**"Father Rex?" came a clear feminine treble.**

**"I replied in the affirmative.**

**"'Please go at once to the Rainey Hospital!"**

**"That was all, and then the instrument was evidently closed — and quickly.**

**"Now the Rainey hospital was not a Catholic institution, a consideration which made me hurry into my outdoor garments all the more quickly. My information had been so meagre that I went prepared for everything, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, the holy oils, etc. After a good half hour's drive in the trolley, I alighted at the door of the institution. A night attendant met me, an expression of surprise upon his countenance.**

**"'No one badly sick here to-night, sir," he volunteered. It was a small institution, and he evidently knew whereof he spoke.**

**"'But I have been sent for,' I explained. 'Perhaps—' At that moment a young interne came forward.**

**"'Good evening, Father! We are all unusually well here to-night. You say you were sent for?'**

**"I told of the telephone message.**

**"'Strange," said the doctor, meditatively. 'We have only fifteen or sixteen patients in the whole hospital to-night—never had so few—and all, I am happy to say, are on the road to recovery. I made my night round two hours ago.'**

**"'Then it must have been a mistake,' I said, turning to go, as I did not wish to parley further under the circumstances.**

**"'You may visit the wards if you wish, Father,' offered the young physician, a trifle dubious; 'but everyone is asleep.'**

**"'Your word is quite enough for me,' I answered. 'I am sorry to have disturbed you. Good-night!'**

**"But all the way home in the trolley I had a disturbed, distressed feeling that I could not explain away; I returned the Sacred Host to the Tabernacle, however, in the dim and silent little church, lingering a moment to offer a prayer for—I knew not whom or what—any and every poor soul that was slipping out into eternity that night. Soon afterward I regained my room; but, instead of preparing for bed (it was then past midnight,) I again donned my cassock and took my place by the window. A feeling of unrest still possessed me—a feeling quite contrary to the mood which fortunately is mine by nature.**

**"Well, I had not been seated more than ten minutes when I was again surprised by the ringing of the telephone bell. This time I was really startled, and it was with a distinctly uncanny feeling that I took down the receiver. Again came the inquiry—(it was the same voice, the same accent:)**

**"'Father Rex?'**

**"I answered in the affirmative.**

**"'Please Father, go instantly to the Rainey hospital! You are needed!**

**"For a moment I was rather nonplussed; then I rang up Central—or rather tried to. Five minutes of prolonged ringing failed to elicit any response in that direction. Central was evidently asleep, or the wire was out of order. What should I do? This message had been more imperative than the previous one, the voice sending it being very decided in its accents.**

**"Under the circumstances, it seemed absurd to start out again upon what had turned out to be more or less of a wild goose chase. But a feeling within me that I cannot explain, that I could not reason away, insistently urged me to go. Within five minutes I was again on my way to the hospital. It took me longer to go this time, as I had to walk a great part of the distance, few trolleys running at that hour. My arrival was greeted by the same orderly, who this time opened his mouth in amazement.**

**"'Call Dr. Sterns at once,' I said—somewhat imperatively, I fear.**

**"'But he has gone to bed sir."**

**"'Well, get him up. I must see him. This is important."**

**"Jacob shambled off, and presently a very sleepy, and, if the truth must be told, a very annoyed-looking Dr. Sterns appeared. I apologized, and stated my errand—the second summons from the unknown telephone messenger. The doctor rubbed up his hair, tried to rub the sleep out of his eyes, and then gave me one sharp professional glance.**

**"'Are you sure you haven't been dreaming, Father?" he said, not without some excuse for his incredulity.**

**"I was very sure that I had not been dreaming, and so stated.**

**"Well, nothing has happened since you were here before. Of that I am certain. Still, if you wish, I shall call the night nurses and let you interview them personally."**

**"I thanked him, and shortly found myself interviewing the nurses—one from—the male, the other from the female ward. Both corroborated the doctor in his previous statement; all the patients were 'doing nicely;' moreover, as it happened, none in the hospital at the time were of my faith; all were Hebrews, Christians were, however, admitted on occasion.**

**"More mystified than I can quite express, I started home again, walking the entire way this time; for I felt that my nerves needed the steadying which only exercise in the open air could give them. And this time I lingered long in the little church, soothing my spirit in the quiet of its hallowed atmosphere. And I prayed—oh, how I prayed that night!" Father Rex included the group in his benign glance. "It seemed as if someone, somewhere, must be in need of my ministrations; and I begged Our Lord to make use of me.**

**"I had hardly entered my room on my return, when again the telephone rang, this time with what seemed to me a long sharp clamour. Even after I had taken down the receiver, the bell kept up its summons for at least a full half minutes, as it frequently does in these eerie midnight hours. Again I answered, and again came the identical question in the clear feminine voice.**

**"'Father Rex?'**

**"'Yes," I replied. 'And pray who may you be, madam?"**

**"'For God's sake, go at once to the Rainey Hospital!'**

**"Again the instrument was clicked to. I stood, I must confess, somewhat in the attitude of my friend Jacob—mouth agape and eyes startled. This time I never thought of lingering to verify the message or trace it by the vain and useless ringing up of central. I glanced at my watch; it was a little after 2 o'clock. Without a moment's hesitation, I again hurried out to the church, possessed myself of the Sacred Particle, and once more issued forth. Though I was tired, I walked quickly some unknown force seemed indeed to lend wings to my feet.**

**"Jacob met me at the door. I pushed past past him, and myself found Dr. Sterns, who was sleeping on the lounge in his office. I gently awakened him, greatly regretting that I was obliged to do so.**

**"'Been seeing ghosts again?'**

**"I really could not blame him, but I explained what I had heard again. 'And now, doctor,' I concluded, 'humor my whim, and take me all through this hospital, from top to bottom. Some one may be here of whom even you do not know.'**

**"'Well, search me!' ejaculated the youthful interne, not yet fully awake.**

**"'No: search the hospital,' said I, 'Come, doctor, you and I quickly!'**

**"Pulling his bath robe about him, Dr. Sterns led the way. (I have always had the highest regard for that young man since that night. He might have been so cross, and he was not).**

**"'Well, Father, here goes! Suppose we start at the top and journey down? It will be easier.'**

**"He led the way to the elevator.**

**"'George,' he exclaimed, 'the car's up! Never knew Pat to do that before. Always leaves it at this floor. Sorry Father, but we'll have to foot it.'**

**"'Pat, did you say?' I remarked, caught by the Celtic cognomen. "Then all your employes are not Hebrews?'**

**"'Pat is the finest fellow we have, and he's Irish, and, of course, a Catholic,' observed the doctor, nonchalantly. 'Got only one fault, Father; takes a little too much once in a while. I suppose that's the trouble to-night. He isn't in, apparently.'**

**"A strange sensation came over me. I stood quite still by the the open elevator shaft. Dr. Sterns paused halfway to the stairs. He looked at me in perplexity. I returned his glance, equally mystified. And then, breaking faintly on that midnight silence, we both heard an unmistakable groan.**

**"For an instant the doctor looked wildly around; then he dashed to the nearest stairway, and down. I followed on his heels; and there, all crushed and mangled by the force of his fall, lay Pat, the missing elevator man. He had evidently stepped into the open shaft and down to what promised to be his death in a few more minutes. Dr. Sterns rushed back to his office for the necessaries, touching off bells for nurses on the way, Pat was still conscious. I bent above him.**

**"'Thank God—for—this, Father!' he breathed. 'I was making your mission—and didn't—touch a drop—all through it—till—to-night. And then—oh—'**

**"But we will draw the curtain. I quickly heard the poor fellow's confession, adminstered Holy Communion, and and even had time to anoint him, the doctor working with me by that time.**

**"His injuries were so serious, his end so near, that he could not be moved farther than to a cot hastily rigged up a few feet from where he lay. They let me sit beside him. Between ministrations of doctors and nurses, he breathed into my ear:**

**"'Father, 'tis Eily I have to thank for this. She's been—saying a Hail Mary—every night—on her bended knees—that I would never die—without the—priest. And—sure I'm not God bless—her,—poor Eily!' And a tear dropped upon my hand which he held in his.**

**"'She is your sister, perhaps?'**

**"'My sweetheart—Father. She—she was —coming all—the way from Donegal to—marry me—within the—month. And now—oh, sure—' A particularly bad spasm of pain seized him; he grasped my hand tightly. 'O Father, darling—write her—my poor—little—sweetheart! Sure I wasn't—half good enough for—her—my colleen bawn. God—God bless her!'**

**"Doctors and nurses had done their utmost, but without avail. Awed, they stood aside, while with one soft moan the soul of poor Patrick passed out into eternity.**

**"From letters discovered among the dead man's effects it was found that the girl to whom he referred was one Eileen O'Rourke whose home was in a picturesque glen in wild Donegal. I wrote the poor girl next day. The answer to my letter came from her parish priest. Eily O'Rourke had died quite suddenly on the night of the 15th of August (the night of Pat's death). She had been to Holy Communion that morning, the great feast of Lady Day in good old Ireland; and Father Kelly was sure she died as she had lived—'one of God's little saints, if there ever was one.'**

**"Who had telephoned to me that night? I have never found out to this day."—Marion J. Brunowe in the Ave Maria.**

# GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

## RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

### OUR PROMOTERS

All members of the Apostleship of Prayer are familiar with the three degrees of the League of the Sacred Heart, namely, those who merely make the morning offering, those who add to this offering one decade of the beads, and those who, besides the offering and the decade, make the monthly Communion of Reparation. But there is another distinction that should never be lost sight of, because it is much more important than that of the degrees; we mean the two kinds of people that make up the Apostleship: mere associates, who have neither the leisure nor the disposition to undertake exterior works of zeal, and the Promoters. Before these latter there is opened up a vast field of activity, since it is their duty to "promote more and more the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the worship of the Sacred Heart." (Statutes, VI.)

Their influence is very great. They are the soul of the Apostleship, the mainspring of its strength. How, indeed, could an association that numbers more than twenty-five million members throughout the world preserve its cohesion if, in proportion as this immense organism develops, there were not multiplied at the same time energizing centres of spiritual power radiating activity and fervor? In point of fact, we find from experience that the prosperity of League centres is closely dependent on the regularity and practical decisions of the Promoter's monthly meetings. Wherever the associates have been hastily enrolled, or wherever there is no carefully chosen band of Promoters meeting regularly each month, even if the Local Director be most zealous, the League is in danger of decay; it does not give the results one has a right to expect, it may even gradually be transformed, while keeping its name of Apostleship of Prayer, into one more confraternity or sodality.

Now, whatever may be the transient usefulness of such a transformation, it is quite certain that the turning of an organization away from its constitution and proper spirit inevitably issues in deterioration. The Apostleship of Prayer is a centre of radiating force, of conquest, of penetration, in a word, a real apostolate. Doubtless this apostolate is not exclusively local, since it energizes unto the ends of the earth through prayer; but it cannot cease to be also local. For, what would be thought of a phalanx of Catholics, zealous for the general interests of the world-wide Church and yet indifferent to what goes on in their own parish, of choice Christians praying daily for the conversion of the heathen multitudes in China and Japan, yet abstaining from all works of zeal in favor of sinners at their door? If therefore, the Apostleship of Prayer were established in a parish simply as a means of multiplying pious gatherings for a select minority, with no purpose of expansion, those who thus established it had better apply to other organizations suited to this limited purview. If, on the other hand, the intention is to set up in the heart of the parish a focus of supernatural strength, shedding heat and light among the careless or vicious elements in the local environment, no organization is more suitable than the popular League of the Sacred Heart, the Apostleship of Prayer. And, as the Promoters are the live wires of the Apostleship, it follows that wherever it is established, it should possess this essential factor, Promoters' monthly meetings reporting on monthly visits.

These monthly house-to-house visits are most important. We have known of instances, happily rare when Promoters, to save themselves trouble, merely placed the monthly leaflets in the pews of the Associates. Very often a personal visit to an Associate requires some self-denial, but Promoters should bear in mind that this is precisely one of the reasons why the Holy See is so lavish with its indulgences and privileges. Local Directors can hardly realize the immense power for good in a parish that lies in those little monthly visits of Promoters to their Associates, especially when the Promoters are chosen from among persons of some standing, and when the Associates belong to the lower classes. Through the Promoters every soul in the parish can be reached. in many of our Canadian centres—the cities chiefly—these visits have accomplished much in breaking down the barriers that separate the classes and in encouraging other charitable works. Through them the well-to-do become acquainted with the poor, lend an ear to their sorrows, and learn to sympathize with them. Charity is fostered to such an extent that the Promoters, after a time, can scarcely be considered less than angels of peace visiting the homes of the poor."

Still greater blessings accrue to the visitors. Every kindness, even if it spring from a merely natural motive, gladdens the heart that has expressed itself in kind words or deeds, because it tends to kill selfishness, which is the source of sadness. "Is there any happiness in the world," says Father Faber, "like the happiness of a disposition made happy by the happiness of others? There is no joy to be compared with it. The luxuries which wealth can buy, the rewards which ambition can attain, the pleasures of art and scenery, the abounding sense of health, and the exquisite enjoyment of mental creations, are nothing to this pure and heavenly happiness, where self is drowned in the blessedness of others." When kindness, such as these monthly visits imply, is properly supernaturalized, then the spiritual life of the visitor becomes more intense, because self-seeking is exchanged for devotion to the interests of Our Lord's Heart; more meritorious, because it springs from the noblest and purest intention, love for God and souls; easier, because all sacrifices are made easy by the thought that they contribute to the salvation of souls and to the consolation of the Heart of Jesus; happier, because the Promoter experiences a glad fellowship with the Apostles, and knows that the least good deed, the least effort, the least suffering can help to save souls all over the world.

All the duties of Promoters may be reduced to three: enrolling Associates, bringing them back to Catholic practice, urging them to good works. Of course, the first step is enrolment. What is most needed in our day is the banding together of Catholics in a truly Christian association, which will make them realize their fellowship with the Universal Church and thus strengthen them against the misbelieving and unbelieving influences that surround them. This is especially necessary in mixed communities where anti-Catholic secret societies are politically or socially influential, and where workingmen, occupying whole quarters of a city or a country town, are defenceless against the insidious attacks of freethought and socialism. Almost in every case does the Apostleship of Prayer provide the very association that is needed. No other Catholic society is so universal in its scope, no other is so accessible to negligent Catholics. Men and women, adults and children, rich people with nothing particular to do, workmen chained to their labor, all can enter it on a footing equality. They are not asked to pay any high fees, nor to undertake anything difficult, nor even to attend meetings; they are asked only to raise their hearts to God in order to offer Him the homage of their daily actions and their inevitable sufferings. And let it not be said that this is a very low standard and that it is really a matter of slight importance that Catholics should be enrolled in so accommodating a society. The first step towards the service of God is assuredly no insignificant matter, nor is it a small or low achievement to have induced negligent Catholics to join an association so openly religious as the Apostleship of Prayer. This holy League seeks out souls where they are, sometimes very far from God. Other confraternities require of their members a certain amount of spiritual culture; the Apostleship of Prayer requires only a spark of Faith and a little good will.

It is patient and long suffering. It asks not for more than can be secured here and now, that is, a minimum of religion. And yet that minimum is essential. The doctrine of intention lies at the root of all religion that is acceptable to God. With Him what counts is not what we do but the intention with which we do it. The man who digs a ditch and the woman who sweeps a room for the love of God, both earn an eternal reward that will be denied to the highest church dignitary who acts through selfish motives. Get that idea into the future Associate's mind and you will make him quickly understand that, by the morning offering of the whole day, his soul turns to God; it opens out, so to speak, its windows heavenward, and gradually the Sun of Justice penetrates it, warms it, purifies it.

The mere act of giving his name to the Apostleship and promising to make the morning offering has led many a workingman to say, as he went to his work, some other morning prayers, long since forgotten, and to resume the practice of family prayer at night. Thus the Promoter has, unwittingly perhaps, already begun to fulfil the second duty mentioned above, bringing back negligent Catholics to the practice of their religion. Now is the time to give the new Associate the monthly leaflet and to explain briefly the General Intention for the coming month, recommending it and the daily intentions as the subject of prayer in the form of a daily decade of the beads. The leaflets, of which four hundred and fifty thousand are distributed monthly among Canadians, are the chief link between the centre of the Apostleship and its most distant members. The next step is to advise gently and persuasively a return to Confession and Holy Communion on the part of those who have not yet made their Easter duty, reminding them that, though Easter be long past, the fulfilment of the obligation is urgent at present and must not be put off till next Easter. In a subsequent month visit the Promoter might advise one monthly Communion of reparation. The Promoter, bearing in mind that the Apostleship is a progressive enterprise, should also, on occasion, lead the already fervent Associates up to weekly and even daily Communion. Needless to add that one of the Promoters' chief duties is to see that the Canadian Messenger circulates regularly in each circle of Associates. Talk about its contents is one of the best means of keeping up the true spirit of the Apostleship.

Finally, the third duty of the Promoters, urging Associates to Catholic action and good works, should make them the most devoted helpers of their parish priests in all pious undertakings, such as societies for succoring the deserving poor, visiting the sick, protecting young working girls from danger, settlement and rescue work, reclaiming inebriates, promoting local option, helping Catholic schools, forming and keeping up Catholic literary societies, and assisting in general by prayer, work and example, the spread of the Kingdom of God.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

# PRESBYTERIANISM

For a fair and accurate statement of the history and distinctive principles of Presbyterianism. J. A. McHugh's article in Volume XII of the Catholic Encyclopedia, now appearing, will commend itself to the professors of that faith as well as to Catholics and others. Both in point of knowledge of the subjects of which it treats, and in the consistently unbiased manner of their treatment, the Catholic Encyclopedia has made for itself a most enviable reputation and one which must command the grudging or ungrudging admiration of all but the most rabid partisan or the most violent zealot.

Presbyterianism, in its strict sense, is the name given to one of the groups of ecclesiastical bodies that represent the features of Protestantism emphasized by Calvin. "Of the various churches modelled on the Swiss Reformation, the Swiss, Dutch, and some German are known as the Reformed; the French as Huguenots (q. v.); those in Bohemia and Hungary by their national names; the Scotch, English, and derived churches as Presbyterian." The "Westminster Confession of Faith" and "Catechisms" of 1647, (see "Faith, Protestant Confessions of") are the most important standards of orthodox Presbyterianism, but their contents, however, have been more or less modified by the various Churches, and many of the formulas of subscription prescribed for Church officials do not in practice require more than a qualified acceptance of the standards.

With reference to its polity, Presbyterianism holds a middle position between the episcopal and congregational systems of church government, which it claims to be the method of church organization indicated in the New Testament. Although on the one hand it has declared against hierarchical government, on the other hand Presbyterianism is opposed to Congregational independency and asserts the lawful authority of the larger church.

There has been a tendency in the Presbyterian Church during the last thirty years to mitigate the harsher features of Calvinistic theology, and nearly all the important churches of this denomination have officially disavowed the doctrines of total depravity and limited redemption, and some of them have even gone so far as to withdraw their belief in infant damnation. However, the Presbyterian doctrine of the sacraments is thoroughly Calvinistic, and it teaches that Christ is present in the Lord's Supper not merely symbolically, as Zwingli held, nor on the other hand sunstantially, but dynamically and effectively and for believers only.

The history of Presbyterianism originates, like the Reformed Church, with Calvin, but the claims to historical continuity from the apostles through the Waldenses and the Scotch Culdees have been refuted by Presbyterian scholars.

John Knox is the father of Presbyterianism, as distinct from the Reformed Churches, and in 1560 his Confession of Faith was sanctioned by the Scotch Parliament, which was the beginning of the Kirk or the Scotch Establishment; and although in England in the eighteenth century most of the Presbyterian Churches succumbed to rationalism, there was a revival of Presbyterianism during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The "Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church" had its origin prior to, and independent of English Methodism, and the history of Presbyterianism in Ireland dates from the Ulster plantation during the reign of James I.

There is an account of the history of the colonial and missionary Churches, of which in Canada there was very little growth until the early part of the nineteenth century, and the concluding section of this article contains the history of the American, Scottish, and Welsh Churches in the United States.

At present the Presbyterian denomination throughout the world, exclusive of the Reformed churches, numbers over 5,000,000 communicants, and of these the United States has 1,897,534 (12 bodies.)

# THE LIE AND THE TRUTH

Can a lie endure? Philosophers and theologians, statesmen and scientists say it cannot. There is not one great mind, pagan or Christian, in any age that has held the contrary. The greatest liars the world has known have never thought their own lies would live. There is not one lie of all the past that is not dead or dying. The paths of the centuries are strewn with the graves of falsehoods. They may be huge as leviathans, they may breed as rabbits: but they die as moths. Man may dig up the dead bones, wire them with silver-cords, build painted clay upon them, drape them with the latest cut of phraseology, galvanize them with electric thought, and make them walk as newly created, in the image and likeness of truth, with such perfection as to deceive even the elect of science. But the wiring soon snaps, or the clay crumbles, or the mechanic force expands, or some more curious seeker after truth lifts the garments and reveals the skeleton. No lie can endure.

But here is the Catholic Church teaching the very same doctrine that it taught nineteen hundred years ago. If its teachings are false, if its life is a lie, then how can it endure? How is it that to-day it is larger and stronger than ever? Of the million societies that are existing to-day only one of them was existing nineteen hundred years ago—the Catholic Church. And every moment of those centuries it has battled for its life. All centuries had their warriors, that, after wounding it, saw it bleed, and throwing down their weapons, clapped their hands and said: "At last she shall die;" but she rose and has buried her enemies. If she is a lie, then she is the greatest miracle the world has known, far greater than if she be the truth. If she be the truth, then you are bound to list to her voice, and do her bidding; for truth can come but from God.—The Marian.

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It is some comfort amid the pain which the leakage reports inflict upon us to feel that the Church of the Living God is causing her visible Fold to admit the majesty of the Liturgy and the sanctifying power of her Sacramental system.—St. Peter's Net.

What is a good life worth if it be not crowned with a good death? Yet a good life is the nearest approach in our power to a good death. There have been comparatively few good deaths which have not come at the end of good lives.—Father Faber.


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