

registered a protest against the alleged practice in a publication called *Spain and the Spanish Gospel Mission*. This publication contains a litany which is said to be used by Spanish Catholics against Protestants, and after having read the document, we came to the conclusion that, as preachers of the hot gospel could never possess a sense of humor sufficient to enable them to concoct the thing themselves, some bright Spanish youth with a twinkle in his eye must have given the show away." Here is the litany:—

Horse of St. James, Trample on them.
Lion of St. Mark, Rend them.
Eagle of St. John, Pick them to pieces.
Buck of St. Atanogenes, Kick them.
Bull of St. Luke, Gore them.
Goat of St. Francis, Butt them.
Dog of St. Domingo, Bite them.
Devil of St. Michael, Scratch them.
Crow of St. Onofre, Pick out their eyes.
Pig of St. Anthony Abad, Attack them.
Fish of St. Raphael, Give them indigestion.
Trumpet of St. Jerome, Deafen them.
Mule of the Nativity, Kick them.
Saw of St. Joseph, Saw them to pieces.
Crickets of St. Peter Nolasco, Annoy them.
Whale of Jonah, Swallow them.
Powerful St. Christopher, Crush them.
String of St. Blas, Hang them.
Teeth of St. Polonia, Grind them.
Grill of St. Lawrence, Roast them.
Spear of Longinus, Thrust them through.
Sword of St. Catherine, Disembowel them.
Ass of Balaam, You know what to do.
Cock of St. Peter, Follow them.
Dragon of St. George, Kill them.

—Amen.

The humorist who wrote the foregoing is not unlike the fellow in the comic song who used to boast that when he got his Bolshevik blood up he could bite a banana in two. *Catholic Truth* appears to think that the litany was manufactured in England, and the reference to indigestion provides a ground for the belief. On the other hand some Spaniard, knowing the predominant passion of England, may have entered into a diabolical agreement with the Fish of St. Raphael to strike the missionaries in a vulnerable spot.

Paganism in England.

England is now preponderantly pagan is the opinion of a writer in the London *Tablet*. It is time, he says, that Catholics came out of their fool's paradise and recognised the fact that they were not living in a dominantly Christian country. Paganism is the enemy, not Protestantism, he declares; and he justifies his statement with some remarkable observations regarding the non-baptism of children and the de-Christianisation of the marriage service. A recent statement by Cardinal Bourne charged that thousands of parents in nominally Christian England did not take the trouble to have their children christened. This fact is borne out by the *Tablet* writer, who says that "in perhaps hundreds of thousands of families christenings are put off until the child reaches such an age that it would look foolish to have it baptised." So the child goes un-

baptised through life. A palatial Register Office for Marriages was opened at the Marylebone town hall in London. A marble staircase leads to richly panelled rooms devoid of any vestige of Christianity. Hundreds of engaged couples have written from all over the country asking if they can be married in this pagan substitute for a Christian Church. The answer is that they can be accommodated if one of the parties lives in the borough for seven days prior to the ceremony. These things lead to the conclusion that the *Tablet* writer comes with a timely suggestion when he says that although controversy with other religious bodies cannot be altogether abandoned, the time must come when we must get rid of the idea that Protestantism is the main hindrance to a Catholic England. A generation is growing up which is not merely without the true faith, but without any faith at all. Therefore, from one point of view our task is easier than the task of our fathers who found it less hard to inculcate Catholic truth than to extirpate Protestant error. There are millions of clean slates in England on which to write large the articles of Catholic faith and morals.

A Bigot Rebuked

A person named Le Lievre, who conducts what he describes as a "Protestant Press Bureau," was severely caned the other day by two Protestant M.P. The *Catholic Times* tells the story, and from it we gather that Mr. Le Lievre had the temerity and bad taste to write to Sir Frederic Wise, M.P., and the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, M.P., C.C., in protest against their attendance at a Catholic bazaar held at Ilford. In his notes, which were accompanied by the usual bundle of leaflets defamatory of the Catholic Church and her teaching, Mr. Le Lievre wanted to know how these gentlemen could help on such a system as Catholicism. Sir Frederic Wise let the busy-body down lightly, merely remarking that as a member of Parliament he was bound to represent all his constituents. The Rev. Mr. Dunnico, however, fully made up for the mildness of his colleague's rebuke. He replied as follows:—"I am in receipt of your letter relating to my having consented to take the chair at the opening of the Catholic Church bazaar in Ilford on Friday next. I also note that you wrote me some time ago protesting against me as a Baptist minister associating myself in any way with the Catholic Church. Will you permit me to ask you respectfully to mind your own business and not to trouble me by sending any more of your literature." For a man with an ordinary skin this should have been sufficient, but Mr. Le Lievre's is made of sterner stuff. He carried his grievance into the columns of the local press, and there he received the cold comfort of having an editorial devoted to himself, an editorial that provided him with a rule of conduct which it is to be hoped he will adopt in the future.

A Bad Example

The fact that Western civilisation is in bad odor in the East is due in no small measure to the immodest picture film. The Catholic papers in India have been making strong

protests against the degrading spectacles from American and European picture houses which are displayed on Eastern screens for the edification of the natives who witness them. One paper says that the featuring of the worst that Europe and America have to give creates a false impression on the simple Indian mind. They think the whole of the West on a level with its films, and the Western code of morality the highest it can offer. So that when statesman, philanthropist, and missionary try to lift them to a higher conception of human dignity than most of them have their "Physician heal thyself" has a very convincing ring about it. "You try to teach us honesty," they say; "look at your burglar films. You try to instil in us some elements of self-respect. What about your semi-nude heroines? You want us to learn respect for authority. Look at your caricatures of the law and of parental authority." It is useless to explain. Their twitching lips broaden out into a smile, they wink their eye, and put their tongue in their cheek and say "We don't think." The Government are very active in putting down "Red Bengal" propaganda, but while demagogues are arrested, revolutionary leaflets seized, and raids made on suspected centres, the bigger and more subtle evil goes on unhindered. Giant posters glare down from the hoardings in all their suggestive immodesty, and night after night crowds flock to the picture halls to see the West reviled and degraded—and nobody bothers.

Bigotry and Bargains

That bigotry cannot induce the ladies to overlook good bargains is shown by an incident recounted by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. In an American railroad town in the Middle West, where the Ku Klux Klan had been running rampant, there is a Catholic merchant with a strikingly Irish name. The Klan boycotted his business so successfully that the sales on one day went as low as seventeen cents. A woman picket was posted near his store to take the name of anyone going in. The merchant went to a Jewish firm of manufacturers who had been supplying him with ladies' ready-to-wear garments, and a council of war was held. The manufacturers agreed to supply the merchant for a season with everything they made on a basis of cost, as well as with some specially made-up stock below cost, the merchant in turn merely adding the freight and carrying charges. The goods were at once put on display in attractive shop windows. Coats and suits that normally were selling from \$30 to \$50 were marked down to such ridiculously low prices as \$9 and \$12. The ladies immediately broke through the pickets and propaganda, and the store began to get most of the business in the town. Though there was little or no profit on the coats and suits the purchase of them led to the sale of other goods on which there was a profit, the result being that the town contracted the habit of dealing exclusively in that shop. It takes more than a chained Bible to draw the eye of a lady from a seal-skin coat, and the dealer who mentions low prices talks much louder than the spinner of tales about armed churches and walled-up

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