Cross—peace, not to be identified with concord. Not an interval between two wars, but within the heart, personal, in the perfect agreement of all our ideas, between our feelings and our ideas, between all the elements of mind and heart; — and with peace there is tranquillity—(not as in Europe to-day). This implies all these elements centred on a unique object, and when other hearts are so centred, you have peace in the group. What mediaeval philosophy tried to do was to help toward peace by organizing a consistent system of ideas. The philosophy of the Middle Ages endeavoured to contribute its share to that ideal — the commonweal of men, each in peace because directed to God, who is peace, because He is one, and one because being; not having achieved unity, but being unity; and as He is creating beings, He is creating peace, conferring tranquillity and unity which belong to Him in an infinite manner. Peace in us is that which is produced by the Divine Peace (Aquinas in *Divine Names*). The sociological order hangs from the metaphysical order even as the ethical hangs from the metaphysical.' (Gilson—*Lectures on Christian Philosophy*.)

II.

Such being the case, viz., that the tradition of English literature is, on the whole, deeply Protestant, or at least non-Catholic, it becomes a practical problem for the Catholic student and the Catholic professor of English literature to determine what is to be his attitude toward his subject. Is he to abandon the subject altogether? This is surely not to be thought of. There is no more reason to abandon the study of English Literature than there would be to abandon the study of Greek and Latin literature because it is pagan; and the

Church has never proposed this latter; on the contrary, she has encouraged it, and does so to-day, as we know from the Encyclical of Pius XI. on Christian Education. What he must do, however, is to adopt a Catholic attitude toward it. Now the following suggestions are offered as a help toward this end.

There is a period of English literature which is Catholic through and through, viz., the period of Middle English. It has been neglected, mainly because it involves a language difficulty, and as a result much remains to be done. It is important that this work which remains to be done, editing of texts, and criticism, be done by scholars who are possessed of the Catholic faith and filled with the Catholic spirit.

There is a considerable bulk of purely Catholic literature in the 16th and early 17th century as well as in the later 19th century, and in our own day. (By Catholic literature I do not mean works by Catholics necessarily. Pope of the 18th century was a Catholic, but he was not a Catholic poet at all.) These writers have not been stressed by the high-priests of the Protestant tradition. The Catholic student of English literature must redeem these writers from the obscurity to which they have been retired.

There is a considerable legacy of Catholic truth in the very corpus of the Protestant tradition. It is inevitable that this should be the case. The Catholic tradition was too deeply rooted to be completely eradicated. It almost dominated the 16th century, it persisted in the 17th century, it is even evident in the 18th, and it experienced something of a revival in the 19th century, especially towards the close. Now the Catholic student can say with St. Augustine and with St. Justin, Martyr, too, that what is true anywhere belongs to him, and he should give himself to the task of discovering this Catholic element, and contrasting it with what is not Catholic. He will need a thorough training in Catholic thought to equip him for his work, and without it he cannot profitably or even safely undertake it.

It is very important that we should adopt or discover Catholic principles of literary criticism. The want of a systematic treatise on this subject greatly handicaps the Catholic student to-day. M. Maritain has done something in this direction with his *Art and Scholasticism*. It is to be hoped that he will do more.

The student of English literature should not waste his time at the trivial topics that engage so much of the attention of the modern research student in graduate English. Of what conceivable value is it to learn what books Fielding took in his luggage on his voyage to Lisbon? Why waste time divining the personality of a Laurence Sterne or a William Collins, or any one of a dozen others? When one thinks of the towering personality of a St. Augustine, St. Thomas, or a St. Francis of Assisi, what conceivable interest can there be for him in the pigmy personalities of those I have mentioned? But where there is Catholic character, and Catholic love, and Catholic sorrow, or any form of genuine Catholic truth—that is different, for there is the image of God.

Finally, it must be said, though in fact it goes without saying, that the approach of the Catholic student to this or any other subject is one prompted by the spirit of humility and the love of truth. We have been too long complacently in the dark to have any confidence in our own unaided efforts. We have in the dim light of modern criticism been attracted by a beauty which was imperfect, or at best intermittent, a beauty excommunicated from the Beauty, ever ancient, ever new, which even St. Augustine reached only at long last, the beauty of a graveyard where ghosts walk at night, a pallid beauty on the corpse of the living truth. Such an experience makes us humble. What guarantee have we even yet that our light is not darkness? Only the assurance that “to them that love God all things work together unto good,” and the confidence “that He Who has begun a good work in us will perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus.”

CONTRASTS IN CANADIAN ART

By SISTER MARY LEONARDA, C.S.J.



HOMER WATSON, R.C.A., O.S.A.

EVENING AFTER RAIN.

Evening After Rain is representative of the art of the older landscape painters of Canada. The artist was born at Doon, Ontario, in 1855, and still lives and paints there. The Grand Valley has been a constant source of inspiration to him, and his pictures show his intense love for his own beloved home district near Galt, Ontario.

SINCE the time of Van Goyen, landscape painting has had its place upon an independent and dignified footing as a separate art and many painters find more inducements in the contemplation of Nature than in the portrayal of human activities.

Nature being inexhaustible, can always offer new aspects and moods to tempt the painter to fresh efforts. It is purely subjective, and the finer drawn sensibilities of man have more

affinity with these indefinite moods. The fact that it calls men out of the studio to the great out-of-doors rather than into a man-made building as other varieties of painting do, is an argument in favour of it being taken up to-day when air and sunshine are considered necessary to health and strength.

The artist must speak the truth if there is to be real expression and yet speaking the truth does not make him an artist. Art which has the strongest effect clearly reveals the beauty of truth. The old saying that art is Nature seen through temperament here holds good.

The artist's technical training is the tool which prevents incompetence in attempts at expression. When he can handle the tool with dexterity he is free to give unhampered his personal impressions.

Canada offers a rich heritage to the landscape painter, with its great extent of land from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle with the changing, and varied climatic and seasonal conditions. Not only does the artist value these and the topographical features, but there is too, the impersonal sympathy prompted by the moods of nature.

Here we have reproduced the landscape paintings in neutral values that have of necessity lost much that one feels in presence of the originals which are at present in the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Evening After Rain gives us a "camera" view of a delightful spot in the Doon valley. A light shower is just over and the sun has come out, showing the wonderful azure of the distant sky, through the still moisture-laden atmosphere.

The rugged gnarled oaks in the foreground with trunks, whose buttresses show their strength in weathering the Canadian icy winds, are wonderful in their expression of power. The colour scheme is sombre, the leaves of the trees are copper coloured and delight the eye as they melt into deep shade and touch the blue above the distant wood in the sunshine. The complementary colour scheme is satisfying to the eye.



LAWREN HARRIS, O.S.A.

ABOVE LAKE SUPERIOR.

We offer a rather strange picture to the ordinary non-professional artist who would rely on his own appreciation of art and ask him if he is pleased with it. The artist, one of the founders of the 'Group of Seven,' was born in Brantford, and studied in Germany and the Far East. We submit "Above Lake Superior" as a striking example of one school of art in Canada.

Compare this picture with that of "North of Lake Superior." The compositions are not dissimilar in arrangement of line and yet what a contrast the artists show towards Nature! Lawren Harris paints as though he does not care that the trees are birches or what kind of trees they are, but views them as lines in a design whereas Homer Watson gives us trees, personal friends of his, the shadows and light playing on them as if he cherished them so dearly he found it difficult to leave them. So he seems to paint not as design in the composition, but as they are, as he knows and loves them. Hence we have a more human effect.

“Country North of Lake Superior” is treated as if the trunks were moulded from clay in stark reality, while “Evening After Rain” invites us to their friendly shade. The technique, too, is different—rough as in “Country North of Lake Superior” and a tapestry effect in “Evening After Rain.”

Lawren Harris follows no tradition, but goes forward in an unbeaten path. Design seems the origin of his work, whereas Homer Watson follows the old traditions and gives us nature in one of her varied moods, something soothing, the rain and storm have passed, the sun is shining and we feel drawn to rest awhile in the cool depths of the oak grove, in security and peace.

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur of larger moods,
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

The third picture, “The West Wind,” by Tom Thompson, shows a strong personality given by direct expression.

In the original the colour strikes us first. It is splendid, rich and deep, expressive of the sombre mood of the picture. Then the pattern or design and the splendid storm-blown pine tree has perhaps a slight touch of Japanese art without losing the strong individuality of a Canadian tree silhouette against a decidedly Canadian background.

The painting is flat with a poster-like effect, the treatment broad, vigorous and direct. The shape of the whole tree is enclosed, making it a “Harp of the Winds.” The movement is strong in the waves receding into the background, the clouds moving from right to left, the lines in the foreground.

The composition is of the best, as all parts of the picture are harmonious in related form, tone and colour. There is a sense of space, a distinguished characteristic of a fine landscape.

Tom Thompson was self-taught. In the summer he supported himself as a bush ranger and guide in Algonquin Park.



TOM THOMPSON.

THE WEST WIND.

A typical Canadian scene where the artist, untrammelled by traditional methods, has courageously given his own poetic artistic interpretation of nature in daring self-taught technique. He was born in Claremont, Ontario, and was practically self-taught. He had painted only a few years when in 1917 he was accidentally drowned in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park.

In the winter he worked as a designer. By studying nature in summer and by trying to reproduce his inspirations in the winter, he made himself one of the supreme masters of design in landscapes. He is perhaps Canada's greatest landscape painter, for his few completed landscapes take their place among the world's masterpieces in the history of landscapes. His style is his own, and he is distinctly Viking in spirit.

No copy of a scene does he give us, but rather an interpretation of what we ourselves have experienced, but what we cannot express.

On a hill overlooking the lake where he was drowned is a cairn on which are engraved the words: "To the memory of Tom Thompson, artist, woodman, guide. He lived humbly, but passionately, with the wild, it made him brother to all untamed things of nature, it drew him apart and revealed itself wonderfully to him; it sent him out from the woods only to show these revelations through His art, and it took him to itself at last."

The "West Wind" is a symbol of Canadian character. It is a painting by one who understood Canadian landscape, who had the kindred feeling expressed by Bliss Carman in

"Along the purple ranges
The glow of sunset shines,
The glory spreads and changes
Among the red-boled pines,
Here time takes on new leisure
And life attains new worth,
And wise are they that treasure
This Eden of the North."



“VIS OMNIPO”

By REVEREND JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

THE achievements of Professor Wolfenberg in the vast fields of science and mechanics, in theory and application, were known to savants all over the world. All the great Universities had hurried to present him with their honours and degrees. His lecture tour through France, England and the United States had been an enormous success. If he had been a demi-god he could scarcely have been more flattered or worshipped.

But the great inventor was far from being a happy man. The more he progressed in knowledge the more feeble did his intelligence seem when he compared it with the Mind that had fashioned and created the universe. Gradually an envy and a hatred of the Creator took possession of the professor's soul. Often on a clear night he would go out and gaze for long hours at the starry fields of the heavens. The vastness of the inter-stellar spaces; the inconceivable distances between orb and orb; the incalculable bulk and weight of the planets and suns that yet were held so delicately in poise and motion—all this tormented his soul with thoughts of his own feebleness and insignificance. If he could only discover the secret of the force that made the planets revolve like the wheels of a watch,—the force that kept them moving and prevented collision, then well might the peoples of the world hail him as a demi-god; then would his hatred and disdain of the Deity be assuaged and satiated. To this end and design, therefore, he began to bend every energy and faculty of his incomparable intellect. In a remote valley he caused a great laboratory to be erected, and in it he set up every engine and device available to modern science. At night time the frightened peasants were often appalled to see the windows of this great work-shop light up with a blinding glare for several seconds to be succeeded by complete darkness again. Rumbings were heard

as of thunder, as if the professor were struggling with gigantic forces that he could barely control.

At length the night of trial that was to spell victory or failure for him had arrived. With fearful glances, the peasants of the surrounding farms saw that an intense light glowed and throbbed through every window of the laboratory. There seemed something evil and hellish in that unbearable and protracted glare!

Alone in the laboratory, the great scientist worked on with feverish activity and the most intense concentration, though the night was far advanced. Sweat-beads stood out on his brow, and his heart thumped heavily and fast against his breast. He knew that he was on the brink of a most stupendous discovery—a discovery that would revolutionize the ideas of men, and make them monarchs, not only of the earth, but of the whole universe. In splendid prevision he saw whole islands and even continents shifted hundreds of miles out of their present position, and the very planets and stars drawn down to earth for closer inspection by the new lord of all!

Gigantic forces were at his beck and call, in the very room where he worked. Enormous dynamos were revolving at terrible speed close by, and he had placed several huge magnets in position around a group of suspended stone balls representing the solar system.

And now the supreme moment for which he had waited and hoped through long years of travail and anxiety was at hand.

From a strange and wonderfully intricate machine he projected upon the suspended spheroids a new force—his own tremendous discovery—which he called “Vis-Omnipo,” and with bated breath and dilated eyes watched its effect!

Suddenly his lips formed inaudible words—“Yes! Yes! Oh, God! It works! It works!”

The suspended balls began to move! Swiftly the scientist snipped with a shears the threads that held them suspended from the ceiling. *The balls did not fall to the floor!*

Instead, they proceeded to take up a beautifully ordered motion, the smaller sphere revolving about the larger one that represented the sun!

Their velocity grew. They made a high whining sound as they spun in their small orbits.

The scientist abandoned himself to an ecstasy of pleasure as he gazed upon his handiwork. Ineffable pride surged up in his soul; and with pride came the whisper of the Tempter. Gradually an unholy and Satanic joy began to burn on his drawn and pallid features. His lips and tongue strove to form words, but for several seconds only simian and unintelligible gibberings resulted.

At last, by a supreme effort, he spoke aloud, and as he spoke, blaspheming, all creation seemed to shudder in affright!

“And now,” he screamed, “I, too, am God!”

* * *

One of the whirling balls had raised itself about a foot above its former level, and at this moment a little breeze from the partly opened window blew a suspended thread against it. The contact, slight though it was, deflected the whirring globe from its course, and it came into violent collision with another. Instantly a sharp fragment was shot off with the velocity of a bullet, and, entering by the eye, pierced the scientist's brain!

For a moment he swayed, pawing wildly with his hands, and overturning the delicate and intricate machinery, which crashed to pieces as it fell.

The whirling balls ceased at once their beautiful and ordered motion, and dropped with a loud clatter.

Then the scientist fell forward on the floor, dead!

* * *

Outside the stars were shining peacefully and passionlessly. The lustrous diamonds of Orion's Belt seemed to ash fire into the empyrean. A gibbous moon, large, solemn, and inscrutable, overhung the western horizon.

* * *

In Heaven and on Earth *there was still but one God!*

THE FLAG OF CHRIST THE KING

By REVEREND R. J. WILLIAMS, P.P., M.D., B.L.



IN the early part of the present century all nations seemed to be at peace and prosperity covered the land, but this was only temporary. The years of peace were soon to be followed by the greatest conflict the world has ever seen. Nation rose up against Nation until the civilized world was involved in a death struggle.

It seemed as if the Hand of God permitted the covetous rulers and peoples to learn a sad lesson by force of arms. "Ye have not here a lasting dwelling-place." Years of conflict found the combatants exhausted and bankrupt during this struggle for supremacy of the commercial world. The Holy Father raised his voice again and again against the unholy sacrifice and bloodshed, but the dogs of war would not be satisfied until all seemed lost, then Peace was declared and the wounds of the Nations were allowed to heal, and as if to appease their guilty consciences, they sent forth the cry that Christianity had failed.

The Holy Father answered this new challenge of the Prince of Darkness by declaring Christ King of the Universe, and in his notable document, issued December 11, 1925, he gives the motives upon which his decision is based—the witness of Holy Scripture, the witness of liturgy and the witness of theology. He shows that Christ possessed the threefold legislative, executive and judicial power on which the right of kings is based; that this power, which extends to the entire human race, is above all exercised in the spiritual domain, and that it will procure for mankind the benefits of peace, of concord and of unity. Christ's authority being a universal one, is exercised through His Vicar on earth. An emblem appropriate and fitting to all nations and peoples within this great Spiritual Kingdom was necessary to bring to the minds of men Christ's words: "My Kingdom is not of this world." So, like the birth of a nation, there has come into being a new standard symbolic of universal love, supreme sacrifice, and glorious triumph.

The Flag of Christ the King came into being through an apparition, May 3, 1930. No apparent cause is set forth, and no special favour claimed. Its universal adaptability, its significance of Christ's life, and its triune appeal to the heart of man, are outstanding features, besides the many gospel events brought to mind through its symbols. A short explanation herein is given of each color and symbol. The blue section next the staff stands for justice — God's justice, in condemning man for disobedience; it also represents the heavens at night studied by Prophets, Astronomers and Shepherds, for the star of the promised Messiah, and it was through their belief in the looked-for Redeemer and by keeping the Commandments that the Christians of that period were eligible for heaven. Their heritage was later proclaimed by Christ in Limbo. The Gold star on this field of blue represents the Star of Bethlehem and the birth of the Messiah. Its seven points represent the Seven Sacraments, which came through Christ for man's salvation. The second epoch in Christ's life is symbolized

by the Gold Cross on a field of Red, the field of Golgotha or Calvary, where He made the suprême sacrifice for all mankind, and through this same sacrifice Heaven was opened, a new world came into being, and man's salvation was assured—"He that does not take up his cross and follow Me, is not worthy of Me." This is the golden cross laid upon the followers of Christ, and through this means we merit Heaven.

The last earthly event of Christ's life was His Resurrection and glorious Ascension into Heaven. This is symbolized by the White Section of the Flag. His Immaculate Birth, His teachings and love for mankind bring to our minds how we should pattern our own lives if we are to be associated with Him in Heaven, and the Crown of Gold denotes His Kingship, as spoken of in the Apocalypse of St. John.

The five jewels in the crown represent the five great wounds inflicted by His Crucifixion. The direct upright or middle support of the crown show the direct connection between the wounds of Christ and the World represented above. The four assistant supports or witnesses are the four gospels, and on top of the orbit, or world, is a cross of equal sections, showing equality and protection to all who come under its shadow, besides denoting that the world must bear its cross.

Many other features may be brought forward to point out the fitness of this Emblem to the Kingship of Christ — "For the Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity, and wisdom and strength, and honour and benediction."—The Apocalypse, V-12.

In a letter to the Right Reverend P. H. Cheasson, D.D., Chatham, N.B., March 15, 1932, the Holy Father, through the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, Vatican City, indorsed this Flag of Christ the King, and sent his blessing to the designer. It has been further indorsed by Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and Laity throughout the Universe.

It was carried by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell to the Eucharistic Congress held in Dublin, June 22-26, 1932, and the designer presented a large silk Flag to President

Roosevelt at Washington, April 7th, 1933. It has been adopted by many parishes, convents, hospitals and schools.

The Flag of Christianity,
 The Star, the Cross, the Crown,
 From Creation to Eternity
 God's wondrous ways abound.

The Blue, the Vault of Heaven,
 From which the sign did come;
 The Star bespeaks the arrival of
 His Only Begotten Son.

The Red, the field of Valor,
 The Cross on which He died;
 The Sacrifice of Calvary,
 The sins He washed aside.

The White tells of His Victory,
 The Crown He won for you;
 In Heaven, Our Eternal Home,
 The Saviour waits for you.

The Flag of Christianity
 All Nations doth enfold;
 The Emblem of Christ, Our King,
 We'll fly from Pole to Pole.

(Editor's Note: The contributor of this article—physician, lawyer, and pastor of a mission parish—is the designer of the Flag of Christ, and also of an artistic button bearing a miniature flag and the National Emblem, with the inscription, "For God and Country.")

COLORFUL CATHOLICITY

By REVEREND THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

COLOR is a Catholic thing. Catholicity is not merely a doctrine, a dogma, a teaching; it is a way of life, and it is designated to fill to the brim every one of man's activities. From the stygian darkness of countless Catholic churches one would never imagine a fundamental doctrine of Catholicity was to announce that Christ is the Light of the World. One of men's important faculties is his sense of sight, and his eyes should be filled with radiant color just as his ears are filled with melodious sound. Hence the Catholic Church with that uncanny insight into the very nature of man has deliberately set about furnishing an appropriate and a lovely object for his sight, filling his eyes with glorious color, with harmonized tones, with blazing tones and soft alluring tints to captivate his imagination, seize his emotions, and turn them heavenwards to the worship of the Great God Who made him. Catholicity is intended to be a complement of the whole of life; and life is not full if the eyes are left out, if the vision be unsatisfied, if the optic organs are deprived of that fruition which they are so marvellously designated to enjoy. That is why entire populations in Catholic countries are so colorful; they deck themselves out in a great variety of colorful costumes running the whole gamut of tones, and both men and women seize every opportunity to make life gay and cheerful by the manner in which they employ attractive and harmonious colors in their every-day dress. Their clothes, their houses, their churches, are filled with color, not because they are Europeans, but because they are Catholics.

The reason is quite simple. Color is a natural thing, a rational, a universal thing, and therefore a Catholic thing. It is the absence of color that is unnatural, odd, anomalous and unusual. The rule everywhere in nature is to have a wealth

of color; the exception to have one color. People, no matter how primitive or how savage, if left to themselves without being subjected to the tyranny of bad education, will use color abundantly, and usually with intelligence and taste. Nature itself, the skies, the hills, the valleys, the meadows, the gardens, are a continuous variation on the enchanting theme of color. This is what makes nature so incomparably charming. This is what causes unnumbered thousands of tourists over our mountains in the early autumn to enjoy the infinite changes in the hues of the dying leaves that creep like a garment over all our lovely rolling hills.

So true is it that color is a natural, a rational, a universal and therefore a Catholic thing, that we find it an invariable rule for heresy to stifle and suffocate color, just as heresy marks the death knell of beauty, for heresy is unnatural, it is irrational, it is un-Catholic. The more heresy penetrates into the warp and woof of a people, and the more heretical habits of mind and modes of thought begin to infiltrate themselves into the practical activities of their daily lives, the more we see their ruinous tendency by the diminishing use that is made of color. The absence of color is manifested in their architecture, their public buildings, their sombre and depressing apparel, their churches. A striking instance of this is our own United States, which is quite obviously a land of heresy. Take the whole broad sweep of this country from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and you will find the dominant tone of the bulk of our public buildings, churches, libraries, railroad stations, music halls, theatres, department stores and office buildings to be a dull, grey, monotonous Indiana limestone or unattractive Port Deposit Granite, or Tennessee marble, or some other monotone. So emphatic is our predilection for building materials in one tone, that architects have been known to reject stone and marble that was not absolutely uniform in color. Even when we build with brick we usually insist on red brick, and too frequently on red mortar, lest any variety creep into our mono-

tonous and colorless lives; unless perchance we use an oatmeal colored brick to conform more closely to the color scheme of the cereal we eat for breakfast. Could simplification and stupidity go further in presenting a dull, drab, dreary sameness to the eye that is thirsting for color?

Another striking instance of heresy marking the passing of color is the period of the late Renaissance, when all authorities seem to agree that Catholicity was at a low ebb throughout Europe. At that time the greatest artist of the age was decorating the private chapel of the Head of Christendom, and Michaelangelo's Sistine ceiling in the Vatican is carried out in monochrome, one color! It is a perfectly superb thing, of course, from almost every point of view except that of color. It shows that just prior to the Religious Revolution in the 16th century Catholic life was fast fading out, and the ever-present concomitant of the Faith . . . color . . . faded with it.

So it is with a feeling of immense joy that we note the steady increase in the use of color throughout the United States by present-day architects. This country is altogether too grey, but happily a change is coming over us. Color is beginning to peep out and proclaim its magic, and as a result many of our important new buildings are introducing colorful materials and installing leaded glass ablaze with translucent gems, and walls are being decorated in a hundred melting tones, and tapestries are coming into use, and brilliant carpets, and the gowns of women are becoming a riot of color, and little by little we see men, with hesitation it must be confessed, courageous enough to wear colorful things, particularly in the sports outfits.

All of this increased use of color can only mean the steady, gradual infiltration of a Catholic philosophy of life into the American nation. A colorful America means a Catholic America.

INS AND OUTS IN CHINESE INNS

By REVEREND JOSEPH VENINI.

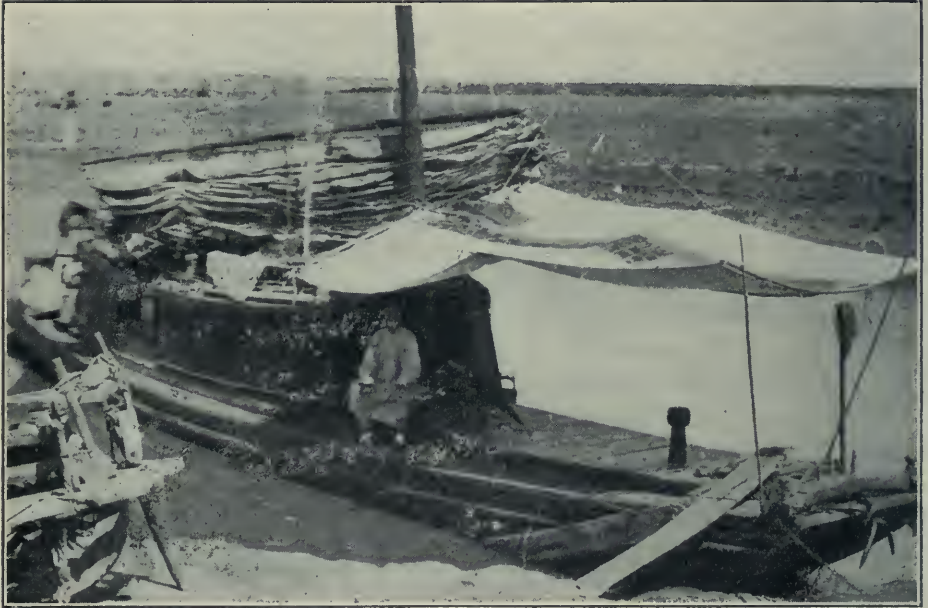
INNS are as old as man; in fact, I would dare say, that some, here in China, are even older, judging by their appearance. The Holy Scriptures, perhaps, furnished us with the first mention of inns, and doubtless they were already serving the travelling public before the grass and weeds were very high in abandoned Eden. In Genesis we read that Adam built a city in honor of his offspring Henoeh. Now neither the taxes nor the taxpayers could have been anything extraordinary in that proto city, but may we not suppose that our common forefather would have made some provision for his visiting brethren? Something in the way of family apartments, one would imagine, would have been just the thing, in those days when the first leaves were still green and tender, on the genealogical tree. However, to St. Luke goes the honor of providing us with the first explicit reference (*Salva reverentia*) to an inn. He tells how Mary and Joseph in fulfillment of the Divine Prophecies, went to Bethlehem to comply with the census laws, and how, upon their arrival at the village that was to have the glory of representing to the world its expected Redeemer, they found that "there was no room for them in the inn."

It goes without saying that the inn here mentioned would hardly be comparable to the luxurious hotels of our ultra-modern America, but I would hazard the guess that the difference between the inns of the time of the birth of our Lord and those of present-day rural China would be negligible. Still more negligible, perhaps, would it be in Northern China where the guests, on their arrival at the inn, descended from their camels, their mules or their springless carts. Here we have no descending to do. We have nothing from which to

descend, unless it be a sedan chair, and it would not be just the wisest policy to attempt to descend from one of these contraptions until it had been duly and properly lowered from the sturdy shoulders of its bearers. Sedan chairs are costly affairs, necessitating the services of at least two men, and, if you happen to be burdened with more than the average avoir-dupois, perhaps three or more carriers will have to be pressed into duty, and it is recommended to these unduly ponderous personages that they make sure that the bambo poles are equal to the task that is to be imposed on them. Costly as they are, it is evident that the missionaries' budget does not permit of frequent use of these sedan chairs. The ancient and well-recommended exercise of the pedal extremities is the most common, if not most popular, means of locomotion here. Speed, to be sure, is not one of the strong points in favor of this modes procendendi, ten miles being a poor day's journey, twenty an average perambulation, and forty constituting a real promenade.

And so we arrive at the inn for the night's rest. Can you imagine anyone walking into a hotel and being invited by the *maitre d'hôtel* to wash one's feet? It is quite probable that this would be the first service rendered a guest arriving at the inn of Bethlehem, and it is service number one and one of the most important services offered to the guest arriving at a Chinese inn. Incidentally you will here receive a lesson in economy. You will be presented with a basin of warm water, with which to wash your face and hands, a tiny towel being immersed in the water, as the Chinese do not use a towel to dry themselves, as we, but use their towel much as we use a face cloth. This first ablution performed, you pour the same water into the wooden basin reserved for the feet, and it is not altogether unlikely that the landlady will give you her apron with which to dry your feet, and if you have not an extra pair of shoes, you may have a pair of the master's. "We treat our guests well," is the sign board hung outside one inn. "We aim to please," is their motto.

Having disposed of these necessary ablutions, we now turn to the duty of replenishing the calories and vitamins. If we happen to find ourselves in a fairly large town, all will be well. Not so if dusk has overtaken us in some tiny village. If you are not "difficile," but are content with boiled rice, a bowl of dried turnip tops, or, with luck, a few fresh veget-



HOUSE BOAT.

ables, there will be no difficulty. You have simply to wield your chop-sticks. If, however, you would desire a bit of fresh meat, an egg or two, chicken or otherwise, ah then! Not every town boasts of a butcher, and as for a butcher, one who keeps a meat store, I doubt if there is such a thing in the whole of the Celestial Empire. At home in the larger towns, meat, i.e., pork, will be only one of the lines handled. The meat department will be a section of a huge tree flattened on one surface and placed on trestles, on the walk in front

of the store. At night the unsold meat will be taken inside, the shutters put up and the meat department rests without. There is very little overhead to this department, or perhaps we should say there is a great deal, as sky is no mean creature. Meat, here, is synonymous with pork. Hence you need never bother the cook about buying beef, pork, mutton or veal for the day's repast. You simply state meat, and pork you shall have, and there is little difference in price for the cuts. Meat with bones is cheapest, boneless a bit more expensive, and the pure fat or lard most expensive of them all. Beef, if that is what the flesh of a water buffalo is called, may be had at times when someone has received permission from the police to slaughter an animal, or a buffalo dies. Pork from a pig that has died without the services of a butcher, is also cheaper. And if it be winter time, and only in winter under pain of dire consequences, goat meat may, at times, be had. Of course chickens, ducks and geese are plentiful, but these are only to be had "on the hoof." But we are here dealing with a guest arriving in the evening at an inn after a mere jaunt of thirty odd miles, clamouring for nourishment. To save our readers the pain of seeing how impatient a hungry and foot-sore missionary man can be, we will take it for granted that, unlike Mother Hubbard, we found the larder well replenished.

And so to bed, to sleep, to rest. Ah blessed words! Alas all things are relative here below, the reality does not always correspond with its definition, or to put it into "American," things are not always what they are cracked up to be. Whilst the boy (the priest's Mass-server, companion, factotum, and while he may be anything from seventeen to seventy, he is always called the "boy"), is unrolling the bedding; let's see who's who among our fellow guests for the night. They are mostly carriers, who have plodded along for twenty and more miles, up hill and down, weighted with a hundred pounds and more. They constitute the transportation system for this part of the country. Rice is their chief load on the outward journey. This they bring from the fertile plains of the north-

ern part of the Province of Fuchien, into mountainous regions of the south-western portion of the Province of Chekiang. Tung oil, medicinal barks, peanuts, hides and other commodities are brought out, and either disposed of along the way or carried to the head of the Wincho river, some two



COOLIES AND VEHICLES.

hundred miles from the coast, whence they are shipped by boat. On the return journey salt is the main cargo. "He is not worth his salt" does not hold here at all, at all. Salt that has been reclaimed from the waters of the mighty Pacific, shipped by small boats some two hundred miles inland, finally carried some fifty further miles on the shoulders of men, can hardly be reckoned a thing of no moment. If it con-

tinues to grow much dearer it will soon be beyond the budget of our mountaineers. Already they are paying one dollar for eight pounds, and one dollar represents the wages of two days' toil. To see the poor creatures sweating and panting as they fight their way, step by step, up the cobbled mountain paths, resting every few feet to get their breath, acts as a tonic, spiritual and physical, as we, empty handed and free of any burden, save the weight of our bodies, pass them on the upward climb. To think of the awful difference between their condition in life and ours. Theirs is a life of hardship and drudgery borne cheerfully. They laugh and banter each other when they rest in the shelter that is usually found at the crest of hills over which the road passes. God knows they must find little to amuse them in their drab lives—the last raid of the brigands, their daily bartering, their success in hiding two large stones in the last load of lime sold, or their beating the price down two coppers on that last load of salt. They can neither read nor write, their only communication with the outside world of which they know practically nothing, is by the tiny foot path on which they spend most of their lives.

How one pities them, longs to do something for them, to make their lot in life a little easier! One wishes to speak to them of a life to come, and to help them attain it. But speak to them of God, of religion, of the immortal soul? The most polite will agree with you, the less polite will laugh at you albeit there is no malice in their laugh, and all will pick up loads and start down the hill, their eyes, their thoughts, their whole being occupied in the expectation of soon arriving at their destination, and the joy of matching their wits against those of the would-be purchaser of their goods. And you? You also continue your journey down the hill, pondering on the mystery of life, the incomprehensible ways of God. The great Isaias with all his wondrous gifts of prophecy and preaching, was forced to exclaim, "O Lord, who has believed in our preaching?"

We find it hard to understand this resistance of the Chin-

ese pagans to the word of truth; but then we call to mind the cry of Isaias; the experience of the Redeemer Himself and the history of the Church. A recent issue of the "Sunday Visitor" tells us that in America, a land abundantly supplied with schools, colleges and universities that seventy million people are without any religious affiliation, in other words, that sixty



A CHINESE INN.

per cent. of the American people are pagans. If such be the case, then the American pagans are more to be pitied than these Chinese, much shall be expected from him to whom much has been given. Five minutes would be sufficient to take inventory of the possessions of the vast majority of the folks here. Figuring income taxes is one worry that never bothers them. Their chief concern is to have an income. Communism is a much discussed question these days. How so many millions of human beings have been content to plod along these long years, veritable beasts of burden, is only an-

other mystery of which Divine Providence holds the key. Perhaps they have been content; at least the fact remains that they have continued to plod along. As far as living conditions are concerned the work horses in America have a far easier lot; they are well fed, well housed, even have society to look after their well-being. What a travesty of common sense, of charity, of justice. The horse has been placed before the master. May those who are responsible for such conditions in the world, awaken before it is too late. In the ultimate analysis of the question it is each and every Christian who is responsible. If all the Catholics in France, Spain, and Mexico had done their duty at the polls and elsewhere, would they find themselves to-day ruled and persecuted by members of secret societies, communists? If Catholics had always done their duty towards the preservation and propagation of the Faith, would more than two-thirds of the human race still be outside the fold? Would sixty per cent. of the American people still be pagan? They are questions for each of us who has received the Faith to ask himself. By aiding in the propagation of the Faith, we are protecting ourselves, every bit as much, perhaps more, as we do when we fight for the preservation of the Faith at home. Our enemies at Moscow are not asleep. Now as ever, the "children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light." If the communists succeed in establishing their principles amongst the people of the East, the greater part of the human race, we have only to look at the spectacle of Russia to-day to see what will become of our fair land. Once before, Ghengis Khan at the head of the ravaging hordes, conqueror of all that lay behind, reached the gates of Europe. If his descendants arrive once more, led, intelligent, well-trained satellites of Lenin, perhaps the outcome will not be the same. It is for us of the present to say. By helping the outposts of the Church militant, the missions, we are contributing to the final victory. The need for action is urgent. The Catholic Faith is the only bulwark against the powers of evil. Either we

take up our arms, willingly now, to battle against paganism, or paganism will carry the fighting into our own camp, and we shall be forced to fight for our very existence.

But the "boy" has our bed ready. Most of our guests, tired and weary, after the day's toil, have cast themselves and their troubles into the welcoming arms of Morpheus. Let us hope the scanning of these pages has not caused our benevolent readers to do likewise. In any case, it will be wiser to say good-night, and continue on, in inns and out in Chinese inns, another day.

MY CROSS.

It hung on the wall
 Where the twilight falls
 And I dropped on my knees in prayer.
 The rood of blood,
 The spittle and mud
 On the Face of the figure there.
 And the shadows pressed
 A cross on my breast,
 And a Voice from the shadow stole:—
 "Will you bear this cross,
 With its pain and loss,
 For the sake of pagan souls?"
 On my chasubled breast
 Is that shadow prest
 As I stand at the altar feast:
 A knight of Christ,
 For souls unpriced,
 A fisher of men — a priest.

Rev. H. Sharkey.

THE TRUSTED TREASURER OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

The Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo

By SR. INNOCENTIA, C.S.J.

JOSEPH BENEDICT COTTOLENGO, the subject of this sketch, was the founder of the Piccola Casa, or Little House of Providence, in the City of Turin, Italy. This remarkable institution contains within its spacious limits not only homes for all classes of the needy, but also convents and monasteries where God's praises are sounded, day and night, by various religious bodies, all entirely dependent for their maintenance on the bountiful hand of Providence.

The story of this "Modern Garden of Eden," which portrays in the centre of a world steeped in unbelief of the supernatural, the evidences of God's Paternal care of all who trust in Him, is truly an inspiration to those who read it, to set little value on this world and its fashions, but rather to raise their hearts with greater confidence than they were wont to do, to the Giver of all good gifts.

Why should vast numbers of people groan in a state of dire poverty during the present universal depression? Does not the Providence of God extend to all His creatures? Why throw blame on this cause or on that for the poverty we see everywhere around us? The life-work of this holy priest teaches mankind a deep and lasting lesson of confidence in God.

The Venerable Joseph Cottolengo was born on May 3rd, 1786, in Bra, a town of Piedmont. His father, though not rich, was in comfortable circumstances, but, above all, was a man of solid virtue, while his mother was adorned with those qualities which make a model wife and mother.

Joseph was the eldest of a family of twelve children, six

of whom were called from infancy to their eternal Home. Two of his brothers became priests, and one an artist of considerable merit. His two sisters remained unmarried, and were distinguished for many Christian virtues.

At an early age, Joseph learned from his good mother to practise charity towards the poor. "The poor, my child," his mother would say, "are our brothers. We must try to help them." On one occasion, when he was but five years of age, having returned from a visit to a hospital, he was seen going from room to room measuring their size. His mother inquired what he meant by this. "I should like to know," he said, "how many beds I could put in, for, when I get big, I want to fill this house with as many sick people as I can."

While at school, the young Cottolengo applied himself with great diligence to his lessons, and though quick, witty, and of a lively disposition, he avoided the companionship of noisy playmates, desiring rather to seek his home at the close of the school day, than to mingle with boys whose conduct did not always meet with his ideas of modesty and charity.

In spite of his application to study, he found it difficult to master his lessons, and this was so serious a trouble to him that he implored with great fervour the aid of the students' patron, St. Thomas Aquinas. Heretofore he had held the lowest place in his class, but now he excelled all his classmates.

In return for this dispelling of the mist which had clouded his understanding, his gratitude was such as to determine him to strive to become a saint. In order to accomplish so great a purpose, he strove earnestly to keep himself in God's presence. "God is ever present with me," he said, "and I must ever be present with Him." Even in his old age he used to repeat: "I often say, 'I wish to be a saint,' and I am the same old sinner. But, with God's help, I will still be a saint!"

After completing his course of rhetoric, he manifested his desire to become a priest. None were astonished at this resolution, and his confessor, Don Amerano, to whom he applied for counsel, said: "Go, and do not mind oppositions or diffi-

culties. God calls you. You are destined to become the father of a large family."

Temptations from Satan and trials of various kinds appeared to be insurmountable difficulties, but finally he reached his goal. He was ordained priest on June 8th, 1811, in the chapel of the Seminary of Turin, by the Bishop of Aosta.

On being appointed Assistant Priest at Cornegliano, in the diocese of Asti, he laboured with untiring zeal, performing all his priestly duties so assiduously as to win the love and esteem of all those under his care, the poorest and most abandoned persons claiming his deepest interest and kindest attention. The people remarked, concerning him: "We love him because he is not a rigid censor, but a kind father."

At a later date, after he had completed his more advanced studies at the University of Turin, he was elected Canon of the Church of Corpus Christi, also of that city. While here, he continued to lavish his attention on the sick and the poor; and, on one occasion, being called to the death-bed of a woman named Jeanne Marie Gonet, the sad circumstances of her death impressed him so keenly, that he resolved to establish a hospital which would admit all those in similar need of medical care.

It seems that this woman, with her husband and three children, were on their way from Milan to their home in Lyons, but being taken seriously ill at Turin, she was unable to gain admittance to either of the two public hospitals, and was obliged to take lodging in so miserable an apartment, that her untimely death was the result.

The above incident led to the establishment of Don Cottolengo's first hospital. It was in a house called Volta Rossa where he rented nine rooms, saying: "I rent these rooms in the Name of Divine Providence; and I am certain that, trusting in It, I shall never become bankrupt." Nor was Providence slow to respond to his trust. This work continued to flourish and expand, for charity is like fire, which increases in proportion to the quantity of fuel with which it is fed. The care of this hospital was intrusted to some pious ladies, who

were trained by the good Canon Cottolengo in the principles of religious life, and soon became a Community of Nuns, called the Vincentians.

In consequence of complaints of many citizens who disliked the proximity of a hospital for the class of patients who were admitted into this haven of charity — patients infected with all manner of diseases — the civil authorities ordered the closing of Volta Rossa. Instead of being dismayed when this order was given to Don Cottolengo by his superior, the Canon Valletti, he listened calmly, and remarked that he had long expected such a decision. “However,” he said, “the Hospice of Volta Rossa is too small. It must expand.”

The new property, the Venerable Canon soon acquired, was a large plain called Valdoeco, situated on the outskirts of the city. It was studded here and there with thatched cottages and dilapidated sheds, but was, before long, to be beautified with gardens and avenues, and with magnificent buildings erected by Divine Providence — hospitals and asylums, chapels and convents, schools and workshops — all refuges where suffering humanity might find a friendly shelter and where self-sacrificing Christians might bid them welcome and minister to their wants. Its founder called it the Piccola Casa, or Little House of Providence, thus distinguishing it from the whole world, which he considered the larger house of God’s Providence.

Innumerable were the miracles which attended the support of this vast work, thus proving that it was truly of supernatural growth. Canon Cottolengo repeatedly affirmed that he was merely the channel through which Divine Providence bestowed His gifts upon the Piccola Casa. He also asserted that the work would continue to flourish equally well under the fostering care of his successors, and that five hundred years hence it would still open its doors to receive God’s poor.

In December, 1841, the Venerable Canon Cottolengo was stricken with typhoid fever, and, knowing that his end was drawing near, he visited all the houses of the Piccola Casa,

speaking to his spiritual children words of encouragement and giving them his last blessing.

In April, 1842, he died at the home of his brother, Canon Louis of Chieri. His remains were brought with great solemnity back to Piccola Casa for interment.

The honours of the Church are even now being prepared for Joseph Benedict Cottolengo.

The Decree for the introduction of the cause of Beatification was signed by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., July 19th, 1877, and thus he has now the title of the Venerable Servant of God.

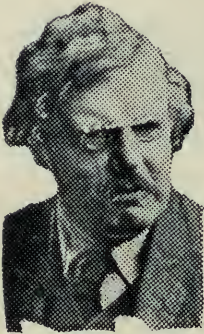
THE SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, cross, upon His back);
I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, holy feet, upon my heart).
Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek);
I may not lift my hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops of tear.
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?);
My right hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Joyce Kilmer.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON WRITES A SERMON

By REV. T. J. MANLEY.



IT IS the secret ambition of many men, seated in their pews, listening Sunday after Sunday to sermons, to have the opportunity of preaching one. Perhaps it is some pet theory that they wish to expound, or some abuse that they wish to attack: they say to themselves, "If I could only get up into that pulpit for twenty minutes or half an hour!" This is particularly true — and naturally so — of the intellectual class. They have the ideas, and they feel

they could clothe them in such forceful language that hearers would be impressed. Some enterprising individual in England, aware of this feeling, approached a number of men of letters and suggested that they should write a sermon, such a sermon as they would very much desire to preach. He succeeded in interesting men like G. K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Philip Gibbs, Bertrand Russell, and a solitary representative of the fair sex, Sheila Kaye-Smith. We feel that they did not require much persuading, in fact, we rather think that they eagerly seized the opportunity to express in writing what they had longed to declare from a pulpit. It would be impossible, of course, to review all the sermons contained in this volume, in the present article, so we selected one, that of G. K. Chesterton. We were curious to know what subject such a prominent convert to the Church would select for his one and only sermon.

The title interested us, and as we read the article through we were more and more impressed. The title of his sermon

is, "Lucifer, or the Root of Evil," and without delay, "G.K." immediately announces that his sermon, if he were to preach one, would be against pride. Of course, we should not be surprised at this, for doubtless, intellectual pride must have been one of the most formidable obstacles, that this great mind encountered on the path that led to Rome. At the same time, it would require all the courage and skill of a Chesterton to convince a world that is mad with pride—pride of intellect, pride of flesh, pride of pomp and glory—that this pride is an evil.

In his opening paragraph, Mr. Chesterton affirms his belief in the truth of what he terms an old religious thesis, namely, "That all evil began with some attempt at superiority, some moment when as we might say, the very skies were cracked across like a mirror, because there was a sneer in heaven." He then proceeds with his sermon, which sparkles throughout with epigrams, and his inevitable "paradoxes." Mr. Chesterton remarks that modern men imagine that the Theological idea expressed above is quite remote from them; when, as a matter of fact, it is too close to them to be recognized. Certainly when we consider the trend of modern literature, with its glorification of pride, when we consider the theories of modern Psychology and Sociology we must agree with Mr. Chesterton, that the idea of pride as an evil and, in fact, the origin of all other evils, is not very popular. We are surprised that Mr. Chesterton does not employ the example of the skillful use of pride to seduce our first parents, but we presume that "G.K." had in mind a reading public that regarded the fall of man as a bit of mythology. Their pride simply would not permit them to face the fact of the mud origin of their bodies, "of this human form divine." No, men prefer to be like gods, knowing good and evil, and if the truth be told, more interested in evil than in good.

In one part of his sermon "G.K." very cleverly employs a scene in a public-house, with an imaginary gathering, as he terms it, "an average handful of human beings." We listen

in to the conversation, paying particular attention to the attitude towards certain types of men whom they might happen to be discussing. We remark that in most cases there are always one or two who are ready to defend or condone the moral lapses of certain individuals mentioned, thus, "Old George is really quite a gentleman when drunk." Then there is evidence of Christian sympathy for those who are in trouble because of burglary or petty thieving. Then the name of a certain gentleman comes up. There is a notable hardening of the voice, and you can almost feel the coldness in the air. All the sympathetic understanding seems to have disappeared, not a voice is raised in his defence, when he is described as a man who thinks he owns the street, sometimes as one who thinks he owns the earth. Finally, one of the critics will gather up all the resentment and concentrate all the dislike of this little jury sitting in the pub. and express it in a single sentence, "'E comes in 'ere and 'e thinks 'e's Gawd Almighty." Thus did the man in the pub. recognize and express his dislike for the imitator of Lucifer, and in words almost identical with those of Theology; certainly, the reason why the little cockney condemned this man is identical with the reason why Lucifer was hurled from his high place in Heaven, i.e., because he thought in his heart, "I will exalt my throne above the Stars of God . . . I will be like the most High!"

We pause here to make a few observations of our own. Perhaps the most outstanding example of the madness of Lucifer in the world to-day is to be found in Soviet Russia. When we read the bombastic boasting of these God-haters, how they are going to free Russia and the world from the slavery of religion; how they are going to uproot civilization; in fine, how they are going to destroy human nature as it exists to-day and replace it with a night-mare creation of their own disordered minds, we begin to realize to what degree of madness pride will drive men—"Whom the devil wishes to destroy he first makes proud." In the meantime they shake their puny little fists in the face of God, and declare war upon

Him! They, the new saviours of the world, self-appointed, of course, are going to unseat God and enthrone Humanity in His place! "I will exalt my throne above the Stars of God . . . I will be like the most High!" And they are determined to save mankind whether it likes it or not: in fact, they are prepared to kill every tenth man, woman or child in order to save them! It is the clear duty of all intelligent Christians to throw the full weight of their influence against the rising tide of Communism in this country. There can be no compromise, as there can be no reasoning, with these pride-maddened followers of Lucifer. Christ has said, "You cannot serve God and Mammon!" It is just as impossible to serve Communism and God!

In another place in his sermon Mr. Chesterton declares that he would begin by telling people not to enjoy themselves, remarking that the words would probably be misunderstood. The emphasis should properly be placed on the word—"themselves." For, he immediately explains that he would advise them to enjoy dances, theatres, joy rides, champagne, even bigamy and burglary, if they cannot find anything better to enjoy, but under no circumstances should they learn to enjoy themselves. Worship of self, the measuring of everything according to self-set standards, the conviction that the self within is far and away superior to anyone or anything outside it—this is truly the most fruitful cause of injustice, cruelty and oppression, and their ugly companions, poverty, misery, and all other kinds of unhappiness. Yes, if one were to really trace, shall we say the late(?) depression to its source, we should eventually discover it issuing from the mouth of the bottomless pit of Hell, being spewed out upon a suffering world by the dragon of Pride.

As he concludes his sermon, Mr. Chesterton pays a wonderful tribute to his new-found Religious Mother, the Catholic Church, declaring, "It is a debt of honour for me to acknowledge the Church as the salt and the preservative of all these things." With all the breadth of his reading, he humbly de-

clares that he had never heard of positive humility until he came within the range of Catholic influence. At this point he makes a nice distinction between genuine patriotism and the spurious brands. This distinction also helps to clarify the true meaning of pride which Mr. Chesterton so cleverly denounces. In doing so he employs two different expressions, thus the sentence, "May I be worthy of England," according to Mr. Chesterton, expresses genuine patriotism as opposed to what he terms the Pharisaism or the spurious brand, the beginning of which may be found in the thought expressed by the words, "I am an Englishman."

He finally closes with typical Chestertonian frankness and honesty, directed and influenced by humility, "If I had only one sermon to preach, I feel specially confident that I should not be asked to preach another." Of course, we do not share this opinion. We feel that Catholics and Christians generally would be greatly benefited by hearing or reading sermons composed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Safe in His arms divine,
Near to His Sacred Face,
Resting upon His Heart, of the storm I have no fear;
Abandonment complete, this is my only law—
Behold my Heaven here.

—St. Theresa of Lisieux.

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By REVEREND L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

(Continued)

OUR reason cannot probe the eternal decrees of God, concerning the motive why God chose to use the Sacraments as the instruments of grace; the things that God has freely produced have no reason for their being, rather than for their non-being; we cannot know God's reasons, unless He reveals them to us. God has many ways of transmitting grace to us; He is omnipotent. Nowhere do we find the reason for God's choice of the Sacraments in preference to other means. Therefore, our reason cannot give us God's motives in regard to this matter. Yet our reason can do one thing; it can show us that when we consider man's nature to which the supernatural life is superadded, we shall see that the choice of sensible signs was not only suited best for us, but we shall see also the reason for the institution not of one or of two Sacraments, but of seven.

It is very fitting that God should choose sensible signs whereby to manifest and communicate His grace to man. Man is a composite of body and soul—matter and spirit. He is constituted in such a manner that his ideas and inspirations ordinarily present themselves to his soul through the bodily senses. The intellect and the will of man which are the powers of man's soul are dependent upon the senses of the body and upon sensible objects to perform their vital and principal operations. The intellect knows, reasons, concludes and judges only when the senses propose its object which is the entity of sensible things. The will also exercises its functions of desiring, willing, choosing only then when the senses of the body propose its object which is a good to the intellect, and

the intellect manifests it to the will whether the object is worthless or worthy of our desires. This is so true that we are not moved, affected, stirred, unless by sensible, visible and tangible objects. All communications which we have with others are conducted by external means, for example by speech, writing, gesture. We employ many external signs to express our interior feelings; we employ external signs to show our affections, joy, dislike for others; we employ external signs to manifest our pains, our joys and sufferings. Now, when God wished to save man, He did not destroy this customary and natural manner of man's action; on the contrary, He accommodated Himself to man's nature. When He descended here on earth, He took our flesh so that we might see, hear, touch and love Him. When He decreed to give us a guide to Heaven He instituted the Church which is a visible Society. He did the same thing when He instituted the Sacraments; He accommodated Himself to our nature by giving us seven external signs of manifesting the sanctification of our souls by grace. Thus for Baptism, God chose water, for the Eucharist He chose bread and wine, things which show us externally what the Sacraments are for internally in our soul. These external signs or Sacraments assure us with a moral certitude that we have received either the participation in God's Nature, or the augmentation of the supernatural life, or the perfection of it. In fact, how could we be certain that we were regenerated supernaturally, if there were no external rites of Baptism? How could we be certain that our sins were remitted, if there were no external signs to manifest that fact? How could we be certain that we have received the Body and Blood of our Saviour, if He had not come to us under the Eucharistic species of bread and wine? There are no other means of manifesting the conferring of interior grace in us unless direct private revelation from God; but even then, how could we be certain of the genuineness of that revelation unless God gave us external proof of it, as for example, miracles? Consequently, by giving us the holy

Sacraments, God gave us the best proofs of the reality of the reception of interior graces as far as our nature is concerned.

Furthermore, it is congruous that God instituted seven Sacraments. If we make a comparison of the supernatural order with the natural, we shall see how wonderfully God has accommodated Himself to us when He instituted the seven Sacraments, and how wise and providential are His dealings with us. The supernatural order does not destroy the natural order; on the contrary, it presupposes it and perfects it. Now in the natural order, God confers on us our life, existence and being, not immediately but mediately, that is, through our parents. We cannot live the natural life, unless we are generated by our parents; it is through their instrumental agency that God gives us a body and soul. In order that they might co-operate in the propagation of the human race, He endowed them with generative powers. After we became recipients of that life, we have need of increasing both in soul and body. Our bodies must be nourished by natural material food in order to augment them and to enable them to perform bodily vital functions; likewise we must be nourished by spiritual food to augment, so to speak in our soul, and to enable it to perform the acts of our soul. There are many means of augmentation: there is food, drink, the exercise of our prayers, the truth, the good. Notwithstanding the care that we give to our body, we are afflicted by many maladies; we have need of medical care and medicine to restore our health, otherwise the natural life will be extinguished in us. Now, if we consider the supernatural order, we shall see that when God gave us the seven Sacraments, He accommodated Himself to the natural order so that we might live supernaturally. In the first place, we must be conceived and born supernaturally if we wish to live the supernatural life; we must be regenerated in the supernatural order. The function of transmitting the supernatural life to us would have been the honour of our parents had not Adam sinned. His sin destroyed that great prerogative in himself and in his posterity.

God supplied this deficiency when He instituted the Ecclesiastical hierarchy, the bishops, priests and deacons; He made them our parents in the supernatural order; He gave them the duty of transmitting the supernatural life to us; He endowed them with powers, sacred powers, by the Sacrament of Holy Orders, by which they are capable and potent to regenerate us supernaturally. God decreed that we should receive that life only through them, unless in any extraordinary cases. Since He gave them the duty of regenerating the children of men into the children of God, He gave them the means of doing so. This means is the Sacrament of Baptism. Baptism is called by Holy Scripture our supernatural regeneration. It gives sanctifying grace which is the supernatural life; it gives the theological and the supernatural moral virtues which enable us to function supernaturally. After we received the supernatural life, we needed to grow in that life, and become perfect in it; hence we needed means to that end and these means God gave us: He gave us the Sacrament of Confirmation which strengthens us; He gave us the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist which is our supernatural food, food that refreshes us, that counterbalances the ravages produced by the wear and tear of our natural life, that strengthens our weakened supernatural powers, restores our wasted energies, and fills us with new powers. Being frail and weak, we can lose that life by committing moral sin. But God gave us a remedy for this also. He gave us the Sacrament of Penance which not only medicates the illness of the soul, but also restores the supernatural life when it is lost. He gave us the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to heal the wounds of the soul prior to its departure from this world. Finally, since the subjects capable of the supernatural life here on earth must be born in the natural order previously to their supernatural birth, He instituted the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony by which the union of man and woman, and all their actions are blessed, sanctified and become meritorious for heaven.

(To be continued)

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT WORDS

By A. M. KENNEDY.

WHY do we say, "to the bitter end?" On a ship, bitts are the supports to which a hawser is fastened. Each turn around the bitts is termed a "bitter." The last turn is the bitter end.

And why a pedlar, or pedler, or peddler? (All spellings authorized). The word comes from an old English word "ped" or "pad," meaning a wicker basket or pannier in which the pedlar carried the small wares which he had for sale.

The sheet-anchor is literally the shot-anchor—an anchor shot out in times of emergency.

"Kidnapping" so frequently heard of late, is literally "kidnabbing."

The place where Chicago now stands was once thickly inhabited by skunks. The Cree Indians called the animals Shegawo, and the place where it was found Shegawoa. And it is still called Chicago, the place of skunks.

Butterfly was originally Flutterby.

Not one person in 100,000 can pronounce these common words correctly: data; gratis; culinary; cocaine, gondola; version; impious; chic; Caribbean; Viking. Can you? If you think so, look in the dictionary.

What is a "hobby?" The hobby was a falcon trained to pounce upon pigeons and partridges. In days when hawking was a favorite sport, a man who had a hobby—well, he had a hobby.

How did it come to be "Etobicoke?" The various spellings in old documents—Ytobicoke; Toby Coke; Toby Cook, Atobicoake—are said to be efforts to express the Indian word "Wah-do-be-kaung," the place where the alders grow.

"Rainy River" was Riviere du Reine. "Petticoat Creek" is from Petite Côte. Thus our English tongues make strange names out of the originals in many parts of Canada.

"Pantry" has nothing to do with pans. It comes from the Latin "pan" and is a place for keeping bread. Nor is "buttery" connected with butter. It comes from "boutellerie," which means a place to keep bottles.

"Lady" is an evolution of an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "loaf-kneader," and "Lord" means "loaf-guardian."

You might consider "whoopée" a slang expression. As a cry of urging or exultation, whoopée is found hundred years old. "Whoopée a lowde, and thou shalte here hym bloue his horne."

"Ate." The New English dictionary tells us that the pronunciation is "et."

Old wooden ships sometimes sprank a leak at sea when seams opened up just above the water line. A sailor then had to go over the side and, on a scaffold, calk the seam. A seam close to the water line was known as the "devil." Thus the sailor found himself suspended "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

The steward was the sty-ward. He looked after his master's pigs.

"Fad" This word, like a number of others, is made up of the initial letters of a phrase, in this case "for a day"—something ephemeral or lasting but for a short time, or for a day

"Tip" is another of the same class. More than one hundred years ago the waiters in a London coffee-house put up in a conspicuous place a collection box in which patrons could deposit pennies in recognition of good service. The box bore the inscription, "To insure promptness," which was later abbreviated to the initial letters, "tip."

"Sandwich." This delectable tid-bit was so named after John Montague, Earl of Sandwich. He was such an inveterate gambler that he had slices of bread with meat between

them brought to him at the gaming table that he might eat without ceasing his play.

A furlong was a furrow-long. An alderman was an elder man.

“Spats” is a shortened form of “spatterdashes,” dashes to keep off the spatters.

“Billiards.” The game was invented in the sixteenth century by a pawnbroker named William Kew. He used to employ his leisure hours when trade was dull by taking down the three balls, which were the insignia of his profession then as now, and pushing them about the counter of his shop with a yard-stick. An old black-letter manuscript contains a quaint reference to the game and its inventor: “The game is now known by the name of ‘Bill Yard’ because William or Bill Kew at first played it with a yard-measure. The stick is now called a Kue or Kew in memory of Mr. Kew, who has been dead some time.”

No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will.

—John Dickie.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDEGROOM

By SISTER M. HILDEGARDE, C.S.J.

(The following article by an English lady, now a religious, will interest our readers. The paper, yellowed by years, was found hidden under old manuscript. The reader will easily recognize the beautiful chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, in the writer's true appreciation of its architectural beauty. Evidently the mysterious appeal of the Religious life was felt by the somewhat mystified onlooker, yet "outside the fold.")

THERE was to be a Reception at Elm Grove Convent, and my friend, Mrs. Willis, and I had invitations. Neither of us had ever been at a Clothing, or Reception at any religious house, so we were both eager for the novel experience.

As we had been told by a friend that these ceremonies were generally "crushes," we took care to be in good time to secure seats.

We certainly were in time, and I fear I should have found the waiting rather tedious were it not that my taste for architectural beauty was satisfied to an unusual extent in gazing at the beauties of that chapel.

Gothic architecture had always been my favourite, and here in the wilds of Canada—Siberia, as I in my ignorance then regarded it—I found this chapel, Gothic French of the thirteenth century, that took me in spirit back to Paris, to the Sainte Chapelle, that gem of purest ecclesiastical architecture.

How often, during my artist days in the gay city on the Seine, I had visited St. Louis' chapel and revelled in gazing at its groined ceilings; springing with their boldly-moulded arches from highly-polished marble and granite wall-pillars, and here in an English colony I found a replica of my French gem. Yes, here, I found all that I had so much admired in

that medieval cathedral abroad. The apsidal chancel, the graceful pillars, and arcades, the harmonious colouring, all were here.

This chapel in a western city had all the feeling of the art of the middle ages, but that art adapted to modern times.

I had reached thus far in my inspection of the chapel, when the organ was played softly and a sweet voice sang, "Go Ye Forth, O Sion's Daughters," and I beheld the Bride advancing slowly up the long centre aisle. How beautiful she looked, her fair hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, the long train of her white satin robe held by two tiny bride's maids. But there was no father's arm on which to lean, and as my chatty friend, Mrs. Willis, whispered to me, "An Invisible Bridegroom" awaited this spouse at the altar.

Oh how solemn it all was; to us poor worldlings how terrifying! my little friend wept softly as the Bride passed again. This time we could see her face, angelically lovely, pure ethereal looking; to us she seemed a victim to be slain at the altar.

Then there was another long, long waiting, the choir singing triumphant psalms of jubilee. My eyes again feasted on the beauties of the edifice; the numerous and beautiful stone carvings in the caps and corbels. The symbolic grapevine, wheat and pas-



SAINTE CHAPELLE, PARIS.

sion flower, the lily, and the trefoil, I noticed too in the great corbels of the chancel arch the emblems of the Evangelists, the eagle, the ox, the man and the lion. What memories of artists' discussions in European churches it all recalled.

Then there was a hush. Another procession entered, solemn black veiled; and there was the Bride of the Invisible Groom! They moved on, the newly clothed nun and two older nuns, toward the altar, and soon I heard a priestly voice say, "Miss Hamilton, hereafter you shall be known as Sister Marie Antoinette." A cold shiver ran through me! Was my beautiful Bride to have some sad fate, untimely and like the queen whose name she is about to bear? Poor Marie Antoinette! I trust it will not be poor Sister Antoinette.

Then all was over; we filed out and went home, but for that day and many more I could not forget my lovely Bride. Mrs. Willis, having her own orange blossom days still tenderly in memory, was even more affected than I, and when we met would talk of nothing but bridal scenes, happy, common-place or as our last one seemed—tragic.

Some time afterwards, my friend and I again visited Elm Grove Convent, this time to make arrangements for singing lessons for Mrs. Willis' little Mabel.

What was our delight to find that the singing teacher was our Bride—Sister Marie Antoinette. She was delightful! sparkling with wit and humour, nothing sad, gloomy or tragic about her; no appearance of hiding a broken or withered heart from a cruel world. She was apparently happy, human, natural. How could it be, and she so young and beautiful, cut off from all the joys of life!

As she sang for us I recalled an old poem of my school-book days about a convent in Bruges, where the listener was surprised to find

"The measure, truth to tell, was fit for some gay throng,
Though from the same gray turret fell
The Shadow and the Song."

Yes, many of the songs Sister Antoinette taught her pupils were fit for same gay throng—it was in gay throngs they were to be sung. Moore's melodies, Scotch songs, French lullabies—all that a young lady must learn, she taught.

We came to the chapel too—to other receptions to hear her sing “Go Ye Forth, O Sion's Daughters.” How we loved to hear her sing “Alma Redemptoris Mater” in Advent and at Christmas the Recitative “And There Were Shepherds.”

One day, little Mabel Willis announced that she was going to have a new singing teacher, that Sister Antoinette was going to Europe. We called at Elm Grove and found that Sister Antoinette was to attend a convention of music teachers to be held in London, England. We bade her good-bye with many wishes of bon voyage.

She would send us a card from the steamer. “On Board the Lusitania” was the heading of the note we received! “That is good,” we said, “the finest boat afloat.” Then the newspaper headlines! The Lusitania sunk! Most of the passengers lost! Oh the horror of that announcement. Though the war was going on we had not perhaps realized it till then. Still there was hope for some lives, though the magnificent vessel was destroyed. But no! day after day we searched among the list of names. Marie Antoinette's name was not there. No tidings, no message. She had gone down with the red ship that says in Joyce Kilmer's words:

I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay,
Though they had been for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver
But one—shall be like blood

Poor dear Sister Marie Antoinette, my Bride of the Invisible Bridegroom, you have gone to Him by this strange Red Way, but how or why we shall never know till the Last great day when the Sea shall give up her dead



*St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto, Ont.*

A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S

By REVEREND LUCIUS F. BARNETT.

ALTHOUGH historians may still be in disagreement in regard to determining the exact year in which Christ was crucified, nevertheless the Holy Father has declared that this year is to be considered as the nineteenth centenary of the Redemption; and because of its singular necessity and importance for the whole human race, the Supreme Pontiff has proclaimed an extraordinary Jubilee Year, beginning April 2, 1933, and extending to April 2, 1934, that this wondrous act of the Mercy of God may be solemnly commemorated, and the faithful receive a real spiritual boon in the Jubilee Indulgence which is granted.

It hardly seems necessary to outline the history of the Jubilee Year, or to review the conditions necessary for gaining the Indulgence, except to recall that it is reserved this year in general with very few exceptions, to those who reside in or journey to the City of Rome, and who likewise visit the four great Basilicas reciting while there the prayers prescribed. Thus His Holiness in the Bull of Proclamation urges all those who may possibly be able to come to Rome, that in this Holy City the centre of Catholic unity, they may share to the full in the spiritual favours which the Holy See bestows at this time. It may be interesting, then, if we can catch at least some of the impressions and reactions of the pilgrim especially as he, perhaps for the first time, visits St. Peter's wherein he must pray to fulfil the conditions for gaining the Indulgence.

It is the beginning of the month of April, 1933, when the Jubilee Year is to have its inception. Rome, the Eternal City, is a city of suspense, thronged with countless thousands from all climes who wait expectantly for the opening of the Holy Door which marks the initiation of the Jubilee Year. The

square of St. Peter, flanked on either side by the immense elliptical colonnades of Bernini, with its cobblestones worn by the print of innumerable throngs with its celebrated rising in the middle and gently bordered by the two famous fountains, shining brilliantly in the sunshine, and splashing in all directions their wind-waft spray, encloses a multitude of pilgrims, garbed in the characteristic dress of their native lands, and the air is filled with a drone of excited conversation in many tongues. All are gazing intently at St. Peter's, the greatest church in Christendom, with its many columned facade in travertine, surmounted by gigantic statues of Christ and the twelve Apostles, beyond which there rises in majestic splendour, to adorn it with its crowning glory, the marvellous dome of unsurpassed beauty, the masterpiece of Michael Angelo. All eyes turn instinctively to the right towards the Vatican Palace. There is a momentary hush and then there peals forth a wide acclaim, for the Holy Father, borne in solemn state on his portable throne, resplendent in a white cope, and wearing the tiara, the picture completed by the two large fans, carried on either side. He approaches along the Portico, blessing the people, until he reaches the Holy Door. With a triple stroke of a golden hammer, the already loosened masonry falls away, the Pontiff declares the Jubilee Year begun and enters into the Basilica to pray.

As the pilgrim enters St. Peters he feels a pang of disappointment. It does not appear as great in size as he had expected. Soon, though, as he quietly gazes down the long central nave, his vision adjusts itself and he begins to see that the figures and decorations are on an immense scale, but all is so proportionate and in harmony that he now knows the reason for his first deception. He is aware of the smaller and lower aisles to the left and right of the nave with their adjoining chapels. He glances at the coloured marble paneling of the pavement unobstructed by pews or benches, at the marble-encrusted pillars, with their shining marble figures,

at the ceiling with its many smaller domes, the whole enlivened by marvellous frescos, shining gilding and rich mosaic decoration; but he has come to pray, and, as he walks along the right side, he stops for a moment in the first lateral chapel to gaze with unfeigned admiration at the exquisite "Pieta" of Michael Angelo; and then to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where falling upon his knees, he silently offers his petitions to his Lord and God, who is there enshrined in a most rich tabernacle built in the form of a temple, of most ornate bronze bestudded with many precious gems.

In the centre of this vast structure of worship built by the hand of genius he finds the Confession, the Tomb of St. Peter. It is enclosed by a balustrade surmounted by many lamps of gilded bronze whose flickering lights seem like so many graceful sentinels. Looking down, he sees the magnificent work of Canova, the figure of Pope Pius VI., life-like in its kneeling attitude of prayer, and splendid in its minuteness of detail. Just above and beyond appears the great Papal altar over which there rises the magnificent baldachino supported by its four columns of tinted bronze. As his eye seeks the cross at its summit, it is led further upward to gaze in rapture at the interior of the dome, gleaming with the golden splendour of the mosaic art. He sees the balcony from which on the most solemn occasions of celebration there issues forth those notes of entrancing beauty from the famed silver trumpets. The whole dome is supported by four great pillars, which he adorned at their base by colossal statues of St. Andrew, St. Veronica, St. Helen and St. Longinus. He is making his pilgrimage to commemorate the work of Redemption and he is immediately interested in the incidents of the Sacred Passion which these statues recall, for here in the Basilica are preserved the great relics, the head of the Apostle St. Andrew, a large portion of the True Cross which was discovered by St. Helena, the Veil of Veronica, presented to Our Saviour as He made the ascent of Calvary, and upon which he left the imprint of His Sacred Countenance, the point also

of the lance of St. Longinus which pierced the Sacred Heart, all of which on a few special occasions and principally on Holy Thursday afternoon are exhibited from the balcony of St. Helena for the veneration of the faithful.

He gazes now down the long central tribune and his attention is arrested by a magnificently ornate throne in bronzes, whose darkened hue stands out in contrast to the shining brilliance about it. Enclosed within it he learns is the Chair of St. Peter, and again his thoughts wander down the long vista of the years till he can picture in his mind's eye the Prince of the Apostles ruling and guiding the Infant Church. To either side of him extend the transepts, for St. Peter's now after many mutations is built in the form of a Latin cross. In gleaming beauty there appear to him the monuments of the Popes executed in sublime line and detail by such master sculptors as Canova, Bernini and Thorwaldsen. The many altars also hold his interest, for surmounting each is a masterful representation of many of the most famous paintings, each one a gem of unsurpassed beauty, fashioned in mosaic, an art which here seems to reach almost its perfection in colour and design. As he looks now at many confessionals, with signs indicating that confessions are heard here in all the principal languages of the world, there is brought home to him the wondrous catholicity and at the same time the real unity of the Church. He walks along the left nave, through a veritable labyrinth of sarcophagi, and looking through the great bronzed grille he beholds the chapel with its wonderfully carved wooden stalls wherein the canons of the Basilica assemble for the recitation of the Divine Office. Proceeding along the aisle he is confronted by the monument from the hands of Canova, the last of the Stuarts; his thoughts meanwhile travel back to those troubled times, and he feels in his heart a pang of grief that England is no longer Catholic. Glancing at the Baptistry with its beautiful mosaic depicting the Baptism of Our Blessed Lord, he takes a long, lingering look at the interior of this vast edifice, realizing only too well that he has

hardly begun to comprehend the vastness of it all, or the splendour of its art and beauty.

To fulfil the conditions for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence, he must visit likewise the Basilicas of St. Paul outside the walls of the Ostian Way, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, but as he pushes aside the heavy curtain and walks into the welcome sunshine of the Square, he knows that he will come again to St. Peter's, to retire to some unfrequented corner, and there in quiet peace absorb the story and the beauty of this grand edifice, that it may remain to him a joy always vivid in his memory.

God gave to us the varied charms
Of nature's face;
Upon our trembling world He left
His beauty's trace.

Yet sweeter far He gave to us
A Mother's love:—
No masterpiece more wonderful
Came from above.

More wondrous stil, He came on earth
Its roads to trod,
Through Galilee to Golgatha:
Great Son of God.

But when at morn the Host they raise—
Priests, virtue-shod,
'Neath its white robe I know and love
The Heart of God.

H. B. B.

THE OFFICE OF THE SHROUD

ANTIPHONS at the *Magnificat*: Joseph, a good and just man, came to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus; and when he had got it, he wrapped it up in clean linens.

In the depth of the night, the Church at Matins lifts up her voice and cries: Christ the Lord, who renews the memory of His passion in the sacred Winding-Sheet, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn: Thy vesture is red and thy garments as those who tread the wine-press. Blood is sprinkled over my vesture, and all my garments have I soiled. They divided my garments, and on my vesture they cast lots.

Church: Thy holy Winding Sheet we venerate, O Lord!
Children: Thy holy passion we commemorate.

The lessons of the first nocturn are from the Prophet Isaias, and are the same as those read on the Feast of the Crown of Thorns.

Antiphons for the second nocturn: *His Face was, as it were, hidden, and therefore we regarded Him not.* All that saw Me mocked Me; and they whispered with their lips and shook their heads. He gave His soul unto death; He bore the sins of many.

At the fourth lesson, the Church calls upon the Blessed Bishop of Milan to speak to her children on this holy feast.

What does Christ wish when, not His Apostles, but Joseph and Nicodemus are they that bury Him, as John tells us? The one was just and constant, the other a master in Israel. But this was the burial Christ wished, because His burial was to have justice and mastership. The opportunity for calumny is thus removed; and the Jews are doubly convicted by domestic testimony. For if the Apostles had buried Him, the Jews might say that they had not buried, but had taken away Him whom they said they had buried. But he that was just wraps the body of Jesus in a winding-sheet; and he that was innocent anoints Him with ointment. *And not without purpose* are these things laid down distinctly; for justice clothes the

Church (the body of Jesus typifying the Church), and innocence ministers grace unto it.

Church: O admirable Winding-Sheet, in which are wrapped our treasure and the redemption of them in slavery! Children: The whole world is full of joy, being redeemed by the blood of the Lord.

Lesson 5: Do you, therefore, robe the body of the Lord with His own glory, that you also may be just. And though you believe that body of His to be dead, wrap it in the plentitude of His own divinity. Anoint it with myrrh and aloes, that you may be the good odor of Christ. A new winding-sheet did Joseph, that just man, send for; and perhaps it prefigured what that same winding-sheet did which Peter saw let down toward him from heaven, in which were all manner of quadrupeds and wild beasts and birds,—prefiguring the likeness of the Gentiles. In mystic ointment of spikenard, then, is rightly buried the Church, which has united in the communion of its faith the different peoples and tribes and tongues.

Church: His brethren, dipping Joseph's coat in the blood of a kid they had killed, cast lots who should take it to his father and say. Children: And his father recognized it and said: It is my son's coat; a savage beast hath devoured him.

Lesson 6: This Joseph, whom Luke calls Just, Matthew calls Rich. And justly is he called rich in this place where he receives the body of Christ. For in receiving Him that was rich, he knew not the poverty (want of) faith. He therefore is rich who is just, and the Just wraps Him in the winding-sheet. But the master in Israel, Nicodemus, both mingles different odors of virtue and sends aloes as it were a hundred pounds by which is signified the measure of perfect faith. And they bound the body of Jesus according to the special manner of the Jews,—not in the bonds of perfidy, but in the ligatures of faith. And they laid Him in a garden. To a garden is the Church frequently compared; for it has the fruits of various merits and the flowers of all virtues.

Church: Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we might follow His footsteps. Children: And He committed no sin, neither was guile found on His lips. When He was reviled, He reviled not; and when He suffered, He did not threaten.

Antiphons for the third nocturn: My flesh shall rest in peace, for thou wilt not give Thy Holy One to see corruption. Thou hast changed my weeping into joy; Thou hast taken away my sackcloth and girded me with gladness. I am as one without help, a live man among the dead.

Here the Church exclaims: Let all the earth adore and sing to Thee. And her children respond: Let it chant a hymn to Thy name, O Lord!

The Church takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from the Sacred Passion according to St. Mark: At that time, when it grew late—because it was the Parasceve, which is the day before the Sabbath,—Joseph of Arimathea came; and he also was expecting the kingdom of God.

At the seventh lesson the Church calls upon the early Saxon churchman, the Venerable Bede:

The word *parasceve* in Greek is translated *preparation* in Latin; and by this name the Jews, who dwelt among the Greeks called the eve of the Sabbath; because on it were prepared all those things (such as cooking) which were necessary to observe the Sabbath; according to the command made of old concerning the manna: "But on the sixth day you shall gather a double portion" . . . Now, because man was made on the sixth day and all creation thus became perfect, but on the seventh the Creator rested from His work and willed that it should be called the Sabbath—that is Rest,—rightly did the Saviour, crucified on that same sixth day, accomplish the mystery of human redemption. And when, then, He had received the vinegar, He said, "It is consummated"; that is, all the work of the sixth day, which I undertook for the remaking of the world, is now finished. But on the Sabbath Day, "resting" in the sepulchre, He waited the event

of the resurrection, which was to take place the eighth day.

The Church cries out: Joseph bought a new winding-sheet to wrap up the body of the Lord. Children: He came therefore, and took away the Body of Jesus. Church: Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate that he might take away the body. Children: He came therefore and took away the body of Jesus.

Lesson 8: Joseph of Arimathea, a noble decurion, the Evangelist says—for he also was expecting the kingdom of God,—and boldly went in to Pilate to beg the body of Jesus. Of great honor truly to the world was that Joseph and worthy of praise, but of greater merit before God. Most suitable was it that such a man should exist at that time to bury the Lord; for he, by the merit of his virtues, was fitted for the dignity of such an office; and by his worldly station he was able to obtain the required permission for administering it; for, remember, he did not go in to the Governor as an unknown or inferior man, but as one entitled to beg the body of the Lord.

Church: *Most highly honoured is this winding-sheet*; for in it the Author of salvation, taken down from the cross, deigned to be wrapped.—Children: And if we would be laid in the same tomb with Him, let us put off the slough of the old man (sin), and be wrapped in the winding-sheet of the New innocence.

Antiphons for Lauds: And when Pilate understood from the Centurion that He was already dead, he gave His body.—But Joseph having bought a winding-sheet, took Him down and wrapped Him in it.—And laid Him in the tomb in which no man yet was buried.

From the versicles, responses and short chapters of the “Little Hours” we get some knowledge of the mind of the Church.

At Terce: Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength? I, who speak justice and am a defender to save.

Versicle: We venerate, O Lord, Thy Holy Winding-Sheet.
 Response: We commemorate Thy holy passion.

Short chapter at Sext: Why, then, is thy apparel red and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the Gentiles there is not a man with me.

Versicle: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
 Response: Because by Thy Holy Death Thou hast redeemed the world.

Short chapter at None: I looked about and there was none to help. I sought and there was none to give aid.

Orison: O God, who hast left us in the holy Winding-Sheet wherein Joseph wrapped Thy holy body when taken down from the cross, a sacred remembrance of Thy passion, mercifully grant that, through thy death and burial, we may be blessedly brought to resurrection and glory. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

TO THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

O thou who turned thy tear-wet, aching eyes
 Towards Him, thy dying Son,
 Then murmured, while the sword pierced Him and thee:
 "Thy Will, O God, be done!"

O Queen of Sorrow! speak to us when we
 From sorrow's touch would run,
 And teach us in that hour to say, like thee:
 "Thy Will, O God, be done!"

LOUGHGLYNN

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

(Loughglynn—the Lake of the glen—is a little secluded lake set in the heart of an ancient forest midway between the towns of Castlerea and Ballagherreen in the north of County Roscommon, Ireland. A green isle in its centre holds an old gray tower which was often used as a refuge and a sanctuary from their foes by princes of the Royal House of O'Connor, Kings of Connaught. It is a place of dreams, a place of primeval peace and idyllic beauty, far from the haunts of men and the hives of modern mechanized materialism).

THERE is a blue lake far away,
Set 'round with honeyed meads,
Where little breezes laugh and play
Among the lispings reeds.
A jewel of a turquoise lake
Blue as a pigeon's wing,
Where little waves in music break
And shadowy waters sing.

And in the midst a flowery isle,
Enchantment's fairy home,
Where shy wood blossoms sweetly smile
And shy wood creatures roam.
A place to soothe a poet's heart
With balm of leaf and sod;
From tumult of the world apart,
A place to dream of God.

The iris lifts a purple plume
In oozy marsh and pool;
The flame-bright marigolds illumine
The birchen shadows cool.
The gold bees hum the meadows through;
The darting dragon-fly
In brilliant mail of burnished blue
On gauzy wings flits by.

The water-hen has there her home
'Mid lily-pads and reeds;
The heron wades the creamy foam
That laps the fringing meads.
The skylark hangs on flickering wing
And pours from heaven his lay;
And finch and linnet flute and sing
For joy the live-long day.

The hazels whisper to the moon,
The birches to the sun;
The flaggers shiver as they croon
Where vagrant breezes run.
The blossom of the sloe is white
And pink the wild-rose bloom;
And azure day and purple night
Are filled with mild perfume.

There to the fortress of the wave
For peace of soul divine
Fled ancient prince and warrior brave
Of Connaught's kingly line.
From royal court and castle rude
Brehon and bard and chief
Beneath the woods' beatitude
Found refuge and relief.

Across the waters, bright in sun,
Like breathings on a glass
Dark cloud-like shadows swiftly run,
Deepen and fade and pass.
There I would live where sedges lisp,
The world well left behind,
Watching the creeping wavelets crisp
And shiver in the wind.

Untouched by trouble, want or sin,
By misery or care,
Lies sweet, bewitching, blue Loughglynn
Within its valley fair.
There I of care would wash me clean,
And to the blackbird's strain
Would wander in its shadows green
And find my soul again.



LOUGHGLYNN—"WHERE LITTLE BREEZES LAUGH AND PLAY"

THE HILLS OF TUSCANY.

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

O, little hills of Tuscany,
I love you every one,
So cool, and green, and silent,
When the long, hot day is done.

Beside the peaceful river
The shepherds stand and wait
For quiet flocks that graze and move
And pause to meditate.

Deep down a small town nestles
With oleanders gay,
With olives, vines and fig trees
Set out in brave array.

Upon a crest, a grey old tower
And winding convent wall—
A dusky cypress pointing up
Unto the Lord of All.

O little hills of Tuscany,
I love you, every one,
So cool, and green, and silent,
When the long, hot day is done.

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Ceremony of Reception and Profession at St. Joseph's Convent.

The semi-annual ceremony of Reception and Profession took place at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans Street, the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, on Tuesday, August 15th.

Right Reverend Monsignor Whelan, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, presided at the ceremony and received the vows of the Sisters making final profession. The beautiful ceremony of reception of the holy habit, which loses nothing of its impressiveness from year to year, was witnessed by a large congregation of friends and relatives of the young ladies, who setting aside the vanities of the world, donned the livery of a Spouse of Jesus Christ. The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. F. Healy, C.S.S.R., who conducted the retreat.

The following young ladies received the habit: Miss Phil-lipa Mulvaney, Vancouver, B.C. (Sister Mary Christine); Miss Teresa Barron, Windsor, Ont., (Sister Marian); Miss Sheilah Mulvihill, Toronto, Ont., (Sister Mary Avila); Miss Charlotte Doherty, Derry, Ireland, (Sister Mary St. Jude); Miss Ann Greenwood, Toronto, Ont., (Sister M. St. Omer); Miss Eunice McFarland, Toronto, Ont., (Sister Alice Marie); Miss Margaret Hunt, Toronto, Ont., (Sister Jane Marie); Miss Anna Schonhoffer, Quinton, Sask. (Sister M. Attracta); Miss Margaret Thompson, Toronto, Ont., (Sister M. Geraldine).

The following Sisters made final vows: Sister M. St. Clarence, Arnprior, Ont.; Sister M. St. Victor, Marysville, Ont.; Sister M. Columkille, Quebec City; Sister M. Anicetus, Toronto, Ont.; Sister Mary Alexander, Orillia, Ont.; Sister M. Benedicta, Downeyville, Ont.; Sister Mary Vincent, Toronto, Ont.

Earlier in the morning the ceremony of first vows was held at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, Ontario, at which the Reverend L. Markle, St. Augustine's Seminary, presided. The following Sisters took first vows: Sister M. Gilbert, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister M. St. Rose of Lima, Vancouver,

B.C.; Sister Mary Aubert, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Isidore, Seaforth, Ont.; Sister M. St. Charles Borromeo, Orillia, Ont.

At St Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg, Man, a ceremony of final profession was also held at which the Most Rev A. Sinnott, D.D., presided. Sister M. St. Gerard, Quebec City, took final vows.

On the evening of Friday, June 2nd, approximately forty teachers assembled at St. Joseph's Convent for the opening exercise of the Annual Closed Retreat for teachers. Reverend Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., was Retreat Master, and Reverend Sister Alexandrine was in charge of the retreatants.

This excellent exercise, directly in accord with the wishes of Our Holy Father, will no doubt make a lasting impression on the participants who had so whole-heartedly set aside the cares and distractions of daily life to go apart and dwell in spiritual communion with Christ. They were most capably directed by Reverend Father Mangan, who by his eloquence and unbounded zeal contributed so vitally to the success of the retreat.

Each of the conferences was fraught with practical counsels for the personal sanctification of the teachers, and for the spiritual and academic advancement of the pupils entrusted to their care in the Toronto Separate Schools.

Reverend Father Mangan stressed very definitely the fact that in these rapidly-changing times Catholic teachers must necessarily be well informed, alert, and spiritually capable of guiding by example as well as by precept.

At a subsequent meeting of the Catholic Teachers' Retreat Association the following officers were elected:

Spiritual Director—Reverend Father Mangan, C.S.S.R.

Honorary President—Reverend Mother Margaret.

President—Miss F. Lunney.

First Vice-President—Miss Clara Galvin.

2nd Vice-President—Miss Gertrude Canning

Secretary—Miss Mary O'Connor.

Treasurer—Miss Mary Heydon.

Advisory Executive Committee—Reverend Sister Alexandrine and the Misses M Vogan, Agnes Cowan, Ermine Donati, Helen Ellard, Eleanor Foley, Mary Lehane, Joan Long, Jean O'Brien, Helen Rumball, and Margaret Shoemaker

The closing exercises of Saint Francis' Rotary School were held in the School auditorium on Wednesday, June 14th. Following the opening chorus, the artistically decorated stage presented a beautiful replica of the grotto of Lourdes.

Between the acts, selections were rendered by the School Orchestra.

A religious drama, Bernadette Soubirous, was exceptionally well presented, which reflected talented and well-trained pupils.

An outstanding and most appealing feature of the beautiful playlet was the closing hymn by the village children assembled at the Grotto, "Farewell to Mary."

The entire program of these closing exercises reflected the very excellent work being accomplished in St. Francis' Rotary School.

A very attractive school closing took place on Tuesday, June 20, in St. Patrick's Church auditorium when the honors of graduation were conferred on twelve young ladies who were completing their high school course. Attired in white gowns, carrying bouquets, and accompanied, each by her daintily frocked flower-girl, the graduates presented a beautiful picture against a background of students in dark uniform, arranged on the stage, which was artistically banked with flowers.

In a simple address of welcome, the salutatorian, Miss Catherine Kilty, included Feast Day greetings to Reverend Father Forget, to whom she expressed appreciation for their educational advantages that his efforts have made possible. In a touching reply the beloved pastor commented on the importance of this class as representing the first class to enter St. Patrick's school on its opening eleven years ago.

The very graceful little ceremony of crowning of graduates and awarding of diplomas and medals was followed by the presentation of diplomas to the successful commercial students and prizes to the other high school pupils who have won distinction in general proficiency and Christian doctrine.

After a musical programme provided by the students, the Valedictory was ably delivered by Miss Mollie Gray, who paid a grateful tribute to teachers, parents and pastor. His Excellency Archbishop Duke then gave a very inspiring and congratulatory address to the graduates, exhorting them to be true Catholic women, to live up to the standard of their school of which they will be regarded as the "real product."



GRADUATES OF ST. PATRICK'S HIGH SCHOOL,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Top Row, left to right—Mary Wilkinson, Catherine Kilty, Loraine Schufer, Margaret MacDonald, Ellen Kearney, Marva Mulvaney.

Bottom Row, left to right—Agnes McCann, Constance MacLean, Agnes O'Neil, Lilian Bucknall, Julia Hoover, Mollie Gray.

Following is a list of distinctions and awards:

Graduation Diplomas and Awards—Misses Lily Bucknall, Mollie Gray, Julia Hoover, Ellen Kearney, Catherine Kilty, Margaret Mary McDonald, Agnes McCann, Constance McLean, Marva Mulvaney, Agnes O'Neil, Lorraine Schufer, Mary Wilkinson.

Commercial Diplomas—Misses Grace Cunningham, Margaret Dohm, Althea Johnston, Bernice Wise, Patricia Conway, Genevieve Cashion, Elvier Eeckhout, and Messrs. Harry O'Hagan, Frederick Yehle, Eugene Loughran, Thomas McCarry and John McLachlan.

Silver Medal for highest speed in typewriting, awarded to Mr. Frederick Yehle.

Grade XII.—General Proficiency, Miss Agnes O'Neil; Christian Doctrine, Miss Agnes O'Neil.

Commercial—General Proficiency, Frederick Yehle; Christian Doctrine, Miss Patricia Conway.

Grade XI.—General Proficiency, Miss Ethel McKinnon; Christian Doctrine, Miss Kathleen Mulvaney.

Grade X.—General Proficiency, Miss Annette Giguere; Christian Doctrine, Miss Audrey Knetchel.

Grade IX.—General Proficiency, Edward Deshaw; Christian Doctrine, Miss Mary Favero.

Grade VIII.—General Proficiency, Betty Coll; Christian Doctrine, Betty Coll.

Silver Medal donated by the Catholic Women's League for highest standing in High School Entrance examinations for 1932 awarded to Mr. James Evans.

At St. Michael's Nurses' Residence the inaugural meeting of a Study Club was held on Friday, June 23rd. This meeting immediately followed the closing exercises of the Second Annual Retreat given by Reverend Father D. O'Sullivan, C.S.S.R., through the generosity of the Sisters of the hospital. In an interesting manner Father O'Sullivan stressed the need of Catholic action among nurses.

Wednesday, June 28th, at 8 p.m., the first meeting was held, in the Study Club Hall of the Nurses' Residence, where subjects were suggested and selected for the coming season.

Sister Superior was named Honorary President. Miss Mary Brown was elected President, Miss Marie Ellard Secretary. All Catholic nurses of Toronto are cordially invited to become members of this club.

A Spiritual Retreat given by the Reverend John Barry, C.S.S.R., was greatly appreciated by a number of the Community who were privileged to make it, at St. Joseph's Novitiate, Scarboro. The two retreats held at the Mother House on St. Albans street were conducted by Reverend Francis Healy, C.S.S.R., of Montreal.

Very cordial congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McGarry on the elevation of their son, James McGarry, to the priesthood. The Reverend James McGarry, S.J., is a nephew of Sister Crescentia and of Sister Victoria. On Sunday, Aug. 27th, the Reverend Father said Mass at the Mother House, St. Albans street.

On July 16th, in the College Auditorium, a very instructive lecture on the Mass was given by Reverend Father McVann, C.S.P. The audience composed not only of the Sisters of St. Joseph, but also of the representatives of several other Religious Communities, listened with rapt attention to the story of our redemption as told in connection with views of many incidents in the life of Our Lord. The pictures were remarkably clear and well selected for the purpose of teaching the great idea of sacrifice as a means of worship and connecting this idea with the Sacrifice of the Mass.

There was a second lecture by Reverend Father McVann on Tuesday, the Feast of St. Camillus. In this lecture the Reverend Father reviewed some of the points explained in his former instruction and then gave a very graphic picture demonstration of the ceremonies a complete method of teaching the Mass either to children or adults.

We happily rejoice with, and heartily congratulate, our two very worthy Jubilarians—Sister M. Magdalen, who on August 15th completed her fiftieth anniversary in religion, and Sister Mary Joseph, who celebrated her twenty-fifth year of profession of vows.

May they yet enjoy many fruitful years of faithful service and happiness in the ripening vineyard.

St. Joseph Lilies extends congratulations to:

The Reverend L. A. Barcello, on the celebration of the forty-fifth anniversary of his ordination;

The Reverend J. Carberry, on the completion of his fortieth anniversary of ordination;

Reverend J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R., on the celebration of his sacerdotal silver jubilee;

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, on the ordination of their son, Augustine, to the holy priesthood;

Mrs. James Keenan, on her election as President at the National Convention of the Catholic Women's League, recently held in Quebec

Entrance Results in Our Missions.

St. Mary's School, Barrie: Seven candidates were recommended and six wrote the Entrance Examination. The six were successful and one, Irene Wysoglad, received First Class Honours.

Guardian Angels School, Orillia: The best pupils were recommended. Twenty-one wrote and twenty-one were successful, and of these, seven received first-class honours.

In Holy Rosary School, Thorold, the best pupils were recommended and seventeen wrote. Of these seventeen passed, the majority with honours.

In Penetanguishene, nineteen candidates were successful at the Bilingual Entrance, and four of these obtained honours. Twenty candidates were successful in the ordinary examination.

In St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, twenty-five wrote the Entrance Examinations and eighteen passed with honours.

In St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines, eighteen were recommended and five pupils who wrote were successful.

In St. Nicholas' Boys' School, St. Catharines, twenty-three passed Entrance tests.

In St. John's, St. Catharines, fourteen pupils were successful.

In St. Mary's, St. Catharines, eight pupils were successful.

In St. Gregory's, Oshawa, twenty pupils were recommended, and the twelve who wrote were successful.

At St. Joseph's, Winnipeg, seventeen wrote and all obtained honours.

Eight pupils wrote Entrance in Prince Rupert, B.C. Of these five obtained honours and one had the highest standing of the complete Entrance list of the Inspectorate.

Entrance examinations in Winnipeg—In St. Ann's—Eight pupils wrote; all passed. Four obtained Honours. St. Alphonsus—Twelve pupils wrote; all passed. Six obtained Honours. St. Joseph's—Seventeen pupils wrote; all passed. Thirteen obtained Honours. In First to Second Year High School eight pupils wrote. Seven obtained Honours.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Hermann Pocock, Toronto.

On Friday, June 23rd, Sister M. Hermann, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, passed away very suddenly at the Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont., where she had gone a week before to visit. But although death came suddenly, it did not find this venerable religious of eighty-two years unprepared, for her sixty-four years of religious life had furnished her soul with a wholesome consideration of death, and had filled her hands to overflowing with good deeds in the service of Him, to whom in young maidenhood she had given herself so unreservedly.

Sister Hermann (Ellen Pocock) was the daughter of the late John Pocock of London, Ontario, who, on the death of his wife, became a Catholic and brought up his family in a home truly Christian in atmosphere and practice, two members of which became religious, while another was knighted by the Holy Father for his services to the Church. In 1869 Sister Hermann entered the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, in the district then known as Clover Hill. Three years later she was joined by her elder sister, known in religion as Sister M. Alphonsus, whose death occurred in 1899.

During the greater number of her years in the Convent, Sister Hermann was engaged in the charitable works of the Community at the House of Providence and at St. Michael's Hospital, in both of which Institutions her kindness has be-

come proverbial. Her industry was amazing, and even up until her death, her deft fingers were ever busy at the most delicate and beautiful lace-work for Church purposes. She was gracious in manner and sincere in word and action, and by her charity she enriched the lives of others, but most of all her own, laying up for herself great treasure in Heaven.

In death it was her rare privilege to enjoy two Solemn High Masses of Requiem, one in the Sacred Heart Convent Chapel in London, attended by numerous friends and relatives, the other in the Chapel of the Mother-House, Toronto, on the morning of her funeral. Both Masses were sung by her nephew, Rev. H. Pocock, London, Ontario. Another priest-nephew is at present in Rome. Two brothers, Mr. Joseph and Mr. Steve Pocock, survive her. Drs. Hubert and Joseph Pocock, Toronto, nephews, are among the many relatives who mourn her loss.

Interment took place on Sunday, June 25th, at Mount Hope Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

Sister M. Ignatius Creagh.

The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, lost another of its senior members in the death of Sister M. Ignatius Creagh, who passed away on August 12, at the Mother House of the Community.

Born in St. Paul's parish eighty-five years ago, Sister Ignatius joined the Sisters of St. Joseph in 1872, and for the greater part of her sixty-five years as a religious was engaged in teaching in the Separate Schools and the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto. But even when an active part in the works of the Community was no longer possible, owing to increasing years, this remarkable religious at the age of eighty-five knew no idle moments, but was busily engaged in sewing for the Community. Possessed of an extraordinary vitality, her mind remained ever keen and alert, and in Sister Ignatius the younger members of the Community found a veritable storehouse of local history and a rich mine of valuable information about early Community days.

Two qualities characterized her spiritual life, a great fidelity to her Rule and Exercises, and a spirit of praise and thanksgiving to God for all His benefits and particularly for the grace of her vocation. "Thanks be to God" was ever on her lips, a prayer that was expressive of her dependence on God and her trust in His mercy.

The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, to Mount Hope Cemetery, August 14. The Mass of Requiem was sung by the Chaplain, Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B. Monsignor Hand and Father Cline were among those present in the sanctuary.

To Sister Ignatius' sister, Mrs. Halley, Toronto, the only surviving member of the immediate family, we offer our sincerest sympathy. May her soul rest in peace!

KIND WORDS FOR THE LILIES.

"To-day being a holiday, I am at home enjoying the Lilies. The contents are most interesting and varied and I like the set-up."—V.C.

The outstanding good material in St. Joseph's Lilies, Toronto, has come to our notice with the March edition. It was read with delight that we discovered "Ireland's West Coast" by Jean Turnbull. Miss Turnbull has a remarkable talent for painting pictures with words, at the same time avoiding verbosity. Her power of description is noticeable in "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—." The poetry of the magazine is well-written, verges on the didactic with the exception of one or two pieces. "St. Joseph," by Catherine McPartlin, has been expertly, though simply, handled. The poem stands out unexpectedly in a college magazine. The theme, one which has been so beautifully eulogized by Father Leonard Feeney, has been charmingly and originally developed by Miss McPartlin into a quietly poignant bit of verse.

A striking facsimile of Rubens' "Elevation of the Cross" has been included in the book with a short explanatory piece. Bringing in work of this type indicates true cultural interests. St. Joseph's, we laud you!—St. Benedict's Quarterly.

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1932-1934

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Alumnae

Plans are under way for the first biennial convention of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae, to be held in Ottawa, September 14 and 15. Daughters from the teaching communities and alumnae of affiliated schools in Canada will be present. As the Ontario Chapter Convention takes place at Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, on September 12 and 13, delegates to the provincial will proceed to Ottawa for the national. Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Toronto, Governor of Ontario Chapter, will preside at the Kingston Convention.

During the summer holidays Alma Mater had the pleasure of welcoming home the following out-of-town Alumnae: Mrs. Thomas Kelly (Helen Kramer, Forest Hills, N.Y.), Miss Mary McNamara, Sarnia; Miss K. Moylan and her sister, Mrs. Cro-ween; Miss Nora Coreoran, Mrs. Ferbarr, Washington, Penna.; Miss Veronica Ashbrook, Mrs. Leo Lucid (Ethel Ryan), with her two little ones, Jimmie and Celestine, Batavia, N.Y.; Mrs. C. Sim, St. Catharines; Millie Moran, Mrs. Dougherty, Flushing, L.I.; Miss Marietta Rosenblatt, Hamilton.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Agnew (Helen Desrocher) on the birth of a daughter, Joan Mary; and to Dr. and Mrs. McCrae (Margaret Calvert), on the birth of a daughter, Joan Elizabeth.

Heartiest congratulations to Miss Catherine McGowan on her success in obtaining the highest standing in obstetrical nursing and Dr. D'Arcy Frawley's prize; and to Miss Alma Parent on obtaining the general neatness prize given by the Alumnae Association at the Graduation Exercises of St. Michael's Hospital, June 6, 1933.

We were pleased to see many from out of town at the College School Graduation. Among them were Winnifred Parke, B.A., who is at present private secretary to Dr. Christie of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; Hilda Sullivan, Peter-

boro; Ursula Monteg, Bernice Fischer, Waterloo, and Mary Coughlan, from Pascalis. Mary tells us to get out from the North Country she had to come a considerable distance by air plane.

Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson (Denise Phelan) spent several weeks this summer at the family residence at the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Nutson and family, of Sault Ste. Marie, spent July and August at their summer home, Roche's Beach, Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Sam. G. Crowell (Mary Moylan) is at present abroad with her husband visiting England and Scotland.

Mrs. McCrae (Queenie Murphy) has recently spent some time with Mrs. Marshall Douglas (Josephine Petley).

Miss Rita Halligan gave a bridge and tea in honour of a June bride, Miss Elizabeth Pearson.

At St. Monica's Church, on July 22nd, Rose Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Lascelles Boulevard, was married to Mr. George Cole. Miss Evelyn Brown was a bridesmaid.

At St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, E. J. Canning, brother of the groom, united in marriage Marguerite Mary Shoemaker to Arnold Canning of Scarboro. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Kathleen Shoemaker.

On August 5th a very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. John's Church, Toronto, when Miss Anne Harrison became the bride of Mr. Thomas Cronin of Teeswater. Miss Claire Harrison attended the bride, and Miss Olive Flint, A.T.C.M., was at the organ.

The St. Joseph Alumnae wish these "newly-married" many years of happiness.

The attractive sunroom of the Granite Club was a pretty setting for the tea given in honor of the graduates of St. Joseph's College School by the executive of the Convent Alumnae. The charming group of twenty-nine young graduates in their white frocks were received by the president, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas, and the members of her executive. The tea-table was centered with pink roses in a silver basket and

pink candles in silver candelabra. Mrs. J. J. Landy and Miss Kelman presided at the tea-table. The president addressed a few words of congratulation to the honored guests, and Mrs. A. J. Thompson, governor of the Ontario chapter, spoke briefly on alumnae affairs, mentioning the coming convention in September. Another member of the executive, Miss Kelman, who graduated from St. Joseph's Convent in 1880, spoke a word of encouragement to the young ladies. Included in the honored guests were the president, Miss Agnes Foley, and the first vice-president, Miss Katherine Sheedy of the Junior Alumnae.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased:

Mrs. J. Phelan, Reverend Brother Lewis, F.S.C.; Mr. D. J. Houlahan, Mrs. W. Boulogne, Mr. Alexander McDonough, Mr. Duffy, Miss E. A. Ryan, Miss Teresa Lamphier, Sister Herman, C.S.J.; Sister Ignatia, C.S.J.; Mrs. T. Merrick Gray, Miss Helen Glover, Mr. Dunn, Mrs. S. Gray, Reverend Father Mahon, Sr. St. Clare, R.P.B.

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

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay;
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other words, 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn;
Those three will never more return.



The College Alumnae Reunion.

June 24th and 25th were days when graduates of long ago and those of recent years met again at a happy reunion. Miss Doreen Smith was in charge of refreshments. Tea was served on the verandah of the college. Some of the guests remained over-night. On Sunday morning Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Bellisle, C.S.B. Then came breakfast, followed by an enthusiastic business meeting at which it was decided that the next reunion would take place a year from Thanksgiving.

EXAMINATION RESULTS—JUNE, 1933.

St. Joseph's College, University of Toronto. Faculty of Arts.

FOURTH YEAR.

English and History—Lucille McAlpine II, Alma McKinnon II.
Modern Languages—Eugenie Hartman III, Clerese Hartman III.

Latin and French—Marguerite Hussey III.

Household Science—Eileen Crover.

Pass Course, B Standing—Rita Carroll.

Pass Course, C Standing—Irene Baxter, Mary Palmer, Mary O'Brien, Una Murray, Marguerite Hayes, Josephine Lynch, Margaret McLinden.

Without Grading—Gertrude Gibbons, Helen O'Donnell, Helen Tallon, Theo Hayes, Rose Burns, Alberta Spreen, Dorothea Greening.

THIRD YEAR.

Modern Languages—Marion Darte II, Helene Dart II.

Latin and French—Helen Egan II.

Transferred to Pass Course—Helen McHenry.

Household Economics—Margaret McCarthy I.

Pass Course—Margaret Gillooley B, Louise Hayes C, Mary McNamara, W.G.

SECOND YEAR.

English and History—Margaret Flahiff (Aegrotat).
 Modern Languages—Betty Grobba II, Ray Godfrey III.
 Household Science—Helen Cozens.
 Pass Course—Shirley Puncher B, Ursula Riordan C, Dorothy
 Smyth C.

FIRST YEAR.

Mathematics and Physical Science—Lillian Karmalska, B.L.
 English and History—Christine Kennedy II.
 Latin and French—Irma Clavette II, Margaret Fullerton II,
 Bernica Hall III.
 Modern Languages—Mary Loftus II, Jean McDonald II, Elaine
 Murray III.
 Household Science—Camilla O'Connor (Aegrotat).
 Pass Course—Mrs. M. L. Le Palm B, Millie Peet, Mary Me-
 Guire C, Catherine McBride C, Margaret Ryan C, Mona
 La Forest C. Judith Burrows W.G., Vivian Tuttis W.G.

THE MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

There is but One — the Christ that walked the sea
 And spoke the magic word that conquered Death.
 That word is His alone. He witnesseth
 Unto Thy Father's awful majesty.
 He who hath seen and known Him perfectly.
 "I am the Life." He still serenely saith
 To all our doubts and fears and sobbing breath,
 "I live forever more. And ye with Me.

Because I live, ye too shall also live."
 And lo, this tearful life of trembling woe,
 Bursts into splendour of immortal bloom!
 Shine out, eternal stars! Dear Lord, forgive!
 We live and move in Thee. Our heaven's aglow!
 Only the unbeliever seals his doom.

Caroline D. Swan.



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL,

Toronto, June 7, 1933.

Back Row—Mary Hallinan, Jennie Polito, Nell Magnier, Brenda Kidd, Jeanette Griffin, Najla Farah, Norma Choate.

Centre—Dorothy Chambers, Madeline Wright, Eileen Phelan, Eileen Walsh, Claire O'Hagan, Catherine Driscoll, Edna Gray,
Mary Haffey, Virginia Coghlan, Eileen Fenelon, Angela Hurson, Muriel Reuben, Margaret Horahan.

Front—Marie Tisdale, Lynette Roddy, Alice McCarthy, Margaret Cairo, Vivian Tuttis, Agnes Fischer, Irene Brown, Anna Finucan.



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

“Nothing useless is so low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled.
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.”

This afternoon, as graduates of St. Joseph's, we stand on the threshold of a new day, beginning in earnest, with the enthusiasm of youth our career as architects of Life—erecting from a completed foundation the Edifice of our Future. What we do well or ill to-day, and what we did ill or well yesterday, will mean much in the days to come. Wherefore does it not behoove us, as good builders to strive henceforth consistently and constantly for the best?

Dear friends, will you not enter into our feelings on this Day of Days; look into our hearts and share their intermingling of joy and sorrow? Joy, that we have attained the goal of our hearts' desire, that we may enter, at length, those realms as yet untravelled but long since filled with the radiant glory of our dreams and hopes for the future. Joy, indeed, but also a sorrow, a certain sense of loneliness, a consciousness of something indefinable and forever dear—the happiness of childhood days within familiar walls, now slipping from our grasp.

The future lies ahead, a bright Land of Promise, and also, as we have been taught, a Land of Serious Thought, where each act or deed is like to the blocks of the builder, each tiny fragment bearing its weight in the structure and even that which seems unseen visible to the eye of God. Yet shall we lose courage because of the tremendous duties that confront us? Or rather, shall we not, as builders do, place immeasurable confidence in the foundation of our lives? And will not this confidence be ever a source of hope and strength to us in weary days to come?

The years, since early childhood when we were placed under the care of our well-loved Sisters of St. Joseph, have been filled with wise lessons of precept and example, lessons in our Catholic Faith and our responsibilities as members of that Faith, instruction and counsel in conduct and in the acquisition and cultivation of the womanly virtues so necessary in the world. No care or thought has been spared that might assist us in laying deep and strong this foundation of our lives. Our retreats each year have been

sources of grace and inspiration; our daily studies, our recreations and friendships have each played their part; and above all, have we not had ever before us the noble example of our dear Sisters, their devotion to a divine Ideal, and their selfless sacrifices for us?

Now the days of happy childhood pass, and we face the test of life. Our beloved Alma Mater has equipped us well for the duties that await us. Now like skilled workmen, our tools gleaming and ready, we may begin courageously to fit in place each block of our life's edifice. And oh, may we ever bear in mind, as graduates of St. Joseph's, the poignant realization that we shall be known as representative Catholic young women and favoured children of our Blessed Lady. May it be ours to reflect, even if it be but dimly, the radiant virtues of Mary, and bring to the world of our contact the gentleness, the sweet perfume of her humility, her modesty and love of God!

And now the sad word of parting must be spoken. We must leave the dear school that has been also a home to us—a home of kindly shelter, or happy friendships and memories that will be cherished all our lives. Our staunch allegiance do we offer it on this our Graduation Day, pledging ourselves to carry aloft the torch of faith and honour wherever we may go.

“We go, but whither know not, nor the way,
Holding we know not what of life or death,

Only be Thou beside us day by day,
Thy rod our guide and comfort, underneath
The Everlasting Arms”

Dear St. Joseph's, fare thee well! Would that we might stay the happy hours with thee!

Madeleine Wright.

RESULTS OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.

The following are the results of the music examinations at St. Joseph's College School, June, 1933:

Associate Piano (Teacher's Course)—First Class Honours—A. Malone. Honours—Anna Finucan.

Intermediate Piano—Pass—Phyllis Griesman; Muriel Reuben.

Primary Piano—Pass—Joan Duffy; Joan Bennett and Anna Bewley (equal); Mary Martin.

Elementary Piano—Honours—Constance Brown. Pass—Mona G. Thompson.

Introductory Piano—Honours—Eleanor Midwood; Anne Golden; Joan Hughes and Lota Wayne Gray (equal).

Theory.

Associate Piano (Written Examination)—First Class Honours—Marie Caruso.

Intermediate Harmony—Pass—Agnes Fischer; A. Malone.

Primary Theory—First Class Honours—Loretto Cairo and Cathleen Callaghan (equal).



SOME OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION VISIT ALMA MATER.

One of the most interesting annual reunions of the former pupils of St. Joseph's Academy took place on Ascension Day, when the very youngest generation came to their Mothers' Alma Mater to a party especially their own. The beautiful Convent grounds were at their best, and the frail Spring flowers were only rivalled by the gaily coloured balloons provided for the amusement of the youthful guests. Games, races, and, of course, ice-cream, served from an artistically decorated tent, made up the programme for the afternoon, while the young mothers renewed schoolday acquaintances at the tea in the spacious parlours.

COLLEGE-SCHOOL GRADUATION.

The 79th annual graduation exercises of St. Joseph's College-School were held this year on the afternoon of June 7th. Seldom has a larger or more appreciative audience taxed the capacity of the spacious Auditorium, which, to be sure, has seldom staged a more beautiful spectacle than that presented by the twenty-nine graduates of this year. Gowned in soft white, attended by dainty little flower-girls, against the perfect background of the essembled school in dark blue uniforms, on a stage overlooking a veritable bower of flower-offerings of every hue and variety—such was the picture which formed the setting for the programme of the exercises.

After the traditional school hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph," and a song of greeting and welcome by the student body, the graduates were each in turn crowned with golden wreaths symbolic of the laurel of victory and received medals and diplomas of their collegiate and academic attainments which are required as qualifications for graduation. Under the direction of Maestro Carboni and accompanied by an orchestra of piano, violin, cello, harp and flute, a cantata, "Sea Dream," in three voices, the composition of Battison Haynes, was vividly rendered by the school. A piano solo, "Danse Espagnole," by Miss Eileen Phelan, was heartily applauded and the Valedictory address, sympathetically delivered by Miss Madeleine Wright, on behalf of the graduating class, delicately caught the atmosphere of the occasion, an intermingling of wistfulness and exaltation. During the reading of the class distinctions of the school, the recurrence of the names of the graduates gave gratifying testimony of their scholastic achievements, marking them out as a class of exceptional ability.

In congratulating the young ladies at the close of the programme, Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D., exhorted them to strive for a true appreciation of the meaning of their "Ave Atque Vale," to always keep green the memory of their Alma Mater and its ideals and teachings and to form the habit of frequently turning back to these as to a source of renewed strength and inspiration ever at their disposal.

After the closing exercises the graduates were photographed as a class and with their parents; a reception in their honor followed and the day concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as auspiciously as it had begun with Holy Mass and Communion with Him Who is the Beginning and End of all things.

The programme was as follows:

School Hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph"; song of greeting; Conferring of honors and crowning of graduates; piano solo, "Danse Espagnole," De Falla, Miss Eileen Phelan; Cantata, "A Sea Dream," Battison Haynes, with orchestral accompaniment.

Class Distinctions—Valedictory, Miss Madeleine Wright; address to Graduates, Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D.; God Save the King." Choral instructor and conductor, Maestro Carboni.

Class Distinctions.

Highest Standing in Church History—In Senior Grade, Miss Leontine Matte; Intermediate Grade, Miss Rita Donnelly.

Highest Standing in Languages—Form V.: Miss Edna Gray; Mathematics, Miss Mary Hallinan; Science, Miss Lynette Roddy; History, Miss Marie Tisdale; English Literature, Miss Edna Gray.

Highest Standing in Languages—Form IV., Miss Marion Mitchell; Science, Miss Marie Lambe; History, Miss Noreen Bennett; Mathematics, Miss Marion Mitchell.

Highest Standing in Commercial Course—Miss Edna Young and Miss Muriel Reuben (equal); Speed and Accuracy in Typewriting, Miss Muriel Reuben.

Highest Standing in English Literature in Form III.—Miss Mary McLaughlin; Science, Miss Gerarda Ryan; Languages, Miss Bessie Balfour; Mathematics, Miss Mary McLaughlin; History, Miss Yvonne Dalton.

General Proficiency in Form IIA, Miss Phyllis Griesman; Form IIB, Miss Catherine Richard; Form IA, Miss Isabelle Kelly; Form IB Miss Pauline Rudin; Entrance Class, Miss Anna Marie Leduc.

Special Prize for Lady-like Deportment in Senior Division of Day School, Miss Rosemary Griffin; Junior Division, Miss Florence McNamara; Senior Division of Resident Pupils, Miss Leontine Matte; Junior Division, Miss Anna Marie Leduc.

Music Department.

Highest Standing in Associate Piano—Practical, Miss Naomi Perras; Written, Miss Anna Finucan; Intermediate Piano, Miss Alice Ratchford; Intermediate Theory, Miss Mae Potter; Junior Piano, Miss Lucy Reuben; Junior Theory, Miss Brenda Kidd; Primary Piano, Miss Mary MacKenzie; Primary Theory, Miss Alice Ratchford; Elementary Piano, Miss Estelle Tipping; Introductory Piano, Miss Jean Lahey.

OUR LADY OF THE SEASONS.

Oh Spring that charms the hearts of men,
And chastens them with beauty,
Your colours fade before a maid
Whose very life was beauty.

Oh Summer, that to all the land
Brings happiness and plenty,
Your gifts are small when we recall
The charity of Mary.

Oh Autumn, that unrolls for us
A blazing scroll of glory,
How wan you seem before a Queen
As glorious as Mary.

Oh Winter, that well warms the earth
In robe of purest white,
How dark you seem before the gleam
Of Mary's spotless light.

Marie Tisdale.

OUR LADY'S WAY.

It was a dark, stormy night. The wind roared and swept the fast falling snow into a blind fury. To the pedestrians, homeward bound, it was the worst storm of the year. To Ray Arnold, battling against it at an altitude of seven thousand feet, it was something to be feared. The plane was sturdily built, and Ray was by no means a poor aviator, but even now the snow was obscuring everything and ice was forming on the wings. There isn't much to be seen at seven thousand feet, but Arnold was nearing his destination and it would not be easy to find it in this gale. The lights of the airport shone out, striving in vain to pierce through the whirling snow to the storm-lashed plane above.

But Chapman stood at the window, anxiously gazing skyward, his heart filled with a dreadful fear. He and Ray had been pals since they were youngsters.

Chapman turned to find Bill Ellis, the flying instructor, beside him.

"Ought to be in any minute," he observed, his eyes straining in vain to pierce the whirling snow.

"Yes," agreed the other, and added for the sake of saying something, "He's got his own plane."

"Arnold's nobody's fool," said the instructor. "Cheer up, he'll be along." He turned away, he himself wishing he could believe it.

According to schedule the plane should have been in three-quarters of an hour ago. The atmosphere was tense with anxiety. Then the faint hum of an airplane circling above them reached their ears. They cleared themselves off the runway and stood, waiting. But the plane didn't land! It came droning back and forth . . . searching . . . then they understood. The pilot was looking for the landing field . . . couldn't find it . . .

Vainly the lights tried to pierce the darkness, the snow was raging a blinding fury, nothing could break it . . . communication was impossible. Bud turned from a despairing survey of the heavens to see Ellis's face set in grim lines.

"Arnold's an R.C.," he was saying, "Ring in for one of those padres." Then . . . a bit faintly at first, a knocking in the engine! It increased, and the roar of the motor stopped . . . it had stalled! . . . Ray's hand closed over his rosary as the plane went whirling helplessly downward . . . down through the gulf of fighting snowflakes to the darkness below.

It was May before they told him. The air was filled with a soft balmy sweetness, fleecy clouds floated about in the great azure space, and Ray in a wheel-chair in the garden of St. Mary's Hospital, rejoiced that he would soon be up there once more.

Long weeks had ensued since that night in March. Weeks when the lad had been unconscious of those around him . . . weeks filled with pain . . . horrible dreams of falling . . . falling into endless space . . . white figures working around him. . . One clear memory of Father O'Donnell bending over him . . . the sacred oils on his hands and feet . . . Bud, as he knelt at the foot of the bed, the grief in his face remaining with Ray through the hazy dreams that

followed. They hadn't expected him to pull through. The doctors declared that nothing but a miracle prevented him from being killed outright.

Ray's eyes wandered to a statue of our Blessed Lady that stood in the garden. Why had he been saved, he wondered. What were God's reasons for this miraculous escape. His confidence in Mother Mary perhaps. He had trusted her. She was the only mother he had ever known, and never had she failed him in anything. Not always, of course, had things come out the way he wished, but all was for the best in the end, and the boy had grown accustomed to accepting things in "Our Lady's Way."

When Ray's father had given him a plane of his own, he had named it "The Morning Star," his favourite among Our Lady's titles. He chuckled as he recalled Bud's amazed look and the question, "Where did you get such a silly name?" Well! the Morning Star had fallen that night, a complete wreck.

A whistle coming down the walk attracted his attention. Bud! Somehow, something in that whistle struck Ray as queer. It sounded as though the whistler were forcing himself.

"Bud" Ray's hand went out to be clasped in one equally as eager.

"Boy, you're looking great! How do you feel?"

"The very best. Sit down, you old duffer, and give me the latest."

Bud sat down and accordingly gave the "latest." They talked eagerly until Ray said something about being "up and doing" again soon.

Bud glanced quickly at him. He got up and came over to the chair, his lips set.

"Ray," he stammered, "er, ah—RAY, old man—I'm awfully—you—you—oh God! I can't—" and then he told him.

Ray lay back in the chair, perfectly still, his face deadly white, his hands clenched.

"Ray . . . I'm terribly sorry . . . it's awful . . . I didn't want to tell you . . . but . . . I . . . they . . . thought you'd like better . . . to hear it . . . from me. . .," poor Bud was stammering.

"Yes . . . yes . . . I'm glad it was you . . . thanks . . . oh God . . ." and instinctively Bud turned and left him, knowing he must fight it out alone.

How long he lay there, then, Ray did not know. His mind was in a dreadful confusion. A cripple for life! never to walk again! never to fly again! It couldn't be true . . . it wasn't true! . . . then, "Oh God . . ." The cry broke from his lips.

It was true. He knew it.

Raising his eyes, he saw Our Lady in the Grotto nearby smiling down on him. A sudden wild rage came upon him. His Mother had failed him! had snatched him from death to this!

"Mother!" Like a child he held out his arms, pleading, entreating, with his whole heart and soul. Then . . .

"Oh Mother!" and the barrier broke. Great sobs shook him, sobs that came from the depth of his soul, racking his whole frame. "Mother!" That cry must have rent the heavens, reaching that heart ever filled with love, for a peace came, filling the boy's whole soul, and as twilight fell upon the garden, Ray knew that he would accept this too, in Our Lady's Way.

It was hard at first, but Ray placed all his trust in his Mother, and although the doctors had definitely assured him that he would never walk again, he knew his Mother had a way. For weeks Bud had moped about, dreading to visit Ray, but when finally he had gone Ray had seemed happy! What was it made him like that? Our Lady's Way! What on earth did he mean? Ray had always been like that though, had always taken everything in what he termed Our Lady's Way.

Ray had, at his own request, stayed on at St. Mary's. Bud wandered into the garden one night, and as he walked across the lawn his eyes fell upon the statue in the Grotto. Our Lady. Ray had once said, "It is not the statue itself I love; it is whom it represents." It represented Mary the Mother of God. Bud knew that. But was there in heaven One who was a Mother to all, even to himself? What a comforting thought! "My Mother too."

Suddenly a great light dawned . . .

A few years later a magazine called "Virgo Potens" attracted notice. Good lively stories, jokes, and splendid reading filled its pages, making it universally popular.

It was while I was in St. Mary's after an accident, that I became acquainted with the Editor. We became fast friends, and the day R100 crashed, he told me his story.

"It was Our Lady's Way," he finished, "her plan to have me do the work destined for me on earth. I always knew I should have to stop flying sometime and I knew I had talent for writing, but I couldn't settle down. My Mother looked after me and saw to it that I did. Look at our magazine now. It has exceeded our widest hopes. But Our Lady never fails, even though she does do things in her own way.

"And Bud Chapman?" I inquired.

Ray's eyes fell on a letter that came from Rev. Edward Chapman that morning. He smiled as he picked it up.

"Our Lady looked after him, in her own way too," he said.

Rose Welch, I.

TO MARY, MY SHEPHERDESS.

My thoughts are her flocks,
 She keeps them white,
 She guards them from the steep;
 She feeds them on the fragrant height
 And folds them in for sleep.
 Often my thoughts are wont to stray.
 Quite gay they run and leap.
 But she so gently turns them aright
 And so I'll give her my soul to keep.
 What would I do without Mary,
 My Shepherdess of Sleep.

Rita Mayer, V.

OUR SWINGS.

A group of three swings is noticed as one enters our school gate. The swings themselves are the ordinary sort—the seats being of wood—suspended by chain. All this hangs from a heavy steel framework.

When these swings were bought two things had to be kept in mind—the fact that they were being purchased for a young ladies' school, and secondly, that the proportion by weight of these young ladies might differ—even considerably. So the new swings are sturdy and yet they have enough quiet dignity about them to meet the requirements of an eminently fastidious academy.

As I am not a very small girl, I do not know about the pleasures of the swings as experienced by the juniors. But what I do know is that they are comforting—especially after having written a poor examination. The great amount of energy needed to lift one's self high up into the blue is astonishing. Then when all material things seem so much below our level, our spirits become exalted.

The swings also help us to work off our feelings when a gold medal has been presented to us. Even though this is not a daily occurrence, we should and must know of a way to cool down in any such emergency. And then swings are the only remedy.

So whether our distress be mental or physical, I can safely prescribe the swings.

Maud Tisdale, IV.

TO MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

Mary, fairest Queen of May,
 Guide our footsteps o'er life's way;
 Hear our call to thee for aid,
 God's own choice, earth's purest maid.
 As the flower blossoms fair
 Greet the Spring with perfume rare,
 So dost thou, our Queen of May,
 Scatter blessings on our way.

Oft life's pleasures blind our sight,
 Leading us towards sin's dark night;
 'Tis then we need thy counsel wise
 To clear the mist before our eyes,
 Keep our feet in virtue's path—
 From thy Son this power thou hast —
 Use it Mary! Make us see,
 Lest we stray from God and thee.

Queen of May, our Mother true,
 Hide us 'neath thy mantle blue;
 Safe from earthly pride and sin,
 Till our heavenly crown we win.
 What bliss to greet our Mother, dear,
 When earth's grim sorrows disappear,
 And Mary's welcome bids us stay
 To join our glorious—Queen of May!

Marie Doody, IV.

OUR CONVENT GARDEN.

I find it difficult to point out the definite quality in St. Joseph's Convent which pleases me most; perhaps it is peace that dominates within the Convent walls, gray, weatherbeaten walls that have seen many years, and many people come and go. It is peace which is complete, a peace not marred by monotony. While the impersonal structures of steel and cement surround the Convent, rear lofty heads unchanging with the seasons, among the city smoke, Spring brings the blossoms petal-soft and pink-white, and Summer brings her flowers, whose pastel tones mingle softly with the grey stone of the buildings. Autumn lends riotous color to the gnarled fruit trees, survivors of a once extensive orchard, and to the lofty elms and graceful maples. Winter fails to efface the charm of age, and, proffers his hoary touch to soften and beautify the silhouettes of leafless trees.

Upon entering those gray walls time is left behind—one might be living in the fourteenth century, so quiet are the paths, so friendly the nooks. There is a wistfulness in its appealing beauty which makes one hope the garden will never change, never disappear. There is a dignity in its simplicity, a serenity and deep peace not found elsewhere, and there is joy, too, in that garden. Babies frolic on the grassy lawns. children run along its gravel paths, occasionally colliding with a startled Sister, who smiles understandingly, thereby putting the embarrassed individual at ease. Dignified seniors strolling sedately in two by two groups sometimes seeing a vacant swing, forget their dignity in a rush to secure it.

Bright days see excited students gamboling awkwardly after the basket-ball, long-legged, fleet-footed individuals chase elusive balls about the tennis courts; occasionally, very occasionally, a lone pupil may be discovered studiously pouring over a massive volume of uninteresting data. Truly it is "the" garden, but withal no lovelier than the spirit which it embodies, the thought which is its theme—peace.

S. McLAUGHLIN.

DRESS—AN INDEX OF CHARACTER?

Dress is very rarely an index of character. In fact, there are a great many people who are not responsible for what they wear. Starting from the ground up, we have, first, the baby or very young child, who cares nothing what he wears as long as it does not get in his way or, if he did, would not have any say in the matter. Then, there is the growing girl or boy, whose dress is an index of her or his mother's character rather than her or his own. Next we come to the working class who are restricted, in this regard, by financial circumstances, and then to the older woman who feels that in dress she must make an effort to recapture her fading youth. Finally, we can entirely rule out men from our range of consideration because the only way they can express their individuality is in ties and socks—both of which are hardly noticeable.

Moreover, there are those people who are compelled to dress to fit their surroundings rather than as they would like. There is the individual who would prefer to wear evening dress in the after-

noon, but is restrained from doing so for fear of losing her position. There is the wife whose taste runs to fluffy, frilly frocks, but whose circumstances and ideas of suitability make her shun them. There is the tired mother of a large family, who never has time to dress for dinner—and many others who are restrained in some way from indulging in their natural inclinations.

However, there is one way in which all in whatever circumstances in life reveal character. That way is cleanliness—or on the other hand untidiness. Some people do express their character by the clothes they wear, but they are really the privileged few.

And so it is easy to realize that dress is not always an index of character, but only occasionally, and we should never attempt to judge people only by their external covering.

N. Magner, V.

THE BALCONY.

Looking at the balcony from the grounds it reminds one of the medieval ages, when great stone castles were defended from galleries such as this. The balcony is immediately above the "Long" Hall, which joins the class-rooms with the Music Hall and dormitories. It is not what one would call beautiful, from an artist's point of view, but it is one of my favourite spots in the school.

Surrounding this balcony is a stone wall about three feet high finished with a broad cement ledge. Here one may come to work or to idle. If to work you set your book on the ledge, and while the sun supplies the light, a cool breeze supplies the energy. If, on the other hand, to idle—you place your elbows on the ledge, resting your head, weary with Geometry deductions, on your up-turned hands, and look around.

Maybe the nest of robins in the tree close to the balcony arrests your attention and makes you forget your mathematical difficulties. Or it may be the beautiful grounds below arrayed in summer verdure, the new leaves rustling gently in the soft breeze. Again, it may be the many groups of merry school girls, enjoying the freedom of noon recreation.

No matter how you feel when you come out on the balcony, you always leave it with a fresh supply of courage. "I will get that Algebra. I will figure out that Geometry."

Though maybe the balcony isn't what an artist would admire enthusiastically, don't you think you would like the balcony?

M. Tisdale.

Examinations at St. Joseph's College-School.

Upper School.

Bailey, M., Alg. C, Geom. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Comp. C; Brown, I., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Alg. 3, Geom. 2, Fr. Auth. 3, Fr. Comp. C; Burke, C., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. 2, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Cairo, M., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Alb. C, Geom. C, Latin

Auth. 2, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Comp. C; Chambers, D., Eng. Comp. 1, Eng. Lit. 2, Mod. Hist. C, Alg. 3, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. 1, Fr. Comp. 1; Coughlin, M., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. C.

Deacon, V., Fr. Auth. C; Donnelly, M., Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. C, Geom. 2, Trig. C, Latin Auth. 1, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 3; Driscoll, K., Eng. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Grant, J., Ger. Auth. 2, Ger. Comp. 3:

Haffey, M., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. C, Alg. C, Geom. 2, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C; Haines, M., Eng. Lit. C, Trig. C, Latin Auth. 3, Latin Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 3, Ger. Auth. 2, Ger. Comp. C; Hallinan, M., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. 3, Alg. 3, Geom. 1, Chem. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. 3; Horahan, M., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Alg. C, Geom. 2, Latin Auth. 3, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. 2; Horgan, F., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. 3, Latin Auth. C; Hurson, A., Eng. Comp. 2, Alg. C, Geom. 3, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. 2.

Farah, N., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. C, Alg. C, Chem. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 1, Fr. Comp. 2.

Gray, E., Eng. Comp. 1, Eng. Lit. 1, Mod. Hist. 3, Alg. C, Geom. 2, Latin Auth. 1, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 1, Fr. Comp. I.; Griffin, G., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C.

Keelor, F., Eng. Lit. 3; Keogh, C., Alg. 2; Kidd, B., Eng. Comp. C.

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O'Connor, S., Mod. Hist. C, Alg. C, Geom. 3, Trig. 2, Latin Auth. 1, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 2, Ger. Auth. 2, Ger. Comp. 3; O'Reilly, E., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. 1, Mod. Hist. C, Alg. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Bot. 3, Zool. 2, Phy. 2.

Pare, J., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. C, Alg. 3, Geom. 3, Trig. 1, Fr. Auth. C; Phelan, E., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. 1, Mod. Hist. C, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 3, Ger. Auth. 3, Ger. Comp. C; Pilson, C., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. 2, Alg. 3, Trig. C, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. 3, Fr. Comp. C; Polito, J., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. C, Alg. C, Geom. 3, Trig. 3, Fr. Comp. C.

Riley, G., Eng. Comp. 1, Eng. Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. C, Alg. 3, Trig. 1, Latin Auth. 1, Latin Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. 3, Span. Auth. 2, Span. Comp. 3; Roddy, L., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. 2, Alg. 2, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Phy. C, Chem. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 2; Runge, A., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. 1, Mod. Hist. 3, Alg. 3, Geom. 2, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 3.

Sweeney, Mildred, Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. C, Geom. C, Trig. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C; Sweeney, M., Eng. Comp. 3, Eng. Lit. C, Geom. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Fr. Auth. C.

Tisdale, M., Eng. Comp. 1, Eng. Lit. 2, Mod. Hist. 2, Alg. C, Geom. 1, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 3, Fr. Comp. C; Tuttis, V., Alg. C.

Walsh, E., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. C, Latin Auth. 2, Latin Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Span. Auth. 2, Span. Comp. C; Wise, K., Eng. Comp. 2, Eng. Lit. C; Wright, M., Eng. Comp. C, Eng. Lit. 3, Alg. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Span. Auth. 3, Span. Comp. C.

Yawny, T., Eng. Comp. C.

Middle School.

Upper School Algebra and Geometry; Middle School Ancient History and Physics:

Bailey, P., Ang. C, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. 3; Bennett, N., Alg. C, Geom. 2, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 1.

Calvert, E, Geom. C, Anc. Hist. 2; Carolan, B., Phy. C, M.S. Geom. C.

Dandy, H., Alg. C, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C; Doody, M., Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C, M.S. Geom. C; Dunn, M., Anc. Hist. 3.

Griffin, R., M.S. Geom. C, M.S. Latin Auth. C.

Harcourt, M. G., Alg. 2, Geom. 3, Anc. Hist. I.; Harrison, M., Alg. 1, Geom. C, Anc. Hist. 3.

Kane, G., Upper S., Fr. Auth. 2, Fr. Comp. 1.

Kelly, C, Anc. Hist. 2, M.S. Geom. C; Kelly, R., Anc. Hist. C.

Lambe, M., Alg. C, Geom. 2, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. 3; Lanson, M., Phy. C; Leon, M., Alg. C, Geom. C, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. 2.

Madren, J., Anc. Hist. C, M.S. Alg. C; Maisonville, M., Geom. 3, Anc. Hist. C, M.S. Alg. C; McCormick, R., Anc. Hist. C, M.S. Alg. C; McGee, M., Geom. C, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C; McGraw, M., Alg. C, Geom. 3, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 3; McNamara, A., M.S. Latin Comp. C; Meyer, A., Alg. 2, Geom. C, Anc. Hist. 2; Mitchell, M., Alg. 3, Geom. 2, Anc. Hist. 1; Meyers, K., Phy. 3, M.S. Alg. C, M.S. Geom. 3.

O'Brien, G., Alg. C, Geom. 3, Anc. Hist. 2, Phy. 3.

Reynolds, M., Alg. 3, Geom. 2, Anc. Hist. 2, Phy. 3.

Slattery, N., Alg. C, Geom. C, Anc. Hist. 2; Stanley, M., Geom. 3, U.S. Eng. Comp. 3.

Walsh, P., M.S. Geom. C.

Ancient History, Physics and Chemistry of Middle School were written by the students of the Third Forms:

Balfour, Bessie, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. 2, Chem. 3; Bennett, Mary, Anc. Hist. 1, Chem. C; Broderick, Helen, Anc. Hist. C.

Carolan, Bernadette, Phy. C, Chem. C; Carolan, Margaret, Anc. Hist. 2; Cira, Agatha, Anc. Hist. 3, Chem. C; Clarke, Marie, Phy. 2, Chem. 3, Can. Hist. C, Alg. 2; Conlin, Genevieve, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C, Chem. 2; Conlin, Margaret, Anc. Hist. 2; Connolly, Winnifred, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Chem. C; Coughlin, Mary, Chem. C, Geom. C.

Dalton, Yvonne, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 2, Chem. 2; Davidson, Dolores, Anc. Hist. 3; Dillon, Margaret, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Chem. C; Downey, Patricia, Anc. Hist. C, Chem. 2; Dunn, Maxine, Anc. Hist. 2, Chem. C.

Fleury, Mary, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C, Chem. 3.

Haffey, Mary, Chem. C; Hallinan, Eleanor, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C, Chem. 2; Hrankoski, Mary, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 1, Chem. 1.

Glover, Margaret H., Anc. Hist. C, Phy. 2, Chem. C; Glover, Margaret M., Chem. C; Griffin, Margaret, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Chem. 3.

Healy, Lois, Anc. Hist. 2, Phy. C, hem. 3; Higgins, Mary, Anc. Hist. 2, Chem. C; Hughes, Clarine, Anc. Hist. 2, Phy. 3, Chem. 2.

Kelly, Eileen, Anc. Hist. 2; Kelly, Josephine, Anc. Hist. C, Chem. C; Killoran, Kathleen, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. C, Chem. 1.

McCabe, Caroline, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Chem. C; McCarron, atherine, Anc. Hist. C; McComber, Elinor, Anc. Hist. C; McGeady, Margaret, Chem. C; McKinnon, Aileen, Anc. Hist. C, Chem. C; McLaughlin, Mary, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 2, Chem. 1; Matte, Leontine, Chem. C; Moloney, Mary, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 1, Chem. 2.

O'Brien, Florence, Chem. C; Ogilvie, Violet, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. 3, Chem. C.

Reid, Margaret, Anc. Hist. 2, Chem. 2; Richardson, Lois, Anc. Hist. C; Rochereau, Solange, Anc. Hist. C, Phy. C, Chem. C; Ryan, Gerarda, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 1, Chem. 1; Rapson, Estelle, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 2, Chem. C.

Sheedy, Helen, Anc. Hist. 1; Shoemaker, Kathleen, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. 3, Chem. 3; Slatery, Norine, Anc. Hist. 3; Stanley, Margaret, Anc. Hist. C, Alg. C; Sutherland, Elizabeth, Anc. Hist. 1, Phy. C, Chem. C.

Turnbull, Jean, Anc. Hist. 2.

Vigeon, Mary, Anc. Hist. 3, Chem. C.

Wallace, Isobel, Anc. Hist. 2, Phy. 1, Chem. 1; White, Helen, Anc. Hist. 2, Chem. C; Wilson, Beatrice, Phy. C, Chem. C.

Zeagman, Eileen, Anc. Hist. 3, Phy. C, Chem. 3.

Middle School Chemistry was written by the students of the Second Form:

Baigent, Isobel, Chem. 3.

Caruso, Marie, Chem. 3; Cherry, Marjorie, Chem. C.

Donoghue, Ursula, Chem. C.

Flannagan, Winnifred, Chem. C.

Kelleher, Mary, Chem. C.

Longo, Victoria, Chem. 2; Loweth, Helen, Chem. 3.

Mickler, Mary, Chem. 2.

Robinson, Alice, Chem. C; Richard, Catherine, Chem. 1.

Sinclair, Laurine, Chem. 1.

Temple, Madeline, Chem. 2; Tisdale, Maud, Chem. 2.

White, Helen M., Chem. 3.

* * * * *

St. Joseph's High School Examination Results.

D. Ainsworth, English Composition C, Canadian History 3, Algebra C, Chemistry C, Literature C; S. Barnett, English Composition C, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra C, hemistry C; Helen Barnett, Literature C, Canadian History 3, Algebra 3, Chemistry 3; J. Boissonneau, Composition 3, Literature C, Canadian History 3, Chemistry 3; R. Braiden, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra C, Chemistry 3; Rosemary Burke, Composition C, Literature 1; A. Camilleri, Literature C, Algebra C, Chemistry C; Mary

Captosto, Ancient History I., Geometry 2, Physics 2; W. Cowan, Literature C, Algebra C, Chemistry 2; V. Clare Creamer, Literature I., anadian History C, Chemistry 1; E. Crosby, Algebra C, Chemistry 3, Physics C, Latin Composition C; R. Cullen, Literature C, Canadian History 3; D. Deneault, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra 1, Chemistry 2; T. Doyle, Geometry 2, Physics C, Latin Composition 2; Mary Driscoll, Composition C, Literature 2, Canadian History C; A. Dwyer, Ancient History C, Physics C; Patricia Farrell, Composition 3, Literature 3, Canadian History C, Algebra 1, Chemistry 3; G. Flood, French Composition C; A. Frezell, Canadian History C, Algebra C; R. Gain, Ancient History 3, Algebra C, Geom. C, Chem. 3; E. Galan, Chemistry C; I. Griffiths, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra C, Chemistry 2; H. Hawkshaw, Literature 3; Canadian Hist. C, Algebra 2, Chemistry C; H. Hefferan, Literature C, Algebra 2, Chemistry C; E. Henry, Ancient History C, Geometry C, Physics 2, Latin Comp. 3, French Authors 3, French Composition 3; M. Hilton, English Com. C, English Literature C, Canadian Hist. 2, Algebra 3; J. Hopperton, Ancient Hist. 3; M. Jamieson, Canadian History C, Algebra 1; C. Keating, Ancient History 2; Geometry 2, Physics 2, Latin Comp. 1, French Authors C, French Composition C; F. Kelly, Ancient History C, Geometry C, Physics C, Latin Comp. C, French Comp. C; V. Kohler, Ancient History C, Geometry C, Physics C, Latin Authors C, Latin Comp. C, French Authors 2, French Comp. C; H. Lomore, Ancient History 1, Geometry C, Physics C, Latin Authors, C, Latin Comp. 2, French Authors 3, French Comp. 3; L. MacMillan, Literature 3, Canadian History 3, Algebra 1, Chemistry 2; M. McGoey, Ancient History 3, Geometry 3, Physics C, Latin Authors 2, Latin Comp. 1, French Authors 3, French Composition 1; F. McGrady, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra 2, Chemistry C; N. McGrady, English Composition 2, English Literature C, Algebra 2, Chemistry 2; M. Mancusco, Ancient History C, Algebra C, Geometry 2, Latin Authors C, Latin Comp. 3, French Authors C, French Comp. C; A. Martin, Physics 3, Latin Authors C, Latin Comp. 3, French Authors C, French Composition C; M. Moloney, Literature C; M. Moore, Ancient History 2, Geometry 3, Physics 1, Latin Authors 2, Latin Comp. 1, French Authors 2, French Comp. 2; C. Moran, Ancient History C, Geometry C, Physics C, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors C, French Comp. C; G. Moriarity, Canadian History C; J. Mulholland, Canadian History 3, Algebra C; M. Mulvaney, Chemistry C; M. Murphy, Literature C; M. O'Rourke, Composition 2, Chemistry C; N. Payne, English Comp. 3, Canadian History C, Algebra 2, Chemistry C; H. Pinfold, Composition C, Literature C, Canadian Hist. C, Algebra 2, Chemistry 2; K. Plumbtree, Composition 3, Literature 2, Canadian History C, Algebra C, Chemistry C; P. Quilty, Ancient History C, Geometry C; R. Racioppa, Chemistry 2; V. Rice, Ancient History C, Geometry 3, Physics 3, French Authors C, French Comp. 2; M. Sarino, Composition C, Literature C, Algebra C, Chemistry C; T. Schreiner, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra C; I. Sidsworth, Canadian History C; J. Smith, Chemistry C; B. Stephenson, Composition 3, Literature 3, Canadian History C, Algebra 1, Chemistry C; M. Vale, Literature C, Canadian History C, Algebra 1, Chemistry C; C. Wainman, Literature 2, Canadian History C, Algebra C, Chemistry 2; K. Wilson, Physics C, French Authors C; L. Wright, Ancient History C.

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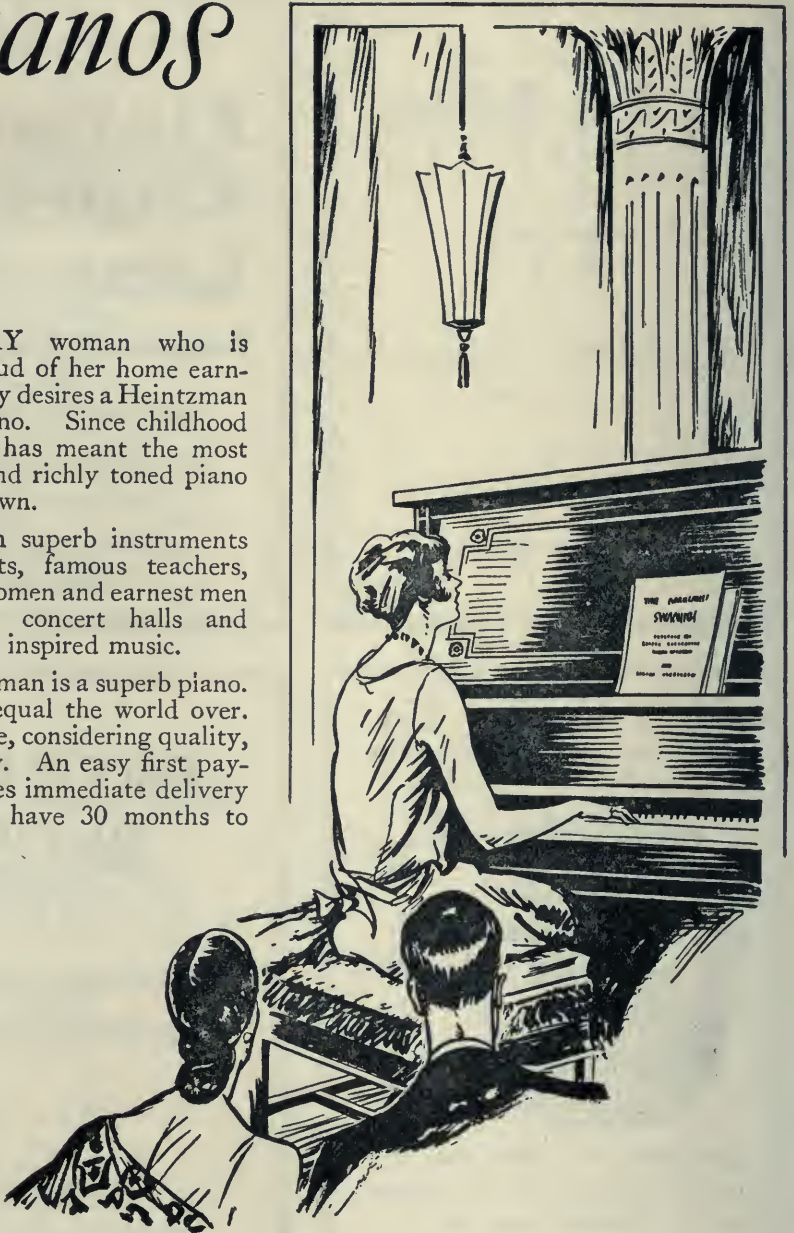
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Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1933.

No. 3.

A Happy Christmas and New Year
to Our Readers

EDITORIAL

THE Editor of the Lilies extends heartfelt good wishes for a happy Christmas and New Year to its generous writers, patrons and readers. It is the aim and hope of our staff to offer an ever improving magazine. Our purpose is to entertain the friends of St. Joseph's Convent and to be a link of union between the Alumnae and Alma Mater. Our prospects are very bright in the contributions of scientific and literary materials for the coming year.

The world depression through which we are passing and which is entering on its fifth winter of discontent, is a ruinous blight to our material interests; but on the other hand, is proving a most felicitous occasion for the study of political, economic and especially ethical problems that have at all times harassed human society. When trade is flowing free and money returns are ample to all classes, the "laissez faire" system presides supreme in thought and public action, for men naturally say, let good enough alone.

When, however, the vast machinery of human industry breaks down and stops and cannot be set going again, its intrinsic structure is taken apart and exhibited to view and experts are called in to explain the genius of its mechanism and the readjustment of its parts. The economic engineers are now

exercising the cunning of their craft and the world at large is learning much without going to universities to learn economics.

The present number of the "Lilies" offers to its patrons a brief symposium of moral issues now prominent and hotly discussed.

The Church too has raised her voice amid the tumult of conflicting opinions and boldly, without fear or favour, has restated the over-all principles of true human morality and public duty. Moral obligations must always be considered primary and economic policies must submit to their rulings when a crash comes and revolution in human society is imminent.

The man of ordinary intelligence and culture may be short on economical training and thus easily imposed upon by politicians and economists, but nature and true religion have sharpened his instincts of morality and propriety, and so the principles of morality, he thinks, in this crisis should rise paramount in all disputed matters of political economy.

The valuable article presented to our readers in this number is a brief and lucid summary of the doctrine of Catholic schools clearly based on Papal Encyclicals.

When in conflict with rank communism, the Church seems to over emphasize the rights of capitalism; but in the present crisis she may be suspected of favouring labour. In this brief article her immutable principles are openly stated. The Church is no hedger, for she nails her colours to the mast that all may see them, and depends on God and her Divine commission to teach all nations for their infallibility in the present and in the future.

This article on the N.R.A. legislation from the viewpoint of catholic ethics will seem timely and useful.

The living wage, sufficient for the decent and permanent support of the labourer and his family, is the crucial point in the whole adjustment of relations between capital and labor, and that system of economy, be it simple, or involved in the codes of the N.R.A. of similar expedients of government en-

deavours, is true and practical that supplies this living wage, for "handsome is that handsome does."

If the market price of labour that imposes the obligation of commutative justice between individual men in their personal contracts is not enough, the government must extend a bonus and debenture in favour of the labourer and compel society by legal justice to supply the deficiency of the market price

The weaker parts of society must be nourished by the stronger; the labourer and the farmer are justly crying for relief and they must be hearkened to if the organization of government is to eschape revolution and disruption.

Rugged individualism that sees only commutative justice between industrial corporations and men, may have developed our great new world of America when opportunities were abundant and virgin nature bountiful; but now the stringency of crowded cities and sharp competition of world crowded markets, directed by the touch of consummate economists, have cast a change over the scene. The hard traditions of rugged individualism, handed down to us, must be softened by our benign mother government.

Man is social as well as individual. There is no form of Communism so extreme as that of the "dole." Thus government must open ways for men to earn their living and receive a living wage; avoiding also the abyss of communism. What expediments of relief the future holds for the unemployed millions, if depression continues indefinitely, are difficult to visualize; perhaps they will be even more drastic than the codes of the N.R.A.



The Shepherds of Bethlehem

REV. J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

THE celestial experiences accorded to the shepherds of Bethlehem on that first Christmas Night, have caused Christians in all ages to regard these men with a sort of wistful and holy envy. What manner of men can they have been, to be thus signally favoured of Heaven? We know the simple duties in which their lives consisted, for there are shepherds to-day, in the valleys around Bethlehem, whose lives are practically unchanged from those of the days of the herald angels. By day-time they walk before their flocks along rocky pathways and through steep defiles, and conduct them safely into green pastures. At night they lead them back into the shelter and safety of the sheep-fold, a small, circular, walled enclosure, into the wall of which a small watch-tower is built. In this watch-tower, all night, the faithful shepherds guard the sheep from the incursions of wild beasts and robbers. The silent watches of the night, while the stars revolved above them in their mysterious marches, must have been conducive to prayer, and holiness and meditation. From the summit of their watch-tower, in the deep silence of the dead of the night, they saw the mighty constellations wheel their courses slowly athwart the zenith. God in His power and majesty was made manifest to their souls. No wonder, then, that it was a shepherd of Bethlehem who exclaimed: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day unto day converseeth together; night unto night utters forth wisdom."

Great and sublime thoughts about the grandeur and power and mercy of God flowed from the lips of this kingly shepherd:

“Thou who prearest the mountains by Thy strength, being girdled with power. Thou who troublest the depths of the sea, the tumult of its waters!” Or again, this royal shepherd rejoices at the happiness of the Lord: “My fields shall be filled with plenty; the beautiful places of the wilderness shall grow rich, and the hills shall be girdled about with joy!”

The heart of this Bethlehem shepherd swells with pride and rapture as he contemplates in the quiet night the glories of



BETHLEHEM STREET SHOWING CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

his God. He adores God's power even in the strength and cunning with which his providence endows the enemies of the sheepfold—the wolf and the lion, who die for their young: “Thou hast appointed darkness, and it is night. In it shall all the beasts of the woods go about. The young lions roaring after their prey, and seeking their meat from God!” What beauty and strength are in those sublime words!

It is no wonder, then, that the shepherds of Christ's time were holy men, and merited by their good lives, favours of Heaven.

We read, in the second chapter of St. Luke, how awful and how overwhelming were the privileges accorded. It is no wonder that they "feared with a great fear" when the radiance of heaven fell over them, and a mighty angel of the Lord appeared before them. With what trembling anxiety must they have waited for the support of His high message! They need not have feared. His message is not one of gloom or destruction.



HILLS SURROUNDING BETHLEHEM.

He announces "tidings of great joy," the consummation of a vast design of the Divine love. "For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David." Then the heavens were opened wide, and they heard the music of the skies, and saw the angelic armies march by,—

"In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood,
Of flutes and soft recorders."

What a sight for mortal eyes! Those interminable, shining cohorts, swinging through "the inhuman steeps of space,"—

shield, and spear, and helmet, in long lines, glimmering afar, "above the deep of heaven, flame on flame, and wing on wing!" Surely the shepherds of Bethlehem never forgot that sight! But even greater mercies and greater joys were vouchsafed to their bedazzled eyes. They said one to another—"Let us go down to Bethlehem, and see this Word which has come to pass." "And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph. And they found the Infant lying in a manger."

And here we have the greatest proof that these humble shepherds were holy men, and high in the councils of the King of Heaven. For not only did they see these mysteries, but they understood what they meant. "And seeing, they understood the words that had been spoken to them concerning this Child." They understood the very purport and design of the Incarnation, a thing which argues special preparation of their souls and special enlightenment of their minds.

Were the shepherds ungrateful for all these prodigies worked in their favour? Did they go back to their native vales, and forget all about the wonders of that first Christmas? Ah no! Far from it! And here is the great lesson they give to us. They teach us to be thankful and to praise God for His royal Christmas gifts. We must lift our voices in hymns of praise, and glorify the Lord for all His mercies to us at this joyous season. We must be like the grateful shepherds who "returning, were glorifying and praising God for all the things they had seen and heard." Glory be to God on High and on earth peace to men of good will! Amen.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

—Pope.

DATE OF THE NATIVITY

By HIS EXCELLENCY ALEXANDER MacDONALD, D.D.

IN determining the month and day of the birth of Christ we have nothing to do with the Jewish calendar. We follow the Roman method of reckoning time, and the ancient tradition of the Roman Church, according to which Christ was born on the eighth day before the Kalends of January, i.e., on December 25. See St. Augustine *De Trinitate*, 1.4, c.5. See also *In Heptat* 1.2, n.90, where the Saint says: "Both the Paschal festivity and His Natal Day so well known throughout the Church, show that Christ was conceived and that He suffered in the month of March." From March 25 to December 25 is a period of nine months. St. Augustine is so sure of the date of Christ's birth, "so well known throughout the Church," that he uses it to establish the date of the Incarnation. He had a two-fold source of information. First there was the ancient tradition of the Roman Church, which went back to the days of Saints Peter and Paul. There was, in the second place, the record of the census taken under Augustus. The Saint makes but an implicit reference to the census-record, but makes it in such a way as to leave no doubt that this was what he had in his mind: "It is matter of record in whose consulship and on what day the Virgin Mary gave birth to Christ."—In *Joannem*, tract 23, n. 12. The record was no other than the census-record, as the words "in whose consulship" indicate. It is the Roman method of fixing a date, and this the records kept in the archives of Rome could alone have supplied.

To the existence of this census-record we have three several and independent witnesses. In his *First Apology* addressed to the Roman Emperor and Senate, St. Justin Martyr writes: "There is a village in the land of the Jews, thirty-five stadia (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles), from Jerusalem, in which Jesus Christ was born, as you can ascertain also from the

register of the taxing made under Cyrenius, your first Procurator in Judea."—lb. n. 34. Tertullian speaks of this register as "that most faithful witness of the Lord's Nativity kept in the archives of Rome." And treating of Christ's descent from David, declares that "He was from the native soil of Bethlehem and from the house of David, as among the Romans Mary is described in the census, of whom is born Christ."—Adv. Judaeos, c.9. Only an inspection of the register would reveal the fact that the Blessed Virgin's name and lineage were entered therein.

In the course of a sermon preached at Antioch in the second last decade of the fourth century, St. Chrysostom makes confident appeal to the census-record in proof of Our Lord's birth having taken place on December 25. Quoting Luke 2: 1-7, he says: "From this it is plain that Christ was born at the time of the first enrollment. And any one who has a mind to read the ancient codices of the records which are publicly kept at Rome can easily learn the exact time of this enrollment."—Migne P.G. tom. 49. So the record was still extant in the time of St. Chrysostom. "It is not yet ten years," he declares, "since this day," that is, Christmas on December 25, "was made known to us," in the East that is, but it "was known from the beginning to those who live in the West . . . For they who dwell (in Rome) have observed it from the beginning and by an old tradition, and have themselves now sent to us the knowledge of it."

There was no definite tradition in the East concerning the date of the Saviour's birth. Clement of Alexandria mentions the attempts made in his day to ascertain the date by calculations, some of which placed it on May 20th, others April 19th or 20th. A commemoration of the birth was made from a very early time on January 6, feast of the Epiphany. All this manifests the absence in the East, not only of a definite tradition, but of all definite knowledge as well. That the ancient Roman tradition and the witness of the record kept in the Roman archives were finally accepted as decisive of the question of Christ's Natal Day, is attested by the fact that the Churches

of the East followed the example of Rome in the course of the fourth and fifth centuries and afterwards kept Christmas on December 25, tenacious as they were of their own observances and traditions, and reluctant to give them up. See art. "Christmas" in the fourteenth and (latest) edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

We have ample warrant for believing that we are keeping Christmas on the very day the herald Angels announced the birth of Christ, and this should add not a little to the enthusiasm of our celebration of the festival.

OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS

By ENID DINNIS.

N highest heaven at Mary's knee,
 The cherubs sit with folded wings,
 And beg her by St. Charity
 To tell them tales of human things.

They throw their harps down on the floor
 And all their heavenly play things leave,
 And clamour to be told once more
 The faerie tale of faulty Eve.

Up unto Mary's lap they climb
 To hear how on a place called earth
 Once, in a wondrous thing called Time,
 The Uncreated One had birth.

And she to whom a Son was given,
 Plays there a Mother's part to them
 And tells the cherub-folk in Heaven
 The wonder tale of Bethlehem.

THE TRIUMPH OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL PRINCIPLES

The N.R.A. and Catholic Sociology

By REVEREND CLARENCE LYONS.

THE most astounding discoveries of science are to-day failing to amaze a public grown accustomed to the strangest phenomena wrested from the secrets of Nature, not because they are no longer wonderful, but because the public has learned to regard the new discoveries as inevitable sequences from the laws of nature. The most extraordinary results of experimentation are soon seen to be the results of definite natural laws. What does impress is the skill which points out possible applications of those laws, the ingenuity which makes possible the practical development of a well-established theory. The public is therefore accepting to-day the practical fact of a social revolution which is able to satisfy all classes and which bears strong promise of restoring balance to the economic world, marvelling not so much at the appearance of and answer to modern problems, as at the fact that this theory, so obviously founded on common-sense principles should only now be put into practice.

Basic Theories of N.R.A.

The Fact is the New Deal, the industrial revival of the United States under the sociological and economical legislation now familiarly grouped under the name "N.R.A.," derived from the most important of the acts of President Roosevelt's administration, the National Industrial Recovery Act. The theory behind the N.R.A. is catholic sociological theory, true with the truth of the natural law, sane as common sense, as necessary to the relations of man to man as food is to the individual man. The industrialization of the world brought with it problems, but the principles of catholic sociology met

them at the inception, with the only true answer. Constantly these truths were preached to capital, to labour, to the state, but they remained an ideal, not because impractical, but because unpractised. The inevitable contradiction of the natural law led to an unnatural condition which, despite all manner of palliatives administered by reformers, has finally reached a climax in the universal misery of to-day. In the fact of this unrelenting crisis, world leaders dared not temporize—they must govern by true precepts. Holding an eminent position among the nations, the United States has already ceased to temporize and through drastic measures is already drawing order from chaos of industry. An examination of the measures chosen to effect this metamorphosis reveals the truth that, driven by necessity to the practice of true social principles, the United States has adopted the principles of catholic sociology.

State Control, Not State Ownership.

The most outstanding thing in the N.R.A. movement is the attitude adopted by the President with special approbation from Congress towards capital and labour, employer and employee, whereby he is in a position to force the will of the government on both the owners or the labourers of any industry. He seems content at the moment to depend on moral persuasion to make his proposals effective, but he has the power to deal quickly and definitely with those refusing to co-operate with his government, refusing to administer their businesses according to governmental standards. Now the fabric of christian social civilization is woven from the principle of the private ownership of property, upon the tenet that a man must have property, the disposition of which is at his own pleasure. The Catholic Church has always defended this fundamental natural right of mankind, and has always strenuously denounced those who, as the socialists and communists, would deny or in any way impair private ownership. But ownership has a two-fold character, individual and social. Man, being naturally a social being, must take into account not only his own advantage, but also the common good. Pope

Pius XI, therefore, remarked that "the function of the government is to define in detail those duties of owners when the need occurs, and when the natural law does not do so. Provided that the natural and Divine law be observed, the public authority, in view of the common good, may specify more accurately what is licit and what is illicit for property owners in the use of their possessions" (Quadragesimo Anno). Because of this social aspect of ownership, there must be a social rulership of those forms of property affecting the common good, a social rulership which, contrary to all canons of justice and rights has been usurped, as the present Pontiff remarks, by the owners of wealth. Undoubtedly, catholic sociology, interpreting the natural law, disallows the community of property, or government ownership of all property, or even of the means of production, but it just as certainly does advocate government control according to the principles enunciated in Quadragesimo Anno, "Free competition, and still more, economic domination must be brought under the effective control of the state in matters relating to this latter's competency." A very clear-cut distinction must therefore be acknowledged between government ownership and government control.

N.R.A. Government Control, Not Ownership.

Is Roosevelt, then, directing his country through the channel of a fascistic dictatorship to socialism, or is he introducing government control; is he endeavouring to restore the government of the United States to its proper relations to capital and labour, re-assuming that social rulership which nature confers on the state? The system of industrial codes which he has introduced gives us the answer. Each industry is left free to draw up a schedule of wages, hours of labour, and rate of production such as its leaders deem capable of sustaining the industry and yet of equalizing the distribution of its fruits. The government is limiting its part to an inspection of the code, safeguarding the rights of the workers and minorities. It is playing the part of the enlightened leader, go-

ing to the help of confused capital and labour, of its people blinded by class enmities and greed, showing them the right road, leading them along it, and insisting that they use the means which, as a provident father, it sees to be the best suited to relieve the present darkness. It is taking the part recommended for the state by the principles of catholic sociology, the part of the guide, the controller.

Government Ownership in Some Cases Permissible.

It may be asserted that the United States of America is not assuming government ownership of the means of production immediately, but is planning to do so, as witness the immense Muscle Shoals Power Plant, government owned and operated, whereby the United States Government invades a field hitherto reserved to private ownership. But again the social aspect of ownership should not be forgotten, for this made necessary the extension of government control to government ownership in some cases, since, as Pius XI says, "It is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the state, since they carry with them an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large" (Quadragesimo Anno).

The N.R.A. and the Living Wage.

The first step in the much-needed social reconstruction had to be the re-assumption by the State of its natural functions, as catholic sociology has always maintained. That attained, the program of the N.R.A., whereby it was proposed, as the Industrial Recovery Act read, "To set up the machinery for a great co-operative movement throughout all industry in order to obtain wide re-employment, shorten the work-week, to pay a decent wage for the shorter week, and to prevent unfair competition and disastrous over-production," was made feasible. The administration harkened to the dictates of reason and set out on the only possible road to the recovery of purchasing power, the loss of which has thrown the world into chaos, the road pointed out by christian sociology from the

beginning, now echoed by President Roosevelt when he maintained in one of his campaign speeches, "purchasing power springs from a more equitable division of the fruits of production between capital and labour." Governments beset by unemployed millions, harassed by their starving citizens, have resorted to the dole, have allowed themselves to be overcome by socialists, have dilly-dallied with compulsory employment insurance plans, but never once have they consistently acknowledged the injunctions of social justice. They have refused to definitely acknowledge the principle of the just wage.

The Effect of Necessity.

Now we see what amounts to an emergency economical council attacking the root cause of the present trouble by the application of this principle. A man's labour, as well as his property, has a social, as well as an individual character, and the wage paid that labour must take both into account. A man's wage must be sufficient to allow him to procure what he requires in order to live, for a man has a duty of conserving his life, but he must also consider his family. "The wage paid to the workingman must be sufficient for the support of himself and his family," wrote Pius XI. To preserve his nation from socialism, and possible anarchy, President Roosevelt is directing the whole strength of his extraordinary powers to the raising to a decent level, to quote his own standard, "by a living wage, I mean more than a bare subsistence level. I mean the wages of decent living." How far this ideal is from the fact is notorious. To take one industry for example, the cotton textile industry. In an eastern state of the union, thousands of women were receiving from two to four dollars a week. An investigator found one shop paying one cent an hour. Under the N.R.A. code, the minimum wage for this industry is from twelve to fifteen dollars a week. Since the inauguration of the new administration, cotton has risen five cents a pound, representing an increased purchasing power of almost four hundred million dollars on available cotton. This

increase has been paralleled in all industries. Truly the nations won't go far wrong in adopting catholic sociology.

The Codes and Shorter Hours.

Leo XIII wrote in his "Rerum Novarum," "It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labour as to stupify their minds and wear down their bodies." Compare this with the system of industrialism where forty-eight hour work-weeks are common, and sixty to seventy hour weeks not unknown, as in the mines, for example. To work eight hours a day a man would be at the service of his employer from seven until well on to eight in the evening. He would have to rise at seven in order to be on time for work at eight, hustle home for dinner during the short hour at noon, or worse, eat a cold lunch, and back to work until five. By the time he has brought himself to a neat and presentable appearance, and has had his supper, the evening is well on its way, he is tired, and having spent the whole day concerned with his work, he has no time or energy left, but only desires to retire to recuperate for the morrow. Why should a man have to spend all his time earning his living, and have no opportunity or leisure to enjoy that living? Nature wasn't trifling with us when she gave man a capacity to enjoy intellectual pursuits, and an aptitude for expressing himself in the creative arts. Why did employers think they could contradict nature by demanding all of their employees' time and giving them none in which to develop their own personal capabilities? They were wrong. They found out they were mistaken, for when they began driving their system at its highest speed, it broke down. They used good pistons and fly-wheels, but they forgot the bearings; they forgot to take the strain from the working parts. In the general re-organization of American industry made necessary by the crash, the N.R.A. demands a shorter work-week in order to obtain its end, increased purchasing power through the placing of pay envelopes in the hands of the millions of unemployed. Therefore, the prime requisite for enlistment under the blue eagle, the harbinger of increased business, is the

promise to divide available work among as many men as possible without a decrease, but in many instances with an increase in wages. This necessarily means shorter hours for all. Every code has a minimum work-week specifically decreed. Factory hands working in blue eagle factories now work only thirty-six hours a week. White collar workers operate during a forty-hour week.

Child Labour.

A curious connection between the N.R.A. and Catholic Sociology lies in the fact that Leo XIII, in his famed encyclical, immediately after pleading for more humane working hours, decries and denounces the abuse of child labour. Now, in every code, after the regulations regarding working hours, there is a prohibition of child labour, excluding the employment of children under fourteen years of age. Why wasn't the beacon of Catholic sociology sighted long ago!

N.R.A. and Labour Unions.

Since the lure of industry first began to draw men into the cities in large crowds, the capitalists have had no surer way of oppressing their employees than by keeping them disunited, by refusing them the right of collective bargaining. It is very easy to see how great injustices could be perpetrated against the working classes by this denial, and history relates for us an unending series of outrages caused by this refusal of the labourers' fundamental right. The only way to remedy such encroachments on human rights is to resist power by power, and the workingman cannot hope to match the strength of his oppressors unless he presents a united front, unless he opposes the strength of numbers to the strength of wealth. The workers have a right to organize for the protection of their rights. Leo XIII, writing almost at the inception of labour problems, said: "It is gratifying to know that there are in existence not a few societies of this nature, and it were greatly to be desired that they should multiply and become more effective—they exist by their own right." The N.R.A., having put its

proposals for the welfare of an industry into a code, seems inclined to rest on the strength of that code, since there has been a suspension of the anti-trust laws, formerly the public's only protection against the amalgamation of capital. But the reason for this move is evident, for included in every code is an agreement on the part of the employer to acknowledge the right of collective bargaining by the employees. Surely here is a vindication of catholic social theory!

Strike Arbitration.

But the workers, even acting collectively, have not always sufficient strength to enforce their rights. Nor have they always a just appreciation of others' rights when thus endowed with power. It has therefore hitherto been their custom to resort to the disastrous expedients of strike and the lock-out. Christian Sociology contains the norm for action in such cases. Pius XI. reminded the governments of the world of their duties in those disputes where an agreement could not be reached. "If the contending parties cannot come to an agreement, the public authority intervenes." If social life is to go along without any terrible catastrophies such as is at present affecting us, this rule among others must be observed, and so it was that President Roosevelt, seeking a return to a natural christian condition of the state, made it one of his first duties to establish a strike arbitration board, re-establishing the State in its right relations to capital and labour. Providing this government with an instrument at a moment when the desperation of the labouring class was breaking out in strikes all over the country, he was immediately—within a month—successful in settling disputes in four large industries. At least the depression is showing us how foolish and wasteful it is to contradict the natural law and disavow fundamental rights.

The State and Agriculture.

But there is a larger, basically more important portion of the peoples of the world who have been made to suffer, and

in our days, to suffer terribly, through the injustices of our vitiated capitalism. The agricultural classes have been caught in the struggle between greed and justice and are now in desperate straits. Insufficient prices for their products, excessive taxation, refusal of credit extension have ruined the farmers. Their plight is the result of unjust distribution, that unnatural monster that is choking the throat of the modern giant, industry, killing the very parent which fostered it. The farmers cannot see the sense in maintaining such a monster and are taking direct action to stamp it out; a farm strike was declared on October 21 and accepted by the Farmers' Associations of twenty-one States. If they cannot get a price for their products, they will not market them. It is the farmer who pre-eminently illustrates the theory of private ownership of property and the three-fold benefit thus accruing to the State as enumerated by Leo XIII, namely, the bridging over of the deep chasm between great wealth and extreme poverty, production in greater abundance of the fruits of the earth, and a true and lasting love of one's own country. Thousands of farmers are losing their property. Wherein lies the remedy? Catholic sociology proposes a two-fold duty to the state: a negative duty, whereby it is forbidden to drain and exhaust its members' means by excessive taxation; the positive duty stated thus by Pius XI, "the duty of rulers is to protect the community and its various elements—the rich classes have many ways of shielding themselves, but the masses of the poor have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the state." The state must proffer direct and immediate help to those needy members in its midst who cannot otherwise survive. Corresponding to this duty to the state, we have the announcement by President Roosevelt that he has already allotted about three billion dollars for short term credit extensions in favour of the farmers. Thus a farmer burdened with a heavy mortgage at from seven to nine per cent., may now borrow sufficient money from the state at a lower rate of interest, around four per cent., to pay off the mortgage, and be rid of the crushing burden

of heavy interest charges. True, the President has not diminished the taxes, nor even promised to do so, but he has given all the immediate help the country can afford. This certainly looks like an effort to redress the injuries of the agricultural class according to common sense principles.

State Jobs For the Unemployed.

While there can be no doubt that the end of civil society is to make men morally better, nevertheless, as Leo XIII. wrote, "In all well-constituted states it is by no means an unimportant matter to provide those bodily and external commodities, the use of which is necessary to virtuous action." In other words, the State must consider itself responsible for the bodily welfare of its individual members. It seems a most logical conclusion from this to say that if the employers and capitalists of the state fail to provide employment in industry or agriculture, then the civil authorities must provide employment in industry for them. It is either this, or the dole. While this principle seems most obvious and natural, there have been nations which have tried to support their destitute in other ways; the dole system has been introduced, municipal and state relief have consumed huge sums, socialism has been tried. But these systems have proven disastrous and futile or have been condemned by civilized peoples. The method pointed out by right reason, by common sense, and advocated in catholic social legislation alone promises success. If not, why did the authors of the N.R.A., striving to rehabilitate national life, include a huge three billion dollars assignment for public works, to be devoted to the reforestation of stripped areas? Why did they introduce a special department, the civilian conservation corps, which have already organized over two hundred and fifty thousand young men in camps, ready to earn independent livings, and increase the purchasing power of the nation by millions? Christian social principles again showed the way to the solution of this different problem.

Concluding Reflections.

It is difficult to see any other inspiration for the new deal—the N.R.A.—than the teachings of catholic sociology, which founded in nature and promulgated by reason and by common sense, contains the true remedy for all social ills, has always contained them and yet have never been heeded or adhered to consistently by those whose duty it is to rule society. President Roosevelt's motive would seem to be entirely utilitarian, since his whole effort is directed to the reduction of unemployment as a severe economic ill, and the raising of commodity prices, or to the better division of the fruits of labour, since, as he has said, "purchasing power springs from a more equitable division between capital and labour of the fruits of production." Yet, this very fact points to the great truth brought home by the depression, and the present recovery of economic conditions—the truth that as long as men ignored the fundamental principles of the natural law, in regard to social justice, social evils and calamities only resulted, but when the dictates of Catholic Social principles were applied in forced desperation, recovery resulted, public approbation followed every move of the government, and the public disapprobation scathed the reluctance of selfish private interests continuing to adhere to unjust practices.

ST. JOSEPH

With Jesus and with Mary
'Twas very sweet to bide—
Nay, in thy cottage lowly
A very heaven did hide!

For e'en in Heaven's glory
By yonder gleaming tide,
With Jesus, light and Mary's
What canst thou see beside!

HOLY NAME PARISH

By REVEREND M. CLINE.

CHURCHES, like ships, have their own characteristics. Their architecture and location invest them with an individuality hardly less than distinctive. Holy Name Church is no exception; no more is Danforth Ave., which spans the city from the Kingston Road to the Humber. Though at first a pioneer adventure, the founding of Holy Name Parish has succeeded because, apart from the enterprise of its members and the prestige of the name it bears, it is favourably placed on a highway conspicuous as it is attractive and within easy reach of a large body of church-goers.

A HOPEFUL BEGINNING.

After a long and loud contention that the district east of the Don had not shared in the public utilities of the city in proportion to its rapid growth and increasing needs, Mr. W. F. McLean, M.P., through the columns of his newspaper, The Toronto World, at last convinced the general body of rate-payers of the feasibility of a viaduct connecting East Rosedale with the backward area north and south of Danforth avenue. Quick to notice the change in public opinion towards the new project, a few prospective settlers bought lots with the intention of making them the site of their future homes or as a real estate investment. But the great rush only started with the advent of the street car, the hydro service and water facilities in 1913, when hundreds of home-seekers sought and obtained lots at reasonably low prices.

Among the first purchasers was the Separate School Board, who in 1911 bought five hundred and fifteen feet by one hundred and twenty-six directly north of Withrow Park. Later on in 1912 the board bought, with the sanction of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, who had not yet occupied the See of Toronto, adjoining land with a frontage on Danforth Ave., of

one hundred feet by one hundred and twenty on Carlaw Ave. This transaction completed the purchase of the entire block running from Withrow Park to Danforth Ave., a distance in all of six hundred and thirty-five feet, which gave ample room for school grounds, church and presbytery. The deed was made out by the City for school and church purposes, February 15th, 1913.

During the construction of the viaduct, which covered a period of three years (1915-1918) farms and market-gardens north of Danforth Ave. were being bought and sold to a steady stream of newcomers who wanted to exchange the



REVEREND M. J. CLINE,
Pastor of Holy Name Parish.

congested environment of their present homes for the open-air sunshine of a high and commanding location. In those years of rapid transformation East Toronto grew into a population of 150,000. This sudden influx of people created problems social, educational and religious which had to be met quickly, courageously and with financial caution. Though it was a day of small means, it was a day of big beginnings. If the stakes were few, they needed to be large and put far apart. The bigness of the district, its lofty eminence and nearness to the centre of the city, attracted a constantly increasing population which meant that despite limited resources the foundations of church and school had to be laid commensurate with the requirements of a large community.

Fortunately for Holy Name Parish, the new settlers in the Danforth locality came largely from older parishes where Ca-

tholic loyalties and friendships were rich and abiding. Like the branches of the sugar tree which contain the sweetness of the root and stem, the young pioneers were permeated with the traditions and Catholic practices of the home life in which they were brought up. With a youthful zeal and a keen eye for time and occasion, they sought permission of the ecclesiastical authorities to found and erect a new parish with a central location on Danforth Ave. They had already presented their case to the School Board and their request was met by the erection of an eight-room school.

FORMALLY ESTABLISHED.

The Parish was established by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, September 11th, 1913. Father Cline, the Parish Priest of Oshawa, was on that date made Superintendent of Catholic Charities and given charge of the newly-erected parish of the Holy Name. The first parish Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Gregory Kernahan, Chancellor of the Diocese, in the school on Carlaw avenue, which has since reverted from St. Ann's to Holy Name Parish.

The following is Father Kernahan's note in the Announcement-book: "The first Mass held in Danforth Chapel to-day, Oct. 5th, 1913, which afforded seating accommodation for two hundred and fifty. About two hundred and seventy-five people were present. Mass was celebrated by Rev. G. Kernahan. Thirty people received Communion." Father Kernahan continued to administer the affairs of the parish till the following February.

Father Cline became resident Pastor of Holy Name, February 2nd, 1914. He resigned the Catholic Charities, September 1st, 1914, in order to enter more fully into the work of parochial organization and construction.

The congregation having outgrown the limits of the school auditorium which served as temporary chapel for almost two years, it became a matter of necessity to proceed with the building of at least a church-basement. But as the changed location of church and presbytery from Danforth to Fulton

Ave. had proved unacceptable to the parishioners nothing could be done till a definite location was satisfactorily decided. Having ascertained the real facts of the case, His Grace the Archbishop in the summer of 1914 purchased the property where church and presbytery now stand. This gave much satisfaction to the small community of one hundred and twenty families who up to then had not received a parish name.

A GREAT NAME.

The site of the church and presbytery being now definitely located, the next move was to dedicate the parish to a special Patron Saint, who as the common advocate of all would safeguard the interests of all. The name suggested by Reverend M. Cline and approved of by His Grace the Archbishop was the Holy Name of Jesus. By marrying the parish to this most glorious of all names the Pastor was hopeful that the greatness of the title would give splendor and prestige to the Catholicity of the district.

The plans and specifications of the church which had for some time been in course of preparation by A. W. Holmes were submitted to His Grace the Archbishop the latter part of July, 1914. With his approval of the basement sketch, the work of excavation was commenced in July and was completed in August, 1914, but because of the outbreak of the world war building operations were suspended for one year.

In the meantime the need of a presbytery became urgent, as no residence in the vicinity afforded the necessary accommodation. Accordingly the building of Holy Name Presbytery was recommended by the ladies of the parish under the auspices of the "Valiant Woman Club." By the self-sacrificing



Front view, Church of the Holy Name, Toronto.

efforts of this Club, close on three thousand dollars had been collected. With this financial start, a committee of the gentlemen of the parish decided that, as soon as plans and specifications were prepared by the architect and approved of by His Grace the Archbishop, building should commence. The necessary sanction being obtained, the first sod was turned April 7th, 1915. After being under course of erection for a half-year, Holy Name Presbytery was formally opened and occupied October 26th, 1915.

As the school could no longer house the congregation another building became imperative. With the permission of His Grace the Archbishop a loan of \$30,000 was secured in July, 1915. Towards the middle of the next month the contract was let. The ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of Holy Name Church was performed by His Lordship Bishop Power, of St. George's, Newfoundland, Sunday, November 14th, at 3 p.m., in the presence of a congregation of three thousand people and thirty-five priests. Being the Patronal Church of the Holy Name Society, the different branches of the Holy Name throughout the city marched in procession from the school on Carlaw avenue to the basement of the church. The Knights of St. John acted as a guard of honour to His Lordship and the Holy Name Choir greeted his advent by singing "Vivat Pastor Bonus." Reverend Father Trayling, of the Cathedral, acted as Master of Ceremonies, and the Reverend Dr. Kelioe, of St. Augustine's Seminary, preached the sermon. Some of the clergy who took part in the ceremony were: Right Reverend Mons. Kidd and Whelan, Dean Harris, Dean Moyna, Fathers Doherty, McCann, Dollard, Carr, Dumouchel, Hayes, Coughlin, Burke, McCabe, Carey, Coyle, Hayden, Cleary, Castex, Malouf, Prance, Haley, Flanagan, Boylan, Williams, Drs. O'Leary and Kissane. After the ceremony the pastor, Father Cline, entertained the Bishop and clergy at his new residence.

A SOCIAL CENTRE.

Holy Name Parish had grown so vigorously during the period between 1914 and 1920 that it became necessary to

make room for social expansion no less than for its religious development. Having but a basement church and an eight-room school that had overflowed into two movable class-rooms, there was no auditorium where the different committees and societies could meet for business or recreation. So many young people were carried away by the tumult of the enthusiasm which accompanied the Armistice that a vent had to be found for their surging life if their social instincts were to be directed along wholesome ways.

The needs of the hour found answering echoes among the elder members of the congregation. Fathers and mothers, no less than the pastor, recognized that in the face of an unfinished church the erection of a parish hall was a rather serious undertaking, but felt at the same time that the claims of the oncoming generation to reasonable opportunities for social advancement were worthy of consideration and sympathy.

All parties concerned were of the opinion that if hurrying humanity speeding to hotels and apartment houses, merely to eat and sleep, were to be steadied and socialized, and if the remaining landmarks of family life were to be retained and stabilized, more provision should be made for the acquaintances and friendships which are possible of development among fellow-parishioners. The fact that many agencies such as Probation Officers, Big Brothers, Better Acquaintance Committees, Farm Colonies, Little Mothers' Classes, Juvenile Courts, and Educational Films have tried to keep pace with the rushing tide of worldly interests and have touched but the hem of society's garment, should in no way discourage a reasonable effort to supply for the shortage of home interests and home joys.

If these supposed substitutes for home life have been less than satisfactory, it is in a large measure due to their institutional character and lack of personal touch. Friendship, like popularity, cannot be ordered or forced; it is best cultivated by spontaneous development. We acquire our preferences by a free and easy understanding of other people's lives and habits. Certain individuals attract us because of their win-

someness of manner and their willingness to benefit their fellow-man; others repel us because they are uncongenial and inconsiderate. Our friendships as a rule rest upon the amount of attractiveness and goodness we experience among our associates.

Holy Name was at first a parish of scattered friendships. With few opportunities of coming together, apart from the public services held in the church, it became increasingly difficult to keep the lines of social communication open. Though it possessed in an eminent degree the enterprising spirit of youth and the facile optimism that belongs to that period it had some of the drawbacks of a new parish, inasmuch as it had no traditions or established customs to steady and direct the newcomers.

It was the expressed opinion of the majority, that beside the pew in the church, there should be a common half-way auditorium where parishioners could meet for a social hour, a Community Hall where fellow-members could discover their kindred merits and grade their attachments. To those fagged and spent with the toil of breadwinning the cheering and gladdening effects of being together for a social evening often mean more than a night at the theatre or a public banquet. Social intercourse enriches character and personality and promotes that elasticity of temperament which is so conducive to mental composure. The work of erection began March 12th, 1920, and was completed Nov., 1921, at a cost of \$40,000. The building is a solid brick structure one hundred and twenty-five feet long by forty feet wide.

The next and culminating chapter was the building of the superstructure which began in the March of 1925, and was finished in the same month of the next year. The Catholic Register gave the following account of the opening and dedication.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES OF DEDICATION.

The new Holy Name Church, Danforth and Gough Avenues, whose Pastor is the Rev. M. Cline, was solemnly opened and

blessed last Sunday morning. Sunday, the 14th of March, 1926, the fourth Sunday in Lent, was therefore truly "Laetare Sunday" in the parish of the Holy Name, Toronto.

"Rejoice with Jerusalem and be glad with her, all you that love her!" cried out Isaias of old, and this was the spirit of joy and happiness that was manifest in the hearts and on the faces of the parishioners who thronged from all sides to the dedication ceremonies of their glorious new church. For many years, in hope and indomitable patience, in much labour and striving, they had waited this hour of the beautiful fruition of their dream. Now they were a hundred-fold rewarded. The magnificent church of the Holy Name was a reality at last! Their hearts swelled with pride, and the unbidden tears welled to their eyes as they drew near and were confronted by that lofty and superb facade, at once graceful and massive, chaste and ornate.

On through the long future years that noble structure, which their sacrifice had helped to build, would stand there, proudly dominating the great thoroughfare of Danforth, and showing forth the Holy Text emblazoned on the front: "In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur"—"At the name of Jesus every knee shall bend."

GREAT CROWD PRESENT.

The day was bright and cheery, and the sun flashed back in dazzling rays from polished pillar and fluted architrave. Vast as is the size of the church, it could not hold half of the crowd that thronged to the dedication ceremonies. Inside the church the beauty of the scene was unforgettable; the sun's rays strained in through the brilliant tinted windows of the clerestory, and through the stained glass windows of the nave, and were reflected from the golden vestments of the clergy, from the marble of the sanctuary, and from the mighty pillars of the main aisle.

The beautiful music of the Mass rose and fell in solemn cadences, the sound of prayer from the vast throng was as the voice of many waters.

BISHOP MACDONALD OFFICIATES.

The ceremony of the blessing was performed by Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, Bishop of Hebron. The celebrant of the Pontifical Mass was the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, of Peterborough, with the Reverend Fathers Gehl and J. O'Brien as deacon and sub-deacon. Fathers O'Connor and Sneath, both former assistants of Father Cline, were deacons of honor. Father Coyle was assistant priest and Father Cabana was master of ceremonies.

THOSE PRESENT.

Among those present in the sanctuary were: His Lordship Rt. Reverend Alex. MacDonald, Bishop of Hebron; His Lordship Bishop McNally, of Hamilton; Rt. Reverend Monsignor Hartigan, of Prescott; Rt. Reverend MacDonald, of Glen Nevis; Right Reverend Monsignor Blair, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society; Right Reverend Monsignor O'Sullivan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary; Reverend Fathers Englert, Leyes and Gehl, of Hamilton; Father P. McGuire, of Peterborough; Reverend Fathers McMahan and Devine, S.J., of Guelph; Reverend Father Hayes, of Kalamazoo, and Reverend Father Noon, of New Bedford, Mass. The following priests of Toronto were also present at the Mass: Reverend Fathers Cline, McCabe, McRae, Malouf, S. McGrath, Carr, Davis, Barrack, McCann, William O'Reilly, D. O'Connor, Coyle, Dollard, J. Hayes, O'Leary, M. McGrath, J. O'Connor, Barcelo, Carberry, Culliton, Lellis, Muckle, Coughlin, C.S.S.R., McCandlish, C.S.S.R., and J. N. Fullerton.

In the evening special services were held in the new church, the preacher on the occasion being Right Reverend D. MacDonald of the Diocese of Alexandria.

A BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE.

In character the south or front elevation follows the general line of Mary Major at Rome. Built of Indiana cut stone, the outside dimensions of the church are: Length, 170 feet; width, 68 feet, and the height 100 feet to the crossing of the tran-

septs. The high altar, Communion rail, pulpit and baptismal font are of the same material, with panels of marble. The ceilings are vaulted throughout, and the height of nave and transept from the floor to the crown is 60 feet, and the aisle is 30 feet.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE

HOLLY and mistletoe,
 Hang them and twine them;
 Rude though the wintry blow,
 Merrily bind them!
 Hoarse though the bitter blast,
 Dark though the cloud be cast,
 Happiness still thou hast
 Where love doth find them.

Wilder the Yule logs roar
 When the wind's blowing,
 Hearth-light on wall and door
 Beaming and glowing!
 What though the hut be small,
 What though beneath Care's pall,
 Poverty reign o'er all,
 Love can be flowing.

Peace and love, Christmas-sent
 Twins, are so lovely;
 Hand in hand, friendship-blent:
 What is more homely?
 Bright be Affection's fire;
 Fanned, waft its flames yet higher;
 True love cannot expire,
 And what more comely!

F. B. Fenton.

CHRISTMAS IN COSTA RICA

By ANITA ROY LORDLY.

“**T** WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house” every creature was stirring. Before dawn a place must be prepared for the coming of “el niño Dios” (baby-God—in the idiom of the country—but with *such* love!)

Here: I have known children put away with loving care the ornaments of their Christmas trees—some bought by themselves being *especially* treasured.

There: The treasures of the “Portal” date back generations. Some having been brought by the first settlers from Spain. Works of art are these figures of the Holy Family, the kings, the ox, and the ass; the shepherds and their sheep, with, of course, the Beloved Child as the very best of all, and not placed till everything is perfect.

A corner of the best room, or of a wide inside corridor with the garden as background, is chosen. Packing boxes built into mountains by covering them with burlap, painted for rocks or glens, trays of newly sprouted bird-seed are miniature meadows; a mirror with pebbles and sand and ducks makes a pretty good brook; sprouting corn for cane-fields and the real coffee trees for tiny woods. Wild grasses serve as palms and bamboo. Sometimes a real water-fall with a water-wheel is seen. The inconsistency of a railroad train rushing in and out of sight among the mountains, never seems to strike their innocent minds. Towns, churches, houses, wrought with infinite pains during the long evenings of the rainy season.

In a village church I once saw a merry-go-round (a gay little German mechanical toy) and a town lit by *real* electric lights, on either side of the “paso” or Crèche. It was the joy of the children, who pointed it out as the gift of a “good friend!”

A large mirror cleverly set reflected some rolling waves of blue and white tarlatan, with a wonderful effect of distant ocean glimpsed between mountains. To keep visitors at a distance

(and avoid petty theft, for the treasures *are* a temptation), a hedge of greens is built, and a border of fruits fills the air with fragrance, one especially, a long dark, red cucumber-like fruit; its smell is as sure to bring up a vision of a "portal" as your pines and balsams do of Christmas.

This portal is the gathering place for prayers every evening until January 6, when the Kings arrive and the children get *their* gifts too. Then, it is all over till the next year. During this period parties go from house to house visiting the "portal." Doors stand hospitably open, and you walk right in.

A drink made of sprouted corn ginger root and "pinuelos" (of the pine-apple family, but very sour) sweetened with brown sugar is often offered to you. If it stands long or has not been much "watered" it is quite heady. From Guatamala, Mexico and Peru they get wonderful but realistic tiny figures of people and animals. It is a study to see all the miniature landscapes and their many details.

Of course, in the poorer neighborhoods much of the artistic is lacking, and cheap and tawdy things are seen. Once I remember beating a hasty retreat because the walls, old, smoky and discoloured, were hung with gaily coloured posters intended to hide deficiencies and brighten up with colour for the festive season.

Certain families were known for years to have the most *wonderful* "portales."

Once a realistic volcano set fire to a "portal," and *such* a loss of lovely treasures!

One little girl promised to make a "portal" if her mother recovered, so, though her mother was still ill, she set to work. She built it in a bay window opening into the garden with its fountain; she built it up on her father's wonderful library books. The cave made of astronomical maps, lit up with an electric light, housed the Holy Family (a family heirloom, tiny but perfectly *beautiful!*) All the house plants were used for the hedge, and priceless French vases full of greens flanked the sides. In lieu of a star over the manger was a lovely crystal ball clock.

No one had the heart to scold the faithful little seven-year-old, and *Father* (who was not of her faith) never murmured about his library, out of which he was crowded by her many friends and devoted admirers for about two weeks, December 25 to January 6; I think in lieu of "Chicha" he gave away many a good Havana cigar. To this day—and she now has children of her own—she keeps that promise, and, as of yore, it demands sacrifice, and she yearly makes a "portal." Her mother is alive; perhaps the reward of the prayer and sacrifice. Who shall gainsay this?

BETHLEHEM

WITH little feet so feeble,
 With tender little eyes,
 With baby lips that tremble
 To utter baby cries.
 Unmindful of the angels
 That crowd the starry dome,
 He comes to bid you welcome,
 Thrice welcome to His home.

His home is dark and lowly,
 But love can make it fair;
 His home is such a poor one,
 But God Himself is there;
 And who would choose a palace,
 However great and bright,
 When God is in a stable
 This happy Christmas night?

FATHER LOUIS OF LAVAGNA

By REVEREND E. KELLY.

IN the south transept of St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street, Toronto, on the eastern wall is a marble slab now somewhat delapidated, which has the following inscription:

BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF
THE VERY REVEREND FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA,
OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHINS,
A NATIVE OF GENOA.
HE LOVED POVERTY, OBEDIENCE, CHASTITY.
HE LED A MORTIFIED LIFE AND WAS A STRICT OBSERVER
OF THE RULE OF ST. FRANCIS.
HE DIED ON THE 17TH OF MARCH, 1857.
JESUS AND MARY, RECEIVE HIS SOUL.

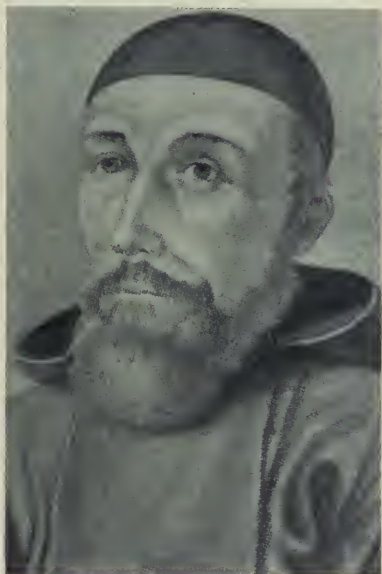
Although he may be unknown to the present generation, Father Louis was an outstanding member of his Order as a preacher and in an executive way in three European countries before he came to St. Mary's. But great as were his gifts in these regards, it was the sanctity of his life that impressed those who came in contact with him; bishops, priests and laics alike revered him as a Saint.

The "Della Vagna" of the above inscription is an error; those who erected the tablet thought no doubt that this was his family name. Father Candide of the same Order in an article in *Nouvelle France* (December, 1911), pointed out the custom of his Order which, instead of the family name uses the name of the place of nativity in the lists of its members. Father Louis was born in the village of Lavagna, a few miles from Genoa, says Father Candide, and was known in the Order as Father Louis of Lavagna. His family name was Sambuceti, and he was baptized Caesar; the name Louis was assumed on entering the Capuchin Order.

Born in 1801, of a wealthy family, he was destined by his parents to follow in the family traditions. He was educated by the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Genoa and showed marked aptitude in acquiring foreign languages, especially English. On leaving school he was placed by his father as a clerk on the Exchange, but was soon afterwards promoted

to the charge of the foreign correspondence. Having attained his majority, he became the head of an extensive banking business.

Up to this time he had led the life of a good Catholic, and had been considered even fervent in the fulfillment of his religious duties. But the parable of the seed sown amongst thorns was truly exemplified in him. Unduly preoccupied by his business affairs, his fervor cooled and for the period of four years he almost entirely abandoned the practice of his religion; in after years he bemoaned and lamented this phase of his life.



Father Louis of Lavagna, O.M.C.
Pastor of St. Mary's Church,
Toronto. Died March 17th, 1857.

He was stricken with tuberculosis of the bones and the amputation of his arm was declared by his physicians as inevitable. The young man, now thoroughly realizing the emptiness of those things for which he had imperilled his soul became most exacting in the fulfillment of those religious duties so long neglected. He refused to allow the operation to be performed, and made a vow to the Mother of Sorrows that if cured of his ailment, he would enter a monastery or do whatever else seemed to be God's will.

The cure being effected, shortly after this, he repaired at once to the Capuchins at Genoa and offered himself as a lay-brother. His humility in this matter met with a refusal, and it was as an aspirant to the priesthood that he became a member of the Order. This took place in the year 1825, when he was twenty-four years of age. As a student and later as a priest he was a source of edification to all by his fidelity to the rule, and from the beginning his ideal was to oppose the luxury and laxity of his day by poverty and Franciscan austerities. To this principle he was ever true to the day of his death.

Being ordained priest in due time, he spent sixteen years amongst the Capuchins of his native province. He was then sent to France, where his Order was being reorganized after the terrible havoc wrought by the Revolution. Here he had much to do.

Perfecting himself in the French language, he took up the work of preaching missions and retreats, but sometimes was called to work of a more mundane nature, but of equal importance to the Order. At Lyons he prepared the plans and superintended the building of the convent of La Villette. The real strength of character of the physically frail and retiring religious was clearly shown by an incident that occurred during the early days of the Revolution of 1848. He was engaged in preaching a mission in a certain town and the Republicans tried to expel him. He boldly informed them that he would not budge except on the order of the Bishop who had called him thither.

Later on he was at Lyons when the mob determined to destroy the convent and bury the friars in its ruins. The decree of death was passed by the provisional officers elected by the Revolutionists, but the less sanguinary element amongst them at last prevailed, and the Capuchins were given twenty-four hours to leave the home that they had so recently erected. Father Louis and the other Genoese members of the party on leaving the convent, crossed the frontier and returned to Genoa.

When the storm of Revolution had passed Father Louis returned to France and resumed his missionary labors. In the course of his work he came to the Seminary of Aix in Province, to preach a retreat. The director of the Seminary was



From a drawing of Father Louis of Lavagna in his coffin in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

M. de Charbonnel, a Sulpician, who had spent nine years in America, and of whom it was rumored that he was to be appointed Bishop of a See on that Continent. The vehement M. de Charbonnel impressed upon his hearer the great need of priests in that far distant land. Father Louis replied that if it were God's will that he should end his days in America he would be perfectly willing to go there. That was sufficient for M. de Charbonnel, who averred that if he became Bishop, as gossip would have it, he would immediately ask the Father General for permission to take Father Louis with him. The Capuchin

made no opposition to the proposal, and a few months later, hearing that M. de Charbonnel was preparing for consecration for the See of Toronto, was on the point of writing the Bishop-elect to remind him of the agreement. Lest perhaps he might be hastening the Will of God, the holy religious was

content, however, to offer the Holy Sacrifice for that intention and await events.

But the Bishop needed no reminders. Scarcely was he consecrated by Pius IX. than he requested His Holiness that he might have a house of the Capuchins in his diocese, and that Father Louis should be of that household. The Pope readily granted the permission, but there were others who were not so enthusiastic of the plan. The heads of the French province were loath to lose the services of one of their best members. The matter was referred by the Provincial Chapter to the Superior General, who advised that the Congregation of the Propaganda be approached for a final decision on the case. The outcome was that Father Louis was given to Bishop de Charbonnel for a period of five years, and that the former and a fellow-Religious received an obedience for Canada.

The rapidity of events almost took the breath from the subject of all this controversy, who, however, had but one thought—to do the Will of God as revealed to him by the voice of his Superiors. Making his way to Paris, where he was to meet the companion of his mission, the latter being tardy, he set out alone for England, where he was to spend the winter brushing up his English before embarking for Canada. This latter arrangement was a setback for Bishop de Charbonnel's project, for when Spring had come Father Louis had not only perfected himself in the English language, but had won the esteem and admiration of many of the Episcopate, the clergy, and the laity of England. He was told that Divine Providence had sent him to England to restore Franciscan ideals; that he should remain at least temporarily amongst them. The holy Religious replied: "I would almost dare believe that God wills it, and I would dare add that perhaps He wants to make use of this insignificant little man. I dare not assert this, for I am too wretched."

In his dilemma he appealed to the Bishop of Toronto who, realizing the good that Father Louis would do for the Church in England, gladly but reluctantly allowed him to remain. His Lordship, however, was anxious that the stay in England

might be as brief as circumstances would permit, hoping as he said in his whimsical way, that it would not be prolonged to the end of the world.

To encourage the missionary the Bishop writes that he is reserving a rich field for Father Louis and his confreres. He will place them in a parish in Toronto or at the Falls of Niagara, whose mighty waters will become the means of the baptism of many, and the resurrection of multitudinous souls from heresy, impiety, and immorality.

The career of Father Louis in England warranted all that his enthusiastic admirers had expected. At this time the Franciscan Order had practically died out in England; only one member of the Recollet Province established in Queen Mary's time remained, and he died with the Capuchins a few years later—a link of the old and the new. Under Father Louis' supervision the convent at Panstaph was erected and also the church and convent at Peckham. Besides the strenuous labor of establishing his Order he gave himself without stint to the work of the missions, beginning at Liverpool and extending his labors to all parts of the country. "With half a dozen subjects like Father Louis" wrote his Genoese Superior, "the success of the English foundation is assured."

In 1854 he visited Ireland, giving missions in Dublin and in Cork, accomplishing, as usual, an immense amount of good. After five years in England Father Louis felt that his work in that country was completed. A new Superior had been appointed to Panstaph, so the founder now turned his thoughts towards Canada. His French Superiors, however, were under the impression that the long sojourn in England had voided the former agreement, and they ordered Father Louis to the missions of India. With his habitual disinterestedness he set out for that far distant land, but was stricken by fever at Malta and had to return to France.

When Bishop de Charbonnel heard of this new arrangement he was thunderstricken. Were agreements duly signed and sealed to be as nought? Although he had been accommodat- ing enough to allow his subject to remain away temporarily,

he had never dreamed of renouncing his rights to him. "I would prefer," said he, "to lose my mitre and my crozier rather than deprive my diocese of the services of Father Louis." The fiery-hearted Bishop brought the matter to the attention of the Propaganda and the order came to Father Louis, then recuperating at La Villette, to go to Canada. This was in the Spring of 1856.

Passing through Ireland, he visited All Hallows College, where he was received with the same respect as would be paid to St. Francis of Assisi or St. Anthony of Padua. His ascetic appearance and the sanctity of his manner made a strong impression on the young Levites, one of whom, Mr. Mulligan, came to Toronto shortly afterwards, and a year later, as a priest, administered the last sacraments to the holy Capuchin.

On the feast of the Ascension Father Louis made his first public appearance in Toronto at the High Mass in St. Paul's church, being seated at the right of the Bishop during the ceremony. A short, dark complexioned man, emaciated, but with piercing dark eyes, bearded, arrayed in the Capuchin habit, with tonsured head and sandaled feet, he seemed to the surprised congregation to be one of those figures of the Middle Ages, suddenly transported amongst them. At the close of the Mass the Bishop arose and introduced the newcomer in the following words: "I have the happiness to announce to you the arrival amongst us of a holy monk, the Reverend Louis of Lavagna, who comes all the way from Italy, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. I have known him for nearly eight years; I have sought him for you the last six, but obstacles continually presented themselves. At last through the kindness of the Pope and of the Propagation he is here.

On the following Sunday Father Louis was inducted by the Bishop into the pastoral charge of St. Mary's Church, which was to be the scene of his labors for the remainder of his life. "From that day," says a contemporary biographer, "until the day of his death, he administered the Sacraments and the consolations of religion with unremitting attention. He was lit-

erally day and night with his flock. All day long he sought after and promoted their welfare. He visited the sick, comforted the afflicted and performed deeds of which, till a further manifestation of Divine Providence, we forbear to speak." Notwithstanding the severity of our Canadian winters, Father Louis adhered to the strict rules of his Order. He always wore his Capuchin habit, and finding that the cloth for such could not be procured in Toronto, he wrote a friend in France regretting the worn habit he had left behind which would take the place of that which he wore while the latter was being washed; he therefore asked that sufficient material be sent him for making one or two habits.

Soon after his arrival he was presented with a pair of shoes, but he never wore them, the Franciscan sandals being his only footgear amidst the snow and the frost. In the month of February he came to Father Soulerin, the Administrator of the diocese (the Bishop being in Europe at the time), asking permission to have a fire in his house. The good Basilian commanded him under obedience to do so at once. His food was of the coarsest and plainest kind, and was always prepared by his own hands. He rarely ate more than one fair meal in a day, and meat scarcely ever passed his lips. All the repairs to church or house were executed by his own hands. He rarely slept more than barely sufficient to sustain nature, and always rose to fulfill the canonical hours according to the Rule of his Order.

As pastor he could not avoid entirely the handling of money but all the receipts of the parish were sent to the Cathedral, and by the Bishop's instructions, the financial obligations of St. Mary's and its pastor were attended to there. Of course fables have arisen as they naturally would about a man who was leading such an unusual life. Some said that he slept in a coffin, others that his bed was a packing case; but the truth of the matter is, as gleaned from one who as an altar boy had free access to the presbytery, as such urchins have, that Father Louis made a "bunk" or pallet from the boards of a case in

which a statue had come from Europe, and on this he took his repose.

As a preacher his eloquence was that of the Saints, and his words went directly to the hearts of his hearers. The catechetical instruction of the children was for him truly a labor of love, and was long remembered by those so fortunate as to come under his influence in this regard. The late Canon Lindsay of Quebec, after more than half a century, recalled with deep feeling the impressions created in his mind as a child by the lessons of this remarkable man. From the testimony of those competent to judge in such matters, as priests (some of whom were afterwards raised to the Episcopate) and members of Religious Communities, Father Louis was considered to be a master in the spiritual life and that his mind was well disciplined in the Science of the Saints.

Amidst his multitudinous parish duties the lone Capuchin's thoughts often reverted to that project so dear to the heart of his Bishop and his own—the establishment of his Order in the diocese. Extracts from some of his letters to his confreres in Europe will show the mind of Father Louis on this matter. “If you were only inspired to join your little friend.” “The Winter is not so unbearable as it is reputed to be,” the proof of which is that he who before was weak and frail has seen all his old maladies disappear and his health is now normal. “Allow yourself to be persuaded, come here, think of it *coram Domino*,” says this publicity agent of the Lord.

Some of the friends of Father Louis were willing to be his companions, but the prosaic Superiors prevented the establishment. Bishop de Charbonnel, who was equally keen for the project, has set aside the sum of three thousand dollars as the nucleus of the foundation, and his successor, Archbishop Lynch, as late as 1880 was still striving to bring the Capuchins to the diocese. It was only in 1890, a few months before the death of Bishop de Charbonnel, that the Order established itself in Canada, and then not in Toronto, but in the neighboring Archdiocese of Ottawa.

But the end was in sight, and Father Louis was aware of the

fact. At a Requiem at the Cathedral for a prominent physician, as Father Lawrence, one of the Cathedral staff, was ascending the pulpit to preach the funeral sermon, he was accosted by Father Louis, who told him that the very next time that he would preach a similar sermon it would be for him (Father Louis) and that it would be soon. On March 13th he was taken ill with pneumonia and was removed to St. Michael's palace, where he died on the feast of St. Patrick's, March 17th.

When the body was being prepared for burial the culmination of the efforts of Father Louis at mortification was disclosed. It was found that he wore a hair short, and around his waist was discovered a girde made of twisted wire with thirty-seven prongs projecting after the manner of modern barbed wire. This instrument of torture he must have worn for many years, as the skin about the holes made by the prongs was hard and calloused.

For two days the body lay in the Cathedral and thousands came to pay their respects to the deceased. So eager were the faithful to get relics of the holy man that it was found necessary to place the body within the grill of one of the chapels. As St. Mary's Church was undergoing repairs at the time, the body was temporarily deposited in the crypt of the Cathedral, and on April 16th the funeral took place to St. Mary's Church. Here a solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. J. M. Bruyere, with Rev. John R. Lee as deacon and Rev. Patrick Mulligan as sub-deacon. The Reverend John Walsh, afterwards Archbishop of Toronto, who preached the sermon, referred to Father Louis as "that jewel set in its rich casing of acetic brilliants which has been so untimely taken from you, but its memory will perpetuate itself amongst you like a gentle perfume, as the sweet odor of Christ."

The interment took place beneath the sanctuary of the church, and thirty years later when the new church was built, the remains were raised and upon examination were found to be in a wonderful state of preservation; a fact attested to by

two Catholic physicians, Drs. Wallace and McConnell. The body was then placed in the vault where it now rests.

Several souvenirs of this holy priest are still preserved in Toronto families and are cherished as pious relics. As to the authenticity of the miracles reputed to be wrought through their agency, it is, of course, the affair of the Church to decide. Father Louis, if not a saint, was a very holy man, and in the words of an editorial of the Catholic Register of some years ago, "It is therefore meet and fitting that the memory of this sainted priest should be kept alive in a city which was blessed by his ministrations and which still holds his mortal remains.

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Imprint Thy wounds upon my heart,
O dearest Lord I humbly pray,
That I, transpired by love's sweet dart
May scorn whatever must decay.

SOME LATER OFFERINGS OF CANADIAN ART

By SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

CANADIAN artists have acted on their own initiative and expressed their reactions to the broad, healthy, invigorating Canadian environment rather than be moved like puppets by the strings of theorists. There have been few exceptions in this and even among these, the ultra-modern ideas from more sophisticated art centres in other countries, have had little real or permanent hold on the art work. As a whole, Canadian art is conservative and is making its way slowly, and steadily to the pinnacle where all real art stands, a place where it expresses the fundamental things of humanity, the racial characteristics of the makers and the long effect of environment in a wonderful northland country.

"**Rocks, Pines and Sunshine,**" by Arthur Lismer, is a picture which draws its force from the wondrous beauty of the northland, interpreted by an artist who loves Nature at her best, untouched by man, nature in her profound beauty.

The pine trees peer high into the vaulted blue which is felt rather than seen, for it occupies hardly a fifth of the picture. The mass formation in the background affords a delightful contrast in line, in colour and in treatment to the strong, red in the sumachs and other golden autumn tinted cherry bushes in the foreground. The background with its somewhat crude rock formation would be almost forbidding were it not for the interesting shadows, mysterious recess and the harp arrangement of the pine trees. Their branches tend eastward from constant resistance to the West wind. Now it has died down to a gentle sigh which makes us recall Homer Martin's "Harp of the Winds," yet how different not only are the trees and their surroundings, but the mood of the painter.

Mood in art belongs to the elusive relationships between the form and colour of nature and the artist. To secure this desirable quality in a picture the subject must be approached with



ROCKS, PINES, and SUNSHINE.

ARTHUR LISMER, A.R.C.A.

This picture was painted in a country that holds magic for the painter—the district around Georgian Bay. It gives a glimpse of the glories of the northland in early autumn. The picture is one of solitude and yet the artist has it vibrant with life—not human life, but the pines, the sumachs, the water, even the rocks are palpitating with rhythm or related action. Arthur Lismer sketched and camped with Tom Thompson, whose "West Wind" was reproduced in the September issue, and the two artists have much in common.

singleness of purpose, impelled by keen admiration. He must first hear in his own heart the voice of the subject, and inspired by that, he must make the work of interpretation. He must be alone with Nature in solemn intimacy. Only in this way can his soul, replete with enthusiasm, hand on the magic message that will arrest the hearts of all who look on his work. Many of us have looked on the scenery of the northland and so has Mr. Lismer, but he has not only seen it, but with his artist's brush has given us that wonderful country transformed, reere-



SILVER MINES, COBALT.

YVONNE MCKAGUE, O.S.A.

In contrast with "Rocks, Pines and Sunshine" the northern country as God made it we have a part of the same district when man has taken it over and tried to draw from Mother Earth her hidden silver treasure. We have a strong composition with forceful arrangement of houses against the sky; of startling individual things like mines, mine shafts, slag-heaps, etc. There is a certain romance of industry about it all and a decided sense of impermanence.

ated, re-infused with what Robert Louis Stevenson called "the ardour of the blood."

The foliage in the foreground is treated in a poetic mood and recalls Tom Thompson's "Jack Pine." Is there not, too, a trace of Japanese rhythm in the arrangement and symmetry of the shrubbery branches? Dazzling sunshine permeates trees, shrubs, leaves, the whole picture and the waters scintillate and refract the brilliant rays. We have the joyous light so often found in this artist's work.

Mr. Lismer was born in Sheffield England and studied there and in Belgium. He has drawn and painted everywhere from the fishing villages of Nova Scotia to the ridges of the Rocky Mountains. In recent years he has become almost as well known in his capacity of an art educator as in that of a painter. As Vice-Principal of the Ontario College of Art, as Director of the Teachers' Training Course in Art, and as Educational Director of the Art Gallery of Toronto, the effect of his energy and enthusiasm is incalculable and he is one of the leaders in the great forward movement for creative art in Canada.

The above picture loses much of its beauty here, since we cannot reproduce in colour, in which Mr. Lismer excels. The original is in the permanent collection of the Art Gallery of Toronto. In the National Gallery he has several pictures, perhaps the best known being the "September Gale." He belongs to the new Canadian Modernists, and a critic of his work at the late exhibition held in Atlantic City, has said "his individuality is Antean, his work rugged yet poetic." He not only understands, but is a master of composition where Nature is concerned on the canvas. As he himself says: "The artist reveals his intention in every form and stroke of the brush. Picture composition is like a nature symphony with clashing chords and deep undertones of music—orchestration with many instruments striving to achieve a powerful expression. The painter uses his lines, tones and colours to express the same idea, not in sound nor time, but in form and space." We see Mr. Lismer has attained his goal.

We have a decided contrast in our second picture. Again the north land, but how different! Yvonne McKague is a young Toronto artist, a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and an instructress of the Ontario College of Art. She has made many trips to the north land and in recent years her interest in the forceful compositions and arrangements of houses against the sky—of startling industrial things, mines and mine slag heaps, etc., she is able to sense the crude character of the inevitable upheaval occasioned by the occupation of

otherwise pleasant and typical north country by the development of mining and related industries. In such communities where every nationality congregates for employment and living the multiform shapes of the dwellings of the people present a strange and motley collection of shacks, telegraph poles and disorderly forms.

Contrasted with the mine shafts and dumps these apparent-



SILVER MINES, COBALT.

Y. MCKAGUE, O.S.A.

Here we have late evening—the Silver Mines—sky in the original is very beautiful and the artist has made a poem out of a very commonplace subject.

ly scattered units of her composition give the feeling that man makes the cities and God makes the country. Yet the painting itself is an orderly thing; that is the artist must proceed carefully to convey exactly the feeling of disorderly character by a perfectly co-ordinated process of selections of those forms and colours, that will give exactly the right touch of typical and significant character to her subject. There is a certain romance of industry about it; but whereas in more peaceful and selected

occupations of the farmers or fishermen there is an air of close contact with nature, in this picture of Miss McKague's there is more evidence of modern restlessness by means of which man wrests from nature hidden resources and in the doing of it is less mindful of what happens to the countryside. There is a decided feeling of impermanence in this picture, the transient feeling that when all the metals have been mined, the buildings will drift into ruin and the people depart.

Landscape is the most living branch of painting. The rendering of light and air and of the manifold variety of nature's colouring demands great study and practice. On this firm foundation is placed the spiritualized fabrics of poetic fancies, and thus our painters reach us first through our experience, and then later delight our imagination when we see

Trees of crimson green and brown
And trees that seem all richly tinted
With the sun's bright colour.

"The Midnight Mass here (San Silvestro, Rome) was beautiful last night. Behind the high altar there is a door about four feet high, opening into a tiny room, where nuns once used to hear Mass. This room was turned into a stable with a scene of clear sky and clouds and trees behind, and wooden roof overhead, with creepers, and a little pillar of wall supporting it, and in front a great bundle of straw with the Holy Child lying on it with outstretched arms, and all in a brilliant, suffused light. It was quite beautiful, and we had an orchestra and harp in the west gallery. This morning after High Mass the sun suddenly blazed out on the gold of the altar and the Child lying in the doorway, and all the candles turned suddenly to a smoky yellow."

R.H.B.

BLESSED CATHERINE LABOURE

By JOSEPH A. SKELLY, C.M.

SINCE early morning the vast nave of St. Peter's has been thronged. Thousands more mill about in the courtyard. They gaze upwards at a mighty canvas, representing a blue-habited, white-coifed figure distributing the first Miraculous Medals. The picture is hung so high above the entrance that in spite of its great size one can barely read the legend under it: "Adeamus cum fiducia ad thronum gratiae." "Let us draw near with confidence to the throne of grace!" How adequately that sentence portrays the story of this peasant girl, daughter of France and Daughter of Charity, whom these thousands have come from all over the world to honor.

Within the great Basilica, over the high altar, framed in an oval fashioned of cherubs, is another immense canvas—veiled. In a little while that veil will be let fall, and that oval will blaze with lights. But for the present it is as secret and hidden as the life of Sister Catherine Labouré, soon to be declared Blessed.

Lights flash along the lofty cornices of St. Peter's, and run like liquid fire down the marble columns. They spring in festoons across wide-flung arches, and suddenly frame pictures and statutes, and blaze like a whole firmament of stars around the altar. The vast, dim Basilica is bathed in the mid-day splendor of that great sanctuary.

Canons, Bishops, Cardinals, move in long, slow, gorgeous ranks to their appointed places. There are distant voices singing, and then a strong, sonorous voice nearby, reading in Latin the Papal Bull of Beatification. This is followed by a moment of almost awful silence, while all eyes are turned upon the veiled picture high above the altar. That veil falls suddenly, and that picture in its sun-burst of lights is revealed. Sister Catherine—Blessed Catherine now—gazes with

love and rapture at Mary Immaculate. All the thousands in St. Peter's, Cardinals and Prelates, priests and Sisters, eight thousand blue and white clad Children of Mary from all the world, pilgrims of every nation, citizens of Rome of every degree, are on their feet, singing alternately with the Sistine Choir a thunderous *Te Deum*.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten day, that Sunday, the 28th day of May just past, when the Sister to whom Our Lady revealed the Miraculous Medal was raised with all solemnity to the ranks of the Blessed. The story was told in great detail at the time in Catholic newspapers and magazines, and I shall not repeat it here.

But—by contrast—it is a fitting epilogue in its glory to a life that was all humility and forgetfulness of self. For Blessed Catherine Labouré so shunned public notice that during her lifetime not even the Sisters in her own community, not even her own Superior, not even the Archbishop of Paris, were aware of the identity of the Seer of the Miraculous Medal.

“Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid,” sang Our Lady in the Magnificat, “for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.”

Mary, the humble little Handmaid of the Lord, turned to the humblest of her little servants to give the Miraculous Medal to a world that needed it sorely. Humility and love were the outstanding characteristics of Blessed Catherine's life, whether as the tender, filial daughter busy with her farm tasks at Fainles-Moutiers, where she was born May 2, 1806; or as the devout and exact postulant at Chatillon, in the beginning of the year 1830; or as the young Seminary Sister in the Mother House of the Daughters of Chirity a few months later in the Rue du Bac, in Paris. It was here that Our Lady appeared to her, the first time on July 18, 1830, the eve of the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, and again on the afternoon of November 27 of the same year. It was during the second apparition that Our Lady commissioned the young Sister to have a medal struck in her honor, the medal which the Catholic world spontaneously called “Miraculous.” A third vision confirmed the

second, and again and again, interiorly, Mary spoke to her servant.

The story of Blessed Catherine's mission is related by her only confidant, Father Aladel, a priest of the Congregation of the Mission, who was her confessor. It is taken from a letter which Father Aladel wrote a few years later, when the fame of the Medal was ringing through the world:

"Toward the latter part of 1830 Sister N, a novice of one of the Communities of Paris, devoted to the service of the poor, believed she had seen during prayer as in a tableau the Blessed Virgin, her attitude that of Mary under the title of the Immaculate Conception. She appeared standing, her arms extended, and her hands emitting rays of light. Then the Sister distinguished the words: 'These rays are symbols of the graces Mary obtains for men.' Around the image in golden letters was traced the invocation, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.'

"When the Sister had gazed on this picture for some time, it appeared to turn, and on the reverse she beheld the letter 'M' surmounted by a cross and below, the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Again the voice was heard: 'A medal must be struck after this model. Such as wear it indulgenced and recite devoutly the little prayer shall enjoy the special protection of the Mother of God.'

"This Sister immediately communicated this fact to me, but I candidly admit that I considered it the pure illusion of a pious imagination. In reply I limited myself to a few words of advice on true devotion to Mary and observed that imitation of her virtues was the surest method of honoring her and meriting her protection. Apparently there was no further question of what this person had seen. After an interval of six months, however, the same vision was repeated. When informed thereof I still adhered to first impressions and treated the Sister accordingly. Finally after the lapse of another six months she saw and heard for the third time the same things, but the voice now added that the Blessed Virgin was not pleased owing to negligence in having the medal struck.

I now viewed the matter as of importance, still I gave no outward expression to my thoughts. Indeed I experienced a certain fear of displeasing her whom the Church so justly styles the 'refuge of sinners.'"

The medal was struck. The Archbishop of Paris, the Most Reverend Hyacinthe de Quélen, became its most enthusiastic advocate. Though it was an irreligious age, very like our own in many respects, medals could not be made fast enough to supply the demand. So tremendous was the popular devotion to the "Miraculous Medal" that the Archbishop commissioned



MIRACULOUS MEDAL (FRONT AND REVERSE) REVEALED TO SISTER CATHERINE LABOURE.

a young priest and scholar, the Abbé le Guillou, to assemble the facts concerning it.

"There is much comment at the present time, especially in Paris," wrote the Abbé, "regarding a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin. Very many prodigies are recited as having been effected by its means, in the provinces as well as in the capital, where it is worn with faith and confidence in the power of the Virgin Mary."

A medallist, Vachette of Paris, to whom the manufacture of the medal was entrusted, subsequently opened his books for a canonical commission appointed by the Archbishop to study the medal and its extraordinary spread. Vachette showed that in four years he had sold 2,000,000 medals in silver and gold and 18,000,000 in baser metals. He declared that eleven other

medallists in Paris had made and sold the same number; that four others in Lyons had sold twice as many, and that other sales, throughout the world, had been "incalculable." And all this, be it remembered, during a markedly irreligious period. This almost unbelievable dissemination of the Miraculous Medal, moreover, took place within four years of the date when the first medals were struck.

And meanwhile what of Sister Catherine? Not even the reigning Pope (Gregory XVI, who betowed the medals on many whom he wished to favor, and had attached one to the foot of his own crucifix, knew her name. She had finished her novitiate, and was working as a hidden, laborious Daughter of Charity, in the Hospital d'Enghien, scouring the pots and pans in the kitchen, answering the portress' bell, mending worn garments in the clothes room. Afterwards, while these little silvery messengers were carrying love for Mary throughout the world, she labored for forty years in the old man's ward in the hospital, spending herself on her feeble charges, and for recreation gathering the eggs and feeding the chickens in the poultry yard.

During all these long years life went on very quietly for her; she had accomplished her mission, herself unknown, and she was happy in the obscurity she had chosen. Her work was echoing around the world, but to those who lived with her day by day she gave no sign that she even heard.

Unquestionably the mighty influence of the medal helped set in motion that tide of love for Mary Immaculate which led to the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1854. Sister Catherine lived to rejoice in this public triumph of Mary's unique prerogative. She lived to hear of Mary's own confirmation of the Dogma, the words spoken to little Bernadette—"I am the Immaculate Conception,"—at Lourdes in 1858. And when at length Sister Catherine died, on the last day of December, 1876, with almost her last words she pleaded for greater devotion to the Immaculate Conception. Her last memory was of the chapel in the Rue du Bac, where Mary had appeared to her. "The Blessed

Virgin," she said to those around her, "has promised to grant special graces to those who pray in this Chapel, above all an increase in purity, that purity of heart, body and mind which is pure love."

She was buried in a vault under the Chapel at Reully. Just a few months ago that vault was opened, and after nearly 57 years her body was found intact and incorrupt. Even her garments, her white linen cornette and her coarse blue habit, scarcely showed the effect of time.

Blessed Catherine, hidden and obscure in her long life, lies now beneath the Virgo Potens Altar in the Chapel of the Rue duBac. It was my happiness to say Mass there the day after her body was placed in its niche, behind a screen of glass. And there we leave her, close to the Presence she loved, hidden as in life, near His Heart.

THE NATIVITY

GLOOMY night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay,
 The Babe looked up and showed His face—
 In spite of darkness, it was day!
 It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise
 Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

Welcome to our wondering sight,
 Eternity shut in a span!
 Summer in winter! Day in night!
 Heaven in earth! and God in man!
 Great Little One, Whose glorious birth
 Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

R.C.

THE FEAST AT LISIEUX

By REVEREND GERALD DOYLE.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 30th of September, 1933, the bells of the Carmel of Lisieux ring out, announcing the great feast of St. Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face which is celebrated each year in Lisieux on the anniversary of her death, of her entry into Heaven.

Even at this early hour the chapel is well filled and Masses are being celebrated at several altars, priests are hearing confessions, and a number are kneeling before the tomb of the Saint.

The Masses continue, people come and go in ever increasing numbers, at seven o'clock the voices of the Nuns (including the sisters of the Little Flower) may be heard chanting the Divine Office. The Conventual Mass is celebrated at 8 o'clock by the Bishop of the diocese and he gives Holy Communion to the Nuns and to the faithful in the chapel.

Towards nine-thirty o'clock a procession leaves the sacristy of the chapel and makes its way to the Chaplain's House across the street, and returns with three bishops and a mitred abbot. The Pontifical Mass commences, celebrated by a missionary bishop from India. The vestments are of cloth of gold inset with white velvet taken from the dress worn by the Little Flower on the day of her clothing. The beautiful Mass of the Feast is sung by the "Schola Theresia." The Mass over, the procession wends its way to the Chaplain's House and thence to the sacristy. An endless stream of pilgrims visit the tomb of the Saint and pray to God hidden in the tabernacle.

Three o'clock in the afternoon finds the chapel crowded with pilgrims who are present for the Pontifical Vespers, special sermon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the blessing of the roses of the pilgrims.

In the evening at eight, near the exact moment of the death

of the Little Flower, the procession moves slowly from the sacristy through the crowded chapel, pauses and bows before the tomb of the Saint, and makes its way to the Sanctuary. Once more the preacher speaks about the Love of God and the "Little Way," and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given by a mitred abbot whose Order has long been grateful to the Little Flower. The pilgrims throng to the railing to venerate the relic, souvenir pictures and leaflets are distributed, the nuns in their darkened and veiled choir quietly listen to the beautiful rendition of the "Schola Theresia," while outside the façade of the Chapel is outlined with lights and the cross surmounted by the golden star gleams in the heavens.

The Little Flower, one of the greatest saints God has given to this weary world, is dead thirty-six years.

FRIENDSHIP

Sincerity and Tenderness
 Untouched by tinge of Wordliness
 Will form a Friendship true,
 Together they bring happiness,
 I give them both to you.
 Return them and we both will find
 Our lives together, they will blend
 In loving sympathy,
 For friends are made, and fonder grow
 When hearts with trust and love o'erflow
 And thus, 'twill ever be—
 Yet—sometimes we will strangely meet
 In passing strangers, whom we greet
 A something yet unknown
 Eyes meet, hands clasp, and instantly
 We recognize "Affinity"
 And know them for our own.

J.E.F.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

I HAVE been to Lourdes! All my life I have known vaguely of that holy shrine, but with no real understanding, much less love of the place. Of the little Bernadette, most humble servant of our Lady, I knew nothing. *Our Lady of Lourdes* was just another name for the Mother of God, without any special meaning. But now I have been to Lourdes, and everything is different. A part of myself I have left there, and something will always be calling me back.

I went to Lourdes for the Diamond Jubilee of the last appearance of the Blessed Mother to little Bernadette Soubirous, a poor, ignorant, and sickly peasant child who saw her beautiful Lady in a grotto near the river Gave not once, but many times, and who was the instrument of God in building up the mighty devotion to the Queen of Heaven which is now the glory and the wonder of that little town in the High Pyrenees.

The journey from Paris to Lourdes is long and tiresome. It was black mountain night as we neared the place, and a kind of restless excitement possessed the crowded pilgrim train. We peered into the darkness waiting to see the line of brightness which would mean the torchlight procession. Once we had caught sight of that there came upon us a mood of spiritual exaltation which seems the peculiar gift of Lourdes and which, transcending merely physical weakness, enables frail flesh to meet the demands of importunate spirit.

Scarcely had we reached our hotel and found our rooms, than with a good companion, I hurried up the well-worn path, thick with the dust of the many pilgrim feet that tramp it daily. We passed the last of the torchlight procession coming back, still singing softly the lovely *Ave*, exaltation mantling every pilgrim like a cloak of glory. The grotto was nearly deserted now, for it was very late, and as we knelt to kiss the

pavement before the blessed shrine, we felt as if Our Lady smiled on us especially and blessed our pilgrimage.

The next morning was Sunday, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the long awaited Diamond Jubilee. At dawn began the steady tramp of feet up to the Grotto. Two



STATUE OF THE GROTTTO

hundred thousand pilgrims thronged that little place. They came from near and far and from many tribes and nations. There were Czech peasants in native costume; Scotch pilgrims with pipers to skirl a salute to their Queen; Spaniards wearing the Crusader's cross, Russians, Germans, English, Poles, and people from every province of France. There were reli-

gious of every known order—bearded monks with cowls, brown Franciscans, black and white Dominicans, the blue, black and white of the Sisters of Cluny, and the white cornets of the Sisters of Charity. In the crowd were thousands of children, many of them beautifully dressed as only French children can be, and orderly and reverent in their manner. There were Boy Scouts everywhere performing most efficiently a number of important tasks—holding cordons, moving benches and helping with the stretchers.

At ten o'clock the Cardinal of Paris pontificated at High Mass, celebrated outside the Rosary church by a Russian Bishop, worn and haggard in appearance, who had just been released from a Siberian prison after five years at hard labor. The gorgeous pageantry of the Catholic Church was never more strikingly exemplified. The rich vestments of the hundreds of visiting dignitaries, the heavenly music of the Mass of Our Lady of Lourdes carried by amplifiers concealed in the trees, to the throngs stretching interminably back almost to the village—flowers everywhere—banners and pennants in Our Lady's colors—all contributed to an unforgettable spectacle. No one even thought of the long hours standing in the broiling sun. At Lourdes, the body is forgotten.

At four in the afternoon comes the great event of the day—the blessing of the sick. Every pilgrim train has brought its load of miserable, deformed humanity. Seeing their condition, the wonder is that they ever lived to get there at all. They came on crutches, in steel jackets and iron braces, on cots and stretchers and in wheel chairs, or they wear on their sleeves the distinguishing arm-band of the blind. They are accompanied by volunteer nurses in uniforms and veils, by their friends, and their parish priests. The terrible quiet and patience of them tears at one's heartstrings. Not the least of the miracles at Lourdes is the way that the pilgrims who have come to ask favor for themselves, looking upon these holy sick say, "Not on me, Lord, but on them have mercy!"

Somewhere out near the Grotto the procession begins—hundreds and hundreds of little girls in the blue and white of

their sodalities wend their way through the grounds, their white veils fluttering like the pigeons of St. Mark's as they ascend the ramps and steps outside the Rosaire; behind them comes an endless throng of men and boys carrying lighted candles; then priests and bishops in colorful robes, small choir boys in Dominican cowls with their hands thrust monk-wise into their sleeves; then religious of various orders; and last of all, the Blessed Sacrament, borne under a canopy of gold



BASILICA AT LOURDES.

by the priest of God whose privilege it is on this occasion to bless the poor *Malades* who have been waiting long, patient minutes in the broiling sun on their stretchers or chairs or supported by their friends who kneel behind them. Among them go those noble women servants of Our Lady—many of them of title and position, serving anonymously in their undistinguishing veils, carrying the clear water from the never-failing spring to refresh the parched lips and throats of the sick ones. Back and forth go the *brancardiers* or stretcher-bearers, many of whom have given their whole holiday year after year to the service of the Grotto. They bear their fragile burdens to

positions in the long and tragic line that extends around the whole enormous oblong of the *Place*, and when the Blessing is over they will take them back again to the *Asile* or hospital, where the sick are cared for tenderly by volunteer workers who never fail nor have failed since the first sick began to come.

Slowly the priest moves down the line, raising the Host before the steady, wistful gaze of each patient sufferer whose lips move beseechingly asking for help. In the center of the *Place* there stands a priest who calls out in fervent tones the Invocations which the crowd repeats as earnestly. Once heard, the words ring in one's ears forever:

Jesus, Fils de David, ayez pitié de nous!
Notre Dame de Lourdes, priez pour nous!
 Make us to see!
 Make us to hear!
 Make us to walk!

A lump comes in the throat and tears sting the eyes as those urgent voices besiege heaven in behalf of the suffering sick. At intervals a mighty anthem rises to the skies:

Lauda Jesusalem Sion,
Lauda Dominum tuum;
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna Filio David.

(One of the surprising things that one notices abroad is the way every European Catholic from humblest peasant to titled aristocrat knows the liturgy of the Church and makes the responses or sings the ancient Latin hymns whole-heartedly and well. It puts American Catholics to shame!)

At last, the Host once more reaches the steps of the Rosaire and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament takes place before the kneeling crowds. When the bell is rung as the monstrance is lifted high, all the banners are dipped in salute to the Lord of all. It is a thrilling moment—and the wonder of it strikes one that this sort of thing happens, not just now on this one great day of the Jubilee when indeed the crowds are greater

than usual, but every day during the season, which extends from May to October—that these priests who pray at the Grotto and in the *Place* and outside the baths where the sick are lowered into the healing waters—these priests who pray as if they had never said those prayers before, are actually doing it every day. How do they maintain this fervor, this holy zeal? Only God knows how hard is their labor in their heavy robes, in the broiling sun of the summer day, but their ardour seems



PRAYING BEFORE THE GROTTTO.

supernatural, as indeed it may well be, for everything at Lourdes does seem supernatural.

At night comes the crowning glory, the *Procession aux Flambeaux*. The people begin to assemble at dusk, each carrying a taper with a paper shield on which are printed the words of the Lourdes *Ave* and the *Credo*. Each lights his taper from that of some other pilgrim, probably a total stranger, and soon the dark paths are ablaze with singing flame, winding in and out in never-ending line and raising aloft to Mary an ecstasy of praise. "*Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.*" The glorious chorus rises to the skies.

From the hidden amplifiers come golden voices chanting the many stanzas that tell the story of little Bernadette and her Lady:

*L'heure était venue
Ou l'airain sacré
De sa voix connue
Annonçait l'Ave.*

The vast chorus answers with joyous fervor:

*Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!
Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!*

No one seems even conscious of the presence of others. All sing to Mary only and lift their hearts to God. It is an indescribable sight. On the Jubilee evening, the whole basilica was brilliantly illuminated, and when the stream of living gold had turned into one molten mass in front of the Rosaire, at every *Ave* each torch was lifted high as if the hearts of all must rise in homage. The beauty of it seemed almost too much to be borne. Two hundred thousand torches raised aloft, two hundred thousand intoning the *Credo* with believing hearts—two hundred thousand pilgrims kneeling there in the glowing darkness to receive the benediction. No one who has been there can ever forget!

On this Jubilee day there was a ceremony of unusual significance—Pontifical High Mass at the Grotto at six o'clock in the evening, the approximate hour of the last apparition. The crowds were so great that more than half of the people heard Mass kneeling on the grass on the other side of the little river Gave which Bernadette was crossing when first Our Lady appeared to her. Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Soissons, and the dramatic and moving discourse by the Cardinal of Paris was carried far and wide to the orderly and reverent listeners by the amplifiers which make possible the fullest participation in all the ceremonies.

Since we were making a Triduum, we had time to receive the Most Holy Sacrament at Crypt, and Grotto, and Bernadette

Altar, to watch the communion of the sick before the Grotto with the priests passing from stretcher to stretcher; to drink of the miraculous water at the *robinets* where it has been piped for the convenience of pilgrims; to leave our intentions and votive candles at the Grotto and pray there before the famous statue which we all know as the Immaculate Conception; and most beautiful of all, to ascend the *Calvaire*.

In utter silence except for the responses, we followed the priest up the steep, stony mountain side to make the stations of the Cross. The path was narrow and difficult, the heat of the sun intense, and for once we realized even though only "as in a glass darkly," what Calvary must really have been. The Stations at Lourdes are of bronze, life size, and so realistic that one has a sense of actual participation in the terrible drama. Up, up, in the burning sun to the twelfth station, where three great crosses stand stark against the sky—then sadly down the treacherous path to the dark cleft in the rocks where the Entombment seems to be taking place before one's very eyes. In silence down to pray at the Grotto with the feeling that one has really followed Mary on the dolorous Way of the Cross.

Although the strongest emotion at Lourdes is love for the Mother of God, always there must be in the back of one's mind an accompanying feeling of love and admiration for the poor little shepherdess, Bernadette. In the museum one may see the pathetic little relics of this most humble saint—her little postulant's shoes, the snuff-box which she used for the asthma that made her life miserable, a tiny cross made of eglantine from the Grotto, a bit of wood she had cherished from a tree near the place where the lovely Lady appeared, the rosary she was carrying when she saw the visions, a grammar lesson copied with infinite trouble (for she was a slow-witted child and the good Sœurs de Nevers could with difficulty teach her anything), a moth-eaten capulet worn when she had been received into the order, and the veil removed when her body was exhumed for the third time.

Standing in the dark old hovel beside the mill where Bernadette's family lived for so long a time, one is struck with won-

der at the poor and humble instruments God uses to further His holy plans. In these dismal, ill-lighted rooms with a foul-smelling sewer outside, lived the family after the girl had been taken into the convent of *The Soeurs de Nevers*, there to finish her short life of suffering, only slightly less meserable than the family she had left—the family that would never accept a *sou* in charity even after Bernadette had become famous and Lourdes a place of pilgrimage.

When the time came to go, I did not want to leave at all. Lourdes seems like home to one who loves Mary. The pilgrims from Marseilles sing a touching song, "*Chez nous.*" It says in effect, "We have come, dear Mother, to honor you in your house—come with us to our house, and take us, we pray you, to your house in heaven when we die."

So it is in Lourdes! Mary's house is our home—home to the pilgrim's heart, and we pray the prayer that I heard for the first time there:

*Holy, lovely Mary,
We give our all to Thee—
What is past and present,
What is yet to be.*

THE CHILD JESUS

THAT on her lap she cast her humble eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
 The fair star is well fixt, for where, O where
 Could she have fixt it on a fairer sphere?
 'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven she sees, Heaven's God there lies;
 She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
 This new Guest to her eyes new laws hath given,
 'Twas once, Look up, 'tis now, Look down, to Heaven.

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By REVEREND L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

(Continued)

The Effects of the Sacraments.—Every Sacrament confers two kinds of grace, that is, sanctifying grace and sacramental grace. Sanctifying grace is a divine quality adhering to the essence of the soul by which the soul is made a partaker of God's divine nature and perfections; it is the supernatural life of man. Every Sacrament confers sanctifying grace, yet not in the same way. The Sacraments of Baptism and Penance give us supernatural life primarily, or as the theologians express it, they give us the first sanctifying grace. This means that our soul which is dead supernaturally either by original or mortal sin receives an infusion of sanctifying grace. Baptism removes original sin and mortal sins if they are found in the soul; it regenerates us supernaturally; it makes us holy, pure and innocent; it makes us children of God; it gives the supernatural life with its whole organism; and it gives us the right to God's eternal heritage which Christ merited for us. Penance revives us supernaturally when we have killed the supernatural life in us after we have been baptized; it removes mortal and venial sins; restores us to everything that we received in Baptism, and again vivifies that supernatural organism which we received; it renews the merits which we have gained by our good deeds and enables us to perform all the supernatural acts. These two Sacraments are called the Sacraments of the dead, for they are conferred on those who are dead in the supernatural order so that they may live supernaturally. The Sacrament of Penance can also be received by those who are in the state of grace. In such cases this Sacrament increases the supernatural life; it perfects it; and it gives greater strength to overcome temptations. The other five

Sacraments are principally ordained to give second sanctifying grace, that is, they confer an increase of the supernatural life; they expand, so to speak, the supernatural organism; they strengthen it; they remove the weaknesses of our soul and its powers; and they perfect it supernaturally, enabling us to grow more and more supernaturally and to live a pure and holy life, a life pleasing to God. These sacraments are called the Sacraments of the living, because they can be received only by those who are supernaturally alive, and because they increase the supernatural life in them. In certain extraordinary cases, that is if they are received by those who are unknowingly in a state of sin, the Sacraments of the living can and do give the first grace.

Every Sacrament produces in the recipient special grace, distinct from sanctifying grace; this grace is called sacramental grace. The reason for this is that each Sacrament was instituted for a peculiar and distinct end. Now a Sacrament cannot conduct us to a peculiar and distinct end, unless that Sacrament bestows some special gift, peculiar and distinct from the gifts which are given by the other Sacraments. Unless this is true there would be no need of seven different Sacraments. This Sacrament of grace is nothing else than a right or claim to those special divine aids that are necessary for the fulfilment of the duties and obligations imposed by each particular Sacrament. Thus, the Sacramental grace of Baptism gives the recipient a right to obtain in time of need the helps from God to enable him to fulfil the obligations placed upon him in Baptism of living a truly Christian life, a life in conformity to God's Will. The sacramental grace of Confirmation gives the confirmed a right to obtain the necessary aids from God to perform the obligations imposed by this sacrament, namely, of professing our faith even with detriment to our natural life. The sacramental grace of Holy Orders is a right to the graces required for the performance of the duties attached to the priesthood. The sacramental grace of Matrimony also is a right to the graces necessary for the fulfilment of the duties of the married state.

From this doctrine, some very important corrolaries can be drawn. The first is that there is no supernatural life given to man without the agency of the sacraments. This does not mean that God cannot give sanctifying grace without the sacraments; God is not bound strictly to any set rules; in fact, God gives sanctifying grace to souls who cannot receive the sacraments due to some physical or moral impediment. Yet these are extraordinary cases and so God acts in an extraordinary way. Ordinarily He does not give sanctifying grace without the natural reception of the Sacraments. Even in the extraordinary cases, a desire to receive the sacraments is a necessary condition for the reception of sanctifying grace and its effects. Consequently the meaning of the corrolary is this: there is no conferring of sanctifying grace, unless he receive the sacraments actually when he knows that they exist and that they are the means by which God confers sanctifying grace; he receives them "in voto" when he is invincibly ignorant of their existence or of the necessity of receiving them. This is so true that, if one, who knows of the existence of the sacraments and of the necessity of receiving them, were to neglect to receive them, he cannot be saved. Those who know nothing about the sacraments, but who wish to be saved and do all they can to save themselves can be saved without the actual reception of the sacraments; they have the desire of receiving the sacraments, for if they knew about them, they would receive them.

The second corrolary is in regard to actual graces. God gives actual graces not only through the sacraments, but in many other ways. Yet the right which the sacraments give us to help from God in order to fulfil our duties, assures us of a greater abundance of actual graces than we would receive without the sacraments. We have no right to any help of God. The only time we have a right to God's help is when He gives us the right or claim. In giving us the sacraments God has bound Himself, so to speak, to give us the helps we need; in that consists the sacramental grace. It is due to this that they who receive the sacraments lead a holier and a better life

than they who do not; they receive actual graces at all times, as if by rightful claim to them, to perform the duties and obligations of their state, whereas they who do not receive the sacraments are deprived of these graces. It is also due to this that they who receive the sacraments frequently, grow more and more in Christian perfection; they have the strength to augment their supernatural life by the performance of virtuous deeds; they have the strength to fulfil their obligations; they do not fall into sin so frequently; they overcome temptations more readily; the world does not effect them so forcibly; the flesh with its concupiscences and evil inclinations does not rebel in them so frequently; and if they have the misfortune of falling into mortal sin, they rise quickly and do not suffer much from the evil effects of mortal sin. God gives them the helps which He intended to confer on them through the sacraments, sacraments that contain every aid to succour them in their spiritual wants, all riches to enrich them, every beauty to adorn their soul, every virtue to strengthen them, every power to enable them to be faithful to God in all the vicissitudes of life here on earth. Whereas they who neglect to receive the sacraments frequently are deprived of all these helps. They are weak and fall into sin easily; they find the commandments of God and the Church a veritable burden; they have to oppose themselves effectually to the temptations of the devil, the world and the flesh; they find the practice of virtue tedious and difficult; the supernatural life is weakly set in the essence of their soul; their supernatural powers are languid; and the evil propensities cause them to tend more to the things of this world than to God, and so they do not grow in the supernatural life, and they easily lose it.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By NINA HALVEY.

JACKSON CROY TODD, 3rd, was often referred to in the daily papers as one of the richest children of America. Jackson Croy Todd, Jr., was referred to repeatedly as Father of the rich baby, and Jackson Croy Todd, Sr., who had amassed most of the money, was often merely the Grandfather of little "Sonnie" Todd.

So through the press at least a whole world was built around a little six-year-old who would some day rule the world of finance as did his father and grandfather before him. But all this seemed very unimportant to the "3rd of the name," on this December morning when he came down the stairs, cautiously looking back so as to be certain his nurse was not in sight; then smiling up at William the butler at the foot of the stairway with a characteristic man-to-man expression: "Have you anything to say to me this morning, William?"

"I have, Master Jack. The Commander-in-Chief's compliments to you—and can you meet him at the foot of the garden by nine, and could you bring a little meat for—er—Fiddlestick dog—but—I'll see to that as you pass out."

Jackson Croy Todd, the 3rd, favored the austere man in livery with a most demoralizing wink, which was given with much labour of muscles about his eyes—then he looked straight ahead and entered the dining room with the dignity and poise of the little well-trained gentleman he was.

This was distinctly a man's meal—Mother never was down to breakfast, and it was the loneliest meal of the day—for Daddy sat at the end of the table hidden entirely behind a morning paper, and grandfather studiously studied another page from a morning issue. The conversation from orange juice to jam ran something like this: "Oh, zinc's down"—"Father, take a look at General Motors this morning"—or,

"Son, have you noticed on the first page reference to that meeting last night—Labour leaders in heated argument——"

Occasionally Daddy seemed to have a different thought from Grandfather, and Grandad would fairly shout: "You young fellows are quite mad — why don't you see things from our angle?"

And so the breakfast this morning did not differ much from all the others except that Daddy had looked up from his paper long enough to say: "Santa Claus comes to-night, you know, young fellow; be sure you are in bed at eight or so—I hear he's coming early."

Jackson Croy Todd was always in bed by eight, and it seemed rather uncalled for to be reminded of that so early in the morning, but he politely said: "Yes, Daddy, I'll be in bed, and I hope he doesn't forget my Airedale."

"Oh, your Airedale—say, listen, Sonnie, this may be a man-made world, but you'll find the ladies run the houses, and Mother won't have an Airedale around while her little Wu-fu wears such entrancing blue ribbons and looks so well in her motor."

"Well, I thought Santa wouldn't know Mother's ideas about it, and we could sort of hide the Airedale, and William says Wu-fu is going to Florida with Mother—and, well, Daddy, you can't give back what Santa Claus brings you: 'twouldn't be a bit polite!"

By the time that lengthy conversation was finished, William was pulling out the small boy's chair and he was free to scamper off to his important engagement at the foot of the garden. In his overcoat pocket, carefully concealed, William had hidden the paper of meat for Fiddlestick-dog. William hated muddy shoes and sticky hands and a hundred such things—but he was a regular guy: somehow a fellow got to know that!

As the little lad was turning down the by-road which led to the garden, he waited, as was his morning custom, to wave good-bye to Daddy and Grandad driving past in their motor. Both men waved their good-bye, and the younger man turned

to the older one with a quizzical look: "Where on earth does he go to so early each day — he looks like a young man of affairs rushing off as he does at the minute of nine fifteen."

"Do you know where he goes, Duncan?" asked the grandfather of the well-trained chauffeur, who had "apparently" not heard the conversation which was not supposedly meant for his ears.

"Yes, sir—I know where he goes; there's an old Irishman who used to do odd jobs for us around the place—the little master's took a great fancy to him, and Mike brings his dog over every morning, and they sit down there by the garden wall—the old fellow is a little queer, but he's alright, sir; he tells Master Jack about flowers, and they have some sort of a thing they say each morning together—take it from me—that old man is as funny as they make them—thinks that fairies race around your gardens and tells the youngster tale after tale, but he's a nice old fellow, and I'm sure, sir, you wouldn't mind: you'd be glad to see them together so happy, like two children, but I don't think much of the dog—that's another weakness of the old man——"

The two Todds looked at each other and smiled. "So that's what the little rascal is up to! Well, it will do him good to learn about flowers. I'm afraid, son, his modern mother won't like the fairy ideas much, but we'll let him have them for awhile."

* * * * *

By this time Jackson Croy the 3rd stood before an old man known in the neighbourhood as Mike O'Donovan, but to the little boy in the brown leather coat he was "commander-in-chief," and was beloved and honoured for the goodness of his gentle old heart.

"Good morning, Private Jack," said the Commander. "Our 'allegiance' first and then to the business of the day." The little hand went up in salute, and together the voices of "eighty odd" and "nearly seven" repeated their morning "allegiance"—it was part—the one serious part of their happy games, and ran thus:

"I will look for the nice things about me — I will be kind, and will make dogs, cats, birds and rabbits and horses my very special care because I can understand they need to be taken care of—I will try to be worth my salt every step of my way."

Perhaps it was a homely "allegiance" not voiced in rhetorical terms, but had in it the essence of the most beautiful things of life. The ceremony being over, a paper of meat was taken from the pocket, where William had carefully placed it, and soon "Fiddlestick" was lost in the munching of his breakfast.

"Well, Private, I feel you are dependable; you're a little fellow, but you've got the makings of a big fellow in you, and I've known you for two years. You're my friend — the only friend I have except Fiddlestick there — naturally when I've made an important decision I have to talk it over with you."

"Is a decision a very bad thing, Mister Mike, that you look so sad?"

"Yes, some decisions are sad — but I've made happy ones in my life, too, and now's the time I need the memory of them to carry me through with this one. Sonnie, I'm going away — there's a thing around me called Depression — it's hit the world right between the two eyes, and me and Fiddlesticks have been hit pretty hard, too. It hit us so hard, little Jack, that I'm going away — sure it's a sad decision, but there's a big house where I'm going to, and it's warm, and the people let you have your pipe — but they won't let me have my dog—the pipe won't be much comfort to me without him, but still decisions must be made—and I'm going to leave Fiddlesticks with you."

Jackson Croy Todd the 3rd used the back of his very best sports glove to wipe away a tear, and after he had swallowed hard he found his voice saying: "Mister Mike, please don't go away — I'm sure Depression didn't mean to hit you — why don't you hit it right back, especially if it hurt you first——?"

"I can't hit him back, little friend, 'cause he knocked me

out completely." All of which was puzzling to the little Private who stood so valiantly by, ready to fight to the finish for his friends.

"Now I must be off — hold on to Fiddlestick's collar, Sonnie; don't let him follow me—he'd get lost in that big place, and even in the best hotels I've seen such signs as 'Dogs Not Allowed,' and this isn't the best——"

"Couldn't you undecision it, Mister Mike. I'm sure me and Fiddlesticks will miss you terribly, but if you have to go awhile, I'll take care of our dog till you come back. But please tell us where you are going; we'll like to visit you or else write you reports like I did when I had the measles."

Old Mike took out a stub of lead pencil, and on the back of a bit of paper he laboriously wrote a few lines. Handing it to the child, he said: "Don't show this to anyone, Comrade, but if you need me or if you'd like to write when you've learned how to write letters from your copy books, I'll be waiting in the big house for your mail. Goodbye, give me — our hand-clasp now and I must be off — hold on tight to him — poor old fellow — we love each other and he'll be missing the old man a whole lot, but you keep him happy with your games and maybe he'll forget — old folks don't but young ones, thank God, can forget. You're a fine little fellow; now, don't forget — make yourself worth your salt all your life through——"

The old man started down the road. His step was feeble and faltering, but he never looked behind.

Fiddlestick felt the boy's hand tremble on his collar, but he had often been left before with this little friend, and was content to obey orders and stay, beside——

* * * * *

When Mother came downstairs she dispatched William for her son — "Please tell him to hurry in, William — why on earth he trots off alone I don't know — I want to take him with me into town — so hurry him a little, please."

William found the dog and the boy on the bench, a desolate looking pair. "William," said little Jackson Croy Todd, making an effort to master his voice again, "he's gone away — my

Commander-in-Chief has gone to live in a big house — a man named Depression hit him in the eye — I couldn't see it was hurt, but Mister Mike said it was, and he's gone off to nurse it in some big place where they won't have dogs live — I'm not allowed to show you this paper, but when I can read it and can spell it out I am going to write to him, and I'll keep Fiddlesticks — Mother won't like that, but please put him in the garage and I will show him to Mother after he has been washed and ironed to-night. She won't mind him the — it's his fleas she wouldn't like—and his muddy coat."

William was torn between inclination and duty to the well-organized home where muddy feet spelled disaster, but looking down into the earnest little face below him, he couldn't refuse. "I'll hide him, Master Jack — now you run on and we'll talk about it later. Perhaps you had better give me the paper, Master Jack, with the address on," said William, wisely thinking it was well to know where the "old tramp" had gone for future reference.

"No — I've put it in my shoe — that's what soldiers do to protect papers from the enemy. Of course you aren't an enemy man, William, and it's ever so kind of you to hide Fiddlesticks till he's clean for the house, but I promised no one would see the paper — Old Mike said: 'Don't show it to anyone, Master Jack — I'm not so proud of having been licked.' I wouldn't be worth my salt if I didn't keep the papers safe, and that's awfully important, William — be worth your salt — old Mike says it's a homely virtue — he often talks things I don't quite understand — you see, he's Irish — and I don't let on I don't know his language, it would hurt him, and he's my friend."

* * * * *

William went on toward the garage and carefully tied his charge in a warm spot, leaving word with one of the men working on the cars that the dog was not to be annoyed in any way and under no condition was he to be untied till William returned.

On their return, Father and Grandfather, who always drove

into the garage at night, saw Fiddlesticks in a temporary shelter up against the wall.

“What have we here—and, Son, what on earth are you doing here?”

“Daddy, you see, I came to tell Fiddlesticks that he’d have to have a bath before we showed him to Mother—you see, Daddy, he belongs to a gentleman friend of mine—it’s a very long story—and I don’t like to bother you before your dinner—besides he won’t look so dirty when William and I wash him—and would you mind pretending you haven’t seen him till then?”

“Well, Sonnie, I’m sure it’s all very interesting, but we couldn’t have that dog in our house if he was washed for ten hours — he’s just a mongrel dog — let him out, now, and he’ll find his way home, I’m sure, and you come on into the house.”

“But, Daddy, he’s mine now — my Commander-in-Chief, Mister Mike, — he’s my gentleman friend — he said ‘Keep him safe’ — so, of course, he will have to live with all of us till I build a house when I’m big.”

“Now, Jack, don’t be a baby boy — let the dog out and hurry along in——”

Grandfather’s eyes were perhaps keener to the sadness of little boys’ hearts, and it was Grandfather, who saw the two tears roll down Jackson Croy the 3rd’s handsome little face—“Oh, perhaps,” he said, nudging the Junior of the name, “we could leave him here till morning, and then when the sun is up he can more easily find his old master. That’s better, isn’t it—now let’s hurry along to the house.”

Grown-ups had a way of fixing things in a most unsatisfactory manner, but little fellows learn early in the game not to discourage them—the garage was warm and Fiddlesticks had had a good supper, so leaning down, Jackson whispered a promise into the ear cocked to the sound of the loving voice. It was a promise, and it satisfied the child enough to make him follow the men. On the way to the house there was no further discussion, except that Daddy said again the dog could find his way home and little boys were not to worry.

That night at the Todd mansion there was a large party--the usual celebration of Christmas Eve, when friends gathered to help trim the trees and unpack the toys so carefully selected for the son and heir—who had been carefully put to bed. There had been a secret conference with William, of which the family knew nothing, and William had taken his big handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped the boy's face. "Poor little fellow," he said to cook, "money's not everything — he'd rather have that dog than the piles of stuff that he will have to-morrow. Cook, I've done a mean thing, too — I've written a letter for the little fellow and promised to-morrow morning early to take it from his room and put it out on the rain spout. Can you imagine a man of my distinction tying notes to rain spouts? But it satisfied the youngster, and he thinks I will creep in and get the note. I'll try to see if my sister won't take that dog — to-morrow — her kids can have any kind of a dog — it's a mad house down there, but a happy one, cook." "And mind you, he wanted to keep the letter in his little hand for fear Santa Claus would miss it on the spout—if he did, he'd find it in his hand as he passed out from fixing the nursery up. But when I am coming down in the morning I'm to have a peek in — if the note is still there, then I'm to take it out and tie it on the dog before he is turned loose. I'm telling you, cook, it will be a sad Christmas for the little fellow if his father insists on that dog going back."

At two o'clock in the morning the last guest had left the grounds. Father and Mother, a little weary from the party, were going upstairs. Mother suggested she'd peep in to see if Jackie was covered. "He looked a bit feverish when he went up, Jack," she said. "I hope he isn't going to be sick — and Mary tells me she thinks he had been crying——"

"Oh, who ever heard of a boy crying on Christmas Eve, Estelle—Mary is always imagining sad things."

A moment later, Mother's exclamation of surprise brought Daddy back from his door.

"What is it, Estelle?"

“Jackie is not here, nor is he in the nursery nor in his bathroom. Where can he be? Jack, look for him. Maybe he is walking in his sleep. He did once, you remember.”

The house was searched from top to bottom, but no sign of the little son and heir was evident.

By this time, William and cook had been aroused, and the group started out of doors.

William thought of the garage. They went down, but found only Fiddlesticks asleep in a corner. The dogs ears went up at the sound of steps and voices, and Daddy suggested he be let loose. “They say those mongrels are keen; maybe he can find Jack — he’s wandered out in his sleep, perhaps.”

Fiddlesticks raced across the lawn straight toward the house, the others eagerly following. In the light of the moon they saw a small crouching figure — Daddy was first to reach him — Junior was tying a piece of paper to the rain spout.

Lifting the child up, Daddy hurried back to the house—calling: “Come on, everybody, we can’t let him be out another moment. Why, Junior, what is it?”

Jackson Croy Todd the 3rd was holding fast to the bit of paper—as Daddy raced up the stairway with him in his arms. William was dispatched for electric heaters, and Daddy and Mother wrapped blankets around the little shivering form. Daddy said: “Let me have the paper, son,” and holding it under the light, he read in William’s handwriting a strange note indeed. William looked a bit abashed as he stood nearby waiting to explain.

Dear Santa Claus—(Daddy read):

Please take this dog to Mike O’Donovan—don’t let anyone know where the big house is cause Mike don’t want anyone in all the wide world to know except me, but I am sure you won’t tell anyone and someone had to help me out; I am in what William calls a jam. My father won’t let me keep Fiddlesticks, that’s the dog you will find in our garage. I am afraid my father won’t know how important it is to be worth your salt by doing things you promise to do, but may-

be he's a little too busy to learn things now, and he didn't know Mike to tell him when he was little. I am sure the people in the big house where Mike went to live will let him keep Fiddlesticks if you bring him as a present—people never could let on they didn't like presents you left; it would not be polite. Fiddlesticks will follow you if you give one long whistle and two short ones, just open the door a little, he isn't big and can squeeze out of it.

I thank you for my things — I won't enjoy them much this year cause I'd rather have Fiddlesticks than all the toys in the world — I'll never be really happy without Fiddlesticks and Mike O'Donovan, but I will feel better if you will take the dog safe—sending a dog out alone isn't very nice, I don't think; dogs are wise, but not good at dodging traffic I know.

Your little friend.

Jackson Croy Todd the 3rd.

William stepped forward—"I'm sorry, sir—especially about the salt—he dictated it and I promised I wouldn't change a word—he was that sorry about the dog, sir, I had to do it for him and I deceived him a little—I was going to take the dog down to my sister's house: I'll do it yet, sir, if you will let me—he'll be comfortable there."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, William—let's see where this old man is, Mr. Mike O'Donovan—let me have the paper, Son, I want to fix things up a bit." Reluctantly the hold on the treasured paper was released and Daddy read:

Mr. Michael A. O'Donovan,
The Almshouse,
Grey County.

"It's quite all right now, William—you may go to bed—and Son, you close your eyes now or Santa will catch you awake—

"William, there will be a guest for breakfast—if I can get up by seven-thirty and I will—I can have our guest, Mr. Michael O'Donovan, back in time for breakfast at eight-thirty.

You tell the gardener to fix up the lodge a bit with some wood fires to-morrow—and Christmas greens, Mr. O'Donovan will be a guest of long standing and Fiddlesticks can camp with him down there—I'm afraid his fleas would upset Wing-fu a bit—” and he looked at Mother, who smiled her consent for the adoption of the pair, fleas and all.

“So, my son will learn a whole lot about flowers and lovely things that this Mister O'Donovan seems to know, it may be some way, too, Dad can learn from you both how to be worth his salt—eh, son?”



MADONNA AND CHILD.

BOOK REVIEWS

DUCHESS LAURA: FURTHER DAYS OF HER LIFE.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Longmans, Green and Co., Toronto. \$2.25.

DUCHESS LAURA" is a sequel to "The Duchess Intervenes," and those who enjoyed the latter will find this book equally entertaining. The Duchess carries the traditions of the great ladies of the Edwardian court into modern times. She is quiet, well-bred and charming, and she lends the urbanity of more sedate days to the tremulous situations into which her impractical good-heartedness leads her. Mrs. Lowndes is a past-mistress of the macabre, as witness her many successful mystery stories, and in this case she gives herself scope by introducing a slow poisoning and a sudden death into the Duchess's experiences. Fortunately the author does not confine herself to such unhappy occurrences, but allows the Duchess, with her good sense and kind heart, to avert many a disastrous marriage and abet many a felicitous wooing. The book is smoothly written, and gives an excellent picture of that rarified plane, the English aristocracy.

Eleanor Godfrey.

UNCHARTED SPACES.—By Monica Selwin-Tait. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.25.

UNHAMPERED by the too customary introductory pages of scenic description, the story begins directly in the typically English setting of a small Cathedral town. It centres upon Stephen Strickland, a thoroughly conscientious and intelligent young man, who upon the verge of his ordination to the Anglican ministry feels impelled to seek the Truth. During his periods of uncertainty and mental conflict he describes himself as "adrift in uncharted spaces—adrift alone." Undaunted by the opposition of a devoted but blindly selfish mother, his perseverance and courageous spirit carry him unflinchingly to the altar of the True Church.

The principal characters—Stephen, his father, Dean Strickland; Anthea, his mother. Bishop Towers and his daughter, Joan, are all unquestionably fine, with the exception of the portly Mrs. Towers, whose emotional instability sets her apart from this classification. A meddling, managing woman, she is the one fly in the ointment; if, as the author remarks, so large a personality could be compared to so small an insect.

A book of strong emotions and high ideals, its purpose is to show the satisfying character of the Catholic religion to earnest, sincere souls. Written with a complete absence of prejudice or restraint, it should prove interesting to any healthy, unbiased mind.

Wilhelmine Keller.

their Creator. The vertebral column of the dinosaur resembled the "loop-the-loop" which is seen in amusement parks.

What puzzled me most was the collection of pieces of stone and metal, labelled "prehistoric weapons." These mysterious bits of material certainly did not bear the remotest resemblance to any weapons that I have ever seen. Archaeologists must be wonderful men to be able to distinguish between a lump of stone and a valuable flint dagger.

For some time I strolled about and gradually it grew lighter as the fog lifted and the sun came out. The Museum became filled with people, and I deemed it time to go before their modern clothing spoiled my mind-picture of that "Temple of the Muses."

V. Kohler, V.

THE CHOSEN STAR.

A little star, one day at play
 With other stars, was called away, by angels.
 Both puzzled and surprised was he,
 And filled with great anxiety as he obeyed.
 But forthwith doubts were put to flight,
 The star was filled with great delight,
 When wonderous news was brought to light.
 He was a Chosen Star.

Forthwith the little star was scrubbed,
 And on him gold star-dust was rubbed, by angels.
 They made him glow quite brilliantly,
 And also made him larger be; he was complete.
 An angel led him by the hand,
 Then followed Heaven's choir band,
 Escorting him from his bright land to the earth below.

The fleecy clouds were pulled apart,
 The golden star just like a dart descended.
 Its shining light the wise men find,
 And joyfully call to mind the prophecy.
 This glowing star, the Chosen, led
 Right to the cold and humble shed
 Where sleeping on a manger bed was Jesus.

He saw the gifts the Wise Men brought.
 Of shepherds, too, but he forgot a present.
 Then, quick as flash, he shook his frame,
 The gold dust fell like sparkling rain into the Baby's eyes.
 A reverent hush o'erspread the place
 When starry eyes in a Baby Face
 Looked lovingly about the place, and smiled.

Smiled on the star and brought eternal joy.
 For Him—all else was nought.

—Rita Mayer.

THE LIONS.

If, when you visit Vancouver, the weather is dull and depressing, do not leave. For by doing so you are missing one of the most beautiful sights in Canada—a group of mountains called “The Lions.”

On a clear day it is impossible to miss them, for their twin peaks tower majestically over Vancouver, a city equally as beautiful. The snow which covers them both in summer and winter serves to emphasize their distinct and unusual beauty. These mountains have not always been known as “The Lions.” To the Indians they were “The Sisters.” There is a very quaint legend told by Pauline Johnson in her book, “Legends of Vancouver,” concerning “The Sisters.”

When Indian girls became of age, the occasion was celebrated by a great feast, to which all the tribes of the district were invited. At this time two girls, both daughters of one chief, grew to womanhood in the same season. Willing to grant any wish to his daughters, the great Tyee, at their request, consents to invite to this feast the tribe with which they were then warring. The tribe comes from the North, bringing valuable gifts, which they place at the feet of their new ruler, the great Tyee. So pleased was the Sagalie Tyee with this tribute, to mark the memorable occasion forever, he lifts in the cup of his hands the chief's two daughters and places them forever in their high place, for had they not borne two offsprings, Peace and Brotherhood?

And to this day the chief's daughters may be seen guarding the peace of the Pacific coast and the tranquility of Capilano Canyon.

Dorothy Lemon, XII.

St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

SHAKE HANDS WITH A MILLIONAIRE.

Shortly after eight o'clock one bright spring morning as I was walking down to the hospital, I noticed standing on a street corner a man very poorly dressed. One look at his face made me realize that here was a case of real want. I stopped to talk to him for a few minutes, and he told me a very sad story of how he lost his position, then the death of his dear wife, and the humiliation of being looked upon as a beggar. But with all his poverty he felt rich in being the father of a six year old son. He then told me that his great ambition was to make good to the little boy, to whom he had so often said: “I am a millionaire!” meaning he had the great wealth of child love. As I left him I put out my hand, saying I was glad to shake hands with a millionaire.

About six months later I was called to the emergency ward in the hospital. There I found my patient to be a little boy about seven, who had big blue eyes, and golden curls framed his oval face. Although the boy must have been in great pain as a result of an automobile accident, there was not a sign of it showing on his little face. I realized the seriousness of his condition, and had him removed to a private room immediately. As the boy was a Catholic, a priest was sent for, and his father notified at once, while

I did all I could for the little lad just then. On returning an hour later, I found his father there, the poor man to whom I had spoken on the street corner six months before. The priest decided, since the boy had little chance of recovery, he was to receive his first Holy Communion. What a wonderful sight! What joy in the lad's face! I will never forget it. About fifteen minutes after receiving Our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion he looked up and his countenance shone with a heavenly light. Then he put out his little hand to his father and said, in a clear, childish voice: "Daddy, shake hands with a real millionaire. I have Our Lord with me, and He is the King of Heaven."

Mary O'Connor.

THE JADE NECKLACE.

"My story begins," said my friend, "here in London, where I met Sir James Dunlaw, a millionaire, whose hobby was collecting rare old jewellery. One of his most prized possessions was an unique jade necklace which had once adorned a goddess in a Chinese temple, and had been acquired by Sir James only to be stolen, and replaced in the temple whence it came. Now his idea was to repossess the necklace, and I was commissioned to secure it.

* * * *

Upon arriving in China, I established myself in an hotel; then I sauntered in the direction of the temple which contained the object of my travels. Entering, I was soon lost in a maze of winding corridors, which led to the throne of the idol, a huge goddess, at whose feet lay treasures, and around whose throat hung the necklace. Until now I had encountered no human being, but as I was gazing at the idol I heard soft footsteps. Turning around, I saw a small man in a black robe. He muttered something in a language that I could not understand, but by his scowling face I knew I was unwelcome, so I departed, determined to come back later.

* * * *

That night I made my way back to the temple, anxious to procure the necklace. The streets were deserted, save for an occasional native, and the temple seemed even more grim than when I had first seen it. As I had expected, the doors were securely fastened, but a small window was open, and towards this I hurried. After a struggle I got inside and cautiously felt my way along the hall, experiencing a creepy feeling down my spine. Suddenly a rattling of chains broke the stillness, and I darted behind a pillar, not a moment too soon, as someone was approaching my hiding-place. I held my breath and waited. A low sinister laugh sounded in my ears, and before I could move the floor gave way beneath my feet and I was plunging down into unknown depths.

* * * *

When I came to my senses I was lying on the stone floor of a small dungeon. Above me was the scowling face of the man whom I had encountered on my first visit to this grim place. My efforts to get up failed, for I was tied with a rope which bit deeply into my wrists and ankles as I struggled.

Having satisfied himself that I was helpless, the man withdrew. Unaware of what fate was in store for me, I renewed my struggles. If only I could wriggle over to the fireplace of large crude stones I might be able to sever my bonds by rubbing them on the stone. Having reached there, I tried my method of sawing through the ropes, but before I succeeded my wrists were cut and bleeding. I felt the bonds slacken, then they parted altogether. I looked cautiously around, then trying the door, I found that it was fastened outside.

* * * *

The old, crumbling fire-place gave me an idea. Examining it, I discovered a large stone. With frantic haste I dislodged it. My plans were formed. I crept to the door and waited. It seemed hours before I heard the footsteps of my jailer returning. Beads of moisture stood on my brow, my heart pounded in my throat; then the bolt was withdrawn and the door swung open. My height proved a great advantage. I brought the stone down with terrific force on his head and he dropped like a log. I was out of the room in a flash, closing the door and slipping the bolt into place. Then I stumbled along a dark passage and up a flight of stone steps. I realized now was my only chance of procuring the necklace, as tomorrow would be too late, for the Temple would be guarded after my prisoner was discovered.

I made my way towards the goddess around whose throat the necklace was draped. Trembling, I vainly tried to find the clasp. Then I gave the thing a sudden jerk and it came away in my hand. I scrambled out of the window, scarcely daring to draw a breath. I managed to walk, apparently calm, back to my room. Once safely inside, I locked the door and proceeded to examine the beautiful necklace.

My one anxiety was to restore it to its owner, so the sooner I arrived in England the better, and packing my few belongings, I took the first boat there.

Once aboard the ship, I would be able to get a good night's sleep, thank goodness, for this thing was getting on my nerves. Strangely enough, no alarm had been raised over the loss from the Temple. I was very relieved when at last the coast of England came in sight. One hour after the boat docked I made my way to Dunlaw Lodge, on the outskirts of London. Having taken the bus as far as I could, I started the long walk through the grounds to the lodge. About half way I felt that someone was following me, yet when I stood still there was not a sound to be heard.

On reaching the Lodge I was admitted to the presence of Sir James, who was overjoyed to recover the necklace. He handed me a cheque for a handsome sum of money, thanking me heartily. Having shared a bottle of wine with him, I departed, glad that my "mission" was over.

The next day the glaring headlines of the "Morning Star" announced that "Sir James Dunlaw Murdered During the Night" with no mention of the necklace.

Violet Hamilton, II.

FIELD DAY.

It was to be the first Wednesday in October! So much we learned from the Fifth-formers, who, being Fifth-formers, of course knew everything. However, "somebody had a sister up there," who, after much coaxing, finally let the secret out. The rest of our form was promptly told, and only the fact that we were convent girls kept us from giving a whoop of delight.

Field Day! That day of days in the school calendar, and this year, being Second-formers, and knowing something about it, we were able to taste to the full the delights of anticipation. It was in the official announcements the Seconds had the candy booth. Could anything (both literally and figuratively) have been sweeter? It also sells so well, and then the fun of preparation! The opposition in the matter of decorations was hot and strong. "Blue and white" said one; "yellow and green" came from another; "such nonsense!" sighed a third; "silver and green would be much better," and so on, until finally green and yellow carried the day.

The scene now reverts to the homes. Being busy, I had not any time for visiting, so I shall only be able to describe what happened at our house. Such delightful confusion! For days I was delving through recipe books and asking questions, until even mother was heard to say: "Thank goodness Field Day only comes once a year!"

But what outweighed all else in excitement was the raffle! Second form, when consulted, gave an unanimous request for a dog. This was rather dubiously granted, as there had been trouble over a dog once before. However, we persuaded Sister, and the following day found us dog-hunting. Here I was completely nonplused! I wouldn't have believed it had anyone told me that there were so many varieties of dogs. From shop to shop we went, until I was saying "Nice Doggie!" in my sleep. I listened to accounts from owners until I could have written books on dogs, until I told Mother "It was the cutest thing with brown spots" when she asked me how I liked her new photograph. After that I gave up, and the winner received five dollars and the privilege to choose her own.

Then the great day arrived, and it didn't rain. The booths were in the grounds, and were the prettiest I have ever seen. Ours in yellow and green showed up well and attracted attention by the unique arrangement of streamers. It and our posters were designed by class members.

Oh! the delights of that day! The fun of buying lunch from booth to booth; of wandering with friends without a thought of lessons; of gleefully anticipating who would win the races, with a firm belief that of course the Seconds would—who could possibly beat them?

The rain held off, and finally came our race. The signal was given and the race was on! I shall not make you endure the suspense I suffered, so I will tell you at once that the Second form won. Then, to add to our delight, a girl in our form won the dog! Nothing like keeping trouble amongst ourselves.

A wonderful day, which had been successful beyond our anticipations, was over, and how I wished (with the exception of the doggie episode) it could all be lived over again.

Rose Welch, II.

TWO FUR COATS.

"Oh, dear," said Mary Grant, "just three weeks until Christmas. I am so glad Christmas is coming, for I have been just dying for a grey squirrel coat."

"How do you know you are getting the coat?" asked her girl friend.

"I shall get it; leave that to me," sighed Mary.

In striking contrast to Mary Grant, daughter of a wealthy broker, Louise O'Brien was the daughter of a clerk on a small salary; one of a family of eight, but a child of rare ability. She was the mirror of charity, and through her kindly disposition and loving smile, had placed herself in excellent relations with the richest in her school. The very flower of culture, the expression of the highest refinement, Louise was much admired by all the girls of "Enderby," a fashionable private school, and especially by Mary Grant.

"Do you give many Christmas presents, Mary?" asked Louise wistfully. "Oh, yes, to all of my friends. I shall have something very handsome for you, Louise." "I mean," said Louise, "do you ever give to the poor?" "Oh, yes," said Mary, "I certainly do. I give them all my old clothes, and ones with grease spots and a rent or two, and I am sure they are in ecstasy when they get them . . . the poor dirty things . . . they are glad of such fine togs."

Mary looked at Louise and saw she was in tears. "Oh, Mary," she said, "Do you not think the poor have any feelings? I happen to be Cousin Bella's poor relation, and I have such trouble getting all the grease spots off, and very often they won't come off, and so I wear them . . . spots and all. You see, my aunt pays for my tuition, and that is how I happen to be a student at Enderby, but I think I am fortunate to have this luxury."

That evening Mary Grant sent all her discarded clothes out to the cleaner and had them fixed up like new, and then distributed them among the people to whom she was accustomed to give, and there was new joy in their hearts. Then she told her father she would like him to give her the money he had intended spending on the grey squirrel coat, and both she and Louise got together and arranged a wonderful Christmas festival for the children of an orphan home. They made provision at the appointed Yuletide for a gaily decorated tree. Some twenty children were to benefit from this, and from every branch of the tree little packets hung held with gaily decorated ribbons and from the topmost branch an exquisite Christ Child looked down on the little ones. The brave act of humility was never regretted by Louise, for she had unlocked in Mary a heart full of charity, and they became closer friends — more understanding — and one as beloved as the other.

St. Martin's Cathedral was crowded that Christmas for Midnight Mass, for a celebrated preacher was to deliver a thrilling discourse, and amongst the most eager of his listeners were two fashionably dressed college girls who had been ushered up the aisle wearing handsome fur coats — the gift of an unknown donor.

WINTER'S APOLOGY.

I come to you with piling snow,
 And ice, and wind, and rain,
 And wildly beat about the door
 And frost the window pane.
 But all the cold and gloom I bring
 Is only for your good;
 And you would greet me as a friend
 If you only understood.

And soon the winter days will pass,
 And flowers of every hue,
 Will bloom in beauty in many paths
 To cheer and comfort you.
 And song birds singing in the trees
 Will every grief destroy
 When you shall wander over fields
 Of peace and love, and joy.

Helen Holmes, I.

THE WHITE BLOT.

It is a dreadful thing to be given a fountain pen at Christmas and then be told that you are to use nothing but water in it. But that is what happened to Molly. It was a beautiful pen from her godmother, and it had a gold band and a lever to fill it with; but what was the good of all that when you were not allowed ink? "You'll make a mess of your new dress, and I want you to look nice for Granny," Mother said. "Wait until another day."

Everyone knows how long other days are, and how hard it is to wait. Molly filled her pen from a tumbler of water to see how the lever worked—but you can't write with water.

"If I could only fill it with ink I could do all my 'Thank you' letters." But Mother did not seem to see it. "Another day, dear," said Mother, and went upstairs to dress for dinner. Molly wandered about feeling miserable, and almost wishing that her godmother had not given her the pen. She wandered from the den to the dining room, looking at the table all laid for dinner. But even the thought of Christmas dinner could not make Molly happy.

Then she caught sight of the silver ink-pot on the desk nearby. Slowly she went towards it, looked in, and it was filled to the brim. "If I just fill my pen and empty it once," thought Molly. "It couldn't do any harm." She dipped the pen into the ink and lifted the lever and heard the gurgle that said the pen was filled. It was a lovely sound, and Molly did it again and again, filling and emptying it.

She thought she heard someone coming, and moved quickly away from the desk. Then the awful thing happened, and before she had turned around a huge blot flew on the beautiful white tablecloth.

It spread and spread, and Molly stared at it in horror. She used blotting paper, but that made it worse. It was such a blot, and it was in front of Granny's place. "I must do something," Molly said. Then she had a brilliant idea. She took a piece of white note-paper, cut it out in the shape of the blot, and set the paper

on the blot. "No one will ever know what happened. The paper will stay there until the cloth is taken down to the laundry."

The soup was over, and the fish and turkey had been served, and Molly had nearly forgotten about the blot. The dishes were being removed before the plum pudding was brought in when Granny gave a cry. "What's this!" she said. Everybody stared. Molly stared, then gulped, "I did it," and ran up to the nursery. Granny followed and soothed her. "You have been disobedient, but you have told the truth, and I admire you for it."

Catherine O'Reilly, I.

WHAT SANTA DID FOR PERRY.

Teddy Kent for two weeks had been in Murray's departmental store, and was getting tired of it, when one day he felt a tap on his arm, and there stood a poor little boy with a wistful look. "You're Santy, arn't you, and you can get a fellow anything he wants, can't you?" Teddy smiled and said: "Yes, sonny, what is it you want?" "A father and a mother," the little boy whispered. Teddy was taken back with complete surprise. The boy was disappointed when he saw Santa's hesitation. "Sonny, if you go to this address on Friday morning I'll see about it." The lad passed on. Teddy meditated that afternoon. Rilla, his wife and himself, had always wanted a child. That night they talked it over and decided to adopt him. Friday morning the boy, Perry Howard, arrived at their house, and they told him their plans. Oh, how happy he was!

The necessary papers having been signed, Perry arrived to stay on Christmas Eve, and as he said his prayers that night he thanked the Infant Saviour for his new father and mother, and they were happy in their new son.

Patricia Kelly, I.

THE NATIVITY.

Blessed Mary and Saint Joseph
To Bethlehem did go
To sign the Book of David
On a December day of old.
It took them many hours
To make the journey there,
And no one had a shelter
For Mother Mary's Care.

Saint Joseph found a stable
Outside ancient Bethlehem,
And there that very night,
Amid the cold and strife,
Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, was born
And wrapped in clothes all a-worn,
The Angels' Choir began to sing
"Hosanna" to the Infant King,
And shepherds came from far and near
To adore their King so dear.

Evelyn Bennett, I.

BABY JESUS.

Baby Jesus! Mary's Pride!
Joseph's Foster Son!
How humble was Thy lovely birth,
Mary's Little One!

Baby Jesus! Mary's Joy!
In Thy swaddling clothes;
Happy Baby just to own
Parents such as those!

Baby Jesus! Mary's tears
Fell not on Thee that day:
That Christmas many years ago,
Where Thou so sweetly lay.

Baby Jesus! Mary's gift
To every mortal one,
Be near us, help us, Jesus dear,
When our course is run.



Eileen White, I.

ITTENBACH—CHILD JESUS.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB.

On Christmas Eve seven centuries ago St. Francis of Assisi visited Greccio, a city in Italy, and many people came to hear him preach. He had a reproduction of the first Christmas put in front of the church, and preached his Christmas sermon in this appealing setting, telling his listeners to banish hatred, envy and anger from their hearts and fill them with thoughts of peace, good-will and love. This was the origin of the Christmas Crib that we see in many of the churches and homes.

Yolande Beniteau, I.

A TRIP ON A HOLIDAY.

One morning we awoke to find the sun shining through the windows, so Mother and Daddy decided on a picnic. There was much hurry to prepare a lunch, but everyone helped, and soon we were on our way to Big Bay Point. Half way there the tire went flat, but we went to a garage and had it fixed. On our journey we began to feel hungry, so Mother said we could have a few sandwiches. In a half hour we reached Big Bay Point. In the park near by we found they had put up some amusements for the day. We got on almost everything there, and then Daddy suggested to go in swimming. We stayed in the water for a long time, and then Mother called us for lunch. We had a lovely picnic, and went home tired but happy.

Joan Quigley, Third Class.

THE RAYON INDUSTRY IN CANADA.

History does not record who first discovered that soft wood pulp could be converted into a product resembling silk, but certainly among the recent industrial advances in Canada, the manufacture of artificial silk or rayon is one of the outstanding developments. The greatest demand for rayon silk has been with the manufacture of silk stockings, and to the twentieth century belongs the silk stocking (runs and all).

Silk from trees has long since passed the silk stocking stage in its career, and while its use for this purpose is constantly increasing, it has emerged into fields in the weaving of innumerable fabrics. The production of brilliant colours in fabrics for draperies, curtains, ribbons, provide an ever-increasing demand for rayon silk.

In the Lancashire cotton industry of England, 150,000 looms are now given over to rayon silk, and about seventy companies in Great Britain produce fabrics composed of rayon, and the raw material feeding these looms comes from the forests of Canada.

The manufacturing of artificial silk in the Dominion is rapidly increasing, but it has not yet caught up with the demand. Last year over \$7,000,000 worth of rayon and rayon products were imported into Canada.

Canada's interest in rayon is not only in the manufacturing end of the industry, but in the raw material for artificial silk manufacture. Special bleached sulphite or rayon pulp made in Canada from Canadian spruce trees is shipped in large quantities to the United States, and in smaller amounts to other countries, Canada thus supplying 50 per cent. of the world's requirements of wood pulp used in the rayon industry.

Eventually, then, our Dominion must dominate the manufacture of rayon. Our soft wood forests, the future of the industry, belong to Canada, and we Canadians may look with pride on the forest heritage that is slowly but surely thrusting our country into a prominent position in the industrial life of the world.

E. Condon.

Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

Special mention for literary contributions to this department:

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Third Form—Alice Robinson.

Fourth Form—Mary Moloney, S. McLaughlin.

Second Form—M. Glynn.

St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.—Loretta Parisien, Constance MacLean, E. Mackinnon, K. Mulvaney, Florence Madden, E. Jansen, Dorothy Lemon.

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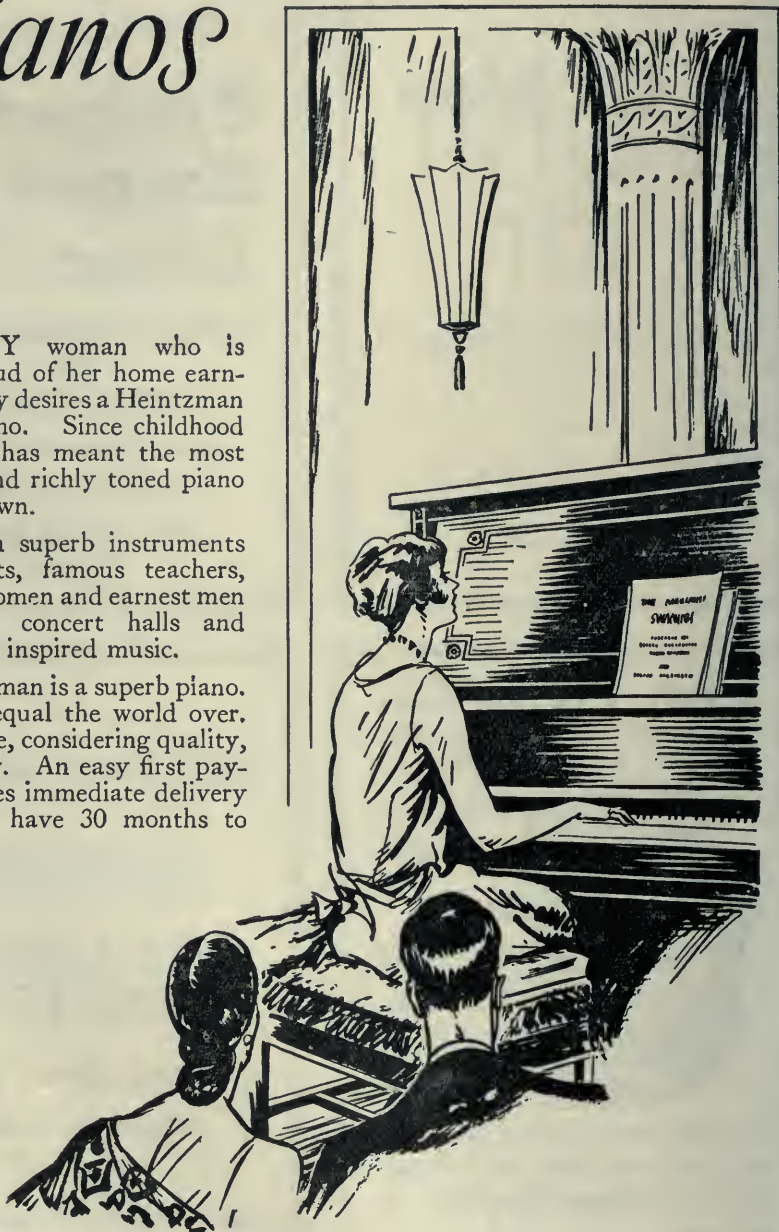
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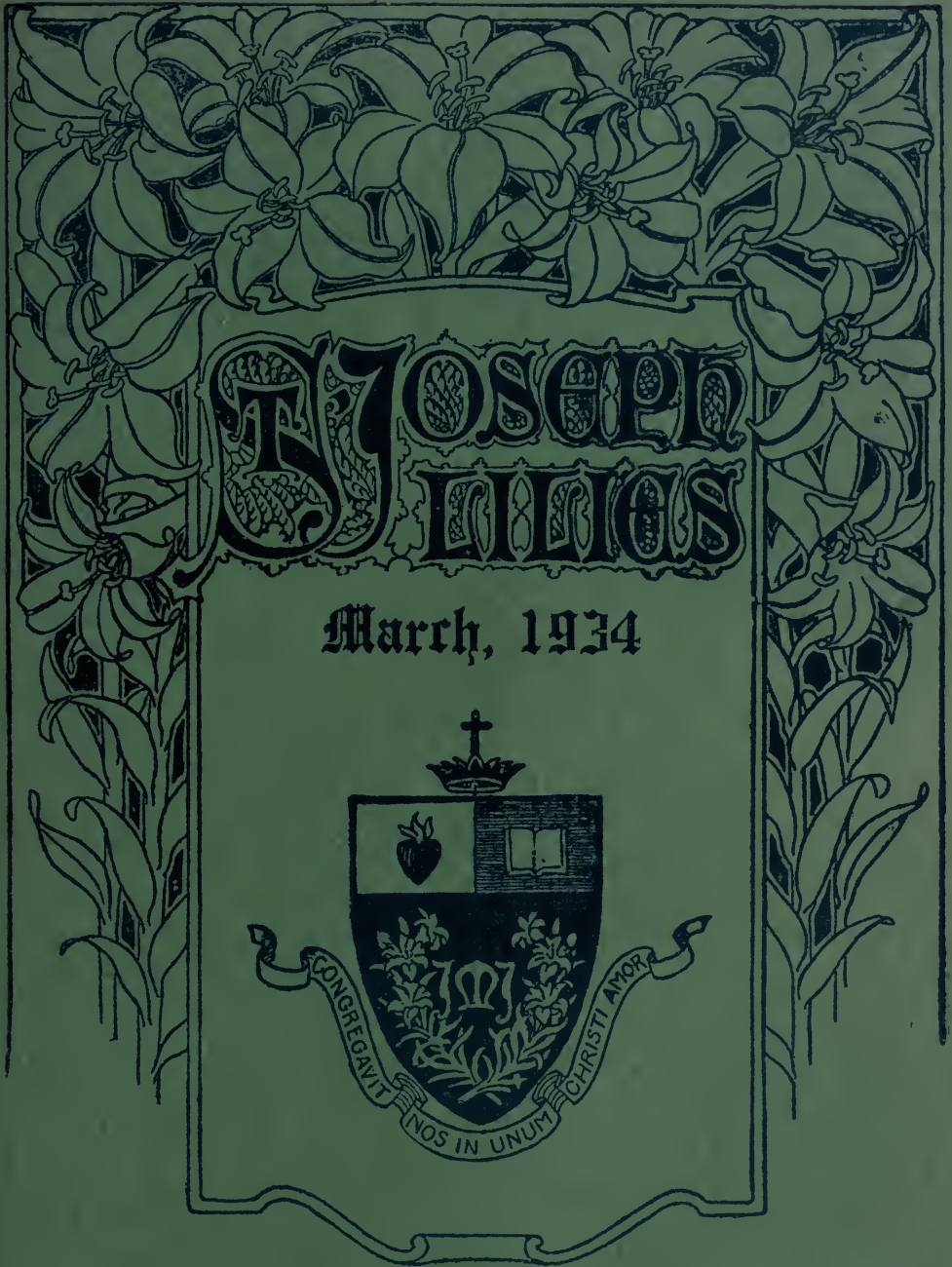
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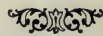
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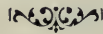
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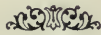
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*Hail, dear to the Virgin, sweet Saint Bernadette,
We honour thy holiness, meakness, and truth.
God's Son in His Heaven has crowned thee with bliss;
Thou wert loved by His Mother from tenderest youth.*

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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1934.

NO. 4.

EDITORIAL

LITTLE BERNADETTE, the simple, rustic child that was favoured with fifteen visions of our Blessed Lady at Lourdes, stretching all through the year of 1858 of last century, is presented to us now in the inspiring picture of this number of the Lilies, as St. Bernadette of Lourdes.

The burden of the whole story of Lourdes is a series of wonderful miracles. For seventy-six years the instantaneous spring of water that started with the ninth vision, has been flowing, and a stream of miracles has been also flowing with it, that rival those of Our Lord and His Apostles. And now Bernadette herself appears in the glow of miracles.

In the Canonization of Saints, the Church looks to the miraculous life of heroic virtue in those that she declares inhabitants of heaven; but this is pendant on genuine and notable miracles performed for us by the Saints' intercession before God the Author of all miracles.

The Canonization of Bernadette is the last miracle to confirm her genuine visions. Much scoffing and ridicule were heaped on Bernadette, and even by Catholics, until their voices were hushed by the classic and stupendous miracles performed at the shrine of Lourdes for all criticism ceased of the rude, ignorant child that told in her patois of seeing a great lady who said, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Bernadette, as a mature young woman in 1866, became a nun at Nevers, France, and died in 1878. Her life and death were saintly. Shortly before her death she repeated her old affirmation, "I saw her".

She suffered like the Master she served, and on the day of her death she murmured: "I am ground like a grain of wheat." Her last words when she expired were of the Hail Mary, that her sisters said with her "Hail full of grace." Bernadette thus showed in life and in death that her wonderful story was true.

St. Bernadette of Lourdes, pray for us.

An interesting article is presented to our readers of this number, on the colossus of science that towers over the world at the present time and who is the greatest apologist for his race,—the persecuted Jew, Albert Einstein. We were alarmed at the presumption of a writer who would undertake to curtail his honours, but on perusing the article fully and finding that the mathematics of the great sage remain untarnished, concluded to give it place in our modest Academic magazine.

Our writer plods on the old path of scholastic and Thomistic philosophy which Chesterton said in a late book of his on this topic, is coming to the front again as the most scientific system of pure philosophy, that is, of metaphysics, and still more wonderful, is likely to become in the near future the most popular philosophy of the drawing room.

The article presented here is a sample of Scholasticism and should be interesting to our curious readers. This philosophy claims not to be generalizations of modern science, as St. Thomas lived away back in the thirteenth century, but generalizations of common sense, that should be the foundation of all sciences, whether old or new.

Common sense is understood in a double meaning; of good ordinary "horse-sense" that every sane man is expected to have, or the common experiences of familiar things around us that come to us by the use of our five senses at short range. These two are intimately connected as good understanding in the first sense results from the sound use of our reason and five senses on the familiar things of everyday life. If we cannot believe our eyes in looking across the street, there is very little use in building powerful telescopes.

An economical Scot that refused to buy a telescope from a travelling agent of such optical instruments had some reason on his side when, after listening to the long distances the agent told him he could gaze over with the telescope, he replied that he could see great distances without it; that he could even see to the moon. If this telescope were trained on the moon or perhaps on a distant mountain of our earth, the difference between physics or modern science and pure philosophy of metaphysics can be readily appreciated.

The unaided vision would first disclose to our reason that a reality, and a material one, stood in the distance and that it is finite, changeable and composite of many substances, mutable also to rain and wind from without; and to internal convulsions of earthquakes and volcanoes and chemical processes from within; that it occupies space and had its own place both in the whole world and in its immediate environment of surrounding bodies; that being subject to motion it is subject to objective time called "world time", that it is a congeries of many distinct substances that differ from each other in specific natures although homogeneous in quantity and extension. In fact we could abstract from it in the distance the general properties that clothe all bodies. These truths thus extracted are the high generalizations of metaphysics. If we then trained the telescope for a nearer view, or better, if we travelled up to the mountain and inspected it minutely with the aid of modern sciences, we should gather very low generalizations of more intimate knowledge. Now the question is, should these two phases of knowledge disagree? Should we discard the sheaf of propositions that we made at long range with our unaided eye? And again, which of these two visions and inductions are more certain because more obvious and necessary?

We certainly know that at present physical sciences are in solution and a great flux of theories and opinions is noticeable; but can the same be said of pure philosophy?

The fate, too, of the great mathematicians that once assumed the philosopher's cloak both in ancient and modern history

should be a deterrent and a warning to mathematicians of the future to stick to mathematics. The divine Plato was discourteous enough to ostracize mathematics from his hall of pure speculation. In ancient times Pythagoras seemed to stand alone in his endeavour to make numbers and extension the basis of all things. Descartes, Leibnitz, and Newton, the honoured founders of modern higher mathematics, gave out views on matter and mind that are simply literary euriosties in the museum of the history of philosophy. Kant, the great subjectivist, seems now, when the world has turned to ultra realism, to have missed his vocation. Perhaps he should have stuck to his original mathematics.

What is the future fate of Einstein, who now is substituting a mathematical world for the old real one?



HYMN TO ST. BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

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

HAIL, dear to the Virgin, sweet Saint Bernadette!
We honour thy holiness, meekness, and truth;
God's Son in His Heaven hath crowned thee with bliss,
Thou wert loved by His Mother from tenderest youth!

Where the Gave rolleth on in its course to the sea,
She taught thee to worship, she taught thee to pray.
Thy young eyes beheld her, as, standing serene,
She smiled when you sought her, forgetful of play.

A secret she spoke for no ears but thine own,
A secret that never on earth was revealed;
But now that to Heaven thy spirit has flown,
Thy faith is rewarded, thy secret unsealed.

Then pray to that Mother for us here below,
That we her dear Son may obediently serve.
May our souls like to thine be unsullied and pure,
And from His blest law may our steps never swerve.

Refrain:

Hail, dear to the Virgin, sweet Saint Bernadette,
We honour thy holiness, meekness, and truth.
God's Son in His Heaven has crowned thee with bliss;
Thou wert loved by His Mother from tenderest youth.



Easter Thoughts

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

THE Resurrection of Christ from the dead is the great fact that gives to Christianity its distinguishing attributes of joy in the Lord, and hope eternal. The inherent sadness and hopelessness of Paganism cast a dark shade over the lives of its hapless votaries, so that one of their own great men, embittered by its beliefs, exclaimed: "Our lives on this earth are miserable enough, yet not one of us would willingly exchange them for the tristful abodes of the dead in Hades."

The mythology of the ancient Pagans pictured a sort of Heaven on the summit of Mount Olympus, where the gods feasted on nectar and ambrosia but it does not appear that the most illustrious of mankind were ever admitted to the divine companionship of these Olympian rulers. The exceptions of Gany-mede and Hercules only go to prove the rule. The most beloved and renowned of their heroes had to take their places in the boat of Charon, and were ferried across the gloomy River Styx, to the mournful realms of Hades.

Minos of Crete, acting as their judge, condemned most of the dead to the tenebrous regions of Pluto, others he promoted to the questionable haunts of the Elysian Fields. This was all they had to hope for after death. During their stay on earth, their religion was no help to them in moments of sorrow or of temptation. They never felt secure, either in body or in mind.

At any moment the wrath of cruel and inexorable gods might demand the lives of those most dear to them!

Imagine the anguish of the Carthaginian parents when the fierce priests of Baal-Moloch sent word that their little daughter had been chosen as one of a bevy of innocents, who were to be thrown, in sacrifice, into a red-hot furnace, to placate the anger of that monstrous fiend!

All Pagan literature is, indeed, saddened by the dread of the wrath of obscure and implacable fates or destinies. It is not to be wondered at, that the earliest Christian apologists relate strange and preternatural happenings in the Pagan world at the time of Christ's resurrection. We shall mention only one of them here.

The Tyrrhenian Sea is the name of that beautiful and colourful body of water that is enclosed between the islands of Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, and the west coast of Italy. The Romans called it by the imposing title, "Mare Tuscum Tyrrhenum." It is, indeed, a sea of beauty and of romance. In calm and halcyon days its azure ripples race laughingly along their Odyssean strands; but when storms are rife the billows lash and roar with fury against "the hoarse Trinacrian shores."

Ostia, at the mouth of the River Tiber, is the port of Rome, and can be reached in a very short journey from the Eternal City. Standing on the sea-shore at Ostia and gazing in the direction of Carthage in Africa, the traveller is looking along the farthest reach of the famed Tyrrhenian Sea. This sea was the scene of most of the great nautical events of the history of Ancient Rome. Here, a hundred fleets were built and launched in days of anxiety and peril; their rushing keels and flashing oars made these blue waters boil and foam, as the triremes of war drove onward to the destruction of Carthage, of Egypt, or of Jerusalem!

Tertullian, an early Christian apologist, tells us a strange story: A ship was crossing the Tyrrhenian Sea on the morning of the Resurrection. The weather was clear and calm and bright, when, suddenly, a weird pallor overspread the azure skies, a feeling of panic and dread oppressed the mariners, and

a terrible voice that seemed to fill the very ocean and welkin, with its woe and sadness, cried out, "The great god Pan is dead!"

The long reign of ancient pagan nature-worship had come to an end! The demons who had personified the pagan gods in the Parthenon, and in the Forum; on the Ionian Sea, and on the blue Tyrrhenian, had fled precipitately down to the shades of Avernus, when the Son of God arose glorious and immortal on Easter Day! There was no longer room for false deities in a world which saw Christ the Conqueror over Death and Sin! There was unutterable gloom among the spirits of evil on that memorable day but there was joy in the hearts of God's elect, and there was joy in the very heart of Nature itself, for now was not the God of Nature gloriously reigning! This joy, which is a peculiarity of Eastertide, should also reign in all our hearts to-day, for are we not the heirs of all God's promises and of all of God's fulfillments?

A thousand years before the day of the Resurrection this joy was foretold by holy Job, in the Land of Hus. "*For I know,*" he cries rapturously, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day I shall rise out of the earth!*" "*And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God.*" "*Whom I myself shall see and not another, and my own eyes shall behold: this my hope is laid up in my bosom!*"

If Job could find comfort in this hope, so long before the event itself, how much more happiness and comfort can we not take from the heartening fact of our Lord's Resurrection! The Patriarchs of old believed it; the Prophets predicted it; the pagan gods acknowledged its truth and power in the Tyrrhenian prodigy; the Apostles preached it, and the Church teaches it as the eleventh article of her Creed! Our duty, then, to-day, is to rejoice because now no more has Satan or sin any power over Him. The dread hour of the prince of darkness has passed. "*Christ dieth now no longer.*" With great power and majesty He has arisen from the Dead. The short triumph of His enemies is at an end! And so we will rejoice with Him in His most glorious triumph.

The contrast between the gloom and hopelessness of paganism and the hope and joy and happiness of Christianity is sufficiently illustrated by the following episode: In the grip of a terrible hurricane, and for many hours in darkness and uncertainty, a great ship staggered over the wastes of the South Seas. As time went by, and deeper night came on, the ship found herself blown in, close to a mighty cliff, on which the surf broke in insensate fury. Truly appalling to the mariners' eyes was the aspect of that gloomy shore, and as they went in still closer, a horrible odour of death and corruption assailed their nostrils! The crew now gave up all hope, and their depression of spirit became so acute as to be almost insupportable. What was this dreadful promontory on which they were about to be cast? Was it another Molokai where hideous lepers waited for their merciful end, or was it the place of some recent battle of the warring tribes, where the dead lay still unburied? Just as they were about to strike, a whim of the hurricane pulled them back from death, and they were out once more into the safety of the main ocean! Gradually, the storm subsided, the waters became calm, and a most tender and ethereal dawn began to unfold in the East. Under a sky of rose and lilac appeared a beautiful island, crowned with three radiant purple-tinged peaks. Tall and nodding palms over-hung the happy shores, and the most enchanting perfumes were wafted on the breeze. To completely relieve the gloom and home-sickness that had fallen on the weary sailors, they saw before them the entrance to a small but handsome port, wherein a full dozen stately ships lay at anchor, their thankful crews rejoicing and praising God upon their sunny decks! Was it any wonder that a deep sigh of happiness and relief welled up from the hearts of the new-comers on this blissful scene?

Very much alike to this, were the feelings of all true Christians at the time of Christ's Resurrection. They had seen the world like a reeling ship, tossed on the waves of pagan passion and fury. They had seen the horrible cliffs of unbelief and of

sin on which they would inevitably be dashed. They had smelled the odour of the charnel vault of pagan vice and decadence; and when at last they were rescued from this awful doom by His glorious Resurrection, their hearts were uplifted in paeans of gladness, and a flood of the happiness of Heaven inundated their souls!

* * * * *

The great Apostle Paul exclaimed, speaking of the importance of the resurrection: "If Christ be not risen from the Dead, then, indeed, our faith is vain." But because we know He is arisen, then is the world for us a place of radiant hope,—and for all sincere Christians.

Every sun that lifts up its face at morning over the tinted eastern hills, is a happy reminder of how the Sun of Justice, Jesus Christ, arose one day in glory out of the darkness of the tomb!

Every sun that sets at evening in the West, proclaims that we are one day nearer to our own resurrection, and to our longed-for union with our beloved Saviour in Heaven.

Let us then face the remainder of our days with steadfast faith and hope. Let us avoid all sin and keep God's Commandments.

Thus only shall we be masters of our fate, and possessors of a radiant and immortal heritage.

The Sun had risen—Christ my Lord
 Before me stood, a Vision white;
 Ah! what a light streamed from His Face!
 The Easter Sun had ris'n in might.

EINSTEIN AND COMMON SENSE

BY REV. NEIL MACKINNON.

FROM of old until now, man has looked at the universe and wondered. No less now than in the past does man find the starry night fit time to wonder about himself and the things around him. Look down the long line of those who have thus walked the earth, and fix your attention upon one who has come in our own day, wondering like his ancestors and like you and I, about himself and the universe upon which he must stay for a while. Study for an interval Professor Albert Einstein.

Einstein has gazed at the stars and wondered; he has calculated and observed, and calculated again. In combining lofty mathematics with strict experiment, he has perhaps surpassed the man of every age. And, therefore, the man of this age justly pays deep respect to this specialist in physico-mathematics; he admires this scientist's *way of looking* at the stars.

The Professor's Wondering.

But for Einstein's wondering over the things of his observation, for his thinking in the matters of man's eternal questing, for his ultimate conclusions regarding the universe, the world cannot have the same regard. For here it is not a mere matter of righting mistakes of predecessors in astronomical analysis, of bringing forward data to prove that absolute motion cannot be detected and that all measurement is relative, that space is—as all men of good sense, despite Newton, have maintained—finite, of showing that Newton had mistaken notions regarding gravity, or of arguing that the speed of light is the maximum possible motion, etc. These things are indeed true advances in knowledge; but the knowledge given is no more than that of positive science; which of itself in no way answers the longing in man for a general solution in regard to all things taken collectively. In fact, such experimental findings rather increase the

need of arriving at a general theory; for the mind remains bewildered until these scattered facts or theories are unified in a way compatible with human reason.

No man calls in an electrician when seeking advice in the affairs of his soul. Every man knows that had such a one ability to wire a whole city, he would not thereby have the competency to sound a soul's shallowest channel. Most men do not greatly bother about the technicalities of a special science, even about such as that exercised by the electrician. Much less, therefore, are they concerned about the mysteries of astrophysics. But men are mightily critical of whatever runs counter to good sense. Not merely this man or that man, but every man of healthy mind readily recognizes an absurdity, as long as it is expressed in every-day terms, and not rendered inscrutable, whether it goes under the name of physics, mathematics or philosophy.

And Einstein has sponsored absurdities!

Not that Einstein has penned a system of philosophy! Yet Einstein is a teacher, and the matter he presents has a philosophical import. He has generalized on those facts of nature which have been experimentally determined, joining hands with the philosopher. He has made a "hands across the border" gesture out of the region of physics into the domain of metaphysics. The scientist has stretched out into the wonderland of all men. And whereas the ordinary man would never presume to find his way about the land of astrophysics, he might readily make the mistake of thinking that the man from the other side is competent to direct others in a territory which is strange to him. But really this stranger is unable to avoid its pitfalls and quicksands.

Phenomenalism His Great Error.

It is not difficult to locate the site of his first tumble; for it is one to which the Theory of Relativity directly leads—the pitfall of phenomenalism. "It is a common mistake," says Eddington, "to suppose that Einstein's theory of relativity asserts that everything is relative. Actually, it says there are absolute

things in the world, but we must look deeply for them." Such a statement from the leading British disciple, quoting his master, may be taken as sufficient to clear the theory of a charge of utter phenomenalism. Yet when we search for a specification of those things that are said to be absolute we find explicit mention only of number and action. Moreover, it is clearly set down that scientific investigation does not lead to a knowledge of the intrinsic nature of things. We are limited to the appearances of external phenomena reaching the senses.

For the most part, accordingly, relativity restricts our knowledge of the absolute, and narrows even this to the facts of experience. To thus throw a mist over the absolute, to cut the human mind off from knowing the *nature* of things, their *causes* and *their ends*, is to stand with the proponents of phenomenalism; which says that "knowledge and certitude are only possible within the limits of the phenomenal world which is the immediate object of experience". In other words, relativity says we can only know appearances, and not the reality that is behind.

Since Einstein denies induction from the common experience of our senses in things around us, the student of philosophy who knows that these things truly do induce a knowledge of absolute realities, will place him with Hume, Comte, Kant and the rest of that "queer lot", who deny our ability to know absolute realities. It will always be an enigma to such a student that men should be so fundamentally self-contradictory as to claim that the mind can only know objects that are relative and passing, while they themselves formulate theories that are meant to be absolute and permanent, such as the statement that "All motion is relative".

He Fails to Recognize Causality.

The other day I saw a man narrowly escape serious injury by side-stepping an oncoming car. By his act, that man acknowledged the principle of causality: for he clearly thought that the car would otherwise prove a cause of hurt to himself. The man might well have been Einstein. Certainly, Einstein would have made like haste to gain safety had it actually been

he. But by a strange theoretical viewpoint, Einstein, in his scientific teaching, would say that there is no need of thus moving. His theory would say that the car should not be admitted as a cause of any injury that might follow.

Suppose yourself standing with Einstein. You take up a ball of some soft material, and spin it on its axis, so that it bulges at the centre and flattens at top and bottom. You point out the phenomena to Einstein and remark that the spinning is what causes it, quite expecting him to agree upon the matter. But he does not. He does not admit the spinning as the cause of what followed . . . For the orb you used is as the ball of the earth which is observed to be thus bulging at the centre and flattened at its poles; and Einstein does not admit the validity of the scientific conclusion which ascribes these facts to the revolving of our sphere. The general conclusion, according to him, is that we must not look for a cause; there is no causality; at least, none that we can know. Things just happen. We cannot attribute their happening to anything extrinsic to themselves.

This is a severe indictment of Einstein; but it is a logical one. Einstein repudiates knowledge of all that is intrinsic. He allows no mental process other than a transcript of the senses.

He Fails to Avoid Sensism.

But even phenomena are not known in an abstract way. What we consider to be an abstraction is merely a collection of sense-images, a transformation of them. The idea is no more than the image. Science becomes an experience of the senses; It is reduced to notions of motion, position, concomitance, succession, etc. Mind, in this theory, is identified with sense. And thus we see Einstein sunk waist-deep in sensism.

It is evident that the Jewish mathematician's theories direct themselves towards the discrediting of abstract thought in favor of the sense-facts of positive science. The senses cannot make generalizations. It is the mind which uses the reports of the senses to detect general principles drawn from the nature of things. These are the principles of metaphysics, and whoso-

ever would confine us to certainty in sense impressions alone, rules out metaphysics. And this is what Einstein does: he denies the validity of metaphysical reasoning.

Yet Einstein, like all of us, uses the principles of metaphysics in daily life; and, more than any of us, uses them in his specialty of physico-mathematics. When Einstein from his senses, records the mathematical combinations which have made him justly famous, he is using metaphysics: for mathematics is a part of metaphysics, the metaphysics of quantity and extension. Thus, on the one hand, the theorist allows metaphysics of number; yet, on the other hand, he repudiates that of natures. In both cases there is abstraction from sensible qualities; in the one case he keeps mathematical attributes; in the other only being is kept. So to say the least, such action is very self-contradictory of Einstein.

The metaphysics of natures is as indispensable as the metaphysics of mathematical properties. No man will give up his good horse-sense for a few pages of mathematical formulae. Men are so naturally adapted to the principle of causality that they cannot hear of such fallacies as those mentioned without inquiring into the cause of their authors lapse in logic.

Can There Be an Absolute Vacuum?

Notice the spacing of the printed matter you are reading. There is a margin spacing, a paragraphic spacing, a sentence spacing, etc. There is space around every single letter; every single letter has its place by reason of the space it occupies, and by which it is surrounded. Try as you will, you cannot imagine a letter not extended in space. If there was no space between the first and last letters of the last sentence written, the two letters would be in juxtaposition; separation of the two would be impossible.

The same thing holds true for planetary space. If there was no space between two planets, they would be together. Scientists have recognized the necessity of some separating space and likewise the impossibility of having spatial extension without something extended; hence they have postulated the exist-

ence of what they term ether. The ether might be anything. The only demand placed upon it for our purpose is that it be extended matter.

But Einstein denies the existence of such a thing as the ether. He finds nothing repugnant in the idea of an absolute void. But that is one absolute we shall have to look very, very closely to find. Indeed we shall search in vain. "Natura a vacuo abhorret", (Nature abhors a vacuum), is the old Scholastic saying. Can there be a cubic foot of nothing? Imagine millions of cubic feet of nothing between the earth and the sun!

Just as faulty as his conception of a void, is our specialist's notion of time. For him it is not the successive duration of real motion; but rather the succession of our thoughts. This subjective idea of time is from Bergson, whose theory is inadmissible.

A Concession and a Judgment.

Many interesting and instructive things could be written about the scientist's astro-physics in which he excels. Our outlook upon Einstein in dealing strictly with the things of his trade is both bright and commendatory. We can even go so far as to allow him an amount of phenomenalism in astro-physics. Its objects are to a great extent beyond the certain use of our senses for objective reality. Scholastics say that to be certain of sense report, the senses themselves must be sound, they must work in a uniform medium, and their objects must not be too far distant. In regard to heavenly bodies, these conditions are often unfulfilled: we see these distant objects only through many media of refraction.

Yet we cannot but remark that in the speculative matters of which we have treated, Einstein is not as deep as common sense. He is shallower than the every-day man, the wondering man of the ages, when he denies the objectivity of our senses, the principle of causality and metaphysics in general, when he reduces science to sensism. He, therefore, errs in the deepest reasons of things, and though deep in his way, he is not *truly* deep.

THE LAND OF SANCTUARY

By REV. COLEMAN NEVILS, S.J.



March, 1634. Maryland Pilgrims under Leonard Calvert making pact of friendship with Indians. Father White, S.J., blessed the pact.

As President of Georgetown University, and through his literary achievements, the name of Father Coleman Nevils, S.J., is familiar to many of our readers. The Tercentenary of the landing of the Catholic Pilgrims at St. Mary's City, on March 25th, 1634, and the founding of the colony of Maryland, is being celebrated at Georgetown University in a brilliant series of exercises extending over the Scholastic Year 1933-34.

THE year 1934 possesses special significance for the English-speaking Catholics of the United States; it is the Tercentenary of the arrival of the Maryland Pilgrims who planted a land of sanctuary not only for their Catholic co-religionists, but for all professing belief in Jesus Christ. As a matter of historical fact everybody was welcome, Jew or Gentile, and in the words of the great historian of the United States, George

Bancroft, Maryland "gave religious liberty a home, its only home in the wide world." The early years of the Maryland colony are in matchless antithesis to the other English colonies. The intolerant cruelty of Massachusetts and Virginia settlements is too well known to need repetition, and when intolerance did take hold of Maryland it was an importation from these two sections of the North American Colonies. Speaking in the Masonic Opera House at Annapolis by invitation of the Board of Governors and Visitors of St. John's College, an Episcopalian institution which was celebrating its bicentennial, Adjutant General H. Kyd Douglas said, March 5, 1894:

"New England was colonized by Puritans fleeing from persecution, Maryland by Catholics seeking religious freedom, Virginia by Episcopalians of the Church of England. When the record of each is brought to light in this tolerant age, Maryland alone need not be ashamed. The Episcopalians of Virginia enacted severe legislation for the suppression of Presbyterians, Friends, Puritans and other dissenters, in order to force them out of the colony. The harsher and more cruel measures of New England Puritans, with whom exile, scourging, burning, torture and death were common punishments, are familiar to the readers of American history.

"But it is the pride of Maryland (and if you have heard it often it will not harm to hear it again), that upon her early history there is no such dark stain. At times sporadic cases of intolerance—the germs brought from England in their old clothes—seemed to threaten serious disease, but the air of Maryland soon proved a religious disinfectant. Thanks to the benign example of Lord Baltimore, with that broad Catholicism which has distinguished the history of the State, the breath of prayer on this colony soon became as free as the air of her mountains and as pure as the streams of her valleys. Since then religious freedom, the veritable vine and fig tree longed for since the olden time, has flourished everywhere on this broad continent. From Maryland, over America—from America, over the civilized world, has spread this doctrine of creed and constitution that there can be no liberty without religious liberty. Religion has nothing to fear from liberty and reason; and it is worthy of note and comment, that those States of the Union, in which, then provinces, there were the greatest intolerance and fanaticism, are now the camping

grounds of scepticism and unbelief. The world has learned, at last, that violence cannot kill infidelity nor make faith universal.

“It was thus that Maryland was baptized in love and gratitude as ‘The Land of the Sanctuary.’ Higher than titles of rank and badges of honor, more significant than heraldic motto, more noble than the nobility of royalty, more to be venerated than the sacred memory which consecrates the history of that old State house, greatest of all her trophies and glories, is the simple and graceful title which her faith and toleration won for our good old State, ‘The Land of the Sanctuary.’”

On the beautiful feast of St. Cecilia, November 22, 1633, two small vessels, the Ark and the Dove, sailed from Cowes, of the Isle of Wight, and after many months of anxiety finally reached the shores of the Potomac and neared their last resting-place—Maryland. Some forty years before, Spanish Jesuits



First building of Georgetown University, 1785. Replaced by the Ryan building in 1904.

seeking to save the souls of the natives, had come from Florida and named the country “Terra Mariae,” Land of Mary; they were martyred and no trace of them was left, only a fugitive Indian convert made his way to the South and told to the Florida Mission the story of the martyrdom. God’s providence saw fit to preserve the same sweet name of Mary for this beautiful land, and the Calvert Expedition with the English Jesuit mission, quite ignorant of the previous expedition, chose the name Maryland. On a tributary of the Potomac, which they called St. Mary’s River, about five miles from its mouth, they founded the first capital, St. Mary’s City. The site was well chosen. A capacious harbor was furnished by a crescent-

shaped indentation, while inland there was a singularly beautiful plateau quite spacious, with gently-sloping hill in the rear. All about the scenery is enchanting. About a year or so ago not far from this site a piece of property was donated and an out-door altar has been built to the memory of Fathers Andrew White and John Altham Gravenor and Brother Thomas Gervase, members of the Society of Jesus, who were the first English-speaking Catholic missionaries in those parts. It is hoped that this monument will be the inspiration of many pilgrimages.

March the twenty-fifth is truly a day sacred in the history of the universal Church. It has particular significance for all English-speaking Catholics in the United States, for on that day the first Mass was said by Father White at Heron Island, off the shores of Maryland. About a hundred years ago, on his visit to Rome, Father William McSherry, seventeenth President of Georgetown University, discovered a Latin original manuscript in the Archives of the Society of Jesus. It is called "Relatio Itineris" and is an account written by Father White of the entire voyage and of the arrival in Maryland and the first months of the Colony. This document places Father White as English America's pioneer historian. It is used by all writers as authentic and most reliable. An accurate and complete copy of this document, made by Father McSherry, the first of its kind to reach the United States, was brought to Georgetown and is now preserved in the University Archives. Each year on March the twenty-fifth, Founders Day, it is placed on exhibition. Father White says:

"On the day of the Annunciation we first offered the sacrifice of the Mass, never before done in this region of the world. The sacrifice being ended, having taken upon our shoulders the great cross which we had hewn from a tree and going in procession to the place that had been designated, the Governor, Commissioners, and other Catholics participating in the ceremony, we erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was chanted humbly on our bended knees, with great emotion of soul."

It was not long after this that Father White opened a school at St. Mary's City and later at St. Inigoes for the children of the colonists and for the natives. All prospered well until 1645, when a Virginian adventurer named Clairborne, together with an infamous buccaneer, Ingle, stirred up a rebellion and the rule of the Baltimores was overthrown. Father White and his two companions were put in irons and transported to England for trial. Though Father White himself never returned to America, some of his Jesuit companions did and have continued the work in America for nearly three hundred years. His first companion on the mission was Father John Altham Gravenor, and to these two Jesuit Fathers Georgetown University in 1933 dedicated a science-recitation hall which is appropriately named the White-Gravenor Building.

Later the Catholic church was closed at St. Mary's City and the Fathers were obliged to flee; and from then on till the establishment of the Constitution of the United States in 1789 they led an obscure but very active life and through many trials administered to the needs of the Church.

In 1694, in order that no vestige of the Catholic settlement might remain, the capital of Maryland was removed to Annapolis. Bitter sectarian strife sounded the death knell of old St. Mary's, and to-day all that is left is a graveyard and small church, a school for girls and a few farm houses. Just a few miles away there is still a mission church and parish house at St. Inigoes, which for over two hundred years had a resident pastor. Here in an unmarked grave rest the ashes of one of the greatest of pioneer priests of North America, Father Thomas Copley. He was of illustrious ancestry, being a descendant of Lord Hco Hastings, K.C., who was killed at St. Alban's in 1455. He was the cousin of Blessed Robert Southwell, S.J., the poet-martyr who was recently beatified. Father Copley, though he greatly assisted the Baltimore Expedition of 1634, did not come to Maryland till two years later. Father Copley was an indefatigable missionary, and he sought to "follow his occupation" mainly in the spiritual and corporal

works of mercy. Governor Leonard Calvert convened an Assembly, composed of the freemen of the Colony, to meet at St. Mary's City on the 25th of January, 1638. Thomas Copley, Esquire, and Andrew White and John Altham (Gravenor), Gentlemen, were summoned to this assembly. However, they asked to be excused, not wishing to increase by their presence the prejudice of the Puritan faction which was daily gaining

Right: Healy Building (Main) 1870. In it, the President's office and one of the libraries.



Left: Copley Hall (1930) residence for students. White - Gravenor building (1933). Dean's office, Science laboratories, lecture rooms.

strength against them. Governor Stone of Maryland, acting under the advice of the Lord Proprietor, called an Assembly which, on April 2, 1649, passed the "Act for the Toleration of Religion", the first of its kind in North America. It is claimed by those well informed in the history of early Maryland, that Father Copley actually drafted "The Act," many sentiments and expressions of which are exactly the same as the pronouncement made in England by his grandfather, Sir Thomas Copley, more than sixty years before.

One of the most valuable relics at Georgetown, and the most conspicuous of all the furnishings in the Carroll Parlor, is the large, elliptical table which once belonged to Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland. A well-founded tradition claims it was brought over on the "Ark" in 1634, and at St. Mary's City it was used both as a council and as a dining table. Hence it is very probable that upon this table the Act for the Toleration of Religion was written, and it may be that Leonard Calvert, with Father Copley as his guest, discussed the various ways in which this Act should be framed. Father Joseph E. Keller, who was at one time the Provincial of the Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, wrote in the middle of the last century to a friend in England: "We have got at St. Inigoes the original round table at which the first Governor and his wise men sat in council and on which were written the laws of the Colony and the famous statute of liberty of conscience." No doubt the table was abandoned when the government moved from St. Mary's to Annapolis. It passed through many hands, but it seems to have been preserved in the family of Sir John Walstenholme, who founded a settlement on Palmer's Island. From him it descended to Daniel W. Campbell, Esq., Proprietor of the Rosecroft Estate, and from this gentleman it passed to the hands of the Jesuit Fathers at St. Inigoes. It was purchased January 7, 1732, after the death of Mr. Campbell, by Father Joseph Carberry, S.J. The price paid for it was the handsome sum of ten dollars. It was placed at St. Inigoes, where it remained until 1883, when it was transferred to Georgetown. It was shipped on the steamer "Express" at Chapel Point, and safely arrived at Georgetown, where it is held in highest veneration.

There are also other relics at Georgetown that preserve the memory of the first Mass. They are on exhibition in the Du-buisson Liturgical Museum. The most precious is the pewter chalice and paten which were used at the first Mass, celebrated March the twenty-fifth, 1634. On the wall near this chalice is placed a crucifix which has been made from the wood of the mulberry tree under which this first Mass was said. George-

town also possesses the missal which was used by Father White and a picture of St. Ignatius, the Patron of Maryland, which the pioneer priest carried from England to America. There is also a large iron cross, about four feet long, which was made from horseshoes and scraps of iron by the Calvert Pilgrims during their first days in the new world. Georgetown is also the happy possessor of the bell of the first church in Maryland. These sacred souvenirs are annually on exhibition March the twenty-fifth, but for the 1934 Tercentenary they possess particular significance. It is fondly hoped that the spirit of the Land of Sanctuary will extend far and wide during these days when so much tolerance is needed in every land in every field.

GRATITUDE.

The lordly sun looked kindly on a wave,
A tiny wave that ran upon the sea;
And, lo! the wavelet brake with joy, and gave
A very shower of grateful brilliancy,
A thousand timid sparkles, every one
An image of the sun!

CONVERTS

BY SAM ATKINSON,

Author of "My Catholic Neighbours."

YESTERDAY was Lincoln's Birthday—Februray 12th. Mrs. Atkinson and I attended a unique party in a little cottage on Dufferin Street in Toronto. The party was given by Miss Catharine Amour and her mother, and the memory of it will be even more significant to me in the years to come than Lincoln's birthday. The party represented a new movement which might well be copied by Catholic parishes everywhere.

Miss Amour conceived the idea of inviting the converts who attend St. Clare's Catholic Church to meet with a few of her friends for the purpose of getting acquainted. It was a real party and not an experience meeting. We had with us Father Nealon, the Secretary of the Archbishop, and Father McGoey, one of the assistant priests of the parish.

Brother Theobald was also amongst the guests. It is interesting to note in passing that Brother Theobald was serving in Toronto at the semi-centennial of the City, and is still active in this Centennial Year. Just imagine what fifty years of service means? There were about twenty-five of us altogether, evenly divided—old Catholics and new.

The greatest enemy a convert has to fight upon coming into the Church is an utter sense of loneliness. In Protestant communities even the Sunday services are used as a means of sociability. That means the hand-grasps and nods of recognition and the smiles of our friends. Of course, we attend the Catholic Church for a totally different reason. We go there, not for sociability; not to hear any particular priest; not to meet any friends, but to meet the Blessed Christ.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that the convert misses the old associations. He particularly misses the congregational singing, which gives him a vociferous part in the services. Then he sees that most Catholics go in and come out with apparently

little thought of the others. This is as it should be, because they are on the King's business. However, the convert, in many cases, has been ostracised for his acceptance of the old faith. He passes through a Gethsemane, and he must pass that way alone.

In Toronto we have a very active Converts' League. Membership is about evenly divided, with the object in view of bringing a convert into touch with those who have been grounded in the Faith from childhood. At the same time it is a liberal education for the Catholic who has known no other faith, to meet with a convert, and our Toronto League is doing a splendid work in this respect. We hope in the near future to establish a reading room in the heart of the city which people can visit for the purpose of gaining information about the Church. So many Protestants are afraid to approach priests. One of the false traditions which has grown up since the Reformation is that all priests are naturally proselytisers. The dictionary meaning of the word Jesuitical, and not its true meaning, is applied to all priests, regardless of the order to which they belong. The consequence is that those who would really like to get information about the Church, very often get it from unqualified sources. The idea that a priest is clever, subtle and able to twist any argument to suit his purpose, prevails more extensively than the average Catholic understands. When we approach our Catholic neighbours we find very often that they are suspicious of us. They cannot be blamed for this, because Catholics have been terribly persecuted in the past.

Any movement that tends to break down prejudice and establish a point of contact, is an important one. That is why I am so elated about last night's party. If, in addition to the work of the Converts' League, which embraces the whole of Toronto, Miss Amour's idea can be carried out in every parish where there are converts, the work of the Converts' League will be supported, and the result will mean inestimable benefit to all who become interested. As we were breaking up, several suggestions came at once for another party, and another loyal

communicant of St. Clare's Parish—Miss Wickett—invited all of us to her home next month. The entire thing was marked by its spontaneity. It will grow until the time will come when it will become an institution. I had a talk with one of the guests, and, in the course of our conversation, found that he was a non-Catholic, but had come to please his Catholic wife. He said, "These people are wonderful neighbours. I have enjoyed myself immensely to-night, and I hope that I shall be included when the invitations are sent out for the next gathering of this kind." That was significant. When the party broke up we were the last to leave. I will admit I lagged behind because I wanted to say a quiet "God Bless You" to Miss Amour and her mother, for I know what it means to lose friends and to feel the need of friends who understand.

This was really my object in writing "My Catholic Neighbours". I tried so hard to produce a book that the Catholic, reading, would realize something of the tremendous task involved in the re-building of a lost faith. I tried also to put into the hands of the Catholic a book that he could loan to his Protestant neighbour, which would at least give the Protestant a kindly opinion towards the Church. This is not a question of propaganda, but it is a question affecting the duty of all of us in bearing testimony to the truth.

Vainly, Lord, the mind of man
Frets to trace Thy great design;
Hid is all the perfect plan,—
Not a gleam and not a line!
Then, betimes, and all undue,
Comes a flash the darkness through,
And the tiny part we see
Hints Thy finished harmony!

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT WORDS
AND THINGS

By A. M. KENNEDY.

WHY do we say "riddled with holes?" Well, a *riddle* is a sieve, and to riddle is to make full of holes like a sieve.

A word may die out in a general sense, surviving only in some special meaning. Thus the word *sward*, now rarely used except in "greensward," originally meant the skin or crust of anything.

"An old geezer" has a modern sound, but it is the mediaeval *guiser*, or mummer.

The expression "by the skin of my teeth" is often regarded as slang, yet it is taken direct, with the change of one small preposition, from the Book of Job, "and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." It is a forceful metaphor.

A "journeyman" has nothing to do with journeys. He is one who works *à la journée*, by the day.

Filbert, earlier *philibert*, is named from St. Philibert, the nut being ripe by St. Philibert's Day, August 22nd.

To pounce upon is to seize in the *pounces*, the old word for a falcon's claws. (And, by the way, falcon is pronounced faw-kn).

Donkey is made up of the word "dun" and the diminutive suffix. It is, therefore, a small animal of a dun color.

Why the word *fee*? The Anglo-Saxon word for cattle was "fech," pronounced much the same as "fee." Cattle were the principal wealth of the times, and it was a common occurrence for one or more head of them to be driven up in payment of a debt. In modern usage it is employed only in connection with payment for professional services.

Spinster. In olden days women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings. During the time thus spent at the spinning wheel they were called spinsters. "Ster" was originally a feminine suffix.

TORONTO

BY T. A. REED.



YORK HARBOUR, 1828 FROM THE ISLAND,
FROM AN AQUATINT.

On the right can be seen, to the left of the branch of the tree, the steeple of St. Paul's.

WHEN in 1793, Lt.-Col. John Graves Simcoe, the recently appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the newly-formed Province of Upper Canada, sought for a suitable site for a provincial capital, it was the Bay of Toronto that attracted his attention. Niagara, the seat of the first government, was too near the American frontier, a dangerous location in the event of hostilities which the soldier-governor always feared might at any time break out again between the two countries. "Under the guns of an enemy's fort is not the place for the capital of a British province," he said, and after an expedition through the wilderness to Detroit, then a British out-post, and incidentally deciding upon a "second London on a Canadian Thames" as the most suitable place for the future capital, he again set out in the spring of 1793 in search for a temporary site. To quote his wife's diary at the time:

“Tuesday, May 2nd—Col. Simcoe set off, accompanied by seven officers, to go to Toronto. He means to go round by the head of the lake in a batteau.

Saturday, May 13th.—Col. Simcoe returned from Toronto and speaks in praise of the harbour and a fine spot near it covered with large oaks, which he intends to fix up on as a site for a town.

The “fine spot” was on the Bay Front, east of the present George Street, extending as far as Berkeley Street. On the older maps it was marked, “Toronto, an Indian village, now deserted,” and three miles to the westward there had been from the earliest days of the French occupation a trading post which for the last ten years of its existence (1749-1759) had been elevated to the dignity of a fort, Fort Rouillé.

This, then, was the beginning—“the great city of Toronto in embryo.” On the 27th August, a Royal salute was fired by

orders of the Governor, in honour of the Duke of York, George the Third’s second son, and the new capital was Christened York. The Governor’s enthusiasm was not shared by others of the official class. Bouchette, the surveyor, speaks of the “untamed aspect, the dense and tractless forests that lined the margin of the lake.” Laincourt, the French traveller, said in 1795, “there are but twelve houses in York and the inhabitants are low character.” Another traveller said, “the situation is very unhealthy . . . bet-



ST. PAUL'S, POWER ST. (1822)
From an etching by Owen Staples,
O.S.A.

ter calculated for a frog-pond or a beaver-meadow than for a residence of human beings."

Early in 1794 materials for the first house were on the ground and somewhere in the neighbourhood of King and Berkeley Streets the town began "growing slowly westward in the customary American way it developed with its hotel, its tavern, boarding-house, waggon factory, tinsmith shop, bakery, general store, its lawyer's office, printing office and place of worship."

The Governor's official residence in York was the "canvas house," which he imported expressly from England, pitched first near the garrison and later further east. In order better to provide for the comfort of his wife and family, he caused to be erected on a steep and lofty bank, overlooking the valley of the Don, not far from the present Bloor Street viaduct, a summer home which he named Castle Frank, after his three-year-old son Francis, in whose name the surrounding land had been patented. Here, many a gay party was held during the Governor's sojourn in York and for many years after, until in 1829 it was mischievously burned by a party of fishermen. The lad whose name it bore was "one in that ghastly pile of English dead which closed up the breach at Badajoz," in April, 1812.

The town was of slow growth and although planned with foresight it possessed for many years "not even the characteristics of a village." One straggling central street, King Street and three cross streets, probably George, Frederick and Caroline (Sherbourne) sufficed for the population which by the time of the breaking out of the war of 1812, in twenty years had not reached 800. Its first government buildings were completed in 1797 in time for the meeting of the sixth legislature of the Province, buildings which were described as "two elegant mansions" by Dr. John Strachan when complaining to President Madison of the conduct of the American attacking forces in April, 1813, when the town was taken and these buildings burned. Divine service was held in them until 1807, when St. James' opened its doors in the woods at Church

and King streets. In the same year the rector of York, Rev. George Okill Stewart, opened the District Grammar School in his residence at George and King streets, the first regular school of the kind. With the outbreak of the war in 1812, the little community received a set-back and the population bled of all its man-power, was reduced to barely 700. Shortly after the peace things improved, a new Grammar School—the Blue School—was built, the Methodists, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, each in turn built places of worship, a new gaol and court-house of imposing proportions followed in 1824 and generally the place took on an air of prosperity. King and Yonge Streets vicinity was still, however, far westward of the town proper, the venture of a store at the present Royal Bank corner in 1833 being described as “wild and foolish.” The line of Lot Street (to be called Queen Street in 1842 in honour of Queen Victoria) was the northern boundary, all north of it being laid out in Park Lots, for gentlemen’s villas, traces of which still exist in street names, such as Bleecker and Sherbourne, which remind us of the Ridouts; Jarvis of Secretary Jarvis; James, Elizabeth, Hayter and Teraulay of Dr. Macaulay and his wife (he was surgeon of Simcoe’s “Queen’s Rangers”) Spadina, Robert, Sullivan, Willcocks, St. George, Baldwin, of Dr. Wm. Baldwin, and his family and many others.

The City of Toronto, 1834.

By proclamation York became a city on 6th March, 1834, with its ancient name of Toronto restored to it. It was not an impressive place. It was entirely unimproved and the name of “Muddy Little York” was not undeserved. There were neither sidewalks nor sewers, no attempt at street lighting, nothing indeed that placed it above the average of any frontier town. One of the first acts of the new council was to authorize the borrowing of One Thousand Pounds to lay 2618 rods of sidewalk two feet wide, the boards being laid lengthwise. When a tax of three-pence in the pound was imposed, the sheriff called a meeting of the citizens to protest against the extravagance. The appointment of John G. Howard as City Surveyor

(afterwards to be known for all time as the generous donor to the city of his demesne, High Park) was the sign of a new era and of rapid improvement. In addition to the sidewalks, he, as City Engineer, laid the first sewers, erected a fire hall and other municipal buildings. Mrs. Anna Jameson, the wife of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, in her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" in 1836 speaks of Toronto as "most strangely mean and melancholy, a little ill-built town with one very ugly church, some government offices in the most vulgar staring style imaginable, a gray wintry prospect and the dark gloom of a pine forest." "Two years ago," she says, we bought our books at the same shop where we bought our shoes, our spades, our sugar and salt pork; now we have two good book shops and a circulating library of two or three hundred volumes." She also admits that "a reasonable person might make himself happy here if it were not for those Egyptian plagues, the flies and frogs in summer and the relentless iron winter." But in 1843, seven years later, Charles Dickens could say of the same place, "the town itself is full of life and motion, bustle, business and improvement. The streets are well paved and lighted with gas; the houses are large and good, the shops excellent, there are some which would do no discredit to the metropolis itself."

With the great influx of settlers during the "forties and fifties" the development of the city was rapid. During the quarter of a century before Confederation several architects of note from the Old Land were responsible for the erection of buildings, which added greatly to its imposing appearance. Many of these buildings stand to-day, viz., St. James Cathedral, St. Michael's Cathedral, Osgoode Hall facade, University College, the Exchange (Imperial Bank) the Bank of Toronto, the Commercial Bank (15 Wellington St. West) and the St. Lawrence Hall. Gas was introduced in 1840 and a system of water works, totally inadequate in 1853. Street cars which ran at forty-minute intervals were started in 1861, the first Industrial Exhibition in 1879

There is an intimate connection between the early days of

Toronto, the establishment of the Catholic Church and of the Community of St. Joseph. The first Catholic Church was, of course, St. Paul's, built in 1822 and, from 1841 until 1848, when St. Michael's Cathedral was opened, the pro-cathedral of the Diocese. An earnest worker in the cause of religion was Captain, the Hon. John Elmsley, son of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, from whom he inherited a large part of the original Crown Grant of land on the west side of Yonge Street north



FORT ROUILLE, 1749-1759,

To guard the trading post at Toronto, which had existed since the 17th century.

of the present College Street. There is a great deal to remind us of the religious zeal of the Honorable John in the locality which at one time bore the attractive name of Clover Hill, a name given on account of the sudden rise now almost obliterated, but traces of which may still be seen on the north side of St. Joseph Street and the eminence where St. Michael's College stands. Brought up a Protestant, he became a convert in 1834, and it is to that zeal the Church owes the sites of St. Michael's College, St. Basil's Church and the convents of the

Precious Blood and of St. Joseph. Indeed the very names of the streets remind us of his devotion, viz. : St. Mary, St. Joseph, St. Alban, St. Nicholas, St. Thomas, and one regrets the disappearance in the inevitable march of progress, of St. Vincent and Chapel (now merged in the modern Bay Street) and of St. Charles, the former name of Irwin Avenue. The first Elmsley demesne was known as Clover Hill and it stood where Bay Street nearly cuts off the corner of St. Michael's College. Later, when a smaller residence was desirable, an out-building on the estate was rebuilt and given the name of Barnstable. It is now part of the Infirmary attached to the College. It is interesting to recall that when Bishop Power proposed the building of a Cathedral worthy of the diocese, he found an ardent supporter in the Hon. John Elmsley. In addition to raising money he organized "bees" so that labourers and others without money could contribute by digging the excavations for the building which they did in an incredibly short time. When the church was ready, he and another convert, S. G. Lynn, mortgaged their own estates to the extent of some \$75,000, so that the Cathedral could be free of debt and consecrated when opened for Divine worship on St. Michael's day, 1848.

In 1862 he also gave two acres of his estate to the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph for a convent, which was completed in 1863, when the Mother House and the Academy moved from Power Street, where they had been established since 1851.

Elmsley Place still bears his name and in compliance with his wishes, his heart is enshrined in the walls of St. Basil's Church near the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and his body rests in the crypt of the Cathedral.

(Conclusion in June Issue.)



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, POWER STREET, TORONTO, 1854-1863.

WHERE BUDGETS BALANCE — THE COTTOLENGO

BY SISTER M. INNOCENTIA, C.S.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Founder of this miraculous institution, the Cottolengo, Canon Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, was beatified on April 30, 1917, by Pope Benedict XV. A sketch of the life of Blessed Cottolengo was given in the September issue of the "Lilies."

RECENTLY, speaking at a gathering of the *Settimana Sociale* (social week), Cardinal Maffi dwelt on charity and said: "A poor delinquent having been liberated after long confinement, found himself alone in an unsympathetic world, resourceless and ostracized. Disillusioned, embittered against his fellow-men, he left his native city and wandered far and wide; never meeting with a kind glance, never receiving a friendly hand-shake. One day, finding an open door-way, famished and angry, he entered. To his utter amazement his host, a kind old priest, welcomed him as a son and cordially invited him to share the mid-day meal. The outcast, little dreaming that true charity still existed, asked the holy man why he had received him so kindly without so much as inquiring his name. "It is very simple," replied the friend, "a sorrow and not a name is the only requirement here."

These words might be engraved upon the gates of that city of refuge for the sorrowful familiarly known as "The Cottolengo" in Turin, Italy.

The institute of Blessed Cottolengo is a bold challenge to the caution, astuteness and foresight of boards of trade, accountants and bookkeepers. We find no balances struck, estimates of the resources needed to carry on, only a full and entire confidence in the goodness and mercy of God. For, God, proportions His gifts to the confidence that He discerns in the heart of the supplicant

The "Cottolengo" has no fixed revenues, nor civic, nor government grants. It is maintained by voluntary donations of the public. This is precisely what distinguishes it from all

other institutions. It depends entirely from day to day on what Providence sends to it. And Providence during these last ninety years has never failed to feed and clothe its 10,000 inmates.

The truthful and unbounded confidence upon God gives us the motive for Blessed Cottolengo's apparent idiosyncrasy. Upon entering the institution, he would invariably empty his pockets of coins and place them outside the door or window. He felt that God would deny him His blessing should he, in any way, be capable of providing for himself.

Then, there was also a holy audacity in his tone. When there was neither bread nor provisions, Cottolengo would turn his steps towards the chapel, and there, before the Tabernacle, he would exclaim with child-like confidence and ardent love, "Now we shall see, O Lord, how much you care for us." And his prayer was always heard and bread and provisions poured in.

Some time ago, relates Father Cojazzi, I accompanied some forty Milanese young men in Turin. They were tourists. Educated in a good Catholic college, they had repeatedly heard me sing the praises of the "Cottolengo," and were anxious to visit it under my guidance. They admired the mill, the kitchen, the new pavilion. They were deeply moved at the poor unfortunate mutes who "recited" the Ave Maria by the conventional signs taught them by the Cottolengo.

I had purposely reserved to the last our visit to another department. I had enquired from time to time, of my fellow-visitors: "Are you feeling all right, boys?" Failing to understand me, they replied smilingly that they felt all right. But as we entered this new department a gust of nauseous odour almost overwhelmed them: they were not smiling anymore! We went into a large room, almost square, with chairs, invalid chairs and benches placed so as to form a circle. Upon these were some thirty poor creatures, who demanded incessant care and who were attended assiduously by Sisters.

Presently we grouped about one of these Sisters who was holding a bowl of porridge and was about to feed a poor im-

becile. "My friend (the imbecile) and I are on good terms," she said, "for we have known one another about twenty years!" A cry of astonishment escaped from the boys. She had been there twenty years feeding and tending such human wrecks! It seemed incredible! "Do you think, my young friends," continued the Sister, "that this task is irksome? These good sons have beautiful souls." For the past few weeks an officer in splendid uniform has daily solicited this same porringer and spoon to feed this friend of mine. Why? Because he said he had asked for a special spiritual favour and hoped to obtain it by feeding God in the person of this unfortunate creature. At this, the boys were moved.

When we arrived at Corso Regina, they seemed to be conscious that something had happened in their lives; everything seemed changed. They had met Charity, whose divine magnetic lamp with its pure dazzling light, had relegated to the shades all that which they had before considered grand and beautiful. The visit to the "good sons" of Cottolengo had been worth more than a thousand sermons. It had sickened them physically, but it had made their hearts straight. "Whoever loses his life will find spiritual life." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for My sake shall save it."

No sage, no seer, no prophet I,
Yet wise the motto that I give:
Who lives for God shall never die,
Who dies for God shall ever live.

THE FORK IN THE ROAD

By PEREGRINO.

I F only Dora were close by and I could see and console her. I am so sorry."

Mrs. Tierney and her neighbor were furnishing the telephone with its usual mid-morning exercise. This morning, it was not about the cute tricks of their babies, nor did they discuss new recipes. A telegram had just arrived at the Tierney home: "George passed away suddenly on golf course to-day; letter following," signed Dora. The neighbor promised to run over for a few minutes and they hung up.

Many moons had evolved into fullness and cataclysmic were the changes in man and his ways and the world he inhabits since the eventful day that Dorothy Ward and Anne Kerwin stood tremulously on the same flower-banked platform and received their diplomas of graduation.

In retrospect, school was a wonderful democracy. The Wards lived in the great corner house with the huge oaks and the spacious lawn with its tennis court; the Kerwins in a cottage at the end of a row. This made no difference. The girls growing up side by side seemed always together, played their games, had their little squabbles and as quickly mended the breaks, with never a thought of distinction.

It didn't occur to either that life would be ever otherwise than one doing what the other suggested. Graduation Day arrived and there they stood together, congratulated by relatives and friends. Dorothy, the tall, dark beauty, vivacious and entertaining, Anne, pretty if not beautiful, quiet, but with humorous eyes, taking full enjoyment out of everything. What a thrilling day, but what a sad one too, on reflection. Graduation Day, the fork in the road. Yes, it could well be named that.

Dorothy's father died two months later. The mother and

two sons and daughter moved to the city. The friendship of the two girls persisted. The mail-man brought heavy letters abounding in news of both city and town. Frequently Anne visited the Wards in the city, and Dorothy was the same, lively, fun-loving girl when she holidayed at the Kerwin cottage.

A year passed and now the visits were farther apart, though when they met the demonstrations of affection were as warm as ever. And then, after three months had passed and they had not seen each other, Dorothy rushed in to the Kerwins' one day and confided the wonderful news.

Of course it was about a man. He was tall, dark, and though not handsome, was so nice. "He is so clever in business and the wedding's in May and you're to be the bridesmaid." All this in one breath! "His name is George Donald, and he's made the promises and we're to be married in the Rectory. Some day I hope George will be a Catholic."

"My dear, you look disappointed! But, after all, one must live one's own life. Do you really believe that mixed marriages turn out as badly as they say? Really, Anne, many of them are so successful. I believe sometimes the Church exaggerates just to frighten us. However, George is so fair-minded, I have no fear of mine. Well, must get along, good-bye for now. By the way, how is John? Still punching the time-clock at the station?"

And so Dorothy became Mrs. George Donald. And because George was clever in business and, without the restraint of religion could stretch his conscience to cover any business deal working to his advantage, he made piles of money. In time his investments drew them to California, where they settled. Meanwhile, John Tierney, working as a clerk in the railway office, was impressing his honest ways and sturdy character on the heart of Anne Kerwin. And so, on a certain sunny morning, to the accompaniment of droning bees and along rose-scented streets, they drove to the Church and came forth Mr. and Mrs. Tierney.

The tongues in the town wagged. "The two of them as thick as peas in the pod. And think of her with her educa-

tion throwing herself away on a railway clerk. She must often envy Dorothy in her mansion with her car and maid, while she plods along on the meagre wages of John Tierney."

Truth to tell, Anna often envied Dora, for as the years passed and the family increased, the little ones kept mother on her feet from morn till eve, with washing to keep them neat and clean for school, and cooking meals that would nourish their growing bodies.

There was, too, the anxiety of it all. Never a more willing worker than John, but promotion in the railway was slow and twice the wages were cut; and shoes and clothes were expensive and wore out so quickly.

Often after the children went to bed, Anne would sit mending and thinking; wondering when life would be easier, and her thoughts would turn to the days gone and Dorothy. It was years since they had met.

Then one day a limousine drew up to the door and Dorothy got out. Their greetings were affectionate. Though her clothes were marvelous and she carried herself with an air, she was to Anne the same sweet Dora.

She had much to tell. Paris and London and Rome, dreams to Anne, were as familiar to her as the streets of the little town. She talked much of her life, but it dawned on Anne that although she was the picture of happiness, there was some sorrow in Dora's life that she was hiding.

"Is it her husband?" she pondered. And then Doro confided her worry. "George has always been a dear. He's made heaps of money, but he was the centre of an investigation last winter, and he lost pounds during the two weeks. He was exonerated, but I am not satisfied that all is well. Oh, Anne, I have never said it to anyone, but I am so afraid sometimes that ours is not honestly-earned money.

"When I ask about it, he becomes angry, so, long ago, I gave up asking. He has always told me it is his job to make it and mine to spend it. He never says a prayer. He told the minister who called that he needed Sunday for recreation. He spends it on the golf course. And then there are the chil-

dren. Bob is a good boy. He goes to Mass with me, as does Estelle. But they are not devout Catholics, as I would have them. Pray for me, Anne, please."

And Dorothy went back to her limousine and Anne to her mending. News came from California from time to time. Someone motoring through saw Dora out there. She appeared thin and worn. Her son Bob had revolted at attending Sunday Mass and now golfed with the father Sundays. Estelle seemed to be her only comfort.

Meanwhile the railway clerk was transferred into an office manager with a considerable increase in the monthly pay envelope. He could be seen with his three boys and two girls and the mother sitting on the Epistle side near the front of the church Sunday after Sunday. They took their places together at the Communion railing.

The Tierney home was a centre of entertainment for young folks. The boys and girls brought in their friends. They had music and dancing and games and lunches. John and Anne enjoyed it as much as the young people.

The letter followed two days after the telegram. George Donald had gone to play golf after a strenuous day at the office. At the seventh tee he collapsed and expired while being carried to the club-house.

As Mrs. Tierney finished reading the letter her eyes were moist. "Poor Dora," she thought, "No doubting the fact that she loved George and now what anguish as she reflects that he died like a pagan and left behind him a son who seems destined to follow in his father's footsteps."

And Anne Tierney's mind drifted back to the day of Graduation. Truly it was the fork in the road—no two roads could lead their travellers farther apart than those she and Dora traversed.

And for Dora she whispered "Lord help her," and for herself, as was her wont, "Thanks be to God."

WON'T YOU WRITE ON ST. ANNE?

REV. L. X. AUBIN, C.S.S.R.

THE request set me thinking. Perhaps I will—I'd like to very much. Where shall I find the time? Going away pretty soon on a mission, other things in hand just now, other articles in preparation need brushing up. . . Perhaps I will write. Then I said decidedly—yes, I will write and at once. How many pages? Four; more pages with illustrations. Very good.

And now here I am scribbling on and on, words and thoughts spurting out of my pen; swifter than I can write them.

I suppose that I come here on a beautiful Sunday morning in August. What shall I see and hear? Wonderful things which will amaze me. Little by little the impression will be borne upon me that St. Anne de Beaupré is perhaps the greatest centre of attraction in all the New World. When I get off the train at St. Anne's on that clear summer Sunday, the first thing that strikes my eye is the stately pile of sparkling white granite, Romanesque in style with an outside length of 350 feet stretching to the Monastery. I cannot help stopping at the gates of the Park to view the gorgeous structure displayed before me. That is the new Basilica, every inch a kingly mansion, copper-roofed, unsurpassed specially in the artistic stone work of the steeples and towers, not completed yet. One never thought that such graceful lace-work could be woven in flinty granite. The corner-stone of St. Anne's new Shrine was laid in 1923, a year after the immense fire that razed to the ground the College Monastery and Basilica.

I make my way into the Shrine with a throng of people, for on Sunday there is an inpouring of pilgrims from everywhere, by automobiles, by trains, by bicycles, or on foot, and in a few instances by hydroplanes. When I stand at the rear of the church, my ears catch the oft-repeated strains of "To

that Shrine most holy," so gripping in these circumstances. And I see a vast crowd filling the church to its capacity. Yet, it is early, only seven o'clock. On either side, some ten or more Redemptorist Fathers hear Confessions. Three or four of them began at 5.30. Confessionals are literally thronged. Confessions will be heard till nine or ten o'clock. Three or four pilgrimages will fit into the church as best they can. What a pity



THE NEW BASILICA OF ST. ANNE
DE BEAUPRE.

that brick wall partition behind the main altar and all across the whole building cannot be torn down to give elbow-room to the people! And to see the communion rail blocked with communicants! Four priests give communion out of large ciboriums such as one seldom sees in other churches. Between 8,000 and 10,000 communions will be given to-day.

At the rear of the church on either side of me are crutches, canes, ugly-shaped boots and braces, and nondescript

appliances left behind by cured pilgrims. This puts me face to face, so to say, with miracles. There must be some, then, eh? I look at a label and I read, "Cured from rupture, July, 1930, Mrs. S., Rhode Island." Up the main aisle, ahead of me, there stands on an all-marble pedestal the most beautiful statue of the Good St. Anne I have ever seen. I am told it is the "Miraculous Statue." I come forward as best I can through the standing crowd. I see cripples wheeled up the aisle in front of the sanctuary. They pray with touching fervor. Then as I force my way up, the main altar comes into full view. What

gorgeous, tall white flowers! What are they? Campanulas. I have never seen them before. Priests are saying Mass on side altars. Between 50 and 75 Masses will be said that Sunday at the Shrine. Certainly, this is holy ground and Good St. Anne is a popular saint!

. . . "We wish a hearty welcome to our pilgrims from Quebec," a voice rings out from the pulpit near me. Announcements are made—Mass, confessions, communion, outside procession at 10. After speaking in French, the Father speaks in English. Obviously there are a good many English-speaking pilgrims. I noticed afterwards that whenever the Father gives something out from the pulpit, he gives it in both languages. Somehow, when I heard English I felt more at home.

I did as the rest. I heard Mass (the priest said there would be a last regular Mass at 11), went to confession and communion. On the left-hand side up the church I beheld a beautifully decorated altar shining with myriad lights and flowers. In a glass case above the altar is a golden reliquary studded with gems holding a large Relic of St. Anne donated to the Shrine by Pope Leo XIII. Later I read in the guide book that the Shrine possesses eight or nine relics of St. Anne. Is it not most wonderful to have relics of the Saint who lived 2,000 years ago, who is the mother of our Blessed Mother and Grandmother of our dear Lord?

Musing on that, I passed through the Information Office into the other section of the church, which is really a division of the new church. Then it came home to me what a large-sized construction this is, but not too large to cope with the rush of pilgrims. To my astonishment I found a good crowd also in this section, hearing Mass and going to confession and communion. There was a Redemptorist Father blessing religious articles and giving the Relic for veneration. He had not the fraction of a second to himself the time I stood there looking on eagerly. I walked around admiringly. Let me see . . . Up there will be the main altar; this is, of course, the lower church, on the iron beams the concrete floor soon to be

laid, here, the communion-rail right across the 200 feet wide transept.

The "Treasury of the Church" in the church store is a wonder. That picture from the brush of Le Brun given to the

Shrine in 1666 by the Marquis of Tracy is inspiring. It carries one back through nearly 300 years of wonderful religious history. Now, look at these thanksgiving offerings: hundreds of watches, rings, necklaces, bracelets, precious stones, etc., etc. They are a crowning proof that Good St. Anne has won the hearts of her servants by her wonder-working power. It never occurred to me there would be so many precious things in the Treasury of the Church.



The Miraculous Statue of St. Anne, inside the shrine, on an all marble pedestal.

When I walked out of the Treasury I found myself in a temporary parking space alongside the Basilica. It was filled with cars. A man on duty directed other cars, one following close upon another, on to the embarkment further away on the shore. I looked curiously at the licenses on the cars. A number were from Ontario and the United States. I heard a chauffeur say: "It is a wonder that there is scarcely an accident on the narrow road between Quebec and St. Anne's.

The good old Saint sees to that, I presume."

Standing on this side of the king's highway, I read over the doorway of a red-roofed church across the road: "Souvenir of the first church built in 1662." It was not easy to walk over owing to the steady stream of cars on the road. In front of the

old church there is "St. Anne's Holy Well." I saw pilgrims carrying away from it in bottles what they call "St. Anne's Water." They have great faith in it.

Apparently the water has miraculous properties. Now the old church is simply lovely and soul-stirring for the visions of the past it calls up. For 200 years pilgrims prayed in here. There is the old pulpit, and the three altars. Large paintings hang on the wall, quaint and time-worn, it is true, yet how eloquent in their silence. I wonder how many people have knelt in here since 1662? How many have received cures of body and soul? O Good St. Anne, thy name is as glorious as ever! Bridging over in our mind the 270 years that separate us from 1662 we turn our eyes to the lofty pile across the street yonder, and we say: "What a change! As much change as there is between a tiny seed put in the ground and the mighty tree that has grown out of it!

Wending my way to the Holy Stairs, my eyes fell on the first and second Stations of the Cross, in bronze. Further on the left I could see the fourth Station. Whoever looks closely at these statues of perfect workmanship cannot help being stirred in his heart. The expression of Our Lord's features is beyond words to tell. In the Holy Stairs (not a church, but a place of devotion in honour of Our Lord's Passion), I saw the Holy Stairway itself, 28 steps, with people toiling up them on their knees. I wanted to go up them myself, but I was prevented by the crowd. I had thought everybody was in church when I left it, but I found a great many here too.

Later in the morning at 10 o'clock I went back to the church for the procession. There must have been some 1,200 marching around the park. It is forbidden to stand by and look on: all must fall in or stand away. It is a religious ceremony, not a sight-seeing attraction. The hearty singing of so many voices rose up like a huge wave of sounds at the time pilgrims marched back into the Basilica while chanting the Magnificat. In the Procession the Banner and Statue of St. Anne are borne aloft by pilgrims who hold it an honor to be called to do it. One has to see a procession at St. Anne's to

know exactly what it is. The band and the Zouaves add no little color to the gorgeous display. Everybody sings at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Non-Catholics stand by, startled at the whole scene. There was a crush at the moment of the veneration of the Relie of Good St. Anne.

Shortly after, a Brother guide came in with a large party of tourists and visitors. He made them take a seat in the main aisle while a Father stood up at the foot of the miraculous statue. I too sat down and waited. When the noise had died down the Father began a very interesting talk which I shall try to put here in its outlines. It will serve as a fitting conclusion to this.

“Just a few words on the history and the work of the Shrine. They will help you to understand the Shrine. It is one thing to see the Shrine and another to understand it. On top of the pedestal is Good St. Anne. You know who she is. The Mother of the Virgin Mary and the Grandmother of Christ (I gather from this that the Father realized he was speaking to non-Catholics, some of whom ask strange questions concerning St. Anne’s whereabouts). St. Anne lived in Palestine some 2,000 years ago. We have not got her home here, we have not got her body either. We have parts of her body—relies of Good St. Anne. How was it that St. Anne came to be venerated here? Well, to cut a long story short, this is how it happened. Our forefathers came from France, from Brittany specially. We know that at least for one thousand years St. Anne has been held in great veneration by Breton people. When they left their motherland to come over to this country, naturally enough they took over with them their devotion to St. Anne, and they spread it. In the United States alone there are over three hundred churches dedicated to St. Anne. As for this place of pilgrimage at which you are now, this is how it originated. There were Frenchmen sailing up the St. Lawrence river nearly 300 years ago. They met with a storm so bad that there was no human hope of escaping drowning. Human help failing, these men prayed to God and to St. Anne, their Patroness in whom they always had the greatest confi-

dence. They promised St. Anne they would build a chapel in her honor on the shore they should set foot on. They landed here and rightly believed that St. Anne had saved them. They built the chapel in fulfilment of their vow. A miracle took place when that chapel was being built. The news spread fast and wide and people began to flock in from all sides in search of spiritual and material blessings. This is the origin of the Shrine. It became so famous that the greatest men in the land made a pilgrimage to it. In our own time we witness the same. The Prince of Wales was here in 1919. Lord Willingdon two or three years ago. His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein in 1927, His Eminence Cardinal Verdier, from Paris, in 1932. This place has attracted the attention of the place at large. In 1929, 600,000 people passed through the Shrine.

What is, in the main, the great attraction of the Shrine? We may say it is its miracle-working power. This brings me to speak of miracles. It is a delicate matter to handle before an audience like this one. Do you believe in miracles? Some won't have them. They frown when they are mentioned. I don't know why. We are Christians, you and I, all of us. We believe in the Bible. Believing in the Bible, we must believe that miracles may happen—they are possible, because they are found in the Bible, and what God has done in time past He can do now. God never changes. I go a step further and say that here there are real proven miracles. How do I prove it? If you say there are not any, how will you account for the fame of the Shrine, for the rush of people to it? If you reject miracles here, then you stand face to face with a tremendous miracle which is the Shrine itself. Besides here are some crutches. We have not made those things. They are left by cured pilgrims. Read the Annals, the magazine of the Shrine, and various accounts of cures attributed to St. Anne.

About miracles, there is no mechanical way of doing them, there is no appointed place where they are performed here. We don't do it. God does it through the intercession of St. Anne. This is not a healing place. There are two main conditions if we want to be blessed with extraordinary favours

by Good St. Anne. The first is to believe, the second is to show ourselves worthy of them. I mean that we must be God's friends. So the first thing to do when one comes here is to take away from one's soul those things which displease God—sin, then when the needs of the soul have been attended to, we can pass on to the needs of the body, but not before. We must be good-living, clean-living people, if we will be blessed with miracles. That is the work that we try to do here—a work for souls, for their salvation and their sanctification. The rest is very secondary. St. Anne de Beaupré is a powerful reminder of our soul, of the world of God and our connection with it . . .”

The Father spoke for about fifteen minutes. You could see that his hearers wanted to know all about it. When he had finished speaking, one gentleman came out of the crowd and said something to the Father. He seemed to express his great satisfaction. There is no doubt that the talk must make people think. The spiritual work of the Shrine is not so well known, though it is the important work.

With these last remarks I stop. “Won't you write on St. Anne?” I said I would and I have done it. May the reader of these lines enjoy perusing them as I have enjoyed penning them. And may they contribute to spread and foster a wider devotion to Good St. Anne!

If we have done much evil in Thy sight,
 O Lord of Light.
 Haply not knowing all the wrong we did
 May it not likewise be
 That we, as unaware
 Of virtue hid
 Within some common task or duty bare,
 Have done some good that Thou alone canst see!

FABLE OR HISTORY?

STUDENTS of English History may find it interesting to compare the following accounts of the life of Edward II. as given in certain documents, alleged to be authentic, with those usually studied from their school text-books. It has come to our hands, a book entitled "St. Alberto di Butrio," by Canon V. Lugé. The author, who died recently, was an authority in local history and archaeology. The book is the history of one of the many Abbeys of Northern Italy, now obliterated. In this book the author reprints a letter written by Bishop Manuel Fiesco to Edward, King of England, and son of Edward II. In the year 1877 Alexander Germain, a member of the Institute of France, published a letter of Manuel del Fiesco, who had been a Canon of York first, then Bishop of Vercelli, from 1343 to the time of his death in 1348.

This letter, which concerns the last years of Edward II., was by him (Alexander Germain) discovered in the episcopal collection of the writings of Maguelone which was made in the year 1368. This surprising letter has no date, and is addressed to Edward III. The letter is written in Latin, and was literally translated into Italian by Count Nigra. The following is a literal translation from the Italian of Nigra:

To Edward III, King of England. In the name of the Lord. Amen.

I have written with my own hand what I heard from the mouth of your father, and I took care that it should reach your Lordship. He says, firstly, that hearing that England had been stirred up against him, he, at your mother's warning, took leave of his family and sought refuge in the Castle on the Sea called Gesosta (Chepstow), the property of the Marshall (the Count of Norfolk). Afterward, fearing (for his safety), took boat with Ugo de Spencer, with the Count of Arundel and with some other people, and debarked at Glamorgan, where he was made prisoner together with said Ugo

and Master Robert of Baldock by Mr. Henry of Lancaster. He was locked up in the Castle of Kenilworth, and the others in other places. There, at the request of many, he lost his crown, which subsequently passed on upon your head on Candlemas Day. Finally they transferred him to the Castle of Berkeley. There the servant who guarded him said, after some time, to your father: Sir, the soldiers of Sir Thomas de Gornay and Sir Simon de Esberfort have come to slay you. If it pleases you, I'll give you my clothing that your escape may be easier. Then, so disguised, in the evening twilight, he went out of his prison and arrived unknown and unchallenged at the last door. There he found the door-keeper asleep, and killed him; then took his keys, opened the door and went out with his guardian. The said soldiers who had come to kill him, when they found out he had fled—fearing the anger of the Queen and the danger to their own lives—decided to place the slain door-keeper in a coffin. Then they extracted the heart and presented it maliciously together with the corpse to the Queen, as if these were the remains of your father. Thus the door-keeper, instead of the King, was buried at Gloucester. Out of prison, your father was received with his companion in the castle of Corf by the castellan Sir Thomas without the knowledge of its Lord, Sir John of Maltravers, and remained there unknown for one year and a half. It having become known, after a while, that the Count of Kent had been beheaded because he had said that he (the King) was alive, the King by order of, and after a consultation with, said Sir Thomas, took boat in company with his said servant and crossed to Ireland, where he remained for six months. But fearing recognition, he took the habit of a hermit, returned to England, went down to the port of Sandwich, and, all the way disguised, crossed the sea to Ecluse. Went to Normandy and thence through Languedoc to Avignon, where, bestowing a florin on a servant of the Pope, sent a note to John XXII., who called him in and gave him honourable hospitality for more than fifteen days, in secret. Finally, after much debating

and everything considered, he took leave and went to Paris; thence to Brabant, thence to Cologne to venerate the three Kings, the Magi. From Cologne through Germany, he took himself to Milan in Lombardy, and from Milan made his way to a certain hermitage in the castle of Melazzo (near Acqui) where he stayed for two years and a half. War having reached the Castle, he moved to the Castle of Cecima, another hermitage in the Diocese of Pavia, in Lombardy, and there he remained for about two years, always a recluse, doing penance and praying God for us and for other sinners.

In witness of which I caused my seal to be there affixed for your Lordship—Yours Manuel del Fiesco, notary of Our Lord the Pope, your devout servant.

The Count Nigra mentioned above was Italian Ambassador to Vienna in 1900. In one of his booklets he gives the usual version of the expulsion of Edward II. from the throne of England, and his murder in Berkeley Castle, but with the remark: "If English accounts are to be believed." In regard to this letter, Canon Legé says in a footnote of the above-named book: "Has the letter of Manuel Fiesco ever reached Edward III?" and answers: "It has, if we believe Polidoro Virgilio in his History of England, which I found in the library of the seminary of Tortona." However, the line where the letter is mentioned is not quoted. Now comes the question: "Is the assassination of Edward II in jail history or legend?" There is reason for doubt.

The letter found in 1877 by Alexander Germain, ex-dean of the Faculty of Letters in Montpellier, and by him read to the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris did not at the time of its discovery arouse a great interest, principally because it was thought spurious. But now Anne Benedetti, a lady Professor in the University of Palermo, has published a study, the result of long and careful researches in which she proves that the letter is authentic and that the last place where Edward II. lived and where he died is the Abbey of St. Albert of Butrio. These are, in brief, the reasons which actuated that

lady to believe as authentic the letter of Bishop Fiesco: No one could possibly have had a practical interest, at any time after Manuel Fiesco, in writing a letter such as this one, because no one ever rose up to claim or to defend the rights of the missing Edward II. At any rate no such writer would hint at the king's stay at Corfe (of which only one historian, Adam of Murimuth, speaks) nor could think of the king's trip to Cologne.

On the other hand, the concern of Manuel Fiesco in this affair is easily explained, for the Fiesco corresponded with the Kings of England and always occupied eminent positions in Great Britain. Cecima was, and is yet, within the territory of the Diocese of Tortona and Prinzivalle Fiesco, a cousin of Manuel, the writer of the letter, was its Bishop. It is probable Manuel directed Edward II. to Cecima, as his cousin, the Bishop, could easily introduce and recommend him to the Religious Houses in Cecima.

Anna Benedetti has also other arguments in support of her thesis on the authenticity of the letter. She further discusses circumstances which give strength to the hypothesis of the King's stay and death in the Abbey of St. Albert of Butrio,—near Cecima. The phrase in the letter, "Mutavit se in castro Cecime in alio heremitario," is a clear indication that Edward II. betook himself to St. Albert's Abbey because it was the only hermitage in or around Cecima. It rose on the shore of the little river Staffora in the midst of mountains and hidden by woods and still higher mountains.

Another document which, according to Benedetti, proves that the English King spent his last days at St. Albert and died there, is that there is the ruins of a tomb existing there the decorations of which are, according to the same professor, a symbolic illustration of the life of the unhappy king.

Polidoro Virgilio, or Polydore Vergil, was Deputy-Collector of the Pope, in England (Wolsey page 136). Henry VII. commissioned him to write the History of England.

(Ellis—Preface to the History of England published by the Canadian Society, 1844).

THE EPIC OF
THE SISTERS OF
ST. JOSEPH IN
CHINA

By
SISTER
M. BERNARD, C.S.J.



SAMPANS SIMILAR TO THOSE IN WHICH THE SISTERS
TRAVELLED UP THE RIVER TO THEIR MISSION.

THE call of Romance is never silent, so long as there are hearts attuned to catch its magic notes or spirits tempered to respond to its spells. The drabest life has its rainbow vision beckoning from the humdrum daily task to glorious enterprises, but, alas! the vision seldom becomes a reality and remains but a momentary gleam, a bright mirage in an existence devoted to material cares.

No one would suspect that the humble nun, whose busy life in class-room or hospital affords little leisure for day-dreams, cherishes her dream of some more wondrous achievement than her quiet existence has hitherto afforded her. But her magic vision is not spun of idle fancies; it is the fruit of some moment of more ardent intercession, of deeper penetra-

tion into the wonders of the Divine thirst for souls than is ordinarily granted her.

Was it as the fulfilment of some such secret aspiration that the call for volunteers to the mission in China came to the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pennsylvania, in 1926? Or did it come as a sudden revelation of new possibilities of sacrifice, of new depths of self-abnegation in their religious life? We shall probably never know. The Sisters of St. Joseph are not given to self-analysis, even less to self-revelation. Let it suffice to say, then, that of the many who volunteered, Sisters Florence, Christina, St. Anne and Clarissa were chosen to assist in the missionary work of the Passionist Prefecture of Northern Hunan, in the heart of China. And it was in a spirit of high adventure that these Sisters of St. Joseph turned their faces towards that mysterious East where millions of souls plunged in pagan darkness called out to them. Thenceforward Yuanchow was for them the land of their dreams, and home-sickness, toil and hardships only made them press on more eagerly towards it.

At Shanghai they first touched Chinese soil. Here it was necessary to delay some time in order to study the methods of the other Religious Orders at work there. Then they set out on the journey to far-distant Yuanchow. The first and comparatively easy stage of the journey brought them to Hankow in four days. From Hankow to Changteh, they travelled for five days in a Chinese junk, which, needless to say, lacked entirely such conveniences as heating, light and water. Any furniture in the so-called cabin was supplied by the passengers. It would be hard to say whether the Sisters were more embarrassed by the permanent residents within the cabin, or by the endless crowd of Chinese at the little window, who never tired of watching the foreigners—especially when they made use of such dangerous tools as knives and forks in eating. They were delayed a month at Changteh, during which time they lodged in a loft whose ground floor was occupied by several pigs and chickens. They finally set out, on Thanksgiving Day, on one of a fleet of one hundred sampans carrying

merchandise to the interior under the protection of armed troops. During this part of the journey they were brought closer to the realities of life in China. At one place they saw the bodies of ten beheaded bandits lying on the shore, and at another the merciless beating of a boatman by the troops for venturing to start without orders. They reached Shenchow on Christmas Eve, and spent the Feast with the Sisters of Charity. Then came two more weeks in the sampans and five days over-



SOME OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH WHO ARE DOING MISSIONARY WORK IN HUNAN, CHINA. IN THE CENTRE, SEATED—MOTHER GENEVIEVE.

land in chairs, the nights being passed in inns. The Chinese inn,—“dirt, noise, opium fumes, pigs and chickens,” are the associations the word calls up in the minds of those compelled to find shelter in them. But these discomforts could not dampen the ardour of the undaunted adventurers, and it was with joy that they arrived at last at the place that would henceforth be home to them. The warm welcome of the people repaid them for all their hardships, and soon the School, the Dispensary, and the study of Chinese occupied every moment.

But these happy days were to be of short duration. The

Revolution of 1926, stirred up by Communist agencies from Soviet Russia, threatened the lives of all foreigners in China. Priests and Sisters retreated from the Missions of the interior to the nearest ports to remain till it would be safe to return to their flocks. In Hunan, retreat was delayed until it was unsafe to go down the river by way of Changteh and Hankow, and it was necessary to undertake the terrible journey over the mountains of Kweichow.

The discomforts of the journey to Yuanchow when they were approaching each day nearer the goal of their desires, were as nothing compared to the sufferings, bodily and mental, of what now to them was the road to exile. After a joyful celebration of the feast of Easter, they set out on Easter Monday, April 17, just three months after their arrival, on the long trek, which was to end only in the month of July. At first their lives were in danger owing to the fact that they were taking with them two Chinese girls, converts and teachers, who had consecrated themselves to God. This had aroused the rage of the Communists, who were determined to prevent their departure. Disguised as servants, they were able to deceive the officers sent to search the boats. They were held under observation till the fortunate circumstance of a quarrel between the general of the troops and the Communists enabled them to set off. The first week of the journey was passed in sampans, after which they travelled in chairs over the mountains till they reached the French mission of Lao Hwang Ping. Our romantic ideas of the sedan chair are rudely jolted by their description of the Chinese variety: "Picture a small stool slung between two poles, a ragged hood overhead to keep out the worst of the rain and sun. Then put a couple of coolies between the poles." Five days by chair, with the nights passed in the unspeakable inns, brought them to Lao Hwang Ping, but the unsettled state of the province of Hunan made it necessary for the Sisters to continue the journey to Shanghai. Sister Clarissa, always frail, now became seriously ill, and they had still fifteen days by chair to travel before arriving at Chungking, where they could take the steamer for Shang-

hai. We can only guess at the suffering this entailed as the violence of the fever grew, intensified by absence of all means of relief and by the terrible conditions of the journey. The road lay over lofty mountains, with alternations of torrential rains and a scorching tropical sun. No change of position was possible, and the terrible jolting never ceased. But the heroism of the sufferer grew with her tortures. Every question as to her welfare was answered with a reassuring smile and a word of encouragement. The deep significance of her sufferings is thus shown by Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., who writes in the "Lamp" under the sub-title, "Who Shared Christ's Thirst":

"A thirst for souls had made this good Sister brave every danger and make every sacrifice. Just as this thirst was about to be satisfied, just as she was about to taste the joy of bringing Chinese souls to God, the Red Terror came to Hunan. Like the dashing of a cup of refreshing water from the parched lips was the order that forced her to exile herself from the souls she longed to save. Now she was to know the agony of physical thirst. Burning with fever, without even tepid water to quench her thirst, what tongue can describe her suffering? Deeply etched in my memory is one instance. Just after crossing the Szechuan border there was a very high



SR. CHRISTINA MOTHER GENEVIEVE,
FATHER EDWARD, C.P., SR. ST. ANNE,
WITH A FEW OF THEIR PUPILS.

mountain to be crossed. For hours the coolies sweated and panted their way up that mountain carrying the chairs with their human freight. . . . Every rock was an oven. . . . Heat, blistering heat everywhere. When the peak was finally reached and the coolies stopped for a rest, Sister Clarissa pleaded for a little water . . . in vain! . . . Truly in that hour did she resemble her Crucified Master Who was given gall and vinegar as His drink."

The beckoning vision first glimpsed in far-off Baden had become a glorious reality. For Sister Clarissa, at least, the heights of self-renunciation had been gained, and the glorious reward was at hand. That renunciation of every hope of immediate success was the price of the ultimate success of the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in China. As it so often happens, what the first apostles sow in tears their successors will reap with joy.

One last day, when the sufferings of all seemed to reach their climax; from the start at 4.30 a.m. on through the endless hours of the July day, on to the crossing of the treacherous Yangtze in the darkness, and at length the little company had arrived at Changking. It was here on July 21, 1927, that Sister Clarissa, after days of delirium, offered up the sacrifice of her life, to use her own words, "gladly and willingly," for the Mission of Hunan. An exile even in death from the land of her birth, and from the more beloved land of her apostolic adoption, her body lies among strangers at Chungking.

The rest of the story of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Yuanchow reads like the epilogue to these tragic events. The return of the Sisters to Yuanchow and the arrival of Mother Genevieve with the second band in 1928; the opening of the Dispensary School and Virginate in 1929; the heroic labours of the Sisters during the epidemic of cholera in 1932; are so many chapters in the story of the development of the work, of years filled with labour and countless acts of sacrifice—for the most part unrecorded. Thus the apostolate goes on—epic beginnings demanding high courage and unquenchable

ardour, followed by years of monotonous labour and uneventful progress. Who shall say which demands greater heroism?

[Editor's Note: The Sisters are now training the young Chinese girls who wish to become Sisters. The aspirants lead a life somewhat similar to that of a religious community, and will form the nucleus of a Native Sisterhood. Only those whose ancestors have been Christians for three or four generations are received in the established communities. Sister St. Anne, who has been in China since 1926, accompanied by Theresa Lung, has recently returned to Baden. Theresa is now a member of the Novitiate there. Sister St. Anne hopes to regain her health, seriously impaired by overwork and strain during the siege of Yuanchow. The experience of the Sisters during the siege will form a second chapter of the Epic of the Sisters of St. Joseph in China.

ST. JOSEPH.

THOU glorious Saint, beloved of Christ the Lord,
Strong guardian of the Holy Family,
Exalted high since Heaven unto thee
Entrusted Him Who was the Incarnate Word!
How deeply thy paternal heart was stirred,
When safe o'er Egypt's deserts thou didst see
The Mother and the Son triumphantly
Obeying that dread Voice in slumber heard!

Sweet Saint, in highest Heaven now glorified,
How grandly was thou crowned and favoured, when
In Jesus' and in Mary's arms thou died,
While hovering angels hailed thee bless'd of men.
O, pray for us, so in that hour of pain
Jesus and Mary may our souls sustain!

The Rev. James B. Dollard.

MARY IN THE MODERN HOSPITAL

By CATHARINE MEISEL.

Like the voiceless starlight falling
Through the darkness of the night,
Like the silent dewdrop forming
In the cold moon's cloudless light,
So there comes to hearts in sorrow
Mary's angels dear and bright—
Like the scent of countless blossoms
That are trembling in the air,
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
To affliction's lonely prayer.

THESE beautiful lines of Father Faber give the keynote to Mary's place in the Catholic hospital. From her tender heart there arose, at Bethlehem, for the first time on earth, the sweet fountain of Christian pity. Bending over the helpless Babe, deeply moved by the contrast between human and the divine, her pure and loving heart overflowed with compassion, and out of those unfathomable depths of love and adoration arose sweet and consoling pity. That tender mother-love and compassion, deepened by the sorrows of Calvary, embrace the whole human race, but in a very special way, those who are asked share in pain and suffering some little of the agonies of her divine Son's Passion. So it is, then, that Mary's gentle mother-spirit pervades the Catholic hospital. How tenderly does she watch over and obtain blessings spiritual and temporal for her poor stricken children. How her heart, so perfectly moulded on that of the Divine Physician, Who went about doing good, must dispense His unction and resignation for these, her mercies, obtaining help, consolation! What an aspiration breathed in her honour, a glance at her image has meant for physical and spiritual strength, only those who have suffered can tell!

Mary is not only the Mother, and also, to many in the

hospital, the Comfortress of the Afflicted, but Guiding Star to Eternal Life. "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," as the beautiful words of her Hail Mary are uttered about the bedside of the departing soul, Heaven seems to open, and Mary, our Mother, to descend to take home the tired wayfarer who has so beautifully invoked her unfailing aid.

In the hospital is also the guide and inspiration of the Catholic nurse. Mary's beautiful image smiles down upon her as she kneels before the sanctuary to ask God's blessing on her work. At Mary's feet she imbibes the finest lessons of her noble profession. There, too, she learns the true value of the immortal souls she will so often have the privilege of bringing back to the Sacred Heart. There at Mary's feet the nurse finds strength and consolation when her task seems almost beyond human strength.

Mary's conscientious devotion to duty, her patience, her tenderness, are ever before the nurse, as a lovely guiding star urging onward and upward to imitation of that loveliest of all ideal — Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God!

Yes, in the Catholic hospital Mary is the sapphire of our hope lit within by the flame of Eternal Light; she is the burning bush of Divine Love unburnt, which softens hard hearts that they may slip molten into His Heart. She Spouse of the Holy Ghost and Daughter of the Blessed Trinity, brings us peace. She that knew sorrow dries all tears; she that knew joy dispenses celestial happiness. Yes, Guiding Star, Gate of Heaven, Mother and Comfortress of the Afflicted, Mary moves with queenly grace among the sick and suffering, dispensing the blessings and consolations of the tender Heart of her adorable Son.

THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE

By REVEREND L. A. WOJCIECHOWSKI.

(Continued)

It is not sufficient to receive the supernatural life; it is necessary to augment it daily. Everyone who was baptized received the whole supernatural organism, yet that organism is not possessed inamically; it can be and is lost by mortal sin. There are many enemies bent on destroying the supernatural life in us. We cannot avoid sin unless we have the strength to combat these enemies. We carry the supernatural life in a very weak and vulnerable vase, that is, in our body. That body with its senses, evil concupiscences, rebellious passions, and tendencies to the things of the world, does not leave us in tranquil possession of that life; it makes war against our spirit; and we all know by experience that the onslaughts of our flesh are so strong that unless we receive the strength from God to subdue our rebellious flesh, place it under the control of our reason and will, and submit our whole being to the yoke of God, we shall sin. The world with its alluring pleasures, with its honours and distinctions, with its riches, is also a powerful enemy; not to succumb to its allurements, and to remain immune to its pernicious effects we need power from on high, so that we may look towards the eternal bliss of heaven rather than to the material world. The devil is no less a powerful enemy to the supernatural life in us; by the superiority of his nature over our nature, by his malice and craft, and by his power he works incessantly to bring about our downfall; we need much help from God. Now, God gives us these helps by His Sacraments in which He places His graces. We cannot expect to receive God's help unless we make use of the means at our disposal; and especially have we no rights to His graces unless through the Sacraments. We

cannot expect to preserve the supernatural life intact in us, unless we utilize the means which God gives us, any more than we can expect to keep the natural life intact in us unless we use the means which God gives; to expect something different is to expect a miracle, a thing which God performs only when the ordinary means have been used and have not proved efficacious. The Sacraments permit us to wax strong in the supernatural life; they allow us to become virile and perfect in it, and they remove the causes that weaken that life in us. Moreover, they repair the ravages made by the wear and tear of our life here on earth.

Furthermore, there are three Sacraments which do more than confer sanctifying and sacramental grace; Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders imprint a sacred character upon the recipients of these sacraments. Scripture shows us the existence of the sacramental character: "Now he that confirmeth us with you in Christ, and that hath anointed us in God; who also hath sealed us and given the pledge of the spirit in our hearts" (II. Cor. I. 21-22); "In whom also believing, you were signed with the Holy Spirit of promise, Who is the pledge of our inheritance" (Eph. I, 13-14). Divine tradition corroborates this; there are many statements about the character given by these sacraments in the writings of the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church. Reason confirms it; when anyone is deputed to an office, he is always distinguished in some manner or other, by some sign, or by some distinctive work. Now by these three Sacraments the faithful are deputed to an office or to certain duties. That is why they are designated by a distinctive mark or sign.

The sacramental character is nothing else than a certain spiritual and indelible mark imprinted on the rational soul of man, in order that he may become apt to receive or perform something that is sacred, and by which he is distinguished from others who have not received those Sacraments. This character is really nothing else than a spiritual and sacred potency or power enabling the recipient either to receive something sacred or to perform something sacred. The character

of Baptism is a potency of receiving the other Sacraments. Baptism seals us with the seal of the adopted children of God, distinguishes us from those who are not the children of God in the supernatural order, and giving us the power of receiving the other Sacraments. Unless we are baptized we cannot receive the other Sacraments either validly or lawfully, Being a potency of receiving the Sacraments, the baptismal character is a passive potency. The character of Confirmation is a seal impressed upon our soul the sign of the soldiers of Christ. It is a power of receiving those special helps from God which enable us to safeguard our faith, and a power enabling man to profess his faith officially even with detriment to his body, as a soldier of Christ. The character of Holy Orders seals the recipient with the seal of the Priesthood of Christ. That Sacrament gives him an active power to concur instrumentally in the infusion upon others, to administer the Sacraments to others, and to change bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

The sacramental character is not impressed on the essence of the soul; the reason is because it is a potency or a principle of acting. But potency or power must be impressed upon a subject that it immediately operative, that is, that directly operates, not operating through others. The essence of the soul is not immediately operative; it acts through its powers, namely, through the intellect and the will. Consequently, the sacramental character can be only in some power of the soul. This power is the intellect, for the sacramental character is ordained to the things which pertains to divine worship, namely, either to the reception of the Sacraments, or to the exterior protestations of our faith, or to the conferring of sacred things; since the intellect is the subject of faith, it follows that it resides in the intellect. St. Thomas writes thus: "A character is a kind of seal by which the soul is marked, so that it may receive, or bestow on others, things pertaining to divine worship. Now the divine worships consists in certain actions: and the powers of the soul are properly ordained to actions, just as the essence is ordained to existence. Therefore

a character is subjected not in essence of the soul, but in its power." (III, 63, 4).

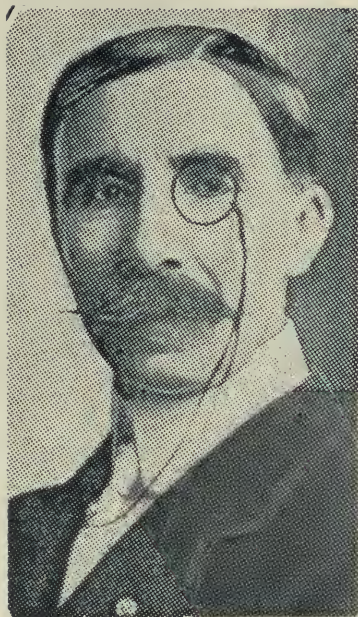
The character of those three Sacraments is indelible, not only in this life, but also in the next. Nothing can erase it once it has been conferred: sin does not blot it out; death does not destroy it; nay, even hell fire cannot destroy it. Once a man has been baptized he is always baptized; once he is confirmed, he is always confirmed; once he is a priest, he is always a priest. The reason is this: by the sacramental character, man has been sealed a servant of God, or as His soldier, or as His minister. The end of these characters does not cease to exist; for, as St. Thomas says: "Although external worship does not last after this life, yet its end remains. Consequently, after this life the character remains, both in the good as adding to their glory, and in the wicked as increasing their shame: just as the character of the military service remains in the soldiers after victory, as the boast of conquerors, and as the disgrace of the conquered." (III, 63, 5 and 3).

Protestants teach that the Sacraments are nothing else than mere signs of grace. According to them, the Sacraments produce their effects indirectly. The Sacraments are not causes of grace by their own operation (*opere operato*), but in so far as God causes graces in the soul, due to the dispositions which are produced in the soul when the Sacraments are employed. This teaching was condemned by the Church. According to Catholic teaching, the Sacraments are not only signs by which Christians are distinguished from pagans, they are not only signs to excite faith in us, but they are causes of graces and character, "*ex opere operato*," that is, they confer graces and character directly through the supernatural efficacy communicated to them by God to all those who receive them under the requisite conditions; in other words, they effect what they signify. This is proven from Holy Scriptures, according to which the Sacraments do not only inspire the recipients with pious dispositions, but are causes of graces thus received.

(To be continued.)

MAESTRO GIUSEPPE ANGELO CARBONI

BERTHA S. CLAPP.



Cavaliere Giuseppe Angelo
Carboni

Died February 9 1934.

GIUSEPPE ANGELO CARBONI, a native of Venice, began his studies there at an early age, continuing them in Paris, Milan and Vienna. At the age of twenty he assumed the duties of orchestral conductor in Milan and later Berlin, Vienna and Paris, where he was elected a member of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs de Musique. He then made a thorough study of vocal art and for his excellent work and research in the field of music, was nominated Officier d'Académie and Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

The Maestro came to Toronto in December, 1914, and during the following year he became choir master of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, also choral master at St. Joseph's College School, which positions he held until his death. As Choir-master of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, where, in addition to the more modern "rococo" Mass music, so much in vogue before his time, he made a frequent feature of the Masses of Palestrina, Vittoria, Perosi, etc., from the old purist ecclesiastical school. As Choral Master of St. Joseph's College School for almost twenty years, the pupils under his wonderful instruction and magical baton achieved a high standard of execution of many three-part, female voice cantatas and numerous

choruses which were successfully presented at their annual closing exercises on graduation day, often with the addition of a small orchestra of string instruments.

Maestro Carboni loved opera with a fervour only equalled by his interest in his pupils. The distinguishing feature of his work was his ability to transmit his enthusiasm to his students and among the numerous well-known pupils who attribute their success to his masterly guidance may be named Mary Garden, Nevada, Marie de l'Isle, Korsoff, Beriza and Vallandri.

He was the author of two operas which have been produced with great success in Italy, while his last work, "Muguette", produced in Paris, achieved a remarkable success. Many presentations of opera were given by him in Toronto for the benefit of charitable organizations. One of his principal achievements in Toronto was the foundation of the Toronto Operatic Chorus, composed of one hundred and fifty voices.

In the early days of the Great War he was under orders of the Paris War Office in Red Cross work and was awarded a medal for services rendered. He was also a Knight of Columbus and President and Secretary of the Fascist organization in Toronto. For his presentation of French opera and advancement of music in Canada, the Society of Authors and Composers of Music presented him with a handsome bronze medal and within recent years the Italian Government conferred on him the title of Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy.

As one critic remarked, "the death of Chevalier Carboni removes one of the most stimulating musical characters ever known in America. His knowledge of Italian and French operas was almost encyclopaedic. For the past ten years he made a particular feature of older French and Italian light operas and classic comedies too rare and music such as few critics in America outside Toronto ever hear. Carboni was an extreme culturist going back to early classic forms and by means of brilliant singing pupils, elegant costumes and his own dominating personality as conductor-pianist, he gave a high degree of vitality."

“If all musicians and professional music-makers carried the glad sunshine of beautiful music into every department of their daily work as enthusiastically and unselfishly as the late Maestro Carboni did, then what a grateful and merry world this would be! He was always ‘up and about’ in the service of his art. His pupils caught the infection of his zeal and sincerity, and their advancement—artistic and financial—was something of a passion with him.” The best memory of him is of his kindly, generous heart. He gave quickly and liberally when the slightest whisper of need came to his ear. His compassions were as wide and indiscriminate as his art was broad and cultured. It was indeed a privilege to be his pupil and a greater privilege still to be able to call him a friend.

Music!—oh, how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!

Friendship’s balmy words may feign,
Love’s are even more false than they;
Oh! ’tis only Music’s strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Tom Moore.

APRIL

NOW of mood capricious,
Spring's alluring child,
Bringing gifts delicious
Cometh April mild.

From her urn o'erflowing,
Heaped with flow'rs profuse,
Buds and blossoms blowing
In her path she strews.

In the morning early
To her dryad feet.
Or at twilight pearly,
Sing the robins sweet.

At her smile the thrushes
Wake their choral hymn;
At her coming flushes
Peach and lilac slim.

Where she glimmers glancing,
Wrapped in rainy mist,
Daisies white and dancing
Keep with her their tryst.

Where in sun or shadow
Her light feet are set,
Over field and meadow
Gleams the violet.

P. J. Coleman, M.A.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

THE CHILD JESUS

POPE LEO XIII.

NOW lamps our churches flood with light,
Now altars gleam with garlands bright,
Now censers, in sweet odours, raise
Their pious praise.

'Twere sweet to sing, and well 'twere done,
The royal births of God's own Son,
Of David's ancient line, and see
God's ancestry.

But sweeter Nazareth's lowly cot
To praise, and Jesus' humble lot;
Or tell in words with sweetness rife
His silent life.

Quick, Angel-led, from Nile's far shore
The wanderer is home once more:
The Boy, Who evil days has passed,
Is safe at last.

To youth grows Jesus, day by day
Passing His hidden life away,
And wills to learn, with Joseph's aid,
His lowly trade.

"Toil," said He, "well may make Me sweat,
Who one day will with Blood be wet;
Let this pain, too, cleanse, for it can
Poor, sinful man."

The Mother sits her Son beside,
Near Joseph stays his Virgin-Bride,
Their happy handmaid, making less
Their weariness.



The Chapel at the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Alban Street, Toronto, was crowded to capacity on Friday morning last, when friends and relatives gathered to witness the ceremonies of Reception and Profession, and to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass which followed.

The Christmas music by the Sisters Choir was exquisitely rendered. Especially affecting was the profession hymn which was sung as the young ladies, attired in bridal robes, left the Chapel to be clothed in the religious habit.

The ceremony was presided over by the Rt. Rev. M. Whelan, V.G., and a sermon on the religious life was delivered by Rev. F. Healey, C.S.S.R., who preached the retreat. Among those present in the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, D.D., the Very Rev. P. Costello, C.S.S.R., and a large number of the parish priests of the city and surrounding towns. Holy Mass was offered by Rev. H. Gallagher.

In his sermon the Reverend Father Healy compared in a somewhat poetic manner the fourteen postulants who were about to receive the religious habit, to adventurers—divine adventurers seeking to follow the mysterious pathways of a Divine Leader.

Those about to pronounce their final vows were aptly compared to valiant soldiers who had been in training for some time and were about to pledge themselves for ever to the service of the Beloved Commander, the Spouse of their souls.

The parents of these postulants and novices were made to feel that they too were taking a very important part in the imposing ceremony by making an offering to God of their treasured children—those children whose religious vocations were in a great measure due to the fostering care of their good parents.

The following young ladies received the Holy Habit: Miss Margaret Herzog, Winnipeg, in religion, Sister Agnes Bernard; Miss Anna Muldoon, Blackbog, Ireland. (M. St. Aidan); Miss Catherine McDonnell, Port Credit, Ont. (Mary Regis); Miss Alice O'Neill, Belfast, Ireland. (M. St. Desmond); Miss Catherine Kehoe, Schomberg, Ont.. (Mary Cyril); Miss Cather-

ine Horahan, Toronto, (Mary Lucy); Miss Gladys Smith, Toronto, (M. St. Sylvester); Miss Ethel Quinn, Kingston Mills, Ont., (Gertrude Marie); Miss Patricia Ronan, Colgan, Ont., (Mary Verona); Miss Marie Dugas, St. Catharines, Ont., (Marie Aimee); Miss Mary Kathleen Peck, Toronto, (Mary Francis); Miss Helen Knowlton, Toronto, (Mary Arthur); Miss Alice Leonard, St. Catharines, (M. Ignatia); Miss Mary Benedicta Payne, Merriton, Ont., (Mary Lawrence).

The following Sisters made final vows: Sister Mary Charlotte McKinnon, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Lioba Beck, Yorkton, Sask.; Sister M. St. Armand McNally, Utterson, Ont.; Sister M. St. Zoe Weiler, Mildmay, Ont.; Sister M. Jeannette Blackhall, Dixie, Ont.; Sister M. St. Peter Gravelle, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Donalda Gallagher, Orillia, Ont.

At St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, Ont., the following novices made first vows: Sister M. St. Nilus Barnett, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sister M. Radegundes Weisgerber, Regina, Sask.; Sister Mary Patrick McKeavor, Montreal, Que.; Sister M. Eleanor Breen, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Everildis Doyle, Dundalk, Ont.

The Golden Jubilee celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent on January sixth was a day of spiritual rejoicing for Reverend Sister Maxentia and Reverend Sister Florence, the many friends of the jubilarians offering their felicitations and congratulations.

High Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Father Carr, C.S.B. on the occasion and the Sisters' Choir rendered its choicest selections of music both at Mass and Benediction.

Reverend Sister Margaret Mary attained on the same day the twenty-fifth anniversary of her religious profession. Her Silver Jubilee was celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent, Barrie, her place of residence this year.

During the last thirty years Sister Florence has walked the narrow path of religious life in total blindness, no doubt enjoying interior brightness from the presence of Him Who leads her on. She might well repeat the words of Cardinal Newman:

"Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see,
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

To the three Jubilarians, we offer our cordial congratulations, "Ad multos annos!"

On January 13th a group of twenty-eight surgeons, representing the American College of Surgeons, from the larger

centres in the United States, visited Toronto. They were particularly interested in "fractures" and were visiting the large hospitals in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, getting information on the developments of science in this connection. They spent a half day at St. Michael's, after which they were served to luncheon in the Library of the Nurses' Residence.

The time spent here was in seeing cases and also viewing results of treatments. Many persons came to show the results of treatments which had restored to them the perfect use of the limb.

The Christmas spirit made itself felt on the evening of December 22, 1933, at St. Joseph's Hospital, when the student nurses entertained the Sisters and other members of the Hospital staff with a very impressive tableau of the scenes at Bethlehem. Christmas carols were sung by the student group, and solos by Misses Jean Beresford, Carmel de Witt and Helen Newton were much appreciated. Following this short program, Santa Claus made his appearance, and after shaking hands all round, distributed gifts from the Christmas Tree, not forgetting to visit the children throughout the hospital wards.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Michael's Hospital held their annual supper dance on Friday, Jan. 12th, at the Royal York Hotel. Mrs. E. C. Tate, President of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Leo Killoran received the hundreds of guests. At the head table sat the patrons and patronesses: Premier and Mrs. George S. Henry, Hon. and Mrs. Charles McCrea, Hon. and Mrs. H. C. Schofield, Senator and Mrs. McGuire, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Tate, Mr. and Mrs. D. MacDougald, Mr. Frank O'Connor and Mrs. Almon Turner, as well as officers of the Auxiliary.

Proceeds of the dance will be used to forward the work of the Auxiliary, which is the supplying of layettes for needy mothers leaving the hospital, and refurnishing the linen supplies.

On February 2nd seven student nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Reverend Father Ryan, Chaplain, spoke briefly on the object of the Sodality and the many privileges enjoyed by its members. The nurses received were Miss Helen Parke and Miss Phoebe Seadon, students in the school, and Misses Leeder, Gunsinger, Boswick, Haley and Marcella, who are students of

the Ontario Hospital, Kingston, and who are taking their affiliate course at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Last month St. Michael's Hospital was visited by His Excellency, the Governor-General. He was received by Sister Superior, Rev. Mother Margaret, the members of the Advisory Board and the chiefs of the various staffs, and conducted through the building by members of the Board of Governors and several of the physicians.

His Excellency showed much interest in the pathology department, the biochemistry department (which he called the essence of science), the X-Ray department, the emergency department and last but not least, the Nursery, for he visited it first and gave the inmates there the most attention, although they gave him the least.

SISTER M. HORTENSE BOULTON, TORONTO.

On December 26th, Sister M. Hortense Boulton, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, passed away at St. Michael's Hospital, where she had lain ill for some time, following a serious fall.

Sister Hortense, (formerly Miss A. Boulton, of Wallaceburg, Ont.), had celebrated her Golden Jubilee in religion four years ago, having entered in 1879, and until the last few years had been actively engaged in the teaching of music at the Mother House and in different Mission Houses of the Community. She was particularly successful in teaching the little beginners, a work for which she was especially adapted by nature, for her kindly manner and unvarying patience won the hearts of her little pupils, many of whom laid the foundation for later success as pianists in Sister Hortense's music room. In her younger days, Sister Hortense had a splendid alto voice, and before entering St. Joseph's she was a member of St. Basil's Choir, Toronto. In Community her memory will be long cherished as one whose sweet smile and kindly ways brought happiness to others and were indicative of her own serenity of soul.

The High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Dr. Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary, on Friday, December 29th, in the Chapel of the Mother House, and interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

BOOK REVIEWS

MY CATHOLIC NEIGHBOURS—By Sam Atkinson.

MR. ATKINSON, well-known writer and lecturer is a convert of the Catholic Church, who tells the story of his conversion and how he came to his belief in the Faith of Our Fathers.

He is the son of a Baptist Minister and for several years was engaged in Evangelical work. As a result of his study of Socialism, however, he became a Materialist and later a Rationalist Lecturer. His acceptance of the challenge of a priest to study Catholicism from the testimony of Catholic writers only, is interestingly told. In this challenge the priest said: "I do not think you are the kind of a man who would wilfully BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST HIS NEIGHBOUR."

The result of his taking up the study is best expressed in a letter received from Bishop Alexander MacDonald, after reading the manuscript upon the request of His Excellency, Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto:

Bishop MacDonald writes:—

At the instance of the Archbishop of Toronto I have gone carefully over the whole of your manuscript. So far as I am able to judge, the work is thoroughly sound in doctrine. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that an outsider should display so accurate and so profound a knowledge of the constitution and tenets of the Catholic Church. There is evident throughout, the working of a keen and powerful intellect. Not emotion but reason and an earnest desire to know the truth have led you to the threshold of the one true Church. You have made the path easier for those who will follow in your steps.

Toronto,
January 19, 1932.

Alexander MacDonald
Titular Bishop of Hebron.

February 5th, 1934.

Dr. Sam Atkinson,
Toronto, Ontario.

My dear Doctor,—

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending me an autographed copy of "My Catholic Neighbours". The title was so intriguing that I had already procured a copy on the first notice of its appearance. I like it very much. The story of the flight of a soul towards God and the true faith is always interesting, and when it is exposed so beautifully as you have done, the interest becomes intensified.

I wish to sincerely congratulate you upon your becoming a Catholic and for the lucid and beautiful manner in which you explain Catholic doctrine. It should assist many a sincere person in deciding, with God's grace, to make the change. The more I mingle with non-Catholics the more convinced I am that we Catholics should be doing much more than what we are doing in the way of

making our faith known. Your book will be of invaluable assistance to many a weary soul.

With every best wish for your future welfare,
I am,

Very faithfully yours,

✠ M. J. O'Brien,
Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston.

THE TRIUMPH OF SAINT THOMAS.—By Henri Ghéon.

THE play by Henri Ghéon entitled "The Triumph of Saint Thomas" in the form of an allegory was written to commemorate the centenary of the canonization of St. Thomas Aquinas, and dedicated to Jacques Maritain.

The play is divided into three parts. The first part deals with the temptations of St. Thomas and his overcoming them; the second part with the writing of his *Summa Theologia*, and the third part deals with modernism and St. Thomas' triumph over its false doctrines.

After our introduction to the play by "L'Eglise", and "St. Augustine" we meet Lucifer and two of his confederates, "Pride of Life" and "Concupiscence". St. Thomas himself enters in a meditative mood and we then witness his struggle with "False Faith" and "False Reason". During this struggle Common Sense is introduced. The devils are banished when St. Thomas makes the Sign of the Cross at the instigation of "Common Sense". True "Faith" and "Reason" then come upon the scene and the difference between "False Faith" and "False Reason" and "Faith" and "Reason" are very evident. The first part ends by St. Thomas uttering a prayer in praise of His Creator.

During the second part St. Thomas witnesses a scene wherein the Greek pagan philosophers take part. St. Thomas, with the help of God's inspiration, realizes in how far their philosophers are right and also where they differ from Christian philosophy. St. Thomas then says that he will undertake what no mortal man could do alone, but since he is counting on God's help, he expects to be able to write a Christian set of principles and reasoning. After ten years of labour, St. Thomas is rewarded by a vision of Heaven. He then feels that his work cannot be completed because mortal words could never do justice to things immortal. But at his request God speaks to him and tells him He is pleased. St. Thomas then completes his work.

The third part opens with a poetic speech by "The Church", telling of the things that have happened since the death of St. Thomas, and how the Church has flourished. Lucifer is next shown, having a conference with his demons. We learn that in the guise of a modern professor, he intends to ruin a modern man of the world. At the entrance of the "modern man", we learn that he has kept "Common Sense", and "Reason" is resting awhile, but "Faith" has been entirely discarded. During the discourse between "Common Sense" and the "modern man", we discover that the latter is in doubt and seeking confirmation of his religious beliefs. He meets Lucifer in the disguise of the "Professor", who does his best to win him. Lucifer shows him that for truth he can have

anything he likes. If nothing about truth pleases him, he can believe anything else he pleases. He can be an agnostic if he chooses. With "Common Sense" counselling him "The Modern Man" decides to leave, but Lucifer offers further inducements. After a long speech the curtain opens and St. Thomas and The Church are shown. The Church speaks asking St. Thomas to pity his brothers and to teach them Truth from his book. "The Modern Man" and "Common Sense" fall to their knees and St. Thomas teaches them. "False Truths" are first abashed and then banished by St. Thomas. "The Modern Man" is completely won over and the triumph of St. Thomas is complete.

E. P.

When St. Teresa and her companions were travelling by cart to Veras, the drivers lost their way across the hills. Moreover, the road was so bad that they were in danger of being overturned at every jolting of the carts, which could hardly advance at all without running the risk of being hurled down a precipice.

Seeing this, Mother Teresa bade her daughters to ask St. Joseph to guide them safely. As they were thus recommending themselves to this great Saint they heard a voice from the depths of a ravine shouting "Hold back! Hold back! If you advance you are lost; or will fall into the ravine." The drivers reined up at once, and asked the old man would he kindly tell them the road to reach Veras, their destination. He gave them the information, without, however, appearing on the scene, and they, following his direction by a seeming miracle, got over insurmountable obstacles, and reached safety. Then they bethought themselves of thanking their kind saviour, and went in search of him. But Mother Teresa shook her head, and turning to her nuns, placidly remarked: "I really do not know why we have let them go, because that old man was none other than our dear Father, St. Joseph, so they certainly will not find him." And so it proved. For though the drivers searched high and low around the place, no trace of a human being could be found.



Alumnae

Dear Out-of-town Alumnae:—

Did you ever stop to think what you are to your Alma Mater, and what she is to you? Of course you know what Alma Mater means,—“gentle mother”—and you appreciate the genuineness of her mothering in your school-days, not so far away, when you start thinking about them. I like to think of our Alumnae Association as being a great big family, with St. Joseph's as the mother gentle thereof. Then when you start looking at it that way you realize that she and all the family are vitally interested in all the doings of each and every one of the family. We who live in Toronto, where our mother's home is, are like the members of the family who have taken up our existence in our home-town and can slip back every once-in-a-while for a reunion, and shed our grown-up responsibilities for a little while, and if our great good fortune brings some of the family from out of town we are overjoyed, and Alma Mater welcomes the visitor like any good mother, and asks all about everything,—what have you been doing, have you seen any of my other children and what are they doing, and when will they be coming for a visit, and most of all, why don't they ever write?

This department of the “Lilies” is our special rendez-vous, wherein we look for news of the family. (Mixed metaphor, there, eh?—well then we'll call it an open letter).

Now I happen to be the one of the family to whom Mother has said, “Just sit down and write the “open letter” to the ones away from home, telling them all the news and then they will write back and we shall have the thrill of getting news from them. But I don't know much beyond local news, so just help me out, won't you? Oh, I know you are too modest to think we are all interested in you and yours and what you are doing—(Aren't we all?)—but you are entirely wrong, so “pack up your modesty in your old school-bag and write, write, write.” (Apologies to the song-writer of 1917).

Some time ago I suggested to our editor, Sister Leonarda, that we have a “Who's Who” in our department, and this issue

marks the opening of that department. We are going to call it "Who's Who and Where," and until we get all the information needed, we mean it to be an interrogation. Here's how we plan to do it. We are going to go through all the old class groups and graduation groups and set down what we know of the "girls," and when we can't give you information we want you to supply it if you can.

If it doesn't cost too much we hope to reproduce some of these old groups, and offer a prize to the one who recognizes the most faces. It will be fun, for you know some of us are just a bit—well not stouter, of course, because that implies that we have been stout,—you remember, stout, stouter, stoutest,—but rather less girlish or more mature. I think a subscription to our "Lilies" would be a good prize, and the winner can send it to some friend who appreciates good reading, not in this department, but in the pages that go before it. I repeat my opinion, there is no better journal in the land than our "Lilies."

And it will surprise you to realize how many of "us" are religious,—I mean that for a noun.

Look for the "Who's Who and Where" further on.

And now for the news from home!

One of my readers has come forth with a copy of a write-up of our Convent Chapel, taken from Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto." and this being Toronto's Centennial Year, it is being reprinted in this copy of the "Lilies." Thank you for this clipping. It may remind us of the fineness of our chapel, if we have been taking it casually in our enjoyment of its peaceful atmosphere.

And while we are on the subject of our glories, do we appreciate as we should our affiliation with a college such as St. Michael's, with its wonderful Institute of Mediaeval Studies. If you would like more details about this institute we refer you to the new pamphlet, "The Institute of Mediaeval Studies," which is a copy of the address given by Henry S. Bellisle, M.A., C.S.B., to the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae last September at their Ottawa Convention.

There have been several delightful gatherings lately in honor of one of our early graduates, Miss Margaret Kelman, graduate of 1880, who has recently retired from active service in the St. Elizabethan Order of Nurses, after twenty-four years. It is good to realize that the noble achievements of so long and useful a career are appreciated and given recognition. Miss Kelman has been blessed with great good health and a keen

interest in her fellow-beings, and we hope she may now enjoy a well-earned holiday. She has gone down to Miami for the rest of the winter. Mrs. Lundy has gone with her. Before they left Reverend Mother Margaret had the present executive and all the past presidents available, with Miss Kelman as the guest of honor, to High Tea at the Convent, and where can one find hospitality to equal that of St. Joseph's? Reverend Mother and most of the community resident at the Mother-house came in and visited, and oh such reminiscences of the old-time thrills of midnight suppers which often disrupted the well-being of the refectory, sometimes depriving honoured guests of the following day of many a delicacy! Eve herself abroad at the witching hour! Among other things Miss Kelman told quite casually, when asked how many babies she had bathed for the first time after their advent into the world, that she had stopped counting after she had passed two thousand!

Our Juniors—graduates from 1920 to date—had a most successful Supper Dance early in January, in the Royal York Hotel. Our Senior President, Mrs. E. P. Pujolas (Nell McCarthy) was one of the hostesses, together with Mrs. Dunn, Miss Mary Dunn and Miss Katharine Sheedy.

Mrs. Wallis (Teresa Corcoran) gave a small Bridge party in her home recently to raise some funds for the Margaret Kelman Sewing Club, of which I spoke in the last issue. If you would like to join this group and sew for the babies in the care of the St. Elizabethan Nurses (and who doesn't love babies?) just telephone Mrs. Pujolas and she will tell you where the next meeting will be. Many hands make light work, and we combine a bit of reading and much enjoyment with the light work.

Miss Patricia Navin and Dr. Bert Connors (the latter a nephew of Anna and Elizabeth Connors), were wed at Holy Rosary Church on January 20th. Patricia has been Dietitian at St. Michael's Hospital for some time which should add to the congratulations to Dr. Connors, a charming bride and a dietitian means much to a young doctor!

The regular Quarterly Meeting was, as always, a real reunion. Lady Windle was the guest speaker, and the tea hostesses were Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. Michael Healy and Mrs. T. F. McMahon. Mrs. Pujolas, with her executive committee, received the guests. Dr. Mary B. McCarthy (Callaghan) moved the vote of thanks to the speaker and artists.

In these days of musical enjoyment through the means

of the radio, how many times do we not wish that the world who listens might have the thrills some of us experienced when we grouped around a piano and listened to such glorious voices as those of Mabel Reeves and May Hughes, whose songs now unite with the choirs of Heaven. R.I.P. Can you not hear "Go Where Glory Waits You" and "The Harp That Once?"

Recent visitors from out of town at St. Joseph's were: Miss Loretta Woodcock, Tweed, who had just returned from a few months' visit in New York; Miss Antoinette Haynes, Miss Veronica Ashbrook, Miss Aileen Conlin, Miss Mary Mulcahy and Miss Emily Bogue.

Margaret Rosar is in Florida for the winter.

Catherine Sheedy, vice-president of the Junior Alumnae, and Mary Mulcahy (Pembroke), have entered St. Michael's Training School for nurses.

Miss Adele Tremble and Miss Betty Kelly are taking an active part in the work of the Cradle Club in connection with the Women's Hospital.

We hope you admired the posters for the College At Home done by Betty O'Brien, one of our Junior Alumnae Councillors. They were very cleverly handled in design and colour, and St. Joseph's girls were proud of them.

On February tenth, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Miss Margaret Louise Hunt was united in marriage to Mr. Maurice Halden Meek, of Toronto. Cordial felicitations!

Congratulations and best wishes from the Lilies to the Reverend Pastor Father J. J. McGrand and to the parishoners of St. Anthony's Parish on the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the parish.

To the Reverend Ambrose T. O'Brien, on the opening of the beautiful new Church of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, at Scarboro Bluffs.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Halloran on the occasion of the fiftieth wedding anniversary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clarke (Muriel English) on the birth of a son, Paul.

Just as I write this I am listening, or have just listened, with great pleasure to John McCormick's broadcast from WJZ. He sang among other gems, "Bendemeer's Stream", which reminds me of Caro and Lorraine Wyman, Margaret Powers, and of Molly Daly (R.I.P.), Mary Mulcahy (now Mrs. Potvin and mother of a charming family, two of whom are S. J. C. graduates), and many others who stood on the old stage and sang "Bendemeer's Stream" yesterday, was it?

Well, we will all be watching for those letters home, and please don't disappoint us, will you?

With very much love, we are,

Alma Mater and the "Girls at Home".

WHO'S WHO AND WHERE?

*"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."*

Thomas Moore.

Opening the pages of St. Joseph's records at random we have taken those names which presented themselves upon the opened page, and here they are. Some of these girls we have seen in the not-too-far-distant past, and all of them are fresh in our memory as they were in their school days, and we hope they will see this article and write to us at least—visiting would be better, of course, and St. Joseph's stands exactly where you left it when you said "Good-bye" the last time, no matter when that was. If you know anything to add to, and bring up to date our records, please remember that Silence is off the Gold Standard and help us to get together!

Delia Shannon . . . now Mrs. (Colonel) Mackie, living in Pembroke, Ont. Her husband served in Russia during the Great War.

Claire Lacey . . . now Mrs. Callaghan of Ottawa.

Florence, and Loretto, Crowe . . . East Orange, N.J.

Mary Morgan . . . now Mrs. O'Connor and living in Toronto.

Mary Ryan . . . now Mrs. Jardine-Smith and living in Brandon, Man.

Molly Burke . . . now Mrs. Morin, and has two young daughters at St. Joseph's. Molly lives in Timmins.

- Edith and Lily and Eva Wilson . . . Eva is now Mrs. O'Boyle, but we have not heard from any of them for a long time.
- Alberta Corti . . . now Mrs. Jack Clancy and lives in Detroit. Alberta has three girls and two boys.
- Emma McCarthy . . . now Mrs. O'Connor of Sault Ste. Marie, and has had three daughters graduate from St. Joseph's.
- Katie Egan . . . now Mrs. Ronan of Tottenham, and has a daughter *in* St. Joseph's—(the Novitiate).
- Loretta Woodeock . . . Tweed. Loretta called on her way from New York, where she had spent three months with her sister. She promised to call after Christmas, but we have not heard from her.
- Mary and Alice Power . . . Alice is now Mrs. (Dr.) Alex. Cluff; lives in Saskatoon, Sask. Alice is not very well this winter and has gone South. May she find good health and come back beaming! Mary (May, to us) is now Mrs. Almas, and the mother of a lovely family, lives in Toronto, and treats us once in a while to a visit. May is a living example of that "cheerfulness" which "is the chief ingredient of health." She is as roguish sa you remember her.
- Loretto and Frances Meehan . . . Loretto is now Mrs. Meehan, and lives in St. Thomas. Frankie is in Toronto, and comes not half as often as we wish she would. Doubtless her time evaporates as does ours, and we hope someone soon invents a clock that will stand still sometimes.
- Louise and Emily Church . . . Louise is now Mrs. Jos. H. King, and lives on Indian Trail, Toronto. Lou has four children, one of whom, the only daughter, is to be married very soon.
Emily, now Mrs. Robert Hutchison, lives on Chudleigh Blvd., Toronto, has two sons and one daughter. We had a lovely telephone visit with her lately and she is keenly interested in Alma Mater and her children.
- Irene and Camilla Sullivan . . . Irene is living in Toronto and we see her quite often. Camilla is one of the "religious" daughters, Sister Nativity, and is at present teaching in Sifton, Man.
- Katharine Phelan . . . is now our beloved "Reverend Mother General" Margaret.

- Nellie McGuire . . . Sister Mary John at St. Joseph's Novitiate, but not as a novice.
- Mary and Katie Murray . . . Mary is now Mrs. Richardson, living in Toronto, and Katie lives with her.
- Grace Thompson . . . now Sister Emmanuella of St. Joseph's.
- Margaret and Annie Ingoldsby . . . Margaret is now Sister M. Anita and Annie is Sister M. Francesca, both in Toronto with St. Joseph's.
- Katharine Tuffy . . . now Sister M. Bernard, and teaching in the College.

All these alumnae were in the school around the same time and we hope you have enjoyed hearing news of them as much as we have enjoyed giving it to you. Now you write and tell us anything interesting—and we call any news at all interesting—about some more of our “old girls”, and next issue will have some more news of those who helped break rules at S. J. C. We will look up those of another few years and will perhaps (?) reprint a few of the familiar faces.

Yours, “The Friendly Ferret.”

St. Joseph's Convent Chapel.

(Extract from John Ross Robinson's “Landmarks of Toronto, Fourth Series, pp. 577-578, which gives also a cut of the Chapel).

“The chapel of St. Joseph's Convent was dedicated in December, 1895, by Archbishop Walsh, assisted by the Church dignitaries of the diocese. The corner-stone was laid in August, 1894. The Chapel is a noble addition to the Roman Catholic architecture of the city, and a lasting memorial to the self-denial and economy of the Sisters of St. Joseph in erecting such a beautiful edifice. It has been pronounced the most perfect specimen of pure Gothic in the city. The Sisters of St. Joseph were determined that their chapel should be something better than the architecture that mars so many sacred edifices in Toronto, and insisted that the original designs of the architect be carried out in every detail. A few feet taken from the height would have saved a considerable outlay, but it would have sacrificed the just proportions of the building and robbed it of lofty simplicity.

As a result the Sisters of St. Joseph have a sanctuary unequalled by any religious community in the province.

The interior is in the form of a Latin Cross, the extreme depth one hundred and twenty feet, and the breadth thirty-three feet. The transepts are fifty-four feet by eighteen. The sculpture and carving are rich and beautiful without being florid. The wainscoting is in oak, the pews are carved oak and the walls are relieved by engaged pillars of massive granite. The pediments of the chapel pillars are sculptured with the faces of the four evangelists.

The backs of the nave and the organ loft, above which is a gorgeous rose window, are modelled after the Chapel of Louis XIV. By an ingenious arrangement of incandescent lights the altar and chancel can be lighted up separately from the nave.

The windows of the chancel are filled with richly-stained glass, the gift of private donors, whilst the altar rails are of marble."

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased: Mr. J. Redmond, Mr. Manley, Mr. C. E. McCarthy, Mrs. E. Kelly, Mr. F. M. McDevitt, Mrs. Mahon, Mr. F. McCardle, Mr. A. J. Gaudette, Mr. Thomas McGurn, Mr. James McGurn, Mrs. Michael J. Hogan, Miss Eileen Durand, Mr. Thomas Doran, Miss Alice Thompson, Mrs. Mary Downey, Signor Carboni, Rev. Brother Dominic, Mr. McCandlish, Mrs. M. J. Mahon, Mrs. M. Nerlich, Mr. T. J. Johnston, Mrs. Wright, Miss Mona Comish, Mr. Alexander McNeil, Mr. Hennessy, Mrs. Carr, Mr. Britton, Dr. E. Nolan, Mrs. Doyle, Miss N. Gilliyne, Mrs. Madigan.

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



The Annual Retreat of St. Joseph's College, to be directed by Rev. Father Byrne C.S.P., will open Thursday, February twenty-second, and close the following Sunday evening. This event is one of the most important functions of the year and one to which all look forward with great pleasure. Madeline Wright.

The St. Joseph's College Annual At Home was held in the Alexandra Room of the King Edward Hotel, January nineteenth, 1934. A gay throng of Alumnae and undergraduates danced to the lilting strains of Romanelli's Ball-Room Orchestra. Shortly after midnight the guests sat down to a delightful supper, after which dancing was resumed. We are grateful to those who kindly lent their patronage: Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Pujolas, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Garvey. The committee in charge of this well-organized event was composed of Misses Margaret Hussey (Alumnae representative), Shirley Puncher (President), Louise Hayes, Catherine McBride and Helen Kew. Louise Hayes.

Another enjoyable evening was that of February seventh, when the girls of St. Joseph's gave a Bridge at the College in aid of the Western Missions. In spite of sub-zero weather, about eighty guests were present. After playing for some time, the drawing for Lucky Number prizes took place the winners being Catherine McBride and Percy Lozier. The delightful evening was brought to a close with a lunch served by the members of the House Committee. Mona Laforest.

We Freshettes from St. Joseph's are proud to announce that Helen Kew, our brilliant Class President, was elected First Year Representative of the University Spanish Club. Congratulations, Helen! We know your duties have not been too arduous or responsible, but perhaps some day— Catherine Kilowee.

Agnes Gardiner, '35, has been elected Vice-President of the University Badminton Club. It is a well-deserved honour, for Agnes won the Singles Championship last year, and wears a University Senior "T" for Badminton and Tennis prowess.

The beginning of Lent has heralded a busy season in College activities. What with Year Book pictures to be taken and write-ups to be made, and the May examinations imminent, the last two months of our academic year promise to be not a little arduous. Such pre-Lenten festivities as dances and bridges are buried in oblivion for the time being. The College has taken on an air of scholastic seriousness, with not a suggestion of celebration until the awful May days are over. Freshmen and Seniors alike share

in the general consternation, now that the far-distant last term is almost upon us. The annual Retreat has served to stimulate our more pious and studious inclinations. Let us hope that with such preparation we may end the year successfully.

Helen McHenry.

ST. MICHAEL'S GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM.

St. Michael's have again succeeded in scrambling together a girls' hockey team. Considering the innumerable drawbacks, the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of girls who were not icy, and of then wedging in a practice or two, between dances, games, clubs and retreats, we think we have not done too badly. As an impartial observer on the defence, I'd say we were fairly good despite the hoards of freezing spectators. The laurels for the season must go to Mary MacGuire, Rosamund McCullough and Pauline Schnurr. Rosamund had the honour of scoring the "lone goal" of the year, but as there are two more games yet, our expectations and hopes of adding to this are high. We must not forget our plucky goalie, Justine MacMartin, who kept the other side from scoring on many occasions. However we are glad, at least, "to have broken the ice" by entering a team in the contest, and we hope next year to add to its excellence a few freshies and with their assistance to carry off the trophy. We certainly owe a vote of thanks to Callie Dunn, our manager, and to Bal Grant, our coach, for their interest and help during the season.

Line-up for 1934—Mary MacGuire, Pauline Schnurr, Rosamund McCullough, Roberta Rankin, Mary Vining, Justine MacMartin, Catherine Mulville, Kay Gallagher and Katherine Loughlin.

Kathleen Gallagher.

RONSARD AND LA PLEIADE.

THE poetry of Ronsard and his companions is a central event of the French Renaissance. They wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century and in the heart of France. This rebirth of arts came about as a result of the contact with Italy during the wars, and from the fact that the texts of antiquity had been recovered and printing-presses established.

Ronsard was born in his father's castle, De La Poissoniere, near the little river Loir. As a child he was plunged into the unrest of camps and courts, as a youth, into travel and diplomacy, and, long years after he had deliberately sought the seclusion of art and study, replunged into the conflicts of religious animosity. He was destined for the career of a diplomat and consequently travelled in nearly every country of Western Europe. At sixteen he spoke English, Italian and German and was conversant with affairs of state in all these tongues. His career as a diplomat being cut off by deafness,

he turned to letters. He read the best of the poetry of the Middle Ages. Then two accidents occurred to re-direct his life. The first was his meeting with Cassandre, who inspired his "Amours". The second was his meeting with Joachim du Bellay, which resulted in the association of poets and scholars who called themselves "La Pleiade". Ronsard and his companions, Du Bellay, de Baif, Jodelle, Pontus de Thyard and Remy Belleau, studied Latin and Greek under their master, the humanist, Dorat. They toiled in secret till Du Bellay published in 1549, their manifesto, "La Defense et Illustration de la Langue Française". After this they began publishing their poetry—Ronsard his "Odes" and "Amours" and Du Bellay his "Olive" and "Regrets". The striking feature in the lives of Ronsard and his companions is their rapid recognition; but this instant glory was soon followed by sudden eclipse. The political and religious storms which burst after the death of Henri II were to turn Ronsard into a pamphleteer. Of all the members of the Pleiade, he alone lived on to old age amidst altered and uncongenial surroundings. His heart bled for France in her misery of religious wars. So he set aside his theories of art, his stately measures and plaintive melodies, and took his stand in the midst of his country's dissensions. Yet, despite all these distractions, his life-work may be said to consist in the glorification of

Beauty that must die

And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding Adieu :

Nevertheless it is important to know that a poet chiefly remembered for a few plaintive songs of fading roses, and a deliberate attempt to recast a language and develop the mechanism of verse, was every inch a man who faced the problems of his day. He died at the Priory of St. Cosme in the Catholic religion. "The religion of all his ancestors."

Let us now consider the Pleiade in the light of the sources of their inspiration and the aim of their art. They neither disregarded the Middle Ages nor invented a new poetry imitated from Greek models. Their sources were manifold. They drew their inspiration from every known fountain of poetry. They valued the best of mediaeval French verse. Ronsard had studied the "Roman de la Rose". They revived the Alexandrine verse of twelve syllables from a very early French poem on the legend of Alexander. With regard to the French poetry which immediately preceded their own, they knew and appreciated Clement Marot, Mellin de Saint Gellais,

Heroet and Maurice Scene. They also drew inspiration from Italy, knowing Petrarch by heart, and helped themselves, no doubt, freely to his material. Finally, they had the Latin and Greek authors at their fingertips. Since their main intention was lyric, their chief model was Pindar. With the exception of the troubadours, there is scarcely a stream of lyric verse, ancient or modern, of which they did not make use.

The aim of their art is declared in Du Bellay's "Defence et Illustration" and in Ronsard's prefaces to his "Odes" and the "Franciade". They were confronted by two real difficulties—the poverty of language and the degradation of poetry—which had to be surmounted before French could become a medium for modern literature. Their native poetry was worn down to a jingle and French was rather despised for the higher flights of thought or philosophy. Du Bellay defended the French language and advised that they should enrich their own vocabulary. With regard to the abasement of poetry he urged that French poetry could be lifted from the rut. The poet is to avoid copying mere tricks and to develop his own individuality. Purely French words are to be used. Rhyme, which is of the essence of French verse, must be rich, free rather than constrained, appropriate and natural. Epigrams and satires are deprecated. Sonnets, the learned and pleasant invention of Italy, are praised. The long poem is to be essayed, but let the theme be taken from old French romances.

The Pleiade settled decisively that the mother-tongues of Northern Europe, and not Greek or Latin, were to be explored for adequate expression, and exploited for the higher flights of poetry. They enriched the French language by inventing new words for new things. They fixed the meters of classical lyric poetry and invented new ones. They gave to their contemporaries and successors a high ideal of poetry and of the calling of the poet. They decided that beauty was the ideal of poetry, and that the task of the poet was an arduous one, and never more so than when he says of:

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope of death.

Margaret Fullerton, '36.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

IN 1225 at the castle of Rocca Sicea, near Naples, Thomas Aquinas, the great philosopher, theologian and saint, was born; the son of Count Landulph of Aquin and of Theodora, Countess of Theate. From early youth this quiet, contemplative boy showed a suitability and preference for the religious life rather than the dashing life of a Count of Aquino.

His family, resigning themselves to this fact, prepared to have him received in the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino, with the intention that sooner or later he would become the Abbot. But they discovered to their horror that Thomas had already become a Begging Friar of the new Dominican Order. In their fury his brothers pursued him, tried to tear his friar's frock from him, and finally locked him up in a tower. Somehow he escaped, and in 1245 set out for Paris with John the Teuton of Wildhausen, General of the Order.

In this "city of the philosophers" Thomas first met the German professor who was to have great influence on his intellectual development, Albert the Great, a highly-esteemed theologian of the Dominicans. For three years Thomas studied under the guidance of Albert in Paris, then he spent four years studying with him in Cologne. In 1252 Thomas and Albert were again in Paris, Albert to receive the degree of Doctor; Thomas to begin his teaching career as bachelor by lecturing on Peter Lombard's Book of Sentences.

At this time there broke out a bitter conflict between the professors of the University of Paris belonging to the secular clergy and their colleagues of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, who excelled them in scholarly attainments. This matter was brought to the attention of the French King and the Pope in a book called "The Perils of Latter Times", by William of St. Amour, the leader of the secular clergy. Thomas now came forward and successfully defended the rights of his order in a treatise, "Contra impugnantes Dei cultum et religionem".

Because of this intervention it was not until 1256 that Thomas, together with his friend, Bonaventure, who had defended the rights of the Friars Minor, obtained his licentiate from the Chancellor Heimericus. This gave him the right to teach in his own responsibility as master of theology. In this capacity he wrote his "Summa contra gentes", which was to be the teaching and study manual of the Dominican mission-

aries of Spain. From 1260 to 1268 Thomas taught theology in Italy.

Then in 1268 he was recalled to Paris to become professor of theology at the University. This period of his life (1268-1272) is one of fruitful literary labour, scientific achievement and severe conflicts.

The first of these conflicts was his combat of Averroistic Aristotelianism under the leadership of Siger of Brabant. They taught that the world was eternal, that there was a single intelligence for all men, they denied providence and free-will. To this Siger of Brabant added the astounding doctrine that there were two truths: that is, that a man could believe one thing, and yet in his philosophy think what was directly opposed to this.

The usually calm and patient Aquinas was aroused to anger: "This is our refutation of the error. It is not based on the documents of faith, but on the reasons and the pronouncements of the philosophers themselves. If anyone, who boastfully prides himself on his supposed wisdom, desires to say anything against our exposition, let him not do it in some corner nor before boys who are entirely without judgment in such difficult matters. Let him rather write against this our tract, if he has the requisite courage. He will then find not only myself, the least of them all, but many others, cultivators of truth, who will set up against his error, and attack his lack of knowledge."

He fought Siger and the Averroists passionately, and he triumphed gloriously. On December tenth, 1270, the Bishop of Paris condemned Averroism. The Christian Aristotelianism which Thomas had set up against Averroism remained.

He had taken the philosophy of Aristotle and: "purged from it every trace of error—that is to say in the philosophic order . . . He welded it into a powerful and harmonious system; he explored its principles, cleared its conclusions, enlarged its horizon; and, if he rejected nothing, he added much, enriching it with the immense wealth of Christian tradition. . . . When, by his genius as a theologian, he made use of Aristotle's philosophy . . . he raised that philosophy above itself by submitting it to the illumination of a higher light, which invested its truth with a radiance more divine than human."

Jacques Maritain.

In doing this he reconciled religion with reason, and formed an optimistic common-sense philosophy for mankind. But

Thomas had yet a third battle to fight—the defence of this progressive Aristotelianism from the attack of conservative Augustinianism within the Church. This battle, whose principle point of contention was “the Thomistic doctrine of the unity of the substantial form in man”, was perhaps the most repellent battle to the noble mind of Thomas. He calmly and humbly explained his views and his orthodoxy to his colleagues, and left the matter to the judgment of the college of theological professors at Paris.

At this time he was recalled from Paris by his superiors and allowed to go wherever he wished. He chose Naples. From the time of his victory over Siger of Brabant, Thomas had felt the desire for silence and repose. Now it had come. When he had been asked by a friend to return to his regular habits of reading and writing, he had said: “I can write no more. I have seen things which make all my writings like straw.” And indeed he did not write more. In 1274, when Thomas Aquinas was nearly fifty, he was summoned by the Pope to attend the Council of Lyons, which was to treat the question of a Church union. He obeyed, but before he had gone far his soul had taken its flight to its God.

And now to try to summarize very briefly the character of this great philosopher, theologian and saint, seems almost as futile as trying to index a dictionary. The innumerable excellent qualities he possessed are so well balanced, and form such a harmonious whole that when once the greatest has been excepted it is difficult to find which qualities predominate.

He possessed two qualities which seldom go together, and which, when well balanced, as his were, are found only in a genius—imagination and the practical ability to apply these visions. His intellect was vast, active, rationalistic, scientific and capable of almost uninterrupted work. He was humble. “A magnanimous man who is great and knows that he is small.” He was courteous, patient, tolerant, yet he had dignity, courage and the fire within to fight heretics. In his combats he was always straightforward. His love of truth was a strong activating motive compelling him at times to forget even his humility. He was a good Catholic who loved his religion passionately, but not fanatically. His fraternal charity was international, manifesting itself in great love and sympathy for the common man. His love of his family was tender. Greatest of all was his love of God which transfigured all his works and made him a saint.

Lucille Bonin, 3T6.



Centenary of Toronto. A bizarre poster met our astonished gaze as we marched past the notice board on February 1st. Its object was to announce Mr. Reid's visit to us. Under a heading, "Centenary of Toronto," two circular pictures were drawn—one to represent 1834, the other 1934.

In the artist's mind, at least, a change on the status of woman had occurred between these dates. Under the heading 1834 a decorous lady of other days, dressed in hooped skirts of blue, stood demurely head humbly bent to her husband's words. He, a gentleman of walrus mustache, wearing bright red coloured waist coat and tie and snugly cut clothes, explained his wishes in no uncertain way. In 1934 a golden-haired flapper resplendent in a purple dress with full sleeves and a short skirt, dictated to her husband—a former foot-ball hero, with broad shoulders and a resigned look. Each of her remarks was emphasized by the tap of her slim slippered foot.

Although the actual changes as pointed out by Mr. Reid were of a very different nature, they were nevertheless quite as marked in this period as those portrayed in the poster.

Let us all join in congratulating "Sunny McLaughlin," our artist.
Freda Horgan, V.

Afternoon Tea. On Sunday February the eleventh, Mrs. Cassidy entertained at a delightful tea in honour of her daughter, Geraldine. The Junior Boarders figured prominently among the guests—much to their own delight at least. St. Valentine's decorations prevailed throughout. These being carried even to the glasses and teacups, which were of red crystal. At seven-thirty a tired but thoroughly happy group returned to Alma Mater.
Freda Horgan, V.

Bridge and Tea. Shrove Tuesday was the afternoon chosen by Fifth Form for their Bridge and Tea. The class being large, one half of the girls entertained that day and the other half will manage the next social event after Easter.

At three o'clock the hostesses assembled in the auditorium and arranged the centre table very effectively in a St. Valentine's colour scheme. The bridge tables were at the south end of the hall, so there was space in the centre and north for the dancers. At four o'clock tea was served with delicious sandwiches and cake. Dancing continued for about an hour or so when the happy girls left reluctantly for home. It was a most delightful afternoon and we look forward to another such one soon again. It is easier to get acquainted in this way than when we watch each other at the board proving correctly or incorrectly a geometric theorem? Don't you agree with me?
G. Kane, V.

Christmas Day. In keeping with a tradition of St. Joseph's of spreading the Christmas spirit by drama, the resident pupils of this year presented the old sweet story of the Nativity. Amidst the fragrance of Christmas evergreens upon an effectively set and lighted stage "Christmas Mystery" was reverently enacted by Anne Dwyer as "Our Lady," Agnes Fisher as St. Joseph, and Clarine Hughes as the herald deserves special mention.

Estelle Rapson.

Dramatics. Just before Lent the Junior High School Girls entertained the College School. The program began with an Epiphany Hymn by Form IIA, with solos by Margaret Henry, Barbara Callahan, Betty Burke and Helen Crane.

"The Three Wise Kings", a simple drama, cleverly acted, brought great applause, especially the "Eastern Sages". "Just Among Ourselves" dramatized by Form IIA, was most amusing. Carols, a French song and an interpretation of "The House That Jack Built," in French followed. "Charcoal", a recitation by Joan Bennett, showed training in vocal tone and clever interpretation of thought.

The plays taken from stories in the Canadian Messenger, were dramatized. "The Three Wise Kings", by Isabelle Kelly, and "Just Among Ourselves" by Form II. Cast:

THREE WISE MEN	{	<i>Tony</i>	Marion Crover
		<i>Hugh</i>	Isabelle Kelly
		<i>Frank</i>	Helen Hallinan
		<i>Maid</i>	Isabel Conlon
		<i>Superior</i>	Eola Castrucci
JUST AMONG OURSELVES	{	<i>Mrs. Boyle</i>	Helen Bradley
		<i>Mrs. O'Toole</i>	Genevieve Beneteau
		<i>Mrs. Land</i>	Muriel Brown
		<i>Miss Dean</i>	Kathleen Bennett
		<i>Detective O'Toole</i>	Evelyn Thompson
		<i>Mr. Boyle, the printer</i>	Kathryn Hamilton
		<i>Frances Boyle</i>	Elaine Brown
<i>A Maid</i>	Dorothea Hill		

Pauline Berkstresser.

Basketball. "Themistocles Thermopylae, the Peloponnesian War! X², Y², H₂SO

The English book, The Latin Book, The Ancient History too We're for St. Joseph's—why aren't you?

And with that time-worn "yell" made over to fit a team still in comparative infancy, the school year of 1933-34 ushered into the limelight of sport a basketball team whose prowess promises to be as brilliant as the gold in the gay costume.

The senior team, with but two games to their schedule as yet, have chalked up two very satisfying victories. Of these two games the first was played at Loretto Abbey against the girls in blue-and-white, and while the brown-and-gold were winners, the game was very closely contested, the final score being 24-22 in favour of St. Joseph's. Our second game, played on the home floor shortly after Christmas, versus Loretto High School, brought a second win, this time with the score 27-13.

Our second team, scarcely less proficient, though defeated at Armour Heights, scored to the tune of 34-12 in the more recent

game with Brunswick and both Seniors and Juniors are eagerly awaiting the forthcoming return game with Brunswick.

Our success, however, is all due to the ability of our capable coach, Miss Healey. Under her instruction we have advanced from the ranks of awkward amateurs to what we are pleased to call skill. However as someone once said, "What's our opinion against thousands of others?"
Sunny McLaughlin, IV.

The Cafeteria. Number 90 St. Albans is one of the many attractive old homes situated almost opposite the Convent. It remains as staid as its neighbours each day and night, except for one hour in the middle of the day.

At five minutes to twelve a crowd of girls may be seen hurrying out of the gray gate leading from the grounds. All a spectator has time to see is a mad dash of blue-uniformed girls, lips smiling, hair blowing and feet flying, as they enter the green door of Number Ninety on the opposite side of the street. Inside, the gaily-painted yellow and brown tables make a colourful contrast to the bright faces of the girls.

The buzzing of low voices, the clattering of silver, the sudden gay laugh make our cafeteria an attractive place to spend a happy lunch hour. One can not tell whether the girls go to eat or to gossip with their friends, but one cannot fail to enjoy lunch hour at Number Ninety.
Margaret Carolan, IV.

Our Sleighing Party? "The young people of to-day are not what they used to be."

How often have the long-suffering youth of to-day been forced to listen to that refrain from the lips of their irate elders.

We who form the "young element" stoutly maintain that we are the equals if not the superiors of the youth of any age—in honesty, in courage, in ability, in courtesy. However, in spite of all these sterling qualities which we claim to possess, it seems that we have to bow to those youth of other days in one thing—hardiness!

Last week a sleighing party was planned for us—enthusiasm ran high, warm, substantial clothing was zealously hunted up, a heavy snowfall was fervently hoped for and every girl either secretly or openly thrilled to the thought of a ride in a real old-fashioned sleigh.

The day of the ride finally came, but with the dizzy descent of the thermometer our enthusiasm waned considerably until by the noon-hour we had persuaded ourselves that it would be simply suicide to expose our delicate selves to the elements on such a freezing day. We did not go for our sleigh ride and no doubt we displayed admirable wisdom and prudence in remaining safely at home in such weather but, my Fair Reader, can you truly and honestly picture a normal healthy girl of let us say the "Gay Nineties" refusing to go for a sleigh ride because the temperature was a few degrees below zero?

No, neither can I!

Yvonne Tighe, IV.

Skating. We day-pupils after casting covetous glances upon the bands of frolicking children on the ice-covered orchard, during the noon-hour, suddenly happened upon the very solution. We might bring our skates to school! Accordingly, a solitary two ventured out next day, and as they had reckoned—filled others with longing. Now, laughing girls on skates fill the dignified grounds with merry echoes, and the noon-hour passes all too quickly.
Margaret Conlin, III.

New Gym Costumes. Much has already been written about our favourite sport at St. Joseph's, but to justify myself in reviving the subject; "Have you heard about our tunics?" The new Gym outfits were adopted following the Christmas holidays. Consisting of a gay yellow blouse and dark brown tunic in the school colours, they are an added incentive during our games, and are responsible for a very pardonable pride in our appearance before going to the gymnasium. Margaret Conlin, III.

Our Skating Rink. After the melting of the snows this year, our school grounds usually green and mossy, became a real miniature lake. The following day the thermometer went down below the zero mark and we had a natural rink outside our door. During noon hour the girls did not fail to seize the opportunity of benefitting by this. After class dismissal, girls, senior and juniors, enjoyed themselves, when the older girls could be seen helping the smaller ones while others thought only of speed and hurry. This rink is so fascinating that even on Saturday the school grounds, usually deserted, was the scene of a pleasant afternoon's enjoyment. M. M. Smith, I.

Minute Interval. When the bell announcing change of subjects rings, our class-room is like the corner of King and Yonge Streets. As the traffic lights change Sister hurriedly finishes her lesson, while a class of restless girls squirm in their seats, anxious for the few moments of relaxation before the next class. Home-work assigned, Sister departs. What a babel of tongues! And yet in the midst of it, some struggle to finish assigned work for the next teacher. Others begin the work for the following day. A rush is made to erase work from the blackboards, and the air becomes filled with chalk-dust. A few, unconscious of the bustle around them, talk quietly of coming or past social events. Someone at the door announces, "Here comes Sister," and for some reason or other quiet reigns and we take out our books. Sister enters, the door closes, and all settle down with a business-like air. Ruth Bradley, I.

Hofmann Recital. On the evening of Thursday, January 18th, a few of the senior girls had the pleasure of hearing Josef Hofmann, one of the world's greatest pianists.

This giant of pianism held the audience spellbound for nearly three hours from the opening number of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D major until the closing encore. In Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata his glorious skill in interpretation was performed with the greatest perfection. In two minutes he followed this with Schumann's Fantasy in C major which was painted in all its gorgeous moods. Following this were played the Four Etudes of Chopin as only a great master can play them. The finale, Wagner-Liszt. Overture to Tannhauser, was played by Hofmann like a great orchestra. Agnes Fischer, '33.

Centennial Lecture. On the evening of February the second the history of our fair Toronto was unfolded by Mr. T. A. Reid of Hart House to an appreciative audience of residents and the staff of St. Joseph's College School in the school Auditorium. Mr. Reid's lecture given in his own easy conversational style, was enriched with personal anecdotes and accompanied by

slides which brought out in lively contrast the present Queen City and the little town of York. The speaker of the evening was introduced by Mr. A. J. Thompson, and Mr. Thompson also extended a vote of thanks to Mr. Reid at the conclusion of his delightful talk. We, too, wish to add our few words of gratitude for a thoroughly enjoyable evening full of real personal interest to native Torontonians.

M. Maloney, IV.

Peck's Bad Boy. On January 19th through the kindness of Reverend Father Truffa a moving picture, featuring that tiny and always lovable Jackie Coogan was shown in the auditorium. In "Peck's Bad Boy" Jackie proved himself a little scamp, most lovable but exceedingly mischievous. Laughter greeted his every prank, showing how the spectators enjoyed the picture, and the evening was a most enjoyable one.

Clarine Hughes, IV.

Signor Carboni. The unexpected death of Maestro J. J. Carboni, on Friday, February 9th, was a sudden blow to his numerous acquaintances, but especially so to his pupils at St. Joseph's College School.

But two short weeks ago, Signor was in our midst, efficiently directing our large choral class, which little dreamed that his skill as a teacher would soon no longer be ours. The Maestro assumed the responsibility of the choral class, almost twenty years ago, and since then he has waved an able baton at all important functions of the school year in which choral work played a conspicuous part.

At the funeral at Our Lady of Lourdes on Monday, February 12th, St. Joseph's was represented by the senior forms of the school.

The memory of Signor Carboni will long be cherished by the pupils of St. Joseph's.

F. Horgan, V.

The Tea Dance. A few days before Lent the First Formers held their annual tea dance for the Missions. The auditorium was alive with happy, eager faces and gaily-coloured dresses. Our mistress of ceremonies was Joan Bennett and the tea hostesses Elizabeth Pendlebury, Anne Tuero, Aileen McGrath, Mary Hay and Frances Bean. Perhaps the most popular event of the afternoon was the bean contest which with a spot dance and a birthday dance brought prizes to Alice Lambe, Evelyn Lloyd, and Janie Thom. A fish pond proved a successful attraction, both for amusement and financial dividends.

Don't you agree with us that the First Form's dance was a social success? And we helped the Missions too.

J. Glover and J. Bennett, I.

Little Ones' Party. We had a very nice party in our classroom on the ninth of February. Sister allowed me to help her with the decoration on the table and lights. The party was given in honour of St. Valentine and for Patricia's birthday. Her birthday cake had candles on it and we lit them and let Patricia blow them out. There were Valentines at each place. We had a little guest, Jimmy was his name. It was a lovely party for Patricia and we had heaps of fun.

Betty Kelly, Primary Class.

MR. WICKHAM—"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

Nature bestowed on Mr. Wickham the gift of a handsome and prepossessing appearance. Mr. Wickham cultivated a superficially pleasing personality but neither Nature nor Mr. Wickham concerned themselves with beauty of character.

Serious defects in character soon become apparent to the more discerning. As the plot of the story unfolds, we see Mr. Wickham's lack of moral strength. That quality of frankness, so charming before, now has become a source of embarrassment to his sisters-in-law, Jane and Elizabeth. His amazing affrontery and assumed bravado left them crimson with shame. Honesty never made demands on him—debts of honour were trifles to be evaded at all costs. Money was to be obtained with the minimum of labour. He did not undervalue the possession of a handsome figure, and had no scruples about imposing on the gullibility of the fairer sex. Wickham's conceit was boundless and his creed that of cad.

Mr. Wickham is forced to seek a more congenial neighbourhood. Here Wickham, the conceited, the profligate, the arrogant, the penniless, finds a kindred spirit in Lydia the reckless, stupid, extravagant, untamed hoyden. We are certain that only the offer of immediate financial aid could have induced Wickham to join an alliance with this girl.

Nemesis' victory is final and complete. Tied down by the bond of marriage, Wickham's days as a gay young bachelor are past. His wife is his match in laxity of morals and lack of conscience. On no side is there any escape, squirm as he may—reckless extravagance will force him to work to keep out of debt. And that to Wickham is the cruelest blow of all.

"Like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the core."

Mollie Harrison, V.

CLAIRE'S METRIC SYSTEM.

"Before you settle down to study, will you please run to the grocery and get mother some oranges and salad dressing?" Claire looked up from her book and smiled at her mother, standing in the doorway. "Glad to, Mother," she replied, "It isn't far, anyway, only a litany way."

Her mother's eyes twinkled, "I wish you would tell me why you and your friends are measuring all distances by a new metric system of late" she said. "Annabelle tells you she's been waiting at the gate a decade of the beads and you'll both be late for school. This morning, when I called Tommy for Mass. at seven o'clock, he answered, 'Be down in a memorare, Mother!'"

Claire laughed. "It started in our Church History Class," she explained, slipping into her coat, "and has spread through the whole school, and even to the playground. One day Sister was reading about the first Missions in North America. She came to the one founded by the Ursuline Sisters, at Sillery near Quebec.

"The Ursuline Sisters, with Mother Mary of the Incarnation as Superior, came to Sillery to teach the Indian children, and almost everything happened to them,—fire, small-pox, and, at least, an earthquake. But nothing discouraged the zealous nuns. They

had such courage that after the earthquake they laughed and said it wasn't so bad because some of the shocks only lasted an Ave Maria although some were as long as two Misereres."

"A little later Sister sent Anna Louise to the office with a note to Sister Superior and told her to hurry. Anna Louise said, 'I'll be back in ten Hail Marys, Sister.' Then everyone laughed, for they knew where she got that idea, and we all began doing it."

"So you are filling with prayer the intervals that used to be blank," said Claire's mother, approvingly. "That is an excellent idea."

"At first, we didn't realize that we were learning a new habit," confessed Claire, "but when Sister told us to offer some of the prayers for the Poor Souls and for sinners (meaning us), we planned to just go on measuring time and distance that way. I guess I won't need the wrist-watch that I wanted for my birthday, but it would be nice to have it, of course"—and with a merry laugh, Claire was out of the door, and down the steps, on her way to the grocer's, only a litany away.

Florence Madden, Grade XII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

RADIO MUSIC.

I have read, somewhere, that the manner in which a musical composition is rendered should be an incentive to a wider general knowledge of the composer. But I have never read any account of what our re-actions should be to our jazz programmes, now so frequently broadcast. For example, on hearing some of our modern music over a radio, are we so transported by intensity of emotion that we wonder what rare genius could have composed the stirring melodies? I think not. Should this kind of music, then, be abolished? No, this would not be the remedy. Radio programmes would indeed, be monotonous, if limited to any one class of music.

The fault, at present, with our radio broadcasts is that so-called radio artists are trying to combine classical and jazz music. There is nothing quite as annoying as to hear a really good singer,—I have one in mind,—undertake to sing songs of the jazz type. It would, perhaps, not be so disastrous if the songs were sung straight through, so to speak, but when the voice is brought to linger over each syllable with a persistent forlornness, as if it would linger forever one can scarcely refrain from accusing the singer of lowering his voice value.

And yet, this is the type of singer who rises to popularity and the distinction of being recorded. The singer may gain the applause of the whole radio audience, but what does it profit him, if he lose a really great voice?

We have countless singers who are daily heard on Radio programmes. Of these, a few are, probably, true jazz singers; but the majority you will find to be singers who have sacrificed, in almost every case, a good voice to jazz. I am sure that there would be greater satisfaction for everyone concerned if classic remained classic jazz remained jazz, and variety programmes were presented to the people.

Loretto Parisien Grade XII.
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

LET'S GO SKATING.

"Let's go skating" has been the cheerful cry that has pervaded the long halls at St. Joseph's this last week. On the advent of crisp, clear weather, our spacious grounds spread out in a smooth, glassy sheet of inviting ice, irresistible to the eye of the enthusiastic skater. At first one or two adventurous pupils slipped out cautiously into the cool air and with long, graceful strides skimmed over the surface. Their brilliant scheme was adopted by their eager school-mates so that now skating has risen so rapidly in our favour that it has become the common pastime.

At noon the grounds are filled with well-muffled groups of school-girls joyously indulging in this jolly sport. You will see the practised skater, gliding smoothly with careless strides over the rink, and others, not as skilled in this art, skating cautiously along—the occasional spills and falls only adding to their keen enjoyment. Rosy cheeks, rosy noses—and rosy dispositions are prevalent and an atmosphere of good natural joviality and comradeship hover in the invigorating air. "Let's go skating." Why not?

Gerarda Ryan, IV.

SPRING.

The moon peers wearily from out a silver-bordered cloud—
 And streaks of metal moonlight ripple on the grass;
 On velvet lily-pads, fat frogs croak mournfully aloud,
 Whilst waiting patiently, to see Puck pass.

The scent of purple violets, shy beneath green leaves
 Rises, and mingles with the sweet musk evening air.
 Over the moonlight-dappled grass a glowing fire-fly weaves
 A path of delicate design, which flares

For one brief instant, then its shining web forever fades.
 A preying owl hoots once, and then again
 The hollow notes sound eerily in the waiting glades,
 The moon, soft-veiled behind a frothy cloud, now wanes.

Then, softly slipping through the shadows, Pan appears;
 His silver laughter ripples through the magic night,
 The firefly weaves a mesh, more intricate, more sheer
 The moon again appears, grows golden at the sight

Of Pan, with elfin-pointed ears, who pipes
 His lilting song upon his silver flute
 And passes by—a gentle wind his cloven foot prints wipes
 From trodden grass. The lily-pad throned frogs are mute.

Sunny McLaughlin, III.

OUR FATHER.

Tien Nu was the daughter of a learned Chinaman, poor in the goods of the world, but rich in wisdom and humility. Little motherless Tien was the joy of his life and to her he endeavoured to communicate a part of his vast store of knowledge. Once Tien asked thoughtfully "Father, why are the gods of our people so hard and stern? Is there not among them one who is a loving and helpful father to us?"

"It is not for us to question the ways of the gods, my child," her father admonished, but his heart was heavy, for her words voided a question he had often asked himself.

When Tien Nu was fourteen her father was stricken with a deadly illness. His last words to her were: "I have taught you many things, my child, but this I have not spoken of to you before. Should you find a god who is also a merciful, forgiving Father, do not hesitate to turn to him for I have long since felt that he exists."

After her father's death Tien dedicated herself to the gods as a bonzess; a Chinese girl who spends her life in a temple, keeping it in order.

One of her tasks was to make a journey on foot twice weekly, to a distant village and return, heavily laden, to the temple. In the village stood a little Catholic chapel. Tien had been taught that this was the abode of a devil and it was her custom to hurry past. One day however, she was so weak from a cruel punishment, she could not carry her bundle. Not daring to sit down and rest, lest she be reported to the bonzess-in-chief, she crept into the chapel, seeking security.

She seated herself in a back pew. At the front of the church she saw a man in the simple black robe of a Catholic missionary, talking to some children. Tien tried to close her ears, believing him to be a messenger of the devil, but she could not shut out the words he was saying.

"Our Father, Who art in heaven—" She listened to the beautiful prayer that followed. Tien felt her heart glow with a new radiant warmth. He was not praying to the devil, but to that "Father" god for whom she sought.

She stole softly out of the chapel, and filled with new hope and encouragement, she shortened the weary miles to the temple with a constant repetition of the new-found prayer. The next day when she went once more to the chapel, the missionary spoke to her. In response to his inquiry she said to him, "I heard you praying to your Father God. I want to learn about Him for I know he is my God too."

The priest was astonished at the wondrous manner in which Christ had sent His gift of faith to the heart of a little pagan. She was not sent back to the temple, but it was arranged that she should go to a convent.

At first the bonzess searched vainly for her, but concluded she had met death in the yellow, secret waters of the river, where others of their number had sought peace.

Years later Tien returned as a nun to the village where she had grown up. No one recognized her as she went about working for the souls of her beloved people.

Mary Kelleher, III.

A DREAM COME TRUE.

From his earliest years, Jerry O'Connor had dreamed of doing something "great", and having his name enscrolled forever in the hall of fame. As the years passed these dreams somehow remained. Although Jerry would never have mentioned them, he clung tenaciously to the childhood idea. Glory! Fame! Recognition of the world!

It was a red letter day when he was put on the school hockey team. Here was a step towards fame. But when the winter was over, he was obliged to admit that it hadn't been so nice after all. Jerry, after months of steady work, won the Ingleton Scholarship. It was a success for which he had hardly dared hope and brought the flood of praise and recognition he wanted, yet, here again, something was missing.

The war caught Jerry in its toils just after his twentieth birthday. He enlisted and three months later sailed for France. Lieutenant O'Connor was well liked in his regiment. His men admired him and his brother officers hailed him as a "capital fellow".

But Jerry himself was far from satisfied. There was no glory or glamour here, only horror and cruelty. A surprise attack had been scheduled. The preparations were complete, and at the given signal, the charge was made. A volley of shot greeted them. The enemy had discovered the plans!

Jerry was conscious of running forward stumbling over fallen bodies . . . shouting orders . . . there was a whiz, a moment of mortal agony . . . then everything went out. Opening his eyes, his first returning sense of consciousness was that of intense pain. He moved and the agony sent his senses reeling. He was alone . . . quite alone, in an unknown world.

Suddenly his mind reverted to the past. The hopes and dreams seemed empty bubbles for his successes had not brought happiness. Why not? Was there no happiness to be found anywhere? Slowly he opened his eyes and looked around. Nearby stood a crucifix, untouched amid all the ruin. He stared at it fixedly; the hands and feet, torn and bleeding; the open side; the face raised in agony to heaven. "And He came as the Great Example." What do fame and glory mean here.

Jerry had scarcely ever given a thought to God or religion, but now both seemed all-important. Then he knew what was wrong. That "something" missing had been God. He cried, "O Christ, give me light," and fell back into unconsciousness.

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In a monastery in the Alps is a monk who is always serene and cheerful. Happiness radiates from him. Brother Gerald has found what he wanted. His happiness here is a foretaste of what is to come.

Rose Welsh, II.

SUNSET.

The mingling colours clothe the sky
 Bathing the world in red and yellow light,
 The sun retires from his throne on high
 While earth prepares for swift approaching night.

AN ONTARIO SHRINE.

At Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland Ontario, is the Shrine of the Blessed Canadian Martyrs. Great historic interest is attached to this memorable spot, as the cradle of civilization in Ontario. Here, only three hundred years ago, the brave Jesuit Martyrs shed their blood that our greatest heritage, "Faith," might be brought to this land.

There were eight of them Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Isaac Jogues, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garner, Noel Chabanel and John De La Lande, and one by one they were tortured and put to death.

A beautiful church is built near the old Fort and during the summer thousands go there to pray to the Blessed Martyrs.

Mary LaFrance, Form I.

ROSES.

There are three colours of roses which remind us of the mysteries of the Rosary.

White roses are a symbol of the Five Joyful Mysteries, Red of the Sorrowful, and Golden of the Five Glorious Mysteries.

Let us remember in offering our bouquets of roses to Our Lady that it does not matter what kind of roses we offer, red, white or golden, but it does matter that they come from a love-filled heart. Hail Marys said without love are like roses without fragrance. It is love that gives the roses life and sweetness. Let us do our best to make the "Hail Mary Roses" fragrant with perfume.

Dorothy Greco, I.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

It was on a cold and frosty morning
After an angel had brought them tidings of warning,
That Mary and Joseph with their new-born Child,
Set out for Egypt and deserts wild.

Mary and Joseph were weary and worn
With the hardships and sufferings of that frosty morn;
Mary was riding with the Babe in her arms,
And Joseph was walking upon the rough ground.

King Herod became angry after they left
And his cruel soldiers became guilty of theft;
For they had stolen innocent babes from their homes,
But those little children are now Saints whom God loves.

After Herod had died and they rang his knell,
Jesus, Mary and Joseph returned again to dwell
In a little home in Nazareth town,
Where they lived happily until the sad time to come.

Elda Teolis, I.

SPRING.

Spring! Surely there is no lovelier season. It is now that the trees and plants burst forth in joy to mark the approach of summer. The early flowers begin to brighten the sombre hues of winter. Even saddened and despairing hearts are awakened to new hope by this welcome visitor. Spring is the theme on the poet's tongue and of the artist's brush. The sparkling, dancing rivers and cascades break away from their winter bondage. Bluebirds, robins and larks hasten northward from the lands of their winter exile to once more enjoy the land of their birth.

Elizabeth Pendlebury, Form I.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School spirit! How many of us realize the importance of this quality? How many of us grasp its complete meaning? Perhaps some do; but more do not. It is something difficult to understand, and yet its application is essential in daily school-life.

A "school spirit" is something by which schools live and succeed. It is really individual sacrifice and personal interest in the school. This alone deserves the name of school spirit—ambition to see St. Joseph's foremost in every activity.

The various ways in which school-spirit may be shown are many. Take for example athletics—all cannot make the basketball team but all can help the team win. How? By being at practice and by being at games to cheer for them. School spirit is pride in one's school, and who, if not St. Joseph's pupils, should be proud of their school? Let us, then, make a special effort, this year, to stir up our school spirit and make our school a happier place still, than ever before.

Marjorie Holmes, Form I.

A VALENTINE TO OUR LORD.

This Valentine I offer Thee,
 Is prayers throughout the year
 And too, the deep devotion that
 I give Thee without fear.

The thoughts that are within my heart,
 Are simple prayers of mine;
 My daily visits to Thy House;
 Add to my Valentine.

And thus, dear Lord, I offer Thee
 My humble Valentine;
 In honour of Thy Sacred Heart,
 Accept this gift for Thine.

Kathleen Brown, I.



ST. JOSEPH'S LILY.

O lily of St. Joseph,
 How tall and pure and white
 You stand for us an emblem
 Of faith, of truth, of light.

Marie Evers I.

A ROLLER COASTER IN SHEPHERD'S LANE.

"Look at her! See! isn't it a pip? It's even got springs!" Proudly Peter explained the numerous assets, mostly invisible, of a dilapidated early model of a Ford.

Dubiously I pressed the dusty leather covering of the seat (it had evidently made a hearty meal for many a mouse) and raised a quizzical eyebrow in the direction of Peter's brother, Terry, "Are you sure?" I queried.

Peter glanced scornfully at me. "Say," he angrily expostulated, "after you've had one ride in her, you'll wish she was yours!" After which remark, he frowned fiercely, and did things to the loudly-protesting engine.

Proving that heroes are made, and not born, I made the effort to hurdle the door, which did not open, and seat myself. Terry clamoured in, ensconcing himself in the rather limited space of the back seat.

The mass of crippled iron and tin in which we reclined was Peter's latest vehicle—if I had said car numerous companies might sue me for libel. Thrilled with his newest car, he had coaxed me to be the first passenger. Doubtless this was an honour, but it was not without qualms that I heard the balky engine snort convulsively, and felt the Ford leap forward.

We chugged away noisily, the car grunting and sputtering as it laboured to keep up the speed of twenty miles an hour.

Wabbling along the Lakeshore road at considerable danger of an immediate and sudden plunge into the lake, I overcame my fear and became curious as to the whereabouts of our destination. My unspoken query was answered when we turned up Shepherd's Lane. Recently the street car tracks had been taken up, but had left many souvenirs in the form of mouldy ties, scattered over the roads. The pile of these across the lane left Peter undismayed, though they must have been at least one foot high. Looking back, I have concluded that there was something of the unsung hero in that car, surmounting as it did, the boulders, boards, boxes, any obstacle that ever blocked Man's path.

After some minutes of this exciting ride, our hostess hove over the landscape. A large, angry-looking pig, a dozen squealing piglets at her heels, trotted in our direction.

"Charge!!!" bellowed Peter and Terry in one breath, and we did. Over everything, anything we careened, the car rocking on the creaking springs, the frolicking piglets squealing, scattering, running frantically towards an old snake fence for refuge.

I do not know if it was the sow who wrecked that car, or if it was the fence. Some time elapsed, and then—the awakening.

Terry was informing me that if I should tilt the tire draped about my head more over my left eye, I would look much more entrancing.

"I can't say that you'd be an inspiration for a sonnet," I responded with vigour on seeing his greasy countenance, surmounted by crumpled mudguard and partially concealed beneath stray parts of the Ford.

I scrambled to my feet. I am not clear with regard to what occurred, but I have a vague recollection of extricating Terry, and of the pair of us searching for Peter. Beneath the shelter of a nearby lilac bush, blissfully unconscious, the steering-wheel still in his hand, a limp piglet clutched in his arms, we found him.

S. McLaughlin.

THE TRAPPISTS.

On the outskirts of the City of Winnipeg Manitoba, stands a monastery of one of the ancient Orders of Mother Church—the Trappists.

St. Norbert's is situated on a creek near a forest, the peaceful stillness being broken only by the merry songs of birds, the croaking of frogs and the crooning of crickets.

The vast area of the Trappist property may be entered by way of a narrow, shaky, ill-constructed bridge over the creek, or a long winding road. The latter entrance, though rugged and strewn with stones and huge pieces of mud, is attractive and interesting. On either side of the road stretches a low well-wooded country in all its primitive beauty changing with the changing moods of Mother Nature.

The main gate, the handiwork of the monks themselves, is of attractive beauty, and reveals hours of patient work. It is of iron filigree, surmounted with the inscription "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." In the centre of the undulating farm on a small elevation is an immense church of ancient architecture surrounded by flower-beds of brilliant colors interspersed with well-kept lawns. Although exteriorly the church is plain, the inside is most magnificently and artistically decorated. The sanctuary lamp is an exquisite piece of handwork of one of the present brothers.

Almost horizontally from the church, stands the monastery. Here the monks dwell in austere silence and deep recollection broken only by the passing words of greeting to one another, "Bientôt l'Eternité." They chant the Divine Office in common and follow the strict rule of the old Orders. They make a livelihood by producing and selling dairy products, poultry and the well-known Trappist cheese and honey.

A bridge leads to an open shrine, surrounded by trees and shrubbery. The roof is supported by long wooden planks, the walls being of screen. Here on Sundays in the summer is celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Here is peace surely, the peace of Christ that surpasseth all understanding.

Gertrude Junghans,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg

REFLECTIONS OF AN OLD APPLE TREE.

In a quiet secluded garden I have lived for three score years and ten. My branches are bent with age and my skin is wrinkled and brown. When I look down the dim vista of the past, what delightful memories come before me.

Many years ago, so many, that I cannot recall my first abode, when I was a sapling, I was planted on Clover Hill. I was surrounded by meadows. Bees and birds and butterflies hovered near. By the silvery sound of bells and the sweet voices of children I concluded that I was in a Convent garden. What a delightful spot for a home!

What changes I have witnessed! The first generation has long since passed away. Year has succeeded year. Daughters and grand-daughters replace the little maidens of the early sixties,—still children are always children; fashion may change, pleasures may differ but the guileless heart is ever true and loyal.

The Convent has added wing after wing; a stately chapel is its crowning glory. Busy streets surround our garden home, street cars hurry past, autos sweep by; the little trees of long ago are now stately elms, lordly maples and sturdy oaks. Still the cloister atmosphere remains unmarred. We are surrounded by a busy city, but we are not of it.

You may think I have led an idle life, but not so. My branches have sheltered many children from the hot rays of the sun. Woodpeckers have tapped at my wall to find a suitable home, the sweet songsters of summer have dwelt in my branches, the squirrels have raced up my long arms. Then what pleasure I have given to my admirers in Spring, when my exquisite blossoms of pink and white form a glorious bouquet. In "Blossom Week" why go to the Niagara Peninsula; when beauty is at your door? One by one, my fair petals fall; like drifted snow they lie at my feet. Autumn comes and my rosy apples are a welcome gift.

Soon I must bid adieu to my restful home. My old friend in the convent quadrangle was lately struck by lightning. There, as morning dawned, the great trunk lay prostrate on the ground, the branches broken, the leaves scattered about. Perhaps the same fate may be mine. If so, my dying wish would be that my limbs be made into a rustic bench, where future generations of St. Joseph's may rest after a day of strenuous work.

Nina Balfour, Entrance Class.

MELODIES OF SPRING.

I am Spring which is so dear
To every human heart.
I've come to bring you lots of cheer
And joyousness throughout the year.

So come let me, the happy Spring,
Light up your burdened hearts
And fill them full of joyous thoughts
That never will depart.

Evelyn Marie Bennett, I.

THE BROOK.

Little babbling brooklet,
 Glistening in the sun,
 How you laugh and chatter
 Always on the run!

First you come a trickling
 Through some shady glen,
 Then across a meadow
 You glide on again.

Next you round a hillside
 Crowned by lofty trees;
 Then you're hurried onward
 By a playful breeze.

Over field and fallow
 Your silver thread is seen,
 Winding through the country,
 How your ripples gleam!

Then you pass some woodland
 Bathed in moonlight bright,
 Where the stars are twinkling
 O'er your course at night.

Tell me little brooklet,
 Do the fairies gay
 Dance beside your waters
 At the end of day.

Anna Marie Leduc, I.

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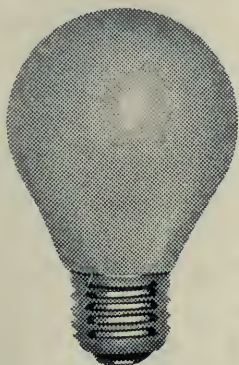
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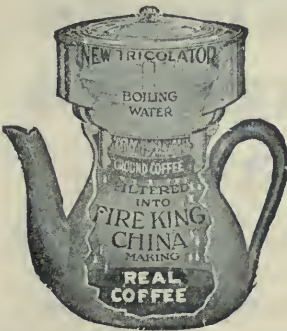
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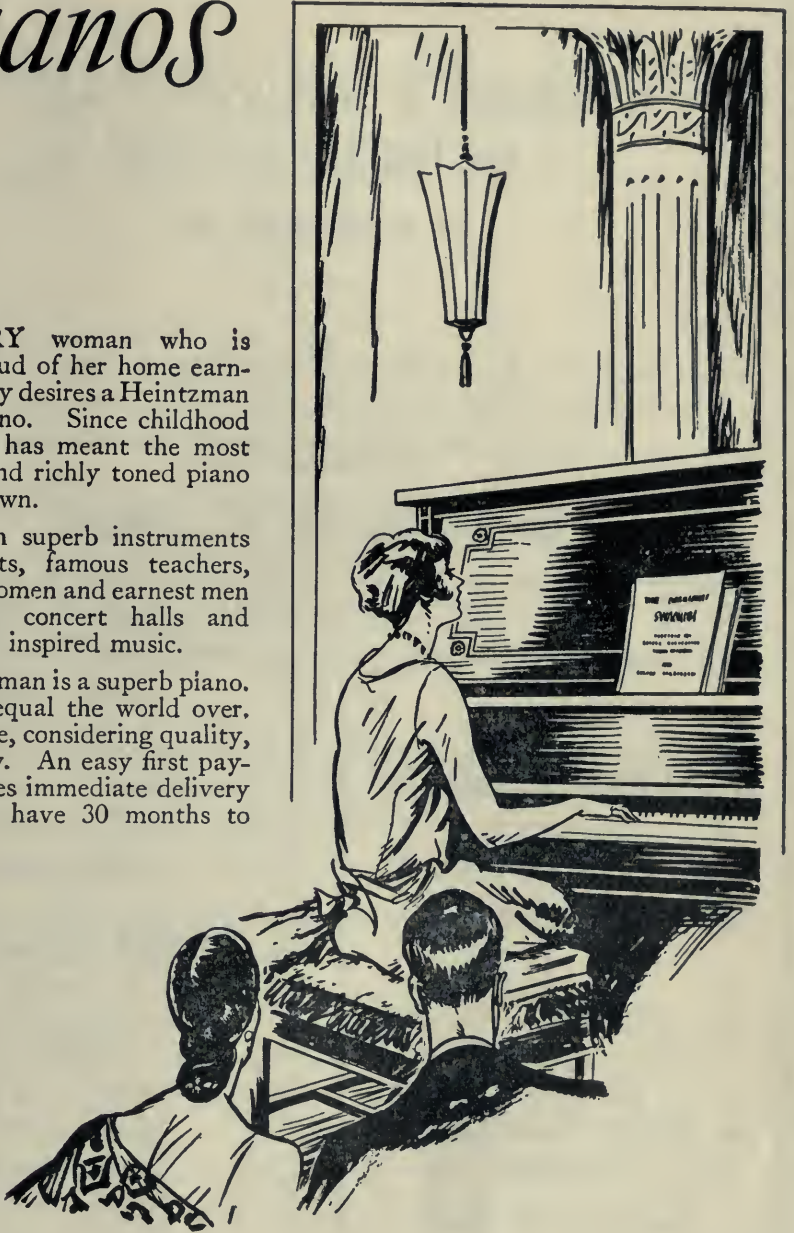
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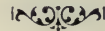
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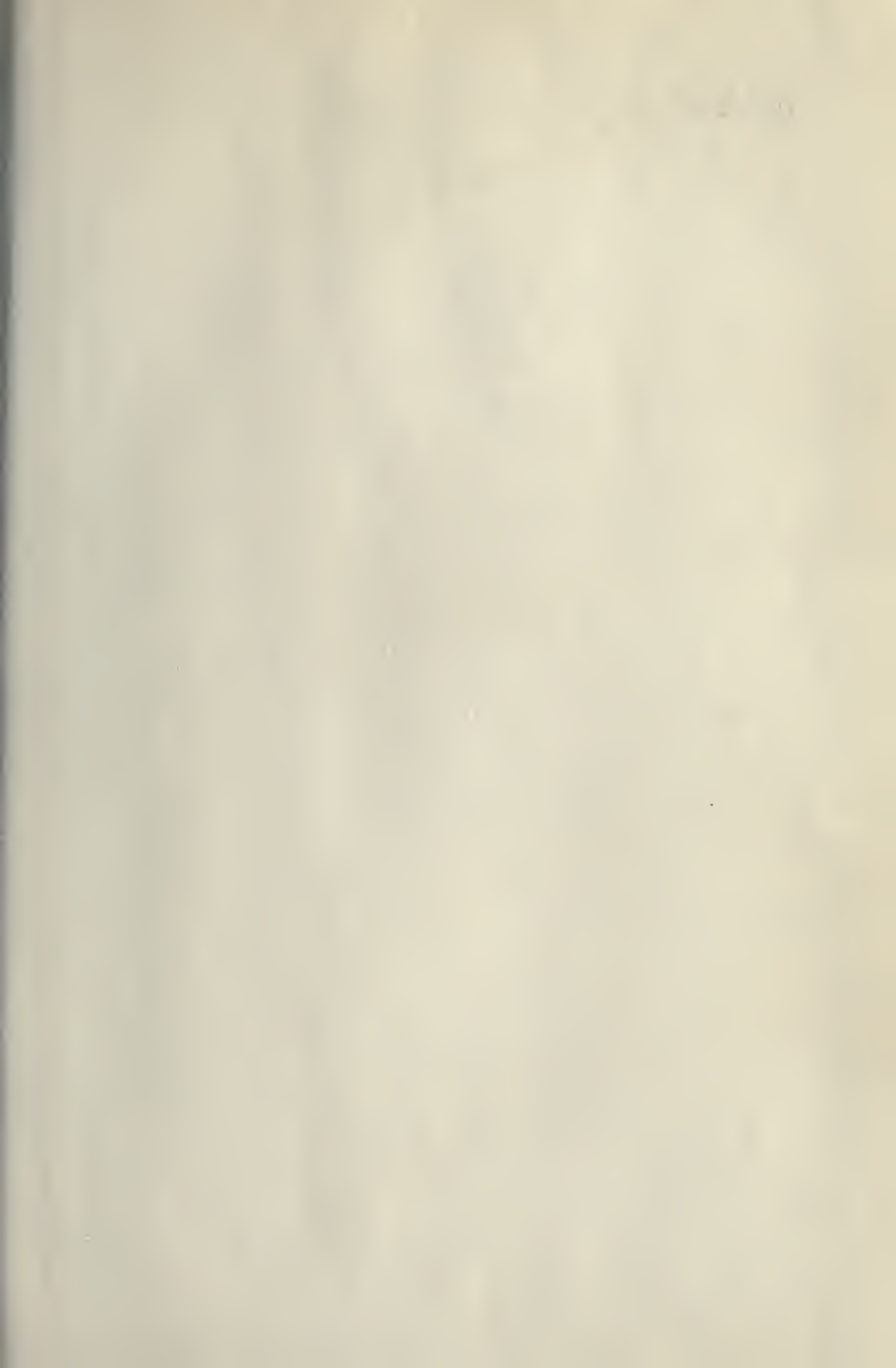
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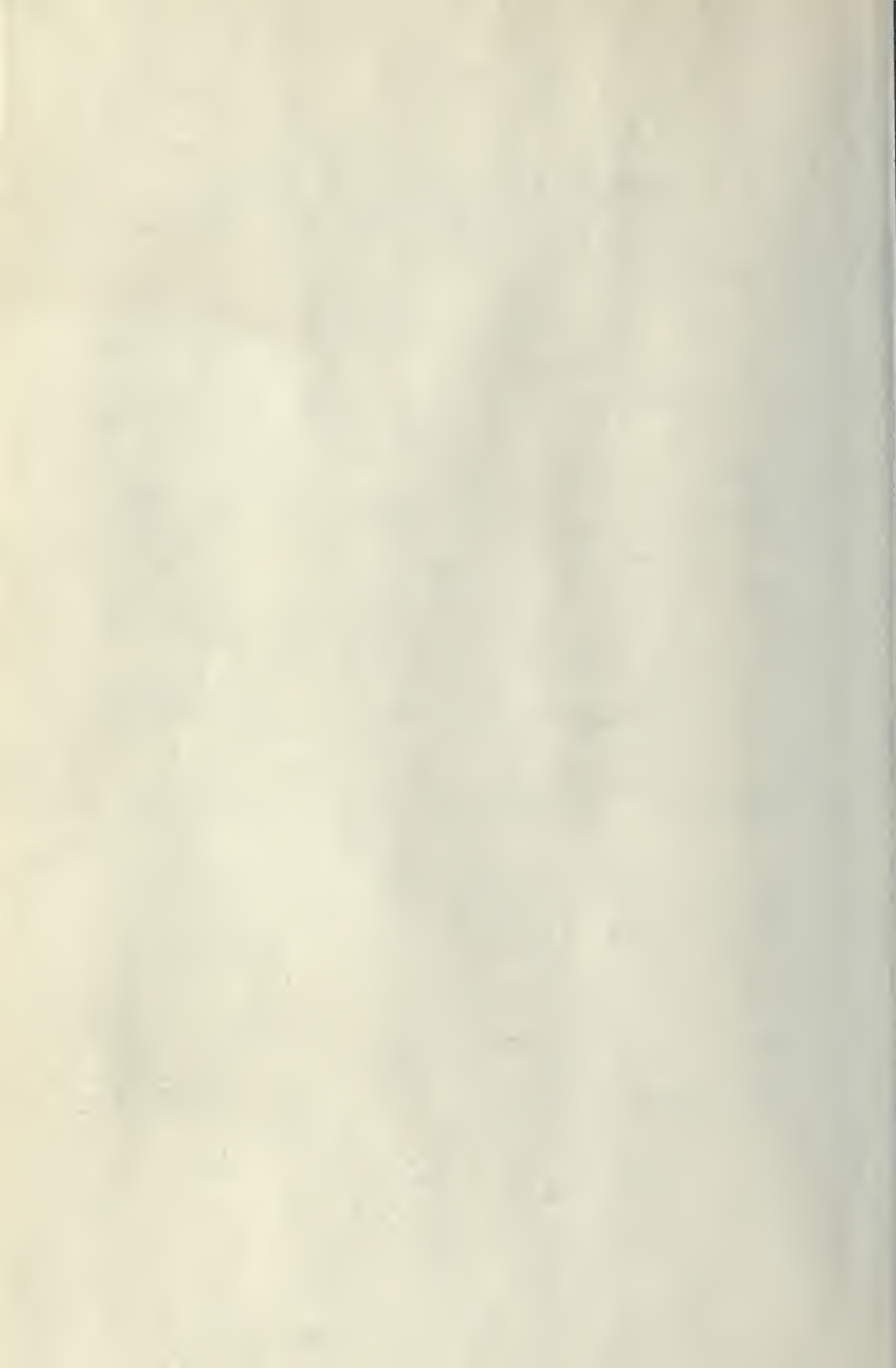
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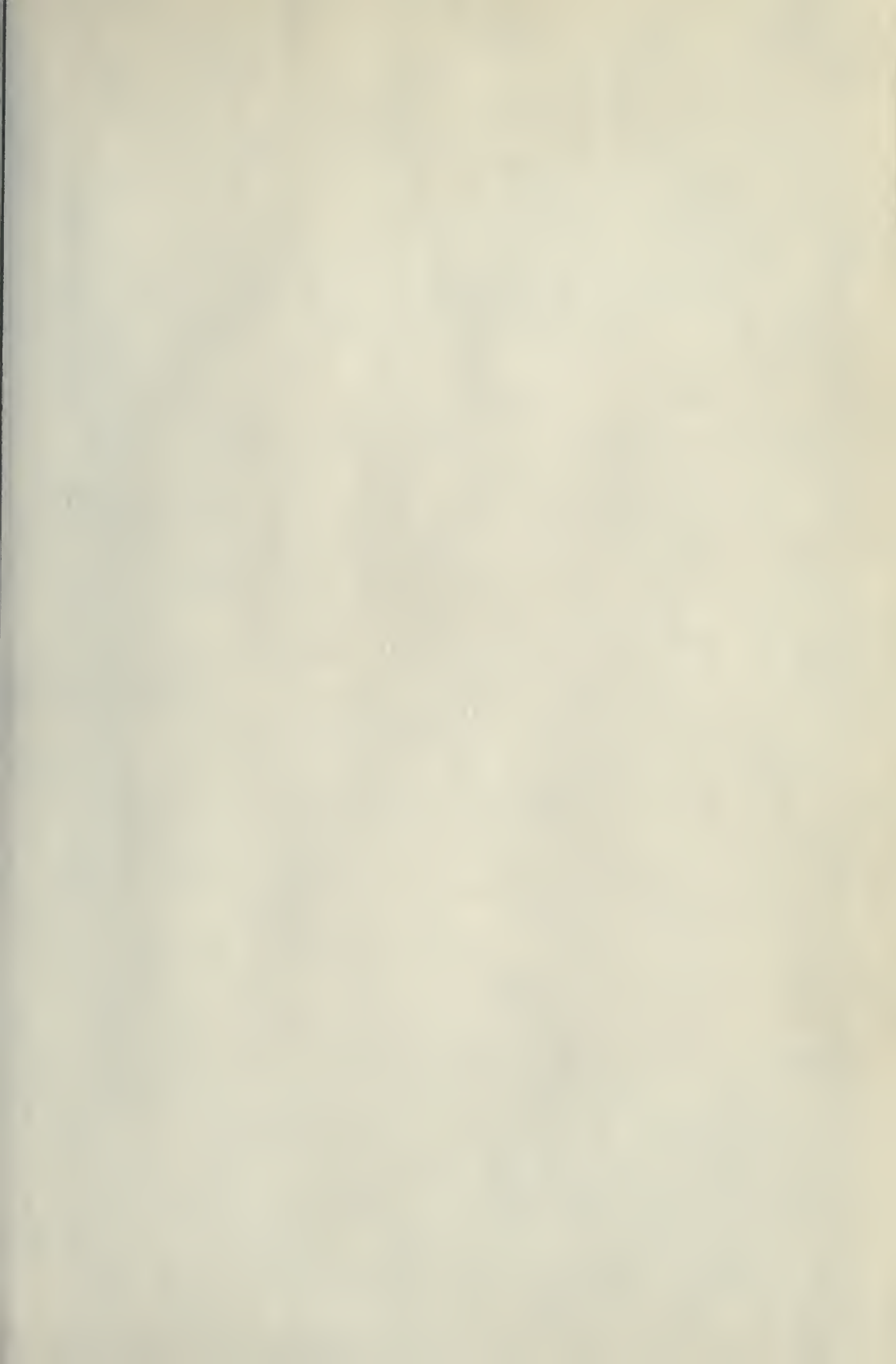
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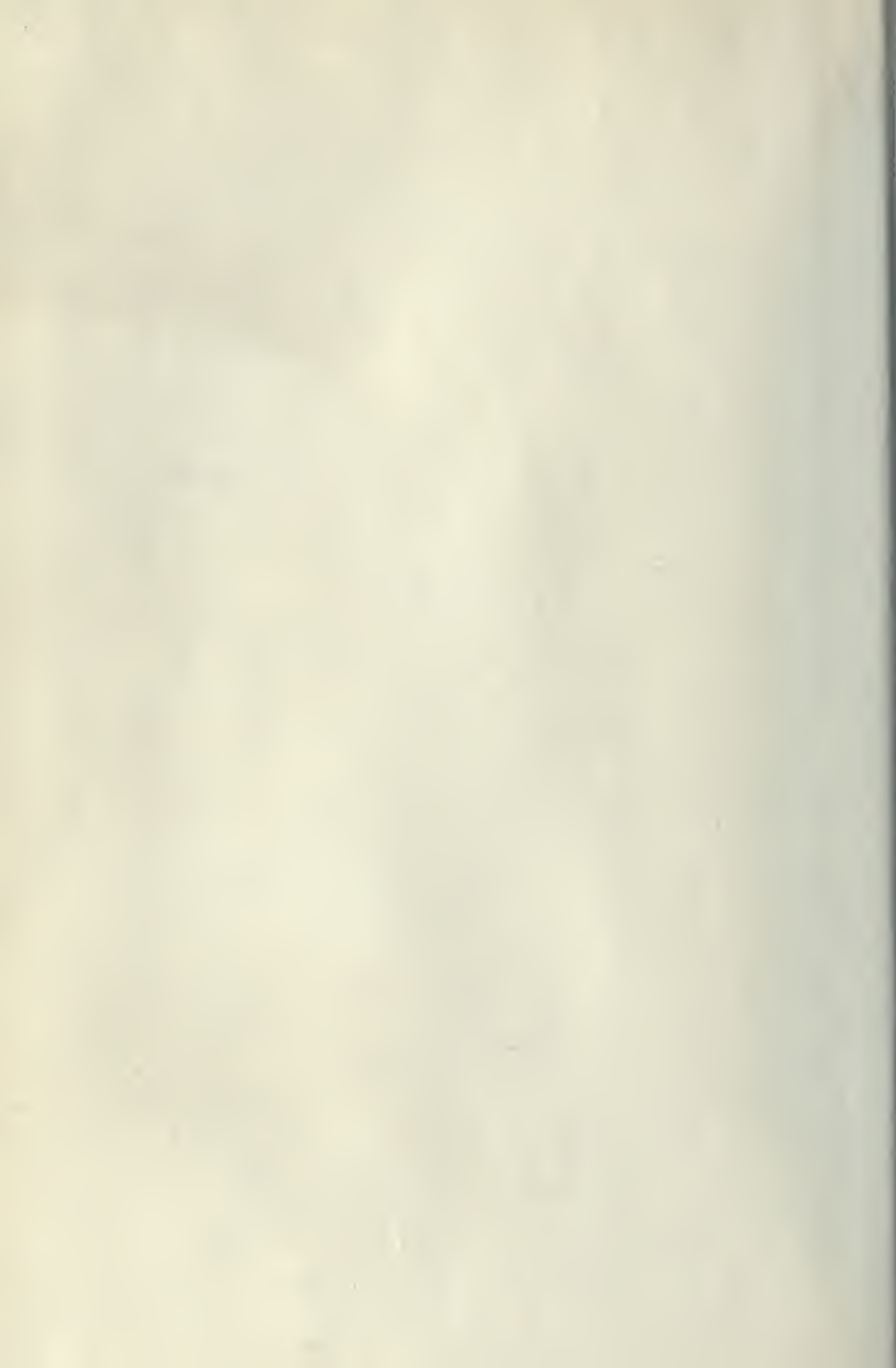
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