

they go about on their errands of mercy to the poor, but they never say anything about it. The doctor would be indignant. There is one place, though, where the doctor's name is written in honor. I am perfectly certain that if I ever get a peek into that great book above wherein are written the names of those who love God and their fellow men, somewhere near the top I will read the name of my friend the doctor blazoned in letters of gold.—Joseph Carey in the Boston Pilot.

LOURDES

"THE BEWILDERMENT OF THE SCEPTIC"

The following excerpt is from a sermon preached in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Liverpool, by Father J. Howard and reported in the Catholic Times of Liverpool.

What story in the Christian annals could compare with the beauty, simplicity, and pathos of the story of Lourdes? The modern world might laugh at it: "What credulity! What superstition!" But Catholicity demanded the most searching, accurate, scientific investigation into all supernatural occurrences. The question of Lourdes had been debated and examined by learned men. As to the reality of the visions of Bernadette, was she telling a lie? No one was serious in asserting that. She was too innocent, too naive, to make up a story like that. Some said she was the victim of a delusion. Doctors examined her and found no trace of any nervous complaint. They found she was just a frank, smiling, healthy peasant girl, with no inclination to mysticism. She showed none of the signs of a person subject to delusions.

The investigation of the whole case lasted for four years, and then only were the faithful told they were justified in believing in the reality of the apparition.

Millions from every quarter of the Christian world had flocked to Lourdes. A careful official computation showed that during the first fifty years four thousand pilgrimages, comprising five million people, had visited the shrine, in addition to more than another five million people who had gone there privately. Before the war the railway officials at Lourdes estimated that a million people visited the shrine every year. During the fifty years mentioned, four thousand cures took place. They were examined by a board of doctors and skilled physicians from every country. Out of the four thousand cures one in fourteen was cured of nervous complaints, the rest were delivered from organic diseases. Scientists, hypnotists, chemists had offered their explanation, but would their theories stand? Some talked about the spiritual exaltation of the people, of emotion reacting on the body, but could the influence of mind on body explain the building up of new bones and tissue, the disappearance of cancer? But Catholics did not need laboured arguments. They saw at Lourdes Jesus once again walking the earth as He walked the soil of Palestine. They saw there: again the poor, sick, maimed, blind, deaf, those troubled with devils, or covered with leprosy; they saw the Gospel surging around Him once again. They saw the Gospel re-acted; the Gospel preached, cries, cures; the Gospel faith; the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever. Lower nature, for the continuation of the Gospel; it stood for the annihilation, for the refutation, for the bewilderment of the sceptics and the cynics; it stood for the upholding of the Christian Faith.—Catholic Opinion.

A recent press report gave this description, written by a French officer, of a touching and pathetic experience:

"Near me lay two soldiers, mortally wounded; one, a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, and the other a young Frenchman, hit in the side and head.

"Both were in pain, growing paler and paler. I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away under his breast.

"He drew out a little silver crucifix, which he pressed to his lips. Feebly, but clearly, he began: 'Hail Mary, full of grace.'

"The Bavarian opened his blue eyes, which were already glazing with approaching death, turned his head toward the Frenchman, and with a look, not of hate, but almost of love, finished in a murmur the prayer, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.'

"The eyes of the two men met, and understood. The Frenchman held out the crucifix to the other, who kissed it, and taking him by the hand, said, leaving served our countries, let us go to God reconciled."

"The sun, disappearing behind a purple cloud, shed a golden gleam on the blood-stained bodies."—The Echo.

VALUE OF CONFESSION

The weakness of the human mind is such that in spite of all efforts man is continually yielding to the inclinations of his lower nature. Knowledge alone unassisted by grace and the moral power of the will avail but little. Strive as a man may he inevitably sooner or later gives way to the inducements held out to him by the world, the flesh and the devil. So great a man as the Apostle of the Gentiles admitted: "The good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do."

The result of this state of affairs is that man from time to time falls into sin. He is obliged to repeat with the great Paul, "I am delighted with the law of God concurring to the inward mind. But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind."

One of the great fruits of the Redemption is the remedy which Christ has left in order to counteract the effect of this inward struggle. Left to himself, man is sure to go down to defeat. He can of his own efforts enter the realm of sin; he cannot, unassisted, leave that realm. The great remedy for sin and its effects is the Sacrament of Penance. Every person feels at times the necessity of unburdening the secrets of his soul to an intelligent and sympathetic friend. This self-revelation and open avowal acts as a soothing balm to a ruffled spirit. Confession, however, does more. It furnishes a balm that not only soothes and tempers the heat of spiritual fever, but at the same time it removes from the soul every vestige of sin, restores the spirit to intimate friendship with God, and renders a man once more pure and innocent as he was when the saving waters of baptism washed out of his soul the stain of original guilt. Is not he careless, may foolish, who would neglect willfully so thorough and so valuable a remedy? —Catholic Bulletin.

EDIFYING WAR STORIES

Bavarian soldiers are doubly armed. Beside their physical equipment, they carry spiritual swords. Each one has a rosary. A procession of Bavarians on the march to the front is like a pilgrimage, for every soldier is reciting the beads.

A young soldier of twenty-six years, a reservist from Cologne, who has been fighting on the western front, writes thus: "You write me that war has also its good side. And I can confirm it. Here many a one learns again to say his beads, which he had in his hands for the last time on the day of his first Communion. It is precisely the rosary which has become our inseparable companion. Five decades each day is the rule, but when I go on watch I often say all of the fifteen mysteries."

Another soldier in the hospital at Trier wrote to his pastor: "When I was wounded, several of my companions were also more or less seriously hurt. One of them who had received a fatal wound in his abdomen said to those around him: 'Comrades, say with me a 'Hail Mary,' and when this was finished, as death had not yet come, he bade them repeat the prayer: 'We fly to thy protection, O Holy Mother of God.' Holding his rosary in his hands, asking to be buried with it, and securing from his comrades a promise to say the beads at least once for the repose of his soul, he died what I think may be called a happy death. May our Blessed Lady, in whose honor he always said the beads, be a good intercessor for him with her Son!"

A soldier serving in Champagne writes to his loving wife at home: "On several occasions I have had an opportunity to present to the lips of some dying comrade the cross of the rosary, which you gave me before I left. Truly, a soldier going into the field cannot be given anything better than a rosary. I am glad to be able to tell you that every one of my Catholic comrades carries his beads. Those who did not bring them from home have received a pair from the division chaplain, Father J.—of Mainz."

Another soldier, in a letter to his parents, after describing a scene on the battlefield, says: "Here one learns to pray. This war is a blessing for many. One learns again to love and honor one's God. I have made a solemn promise that if I ever reach home again I will attend every possible religious service, and honor the Blessed Virgin whenever and wherever I can. I have promised her that as long as I live I will say the fifteen mysteries of the rosary every day."

On every occasion when I have hitherto been asked to tell the story of why I became a Catholic, I have always refused because I felt that I had not much of a story to tell. But since it is evident there is an interest taken in experiences such as mine have been, it seems to me perhaps the best way of telling you what, after all, is a very simple tale, would be to go through the whole story of my life, which has been in many ways rather out of the ordinary, and so explain to you how more and more I became drawn to the Catholic Church until at last I decided it was my duty to join her without further delay.

On my father's side my family was not likely given a leaning towards Catholicism. On that side I come of a family of clergymen, and not only clergymen but Archdeacons. My father's brother was Archdeacon of Barnstaple, my grandfather was also Archdeacon of Barnstaple, my great-grandfather was Archdeacon of Totnes, and my great-grandfather was Bishop of Exeter.

On my mother's side, they are one of the oldest families in England. A long time ago, one of them sailed to India. Not only that, but history states that he engaged in a sort of David and Goliath combat with the champion of the Saracen Army, and that while the two armies looked on, he defeated the Saracen and cut off his head. We know the story must be true, because we have the sword with which he did it. One of that family through a marriage gives me what I am proudest of in my ancestry, and that is that I can prove an absolute direct descent from a canonized saint, St. Ferdinand of Spain. Not only that, but I also had the privilege of being born on that saint's feast day. I do not know if there was anything in it, or whether the saint in Heaven takes any particular interest in his far-off descendant; but as on that side of the family we kept the Faith till long after the Reformation, some drawing towards Catholicity may have come to me from him.

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I left Eton at sixteen and got a commission in the Royal Artillery. I was only seventeen and a half when I received it and for six months was the youngest officer in the

British Army.

It was while I was in the army that for the first time I heard Mass in a Catholic church. I was told off, there being no Catholic officer available, to march the Catholics to church. Years afterwards I found that Father Reginald Collins, who became a great friend of mine, was the priest who had said the Mass.

I left the army before I was twenty and went up to Oxford. While there I became more and more convinced that I ought to enter the Church. So on leaving Oxford I went to Ely Theological College, and there I found my soul. It was there that I first realized what Catholicity meant, and all my life from that time has been merely the logical development of what I learned there. When I was ordained my first curacy was at St. Agnes, Kennington Park, one of the most "advanced" churches in London at that time. My bishop was Bishop Thorold of Rochester, who prayed for me, I remember, at the interview I had with him, that I might be delivered from the three great dangers of Ritualism, Romanism, and Atheism." The good Bishop's prayer has not been answered with regard to the two first items, but I hope it may be with regard to the third.

My second curacy was at the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, under one of the most saintly men I have ever come across, Mr. George Chapman, who was doing a wonderful work among the poor of Brighton. It was while I was there that I first had difficulties about the Catholic Church. They were started by the conversion of Father Luke Rivington to the Church. His book "Authority" sent me to Mr. Allison's two works "St. Peter: His Name and Office," and "The Sea of Peter." These two books cleared the whole question for me. In a moment I saw that Catholicity was right, since my religion had no place for Peter in it, and, like Newman, "I saw the ghost for the first time." It took me seven years after that before I was actually received into the Church, while I was studying out the subject. But from that time I was never really comfortable in the Church of England.

I left Brighton soon after that in order to make an effort which had been in the minds of some of us for some little time to try to found a religious order in the Church of England. There were four of us who made the attempt together, and I acted as superior. The attempt broke up at the end of a year owing to the continual bad temper of the other three. We remained great friends, but we decided that we were not meant to start a new religious order together. What we broke up the Bishop of Ely appointed me to be Vicar of St. Ives, an important charge considering my age, for I was still only twenty-eight, and had the charge of three churches and four curates.

I remained at St. Ives for three years, and then Lord Salisbury offered me a somewhat singular piece of preferment, the chaplaincy of the Hospital of St. Mary and St. Thomas at Ilford. It was a hospital in the old sense of the word, originally founded for lepers by the sister of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and refounded by Good Queen Bess, for six old men, a master and a chaplain. The mastership is hereditary in the Salisbury family, and Lord Salisbury appointed the chaplain for life. There was this curious fact about the position, that it was free from all episcopal control through a Bull granted by Pope Urban IV, many centuries ago, which Bull still holds the force of law, although the Pope's authority has since been done away with. So while I was there in the happy position of having no ecclesiastical superior on earth, it was while I was there that the "ghost" came back for the second time. My difficulty was still the same—the claims of the See of Peter. And this time I made up my mind that there was nothing to be done but to submit to that authority. I went to Rome and received my instruction from Monsignor Merry del Val, who at that time was one of the personal chaplains of the Holy Father. Pope Leo XIII. was kind enough to take a great interest in my conversion, of which he was told by his chaplain, and he offered to give me the exceptional privilege of receiving my first Communion from his own hands. I was received on May 31, 1895, and received my first Communion two days later. I did my studies at Rome and was ordained priest in 1897.

My work as a Catholic priest has been almost entirely in connection with the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Although Oxford is my own university, as I have already told you, I was sent to the University of Cambridge, and have been acting for the last fourteen years as Catholic Chaplain there. Now, as such as the War is over, and the universities recover once more from the state of depletion to which they have been reduced, I am to take up a similar position at my own university, where a vacancy has occurred through the lamented death of the late Father Basil Mathurin, who was no doubt well known to many of you, and was drowned just two years ago in the sinking of the Lusitania. The position at Oxford is just now very interesting from a Catholic point of view. Just as the university, as we now know it, came into existence in the thirteenth century through the coming of the friars and the other religious orders, so now in the twentieth century the religious orders are once more com-

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC

By Rev. Rev. Monsignor Arthur Stappleton Barnes, M.A., in The Catholic Convoy

On every occasion when I have hitherto been asked to tell the story of why I became a Catholic, I have always refused because I felt that I had not much of a story to tell. But since it is evident there is an interest taken in experiences such as mine have been, it seems to me perhaps the best way of telling you what, after all, is a very simple tale, would be to go through the whole story of my life, which has been in many ways rather out of the ordinary, and so explain to you how more and more I became drawn to the Catholic Church until at last I decided it was my duty to join her without further delay.

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CHEERFULNESS AT HOME

Every father and mother has certain responsibilities. This is a truism. It seems foolish to repeat it so generally as it is accepted. But very few fathers and mothers ever accurately define for themselves just what these responsibilities are. They believe that their children ought to be taught, well clothed, well fed. They provide schools, often without much discrimination; they feed the children, they clothe them. The mother who runs a sewing machine all day to provide frills for her children considers herself a martyr to her duty to them, when, in truth she is only a martyr to that spirit of vanity which dictates that they shall be better dressed than other people's children. The father who spends his days in accumulating money, and who has no time to be personally acquainted with the dispositions of his boys, declares to his children that he, too, is a martyr. How can his sons go wrong with such an example before them? And yet this very devotion to what he calls his duty is separating them day by day from him. "We are slaves of our children," he cries out. "I work for my board, that I may be able to bring them up well, and leave them money." Society takes this father and mother at their own valuation, and looks on them as models. Society is wrong; for society judges superficially.

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wouldn't you rather take a chance of being right with the Church than wrong with your mere individual views? If the inquiry as to your origin and destiny must simmer itself down to a question of authority, wouldn't you rather believe the Church than yourself or the mutual self-contradicting modern philosophers? If the question regarding man's destiny is merely a matter of authority, the Church, with her wonderful democracy of faith embracing over two hundred and fifty millions of people and covering centuries of experience, surely wins by miles and miles.

But reason is also on the side of the Church. Her explanation as to man's origin and destiny really explains. If she is dogmatic, she is dogmatic and right, and the others are dogmatic and wrong.

Her catechism tells us that this world is a place of trial, of probation for a short time, but that we are to pass on to an eternal life of happiness with God and in God. God alone can satisfy our craving for lasting perfect happiness, because He alone is lasting and perfect. God, however, does not exist for us, but we exist for God. His infinite goodness is expressed or manifested in us. If we seek to be with God in eternity, we are not at all selfish for we are but cooperating in the highest and most perfect realization of His good will towards us.

MARIE GRANGER, A PRECURSOR OF THE SACRED HEART

But here in this placid village of lovely France, one thrills with ecstatic joy to remember that, as Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial decades later, this chosen soul was favored with the apparitions of the Sacred Heart. Such is the thrill one experiences in Montargis, placid and pretty today, but one of the places in the world hallowed by the personal apparition of the Lord Christ.

And so our thrill is the greater as we learn that here in 1630, nearly a generation before Margaret Mary Laque was born, our Divine Saviour appeared to Marie Granger holding a cross in His hand, and showing her His heart pierced with three nails and surrounded with a crown of thorns. From this heart oozed drops of blood. "My daughter," said Our Lord to her, "I give you this escutcheon and I wish you never to assume another. By the cross you will triumph." With great thankfulness the servant of God accepted it. She carved it on a seal which to this day, so wrote M^{re} de Blenru in 1679, "we Religieuses of Montargis use." Forty-three years later to Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial came the commission that was to spread throughout the world devotion to the Sacred Heart like the spark leaping through the stubble.—Joseph P. MacMahon, Ph. D., in the Catholic World.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CATECHISM

TO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THE CATECHISM, IS NOT SO SIMPLE A MATTER

By Rev. H. C. Hengell, Madison, Wis.

In his book "Orthodoxy" Gilbert K. Chesterton, the learned London essayist, says he learned his catechism when a small boy, that he forgot it later and studied the various philosophies of modern times, that he finally constructed a philosophy of his own out of their mutual contradictions, but that he found, to his great mental shock, that this system of philosophy was not his own after all. It was the Christian system of philosophy, and he might have spared himself a lot of laborious study by sticking to his catechism in the first place.

Unfortunately there are not many men so brilliant and so unprejudiced in the pursuit of truth as Chesterton. Not many have both the ability and the courage to penetrate through the mists of error and the fogs of sophistry of a Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Haeckel, and other so-called philosophers. Even Catholics sometimes get lost in these mists and fogs, because they ignore or neglect the deeper meaning of the catechism which contains a philosophy of life sense that is old and yet always new. Catholic philosophy satisfies common sense. It is the applied philosophy of the average men in the street.

For example, a man asks himself about his own origin, about his relation to others and to the universe and about his destiny or his end and purpose in life. To find the answer he may study the works of all the philosophers until his brain wears out, but nowhere will he find an answer more definite, more positive, and more satisfying to common sense than the answer which he reads in the catechism: "God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the life to come." In other words, "From God, to God, and for God," is the only reasonable answer to the riddle of existence. Tell me not the answer is based upon faith only. It is also based upon the right use of reason. For that matter all answers which essentially differ from this one are also based upon faith, not in God but in fallible human philosophers.

Agnostics dogmatically insist that we can know nothing about our origin and destiny, but must depend upon faith; that is to say, upon the authority of others. Even if this unfounded assertion were true,

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THE FUTILITY OF HATE

Sydney Smith said that it was his idea of hell to hate somebody.

Hate, malice, envy, hard thoughts of any sort poison first the heart in which they originate. They form a brackish, unhealthy pool where all sorts of foul mental conditions generate.

It is only in our loves that we really live.

What we hate is dead to us. The wider the range of our hates, the narrower are our lives.

It is a beautiful belief that every kindly act, word, thought or impulse continues in its influence forever, brightening and sweetening the world, and that every evil deed or thought permanently destroys a part of the sum total of human happiness.

Certainly this is the effect upon the life in which the thought originates. Every thought elevates or lowers, purifies or debases.

Love thoughts are wings. Hate thoughts are weights.

Your own feeling is reflected back to you from others. If you give love you get love. It is one of the things the more of which you give the more you have.

It is your own attitude that attracts or repels others. According as you love you get love or hate you surround yourself with an atmosphere of inviting sweetness or you hedge yourself in like the quilled porcupine.

Love is the light in which we see and live.

Hates are malarial mists in which we blindly grope and miserably rot.—Yonkers Herald.

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Lost Lode. By Christian Reid and Stella's Daughters. By F. X. M. A story of Mexico, strong, interesting, and like everything from the same pen, charmingly written. The second story is another specimen of wholesome light literature, and we deem it judiciously coupled with the former one.

Nelly Kelly. By Henriette E. Delamare. A little mother to her brothers and sisters and succeeds wonderfully in meeting the difficulties that arise.

Philip. A Tale of the Coal Regions. By Rev. Patrick Justin McManus. A story of a young man who is told the story of the days of the Mollie Maguires. Well written and it is full of an admirable unity of plot, the story is unusual so as to intensify the interest as the reader passes from chapter to chapter.

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A collection of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists.

Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A pleasing collection of short stories by eminent Catholic authors of England and Ireland.

Round Table of French Catholic Novelists. A charming selection of short stories by the foremost French Catholic writers.

Renews Marriage. From the French of Marthe Laschere. By Miss Pauline Stump. (An advertisement to be read with both pleasure and profit, in which the immense advantage of a convent education are clearly shown.) 266 pages.

Ronald's Mission. By Henriette E. Delamare. Ronald is a boy of eight, who, with his father and boys and girls are sure to be interested. A mission was conferred by his mother on her death-bed, the brave little fellow passed with a courage beyond his years, until he had fulfilled his mission.

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA