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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1935.

NO. 1.

EDITORIAL

CATHOLICS as devotees of "the Sacred Heart" of our Lord experience a special thrill of devotion in each recurring month of June, when roses bloom again and the Sacred Heart seems to grow ruddier in its benign qualities of love and compassion for afflicted humanity. In this year when war rumours and ominous war preparations accentuate our sense of need of the Sacred Heart we realize that it is the sole resource to which we may hopefully turn when prospects of peace are again vanishing and a world conflict seems imminent.

We present, in this issue of the Lilies, two pictures of the Master in guises that are sensibly different. The first is comparatively new and the official symbol of the special modern devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is the vision of the

GOOD
SHEPHERD
by
Plockhurst



APPARITION OF
PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

Saviour of men revealing to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque in her convent chapel of Paray-le-Monial, his new appeal in the more explicit and appealing guise of the Unfolded Heart. Bringing His Heart to the surface of His breast He says to the ecstatic saint,—“Behold the Heart that has loved men so much.”

The second picture is the oldest in the Church, as it is found etched on the stone walls of the catacombs of subterranean Rome. It is a picture of the Good Shepherd presiding over the bodies of the early Christian martyrs, and is a graphic repetition of His own words, “I am the Good Shepherd and I lay down my life for my sheep.”

Is there any real difference of doctrine or emotional appeal in these two pictures, the old and the new? Certainly not. The lamb that nestles on the bosom of the Good Shepherd and sounds within the beating of the Sacred Heart that “Loves men so much,” intimates to us the apparently new devotion of the Sacred Heart, and the sheep gathered round that wistfully look up to Him expand and confirm the same impression.

The enthralling apparition to St. Margaret Mary is only more explicit in its implications and a more overt appeal to dull human souls. The love of the Sacred Heart is the primary feature of both pictures.

We have in these pictures as good an exposition of the growth of doctrines in the Catholic Church, as all the dialectics of theologians could demonstrate to us that there are no new doctrines or dogmas or revelations in church history. A seeming growth of doctrine is only the difference of the old and implicit, and the new and explicit unfolding of original revelation. A closer and detailed view of the original doctrines gives us fuller consciousness and more vivid realization of what Catholics always believed. No new doctrines appear, not even conclusions that the fertility of our minds might infer, but only clearer details of truth that a close intuition can discover.

The private revelations of St. Margaret Mary are but a

repetition of the primitive generosity of the "Good Shepherd" who loves men even unto death. "And the Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." St. Bernard and a host of other saints sang hymns still treasured by the Church to the Sacred Heart of Christ in full unison with our modern hymns.

The ruddy heart of glowing love set on the exterior of statue or picture of the Saviour is all that is new. In old pictures the Heart did not appear as It does now, and its symbolism indicates with greater emphasis both the divine love that gave us the Redeemer and the human love and merits that won our redemption. 'Heart of God and Heart of man, have mercy on us,' is the enlightened prayer of Catholics.

* * * * *

Private revelations in the Church set up a special question worthy of notice and particularly when they enter into the devotion and cult of christians throughout the world, such as the apparition of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes, the brown scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel to St. Simon Stock, and the Sacred Heart apparition to St. Margaret Mary. What approbation does the Church give to these private revelations? Does she incorporate them into the doctrines of Catholic faith? Educated Catholics are well aware that she does not, and this she explicitly declares.

These apparitions have their own motives of credibility that appeal to our natural good reason and pious instincts. They are like historical facts that bring their own great probability or moral certainty, and on this basis the Church approves of them. When we ask the reason in the present case of the apparition to St. Margaret Mary why Catholics are prudent in giving their assent to this great fact and to the devotion that emanates from it, we allege the following arguments. St. Margaret Mary is a canonized saint now reigning with God in heaven, as the Church infallibly teaches, and although the saint could have been deceived by a false vision when here on earth, it is not likely that her enlightened mind and truthful character could either be duped or deceive others.

Again, the doctrine contained in this private revelation is but the old doctrine once more repeated, that the Sacred Heart is adorable as a part of the human nature of Christ, and that the Sacred Heart is the source and also the channel of all our graces. As the source of it, it symbolizes the eternal love of God for us, and as the channel, it symbolizes the human love and sufferings that won our salvation.

A third forcible reason for this special modern devotion to the Sacred Heart is to be found in its wonderful effects; it melts the obdurate hearts of sinners which even the fires of hell, in pictures and sermons, could not soften into repentance and reformation of conduct. It is the last and strongest appeal to wayward men. The Sacred Heart in picture and statue is an epitome like the crucifix, of the doctrine of man's salvation through Christ the Redeemer. "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much" in its emotional accent of appeal is what is needed most in this modern age of cold religious indifference.

It seems like the last devotion of the Church as the end of time approaches, for heaven itself has no stronger message to send to us to arrest men on their downward course of sin and obdurate wilfulness.

Such are the reasons that Catholics recognize in accepting the vision of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque and the twelve promises of wonderful blessings that accompany the vision.

The Lilies offers in a following article, a more detailed account of the "Apparition of Paray-le-Monial."



PARAY-LE-MONIAL

THE magnet which attracts pilgrims to Paray, a little town near Lyons, in southern France, is the chapel of the Visitation Convent, the scene of the wonderful apparitions of Our Lord to St Margaret Mary Alacoque. To go there on a big pilgrimage day, to mingle with the crowds of worshippers in the streets and in the little oratory, to join with them in fervent prayer, to raise up one's voice with them in hymns of repentance and of love: that is an experience which the pilgrim can never forget. But it is still more sweetly precious to return alone, as a solitary pilgrim, to kneel in adoration and supplication before the hidden Lord, the same Lord Jesus Whom St. Margaret Mary saw and with Whom she spoke. This is the hallowed spot which witnessed the marvellous, intimate dealings of the Sacred Heart with His faithful servant; and an atmosphere of prayer and self-oblation still hangs about it, as if angels' wings still hovered there.

The chapel is the same as of old, though art and piety have conspired to renew its youth: the walls are covered now with lovely marbles and ex voto offerings. The high altar and the grille are in the original positions, but the altar itself is no longer the simple wooden altar before which St. Margaret Mary prayed. As devotion to the Sacred Heart spread, Paray became a frequented place of pilgrimage; and the generosity of the pilgrims enabled the plain high of the apparitions to be replaced by an elegantly carved and gilt structure which filled the whole end wall of the little chapel.

This new altar remained until the French Revolution; but the fanatical impiety of France's new masters dispersed the religious and caused the altar to be torn from its place and sold for a song to a furniture dealer. It was subsequently purchased for four hundred francs by the parish of St. Aubin in Charollais, where it still remains. Its place has long since been filled in Paray by a beautiful altar in marble.

During the winter the body of St. Margaret Mary, en-

shrined in a superb brass case with glass sides, finds a resting-place at the high altar; in summer the shrine is placed on a rich support between the sisters' grille and the altar itself. The figure of the saint is life-sized, the face and hands being of wax. Beneath a black velvet habit, guimpe and veil, rest the mortal remains of this great lover of Jesus; the bones are sewn up hermetically in cloth of gold and arranged as in life, while the garments are filled out with cotton. Her hands are crossed over her breast: the right hand holds a silver Heart of Jesus above her own heart, the left supports a bouquet of silver lilies; the head is adorned with an exquisite crown of gold and silver. All the bones are there, save for a few of the smaller ones, which have been given away as relics. The flesh has shrivelled and moulded away; the brain alone has remained intact and is placed in a special reliquary behind the grille in the sisters' choir.

The case containing the body of the saint rests in summer near the grille, on the other side of which this humble lover of Jesus knelt so often for long hours motionless in the ecstasy of contemplation. Here it was that she learned from the lips of Jesus the devotion of the Holy Hour; here it was that she was made the confidante of the love of the Sacred Heart wounded by men's ingratitude; here it was that she so often received Him in Holy Communion from the hands of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, S.J. And there too are kept the "Golden Books" from all parts of the world, containing the names of so many hundreds of thousands of families consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

The chapel is lighted dimly by a myriad of votive lamps, presented by the Catholic countries of the world and kept always burning. The whole atmosphere of the quiet chapel is one of prayer and recollection and one leaves Paray to return home with a regretful heart and a new impulse towards eager self-forgetting love of the Sacred Heart, the Lover of Souls. An unspoilt shrine is Paray-le-Monial, unspoilt by money or commercialism, still quiet, silent as of old: a haven of peace in this restless, toilsome, frustrate modern world.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

By W. B. HANNAN.

LORD MACAULAY once said with truth that there was no sadder spot on earth than the precincts of the little church of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. For hoary centuries all the miseries attendant on fallen greatness and blighted human hopes have been experienced in the environment of this little "House of God." The prisoners of the Tower have belonged to many ranks, leaders in Church and State, oracles of parliament and ornaments of fickle courts. In Post-



THE TOWER OF LONDON

Reformation days, its prisoners were men who bore brave witness for truth when a venal Church and a cowed nation did not dare lift a voice in protest or in testimony. Lord Chancellor More, Bishop Fisher, the gentle Irish Primate, Oliver Plunket, the band of saintly Carthusians, many clerical and lay Catholics were inmates of this grim prison because true to conscience, they protested constantly and bravely against Tudor usurpations. Looking at the place of execution adjoining the Tower chapel, one shrinks from its gory memories but who cannot feel a thrill when he thinks of the brave men and women whose blood once dyed its English green sward.

Although instinctively recoiling from gloating, the impartial student of history recognizes that retributive justice was not revengeful in some cases recorded in the lurid annals of the Tower Chapel.

It justly overtook the arch-heretic and vandal known as the Earl of Essex, who did more than even Queen Elizabeth to cut off England from the moorings of her Catholic faith, and wade in the blood of her martyrs. He crushed all who opposed his will without reference to motive or character. He plundered the monasteries and so vilely traduced them in the "Black Book" that his ill-founded charges have continued to be an anti-Catholic slogan with even modern text books and histories. Froude, who poisoned the mind of the nation in his own day against Catholicity, had at least the elemental honesty to dissent from Cromwell's perjured evidence against Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury. In a trenchant indictment of the evidence offered against the martyred Abbot; Froude reveals that Cromwell had given his judges written directions for the condemnation of the innocent monk before the case was tried.

Twelve months had only elapsed when he, the first minister of the Bluebeard King was arrested as he sat in state in the Privy Council, and soon his headless body was flung into a nameless grave at St. Peter ad Vincula. This upstart servant of Wolsey was a party to the burning of Blessed John Forrest, O.F.M., the confessor and outspoken vindicator of Catherine of Aragon, whose marriage he had witnessed at Greenwich Church.

He was destined himself to meet a cruel end, for the executioner either through fright or interest literally backed Cromwell to death on the scaffold.

The Tower Chapel witnessed the eclipse of Anne Boleyn, as it had seen her unprecedented grandeur in setting out for her coronation. Readers of Froude's brilliant description of her ascent to power will recollect the panoramic picture of the new Queen Elect setting out from her apartments in the Tower with unrivalled magnificence and with the oldest of the aristocracy,

who perforce had to do her homage for fear of the headman's axe. Cranmer and the Archbishop of York led the shameful prelates to do honour to the adulteress. The gilded barges were witnessed by the fickle but enthusiastic populace of London and the burly Tudor King demanded wealth, beauty, colour and magnificence to spite the Pope for not divorcing him from his lawful wife. London was decked with arras and tapestry, scarlet and cloth of gold. Fountains ran with wine, cannons boomed, rockets blazed and the mad applause of the crowds heralded the approach of the new favourite. The French Embassy, the gentry and nobility of England led the great procession in gorgeous attire. The Chancellor and the Primate of Canterbury and Archbishop of York came before the new Queen, who rode in a white chariot drawn by cream coloured horses. Peeresses followed in her train as she reached the apex of her glory in Westminster Abbey, where she was crowned Queen



SAINT JOHN FISHER

of England, by the apostate Cranmer, who poured the holy oil and anointed her, putting the sceptre in her hand and St. Edward's crown on her head.

Scarcely three years passed away when a solitary barge escorted her back to the same Tower of London in silence and disgrace. The blood of the victims of her so-called marriage had cried to heaven for retribution and Mistress Boleyn lay in a cell over the Traitor's Gate with a whirl of bitter memories, useless weeping and unavailing tears.

She was appointed to die on the 19th of May, the very date three years before when she had made her meteoric and joyous entry into London from the Tower.

Early that morning, a solitary gun told London that Anne Boleyn's head lay grim and gory in the grave by St. Peter ad Vincula with the body that had bewitched the King and separated England and countless generations from the Catholic Church. The boom of the gun notified the King he was free, and he continued the hunting expedition that he was engaged in, as if she had never existed. Crammer was ready to bless another union when the King was ready to wed. The successor of Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard and her guilty accomplice, Lady Rockfort, soon followed into the dishonoured graves at Tower Hill. During the remainder of the reign of Henry VIII and his daughter Elizabeth, the scaffold draped in black, the glittering axe and the masked executioner with a combination of horrors amid gaping hostile crowds, became special features of the neighbourhood of Tower Hill.

The martyrdom or judicial murders of the Venerable Philip Howard and the Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, loom large in the record of the savage ferocity of Henry VIII. The writing of the chivalrous young earl on the walls of the cell where he was imprisoned gives a gleam as to the piety of the noble captive.

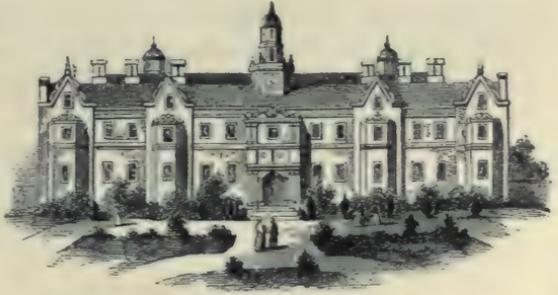
Margaret Pole had a greater claim to the throne, as the last of the Plantagenets, than Henry VIII. She heroically shed her blood for the faith, and was hacked to death on the scaffold, when she refused to bend her head to the axe of the headsman of the usurping Tudor. The platform was drenched with her blood as she died like the other martyrs of ancient lineage who protested against the novel and unholy claims of the King.

Rarely has that faith which over-cometh the world been more nobly displayed than by the holy Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the saintly, wise, and worthy chancellor, the gentle Irish Primate, Oliver Plunket, and the youthful but learned Father Campion. Henry VIII owed much in learning and training to Bishop Fisher who had been his tutor for years and the confessor and trusted advisor of the King's grandmother. Many times must the holy Bishop have trembled

since he must have known the real Henry better than anyone in the realm.

Knowing the worth of having his old tutor on his side in the "Royal Divorce" and "Spiritual Supremacy," the King held out every inducement to win Bishop Fisher's support, but when these failed, the Tower received the old man of eighty years, and there he suffered most cruelly because everything was done to make his imprisonment in the Tower unbearable.

He was not only denied corporal but also spiritual alleviation. Like his Divine Master he was made to drink of his Chalice to the dregs. On the bleak morning of his execution he said to his



THE HOME OF ST. THOMAS MORE

only faithful attendant who had shared his misery: "Dost thou not know, man, that this is our marriage day?" Surely for him, indeed, a day of joy since he was leaving misery for joy everlasting. He feebly mounted the scaffold praying God to grant him some consolation, since he had been denied a confessor to prepare him for death. Opening the Bible that he carried, his eyes rested on the comforting words: "This is Eternal Life to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." In a few moments the great man who feared God and had no other fear had passed to his reward.

The questions of the King's Divorce and Spiritual Supremacy were a source of contention and the learned Chancellor, Thomas More, must have realized that the time was near when he would be called on to acknowledge the faith that was in him. For the great and illustrious man of law and learning there was only one course and though every form of

duplicity and cruelty was employed to force him to support Henry's demands, he steadfastly held to his principles though he knew the outcome would be a traitor's death on Tower Hill. His favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, was allowed to visit him and on one of these memorable visits, looking through his cell window, he saw the holy Carthusians going to martyrdom and drawing her attention to the inspiring sight he said, "Meg, see how joyfully they go to death, like bridegrooms going to their marriage." More himself went laughing to the scaffold.

St. Peter ad Vincula is one of the grimmest memorials in English history, save for the part connected with the glorious martyrs who died for Christ and His Church.

I love red roses best of all:
 Yea, violets are fair to see,
 And lilies, lilacs — all would be
 Fit for a kingly coronal.

The violets were made for Her;
 The lilies, all the blooms of May:
 But on a wonderful June day
 He made the rose *His* worshipper.

O Rose that hast His heart for crest,
 And makest all the world for me
 One Garden of Gethsemani—
 O Rose of June, I love thee best.

—Reverend Hugh F. Blunt.

SHOULD THERE BE WAR WITHOUT A PLEBISCITE?

By FRANCIS J. NASH,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

WAR is a subject very much in the glare of public discussion to-day. On April 1, Henri Bourassa spoke for over an hour in the House of Commons on this country's attitude toward peace and war. The same day in far-off Rome, the Holy Father declared his mind on the question to the Cardinals gathered in secret consistory, and on April 28 he published to the world an encyclical on the responsibilities of nations in the cause of universal peace. Thus the time is opportune to attempt a solution of that ethical problem with which the conscience of society is confronted previous to any actual declaration of war, viz., is the declaration of war the prerogative of the ruling power or the right of the people in any given nation? To answer this question, we must first settle another one. There is in every nation some authority by which the destinies of that nation are directed—where does that authority primarily reside in countries that are democratically constituted?

THE ORIGIN OF CIVIL AUTHORITY.

Taking as a first principle that all authority is from God, there arises a difficulty of explaining how God confers authority on a ruler. Needless to say, we are not speaking of civil authority in the concrete—for the problem of how any particular state came to have its peculiar form of government is an historical one. If, for example, we wish to know how Canada came to be a confederation of provinces united under Parliament and Premier, we can easily settle this by studying the early history of our country—especially the history of Confederation—and we will find that certain historical events brought it about. But if a state already exists, with a definite

form of government, how does God confer the right to govern on that ruling power? Does He grant it *immediately* to the government as soon as it is constituted, or does He grant it *mediately* to the government through the people by means of their electoral vote? In other words, when citizens use their franchise, do they become a channel through which the power to rule flows from God to the one who exercises it, or do they merely indicate that a certain person, on whom God will *directly* confer the right to rule, is the one to fill a public office?

ON WHOM IS AUTHORITY IMMEDIATELY CONFERRED?

This is evidently an ethical question, and it is the theme of this essay that God, in this case as in many another, treats man in a human way, makes use of secondary agents, and does not immediately confer His authority on the ruler, but does so through the medium of the people—who thus become an instrumental cause of the authority vested in their legitimate representatives. And the truth of this assertion will become evident if we keep in mind the fact that it is *natural* for man to organize into a civil society. It is not something arbitrary or artificial as the Contractualists maintained. For God has implanted in the very nature of man an exigency, a moral necessity of forming a civil society. And thus the whole people, all the citizens of the country are *ethically* obliged to attain the end of civil society. But since God never places an obligation without also giving the means to fulfil it, He gives to the whole people *civily* united, the means to attain this end. This means is the right to rule—the right of civil authority. In other words, God confers His authority *immediately* on the people, and *mediately* through them to the government.

DIVERGENT VIEWS OF MORALISTS.

The above is the opinion of Suarez and Bellarmine, and it has received greater favour among Scholastics. However, many Christian thinkers, following the “*Diuturnum*” of Leo XIII. hold the opposite view, viz., God confers His authority *immediately* on the subject who exercises it, while the people merely

determine that he shall hold the office. This latter theory corresponds to the Church's teaching on Papal authority. When on Feb. 6, 1922, the Cardinals granted a two-thirds majority to Achille Ratti, he did not receive his authority as Vicar of Christ from these electing Cardinals, but directly from God—not because he was Pius XI, but because he was Christ's Vicar on earth. The Cardinals merely indicated that he was to fill the office. However, we cannot argue from the supernatural to the natural order. In fact, it seems more reasonable to suppose that God acts *immediately* in the supernatural order and *mediately* in the natural. Perhaps James I. of England would have had less difficulty if he had reasoned in this manner, for it was an exaggeration of a basic truth that led him and the later Stuarts to stand so forcibly for their antiquated theory.

DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

This doctrine has appeared in various forms at different periods of history. Louis XIV's dictum "Je suis l'Etat," is one manifestation of it. The late Kaiser of Germany was affected by it; and we see it also in the Oriental idea of an Absolute State. One of the Sultans of Turkey claimed a divine power—he called himself, quite picturesquely, the Shadow of God on earth. But undoubtedly the classic example of the Divine Rights of Kings in its full significance is to be found in the person of King James I. History tells us that the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby were fought against the pretensions of this monarch. But in 1613 the printed page became the battleground of a more peaceful warfare waged against the monarch by the theologian, Suarez. At the suggestion of the reigning Pontiff, Paul V, he wrote his 'Defensione Fidei,' which the king considered dangerous to the power of sovereigns and ordered to be publicly burned in London.

What exactly were the claims which James I. made? What is the real mistake in this theory of the Divine Right of Kings? And how did Father Suarez marshal the forces of the attack which he directed against him? On many occasions James claimed to have his authority immediately from God. But.

also, he felt responsible for its exercise to none but God, not to the people—not even to the Pope. One day in 1616 he made a speech in the Star Chamber, asserting the claims of “His Sacred Majesty.” “It is atheism and blasphemy,” he said, “to dispute what God can do . . . so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a King can do.” Now as will readily be seen, there is an element of truth in this—civil authority certainly is a sacred thing; but James made the mistake of identifying monarchy (his particular form of sovereignty) with civil authority in general. He would, as it were, have God’s action limited by the necessity of giving His sanction to no other form of government but that of monarchy—he would say that the subject who exercises this kingship is *originally* and, in fact, at any moment, designated by a Divine *positive*, and not merely a natural designation. In short, God, in respect to the government of His rational creatures, is a king-maker, not only in special circumstances, as when He designated King Saul in the Theocracy of Israel, but every time a new king ascends the throne of his country.

THE MORE LIBERAL OPINION.

In answering him Suarez appealed to the old “*Lex-regia*,” the king-making ordinance of the Roman lawyers, whereby the people did not exercise their power nor retain it, but transferred it to each successive Emperor on his ascension. He also applied the doctrine of Aristotle and St. Thomas, who asserted that authority is an attribute of a multitude assembled to form a State. By their very nature men must form a state, and a state must have authority. And therefore authority is natural to mankind collectively (or, as we have said, *civilly* united). But whatever is natural, rational, or indispensable for human progress is an ordinance of God. Authority must be, and God will have it to be. But there is no *natural* necessity that all this authority be centered in one person. Authority is a Divine institution, but presidents, kings and dictators are the creation of men.

ROUSSEAU'S SOCIAL CONTRACT.

The teaching of the Contractualists, far from being an anachronism, is bearing fruit in our own day. Rousseau is their leading exponent. "This neurotic, unpractical dreamer," as Christopher Dawson calls him, "kindled a fire which destroyed the State and Society of the Ancient Régime and changed the face of Europe." His was a "new Reformation," and it aroused no less enthusiasm in the minds of his disciples, and was no less destructive in its practical effects than that of the 16th century. We must keep in mind when speaking of him that we are dealing not with a thinker, but with an orator, not with a man of action, but with a visionary, not with a philosopher but with a poet.

Briefly his doctrine is this: Some few thousand years ago—he doesn't tell us when; perhaps when the Heidelberg man was wandering across the face of Europe—there arose within the breasts of our savage ancestors a vehement desire to organize. So they gathered around a fire one night, and renounced by a free act of their wills, their individual rights. "We will agree," these cave-men said to one another, "to abandon our nomad-life, to quit the charms of the solitude to live in society, to submit to convention, to organize, to pool our rights as men, and give them over to one who will be our leader." And this noble savage of Rousseau's dream becomes the Prince of this ultra-democracy wherein the authority of the ruler is but the sum total of the rights of the individual, where the ruler must follow the bidding of the multitude, because, by this fireside agreement, this pact, this convention or "Social Contract," they have made him the custodian of their rights, and with him they constitute the State, which is absolute, which is omnipotent, and against which the will of the individual citizen is not only powerless, but non-existent.

Surely only a poet could have thought of this! But it must be admitted it is very dangerous poetry—the poetry that turned the heads of sober men and drenched France in blood during the reign of Terror. And poetry is very hard to fight with

the cold blade of logic. To answer Rousseau adequately would involve Theology, for he, like a great number of modern educationalists, firmly believed in the primitive goodness of man. He thought that nature must be given its full fling if human perfection is to be attained. There was no such thing as a conflict of rights in Rousseau's Paradise—each man lived a life of perfect happiness in pursuit of his individual desires.

But even taking for granted that all this were true, why did men leave this blessed state of individualism? What strange impulse of the human heart caused them to abandon such an ideal condition of life? However, Rousseau's real mistake lies in starting with the false supposition that man was born to live in savage solitude instead of in society. He goes on through the false medium of his "Social Contract" to bind men into a civil unity as if society were a mere convention, whereas it is the very life-blood of human existence. And even if his ingenious edifice of speculation were feasible, its basic facts are not historical. No one but Rousseau ever recorded the drawing up of this "Social Contract," and as yet no archaeologist has stumbled across this Magna Charta of the cave-man. But of course Rousseau was a poet and a dreamer, and if he were living to-day, and could experience the growing power of dictators, and the subtle forces of international intrigue, and the economic tyranny of the kings of finance, he might well be given the title which the artist gave to Napoleon, as he painted him standing on the field of Waterloo—he might also be called "The Great Somnambulist of a shattered Dream."

To sum up: Authority in any given state does not come from a free renunciation of the rights of its citizens (Rousseau); nor does God decree that a country is to be perpetually constituted as a monarchy and ruled by kings which are individually designated by a divine ordinance (James I); but civil authority certainly does come from God, and it passes, at least in democracies, through the medium of the people to their lawful representatives.

REFERENDUM AND PLEBISCITE.

Having established, at least in outline, this basis of constitutional power, the question proposed in the beginning can again be asked: What is to be done when a condition arises making necessary a decision on the declaration of war? Should the people, as they do in many cases of an extraordinary nature, have a voice in deciding the issue? The plebiscite is used in municipal by-laws; it was used in the United States when the 18th Amendment was repealed. Should a government at least determine the sentiment of the country by a referendum? A few months ago the residents of the Saar, by means of a plebiscite returned to the rule of Germany. If, instead of voting on the question of allegiance, they had been going to war, would there have been an equal reason for them to signify their choice in such a manner? The answer given, will, in the last analysis, depend on the view that is taken of a State's authority.

If the power to rule is directly from God, the State not only should not, but has no right to refer the issue to the people for their decision. It remains not only the prerogative, but even the duty of the government to protect the interests of its people against all encroachment—and war, then, is but a means, the last resort morally speaking, but still a means, to carry out this function of government. Apparently this was St. Augustine's opinion, for he says, in his work against Faustus, that the right to declare war belongs to the Prince. However, St. Augustine was not familiar with our modern constitutional governments. The Prince for him undoubtedly meant the ruling power, but the Prince was a dictator. The supporters of the Divine Right of Kings would also be in agreement with this answer—the will of the king is law in regard to declaring war as in all other matters. The logical conclusion from Rousseau's doctrine would not give the government this right *per se*, but only *per accidens*, in so far as its members are the delegates of the people; but as the power of the ruler, according to the Contractualists, though theoretically ab-

solute, is in practice rescindible by the citizens, such a serious decision as the declaration of war, would of its very nature revert to the multitude, or, at least, to what Rousseau calls the "general will" of the multitude.

But we are not to be confused with Rousseau when we favour a decision of this question by a plebiscite of the people, for it must be clearly understood that the people are not freely but *naturally*, the channels of authority. And if the people hold the position in this regard, which we have claimed they hold, they certainly must have a voice when the issue is of such grave importance as the declaration of war.

IS THE PLEBISCITE CONSULTIVE OR DEFINITE?

However, a government, though morally obliged to consult the citizens in a matter so infinitely affecting the whole welfare of the community, may, by reason of that sovereignty which it enjoys, be free to overrule the decision returned. Canon Law furnishes an illustration. There are many cases in which the New Code legislates that the Ordinary of the diocese must consult the Cathedral Chapter, but it does not say that he must follow its opinion. Now since the Church's constitution is not a democratic one, this is not a strict parallel, but it can serve as an example. Should the referendum be what Canon Law calls *definitive* (i.e., such that the government would be ethically wrong in contravening it)? If it is not necessarily so, at least the people should have a *consultive* vote. The government should at least make use of what is popularly called a "straw-vote" to assist in determining its decision. This follows logically from the position of the people in regard to authority.

If such a device were used, it should tend to decrease the number of wars, for we have the witness of history to show that the citizen is a lover of peace, that war, in the past the "Sport of Kings," is still in our own day, the game of those who sit in the chair of authority and wield unworthily the sceptre of their power. And thus if we are to preserve the ideals of true democracy, and cultivate in our country a

Christian philosophy, and effectually maintain in international relationship a christian harmony, the minds of men must be purified from the effects of the deadly poetry of Rousseau. In its place we must substitute the poetry of peace, the poetry of prayer —we must speak, we must pray, if not in the words, at least in the sentiments of that Christian poet who wrote on the eve of the great conflict :

“When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away—
Their heritage, a sunless day.
God save the people!”

—Elliot.

The world to-day is tossing about in a night-mare with her wars and rumors of wars, her disturbances and distress. The only way for her to become peaceful with child-like dreams is to turn toward the Queen of Peace. Like Francis Thompson the world in the darkness of her night had better go to the foot of the cross and speak to the Mother of Sorrows:

“Therefore, O tender Lady, Queen Mary,
Thou gentleness that dost enmoss and drape
The cross’s rigorous austerity.
Wipe thou the blood from wounds that needs must gape.”

And in the darkness of the world’s night of discouragement shall come back the voice of the Mother of Sorrows:

“Lo though suns rise and set, but crosses stay,
I leave thee ever, saith she, light of Cheer.”

BLESSED EVERYWHERE

By REVEREND COLEMAN NEVILS, S.J.



BLESSED
EVERYWHERE

IT was a great privilege after attending the Fifteenth International Conference of the Red Cross held in Tokyo, October, 1934, to be able to return via Suez Canal and Europe. And one of the most delightful reveries has been to trace back and observe on all seas and lands visited the stirring fulfilment of a prophecy pronounced in the hill country of Palestine nearly two thousand years ago: We have often rehearsed the scene; we have many times followed the Virgin of Nazareth seeking her cousin St. Elizabeth, hastening to do her act of charity. We have heard over and over again the sweet song, Magnificat, and no doubt

we have tried to do our part in fulfilling Mary's prophecy that all generations shall call her blessed. There is an unbounded joy in actually seeing the truth of these words in all lands. It is Nature's litany to the Mother Most Admirable.

Three weeks were spent in Japan, and while the progress of the Church is slow, it is sure. The Japanese are not easy to convert, but once convinced, fire and water, pain and torture cannot make them apostatise; the annals of history attest to this. The most attractive of Japan's Christmas cards is that of a Madonna by a recent convert, Miss Terese K. Koseki; it is called "Our Lady of Japan." A few days were spent in China where we visited that most marvelous of all charitable institutions, the orphanages of Zikawei, which by many a baby now enjoying eternal happiness might well be called the Gate of Heaven.

Then our vessel plowed through the China Sea, the Straits of Malacca, the Indian Ocean, and then entered the Red Sea. Stopping at Suez we travelled for three hours across the Arabian desert to Cairo and the Pyramids, and the great desert. Stars and sunrise and sunset were bright with the sacred splendor of the gospel narrative of the Magi and the Flight into Egypt. Across the Mediterranean we passed through the Straits of Messina on our way to Naples. Here there is a new lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor of Messina. It has been reared as a token of gratitude for the restoration of the churches which had been destroyed in 1908. There is a classical column of concrete and stone, surmounted by a gilded statue of the Madonna, four times life size. It is particularly beautiful at night, for issuing from the statue there is a glowing shaft of transparent crystal, crowned by a mystic haze of blue light. It is called the Madonna della Lettera. There is a legend that when St. Paul was on his way from Malta to Rome he stopped at Messina and here he was received with great enthusiasm. Telling them of the Blessed Mother, they were most enthusiastic and decided to send an embassy to pay homage to their queen. It is supposed that in appreciation of this the Blessed Mother dictated a letter to one of the embassy in which she said: "We bless you and your city." The devout Messinians have preserved these words in a Latin electrical inscription: "Vos et ipsam civitatem benedicimus."

One of the most attractive piazzas in Naples is opposite the Church of the Gesu, where on a huge column there is a statue of the Immaculate Conception. It was our good fortune to be there during the novena in preparation for the eighth of December and each night arc lights are thrown on this statue and it is all most brilliant. It is interesting to note that this monument was reared by the Jesuit Fathers in 1748, and so more than a hundred years before the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. Beneath and around the base are the statues of the great saints of the Society of Jesus.

One of the greatest churches in Rome is the Basilica of St. Mary Major. It is regarded as one of the noblest religious

edifices in the world and it derives its name from the fact that it is the largest of the eighty churches in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It is one of the patriarchal churches over which the Holy Father presides, and all the faithful are considered as parishioners. The other basilicas that have the same privilege are St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Lawrence's. We often hear of the "Seven Churches of Rome" which enjoy highest veneration, especially by pilgrims. In addition to the above five patriarchal churches, the number is made up by St. Sebastian's and the Basilica of the Holy Cross, or Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. St. Mary Major has the Porta Santa, which is closed except in years of jubilee.

Two weeks were spent in Rome, during which there was a delightful private audience with the Holy Father. Needless to say, the wonderful joy and exaltation that comes to any true Christian were felt when standing in the sacred Piazza S. Pietro and seeing the outstretched arms of the Vatican colonnade ready to embrace all who would visit the seat of Christendom.

Florence has the beautiful churches of S. Maria Novella and the Annunciata, where the boy saint, Aloysius, made his vow of perpetual chastity. In Venice we said Mass at the Carmelite Church of St. Mary of Nazareth and then went on to Milan to stand with bated breath admiring the grandeur of the Duomo. This wonderful Italian Gothic cathedral is dedicated to the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The inscription over the main facade reads: "Mariæ Nascenti." The cathedral was founded in 1386 but took many years in building. It was consecrated on October 20, 1577, by St. Charles Borromeo, whose tomb is under the cupola. There are 135 pinnacles adorning the buttresses and the roof, and on the outside alone there are 2,300 statues. The interior has nearly 4,000 statues. On the topmost pinnacle is a bronze gilt statue of the Madonna, 354 feet from the ground. The huge doors depict in relief the life of the Blessed Mother. The infinite detail of this wonderful monument to the Mother of God is overwhelming and as you try to study it you get more and

more overwhelmed. Milan may be proud of having one of the greatest monuments ever reared to the Queen of Heaven. Not far from the Duomo is Santa Maria della Gracie where the famous Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is still preserved.

From Milan we rode through the Alps to Lucerne and then on to Paris, whose greatest adornment is Notre Dame, a cathedral that has had such a tragic history. Going from city to city in Europe it is the same story. "All generations call her blessed." To those who are privileged to visit foreign lands we can think of nothing more inspirational than to seek at each place how Mary is glorified, and how wonderfully the prophecy of the hill country is being fulfilled, for she is blessed everywhere.

THE LEGEND OF THE SPEEDWELL.

WHEN Mary, rising, went in haste
With St. Elizabeth to stay
Where'er her mantle touched, blue flowers
Peeped out upon the way.
Their bright eyes gazed upon their Queen,
And, softly, lovingly they said
"Speed-well, O sinless Maid."
To weary travellers, thro' life
This message still the flower doth tell
"The course is long, the time is short,
Be brave—speed-well, speed-well."

PURGATORY--- IN THE POEM OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

II.

ANTEPURGATORY.

THOSE who delayed repentance in the world are made to delay their purgatory and are kept in the ante-purgatory for various lengths of time.

As the poets proceed on their journey, under a shining sun, Dante notices that his body casts a shadow on the ground while his companion casts no shadow. He wants to know the reason of this difference, and Virgil says: "My body lies buried near Naples (his tomb is on the Naples-Pozzuoli road) and can't therefore throw its shadow here. What you see is only the semblance of my body which cannot intercept the rays of the sun, no more than one ray can intercept another." Dante then inquires, "How can these people in Purgatory who are only shadows, suffer from the extreme heat and the intense cold?" The answer is that the Divine Power has disposed that they should so suffer; but how fire and frost can affect spirits is not revealed to us. Insane are the mortals who presume to explore the mysteries of God. If everything could be plainly seen, there was no need of Christ taking flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary. Men, such as Plato, Aristotle and others, blessed with an acute intellect, vainly have endeavoured to fathom the mysteries of God. They could not even foresee their own damnation. The same may be said of modern philosophers, who divorce their reason from revelation. They labour much and long in quest of truth, but they spend themselves in vain, because they refuse to be guided by the supernatural light, which is Christ the Son of God.

. Insane
 Who hopes our reason may that space explore
 Which holds three Persons in one substance knit.
 Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind.
 Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been
 For Mary to bring forth.

(Canto III.)

They come to a most wild and untrodden path and so steep that it requires their hands and feet to conquer it. They meet a troop of spirits who slowly, slowly, move toward them. One of them is Manfred, King of Sicily (1254-56). He was a prince of charm and culture in his days, but on the other hand he was irreligious, and, besides, excommunicated by the Church. He had delayed his repentance until he found himself wounded to death in a battle near Benevento. Says he:



DANTE ALIGHIERI

. . . When by two mortal blows

My frame was shattered, I betook my-self
 Weeping to Him, who of free will forgives.
 My sins were horrible; but so wide arms
 Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
 All who turn to it.

He beseeches Dante to go to his daughter Constance and report how he is in need of prayers.

Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss
 Revealing to my good Costanza how

Thou hast beheld me, and besides, the terms
 Laid on me of that interdict: for here
 By means of those below much profit comes.
 (Canto III)

Dante and Virgil ascend the mountain of Purgatory by a steep and narrow path, pent on each side by rock, until they reach a part of it which opens into a ledge. There seating themselves, and conversing, a voice addresses them.

At sound thereof each one turned: and on the left
 A large stone we beheld, of which nor I
 Not he before was 'ware. Thither we drew:
 And there were some who in the shady place
 Behind the rock were standing, as a man
 Through idleness might stand.

These are the souls of those who had postponed repentance through indolence, and now, unless aided by the prayers of the living, have to postpone beginning their purgation for a similar period. Amongst them is one who seems to be much wearied. He is in a sitting position, with his arms folded about his knees and, between them, holding his face bent downwards. Says Dante to Virgil, "Sweet Sir! behold that man who shows himself more idle than if laziness were sister to him." That man is Bevilacqua, a Florentine, an excellent maker of musical instruments, but he had been a most indolent man in the affairs of the world as well as in those of his soul. "I will have to remain here a long time," he says,

..... if prayer do not aid me first,
 That rises up from heart that lives in grace .
 (Canto IV)

Meanwhile some spirits come towards the Poets from across the hill singing the Psalm 'Miserere'. These are the spirits of men who met a violent death and had been in sin to the last moment of their existence.

..... We all
 By violence died, and to our latest hour
 Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from Heaven;
 So that, repenting and forgiving, we

Did issue out of life at peace with God,
Who, with desire to see Him, fills our hearts,

(Canto V)

Iacopo del Cassero speaks: "I come from Fano in the March of Ancona" and continues saying that he had become an enemy of the Marquis of Ferrara, Azzo VIII, and that in the year 1298, being on a journey to Milan, he was pounced upon by emissaries sent by Azzo and murdered. "O my friend—he entreats—if thou ever see the land of Fano pray the people of that place that for me

"Their adorations duly be put up
By which I may purge off my grievous sins."

Another spirit, Buonconte, was wounded in the battle of Campaldino. With his throat pierced he was rushing away as well as he could on foot, from the scene of carnage, when his sight failed him and he fell. He then invoked the name of Mary and died. God's angel took charge of his soul.

Another spirit, Pia de' Tolomei. She had been married to a nobleman, by the name of Nello. One day while she was looking out of a window of one of her castles in the Maremma, Nello, to get rid of her, sent a servant who caught her by the heels and threw her out into the valley below. She is now completely forgotten and so begs the Poet to remember her in his prayers.

"I was once Pia, Siena gave me life,
Maremma took it from me. That he knows
Who me with jewel'd ring had first espoused.

(Canto V)

Many besides, who are in like case with those spoken of above, beseech our Poet to obtain for them the prayers of their friends, when he shall return to this world. But lo! a spirit there stands solitary and looks towards the two Poets. He does not speak, but lets them go by, eyeing them as "a lion on his watch." Virgil requests him mildly, to show them the best ascent. This spirit was a countryman of Virgil; his name is Sordello, who, as soon as he recognizes Virgil, is deeply

moved and embraces him. This scene of fraternal love prompts Dante to inveigh against the unnatural divisions by which Italy and especially Florence were torn asunder. Sordello leads the Poets to an eminence whence they behold a pleasant valley, the abode of famous spirits. This is the description of the valley:

Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refined,
 And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood
 Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds
 But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers
 Placed in that fair recess, in colour all
 Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.
 Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues,
 But of the sweetness of a thousand smells
 A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.

(Canto VII)

Those spirits sit on the grass and flowers chanting: "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy." Amongst them are: Rudolf of Hapsburgh, who might have healed the wounds of Italy; Ottocar, King of Bohemia; Philip II of France (1270-1285); Peter III of Aragon and his son Alfonso III; Henry III of England; William, Marquis of Monferrato, etc.

Canto VIII starts with the description of the evening hour. The Italian verse is so beautiful and so majestic that it has no equal. The English translation is:

Now is the hour that wakens fond desire
 In men at sea, and melt their thoughtful heart
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love
 Thrills, if he hears the vesper bell from far,
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

One of those dwellers of the valley rises from his seat and beckons, with his hand, his companions to silence. Then, joining his palms, raises them, together with his eyes, towards the east, as if saying to God: "I care for nothing, except Thee." Then he intones the evening prayer: "Te Lucis ante terminum" so devoutly and in so soft a strain that his companions are enraptured, and join in with him and as softly and de-

voutly sing together the whole hymn. At the end of the prayer, they look up and see two angels descending from on high with flaming swords. Their robes are as green as "tender leaves, but newly born" and their wings are green; their faces are so bright that they dazzle the eye. They alight on two opposite hills overlooking the valley where the spirits are confined. Sordello explains they are being sent by Mary as guardians over the valley. He is still speaking when lo! there is the enemy,

Along the side, where barrier none arose
 Around the little vale, a serpent lay,
 Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.

At that sight the angels move from their seat as if to give battle to the serpent, but the serpent hearing the air "cut by their verdant plumes," leaves in haste. The Poets descend into the valley. Here they find Nino Visconti once judge of Gallura in Sardinia and so ardent a Guelf that when he died in 1296, he directed that his heart should be taken to Lucca and buried in Guelf soil. He begs that his daughter Joan be told of his plight, for his wife, having married again, has forgotten him. He says of his wife:

By her it easily may be perceived
 How long in woman lasts the flame of love
 If sight and touch do not relume it oft.

Next comes Conrad Malaspina, lord of Valdimagra, who suffers because he loved his own people so much that he neglected his soul. Says he:

.....The love
 I bore my people is now here refined.

(Canto VIII)

He predicts Dante's exile, and how the Malaspina family, so famous for hospitality, will give the exiled poet shelter and protection.

We may end this excursion in Dante's Antepurgatory with a quotation from Tennyson. Says the dying Arthur:

If thou shouldst never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE.

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn.
His cross is every tree.

THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM

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

PART TWO.

AT Bethlehem, during the census-operations ordered by Caesar-Augustus, a hundred legionaries of the Imperial Roman Army, under the command of the Centurion Quintus Maximus Lapidus, found it no easy task to keep the peace. Not only was the town filled, but the country round about was like the encampment of a vast army. It was literally covered with tents, and tethered horses, camels, and dromedaries.

As the young Centurion gazed upon this stirring scene, his recent studies in the Holy Books recalled to him the rapt words of Isaiah . . . "but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Lift up thy eyes round about thee, and see. For the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee. The myriads of camels shall cover thee—the dromedaries of Madian and Ephraim! All they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord!"

* * * * *

The young officer had had a strenuous time rushing here and there, repressing the quarrels of the turbulent tribesmen; but he performed his duties justly and mercifully, and his name was soon in high repute all over Bethlehem and the surrounding district. During the daytime, he found space for a short visit to his friends the Galileans, and was always received by them with the warmest affection. In a hundred ways, his



protection had helped and guarded these gentle strangers through the difficult circumstances in which they were placed. Some of the riff-raff of the town seemed to object to their presence in Bethlehem, and the fear of the Roman legionaries was the only thing that restrained these men from violence. The soldiers were ordered to keep a close watch on the grotto during the day. When the night fell, the Centurion kept guard in person until the streets grew quiet. He had arranged to have a soldier within speaking distance by whom a message could be sent for assistance to the camp.

One night this messenger became useful. A turbulent gang, shouting "Drive out the Nazarenes," had rushed down from the streets, and attempted to take the place by assault. Sending to the camp an urgent message for aid, the Centurion placed his back against the door of the grotto and with his great shield in front menaced the attackers with his sword. At this unexpected apparition, the greater part of the crowd fled back to the City. The three leaders, however, held their ground, and began to throw heavy stones at the defender. One of these missiles inflicted on the Roman a deep wound along the side of the face. Lapidus was about to charge on them with his weapon when he saw that in another moment the legionaries would be upon them. The miscreants turned to flee, but it was too late. They were prisoners. The soldiers, seeing their officer wounded, forced the prisoners to kneel and to bend forward their heads. Then a huge legionary stood over them with lifted sword, and looked at his commander for the word of death. At this instant the door of the grotto opened, and the Nazarene Woman came forth. It seemed to the Centurion that the night grew more beautiful for her presence. The rough legionaries gazed at her in wonder. The moon, at that moment, came out from behind a cloud and the place was flooded with its pallid radiance. Then the sweetest of voices was heard. "What, oh friend, is the meaning of this?" She pointed to the three kneeling men. Lapidus knew in his heart, by this time, that he could not speak the command of death, but he answered the Galilean Woman gravely and respectfully.

“These three are to be executed,—they are guilty of death.” The Woman looked upon the seemingly inexorable Roman:— “What will *He* think of it?—Blood and death at His door, Who came to offer Peace? Wait, I will bring Him out to plead with you.” She stepped to the grotto door speaking a few words. Then Joseph came out with the Infant in his arms. Light seemed to flash from the Body of the Child as His foster-parent carried Him to the Centurion. The latter took one look into the eyes of Jesus, then, the next moment, he was on his knees in adoration! “No life-blood shall be spilled on Thy door-step, I promise Thee, O Lord,” said the Centurion, as tears gushed forth from his eyes. The Babe was on a level with the Roman’s head. He put forth His little hand and touched the wounded face of His defender. When He withdrew His hand there was no blood upon it! The ugly wound had instantly healed at the rose-leaf touch of the little fingers of the Son of God!

* * * * *

Days passed, weeks passed, and the end of the census-taking had come in Bethlehem. Quintus Maximum Lapidus, the young Centurion, moved through these days as if in a dream of Heaven. Never had he been so happy, for he knew he could see and adore his God every day. He dreaded the thought of the time when he should receive orders to march back to Jerusalem. But the moment came when Bethlehem lost all its charm and when he wished desperately to be on the march again. On coming one morning to make his regular visit to his Galilean friends, he found the grotto lonely, and the Holy Family departed. Then desolation fell upon the soul of the young Roman, and he longed with all his soul to leave his post and follow his friends.

Scarcely had he time to feel the full bitterness of his bereavement when a horseman rode in along the Jerusalem Road. It was a Roman military scout or messenger, and he brought orders for the return of the detachment of the Holy City. In a short time, the Romans, marching swiftly and eagerly, had swung out of the town, and had passed the Tomb of Rachel

on their homeward way. The day was bright and sunny, and the scenery along the road was full of interest and of beauty. The view to the west was barred by the great mountain-ranges of Judea, but to the east there was a noble stretch of country to the yellow borders of the Dead Sea. Beyond the Dead Sea rose the lonely Mountains of Moab, among whose peaks the Centurion could distinguish Mount Nebo, whence Moses took his first and last look at the Land of Promise.

As the legionaries passed the half-way stage of their march, the warmth of the sun began to be felt, and though it was early springtime, the heat was almost as oppressive as in midsummer. Here they overtook the Galileans moving painfully along the parching road. On a slow-stepping donkey sat the Mother with the Blessed Child in her arms. Joseph trudged along by the animal's head, guiding it over the rough causeway. The heat of the day had grown more and more intolerable. The Galileans were in a truly pitiable condition, but relief was at hand. The Centurion and his men caught up with them at a time when it seemed as if they could go no further.

By the greatest of good luck, the Centurion had purchased in Bethlehem, for one of his friends, two beautiful Arabian horses, well-broken to the trail. These, by his orders, were now brought up from the rear and Joseph was placed on one, the Virgin and Child on the other. The joy of the Centurion at meeting his friends was so great that his mind invented further devices for their comfort.

It was customary with the Roman soldiers, when they wished to come close to the walls of a besieged city, to lock their shields together and form, as it were, an iron roof. Lifting this iron roof (or *testudo* as it was called), over their heads, they were safe from the missiles of the enemy on the walls. The troops were now halted and at the order of Lapidus, a long *testudo* of fifty shields was constructed. It was like a long roof and when raised over the two horses on the tall spears or *hastae*, it made a perfect shelter from the burning sun. In its shade, the Holy Family even enjoyed cool breezes which were caused

by the swift forward movement of the tireless veteran legionaries.

Wayfarers coming from Jerusalem to Bethlehem looked with stupefaction at the strange sight of Roman soldiery in obsequious attendance on humble country people. "Not even Jews!— they are merely Galileans!" Some were inclined to laugh at the spectacle but they were careful not to laugh where the Romans

could see them. A stout camel-trader from Pamphylia with a huge red and matted beard, came riding by on a swift Bactrian camel. "By Bacchus," he muttered in his beard, "the great Roman warriors are become slaves to peasants and to women. It is a sight to make a man roar with laughter."



And laugh aloud he did, but a little too soon. Out from the Roman ranks a barbed *hastula* darted like a streak of light. One of the soldiers had heard the laugh of the Pamphylian, and his well-trained hand had sent the slender spear with unerring aim. The spear was not sent in anger to wound or to kill, but it did exactly what the soldier wished it to do. Straight through the thick-matted beard of the camel-trader it cut its way and, carrying with it a large tuft of red hair, stuck quivering in the bole of a way-side palm-tree. The frightened Pamphylian caught the remnant of his beard with one hand, and with the other he belaboured his camel into a run. His headlong flight and the sight of the spear transfixing a tuft of his red hair to the palm-tree, was too much for the Roman

veterans of the rear-guard. A roar of Gargantuan laughter followed the unhappy trader, and the loud eachinnation was long continued. Many of the soldiers rolled on the ground in their paroxysms of mirth. "Come back for the tuft!" they shouted after the discomfitted Pamphylian. The Centurion, hearing the noise, called a halt of the whole force, and came back to enquire the cause of the outburst.

On hearing the story and seeing the red tuft of hair stuck to the tree, he, too, joined in the mirth of his men. "Where is the soldier who threw the spear?" he inquired. A man was brought before him. "What is your name, my friend?" asked the Centurion. "My name," said the spearman, "is Publius Varinus, and I am a plain, rough man from the borders of the Pontine marshes." "Varinus," said the Centurion, speaking loudly and with mock solemnity, "henceforward you shall be known as *Varinus Cristulae*." (Varinus of the tuft). At this complacency of their commander the soldiers were mightily pleased. They noticed that the Galileans were also smiling on them, content to see their brave protectors so innocently amused. The Holy Child lay in His Mother's arms, a smile on His face, as if He saw His angels around Him. A blue butterfly fluttered close to Him and He stretched out His tiny hand for it with the gurgling little laugh of childhood. "The Child is laughing with us too," said the soldiers, and their delight was unbounded.

* * * * *

The handsome young officer, Quintus Lapidus, lost none of his popularity over this incident. His entering into the spirit of the legionaries on this occasion was characteristic of his usual attitude toward his beloved comrades, and in this happy spirit the march was resumed.

Many travellers were observed as the company drew nearer to their destination. At one place they encountered a crowd of Bethlehem shepherds on their way home. These shepherds had set out in the early morning for the Holy City, carrying, each of them, in his arms, two or three small lambs. These were sacrificial lambs and were offered for sale in the court of the temple.

Among the shepherds were those thrice-blessed mortals who had been singled out by Heaven to hear the Angel's message and the music of Paradise, on the first Christmas Night. As they came closer they at once recognized Mary and Joseph and the Divine Child. The Bethlehemites were forty in number, and they divided and stood in lines at opposite sides of the road. As the Holy Family passed, the shepherds cast themselves down prostrate, faces in the dust, and thus remained motionless till the last of the guard had passed. There on that high road, in the vivid sunshine, amid the apocalyptic scenery of the mountains of Judea and of the Dead Sea terrain, it was a solemn and striking act of homage. Even the Roman soldiers felt something of the awe of it, and silence fell over their mail-clad ranks.

The shepherds had paid their last tribute of adoration and love to the wonderful Infant whom they had seen "wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger."

* * * * *

The young Centurion's mood, as he strode along with his command, was one of unalloyed happiness. He knew from the many revelations made to him in his vigils at the stable, that he was acting as a guard of honour and protection for the Son of God Himself. Long before this he had become a believing disciple of the Infant Messiah, and he had resolved in his soul to be true to this faith unto death. He looked around him at the historic scenery now bathed in the brightest sunlight. He gazed back at his soldiers. He saw their mighty spears uplifted to guard the Child of Bethlehem from the arrows of the hot sun, and a feeling of legitimate pride swelled in his bosom. He was appointed by Heaven for the most sublime duty that ever fell to the lot of a military leader, and he had fulfilled that duty in a very fervour of devotion.

But the near future now thrust itself upon him with unwelcome insistence. The Walls of Jerusalem were now coming into near view, and the prospect of parting from his beloved friends, the Galileans, was unpleasant in the extreme. As the great walls loomed nearer and the gate was in plain

sight, the Inner Voice spoke to his soul and he knew at once what he had to do. Turning, and raising his hand, he halted the troops. Then, under his direction, the Holy Family were dismounted from the horses. A soldier, who had been leading it in the rear, brought forward the poor little donkey. On this the Mother and Child were reseated. Joseph placed himself meekly and reverently at their head, his hand upon the mane of the little animal. They went forward in this fashion toward the city gate.

The troops remained standing, but the young Centurion went with his friends a short distance, then, taking off his silver helmet and holding it in his hand, he stood still, and bowed his farewell.

Ah, who can describe the feelings of the faithful young officer as he stood there, whelmed in anguish, and saw his God entering the gates of the fatal city! The sun was blazing with intense brightness all about him, but darkness and dereliction fell upon the generous, loving soul of Quintus Maximus Lapidus. For his comfort, it was there and then revealed to him that he would see his God again, as a Boy of seven years, in Nazareth. Drying his tears, he spoke an order, and the Roman Guard of Bethlehem, with a noble flashing of spears, and a fanfare of trumpets, entered the holy and fated City of Zion.

We know Thee, each in part—
A portion small;
But love Thee, as Thou art—
The All in all:
For Reason and the rays thereof
Are starlight to the noon of Love.

PRINTING IN NORTH AMERICA

By JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.,

Author of "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries."

SOMETIME ago a young man came in to see me and asked: "Was the Massachusetts Bay Psalm Book printed in Boston in 1638 the first book printed in North America?" Being Irish, and therefore having the privilege of answering a question by asking another, I said, "'Are you really interested in that subject or are you merely curious about it, perhaps a little inquisitive?" He said, "I am really interested. I am a member of a printing firm and I want to know all that I can about the history of my craft."

"Well," I said then, "you go down to the New York Public Library and ask to be directed to the Reserve Room and meet Mr. Wilberforce Eames, who is the great American authority on bibliography and who has received a number of bibliographic medals and other distinctions. Ask him the question you have just put to me and see what will happen." He came back a week later and said, "Well it happened all right. I went to the Reserve Room, properly directed, I met Mr. Eames, and I put him the question, was the Massachusetts Bay Psalm Book printed in 1638 the first book printed in North America. Then it happened. He took me into the next room and he showed me row upon row of books, over a hundred in number, that had been printed in Mexico before 1600, that is well before there were any English speaking people on this continent. He told me further that there were about 300 items of printing altogether, most of them books, printed in Mexico before 1600."

This is not surprising, for Spain was very much interested in printing just after the invention of the art, much more interested than was England. During the incunabula period, that is the cradle period of printing, before 1501, there were altogether some 300 books printed in Spain and only about

400 printed in England. We are rather accustomed in the English-speaking countries to think that Spain was rather backward about this time, but as a matter of fact the sixteenth century is Spain's great century in the history of European culture. That is the period the Spaniards themselves call *El Siglo d'Oro*, the golden century of their history. Their universities, Salamanca and Valladolid, at that time were looked upon as the most learned in the world, their writers included Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molino, St. Teresa, and others, who continued to be read in our own day and are looked upon as great European classics. Besides they had a series of great architects and above all a series of great painters, Velasquez, Murillo, El Greco, Ribera, and Zurburan, whose pictures now command extremely high prices in the auction rooms.

Down in Mexico they printed first, as they did in Massachusetts later, religious books and then books of Christian doctrine, for the Indians, and then after a while classical works for the use of college and university students, and then philosophic works and books on theology, and then came historical works and medical books and law books. The University of Mexico was granted its charter with the same rights and privileges as Salamanca in 1551. Harvard was not founded until 1836, nearly a century later. Before the end of the sixteenth century they had a thousand students at the University of Mexico, they had established a theological department, a medical department about 1570, and a law department a little later, and were a full-fledged university. Harvard did not have a hundred students at the end of the seventeenth century and did not become a university until well on in the nineteenth century.

The first medical book printed in Mexico was Francisco Bravo's *Opera Medicinalia*, in which he discussed a series of affections, typhus fever, pleurisy, and the use of venesection, all of them very practical subjects. When I was asked to read a paper before the Pan-American Medical Congress in Mexico three years ago, I read with regard to Francisco Bravo because

while we have a copy of that work in our public library they have none in Mexico City, though there is one, I believe, in the library at Pueblo. Unfortunately the day I visited Pueblo was a Mexican fiesta and the library was closed.

Francisco Bravo's book was published in 1571. The first medical book printed in English-speaking America was not printed until 1776, more than two centuries later, and was a little manual or handbook to be carried in the pockets of surgeons during the Revolutionary War, so that their treatment of wounds might follow certain definite lines.

No wonder that Professor Bourne of Yale in his volume, "Spain in America," the third volume of the American Nation Series edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, said with regard to the educational development of Mexico during the sixteenth century: "Not all the institutions of learning founded in Mexico in the *sixteenth* century can be enumerated here, but it is not too much to say that in number, range of studies and standard of attainments by the faculty they surpassed anything which existed in English America until the nineteenth century."

What this professor of history at Yale said, then, was that Spanish America in the matter of education was three hundred years ahead of English America.

Bourne said further: "Mexican scholars made distinguished achievements in some branches of science, particularly in medicine and surgery, but pre-eminently in linguistics, history and anthropology. Dictionaries and grammars of the native languages and histories of the Mexican institutions are an imposing proof of their scholarly devotion and intellectual activity."

No wonder, then, that they got around to printing so long before their English-speaking brethren of North America and no wonder that they printed so many more books, but then who knows anything about that and who realizes in any proper way how much this North American continent of ours owes to the transmission of Spanish culture? Professor Bourne says that the Spaniards were far ahead of the English in this regard.

THE INESCAPABLE CHRIST

By SAM ATKINSON

Author of "My Catholic Neighbours."

"AND when the door was shut there stood Jesus in the midst of them." At first, consternation filled the minds of the eleven as they viewed their risen Lord. Thomas, absent upon this occasion doubted them. "Unless I see the marks in his hands and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe."

Eight days later the disciples were gathered together again in the same upper room. This time, Thomas was with them. Again they closed the door to prevent intrusion and arrest. And again, "When the door was shut there stood Jesus in the midst of them."

He came back again for the especial benefit of Thomas. Thomas the Doubter, Thomas the Rationalist, Thomas, who would not be satisfied until reason was satisfied. With all his doubts, however, Thomas could not escape the Christ.

You remember the story of Quo Vadis. Saint Peter was afraid of death. He ran away from Rome. Journeying along the Appian Way, he saw the Christ.

"Whither goest Thou?" he wondering cried,
 'Back to Rome, to be re-crucified!
 And Peter turning fled to Rome and Death."

Saint Peter could not escape the Christ.

You remember the story of Saint Paul. He had been most aggressive in the persecution of the followers of the Christ. Breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Our Lord, he went to the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any followers, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem. But on the way he was stopped. There shone before him a great light that blinded him and he heard

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
“All things betray thee, who Betrayest Me.”

You may shut the door of mind and heart to the Christ. He remains the inescapable Christ. You may doubt and deny, but He is still seeking the souls of men.

Is it too much to say then, that the world is in the present state of chaos because of its neglect of Christ? During the past one hundred years we have made wonderful advances. We have passed from serfdom to machine production. It has been a century of wonderful inventions. Production has been carried to such extremes that there would appear to be no excuse for poverty. Yet the world was never poorer than it is today. We can have comforts, improvements and pleasures that the princes of the earth could never know. Yet there is not a single modern invention we could not do without if we had to.

The people we send to our parliaments cannot govern us. They have to have brain trusts and commissions to try to solve our problems. The economists of the world can give no adequate explanation of this depression. They are divided. There are at least eight distinct groups of economists, according to Sir Norman Angell, when dealing with the question of Gold alone. Is it not a fact, however, that all our economic difficulties are the result of Human Greed?

One of our most eminent lawyers, of Quaker origin, publicly commended the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*, and later said to me, “We shall never get out of our present difficulties until we have embodied the Sermon on the Mount into our Constitution.” But what is the use of doing that unless we put it into practice?

Years ago, I made over a hundred and fifty speeches for the Political Equality League in the State of New York on behalf of the women who were seeking the vote. I was asked at that time why I did it. My answer was, “I want to see what the women will do with the vote after they get it.” To-

day, I am quite convinced that my mother exercised a greater political influence upon the life of England without a vote, than any modern woman exercises with it. Woman's influence in the home, upon her husband and her sons, with an occasional visit to the place where He is constantly to be found, will do more than any franchise to bring our people back to the ways of righteousness.

When the Holy Father calls for Catholic Action it does not mean Political Action. Catholic Action is the apostolate of the Catholic laity under the supervision of the Bishops. We are to spiritualize the material. We are to apply spiritual values to the temporal order. The best way to build a city of men is to use the builders of the City of God. We have failed, woefully failed, because we have tried to escape Christ. We cannot turn that failure unto success except by recognition of the inescapable Christ.

They tell us that FEAR is the dominating note of present-day conditions. But, "Perfect LOVE casteth out FEAR." Nations are raising barriers against each other, but Catholicity is above a narrow Nationalism, for it teaches that "All Men are Brethren." We are disturbed by wars and rumours of wars. We cannot help but have war because we have original sin in the world, and no power can remove that except 'the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ' dealing with each individual soul. Whichever way we turn in this old world of ours, whether we are looking for individual, political, economic or spiritual salvation, we cannot get away from the inescapable Christ.

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me;
When one with him, then one with Thee;
Nor, save together, Thine are we.

was during the French occupation of Rome. The Irish Friars saved the picture, taking it first to the Church of St. Eusebius and later on to that known as St. Mary's in Posterula. Thus it remained in oblivion for sixty-five years.

In 1866 the Redemptorist Fathers, having established their Mother-house in Rome, discovered that this new church of St. Alphonsus was built on almost the exact site of old St. Matthew's. They also learned, from an eminent Jesuit orator, the story of the ancient devotion to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. But alas! no one seemed to know the whereabouts of the famous picture. Just then, a young priest, who had recently entered the Redemptorist Congregation, told a strange and simple story.

"When I was a little boy I used to serve Mass for the Augustinians. One of their members—a lay brother" (strange, how the humblest are chosen by God for His greatest tasks) "used to show me the picture of Our Mother, and tell me of its history of love and miracles. It's the same picture of which the Jesuit spoke."

Then, by order of Pope Pius IX., the picture was given by the Irish Augustinians to the Redemptorist Fathers. It was once more set up for public veneration over the High Altar of St. Alphonsus Church. The old miraculous picture is still there. But the love of Our Mother of Perpetual Help has spread all over the world.

Mary, true 'twas ever known
Sons should like their mothers be:
Thou dost count me all thine own,
Mother! If for that alone
Mend me, make me like to thee!

VISITING THE STIGMATIC MAIDEN OF KONNERSREUTH

By REV. P. JOSEPH KREUTER, O.S.B.,
Editor of "Sponsa Regis" and "Orate Fratres."

A VISIT to the little Bavarian village of Konnersreuth has a fascination all its own; for it means a call on Teresa Neumann, the best known Catholic woman of our day, who, during the past eight years has deeply edified hundreds and thousands of people that came from all parts of the globe to see her in her Friday Passion ecstasies. It is true, the Church has as yet not taken a definite stand on the strange happenings of Konnersreuth; nevertheless, there is no urgent reason why we should not see the hand of God in these events and profit by the spiritual lessons they convey. Numerous books, pamphlets and articles in nearly all languages have been written on the stigmatic girl, the majority of them in favor of the genuineness of her extraordinary states of soul and body. It is the sincere conviction of these writers as also of the visitors to Konnersreuth that Teresa Neumann has been chosen by God to edify the whole Church.

We arrived at the quaint village of Konnersreuth on a delightful evening and found lodging in an inn close to the home of the stigmatic girl. A visit to the nearby parish church and a subsequent stroll through the town put us into the proper frame of mind to benefit by the unusual experiences which we were to have on the following two days. The village which for years has been the attraction of thousands of visitors of all ranks of society and stations of life from nearly every country of the world, shows no signs that its inhabitants have taken the least advantage of the unusual interest exhibited by the wide world in its most prominent citizen—the stigmatic Teresa. A more serious outlook upon life than is usually found in towns and cities seems to be characteristic of the people

of Konnersreuth; their genuine piety and rural simplicity makes a wholesome impression on the visitor.

On the following day we were admitted to the home of Teresa and afforded an opportunity to have a personal conversation with her. Thousands of anxious questions, doubts and perplexities had during the past years been submitted to her solution in this simple room. On this day about thirty persons were privileged to enter and discuss their problems with her. Teresa is in her normal waking state. All questions concerning the affairs of soul of the visitors or their loved ones at home are prudently discussed and recommended to her prayers and sufferings; no purely curious questions are answered, for Teresa is primarily concerned with the sublime work of benefitting souls. Later on during her weekly Passion-visions she enjoys the charism of knowing certain hidden things. The impression invariably made by the stigmatic during these personal interviews is such that her callers leave the room, tears in their eyes, and silently repair to the church, there to meditate on what they had seen and heard. For the first time in their lives they had cast their eyes upon the stigmata in the hands of one of our Lord's favorites; they had heard salutary words of advice and encouragement, or perhaps reproof, from the lips of one who has special influence over souls; they had even been requested by the humble stigmatic to pray for her.

On the following day, a Sacred Heart Friday, a group of eager pilgrims waited in front of the Neumann home to be admitted to the room where Teresa was undergoing her usual Friday Passion-ecstasies. The mother of the stigmatic, a stern-looking elderly woman, tears in her eyes, led us into the presence of her suffering daughter, close to her bed. At once every eye is drawn to the stigmatic girl who since the previous evening is undergoing the Passion of the Saviour in a connected series of forty visions. Seeing for the first time in life a human being in ecstasy makes an impression never to be forgotten. Tears enter into the eyes of the visitors, tears of intense pity for the bleeding and suffering girl, of joy

also at being privileged to behold this awe-inspiring and consoling spectacles—a member of Christ's Mystical Body who voluntarily is taking upon herself intensest sufferings for other members of the same Mystical Body. We are unable to recognize the lively, healthy looking girl whom we greeted yesterday in the simple room below; her face looks emaciated, pale and consumed by terrible anguish of soul; her arms are pleadingly outstretched, now she is wringing her small, pale hands as if she were eager to help some one in front of her in his distress, but finds herself unable to do so; then again she leans forward or to the side as though listening to words spoken. It is a soul-stirring, unforgettable sight, this girl lying in her blood, suffering the pains of the Saviour, following Him in her visions on the Way of the Cross, unaware of all that is going on about her and unconscious of the indelible impression the sight of her suffering is making upon all who stand or kneel about in the little bedroom. This impresson is still heightened by the thought that the stigmatic suffered during the past six years has not taken any food whatsoever, nor even a drop of water, and that, in spite of this continual fasting, she invariably regains her wasted strength and retrieves the considerable loss of her blood in the course of the following week.

Having rallied from our first astonishment we turn our attention to other features of the sight before us. We notice that blood stained face; two streams of the blood flowing from her dark eyes covered the cheeks and joined together on her throat. A white cloth that is wound around her head is soaked with blood that exuded from the eight wounds since she saw the crowning of thorns in the early morning hours. Gown and linen about the wound in the side are saturated with blood in spite of the heavy dressing around the wound. The stigmata of the hands are clearly visible, one even on both sides of the hand; however, they do not bleed, except on the Fridays of Lent. On Good Friday all the wounds bleed profusely, even those on the shoulder, on the knees, and the many wounds of the scourging.

Teresa experiences the sufferings of our divine Savior in forty visions. For anyone who has a fair idea of the contents of the Gospel narrative of the Passion it is not difficult to observe the progress of the events Teresa beholds from her motions, gestures and changing facial expressions. She not only actually views the divine Passion-drama of nineteen centuries ago at Jerusalem, but also suffers with the Savior. Whatever of a consoling nature happens to the Savior, gladdens her heart, and one may then see her clasping her hands like a little child at a beautiful sight, and her face lighting up with radiant joy. And oh! how her whole being, every fibre, every nerve in her body, reacts to the various tortures to which her divine Savior is subjected by a cruel soldiery!! It is utterly impossible to describe these ever changing expressions of the face, gestures of the hands and violent movements of the body of the suffering stigmatic until finally after many hours of terrible agony and writhing in pain of soul and body she slightly bends her head and drops into the pillows, to all appearances a lifeless corpse that is stretched out in the form of a cross. The vision of the crucifixion alone lasts nearly three-quarters of an hour.

During these Friday experiences Teresa's physical and mental strength is taxed to its utmost limits; she is completely exhausted at the end of the tragedy, losing considerable weight (from four to six pounds) and much blood. All she needs in order to recover, however, is a few hours of rest and sleep; on the following day she is again up and around; on Sunday she attends holy Mass in the parish church.

The beneficial influence exercised by Teresa over souls, the conversion of infidels, heretics, sinners, fallen-away Catholics, effected through her agency, are ample proof of the power of her prayer combined with her suffering. It is precisely in this that she teaches us the most valuable lesson: mortification, self-denial joined to prayer are the great means to purify the soul and draw down upon it God's choicest graces unto holy and happy living such as the stigmatic of Konnersreuth exhibits to all who have the privilege of observing her more closely in her normal state.

THE WEST LOOKS AHEAD

By REV. CLARENCE LYONS

WESTERN CANADA is familiarly and almost affectionately termed the Home Mission Field by the generous Catholics of Eastern Canada, yet if we except the more northerly outposts of habitation, the real missionary work has been accomplished in so far as the truths of Christianity have been preached to the native nomad savages and the gifts of Faith won for them by the sufferings of the missionary priests and sisters who came like the sun with its lights and life for the prairies, from the East. But the rapid influx of Christianized settlers into the Western provinces brought a new mission work even as the Christianizing of the natives was proceeding apace, for the disturbance in the lives of the newcomers to the prairies occasioned by their change of home and surroundings shook the equilibrium which years of settled Catholicism in regulated parishes had established between their bodies and their souls, between their daily lives and their religious duties, so that deprived of their priests they drifted away from the growth of the spiritual life within them through the sacraments.

TWO CURRENTS OF THOUGHT

Negative forces were not alone responsible for the defection—the movement westward was not the gradual growth of a country, but was a frenzied rush for quick wealth and rich lands at a time when the fever of material prosperity was hastening the pulse of the whole American continent. Because the struggle in the beginning was for an existence, and because the only motive driving so many thousands into an unknown land in a hurry was the hope of wealth, the current of thought sweeping over the western plains towards the end of the last century was materialism, and finding no opposition

from the country, it drove much of religion away. However, at the same time another current was flowing alongside that of the eagerness for material progress, for many of the new settlers were of Catholic origin, and their new experiences together with the influence of the gross materialism of western fortune hunters were not strong enough to ruin their faith. Rather as the first excitement of the rush settled down, the nature of the country caused them to turn to God more and more. For the prairie home of the buffalo and the Blackfoot was soon turned into farm land, where one season's crop failure would mean the ruin of the farmer and the fate of the whole country depended on the rains of June and July, depended therefore on the will of God. Moving alongside the faithless current of materialism we, therefore, have a strong and growing current of trustful faith in the Providence of God, come of the Faith of long established Catholicism and awakened into child-like confidence by the powerlessness of the western farmer against the vagaries of the climate.

OPTIMISTIC "NEXT-YEAR" OUTLOOK

The spirit of the West immortalized in songs and stories has always been care free irresponsibility, and while this of course is to be found more in the open life of the ranching range than in the earnest farming communities—still undoubtedly there is a spirit of optimism which has survived even the devastating tragedies of the drought years and which has earned for the prairies the sobriquet of "the next-year country." The farmer who watches the searing sun of July and August scorch his crops so that it is almost useless to cut it even for feed, feels his heart sinking within him and all his hopes come tumbling down. He plumbs the depths of misery and after one despairing look at his fields, shrugs his shoulders and starts walking home, when, just as the big red sun balanced on the edge of the world seems to send an extra flood of light to brighten the world before its plunge into the night-time, so he brightens up and remembers next year is coming, there will be rains, (most likely) for the growing season, his

600 acres will yield him 20,000 bushels, and with wheat at \$1.00 a bushel he'll spend the winter in Florida. This incorrigible optimism has, perhaps, harmed the country in perpetuating the abuses in the farming system whereby large tracts, often 5,000, sometimes as high as 20,000 acres are seeded in the hope that a good year would bring a fortune, but it has also inspired the West to lead in great movements.

SPECIAL CREDIT METHOD OF DISTRIBUTION

Now, when the rest of Canada is trying to relieve the victims of social injustice by politics, the whole province of Alberta is seething with a new idea, or rather a possibly practical application of an old idea, an idea expressed by Leo XIII in his classical "Rerum Novarum," thus "the earth even though apportioned amongst private owners, ceases not thereby to administer to the needs of all," reaffirmed by Pius XI, who adds "By this principle of social justice one class is forbidden to exclude the other from a share in the profits." Alberta is trying to put into practice a new system called Social Credits. Among us, the crying injustice of present day distribution is so very apparent that the people cannot help but feel heart sore, and are promoting social credit as an easement to the injury done their human reasoning powers by the very evident poverty in the midst of plenty. With our elevators unable to hold any more grain, and our farmers producing live-stock in abundance, with people in the city miserable from hunger and farmers in rags because of lack of cash or credit, a situation offensive to human reasoning has arisen. The country is worth so much—why shouldn't its citizens all share in its value? Social credit advocates would therefore take the excess profit, now corralled by unjust capitalists, on consummable goods and distribute it in the form of a monthly bonus, a social dividend, to every adult in the province, rich or poor, as his share of the profit earned by the natural wealth of the country. The proposed amount of the bonus would be \$2,500, realized by a sales tax, i.e., consummable goods would be priced by a Commission, and then a tax added

to the amount formerly earned by the Capitalist. Instead of going to the already wealthy, the excess profit would revert to the government to be distributed equally to all.

SOCIAL CREDIT VS. COMMUNISM

The idea is still a theory and undoubtedly has flaws for it depends on man's moral character so unfortunately impaired by original sin. But it seems a logical system with this great advantage, that it is christian and opposed to the godless Communism which has been spreading its slow poison over the parishes where I am working. Here in the Crow's Nest Pass the coal-mining camps have attracted labourers from every country under the sun. They are fertile ground for revolutionary propaganda and because they arrive here ignorant of the English language, they soon drift away from the Church and its influence. Therefore, I think that if Social Credit were to succeed, it would defeat Communism and allow these people to tend to the salvation of their souls without outside interference.

LET me grow lovely growing old—
 So many old things do;
 Laces and ivory and gold
 And silks need not be new;

And there is healing in old trees;
 Old streets a glamour hold.
 Why may not I, as well as these,
 Grow lovely, growing old.

A SUCCESSFUL UNDERTAKING

By A. TOHR.

MONSIGNOR NELSON H. BAKER, one of the greatest humanitarians in the United States, has devoted the greater part of his life in caring for the orphans and young boys, and has trained them in the different trades to which they were best suited. Consequently, to him many attribute their college education and success in life. He desired to likewise be a benefit to girls, but unfavourable circumstances prevented his adopting any definite plan. His idea was not the establishment of an institution, but rather a home, where girls might be cared for in a cheerful environment.

It certainly is an unpleasant experience for a girl accustomed to the quiet life of the country to find herself alone amid the hustle and bustle of the city, to which she has come in the hope of employment. It is only natural that her parents should worry about her, doubtful as to how she will get along, uncertain whether or not she will practise her religion, and wondering with what friends she will associate. A vision of the girl deserted in the city, gives rise to the question, "What will become of her?" The puzzle is solved, if she has a position to walk into, but such is not always the case and the resulting difficulties must then be faced. There is little or no possibility of her returning home since already the excitement and attractions of the city have seized her, and she can not now content herself with her former surroundings. She will probably get lodging in the cheapest place possible until she can afford better. Her means do not permit her to dwell in very respectable quarters and she may very easily associate with not the best company who, knowing her plight, is only too ready to take advantage of her. The suggestion which any reasonable person would have at hand is that of a hostel where girls might remain until definite arrangements for her welfare be made.

Twenty years ago at Buffalo the need for such a place was felt and a group of ladies and gentlemen organized a meeting at which their plans were proposed. In 1913 their plans materialized in a hostel open to receive boarders, and to assist girls in finding situations. Provision was made for a recreation hall, but circumstances also permitted that the hostel be made a club in which many country girls at work in the city could enjoy its comfort. The hostel accommodates forty girls who board there until they obtain a position.

The sentiments of Inspector John S. Marnon were those of Father Nelson Baker. They furthered their plans so that in 1931 the Working Girls' Home to care for destitute girls between nineteen and twenty-one, was established, where those girls were helped who wished to be helped. The causes for a girl of the specified age to need charity were the following: The breaking up of the home due to the mother's or father's death; inability of distant relatives to keep her longer; the termination of a position through no fault of her own; or bad judgment in coming to the city with no friends to intercede for her. Each girl is given individual attention, and those who have derived benefit from it are very grateful to Father Baker.

This is only one particular instance of the beneficiality of hostels. When we speak of hostels we do not necessarily mean sojourns for girls, under the mentioned express conditions. But a hostel may also mean an inn or a hotel, where travellers are furnished with everything they have occasion for; and all know the benefits derived from them.

FAITH.

All winter long it seemed a common clod
 Beside the path; while in its heart, unseen
 By careless eyes, a hundred threads of green
 Were groping upward, trustingly, to God.

WHEN NIGHT DESCENDS

By REV. MARTIN W. DOHERTY.

HOW I ever got along without a fireplace I do not know. Life must have been rather a sad affair in those pre-fireplace days. I am certain now that I should rather part with anything material that I possess rather than lose this marvelous contrivance. I have grown so attached to it that I should feel very lonely without it.

The railroad company had left a pile of used brick near the old abandoned station. They said we might have them if they were of any use to us. Now I must say those bricks were anything but beautiful. They were dirty. Bits of ancient plaster still adhered to them. Many of them were warped. Well, we carried them home. We spent many days cleaning them. And here they are now fashioned into a thing of architectural loveliness.

And then there is my radio. It, too, has become a part of me. Somewhere across its pick-up range—which seems to span the whole, wide world—I can usually find a strain of gentle music. It comes singing across the room to me, soft and caressing. It leaps suddenly to heights of ecstasy that almost tear aside the veil which hangs between us and eternity. It pours out of the cabinet like a great cascade, throwing silvery notes about me till I am lost in a sea of tantalizing, fascinating, alluring harmony. Sometimes I feel that I have crept into heaven still burdened with all my many pounds of earthly flesh. I love it beyond the power to tell.

For meditation I recommend the fireplace. For solace I can think of nothing more certain than the powers of music. And the two are so necessary in the life of a priest. The day brings so many vexations, anxieties, heart aches. The evening ought to bring relief and helpful thought. I must think over the problems presented by the waning day. I must have inspiration for the morrow and peace for the night's repose.

I must confess that I am a modern missionary. The morn-

ing finds me setting out in my brave, gay chariot, propelled by the mysterious powers locked by the Creator in drops of gasoline. I am off for the hills to see the parishioners of this or that section. My domain rolls far to the east till it comes to an end at the top of Mount Hood. The valleys are filled with the flowers of spring. The hills are still buried 'neath tons of snow. The Cascade mountain-land from the Clackamas River to the Columbia—and either river fit to flow through Paradise—that is my mission field.

For a moment I drink in the glory of it and the vast panoramic majesty, the green velvet beauty, the soft and dreamy richness—then I must be moving on. There's work to be done. I wend my way along the crystal river, cross over a wooded hillock and dive again into cool, mossy valleys. Heaven must be something like this.

But I am not yet free of this world. I may not tarry to dream in the midst of all this prodigal beauty. There are souls in these hills that are no longer beautiful. I must see if I cannot somehow or other restore to them their long forgotten sweetness. How can ugly, blemished souls live in any measure of peace in such a charming, such a heavenly countryside? There is a harsh and jarring discord here which must be remedied.

The sadness of it! There are more fallen-away Catholics in this region than there are faithful. They or their parents settled in these remote regions many a year ago. No church was near. The priest came but rarely to their doors. There were no roads to their places in those days, you must remember, and automobiles had not yet come into being. Now there are roads. Transportation is swift and easy. We must make up for the time that's been lost.

It is a wearying round the missionary makes. The Faith is not entirely lost. The priest is not denied admission to the home but he receives a rather scant welcome. In their lives of endless work and endless worry they have neglected the Christian training of their children. The parents have been baptized, confirmed, married in the Church. They have had the wondrous experience of receiving their God in Holy

Communion. But the children know scarcely anything of all this. Spiritually starved, ignorant and forsaken—your heart would surely be troubled at the thought.

We talk a while. There is some recollection of the parish to which they used to belong. There is a delightful remembrance of the good Father Adelhelm of the Benedictine Fathers who came on horseback in the days of long ago. There are explanations, excuses, half promises. Maybe it is a beginning.

The depressing realization, however, forces itself upon the priestly mind that the poor people would rather talk of fishing, tree falling, land grubbing, deer hunting, almost anything under heaven—than about heaven itself and their prospects of reaching it. They were so uncomfortable in the presence of a priest. That ought to be a hopeful sign. We shall meet again, and often. A contact and a sort of friendship has been established. Since they have been gone so long, it will likely require a very long time to bring them back.

Home again—and no actual progress to gladden the weary heart. Nothing yet but hope—and how much of that a missionary does require. Hope and Prayer. Hope and Prayer. Yet a missionary is still a human being. Discouragement creeps in. He feels at times that his efforts are utterly futile. He has worked and wept, but he has accomplished nothing that he can see or write into his records.

Then light up the fireplace. Turn on the radio. A symphony orchestra is playing selections from Parsifal. The flames leap up and cast a mellow light about the room. The picture of the Sacred Heart above the mantle seems to shed a benediction. The warmth and light of the blazing fire do something to the mind which a man can never explain. Fire is so old a thing, always serving, always helping and never growing tired of the task. I must be like that. The music sweeps upward, sad yet triumphant. Discords swirl out of chaos and mingle to form harmonies. My work must be carried on to achieve just such results as that.

Thank God for the stimulus of fire. Thank God for the peace which comes out of the beyond in the form of music.

THE LATE MOTHER M. ALBERTA

*"The memory of her shall not depart away
and her name shall be in request from
generation to generation." Eccl. XXXIX.*

THE readers of St. Joseph's Lilies will regret to learn in this issue of the death of Mother M. Alberta Martin, an account of whose Golden Jubilee was published in our December number, and from the reading of which none could fail to understand the great loss that the Community has sustained in her death and the deep sorrow that her passing has left in the hearts of her Sisters and friends, for without doubt, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, have lost one of their most valuable and outstanding members.

Although the late Sister had been in poor health for some time past, there had been no indication of her approaching end, until the Sunday previous to her death when she suffered a severe stroke, from which she did not rally. Her indomitable will power and innate energy of mind and body had succeeded in hiding the seriousness of her condition from those even who were living with her, and so her death was to them, as to her many friends, a great shock and no less sorrow.

Mother Alberta was born seventy years ago in the Province of Quebec, the daughter of John Martin and Rose Vallée, from whom she inherited the unmistakable characteristics of combined Irish and French extraction, a warm heart, a generous hand, a philosophical outlook on life, keen insight, and above all a gracious charm and naïveté of manner which won and held the love and affection of young and old. She joined the Sisters of St. Joseph in the town of Port Arthur fifty-one years ago, and during all those years she devoted herself heart and soul to the works and interests of the Community of which she was such a valuable member. Her early religious life was spent in teaching in the Separate Schools,



THE LATE MOTHER ALBERTA MARTIN

"Blessed are they that
saw thee, and were hon-
oured by thy friendship."
Eccl. XLVIII : 11.

where her knowledge of French and her many artistic talents proved her to be more than an ordinary teacher. But it was in the capacity of Superior that Mother Alberta gave her Community her most outstanding service, for during the past thirty years, with only the necessary intervals, she was entrusted with the most important offices and duties, having been Local Superior in Lafontaine and St. Catharines, Mother Assistant, Mother General two terms 1914-1920, first Local Superior of the Convent in Vancouver, B.C., Local Superior of St. Alphonsus Convent, Winnipeg, and General Councillor, which office she was holding at the time of her death.

It will be readily understood then, the loss that has been sustained by the Sisters of St. Joseph in the death of one who has been such a vital part of the Community and whose abilities and energies have helped so unmistakably to shape its destinies, but although Mother Alberta's mortal life is done, her spirit lives and will still live on, for her courage, generosity and self-sacrifice have left a stamp on the Community which neither death nor time will efface. "Her good works"—and they were many—"have gone before her," and valiant woman that she was, she, too, has gone to enjoy eternal fellowship with Him for Whom she laboured so fruitfully for over half a century.

To her nieces, Mrs. C. Pruner, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Russell Hawke, Vancouver; Mrs. Olsen, Vancouver; Miss Marion Martin, Vancouver; her nephew, Dr. Wilfrid Lavery, Vancouver; her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. P. Martin, Vancouver, and to her many friends we offer our sincerest sympathy.

The Solemn Requiem High Mass was sung, Thursday, May 2nd, by Rev Father McIsaac, C.S.S.R., with Rev. Fathers J. L. Rivard, C.S.B. and J. W. Pope, C.S.B., Deacon and Sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Blair, Very Rev. P. Costello, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Fathers McCann, Barcelo, O'Leary, McCorkell, C.S.B., Carberry, McGrand, Kane, C.S.S.R., McManus, S.J., Lamarche, Pennylegion, and Brothers Theobald and Rogatian. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P

EVENING

By BROTHER REGINALD, C.S.S.R.

THE gentle wings of evening close
The golden portals of the west,
While flowerets drooping to repose
Swing softly, by the breeze caressed
The twinkling jewels of the night
Through purple hangings gleam afar,
Like faithful sentinels of light
That watch some distant harbour bar.

And all is peace—Still Powers there be
That thought on thought in sequence move;
The stillness of eternity
Entails a mystery of love.
While Nature in her beauty smiles
Beneath the hand that gave her birth;
Yet Wisdom marketh not her wiles,
To compass deeds of greater worth.

No timeless soul may pause to dream
Of things that time may soon destroy,
And gifts of little moment seem
That bear the mark of earth's alloy.
The gift of love the Father makes,
Where e'er the wondering sheep hath trod,
No fullness of contentment takes
Save in the mighty Heart of God.

THE SEASON'S TRIBUTE TO MARY

By WILLIAM V. DOYLE, S.J.

I N glen and bower
Each nodding flower,
A swinging censer filled with perfume rare,
With incense sweet
Pays homage meet
To Mary, Queen of Heaven, pure and fair.

The feathered choirs,
To zephyrs' lyres,
Chant silver-toned, delicious melodies,
That upwards rise
High o'er the skies
And mingle with Angelic harmonies.

Thus Nature lends,
Nor comprehends,
Her tribute to the Queen of her domain,
Ah! could we know,
Who live below,
How Mary yearns o'er man's cold heart to reign!

LAUDAMUS TE!

A JUBILEE NOTE

TIME'S morning, music-haunted by the winds,
Playing athwart Creation's citadel,
Broke into livelier chords, when rose and fell
The chant of birds; voices of various kinds
Of creatures, subservient to their Lord;
Obedient to His omnipotent word:
Thus yielding early tribute to His power,
Whose guiding love controlled Life's primal hour.

Lord of all lords, Who institutest kings
And rulers wise to take mandates from Thee;
Perform Thy will on continent and sea,
And cliff-girt isle to which the sea-bird clings:
Accept our praise, this year of Jubilee;
Poured from an empire, held in fief from Thee:
Our kingly throne, our vast domains secure
And dower with blessings from Thy bounteous store!

Oh, may we ever lift to Thee our hearts,
Find favour in Thy sight, whate'er our road;
March on with courage high, bearing our load
And daily doing our allotted part.
Guarding the gift of Faith, of gifts supreme,
With ardour; keeping lustrous Hope's pure beam;
And in the morning of Thine After-Time
Find home and gladness in Thy courts sublime!

F. B. Fenton.



Community

Amid the days of jubilant welcome and thanksgiving with which Catholic Toronto has greeted its new Archbishop, the Sisters, Alumnae and pupils of St. Joseph's College and College School, will long keep in cherished remembrance the afternoon of Monday, March 25th. With His Excellency's visit to the convent on that day came the consummation of general welcomes and unsatisfactory glimpses and the addition of that personal link which so materially strengthens the bond between a flock and its shepherd.

Accompanied by Monsignors Carroll, Hand, Blair and McGrath, and others of the clergy of Toronto, by his mother, Mrs. McGuigan, and his sister, Mother St. George of the Congregation of Notre Dame, His Excellency arrived at the Convent at 2.30 p.m., and was received by Reverend Mother Margaret, the Sisters Councillors and Sister Superior of the Mother House. Proceeding to the College-School, the Archbishop passed through the spacious music hall en route to the Auditorium.

The youngest children of the school were the first privileged to greet their new Archbishop. Ranging from excited tiny tots to the more demure misses of Entrance Class, they lined the music hall, dressed in white and carrying bouquets of yellow and white spring flowers, while streamers of the same Papal colours undulated between silver shepherd's crooks, borne by older pupils. As the Archbishop entered the hall, the children sang their welcome with all the spontaneity and sincerity of their childish hearts.

The Auditorium where the Sisters, Alumnae and older pupils awaited His Excellency, was festooned in yellow, white and green and decorated with ferns. The large stage was filled, tier upon tier, with pupils dressed in their simple blue uniforms with white collars and cuffs and the brown and gold colors of the school at their breasts. Across the front and flanking the stage stood the University students of St. Joseph's in academic cap and gown, while in the body of the hall Sisters and Alumnae rose to join in the pupils' greeting "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!"

Miss Madeleine Wright, of the College Class of '36, read an address in behalf of the students, including with their welcome a pledge of loyalty and co-operation, the response of every heart lifting to the inspiration and challenge of such a joyous occasion.

His Excellency in addressing the Sisters, spoke appreciatively of their good work in the formation of the souls of children under their care—souls whose beauty far transcended and was but very faintly symbolized by the beauty of the visible picture they presented in their reception to him. To the University students he spoke warningly of the danger of "a little learning," urging them to drink deep of the fountain of science, but still more deeply to imbibe the life-giving waters of that faith which produces Catholic women of principle. To each and every pupil, from tot to senior, he gave assurance of his interest in her individual welfare and emphasized the spiritual relationship existing between them as father and child, shepherd and lamb. And, by way of ensuring a lasting remembrance among them, His Excellency bestowed on all, pupils and teachers, a very popular holiday. The children presented Mrs. McGuigan with a sheaf of St. Joseph lilies in congratulation and remembrance of her visit.

In the convent reception room the privilege of kissing the episcopal ring was granted to each Sister, after which the Archbishop closed his visit with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful convent chapel.

Easter Tuesday was a gala day at St. Joseph's Convent this year for on that day Sister M. Constance celebrated her Golden Jubilee. Easter Sunday had already heard sounded the jubilant notes of Our Lord's resurrection and the Altar of the Convent chapel was resplendent with flowers and lights in honour of the greatest festival of the Christian year.

High Mass was sung by the chaplain, Rev. Father Sharpe, C.S.B., at which he wore the beautiful new vestments, provided for the occasion as a tribute to the Jubilarian. The singing—that of the Easter festival—was most exquisitely rendered by the Sisters' choir as was also that at Benediction in the evening.

As Sister Constance's entire religious career up to the present has been passed in the capacity of a teacher in schools at Toronto, St. Catharines, Port Arthur and Thorold, it is among her pupils that her chief influence has been felt and appreciated. Untiring energy in the cause of education com-

It is such an extraordinary thing for four daughters to enter a Religious Community that one can easily judge of the generosity, piety and splendid Catholicity of the parents, who made such a sacrifice in giving their children to God's service in a far country, and of the ideal Catholic home, which fostered so many vocations.

Until last September, Sister Casimir had spent her entire religious life teaching in the different Separate Schools of which the Sisters of St. Joseph have charge, and during the past month she had been teaching in the Lyman Street School, St. Catharines, Ont., where she was substituting for a sister who was ill. It was only after the children were dismissed on Friday afternoon that she herself was taken ill, and developed pneumonia, which caused her death; so that to her was accorded the rare privilege of dying at her post, in the active service of her Divine Master to the very end.

The many friends and former pupils, who came to pay their last respects to Sister Casimir in death, testified to the veneration and affection in which she was held. Her gentle, pleasant manner, and her kindly words and ways endeared her to all, and especially to her Sisters in Community, with whom she had spent almost forty-five years and who greatly esteemed her for her deep Irish faith, her spirit of prayer and self-sacrifice, and her many other fine qualities of heart and soul.

Five sisters and one brother survive to mourn her loss: Sister M. Bernardine, House of Providence, Toronto; Sister M. Hilda, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Miss Nora Lynch, Toronto; Mrs. McMahan, Mrs. O'Riordan and Patrick Lynch, of County Clare, Ireland.

The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Ralph Egan, Schomberg, Ont., a relative of the family. Interment took place on March 6th in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.





**OFFICERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, 1932 - 1934.**

Honourary President

The Reverend Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph

President

Mrs. F. Pujolas

First Vice-President

Mrs. W. A. Wallis

Third Vice-President

Miss M. Morrow

Fifth Vice-President

Miss Mary McGrath

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. F. Spires

Out-of-Town Secretary

Miss Mary O'Connor

Treasurer

Miss Julia O'Connor,
853 Bathurst St.

Past President

Miss Teresa O'Connor

Second Vice-President

Mrs. D. O'Brien

Fourth Vice-President

Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan

Recording Secretary

Mrs. Kenneth Aiken

Press Secretary

Mrs. C. E. Johnson

Historians

Miss M. Kelman, Mrs. F.
O'Connor and Mrs.
Grattan Giblin

Councillars

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

The silver jubilee of the founding of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association will be celebrated June 9th. The committee in charge of the celebration hope to have the pleasure of welcoming and renewing acquaintance with all former pupils of St. Joseph's.

* * *

The final meeting of the Margaret Kelman Sewing Circle was held at the home of Mrs. V. Greene, Thursday, March 21st. A number of garments were made, and delivered to the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association.

The members of the Reading Circle, under the direction of Miss P. O'Connor (Readers' adviser of the Toronto Public Library), met at the home of Mrs. J. J. Landy, Wednesday, May 1st. This meeting drew to a close an enjoyable year of book reviews. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Miss O'Connor by Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

* * *

A very enjoyable after-Easter Jubilee Bridge Tea was held by the St. Joseph's College Alumnae, Wednesday afternoon, May 8th, in the assembly rooms of St. Joseph's Convent.

Mrs. F. Pujolas, President, assisted by Miss Teresa O'Connor, Past-President, welcomed the two hundred and fifty guests. A pleasant game of bridge was played, and many prizes were awarded.

The guests adjourned to the tea-room, where they were greeted by the charming young ladies of the school, who served the refreshments. Mrs. J. F. Killoran and Mrs. W. O'Connor dispensed the cheery cup of tea, from a beautifully decorated tea-table bright with spring flowers and lighted tapers.

Mrs. J. J. Landy and Mrs. C. E. Johnson were the conveners for this happy occasion and were ably assisted by the members of the executive committee.

Agnes Johnson, Press Correspondent.

* * *

Junior Alumnae.

A Bridge was held in the cafeteria on April 27th at which a gratifying number were present. Many attractive prizes were donated. We are grateful to Miss Helen Hetherman, convener, for the success of this affair.

* * *

Miss Patricia Brady and Mr. John Taylor are to be married May 24th.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. Mongovan announce the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Mongovan was formerly Ruth Dolan.

* * *

Miss Mary O'Connor has returned to town from Bermuda.

* * *

Miss Connie Harrison, who has been living in Kapuskasing, spent a week-end in Toronto recently.

Mrs. George E. Coles spent Easter week in New York and has returned to town.

Rose Coles, Press Correspondent.

* * *

Dear Out-of-Town Alumnae:

Although this letter will not appear until the June Lilies, I am writing this at midnight of the last day of the Jubilee Year. Surely all those prayers and Masses for 'peace among nations' will be heard on high. I read a very apt little verse which I think you will like as well as I do. It is this:

If radio's slim fingers
 Can pluck a melody
 From night, and toss it over
 A continent or sea.
 If songs, like crimson roses,
 Are culled from thin, blue air,
 Why should mortals wonder
 If God can hear their prayer.

To-day the weatherman smiled so kindly on our part of the world that lilac and honeysuckle bushes and rockery plants fairly sprang out of the nice warm earth, and I am sure to-morrow will see all the garden lovers out and busy with spade and rake. The poet who sang, or wrote about a young man's fancy lightly turning to love might well have added 'of digging in the earth' I often watch the men in our neighbourhood at this time of year, and I am quite sure they are not the exception by any means. Have you ever watched them? They come our fairly bursting with vim and vigour, spade away for a while and before you know it they are all in a circle, filling pipes or lighting cigarettes the better to discuss and compare the condition of their gardens. One spadeful of earth and a budding garden make them all akin.

But this is not a talk on spring or gardens.

Did you see the announcement of a Chair of Geography at the University of Toronto? The name of the professor who is to occupy that chair was not announced, but it is a new venture here and it should be a great help to the Department of Education. Geography must be much more interesting to the children of to-day than it was in my day. Radio, automobile and aeroplane make it so much less complicated, don't you think?

The Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alum-

nae is convening in Halifax in August. This federation has progressed beyond expectations since its organization in 1931 in Hamilton. This year the scholarships offered to the religious teachers throughout Canada have been almost doubled and are being readily taken up. Our own Alma Mater has again offered two four-year Arts Courses at Toronto University and Loretto Abbey has done the same. There are three Oral French Summer courses and some extra-mural complements (summer courses) as well. It is thrilling to pass our college residence and see so many religious of other communities than ours availing themselves of the great advantages of St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto.

This week has seen the closing of a most interesting meeting of the Ontario Educational Association in Toronto. It was interesting, even to those who merely read the accounts in the press. Latin and Greek held a prominent spot on the stage. "To be or not to be" seemed to be the question. However with us it "will be", I am confident, and will be included—some place or other on our list of studies and for that "Deo gratias." And if I could say it in Greek I would say it in Greek too. You can say it for yourself, and I shall answer, "Gratia tibi."

I read a very interesting piece of history lately about the Irish and America; which no doubt will interest you as it did me. Dr. V. Stefansson, Arctic explorer, said that the Irish discovered America six or seven centuries before Columbus found it in 1492, stating that the Pope has documents to support this claim. "We'll probably never know the name of the man who discovered America," he said, "but we may be positive he was an Irishman." He described a paper written by an Irish monk in 820 A.D., telling of colonization of Iceland by the Irish at that time, and said that Vatican records show that the Pope in 1126 made Greenland a separate bishopric which had an unbroken line of bishops until 1528.

Speaking of bishops—we of Toronto diocese are feeling very happy about our new Archbishop, His Excellency the Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan. When he visited St. Joseph's Convent the alumnae were invited to meet him and his lovely mother, and you will meet him at our annual meeting, we hope.

I cannot bring myself to say much of our great loss in the death of Sister Alberta (former Reverend Mother General). We cannot compass our loss and that of all who called her friend and "sister." Let us think rather of Heaven's gain.

Her's was a life of great though quiet achievement, and her kindly smile and sane judgment have lightened the burdens of all who knew her counsel. God rest her soul!

And now I can write no more to-night.

I am including in my letter the special message of our president, Mrs. Pujolas, and, I think I shall just quote it in its entirety:—

Dear former pupils of St. Joseph's Convent:

There's a thrill in the Convent atmosphere, a snap and a tingle born of anticipation of the reunion of former pupils and teachers. You should be here to feel it, and we are hoping you have made plans to come and live again the old schooldays with classmates and sisters, hear the bell (no deaf ears this time!), welcome the breakfast gong, enjoy the familiar surroundings and renew the fun of days gone by.

The silver jubilee of St. Joseph's Convent Alumnae Association will be the feature of June 9th and 10th. Registration opens on Saturday at two o'clock.

Archbishop McGuigan will be our guest at the annual meeting, June 9th, when 1935 graduates will be introduced.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will close the afternoon's activities.

Monday morning we will have a Mass of Thanksgiving, followed by breakfast in the refectory. Luncheon at Lakeview Golf Club and then a motor tour of the city, visiting places of especial interest, and the evening to visit or follow your own plans as you prefer. So come and be one of the merry throng.

Until then, good-bye.

Yours sincerely,

Ellen Pujolas.

And so say I.

Yours as usual,

Gertrude Thompson.

(nee O'Connor)

* * *

Congratulations to:

Mr and Mrs. Denis Mungovan (Ruth Dolan) on the birth of a daughter, and no doubt a future student at S.J.C.

Miss Rita Savard, on her great success in recital at Hart

House last week. Misses Wilhelmina and Hermine Keller were among the ushers that evening.

Mr. John Meade who was married recently to Mary Athol McConvey.

* * *

The Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae will hold its second Biennial Convention in Halifax the last week of August, when Mount St. Vincent Alumnae, Alumnae of the Sacred Heart and St. Patrick's High School Alumnae will be hostesses. All alumnae members are cordially invited to attend this Convention.

* * *

Who's Who and Where.

Marion, Joe—now Mrs. Fraser, in Montreal, and has one son.
Gibson, Lois—Mrs. Murphy of Chicapee. Her eldest daughter is now in High School—("Children dear, was it yesterday" that Lois was in High School herself!

Gibson, Naomi—is in Toronto and always a most welcome visitor at S.J.C.

O'Neil, Genevieve—Mrs. McCool, North Bay, and her daughter Jacqueline is almost ready for High School too.

O'Neil, Stella—is an organist in North Bay.

Urlocker, Mary—now Sister Waltrude of Loretto. Sister has returned from the West where she was teaching and is now in Toronto.

Korman, Geraldine—Sister Mary Alicia, teaching at St. Joseph's College School.

Korman, Eileen—Mrs. Edwin Rush, and mother of two sons.

McGarvey, Mary—teaches at Northern Vocational School, Toronto.

Travers, Adeline—Mrs. Regan of North Bay. Her daughters, Nora and Aveline, are quite grown up and her boy is in school.

Harris, Rosalie—Mrs. C. F. Riley, wife of Dr. C. F. Riley of Toronto. Her eldest daughter, Geraldine, is in Second Year University, at a very early age, indeed.

Shannon, Patricia—is in training at Sudbury Hospital. She was recently in Toronto on a visit with her parents. Betty is in school here.

Walsh, Frances—is a Ursuline Sister in Calgary Diocese.

Walsh, Justine—is a Sister of St. Joseph in the same diocese.

Rathwell, Loretto and Anna—are living in Toronto now.

Ashbrooke, Lucy—now Sister Margaret Mary of Good Shepherd's Convent in Wheeling, W. Virginia.

Summers, Mabel—Mrs. James Keenan of Hamilton, and is mother of two sons and three daughters.

Roque, Nina—now Mrs. Cecil Low of Killarney, Ontario. Nina paid a visit to S.J.C. lately.

Roque, Edith—now Mrs. William Low of Killarney, Ontario.

Shannon, Glenn—now Mrs. Adelard Parent of Sudbury, Ontario. Glenn visited us recently on her return from Florida.

* * *

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of our friends recently deceased: Sister M. Casimir, Sister M. Alberta, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McGarry, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Mr. R. P. Gough, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. P. Mulvihill, Mrs. McIntosh of Detroit (Audrey Dill), Mrs. Miles, Mr. Doyle, Mrs. Frank O'Leary, Mrs. Tushingam, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. James. Miss Cavanagh, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Kidd, Mr. Sheehan, Mrs. David Battle, Mr. Gordon Smyth, Mr. Ellard, Mr. James Wright, Mr. William Weadick, Mr. Hartfield, Mrs. Vale, Mrs. H. Moher, Mrs. F. Scully, Mrs. Blood, Mrs. S. O'Donnell, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wade, Miss T. Carroll, Mr. Malone.

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

God is the beauty of the earth,
 The sorrow and joy of love.
 God is the pain and glory of birth,
 The serpent, the lamb, the dove.
 God is all that the soul desires,
 Of all our loves the best.
 God is the light of homely fires
 And our long-awaited rest.



Examinations are now upon us! How few can appreciate what that means! Only those who have experienced the ordeal, "so as by fire," can visualize our sleepless nights and days of unceasing toil. Alas, where are the hours in which we tasted the delights of an easeful, unworried intercourse with boon companions or tripped the light fantastic to the gay rhythm of "sweet music?" Departed to the limbo of memory, whence we would fain recall them to make them real, actual and at the present time of panic, priceless.

During Easter Week, the undergraduates entertained the Staff and Graduating class at a delightful tea in the College Common Room. The table was decorated in pink, white and silver with a centre-piece of sweet peas.

Among the honoured guests were Reverend Father McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College, Dr. Phelan of the Medieval Institute, Father McGarrity of Newman Club, Dom Caples, O.S.B., Father O'Donnell, C.S.B., and Reverend Mother and Sister Superior of St. Joseph's Convent.

Miss Madeleine Wright was Toast Mistress, fulfilling her duties very pleasantly. Toasts were proposed to the University, the College, the Staff and the Graduates and the responding speeches were by Father McCorkell, Dr. Phelan, Dr. Mueller, and Mary MacGuire of the graduating class.

At the close of the tea each graduate was presented with a souvenir in the form of a dainty College pin, with a guard indicating the auspicious year of her graduation.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Madeleine Wright and Jeanne Hartfield in their recent great loss. Sympathy seems futile in the expressing, but we hope the girls know how earnestly we have offered our prayers to help them in such a deep sorrow at such a difficult time of the year.

The College elections were held at the end of March. The

offices were keenly competed and the results speak for themselves:

Students' Administrative Council—President, Eileen O'Donnell; Vice-President, Katherine Flanagan; Fourth Year Representative, Elaine Murray; Third Year Representative, Betty Timmons; Second Year Representative, Marie O'Donoghue.

Literary Society—President, Margaret Flahiff; Vice-President, Eileen O'Donnell; Secretary-Treasurer, Rita McCormick.

Le Cercle Français—President, Florence McCarthy; Vice-President, Jean Macdonald; Secretary, Helen Kew; Treasurer, Mary Loftus.

Debating Society—President, Mary Loftus; Vice-President, Christine Kennedy; Secretary-Treasurer, Monica Reynolds.

Dramatic Society—President, Madeleine Wright; Vice-President, Jean Macdonald; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Gallagher.

Athletic Society—President, Christine Kennedy; Vice-President, Betty Herringer; Secretary-Treasurer, Marie Lambe.

Farewell to our Head Girl, Mary MacGuire, and her excellent House Committee. They did their work capably and now shall rest from their labours. We shall remember their reign with pleasurable retrospect and regret their passing.

Congratulations to Christine Kennedy, who will succeed Mary and carry on her good work. Christine will not select her committee until the new term; she will have all summer to make her choice. Florence McCarthy will be President of the Sodality for 1935-36, and to her also congratulations are in order.

A Student's Year.

September—Registration amid mystification.

October—Initiation amid lamentation.

November—Fraternization amid confabulation.

December—Examination before Christmas vacation.

January—Jollification amid celebration.

February—Termination of jubilation.

March—Mortification amid supplication.

April—Preparation amid tribulation.

May—Examination amid nervous prostration.

June—Result—publication amid trepidation.

And finally—Graduation amid exultation.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE COMMITTEE.



KATHLEEN GALLAGHER HELEN KEW MARY O'DONOGHUE
MARY MCGUIRE CAMILLA O'CONNOR

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES, 1935.

**EDNA FELDHANS**

Copper Cliff, Ont.

Edna came from Copper Cliff to join the class of '35 at St. Joseph's. In three short years she has managed to accomplish a great deal. As far as her work is concerned she has produced a maximum of result from a minimum of work. And as far as social life is concerned, maximums and minimums need not be considered.

**KATHLEEN GALLAGHER**

South Porcupine, Ont.

Out of the North came Kay, tall, straight and dark, bearing on her shoulders the honourable burden of a scholarship. After threatening every day for two weeks to return "back home" to her room "done in purple and green" and after trying various rooms here, she suddenly settled into the groove of college life. She has won a niche in every heart, and when she leaves forever the "hallowed precincts," those she leaves behind will miss her sorely. On House Committee and Hockey Team she has held official positions but her abilities are diverse. She has, too, a happy faculty of being able to sleep any time, anywhere, so that when the stringent days of May approach, we hear her murmur oft

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke, and found that life was duty."

**AGNES G. GARDNER**

Welland, Ont.

Agnes entered the University in a blaze of glory, for no sooner were the first few sad days of initiation over than she was in the whirl of the Inter-Faculty Tennis Tournament. From it she emerged a brilliant victor, to captain her team in the Intercollegiate series which followed. After this beginning, Agnes settled down to an enjoyment of College life that included work and play.

Now, with the wreath of a three-years' tennis title on her head and the palm of scholastic triumph in her hand, she leaves us, to be missed more than we can ever say—a jolly friend, an invincible champion who will bring credit to her Alma Mater whene'er the path of life leads her.

**RAY GODFREY**

Toronto, Ont.

Ray was born in 1913 in Toronto and has lived here ever since. In 1919 she arrived at St. Joseph's Convent and in 1930 crossed the street to the College. After one year of the old Pass Course, she essayed Modern Languages, studying English, French and Spanish for two years and afterwards just English and French. Ray feels that after sixteen years she may safely call herself an old St. Joseph's girl. She has two outstanding likes — sewing, and cats.

ELIZABETH MARGARET GROBBA

Mimico, Ont.

Betty was born in Mimico in 1914, and nine years later came to St. Joseph's Convent. Besides school, she studied the piano and tried her A.T.C.M. at the age of fifteen, winning the gold medal of the Conservatory for highest standing in all Canada. In 1931, Betty came to University, entering Moderns with French, German and English. She has a penchant for scholarships, besides which she is chiefly notable for diligence, musical ability and general affability.

**MONA LAFOREST**

South Porcupine, Ont.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Petite, sprightly, ingenuous, looking on life with a smile, Mona came to St. Joseph's after a year at Queen's to add to the class of '35 her own particular mixture of French chic and Irish charm. Her native town had conceded the success of mingling exuberance with perversity and her class-mates have found her a gay, cooperating pal. Mona is musical and a sport; she will sing her way over the rough spots of life, lending others a helping hand as she goes. And may some of the happiness which she sheds around, filter back to her old friends!

**MARY LORETTA LEPALM**

Belleville, Ont.

Mrs. LePalm attended Madoc High School in what she calls "the distant past." She came to us from Belleville and has added a note of dignity and distinction to our class. Frequent "A's" have associated her name in our minds with the study of English—a very important language in which to be considered an authority. When she speaks it, we listen, one and all.

**MARY MacGUIRE**

Bryson, Quebec.

Mary is wont to boast that she is an "all-Canadian" girl, having resided at various stages of her career in British Columbia, Manitoba, Quebec and Ontario. Having chosen the last of these for her education, she attended Renfrew Convent and then came to University and St. Joe's, entering enthusiastically into all phases of college life and consequently attaining to various executive positions. The Headgirlship crowned her efforts in her final year.

But why tell of offices in Literary, English and History, and Dramatic clubs, or mention services in baseball and hockey; rather let us speak of her character, constant and loyal, sympathetic and unselfish and ingenious to cover good deeds behind the veil of laughter.

An earnest student, Mary is also pious—seldom in her three years have we missed her from the daily Mass in the Chapel.



**CATHERINE McBRIDE**

Toronto, Ont.

"To be merry most becomes her,
Yet contrary she will be."

Catherine received her early education at St. Joseph's Convent and then advanced to the College. Here she quickly won her way into the hearts of all by her meekness and gentleness, blending with her quiet sense of humour. Although cool and unperturbed, Catherine has taken a genuine active interest in things that mattered. Charm of personality and nobility of character are among the many traits that have won for her unusual popularity.

**CAMILLA A. O'CONNOR**

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

Camilla has had a lengthy and enjoyable sojourn at St. Joseph's, having spent some time at the College-School before crossing the street to join the class of '35. As a freshie she was unusually spry and led the "Sophs" a merry dance for a time, but soon settled down into a whole-hearted enjoyment of her College career. Camilla's splendid executive ability has been everywhere evident, reaching its culmination in her last year, when she served as President of the "S.A.C." and representative of St. Michael's Year Book. As a member of the House Committee she has performed her duties cheerfully and well and her happy sense of humour has won her many friends during these three years.

**MILDRED AMELIA PEET**

Toronto, Ont.

"Wise and witty, good and true,
Here's a real friend, through and through."

1914 witnessed the beginning of two world-stirring events—the World War and Millie's career. After attending Corpus Christi School, Millie decided for St. Joseph's College-School, and later, insatiably, for the College and the Class of '35. Here she has proved herself a good companion, earnest student and dependable cooperator, yet has found time for other interests, of which she says the chief are reading, bingo and the Argonaut Club.

**DOROTHY SOMERS SMYTH**

Montreal, Que.

"And her laughter is the liting of delight."

Thorold and Montreal have contributed to Dorothy's charm, versatility and enthusiasm.

Her interests have been many, for instance, the Tennis Team II and III, the Dance Committee II and III, the Debating Society (President) III, and Newman Club each year.

Her ability to harmonize embraces her A.T.C.M. and a loyal St. Michael's spirit.

VIVIAN E. TUTTIS

Toronto, Ont.

"Her pleasant manner, winsome smile
Doth many a weary mood beguile."

Vivian first greeted the world in the city of Toronto in 1914. At the tender age of seven, in her search for education Vivian found herself at St. Joseph's College-School. Here she remained until 1932 when she graduated from High School; then, striving to gain a broader outlook on life, she made her way to St. Joseph's College. Keen interest in the life around her, friendliness and general cheerfulness have won for her many well-wishers, who will long remember among her charms her skill as a pianist and her deep appreciation of music in all its branches.



THE FRENCH ACADEMY HAS A TERCENTENARY.

"The world is full of a number of things"—the French Academy, for example.

From the pen of François Copée, elected in 1884, comes the following very cryptic remark,—*"L'Académie est éternelle parcequ'elle repose sur la vanité."* Many and various are the recipes for longevity, but whether or not Monsieur Coupée stumbled on the Jupiter of the race, the somewhat astonishing fact remains that the French Academy has been with us now for three hundred years. Two men especially were unfortunate in not living to see the Academy—Pierre Ronsard and Poncé de Léon.

The generation that saw the birth of the Academy was dominated by the tensely poised figure and delicately austere features of Richelieu. For two years the gentlemen of the embryo organization played a losing game of hide and seek with him. About 1629, these men had formed the habit of meeting each week at the home of Valentine Conrart in Paris, there to discuss literature past, present and future, and indulge in a little collation. This idyllic state of affairs, however, was soon troubled. M. de Malleville introduced to the group one Faret, who told Boisrobert, who told Richelieu. That extraordinary man, with his genius for pigeon-holing everything, suggested that they form themselves into a body, meeting regularly under a public authority—himself, as they well knew. Reluctantly, then, they resigned themselves to his protection, and on the 25th of January, 1635, the French Academy was formed by letters patent of the King.

Immediately it became the butt of satire and ridicule, but the Academy had to be silent under fire.

Ménage dedicated his *"Requête des Dictionnaires"*

“A nos seigneurs Académiques,
 Nos seigneurs les Hypercritiques,
 Souverains arbitres des mots,
 Doctes faiseurs d’Avant-propos
 Peseurs de brèves et de longues,
 De voyelles et de diphthongues—”

Which, being doggerel of the most execrable sort, at once suggests the necessity for the existence of the Academy, and what was to be its chief function. It is defined by the Statute which describes it as being “to work with all possible care and diligence to give certain rules to the language, and to render it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the Arts and the sciences.” The idea of the dictionary, of course, followed naturally, but it was not realized until sixty years later. The projects of the grammar, the rhetoric, and the poetic died early. But the Academy became what it is today, the last and most jealous conservator of tradition, the supreme refuge of taste, of politeness, of good sense. But the Academy realizes that we push to extremes this business of individuality and originality, and that it leads to freakishness in literature just as it does in other things. It is to offset this danger that it puts forth all the strength of tradition, and gives to French literature an enviable unity.

I confess to a regrettable indifference to the identities of the present occupants of the forty armchairs. But when I begin to wonder why several very distinguished men of letters have not been of the number, several interesting facts come to light. According to d’Alembert, elected in 1754, the vacancies were filled by the lame and the halt of literature, which would, of course, simplify a good many things. But La Rochefoucauld, Molière, Retz, Balzac, Daudet, surely these are names one would expect to find on the rolls of the Academy? They are not there, however. The sad truth is that the master of epigram and sage maxim felt himself absolutely incapable of speaking in public; that the illustrious Poquelin was an actor, and therefore not an Academician; that the illustrious Cardinal Retz was so unfortunate as to be an enemy not only of Richelieu, but of Mazarin; that Balzac died in 1850 after being frustrated for nine years in his efforts to secure enough votes to be admitted. And Daudet? Daudet of “Le Petit Chose,” and “Le Sous-Préfet aux Champs?” — “Refusé avec éclat.”

Avec éclat. Nothing could better illustrate the service rendered by the French Academy to the French language.

Edna L. Gray. 3T7.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.



FLORENCE McCARTHY

JEAN MACDONALD

AGNES GARDNER

ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY.



MARY LOFTUS

NELL MAGNER

CHRISTINE KENNEDY

ADDRESS

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
THE MOST REVEREND JAMES CHARLES McGUIGAN, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO,

THE SISTERS AND PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S
EXTEND A SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE WELCOME.

Most Reverend and very dear Father:

It is with hearts filled with sentiments of joy and happiness and thanksgiving to God, that we welcome you here to-day, and offer to you on this memorable occasion of your official coming to the Diocese of Toronto, as its new Archbishop, our heart-felt greetings and good wishes.

Just three months ago, when your appointment as Archbishop of this Diocese was announced in the city, there was universal rejoicing that our Holy Father Pope Pius XI. had chosen you for this responsible and important position in the hierarchy of holy Mother Church, and the Catholic people of Toronto, both clergy and laity felt that God had indeed heard their prayers for a good and worthy successor to their late revered and beloved Archbishop McNeil, around whose memory will ever cling the aroma of true sanctity, and to whose zeal and charity the Diocese will ever owe a debt of undying gratitude. Indeed, when God called him last May to his eternal reward, Catholics and non-Catholics alike were heard to say: "When shall we see his like again? Whither shall we turn to replace him?"

But Rome, with her wisdom, garnered of the ages, knew where to seek. And to those who enjoyed the happy privilege of friendship with Your Excellency, to those who possessed an intimate knowledge of your intellectual, administrative and spiritual endowments, nay, even to those who, like ourselves, knew you only by reputation as the *youthful*, capable, much-loved Archbishop of Regina, your appointment to Toronto was no matter of surprise; it was rather the blessed fulfilment of expectancy, hope and prayer.

We are well aware, Your Excellency, that with this new dignity there must needs come increased responsibility and heavier burdens to bear, and that, while the hearts of your children are beating high with hope and joy to-day, your heart, the heart of a Father, on whom depends the spiritual welfare of so many souls, mayhap is heavy with anxiety and care; but God, Who

has chosen you for this glorious, though onerous task, will see to it that all will not be hard and painful. He will temper the cross with consolation, mingle joy with the sorrow, and make His peace to far outstrip all crosses and all pain. Moreover, the past record of Your Excellency's life, short in years, but long in deeds, a life of constant prayer, of noble self-sacrifice and of undeviating devotion to God's interests and glory, is the only assurance the Catholics of Toronto need that you are assuming the administration of this Diocese with characteristic generosity, with deep faith and trust in God and in His Christ-given assurance, "My yoke is sweet. My burden light."

But what, on the other hand, shall we say of the corresponding share in the responsibilities, of the obligations which devolve upon the people of Toronto with your coming into their midst? Only this, Your Excellency, that we are confident you can depend entirely on the ready, willing support and services of our parents, relatives and friends, nay, of every Catholic worthy of the name in your Diocese; in our beloved teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, you will find untiring co-workers and devoted daughters, and we trust that in us, their pupils, you will have no cause for *disappointment* or regret. Indeed, one of our chief pleasures in welcoming you here to-day is that we may give you some assurance of our sincere affection, some pledge of our loyalty now and in days to come. We are young, it is true, some of us mere children, but it is significant to note that, though we number six hundred and more, with the passage of a few short years, not one of us, from babe to senior will be left within these walls; all will have gone forth on Life's great highway. Six hundred Catholic young women! What an influence for good; what a formidable Apostolate of Catholic Action! God grant it may be so! God grant us, too, to make good the promise we give you here to-day.

In the name, then, of our Holy Patron and Father, St. Joseph, we pledge to you, our Most Reverend Archbishop, during these our school-days, *diligence* in our studies, and conduct becoming Children of Mary; for the future, we pledge you a firm adherence to the truths and practices of our holy Faith and undying devotion to the advancement of God's glory and the interests of our Mother, the Church; and for to-day, to-morrow and for future years we pledge you our loyalty and our love, and the daily prayer that God's Holy Spirit may ever guide and enlighten you, bless and protect you and give you length of days among your people, of whom none welcome you to Toronto more eagerly and sincerely than do

Your Children of St. Joseph's.



College School

Our "Vivat Pastor Bonus." The long-heralded day had finally arrived—that to which the Sisters and students of St. Joseph's College had eagerly looked forward, the day on which our new Archbishop was to arrive in the city. Anticipation on the part of the girls had never been so keen, their interest so aroused, as when they heard of the triumphant reception that was planned for the Archbishop, and that the procession was to pass in front of our Convent.

Four o'clock, Wednesday, March 20th, found the blue-uniformed students lining the south side of St. Albans Street in preparation for the arrival of the Archbishop. From the top of the front steps to the bottom, and all along the convent wall, row after row of eager girls stood waiting for the appearance of His Excellency.

The first sign of his approach was heralded by the martial strains of the Knights of Columbus Boys' Band. These small, white-uniformed boys marched jauntily past in perfect unison. After them came a marvelous retinue of limousines bearing the distinguished visiting clergy and those of our own archdiocese. Bishop McNally, Msgr. Hand, Msgr. Blair and many other notables of the Church were glimpsed. Then marched a magnificent cortege of the Catholic youths of the city. St. Michael's College and De La Salle were well represented—the latter, resplendent in dark blue uniforms with their gold-lined capes flying in the wind and accentuated by white gloves and hats. Again was heard the stirring martial chords, and the procession slowly unwound before our eyes, until in all its magnificence it came to the final moment, the appearance of our new and already dearly beloved Archbishop McGuigan. Immediately the students of St. Joseph's began their song of welcome, and their sweet young voices rang to the thrilling strains of "Vivat! Vivat! Vivat pastor bonus."

All too soon the moment was over, but the memory of the smiling face of our Spiritual Shepherd and of his hand raised in benediction as his car moved slowly past will remain with us forever.

Margaret Carolan, V.

An Inter Form Basket Ball Game. On Friday, April 12th at 12.15 the sensational game between forms IIA and IIIB took place.

Each team was in good form and the game promised to be an exciting one. The bell rang and the players took their places. The referee blew her whistle and the game began. The ball was knocked towards IIA's basket but was retrieved by the IIIB centre and after several passes it was in the hands of the IIIB forwards. In a few seconds it was in the basket. There was much cheering and clapping and the spectators were getting excited. At the end of the first period the score was 6-0 in IIIB's

favour. In the next period the game was much faster. The IIA team was on its toes and obtained three baskets. The IIIB got two and the score stood 10-6 still in their favour. When the third period began the excitement was intense. There were many scrambles and in the midst of it all IIA got two more baskets and the score was tied. Finally just before the period ended IIIB got another basket making the score 12-10. The fourth period was the most exciting of all. Both teams played with might and main and the score was tied again. At last IIIB obtained another basket. In the end they came out the victors, the score being 14-12.

Patricia Overs, III.

The Debate. A very educational debate was held in Form 3A on Friday, April 12th. The question under discussion was "Resolved that the American Revolution was wise." The sides were ably upheld by Misses Veronica Doyle and Helen Shrubsole for the negative, and Misses Mollie Donnelly and Mary Kelleher for the affirmative. The decision was given to the affirmative but both sides were complimented on their speeches and the manner in which they were delivered.

Mary Kelleher, III.

A Valentine Party. On St. Valentine's Day the resident pupils enjoyed a very delightful little party. There was dancing in the auditorium and prizes were given to the holders of lucky numbers and to the last couple remaining on the floor. Games followed and after much merriment the little fete was crowned by a very dainty repast prepared and served by our charming seniors. The party was quite a success, but are they not always?

Dorothy Cooper, III.

Our Morning Walks. Since this nice Spring weather has begun why miss an early morning walk in the grounds? How drowsy we feel as we come down to breakfast and indeed we are just as drowsy after,—but once we get outside the door, how different we feel! One hears "I can beat you to St. Joseph." "Isn't that a pretty bird?" "It doesn't take long to get wakened up out here." and so on. As we walk or run along in the fresh morning air, seemingly without a thing on our minds, a chance spectator would never suspect how much homework is awaiting us. But after such a relaxation we are ready to go and complete our tasks.

M. M. Smith, II.

Saint Joseph's Day. At last the nineteenth of March came! The great day which all the sisters and students of St. Joseph's Convent had anticipated. Everyone rose eagerly that morning to attend Holy Mass, celebrated by Father Sharpe. The main altar of the chapel was artistically decorated with lilies that seem to belong in a special manner to our dear patron. Hymns in honour of St. Joseph were beautifully rendered by the sisters' choir. A whole holiday was thoroughly enjoyed by both sisters and pupils. The day was fittingly brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed by the well known hymn "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

Betty Shannon, F. 11.

Basketball at S.J.C. The feverish enthusiasm which pervaded basketball circles during the past few months at S.J.C.S. reached a stirring climax in the final game between the Maple Leafs and the Shamrocks. The keen competition which exists between these two teams was certainly evident in this last game. Although "Sunny" McLaughlin led her team to a resounding victory, the "Shamrocks", under their capable captain, Elinor Hallinan, were a formidable opposition even during the last few minutes before the final whistle blew. Miss Kay's excellent coaching and the faithful practice of the players showed gratifying results during the game and it was a glorious and exciting battle for the interested spectators as well as the excited players.

Helen Mulligan, Commercial.

Retreat 1935. Reverend Father Lellis was to give our Retreat this year and we were eagerly awaiting the appointed time.

The first and second forms made their retreat in February and their enthusiastic reports increased our desires for ours to begin.

On Wednesday, March 27th, the senior retreat opened with Holy Mass and a short instruction. Then resident pupils and day pupils alike retired to the Cafeteria where an un wonted silence prevailed during the breakfast.

After breakfast the exercises of the day began. Father Lellis while dealing with the purely spiritual never failed to give some practical interpretation for our spiritual benefit and the furtherance of our eternal good.

On Friday evening, much to our regret, the all too short retreat ended. In closing, our retreat-master told us to make our resolutions not too many but worthwhile—perhaps the eradication of our predominant fault and the saying of our morning and night prayers faithfully. After so many and such beautiful conferences we resumed our school work with new vigour and with high resolve.

Freda Horgan, Commercial.

The Swings. Spring and Swings! In our youthful minds these two things go hand in hand. To the more mature person the robin is the first sign of Spring but to us at St. Joseph's the swings are the first sign that the glorious season of nature's awakening has surely arrived. Glad calls fall on the ear of the passerby as we race for the swings. With glad bounds we leap upon them and in a few moments are sailing high in the air. The swings are a never-ceasing delight to us the pupils of St. Joseph's Junior School.

Marion Horgan, Sr. IV.

Typewriting Demonstration. On Monday, April 8, the Commercial Class had the privilege of a demonstration of typewriting by

Miss Irma Wright of the Underwood Typewriter Company. Miss Wright congratulated the students on their progress in speed and reminded them that speed such as she possesses is the result of years of work and that with sufficient practice they too can attain it. In addressing the class, Miss Wright emphasized the five main points conducive to speed: position, concentration, minimum of wrist movement, rhythm, and accuracy. Proper and improper methods and positions were illustrated. The

pleasant and instructive period was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all present, and we look forward to a further opportunity of seeing Miss Wright perform.

Doris McFarland, Commercial.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF SWITZERLAND.

The republic of Switzerland is one of the smallest, yet most interesting countries in the world. It is the park-like playground of Europe and a visit to it is anticipated with much enthusiasm by all who plan a trip abroad.

It is renowned for its exquisite scenery. The beautiful, turquoise-coloured lakes, the bright green meadows with their background of lofty, snow-capped mountain peaks, effect a picturesqueness that is entirely its own.

There are many ways of seeing Switzerland, but there is scarcely a more pleasant one than a walking tour among the mountains. With ruck-sacks on back, the traveller may enjoy the open air and wander on at will, just where his fancy leads him. At the end of the day, when he is tired out from his long climb, a comfortable inn is always to be found. If one does not wish to visit this mountainous district on foot, there are always electric trains and even automobiles which now climb to the highest altitudes. By these means the tourist is carried through the most sensational Alpine scenery, covered with the deep, sparkling snows that often rush down the steep slopes as great avalanches, or form glaciers, which, on melting, provide the little lakes with clear, crystal waters.

Switzerland is essentially a country of modernized cities and mountain and lake resorts, providing amusements for the summer tourist, as well as the lover of winter sports. But we also find something of the mediaeval in the quaint villages in the mountain valleys, with their chalets, immaculate in tidiness,—villages where life goes on day after day, with scarcely any change in the habits or dress of their people.

Catherine Richard, IV.

TAKING RESPONSIBILITY.

Life imposes certain essential responsibilities, but as one's sphere if life broadens, other duties call out our resources, so that "To be able to shoulder responsibility and know what to refuse," is one of the main requisites of expansion.

Too many obligations undertaken, become a source of discontent, a drain on one's energies, and over-tax the nerves.

Responsibility shirked, doubles that of the neighbour, gives bad example and possibly scandalizes. Thus one should think deeply before assuming responsibility other than those naturally imposed by his station in life. To bear even these, require perseverance, stability, and courage. From which follows, that a sound early training is necessary to enable one to discern his responsibilities and to assume them.

Mary McNeil, X.
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

THE CHARACTER IN LITERATURE I DETEST MOST.

Meanness and hypocrisy are two traits in the human character which are most despised and scorned. Dickens aptly portrays in his world-famous "David Copperfield" a man in whom these characteristics are strikingly brought to the fore. This man is Uriah Heep.

In the book his disagreeable character is plainly revealed. Subtle and watchful, he slyly professes humility and gratitude on every occasion. A fawning fellow, Heep is able to worm himself into high positions by mastering a man of weaker character. His main objective is to gain power, and, to attain this objective, he is willing to betray any confidence or trust placed in him.

Heep is a keen, observant individual. He notes that the weakness of his employer, Mr. Wickfield, is his fondness for liquor, and he uses this to his own advantage. He carries out his plot to wrest property and possessions from Wickfield by having him sign it over to him while in a drunken stupor. The baseness of Uriah Heep is discovered only at the end of the story by the hero, David Copperfield.

Unfortunately, individuals of Heep's type are to be found in every walk of life. They may be, to all appearances, very successful; but, sooner or later, their deceitful deeds will be exposed. And there is always a "David Copperfield" who is willing to sacrifice his own interests in order that the world may be rid of another Uriah Heep.

Irene Haffey, IV.

THE DESIRABILITY OF LIFE ON A FARM.

When asked their opinion of country life, many people, to whom the social excitement of the city is necessary, say with Touchstone: "In respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but, in respect it is not in the courts, it is tedious." However, although life in the city may have advantages, country life has always appeared to me to be the most desirable.

It is a very healthful life shown by the fact that convalescents and those in delicate physical condition are advised to go away from the smoke and grime of the city and live in the country until they recuperate. There, the air is pure, unlike the suffocating germ-laden atmosphere of the city. Also, opportunities for outdoor exercise are numerous, in fact, they are hard to escape.

While enjoying these outdoor pleasures we cannot help but add to our knowledge. The proximity to nature stimulates our love of beauty, and we become interested in the names and habits of the flowers and birds.

Besides giving much valuable information, farm life may develop in us many virtues and honourable traits. Chief among these is the love of one's neighbour. In sickness or trouble the farmer is given valuable assistance by the neighbours. We often hear of cases where farmers, rendered destitute by failure of crops, fires or other disasters, have been provided for by their charitable neighbours.

These reasons, with numerous others, show the desirability of farm life. However, all are not able to live all year on the farm, but such miss an opportunity for the promotion of health, knowledge and good fellowship.

Madeline Temple, IV.

THE MIND.

Conditions in the material world to-day are definitely on the upgrade. Progress is bound to be slow, but those who make the most of the improvements, are those who have discarded old ideas to meet new conditions. This advancement is the product of the alert mind.

A dead mind never has a new idea of its own and will never accept those of other people. If we are passive and let inactivity eat into our intellect, moving and thinking in a rut, our power of receiving and appreciating these new ideas will most certainly die.

Mental faculties in danger of falling asleep should be exercised. Ingenuity, together with imagination, sympathy, and humour are truly the life of the mind.

No effort is too great to preserve this life, since "Progress in learning is in direct proportion to one's mental activity."

Patricia Martin, XI,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

"C.O.D."

C.O.D. is one of those phrases that present a different meaning to each class of the work-a-day world. These you and I shall enumerate just for the pleasure of doing so.

First we have the delivery boy. He, perhaps, is the only one who interprets the abbreviation correctly. "Cash on delivery," he demands imperatively, as he hands the parcel over at the door, and for the first time Dad learns that his better half or his extravagant offspring have purchased some worthless but costly article.

Chance very often finds one other than the father answering the door. This person translates C.O.D. as meaning, roughly, "Collect of Dad."

On further reflection other meanings can be derived from these three simple letters, but as they do not readily present themselves to my mind, I shall forego.

N. M. Koch, XI,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

LIFE.

What is life? Life is a series of struggles and trials mingled with moments of happiness.

Why were we born? Not merely to bear the miseries of life but to fulfil our duty designed by God. The evil of the world came not from Him Who brought us here, but from the folly of humanity—desire for power. Even while young, we feel that craving for greatness and when that ambition is attained through many years of labour, it only serves to bring about our decline.

Through life we stroll or struggle, never knowing the fate that may befall us, whether good or bad, and it should be our endeavour to adapt ourselves to changing circumstances.

We may avert a misfortune but we cannot escape the decrees of God—death. Death, though terrible in its mystery and finality, should be welcomed, for death in reality, is the planting of a seed from which will spring a new, eternal life.

J. Galli, X,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.

Vancouver, like all large cities has her traffic problems, and these in no small number. In congested areas, at busy street intersections, and in the city proper, rules and regulations are in force to eliminate traffic jams and possible accidents. Traffic has, in recent years, owing to the increased number of autos being used for business and pleasure, grown to tremendous proportions. It has been found necessary to establish a traffic corps within the police department to cope with the situation. Certain clearly defined rules and regulations have been laid down by this body to avert what otherwise would be a hopeless jumble of vehicular and pedestrian traffic. In the city proper, certain parts are allotted as parking areas where time limits are to be observed. Traffic signals have been erected, the purpose of which is to permit the passing of pedestrian and vehicular traffic in one direction. Non-observance of these regulations as to parking, speed of travel, etc., is punishable by fine or imprisonment. It is to be regretted, however, that traffic accidents are yet responsible for a death toll of roughly twenty-five persons annually in the city, which rate, although in itself does not appear large, is serious enough in a city of Vancouver's size.

Kathleen Mulvaney, St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

GILL-NET FISHING ON THE FRASER RIVER.

During the summer months of July and August numbers of fishing boats dot the waters of the lower Fraser. Gas boats range in length from twenty to thirty feet; row-boats from fifteen to twenty feet. Each boat carries a gill-net seventy to one hundred fathoms in length and not more than sixty meshes deep. These nets are let out over the back of the boat on a roller. The fisherman now drifts for about one half to three miles down the river and then picks the net up, taking out the fish, if any are in it. Every morning the collector comes out and gathers the fish from the boats.

The working hours during the week are from six o'clock Monday morning to six o'clock Saturday morning. The reason for closed season on Saturday and Sunday, set by law, is to let some of the fish up the river reach spawning grounds so that the fish will be replenished each year. The chief fish caught are: sockeye, coho, spring salmon, humpbacks and chums.

P. Penland, X, Vancouver, B.C.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

O, the wild, wild waves of the ocean deep,
They run the earth's wide regions round.
And seem to say in their mad free way, "Why stop for sleep?"

I've gathered in to my billowy nest
The young, the fair, the brave, and true;
And many a mother's heart is broken in my unrest.

Delphine Hennessey, I.

"KARLSRUHE."

On Friday, March 15, the German cruiser "Karlsruhe" entered the Vancouver Harbour and docked at Ballantyne Pier. The ship, a so-called light cruiser of 6,000 tons, has nine 15 cm. and four 8.8 cm. guns, also twelve torpedoes. It has a very high powered engine which enables the ship to travel thirty-two knots per hour. The cruiser has about six hundred men aboard; of these, eighteen are officers and about one hundred and thirty are cadets who are training to be officers in the German navy.

Vancouver gave the Germans a rousing welcome and provided entertainment for officers and crew. The number of people who visited the warship during the eight days it remained in the harbour is estimated at about 30,000. Only a certain number were allowed on board at a time. I was fortunate enough to be among the number.

The Karlsruhe steamed out of the harbour on the morning of March 22. More than six hundred people had gathered to witness the departure. At vantage points, crowds were stationed to wave a farewell to the German cruiser as she majestically sailed into the Straits of Georgia.

G. Sokolowski, X, St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

VANCOUVER AT NIGHT FROM GROUSE MOUNTAIN.

As evening softly draws her starry curtain over the golden heavens, and purple shadows slowly lengthen into night, nature's beauty remains artistically carved against the evening sky.

On the summit of Grouse Mountain, dreaming in golden silence, one's lingering gaze falls on the city far below, where the glory of human efforts reign.

As night encompasses the city, lights flash on steadily, until at last it appears as an enormous campus, pouring forth millions of rays, all searching the depthless sky.

On closer inspection is discerned perpendicular pathways of illumination, the street lamps. To the right, the gas signs as balls of red, green, and blue light, reflect on the inky waters and glow against the dark sky.

This grandeur forms a brilliant semicircle around the harbour, where occasional lights from the boats are seen.

Vancouver from the mountain is a work of untold beauty, a perfect picture set in a perfect frame.

Dorothy Deshaw, X, Vancouver.

A JUNE EVENING.

The sun has disappeared behind the western hills, and has left a glorious colouring on the sky. The shadows are beginning to fall, and I can hear the robin chirping sleepily. All the flowers are hiding their beauty from the world. A faint breeze is rustling the leaves and sings a lullaby to the rosebuds. Everything is very still. Even the brook seems to cease its babbling and the daisies are nodding sleepy heads. Now all is quiet, and Nature has gone to sleep.
Ella Wise, Jr. IV.

A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT.

First of all let me state that I was asked to make this a humorous narrative. The difficulty here, is, of course, to see anything funny about crashing into a telephone-pole on a motorcycle.

To begin with I found it necessary and also advisable to repair my brakes. I then started off with everything running smoothly—that is, as far as it is possible for a ten-year-old cycle to run smoothly. I had gone about five miles and was nearing home. I passed a truck and swung into the last corner at about thirty-five miles per hour—a trifle too speedy for a successful turn—so naturally I applied the brakes. Nothing happened—as yet. These were the same brakes I had so lately repaired. Then quite suddenly I remembered—you remember odd details at a time like this—I had forgotten to replace the split-pin and consequently the brake rod was trailing on the pavement, a position which is not the most advantageous to its efficiency.

I couldn't finish turning the corner—that is, right side up. I attempted to swing back and continue straight ahead. I couldn't. I saw a six-inch cement curb bouncing rapidly towards me. Very humorous. The front wheel hit the curb; nothing else did. The machine with me still aboard leaped into the air. To complicate matters, a telephone-pole loomed up directly in my line of flight. How provoking! As motorcycles are not equipped with tail-pins or rudders I could not turn in mid-air, so I just waited. My right handle-bar hit the pole and everything went spinning—except, of course, the pole.

A. Richards, St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

Mary, sweetest Mother,
Dear Queen of lovely May,
Look on us Thy children
As here we kneel to pray.

Around Thy shrine we've gathered
To hail Thee as our Queen,
O listen, to the pleading
Of young hearts, fair and clean.

Around Thy brow, dear Mary,
As garland bright for You,
We'll weave a crown of blossoms
Of every form and hue.

While heart and voice are praising
Thy sweet name today,
We'll choose Thee, dearest Mary,
To be our Queen of May.

Mary Evers, II.

BERMUDA.

A more beautiful and picturesque scene than the isle of Bermuda could not be found anywhere on the surface of the earth. On gazing down from a hilltop upon the white-roofed cottages and palm-bordered roads, one experiences an indescribable sense of quiet and peace.

May is without doubt the most charming time of the year in Bermuda. Then, the pink oleanders begin to blossom, and the mauve bouganvillias. Later the red poinsettas and the morning glory, which are deep blue in the morning and pale purple or pink in the afternoon, add colour and beauty to their surroundings.

The Bermudan Easter lilies are known the world over. A field of these holds one spell-bound, bringing to mind the words of the Gospel, "Not Solomon in all his glory is arrayed as one of these." The banana, the loquat, and the paw-paw trees are also very interesting. Their natural grace is not lessened by the fact that they are used commercially.

A trip to the sea gardens displays some of the wonders of the world below us. The sea-fans, the sea-pudding and the brain coral provide a splendid background for the angel-fish, certain species of jelly-fish and countless other tropical varieties.

While in Bermuda, a visit to the caves must not be missed. The Crystal and Leamington caves are the most important. These show the most wonderful stalagmites and stalactites. The average depth of these caves is about ninety feet, and they are illuminated by electric lights which show up to the best advantage the growths from the ground and ceiling.

The quaint village of St. George and the more modern Hamilton along with the surrounding islands and parishes constitute the "Fairy Land of the earth."

Bernyce Essa, II.

WE ARE NOT ALWAYS GLAD WHEN WE SMILE.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For in a tempest of pain,
We may live in disguise
With a laugh in our eyes
While doubts are troubling our brain.

We are not always glad when we smile,
In this world so fickle and gay,
And our doubts and our fears,
Our griefs and our tears
Are smilingly hidden away.

We are not always glad when we smile,
Too much play we can ill afford,
For the troubles and sin
We are holding within
Cause pain in the Heart of the Lord.

Frances Bean, II.

MEMORIES.

The old man lay back among his pillows with a sigh. He had been watching the busy boulevard, but now his mind is wandering in the past. Because his physicians have recently told him that he has but a few months to live, he has of late been thinking much of bygone days.

Now memory reproduces a lovely home, the first he knew; in it he had everything a boy could wish for. He sees himself one Christmas after another playing with expensive toys, dear to the heart of every boy.

But the next chapter in the book of his life comes all too soon,—he sighs now at the memory of the change. They had become poor, his mother had died in a chilly room of a poor lodging house and finally he had set out, young as he was to secure a position. O how hard that had been, for all he could get was a job as a messenger boy in a bank. From that time on, he had not led the life of an ordinary boy. He worked unceasingly to get a higher position on the staff of the largest bank in the city. Now that he thinks of it, it seems just sheer luck that had started him on his up-hill journey.

But to-day he is President of that bank and what does it all mean, for he will be no more in a month or two? How often as a boy had he not dreamed of being just such a great man! In the evening of his life, he relives those days that come but once, and then pass on into eternity, leaving only the memory.

Yet all is well even for our bank president if his memory reveals a past in which God has always had His place.

R. Bradley, II.

THE BEAUTIES OF SPRING.

The beautiful months of April and May are filled with the magnificence of the awakening of nature.

The trees, once gaunt and gray, brighten up; the sap is drawn into them and the tiny buds appear, then gently unfold into delicate green leaves. The grass becomes a soft green and the crocuses, the first flowers of Spring, raise their colourful heads in the lawns and gardens where there is also a promise of graceful tulips, daffodils and early shrubs.

On the residential city streets there is evidence of Spring in the children's games of hop-scotch, skipping, baseball and other gay pastimes. Above, the bright sun sends down its warmth from the soft blue sky where only a few fleecy clouds float peacefully. The gentle Spring rains wash the streets of their dust and grime and brighten the hue of the grass and leave the air warm and fresh.

In the country the farms waken to new life. The old farm-houses are astir with the spring house-cleaning. In the fields the grain peeps through the rich ground and in the pasture the cattle and sheep are turned out to graze on the first tender grass.

As the sun softens and warms the earth the spring wild-flowers break through the ground. Soon the snow-white and vivid red trilliums will brighten the woods, while the timid violets will seek the shelter of the leaves, stumps and trees.

With the coming of Spring is heard the music of nature which rouses and cheers the world. The merry robin redbreast, the glossy blackbird, the proud woodpecker and the saucy song sparrow chant their joyful songs in the budding trees, while they merrily build their summer homes. Occasionally we hear the quiet tread of the squirrel and chipmunk, while from the marsh comes the trilling of the frogs. Nature is alive in Spring.

Phyllis Bickell, I.

OUR DOG.

Daddy and I agree that Wiggs is the best dog on earth; mother and cook maintain that all dogs are a nuisance, Wiggs included.

Daddy brought Wiggs home on Christmas Eve as a Christmas gift for me. Wiggs was at this time nine months old, a glossy, brown-haired Schipperkee, a rare breed of dog. At first she was very timid and very lonesome having spent the previous months in the company of other dogs who lived in the same kennels as did she. After a week had passed, she recognized us, the cook expected, as her friends.

Our first real problem was to teach Wiggs to walk at the end of a leash. My brother wrapped up a juicy bone in very thin paper, and walked slowly in front of her. Wiggs trotted excitedly at his heels sniffing the meat as she went. A few repetitions of this process and Wiggs had mastered the desired art.

But Wiggs' sojourn with us was brief. She died of pneumonia on her first birthday, regretted by all, even the cook, but most of all by us children to whom she had been a beloved playmate.

Mary Potts, I.

STITCH BY STITCH.

The teacher told the class to write a composition. She gave us the subjects from which we were to choose and before we began she reminded us of what we had been taught to do first, namely, to write down every thought that came into our minds. From these we were to select our matter and make a first copy of our compositions.

I disliked writing compositions very much and decided I would get it done as quickly as possible. I did not write my thoughts out, I did not write my composition in rough. I did do one thing that I should have done and that was to read it over when finished.

When I read it over I saw that I could not hand it in, as there were too many repetitions, too many misspelled words, and last but not least, it was written badly.

I then decided to try the teacher's way. First I wrote my thoughts out, then wrote the composition in rough, reread it and copied it ready to hand in. This composition was one of the best in the class.

After that I always wrote my compositions methodically and I never have had any trouble getting a good composition. This taught me that it pays to do things, "Stitch by Stitch."

Margaret Delaney, I.

ARE WE ORIGINAL?

Are we original? Are not the dashing pancake hat, the ultra-ultra trend of to-day's fashions, the unique, if undesirable, jargon that passes for the King's English, the beautifully enamelled face of grandmother and granddaughter alike exclusively ours?

Yet has not the be-ribboned pancake hat always been associated with lavender-scented memories of hoop-skirts and lace mittens, of an era long dead? Did not our grandmothers introduce the leg o' mutton sleeve that a year ago, was considered so chic, so new, in the realm of fashion? And who but the Cleopatra, first wore the ornamental, if uncomfortable coronet that is to-day an indispensable item in the "modern" woman's wardrobe? Was not that illustrious writer of the sixteenth century, the immortal Shakespeare, the author of a well-known phrase of but a few seasons ago—the oft repeated, over-worked "Hey nonny nonny!?" Are not the painted faces of the present a reflection of the carmine lips and cheeks of women, whose ancient rouge-pots, musty, yet still fragrant after the passage of centuries, have been brought to the light of a new day in the opening of tombs, long sealed? Had not Daedalus, teacher of Cretan Icarus fashioned himself wings, long ere man dreamed flight possible, four thousand years ago?

And thus we find—that hats and aeroplanes, slang and lip-stick—to all intents and purposes, modern commodities—have had their origin in the storied and old-fashioned past. Often has it been said—and with truth, "There is nothing new under the sun." How can we claim to be original if we have any knowledge of history!

Sunny McLaughlin,

SPRING FLOWERS.

Beautiful, budding Spring is here with her lovely blossoms. The birds, returning from the sunny south, call to sleeping nature to gladden again this dreary world.

The tall, dignified daffodil, the sweet, shy violet, the pale, white snowdrop, and the colourful crocus, the first spring flowers, answer the joyous summons. The lovely, little lily of the valley, which on account of its purity joyously shares, a title with the Blessed Mother of God, raises its delicate head to ring out the praises of God, and awakens the drowsy tulip from her winter bed. The green grass paints her slender blades a brighter hue and spreads her feathery carpet over the ground.

Kathleen Lawrence, I.

A SPRING MORNING.

One day late in April, I awoke to find the sun just peeping over the hills. With the sun came a gentle breeze. I dressed hurriedly and went for a long walk. Early flowers were sending tiny green shoots above the damp earth. The trees were showing tints of light green in their tiny buds. The robins were out looking for worms, while other birds were seeking material for their new nests. I sat down on a little knoll to enjoy the delightful scene. An hour passed and yet another, before I realized that even on a beautiful, fresh, spring morning one grows hungry. I had forgotten my breakfast.

Rita Hickey, Jr. IV.

AN OBSCURE HAMLET.

The small obscure town of La Rose nestling at the foot of a steep incline lay peacefully basking in the glorious June sunshine. Not far distant lay many quaint peasant homes.

The small frame houses were literally hidden from view by creeping rose vines. All along the roadside gardens were laid out artistically from which in the early hours of the morning a lovely fragrance was wafted.

The village was partially severed by a small rivulet known as the "Delvin." Further along the flower covered bank the old-fashioned grist mill remained as a link with the past.

Apart from the dwellings on a small hill stood the age-old church of St. Patrick. The stately tower from which the moss covered bell rang out its message of love as the people bowed their heads in prayer twice a day, was crumbling with age.

On the outskirts of this hamlet stood a pretty wood. The tall oak trees raised their majestic forms above the numerous clusters of pine and balsam. Mingled in the underbrush were patches of wild roses covering everything in sweet profusion.

Jean Sherwin, Holy Name, I.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

The bright sunshine, the twittering of birds, the occasional hoot or quack of wood and waterfowl, and the rustle of leaves overhead—all showed nature at its best. A group of boys were making their way over a steep mountain path which wound among the popular, sycamore, and other timber growth, extending mile after mile in monotonous succession. They stopped for a short rest at a spot, where half hidden behind a clump of trees they observed a wall enclosing a building.

Natural curiosity made them seek means by which they might get closer to the building. They succeeded in constructing a ladder and in this manner were able to get over the garden wall. The dwelling was set well back and weeds had grown abundantly on the once velvet green lawn. The house was of stately colonial type with huge pillars supporting the porch. In the garden overrun with weeds, the boys were attracted by an old sun dial, of very peculiar construction. The windows of the house were boarded, but the rotten wood yielded when the slightest pressure was applied. The boys were soon scrambling into a room, and in the semi darkness were astonished to find it completely furnished. An inspection of the entire house from the dark gloomy cellar to the creaky attic stairs did not lead to a clue which would solve the mystery.

Suddenly a low rumble which grew to loud peals of thunder warned them of an approaching storm. They kindled a fire from the wood which they had found in the cellar. The glow from the fire place revealed the aged furniture which was thickly covered with dust. The chill, damp air, the sound of the storm, even the banging of the attic shutters filled the boys with a growing uneasiness. The raging storm grew louder at each burst of thunder. Suddenly a noise like that of a falling tree split the air, and the storm ceased as quickly as it had begun. During the night, the boys took turns keeping wood on the fire.

In the early morning they prepared to return home, but in passing through the garden they were startled to find their much admired sun dial shattered by a fallen tree. The base of the dial was cracked and on close inspection the boys noticed a spring which when pressed revealed a small compartment. Squeezed in the small space was a package and a note addressed,—

May 3, 1909.

To Whom It May Concern —

At the death notice of my beloved daughter, I am leaving Vienna and hope never to return. The papers enclosed with this note will make the finder the legal owner of my estate. I trust that some worthy person will come into possession of the estate.

General R. Brown.

At last the mystery was solved. The boys later organized a Club and used the house as a home for orphans.

Frances Fox, I.

TOUSER.

The beauty of the morning had drawn me forth at this early hour on one of my customary strolls. It was a crisp wintery morning and as I walked quickly over the shimmering new-fallen snow, preceded by our dog Touser, my thoughts drifted back to the time when my father brought him home, a tiny pup, on the occasion of my birthday.

He was a small, white fox terrier, with bristly coat of fur, two dark brown eyes, a sharply pointed nose, and two black and brown ears that stood up ready to pick up the sounds of commands or of approaching danger. He was very useful and intelligent, a faithful friend and vigilant guardian.

But what is better still, Touser seems to realize his responsibility; he is noticeably improving with age.

Ada Lusty, IX,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

A VIEW FROM A TRAIN.

My holidays had ended and the train was speeding homeward. How it rushed and roared as it crossed a bridge or entered a town or city. From the window I saw blocks and squares of grey apartment houses and large red buildings, miles of roofs and chimneys, long, hot, glaring streets filled with traffic or with playing children. Another roar, and we were rushing across miles and miles of farm land. Then a glimpse of a great wood, a shining lake, and a silver stream winding its way through the meadows where tiny houses nestled in great orchards. Then, most beautiful of all, the pine trees and cedars seemed to sleep in the purple and golden shadows of sunset. The sun had disappeared, but a canopy of shell pink arched above the dark woods, and the rippling, ever changing clouds presented a picture worthy of the Great Artist whose infinite beauty nature but reflects.

Beatrice Sneath, St. IV, St. Catharines.

FLOWERS.

Flowers are one of the loveliest things that God has made for us. We do not need books in order to understand their silent language. In all parts of the world, children, with shouts of joy and laughter gather the fragrant blossoms and bear them off to those they love. When wedding bells ring, flowers add to the joy of the event. We express our sympathy in bereavement by the sending of flowers. We present flowers to our friends to congratulate them upon distinctions won. We welcome distinguished visitors with flowers. Their language is adequate for all occasions—joyful or sorrowful. On entering a dining-room what is more cheerful than flowers adorning the table.

But their truest and most beautiful purpose is to whisper our love and adoration to our Eucharist King when we place them upon His altar throne.

Mary Brennan, Sr. IV., St. Catharines.

SPRING.

Spring is my favourite season. It brings back all my cherished friends, birds, and buds, and flowers. In earth and air, in field and forest, life, the new spring life, runs riot.

It is sweet to be aroused from pleasant slumbers by the "Sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer" of the song sparrow as he pours forth his song from the topmost branch of the garden shrubbery.

The robin seems determined to make one early by his cheerful song, which seems louder and sweeter on dull rainy mornings. The caw of the crow is heard in the distance, and although not beautiful, is always welcome because it is a herald of the spring.

The April rain arouses the sleeping flowers and I often wonder if the great inventors ever stop to think when all nature returns to new life and beauty, how insignificant their work is, when compared with that of the Creator. Do they realize that they couldn't make even "one" blade of grass, nor "one" grain of sand.

The Spring should make all those who "think" acknowledge, love, and adore the One who produces such wonders.

Joyce Murphy, Sr. IV., St. Catharines.

PURSUED.

Have any of you ever had the experience of being pursued? I hope you haven't. Being chased on a dark and dreary night is a most dreadful thing.

Never will I forget this incident. I was returning home one night and as I was walking along the moonlit path, I imagined that I heard footsteps behind me. I quickened my pace. My heart began to beat until I thought the person behind me could hear it. Nearer and louder the footsteps were becoming and faster and faster did I run.

At last I came in sight of my home. Knowing that no harm could come to me now, I turned around and saw that it was only "Buster", my pet puppy.

Mary Ottenbreit, VII,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

AN OLD TREE.

In the middle of a wide spreading heather, where the sun sheds its rays, unmercifully upon the green grass, there stands an old tree, tall and massive, its branches stretching out as if to embrace the largest possible area and protect it with its cooling shadow.

This tree, bent with the burden of age and responsibility furnishes a home for many a bird and wandering squirrel. Numerous little apartments it has, each generously supplied with life's necessities for its tiny occupants—beechnuts for the squirrels; seeds for the birds; leaves for the worms; blossoms for the bees; and even the tiny ants are nourished by the sweet sap of the mossy bark.

The glittering brook, as if drawn by the kindness of this motherly tree, winds its way rapidly towards it and there lingers a while at its side, offering its cooling waters to the thirsty stag and hind.

And thus this aged fortress acts as a paradise to a world all its own.

Elsie Trost, VIII,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

SPRING.

Spring brings the warm weather, birds, bees, and insects. But the most beautiful of all is the sweet scent of flowers just awakening from their long winter's sleep, and lifting their pale faces to be kissed by the rays of the warm sun.

The brooks now thawing, ripple forth, playing leap-frog with the pebbles and making sudden sallies, glad and free as children "let out from school." The dull cheeks of little ones become rosy and bright and all life pulsates with new vigour. And so spring melts into summer.

R. Koch, VII,
St. Joseph's, Winnipeg.

THE CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES.

Leaving Paris, on our way to Versailles we passed through large iron carved gates leading to a wide avenue trimmed with chestnut trees. This avenue, a few miles long, leads to the large and wonderful gates of the Chateau. The Chateau de Versailles itself is built of white glittering stone with gold medallions and trimmings, and it stands out like a jewel in exquisite setting.

As you enter, the sight is more or less overwhelming. Such riches! Such precious treasures! Gorgeous rooms, tapestried walls and hangings, beautiful mirrors in ornamental frames of gold. Canopies and lounges, chairs and stools covered with silks and satin; carpets in which are woven the crests of the Royal Family.

The mirror room, on the second floor, was made purposely for the vanity of Louis XIV. Round and oval mirrors cover the walls.

The gold bathroom of Louis XIV, is finished in solid gold, but the semi-bedroom of this same sovereign attracts attention. It was here that he ate his breakfast, and Louis always had a boiled egg for breakfast. So deftly could he break his egg with a spoon

and so daintily eat that egg that people were allowed to watch him from behind a screen and he enjoyed being the centre of the stage.

There are many reception halls, ante-chambers, salons, banquet rooms, and one large dining-room is done in hand carved wood while about ten beautifully moulded iron chandeliers hang in the room.

The bed-rooms on the second floor, are mostly finished in satin with tapestried walls, while silk canopied drapings hang at the head of the bed. Long full-length mirrors form the cupboard doors.

D. Cooper, III.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

As I was walking along the highway one evening, I stopped in wonder and delight. Although a long walk was before me I had no wish to hurry. The sky was covered with purple and pink clouds, while a bright orange seemed to be mounting higher and higher in the sky. In the distance the roar of the breakers on the rocks added a romantic touch. Suddenly the colours seemed to be racing each other across the sky. Purple, orange and pink disappeared, and a beautiful rose colour took their place. I had not noticed it, but the sky was growing darker and darker every moment, until the beautiful rose colour disappeared too, and just a pinkish tinge clung to the clouds. As I continued on my way I murmured "The heavens are telling the glory of God."

Pauline Mutz, Jr. IV.

HOLIDAYS ARE COMING.

Where to go and what to see in Canada?

The panorama of places makes a long and attractive list in this great play-ground land of ours. No country offers a greater variety.

What will one see at Niagara? The cataracts twain, of course—never ceasing through all the ages to cast their flood of fleecy waters into the cauldron depths far below. Nature is ever varying her setting for this matchless picture, in sunshine and shadow, in silvered moon-light or an ethereal radiance when bathed in the light of a hundred gigantic electric lamps. No wonder a million tourists a year pay their tribute to this mighty handiwork of the Creator.

But there's much more to see at Niagara. The Canadian Park is a Kew Garden in miniature. And for thirty miles or more the Boulevard Drive from Fort Erie to Niagara-on-the-Lake offers a motor route unequalled anywhere for ever-changing scenic beauty. It sweeps past the Rapids—Upper and Lower; the canyon depths that have taken thousands of years to make; the ominous and sinister Whirlpool, fascinating in its eternal circling sweep.

Farther north from Queenston Heights the eye may feast on a glorious panorama, of miles of fields and orchards and vineyards, and the last stretch of the Niagara River moving leisurely in all its green-blue beauty after the turbulent passage farther up-stream.

Lena Gray, Sr. IV, St. Catharines.

HOW WOMAN'S WORK IN THE HOME HAS BEEN LIGHTENED BY MODERN INVENTION.

With the passing of the crinoline, the most onerous duties of housekeeping have faded into oblivion.

Electricity is one of the greatest assets to home comfort. It has wrought great changes in the everyday life of the people, and has materially decreased woman's work in the home. Electric lights, found in almost every city home to-day, are a great improvement on the wax candles of a hundred years ago, and the gas or oil lamps of grandmother's day. Frigidaire, the "last word" in modern convenience, is an outstanding engineering achievement.

Another invention which is of great advantage to the housewife is the electric washing machine. It eliminates all former drudgery and makes Monday, the proverbial wash-day, no longer one to be dreaded. A number of the new washing-machines have been equipped with electric ironers, which are very easily operated; and strike from the list of woman's duties in the home, one more task. The electric stove, the electric toaster and vacuum-cleaner, lighten the arduous tasks of the housewife.

The telephone saves endless time and bother, for, as it is commonly stated, the grocer's, the butcher's or the drug-store is no farther away than one's 'phone. The man who first thought of preserving everything from soup to the various fruits and vegetables, in air-tight cans has done a great service to the socially inclined young woman, who after returning home from her bridge-club, has no time to cook one of the good, old-fashioned dinners, she resorts to the can-opening system, and within a brief space of five minutes has prepared the evening meal.

Thus modern inventions have made housework a pleasure.

Alice Robinson, IV.

SPRING.

The maiden Spring is on her way at last,
Most welcome after Winter's chilly blast;
And as she walks she strews the seeds of flowers,
To cheer us in our melancholy hours.

She brings with her, her best and truest friend
The rain, who helps the flowers to see the world again;
Shy violets peep above the verdant sod,
And raise their heads in thankfulness to God.

With her kind hand she wakes the buds from sleep
And bids them bloom, her promises to keep;
The leaves and flowers their hopeful message bring,
And all the world is glad because it's Spring.

Kathleen Dalton, II S.J.H.S.

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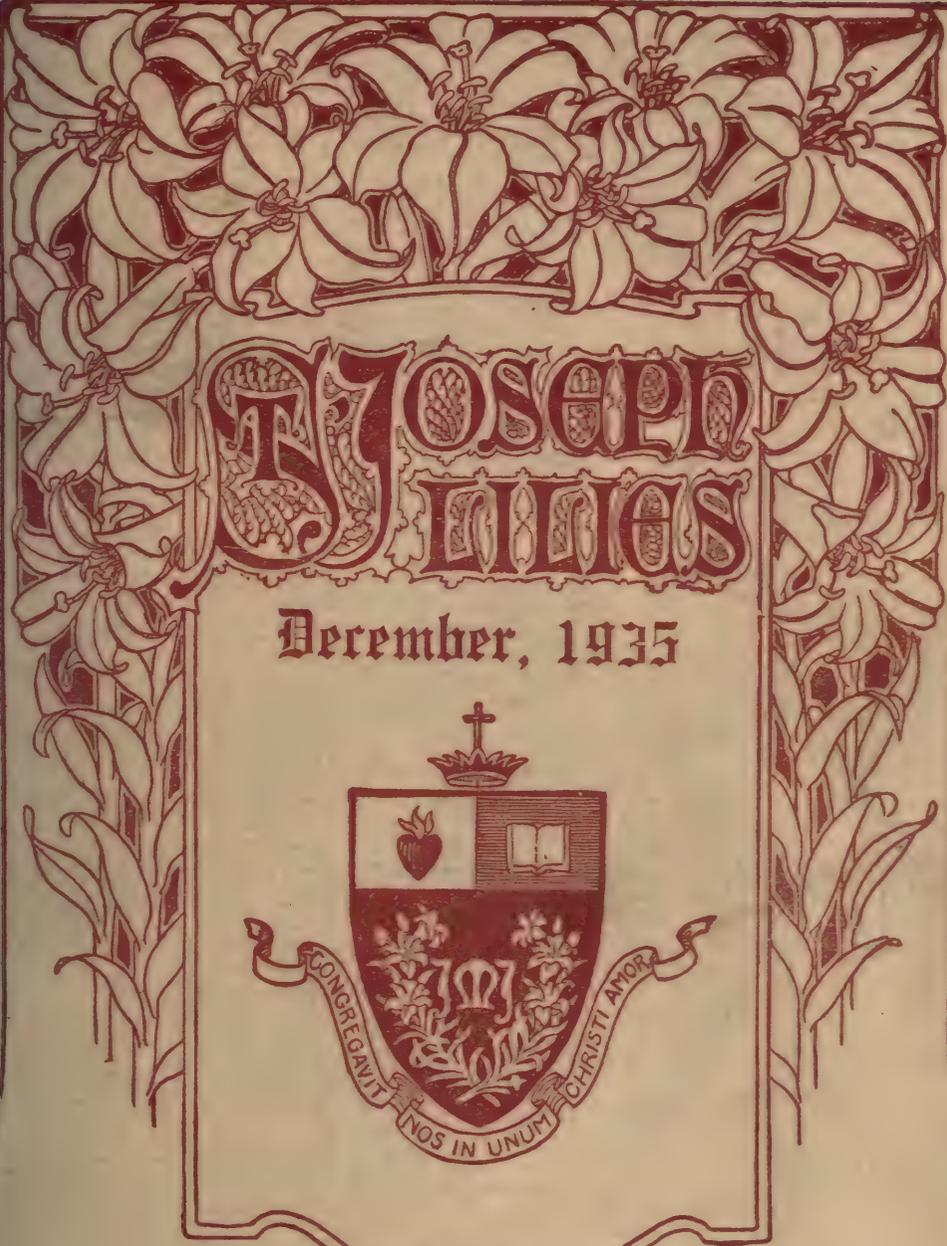
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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1935.

Nos. 2-3

EDITORIAL

WHEN the mystic light of Christmas spreads over the world and joy peals out to exalt our spirits to the rapture of Bethlehem, we seem to take the festivity as though it belonged to earth and our natural heritage; but there was a time when there was no Christmas. There are remote places even to-day where Christmas light does not enter.

It is only by imagination of what the world would be without it that we can truthfully evaluate the Great Feast. How dreary and hopeless the circle of the year would be without Christmas! Even those amongst us who have lost the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God and the primitive light of the Christ-Child still enjoy the glow that lingers in Christian civilization and the Annual Feast. It is Christmas without Christ and yet it is Christmas, for much light lingers.

There was a time when there was no Christmas, but there was always Christmas light that gleamed from the succeeding prophecies of a coming Redeemer from the Garden of Eden onwards, increasing with the nearer Divine Messages of time and place, until finally Angels of Light proclaimed the birth of the Christ-Child to Judea and a flaming Star guided distant Gentiles over trackless deserts of original gloom, until it "stood over the place where the Child was." The rays of Christmas prophecy must have penetrated distant lands or the Star of Bethlehem should not have been recognized when it appeared in the sky.

Even pagan historians assure us that at this time prophetic mutterings agitated men everywhere, that a Royal Child should then be born in Judea that would spread His dominion

over the world. What a dark world it would be without the hope of a Saviour!

The fossils of men would mark the geological strata of past and future ages where the fitful human civilizations that came and went, passing from land to land, would finally relapse into repeated paganism or dismal barbarism.

Human philosophy never converted a race to a code of morality or saved it from paganism. The brilliant philosophy of Greece made men cynics in morality and skeptics to all truth. The infidelity that is threatening the world to-day shows us what the world was when Christ came, and Russia to-day is a good background of darkness to show forth the light of Christmas.

It would be well to wish the world to-day an Irish Christmas! Ireland, so near geographically to Russia, gives us a contrast: Christian faith and hope flourish side by side with science and its inventions and comforts, in this land. This is not the happiness and prosperity of foundries, factories and scientific laboratories. The altar lights of Christmas Masses shine over a cheerful people with the primitive purity of the catacombs. When Christians have spent the penitential Vigil of Christmas in fasting, prayer and humble confession of sin, on bended knees in the Sacrament of Penance, and have heard the saving words of absolution that come from Christ and the Church, their Christmas joy begins;—the joy that is consummated at the altar rail of Midnight Mass, when altar lights are bright above them and hymns to the Christ-Child from organ and choir are continuing the chant of the Angels of Bethlehem:

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON EARTH,
PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL.”

This is the Happy Christmas that we wish our readers!

N O age of mental progress in the past had a greater cleavage than the present between common-sense and science; between the laity and the learned; in fact, science has become a strange esoteric cult that supplies statements that are start-

ling and surprising to the uninitiated. The mysterious utterings that come from the shrines of physicists are not only a shock to common-sense, but also to traditional philosophy. The first principles of mind and matter seem doomed to dissolution. When philosophical analysis is pushed to extremes, our mental habitations are threatened with destruction.

We finally make a stand and ask if we cannot hold some of our experiences for granted as self-evident and defying further analysis and proof, and we rightfully appeal to nature and say that it is the duty of science to explain nature and not destroy it. When we are told that there is no matter and no extension, and that the spiritual world and even our logical world of thought are only passing electrons in a world-stream of impersonal events, we realize that all certainty and evidence are passing away.

A short time ago, Materialists said "There are no spirits." Now, since the break-up of the atom and the substitution of radiant energy, "There is no matter!" How strange to speak of a wave of radiant energy in a vacuum! What is moving,—we helplessly ask, if there is no matter in the wave itself, nor in the space that it is waving in? All this confusion comes from too much analysis and too little common-sense.

What, then, is the standard of truth in the natural sciences? The answer is,—nature and the perception of it by our senses. This is the barrier beyond which we cannot go. Why are things true, unless they are of nature? And why are our senses true, unless it is their nature to be such? If nature is the ultimate standard, there is no ulterior criterion to test it by; and analysis must stop, or go into confusion.

We cannot directly prove the truth of our senses, as they are self-evident. Indirect proofs indeed can be given, but these flow from the absurdities that would follow if the evidence of the senses were denied. To prove is to show the un-evident to be true, by reducing it to what is certainly evident; and when we come to that which is reluctantly evident, we must stop further enquiry.

A late scientist who has not succumbed to the triumphs

of relativity and the Subjectivism that declares man himself to be the standard of reality, and who still holds for the real objective world of space and time outside of ourselves, speaks to us of the faith we must always have in the dictates of nature:

“Faith in the existence of a certain reality outside of us is very strong. Without it, who would ever have advanced physical science to the position in which we find it? It is well sometimes to declare our faith, for this naturally has its influence upon all that is said and done, and, to the end of making the point of view of the writer clearly understood, it may be stated that these lines are written in an abiding faith in the reality of the existence of an ether-filling space.”

The word “Faith,” as used by this author, arrests our attention and we ask if perfect confidence in the truth of an objective world, made known to us by our senses, should be called “faith?” Faith is believing the word of another, whether it be God or our fellow-man, in order to assent to something that we do not see ourselves. But is it faith to assent to the experiences of our senses? *Certainly not*,—for this is evidence and not faith. In fact, the evidence of our senses is more fundamental in our process of obtaining knowledge than the very first principles of reason. Our senses are not so high in excellence of necessity and infallibility as truths of reason,—still, unless God works a miracle to change the course of nature that flows around us, we must believe our senses when relating to us the passing facts, as positively as the Principle of Contradiction itself, viz., “That a thing cannot be and not be at the same time.”

Since the knowledge of all truths comes to us through our senses (and even the Principle of Contradiction is no exception) to infect the truth of the senses with negation or doubt is to infect the whole mental world within us.

A good example of the mental delirium that ensues when our senses are doubted is given in a late address of Mr. G. K. Chesterton to a Philosophical Society in London.

“The new physicists tell us frankly that what they ob-

serve is not the objective reality of the thing they observe; that they are "not examining an object as the nineteenth century Materialists thought they were examining an object. Some of them tell us that they are only observing some disturbances or distortions actually created by their own attempt to observe! Eddington is more agnostic about the material world than Huxley ever was about the spiritual world. A very unfortunate moment at which to say that 'Science deals directly with reality and objective truth!'

"Scores and hundreds of times I have heard through my youth and early manhood the repetition of that ultimatum: 'You must accept the conclusions of Science!' . . . The new scientists themselves do not ask us to accept the conclusions of the New Science. To do them justice, they deny vigorously that science has concluded; or that it has, in that sense, any conclusion. The finest intellects among them repeat again and again, that science is inconclusive. Which is all very true to the gradual adjustment of truths on their own plane. But meanwhile there is such a thing as human life . . . If we want a guide to life, it seems we must look elsewhere!"

Gibbon was thoughtless and reckless in saying that we should rather distrust our senses than believe any miracle that appeared to them. We retort that we may not distrust the senses, when the rules governing their legitimate use are observed, without bringing darkness on the mind itself.

A cognitive faculty, whether of mind or sense, is only a mirror of the world outside. A mirror should not make its own pictures and we would not sleep in a room with such a mirror: it would be too spookish. Pictures of external objects should be mere reflections of the objects themselves that are outside of us, i.e., the pictures must be fully objective.

Subjectivism is the general error that gives a knowing faculty a part in determining the picture of knowledge. The world at present is suffering from Subjectivism. When Kantism was in vogue Subjectivism was complete and really easier to evaluate and clearly state: the Kantism mind made its own pictures wholly and entirely and discarded the external world.

The strange condition now prevailing and causing scientists themselves to groan is that the picture of our senses is partly subjective and partly objective. Who shall ever give the percentage of the one and the other? It is in consequence of this that there has arisen a full agnosticism of matter. What is left when God is rejected by preceding agnosticism, and now matter too, falls under the same ban?

We call attention of our readers to the traditional Scholastic statement of the truthfulness of our senses, in a timely article of this present number.

God send you a happy Christmas!
His blessing be on your home,
His light be around your loved ones
Wherever on earth they roam.

God send you a holy Christmas!
His message be in your mind,
And close to the Crib of Bethlehem
True happiness may you find.

God send you a merry Christmas
To you and to all you love!
On your home may the Babe of Bethlehem
Smile down from His Home above!

AN ATHENIAN WEDDING VASE

By DR. C. T. CURRELLY, O. Medj., F.R.S.C., F.S.A.

THERE are few things in the history of the world that have caused more merriment and jokes than weddings. I suppose one reason is that a thing seems more humorous when it has a basis of deadly seriousness.

Four hundred and forty years before the time of Christ was one of the world's very important periods. Athens had raised herself to a position of complete dominance. Her manufactures were at their peak, her trade was enormous, her ships sailed the whole of the known world. The scrupulous honesty of her currency made the most timid of peoples accept her silver coins without putting a chisel into them to see if there were not a lead centre. The standard of comfort of the average citizen was high.

In one of the very well-to-do Athenian homes a marriage had been arranged. The parents of the bride and the groom had first thrashed over all the details. They had proved to be satisfactory, so the mother announced to her young daughter that she was to be married on a certain day. Preparations were immediately got under way by the bride and the mother, and the proper handling of father to stand the expense, was undertaken with that ancient and honourable combination of all the emotions that have been used for so many thousands of years. There was the question of clothes, and the Athenian women loved beautiful clothes although they rarely had a chance to show them, as the upper-class woman's life for the most part was a secluded one. The new clothes, of course, had to be woven, so the women and the slave girls of the household put on extra pressure in the spinning, the dyeing, and the weaving.

There was another serious question, which could not, like the clothes, be handled at home. Every girl of a well-to-do family had a very tall, specially decorated vase, called a "lou-

trophoros," for carrying the water from the well for her bath before the wedding. It was an object of special importance, as it was kept by the bride through life and signified to all the people who visited her house the esteem in which her family held her. The question now

was how much father would put up for a vase: one by a great painter cost a good deal; one by a poorer painter was much, much cheaper.

Vases were a very important product in Athens. Some centuries before, Corinth had developed a large trade in painted potteries. The demand for them carried the Corinthian ships over the whole Mediterranean, and the people of Corinth became rich. But, unfortunately for them, what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them, and they did not keep up their experimental work. A group of potters at Athens, never satisfied, gradually learned better and better methods of preparing their clay until all lime was taken out of it, and they overcame other difficulties one by one till their vessels baked to a clear, fine colour. The painters of Athens of course had no paper on which to draw; the decorations of walls was quite an ambitious and serious undertaking; so many of the



ATHENIAN LOUTROPHOROS
OR "WEDDING VASE,"

Painted by Polygnotos, about
440 B.C.

very finest artists were willing, if properly paid, to work on the decoration of the vases. These Athenian vases soon pushed the Corinthian wares completely out of the market, and the number of Athenian ships had to be increased to handle the expanding trade. As the cargo of vases was unloaded at port after port, other products were taken on board; and with little to sell but her clay products, Athens became not only the chief provider of potteries, but also the great trading nation of the world.

There was much joy among the women of the household I am describing when father said they might have any vase they wished. A great painter, Polygnotes, one of the most famous of any period in Greece, was visited and a grand vase, 34 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, was chosen. It had a long, slender neck with two side handles springing from beneath the rim and descending to the swelling shoulder. On the neck was painted a portrait of the bride, as if walking; she was an exquisite girl of about eighteen. On the other side of the neck was shown another woman's portrait, probably her mother's. On the body of the vase appeared the wedding procession as it approached the bride's future home. Our illustration of the vase shows at the extreme right, the mother of the groom holding a torch as she would do when she waited for the bride at the door of her future home. Then comes the groomsman, firmly grasping the bride by the wrist. Behind her, ready to give her a push should her nerve fail, is the bridesmaid, carrying a torch. These are followed by another woman with a torch, two women carrying boxes, probably intended for jewel boxes, and finally another girl with a torch.

The day before the wedding arrived. The vase had come home from the kiln perfectly fired and had been tremendously admired. The dresses were ready. Father had been most liberal in buying new necklaces and other jewels. Care had been taken to see that the moon was increasing, because it was bad luck to be married under a waning moon, and the right day had been chosen. Unlucky days have existed for a long time.

On the morning of the wedding, the water for the bride's bath was brought from the sacred spring, such a special occasion demanding more than the use of the family well. The



ATTENDANTS IN THE WEDDING PROCESSION,
From a Greek vase painted by Polygnotos,
about 440 B.C.

bride had kept her toys and childish playthings, and now offered them to one of the many goddesses of marriage. Then slaves took to the temple the victims for the sacrifice. They were killed and the gall removed because there must be no

bitterness in marriage. This part was burnt to the god in order that he might have his share of the feast, and the remainder was prepared for the wedding banquet.

This was one of the few occasions when men and women dined together. Twenty guests were commonly invited, and food of the greatest luxury and the choicest wines were provided. The bride entered in all her fine clothes and jewels. Her bridesmaids had dressed her and had rubbed white lead into her forehead, applied black antimony around her eyes and eyebrows, and painted plenty of red on her cheeks. So fond were the Athenian women of cosmetics and so thickly were they put on, that in hot weather little streams of black and red often ran down from their eyes and cheeks. Flowers, of course, were in the bride's hair and a veil over her head, the only part of the old Greek wedding customs that has come down to us. The bridegroom wore white clothes and a wreath. After the feast had gone on for some time, in came a boy, both of whose parents were alive. He was beautifully dressed and wreathed with hawthorn or acorns, and carried a basket of cakes. As he entered he calls out, "I have fled from misfortune; I have found a better lot." The feast was elaborate and long, and in the end libations were poured to the gods, especially to Zeus and Hera.

The bride now took her place in a cart between her husband and the groomsman. All the guests lit their torches and walked behind to the new home. Near the house the bride descended. Her mother-in-law had gone on ahead and was now awaiting her with a lighted torch at the door. The groomsman seized her by the wrist and the bridesmaid pushed her from behind. Her mother came, bearing a torch lighted from the family fire, so that she might begin her house-keeping with her family fire, which she must never allow to go out. Her husband stepped forward and catching her up, sprang across the threshold with her, as nothing could be so ill-omened as a stumble on entering the new home. A chant was taken up in praise of Zeus, the god of marriage. Her husband locked the door, the guests departed, and a new home was started.

The next day the bride's vase was solemnly brought to her new home, together with her special belongings. There it remained, a source of joy and admiration, the work of the great Polygnotes, the famous painter of Athens. Coupled with her throughout the rest of her life, it was buried with her in her tomb when she died.

The world changed, and some years ago the vase was found. Now it is yours, and you may see it in the Royal Ontario Museum, in the first Greek room to the left as you go up the stairs.

GIFTS.

There came three men whose youth was buried deep
In dust of ancient tombs beyond the Star
Kings were they, and steeped in varied lore
All old in wisdom, and all wise in age.
And oh, my child's heart ached for Thy child's heart
At seeing how the precious things they brought
Were all so out of place in that poor nursery.
But as I sighed, in that clear, wondrous night
Was wrought upon my sight a miracle.
Pendent vapor, it shone upon the dark
And caught its answering glimmer from Thine eyes.
For bringing it to Thee I watched Thine own
Mild Mother put it in Thy hand, and thus
Thou slept as is the fashion of a babe.
And suddenly I knew these precious things
Were gifts of age and not at all of wisdom
Since, learning much, these Kings, they had forgot
The sweetness of a bauble in their hands.

E.G.

THE SNOWS OF HERMON

By

RIGHT REVEREND
MGR. JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

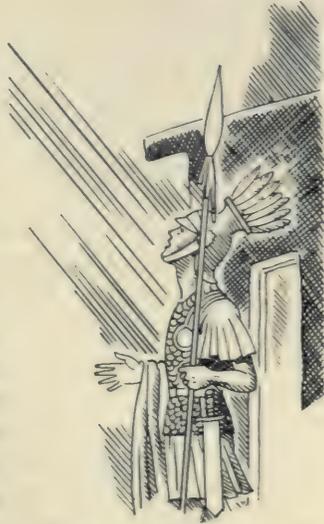
PART THREE.

THE Tenth Legion of the Imperial Roman army was leaving Jerusalem for Tiberias. The time was the First Year of Our Lord. The walls and roofs of Jerusalem were crowded with people who hissed and cursed the Roman

soldiery. The sturdy legionaries, veterans of a hundred wars, paid no more attention to the mob than they did to the flies that buzzed before the butcher shops. The Tenth marched out six thousand strong, and what with nodding plumes, and swaying spears, and gift eagles, and clattering swords, they made a gay and gallant show indeed!

In the rear-guard with his faithful warriors, Quintus Maximus Lapidus, the Centurion, strode along, with a happy smile upon his face. He was glad to be leaving that tragic city filled with quarrels, seditions, and cabals, for the high and serene quietude of the Galilean lakes and hills. The legionaries seemed to be of the same mind, for as they debouched through the Damascus Gate, there were deep rumbles of laughter, and hearty shouts which their officers forbore to check.

Outside the city, the fig-trees and olive groves were in full leaf, and the verdure of the Spring seemed to add to the gaiety of the soldiers. Shiloh was their first stop, and next on the route, they came to Shechem. At Shechem, they were out of the territory of Judea and into the confines of Samaria, and here they camped and rested for two days.



The town stood in a well-watered gorge, and its environs were planted with lovely gardens of mulberry and walnut, with vineyards and olive-yards and fig trees, above which rose the barren slopes of Mount Ebal on the north, and of Mount Gerisim on the south. On Gerisim could be seen, night and day, the fires of sacrifice. These fires of original heresy, wafting up to Jehovah their unavailing pleas, cast a gloom over the mind of the Centurion, and he was glad when the command came to evacuate the camp. The "lilies of the field" adorning in purple and blue the Plain of Sharon, were a delight to the eye.

Pushing onward by the cities of Dothain and Megiddo, the Legion skirted the historic Plain of Esdraelon.

Some distance further on, a little road, or pathway, led to the west along the Plain of Nain, and the heart of the Centurion burned in his bosom when he recognized this as the road to Nazareth! The way of the Legion lay to the north, but his soul yearned to journey along that hilly track, which was to him, indeed, the road to Heaven! How he dragged himself past that little by-road, he could never afterwards tell, but he knew that no Inner Voice called him as yet from the difficult path of daily toil, and so he left the little road to Nazareth behind, and marched north with an aching heart.

The legionaries of the Tenth, however, had no qualms over passing any roads in Palestine, and surging onward tirelessly, they left Mount Thabor behind, under the setting sun, and with songs upon their lips, swung into the City of Tiberias, on the brimming, blue Lake of Galilee!

For six long years, the Tenth Legion of the Imperial army garrisoned Tiberias. The soldiers were fairly content there. Fishing on the deep, cool lake, or hunting on the many hills and mountains of Galilee, where game was abundant, were pleasant and healthy amusements

But, too many times, they were sent down to Jerusalem to quell uprisings among the Jews, and there was always cruel and bloody work on both sides in these encounters. The

fanatical hatred and ferocity of the people of Jerusalem towards the Romans bred a like hatred in the usually good-natured legionaries, and they grew to hate the very name of that city.

They received, therefore, with mixed feelings, the news that the Legion had been suddenly recalled to Rome. The Centurion, Quintus Lapidus, felt his heart sink within his breast. To leave the Holy Land now was the last thing he desired, yet there was no escape from this situation, unpleasant though it was. He would have liked to go to Nazareth to say farewell, but no Inner Voice counselled this. There were five days to spare before the Legion evacuated Tiberias. Inactivity became a burden to him.

He suddenly, one morning early, set out, walking along the western shore of the lake. Cutting across country, he struck the Jordan at Lake Huleh, and continued along its banks towards its source. The series of little lakes called "The Waters of Merom" refreshed and delighted him. By noon, he was on rapidly rising ground, and the river was dwindling to a stream. But it was still a rapid and powerful stream and the sound of its gurgling waters was pleasant to his ears. Three hours more of steady pace brought him to the celebrated Cave of Banias where the holy river Jordan has its source. The name Banias was originally Panias, and the place was dedicated by the Romans to the sylvan god, Pan. On the rocks, he also saw Greek inscriptions dedicating the cave to the Nymphs. Out from the cave rolled the blue and crystal torrent, that soon became a cascade and was joined by four rushing brooks from the snows of Hermon, to form the Jordan, that tumbled on over rocks of black basalt covered with orange-coloured lichens!

Below him, the Centurion could see the river entering the papyrus-fringed basin of Lake Huleh, and to his left, he saw the weird cones of the Jaulan volcanoes, and the well-wooded mountain-ranges of Napthali!

After eating some bread and meat which he had carried

thus far, and enjoying a deep draught of the pure waters of the infant Jordan, the Centurion addressed himself to the task of climbing the rugged ridges of Hermon.

The first long slope was of sandstone, the second of limestone. Above these were the great green terraces of vineyards, already famous in the days of Solomon. Hedges of wild rose, and clumps of pine and mastic, reached up to the regions of snow. Steady, powerful climbing brought the Centurion at last to the summit, ninety-two hundred feet above the sea-level! He looked below, and there, seemingly very near, seen from that austere height, lay the greenish waters of the Sea of Galilee. He could see even as far as Mount Carmel, eighty miles of distance! On the east, like a clearly-drawn picture, were the houses and towers of Damascus, set in a coronal of verdure. Over the Bashan desert, sand-towers were slowly crawling, in the crinkling heat.

Then his heart leaped, for, looking south-west, in the middle distance, he saw the roofs of Nazareth! From that moment, he saw nothing else. There his God, his Messiah, dwelt among men! There He who created the world, played and prattled in His mother's house! The Centurion fell upon his knees in adoration, his eyes fixed on Nazareth!

After a long time, he went to a little cave in the rocks where he was sheltered from the cold wind, and the sun was strong. As he reclined against the warm stones, he suddenly fell asleep. Then there came to him what seemed a vivid dream. He was walking up a street in Nazareth. The people smiled at him, and said to one another, "The tall young Roman is very welcome. He is going to the house of Joseph". He seemed to know his way easily. His friends, the Galileans, Joseph and Mary, welcomed him with shining eyes, and soon he was seated by their fireside.

The little Boy, Jesus, clad in spotless white, came shyly forward and stood by his side. Greatly daring, the Centurion put his right arm around the slight figure, and drew it close to him. "Dear Jesus", said the Centurion, "will You love me—even poor me—a little?" The blue eyes of the little Boy—

and they were now the loving eyes of God—looked sweetly and firmly into the eyes of the Roman. There was an awful moment, then the Son of God spoke. “You are My true friend, you have been My protector; you know that I love you—and that I will die for you—and for all!”

Joseph slowly walked out the door. Mary turned her head



to hide her fast-falling tears. The young Centurion clasped the Child's bright head close to his heart. This happiness was too great! How beautiful it would be to die now! But this little Boy-God would need friends and helpers to build up His Kingdom on Earth. “Dear Jesus,” said the Centurion, “I am yours! Do with me what you will!”

The Centurion awoke with a sigh, and gazed around him, bewildered! He raised himself to his feet, and saw the roofs

of Nazareth far away, shining in the setting sun. Was it only a dream after all? "No, it was no dream", the soldier told himself exultingly. By the power of the Son of God, he had been translated, in the body, to the Holy House of Nazareth. He had seen his God once more in the flesh, and he thanked his God with all the powers of his soul.

The big tears were running freely on the cheeks of the Centurion as he started down the mountainside on the long return journey to Tiberias. A high and haunting music went with him, down by the fountains of Baniyas and the head-waters of the Jordan! And accompanying the strange music were the mysterious words of the ancient Hebrew poet:— "*Look from the top of Amana; from the top of Shenir;—even Hermon; from the lions' dens, and from the Mountains of the Leopards!*"

Shadows we find where'er we roam
From whitest flower to whitest cloud;
Shadows, not symbols. Mary came
Alone with spotlessness endowed,
And in her, God built His crystal home
And sought what he found not above,
A heart where burned in one pure flame
A maiden's and a mother's love.

F.C.D.

ARE OUR SENSES FULLY OBJECTIVE?

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN, A.B.,
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THE philosophical import of many of the every-day events of human existence are lost upon the majority of mankind. We take for granted many things which the physicist and the psychologist carefully examine, in order to arrive at a high-sounding conclusion, which, when stripped of its philosophical appendages, very often becomes common sense. On the other hand, the scientist is often carried away by his imagination, reason o'erleaps its premises, and he projects upon a waiting world a theory which is as popular and startling as it is short-lived.

At the outset, the theory of vibrations, as applied to colours and sounds, appeared to suit the latter class. The passing of time, and the expenditure of unlimited patience in thousands of experiments have at last brought home to us the fact that colours are always accompanied by transverse vibrations of the ether or air. The ordinary experiments of the college physics course readily prove the vibrational nature of sound. The scientific conclusion, when couched in unscientific language, has generally tended to the belief that colours and sounds consist of nothing more than such vibrations; in the same way that a vari-coloured disk, set in motion, will appear to have but one colour (due to the speed of rotation), so too, because the vibrations of the medium of vision (air) are so rapid, the senses cannot apprehend them as vibrations, but as colours—or sounds.

However, in this case at least, the philosopher must beware of the experimental psychologist. In the light of common sense, such a conclusion would maintain that the senses really falsify their proper objects. It has aptly been expressed thus: the senses (the eye) become a witness who cannot remember the facts, and therefore relates a story of his own invention. For all its innocent and plausible appearance, the inexact

handling of the theory of vibrations involves all the errors of Subjectivism, disregards the objectivity of all cognition, and attacks the infallibility of the external senses (with regard to the proper sensibles).

THE MODERN FALLACIES.

The whole problem, of course, is one of Epistemology. Although it lies at the root of most philosophical questions, the very term "Epistemology" is unknown to the ordinary person. Nevertheless, Criteriology (as it is sometimes called), or the science of the certitude of our cognitions, permeates every phase of human activity. Oddly enough, in this very unphilosophical age, the very worst of Epistemological errors are rampant. One need not travel far to find a group or even a nation who profess that "what is useful is good." Even the majority of well-intentioned persons will dogmatically assert that "we can never be certain of anything." But were you to denounce these same people as Pragmatists, or as Skeptics, they would instantly become indignant.

For the benefit of these, then, let us assert quite tritely that we really can be certain of some things.

For one thing, these people cannot honestly doubt their own existence. They certainly do not refrain from eating, on the chance that they are not living. They take great care not to step into the path of speeding automobiles. They would certainly refuse to stop breathing, on the chance that nothing would happen, and they will go on adding two and two and writing four as the result until the last of their days on earth. From the greatest to the least among us, we must surely admit that we are sometimes certain.

However, since all our knowledge can find an entrance only through the gateway of the senses, we are necessarily brought to the conclusion that sometimes, somehow, our cognitive faculties have been, and are, infallible. That is, they have apprehended things as they are, they have given us grounds for certitude. At this point, however, the chain of reasoning very

often stagnates, and the ordinary man ceases from his intellectual labour without proceeding to a general conclusion. The student of Epistemology, on the other hand, with this basis, arrives at some truly philosophical and yet common-sense conclusions. He discovers that together with the intellect (when judging) all our cognitive faculties are, as intended by nature, infallible.

Viewed in this light, the great problem presented by the world about us is gradually explained. The unreal glow of Kant and his Subjective philosophy is dispelled, and we recognize the fact that we really do perceive things as they are. The senses are seen as cameras—which must, by their very nature picture things as they are. Everything is made for a purpose—the faculty which is intended to be fallible or indifferent cannot deserve the name of faculty. While it is true that we cannot compare our judgments with reality, as Kant would demand, we must also admit that when the intellect judges, it becomes aware of its own nature, viz., that it is made to judge in accordance with reality.

Therefore, when to the normal eye the rose appears as red, we are forced to conclude that the eye does not make up the colour or add anything to what exists independently of my perception, but that the red exists as such—and this, in spite of all the arguments and experiments with vibrations. No amount of experimenting can change the fact that our senses, under normal conditions, infallibly report their proper objects,—colour for the eye, sound for the ear; no amount of experimenting, then, can prove that colours and sounds exist merely causally or fundamentally outside of our perception, and not as we perceive them. It is to the contrary belief that we referred when speaking of the philosophical import of the everyday events of human existence. The defenders of “Vibrations” would strip the sunset of its reality, would stand in the face of the common persuasion of mankind. They would have our sense perception (the source of all cognition) as mere illusions.

With this fact as our basis, viz., colours and sounds exist

formally outside our perception, there yet remains a multitude of problems. Yet through them all, we must remember that the fact that we cannot explain a fact, does not destroy or deny the fact. Hence, amid all the problems that the student will meet, in seeking the physical or metaphysical nature of colour, or in seeking the exact location of colour, let him remember that colour does exist independently of our perception of it. Therefore, whether that modification of light which we call colour, exists at the surface of material objects, or in the retina of the eye, or even at some distance from the eye, in any and all such cases we may and must hold that colour does exist "outside and independent of my perception."

It is almost superfluous to enter into a discussion of the many interesting psychological phases of this subject. The problem of colour-blindness, the "stars" that one sees when violently struck upon the head, the sounds which the ear perceives when slapped—all these, interesting though they may be, do not fall under our scope; in none of these instances are our senses fulfilling their natural functions. In the order intended by nature, such occurrences have no place. There is, of course, an explanation for such occurrences,—and it lies in the explanation of the mechanism of cognition. However, the danger of presenting it here lies in the fact that some will infer that our thesis rests on the explanation of the mechanism of cognition, which is farthest from our desires. The real proof of the objectivity of the proper sensibles (or, as some call them, the secondary qualities), lies in the principle that everything is made for a purpose.

HOW OBJECTS ENTER THE MIND.

The discussion over how we see, how we hear, and how we perceive anything is dubbed in philosophy the problem of the Origin of Ideas. In scope, it is fully as gigantic as the question already discussed. It, too, is one of those every-day events which the ordinary person accepts without question, and over which the scientists are still struggling, in the en-

deavour to reach a certain conclusion. The man in the street accepts the evidence of his eyes and ears as commonplace, but who would deny the wonders that they truly are? How can a scene miles in extent be encompassed in the tiny space of one organ of vision? How can we focus our sight and our minds on one individual in a group? How is it that the eye is so ready to present exactly what is presented to its gaze, and always under the same conditions?

A stone seen certainly enters the mind somehow, yet makes us no heavier—and there is the problem, couched in common terms. Therefore, do we really see the object, or rather do we see a picture, as it were, an intentional image of the object? There are two answers proposed, one by the Scholastics, and the other by those who follow St. Thomas strictly.

The fundamental steps in the origin of ideas are the same in both explanations. The faculty (the eye, for example), is acknowledged to be intrinsically indifferent to the perception of this or that object, e.g., red or blue. Hence, although the eye is built to see, and not to hear, it is not so built that it must see one colour only—rather is it indifferent in itself, and stands ever ready to transmit whatever colour is presented to it. The external object certainly is the only agent capable of removing this indifference, and hence, in this sense, the faculties of perception are passive faculties—they are *worked upon* by external objects.

Following upon this physical influx of the external object upon the faculty, there exists an activity in the faculty which certainly cannot be called passive, but rather active. The faculty sees, hears, or feels, etc. It is in explaining how the influx of a red ball, for example, upon my eye can be transformed into the vital act whereby I see the colour red that the two schools of thought differ. The ball cannot come into my mind itself, so it places therein an intentional image, which takes the place of the external object in the sense faculty. It removes the indifference of my eye, and through it (the image) my awakened faculty actively sees the stone itself. Such is the explanation of St. Thomas—and one which is ad-

mirably suited to the subject under discussion. These same vicarious intentional images, the result of that physical influx of the external object on the sense faculty, do not completely vanish with the withdrawal of the object from the field of perception. Rather, they are stored away in the brain, in that store-house we call the memory.

In this new condition, such images are given the title of "*Species rememorativae*." Under this awe-inspiring title philosophy has concealed many more of those every-day events which we take for granted. Our dreams, for example, are nothing more than a review of a number of such images. In dreams, however, they are no longer controlled by the intellect, rather they flood into it at will,—and coupled with the power of abstraction, tend to produce those wild and fanciful images of dreams and nightmares. Thus, no matter how weird and strange the scenes which the imagination depicts, we can always be sure that it can only represent what formerly entered through the gateway of the senses.

THE SCHOLASTIC EXPLANATION.

However, the Thomists' explanation differs to some degree from that of the Scholastics. The Scholastics agree that the external object must produce in us that impression which removes the indifference of the faculty; and this by a real physical influx. However, that impression (which they call the "*Species sensibilis impressa*") according to their philosophy, is not a formal representation of the external object. They postulate the existence of another image (the *species sensibilis expressa*) which alone is the true formal image of the external object. How this image is formed distinct from the first, is not quite certain. Nevertheless, because the act of sensation is vital, because it is assimilative (brings the object into the mind), and because it must all the while remain material in nature, the Scholastics maintain that the first image or impression, being "merely" a physical influx, cannot truly be a formal representation of the object in the sense faculty.

Hence the need for postulating the second image—the *Species expressa*.

Convincing though it appears, the theory of the two *specia* is dangerous. Like many another too-keenly reasoned point, it involves the danger of Subjectivism. That is, we expose ourselves to the philosophical danger of admitting that we add something to the knowledge brought in by the senses. Such an admission would open the way to the belief that we really are not sure that reality corresponds to our conception of it. Hence, we could never be sure that we knew the truth of anything. Obviously, this contradicts the foundation of philosophy we have laid, and just as obviously, any system which involves subjectivism is to be rejected.

The saving feature of the *species expressa* is the stipulation set by Scholastics that it be considered as a “*medium quo.*” In other words, it, just like the *species impressa*, is but another pane of glass through both of which we look out upon the world. *Medium quo*, or *medium quod*, however, the theory of the two *specia* would forget that cognition is experimental. Cognition reaches the object not through an expressive image, but immediately to the object itself. To theorize otherwise is to call into being a host of processes needlessly, and to digress from the fundamental doctrine that the relations of nature are not casual, but set in a definite order.

We have but touched the surface of the discussion, especially with reference to the origin of ideas. However, it is our hope that we have set the foundations and built up an interest in some of the great problems of philosophy. With errors of so many sorts rampant, we desire at least that the thinking man be well grounded in those points which are most strongly attacked. May we hope that you will either continue the study, or at least continue your evenly balanced life, content in the knowledge that for the normal person “Seeing really is believing.”

WINDTHORST

By REVEREND T. J. MANLEY.



WINDTHORST.

JUST as the early Christians could not submit to the unlawful demands of paganism, so the Christians of to-day are bound to withhold submission to unjust and conscience-violating laws." This ringing challenge to paganism might have been delivered by some great Christian leader in Germany within the last few months, but they were actually spoken in the Reichstag, in April, 1873, by that doughty champion of the Faith, "Ludwig Windthorst."

To-day the eyes of a puzzled world are turned towards Germany. Never before, has that country had greater need of national unity. Isolated, encircled by a wall of steel and hatred, she stands practically alone. And yet, in this crisis we see her leaders engaged in a bitter persecution of both Christians and Jews. The aim of the Nazi leaders, apparently, is to purge Germany, not only of Jews, but of all Christians who accept the teachings and the personality of the traditional and historical Jesus Christ. According to Alfred Rosenberg's book, "The Myth of the Twentieth Century," the personality of Christ has been made unrecognizable—"by the Jewish fanatics like Matthew, by materialistic Rabbis like Paul, by African jurists like Tertullian, by mongrel half-breeds like Augustine." This book "The Myth of the Twentieth Century", is regarded as second only in importance, in moulding the opinions of New Germany, to Hitler's own story "My Battle". And in a recent utterance Rosenberg declared, "our Religion must be a consolidated nation". This was part of a speech delivered on August 19th, in the heart of the Catholic country at Heilingstadt, Thuringia. It is quite evident, that the Nazis have

decided to remodel the personality of Christ to conform to their idea of what He should be.

On the face of it, it seems all too ridiculous; and yet, the events of the last few months have shown that the present day leaders of Germany are determined that only the new "Germanic" religion shall function. At the present time, not only the Jews but the Lutherans and the Catholics are being bitterly persecuted because they refuse to accept this new Religion of "blood and iron", and prefer to remain loyal to the Jesus Christ of their forefathers, the gentle loving Saviour who bade us "love our neighbours and forgive our enemies", and who by word and example taught the universal brotherhood of man. "Going therefore teach ye all nations". With this command ringing in her ears, the Catholic Church can never forget that she is Catholic or universal. She must always remember that her mission is to all nations. She is of all nations, and yet of none. It is only natural then, that she should have to bear the brunt of the attack on Christianity, in a country where nationalism has been deified. In one of the official organs of the Government, the Catholic Church is described as "Public Enemy No. 1". And this might be regarded as rather a tribute to her. Courageous lay men and women have been imprisoned and fined. Pastors who refused to cooperate with the Government in de-christianizing the youth of the land, have also been imprisoned. Even the gentle little Sisters have been sentenced to prison for imparting the teachings of Jesus Christ to their little charges. Catholic newspapers have been silenced, and Catholic Youth Societies suppressed. All of which has caused many to view with alarm and pessimism, the future of the Church in Germany. It is to reassure the fearful, that we review the story of the struggle between the Centrist party led by Ludwig Windthorst, the "O'Connell" of Germany, against the unjust and tyrannical laws sponsored by the great Chancellor, "Otto Von Bismarck". This thrilling story makes us realize that God will always find a courageous leader who can inspire the faithful to deeds of heroism, even to martyrdom, and eventually regain for the

Church, religious freedom and at least, a temporary cessation of persecution. For in this struggle, for the freedom of the Church in Germany, which often resolved itself into a personal feud between Bismarck and Windthorst, the latter emerged completely victorious, and established the freedom of the Church in Germany, so solidly that it remained undisturbed, even unchallenged until the Nazis came into power.

It would be well for Herr Hitler and his advisors to study this period in German history, and thus avoid the humiliating "journey to Canossa". Perhaps we had better explain the reference to Canossa. This is the name of a castle in Italy, at the foot of the Apennines. Here, in the year 1077 Henry the Fourth, of Germany, stood for three days (25th to 27th of Jan.) before the castle gate, tearfully beseeching the forgiveness of the Pope, Gregory the Seventh, who had taken refuge in the then impregnable fortress of Canossa. About a year before, Henry had been excommunicated by the Pope. The German princes were eager to attack him, only awaiting the word from the Pope. Moved by the evident signs of sorrow, the Pontiff forgave Henry, and promised to intercede with the German princes on his behalf. So that the expression to "go to Canossa", has a very definite meaning in Germany, i.e., to humbly confess to having wronged the Church and beseeching her forgiveness. Bismarck, in the heat of debate once taunted his opponents of the Centrist or Catholic party, with the remark "we are not going to Canossa either bodily or spiritually". And yet, Bismarck did "go to Canossa" as we shall see, not bodily it is true, but figuratively, and he was sent there by one, Ludwig Windthorst, on whom we shall proceed to focus our attention.

Space will not permit us to review the boyhood and youth of Windthorst. Suffice it is to say, that he was studiously inclined, and distinguished himself, both in College and University, by his brilliant intellect and his indomitable will. There was one little incident, however, in Heidelberg, which we would like to mention as illustrating his complete mastery of irony as a University student. During a heated argument with

another student of colossal size, the latter became quite angry and sputtered, "if you do not keep quiet, I will put you in my pocket". "It would be better", quietly replied Windthorst, "to put me in your head, for there is more room there!" How often this scene was to be re-enacted in the Reichstag with Bismarck in the role of the bully, maddened by the darts of irony flung at him by his ugly little opponent! From the beginning of his Parliamentary career, in 1849, as a member of the Hanoverian Diet, until his death some forty-two years later, Windthorst was a zealous and courageous defender of the Church, and an uncompromising foe to her enemies. We shall skip over his brilliant public career, first, as an outstanding young parliamentarian in the Hanoverian Diet and afterwards as Minister of Justice and Attorney-General in the Kingdom of Hanover, for it was as Deputy in the Reichstag of the North German Confederation, that he entered the list as a champion of the Faith, with Otto Von Bismarck, the Great Chancellor, as his opponent. To really appreciate the magnitude of Windthorst's victory, we must remember that Bismarck had just returned, fresh from his triumphs in Paris—both military and diplomatic. A badly beaten France had accepted the humiliating terms of peace imposed by a victorious German army—a frightened little Prussian king had accepted the Imperial Crown, and the German Empire was born. Both of these were achievements of Bismarck. Little wonder then, that he was so exasperated when, on his return to Germany in 1871, he found a little group, the Centre Body—a fighting Catholic party—facing him in the Reichstag.

Very early in the conflict between Bismarck and the Church, the Chancellor recognized in Windthorst, his most formidable adversary on the Catholic side. It was during the debate on the law banishing the Jesuits, that Bismarck first crossed swords with "His Little Excellency", as Windthorst was affectionately termed by his fellow-members of the Centrist Party. Bismarck singled out Windthorst, and proceeded to taunt him with his Hanoverian origin, to accuse him of hating the Empire and seeking its overthrow. The Chancellor

then offered to make a truce with the Centrist Party, if they would throw over Windthorst. Mallinekrodt, replying on behalf of his party, declared, "We are proud of having amongst us, a colleague so eminent as Dr. Windthorst. Meppen (his constituency) has sent us, in the person of our friend, a pearl which we have enshrined as our most brilliant possession, and of which we shall never consent to be deprived".

Failing to eliminate his principal opponent by intrigue, Bismarck opened the campaign against the Church, with a vigorous attack against Pius IX, who, on Christmas Day, 1872, had severely criticized the German Government for its persecution of the Church. The German Ambassador at the Vatican was recalled to Berlin. On January 11th, Dr. Falk, the Minister of Education, placed on the table of the Chamber of Deputies, the text of the new anti-religious laws,—the famous May Laws. One Law alone will show how tyrannical these were; according to this Law, the education of the clergy and the nominations to ecclesiastical positions were placed in the hands of the Government. This was the third Law. The breaking of any of these laws was punishable by heavy fines, and in the case of the third, with imprisonment.

Hitherto divided, the Conservatives and Liberals in the Reichstag were united in their support of the odious May Laws. Many, freely and gleefully, predicted that this was the beginning of the end of the Catholic Church in Germany. It was during the debate on these anti-Catholic Laws, that Windthorst made the famous declaration quoted at the beginning of this article—"In matters of religion it is not a question of nationality. Christianity was not preached to the Germans alone, but to all nations. The vocation of the Catholic Church, as evidenced by its name, is to lead all nations towards the truth, that right it will be able to defend; just as the early Christians could not submit to the unlawful demands of paganism, so the Christians of to-day are bound to withhold submission to unjust and conscience-violating laws." On the 1st of May, the laws were adopted in both houses by large majorities and immediately put into operation. Monsignor Eber-

hardt, Bishop of Treves, old and sickly, was thrown into prison in March, 1874. On the 31st day of the same month, the Archbishop of Cologne, was also arrested. The latter was released after six months' imprisonment, and sent into exile, but the old Bishop of Treves did not survive the rigours of prison life. One by one the Bishops of Germany suffered because they refused to recognize Bismarck as their Ecclesiastical Superior. Then followed wholesale arrests of pastors, who were immediately deprived of their rights as citizens, and placed under police surveillance. Of the four thousand priests in Germany, only twenty-four could be found to obey the new laws, and the churches of these twenty-four renegade priests were deserted by their congregations. During all this time, Windthorst was valiantly opposing the designs of Bismarck. The debates between these two are high lights in Germany Parliamentary History. Windthorst, however, always carried away the palm of victory. No matter how bitterly, or fiercely Bismarck might attack, Windthorst would lightly and laughingly turn aside the fierce blows aimed at him, and invariably, send a rapier thrust home. Thus, he replies to one of these fierce angry attacks, "I have many faults, but not that of showing passion in Parliamentary debates. Here, my pulse beats sixty to the minute, just as it does outside the walls of Parliament." And again, as Bismarck leaves the House while Windthorst is speaking, Windthorst smilingly sends a shaft after him—"In the case of such attacks it is a chivalrous custom to accept the answer personally."

But, finally Bismarck wearies of the struggle. Pope Pius IX died, and was succeeded by Leo XIII. The election of Pope Leo, marked a turning point in the long struggle. Bismarck seized upon the opportunity as an excuse for opening conversations with the Vatican. It was at this point that he "went to Canossa", for he sought and obtained an interview with the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Masella, in Kissingen. He thus tried to avoid the humiliation of negotiating with the Centre Party and its plucky leader. But he was only postponing the evil day. For, while Bismarck may have deceived

the Vatican by a show of leniency, the Centre Party refused to lay down their arms, even at the suggestion of Cardinal Galimberti, the Papal envoy. At the same time, Windthorst and the Catholic Party, let it be known, that if they differed with the Vatican politically, their religious obedience was still complete. At this point, Bismarck admitted that he was beaten. He entered into negotiations with Windthorst and the Centre Party, thus tacitly acknowledging that the ill-favoured little Hanovarian with his devotion and loyalty to principles and his never-failing sense of humor, had conquered. The result of their consultation was the return of the banished religious orders, and the restoration to the Bishops of their full Ecclesiastical powers. Thus, we have at least one example of where right triumphs over might. In vain, did Bismarck declare, "the struggle was entered into in opposition to my plans. I only wanted to fight the Centre politically". There were too many people who had heard him rage against the Pope and the Catholics in words such as these,—“It is the infallible Pope who threatens the State! He arrogates to himself whatever secular rights he pleases, . . . declares our laws null and void, levies taxes, . . . in a word, no one in Prussia is so powerful as this foreigner!”

Such then was the victory of a united, militant, Catholic party, under the superb leadership of Windthorst. Even today, his life and his successful struggle for Catholic liberty must be an inspiration to the German people. And, here again we might remark, that Herr Hitler and his followers can spare themselves considerable trouble and no little worry, if they cease their silly attempt to nationalize the Catholic Church in Germany. Where Bismarck, the Great Chancellor, with a united Germany behind him, failed, little Adolph Hitler and his Nazi followers can hardly hope to succeed. We Catholics are firmly convinced that the gates of hell shall never prevail against Christ's Church, and no amount of persecution or pernicious propaganda can shake our Faith in this belief.

NEW HONOURS FOR THE TORONTO CLERGY

THE Right Reverend Monsignor Hand, or to give him his earlier and more popular name, the Very Reverend Dean Hand, was born in Westmeath, Ireland, in 1859. He got his primary and secondary education in his native county and his ecclesiastical training in Montreal, whence he came to Toronto for ordination in 1882. His first appointment to the staff of St. Michael's Cathedral soon brought him under the notice of the ecclesiastical authorities, who saw in his facile adaptability the promise of a distinguished career.

After an assistantship of over seven years at the Cathedral during which he came into prominence as a catechist and pulpit orator, he was transferred to the joint parishes of Oshawa and Whitby. A greater promotion, however, was almost in sight. Upon the death of Bishop O'Mahoney in 1892 the Rev. John L. Hand was asked to succeed him in the old and historic parish of St. Paul's.

The life of Monsignor Hand has been an active and varied one. Besides what may be called his strictly parochial duties he has been closely identified with educational and charitable interests that reach back close on to half a century. As senior Vicar-General of the diocese he still holds high command among his fellow-priests.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Patrick Coyle is one of the most beloved priests of the Toronto clergy. Beginning his ministry as a popular young priest forty-four years ago, he continues, despite the fluctuations of time and place, in warm favouritism among the elder and younger clergy of the diocese.

His early education was begun at a public school near Sunderland, and was completed at St. Michael's College, where the religious vocation soon revealed itself as the calling of his choice. He made his theological course at Genoa and was or-

dained in that well-favoured school of piety and learning in 1891.

His life as curate and pastor has been noted for arduous toil and abounding energy. In his twelve years oversight of Dixie and his pastorate of twenty-eight years at Holy Family, he has established bonds of affection and service which the passage of the years has not loosened or dissolved. His disciplinary habits of life, his fidelity to the confessional, his visits to the Blessed Sacrament, which follow the rounds of the sun, prove better than words that the priesthood he received in far-away Genoa forty-four years ago, is woven into the fabric of his life.

The Right Reverend Monsignor J. P. Treacy was born in Cappawhite, Ireland, 1868, and was ordained in Rome, 1892. As a boy he studied under many lamps of varying degrees and shades. Part of his primary schooling was obtained in his native village and part in Canada. He received his collegiate training at Castleknock, Dublin, where through his course, he held a contending position among the prizemen of his class. At Rome, whither he went in 1898, he studied under theologians of such international fame as Satolli, Chechi and Laurie. He received his Doctorate of Theology at the Propaganda and his Doctorate of Philosophy at St. Thomas' Academy.

On his return to Canada he was placed at St. Michael's Cathedral, where for nine years, he did team-work with the greatest scholar and metaphysician of his generation, the late Father Frank Ryan, then rector of the parish. The young Roman Doctor moved rapidly and easily to the front. His pedigreed learning and linguistic accomplishments had already attracted notice and marked him for distinction. In the pulpit he was then, as he is today, scholarly and interesting and in the press, commanding and convincing.

Of the virtues that adorn his character perhaps the less prominent are meekness and resignation. His mind is too alert and versatile to suggest calm and his daily agenda too ambitious and too urgent to suggest delay or postponement.



1. Mgr. J. P. Treacy. 2. Mgr. P. Coyle. 3. Mgr. M. Cline. 4. Mgr. W. McCann. 5. Mgr. J. Hand. 6. Mgr. H. Sweeney. 7. Mgr. J. B. Dollard.

Monsignor Treacy remains young in all else but years. Like Hesperos in sunset skies, his mind gleams and glints with a softer and fuller light as he descends to the brink of the evening.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Cline was born in the County of Longford, Ireland. His priestly studies were made at All-Hallows' College, Dublin. His course at All-Hallows was thorough and distinguished, and his love for that Alma Mater seems to increase with every day of his life.

Ordained in 1895, he came directly to Toronto and served as assistant at St. Paul's for five years. He was then appointed Pastor of the rural parish of Brock, where he built churches at Brock and Virginia. His next appointment was to Oshawa, where he erected a fine school-building. Recalled to the city he became head of the Bureau of Catholic Charities, and afterwards was appointed to the new city parish of Holy Name, which he founded, building therein a magnificent church and a capacious Hall.

It would seem from this recital that fate had destined him to be a "brick and mortar" priest, condemned to pass all his days in wrestling with harsh, material problems. But his gifts in the spiritual and intellectual line were not thereby baffled or atrophied. His strong, priestly character rose triumphantly over the unfavorable circumstances of his environment. From deep study of the best authors he evolved for himself a distinctive and dramatic style of writing, which charms and convinces at the same moment. He also found time, in the midst of labours that would be crushing to others, to cultivate the social graces of friendship and hospitality. As a speaker he is never at a loss for "le mot juste," or for the wise and witty "jeu d'esprit" that captivates his hearers. His friends are legion in Canada and the outside.

He has lectured with great acceptance in New York and in Dublin. His discourse in Dublin at the Grand Eucharistic Congress in 1932, on Ireland's fidelity to the Faith of Peter, evoked unbounded delight and enthusiasm in his audience. As

a controversialist in the daily press, he wields his pen as a master-swordsman wields his blade, and with the same effect upon his opponents. Taking him all in all, the Right Reverend Monsignor Michael Cline is a strong and attractive personality who has done, and still continues to do, noble and fearless work for the Kingdom of God on Earth

The Right Rev. Monsignor W. A. McCann was born in Uxbridge in 1871. Leaving that village while yet a pupil at the primary school, he became a resident at Georgetown, where he distinguished himself in athletics and higher mathematics.

After a brilliant studentship at St. Michael's College he made his theological course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was ordained priest in Toronto, July 14th, 1895. From then till now he has lived in the parish where his priesthood began; first as a curate at St. Mary's for five years and next as pastor of St. Francis', a northern division of St. Mary's, for thirty-five years.

A churchman of many-sided abilities, Monsignor McCann has long been an influence in the ecclesiastical life of the diocese. His parish more than any other in the city has proved to be the seed-ground of religious vocations. His quiet exterior and controlled manners have a tendency to disguise his most substantial attributes. To those who know him best and like him best, his most attractive gift is kindness of heart towards fellow-priests. His home at all seasons and on all occasions is the centre of clerical companionship and a port of call for visiting priests.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Hugh Sweeney was born near Orangeville in 1864, and received most of his preparatory education in the schools of his birthplace. His theological studies were pursued at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he was called to the priesthood in 1897. His ordination was conferred at Toronto in the summer of the same year.

Though his physique has never been quite equal to the de-

mands made on it he has to his credit a well-filled ministry of thirty-eight years in the Lord's vineyard. Few have a more consistent score of uninterrupted priestly service.

Devout, wisely cautious and reserved, Monsignor Sweeney has long enjoyed episcopal favour. Hardly less has his loyalty to trust and to duty won from his parishioners tokens of sympathy and admiration. If in later years his activities have been more local than heretofore it is mainly due to the fact that he can afford fewer risks with a life haunted by the wintry weather of ill-health.

Among the parish priests of the diocese he ranks high, as pastor of souls and the keeper of parish funds he is safe and competent. Amid the chances and changes of depression and unemployment the parish of Barrie has maintained a financial integrity creditable alike to pastor and people.

The Right Reverend Monsignor J. B. Dollard was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, when the last century was well on its way. He studied philosophy and theology in the Grand Seminary from 1890 to 1896, and was ordained for the Archdiocese of Toronto the summer of that year. In the long stretch of nearly two-score years he has presided over the life and administration of three pastorates, Uptergrove, St. Monica's and Our Lady of Lourdes in which he now labors.

As a proof of the zeal and piety which inspired and stimulated the efforts of his first charge the grateful church of St. Columbkil, near Atherley, stands as a noble monument which attracts the devoted attention of a whole countryside. Though recently honored with the princely robes of the Papal household Monsignor Dollard has not divested himself of the singing robes of the poet. He still wanders with the birds and dines at the table of literature. In the gleam of home visions he wrote many poems that reflected the blushing beauty of Irish skies and the tuneful music of Irish rivers. Monsignor Dollard is as well-known in the realm of English Letters as William Marconi is in wireless, or John McCormack in song.



By THE MOST REV. P. E. MAGENNIS, O. Carm.

COUNT VONREX had tried every philosophical remedy to induce sleep from the hum-drum counting of hundreds to the gazing at the point of his nose, yet he could not succeed in alluring the much desired visitor. The events of the past few days had awakened his being to another life—he had not seen his paternal home for eleven years and, during these eleven years, his life had been largely one of monotony except for his last year's travelling. So to gaze once more on his boyhood home, to visit again the places consecrated in childish memories, was a real climax to the years of his scholastic life, and consequent excitement had driven away sleep. Although just come of age, he had past memories that would make an older head ponder deeply. He was alone in the world, for his brothers and sisters had all died in their infant years. Eleven years ago to-morrow, Christmas Day, his father breathed his last, bequeathing him to the care of Franco; his mother had

predeceased his father. He was not aware that Franco was, in any way, related to him, but that he was a strict and careful guardian he often was forced to recognize. Whilst at school and at the University, Franco had never neglected to visit him regularly, and at every visit, he had impressed upon him the necessity of study. Eager for his scholastic success, he was just as eager to supply every reasonable want, hence the boy learned to view Franco with awe and reverence and love.

Once, when the young Count took first place in classics, Franco had replied to the news in Greek verse that astonished not only his youthful mind, but impressed his classical tutor, who pronounced the composition to be the work of a master. In the many conversations between Franco and the Count, the latter was no match for the former in the current scholastic topics of the day, although his University career had been a brilliant one. During the few days the young Count had been home, he had recognized the manner in which the family estate had been administered by Franco, and a bond of mutual confidence had sprung up between the two. The castle of Vonrex had been an abbey in centuries past, and still preserved its old form and its separate divisions, of which one had been for distinguished strangers, a second for the monks, and a third for labourers, travellers and the like. Franco had assigned the first division to the Count, whilst himself occupied a room in the monks' quarter.

Lying thus sleepless, Count Vonrex was an easy prey to all external impressions. Right opposite to his bed was a large stained-glass window. The moonlight assisted by the brightness of the snow that covered the ground, and the trees, and houses, streamed in, through the various colours, and threw into relief the scene depicted thereon—the Birth of Christ in the Manger. But around the Divine Child was a crowd of men garbed and cowed like monks offering their gifts to Him. The Count had not noticed the strange mixture of primitive and medieval times before, so he raised himself from his bed, and approached the window to examine more closely.

A new train of ideas took possession of his mind. But a

couple of centuries before, and the castle, in which he was now, had been a monastery. On such a night as this, the monks would have been chanting the praises of the God-Child, and the labourers and guests would have been carolling the live-long night. Not sleep would these folk of old have sought, but joy—spiritual joy mixed with the material joy! in the manner so well known to those simple, honest, old souls. Count Vonrex had no love for monks or monasteries or Roman practices of any kind, but he had no hate either. The monks had been dispossessed of many of the estates around, amongst them his own, but how the Vonrexes came to possess this one he knew not. They had, he supposed, as good a right to it as any of the lords and counts around had to theirs.

Everything about the house spoke of its antiquity and the purpose for which it was erected, and, all at once, the young Count found himself on the trail of the past history of the place. The pictures around his bed-chamber, the carving, and all else he examined minutely; then came into his mind a resolve to visit the monks' quarter. It was nearing midnight, and no one was likely to be about. Franco was sure to be in his bed, for his way was, as usual, spent in hard work about the estate. A nocturnal examination of this kind appealed to the romantic nature of the youth, and right willingly he set about it.

Along the corridors he glided, light in hand. Into the several rooms he passed, and here and there he could imagine cowed forms gazing on him. Fearless and strong as he was, the great silence and the surroundings conjuring up so many memories began to affect his nerves. It was with something like a tremor he passed into the ancient oratory of the monks. He entered not on the ground floor, but satisfied himself by going into the gallery. As he entered the great doorway, a rush of air extinguished the light in his hand. This gave him no particular pleasure, quite the contrary. However, he would not draw back.

From the gallery, he had a full view of the interior of the oratory. The clear moonlight, coming through the windows on

either side and reflected on the polished oak ornamentations and fittings, made all inside fairly visible. It was an impressive sight, for there were the choir seats beautifully carved, the floor laid down in marble and mosaics, old pictures hanging on the wall. But the light was too dull to show the work of the artist. Then there were the pictorial windows gleaming richly. (In his European travels, Count Vonrex had seen, on large scale, oratories of this kind, but the circumstances under which he now viewed this relic of the past were unique and of such a nature as to increase to a great degree the ordinary effect, always impressive.) He sank into a seat to catch the full effect of the oratory by moonlight. Why had his ancestors left untouched this evidence of monkish times? This was the question that suggested itself to him. His own artistic soul cried out in scorn to the person who could deface such treasure, but this place had passed through stirring times—times when men's savage passions had little reverence for art; yea, had hatred for art consecrated to God's service. A glow of genuine pride rushed through his frame to think that those from whom he had descended had never allowed religious hate or unreasoning fanaticism to bring to ruin this majestic work of the past. Could there be any other motive for sparing the place? he queried within himself; but before he could elicit a satisfactory answer, the clock on the great tower chimed the hour of midnight. As its last stroke died away, he heard the door underneath open gently and close again. Strange and awesome as the surroundings were, the noise underneath, indicating the presence of someone or something, perturbed him in a manner he would not care to acknowledge; but before he had time to gauge his feelings, there resounded throughout the oratory the strains of the Christmas hymn "Adeste Fideles." It was rendered in Latin with all its vigour and jubilant strength. The voice was sweet, though powerful, and full of pathos, joy and strength. It came from a soul that felt what adoration was, and that revisited in spirit the manger in Bethlehem.

The Count almost held his breath to catch every note,

every word, and, as if magnetised by the voice, slowly rose and looked down over the railing around the gallery. Walking slowly and solemnly up the centre of the oratory was the figure of a monk with cowl drawn over his head; he, evidently, was the singer. Whether he was of this world or the world of spirits, the Count cared not; whether he had a right to walk there or had not, did not occur to him. He would, willingly, listen to such a voice at any time and in any place. Having reached the furthest end of the oratory, he remained until he had finished the hymn. Then raising his arm, he touched the oaken wall, which forthwith parted asunder, revealing a beautiful altar with everything prepared for Mass. The astonishment of the Count was inexpressible, only a day or so before he had examined the place and there was not even sign of such. Was it all a dream, or was it a reality? Was this a visitor from the other world whose touch could command such things to be? He watched every movement in breathless silence. Genuflecting reverently, the monk passed into a recess close by the altar. It seemed like an age until he returned, but when he did appear, he was vested as priests vest for the celebration of Mass. The cowl was still on his head, and the Count could not distinguish the features, if features there were, for everything seemed so ghostly, so unreal, so unexpected even in a dream.

It was unreal and strange for many reasons. The Catholic religion was proscribed—it was treason to assist at the celebration of Mass. Although men and rulers had changed somewhat in severity for years past, yet there were still on the Statute Book laws entailing on such crimes death punishments. This was the Castle of the Vonrex family, and the Vonrex family were not Romanists. This Mass-monk was an intruder, thought the Count, and who could tell what evil plotting was beneath this midnight celebration. Could this be the ghost of one of the community expelled by the Vonrex family when they seized the estate? If so, he was no intruder; in fact, he had a superior right to that of the Count himself. How he wished Franco was here, and he could imagine how Franco

would demand an explanation from even a spectre-monk. A thought came to him: it would be well to awake Franco and bring him here to see what was taking place in the very Castle without leave or permission, but the fascination was too great. If he once left the oratory, the spell would be broken perhaps; and awesome and unnatural as the whole scene was, there was a secret pleasure and satisfaction in watching rites and ceremonies forbidden to the eye of mortals, as the time and place seemed to indicate.

The celebrant had now removed the cowl from his head, and was proceeding with the Mass. The distance from the gallery to the altar was sufficient to prevent an accurate observation of the features. In addition, the altar was seemingly in a recess, and had only the light from two dimly burning primitive-looking candles. But when the monk turned around to say "Dominus vobiscum," the Count recognized a certain familiarity about the ill-defined features and the low-toned exclamation. The perception of the familiarity was very vague, and the nearest approach to identification was the picture of the monks presenting their gifts to the God-Child represented upon the window of his bed-room. That, however, could not account for the familiarity in the voice. The Count found himself entering into the spirit of the ghostly monk's celebration, and, what he had not done for years, he actually was voicing his soul in prayer. The demeanour of the celebrant was inspiring, and solemn silence, broken only by the hushed tones of the priest, induced recollection. Mass, thought the Count, may be a superstition, but it is a powerful means to make one think; at least under the circumstances in which he now found himself.

At the end of the Mass the celebrant knelt down, and in a loud voice prayed: "Holy Virgin, ye Saints and Angels of Heaven, Brothers of Our Holy Francis, Departed Souls who once prayed in this holy Oratory, bring to pass the prophecy of Our Venerable Brother Fra Giovanni, 'the Stranger'; by your intercession obtain this from the New-Born Babe of Bethlehem." The Count heard every word. So fervently had

the prayer been offered up, that "Amen" almost escaped his lips. The voice, which he had failed to recognize in singing and in low-toned prayer, he now was quite certain of. It was, without doubt, the voice of Franco.

The monk genuflected and, taking the Sacred Vessels with him, returned to the recess behind the altar. Filled with a thousand conflicting emotions, the Count took advantage of this chance to leave the oratory. He was quite confident that his presence had not been discovered, and he went back to his room to think the whole matter out. "Franco! Monk! Priest! No!! Yes! Impossible! It is a dream!" He betook himself to his bed; sleep did not come, neither was sleep invited to come. A great problem was to be solved which the events of the night had suggested. After hours of mature consideration the only solution tenable was: "Franco is mad, not mad in the sense ordinarily accepted; for his administration of the estate, his conversation, and his general manner emphatically deny that, but mad on one point, namely, a religious maniac. His associations with the abbey had been long and intimate. Everything around suggested the monkish past. Franco was a thinker and a deep observer; hence, after years of lonely life in these surroundings, he had developed this mania."

It was only after a struggle that the Count admitted this much to himself, for it was, to his mind, a kind of sacrilege to admit one weak point in Franco, whom he revered and loved; but there were the facts, and this seemed the only deduction. Besides, he himself had been only a few days in the Castle, and he was eager for every relic and trace of the monkish times. Why, even to-night he watched what at first he thought a spectre-monk celebrating a superstitious rite which, before, he would have laughed at. Perhaps, and he shuddered in very dread, one day he might become, like Franco, a monk-maniac. Then he slept a troubled sleep until morn. He was not refreshed by his sleep, for dreams of Franco and monks still pursued him, and he dreamed, too, that he himself was celebrating Mass in the oratory.

II.

Franco and the Count exchanged Christmas greetings next morning at breakfast. On the part of the older man the greeting was hearty and sincere, but there was a tinge of embarrassment perceptible to the keen observer. Once or twice the Count felt inclined to throw out some expression relative to the last night's events, but his good sense prevailed, thinking it would be unkind to allude to what he considered a weakness on the part of one who otherwise was so excellent. In vain he looked for some sign of mental unease, and purposely referred to the antiquities of the place. Upon these, Franco right willingly discoursed, and did not refrain from paying merited compliments to the former occupants of Vonrex Castle.

Breakfast over, each man betook himself to some occupation. The Count, deep in thought, sauntered around the place, now almost fully convinced the monk of last night was not Franco,—but, the voice! There was no explanation for that, and, if the conduct of Franco was evidence that he was not in the oratory last night, the voice convicted him, without doubt. But the Count gave the verdict in favour of Franco, and concluded he was not there.

By mere coincidence, he found himself close by the oratory as he came to this verdict. He entered on the ground floor to view by daylight a place so lately viewed by moonlight. He walked up the space between the stalls, and gazed, long and earnestly, at the upper oaken wall. No sign, as far as his eye could discover, was there of a possible opening, but the wealth of ornamentation could easily conceal all such traces from the eye. A little knob seemed as high from the ground as a man could reach. The Count brought pressure to bear on it. Immediately the wall parted in two, and lo! before his eyes stood the altar at which Mass had been celebrated that very morning. It was no dream, it was a reality then, and the discovery added zest to the determination to probe the matter to its depths. The altar was a rare piece of art,

worked by deft and subtle fingers, by masters in the art of carving. It was, at least, a couple of centuries old, and it must be of exceeding great value. Vonrex examined with due reverence, and as he found the Tabernacle closed, he understood it would be wrong to interfere with it.

His next step was to go behind the altar and there, placed upon a book-stand, was one of those curiously illuminated books displaying even on the cover an artistic taste beyond anything his age could produce. He read the illuminated characters on the book's back, and stood staring at the words, "Prophetia Fratis Joannis, Peregrini!"—the Prophecy of Brother Giovanni, the Stranger. Why this was the prophecy mentioned by the monk and for the realization of which he had prayed so earnestly and fervently! In a second he was all attention to the book. Slowly and eagerly he translated the words of Fra Giovanni or Brother John. The colour came and went in his face. The breathing became slow and heavy, denoting intense abstraction. Gradually little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, although the day was cold and frosty. Finally, he closed the book with a sudden jerk and exclaimed: "No! Never! It is impossible!"

"Words like that never become a philosopher," said a voice close by his side.

It was the voice he heard last night, so he glanced up hastily, and there stood before him Franco, with a smile, calm and imperturbed. Neither lost any time in explanations as to how they came to meet in this place, at this time. They knew each other too well to lose time in formalities.

"Fra Giovanni must have been a very holy man," added Franco.

"Some things there related, I myself know to have come true; others, I here declare can never be 'true,'" replied the Count.

"I have often heard it said," remarked Franco, "that true prophets never can see events before their reality is assured. Now let us examine Fra Giovanni's prophecies. What says he in the first paragraph?"

The Count opened the book again and read "that the destroying angel shall visit the homes of those who have seized upon the property of the Lord's anointed and the Lord's poor. The eldest son of each such family shall never live to possess the stolen property."

"Stop!" said Franco, "can you remember any exception to that decree, within your own memory, in this neighbourhood?"

The Count thought for a moment and replied: "I do not remember. Holstein's eldest son lived for many years beyond his majority, but he was an imbecile."

"Read on," said Franco.

"It has pleased the Lord God to spare the house of Vonrex for that they keep the Sacred Oratory of the monks from ruin and desecration, and they have not treated His servants and His poor with harshness. Nay, rather received them. The eldest son of each generation of the Vonrexes shall be as a tower of strength. Thus shall it be for six generations, and the seventh shall see all things restored, and the holy garb of our Father Francis shall shine with glory on his shoulders."

"That will do," said Franco. "You know the history of your family—has any eldest son died before attaining his majority?"

"No, as far as I have been able to ascertain," was the reply.

"How many generations have passed away since that book was written?"

"Six," said the Count, after a rapid calculation.

"And you are?" queried Franco, with a smile.

"The seventh," was the reluctant answer.

"And," continued Franco, "the Sacred Oratory of the monks has been kept from ruin and desecration," and he pointed triumphantly to the oratory and altar, taking everything in with true artistic soul, admiration beaming in his eyes.

"They have not treated the servants of the Lord and the poor of the Lord with harshness, so says the prophecy," continued Franco. "Who has ever heard that the priests of the persecuted Church were refused shelter in the Castle of the

Vonrexes, although to shelter them were treason? Who has ever known the hungry or travel-worn to be turned from the Castle's gate? If the Count has time, gladly would I impart to him the source and magnitude of my knowledge about these matters."

"Franco, you mystify me, and it will relieve my soul to hear the solution of the problems that are setting my brain on fire."

"The authorities expelled the monks and seized upon their estates and houses." Franco proceeded, "but the monks did not quit the localities. During the last two hundred years, the districts around had the spiritual help of the Sons of St. Francis. Only such as we can estimate the loyalty and love of the common people; we poured the waters of Baptism on their heads, and smoothed their passage into eternity with the Sacrament of Christ. The law proscribed us, but the salvation of the people demanded us. More than a quarter of a century ago I was sent by my superior to succour the Catholics of the neighbourhood. I knew well my presence was treason, but my duty was plain. Your father and I had met at the University several years before; and he recognized me as I hurried one day to attend a poor soul in the garb of an itinerant minstrel. He considered me foolish for the life I had adopted, but we were fast friends. He had discovered in his library the "Prophecy of Fra Giovanni," and together we set about its translation and elucidation. From the annals of my Order I came to know the history of the saintly Giovanni. Needless to say, it made a great impression on him, and, when dying eleven years past to-day, he sent for me, and asked me to care for his only surviving son. Count Vonrex, I am a monk. Your father knew I was a monk. Many of the poor know Fra Franco as their guide and friend, but there my acquaintances end."

For a moment, Franco's lip quivered and a tear trickled down his cheek, then he added sadly: "My task is finished, Count Vonrex is of age; henceforth it were better he knew me not. Again I betake myself to the houses of the poor and and the hiding places of the valleys. I have loved you as a

very child, and in patience I shall possess my soul until the seventh generation fulfils the Prophecy of Fra Giovanni."

"I love you as a father, Franco, but it can never be. I have dreams of greatness for the Vonrex family. We shall yet rule in our land."

"Better to serve in Heaven," interjected Franco.

"Fine," replied the Count, "but may we not do both?"

"With difficulty," added Franco. "Once such thoughts were mine but, thank God, they are mine no longer. Count Vonrex, we must now say, Farewell! Little did I dream when I came into the oratory that I should find you here, but wonderful are the ways of God. One little request, I ask: When 'the garb of Our Father Francis shall shine with glory on the shoulders of a Vonrex' (quoting the words of the prophecy), you will not forget Fra Giovanni, the Stranger, whose words have cheered us through these weary years; neither will you forget that it was on the Most Holy Nativity your future was first revealed to you. When you stand in this Holy Oratory and offer up the Holy Sacrifice, at the midnight hour, do not forget a little remembrance for one who loved you—Franco. And although my eyes be closed in death, I shall yet be near the Son of my soul—Fra Giovanni of the Most Holy Nativity, one time Count of Vonrex Castle."

The Home of men is Bethlehem,
Christ's altars beyond all price,
The Babe new-born each day on them
His priests shall sacrifice!

PURGATORY --- IN THE POEM OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

By J.B.

III.

PURGATORY.

First Terrace — The Proud.

“When I, who had so much of Adam with me,
Sank down upon the grass, o’ercome with sleep.

—Canto IX.

AT dawn Dante dreams of a golden - feathered eagle in the sky, with open wings and hovering as if it might descend. It indeed rushes down, terrible as lightning, and snatches him up to the sphere of fire (which according to medieval cosmography lay between the sphere of the air and the sky of the moon) where Purgatory is placed by the Poet. There, he

thought that both himself and the eagle were burning amongst the imaginary flames. At this point he wakes. The sun had been up two hours. Besides him is Virgil alone, who says: “Fear not we are come to Purgatory: behold the entrance.” He goes on to say: “Before dawn, whilst thou wert sleeping,



a lady with lovely eyes, who said her name was Lucia* came and bore thee up here, and I with others followed on foot." Dante looks at the entrance; it's a gate with three steps leading to it.

The lowest stair was marble white, so smooth
 And polished, that therein my mirror'd form
 Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
 Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,
 Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay
 Massy above, seemed porphyry, that flamed
 Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein. (Canto ix.)

On the upper step rest the feet of an Angel, who sits on the threshold, upon a seat that looks like a rock of diamond. This gate of Purgatory is an allegory of the Sacrament of Penance. The adamantine rock represents the See of Peter from which all spiritual authority emanates. The angel represents the confessor, and the three steps the three parts of the Sacrament, i.e., confession, contrition and satisfaction. Confession is represented by the first step; in it, as in a mirror, the sinner sees and acknowledges his faults. Contrition is represented by the second step which is cracked lengthwise and crosswise. Likewise the heart of the sinner ought to be contrite (broken) by sorrow for his sins. Satisfaction is represented by the blood-red step which, either stands for the ardour of charity impelling men to do penance, or for the scourging, and the consequent shedding of blood. Christ suffered scourging for the sins of mankind and penitents scourge themselves to atone for sin. Says St. Paul (I. Cor., 9, 27): "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection."

Virgil leads Dante to these steps and he prostrates himself before the angel. The latter inscribes with the point of his sword seven P's on Dante's forehead. The seven P's denote the seven capital sins (Peccata) which stain the soul and are purged in the seven terraces of Purgatory. These P's will be blotted out one by one from his forehead as he leaves each terrace, for the next one. The robe donned by this Angel is

*Lucia is the symbol of Divine Grace.

the colour of ashes, or earth, a symbol of penance of which the angel is acting as minister. Are not sack-cloth and ashes the raiment of penance? With two keys, one of silver and the other of gold, representing respectively the science and the jurisdiction necessary to the confessor, the Angel opens the gates of Purgatory. The first thing that strikes the ear of our poets on entering Purgatory is the singing of the Ambrosian hymn: the *Te Deum* (We Praise Thee, O God).

The strains came o'er mine ear e'en as the sound
Of choral voices that in solemn chant
With organs mingle, and now high and clear
Come swelling, now float indistinct away. (Canto IX).

They ascend a winding path hewn in the rock, and reach an open level space that extends each way, around the mountain. This is the first cornice, or terrace, or circle, in which the proud do penance. In each terrace one sees or hears examples of the virtue contrary to the sin to be expiated in it, as well as examples of the punishments or consequences of that sin. In each case the first example is taken from the life of the Blessed Virgin. Each terrace is a level space: its length circles around the mountain; its width stretches from "the brink that borders upon vacuity" to the wall of the steep bank that rises towards the next terrace. This wall is white marble and wrought with such true and vivid pictures that no artist, not even nature itself, could equal. Gabriel, the Archangel, is so sculptured to the life in such a sweet expression that he looks no silent image. One would swear that he is saying "Hail" to another picture in front of him, the Blessed Virgin, in whose look is visibly impressed the answer: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Note in this sculpture three examples of humility: that of the Word of God conceived in the womb of woman; that of an Archangel kneeling before Mary, and that of Mary calling herself the handmaid of the Lord while she is being hailed His mother and queen.

Another story is engraved on the rock: David dancing before the Ark. There is the cart and the cows drawing the ark; people walking in front of it and seven choirs of musi-

cians and singers. The ear does not hear the singing: but the eye has the impression that they sing. The nose does not smell the incense; but the eye sees the smoke of it. The Sacred Text (II. Reg. 6, 13) records that David every six paces sacrificed an ox and a ram with liberal use of incense. Girt in so humble a raiment as not to seem a King, he comes before the Ark, leaping with light dance. Opposite, from the lattice of a great palace, Michol, the first of his wives, looks on, full of scorn and sorrow. The marble speaks the humility of King David who so lowers himself before God, symbolized in the Ark, that his wife “despises him in her heart.”

A pagan example comes next, Trajan the Emperor.
A widow at his bridle stood, attired
In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd
Full throng of knights, and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.

The woman seems to say: “Grant me vengeance, Sire: my son has been murdered.” He seems to reply: “Wait until I return.” And she: “And if thou dost not return?” He: “My successor will right thy grievance.” She: “What is thy successor’s good to thee, if thou neglect thy own?” At length he answers: “Now comfort thee: It behoovest me to perform my duty, before I go: so justice wills and pity.” The great emperor condescends to the poor woman’s request.

A troop of sinners approaches. They are curbed to earth beneath the weight of heavy stones, which they carry about on their back. One must bend low, if he wishes to look up into their long-suffering faces. Even the one who shows most patience in his look, wailing exclaims: “I can endure no more.” They march on reciting: “Our Father who art in Heaven,” pronouncing the words slowly and devoutly and with such relish and eagerness, as if the Lord’s Prayer made their burden less heavy to carry, and brought refreshment and peace to their parched souls. Thus finally they acknowledge their misery and the greatness of God from whom all good comes. While on earth they were too proud to say this prayer; now they pray not for themselves, for they cannot merit any longer but for those who remain in the world. All wearied, but with

unequal suffering, go round and round this first circuit, purging off, as they go, their sins of pride. If they offer prayers for us, who are in the world and can help ourselves, why can we not offer ours for them who cannot help themselves? It seems just that we should help them wash away the stains they have carried from here, that so, "made pure and light, they may spring upward to the starry spheres." One of these souls is Umberto Aldobrandesco, who forgetting that he was dust and into dust he should return, so exasperated the Sienese, by his overbearing conduct, that they assassinated him in 1259, near Grosseto.

Another one is O-derisi of Gubbio, a famous Urbanian miniature-painter. Says Dante to him: Art not thou Gubbio's glory and of the art of miniature painting? He answers: Yes, I lived for that glory: others now are better than myself: my glory in the world is set, and here I pay the price of my pride: "The noise of worldly fame is but a blast of wind." The Poet continues:

With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke
I with that laden spirit journey'd on.

—(Canto XII).

His guide bids him look at the ground they are treading on. There are seen, in sculpture, great punishments meted out to the proud. There one beholds Lucifer—"above all creatures erst created noblest"—falling from Heaven, as quick as lightning. Alongside is Briareus, a giant, who having taken part in the war of the Titans against the Gods, is falling pierced by Jupiter's arrow. Further on Apollo (the Thymbrean god), Minerva and Mars, still wielding their weapons, are seen in the act of looking at the shattered limbs of the giants, who had attempted to storm heaven. Still further Nimrod, the principal author of the Tower of Babel, is seen at the foot of the tower aghast and dumbfounded at the confusion of tongues.

There is Niobe, once so proud of her seven sons and seven daughters, as to demand that the Thebans should offer their sacrifices to her rather than to the gods! The gods in revenge slew her offspring, and now look at her! a demented woman, staring at their corpses.

There is Troy: how fallen, how abject, in ashes and ruins!
Is this Troy!—the proverbially proud Troy!

There are other examples, from the Scriptures and from Mythology, of proud mortals who suffer degradation and death in consequence of their pride. These pictures are so perfectly executed that only God's wisdom could have painted them.

. Dead the dead,
The living seemed alive: with clearer view,
His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth
Than mine what I did tread on, while I went
Low bending.

And the Poet breaks out with this irony:

. Now swell out and with stiff necks
Pass on, ye sons of Eve! vail not your looks
Lest they desery the evil of your path!

Such are the pictures, engraved on the pavement, and showing the punishments and the consequences of the sins of pride, on which those spirits, bent under blocks of rock, have to fix their eyes as they ply their weary rounds in this circle of Purgatory.

While Dante is still absorbed in the contemplation of these sights, Virgil, his guide, speaks to him: "Raise thou up thy head: an angel is hastening towards us." An angel, beautiful to behold, attired in white garments, is seen approaching. His countenance radiates a quivering light as that which is often observed in the morning star. His aspect, not dazzling nor haughty, but humble and bashful as expressed by the tremulous light of his face, becomes one who presides over souls learning humility. He greets the two travellers and leads them to where the rock parts and opens to the next terrace. Here he leaves them, but not before beating his wings against Dante's forehead. After receiving this flap of wings, Dante, suddenly, feels much lighter, as if some weight had been taken from his body. In his confusion he passes the fingers of his right hand across his front and finds that one of the seven P's, which the Angel at his entrance to Purgatory had printed on it, has been blotted out. Virgil looks at him and smiles.

CHRISTMAS IN BOHEMIA

C.J.S.

BOHEMIAN Christmas customs differ only slightly from those observed in America. This might be a surprise for many people who imagine that Bohemia is a southern, exotic country, populated by a dark-complexioned, easy-going race, given up to dancing and other amenities of life. The fact is these mysterious Bohemians are very sober, prosaic, work-loving folks of northern Europe, neighbors of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Austria, the fifth part of the population of Bohemia being German. In past centuries many musicians, painters and other artists left the narrow boundaries of their Fatherland and strolled over Europe. The French began to call these roving artists—and through some association of ideas every struggling artist—Boheme or Bohemien, which word in French originally meant a “gypsy.” This will explain that questioning look with which people stare at you the moment you introduce yourself as a “Bohemian.” And their surprise grows if you happen to be of fair complexion, because in their opinion every Bohemian must be “dark.”

In the future people will know even less about Bohemia. This country before the world war formed a part of the Austrian Empire, but now Bohemia is the western section of the Czechoslovak Republic.

In vain do we seek in Bohemia for some far-fetched, curious Christmas customs, these being for the most part similar to the American observance of this great feast, which again are mostly derived from some of the old German customs. A few words might be said about the beautiful Masses of the Advent season called “Rorate,” a Latin word meaning “drop of dew,” and taking from Isais 8, 45: Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just. With these words begins the Mass on the fourth Sunday of Advent and this Latin word, “Rotate,” designates also certain early Masses

during the whole Advent season. I still remember very vividly those moments of my childhood days, there in that spacious church of St. Mary in my home town! In all the churches early Mass is well attended by a fervent congregation, who by the light of fantastically twisted, many-coloured tapers, chant hymns, singing with the prophets of the Old Testament for the coming of the Messiah, hymns printed in the antiquated German characters called "Schwabaek," and dating from the reign of the great emperor and king of Bohemia, Charles IV. The sight of dimly lit church, immersed in chilly darkness and lit up only by the flickering flames of the waxen devices, is extremely impressive and reminds the beholder of a gathering in the catacombs.

Several days before Christmas the homes are visited by small groups of Slovak boys who came down from their Tatra mountains to the plains of Bohemia and Moravia to sing their lovely Christmas carols in their sweet Slovak language. They are dressed in picturesque national costumes, and some carry an elaborate "Bethlehem" or crib. Their *koledy*, carols, executed in two, three and even sometimes in four voices, are most enjoyable and as a reward the boys are treated well.

On the eve of the Christmas holiday hardly any food is taken during the whole day, in order to make more impressive the big event in the evening, called *stedry vecer* or the "bountiful evening." Here takes place the principal meeting of the whole family and their friends.

On the supper table invariably appears the "strudel," also a fish prepared with a certain brown sauce, spiced with raisins and nuts, and—last but not least—that famous *vanocka*, Christmas cake, a plaited cake, competed for by the housewives of the neighborhood, this *vanocka* being regarded as the acme of culinary art. Samples of *vanocka* are sent to friends, who decide which cook shall be awarded the palm of victory.

Rejoicing reigns supreme, when suddenly a bell rings, the door of a side-room opens and there stands in full glory and majesty a Christmas tree, carefully hidden up to that moment from the children's sight. It is a genuine "surprise party."

After a few moments of hushed awe, all proceed to search the treasures piled up beneath the tree. Nobody retires to rest, but all sit up, play cards, admire their gifts, and sing until time comes to leave the warm, cozy, resin-smelling home for the Midnight Mass.

Some peasants believe that on Christmas eve the brooks, rivers and fountains reveal the future, and many a village maid steals away from her supper table and with throbbing heart bends over the ice-cold water to ascertain if she will be married before the next Christmas. A beautiful Bohemian poem, elaborated into a great symphony, tells of the vision of two sisters: one sees a bridal procession and the other a coffin! And—strange to say—the waters of Christmas eve contained an unerring prophecy! Mary married within a year, while Hanna died.

The day following Christmas is marked by the visits of boys and girls, who at the doors of homes sing their carols about St. Stephen, for which they are rewarded with cakes and sweetmeats.

As midst aching cold of winter,
In a cave forlorn,
So in lowly hearts and aching
Christ is born.



LULLABY.

SWEET Infant! lullaby Sweet Infant! lullaby,
 On Mary's breast— Smilingly sleep—
Heave not a gentle sigh— Bright angels from on high
 Take now Thy rest. Their watches keep.
Softly the golden Star Mother is at Thy call
Shines on Thy crib afar— If Thou shouldst wake withal—
 Rest—Baby—rest. Sleep—Baby—sleep.

Sweet Infant! Lullaby—
 Finish Thy dream.
Lo! tender hearts are nigh,
 And the stars gleam.
Holy One from above—
Gift of Eternal Love—
 Dream—Baby—dream.

Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.

THOUGHTS AT "HOLLY-BERRY INN."

CUSTOM and tradition clinging,
Like the berried holly twine
Round the festive season, singing
It with mystic mark and sign;
But the loveliest tale of Christmas:
True, and sweetest ever told
Is that of the birth of Jesus;
Will be still when Time grows old!

Flickering shadows flung in old Halls,
Cast by yule logs' lighted Sheaves,
Play about their panelled oak walls'
Pictures, hung with holly leaves!
Round the mediaeval chateau
Chimes from chattering steeples fall;
Ivied manse and farmstead mellow
Quiver with their silvery call.

Of our poor world sighs in drabness,
Borne on wave of fretful fears;
While the future lies in blackness.
Meshed in problems of the years.
Trouble's torn seas sweep the nations,
Plunging through the mist-girt foam.
Pitot, Shepherd of Salvation,
Light benighted travellers home!

Age-clad Christmas never alters;
Good-will binds us, heart to heart;
Light the tapers, dress the altars;
Bid the grand old carols start.
Young and old, at Mass assemble;
Seek our Dear Lord at His shrine;
There, faint heart, forget to tremble—
LOVE alone be yours and mine!

F. B. Fenton.

ONLY A LITTLE DREAMER.

ONLY a little dreamer—
Out on Life's vast sea;
What, then—do you ask?—
Does the big world hold for me?

Much of wondrous beauty
And all that's fine and true;
Striving and succeeding;—
And oh!—so much to do!

Pain, perhaps,—and sorrow,—
Yet all made sweet by Love;
And peace, because I know and trust
The great God, up above.

Only a little dreamer—
Out on Life's vast sea;
But oh!—the big world holds
So much—so much for me!

Constance McClinchee.



The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph unite in the general rejoicing of the Church in Toronto over the recent honours bestowed on the Right Reverend Monsignor Hand as Protonotary Apostolic; and the Right Reverend Monsignor J. Coyle, the Right Reverend Monsignor J. P. Treacy, the Right Reverend Monsignor J. Sweeney, the Right Reverend Monsignor M. Cline, the Right Reverend Monsignor W. McCann, the Right Reverend Monsignor J. B. Dollard, as Domestic Prelates to His Holiness. To these worthy recipients of the Holy Father's recognition we extend our sincere congratulations.

On August 15th a ceremony of Reception of the Habit and Final Profession, took place in the Chapel of the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto. The ceremony brought to a close an eight days' retreat, which was conducted for the Community by the Rev. E. Walsh, Brooklyn, New York. Before the young ladies in bridal attire withdrew from the chapel to be clothed in the habit of a Sister of St. Joseph, Father Walsh addressed them in an inspiring sermon.

The ceremony was presided over by Msgr. Carroll, V.G., assisted by Dr. Markle. Holy Mass, during which the Sisters' Choir rendered exquisite music, was celebrated by Rev. J. Lockwood, C.S.S.R., and the following priests were present in the sanctuary: Fathers Kane, C.S.S.R., McFarland, Fraser, Allan, Aude, Crothers, Barcelo, T. Schnerch, O.M.I., Father Pennylegion, Father Ellard, S.J.

The young ladies who received the Habit were: Miss Elizabeth Lyons, Calgary, Alta., now Sister Mary Elizabeth; Miss Anna Maria Kuffner, Regina, Sask., Sister Mary Evelyn; Miss Kathleen Whyte, Huntsville, Ont., Sister Mary Clarine; Miss Teresa Agnes Huntley, Toronto, Ont., Sister Mary Doreen; Miss Dorothy Maria O'Connor, Sault Ste. Marie, Sister Mary St. Stephen.

The following Sisters made Final Profession: Sister M.

Tarcisius Stradiotti, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Fleurette Moreau, Lafontaine, Ont.; Sister Mary Judith Whelan, Regina, Sask.; Sister M. Julia McDonald, Uptergrove, Ont.; Sister M. Emiline Kuffner, Regina, Sask.; Sister M. St. Dominic McKenna, Emyvale, Ireland; Sister M. Febronia Murphy, Lindsay, Ont.

On the same day, at an early hour, a ceremony of First Profession was held at the House of the Novitiate, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, when the following novices made their First Vows: Sister M. Victorine Kennedy, Dauphin, Man.; Sister Marie Christine Mulvaney, Vancouver; Sister Marian Barron, Windsor; Sister Mary Avila Mulvihill, Toronto; Sister M. St. Jude Doherty, Toronto; Sister M. St. Omer Greenwood, Toronto; Sister Alice Marie McFarland, Toronto; Sister M. Attracta Schonhofer, Saskatchewan; Sister M. Geraldine Thompson, Toronto.

St. Joseph Lilies joins with the many friends of Bishop Murray in congratulating him on the recent twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and extends prayerful wishes that he may be spared to spend many more years of fruitful ministry in the Master's vineyard.

The following results show the excellent work being done in our far distant mission of St. Joseph's, Prince Rupert, B.C.:

PIANO.

Senior: Pass—Mary Orme, Venetia Feero, Aletta Gilker.

Intermediate: Pass—Margaret Christensen.

Junior: Pass—June Hankinson.

Primary: Honors—Annie Petersen. Pass—Marie Amadio, Richard Cameron.

Elementary: First-class Honors—Yvonne Riffou. Honors—Edith Ritchie, Emily Yamanaka (equal). Pass—Itu Kanaya, Mary Postuk (equal), Pearl Menzies, Mary MacKenzie.

Introductory: Honors—Alastair Crerar. Pass—Yuidy Nishikaze, Vernon Ciccone.

THEORY.

Grade IV., Counterpoint: Honors—Venetia Feero.

HISTORY.

Grade III: First-class honors—Venetia Feero. Honors. Mary Orme, Margaret Christensen. Pass—Chiea Nishikaze, Adele Mussallem.

Grade II: First-class honors—Eugina Christensen, Frances Moore. Honors—Marie Amadio, June Hankinson.

Grade I: First-class honors—Mary Postuk, Donald Fitch, Emily Yamanaka.

Among the four singled out for distinctive work in the teaching profession and who received honours on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty the King, was Sister M. Waltrude of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. Early in May an official letter from Buckingham Palace and a beautiful silver medal reached Sister Waltrude, with the following letter:

Government House,
Toronto, May 3, 1935.

Dear Sr. Waltrude:

It gives me much pleasure to send you herewith the King's Silver Jubilee Medal which has been awarded to you.

I regret that it has been found impossible to arrange for a personal presentation on May 6th.

Yours faithfully,

H. A. BRUCE,
Lieutenant Governor.

Sister Waltrude's many friends will rejoice on this occasion of well-merited recognition of service as an outstanding teacher.

St. Patrick's Convent, Vancouver, B.C., has been doing creditable work indeed. We regret not having the school results for publication. The following list shows what has been done in the music classes.

PIANO.

Senior: Honors—Theresa Pavitt.

Intermediate: Pass—Virginia Hampson.

Junior: Pass—Yvonne Legree.

Elementary: Honors—Theresa Bertrand, Pearl Inkpen.

Introductory: Honors—Regina Pagan, Marjorie Roman (equal), Louis Holroyd; Theresa Handa, Ivy Inkpen, Theresa Kurisu (equal).

Introductory: Honors—Leone Legree.

The death of the Reverend M. J. Carey, C.S.P., was a sad announcement to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had the privilege of knowing him during his residence in Toronto.

His kindly disposition and his devotion to his priestly duties, especially that of the confessional, could not fail but make a deep impression on all with whom he came in contact.

To his Community and his family we offer sincere condolences.

Mother M. Camilla Cass.

On October 1st death deprived the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto of Mother M. Camilla Cass, an outstanding religious and one of the strong pillars of the Community.

Mother Camilla (Mary Cass) was born at Dickenson's Landing, near Cornwall, Ontario, in the year 1864, the daughter of Patrick and Bridget Cass. The family later took up residence at Dundas, Ont., where the late Sister received the greater part of her elementary and high school education. In 1884 she joined the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto and spent the earlier years of her religious life teaching in the Separate Schools of the city, as also in St. Joseph's High School and St. Joseph's Academy. Her ability to transmit to others the knowledge she herself possessed, her self-control, and her true appreciation of the dignity of each child as a temple of the Holy Ghost, combined to make of her a religious teacher in the highest sense and one whom her pupils loved and respected. As was inevitable, her Superiors soon perceived in Mother Camilla not merely a good teacher, but a valuable educator, and she was accordingly chosen to fill the post of Mistress of Schools for the Community, a duty which placed under her supervision all the teachers, religious and lay, engaged in the Separate Schools of which the Sisters of St. Joseph had charge. This important position Mother Camilla filled faithfully and successfully for a great many years, and under her careful supervision the efficiency and standard of the schools were raised in a remarkable degree. Her sympathetic understanding of the problems of the teachers and her readiness to assist them by deed and by counsel made her visits of inspection a matter of pleasant anticipation rather than of apprehension. Owing to her solidly religious character, sound judgment and

prudence, she was appointed one of the Consultors of the Reverend Mother, an office which she held consecutively for thirty-three years, conclusive testimony of the deep regard and trust of her Sisters. During these years she also acted, first as Secretary General and later as Assistant Mother General, which office she was holding when her last illness came.

Whether as an official of the Community or as a simple subject, as one, who instructed others or as one who herself came to learn, throughout the fifty-two years of her religious life. Mother Camilla was always the living exemplification of the Holy Rule of her Order, the model Sister of St. Joseph. There was about her an air of quiet and peace, of wisdom and recollection, which no contact with the world could ever disturb, for her faith and trust were anchored in God and could not be shaken by the passing winds of contradiction or trial. Mother Camilla is survived by one sister, Miss Teresa Cass, Toronto, to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung on Thursday, October 3, in the Convent Chapel, by Msgr. Blair, assisted by Fathers J. M. Hussey, C.S.B., and D. J. Fullerton, C.S.B., deacon and sub-deacon. Msgr. Hand, P.A., and Fathers Carberry, Barcelo, McIsaac, C.S.S.R., and Markle, were in the sanctuary. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

Sister M. Sophia.

On Sunday, June 9th, Sister M. Sophia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Toronto, went to receive the eternal reward of her edifying life of more than fifty-one years in the service of God.

Sister Sophia (Margaret Burke) was born and brought up in the parish of Dublin, Ontario, of a family truly Catholic in principle and practice. Almost her entire religious life was spent in caring for the poor and aged at the House of Providence, Power Street, where she was loved and admired by all for her kindness and unselfish devotion to whatever duty was assigned her. Uneventful though her life had been in the eyes of the world, in God's sight it was full of heroic deeds, a life spent in those works of mercy, the doers of which Christ, Himself proclaimed to be "the Blessed of His Father."

Sister Sophia is survived by a sister, Mrs. M. Rosney, Buffalo, N.Y., and two brothers, Walter Burke, Buffalo, N.Y., and William of Dublin, Ontario. Miss Kate Burke, a sister now deceased, was known throughout the Province as a teacher

in the Institute for the Blind, Brantford, Ontario. Two nephews, Mr. Ed. Rossney, Buffalo, and Mr. George Rossney, Dunkirk, N.Y., Commissioner of Public Welfare, also attended the funeral.

The Funeral Mass was sung at the House of Providence, Tuesday, June 11th, by Father Lanphier, with Fathers Fullerton and Cherrier, deacon and sub-deacon. R.I.P.

Sister M. St. Philip.

On August 21, Sister M. St. Philip Wanner, of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, died at St. Michael's Hospital, after an illness of only a few days.

Sister St. Philip was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. Wanner, of St. Jacob's, Waterloo County, Ontario. She entered in 1891, and spent practically the entire period of her forty-four years of religious life at St. Michael's Hospital, where she gained a high reputation for her skill as a nurse and superintendent and for her general knowledge of hospital work. The operating suite of St. Michael's Hospital, which is unique in design and one of the finest in America, stands a monument to her skill as a designer.

Sister St. Philip, who was one of the pioneer nurses of St. Michael's Hospital, will be deeply mourned by the large number of doctors, nurses and patients, with whom she came in contact throughout her long nursing career, and in her death the Sisters of St. Joseph have lost a dear and valuable member. For Sister St. Philip was not only an outstanding nurse, she was an outstanding religious as well. Humble, retiring, self-sacrificing, she went her quiet way in busy corridor and ward of a large hospital, with an air of calm and recollection that revealed a soul firmly and closely united to God. Her love of the poor and suffering prompted her to perform many a deed of hidden heroism, and her charity and generosity in helping her neighbour often resulted in over-taxation of her none too robust physical health.

The late Sister is survived by two brothers, Mr. W. Wanner of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. E. Wanner, of Waterloo, Ontario, and one sister, Miss M. Wanner, Toronto. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. J. O'Donnell, C.S.B., with Fathers Harrison and Scollard, C.S.B., as deacon and sub-deacon. Monsignor Cline and Fathers Walsh, C.S.S.R., Malone, O'Brien, Sharpe, C.S.B., and McGrath, were present in the sanctuary. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.



Alumnae

**OFFICERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1935 - 1936.**

Honorary President

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

President

Mrs. F. P. Pujolas.

Past President

Miss Teresa O'Connor.

1st Vice-President

Mrs. C. F. Riley.

2nd Vice-President

Mrs. C. E. Johnson.

3rd Vice-President

Mrs. K. Aitken.

4th Vice-President

Miss M. McGrath.

5th Vice-President

Mrs. G. Giblin.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. J. Reid.

Press Secretary

Miss Marie Crean.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. M. Spires.

Out of-Town Secretary

Mrs. J. K. McKenzie.

Treasurer

Miss Wm. Wallis.

Historians

Miss M. Kelman. Mrs. Fred. O'Connor.

Counsellors

Mrs. J. J. Landy. Mrs. Harry McDermott. Mrs. Luke Morrison,
Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse. Mrs. J. O'Brien. Mrs. Wm.
O'Connor, Miss Julia O'Connor, Mrs. J. A.
Thompson, Mrs. B. J. Unser.

The Silver Jubilee year of St. Joseph's College Alumnae was brought to a happy termination by a two-day reunion on June 16 and 17 last. The Annual Meeting on June 16 was

attended by three hundred St. Joseph students from far and near and the brightness of the sunshine was almost eclipsed by the happy and enthusiastic audience that filled the drawing rooms of the Convent. The President, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas, and her executive received the guests.

His Excellency J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, was present and spoke a few words of congratulation on the atmosphere of love and loyalty to Alma Mater that was apparent. His Excellency presented Alumnae Life Memberships to Mrs. Anne Brazil and Miss Margaret Kelman, graduates of over half a century. Rev. G. B. Phelan, Ph.D., was the guest speaker and gave a brilliant discourse on the Institute of Mediaeval Studies of St. Michael's College. Mrs. J. F. L. Killoran was guest artist. The reminiscing at the tea hour brought back to class room days many school friends. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the meeting.

The second reunion day was opened by a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated by Rev. Father Sharpe and largely attended. Breakfast later recalled as near as possible the days of old. Rev. Mother Margaret spoke a lovely word of welcome to all present. An impromptu Musicale, sponsored by Mrs. Mosteller of Akron, Ohio, was an after breakfast event.

The banquet on Monday evening in the new school gymnasium brought the jubilee days to a colorful close. Toasts were proposed by Mrs. A. Kelly, Mrs. J. M. Landy, and Miss Margaret McCarthy and were answered by Rev. J. E. McGarity, Rev. W. Sharpe, and Rev. W. McGrath. Mrs. H. T. Roesler, National President of the Federation, was also at the head table.

In recognition of the reunion and as a memento of the Jubilee, a book, "Retrospect," was published and distributed. It set forth in detail the growth and activity of the Alumnae Association since its organization.

The Second Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae was held in Halifax this year, August 19 to 23. The business sessions were largely attended. The Province Reports, the Mary's Day Devotion and the National Scholarships were the chief items of business discussion.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the 1935-36 year was held in the Alumnae Rooms on October 6. The guest speaker was Mrs. H. T. Roesler, and her discourse on the National Federa-

tion was interesting and instructive. The report of the Federation Convention in Halifax in August was read by the delegate, Mrs. Pujolas. The Alumnae Scholarship was presented to Miss "Sunny" McLaughlin and the St. Joseph's Community Scholarship to Miss Gerarda Ryan.

A Bridge Tea in aid of the Scholarship Fund was a very successful event of November 7. The guests were received by the convener, Mrs. Wm. Wallis, and her committee. Fifty tables were played.

Among the many out-of-town visitors to St. Joseph's this summer were: Miss Ruth Agnew, Miss Eileen Battle, Miss Loretto Bradley, Miss Evelyn Burke, Miss Kathleen Young, Miss Norma Wiley, Miss Naomi Perras, Mrs. A. Hitchen (Justine Mulligan) and her son, James Arthur, Jr., Mrs. Bondonne (Constance Shannon), Mrs. Constance King, Miss Elsie Corrigan (Iroquois Falls), Miss Antoinette Haynes, Mrs. J. Clancy.

St. Joseph's Junior Alumnae held their General Communion on Sunday, October 27th. Rev. A. Lellis was the celebrant. There was a very large attendance. Miss Agnes Ryan convened the breakfast, assisted by her committee. The following executive officers were elected: President, Miss Nora Phelan; First Vice-President, Miss Bernadette Carolan; Second Vice-President, Miss Margaret Dunn; Recording Secretary, Miss Rose Mary Griffin; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sunny McLaughlin; Treasurer, Miss Lauren O'Brien; Press Secretary, Miss Eleanor McBride; Councillors, Miss Margaret Ryan, Miss Rita Halligan, Miss Monica Reynolds, Miss Jeanette Griffin, Miss Bessie Balfour, and Miss Clarine Hughes.

The death of Miss Nellie Kennedy removes one who for many years was an active member of the Alumnae Association. To her former class-mates she has ever stood as one whose loyalty to the ties of friendship grew firmer with time, and were strongest where the storms of life brought sorrow and afflictions. Sincere sympathy is extended to her relatives.

Death has claimed an ardent and generous supporter of Church and charities in the person of Mrs. Theresa Kormann Small, who died on the fourteenth of October of this year. Mrs. Small was born and received her early education in St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. Afterwards pursuing her studies abroad and

winning distinction in her musical and linguistic attainments. Among her mental endowments Mrs. Small possessed a quickness of apprehension in business affairs which guided her in the public enterprises in which she interested herself. She is remembered as a past president of St. Joseph's Alumnae, and an enthusiastic worker in the Ontario patriotic associations during the Great War. Numerous works of charity have been enabled by her assistance to carry on their work effectively, while her benefactions to individuals have been very many.

To those by whom she is survived we extend our sympathy. May she rest in peace!

"For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together."

Dear Out of Town Alumnae,

And in-towners also, because I am sure you will find some items of news herein which will interest you, too.

You've no doubt heard the story about the small child who kept his fellow passengers in a sleeper awake with his oft-repeated wail, "Oh, I am so thirsty," until in desperation somebody got up and brought him a drink, but he simply changed his tune to, "Oh, I was so thirsty" and continued to disturb his neighbours for some time more. Well, I feel something like that myself, because in the past two letters I have heralded the 'forthcoming' June reunion and now I must continue telling you of the 'past' June meeting. Indeed I must, for, if you were not so fortunate as to be amongst us, you will want to know how it "came off."

Sunday afternoon was just one long greeting—and such a happy greeting! From countryside and town came old St. Josephites, and if by any chance their favorite teachers were not right there in the hall, or in the nearby reception rooms, the poor portress was hunted up and bells commenced ringing. The house and school have grown so that the bell system is almost as perfect as the original "Bell" system—phones and bells on all floors, and a bell sounded—or rather a button pressed—in the front hall repeats itself on all floors, so that no happy reunion was long delayed. The Archbishop came in due time and wished us many more years of happy reunions, and, at the request of the president, presented Life Memberships to Mrs. F. P. Brazil (Annie Kidd) and Miss Margaret Kelman—our two oldest alumnae. I can think of no greater blessing to wish any of you than that you may look as youth-

ful and be as young as they, when you will have been an alumna for fifty years or more. How proud we are of these wonderful women!

Dr. Gerald Phelan gave a delightful discourse on the work of the Mediaeval Institute, in St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto. Then Benediction, tea, and a long evening of lovely companionship and memories. The next day it rained steadily but we were like the children of whom we used to sing "for we are happy while in school, though 'tis a rainy day," and we heard Mass in the Chapel, had breakfast in the new cafeteria and a charming impromptu concert in the auditorium. Mrs. Mosteller (Isabel Abbott) of Akron, Ohio, and Mrs. Bart Unser (Rita Rowe) and Miss Bennett providing the talent. Of course the banquet, that night was the climax of the reunion, not because of the feast of viands—though that was of the best—but because of the feast of love of pupils for teachers, and teachers for pupils, which was so manifest. Reverend Mother Margaret welcomed the guests, who were not so much guests as homecomers. There was a prize for the out-of-towner who had come the greatest distance to be with us, and it went to Mrs. Peter Mosteller, who came from Akron, with Miss Helena Lunn from Glengarry coming next. Immediately following the banquet we were treated to a bit of fun in the way of an album—on the screen—of as many of the photos of the homecomers as we could muster, taken in the days "away back when—". It was fun to see ourselves as we used to be, and to see how many could give the names of the once familiar faces as they smiled out upon us there. It would take more than the space allotted to this letter to list the names of those present during those two happy days. See "Who's Who and Where" for some of them.

Did you notice the list of officers for the coming season? Elections took place at our first meeting of the year. The new names are:

Mrs. C. F. Riley—(Rosalie Harris)
Mrs. J. J. Reid—(Rose Moreau)
Miss Marie Crean
Mrs. Luke Morrison
Mrs. Harry McDermott—(Bernadette Walsh)
Mrs. J. E. McKenzie—(M. Rush)
Mrs. Wm. O'Connor—(Nan Kernahan)
and Mrs. B. J. Unser—(Rita Rowe).

Mrs. Pujolas has been prevailed upon to continue as our president for another year and has already planned a busy season.

Mrs. Pujolas represented our association at the convention in Halifax of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae, last August. She was chosen as National Convenor of Study Clubs, and the "Friendly Ferret" as Chairman of Education. The national convention will be held in Toronto in 1937—with our convent as headquarters and Ontario Chapter as Hostess. But you will hear more about that from time to time, for we want you to come and see the marvelous work this national organization is accomplishing for Catholic education in Canada. Mrs. Harry T. Roesler is the new National President. She is a sister of one of our past presidents, Miss May Morrow. Through the generous cooperation of St. Joseph's Convent with this organization, two sisters, from Halifax are enrolled at Toronto University this year. Also two sisters from St. John, N.B. are enrolled at Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax (a Catholic College—Sisters of Charity—which enjoys its own charter), two sisters of St. John, N.B., are at Brescia Hall, Ursuline College, London, Ont., and during the summer six sisters of various communities were enabled to take Summer Courses in Montreal and Toronto, through the medium of the department of education of this federation of Convent alumnae, of which you are a member through our Alumnae Association. Is it a little early to invite you to come and welcome the delegates in 1937? You are to be co-hostess.

Just here, may I extend to Dr. M. J. Lyons, past president of the above federation, our congratulations upon the honor conferred upon her at the Halifax Convention, by St. Francis Xavier University,—the degree of Doctor of Laws and Letters.

When we were in Nova Scotia at the Halifax Convention, we journeyed by motor along the shore to Antigonish, home of St. Francis Xavier University. If you have never heard of its splendid extension work among the Nova Scotian farmers and their families, I recommend you to acquaint yourself with Catholic Action as practised there. We were just in time to see some of the exhibits which had been sent in to the annual Conference and it was one of the best we have ever seen. The women are taught the arts of spinning, weaving and finishing all kinds of home and church articles, from the wool of their sheep. One of the choicest was an altar carpet, woven with sprays of wheat and clusters of grapes, in gorgeous coloring—they also make the dyes and do the dyeing—representing the Bread and Wine. We drove down with Mother St. Thomas of the Angels and a companion, Mother Pia. Mother St.

Thomas is the first writer, I think, who has put into book form "The Folklore of Nova Scotia" and as we drove through that charming country she gave us glimpses into the life of its people, as only one whose heart is of them could do. Read her book "Folklore of Nova Scotia" if you want a real treat.

It seems as though each of these letters must touch a sad note, and this time we must speak of our most recent loss, Mother M. Camilla. As recently as last June she mingled among us at the reunion and lent her kind hospitality to the occasion. May she welcome us when we come to die!

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you—that this year saw many changes in the community. For instance, Sister Placida, and Sister Theophila and Sister Agatha are back at the Mother House, and since the entire Novitiate has been transferred to St. Albans Street, you will see several others whom you have missed for some time, when you come again.

Well, good-night, and please send in any bits of news you may have.

Yours, for us all at S.J.C.,

Gertrude (O'Connor) Thompson.

Junior Alumnae.

Dear Alma Mater and the Girls-at-Home:

It does seem so long since we've seen "Postie" trudging up the street under his load of "Lilies" doesn't it? Yet it was one publication we missed—and it seemed like three or four.

However, none of us would wish to spoil our dear Editor's well-earned rest and holiday by bringing her back from Europe to add a few pages to our September reading material—entertaining though they would have been! I am led to believe, for more reasons than one, that these Editors have shrewd minds! Or perhaps it was just coincidence that docked that ship in the nick o' time for the World's Series and Dominion Elections; between ourselves, I wouldn't want to miss the tense atmosphere of those exciting days, for almost anything. I am told, nevertheless, that Terra Firma when finally reached was very comforting—and for neither of those reasons mentioned above!

There's been such a lot happening everywhere, hasn't there? One really can't keep up with all our Juniors. Firstly, very best wishes for every happiness to Gertrude Hayden Wood, a former member of our Junior Alumnae Executive, who was such a charming September bride; to Helen O'Rourke Atkin-

son (she of the "Irish" hair), a classmate of the writer's, who was also married in September; to Eileen Harrison (3T2) whose marriage to Mr. F. A. Schmidt was of recent interest, and to Doris Prunty, now Mrs. Barrington, and who has changed her abode from Bermuda to Toronto. And hither and yon, Camilla O'Connor, a '35 graduate, is going through all the exciting throes of house-building, prior to her marriage in the Spring. Dorothy Smythe, a classmate of Camille's, will be following the Leaf's activities from her desk in Conny Smythe's office, this year. Dorothy spent July as a Camp Counsellor up at Lake Simcoe. Congratulations to Dorothy Chambers, who took the French prize in her Freshman year at Varsity, and won the \$28 Scholarship given by the Hollywood Theatre for French conversation. The prize was open to students of all years in the Pass Course and the competition was quite keen. Dot is also Assistant News Editor of the Varsity this year and is delighted with her "salary." Best wishes to Helen Sheedy, who makes her bow to Toronto society this season.

At the last Junior League meeting at the Granite Club we notice many of our Alumnae took a prominent part. Helen McGrath, President; Gertrude Ross, Past President; Helen Loans, Convener; Clarine Hughes and Margaret Dunn are conveners for the November dance at the Royal York, and Miss Gertrude Ross, Miss Helen McGrath, Miss Dorothy McMahan and Miss Callie Dunn attended the Catholic Women's League Convention held in Ottawa.

We're having Olive O'Connell, 3T4, back in our bridge club again this year, after an absence of five years at S.J.C. and O.C.E. (abbreviations were a great invention). Joan Lynch, 3T3, is also in our Club. A letter from Daisie Callaghan of Oshawa, recently, brought the news that Elsie Corrigan had visited her during early October for a few days. Elsie is a 1930 graduate of S.J.C.S. Commercial Class and lives in Iroquois Falls. She also visited Betty Grobba in Toronto.

And so wedding bells were ringing.

June 26, when Mary Doyle became Mrs. George E. Cowan, and Teresa Newton, Mrs. H. L. Gervais.

Aug. 8, when Olive Doyle married Jack Lavale.

Oct. 24, when Gertrude Newton married A. F. Hall.

We heard, too, that Mrs. Frank Dunbar (Olive Finlay) has a baby boy, "Bergin," who is a source of great delight to his sister, Patricia. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Neill (Gertrude Foley) Highland Park, Michigan, are rejoicing over the arrival of a son—William Emmett. Daisy Callaghan and myself were in

Toronto for the Junior Alumnae breakfast October 27, and what a crowd we met!

Perhaps some of the Junior Juniors will remember Loretto Briggs of Sudbury, another S.J.C.S. student who has been called to do God's work. Mount St. Joseph, at Peterborough, is her home now, and Loretto's name in religion—Sister M. Lidwina. Many changes have come about in the Community at St. Albans Street. Seven Sisters have gone to open a boarding school among French-Canadians at Rosetown, Sask., at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese. Still others have gone to Vancouver, while several sisters came east from those regions. May God bless their untiring efforts in our educational and charitable institutions. Incidentally, the Sisters at Vancouver Convent and Comox Hospital had a visit in the early summer from Adele McGuane, who travelled up the Coast from Los Angeles to renew acquaintances in Western Canada.

We must not close without offering sincere condolences to the family of Maurice Welsh, whose sudden and tragic passing shocked not only those who knew his happy way, but countless others throughout the Province. Nora Welsh, popular member of our Junior Alumnae, is his sister, and we might say that the courage of this bereaved family was indeed most exemplary, under trying circumstances. Late in June, from Telford Mines, Quebec, Mr. Labbe sent the sad news of the death of his daughter Colette. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and also to that of the late Mrs. Theresa Kormann Small, whose good lives after her. Some of Mrs. Small's nieces are members of our Senior Alumnae at present, Sister Mary Alicia, who has gone to Rosetown, being one of them.

In closing, I would like to let you have a few lines which are in a frame before me on my desk: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it NOW, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Sincerely,

The Nomadic Narrator.

Congratulations to:

Dr. Graham Chambers, of Toronto, who married our Mildred McCrohan, at the McCrohan summer home in Whitby, on August 3.

Dr. A. J. McDonagh, whose wife and daughters are alumnae

of S.J.C., upon the honor accorded him by the Dental profession at a testimonial dinner last May, at which he was presented with a silver rose bowl with the love and esteem of his many friends and in recognition of his contributions to Dentistry during forty-seven years of practice.

- Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, the newly elected president of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae.
- Dr. M. J. Lyons, retiring national president of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae, on the honour conferred on her upon her retirement—that of the degree of Doctor of Laws and Letters, from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish.
- Dr. C. J. Servais, on his marriage last September, in Newman Chapel, to our Camilla Wright.
- Mr. McCabe, on his marriage to Loretto McQuillan, in July.
- Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Hogan (Lucille Bennett) on the birth of a son.
- Dr. and Mrs. Jas. Farrell (Christine Johnson) of Evanston, Ill., on the birth of a daughter, Cornelia Anne, August 1.
- Dr. and Mrs. E. Connor (Patricia Navin), on the birth of a daughter.
- Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly (Quebec) on the birth of a boy, Emmett.

Who's Who and Where.

- Keenan, Mrs.—(Mabel Summers) was at the June meeting. Mabel's address is 129 Alpine Ave., Hamilton.
- Grant, Mrs. G. Colin—(Mary Martin) is living at 179 Lawrence Ave. W., Toronto.
- Mostellor, Mrs. Peter—(Isabel Abbott) lives in Akron, Ohio. Isabel has two very talented young daughters.
- Milligan, Mrs. F.—(Rhea Gettings), Orillia, was at the June meeting. Rhea lost her husband this summer, and we offer her our sincere sympathy.
- McCrohan, The Misses—(Margaret and Kathleen) were hostesses to many of the visitors last June, and you will see among the congratulations that Mildred is now Mrs. Graham Chambers, and is at home at 25 Elgin Ave., Toronto.
- Henry, Mrs. J. J.—(Eileen McCrohan) living in Oshawa (9 King St. W.), was at the reunion.
- Boyle, Miss Hattie—Came up from Ottawa to be with us that night. Her address is 366 Laurier Ave. W.
- McDonagh, Mary.—Came in from Nashville to renew friendships, last June.

Silgiana, Mrs. E. J.—156 Schofield St., Hamilton, jubilee visitor.

Jones, Mrs. T. E.—(Edna Hartnett), lives now in Fort Erie.

Lunn, Miss Helena.—Formerly of Dundas, now of Glengarry.

Helena was with us and of us in June.

McGarry, Mrs. P. J.—Came in from Kitchener to “grace our board” “one June night.”

Goudy, Mrs. P.—(S. McDonald), was among the gay crowd. She lives on Willard Avenue, Toronto.

Quinlan, Mrs. A. J.—(Geraldine Rudkins) came over from St. Catharines “that day.”

Pauline McDonagh.—Pauline’s husband has been transferred from Oslo to Havana, Cuba. (Apartado 1945) Pauline is enjoying Cuba.

McNerney, Mrs.—(Rose McQuillan) visited here this summer, with her three little daughters. Rose lives in Detroit. Her sister Loretto was married in July to Mr. McCabe.

Godfrey, Miss Eleanor.—Did you see the little write-up in the Mail and Empire about Eleanor, the youngest magazine editor on this continent? The Canadian Forum is the magazine. The Friendly Ferret.

Your Prayers Are Requested For

The repose of the souls of: Mr. Benninger, Miss Halligan, Mrs. McNamara, Mr. Latchford, Miss E. Kennedy, Father M. Carey, C.S.P., Mr. Martin, Mr. P. Henry, Mr. John Bennett, Mrs. Gordon Ingoldsby, John Fitzgerald, Mr. Holloway, Miss Clare Whalen, Mr. Cosimo Lamantia, Mr. Edward McGrand, Mrs. F. Devine, Mrs. A. Small, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Cronin, Mr. Edgar, Mr. Hanrahan, Mrs. Gavin, Mrs. Marchildon, Mrs. Jordan, His Excellency Bishop Clune, Reverend Father Camillus, Reverend Doctor Ryan, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. S. O’Donnell, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wade, Miss T. Carroll, Mr. Malone, Miss Rita O’Leary, Mr. Smythe, Mr. Curtin, Mr. Clancy, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Keller, Mrs. Smith, Mgr. Morris, Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Ring, Mrs. Dault, Mrs. Shanahan, Mr. J. Gilheeney, Mr. McTague, Mrs. Desrocher, Mr. Halligan, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Elrick, Mr. McSherry, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. White, Miss C. Rabbe, Miss Cavanagh, Miss E. Ferris, Mr. O’Brien, Mr. Clancy, Mrs. Desaulniers, Mrs. Keelor, Mr. Michael Howe, Mr. Elmer Foran, Mrs. P. Garritty, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. J. Devine, Mr. Chas. Roche, Mrs. Regan.

THE LATE MONSIGNOR MORRIS.

ON July 24, death removed the much loved Pastor of St. Catherine's Church, St. Catharines, Right Reverend Denis Morris. Just a year ago, friends were rejoicing with Monsignor on the Golden Jubilee of his ordination and the Lilies gladly devoted several pages to review the fifty years of devotion and service in the Archdiocese of Toronto. Before his death he heard the title of Protonotary had been conferred on him, but it was in eternity he was to receive the full reward for his patient bearing of "the burden of the day and the heats." Loving kindness to all men was characteristic of Dean Morris, under which title he was most belovedly known. All who sought his advice were kindly received and each felt he received special attention. He was all things to all men. Monsignor Morris was a model priest. His sincerity of purpose and exemplary character will long be remembered, and live on in the hearts of all who knew him, ever urging them to a closer following of the Divine Master.

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

THE late Dr. Ryan was born in Newfoundland, 1863, educated at St. Bonaventure's and the Irish College at Rome and ordained priest in 1886. He laboured in his native diocese of St. John's until 1899, when he became Professor of Logic and Philosophy in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester.

From 1913 until 1931 he taught in St. Augustine's Seminary and then retired to St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough.

During the forty-nine years of his priestly life he ever maintained the high ideals of his sacerdotal vocation, and as a scholar, a lecturer, and a writer, he held aloft the torch of sacred learning.

In the early days of St. Joseph's Lilies many brilliant articles appeared from the pen of the late Dr. Ryan. A series on Newman being particularly appreciated by the readers.

St. Joseph's Lilies offers sympathy to his relatives and many friends.



University of Toronto Distinctions

Silver Medal for English in the Third Year—Kathleen Gallagher.

Silver Medal for honor Spanish in First Year—Marion Mitchell.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Scholarship for oral French—Florence McCarthy.

Bursaries obtained by — Edna Gray, and Frieda Laplante, Katharine Flanagan.

WELCOME! FRESHMEN OF ST. JOSEPH'S.—From the senior years of St. Joseph's College goes forth a hearty welcome and a word of encouragement to our freshmen. We are glad of the new friendships that we are going to form with you and we look forward to the academic merit which you will bring to your College.

Throughout your College days may you strengthen old memories and create new ones which will always be a treasure to you.

M. Tisdale.

* * * * *

BACK TO COLLEGE.—With summer buried in a flurry of falling leaves we find ourselves back in the same old groove—lectures and essays and a new crop of good intentions. But the spice of life is not lacking; we have a new dean, changes in the College staff, and a brand new course for the intrepid seekers after culture who are attempting Fine Arts despite the pessimistic speculation rampant concerning the far-off exams.

And this year a side door is opened to the girls who were chagrined because the Medieval Institute locked in the famous Professeur Gilson. He is giving a course of fine lectures on Cartesian Thought at University College, open to all comers. And one can never tell what illustrious personages our clubs

will bring us. The Literary Society has already presented Father McCorkell—a pleasure which we hope and can consider as a taste of what to expect in the future.

And for those whose minds turn towards thoughts of basketball in the Fall, our team started out with a blaze of glory and seems to be headed for victory. And afterwards comes Badminton, which has aroused much early enthusiasm. Hockey is still waiting for the snow to kindle interest for it, but hopes of the championship are floating about.

And exams are coming—but they are a long way off!

M. Tisdale.

* * * * *

THE MASS OF ST. MICHAEL'S DAY.—On Sunday, September 29, the feast of St. Michael, the students of St. Michael's College assembled at St. Basil's Church for the Solemn High Mass by which the University year is officially begun. Father McCorkell, Superior of the College, spoke on the advantages peculiar to attendance at a Catholic College, and the privilege which we enjoy in being at the same time a federated College of the University of Toronto. A procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament commencing the Forty Hours' Devotion, proved a fitting conclusion to this most important function of our college life.

Mary Loftus.

* * * * *

INITIATION.—College! And I was to enter! Among the numerous scattered facts I learned at the beginning of my career was the fact that we freshettes were to be initiated.

At first I considered the idea childish and wondered how grown-up College students could indulge in such nonsense. But experience was to reveal the seriousness of the ordeal. The indignities our pride suffered at the hands of those merciless Sophs! It was made quite clear that I, to them, was merely another contemptible freshie! It was amazing that young ladies who looked so kind and considerate could so "sit on" innocent fellow-creatures. They seemed to consider it their duty to initiate us, whereas we should have been quite willing at the time to allow them to overlook the performance of this obligation.

Nevertheless, it was all carried out in such a spirit of fun and good sportsmanship that had I not been initiated, my early College days would have been devoid of much of their glamour. It is the best "ice-breaker" in existence, leaving in

its wake a feeling of comradeship among all the girls, seniors, sophs., and freshettes.

Hence, I cry, "Long live initiation!"

Rita Burke.

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THE SODALITY.—The Blessed Virgin's Sodality held its first meeting of the year on October the 20th. All the members attended Mass and Holy Communion in a body, then recited the Office and the Rosary. In the afternoon Father McCorkell was kind enough to address our Sodality. His subject, the advantages of Catholic background to a College life, was a very practical one, especially so to the first year students. This year our sodality promises to be very active and we are looking forward to the reception of several new members on December 8th.

Florence McCarthy.

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THE LITERARY SOCIETY.—On Monday, October the twenty-eighth, the St. Theresa's Literary Society held its first open meeting of the season. Tea was served after which Margaret Flahiff, our new president, gave a short speech of welcome and introduced our speaker, the honorary president of our society, Father McCorkell. His talk on Richard H. Barham, and on the latter's amusing if somewhat irreverent poem, "The Jackdaw of Rheims," was very interesting as well as instructive. After a few words on the life of the author, and his style, as shown by reading selections from other of his works, Father McCorkell then proceeded to explain the difference between satire against the Church written by men like Barham, with an anti-Catholic bias, and that of men such as Chaucer when all belonged to "one big family." It was made clear that criticism of lax clergy by writers within the Church did not show a lack of respect for the Church but rather a great love for her. Respecting their religion as they did, they had a lofty notion of how her guardians should live, and bitterly criticized those unworthy of their office. The attitude Catholic students should take to works such as this by Barham was also explained. We may laugh at them as pure fun, yet we must recognize the fact that many of the ideas underlying the humour are false. After his address, a vote of thanks was moved to Father McCorkell by Christine Kennedy.

Rita McCormick.

ATHLETICS—PLANS AND PROSPECTS.—The month of May always re-echoes with words somewhat along this line: "Next year will be different; we'll start right at the first—," etc. Well, above all, the Athletic Society decided that such would be their plan of attack.

Of course, the big interest just now is Basketball, and the girls have been practising enthusiastically for the last few weeks. Up to date we have played two games: one against Vic. Seniors, with a 27-23 score (for us), and one against U.C. Freshies, who gave us a real battle, much to our surprise and delight, but allowed us to end five points to the good, the score being 34-29. There was much stellar playing in both games; in fact, so much that we cannot hand out individual laurels. So will just mention the names of the players: Forwards: Sunny McLaughlin, Mary McCarthy, Gerry Ryan, Noanie Hallinan, Vinetta Burke; guards: Mary Gallagher, Marg. Flahiff, Mary Hutchison, Eileen Bradley, Chris. Kennedy.

The new uniforms look very smart, and have taken well! Thanks to all those who helped us to get them!

And now, away from basketball. We have 'plans and prospects' for Badminton this year, but have only got as far as listing all those interested. However, we intend to get a club organized and start any time. There are many eager aspirants for the inter-faculty team who are justly becoming impatient of the delay, and many others who are looking forward to some pleasant exercise and fun in this universally popular game.

Christine Kennedy.

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OUR SCHOLARSHIPS.—We feel that in giving an account of the activities of St. Joseph's College the brilliant record of the students in the examinations of last year certainly deserves mention. On looking over the list of scholarships awarded by the University of Toronto and St. Michael's College we find that St. Joseph's carried off their share of the honours.

In Third Year Pass, Kathleen Gallagher was awarded the Silver Medal in English; Edna Gray, Second Year English and History. Freda Laplante, First Year Modern Languages, and Kathleen Flannagan, First Year Pass Course, who obtained First Class Honours, were granted Bursaries. The Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship in oral French, competed for by all students in the University, was won by Florence Me-

Carthy, First Year Moderns. The Silver Medal in Spanish for First Year students was awarded to Marion Mitchell.

Nor can we overlook our Freshman Class this year. Judging from the honours they bear on entering the University, we feel certain that during their College Course they will win many more. The first to be mentioned is Dorothy Jansen, who won three scholarships in her last year of High School. These were the Knights of Columbus Scholarship, awarded to the girl obtaining the highest standing in Matriculation, and the Edward Blake and Mary Redmond Scholarships both granted for high standing in German and French. Wilhelmina Wiacek was awarded the Fontbonne Prize for Latin and French. Olive Quinlan the Gertrude Lawler Memorial Scholarship for English History. Sunny McLaughlin and Gerarda Ryan on graduating from St. Joseph's College School both won bursaries, the former the St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship and the latter the Scholarship awarded by St. Joseph's Community.

Madeline Wright.

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THE AUTUMN TEA.—A charming tea was given on St. Teresa's Day by Sister Superior, for the College Students.

The whole student body filed to Benediction in the Convent Chapel at 5.30 and tea was served in the spacious reception rooms. An attractive table was laid out, resplendent with fringed mums, glistening silver and gleaming candelabra. Tea was poured by Misses Christine Kennedy and Eileen O'Donnell, and served by attentive Sophomores. Sister Superior extended a warm welcome to each of us. "There was a sound of revelry by night" until the long-suffering sisters, the student body and the supply of pianists were exhausted.

A merry group of students wended their way homeward somewhat later, with a sincere appreciation for a kindly welcome and a right merry good time!

Gerarda Ryan.

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PROFESSOR GILSON'S LECTURES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—The University of Toronto this year has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Professor Etienne Gilson to deliver a series of lectures during the month of November on the subject of "Cartesian Thought and Its Influences in the Eighteenth Century."

Until this year, Professor Gilson has confined his academic duties in Toronto to the Mediaeval Institute of St. Michael's

College and the University is more than grateful at this time for his generosity in giving three lectures.

Margaret Flahiff.

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FIRST WEEK AT COLLEGE.—Tuesday, September twenty-fourth!

Twenty-eight Freshies awake with a premonition that the new day was twin to a new era. Twenty-eight Freshies rose to don what they sincerely believed to be ultra-collegiate clothes. Twenty-eight Freshies existed nervously through the jovialities of breakfast, and, their stomachs hollow in apprehension and actuality, sallied forth to College.

The business of enrolling, a mundane necessity to Sophs. and Seniors, to the Freshies was the symbol of achievement. Even the acres covered, trudging from College to College, were bathed in the warm light of part-ownership. The very roads that caused their fatigue were hallowed simply through their identity with the University. The potent glances of torture-devising Sophs, to all intents and purposes, failed to quail prospective victims. Fears as to initiation were calmed to a slight degree by the realization that, the freshman class was constructed on a larger scale than was that of 3T8.

Wednesday brought the first lectures—lectures in name only. Sadly the Frosh recollect time and energy sacrificed in the search for lecture-rooms, only to receive long lists of books that promised an effective shrinkage in the family bank-account. Lockers were inhabited for the first time since May. By way of producing that “at-home-abroad” atmosphere, measurements were taken for caps and gowns, while freshmen eyed with envy those so fortunate as to possess them already.

Thursday was dedicated to the worthy purpose of meeting forty fellow-men at a profitable and pleasant tea given by Dr. Mueller. Freshies toured Newman, perusing the man-sized labels firmly fixed to the fore of each guest, and claiming each encounter as a prospective pal. An outstanding tea, in that it was one at which they were able to spend more than the socially correct twenty minutes, it introduced to them the architectural landmarks of Newman Club, and more important, its new and popular chaplain, Reverend Father Doyle. But the outstanding event of the day was the presentation of the unique pink and green neckwear with which the Freshman class was made “a thing of beauty, and a joy forever” during the ensuing week.

Cap and gown made their first official appearance on Sunday. Lines of black gowned figures (assorted sizes) threaded their way from the College to Saint Basil's where they heard Mass. Hordes of Loretto and St. Joseph's students to the left, and of St. Michael's to the right of the main aisle, impressed on Catholic Toronto that St. Michael's is by no means a small factor in the University. Difficulty in retaining their mortar boards was experienced by the Freshman class; yet all emerged from the first trial in the full glory of success. Sunday also marked a Holy Hour at the Cathedral; this the greater part of our student body attended in the afternoon, and the walls literally bulged with the throngs there present. For this too, the students were capped and gowned. Through these the Frosh acquired a becoming and pleasing dignity—their first in a week during which they displayed talent as potential martyrs.

Frequent meetings wherever their persecutors would permit them to gather, had determined the plan of entertainment. Possibly the secret of what the Sophs. generously called a huge success, was the fact that each and every Frosh enjoyed herself in her individual contribution to the mammoth spectacle, the amateur show sponsored by the date bureau.

Unprepared and awkward, twenty-eight Freshies knelt before the colours of the College all have grown to love and revere, and nervous but sincere, kissed them with the realization that class and fellow-men share something more than their graduating year and Alma Mater. Something of the true significance of "noblesse oblige" was revealed to each Frosh—a something which they hope will grow into a full understanding of the phrase, in the years that lie before them.

Sunny McLaughlin.

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SUNDAY AT NEWMAN CLUB.—Sunday morning, October twenty-seventh, was alumni morning at Newman Club. An early Mass was said in the chapel for the alumni, and breakfast was served in the Club. Some of the undergraduates assisted in serving the one hundred alumni members who attended. Afterwards various matters were discussed under the direction of Mr. Thomas Day, the president of the Alumni. The members expressed pleasure at having Father Doyle as the chaplain of the Club. It was suggested that the members hear about the undergraduate activities, and the president, Mr. A. McPhee, outlined them.

The programme for that afternoon centred around a debate: "Resolved that Canada should not be drawn into an European War." Following the debate tea was served, after which the members went to the Chapel for Benediction. Some of the members returned to the clubhouse to enjoy an evening of community singing.

Lucille Bonin.

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DR. MUELLER'S TEA.—A most novel method of acquainting undergraduates with each other was provided this year by Dr. Victoria Mueller, in the form of a tea at Newman Club. The tea did not have that formal, forbidding aspect of so many social functions, but was rather one of those cheery, thoroughly delightful affairs which everyone enjoys. After tea had been served, the freshies were taken on tours of exploration about the Club.

Dr. Mueller addressed the girls informally, welcoming them and assuring them of the benefits to be obtained by membership at the Club. Father Doyle, the new chaplain, promised that if we ever needed a home, we should find it at Newman. The President of the Club even guaranteed a husband to every faithful Newmanite.

Eileen Phelan.

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SPANISH AND ITALIAN CLUB.—A successful meeting of the Spanish and Italian Club took place at Wymilwood, on November 5th. Helen Kew, St. Joseph's, '36, was elected to the Presidency of the Club to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Thomas Irving to do his Third year work at the University of Montreal. An excellent musical programme by both Italian and Spanish artists was given.

Florence McCarthy.

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HART HOUSE, SUNDAY.—On Sunday afternoon, October 27, Hart House was open to the public for inspection. Many took advantage of this opportunity to wander around through its huge halls and gaze at the artistic treasures they contain, inspect the gymnasium, swimming pool, library, and all the other sights Hart House can offer to its visitors.

Sunday evening, Vigge Kihl, in a select program, delighted his listeners by presenting in a pleasing series pieces ranging from Bach to Ravel. The mighty majesty of the "Fantasy and Fugue" G minor provided a fitting and familiar opening. Pieces from Chopin, Ravel and Schubert rounded

out his ideal program and he delighted his audience with several encores.

Helen Kew.

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L E CERCLE FRANCAIS.—The year was opened by our French Club by a lecture by our honorary president, the Reverend Doctor Bondy. He chose as his subject "Bossuet," whom he presented as a preacher and churchman rather than as a man of letters. After tracing the career of the great Bishop of Meaux he showed how the vigour and independence of mind of the Bishop of the Church showed through the work of the court preacher of Louis XIV. The reverend speaker left us with the desire to study more deeply the words of Bossuet and also to become better acquainted with the language in which he interpreted so eloquently the spirit of his great exemplar.

Jean Macdonald.

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T HE DEBATING CLUB.—An interesting debate on the subject of University Education took place November 14th. The subject was, "Resolved that we are offering a university education to too many people." The affirmative was upheld by Sunny McLaughlin, '37, and Genevieve Conlon, '37, and the negative by Helen Byrnes, '38, and Rita Burke, '37. The quality of the speaking was unusually high on both sides, but the judges decided that the negative side had proved their position. We are looking forward to debates by students of the other years.

Mary Loftus.

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WOMEN.

Omnis mulier intra pectus celat uirus pestilens:
dulce de labris locuntur, corde uiuunt noxio.

—Annius Florus.

So sweet upon the outside,
So poisonous within,
A tongue that lips, two eyes that smile
Some careless heart to win.
But lo! the venom'd depths beneath
What struggles to control!
That tongue should snap, those same eyes flash
In keeping with her soul.

Mary Gallagher, '37.

TONGUES I'LL HANG ON EVERY TREE.

Quando ponebam nouellas arbores mali et piri
 cortici summae notauī nomen ardoris mei.
 nulla diet finis uel quies cupidinis:
 crescit arbor, gliscit ardor: animus implet litteras.

—Annius Florus.

When I was planting saplings young
 Of apple and of pear,
 I marked on them, every one, the name of Julia fair.
 As grow the trees, as shines my love,
 So will these letters grow,
 And ne'er will come and end to this,
 My heart's great love, I know.

Mary Gertrude Harcourt, '37.

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Translations and Imitations.

(With Apologies to Cicero and to Euripides)

FROM EURIPIDES.

Mortalis nemo est quem non attingit dolor
 morbique multi: sunt humandi liberi
 rursum creandi, morsque est finita omnibus.
 quae generi humano angorem nequicquam adferunt:
 reddenda terrae est terra, tum unita omnibus
 metenda, ut fruges: sic iubet necessitas.

—Cicero.

No mortal man doth ere escape
 The pangs of grief and bodily ill,
 For youth must die and youth must live
 And Death unmoved doth all things still.
 In vain the humans mourn that we
 Are dust and unto dust return
 To all life's given in measure due
 Lesson grim Fate doth make us learn.

Norine Bennett, '37.



ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

By REV. J. A. KANE, C.S.S.R.

MY DEAR GRADUATES:—Your hearts are filled with the profoundest joy and satisfaction upon this memorable occasion. In fact so engrossing is your happiness that the serious side of Graduation Day might easily be cast too far into the background and lose its steadying effect.

It cannot, therefore, be unwarranted to give this phase of the event sufficient prominence to fix it in your thoughts and aspirations. Permit me then to call your attention to three very special days. They are: To-day—To-morrow—and the Day of Days.

TO-DAY.

Your young lives up to Graduation justify the following summary:

Under God, through the loving, generous sacrifices of parents, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends; through the untiring zeal of devoted teachers; through your own diligent co-operation; through the wise freedom of education woven into our Canadian constitution by visioned legislators, you stand at this hour fully armed for the all-important campaign that lies ahead of you. Morally—mentally—physically you are eminently fitted to wage each single battle skilfully and successfully.

So much for To-day.

TO-MORROW.

Now a second observation is this: To-morrow a different period of life opens up for you; the years during which you are to expend the capital that is now at your disposal.

But, please distinguish sharply between capital and its expenditure.

Remember: No Catholic educational institute has ever said: Here are my Graduates. They are confirmed in righteousness. They can do no wrong. But, St. Joseph's Convent School is proud to say on this your Graduation Day, "Here are my Graduates of 1935. As a sacred trust confided to me, I have zealously guarded their moral integrity and carefully developed their mental abilities.

If they live up to the hallowed traditions of their Alma Mater, they will surely "avoid evil and do good." They will serve God faithfully, put no stumbling block in their neighbours' way—be worthy daughters of their Country."

And the God Who gave you life and the splendid opportunities you have enjoyed solemnly demands this of you: Your parents have a sacred right to ask this of you: your teachers justly expect this of you: your Country is honestly entitled to constructive citizenship from you.

Children of St. Joseph's, the accessories of graduation disappear. Flowers die; silks fade; medals tarnish. But it is your bounden duty so to order your activities that your Christian ideals live undying—unfading—untarnished.

These almost seem thoughts too stern, lines too heavy—shadows too deep for the fair sunlit picture of Graduation. Not so! Even over heaven on earth, beautiful Bethlehem, there fell the blood-stained dusk of Calvary. The Calvary completed the world's salvation. And you will have need of Calvary in the days to come; in your decisive moments, lest Faith waver, Hope sicken, Charity burn too feebly for energetic action.

False views of life, wrong standards of conduct, expedi-



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL—1935.

BACK ROW: Anne Finnerty, Monica Hilton, Patricia Walsh, Kathleen Shoemaker, Kathleen Killoran,
Eileen Zeagman.
MIDDLE ROW: Gerardine Kane, Margaret Dunn, Marion Lanson, Marie Maisonneville, Gerarda Ryan.
FRONT ROW: Mary Balfour, Mary Dandy, Sunny McLaughlin.

ency in lieu of principle lead to ghastly failures, irreparable tragedies.

But in your blessed Redeemer, Who is able and ready to help you, there is found Light to judge correctly—Courage to follow your convictions, and the everlasting Reward of your brave striving.

May your striving ever be conscientious, unflinching, persevering.

Accept then our good wishes and congratulations couched in a prayer and a blessing.

May Christ be your daily sustainance.

May Christ's holy Foster-father lead you safely across the parching sands of time.

Lastly when—the Day of Days dawns—

May to-day's earthly, "Well done," for your stewardship. May to-day's earthly crown be exchanged for the crown of Eternal Life!

Elocution Recital. On Friday evening, May thirty-first, Miss Beatrice Conway presented her annual elocution recital in the school auditorium. Miss Conway was assisted by Miss Muriel Reuben at the piano.

An excellent program was provided by Eugene Harty, Katherine Warburton, Marilyn Johnson, Paul Hardy, Lorna Mutz, Audrie Hardie, Mona Gertrude Thomson, Verona Smith, Audrey McMullen, Rosamund Badali, Bernice Essa, Helen Curtin, Dorothy Cooper, Alice Robinson, Joan Bennett and Phyllis Griesman.

"Then and Now" featured Bernice Essa as the old-fashioned girl and Helen Curtin as the modern miss.

Senior pupils presented Alice Robinson in "The Famine" from the Song of Hiawathā by Longfellow, and Joan Bennett in "The Dentist's Chair Philosopher." The program concluded with a humorous number, "The Burglar," by Phyllis Griesman.

Genevieve Beneteau, IV.B.

Basket Ball. On October twenty-second the gymnasium of St. Joseph's College School was the scene of the first inter-school game of the season—St. Joseph's versus Loretto-Brunswick.

The loyal supporters of the respective schools bubbling over with school spirit, ranged themselves in the balcony and prepared to do their part.

The teams entered and the battle was on! They were well matched and from the beginning the score was even. The spectacular shots of St. Joseph's were not outnumbered by the oppon-

ents. Both teams strained every effort to gain points and at the beginning of the last quarter the score stood 19-18 in favour of Brunswick. The moments were tense; time was passing. Would our opponents add another to their long line of victories? A shot, a shout, and the final whistle blew! The score stood: St. Joseph's 20, Brunswick 18.

Those in the gallery now proceeded to hail this great moment in a fitting manner. Defeat may be as sweet as victory, but it does not provide such satisfaction.

On October thirty-first a game was held in our school gymnasium, St. Joseph's versus St. Clement's. The gallery was filled with many supporters for the respective teams.

From the first the game was an equal match. Team work and quick thinking promoted brilliant plays. The first honors went to St. Clement's, but after that the scores mounted evenly. In the last quarter, however, St. Joseph's began to move ahead and amid cheers of applause they at last emerged—victors! The seniors' score was 20-14, and the juniors' 21-17.

Rose Welsh, IV.A.

A Social Event. The second day of the school year was marked by an unusual display of activity on the part of the students of the Third Form. Word was passed along to the four classes of that grade that an entertainment would be given by themselves and in their own honour, at three o'clock that very afternoon.

Helen Holmes of 3B displayed an almost uncanny skill in ferreting out from among the hundred and fifteen pupils of the Third Year of High School, those most accomplished in the traditional concert requirements.

Recitations by accomplished artists such as Bernyce Essa, Mona Thomson and Audree McMullen; piano solos by Margaret Maher and Mary Hay; a delightful little song by Constance Clare,—all proved most attractive to the audience.

"3B," with perhaps more valour than dramatic facility, volunteered to present the first scene from "Julius Caesar." To this also the audience reacted most satisfactorily and in the dance which followed it was evident that even so early in the term much had been done to draw together in the bond of comradeship the students of St. Joseph's College School.

Patricia Kelly, III.B.

Entertainment The resident pupils had the privilege of providing a program for His Excellency, our Archbishop, and the new Monsignori on their recent visit to St. Joseph's. The entertainment was well received, but to us, the best number was the delightful talk given to us by His Excellency. In this he highly commended the work of the Sisters and encouraged us as the future "Church" of Canada to lay a solid foundation of Faith and Morals.

Anne Kane.

Feast of St. Michael. The Feast of St. Michael was celebrated this year with solemnity. September 25th, 1935, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the decree of Pius XI. permitting children of seven years of age to partake of the Eucharistic Banquet. To give fitting honour to this double feast our beloved Archbishop

requested every member of the Archdiocese to receive Holy Communion in their parish church and to attend a Holy Hour at St. Michael's Cathedral. Monsignor Carroll gave an inspiring instruction on the loving kindness and mercy of our Divine Lord in His treatment of the blind Bartimeus. At intervals the school choirs sang hymns of praise. The Holy Hour closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mary Stephens, III.D.

Field Day. The day of the School year most eagerly looked forward to is the annual Field Day held early in September. The events of 1935 rivalled that of former years in successful tournaments, displays and novelties of every kind. The races were much anticipated and included participants from every class in the school.

Not only does the field day provide an afternoon of pleasure, but also an opportunity to practise that co-operation which is so necessary for all successful undertakings. Practical training along executive, social, artistic and athletic lines is afforded every member of the school.

Estelle Winkler, IIID.

Our Own Uniform. We were very happy to return to school this term. It meant promotion to a higher form, new studies, and best of all, it meant that we would wear the new style of uniform.

It consists of a tailored white blouse, an over tunic of blue serge, plaited front and back, belted, and bearing our school monogram on its yoke. Indeed our new uniform with its simple lines contributes much to that desired hope for "a neat appearance."

Helen Robson, III.C.

The Weekly Conference. Among the many privileges which the girls of the College School enjoy, none is more appreciated than the Weekly Conference given by Rev. Father Sharpe, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College. Not only are we kept in touch with the liturgy of the Church but also present-day problems are brought before our minds from a Catholic point of view. This year Father Sharpe is bringing to our attention the many miracles which our Lord performed while on earth.

Camilla Doyle, III.D.

My First Failure. Forty-nine! My mark had been called and I had to go to get my paper. It was my first failure. Oh, how can I calmly walk to the front and get it when I had failed? What would my parents say? What was the Sister thinking? These questions and many others were in my mind as I received my paper. But somehow, I managed to get there and back to my seat. Was I ashamed? No words could have expressed my feelings. I resolved there and then, that that would be my first and last failure.

Helen Plante, III.C.

Autumn. Autumn has danced our way again in her brilliant dress of vivid reds, yellows, and browns. A dry wind sends the dead leaves rustling to the ground where they crackle underfoot. School children merrily trip their way across dew-drenched grasses. There is a lull in the wailing wind and the trees stand etched against the sky.

The day wears on. The wind woman spreads her cloak, and

dances through a mist of swirling leaves. The school children look longingly out of windows, where the blackbirds, "Knavish Sprites," entice them with their happy songs.

Evening, and the sun sets in a glory of splendour. The light wanes, and a weird ghostly light comes to take its place; twilight, and with it the end of a typical autumn day.

Anita Traynor, III.D.

Every Thirty-five Minutes.

Every thirty-five minutes means a different subject; every thirty-five minutes means a different teacher; and every thirty-five minutes may be a detention.

Every thirty-five minutes! These four little words mean a long time to a school-girl, and more so, on a beautiful day. If we glance out the window our minds may wander from the subject that is being taught and, as is every school-girl's luck, the teacher will ask a question only to be answered by blank looks and then—well you all know as well as I, what happens then. But, "It is a long lane that has no turning," and eventually the thirty-five minutes are ended. The bell rings and another period begins.

Stella De Luca, III.C.

My First Experiment.

The language of Chemistry completely astounded me, when I began my study of it. There were heterogenous mixtures, homogenous solutions and many other queer terms, until I found that the vocabulary meant more or less "a supersaturated solution" to me.

The day came, however, for my first experiment. I heated a crystal of blue stone and a strange result took place. Water came from it and its colour had changed from blue to white. Moreover, it was a crumbling powder. My curiosity aroused, I quickly moistened my finger and touched this substance. A cry of pain almost escaped me. I suppressed it, however, when I had beheld this strange phenomenon. The powder had turned blue again. I formed two conclusions; this white powder might be used to test for the presence of water and secondly, it would pay to think before acting when experimenting. Despite the discomfort of a burnt finger, I felt elated for I had made a scientific discovery.

Helen Mahoney, III.C.

Our Cafeteria.

"We must eat to live" is a truism, that even our experience would always warrant. In this age so much has been said and written about what we shall eat and how. To no one, perhaps, is this problem of more essential importance than to the growing school girl—and may we add that there is no one who may be more injudicious in this matter than the same little lady. Convenience and haste may suggest a chocolate bar as sufficient to satisfy her luncheon appetite. A little vanity that says, "At all costs preserve the girlish figure," will make nourishing foods prohibitive. To offset this folly may we point out a few of the advantages of our new cafeteria. It is under the direction of a specialist in the Department of Household Science, of the University of Toronto. Daily the menu for a well-balanced luncheon is prepared, and it is served at a minimum cost. Though our cafeteria is large, the arrangement made this year provides even better accommodation than heretofore. The nine Senior Forms dismiss for

the noon hour at eleven twenty and return to class at twelve, when the remaining forms with like precision file into the cafeteria. The service is as prompt as possible and the pupils seem to appreciate force of the old adage, "festina lente," so there is never any evidence of undue haste, which in itself is a great factor towards enjoying and facilitating the digesting of food. The children, in groups of four or five, happy little parties at the attractive tables, present a pleasing picture to those who enter our cafeteria at the noon hour.

Helen Bradley, III.C.

THE BIRTHDAY.

One evening long years ago, a little shepherd boy, David, stood watching the sun drop behind the hills. He shivered as he drew his scanty cloak about him, for a chill wind was blowing and a few snowflakes danced by. He wondered how much longer he would have to wait before old Johann Camd to take over the flock for the night. Not that he was frightened! By no means! Why, to-morrow he was twelve years of age, nearly a man, and men feared nothing; only it was getting a little dark.

David liked to watch the sunset. It made him think of the great far-away cities that some day he would visit. Some day when he was a great man, not a penniless little shepherd boy without a friends in the world. He thought about all that as he watched the sheep on the hillside but most of all he liked to think about the strange new Preacher, whose doctrine had gone throughout the land and raised such a protest at Jerusalem. He had power, it was said, to heal the afflicted, and his works had drawn him many followers. Once when David had been in Nazareth, the little town that nestled at the bottom, on an errand with Johann, the old man had pointed out the Preacher's mother, whose eyes were like bits of Heaven and her smile the loveliest in the world.

He was thinking of his Hero to-night, as he set his back against the wind and herded the sheep together for warmth and safety. To the little shepherd, this Preacher had become very real. Johann's gaunt figure hove in sight, and greeted the boy with scant courtesy, "I lingered," he said, "because I have heard that the Wonder-Worker is near, and will probably pass through Athens to-morrow. Mind thou be here early, for I shall go to see him. Be off now." And he turned away.

It seemed to David that his head would never stop going in dizzy circles. On the morrow the great One would be here and he would see him at last. It was his birthday, and his master must certainly grant him the few hours to go to Nazareth. Willingly would he work day and night for a week were he let go.

Timidly he approached his master the next morning and put his request. A shout of derision cut him short. "What! !Let thee go to gaze at a Preacher! Thou scarce earnest thy bread now. Birthday! It was an ill day when thou were born. Be off! Enough of this!" and without another word, David fled to the hills.

All day he resolutely told himself that men did not mind disappointment. They went on working and thought of other things. But you see, he wasn't really a man yet; he was a little boy, and quite suddenly he rolled over, burying his head in his arms, sobbing bitter tears.

It was not until he was quieter that he became aware of someone beside him. The stranger was regarding him intently but there was no disdain in his eyes at this childish display. Instead the boy sensed something hitherto unknown to him—sympathy. The man asked, "What is wrong?" And the voice reached not only David's ears, but his heart. Then somehow the whole story came tumbling out, words tripping over each other, and as he told it, the hurt seemed to ease, and the boy knew he could never really be unhappy again.

"Yonder comes Johann," the stranger said, "so now you may come with me to Nazareth." They went together down the hill into the town and passed unnoticed through the streets until they came to a little house set off by itself. The door opened and the stranger with his arm about the boy's shoulders, said, "Mother, I have brought a friend." David saw that her eyes were like stars and her smile the loveliest in the world, as she welcomed them.

The table in the centre of the room was laid for—yes, three! And on it was set the most perfect of birthday feasts. The little shepherd's glance went to the Man, who smiled too, and said, "Yes, you see it is My birthday too."

Rose Welsh, IV.A.

THE LOYALTY OF A DOG.

Peter was a year-old collie, owned by my aunt, who lived in New Toronto. Mother and I were spending our summer vacation at my aunt's home two houses from the lake.

The second day of our vacation I decided to go swimming. I was not used to the lake, so my aunt told me to take Peter along, and I did. I waded out to my waist, then I ducked. I swam around with Peter swimming at my side.

Soon I decided to go out further in the lake, so I called Peter and started. I had gone about two yards when Peter swam over to me, barking loudly. He started swimming around me in circles, and when I would try to go out further he would whine and paw me. I slapped him soundly and told him he was a bad dog because when he swam around me his paws gave me some nasty scratches. Nevertheless, Peter would not let me go out any further, so I returned to shore. Peter licked my hand and barked joyfully.

Some days later when I swam out farther than usual, I thought I'd rest awhile and when I went to touch bottom I couldn't. This was the reason Peter didn't want me to go our far, because the rock-bottom dropped abruptly at this particular place.

Constance Hutcheon, IV.

BOB AND HIS PETS.

Bob had two kittens, Snowball and Blackie. They sometimes do tricks. One day Bob went to his father and asked if he could have a little dog. His father answered, "Wait a little while."

So one day when Bob got home from school the little dog was waiting for him. The kittens played a trick on the little dog. They ate up all his dinner and jumped in his basket and when the dog came for his dinner they laughed at him.

Marion Cockburn, Class I

THE THREE WISE MEN.

Characters: Tony, Frank, Hugh, Orphan Girl, Sister Superior.

Frank: Say, Hugh, do you know where Tony is?

Hugh: No, I haven't seen him. (Looking around) O, there he is.

Tony: Hello, Frank 'n' Hugh. Going my way?

Frank: Yes.

Tony: You know, I like the story Miss Carson told us about the Three Wise Men. It must have been grand to ride on camels and be guided by a star right to the Infant Jesus in the stable. Oh, I wish something like that could happen to us.

Frank: Me too. Those kings were real men. They didn't change their minds and lug home their gifts when they saw the King they came to visit was a little Baby with a manger for a crib and a stable for a home. No, siree, they had plenty of sense. They knew a King when they saw one, even without a crown and throne and everything.

Hugh: Miss Carson says we can be wise men and Mother told me the same thing last Christmas. On the day after when I went to visit the Crib I pretended I was one of the Wise Men. I walked away round by Cedar Avenue so as to come to the church by the East.

Frank: Did you give anything for gold or frankincense or myrrh?

Hugh: Mother told me that Our Lord wants our love more than anything else, so I offered the Infant Jesus my heart and asked Him to make me love Him always. Then I put a nickel in the poor box 'cause Our Lord said whatever we give to the poor we give to Him.

Tony: Gee, that was keen.

Frank: Yes; and that gives me a dandy idea. Listen. Why can't we make believe we are the Three Wise Men. We'll meet some place, say down on Cedar Avenue; then we'll pretend we're riding camels and carrying gifts to the Infant Jesus.

Tony: What can we use for gifts?

Frank: Perhaps we could bring a nickel for the poor box like Hugh did.

Hugh: We can't get gold and I don't know what frankincense or myrrh look like.

Tony: I know—I mean I know what we can do. Hugh can be the King who brings the gold; Frank will be the King who brings the frankincense and I'll be the King who brings the myrrh.

Frank: All right. Gold costs too much for us, and I suppose frankincense and myrrh must cost plenty else the Kings would not have brought them to Bethlehem. It looks to me as if we should bring something good. If we bring Him a nickel it will look too much like a game. We want to make a present to the Infant Jesus. We are going to bring our gifts from the east just like the Three Wise Men, and I think those gifts should be the best we can give.

Hugh: That's true, but we can't bring a pair of skates or a hockey stick and put them in the crib.

Frank: No, we could not do that.

Tony: Say, in the story about the Three Wise Men there is

nothing to tell us what happened when they brought their gifts. Did St. Joseph take them and keep them for Him? Or did Our Lady take them—Our Lord was a tiny baby and He couldn't have held them—not all three anyway.

Hugh: But the gifts were for the Infant Jesus.

Frank: Sure, and last year your nickel was put in the poor box for the Infant Jesus. But it went to the poor. What's wrong with taking one of our best Christmas presents, going like the Three Wise Men to the Crib in the church and offering our gifts to the Infant Jesus? Then we can go to the orphanage and leave our things for the poor boys. But we mustn't tell anyone else our plan.

Tony: If anybody knew we were going to pretend we were the Three Wise Men they would laugh at us.

Hugh: I don't care if people do think we are foolish. But we are not going to tell that we are bringing gifts to the Infant Jesus. It's a secret. We three and He will know about it but no one else. We shan't tell a soul what we are going to do.

SCENE II.

The Boys Meet on Cedar Avenue.

Frank: What did you bring, Hugh?

Hugh: A swell aeroplane. I chose it because it has gold wings. I am the King who brought gold, you know. What did you bring for frankincense?

Frank: My frankincense is a football. It begins with an "F" anyway. What is your myrrh, Tony?

Tony: For myrrh, I have two monkeys. Gee, they're good fun. When you wind them us they climb and jump and dance.

Frank: All ready? Hugh goes first; I follow, then Tony follows me.

They Arrive at the Orphanage.

Hugh: Where is the bell?

Tony: Here it is. (He rings it).

Hugh, Frank, Tony (when girl answers the door): Gifts for the poor boys

Girl (opening door wide): Won't you come in? Sit down and I shall call the Sister Superior.

(Tony gazes at the pictures on the wall; Frank fingers his cap nervously. Hugh sits on the edge of his chair, gripping the parcel on his knees. Presently Sister Superior appears).

Superior: Hello, boys, I hear you come bearing gifts. That's splendid! Did your mothers tell you to come?

Frank: Why, no, Sister!

Tony: We're the Three Wise Men.

Superior: Oh, I see! You have brought your gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Infant Jesus. You are offering your gifts to Him through His poor.

Tony: We went to the church first.

Superior: And there you offered your gifts to the Infant Jesus. Well, you are wise boys and you will be wise men if you continue to love the Infant Jesus as you do. There are boys, and there are men, who might laugh if you told them that you had followed the example of the three Kings of the East. But don't let that worry

you, for there is no higher wisdom than loving and serving Our Lord. (Pause). Come now and see the orphans' Christmas Tree, and have some plum pudding.

Boys: Thank you, sister.

(They follow her out).

CURTAIN.

Isabel Kelly, IV.

"AUTUMN IS SHOPPING-TIME FOR FAIRIES."

As she read this line, Annabel's story book fell from her and she slept.

From the coloured page of the book stepped a beautiful fairy queen, who took her by the hand and said, "Come with me, little Annabel, to Fairyland, to the fairies' shop in autumn!"

Together they wandered until they paused at a Fairyland jewellery shop. Trays of tin lined the shelves around the shop while in cellophane show cases jewel-like dew drops rested on mass-green velvet. Sheets of tin foil were being used at the end of the shop to cover tiny watches. All these things may seem trivial to you and me, but to the fairies who brought them, they were as precious as our diamonds are to us.

After that the two went window-shopping. (This is a custom among fairies, too) up and down the main street. Into a pretty blue shop Annabel peeped, and what did she see, but a fairy trying on hats. Not ordinary hats, mind you, but mushrooms of all shapes, sizes and colours. Across the street she glimpsed a tiny elfin choosing wall paper. He was evidently having difficulty in deciding between brown, chestnut, green oak and silver maple papers. But finally he smiled at the green oak one, paid for it with tiny acorn cups and happily went his way.

The faint strains of music lured the two to a music shop. One was blowing on a comb wrapped in paper, another tapping glasses of different shapes and sizes, with a spoon, and still another whistling with a piece of grass! As the queen entered all arose, and a singer sang the national anthem.

But Annabel, settled in a cozy chair, heard none of it until one loud whistle on that piece of grass made her start. She gazed about, surprised to be at home, smiled and picked up her story book with a grasp that was no longer sleepy.

Mary Staley, IIC.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

In this beautiful picture we see a Breton mother feeding her three little children. The day is fine and they are seated on the doorstep of their peasant cottage. Baby Jean is in the centre and is getting the first spoonful of porridge. His little sister has placed her arm around him because she is afraid he will miss the spoon. The eldest girl is waiting patiently for her turn. The mother is very beautiful. The chickens smell the breakfast food and come near looking for crumbs.

Millet, the artist, was a great painter. He loved to paint pictures of the peasants. I like to study his beautiful pictures.

Eileen Heit, Jr. IV.

GRADUATION DAY.

May twenty-eighth was a memorable day for fourteen happy graduates of St. Joseph's College School. At nine o'clock Holy Mass was celebrated in the Convent Chapel by Father W. Sharpe, C.S.B.—at which about six hundred pupils attended. After Mass the graduates enjoyed a breakfast prepared by the Household Science Class. The table decorations and the favours showed a blending of the School colours—brown and gold. At four o'clock the closing exercises began. The auditorium was filled to capacity with relatives and friends of the graduates. Over four hundred pupils wearing the school uniform of dark blue with white collars and cuffs, were assembled on the tiers of the stage, and formed a striking background for the white-robed graduates. Miss Gerarda Ryan, in a gracious salutatory welcomed the guests. Miss Eileen Zeagman, as valedictorian of her class, expressed sentiments of joy and sorrow to which the occasion gave rise. The Cantata, "Nut-cracker Suite," by Tschiakowsky, was beautifully rendered by the students, with orchestral accompaniment, under the direction of Dr. Louis Balogh. Miss Phyllis Griesman and Miss Laurine Sinclair entertained with a piano duet.

Rev. John A. Kane, C.S.S.R., addressed the graduates, congratulating them, and reminding them of the means by which their present high ideals must be maintained and rendered effective. A social gathering for the graduates and friends, in the reception halls, followed the program. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament formed an appropriate closing for this "Day of Days."

Ann Kane.

JASPAR PARK.

Jasper Park was one of the most beautiful places I had ever been in. One big lodge was the headquarters while hundreds of smaller cabins served as room for the tourists. After a hearty meal, we ordered a car to take us into the mountains. Oh! what lakes and mountains! We came upon Maligne Lake and on the opposite shore was a mountain covered with snow. A little farther on we saw Mount Edith Cavell. Below it was a lake which reflected it making a beautiful sight. On the way up the mountain we saw Roche Miette, another mountain.

J. Duffy, IA.

HALLOWE'EN.

On Hallowe'en we had a good time. Joan Keilty was a gypsy and Joan Kennedy wore a fancy hat. Mary Louise Heath was a witch. Sister put some hats on the little girls after lunch. We went downstairs to the Auditorium and gave the Second Class a concert. After that the Second Class give us a play. We went upstairs and had a treat of candies and apples.

Eileen Belley, Class I.

THE LAST LEAF.

One beautiful October day the leaves were falling silently to the ground. Down and down they came until there was but one pale yellow leaf on the maple-tree. It did not want to go down to the cold, damp ground where its companions were playing merrily in the wind. The old tree bade this clinging leaf, "Good-bye" yet it would not go.

The merry leaves clapped and called to it, "Little golden leaf, come and play with us." But the leaf rustled haughtily in the wind and clung closer to the twig.

Winter came soon with its snow and ice and cold blasts. The poor little leaf, brown and frozen, and crumpled was a sorry sight. The obedient leaves were covered up snugly under the deep snow. When Spring came this last lonely leaf crumbled into dust and was carried off by the south wind.

Dolores Callon, Jr. IV.

MY VISIT TO LAKE SIMCOE.

Such a hurrying and bustling to get ready, for four girls besides myself were preparing for a week-end trip to Port Bolster, Lake Simcoe. The mother of one of the girls was driving us up and such an enjoyable journey must be described. Of course, before you get into the country there is just plain gray drab, walls and dusty and ill-smelling traffic roads of the city. But once out in the green, fresh, sweet-smelling country one feels free like a bird. This visit was in September, on a bright, sunny day. North Yonge Street is not a dull place.

The first part of the trip was spent in gazing out of the windows at fields of wheat, men ploughing, horses, cattle, sheep, chickens and everything that can be seen on a farm. In the country everywhere red and orange and green trees met your eyes.

In front appeared the water, coloured trees, and numerous cottages, dotting the hills and valleys.

Patricia Crocker, IA.

MY SUMMER VACATION.

As I slowly made my way across Northumberland Strait, I thought of all the pleasant times I had had during the past two months, driving from Summerside to Charlottetown, fishing in a tiny creek, and streams and picnicing on grassy mounds. In Nova Scotia there was Halifax with its magnificent harbour and just across from Halifax was Dartmouth, a busy manufacturing city. Farther on was the great Annapolis Valley, with its rows upon rows of apple trees. Several miles further were some of the noted Nova Scotian coal mines.

From Halifax I took a train to St. John, New Brunswick, where the beautiful Reversible Falls are situated. On a foggy day, the falls cannot be seen very clearly but their rumbling is deafening and can be heard all over the city. From St. John I motored to Fredericton, when I took the train for Montreal, and from Montreal, a whirlwind tour of several of the American states.

June Rose, 1A.

MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Piano examinations, February, 1935—Senior, Phyllis Griesman; Intermediate, Lucy Reuben (honors); Junior, Lorraine Bogue, Mary MacKenzie; Primary, Joan Quigley (honours); Elementary, Florence MacNamara (honours); Introductory, Margaret Koch (honours).

June, 1935 — Primary Piano, Anne Golden (honours); Eileen Hurley; Primary School, Bernice Essa, Jean Morton; Elementary, Helen Polley (1st class honours); Aline Gallagher (1st class honours); Nora Kent (honours), Rosamund Badali (honours); Elementary School, Joyce Essa (1st class honours); Yvonne Craig (1st class honours), Mary Duffy (1st class honours); Bessie Sinton (honours), Bernadette McGarrity.

Theory Examinations, 1935—Grade V., Harmony and History, Muriel Reuben; Harmony, Anna Finucan; Counterpoint and Form, Phyllis Griesman (honours); Grade IV, Counterpoint, Elinore Domine; Grade III, Harmony, 1st class honours, Mary Chambers; honours, Loretto Cairo; pass, Joycelyn Israels; Grade III., History, 1st class honours, Betty Shannon; pass, Loretto Cairo, Mona G. Thompson; Grade II, 1st class honours, Bernice Essa; Betty Shannon; honours, Laurine Graham; pass, Joan Bennett; Mary McDonald; Grade I, 1st class honours, Joan Duffy; Pauline Mutz; honors, Margaret Maloney, Anne Golden, Estelle Tipping; pass, John Quigley, Jean Lahey.

ST. JOHN DE BREBEUF.

"For the greater honour and glory of God," was the motive that inspired John de Brebeuf and his companions to come to this new land of ours at a date when the country was unsettled by white men.

Before John de Brebeuf quitted the soil of his own country, he uttered the words which reveal his soul to us. They were burning words indeed. "I felt a strong desire to suffer something for Jesus Christ, and I said, 'Lord, make me a man according to Thine Own Heart.'" His prayer that Christ might allow him to suffer for Him was fully granted in the horrible sufferings of his martyrdom at the hands of the cruel Iroquois.

He was constantly aware of the dangers he would encounter and he fully expected to meet the fate which eventually overtook him. But the sublime courage which only Christ can give remained when the flames licked his naked body. His fortitude was so marvellous that the savages themselves envied it and after his death sought to share it by eating his heart.

There is a similarity between the death of Christ on the cross, dying the death of a thief, and the death of this heroic Jesuit Martyr, who saw his flock of Christian Hurons scattered and his work in his mission undone. But the seed of God's word, 'sown in tears,' by St. John de Brebeuf and his noble companions, was not planted in vain, for it has grown into the mighty tree of the True Church, whose branches spread over all our fair Canada—"for the greater honour and glory of God," and the good of countless souls.

Rita Manley, I.B.

TORONTO ISLAND IN WINTER.

The Island as it is in Summer, with its beauty and its sunshine, its swimming and its boating, is a striking contrast to the cold, ice-bound region, which it is in Winter.

The island is not really one solid tract of land. It consists of one large island, five and one-half miles long, which is divided into three sections, and about ten smaller islands which are separated by lagoons.

The people who live on the island in Winter are only those who can stand twenty-five to thirty degrees below zero at night, and twenty degrees below zero during the day.

A lower school is kept open Winter and Summer. In the Winter there are two teachers and about forty-two pupils. Many of the children have to walk one and one-half miles to get to this school. After school the children go skating on the lagoons. They can go almost anywhere on the island in this way.

When the thermometer drops to zero or lower, a thick mist, jagged at the top, forms over the lake because of the water being warmer than the air. This often lasts all day. The huge waves breaking on the beach cannot be seen for a few months in the Winter because the spray from them freezes and forms a huge ice-wall which is like a roof over the waves. This is very unsafe and will not hold the weight of a person. The whole island is a mass of snow and ice. Even the trees are encased in a glassy covering of ice.

As the bay is frozen in the Winter, tugs are especially constructed to break the ice. They are built very strongly to withstand the impact. The hull is shaped so that the tug will ride up on top of the ice, and the weight of the tug crushes it. These are often kept running every two hours all through the night to prevent the ice from becoming too thick. But sometimes it becomes so thick that the tug is liable to be damaged, so the bay and lagoons are allowed to freeze, and the islanders must ice-boat, skate or walk across. However, when the ice becomes thick enough, a car is often run back and forth to carry the people. The ice, when not broken, is from twenty to twenty-four inches thick.

The filtration plant, which supplies Toronto and the island with water, is located on Centre Island. Approximately one hundred men who operate this plant must be transported to and from the island every day. For this reason chiefly the city tug is run.

This will give some idea of the life of the Islanders in Winter.

Joan Howard, 1A.

LADDIE LEADS THE WAY.

Monica's kitten was lost and she was very sad. She called aloud, "Bunty! Bunty!" but no Bunty came. She searched everywhere but no friendly purr greeted her and she was unhappy. Now Laddie, her pet dog, knew from her sad looks that something was wrong, so he set out to look for the lost kitten. Soon he returned and barked and ran towards the gate. Up in the branches she spied the lost kitten. He was clever enough to climb up but was afraid to come down. After a dangerous climb and many scratches, Monica rescued her pet and brought him home, Laddie frisking beside her.

Mary Duff, Jr. IV.
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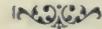
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MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

The day after school closed Mother and Daddy told me they were going to New York and I could go if I wished, or instead I could go to the country for a few weeks. It did not take long to choose.

Later I left on a journey of sixty miles out of Toronto. The country was beautiful. The trees dressed in their bright, new green dresses, stood up above everything else as if to let everyone admire them. The bluebird chirped merrily from a small apple bough and robins gathered worms for their baby birds. The ebony hawk flew flapping its wings overhead, every now and then in loud calls to its comrades who answered from the distant pines. The little brook, laughing, dancing, and singing, made its way through a woody gorge, then through a meadow, yellow with buttercups, making a picture no painter could paint.

At last we turned into a driveway to a red brick house with tall, green gables and a trim, tidy yard with flower-beds in front house. A rosy-cheeked lady came with a friendly kiss to greet us.

In the morning after breakfast I rode on hay wagons till noon. After lunch I got a horse and went for a long ride. I stopped at a cabin for a drink. I knocked at the door, but no one answered, so I opened the door and quickly glanced around. I spied an object covered with patch quilts. The figure raised its head and I saw it was an old, grey-haired man with a beard about a foot long. I apologized for my intrusion and told him what I had come for. He said he was ill, so I would have to get the water myself. I followed his directions and got a pail full of water and brought it to the poor man. Day after day I came to see him, and when I came the last morning of my holidays I got on my horse and went for the priest, whose house was four miles away.

Dorothy McCabe, IV.

MY DREAM.

It was a foggy and rainy night. As the clock struck nine, it reminded me of bed-time and I was in bed in fifteen minutes. The pitter patter of the rain sung me to sleep.

While I slept I dreamed that an angel stood in front of me and said "Thou art commanded to follow me." Then I stood up and walked behind him. He held a candle with a very dull light, in his hand. He led me to a very narrow and dark path with trees on each side, and the path was wide enough for just one to walk at a time. Then we started to walk quickly along the path. I got so tired that I had to stop for a few minutes to rest, and then through fear, hurried after the angel. When I came up to the angel he spoke to me, and said, "Thou art going to get a great surprise when we finish our toil. Come, we must hurry on!" I could say nothing, but just followed him, trembling.

At length I heard some sweet singing, and I saw some very bright lights ahead. Soon we came through the gates of a beautiful city, then the angel went to speak and at that moment I woke up, wishing I had slept longer to hear what the angel was going to say. The sun was throwing his bright rays on my closed door and for a moment I believed I was in Heaven.

Helen Britain.

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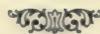
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During the Revolution many of the Sisters were imprisoned in different parts of France and five at least were guillotined for their faith and religious profession. This scene represents Mother St. John, Mother St. Francis and several members of the Community of Monistrol. They were released when Robespierre fell.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1936

No. 4

EDITORIAL

THIS month of March and Feast of St. Joseph are doubly bright to the Sisters of St. Joseph throughout Canada and the United States, for they celebrate the centenary of their advent in America. The pioneer Sisters that came a hundred years ago were survivors of the French Revolution, confessors of the Faith and potential martyrs of Robespierre and the Commune.

The frontispiece of this number presents a group of Sisters of St. Joseph who confessed their faith in that storm of bloody persecution and were held in prison awaiting the tocsin call that sent so many nuns to death. They were helpless victims of Robespierre and doomed to mount the carts that rumbled over the streets of Paris every day en route to the guillotine. They were confessors but not martyrs for Robespierre himself went to the guillotine, and there was a respite and then a reprieve, and so they survived.

Such was the stock of Reverend Mother Fontbonne, the second foundress of the St. Joseph Community that weathered the Reign of Terror and were generous in times of peace and ready for God's work in school, hospital, orphanage or House of Providence. The Sisters of St. Joseph are essentially and traditionally a complimentary force of diocesan outlook and endeavour; they are spiritual aides of the Bishop and Parish Priest and thus round out the diocese to its full design and scope of spiritual activity.

The first foundation of the Sisters in America was in St. Louis, Missouri, from which they spread abroad over English-

speaking America from the Atlantic to the Pacific and over the United States and Canada. The community of Toronto is a senior foundation made by four of the original pioneer Sisters of France, and thus its traditions reach back in direct line to Mother Saint John Fontbonne. It was her niece and novice, Mother Delphine, who founded the religious Province of Toronto.

Saint Joseph, their patron and ideal, is reproduced in his great family of religious who serve the family of the Church as he served the Family of Nazareth in humble fidelity. The glory of the great Saint on his festal day and month of March expands in this year of centenary in the celebration by his children and clients of a hundred years of faithful service.

May their centenaries increase!

* * * * *

The present trend of Rationalistic science is most spiritual in the sense that it is immaterial; it has drawn away from matter and extension by concentrating all nature into a minimum of sensible tangible reality so that nature seems a disembodied spirit and pure force. Protons and electrons are represented as infinitesimal in quantity and are described by many as forces rather than matter. All that Christians understand by spirit is a pure force. The mind which is the index of spirit is a force that functions without partnership of extended matter. All other vital and non-vital forces energize and act either through living organs of animated nature or crude matter in the mineral world. The force that may not be shared by matter is intellectual thought and so when world forces are emancipated from extended matter they are sublimated into the exalted realm of intelligence and mental rank. World forces thus become thinking forces.

We used to pity poor Lo, the Indian, whose untutored mind overlooked innate material forces of bodies in accounting for physical events and by a highly poetical though puerile fancy made rational beings out of flood and fire, cloud and wind, steam and gunpowder, not to speak of animals and plants

that form for him an intelligent family along with himself in world economy. He is a real Socialist in the fullest sense of the term.

Civilized people were taught to place these primitive savages in the lowest caste of mentality and they were called animists—which means that all things were held by them to have souls. Animism, of course, gives great scope for personification and poetry. The north wind would come out of his cave of the north to overthrow in battle the balmy winds of the south, to devastate and congeal and place his icy empire over all with the co-operation of his ruthless partner, Jack Frost.

This is the camp that science seems to have joined under the banner of Baruch Spinoza, once more raised from the dust on which the legend is inscribed, "All nature thinks," "Natura naturat." Perhaps Plato's Anima Mundi has returned that was expelled in derision by materialistic savants—a world soul that made all things live like men; that gave life and thought to the planets to run their course in the heavens.

Nature was for Plato a gloved hand and the material envelope of nature is not the source of power any more than the glove; it is the immaterial force within that functions in life and the glove accompanies it with mere locomotion—for the glove does not share in the life of the hand. It is this immaterial force within that counts and the phenomenal covering of the glove is at present severely taxed with criticism as though it were unreal and more or less a delusion of time and space.

Archbishop Downey of Liverpool in a recent address to a medical guild assembled in his cathedral, said: "The militant materialism of the nineteenth century is pretty generally discredited, so that it is almost impossible nowadays to find a man who does not lay claim to some kind of spirituality of outlook. Many are vague about the matter but precise enough to proclaim themselves definitely on the side of the angels."

The angels of which the Archbishop speaks may not be explicitly Michael, Gabriel or Raphael or the Guardian Angel, but they are the associated and equivalent spirits that seem

to animate the material things of this old world of everyday life. The dull mechanical atom of Democritus and Dalton which is the unit and symbol of the iron age of stolid materialism from which all spirits were banned, was found at last to be full of spirits; that is, spiritual forces. "And when the pie was opened the birds began to sing." This now is the dainty dish of spirits that scientists set before us. The material and spiritual world they say are one. Madame Curie furnished the "Open Sesame" that unbound the genii and liberated them in our new science. This at least is better than the stupid solid granules of atoms and their mechanical movements of swaying to and fro by the winds of chance.

Who could suspect that protons and electrons are spirits; but spirits they are in definition if not in name if they function without matter in themselves and without association with matter. To function in this manner is to think and be rational, and on this account many pantheistic and atheistic philosophers seizing on these data of science, try to transfer the attributes of a personal, distinct and overruling creator to this visible world, making it a totalitarian, self-sufficient and exclusive of all extrinsic reality of a superior and infinite being; in a word, they make the world God.

Of all this enthusiasm we calmly ask, does material nature think? Shall we substitute thought for the laws of nature? Shall we become animists and nursery poets to give free rein to childish personification and make the whole world a happy family of conscious agents? The glib remark that we frequently hear in the trend of Spinoza's philosophy, that everything thinks, has some danger in it for superficial minds although its fallacy is not deep enough to escape easy detection. If we compare an ingenious inventor with an intricate machine that he has produced, we may ask which of the two is thinking? A robot sometimes startles us, for it seems to have stolen the thought of its inventor. There is applied thought in everything that has design and accurate finality of action. The whole world is full of applied thought; but where we ask is the thinker. Is it in the natural things themselves or in the

Great Architect that produced and moves them through attractions and repulsions of their own nature by which they carry out the great plan of the universe. Is applied thought really thought itself? It seems very naive to ask such a question but it is actually the crucial question of the present time.

* * * * *

We offer our readers in this issue a very interesting discussion on the popular and trite cult of psychoanalysis. It is but one of the several manifestations of grotesque spiritualism. It implies a hidden soul in nature that works best in dreams when the personal soul is asleep. Our animated organs are not, as was always thought, the source of animal impulses, but this mischievous sprite that manifests itself full grown, conscious and fully active in the babe of the cradle. It is the cave soul of complexes, phobias, nature impulses, dreams, inhibited desires, and it is the rebel soul that causes civil war and wrecked nerves.

Strange it is to have a mere spirit the subject of animal passions and not the animated organs. Dreams used to come from irritated organs of the body, but now this purely subjective spirit that is anterior to cells and organs is the cause that obsesses our moral life with its passions and lusts. Here again we sense the dictum of Plato that the soul is in the body like the hand in the glove that shares not with glove the soul's vitality but only mechanical motion. This is not materialism but the acme of spiritualism. Psychoanalysis thus is a strange form of spiritual obsession. Scientists at present disclaim all philosophy and confine themselves to a mere record of observations and they disclaim all responsibility for certain conclusions. Philosophers, however, who take their data and inquire into causes and inner realities are encouraged as has been said, to live with the angels.



WOMEN WRITERS OF THE CELTIC REVIVAL

By ALFRED T. DeLURY.

THE adventure into the realm of the artistic known as the Celtic Literary Revival, is among the most striking movements of our time. It has brought into being a body of literature—poetry, drama, and a prose of fantasy—in a new mode and with a new source of inspiration. The outstanding writers belong, already, to the world not less than to Ireland. In close relationship with these is a numerous company, finding a like call to expression and responding to the stirring of an ancient mood, whose offerings have found a wide recognition, and hold a significant place. Of this company not a few are women—there is a markedly feminine element in the Celtic genius—and of certain of these this brief paper will take note.

There comes to mind first the versatile and highly-gifted Lady Gregory. Of a spirited Connaught, Anglo-Irish family, she was in her youth close to a simple life held in a fine tradition. On her return to Ireland after an absence of some years in the East, she had the sagacity to see the importance of the work of Yeats, in poetry, and poetical drama, and in the planning of an Irish theatre. She associated herself with Yeats, was a stimulus to him in his own work, and a constructive helper in the organizing of the theatre. She became active in the language movement, and through her interest in the theatre was led to dramatic composition. She wrote a large number of short plays which had high merit and were convincing on the stage. Anyone who has seen *The Rising of the Moon*, *The Workhouse Ward*, *Hyacinth Halvey*, or *Spreading the News*, presented by the Irish Players—though only incidentally to a more substantial play—will have no doubt as to her sense of dramatic situation or of her craftsmanship in the difficult art of comedy. Lady Gregory's knowledge of the legends of Ireland led her to the re-telling of those that had gathered

around the heroes Cuchulain and Finn. The medium for interpretation was the majestic English of an earlier age, moulded through adaptation to the Gaelic idiom, which came to be spoken of as Killartan from her homeland. Her *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* and *Gods and Fighting Men* are among the great things of the Revival.

In the mid-eighties—before the effective appearance of Yeats, whose *Wanderings of Oisín* in 1889 was the prophecy of the Revival—appeared *Louise de le Vallière and Other Poems* by Katherine Tynan, hailed as a new poet in the sense that the themes and treatment were new. The inspiration was in the main alien, yet in the volume was a little group of poems of distinctive character, resting on Irish legends or history and revealing something of the Irish attitude to life and the things that haunt life. Soon appeared *Shamrocks* and in 1891 *Ballads and Lyrics*, each marking progress in selection and in poetic art. The later writings, many volumes of poems and prose, are of merit but do not indicate any marked advance in artistry. The space-limits allow the quoting of only one short poem:

FAREWELL.

Not soon shall I forget a sheet
Of golden water, cold and sweet,
The young moon with her head in veils
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—
O fields I shall not walk again,
And trees I shall not see, so still
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,
And where my heart was heaviest,
I shall remember them at peace
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,
The moon of silver and of gold,
The dew upon the gray grass-spears,
I shall remember them with tears.

In 1894 there appeared *Ballads in Prose*, a book of stories with some verse, all growing out of Gaelic folk-lore and legend, by Norah Hopper. Miss Hopper was the daughter of an Irish Captain and a Welsh mother. She was born and grew up in England, in London for the most part. With a bent towards writing, she came under the influence of the poetry of Yeats and sought sources in the past of Ireland, for a time too manifestly moulding her style on that of Yeats. In successive volumes, *Under Quicken Boughs*, *Songs of the Morning*, *Aquamarines*, she worked to a greater freedom, reverting, however, to the environment that had gone most to her making. There is a rare quality in her most-quoted lyric:

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

All the way to Tir na n'Og are many roads that run,
 But the darkest road is trodden by the King of Ireland's son.
 The world wears down to sundown, and love is lost and won,
 But he recks not of loss or gain, the King of Ireland's son.
 He follows on forever, when all your chase is done,
 He follows after shadows—the King of Ireland's son.

Very widely and warmly received was the little book of poems, *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* by Moira O'Neill. This little wisp of poems constitutes her claim to fame. In the simple dialectic language of the North of Ireland peasant, she reveals his deep love of home, and of the countryside, the pain of separation, the sorrow of even temporary exile, all without the least sophistication or make-believe. Perhaps the best known of these poems is *Corrymeela*, the thoughts that come to a young farm-lad of Antrim, engaged in seasonal work in England. There is space for only two stanzas:

Over here in England I'm helping wi' the hay,
 An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
 Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,
 The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;

When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

.

It is now in place to speak of the work of Ethna Carberry, pen-name of Anna Johnson, who married the shanachie Seumas MacManus. She died at the early age of thirty-five. Her book, *The Four Winds of Eirinn*, for the most part a bringing together of poems contributed to papers and periodicals, found an immediate popularity. She was near to her people, and revealed directly the feelings and hopes that thronged their passionate hearts. Her thoughts were those of the Irish poets and bards of recent and earlier times, but through some necromancy—through the working of the new spirit of Ireland it may be—they were invested with a new nobility. Her art lacked something that might have been brought to it by discipline.

The following stanza from a love-poem, *Moorloch Mary*, will reveal to the reader something of her style and mood:

Like swords of battle the scythes were plying,
 The corn lay low in a yellow rout,
 When down the stubble, dew-wet and glinting,
 A golden shaft of the sun came out:
 It was Moorloch Mary, the slender blossom,
 Who smiled on me in the misty morn;
 And since that hour I am lost with grieving
 Through sleepless nights and through days forlorn.

Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) with Ireland as her ancestral background, the author of a long series of volumes of poetry, found inspiration in the past of Ireland, and shared the hopes and the joy of effort of the many caught up by the movement. Unequal in her work, she had her high days, particularly in her ballad themes. *The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems* is her best-known book and contains much of her best verse. A few lines from *Sea Hounds* may serve to indicate her response to a certain appeal. Shaun O'Farrell is about to say good-night to his beloved when from outside is heard the portentous whining of the sea hounds. He will not be dissuaded from going, and hearkens not to the warning:

He has opened the door, Shaun O'Farrell,
 And gone forth to the dark;
 The wild hounds by his heel race and quarrel,
 How they leap and they bark!
 He has launched his frail boat on the waters—
 He has pushed from the shore!
 Pray, oh, pray for the soul of O'Farrell,
 He shall come back no more.
 "Shaun O'Farrell, O'Farrell, O'Farrell,
 I shall see you no more!"

In the early days of the Irish Literary Theatre—February, 1900—one of the plays presented at the brief session was *The Last Feast of the Fianna* from the pen of Alice Milligan. The play was quite worthy and held out promise. The writer, however, turned her attention to poetry, finding many of her subjects in the heroic legends whence had come her single drama. These poems have a certain charm, the metre and the narrative marching happily together. Other themes Miss Milligan found in our own times, and was very felicitous in her adaptation of metres. Many who now read will recall the first appearance of George Russell (A.E.) on the lecture platform in Toronto, and his joyous, even mischievous, "speaking" of Alice Milligan's *When I Was a Little Girl*:

When I was a little girl,
 In a garden playing,
 A thing was often said
 To chide us delaying:

When after sunny hours,
 At twilight's falling,
 Down through the garden walks
 Came our old nurse calling,

"Come in! for it's growing late,
 And the grass will wet ye!
 Come in! or when it's dark
 The Fenians will get ye."

and so on through the fifteen stanzas for which there is not space.

There are many others of whom one would speak: of Rose Kavanagh, Jane Barlow, Emily Lawless, Ella Young, Violet (Mrs. George) Russell, and still others if space would permit. But even space must give way for brief notes on Eva Gore-Booth and Susan Mitchell.

Eva Gore-Booth, daughter of an old Anglo-Irish family, with estates near Sligo, was early a poet. The mystically spiritual in her finds expression in a refined art. From *the Agate Lamp* read *The Romance of Maeve*:

The harvest is scant, and the labourer,
 Returning at sunset with so few sheaves,
 Has gathered gold bracken and silver fir
 And boughs of the elm and the brown beech leaves.

Fuel enough for the evening blaze,
 When the blue of the sky grows wintry and pale,
 And the pilgrim home from the wild wood ways
 Can read by the fire an ancient tale:

How a great Queen could cast away her crown,
 The tumult of her high victorious pride,
 To rest among the scattered fir-cones brown
 And watch deep waters through the moonlight glide.

And from *Broken Glory* discover the strength of restraint:

EASTER WEEK.

Grief for the noble dead
 Of one who did not share their strife,
 And mourned that any blood was shed,
 Yet felt the broken glory of their state,
 Their strange heroic questioning of Fate
 Ribbon with gold the rags of this our life.

Susan Mitchell, in a busy life—duties in connection with the co-operative movement directed by Sir Horace Plunkett and George Russell engrossing her attention and drawing on her energies—neglected not the talent entrusted to her. All that she chose to give are in two little volumes. *The Living Chalice*

is a collection of short poems, of great beauty and deep spiritual import. One may read:

HOMELESS.

I asked for sunlight and a long, long day
 To build my little home.
 Setting an altar where my heart might lay
 Fire ere the god should come.

I built my walls with patient carefulness,
 Secure and small, nor knew
 A wild wind straying from the wilderness
 Had sought their shelter too.

My heart woke up in storms, my shelter sweet
 In ruins fell apart.
 Once more I go by cruel ways to meet
 The ordeal of the heart.

THE DESCENT OF THE CHILD.

Who can bring back the magic of that story,
 The singing seraphim, the kneeling kings,
 The starry path by which the Child of Glory
 'Mid breathless watchers and through myriad wings
 Came, with heaven behind Him slowly waning,
 Dark with this loss, unto the brightening earth,
 The young, ennobled star, that He, so deigning,
 Chose for the heavenly city of His birth?
 What but the heart of youth can hold the story,
 The young child's heart, so gentle and so wild,
 It can recall the magic of that Glory
 That dreamed Itself into a little child.

In *Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland: administered by Susan Mitchell*, there is a charming play of illuminating humour. It is difficult to quote from it. One short stanza will suffice, the reader recalling that George Moore wrote two books, *Confessions* and *Memoirs* in what was supposed by English readers to be in the best French manner, and that these were generally regarded as autobiographical, which was

scarcely the case, so that the daring gallantry was somewhat mythical. In the *Aids—Moore loquitur—*

If you like a star, or want a stage, or would
admired be
Prepare with care a naughty past, and then
repent like me.
My past, alas, was blameless but this the world
won't see.

It is said that Miss Mitchell was never forgiven. And now
the end.

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with a wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature, not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm.

—Matthew Arnold, in the Study of Celtic Literature.

THE CENTURION

PART IV

Raiders from the Mists

By

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

NEXT day, the soldiers of the Tenth Legion evacuated Tiberias, and making a forced march across the Hills of Galilee, were met by a waiting Roman fleet at Ptolemais. Embarking for Rome, a few days' sailing brought them to Ostia. Here they debarqued, and marched gayly up to the Imperial City.



As the Tenth marched in by the Coliseum, they were greeted by thousands of the citizens, who, proud to see their veterans returning victorious from foreign fields, made Rome echo to their thunderous applause.

These were times, however, when Rome could not afford to keep her soldiers idle for long, so scarcely a month had passed ere the Tenth Legion, in company with three other Legions, was despatched north against some barbarian invaders who were threatening Roman dominion in distant Gaul!

Traversing, in their long and laborious march, Cis-Alpine Gaul, and crossing the Alps into the Roman Province, they came to the River Garumna and lay encamped for a few weeks' rest upon its banks.

From the Garumna, the Legions proceeded ever northward, through the territories of the Santoni and Pictones, until they reached the mountainous region of the Ambibarii, near the Fretum Gallicum or English Channel.

Here, persistent rumours began to arrive of the invaders

from the Northern Seas. They were said to be Hibernians from the large island to the west of Britain. This island was called Ierne, or Eiré by the natives themselves, but by the Romans it was called Hibernia. The Hibernian kings had several times invaded Gaul and had taken many of its people captive. One of these kings or generals, named Dathi, had even penetrated as far as the Alps where he was killed by a bolt of lightning.

The Hibernians were fierce and bold fighters, and the Romans, quite satisfied with the proofs of their prowess in these Gallie invasions, never cared to set foot on the soil of their remote Island.

* * *

From their scouts, the Romans knew that an engagement with the enemy was imminent. One day, they were marching along a comparatively narrow valley, and both wings of their army were lifted high over the centre by the mountain-slopes. Suddenly, the *velites* or skirmishers came rushing back to the main body. Then a high and reedy music smote the ears of the Latins:—

“And a strange music with them,
Loud and yet strangely far;
The wild pipes of the Western Land,
Too keen for the ear to understand,
Sang high and deathly on each hand,
When the Gael went forth to war.”

It was indeed the sound of “the ghastly war-pipes of the Gael!” and it had its effect even upon the stolid Roman legionaries.

The “barbarians”, as the Romans called them, were now in full view sweeping forward on a wide front. They were huge men, kilted and wearing saffron shawls slung over their shoulders. Many of them wore golden torques and brooches as ornaments, and their weapons were great two-edged swords and heavy battle-axes. They rushed into action eagerly and confidently, and showed no fear of the Romans. The battle was joined across the whole width of the valley. There was desperate fighting for about ten minutes, then the front ranks of the

Roman army began to give way. The legionaries had not the bodily strength or power of their opponents, and their weapons were lighter and more fragile.

The Latins in front, however, did not retreat until scores of their number were killed, and then they slowly retired behind the shields of the *principes*. The *principes* or men of the middle ranks, were always the best warriors of Imperial Rome. They were especially picked and trained. Quintus Maximus Lapidus, the Centurion, was watching eagerly from his position, which was the front-rank of the rear-guard. He saw the line of the *principes* sag a little in the middle and then become stiff and taut, like a great net into which a heavy shoal of fish has plunged! He drew a breath of relief! The Hibernians' charge was checked, and it was probable that the *principes* could hold them there at their pleasure.

After five minutes more of steady sword-work in which the Romans seemed to have the advantage, Lapidus saw a tossing plume, and a huge figure pushed his way through, and to the front of the enemy lines. Dragging back three of the first line fighters, a young giant crashed into the Romans, wielding a heavy battle-axe. Swinging the axe in a wide half-circle, he broke the lines of the *principes*, and after him surged his men, driving a wedge into the very centre of the Roman host! The islanders, sensing the coming of victory, sent up to the skies a great roar, and a wild cry of "*Faug-a-Balla!*"—"Clear the road!") Seeing their centre pierced, a disastrous panic took possession of the whole Roman host. They turned and rushed away from the face of their enemies.

The young centurion, Quintus Lapidus, in another minute found himself engaging the tall young leader who had broken through the *principes*. The Hibernian had discarded the huge axe and was now wielding a sword with perfect skill and self-possession. As they fought, the army of Hibernia and the army of Rome passed them by, intermingled! The whole valley emptied itself of men and the two young leaders were now fighting there alone! There was something very strange and weird about the scene. Here were two combatants fighting on a deserted

battlefield. Many dead and wounded lay around, and the contest was waged between, and over the bodies of the slain! The Hibernian chief was the stronger and more powerful man, but he had lost a good deal of his vim from the terrific toil involved in his attack upon the *principes*. The Centurion was now doing his first fighting of the day and was absolutely fresh and unwearied. The contest, therefore, went on for an hour or more, with neither side winning any advantage. When sword did not meet sword, the blow fell on the guarding buckler of one or the other contestant.

As he fought for his life, the young Centurion was thinking gloomy and discouraging thoughts. Rome was doomed he said to himself. Against Eastern peoples, like the Greeks, the Persians, the Numidians, or the Carthaginians, the army of present day Rome might still snatch a victory, but it was a different story as far as the vigorous and virile tribes from the frozen North were concerned. Of late, the Legions had been getting the worst of it on many battlefields, and to the mind of the young Centurion, the end was already in sight. Rome had had her day of empire and she had been found wanting. Now the dooms were decreed against her. The thoughts of the Centurion were identical with those of a poet who was to sing two thousand years later:—

“The blind gods roar for Rome fallen,
And forum and garland gone,
For the ice of the North is broken
And the sea of the North comes on!

Down from the dome of the world we come,
Rivers on rivers down;
Under us swirl the sects and the hordes,
And the high dooms we drown!”

As the lonely Homeric contest went on, the Centurion began to find his mind curiously indifferent to the result of the fight. He told himself it was no use to struggle any longer against so manifest a destiny. He and his empire and his people,—all alike were condemned. He was sick of a soldier's life with its

constant violence and strife. He found in his soul a great desire for quiet and rest and peace, and he had not the least zest for this fight, nor any wish to take the life of his young opponent.

Then the Centurion thought of his friends at Nazareth, and the longing to walk up the little quiet street, and enter the Holy House, became persistent and poignant. Perhaps if he were killed now, in this duel, his soul would be allowed to visit Nazareth and adore his Lord and Master, before going to the world of the dead. If so, death would be well worth while. But a disciple of the young Messiah could not commit suicide. He must, therefore, be more careful of his swordsmanship.

* * *

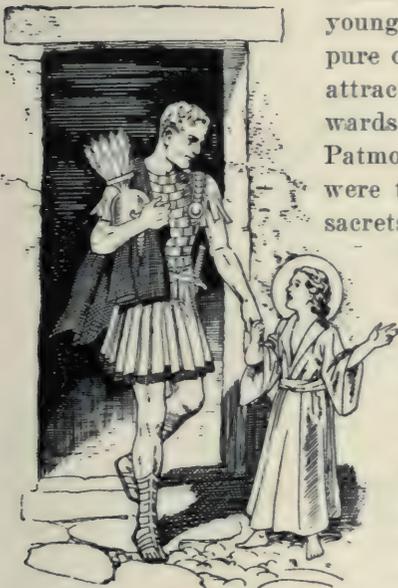
For a long time, the young Hibernian warrior had been scrutinizing the features of his antagonist, and studying his movements, and had found a change coming over them. The Roman was fighting like one who was weary of life. The island chieftain muttered to himself:—"I am facing the best soldier I ever faced, but just now he is fighting in a dream, and has become enchanted of the *Sidhe*. If I kill him, *they* will cast a spell on me for life, or maybe change me into a sea-horse, or into a will-o'-the-wisp, wandering in the gray dawn over lonely mountains and misty seas! By the bright sword of Cuchulain, I'll fight the man no longer." Then the young Centurion was startled out of his reveries to see the Hibernian leap back, cast his sword and buckler on the ground, burst out into a hearty laugh, and look at him with a friendly light in his grey-blue eyes. The next moment, the Roman himself threw down his arms, and the combatants grasped each others' right hand in the fervent clasp of friendship and of brotherly love. Then the island chieftain, taking up his sword again, hurried away on the track of his victorious countrymen.

* * *

Inexpressibly fatigued after the duel, the young Centurion lay down, and pillowing his head upon a grassy mound, sank into a deep sleep. He was not long in slumber before he found himself translated, body and soul, to the Holy House of Nazareth! For the Centurion, this was happiness untold. Again

his friends seated him at the fireside and the three stood about him, affection beaming from their eyes.

The young Christ, now in His seventh year, was growing up, sweet and gentle, and holy, like a tall pure lily on the banks of the Abana! It thrilled the Centurion to see that, this time, He came close and placed His bright head upon the heart and bosom of His Roman follower. The young Centurion was spotless and pure of heart, and so the Christ was attracted to him, as he was afterwards to the young Saint John of Patmos. His beautiful eyes, which were the eyes of God, read all the secrets of men's souls at a glance.



The hands of the Boy were clasping the strong arm of His friend. "You have been in danger," said the young Messiah, "but I was watching over you. You must not go into strange and distant countries any more, but stay now in Galilee until the end. I shall place you at Tiberias, and I promise I shall call you

hither often, for I shall have need of you in the coming days. Come with Me now." The Boy-God took the hand of his friend, and bidding a fond farewell to Mary and Joseph, the two passed out to the street.

* * *

At Tiberias, a detachment of the Twelfth Legion were surprised, one day, to see a Centurion of the Tenth approaching the outposts. When challenged, he explained that the Tenth Legion had been wiped out in a battle with the barbarians in the North of Gaul. He alone had escaped. Henceforward he wished to attach himself to, and serve in the Twelfth. There was one strange thing they noticed about his behaviour.

He held one hand out from his side, and he looked down towards it and smiled lovingly as if he had a young Companion with him. But the soldiers could see nothing of this Companion. After a while, the Centurion went out the gateway, talking as if to this Friend of his, and he was seen to bend as if kissing Him, and stood for a long time waving farewell!

And many times afterwards, in the years that followed, he was observed gazing towards the West, with rapt devotion, where Nazareth nestled among the dreamy hills of Galilee!

THE HEAVENLY LANDS

WHEN I behold some temple of the past,
Its marble pillars tottering to their fall,
Its altars broken and its aisles o'ercast,
Its friezes shredded on the crumbling wall;
I can but mourn, I cannot stop my tears,
To think that beauty so sublime should die,
And all the burden of the dolorous years
Drifts down upon me like a cloud-wracked sky!

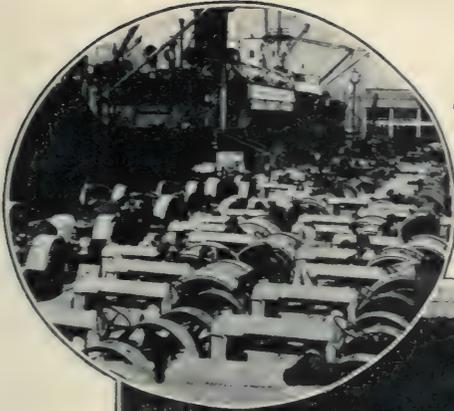
Ah, who is he whom ruin will not touch?
Who hath not tried betimes to build some place
Fit for the glory of his God?—Ah, such
That there he might behold Him face to face?
Steadfast, my soul! Regard the Heavenly Lands;—
Oh “many mansions!” Oh “not made with hands!”

Rt. Rev. James B. Dollard, P.D.

THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY (1936 A.D.)

By

Most Rev. P. J. Magennis
O.Carm.



Top—Tractor
Works on
Shannon.

Centre—Vale
of Avoca.

Bottom—Elec-
tric Power
Plant, Ard-
nacrusa, on
the Shannon.

AN old time ballad represents Napper Tandy asking—"How is Ireland" or "how does she stand?"—and he receives the answer:—

"It's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
And they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the
green."

Now Napper Tandy died in exile in 1801 after a misspent

life and after having made many ineffectual attempts to "free" his native land. According to true history he received the correct answer to his question. It is quite a common place remark to say that a hundred years in the history of a country make a great change either for the better or the worse. Nations never stand still.

If Napper Tandy were allowed by a kindly Providence to come to the realms of the living once more and were he to ask the same question— what a different answer should be given him!

During recent years it has been my duty to travel around the world. I have noted each country and have observed its people. I am, at present, writing these few items for "Saint Joseph Lilies" in that very same country once "so distressful." I make bold to say that of all the nations, which I have visited, Ireland is the most happy, the most prosperous, the most contented, the most religious. And you will please remember that I am writing those items in this year of Our Lord 1936. And to be more precise for the Feast of Saint Patrick which, as all the world knows, is celebrated on the Seventeenth of March.

It is truly wonderful how much notice Ireland receives from the journals of the world. Once the "Niobe of nations" she is now the Mecca of every globe-trotter. Every traveller must have something to say about Erin and "how does she stand." No journalist worth his salt allows the great Feast of Ireland to pass without some learned article or sapient commentary, or some poetical tribute, giving the world his idea of the land "with the tear and the smile in her eye." Writing, as I do, in the capital of Ireland and after having travelled through "the length and breadth of the island," I must adhere to facts and leave the realm of fancy for my fellow literati.

On every side, there are springing up industries never before known in Ireland. Factories are becoming a necessity. The demand for material exists and the high tariff upon the imported article reduces outside competition to the zero point. Mills long disused are now reverting to their original purpose

or are being converted into more profitable enterprises. The financial value of the arts and sciences is being studied and a goodly harvest is being reaped from their cultivation. Peat is entering into a new life in the commercial market. Hitherto, the Irish were unaware of the riches lying beneath the green mantle of their beloved isle. Fields of beet dot the country side and the factories for its reduction into sugar are increasing.

A National College of Art which will grant diplomas in Design, Sculpture, Painting, etc., has become a necessity and the Minister of Education has taken it under his aegis.

Agriculture is scientifically followed now. Cattle-raising, pig-rearing, poultry-farming, are in the hands of experienced masters. Wheat-growing has been followed according to the government edicts and has richly rewarded the farmer. The estates of the old landed gentry, that lay in fallow surrounded by walls over which the peasant dare not look in the times gone by, are now being broken up and divided amongst the laborers who are delighted to begin a new life as owners of the soil—in a small but profitable way. The landlords of course are receiving an equitable recompense for the land taken over, though parting with it grudgingly. Whole country sides uncultivated and unoccupied except for the manor house of the landlord are fast disappearing. Neat, well-ordered, small but commodious houses have been built and are still abuilding on what were formerly sheep and cattle “runs”. Mining has become more lucrative owing to the embargo placed on the minerals because of the so-called sanctions. English imports are suffering in common with Irish exports.

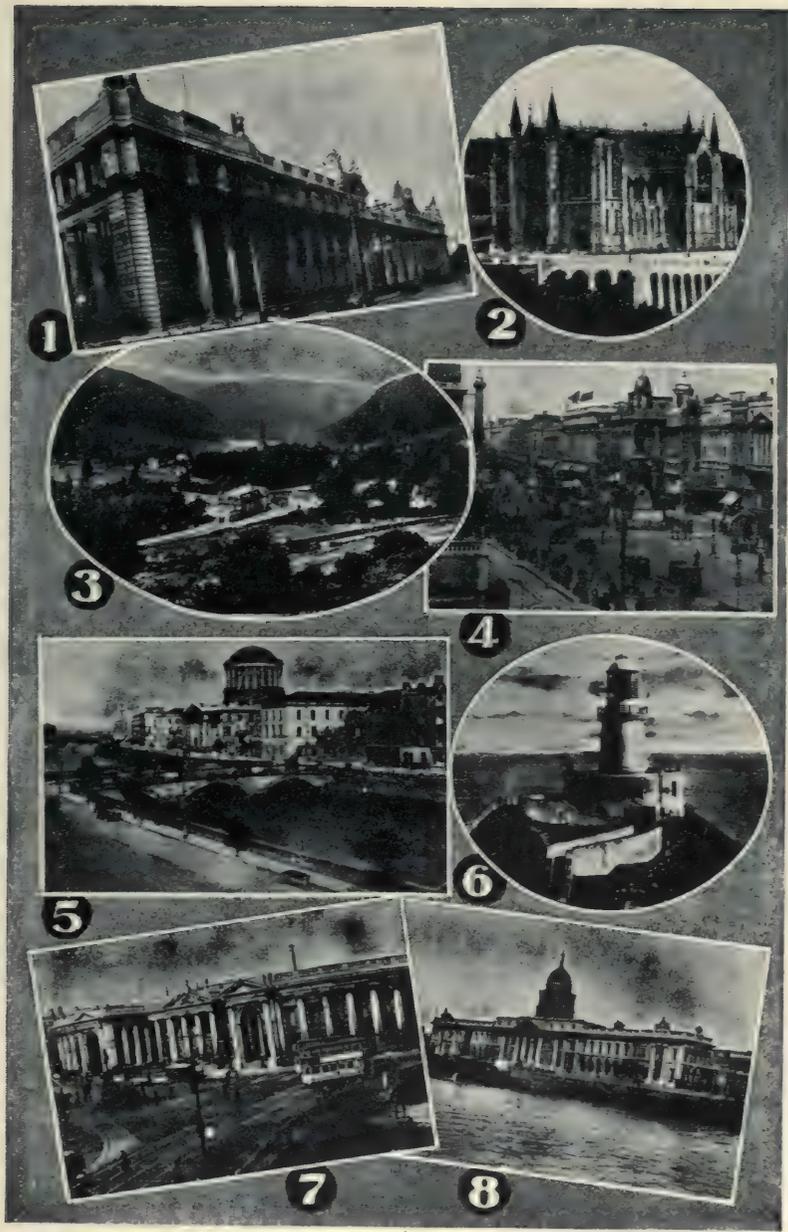
Although very much improved the system of education, both primary and secondary, is far from perfect. When the Free State came into being, Ireland was enjoying the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Unfortunately the men who made the Treaty with Lloyd George were more concerned about the quality of “freedom” than the quantity. The result is that the old Ascendancy Party are enjoying the feast and

Catholics are trying to butter the crumbs—with what success your readers may well guess!

The attempt to bring back the native language is very laudable, indeed, for it will give the natives the mode of speech that God and nature intended them to have. The method adopted in accomplishing the transition is open to objections—and very serious ones. A discussion as to these matters might not prove interesting to the readers of "Saint Joseph Lilies." Personally, I believe that it will take at least one generation to make the island bi-lingual. The progress already affected is wonderful. Within a hundred yards of where I am writing this article is a school of poor children numbering about two thousand, seven hundred scholars. Gaelic is the language of the school and the different subjects are taught through that medium, with marvellous results. The children at lessons, and at play, use the native language. If a visitor asks a question in English the little ones reply, quite naturally, in Gaelic. The difficulty seems to be in the home life, for, generally speaking, the parents do not know the language sufficiently to use it in every day life. Hence I believe it will be a generation before it is the language of home and school. For entrance to the University and in all competitions for Civil Service the Gaelic language is demanded under pain of rejection.

The religious spirit of the people is as fervent,—perhaps more fervent than ever. The advance in education has made for the better understanding of the Faith. The same simple Faith is found in the rural districts. The churches in the cities and the towns are always well frequented and even in the week-day ceremonies large congregations are always present. It is easy to understand—"Why God loves the Irish."

Everything is not perfect, however. The division of the island into two parts is a calamity on a small scale. Business is impeded and visitors are harrassed because of the unnatural division. Political chicanery under the guise of religious protection for a minority, separated six counties from the twenty-eight. The hatred of the Northern orangemen for the Pope and Popery is gradually disappearing under the stress of fail-



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| 1. Government Buildings, Dublin. | 2. St. Colman's Cathedral, Cobh. |
| 3. Glendalough, Co. Wicklow. | 4. O'Connell St., Dublin. |
| 5. Four Courts, Dublin. | 6. Howth Lighthouse. |
| 7. Bank of Ireland, College Green, Dublin. | 8. Custom House, Dublin. |

ing business and increased taxation. Nevertheless, religious animosity dies out very slowly so it will require some time before the six counties return to Ireland.

The farmers in the Free State have been much tried by the sanctions placed by the British government as a retaliation for the retention of the Land Annuities. If, however, the dispute about the Annuities results in the reduction of the vast grazing lands throughout the Free State, the whole island must profit by it and the emigration that has denuded the land and exiled the children of the country to every English-speaking dominion shall be a thing of the past. Irish boys and girls need not leave their homes to make a livelihood. The country will be not only self-supporting but also a place to live in.

O'er the Hill o' the road there's a cloud of woe,
But where are the kindly faces?
Ah! some look back towards the long ago
From foreign, unfriendly places;
Some have walked the Eternal Way,
And some, with hopes high burning,
Are waiting here for the dawning day,
And the exiles home returning!
Brian O'Higgins.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

By REV. LIONEL J. THIBODEAU,
St. Augustine's Seminary

PSYCHOANALYSIS, is one of the many so-called "New Psychologies," which have developed since the birth of some of our number. Within a comparatively short space of time it has become a vogue and like hypnotism that preceded it and spiritism which appeared more recently, it is nothing short of a cult with an ever increasing number of unthinking devotees.

However, like any vogue and fashion, Psychoanalysis, at least as it was propounded by its originators, Breuer and Freud, has already lost the glamour of its noontday pseudo-scientific importance. However, it would be ignoring the trend of present day thought, were we to disregard it entirely, for without doubt, the subject in question is a popular one at present, and what is more it has its value in many respects, although its importance is largely misinterpreted.

Psychoanalysis began to exist in the guise of a lamb. It was first used by a legitimate doctor in a legitimate endeavour to cure people of nervous disorders. It was towards the end of the 19th Century, when hypnotism was the newest constellation in the medical heavens, that psychoanalysis made its first modest appearance.

EARLY HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

A certain Viennese physician, Dr. Josef Breuer, through his experiment with a girl-patient, who was subject to severe attacks of hysteria, found a new procedure by means of which he cured the girl of her neurosis. He discovered that in this case the mental derangement of the girl or hysteria was due to certain impressions she had received while she had been nursing her sick father but which were now ignored by the patient as

well as the physician. The problem then presented itself in this wise to the Viennese physician. If the girl could now re-live, as it were, that period of her past which had caused her present condition, without however the excitement and the nervous state of mind which had accompanied it, she could re-adjust herself to her present-day conditions. He therefore induced her while she was in the state of hypnotic sleep, to recall that same event to her memory and to view it as it actually was and not as her over-excited mind had painted it to be. When he had done this he found that the above-mentioned symptoms completely disappeared.

However, after this initial experiment, nothing more was done in that line and it was only after some ten years later that he took it up again, but this time in collaboration with a German Jew, Sigmund Freud. They had worked together for a very short time, when Breuer broke up with Freud. This left the latter free to develop his own views gradually and when he considered them sufficiently matured, he launched them out into the world. It was Freud who coined the word "Psychoanalysis," to express the nature of his work, i.e., the analysis of the mind, or better of the unconscious or subconscious mind.

So far, notice that the New Psychology was not a new system of thought but rather a new method of treating nervous disorders. It was new, I say, because up till then, the medical world had not considered the possibility of psychic causes being connected with mental disorders and neuroses, but rather took it for granted that such mental diseases were caused by physical or body deficiencies. In this respect then, credit is due to the originators of Psychoanalysis.

But unfortunately, Psychoanalysis would not be content to remain within the restricted field of Psycho-Therapy, but rather it gradually developed and, as it were, transformed itself into a psychology of human life in general, taking in every department of civilization, morality and religion. Like an octopus it spread out its greedy tentacles and encompassed everything within its reach, giving an explanation of all human

activities, natural as well as supernatural, normal as well as abnormal.

But allow me to express it in the very words of an enthusiastic admirer of the Freudian discovery, "It would seem," he says, "as though this new psychological knowledge and method will ultimately have to be reckoned with the great epoch-making discoveries of the past—for instance, Newton's Theory of Gravitation or the Darwinian Theory—and may even go further than these in the extent of its application." Truly such a remark would seem consistent with Freudianism only inasmuch as it is bordering on hysteria and would make a fine case to psychoanalyse!

PSYCHOANALYSIS DEFINED

Now that we have seen the origins and have covered in brief the early history of Psychoanalysis, the next question in order is, "Just what is Psychoanalysis? What is its theory and how is it applied? Has it any value scientifically? In other words what are the pros and cons, if such there are?"

To answer all these questions in a comprehensive way and in detail would call for much more space than we have. We shall try however to expose firstly the Freudian Theory of Psychoanalysis and secondly his method, checking as we go along, on the consonance of Freudian orthodoxy as compared to sound Catholic philosophy.

What then is Psychoanalysis in its original sense, i.e., that given to it by Freud? It could be defined briefly as follows: It is a method based on the assumption that rejected conscious desires that have once been repressed, are unconsciously persistent and thereby influence our conscious lives, nay, not only do they influence our conscious life, they rule it. Its creed could very well be summed up in these four words, "The Unconscious is omnipotent."

It is all important therefore to realize this from the onset if we wish to give an intelligent appreciation of Psychoanalysis as a system of thought.

THE THEORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

What now is the theory on which Freud builds his system? In simple lines it is this: After some years of case observation Dr. Freud arrived to the conclusion that mental disturbances such as hysteria, and psychoneuroses such as weeping spells, uncontrollable laughter, unreasonable likes or dislikes, fears as well as the long list of manias and obsessions of every description,—all these took their origin in some forgotten emotional experience that simply could not be accounted for presently by the sufferer. In other words, hysteria or a neurosis is a subconscious mental substitute for a once omitted act. This initial phase is called the trauma or the soul-wound, i.e., a mental or emotional 'hurt', producing an indelible impression and subconsciously influencing the individual throughout his life. Now all this leads to the conclusion that, had the problem or the emotion been deliberately faced when it first occurred and had it been overcome by reasoning or by a proper emotional reaction, the diseased condition with its attendant symptoms would not have been the result.

A cure can then be effected by bringing out this hidden fact, (which is called a "complex"), showing it to the patient and demonstrating its simple nature, i.e., showing the same fact but now deprived of its sinister influence. This further step is called the catharsis, or cleansing, or better still the purging of the unhealthy mind. Now what does all this mean in a few words? Simply this: "The finding of the original inhibition or repression, buried in the unconscious, which developed into a complex, and purging it."

This will all come out clearly by an example. Here is a person who, although otherwise healthy and normal, nevertheless has not only a cautious fear but a horror of dogs. He goes to a Psychonanlyst and after investigation into his past, it is discovered that when a boy, he had accidently stepped on a little Boston Bull Dog's tail, and as a result he had felt the dog's generous incisives on his calf. After this event his cau-

tion in the presence of dogs had transformed itself into a sort of Phobia. The memory of the occasion however gradually dissociated itself from the concomitant obsession and became entirely obliterated, while the affective state still continued and became the source of action for which no apparent reason could be found. In other words the cause of the symptoms had been forgotten, but the effect still persisted in his mind. (This is called the affective state.) Here however the analyst by going back to the cause and demonstrating it to the individual, made him see it in its true light, namely, that dogs themselves were not the reason for his exaggerated fear but rather the act he had placed, i.e., stepping on the dog's tail. Also—that the dog had bitten him was very natural. As a result of this Psychoanalysis the erroneous idea that dogs are always dangerous was abreacted, to use Freud's expression and purged from the patient's mind.

Now this argument they support by saying that animals have no pathological conditions or complexes, simply because they never repress their desires or emotions. As a matter of fact did any of you ever hear of a sensitive cow? Or a pig so afflicted by phobias that he simply wouldn't eat? No. And this they explain, is because these animals always give free play to their animal instincts. But it is not so with human beings, who also have natural tendencies and instincts, but who unlike animals, are continually called upon by the conventions of society to repress many an instinct and desire into their subconscious mind.

Here then is where Psychoanalysis slips off the straight and narrow path of science and plunges headlong into the unromantic and at times smutty fairyland of the unconscious mind, as interpreted by that extremist Sigmund Freud.

Freud then and his disciples divide the human mind into two distinct parts, the conscious and the unconscious or subconscious.

The conscious part of the mind is nothing more than our regular daily thoughts, volitions, desires, experiences and memory which can be called forth at the moment. It is that mind

which is controlled by reason and which adapts itself to the laws of right-living and to the demands of society.

But over and above and all around this conscious is the immense reservoir of the unconscious, which is sometimes called the pleasure mind. In it are stored all the forgotten experiences of the past as well as the once repressed ideas, desires and primitive instincts which once ruled the cave man. As civilization gradually outlawed such instincts they were repressed and driven into the cavernous depths of the unconscious, which now became a sort of chamber of horror and of mystery, peopled with all the loathsome, ugly and fierce impulses, which, if unchecked, would ruin society in no time. And the reason is that although conquered they are not subdued, and although driven into oblivion, such monsters of instinct and illicit desires are not dead, but continue to live with an extraordinary vitality in the unconscious, ever striving to force their way back into the conscious mind.

Fortunately, however, their endeavours to reach the conscious mind are continually held back and foiled in the normal man by means of an ever-watchful guard called the "censor." He sees to it that those primitive instincts that are detrimental to society, are continually held a bay and remain in their state of repression—sort of a Clyde Beattie, the lion trainer, on duty. But all men are not of the same normal stamp and in this case the motley crew overpower the censor and get away from his control. As a result you have a criminal or a neurotic. Here, in the beat of an eyelash, as simple as the magicians' *allez-oup*, you are introduced to the criminal, to the saint as well as to the crank and his *raison-d'être*. Is it of small wonder then, that such a specious and easy interpretation of the whole psychic life of man should attract and beckon to the unthinking and the fadist?

THE METHOD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

Now of all the means at the command of the analyst to reach and explore the unconscious, the chief one is the dream. In fact, it is the royal highway leading to the busy workshop

of the unconscious, being the most evident and telling of the old association theories. If a slip of speech, an unreasonable like or dislike, a mannerism, etc., are revelations of the unconscious itself, a fortiori the dream contains the symbolic expression of some pent-up and repressed emotion or desire. I have said that it is the royal highway to the unconscious, because in sleep, the censorship is almost eliminated, in such a way as to permit unconscious desires and wishes to cross the boundary line into the conscious, disguised however in symbolic form. From this, they naturally conclude that dreams are most reliable to uncover complexes and inhibitions.

Dream interpretation then becomes one of the major preoccupations and the study of Psychoanalysis, since every dream is in some way a symbolic expression or fulfilment of a once suppressed desire or wish. But because of its sordid and immoral character, it does not dare to appear and manifest itself under its true colors for fear it would so disturb the sleeper as to suddenly wake him up; so with an uncanny cleverness it camouflages its real form under that of a symbol. And it is this very elaborate and intricate symbolism that must be deciphered by the Analyst if the real meaning of the dream is to be found, probed and then purged.

DREAM INTERPRETATION AND SYMBOLISM

Let us go over a few of these dreams and see how one analyst interprets them.

A man who in early life intended to follow a certain line of life interest, was thwarted and forced day by day and year by year to give up his original intention, until he became a disappointed man. He had been forced by circumstances to become a clerk instead of a lawyer. He had a dream in which he was two logs of wood in different hotels, but try as he may, he couldn't get both logs together. The interpretation given to this dream is that his life was divided between his ideal and the reality of his life. The meaning of wood in dream interpretation is very primitive life. We see here the two minds,

subjective and objective, at work independently. We will come back to this point in our criticism of psychoanalysis.

Here is another dream with its interpretation. A young man dreamt that he saw his grandfather in his coffin and although the body was lifeless, the head kept turning in a restless manner in the coffin. One analyst interpreted it in this fashion. The man, who was very talented, belonged to a wealthy family and although in early life he had had ambitions to follow a profession, he had given himself up to a life of ease and idleness, and was now beginning to feel unsettled and most unhappy. His grandfather had always been, to him, an ideal man. Thus his dream showed him that his ideal of a learned profession was now dead. But the restless movement of his grandfather's head, meant that his early ideal, though relinquished, would not stay dead but continued to bother him in his subjective mind. The result of this subjective prodding of his ideal made the young man nervous and sick. The cure presented itself very clearly. To regain his peace of mind and former happiness, he must immediately fulfil his early ideal.

This, then, in brief form is the theory and the method of Psychoanalysis. Much more could and should have been said about both, such as the different methods of abreacting complexes, through the long list of inversion, displacement, conversion, word association, transference and finally sublimation. But since our space is limited, I thought it would be better to go over the system as a whole and leave the details to your individual study, should you feel prompted to do so.

GENERAL CRITICISM OF THE "NEW PSYCHOLOGY"

And now for our general criticism of the above-exposed system. First of all let us remember the old truism that says that there is a bit of truth in every error and that one of the first marks of an educated man is open-mindedness. This we concede, and we do give full credit to all these "New Psychologies" for the light they are endeavouring to shed on the psychic life of man. But we can also say that there are certain ideas and theories whose very exposition is tantamount to

their refutation and rejection. In this category then, Psychoanalysis as proposed by Freud, seems to have found its place.

First of all, Psychoanalysis is founded on the duality of the human mind, i.e., that the mind is separated into two distinct regions, the subjective and objective mind. The subjective is the innate mind, like that of an animal, with which we are born. This mind has its own unknown instincts, wishes and ideas. It is often called the pleasure or selfish mind, living a life of activity entirely apart from our objective mind, which on the contrary, feeds on our senses, i.e., on what is seen, heard, touched, etc.

Here it would be interesting to note that the subjective mind in itself is not a Freudian creation, for after a moment's pause we can faintly recollect one of our classes in Philosophy, trying to understand Plato's theory of innate ideas and the duality of the human mind. And just as Scholastic Philosophy answered Plato, so we now use the same argument against Psychoanalysis. There is no such thing as a subjective mind in the strict sense of the term, i.e., a mind apart from our conscious mind, which is not only a storehouse of past experience but a workshop where new volitions and ideas are manufactured.

Scholastic philosophy has never denied the existence of an unconscious mind wherein would be stored all the experiences of our past actions. But to say that actual ideas exist in the unconscious, and that such ideas influence, even rule our conscious life, is altogether inconceivable. We know that a man can never think of anything unless he experienced it, at least in part, sometime or other in his life. And as a natural corollary neither can anyone dream of anything that has not already been experienced. To say otherwise would be to admit the theory of innate ideas, which we cannot accept. Our own modest experience, backed by Scholastic philosophy, teaches us that ideas are acquired, not born with us. I believe it was Edison who once said, "Genius is 2% inspiration and 98% perspiration."

However as Dr. Breuhl says so well, "we can readily ac-

cept an unconscious in which there are certain tendencies, (not ideas; therefore it is in a latent state), emotional tensions seeking an appropriate outlet; also habitual predispositions inclining us in one direction rather than another and in a way determining our value judgments. These are traces of our previous actions that have left a definite impression on our personality and oftentimes determine our future behaviour. Our whole past is present in us at any given moment of time, and we carry it with us wherever we go. At times it may become a most oppressive burden under which we groan."

That much against the theory of Psychoanalysis. Let us now examine its method as exposed particularly in dream interpretation. Little needs to be said to my readers, for I am sure that in the above exposition they have all asked themselves, "How can such a method even claim to be scientific, when no two analysts would interpret a dream in the same way?" Even though we were to admit that dreams are revelations of the unconsciousness, the whimsicality of the interpretation would make such a process not only unscientific and impractical, but positively dangerous.

However we do admit that there is a positive relation between our dreams and our conscious lives. But we do maintain that they are the result of organic causes and not inorganic. In other words, they come from our present and past conscious life and not from the unconscious. That there is in dreams such a thing as association between cause and effect no one will deny. If a man kicks off his bed clothes on a cold winter's night and dreams he is in Alaska, is that a subjective reality? Oh no, in fact it is objective and very much so. Dreams will also come from organic defects. If you should break a leg, it is sure that the first night, if you can get any sleep at all, you will have very exciting dreams of houses toppling over you, or that everyone is now trying to break your other leg for the sake of symmetry. Likewise should you eat three suppers instead of one, don't be surprised if you are chased all night long by fiery dragons and mesozoic dinosaurs. All this then is sufficient to show that there is no need for us to create a

subjective and unreasonable fairyland to explain what is self-evident, if we but look at the causes that surround us.

However, before leaving the subject of dreams, let me remark that, according to Freud, of all the instincts in man, the basic one is sex. It is the sum total of all human endeavour; the root of virtue as well as of vice. It naturally follows that Freud sees sex in every dream. If you dream of a mountain, that's sex; if you dream of a valley, that's sex; if you dream of a snake or a bird or what have you, that also is sex. To this we say briefly that sex is not the only basic instinct to be found in man, but rather it would seem that the instinct of self-preservation is still more imperative and dominant in man; and nearly as much could be said of the herd instinct. Were it less repugnant to treat such a subject in public, much could be said, but I'm sure that any clean and clear-thinking person would put little stock in such a theory.

But again, that there are such things as sex dreams, no one will deny, but Theology and Medicine, based on experience, point out two principal causes and both are organic, namely, first as a result of youthful and ardent temperament and bodily organization, and secondly as a result of unguarded and exciting literature and the like, which leave a physical deposit in emotions and passions.

CONFESSIONAL VS. PSYCHOANALYSIS

This then is the story of Psychoanalysis, with arguments for and against it, as a system of thought. Now without endorsing the New Psychology with all its exaggerated claims, it is evident that the spiritual director in the accomplishment of his office of pastor and doctor of souls, should be familiar with the complicated mechanism of the human mind, its tendencies, inhibitions and various possible complexes. If he is aware of psychic reactions, he will be in a position to adapt his treatment to the particular needs of the individual seeking his help. The confessional offers a fine occasion for the zealous and well-informed spiritual director to make straight what is crooked and to guide what is straight.

And now in conclusion to this paper, let us say with Dr. Menig, that if there is a particle of truth in Psychoanalysis, it throws a new light on some of our Catholic practices. It proves especially the healing power of sacramental confession, which not always has been sufficiently appreciated. Confession induces man, under the guidance of grace to dig down into his past, analysing his soul and tracing the disturbing elements which as complexes may be infesting his psychic life. There is genuine abreaction in the purpose of amendment, true catharsis in the regained purity and peace of conscience and highest sublimation in the sublime ideals placed before him by Christ and His Church. Of another psychoanalysis man has no need. The treatment however of abnormal mentality must be reserved not to the whim of a psychical analyst, but exclusively to the professional neurologist, whose scientifically trained mind will employ a kind of psychoanalysis which is free from fantastic fictions and whose straight character will treat the patient with that reverence to which his immortal soul is entitled.

Psychology and the medical profession may, in time, pick some useful elements out of the foul mire of the psychoanalytical theory and method, but anything appealing chiefly to sensation is of short duration and psychoanalysis as a whole will either ingloriously fade away or find its road back to the solid ground of science and common sense."

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SANDRINGHAM

By E. C. KYTE.



THE LATE KING'S HOME

SANDRINGHAM

IN a corner of eastern England, looking out towards the wide estuary of the Wash, stands the country house of Sandringham. Pine woods enclose it and quiet surrounds it; a quiet that has in its heart nothing of loneliness. From the dainty order of the little station of Wolferton a red sandy road leads uphill; and through the vista of brown tree trunks on either side there are glimpses of rabbit or pheasant, but seldom of human being. A turn to the left hand, an elbow of the wood lies on that side while on the right is a grey stone wall. Half a mile further are the Norwich Gates, in all their wrought-iron beauty, the work of Boulton and Paul. Through these gates the eye follows a straight path to the house: Sandringham House. Seen thus it appears to be small, but its size

is concealed. Only the end is visible from the road. Come through the gates with me into the park. We are aware of order that never sets into stiffness, of beauty that is "bien soignée," with a gleam of water, an ordered pattern of flower beds, a perfume of rhododendron or of rose. Before the house the path branches; the left fork leads along the front of the house. A porch ever arching the drive, a door, a wide room, tables, easy chairs—just the place to sit in the evening after dinner. The room on the right is the Library, full of beautifully bound sets, history, literature. From it one enters the "Serapis" Room, the furniture of which is made from the wood of the ship in which King Edward VII went to India. This room, also, is filled with books; so also is the next, known as the Equerries Room. From the window of this third room we see the Norwich Gates at the end of the drive, and passing through the door on our left are in the long corridor that runs almost the whole length of the house. On either side are low book cases, filled with charming editions, many French and German classics. The beautiful "Ferner-Generoux" edition of La Fontaine's "Contes" is there, bound in leather that, originally green, had faded to a delicate lavender. If we walk down the corridor toward the hall we pass on the right hand the drawing rooms, with their many beautiful objects, and the dining room. At the end of the corridor is a case filled with Indian ivories, some of them marvellously carved. Through a short passage we come to the long Library, or "the bowling alley" as it still is called, for that was once its use. Here there are some thousands of volumes, including a very fine and complete set of Gould's Birds. Here also are numerous albums filled with carefully arranged newspaper cuttings. Here are sets of standard novelists, books on military costume, travel and biography; also the books on hunting and racing that especially appealed to King Edward VII. The house indeed is full of books. Go up the great staircase and turn to your right. A little way along the corridor you come to the Library of Queen Alexandra, the literatures of five nations well represented. (There are at Sandringham very many me-

mentoes of that most beloved Queen). Downstairs again, go through the Hall and continue down the corridor. The Tea Room, a seldom used apartment, is filled with books, including some rare atlases; also albums of photographs that members of the family have taken, sketches that they have made, letters and memoranda that they have written. Further along the corridor there are cases filled with finely bound works (Bridgewater Treatises and standard 19th Century science), a special collection of some value. At the end of the passage is the fine ball-room, with its gallery for the minstrels, and over the fire-place an ivory tusk of enormous length. Before reaching it we pass, on the left, a small lobby with a door through which ordinary visitors may enter the house. The servants' quarters are reached through a turning by the Tea Room. Very many are the kitchens and pantries, rooms for butlers, footmen, and personal attendants. The housekeeper of Sandringham, a lady of immense dignity and kindness, has her apartment at the top of a special stairway. A very cosy room, decorated with signed photographs; from the wide window seat there is a wonderful view over the tree tops to the distant estuary. There are books in this room also, as there are in the guest rooms. The Honorary Librarian (The Rev. Mr. Fuller, Rector of Sandringham Church) has no sinecure, though the Royal Librarian, from his more onerous station at Windsor, also exercises a benevolent control over Sandringham.

Much might be written of kennels and stables, of green-houses and gardens, of the wonderful rose pergola, and the life-sized statue of Persimmon. But perhaps enough has been recorded to give the true impression—that here is a Home in the truest sense of the word, and here, if anywhere, may a family, pressed with many public duties, find rest and private life. Much also might be written of the part that was played by Queen Alexandra in maintaining that atmosphere at Sandringham. It still seems to belong to her, as Buckingham still keeps Queen Victoria as a guardian spirit. The Lady of the Alexandra Rose had power both temporal and spiritual;

but all her servants were far more aware of the spiritual side, of the strength that ruled through love, of the gracious acceptance of due service as if it were unmerited kindness. That gentle spirit "made perfect through suffering" can still be felt as an influence by the attuned visitor to the house that for so long was home to her.

SONGS BROADCAST.

I shall live to sing, to sing,
A wild weird song
To Him, to Him.

I shall touch all chords, all chords,
Shall touch and pluck
Freely, freely.

But if my notes wander, wander,
To darkly songs—
With care, great care,

I shall pause to feel and feel
Upon my cheek
God's kiss—thank God!

Marie Austin Major.

PURGATORY--- IN THE POEM OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI

IV

PURGATORY (Continued)

Second Cornice: The Sins of Envy

We reached the summit of the scale and stood upon
The second buttress of that mount which healeth him who
Climbs. A cornice there like to the former girdles round
The hill. (Canto XIII)

DANTE and Virgil arrive at the second cornice where the envious are doing penance. At first they do not see any living creature: they see only the path and the bare rock the colour of which is green. But as they gaze more intently they discover that the place is alive with people whose faces and whose garments are livid-green as the landscape. They sit along the stony wall, leaning one against the other, shoulder to shoulder. They look like those beggars who sit outside a church door and with their looks and their words move to pity the people who enter the church. Their eyelids are sewn together by a wire-thread and thus the poor sufferers cannot see anything. "I do not think—observes the Poet—that there walks the earth this day a man so hard who would not feel pity at that sight. I even feel as if it were wrong for me to walk by and look at them, being myself unseen by them."

According to St. Thomas Aquinas envy is a sadness caused by another's good which the envious man considers as a lessening of his own glory or as an injury to his own good. Those who are envious keep their eyes and their words fixed constantly on those whom they envy. Hence their punishment in Purgatory is that they are made sightless. Again, as in life they had striven to supplant each other, so now they sit leaning on one another thus supporting one the other. They understand now the precept of charity preached by the Apostle

when he said: "Bear ye one another's burden and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. 6, 2).

The Poets hear invisible spirits flying towards them. The voice, that first flew by, called forth aloud:

"They have no wine," so on behind us past
 Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost
 In the faint distance, when another came
 Crying 'I am Orestes' and alike
 Wing'd its fleet way. 'O Father,' I exclaimed,
 'What tongues are these?' And, as I questioned, lo!
 A third exclaiming: 'love ye those who have wrong'd you.'"

These are the examples of charity opposed to envy. On the preceding cornice examples of virtues were sculptured on the rock, here they are spoken. "They have no wine" are the words of the Blessed Virgin at the marriage of Cana. Envious people would have enjoyed the humiliation of the bridal couple when the wine they had provided for the banquet had given out and the guests were asking for more; but the Blessed Virgin in her charity besought her Son to provide them with more wine even though to do so He had had to perform a miracle.

"I am Orestes." Orestes and Pylades were bosom friends. When Orestes had been sentenced to die, Pylades willing to die in his friend's place, appeared before the judges and told them that he was Orestes—Orestes in his turn cried out louder "I AM Orestes." How generously the two friends vied with each other in showing their mutual love!

"Love ye those who have wronged you." These are the words of Christ in St. Matthew (5:44): "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you."

A little further on the road a multitude is crying:

"Blessed Mary pray for us! Michael and Peter! All ye saintly hosts!"

Tears run down the cheeks of these spirits, tears escaping through their stitched eyelids. They are singing the Litany of the Saints which lifts their minds now to one, now to an-



DANTE ALIGHIERI

GIOTTO

other citizen of Heaven and rejoicing with them in their celestial bliss, whereas envy poisons and kills all joy shared by others. Dante inquires if there is any Latin person amongst them. "My brother—they reply—we are each one a citizen of the one true city which is Heaven; you should more properly say: is anyone here who had lived in Italy?"

Finally Sapia, a gentlewoman from Siena answers that she was one of the Guelf exiles at Colle: there from a tower she watched with jubilation the rout of her fellow countrymen (June 11, 1269) whom she should have pitied. At the end of her life she wished for peace with God, yet she would not have been forgiven had it not been for the prayers of the holy man Piero, a Franciscan tertiary, a comb seller by profession (d. 1289), who interceded for her. She begs the Poet to assist her with his prayers that she may be more quickly delivered from Purgatory. She further commissions him to tell her kindred in the world that she had repented and is saved.

On this cornice are also the souls of Guido del Duca and of Rinieri da Calboli. The former says:

"Guido of Duca know then that I am.
 Envy so parched my blood that had I seen
 A fellow man made joyous, thou hadst marked
 A livid paleness overspread my cheek:
 Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd—
 O man! why place thy heart where there doth need
 Exclusion of participants in good?"

Canto XIV

He then inveighs against the degeneracy of the people dwelling along the course of the river Arno and against the inhabitants of Romagna. A fit of crying stops his recital.

The Poets, proceeding on their journey, are suddenly frightened by what seems a clap of thunder and a voice shouting: "Whosoever finds me will slay me"; then another crash and a voice declaiming: "I am Aglauros who was turned to stone."

The first words are those of Cain (Gen. 4.14) who moved by envy slew his brother Abel. Even now after thousands of years Cain, the first man overcome by envy, seems to run in terror "a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth" and with desperate cries warn all who are brothers: "Woe unto them who have gone in the way of Cain!" (Jude 1, 11).

The other words are from Aglauros who, because she envied her sister Erse was changed by the god into a rock.

These then are examples of punishment for sins of envy upon which the spirits of this cornice are called to ponder.

Noting the time with a circumlocution the Poet remarks that it is between three and six in the afternoon.

As they proceed westward the sun thus strikes them in the face. He continues:

..... when I felt a weight
Of more exceeding splendour than before
Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze
Possessed me! and both hands against my brows
Lifting, I interposed them, as a screen.

This light stronger than that of the midday sun was a gorgeous light reflected on him as if by a mirror. It leaped directly from God to an angel and from the angel to the Poet. He cries out to his guide:

..... "What is this, sire beloved!
'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain?"
"Marvel not if the family of Heaven,"
He answered, "yet with dazzling radiance dim
Thy sense. It is a messenger who comes
Inviting man's ascent."

(Canto XV)

It is the angel of fraternal love. Note how his light is not calm and mild as that of the angel of humility in the preceding cornice, but a light most vivid, because the angel bespeaks the light and the fire with which Jesus Christ burns towards mankind and His blessed angel hails our poets with happy voice as soon as they approach him:

Here enter on a ladder far less steep
Than ye have yet encounter'd.

(Canto XV.)

The ladder leads to the next cornice and ascending they hear him behind sweetly singing: "Blessed the merciful". This hints at one of the most perfect acts of charity, namely, pity for the neighbour who has fallen on evil days. It is a feeling directly opposed to envy.

"Blessed are the merciful, because they shall find mercy," is the fifth beatitude proclaimed by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. "Envy, writes St. Thomas (IIa IIae 36.3), is directly opposed to mercy for the envious person is sorrowing at the good of his neighbour whereas the merciful is pained in beholding the evil of his neighbour. Therefore the envious is not merciful and vice versa." Here Dante recalls the following words spoken a little while before by Guido del Duca: "O man! why place thy heart where there doth need exclusion of participants in good?" He demands an explanation of Virgil who answers: "It is not to be wondered at that Guido, knowing the penalty he is paying on account of his sins of envy, should warn others lest they meet with a similar fate. Envy torments you because you wish for earthly things, your enjoyment of which is lessened if others partake of them. For instance, if many share an inheritance with you, your enjoyment of it is less than if you were the sole heir. This causes you to envy the other participants. It is otherwise with spiritual things. With regard to these, you are not afraid that, if others share them with you, you are going to have less of them, because the greater the number of those who share in heavenly joy the more each one enjoys it." Dante replies: "Now I am more at sea than ever. How is it that goods divided amongst many make these many happier than if the goods were divided only amongst a few?" Virgil answers: "Your mind still remains in darkness because you are forever thinking of worldly goods. God, our supreme good, communicates Himself to the soul that loves Him as the beams of the sun communicate themselves to a

lucid body. A lucid body is capable of much radiance, that is, of returning the light and the heat it receives. In the same way God, the infinite and ineffable good of the soul, gives Himself to the soul in proportion as it responds to Him with the burning fire of charity. Thus all human beings may partake of the love of God to satiety, leaving in them no room for more joy, and at the same time the delight that many others may experience in God is not a cause for envy, rather for added bliss.’

The sempiternal influence streams abroad,
Spreading, wherever charity extends;
So that the more aspirant to that bliss
Are multiplied more good is there to love
And more is loved as mirrors, that reflect,
Each unto others, propagated light.

A second P representing “envy” disappears from Dante’s forehead and he ascends to the third cornice.

Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy nature’s works
Without the chains that run the whole
world through
Gives us the eye without the light that lurks
In its clear depths; no soul is there.

M.F.E.

ONLY THE SURFACE CHANGES

REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

“**S**AVE the surface and you save all” is the trade slogan that is probably as untrue to facts as the other trade slogan, “A clean tooth never decays.” Most decay comes from without but from within, the boring of termites, the decay of nerves.

Unfortunately there has been an application of these two fallacious principles to much of life. If on the surface a person seemed generous, kindly, well-mannered, and polite; if a country seemed superficially prosperous, if to the world a family gave the impression of gayety and happiness, it was thought that all was right and well and sound.

Now we know that under surfaces there can lurk all sorts of dangerous diseases, as under a smiling face might lurk hidden sin.

The splendid part of a convent education has been the fact that while it cared for the surface it never forgot the hidden depths below. It lays upon the external of a young woman grace, good manners, and a pleasant culture, but it realizes that these are only surface things which would quickly be worn away and even more quickly pierced if the soul beneath were not extraordinarily unselfish, deeply pure and keenly alive to the needs of others. A convent education aims at producing as smooth a surface and as high a polish as one could find in any individual, but in the soul it buries faith and hope and love—love of God and charity towards others.

Pushing our figure a little further, there is perhaps at the present moment too much effort to save the surface of the world. Deep underneath are elements which must be corrected if happiness is to come back to the world. There may be a surface of good manners, but beneath there will be no true charity and no true love of fellow-men unless there is a realization deep and fundamental that all men are God’s chil-

dren and that He with fatherly love watches over all. We cannot begin to correct the defects in human society until we have gone down and corrected the defects in human hearts. The surface is easy to polish; it is just as easy to scratch. The depths below are what matter and what really constitute greatness or happiness or solid prosperity.

For this reason the years of education are so much more than a mere surface gathering of facts and polishing off of conduct. For this reason the Blessed Sacrament is so important affecting as it does all the fundamentals on which character can be built. For this reason unselfishness must be rooted deeply in the soul and a keen interest in all that concerns God's need and suffering humanity.

A polished surface is beautiful and attractive, but it must cover depths of earnestness and virtue and faith and human love.

GOD'S ALLOTTING.

There are times when the hopes we cherished fade
And pass like vapour before our gaze,
When the lovely visions our fancies made
Float from us into the mist and maze;
When the idols our hearts created fall,
And instead of a kind word we hear a jest—
O, in those times let us welcome all;
'Tis God's allotting and God knows best.

B. O'H.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

By ELIZABETH HUNT

. . . . "And now, my dear young ladies," the Missioner concluded his sermon, "in choosing a partner for life remember to look out for the three C's—Character, Coin and Catholicity, and . . . take the advice of an old priest: Let St. Joseph in on your plans. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"It's all very well, Grandma," remonstrated Aileen O'Brien a half hour later, "but young men possessing these 'Three C's' are about as rare as . . . as . . . as orchids growing under the snow! And why St. Joseph particularly! I would be afraid the second 'C' would be lacking."

"Aileen, Aileen, don't speak disparagingly of God's holy Saints," Grandma quickly interrupted. "What more powerful intercessor could one have than he who was chosen to be the guardian of the spotless virgin. Maybe it's a sainted King you would have to plead your cause—a St. Louis for example!"

"Or a St. Henry, a St. David, or even a St. Casimir," added the young girl with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "Did you ever hear of these kingly intercessors?"

"Yes, indeed, I have. It happened though such a long time ago that I hope I won't get the story twisted . . . Well, when I was about your age there was a young girl with whom I was well acquainted. Feeling called to the married life, she wisely decided she must pray for guidance in this important step. But her worry was, to what Saint should she pray . . . No, not St. Joseph—she would ask him to obtain the grace of a happy death or to give her Mother better health, poor dear, humble St. Joseph! But to find a husband, why not ask a King? And forthwith, my lady started off to make a special visit to the Church every afternoon where she would fervently make her novena to the great St. Louis, King of France. But, lest St.

Joseph should be hurt, after the novena prayers, she would walk over to St. Joseph's shrine and innocently ask the dear Saint to obtain for her all necessary spiritual and temporal favours!

"And did the two Saints start a holy rivalry, Grandma? Really I'm very anxious to know how it turned out."

"Well, dear, to make a long story short—and this is a true story mind you—both Saints worked together, and at the end of the third novena to St. Louis and the twenty-seventh visit, to be exact, to St. Joseph, the right man came along and what was my surprise—or rather the young girl's surprise—oh, sure, I've let the secret out—, so I might just as well tell you the whole story. Well, the fine young man was . . .

"Your grandfather, Louis Joseph O'Brien," said a hearty-looking old gentleman, as he entered the room. "She's right. I'm the boy who knows how well her prayer was answered! Isn't that right, Mother," and a great peal of laughter followed.

"You're right, Louis!"

"Did you have the 'Three C's' Grandpa?"

"Indeed, he had. And the Catholicity helped along the character, and the character helped along the coin. To be sure, there was not always a superbundance of the latter, but enough for the necessities of life and a little over, and that's about all that is good for the most of us. God be praised for all His Gifts!"

Be thou, St. Joseph, by our side
When perils in our lives betide,—
Protector, guardian, loving guide!
Take us, dear Saint, beneath thy care;
Make us thy wondrous virtues share;
Teach us thy hidden life of prayer.

FROM A ROMAN SKETCHBOOK

By SR. M. HELENA, O.P.

I NEVER suspected I could acquire a relish for bus rides, not to mention jaunts on a tram. Though I must confess an aversion for certain trips, I do enjoy others. For local color, noise, shopping in the raw, pandemonium, and beautiful fountains take an NB-bus at nine. It follows streets so narrow that from your place, if you are fortunate enough to have one, you can reach into a shop and negotiate for string beans. Suddenly it leaves this Old Rome behind and catapults you almost into the lap of the late Queen Margherita's palace and the fashionable hotel section.

The climax of service is the ED-tram which makes a wide circuit of the city for a few soldi and caters to the basest of the *basso popolo*. And even if it sounds surpassing strange I admit I have at times enjoyed the ride. The route skirts, crosses, and recrosses the river; but yellow, low and unromantic as old Father Tiber is to-day I like to see him and to think. Then, too, it passes the Ghetto which is the great-grandfather unsurpassable of all great ghettos. Scars of Jewish persecutions have been erased by slow concessions but neither time nor fire nor earthquake have shaken the walls, boundaries once as spiritual as they were actual. Beyond in Trastevere one is apt to see interesting peasant costumes, beautiful children at play, and the House of Dante. After that, overlooking the river, stands St. Anselmo's Benedictine Monastery so well described in one of the Sunday graduals, "a high tower built in a vineyard on a choice hill." It is very modern and seems to strut beside its fifth century neighbor, Santa Sabina.

As this wondrous ride continues we pass a carnival with gyrating whirligigs on one side and the decidedly immovable pyramid of Caius Cassius on the other. Or there is the modern post-office, looking for all the world like a futuristic honey-

comb, silhouetted against the Baths of Caracalla. Contrast, sounds, odours, costumes, all so Italian and all so eternally Roman—this and more on a tram. A kaleidoscopic impression, amusing flashes, solemn reminders, grim realities—this is Rome.

Castel Sant' Angelo is rich in atmosphere. Known to the world as that ill-shaped pile on the Tiber's edge which manages very often to find its way into a picture with St. Peter's, this one-time tomb of emperors has since served a long term as chief fortress. If old Rome ever had a "sore spot" it was sure to be near, in, or pertaining to the castle. Now it is a harmless museum proud to exhibit its battle scars, rusty cannon, and prisons.

The fort is approached over the bridge built by Hadrian and since clumsily extended. It is embellished with an avenue of Bernini's "breezy maniacs." Since the castle once butted against the river and used its waters to moisten its moat, much picturesque value was lost when the city built a modern road between the Tiber and its battlements.

The entrance is at the present city level but steps lead down to the original gate. From hence one usually goes first to the cellars filled with great earthen vats for wine and oil or to the low-celled prisons where such as Galileo and Bonaventura Cellini spent considerable spare time. The summit may be reached two ways: a gently inclined stair of herring-bone brickwork rises to the level where the urns of Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Septimus Severus, and like society were found, from which point it widens into a vaulted passage large enough to accommodate a chariot, and spirals upward around the fort as a tunnel enclosed within the fifteen-foot thick wall; or one may visit turrets, outposts, and battlements by old stairs or new and gain the "Walk of the Popes" for views of the city. Higher, even than this, the great Angel of the Castle spreads his bronze wings at an unattainable altitude.

From this height the moat and outworks, now used as a park, stretch in a lovely star pattern below and from the left

runs the covered stone passage to the Vatican through which popes might have passed for safety in the fort.

Since the fourth century this building, having figured in all the major vicissitudes of Rome, has seen battles of pope versus anti-pope, political plots, murderers, executions, invasions from Atilla to Napóleon, and no mean share of fancy criminal extravaganzas. It is only a clumsy, ugly hulk—just the core of its primal splendour. Once encased in parian marble, peaked with gold and bristling with statuary, it did for imperial ashes what the pyramids of Egypt are still doing. Then the barbarians came, stripped it of its marble piece by piece, threw its statues at the enemy when shot gave out, and reduced it to a sorry state. To the circular keep on a quadrangular base successive popes added towers, walls and entrenchments. An angel appeared to Saint Gregory from its summit; a chapel and a statue were placed there; and thus the pile was named.

The type of cannon extant here is a crude affair; the shot, round stones. Piles of them are everywhere but especially in the *Cortile de Pale*. The interior scenes are contrasts of grandeur and ghastliness. There is the papal suite in full Renaissance splendor. There are weird corridors, more prisons, armories, and munition displays, a collection of Italian medals of honor, galleries of war scenes, and interesting old prints of the castle

In all, it is a massive spectacle, an incomprehensible array of artistic, political, religious, and archeological associations. Like a grim old soldier the fort wears all its faded trappings and retells its heroic exploits to any who but give ear.

Poets sing of flowers and many have chanted the particular beauty of the flower-stands at the foot of the Spanish Stair. Through centuries those frail, fragrant masses of colour in Piazza de Spagna have had a distinctly vivid charm against the travertine intricacies of the old stairway. Early one day I crossed the piazza but something struck me as being very out of key. At first I could not realize what. Something was as incongruous as the candle under the bushel. Then I knew. The flower booths were empty—the stairs were only stark travertine stairs.

But the full significance of the fact I read on a paper with wide black edges pinned to a deserted stand. Giovanni Maroni, the flower vendor, was dead. Our well-worn "Say it with flowers" was reversed, and much more impressive was this effort to the fellow-vendors to mourn without flowers.

Flowers to flies is alphabetical proximity if not rhetorical affinity. Italian flies are very innocent insects. One would hardly expect them to know Mussolini has declared war on them and that the populace is urged at last to the civic duty of exterminating them. Nevertheless, one might expect the usual degree of prudence in them common to common flies. The instinct of swatter-consciousness is totally lacking in the personality of the Italian fly. For centuries he has lived, multiplied, and died at a ripe old age without the slightest failure of cooperation on the part of humanity.

Thus it was that the recent warrant for his execution at sight found him entirely unprepared with the customary strategy of swatter-dodging. I have always held the belief that for purposes of self-protection the fly was a master mind-reader. I have never mentally resolved to kill a fly but that he immediately left the level spaces for the shelter of a delicate chandelier. And who has ever gone to get the swatter and returned to find the flies in the killable places he left them? Of late years bacteriologists have so hounded and harrassed the insects as to have raised his destruction to a fine art, like falconry and boar-hunting in the past. Such background experience with fly-illusiveness left me unprepared for the type of fly who would stay in place for a second hit if you missed him on the first, a fly who would languidly seek out the swatter and tease to be killed. This may be a case for that heredity-versus-environment quarrel.



FOR the first time in the eighty-nine years of its existence, St. Michael's Cathedral was, on February 19, 1936, the scene of the Episcopal consecration of a citizen of Toronto, the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis P. Carroll, of whom Torontonians are justly proud. Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto was the consecrating prelate, Bishop Kidd of London and Bishop O'Sullivan of Charlotte-town the co-consecrators.

The new Bishop comes from a family which has contributed much to the cause of Christ, both at home and in fields afar. A not too distant relative of Bishop Carroll on his mother's, the Fraser side of the family, was Bishop Kyle of Northern Scotland. The great Canadian missionary, Mgr. John Fraser, is an uncle, as is also Father William Fraser, resident chaplain of Loretta Abbey, Toronto, who for a time laboured in the Chinese missions. Sister St. John, novice mistress in the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, Toronto and Sister Geraldine, deceased, of St. Joseph's Community, who was a successful teacher and whose religious and historical plays staged here in Toronto, called forth well-merited praise, are aunts. On his father's side there comes to Bishop Carroll the outstanding gift of Faith, which has characterized the Irish people.

Calgary's Bishop is marked in high degree with what is so noticeable on both sides of his family, energy and faith. And so he brings with him to his prairie diocese the qualities of St. Peter and St. Paul; faith and zeal for souls.

From his birth his native qualities have been eminently brought forward. Born and reared in St. Francis Parish, he received his primary education in St. Francis' School. His classical studies were made in St. Michael's College. Following his graduation, he taught for one year in St. Thomas' College, Chatham, N.B., then entered St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. Ordained to the Priesthood in 1917, he was appointed to the chair of Sacred Scripture by Archbishop McNeil. Professor of Homiletics at the Seminary, he fulfilled the office of preacher in many parts of Canada. During this time he was pastor of Highland Creek and Scarborough for almost four years.

In 1931 he became President of St. Augustine's, the first alumnus to hold that post. Following the death of Archbishop McNeil, he was made Administrator of Toronto Diocese in May, 1934, in which capacity he acted with singular success. Soon after he was raised to the Domestic Prelacy by Pope Pius XI.

Only heartfelt desire for the progress of God's Church enables priests and people of this Diocese to rejoice over an appointment which takes such a worthy priest from their midst. Their prayers and interest will follow him that he may be in Calgary of equal worth in his office of its Chief Shepherd of Souls.



HIS EXCELLENCY, FRANCIS PATRICK CARROLL,
BISHOP OF CALGARY.

THE SISTER

THE shallow plaudits of the crowd are still;
The tinsel'd glamour casts its spell in vain;
Her life, henceforth, she consecrates to serve
Humanity upon its couch of pain.

And then indued with righteousness and truth,
With diligence and with exalted mind
She seeks to serve her God; and to obey
Those blessed precepts given to mankind.

And daily 'midst the sick, her placid voice
To fretful ones brings hope that soothes and heals;
The Cross, her anchor; He, her steadfast guide
Bespeaks the love her every act reveals.

O ye who tread the mundane paths of life,
What know ye of compassion? Ye whose souls
Are warped by greed and turned as unto stone:
Whose hearts are frigid—even as the poles.

The joy of giving all ye do not know;
The joy of serving as the Master taught—
A sacrifice? Nay, 'tis a faith sublime,
Made manifest in every deed and thought.

The ways of God are not for me to doubt,
For they are far beyond my finite ken;
Enough that I with latent faith renewed
Shall render service to my fellow-men.

And so, in chastened spirit, let me pray
That she may ever in this faith abide;
Bestow on her Thy blessing, Lord, each day;
And hallowed peace in life's sweet eventide.

Robert Aynesworth.

THE ANNUNCIATION



AVE MARIA! As the shadows fall,
And into the darkness scenes familiar fade,
From yonder tower the bells of evening call,
Telling of Gabriel's message to the Maid.

GRATIA PLENA! O thou full of grace,
Abide with us, that we when life is o'er,
May see thy Son and Saviour, face to face
And worship Him with love for evermore!

DOMINUS TECUM! Christ thy Lord and Son,
Is with thee, thou 'mongst women blest,
Pray for us now, that we when life is done
May win at last to Heaven's eternal rest.

P. J. Coleman.



Saint Joseph Lilies extends sincere congratulations to His Excellency Francis P. Carroll, who was consecrated Bishop of Calgary, on February nineteenth, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. We are pleased that his talents have been recognized and among his many friends none rejoice more in his elevation to the Episcopate, than the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose good wishes and earnest prayers will accompany him to his new field of labour.

On January 5th a ceremony of Reception and Profession was held in the Convent Chapel, St. Alban St. Mgr. Hand, P.A. presided at the ceremony and received the vows of the Sisters; the Reverend Doctor Markle was the celebrant of the mass and the Very Reverend H. Keane, S.J., who had conducted the retreat delivered an address taking as his text "Behold we have left all things and have followed Thee. What, therefore shall we have?"

Four young ladies were clothed with the holy habit: Miss Mary Hankoski, Oshawa (Sister M. Rosalie); Miss Christine Payne, Merritton, (Sister M. Aloysia); Miss Doris McFarland, Toronto, (Sister Mary Lorraine); Miss Dorothy Whyte, Huntsville, (Sister Mary Janet).

The following Novices were admitted to Final Profession, Sister St. Christopher Cahill, St. Catharines; Sister Philip Beniti Cosentino, Toronto; Sister St. Josaphat Scarrett, St. Catharines; Sister M. Antoninus McCarron, Brampton; Sister St. Maud McLeod, Parkhill.

At six o'clock on the morning of the fifth the Very Reverend H. Keane, S.J., received the vows admitting the following novices to their First Profession: Sister St. Aidan Muldoon, Blackbog, Ireland; Sister St. Desmond O'Neill, Belfast, Ireland; Sister Mary Cyril Kehoe, Schomberg, Ont.; Sister Mary Lucy Horahan, Toronto; Sister St. Sylvester Smith, Toronto; Sister M. Verona Ronan, Colgan, Ont.; Sister Marie Aimée Dugas, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sister Mary Francis Peck, Toron-

to; Sister Mary Arthur Knowlton, Toronto; Sister M. Ignatius Leonard, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sister Mary Lawrence Payne, Merritton, Ont.

We heartily congratulate our golden jubilarians, Sisters Othilia, Innocentia and Imelda who on January 6th completed their fiftieth anniversary in religion.

For the Sisters of St. Joseph-on-the-Lake it was a day of special rejoicing. Their delightful entertainment was worthy of Sister Othilia who in her long and strenuous life of unselfish devotion has endeared herself to all.

At St. Joseph's it was a day of simple joys and happy reunions. Friends and pupils of Sister Innocentia and Sister Imelda united in making the beautiful anniversary a golden day.

May they yet enjoy many years of happiness!

On the same day was commemorated the Silver Jubilee of Profession of Sister Immaculata, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans Street; of Sister Juliana, St. Michael's Hospital; and of Sister Mary Vida, Prince Rupert, B.C.

Two playlets, "The Crosspatch Fairies" and "Rachel, the Little Leper Maid" were presented by the pupils of St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake as part of their Christmas concert, those taking parts showed talent and careful training.

In the lamented death of Reverend W. H. Brick, C.Ss.R. in Rochester, N.Y., on December 25th last the Community of St. Joseph has lost a sincere and valued friend of long standing. To all who had the privilege of his acquaintance he was a personal and deeply interested friend for he possessed to a marked degree the God-given gift of the true missionary—the ability to be all things to all men. Because his heart overflowed with love for God and for souls, especially for the souls of religious, his words of encouragement, sympathy and exhortation had a potency all their own. His child-like simplicity, his unbounded confidence in God's goodness, his tender devotion to Our Blessed Mother, his love for Our Lord in the Tabernacle, his self-sacrificing fidelity to duty will ever remain an inspiring memory to all who had the happiness of association with him. Surely so true a friend on earth will be a powerful advocate before the throne of Him Whom he served so well as a priest

of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer for over fifty four years.

To his Community and to his relatives we offer our deepest sympathy and with his host of friends both in Canada and the United States we unite in prayer that eternal peace and light may be his.

SISTER M. MECHTILDE LECOUR.

On January 23, Sister M. Mechtilde of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto died at the Mother House as the result of a stroke, to which she succumbed in a few hours, not, however, before she had received the last rites of the Church and was fully prepared for death.

Sister Mechtilde (Josephine Lecour) was the daughter of Andrew Lecour and Mary A. Donaher, of Ottawa, and entered St. Joseph's Convent fifty-five years ago, where she worked diligently and faithfully up to the very day of her death. A great many years of her long life in religion were spent in teaching; in 1917 she was appointed Mother Assistant, and for the past fifteen years she was the Treasurer-General of the Community, an office which afforded daily opportunity for the practice of patience, kindness and self-forgetfulness, virtues in which she truly excelled. Her time and energy were wholly devoted to the interests of her Community, by whom she will ever be affectionately and gratefully remembered.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the Convent Chapel on Saturday, January 5th by the Rev. J. M. Hussey, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Fathers V. G. Fullerton and E. T. McGee, C.S.B., as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. E. Kelly, Rev. Father Kane, C.S.S.R., and Father Daly, C.S.S.R., were present in the sanctuary. Miss Lecour, of Ottawa, also attended the funeral. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

Our will is the only thing which God has so placed in our own power that we can make an offering of it to Him.

BOOK REVIEWS

EDUCATION OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC.
By James J. Walsh. New York Fordham University Press.
1935. \$3.50.

IN HIS latest work Dr. Walsh has brought to light what is perhaps the "most surprising discovery to be had in the history of American education for several generations." Scholasticism, the philosophy of the Mediaeval Schools, which today is too little known in non-Catholic institutions of learning, formed the minds of the Fathers of the American Republic. The leaders of the group of men, who from 1770 to 1790 laid the deep foundations of the Republic, received their education in Colleges whose curricula were based on the old trivium and quadrivium.

Dr. Walsh throughout the first part of his book challenges the current notions of historians of education who see in Scholasticism only a remnant of bye-gone days, an antique of the Dark Ages. Well authenticated documents found in the archives of our colonial colleges are eloquent testimonies to the reign of Scholastic philosophy until the early nineteenth century. Separate chapters show the scholastic-mindedness of the professors of Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Brown, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Columbia. And we know from history that these colleges gave to the world men of character and vision.

The second part of the work is devoted, for the most part, to an historical study of Scholasticism and its contribution to education. The author's familiarity with his matter and enthusiasm for his subject make this "neglected chapter in the history of American Education" a valuable contribution to the cause both of education and Scholasticism. J.F.

IN THE HOMELAND OF THE SAVIOUR—Father F. M. Lynk, S.V.D.—1931—\$1.50.

AT THE SHRINES OF GOD'S SAINTS—Father F. M. Lynk, S.V.D.—1933—\$2.00.

STROLLING THROUGH EUROPE—Father F. M. Lynk, S.V.D.—\$2.00. Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

THESE three volumes represent forty thousand miles of travel on land and sea.

In the first volume the author describes Palestine. It is an opportunity for a winter evening's fireside visit to the Holy Land with all the thrilling sensations of a real pilgrimage. To those who enjoy adventure it will rank second only to the journey itself.

In the second volume, the author describes the beautiful shrines of Asia and Europe. He begins with the Nazareth, crosses to Rome, visits twenty-six holy places in Europe, and ends at Lourdes.

The third volume is to contain visits to fifty interesting places in the Old World.

In the simple narration of the author's memoirs of his pilgrimage to Jesusland, he manifests his very soul. The volumes bespeak

his veneration for the Church and her teachings, for the Mother of God, for his own mother, for women in general, for the gift of Faith and for his holy vocation. He also reveals his talent for art, his love for music and his skill in poetry.

To those who have met the writer, these volumes will be a source of joy. To those who have not, they will be an introduction to the great mind and to the happy soul of a talented and priestly priest.
Sr. St. L.

PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS—Dom Thomas Verner Moore, Ph.D.,
M.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1935; pp. 381; \$3.00.

JUST fresh from the press, the careful thinker and reader is confronted with the latest treatise on moral principles, by Father Moore, Priest, Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Philosophy.

Father Moore's book supplies a long-felt want in the medical and nursing world. It affords an opportunity to learn correct ethics, as it lays down solid principles of right and wrong. The style is so plain, clear, concise and simple, and at the same time so graceful and refined, that the book should be acceptable to both the masses and the classes. For the practical part, the moral problems, taken from the diaries of ninety-five nurses in their hospital duties, are cleared up. The principles themselves are summarized at the end of each chapter.

Besides numerous choice references throughout the treatise, there are five annotated bibliographies: (1) Medical Ethics, (2) History of Ethics, (3) History of Medicine, (4) Nursing Ethics, (5) History of Nursing.

Though this book apparently carries a distinct message to the medical and nursing professions, being in the form of a text-book, it is invaluable to those who are responsible for the education of youth; those who are leaders in Catholic Action; those who are engaged in social work; those who are enlisted in the professional ranks, and all those who are really concerned about the morality of their actions.

Sr. St. Luke.

Dear Lady of the wayside!

Let thy lights be always gleaming,
As through all the darksome ages
For the pilgrim they have glowed;
Till they lead us o'er the desert
To the haven of our dreaming,
To thy Home, O Mother Mary!
At the ending of the road.

B. O'H.



Alumnae

The Bridge and Tea held by the Alumnae in November was enjoyed by over two hundred former pupils of St. Joseph's who appreciate the opportunity of coming together and of renewing the bond of friendship.

Mrs. Bartley Unser was in charge of the tea and received with the President, Mrs. F. Pujolas, who was assisted by Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. L. Morrison, Mrs. J. Reid, Mrs. F. O'Connor and Mrs. C. E. Johnson.

"The Honourable John Elmsley" was the subject of an address by the Reverend J. B. O'Reilly of St. Augustine's Seminary to the members of the Alumnae and their friends, at the January meeting held in St. Joseph's Convent. In drawing a picture of the life of this important citizen the speaker took opportunity to present also a picture of the City of Toronto at the time he lived here.

Mrs. J. C. Keenan, who was recently decorated by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, diocesan president of the Catholic Women's League, were guests of honour and made recipients of corsage bouquets. Mrs. F. J. Pujolas, president, received and spoke briefly on the advisability of study groups in the alumnae. Mr. J. McKendrick and Mrs. E. Harty presented musical numbers and tea was served by Mrs. B. L. Unser, assisted by Miss Julia O'Connor and Mrs. John Ferguson.

At a recent meeting of the N.D.C.A. our President, Mrs. F. Pujolas, who is Chairman in charge of the Toronto Study Clubs for the C.F.C.C.A., was asked to give an address on Study Clubs.

In urging the importance of the Club Mrs. Pujolas said: "It would be well to occupy our minds in an organized effort to know our Christian Doctrine, to know our Catholic attitude and outlook and how to apply it to a materialistic world. The anti-Catholic and Socialistic groups in the world to-day are

filled with enthusiasm, with strength, and with vigor; their organizations are composed of keen, willing students, each one of whom is prepared to attack every problem from his concept of godlessness. This godlessness is one of the challenging attitudes of life in the world to-day. Under the caption of 'Humanism' it teaches that religion is the result of man's striving to have things the way he wants them, that gods are just what man has made them.

"It is appalling how many groups there are which saw the seeds of this 'Humanism' in support of eugenics and social laws that would be an abomination to the pagan of old. To counteract this idea, our Catholic students and Catholic adults must be made to realize that these problems are for them to attack and that they must prepare for this attack by developing an intellectual curiosity in world affairs and a love of study and discussion, and by taking part actively in the social order. The Catholic Social Order must force itself deeper into the consciousness of the world.

"You know, this planet of ours was once considered such an extensive realm, has become a comparatively small centre for the commerce of goods and the commerce of ideas. And this condition of unrest which is rampant throughout the whole world to-day is a very serious problem—coupled with the militant forces of Atheism it forms the cynosure towards which the greater part of our Catholic Action should be directed. For, only by the energetic and constant application of intensified Catholic education and culture, can we hope to strike the Christian note in the new world which is growing up around us . . ." "Our Holy Father, Pope Pius VI, is asking for a laity sufficiently enlightened to know and express the Faith they profess." . . . And on defining the work "A Study Club is a group of two or more people with a common interest in a timely subject. A lively curiosity about it, a readiness to devote time and energy to study, and a willingness to share knowledge with others for mutual enlightenment and inspiration. Small groups seem best, because the interest of a small group may be kept centred upon the chosen for discussion. Two people with a mutual interest can have a very interesting series of study meetings; ten or twelve can conduct a club which makes a smaller demand for individual contributions. When a group becomes too large for common interest it should be divided and a different subject chosen by each section.

"The problem of leadership is most important in organizing a study club. It has been handed in different ways. If

the subject chosen is a highly technical one or one that requires the specialized learning of a theologian, an outside leader may be invited to conduct the discussion, and contribute whatever explanation is needed for complete understanding. If the subject is informational and within the power of the members of the group to explore and explain, a leader may be chosen from the group, or an arrangement for alternate of successive leadership may be worked out to relieve the responsibility on any one member.

“A comfortable and convenient meeting-place should be provided and a definite time set for assembling. For a small, intimate group, such as a study club, a schedule of frequent meetings seems advisable. The number of meetings will be determined by the subject studied.

“The subjects for study are as wide in range and variety as the interests of the Catholic Church itself.

“A study Club is an elastic organization. In all things it may be adjusted to the mood and temperament of its members, to the local need, or current interest. It may be small in number and informal in its procedure, or it may include many members and adhere to a formal program. There is only one essential requirement: That its members be willing to study. There can be no mere listeners. All must do a share of the reading. All must contribute to general discussion. The stimulation and inspiration to be derived from the work depends altogether upon the workers. It may have a genuine interest and a compelling enthusiasm, the success of a club is assured.”

The speaker then suggested subjects for the Club and urged her audience as Catholic alumnae equipped for distinct leadership to keep in close touch with the interests of the Church to assist the hierarchy in spreading the Kingdom of Christ.

Junior Alumnae.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception Saint Joseph's Junior Alumnae Association held their General Communion at St. Joseph's Convent. Reverend Basil Doyle, C.S.P., was the celebrant. Father Doyle gave a very inspiring talk to the young ladies, explaining the Miraculous Medal and pointing out the advantages to be gained by the wearing of this medal.

An Act of Consecration to Our Lady was read by the President and all the members were enrolled in the Medal. The Sisters' Choir rendered suitable selections for the occasion.

Miss Eileen O'Sullivan ably convened the breakfast for the large number present.

The President, Miss Nora Phelan, thanked the Past President, Miss Betty O'Brien, for the wonderful work she had done during the past year. Miss O'Brien was presented with a Missal.

Plans were made for their Annual Dance held in January.

The Junior Alumnae was privileged this year to entertain two groups of children at Christmas. The first was the children of first and second classes at St. Mary's School. Each child received woollen mitts and a package of Christmas candy.

The Sisters of the School planned a very enjoyable entertainment complete with Santa Claus and he was ably assisted by Misses Margaret Dunn, Betty Kelly, Margaret Fortune and Bessie Balfour.

The second group was the children at the Sacred Heart Orphanage. Many willing hands gladly cut sandwiches and cake, opened ice cream and chocolate milk for the delighted crowd of little ones. They seemed to have as much fun as the children present and were in turn entertained at tea by Sister Superior. Many thanks to all the girls who donated cake, sandwiches and candy so generously and to those who were able to give their assistance.

Close behind the busy Christmas season this year came the St. Joseph's Junior Alumnae dance, and from subsequent remarks it seems to have eclipsed all the holiday parties. The dance was held on January eighth in the main dining-room of the Royal York Hotel. A capacity crowd was no damper on the good spirits of the guests even though it must have resulted in a few trampled toes. The patronesses of the dance were Mrs. W. J. Phelan, Mrs. Frank Pujolas and Mrs. Joseph Garvey. The committee in charge included Miss Nora Phelan, Miss Louise Hayes, Miss Rita Halligan, Miss Margaret Dunn, Miss Sunny McLaughlin, Miss Gerry O'Brien, Miss Betty Kelly, Miss Teresa Breen, Miss Isobel Griggin and Miss Bernadette Carolan. We were delighted to see so many from out of town and are looking forward to having them with us at all the Junior Alumnae events.

Dear Alumnae:—

When you receive this copy of our Lilies, it will be almost Easter, and so may I commence my letter by wishing you all the most joyous of Easters!

Just after the Christmas copy had gone to press we had a lovely Christmasy letter from Adele McGuane, from Hollywood, and even though it is Easter time I am going to quote some of it for you.

“Our little town is well lighted for the Christmas season. Hollywood Boulevard is trimmed with lighted Christmas trees on every post and Santa rides up and down every night in a gorgeous sleigh with reindeer. He is always accompanied by different movie stars. It is called Santa Claus’ lane and it is indeed a veritable fairy land. The movie stars have huge trees lighted and decorated in their front yards. Four of us have chartered a plane for an evening next week when we are going aloft to see the wonders of the universe. It promises a thrill. I have seen Los Angeles from the air during the day, but never at night and since the city is brilliantly illuminated at night we hope to see something although we’ll be in the air at NIGHT.”

It sounds like a lovely Christmas picture and I should think they would be “up in the air” with the prospect of flying by night—not that they would want the old expression “fly-by-night” used to express it, of course. It lives up to our ideas of the real St. Nick, whose reindeers mount to the sky and sail on the clouds.

Hilda Sullivan—our “Nomadic Narrator” has been doing splendid work in the Cathedral Sodality though she wouldn’t tell you about it, but birds gossip. We sincerely hope her brother Jack is improving after his recent operation.

You know, there are not two receptions—exactly social functions as that word implies—but receptions of postulants into the Community as Novices, each year at St. Joseph’s Convent—one in January and the other in August. Among the little flower girls—called “Angels” that day—we almost always find little daughters of the Alumnae. This time we noticed little Bunny Barry—Teresa Keogh’s little girl—among them, and quite naturally her mother was there too. Mothers bringing little daughters to Alma Mater are always surprised at the growth of the old school. Margaret Patterson—now Mrs. Claude Kormann—comes every week to bring Peggy for a music lesson, and Anna Downey (Mrs. Maloney) has two

little girls in school now, Margaret and Joan, and Margaret Roque, (Mrs. Edward Rousseau who lives in Killarney—no, not Ireland, just Ontario—has a little lady—Regina Mary—almost ready to start—well, in a few years maybe, seeing that she is only three now. But you know how years fly by! There is no “little boys’ class” now, although Sister Petronilla, R.I.P., did wonders with boys in her day—but if there were such a class I think we could expect to enrol little Billy Goders—(his mother was Dorothy Schill) of East Dearborn, Mich. Dorothy promises to come over and visit St. Joseph’s Convent and we hope she comes on an alumnae Sunday so we can all enjoy her visit, but the welcome is never missing. Dorothy. Sister Pauline is the personification of hospitality, and she means the whole of St. Joseph’s Convent.

Also we are looking forward to a visit from Lucretia Hinsperger, alias Lukey, also known as Mrs. John Nelson of Flint, Mich. Bring Bob and Donald, Lukey, and don’t let anything interfere with this trip.

It is so cold and wintry to-night as I write this letter that I almost envy and heartily congratulate Lucia Bauer, who is off with the family in Southern France, for six months. When you get your copy of these “Lilies”, please sit down and write us a bit of the world over there, Lucia. For instance, have you visited any St. Joseph’s Convents in France, where our Community had its beginnings, and how the boarding schools in France compare with those of Canada?

I wish we could show you a charming photograph which we have clipped from a magazine of three of Catherine Delaney’s children. Catherine is Mrs. B. A. Kelly of Quebec, and the children are darlings. Tim, Brian and Mary Pat.—lovely Irish names too.

Mary McKeown, (Mrs. J. J. Armstrong) of Woodford was in town lately and called at the Convent. She has two boys—Gregory and Harry, and one little lady—Mary—who will some day come to school at St. Joseph’s Convent. It seems a kind of shame that pupils at our school are not given, or permitted to carve their names on the desks, or otherwise leave positive proof for their children that one day away back in the past “Mother” sat right at this desk or that. Incidentally, I have, you may or may not know, several children of varying ages, as well as a few nieces and nephews. One of the nieces, realizing at a very tender age that the next person to use her school books would be one of my children, used to write little notes to him something like this—“Cheer up, Paul, I couldn’t

do this problem, either, but do No. 17, it is easier," or "Hello Paul, I'm so glad I will be beyond school days when you will be doing this Latin lesson." You see what I mean, if we could always leave some tangible evidence for our children that we were once young too, well, who knows whether they'd believe it or not, anyway.

Among the debutantes of this season, was Helen Sheedy. Such partying! Helen being a general favorite, all the young people shared her fun.

St. Joseph's Junior Dance, which was postponed at news of the Country's great loss in the death of our beloved Monarch, was a great success when it did take place. This is now recognized as one of "the" events in Toronto's gay season.

Evelyne Krausmann of Montreal spent three weeks in Toronto lately. She also visited Margaret Keenan—Mrs. McGahn of Buffalo—to become better acquainted with her god-child. Marge—(Mrs. O'Donoghue) also of Montreal is well, but Mrs. Krausmann was not very well at that time. We hope she is herself again by now.

Among the newlyweds we find Angeline McDonell—who is, since December, Mrs. Harold Boyd; Nora Walsh—who has married Harrington Owens, Olive O'Connell—3T4 who suddenly became Mrs. J. L. Paquette last January. The wedding had been planned for February but Joe who is a graduate of 3T3 in Science had to answer the call of the North and they answered it together. They are now one hundred miles north of Sioux Lookout and will be there for three years. It is about seven hundred and fifty or eight hundred miles from here and in winter or summer one must travel the last hundred miles by plane. Olive's friends will be lonesome but what an experience it will be for Olive!

Florida as usual beckoned some of our Alumnae south. Mary Ferland is in West Palm Beach and Mrs. Landy and Miss Kelman in Miami.

We hear occasionally from Mary Ryan from Brandon, Man. (Mrs. Jardine Smith) and her letters are always more than welcome. You would be thrilled as well as surprised at the size of the school now, Mary. It is almost necessary to strew bread crumbs à la Hansel and Gretel, to find your way around and come out at the same door. But to see more than six hundred girls filing down the stairs is a bit breath-taking even to us who have watched it grow. And you may not know that Margaret Gaughan, '31, called on her way to Montreal where she is following up her post-graduate work; and Marie

Crean, '30, has joined the teaching staff of North Toronto Collegiate; Catherine Carroll, Anne McLinden and Mary Desrochers all '31, met in Toronto and paid a short visit to St. Joseph's; Betty Herringer spent a few days around the College before entering the training school of St. Michael's Hospital; Margaret McCarthy '34 has joined the Dietitians' staff at St. Michael's Hospital; Mary Murray, '33, has taken a post at the Parliament Buildings; Helen Farrell '30 has recently been appointed Head Dietitian of the Royal Bank of Montreal. Alice Quinlan '30 is back at the University doing post-graduate work in Classics. and had a trip to Europe last summer, we hear.

Someone was asking for Jeanette McCarthy—She is well.

We were sorry to hear of Mr. William Cloney's death, at the close of last year. To his widow, Mrs. Cloney (Alma Begy), and to his daughter (Alma Vera) we offer sincere condolence.

Well, I think I have told you most of the doings of the girls at home and abroad this time, so I think the "Who's who" column will be among the missing in this issue.

Thank you for sending in all the items and please keep it up.

Once again, Happy Easter to you all!

Lovingly,

Your sister alumna,

for those at home,

(Sgd.) Gertrude Thompson.

(Mrs. J. A.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—So many have told us how much they enjoy Mrs. J. A. Thompson's quarterly letter and the "Who's Who and Where" that we wish to continue these features in the magazine.

To do this we need help from all. Yes, from everyone. Do not say you are too busy. Let us tell you some of Mrs. Thompson's activities outside her home where Paul, Larry, Joan, Frankie and Mr. Thompson demand her attention.

Just now she has written the letter, "patched together" she says, the news items, between visits to her Mother—Mrs. O'Connor, who is ill.

For some time Mrs. Thompson has been connected with I.F.C.A. Motion Pictures and because of this connection she has been appointed Chairman of the Previewing Committee of the League of Decency for Toronto. Of course, most of the pictures have been already rated by the American League of Decency but where there is a doubt or in the case of English pictures or something similar, they preview them for Toronto.

The latest call on Mrs. Thompson is to the Board of Directors of the Children's Aid of St. Vincent de Paul to which she and Miss Rita Halligan were elected last fall.

Now you will agree that Mrs. Thompson is a very busy woman and could not many others bring "grist to our mill."

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of Archbishop O'Donnell, Bishop Cullen, Reverend Father Brick, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Gunn, Mr. O'Meara, Nano Hughes, Mr. M. Hart, Miss Slattery, Mrs. Moriarity, Mrs. O'Shea, Mrs. Benninger, Mr. Stock, Mr. Guerin, Mr. O'Reilly, Miss B. Riddell, Mr. Shields, Mr. C. Frechette, Mrs. Koelpre, Mrs. W. (Lee) Craig, Mr. J. Colbert, Mr. A. Devlin, Mr. Hamlin, Mr. McNamara, Mrs. Regan, Mr. Lahey, Mrs. A. Fraser, Mr. Cowan, Mr. J. Dea, Miss Dea, Mrs. D. Heydon, Mr. D. J. Murray, Mr. M. Lacey, Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. Dumelle, Mr. W. Cloney.

BLESSED ANTHONY BALDINUCCI

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

DID you ever meet people who were terrified by lightning? Brave men, seemingly incapable of fear, courageous women who would enter the isolation ward of a hospital without a tremor and risk health and life for the afflicted one found there, yet who at the first rumble of distant thunder become weak and blanch with terror?

It is of these that the Blessed Anthony Baldinucci is the chosen patron, and many are the devout clients of the saint who can testify to miraculous preservation from the "balls of heaven," "the red artillery," "the fire king of the sky."

The priest is vested at the altar; the hour for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries has come. But the darkened sanctuary, the gloom-enshrouded aisles, warns him that the dreaded thunderstorms about to burst. What is he to do? Dare he, knowing that his trembling hand may desecrate the Holy of Holies—dare he ascend the altar-steps and commence the hallowed rite? He breathes a prayer to the patron of those in terror of the lightning flash; the darkness rolls by like a mist, the sun shines out, the storm has passed and their fear of being fearful is gone.

If then you are one of those susceptible to that mysterious subtle fluid man can force to serve him in the transmission of light and heat and sound, yet which may at any moment become so terrible a destroyer, pray to Blessed Anthony Baldinucci and he will be your protection against the dread artillery of the sky.



PLANS. The new term of 1936 has begun, and although scarcely launched on its course, has already brought with it enough to fill a much lengthier calendar. Christmas exams are over, but their memory lingers on in the neatly typewritten lists which stand as mute reminders of our past efforts. May looms a little nearer on the horizon, but is dimmed for the present by the thought of more pleasant actualities—chief among them the Play and the Dance. The former has already come off with great success, but our plans for the annual At-Home were cut short on its eve by the sad news of the death of our late monarch, King George V. We join with faithful subjects throughout the Empire in mourning his loss. To his successor, Edward VIII, we can only express the wish that he may have length of years to carry on the lofty ideals which made his father so beloved among all classes of people.

Mary Loftus.

* * *

MISSION MEETING. At the December meeting of our Mission Society Reverend Edwin Favier, who at that time was conducting a Novena at St. Michael's Cathedral, addressed the meeting. Father told us about the Capuchin Order and gave us a short account of their missionary work. He enlightened us on "Ethiopia," where at present members of his Order are engaged in missionary endeavours. Although the law of the country forbids missionaries to enter, Haile Selassie has permitted the Capuchins to continue their work because he felt he owed a debt of gratitude to one of their Fathers who educated him in his childhood.

After telling us of the active work being carried on in foreign countries, Father assured us that we too could do our part at home by offering our prayers for those Missionaries who need that help for the continuance of their work.

Madeline Wright.

THE CHRISTMAS NOVENA. As a Christmas gift to their parents, the girls made a novena of holy Masses and Communions which was closed by a special Mass and general Communion offered on December the twentieth, in the Convent Chapel, the last day of the novena, for their welfare. A merry breakfast followed in the cafeteria of St. Joseph's Convent, where the Reverend Sister Superior visited the tables and spoke to each girl, wishing them all a happy Christmas.

Rita Burke.

* * *

THE SODALITY RECEPTION. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception four girls, Mary Gallagher, Dorothy Jansen, Olive Quinlan, and Rita Burke were received into the Sodality. All the members joined in the singing of the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost and Ave Maria." During the singing of "Children of Mary" the four candidates arose, then repeated the Act of Consecration and received their medals. The Reverend Father McCorkell, our director, gave an impressive sermon on the need for perseverance in Catholic devotion with a beautiful exposition of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. The ceremony was closed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Rita Burke.

* * *

LITERARY SOCIETY. On Monday, November 25th, St. Theresa's Literary Society held an open meeting which was addressed by Reverend Doctor Phelan. In a review which scintillated with wit, Doctor Phelan illustrated the passage of DeQuincy on the murder of philosophers. Some, like Socrates, were physically slain, others, by far the greater number, have been metaphorically murdered—have had their philosophy torn to shreds by ignorant scholars. Thereupon the Doctor proceeded to show the great hazards of the popularization of Philosophy, since Philosophy, unlike theology, is only suited to the study of but the few. Many friends of the College and admirers of Doctor Phelan crowded the lecture hall to capacity. Among them we were proud to number Professor Gilson, whose addresses to our French Club are high lights in the history of the College.

* * *

WOMEN'S PLACE. At an open meeting of the Literary Society, held on Thursday, January 23rd, Reverend George Flahiff, C.S.B., addressed our members. The subject of the talk was, "Women's Place in Medieval Ages."

Father Flahiff showed two different tendencies arising from the different attitudes toward women held by the Romans and the Teutons. The Romans on the one hand believed that the husband had control over the wife and it was regarded as lawful to beat one's wife for disobedience, and this custom was not infrequent. The Teutons, however, believed that the wife was more of a helpmate and did not regard her purely as a slave. Very soon when the men of the family were out on fighting expeditions it was necessary for the women to look after the husband's business, support the family and even in his absence protect the castle from besiegers.

The education of the girls was really better than that of the men. In most cases the girls were the only ones in a family who could read or write. As well as this they were accomplished spinners and very often all the materials used by a family were spun by the women. We learned to our surprise that the use of cosmetics is not a modern invention. Passages were quoted from Medieval writings which gave recipes for making certain creams and powder. Father Flahiff did not believe himself sufficient authority upon the subject of women's dress in the Medieval ages so did not enlighten us on this point.

The general enthusiasm at the end of the lecture indicated how much it was appreciated and we are all anxiously awaiting another visit from Father Flahiff.

Eileen O'Donnell.

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THE COMEDIAN. One of the cleverest dramatic portrayals ever presented by St. Joseph's College Dramatic Society was that of Henri Ghéon's "Comedian," which we were privileged to see in our Auditorium on the evening of January 29th, and which was graced by the presence of His Excellency, Archbishop McGuigan. The play was under the capable direction of Reverend Sister St. John, who deserves great credit for the excellence of the presentation!

Like all his works, this play radiates the mastery of its author. The long speeches were not only beautiful but contained a wealth of thought. Mr. Ghéon, whose real name is Vaugeon, is a contemporary French writer and a convert. All his works bear the imprint of faith and genius. Among his better-known are "La Vie Profonde de Saint François d'Assisi" and "Mystère de Sainte Cécile," three volumes on the Curé of Ars which he calls "Le Jeu des Enfers et du Ciel."



CAST IN "THE COMEDIAN"

Left to right—BACK: E. Murry, H. Hallinan, H. Kew, W. Wiecek, M. Buckley, R. Burke, M. Loftus, S. McLaughlin, G. Conlin, B. Timmons.
 SECOND: R. McCormick, O. Quinlan, F. McCarthy, H. Frank, F. Maloney, M. O'Donoghue, M. Wright, K. Flanagan, M. Gallagher, H. Sim, A. VenHessel, E. O'Donnell.
 THIRD: F. LaPlante, M. Doyle, M. McGuire, E. Phelan, N. Bennett, E. Zeagman, B. Hall, G. Ryan.
 FRONT: H. Byrne, A. Myer, M. Macdonald, E. Hallinan, K. Killoran, M. G. Harcourt, P. Wilkins.

"The Comedian" portrays an episode in the reign of Diocletian, Emperor of Rome about the year 300 A.D. Diocletian has ordered his actors to prepare a play about the death of Adrian, his officer and friend, who had become a Christian and whom Diocletian had put to death. The first two acts of "The Comedian" deal with the preparations for the play. The last act is laid in the Emperor's theatre and opens with the applause of the crowd at the close of the Third Act of "Adrian the Martyr."

For our own satisfaction we consulted the professors at the Institute of Medieval Studies and learned that St. Genesius—whose martyrdom occurred either in 303 A.D. or 287 A.D., was really an actor in the time of Diocletian and was converted while playing the part of Adrian. Five other saints in the first three centuries of the Christian era were thus converted. The story of Saint Genesius was well-known in the fourth century and became the basis of a later "Mystère de l'Histoire de la vie de S. Genis" by a French troubadour whose name is unknown. It is next found in a Spanish play by Lope de Vega (1562-1635), but there is no proof that this was based on the mystère. It is definite, however, that Rotrou took his play from the Spanish version, and Ghéon from Rotrou with several new ideas introduced, most outstanding of which is the fact that Genesius was forced to play the role by Diocletian.

The presentation of the play was admirable. Miss Mary Macguire, B.A., former president of the Dramatic Society and always a willing worker in its interests, portrayed an excellent Genesius, and Miss Eileen Zeagman as Poppaea was splendid. Of the other characters, it is difficult to choose the most outstanding. Still special credit is due to Miss Eileen O'Donnell, Miss Gerarda Ryan, Miss Freda Laplante, Miss Bernice Hall and Miss Mary Gertrude Harcourt. The complete cast was as follows:

CAST IN THE "COMEDIAN" BY HENRI GHEON.

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|--|-------------------------------|
| Genesius, Actor and Director of the School of Dramatics..... | Miss Mary McGuire, B.A. |
| | Miss Mary McGuire, B.A. |
| Poppaea, Actress, favourite of Diocletian | Miss Eileen Zeagman, '38 |
| Albina, a young actress | Miss Mary Gertrude Doyle, '38 |
| <i>Members of the Company:</i> | |
| Hermes | Miss Freda Laplante, '38 |
| Julia | Miss Mary Gallagher, '37 |
| Triphon | Miss Gerarda Ryan, '38 |
| Polydorus, a Playwright | Miss Bernice Hall, '36 |
| Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, in residence at Nicomeda..... | |
| | Miss Madeline Wright, '36 |

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Seated—Margaret Fullerton, Christine Kennedy, Margaret Whalen.
Standing—Mary Loftus, Jean Macdonald, Elaine Murray. Absent—Bernice Hall.

| | |
|--|---|
| Rufinus, <i>His Chamberlain</i> | Miss Eileen Phelan, '37 |
| Belisarius, <i>Marshal of the Court</i> | Miss Noreen Bennett, '37 |
| Felix, <i>Brother of Genesis, a Christian</i> | Miss Eileen O'Donnell, '37 |
| Slave to Genesis | Miss Katherine Flanagan, '37 |
| Punchinello | Miss Mary Gertrude Harcourt, '37 |
| <i>Maidens of the Chorus</i> —Misses Mary Hallinan, '36; Helen Kew, '36; | |
| Mary Loftus, '36; Eileen Murray, '36; Anita Meyer, '37; Mary | |
| Buckley, '39; Rita Burke, '38; Genevieve Conlin, '38; Kathleen | |
| Killoran, '38; Eleanor Hallinan, '38; Margaret McDonald, '38; Betty | |
| Timmons, '36; Sunny McLaughlin, '38; Patricia Walsh, '39; | |
| Wilhelmina Wiacek, '39. | |
| <i>Herald</i> | Miss Florence McCarthy, '38 |
| <i>Lictors</i> | Miss Frances Maloney, '37, Miss Helen Frank, '37 |
| <i>Guards</i> | Miss Audrey Van Hessel, '36, Miss Helen Sim, '36 |
| <i>Slaves</i> | Miss Helen Byrnes, '39; Miss Olive Quinlan, '39; Miss |
| Rita McCormick, '37; Miss Marie O'Donoghue, '37. | |

* * *

THE BRIDGE—Devotees of bridge enjoyed a pleasant evening on November 28th when the St. Joseph's College Mission Unit held the annual card party. The library and the common room were utilised and a considerable crowd was accommodated. For the few non-indulgents, less intricate, but equally interesting card games supplied. Lunch brought the evening to a successful close.

M. Gallagher.

* * *

THE COLLEGE AT HOME. Once again the St. Joseph's College At-Home, has come and gone. "Too short" we heard murmured as we wandered towards the check-room at its end; or again, "The time went so quickly"—in a wail! At any rate, all agreed that it was the nicest dance in years. So it was a success, and the Dance Committee, Sunny McLaughlin, Katherine Flanagan, Harriet Harkness and Christine Kennedy, under the convenership of Helen Kew are indeed to be congratulated. Harriet Harkness must be congratulated also, on the coffee-party she arranged for the residence girls before the dance. We understand Sunny McLaughlin's was quite a success too. Of course, we could go into rhapsodies of description, because so many, in fact all of the girls were so beautifully gowned. But we cannot mention all, and so, with a journalistic tact, will mention none. But there were dresses of every colour and every style, and the effect was indeed gay.

The Granite Club formed a perfect setting, and for five short hours, couples danced gaily to the strains of an orchestra. Of course, there was the supper interlude—and the supper was one that everyone seemed to enjoy. The tables were most

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STANDING—Mary Hallinan, Lucile Bonin, Helen Sim, Alice McCarthy, Bernadette Drapreau.
SEATED—Eileen Phelan, Madeline Wright, Norah Phelan, Frances Dart, Eileen O'Donnell, Agnes
Feldhams.
ABSENT—Lillian Karmalska.

happily arranged to accommodate one big, happy family. Two o'clock came, and reluctantly the dancers broke up—Another St. Joseph At-Home was over all too soon. But happy memories linger on!

We would like to thank our patrons and patronesses. Reverend Father Doyle, C.S.P., Reverend Father LeBel, C.S.B., Doctor Victoria Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. Dietrich, Mr. and Mrs. Garvey and Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt for honouring us by their presence in the receiving line.

Christine Kennedy.

* * *

ITALIAN SPANISH CLUB MEETING. St. Joseph's Common room was the setting for the meeting of the Italian-Spanish Club which took place on December 12th. The first guest of the evening was Miss Mary Dignam, introduced by the president, Miss Helen Kew. Miss Dignam won a prize given by Mussolini and so spent the summer in Italy. She recounted the highlights of her trip which the members found very amusing. Professor Goggio moved a vote of thanks to her in Italian. The new guest, Doctor Elliot gave us a delightful account of his recent trip through Spain, illustrating it with slides showing us landscapes, flower gardens and quaint Spanish architecture as well as the customs and dress of the Spanish people. Senor Don Tito Fandos delighted the members with his two vocal solos—one Spanish and the other Italian. Professor Caro thanked Mr. Fandos and Dr. Elliot in Spanish. The meeting closed with the usual social hour for conversation and refreshments.

Helen Kew.

ONE DAY TO LIVE.

If I had only one more day to live,
 One day to walk among my fellow men,
 How easy, then to love and to forgive;
 How foolish pride and wrath and envy,—then!

AN INTRODUCTION

To the New Members of the Teaching Staff at the Institute of Mediaeval Studies St. Michael's College

The Institute of Mediaeval Studies was founded at St. Michael's College in 1929 as a centre of study in the culture and civilization of the Middle Ages. Its purpose is to take a part in the work which scholars the world over are doing to understand the mediaeval mind and to interpret it to the modern world.

The Staff of this Institute is composed of trained specialists. It is, indeed, the policy of the Institute to emphasize men and books as its treasures. In active execution of this policy, five professors, members of the Community of Saint Basil, have been added to the Staff this year. All five had the advantage of prolonged study in Europe under the guidance of celebrated experts in their respective fields. They come to us, crowned with success to add their knowledge to the range of investigation undertaken by the Institute.

The Rev. Alexander J. Denomy, C.S.B., B.A., West., M.A., Tor. spent three years at Harvard University in the Department of Comparative Literature under the direction of Professor Magoun; J. P. M. Ford in Romance; Robinson in Celtic, and Hoefner in Gothic. His doctorate thesis is a "Comparative Study of the Legend of St. Agnes in the Vernacular of the Middle Ages." Following the award of the Ph.D. degree in the Department of Comparative Literature from Harvard, Father Denomy was given the Sheldon Travelling Fellowship for study in Europe. He then proceeded to France and continued his studies under Professor Bédier in Paris at the Collège de France. During the course of his visits to many universities and libraries, Father Denomy discovered unpublished manuscripts of three old French versions of the Legend of St. Agnes, and one Middle Irish version. He collected further seven Provençal, Italian, Middle English and Middle High German versions.

Moreover, at Brussels Father Denomy discovered an Old French poem of some eight thousand lines entitled: "The Way of Paradise and the Way of Hell" in five versions. Father

Denomy is lecturing on the Comparative History of Mediaeval Literature, and on Old French and Provençal.

The Reverend George B. Flahiff, C.S.B., B.A., M.A., Tor., English and History, attended the University of Strasbourg and l'Ecole de Chartes in Paris in the Department of Church History, studying historical methods. Then followed a year in England at Oxford, and in London at the British Museum and at the Public Records Office examining "Writs of Prohibition" in the study of the relations of Ecclesiastical and Lay Courts in Mediaeval England. These "Writs of Prohibition" are a series of royal letters forbidding the Church Courts to act in certain cases, together with the "Rolls" or minutes of the Royal Courts of cases resulting from disobedience to those orders. In consequence of these studies Father Flahiff, under the direction of Professor Powicke, Regius Professor of History at Oxford, wrote his doctorat thesis on the "Royal Writs of Prohibition." It was written in French, but will be published in the author's translation in English by the Cambridge Press early in 1936. This thesis adds materially to the study of the relation of Canon and Roman Law, and to the question of Church and State in England in the Middle Ages. For the work, Father Flahiff was awarded the Archiviste-Paleographe Diplome de l'Ecole de Chartes. In the Institute, Father Flahiff lectures on the Political History of the Middle Ages, and on the History of Church Art.

The Reverend Vincent L. Kennedy, C.S.B., B.A., M.A., Tor., Honour Classics, spent two years at the University of Strasbourg under Professor Andrieu in the Faculty of Catholic Theology. The following two years were employed in Rome at the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archeology. This Institute is one of the special interests of the present Pontiff. For more than eighty years a group of scholars have been interested in "Christian" Archeology, and a Commission has been functioning under such eminent scholars as De Rossi and Marucchi. In 1928, however, the present buildings comprising the Institute were dedicated, and there gather many professors and students from throughout the entire world to investigate all

phases of the archeology, art, history and liturgy of the early Church. It was at this Institute, of which our Institute of Mediaeval Studies at Toronto would seem to be a parallel: a continuation of those studies into the Middle Ages, that Father Kennedy worked under Monseigneur Kirsch and Dom Mohlberg from Maria Laach, and won the Doctorate in Archeology. While he was following his course there, Father Kennedy achieved the distinction of being placed on the staff of the Pontifical Institute where he held Seminars for the new students of the Institute.

Father Kennedy's doctorate thesis is entitled, "The Saints of the Canon of the Mass: a Contribution to the History of the Roman Canon," and is being published by the Pontifical Institute at Rome.

One particularly interesting phase of the work at the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archeology were the visits, twice a week, to the Catacombs under the city of Rome which have all been reopened within the past fifty years. Here many treasures for the study of early Christian art, architecture and liturgy are being found. Father Kennedy discloses to us a whole new field of research in his lectures at our Institute on the History of the Liturgy and on the Archeological Background of Mediaeval Art.

The Reverend Terence P. McLaughlin, C.S.B., B.A., M.A., Honour Philosophy, also proceeded to Strasbourg, where he studied two years in the Faculty of Catholic Theology in the State University of Strasbourg. It is interesting to note in passing that this is the only "Faculty" of Catholic Theology recognized by the State of France; all other such centres are termed "Institutes." Here Father McLaughlin pursued the study of Canon Law and the History of Civil Law, Canon Law and Church institutions under Professor Le Bras of the University of Paris, formerly of the University of Strasbourg, who is generally recognized as the greatest French historian of Canon Law. Then two years in the Faculty of Law at l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes at the Sorbonne, together with lectures at the Collège de France. For his excellent thesis on "Le très

ancien droit monastique en occident" Father McLaughlin was awarded at the University of Strasbourg the Pontifical degree of Doctor of Canon Law (J.C.D.). He then continued to Rome, where he spent a year working in the Vatican Library and in the Roman Congregation, the latter the Bureau of Administration for Church government. Father McLaughlin comes to us as Professor of the History of Civil and Canon Law, and in addition to these courses, lectures on Mediaeval Sociology and Economics.

The Reverend Reginald O'Donnell, C.S.B., B.A., M.A., Tor., Honour Philosophy, was particularly chosen to work at Krakow under the celebrated Professor Birkenmajer. There he examined old manuscripts, especially the writings of Nicolas of Ulricuria, a heretic of the fourteenth century. The following two years were spent in Paris under Professor Gilson, with courses at l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes and l'Ecole de Chartes in Paleography and Mediaeval Latin, devoting himself chiefly to the manuscripts of William of Shyreswood, a logician of the thirteenth century. At our Institute Father O'Donnell is Instructor in Latin Paleography and Mediaeval Latin.

This survey has endeavoured to disclose in part the wealth of careful preparation these new members of our Staff have enjoyed, and moreover, the new and important branches of mediaeval thought and culture they have investigated and are bringing into our midst. They are important links in the final circle of a complete study of all the phases of mediaeval life and thought which will eventually be covered at the Institute of Mediaeval Studies.

We join with the many friends of these five new Professors in sincere congratulation for their achievements; we feel proud and grateful for their excellence, and we congratulate the Institute of Mediaeval Studies on its newest acquisitions. Our good wishes go out and will accompany all five in their continued success and their endeavours. We look to them for inspiration to true Christian and Catholic scholarship. May God bless them and their work throughout many years!

Dr. Victoria Mueller.



The Sodality Reception December Eighth, Our Lady's feast was an eventful day for the resident pupils. The ceremony of reception into, the Sodality which made us for ever true clients of our Mother Mary was most impressive. Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B. delivered an instructive sermon, calling to mind the virtues which we should strive to acquire in order to merit the title of Child of Mary. Eighteen pupils received the blue ribbon and the distinctive medal of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception as a badge of loyalty to her whom they will truly honour as a loving Mother and Patroness.
Ann Kane, V.

The Christmas Hampers Our usual custom of providing a hamper for some family in need excited much enthusiasm this year. Every pupil displayed generosity by bringing some contribution. Toys, clothing, goodies for the table, candies for the wee tots and surprise packages of all kinds found their way into the large baskets decorated in the festive colours of red and green. The preparation of these Christmas hampers brought home to us the truth that real happiness is found in making others happy.
Anne Golden IB.

Basketball Again this season our basketball team brought honour to the school. They played brilliantly all year, only having two defeats to their discredit. It is necessary too to mention the other ambitious girls who are becoming adroit players under our excellent coach.

However, the success of the St. Joseph's team is greatly due to the enthusiasm of the non-players, who patronize every game to cheer their fellow students to victory.

Audrie McMullen, IIID.

Sodality Elections The annual elections for the officers of the Sodality of the Children of Mary took place on the Sunday preceding the Eighth of December. The following were elected:—President, C. Ann Kane; Vice-President, Evelyn Flannery; Secretary-Treasurer, Nina Glover; Choristers, Jessica Glover, Catharine Corkery; Councillors, Margaret Heffernan, Anna M. Leduc, Rita Donnelly, Viola Barry; Sacristan, Joan Bennett.

First Form Party A pre-lenten party was arranged for the pupils of the First Forms. Uniforms were cast aside and afternoon dresses were donned for the occasion. Exciting games had been planned by the executive in charge; the refreshment committee provided a dainty repast. We were unanimous in our approbation of such an event and hope to have another in the near future.
Agnes Conlin, IA.

The School Rink The Tennis Court provides amusement even in the winter months, for it makes an ideal skating rink. There we may spend our recreation in healthy outdoor sport. During the lunch hour one may see youthful skaters showing their skill, some successfully making the figure eight, others trying a marathon to provide excitement. The beginners favour the evening recreation for their trial on the ice as their tumbles are not then so readily noticed. This exercise gives us much pleasure and the most important result is that it keeps us wide awake during class hours.

Anna Marie Leduc, IIID.

Our Concert In our Literature course one of our studies is Charles Dicken's immortal "Christmas Carol." Therefore to further impress the tale on our minds our literature instructress decided to dramatize it. Different members of the class acted in each scene.

On Tuesday, December the seventeenth, our audience had assembled for the great event.

Great was the uneasiness behind the scenes. Everyone feared that she would forget her part when she must step forth onto the stage and speak out well and bravely. When the dreaded moment did arrive each one said her piece with a certainty of her lines and a clearness and perfection of diction which spoke well for our teacher and for the memory of the pupil.

We acted three scenes from Dicken's "Christmas Carol." A few recitations were said, each bearing a reference to the Holy Season approaching. Three Christmas Carols were also sung at intervals in our programme.

Our audience was greatly delighted when the final note of the last Christmas Carol died away and out stepped one of the little ones from the Primary Class and recited perfectly a piece about the Baby Jesus so soon to be born again in the hearts of men.

Marion Horgan, IA.

Reading of the Marks Every second or third month brings with it, that all important event, "The reading of the marks."

On the preceding day we are informed that it is to take place. Promptly at nine o'clock next morning, we present ourselves in our respective class-rooms, having donned our stiff collars and cuffs to grace the occasion.

When I appear, I try not to show any signs of the hustle, bustle and worry, of the previous night. The mental anguish which I have suffered, does not appear evident to my teachers or classmates.

All morning I wait and wait for a gentle knock of warning on the door. It comes at last and I try to "sit like patience on a monument," until my name is read.

I hear a faint echo and realize that it is being called. I manage to stand and hear the results of my own laborious work. I feel as if I were in a deep sea of emotion, with waves of self-pity flowing over me, followed by waves of deep resolve to do better next month—In a flash all is over.

The storm has abated and as the waves sink in soft repose, I sail on peacefully until the next storm, two months later.

Mary Staley, IIIC .

The Novena Of all the events during the Autumn term, undeniably the most valuable, was the Novena, in which all the Catholic students united to bring blessings on their parents, Archbishop, Priests, and teachers.

For the first eight days each girl attended Mass and received Holy Communion in her own Parish Church but on the last day of the Novena, likewise, the last day of the term, a students' Mass was offered in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, after which breakfast was served in the School cafeteria.

The crowded Chapel gave evidence of the enthusiasm which accompanied this Novena and the gratitude of our pupils to those who are daily and untiringly making sacrifices for them.

As a souvenir, each pupil received, as an offering for her parents, a card, recording her efforts—her best of Christmas gifts—for them, while expressing her love and good wishes surely Our Lord was pleased with our tribute first to Him directly and then to those who take His place in our regard.

Elsie Borsa, IV C

THE MOON TAKES A HAND.

My journey to the "Pines" was for the purpose of getting a necessary duty over as quickly as possible. My nephew Charles, lived there, and I wished to make his acquaintance and see if he were quite as foolish as his letter. As senior partner in a well-known firm, I was in a position to offer him a place of future advancement. I had already done so, and what did I get but a letter politely but firmly declining my offer! I could not believe that a nephew of mine could be so senseless. However, he must be made to take advantage and I had a plan formed in my mind how to accomplish this.

I walked from the station to the house. I had not been there for years, since I had first left for London, and I had no intention of remaining longer than necessary. It was a cramped, forsaken place, and I had been glad to leave it. My sister had remained there until her marriage, and then returned after her husband's sudden death. I rounded a bend and came in sight of the "Pines." The path was laid with "crazy paving" and lined with flower-beds. That was something new since my father's death,—he, like myself, had not cared for *fal-de-rals*. The door opened then and my nephew came down to meet me.

My first impression was that I was not making his acquaintance, but that I had known him all my life. I realized that this tall youth was the image of my sister and I felt a sudden shame that I had never bothered with him until now. This was cut short by his first words: "I say, hello Uncle, I'm Charles, you know." "I know it," I said. "Well, come along, let's go in."

We entered, Charles talking volubly, and I—yes, I was continually trying to drown an ashamed and guilty feeling for not having come before. He was so evidently pleased to see me!

The inside of the house, as I remembered it, had not been so attractive. My father had not liked "frills" inside either, but they were there now. It was delightful!

I set about sternly reminding myself that this young idler had to be made to see sense, and I was here to do it.

"Well, Sir," I said. "I am not here to waste time. I cannot afford it. I am offering you that position in my firm again.

Charles looked surprised. "But I thought we had settled that."

"Settled nothing!" I said. "I will not believe that you are so foolish. I want you to return with me to London."

Charles eyed me steadily. "Thank you, no," he said. "I prefer to remain here. I am not idling. My pictures are beginning to sell, things about here keep me busy, and well—and well I like it here."

"Very well," I said. "But listen to me before you make up your mind definitely. This house belongs to me. You've lived here all your life. Now that your Mother is gone I mean to close it. Either you will return with me, or you will leave it anyway, to make your way yourself. And believe me, sir, you have an opportunity that I hadn't."

But it was useless. He merely said no again, and after a while, having received a call from one of the neighbors to help somewhere, he went out.

I stepped into the garden and had taken several turns up and down before I was calmed. Obviously, young Charles was a fool.

The moon came out suddenly, and I looked around. Bless me! Was this the garden I had known? There were flowers everywhere, and the beds were divided off by paths. Charles must have spent much time here. So had my sister when we were young, whenever my father had allowed it. At one end was a little latticed summer house, containing seats and a small table. Nearby was a bird bath, for the convenience of those birds, who occupied the birch bark houses swung from the trees. I knew that I had not been here before, but somehow it seemed familiar. In a flash I remembered. It was just as my sister had planned, long ago when we were young. Everything that she had wanted was there now, even the swing in the corner, probably used by all the children for a mile around. She had passed her dream on to Charles and together they had worked and—I had been away, becoming senior partner in a firm and had missed it all. I looked at the moon—it seemed to be laughing.

"Humph!" I said.

I glanced about. Everything seemed to belong there, even the moonbeams dancing down the path. One of those rays of light must have gone badly astray for it actually entered my brain.

"Well," I said to myself, "of course Charles likes it—loves it—because—because it's home!"

I heard my nephew coming up the path.

"Still out, Uncle?" he asked. "It's getting late isn't it?"

"Nonsense," I said. "I am a great deal older than you. And I added, "there is no need to go in just yet. It's a pity to miss such beautiful moonlight."

Rose Welsh, IV A.

OPTIMISM

Think you are sorry
Think you are blue
Think you are sad
And you will be too.

Think you are joyful
Then sing a song
And you will be happy
The whole day long.
Eugenia Roberts, IIB.

WAITING FOR "RESULTS"

It was the first of August, and I was forced to think of those examinations I had written in June. A paragraph in a corner of the previous evening's paper had brought to a close the month of freedom from worry which I had enjoyed.

The news item stated that the Department Examination results would be printed the first weeks in August. I slept little that night and when I did, I dreamed that I had received them and had failed in everything. Morning brought a little relief, because, as I worked around the house, my mind was occupied with other things. At ten o'clock, I sat by the door waiting for the mailman. He passed by.

That afternoon, I waited again for the mailman, and for the paper boy. They came but still no news. As each day's mail arrived, I looked at every envelope, hoping to find one which bore "St. Joseph's College School" in the upper left hand corner. Each evening I scanned the paper again and again. Every school in Toronto and the surrounding districts had their lists of successful students published, except St. Joseph's.

By this time I had almost lost my appetite. Even the cool waters of Lake Ontario could not calm my troubled mind. When I was spoken to, I answered in an absent-minded manner. I could think of nothing but results. Would I be in fifth form next year? Would I be repeating many of my subjects. Each night I fell asleep thinking, "What will the morrow bring?" and each day made the suspense greater.

On the morning of August the sixth, when I came down stairs I found several letters and on the bottom was an envelope, from school! I decided to open it slowly and deliberately. I did so and I unfolded a certificate from the Ontario Department of Education certifying that Catherine Cahill had obtained the standing in those examinations which were printed in a column on the right hand side.

My feelings were a mixture of disappointment and relief but I soon felt more relieved than disappointed. I had passed in four of the six subjects I had written, but I could once more, enjoy my holidays.
Catherine Cahill, IVA.

A WINTER'S NIGHT

The moon comes peeping over the hill,
The flowers are dead, and the wind is chill,
The ground is spread with a blanket of white;
Yet surely the fairies are out tonight.

No fairy hand is wont to leave,
Their mystic ring, on a summer's eve,
When the sunsets, flush in the western skies;
Deepens in splendour as daylight dies.

The moon is up, though the frozen stream,
Will not respond to her gentle beam,
The old moon laughs at a merry sight;
For yes, these are the fairies they're dancing tonight.

Anita Traynor, IIIA.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BULL

Three city children had been spending their summer on their uncle's ranch in Alberta. It was later afternoon and they were playing in a field, the two boys, seated on the ground with their three year old sister between them.

A fractious bull, attracted by the sounds, escaped from a nearby field. The older boy turned and seeing the bull became alarmed and cried for help. Confused by the loud cries and the running of the younger boy, the bull chased him to the fence under which he escaped and into which the animal sunk his deadly horns. The younger boy ran for help. The older boy realized that if he were to save his sister's life, he must keep the animal in his pursuit until help arrived. With a skill born of necessity and such that the best toreador in Spain might have envied, he swerved and dodged, escaping successfully though not by a very wide margin the animal's trampling hoofs and cruel horns.

Finally, exhausted, he sought shelter in a tree, when he heard sounds of help approaching. Meanwhile the little girl on the ground had begun to cry bitterly. As the bull approached, its head lowered, and horns pointed toward her, she screamed and ran toward the fence, stumbling over the rough ground.

Her uncle realized that he had to throw accurately that the rope would fall around her shoulders. If it fell short it would settle around her throat and he must either pull it and risk killing her himself or let the child be gored or trampled to death by the bull. He had to act quickly and coolly, so he tossed the rope and watched it settle gradually over the child's head and tighten around her shoulders. He picked her out of danger as the beast thundered by. When she had been lifted over the fence and the bull driven back to its own field, the other boy came down from the tree and all were united again.

Mary Miller, 4A.

A PLEA TO ST. JOSEPH

O Glorious St. Joseph,
Who guarded Mary's name,
Teach us to seek humility;
That virtue was thy fame.

Holy Joseph, Patron dear,
Of our Convent School,
Help us, Joseph, with love and fear
To obey its rule.

And Joseph, when our task is done,
And death's dark hour draws nigh,
Bring us to Mary and her Son;
Be near us when we die.

Eileen Whyte, IIB.



This beautiful representation of Our Lord's Apparition to Saint Margaret Mary evokes an aspiration from each passer-by and reminds us to offer our prayer for the repose of the soul of Ismena Scully, in whose memory it was presented by her father.

Drawing by F. Dinsmore, Form II.

THE CHURCH AND ART

The Church has always encouraged arts.

The liturgy of the Church is art in itself. Its vestments, sacraments, hymns, processions and special prayers, are symbolic and dramatic, and they inspire the soul with deep love for God.

Painting has always been considered the greatest art of the Church. There have been legends told about how sacred paintings had not been finished by artists because of some mishap, and the paintings were finished by an angel.

The Gregorian Chant owes much to the Church. The *Salve Regina* and hymns to our Blessed Mother inspire the soul with great love for music. The *Tantum Ergo*, *O Salutaris*, and *Adorate Devote* are hymns of real devotion and adoration to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

For two centuries Gothic architecture was out of fashion but it is again coming into its own. The old cathedrals and abbeys inspire us with a feeling of reverence and their pointed arches turning heavenwards reminds the soul of God.

Raphael's Madonnas were filled with love, adoration, and piety. Other artists tried to copy them but their paintings were of passion, pomp, and pride. Art shows men's ideals and ideals are morals. Therefore the Church tries to encourage all that is true art.

Marie Caruso, IVC.

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens, to my mind is one of the most interesting and instructive writers. We find him possessing an unusual feeling of sympathy for children and for those less fortunate than ourselves. By a cleverness characteristic of Dickens, he transfers one's thoughts from present surroundings to the setting of his story. His characters are made real to us by his excellent selection of words and phrases and we feel a personal understanding towards them. Where could one find a more thrilling tale than that of "David Copperfield" or a more touching one than "Oliver Twist." Film producers realize the beauty and feeling that could be expressed in both these books and dramatized them, receiving a wonderful response. So to read something interesting, instructive or romantic try Charles Dickens' works, and I am sure you will find them possessing all of these qualities and more.

Margaret Maher, IIIB.

MY FAVOURITE CLASS PERIOD.

Geometry period is my favourite one. At the end of a trying day I can face a Geometry lesson and even feel grateful that such a man as Euclid existed.

Indeed to solve Geometrical problems is a hobby of mine. It is as if I were putting a jig-saw puzzle together, nor do I care to stop until it is quite complete and correct. The Theorems with their artistic diagrams do not frighten me, for their angles all have a story to tell.

When I grow old and can no longer think in Geometrical terms, triangles will continually haunt my memory, and even if I must bid farewell to solving those tricky problems, I can cherish the thought that I still have a neat set of Geometrical instruments.

Dorothy Noble, IIIC.

A PERFECT DAY

This day will never come again;
I have one chance to live it well;
And if I let this chance go by,
If I destroy this perfect day
By leaving a kind task undone,
By casting shadows o'er the sun
In cruel words to anyone,
Then I have failed.

This hour will pass by only once;
Time never will retrace his steps;
And if I take a single hour
And make it perfect as I can
By bringing joy to someone's heart,
By doing indeed my little part
To live it well, then I will start
A Perfect Day.

Loretta Parisien, Commercial Class,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

OUR GROUNDS

How magnificent are the grounds after the first snowfall! The sombre shades of Autumn are transformed into glittering mass of white. The dull brown grass is under a soft white blanket and the trees are covered with a thin coating of snow, through which can be seen tree trunks and branches. All dark objects stand out as picturesque silhouettes lending dignity to the surroundings. The small shrubs with their thin white, clustered branches look like a miniature fountain. The transformed rustic work adds splendor to the scene.

We sigh as we look away for we know that the moody weather man will soon spoil this beautiful sight. Yet, we can taunt him by those words of the Muse "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Marguerite Smith, IIIC.

SUNLIGHT

The English teacher reads a passage
 From his book of English prose,
 Of a prisoner all weary
 Locked in his cell so dreary
 In his gloomy convicts clothes.

Without life was gay and throbbing,
 Birds were singing, flowers in bloom
 When a bar of sunlight came
 With a straight and unerring aim
 To the wall of that drear room.

Rushed the prisoner to the window
 Gazed askance through that chink
 Here the teacher asked a lass
 In the back seat of the class
 "Tell me why he did that"—think!

Susie, not a star by nature
 Paused to scratch her flaxen head
 Then as if a thought had struck her
 Ceased her troubled brow to pucker
 "To see who threw the soap," she said.

Eileen Egan, IIIB.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

The Plains of Abraham is a beautiful and attractive place to visitors passing through Quebec City. Flowers decorate the ground; and it is the rendezvous of young people and the play-ground of children. There is a fine road for automobiles, a long course for horses and a wide path for pedestrians. From the top of the cape, we can see the boats anchored on the St. Lawrence River, and across the hill Levis is visible. In winter, it is excellent for skiing or sliding in the moonlight. Historically, the Plains of Abraham, now a city park reminds us of the courage and the glory of our worthy soldiers.

Rita Légaré.

ALGEBRA TESTS.

It is quite natural for a pupil who never passes in a certain subject to despise that subject. This is not so in my case. It is very seldom that I pass in Algebra, and yet it is one of my favourite subjects. My daily work is fair, but when it comes to a test, my brains cannot function. I glance over the paper; there is not a question I can solve! I try the first one five times, but all in vain; I resort to the second with the same result. When the bell rings at the end of the period, I hand in my paper, which is practically blank except for an "x" here and a "y" there.

I step into the hall and in every corner I hear the cheerful voices of Algebra prodigies. "Was it not an easy paper?" "I am sure I have obtained first class honours." I try to look cheerful too, but invariably I see my name at the bottom of the list of marks.

Indeed by fascination for their particular subject is a strange paradox. My low marks do not discourage me in the least, for I find myself actually hoping that we will have another test soon.

Margaret Sweeney, IIIC.

A CLOCK

I'm just a big old-fashioned clock
That stands against the wall,
But a very prominent figure
In my good old master's hall.

Before he goes to luncheons
Or my mistress leaves for tea,
They never cross the hallway
Without one glance at me.

My life is just one tick-tock
But yet I'm serving all
E'en though I'm just an old clock
Standing against the wall.

Teresa Mei, IIIC.

MY FAVOURITE PICTURE

One of the most interesting pictures is "Childhood's Happy Hour." It was painted by L. Goddard. This picture is a scene of a happy home. It shows a cosy living-room in whose fire-place glows a blazing fire. At the left of the fire-place is a chesterfield with a large picture hanging above it. On this same side, there is a large window through which you can see the snow, glistening in the darkness. In front of this window on a table, stands a vase of flowers. There are several rugs on the floor. A mother is seen sitting in a comfortable arm-chair in front of the fire-place. With her are two beautiful children about three or four years of age. Beside them on a little table is a box of candy, and a small doll lies on the floor. The mother holds a book, which she apparently has been reading to her two children. But now they are looking into the fire dreamily. I regard this as my favourite picture as it calls up many happy thoughts.

Theresa Mulvihill, IB.

LITTLE PRAYER

When little hearts say little prayers,
 They often help to save a soul;
 Our Guardian Angel will with care
 See that they reach their destined goal.

More precious are they in His sight,
 More precious than the gems most rare;
 To Him they are His one delight
 Though they are only little prayers.

Claire Meunier, IIB.

MY PAL—A WINDOW

The best pal in school is a window
 Thinks a pupil of good old IIB,
 When I'm down in the dumps,
 That old window is the clearest thing I can see.

When the Latin becomes awfully boring,
 And the Geometry's all A B C,
 I just need to look out through the window
 And the answer is A equals C.

I think if it wasn't for windows
 I'd just have to stand all the bore;
 But still if I sat where Valerie sits
 I could just look out the door.

But some day the teacher will catch me,
 And up to the board I will go;
 She'll give me a question in Physics,
 The answer of which I'll not know.

My window's a pal in the summer
 When the grass is fresh and green,
 For when ever we have an art lesson,
 I can always paint a scene.

Helen Kelly, IIB.

FAIRY DREAMS

While sleeping in my bed one night
 I dreamed of days that were so bright
 I thought of stories I could tell
 Of an elfin-dance by a wishing well;
 Of dreamlike castles in the air
 And fairy princesses all fair,
 A fairy prince their hearts to woo
 And wondrous wishes that all came true;
 'Twas a dream that had beauty at every bend
 But I wakened before I had come to the end!

Christine Grant, II, H. S. Comm.

OUR BELOVED SOVEREIGN

All nations bowed their heads in sorrow when word was given that our beloved king had been taken from us, by a King more powerful than he.

Perhaps we did not realize how dearly loved he was until he was gone, and tributes began to pour in from his subjects the world over. One of the greatest tributes came from the pen of John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate, who wrote the following sonnet

This man was King in England's direst need,
 In the black-battled years when hope was gone
 His courage was a flag men rallied on
 His steadfast spirit showed him king indeed.

And when the war was ended, when the thought
 Of revolution took its hideous place,
 His courage and his kindness and his grace
 Scattered (or charmed) its ministers to naught.

No king of all our many, has been proved
 By times so savage to the thrones of kings
 Nor won, more simple triumphs over fate,
 He was not royal among royal things
 Most thoughtful for the meanest in his state
 The best, the gentlest and most beloved.

Our sentiments and tributes are expressed in this poem. We all know that he was one of the greatest, the kindest and most loved rulers who graced the throne of England.

Margaret O'Brien, IB.

RAIN

Did you ever wonder when raindrops fall
 If they might be the angels' tears—
 Spattering and trickling down window panes tall
 The price of the world's careless fears?
 The careless fears of a heedless world
 That the pathway of pleasure has trod,
 The world that values position and fame
 And heeds not the glory of God.

Celestine Phelan, II, H. S. Comm.

THE FAIRIES' HOUR

'Tis only when grown-ups are fast asleep
 That fairies and elves are espied
 And birds in the trees sing their sweet melodies
 'Round each gentleman elf and his bride.
 And 'tis just when we folk of the work-a-day world
 Awaken to sing our song
 That all the wee fairies and elves go to bed
 To slumber the whole day long.

Rita Jeffrey, II, H. S. Comm.

A TRIP UP THE SAGUENAY

Three years ago I went up the Saguenay River. We left Toronto on the nine o'clock train and arrived in Montreal at seven o'clock, the following morning. At twelve o'clock noon we took the boat, and at five o'clock reached Quebec. We had three hours to look around. We returned to the boat and it stayed docked all night. The next morning I visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. At noon the boat sailed. The next morning we arrived at Tadousac. At the mouth of the river is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. We sailed up the river and when the boat blew its whistle the echo could long be heard. When the sun was going down the rocks were all colours of the rainbow. On the left and right of us were tall towering walls of rock. There is one part of the river that goes on in, called Ha Ha Bay. We turned around here and descended the river. We went down to Lachine and changed boats. Going over the rapids was very exciting. The water sprayed up over the decks. The boat stops at Kingston and from there we took the train to Toronto.

Margaret Cowan, IA.

MONTMORENCY FALLS

Montmorency Falls, near Quebec, is famed. It furnishes the power for electricity in Quebec City and in the villages for miles around.

The volume of the water is not as great as Niagara Falls, but the height of the fall, makes it one of the beauty spots of Canada.

Juliette Collin.

AN INCENTIVE

"What will you give me if I pass?"

A boy asked his father one day

One boy in our room is promised a month

With the elite at Murray Bay.

And another girl boasts that all next year

Not once will she be late,

For if she passes her dad has said

He'll buy her a Ford V Eight.

There's another boy plays the piano so well

He'd do in Lombardo's band,

If he passes he'll get his heart's desire

A Heintzman Baby Grand.

"You know, Dad, that I'm not selfish at all,

"I'll take just whatever you like—

"A new fur coat, a trip to New York,

"Or even a C. C. M. bike."

Then out spoke his Dad in a voice as soft

As a heavy winter gale,

"I don't just know what you'll get if you pass,

"But you know what you'll get if you fail."

Delphine Hennessey, 11B.

STE-ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Only twenty miles from Quebec City there is a village situated on the St. Lawrence called Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It is more like a little town with all its shores, restaurants and above all its crowd of people. But why the crowd? Because it is a place of pilgrimage. During the summer, nearly every day, the new Basilica is filled with sick persons who come to be healed by the intercession of the great Saint Anne.

Claire Légaré.

WHICH ROAD

Two there are, which shall I take,
The High road or the Low
The one which to me looks quicker, but dark,
Or the one which is brighter but slow?

I peer down the easy one first
For my human soul craves rest,
But another look at the harder one
Make's me think that it's best.

I think, I pause, I think again
Before I decide for sure,
And then my harassed eyes I turn
To the brighter road, once more.

Lord, take Thy weary child to Thee,
Show me the road to Thy heart;
Enfold me in Thine arms of Grace
And let me ne'er depart.

Keep me forever as Thine own
In Thy way, lowly and sweet
That when I come to the end of my road,
I may rest at my Saviour's feet.

Joyce Field, IIB.

THE LOCUSTS

The people of Mindanao gazed in dismay at the great dark clouds in the west. Was it another tropical storm? No, something far worse. Myriads of locusts were darkening the sky and hundreds were already destroying the crops of fruit, rice and corn. The cocoanut trees were bending under the weight of the winged pests. The inhabitants placing their trust in GOD hurried to the little mission church calling loudly on St. Augustine to help them. The missionary soon joined them. Taking one of the locusts he blessed it with holy water and said—"Little creature, in the name of St. Augustine fly away and take all your companions with you."

Immediately it flew high in the air and the great clouds of locusts followed away over the Pacific. The sun shone, the birds sang merrily and the people returned to their homes praising and thanking our Lord.

Marguerite Murray, Junior IV.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

When I first entered St. Joseph's Chapel, as a newcomer, I found peacefulness seemed to hang like a veil over it. If you closed your eyes, you could almost imagine that you heard angels' wings, as they hovered about Our Lord in the tabernacle.

As I continued on up the aisle, I was struck by the beautiful stained glass windows that graced every wall. They brought to my mind many inspiring incidents of Our Lord's holy life. Some of them represented Our Blessed Lady, the saints, apostles, martyrs, bishops, and virgins.

In a large space set back from the rest of the chapel stands the main altar, which is always beautifully decorated with flowers. Here is where the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered daily, and it is also where Our Lord is always present. Before the main altar, and hanging from the ceiling, is a beautiful lamp, which keeps its long vigil day and night.

On either side of the main altar, are altars dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and her beloved spouse, St. Joseph, the patron of the St. Joseph Order. The altars are placed off to either sides of the main altar, but they cannot be seen from the rear of the chapel. The altar dedicated to Our Lady is always beautifully decorated with flowers, and before it also a small light burns. To one side of Our Lady's altar, an alcove is set in which is a statue of the Sacred Heart with His arms outspread, begging all to bring their troubles to Him.

On the other side of the main altar is an altar dedicated to St. Joseph. This altar, too, is always decorated with flowers and before it also a small lamp burns. In the alcove to one side of the altar is a group of the crucifixion. In the wall near the alcove is a glass case in which are kept relics of saints. I longed to remain in the chapel because it was so peaceful, and so restful, and also because Our Divine Lord dwelled there.

Margaret O'Brien, 1B.

MAPLE SYRUP TIME IN QUEBEC

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| In the spring we have fun | We boil it to syrup sweet |
| When we catch the maple sap | To sugar nice and brown |
| Which from the trees has run | The candy we do eat |
| That we did lately tap. | The syrup we send to town. |

Clare Giasson.

QUEBEC BRIDGE

The Quebec Bridge, a gigantic iron mass which joins the two shores of the St. Lawrence River, is one of the great engineering feats of the world. The middle span is very long, without pillars for support. It was only after two trials that cost many men's lives that this bridge was constructed to facilitate the communication between the opposite banks of this artery of Canadian trade.

Lucille Gagnon.

THE PORT OF VANCOUVER

When Captain George Vancouver discovered the shores of Burrard Inlet, he little dreamed that less than a hundred and fifty years later, the city which always should bear his name, would become Canada's Western Gateway, a hub of shipping activity.

With the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886, and the opening of the Panama Canal in 1914, this was soon realized, and so now the port has become definitely the centre of a great, world-spanning network of trade lines, more intensively international than any other harbour.

Products from the western provinces of Canada, seeking their outlet, have transformed Vancouver from a mere Pacific Port-of-call into one of the World's importance. Distributing point for the Great Canadian West, this Pacific harbour has become a force in Empire trade, and is the main port of the Pacific Northwest.

Vancouver has become Canada's third city, her second sea-port. Direct water connection with the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the Eastern seaboard of the United States and Canada, has worked a great transformation on the Port of Vancouver. Today over fifty per cent of deep sea vessels leaving here pass through the Panama Canal.

Vancouver has ten grain elevators with a capacity of twenty million five hundred and ninety three thousand bushels.

Retta Nelson, IB.

SAINT AGNES.

Agnes was but twelve years old when she was martyred. She was so beautiful that the son of the Roman Prefect asked her to marry him. Agnes said that she was betrothed to another whom she loved more than anyone else in the world. The Prefect became very angry and commanded her to offer incense to the gods, but instead she stood before all the people and made the Sign of the Cross. She was tortured in every way but she would not give in. Many miracles happened and Sempronius tried to save her in vain. The Emperor ordered her to be beheaded and angels carried her pure soul to Paradise.

On her Feast, January twenty-first, two lambs are solemnly blessed in Rome and from the wool are made the Palliums sent to the archbishops of the world.

EILEEN SLYNE, Junior IV. Class.

Editor's Note—Several essays have been held over to be "boiled down." Our space is limited. The following deserve special mention: B. Tanti (sketch of group of statuary), Margaret Moffet, Helen Bradley, Mary P. O'Brien, Ruth Temple, Patricia Fisher, Patricia Mahon, Theresa Kerr.

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