and the Knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. He has since left Rome, divorced his wife and married a Protestant in England. It will now be in order for the band of sensation mongers in Toronto pulpits to elevate the quondam "Marquis" to the rank of a hero. What higher title in such eyes could he have to fame than to have betrayed his faith and hurled defiance at the Holy Father! And what a drawing card he would be in Methodist or Presbyterian pulpits in this time of tin-pot excitement!

WHILE ON the strength of recent events in Portugal, Spain and Italy, certain of our non-Catholic countrymen are prognosticating the decline of the Church and the ultimate disappearance of the Papacy, it will be profitable to glance at the growth and development of the Faith in other parts of the world under the pontificate of His present Holiness. It is seven and a half years since Pius X. ascended the Throne of Peter. In that time eight Bishoprics have been raised to the status of Archbishoprics, thirty-seven new dioceses have been created, three Abbeys *nullius diocecseos* have come into being, ten Prefectures have been advanced to the rank of Vicariates and eight others formed without the intermediate stage, while fourteen new Prefectures Apostolic have been designated—that is to say, a total of seventy new charges. And it is worthy of remark that a very large portion of the new dioceses are in South America—particularly in Brazil, where the Catholic faith is in a flourishing condition. There is here, surely, no evidence of decay.

A FURTHER evidence of the vitality of the Church is afforded by the necrology of her foreign missions for the past year. According to *Missions Catholiques*, there died within the space of a twelvemonth no less than 187 missionaries, all engaged in active work in the four quarters of the globe. Of these 21 were Italians, 14 Belgians, 13 Spaniards, 11 Germans, 6 Irish, 6 Swiss, 5 Dutch, 5 Austrians, 5 Indians (East Indies), 2 Colombians, and one each from the United States, Argentine Republic, Canada, Poland, Hungary, Syria, Equatoria, Turkey and Bulgaria. Five were from Alsace-Lorraine and five are unclassed. But the remarkable feature of the list is that in spite of the present unhappy state of affairs in France 80 of the missionaries who laid down their lives for the propagation of the Faith were Frenchmen, not including those from the Rhine provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, who though French in sentiment and by religious affiliations were legally Germans. This goes a long way to prove that, difficult as it is for us, in Canada, to reconcile the fact with the course of politics and the undisguised warfare upon religion in France, the real heart of the nation is still Catholic and may yet retrieve their country for God.

THIS NECROLOGY then, while recording losses in the ranks of the Church's missionary army, is none the less a striking tribute to her vitality. For it is certain that as in an army on the battle-field there is always a soldier to step into the place of a fallen comrade, so in the foreign missions the death of one priest is the signal for one or more to take up his work. And by this so considerable a number who have passed to their reward, representing almost every Christian nation in the world, we may form some idea of the great army which, without hope of earthly recompense, are spending themselves for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth. And could we ask for any more signal testimony than this to the Church's Catholicity!

IT IS now three hundred and twenty-four years since the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. That event, which capped the crown of infamy for Elizabeth, and earned for Mary the crown of martyrdom, took place at Fotheringay on the eighth of February, 1587. Mary had for twenty-six years been the target for every weapon of infamy and slander that the ingenuity of her enemies could devise. For nineteen years she had languished in English prisons, surrounded by the hireling spies of Elizabeth, who left nothing undone to betray her into any act or deed that might lend color of justification to the cruel treatment accorded her. But as Mary had borne herself in France and throughout her stormy experiences in Scotland, so the term of her captivity was characterized by the same devotion to duty and patient endurance under suffering that has won for her the love and admiration of her adherents for all time.

IN A quiet corner of Westminster Abbey, where all that is mortal of the martyred Queen of Scotland awaits the resurrection, a remarkable scene took place on the last anniversary of her death. Visitors to the venerable fane on that day found her beautiful tomb garlanded with flowers, which, under the pious direction of the Marquis de Ruvigny, had been placed there early in the morning. White roses and lilies; snow-drops and violets, and purple heather from the hills of Scotland lay in profusion about the peaceful marble figure which reposes above the tomb. "It struck the visitor," says a contemporary, "as a wonderful and lovely thing, this charm which endures through the centuries, like a fragrance, a perfume left behind." Little we of this present time know of the peerless beauty which every contemporary chronicler has recorded and which is an integral tradition of history. But not mere physical beauty alone could have kept Mary's memory so green through the living centuries that have intervened. It is the fragrance of her sweet and gracious character that, emerging from the cloud of cruellest calumny with which her enemies have sought to invest her, remains as an imperishable heritage to her people. To how many women of the past, apart from the canonized saints, is such a tribute paid in this prosaic age? Most of all, how foreign to the imagination such a scene at the tomb across the Abbey chancel where lie the mortal remains of the loveless Elizabeth.

THE production in Toronto of Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," under the personal direction of the composer, was the most notable musical event of the season, and scored a decided triumph. This sacred cantata has been greeted everywhere by most enthusiastic praise and greatly augmented on this side of the Atlantic the fame of its author. One critic says of it that it is of such splendid beauty that one will not go far astray in putting it among the very great achievements in modern music." Another, writing in the New York Sun, has declared that "no other English master has given us such a glorious work of this type. Not since Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' has England been the birthplace of such a sacred musical drama. And, speaking of its first production in New York, the Times places the occasion as a remarkable one, full of significance. "It was," says the Times' critic, "the first real disclosure that we have had of the true stature and power of a man who has suddenly risen by virtue of this very work to a commanding position as one of the foremost composers of the day." This is high praise, but to those who were privileged to listen to the rendition of the oratorio in Toronto will not be considered in the least overdrawn.

THE SUCCESS of Sir Edward Elgar's composition will have brought to the knowledge of many for the first time the solemn and impressive beauty of Cardinal Newman's poem—one of the two really great poems produced in English by a Catholic within the past half-century, Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" being the other. "The Dream of Gerontius" was written in 1865 as one of those meditations on the great truths of the Christian religion which, as the Cardinal has himself told us, he could best make with the pen in his hand. So lightly did he regard it, however, as a permanent composition, that, having served its immediate purpose, it was laid aside and narrowly escaped destruction. When at length rescued by one of the Oratory Fathers, and given to the world as a memorial of one of their number, "Fratri Desideratissimo," Father John Joseph Gordon, it met with immediate recognition as a poem worthy in every respect of the great genius of its author—the greatest modern master of English speech. Its setting to music in recent years by Sir Edward Elgar was, on his part, an act of fealty to the Cardinal's memory, and a recognition of the poem's unique adaptability to the form and structure of the oratorio. By his successful working out of the problem he has erected an imperishable monument to his own memory as well as to that of his great exemplar. The original score of the oratorio, it may be added, was presented by the composer to the Fathers of the Edgbaston (Birmingham) Oratory, Cardinal Newman's foundation, in whose library the present writer had the privilege of examining it some time ago.

Dr. Johnson, the Mass and Purgatory

We take these extracts from Boswell's "Life of Johnson:"

Boswell—"What do you think, sir, of purgatory, as believed in by the Roman Catholics?"

Johnson—"Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment or so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits, and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this."

Boswell—"But then, sir, their Masses for the dead?"

Johnson—"Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life."

Boswell—"The idolatry of the Mass?"

Johnson—"There is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there and they adore him."—Catholic Universe.

THE ETHICS OF SOCIALISM

SERMON PREACHED AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, OTTAWA, PALM SUNDAY, BY REV. P. W. BROWNE

"I have compassion on the multitudes." (St. Mark viii. 2).

Beloved Brethren,—To-day's Gospel records the triumphant entry of our Lord into the city of Jerusalem, mid the acclamations of a mighty throng bearing branches of palms and boughs of olive, to signify the outpourings of grateful hearts. The ceremony which you witnessed this morning commemorates this glorious event; but it has another meaning—one which you have perhaps failed to recognize: it symbolizes the fickleness and inconstancy of human nature. The hosannas of the Holy City were but the prologue to the sorrows of Gethsemani, and the plaudits of the populace were the prelude to the Tragedy of Calvary; for the echoes of "Hosanna to the Son of David" had scarce faded away into silence ere shouts of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" cleaved the Judean sky; and erstwhile grateful hearts were steeled to dumb forgetfulness.

The history of the Catholic Church is a replica of the mortal life of Christ, her founder. Time was when the world acclaimed her the bounteous mother of humanity, and hymned her praises in divers tones; but, to-day, the welkin rings with the frenzied cry of evil men who rend the air with blasphemous shibboleths. While crafty agitators declare that her teachings make men weak and servile—that she keeps the many poor, that the few may be rich; and, in strident tones, proclaim to the toiler, that if he would be free, he must rid himself of religion; if he would be rich, he must cast off the fetters of authority.

We cannot close our ears to the echoes of these satanic ravings; nor can we blink the fact that society is being whirled towards a crisis, more terrible for the magnitude of its conflicting causes, more tremendous for the gravity of its issues, more appalling for the seriousness of its consequences, than any which history has yet recorded. This is not the expression of a personal opinion; for Leo XIII. tells us in his Encyclical on the "Dignity of Labor;" "The momentous seriousness of the crisis fills every thoughtful mind with anxiety and dread. Wise men discuss it; practical men propose schemes; platforms, clubs, parliaments, kings, all think of it and talk of it. Nor is there any subject which so completely engrosses the attention of the world. The disputes which, for some time past have disturbed the peace of the world are becoming so frequent and so fierce as to rightly fill all thoughtful minds with uneasiness and alarm. Matters have been brought to such a pass by the struggle between Capital and Labor, fomented, as it is, by professional agitators, that the countries where these disputes most frequently take place, find themselves confronted with ruin and disaster."

If we look out upon the industrial world we find that charity no longer moderates contracts; that greed, not conscience, rules. The iron law of supply and demand has supplanted the canon to "do unto others as others would do unto you." Wealth is hardening its heart; tightening its purse-strings, entrenching itself behind huge trusts; and it is daily drawing to itself powers that make it well nigh impregnable. The rich are growing more opulent, while the toiler is becoming more wretched. Sweating masses roll grimy and sullen from the factory gates, victims of disease and toil. They look with distrust upon the employer whom they have come to regard as their natural foe; their cry of rage is daily becoming more articulate; and their anguished minds offer fruitful soil to the poisonous seeds of revolutionary doctrines. They give willing ear to every extravagant theory for the amelioration of their condition and they grasp at every weapon left to the hands of desperate men, in their frantic desire to pull down the strong. The very atmosphere is electric with danger; and the industrial world seems to rest on the thin edge of a volcano whose frequent rumblings threaten the entire social fabric with destruction.

These evils are not of yesterday's growth; they are the progressive accumulations of the centuries; and the logical outcome of the great upheaval of the XVIth century, which sundered the tie that had bound together Church and State from the earliest days. Such conditions as exist to-day were unknown in the Middle Ages; for Guilds provided remunerative employment for the artisan: and the Monasteries afforded an asylum to the destitute and the afflicted. Before the "great pillage" of Henry VIII. there were 30,000 Guilds in England alone; and Monasteries studded the nation from Land's End to John O'Groats. Those were the halcyon days of "Merrie England;" and peace with plenty dwelt within her borders. Not so to-day, for the gaunt spectre of want haunts even the Capital of the Greatest Empire which the world has ever known.

To what must the present condition of the world be attributed? Leo XIII. gives us the answer. He says: "The present crisis of the world's history is due to three causes:—Economic changes in the material order: False Philosophy in the intellectual order: Professional agitators in the social order." Each of these is directly contributory to the disturbed conditions of society at the present hour; but that which chiefly influences the proletariat is the propaganda of professional agitators termed Socialism—a cult of protean aspect which numbers its votaries by the million, and is to-day recognized as the most formidable anti-Christian force in the civilized world. What is Socialism? Fundamentally, Socialism means "the establishment of a system of society, based upon the common ownership and democratic control of the means and instruments for producing and distributing wealth." The principles on which it is founded may be summed up as follows:—(1) Labor alone is the cause of value, or, in other words: "All wealth comes from labor": (2) Everything in the world depends absolutely upon the action of material causes: (3) Capital is robbery.

We may view Socialism from an economic or an ethical standpoint; we choose the latter, and we leave the economic phase of the system to the economist, as it falls more directly within his province. Socialism, from an ethical standpoint, tends to disintegrate the social organism; it is a menace to constituted authority; it is subversive of religion; and it is a wrecker of the family and the home. It is not a panacea for the evils of the industrial world; on the contrary, it is the most deadly enemy of organized labor.

That Socialism would sap the foundations of the social order is obvious; for it would abolish private ownership on which are grounded Commerce, Industry, Trade and Civic Institutions. It declares that private property is unjust, that confiscation of private property is a legitimate means of swelling the coffers of the Socialistic State; it says too, that every one who, by thrift, industry, or enterprise, makes provision for old age, for the education of his family, for the various contingencies of life, is a criminal. It denies to the individual a right established by the law of nature, recognized by positive law, and acknowledged by Christ Himself. If private ownership be robbery now, it was so when God gave the Ten Commandments on Sinai: yet He says: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife . . nor his house . . nor his field . . . nor anything that he has" (Deut., v, 21). Here the Divine law not only recognizes the rights of private ownership, but hedges it around as a sacred thing. When Christ came on earth, wherever His eyes turned, they rested on private property—the treasured home, the walled garden, the cultivated farm, the turret-crowned sheepfold, the busy mart. Does He denounce the shepherd, the tiller of the soil, the man in the market-place as a thief because he owns an ancestral home or barters his wares in the streets of the city? By no means. On the contrary He recognizes the right of ownership when he tells the young man who wishes to become a disciple. "Go sell what thou hast; then follow Me. (Matt, xix 21). How could the young man sell possessions if he did not actually own them?

If the principles of Socialism be admitted, we should perforce deny the wisdom and providence of God Who has endowed man with a brain and willing hands; we should deny the common sense of mankind which has ever recognized the principle that nature's demands are the God-given foundation of man's natural rights, that every man has the right to make his own that spot of nature's field which he tills, or that possession upon which he sets the seal of his own personality. Socialism in its ultimate analysis would place the idiot and the man of genius and knowledge on the same level; and it would hand over the hard-earned comforts of the industrious and thrifty workman to the tender mercies of every shiftless loafer who could best vociferate the tenets of the socialist rabble. The first step towards popularizing this system should be the elimination of the Seventh Commandment from the Decalogue, for stealing would no longer be a crime. What would be the consequence if this were carried into effect? The entire social fabric would necessarily crumble to pieces.

Socialism would not only demolish the social fabric; it would destroy the vital principle of national existence—the Civil Power; for it repudiates authority. A nation must have unity of authority, whether that authority exists under the form of a Kingship, a Constitutional Monarchy, or a Republic: each form is good in itself; not one of them is absolutely faultless. If it be unjust that an absolute King or a wealthy aristocracy dictate their fate to the whole body of the people, it must also be unjust that one section which has the least knowledge, the least prudence, the least to lose and the most to gain, that section which is naturally the most easily duped and the most easily misled, should be the despotic masters of all the other members of the community. The Socialist spider will spin his web in which the foolish flies will lose their property, their liberty, and their higher life, while the Vampire of officialdom will suck the life-blood of the unfortunate dupes who become enmeshed. Were Socialism realized, the workman would lose his independence, his home, his energy, the fruits of his labor, and everything that his toil has rendered sacred. If entered into freely, it would be the suicide of a nation. The workman would have no protection against lawlessness, because Socialism recognizes no authority; and it would blot out his national identity, for it stigmatizes patriotism as mere sentiment, and it regards the national flag as "a piece of calico fastened to a stick." It rants loudly and vociferously of the "brotherhood of man;" but it eliminates from its code the august person of the Incarnate God Who became our brother in the Mystery of the Incarnation, and it clamors for the destruction of everything that makes for the welfare of humanity. No wonder then that the Socialist is the enemy of his country; no wonder that every power in Europe feels unsafe. The French Socialists are the worst enemies of France; the German Socialists are the worst enemies of Germany; the English Socialists are the worst enemies of England. It cannot be otherwise; for the Socialists rabble must follow the dictates of the high-priests of the cult, who assert "political power is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing the other," "civil law ultimately must disappear with the last vestiges of modern civilization," "law is but a clumsy pretext whereby rulers seek to justify their right to rule and rob," "violence must be the lever of reform;" "revolution is the only means to attain success."

Socialism would not only subvert constituted Government; it would destroy the most potent factor in human life—Religion. We make no unfounded statements, we utter no unwarranted assertions, but will submit the very words of the high-priests of the socialistic cult to prove our thesis. They tell us that "religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature . . . . it is the sentiment of a heartless world, the opium of the people" (Marx); that "Christianity stands for what is basest and lowest in human life" (Herron), that "belief in God is incompatible with Socialism . . . which has no meaning unless it is atheistic." Not content with such utterances as these, a well-known American Socialist leader—one who seeks high honors in the Republic, styles the augusti person of Christ, "The Tramp of Galilee." The editor of the official organ of English Socialists says: "I do not like the Catholic Church. The Church was the enemy of popular education, the enemy of popular freedom, the friend of superstition, and of tyranny, and of the robber . . . I cannot believe in the existence of Jesus Christ." In his book, "*God and my neighbor*," he has sections entitled "The Immorality of Jehovah," "The Injustice of Jehovah," "The Cruelty of Jehovah." He says further: "Free-will is a myth . . . There is no such thing as sin . . . Man could not and cannot sin . . . Carlyle is more moral than Jeremiah; Ruskin is superior to Isaiah; Ingersoll, the Atheist, is a nobler moralist and better than Moses." Another, the greatest literary exponent of the cult in England and the highest authority in the socialistic hierarchy, has uttered expressions that no respectable English newspaper would print. They are reeking with horrible and revolting profanity. Now, from foul mouths of foul slums, one might not be surprised to hear foul abuse of what is sacred, or foul insult against what is dear; for foulness is a hindrance to the understanding of the pure, beautiful, majestic character of Jesus Christ. That a cultured man should pass beyond the foulness of the slum in order to rush into the outrage of turning into contemptuousness ridicule and holding up for derisive laughter that supreme moment on Calvary, that Adorable figure on the Cross, towards which the noblest minds of men are turned, and round which the sympathies of noblest men are entwined, surely this is worse than what is foul, this is the stinging of a venomous reptile, this is the loathsome scum that oozes from the lips of the hating and hateful satan. But this is the work of the arch-socialist, Bernard Shaw.

Whither does such monstrous teaching lead? It leads to anarchy, atheism and ruin. It needs no lengthy demonstration to prove this. Without God, there is no moral law. Without moral law, there is no moral right. Without moral right, there is nothing left in human life, but the grasp of the strong hand of tyranny. Try and realize what this means. In Christian homes children are taught to say their prayers when their infant life is budding into thoughtfulness. They are taught that there is a Father in heaven Whose will is to be done, Who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. When the children say their prayers there is borne in upon them a knowledge which they do not then fully understand, but which comes back clearly upon them as they grow older—the knowledge that their father and mother bear them a message from another world. They recognize the truth and the reality of the Great God, and from that recognition follows a recognition of their duty towards their home, towards their neighbor, and towards the nation. Their life must be lived on those reverential lines. They recognize a moral law coming from God, and they bow before it.

Socialists recognize no God of Mercy; they have cast Christ aside; they have no moral Law; they have no moral power; they can impose no moral obligation. Their divinity is "The Father of Lies;" their cult is unmitigated hedonism. Consequently, the system leads to anarchy and to mob supremacy, oscillating wildly between a despotism, an oligarchy, and a universal muddle. Just imagine what such a mob would be like. Picture to yourselves the city of Barcelona on that July evening two years ago when a great socialistic outbreak re enacted the horrors of the French Revolution. The glory of a Castilian sun is obscured by the huge clouds of smoke that roll upwards from the burning churches, convents, orphanages and asylums, while the daylight is mocked by the lurid glare of flames that flash like eruptions of hell. Round about the burning buildings seething crowds of men and women pour in fiendish delight, heaping fuel on the deadly pile. Before you march ten thousand frenzied men, howling "Death to the Rich!" "Down with the Church!" "Down with the Government!" carrying the mutilated members of murdered men, or brandishing aloft the limbs of the desecrated dead that they have robbed from the grave! Was this possible only at Barcelona? Nay; it is possible anywhere when a frenzied mob is intoxicated with principles that appeal to brute passions. History is ever repeating itself; and it will repeat itself with terrible emphasis, and with horrible accuracy, if the people are taught that they have no God but Mammon, no master but socialist officialdom, no altars but the shrines of vengeance. The irreligious nature of Socialism makes it a menace to the home, for it not only permits, but preaches, divorce, aye and it tolerates promiscuity. The basis of family life is monogamic marriage; but this, according to the teachings of Socialists, is one of the greatest obstacles to social reform. I would not pollute these sacred walls with the foul utterances of Marx, Engels, and other Socialist leaders regarding the most sacred of human ties. Suffice it to say, they would revive the pagan principle that the State is supreme; they would change the home into a mere lodging-house where are fed and sheltered the unfortunate dupes of arrogant tyranny. They would wreck the home because they would deprive the father of the God-given right to be the master of his own fireside; they would banish the mother from what should be her kingdom; they would make the child a ward of the community and a chattel of the State. Behold their plan: "All boys and girls, as soon as they are weaned are to be taken from their parents, and brought up boys and girls together, first in State nurseries, and then, boys and girls together, in State boarding-schools, but brought up without any religion whatever. Thus the child would grow up a stranger to its father and mother, without the hallowed influence of a home, without any knowledge of God or religion, to become a mere mechanical unit in the machinery of the State, or to become one more human brute moved only by human pleasure, deterred only by human pain, until its time should come to sink into a death of corruption less foul than was its life's sensuality, to be buried like any other human dog."

Every man has a personal and inalienable right to a home, just as he has a right to life and liberty. Home has its rights even as against the State; for it holds these rights, not from the State, but from God, since the home is both in fact and in idea, anterior to the gathering of men into a Commonwealth. The State dare not enter the sanctuary of the home to give laws unto the household. Hear what Leo XIII. says on this question: "Parental authority can neither be abolished by the State nor absorbed into it, for its right has the same cause and reason as human life itself. The child belongs to the father, and is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality; and, strictly speaking, the child takes its place in civil society, not in its own right, but as a member of the family in which it is begotten. Wherefore, Socialists, in thrusting aside parents and forcing into the home, the authority of the State, act against natural justice." Hence, civil society is only intended by nature to be the helper of the family; to be its guardian, not its destroyer; to be, in a true sense, its servant, but, in no sense, to be its master. Furthermore, it is the interest of the State itself to recognize that its welfare and its security rest upon the right, independence, and deep-rooted stability of the family, of which it is the flower and fruit.

A State that is tossed about in its social and political existence by the fluctuating tide of transient individual opinion, ambitions, and actions, cannot have that healthy, deathless, spirit which vivifies into the same life, not merely the chance companions of a day, but the successive generations of a nation. The State whose roots are deep set in its ancestral homes, be these rich or poor, humble or powerful, is hard-grained by its traditions into oak-like staunchness, and can defy the winds that blow and the storms that burst, because it has laid its grip upon the very foundations of the moral world. Socialism would relax, aye, abolish this grip, for homes would, under its system cease to exist, since they would be robbed of father, mother, and child.

Christain Fathers! to whose care has been entrusted the God-given gift of a child, do you realize your duty to your offspring and to your God? Christian Mothers! you who should reign as queens in the homes which God has consecrated by the presence of tender babes, do you recognize your divine right against man and devil? Then guard, unto death, the sacred citadel of your home of which Socialism would rob you. Its methods are insidious; for they are ostensibly unselfish. But do not be deceived; the propaganda of Socialism means war against the home; it is a war of Hell against Heaven—a war of Satan against Christ; a war of an Atheist State against the Christian child. They know, these crafty agitators, that if they can kidnap the child, they can make the State Atheist, Materialist, Socialist, as they wish. Voltaire knew the value of this policy when he said: "Give me the child till it is ten, and I care not who takes it afterwards." Ferrer knew its value when he established at Barcelona those schools where the children were taught downright blasphemy and irreligion, unvarnished and unmitigated immorality, and not only hatred of law, and revolt against authority, but even the actual making of explosive anarchist bombs. So, too, do Socialists recognize its value, when they seek to make the child the ward of the State: they will feed it and make it fat and merry; but they will suck out its soul, and leave it a human heart that has no love—not even the love of its father or its mother.

Then, beloved brethren, from what we have said, does it not necessarily follow that Socialism is not a panacea for the ills of the modern world. It can provide no remedy for existing conditions. On the contrary, it would utterly efface Christianity; it would subvert the very foundations of the social fabric; it would destroy the home; and it would cause society to swing back into the barbaric callousness or the cultured cruelty of pagans. It deals simply in chimeras and futilities; and consequently, it must be repudiated by every right thinking mind. Then, is there no remedy for existing evils? Is there no power on earth that can restore the equilibrium of society? Yes, says the illustrious Pontiff, whose words we have so often quoted: "There is the Catholic Church—the Church that proclaims from the Gospel those teachings by which this conflict can be put an end to, or, at least, rendered less bitter." The Church is the moral self of the loving Christ, Who, nineteen centuries ago, under the shadow of the Mount of Hattin, said: "I will have compassion on the multitude." As Christ is the "Way, the Truth, and the Life" of men, so it is only through the Church that man or nation can survive in healthy life. She teaches the rich that they are merely the stewards of their wealth—that their right of ownership brings with it an imperious duty to give unto the poor whatever is above their reasonable needs. She teaches the poor that they have duties as well as rights. She teaches each one of us that we, like her Divine founder, must "have compassion on the multitude." The Church is independent of economic change; and she fears neither those who sally forth from "The Tents of Wickedness," nor the loud moaning of the sea of turbulent passions. We are with the Church, the Church is with Christ, and Christ is with God. His power is as actual now as when He trod our earth. We can hear His voice in the darkest night, in the terror of the greatest storm as the Apostles heard it that night upon the Sea of Galilee when 'mid the shrieking winds and blinding spray, the waves were flung up to the clouds, and the clouds flung down to the sea, threatening to engulph their tempest-tossed bark. A voice rang out clear through the murky shadows; "Be of good heart it is I. Be not afraid". Over the tempest-tossed tide of the ages, over the surges of passion and sin, through the darkness of doubt and denial, the Church of Christ has safely passed when the wicked thought she would be engulphed. "Be not afraid," beloved brethren, the Church can save society. She alone can solve the problems which now agitate the world; she alone can bring order out of chaos; she alone can alleviate the burdens of the proletariat for like her Founder she has "compassion on the multitude."

But, let us not forget that she is powerless to solve economic problems if her children are apathetic or disloyal. On us, then, devolves a personal and imperious duty. We must be loyal to the teachings of the venerable Pontiff who sits in the chair of Peter, we must be dutiful in submissiveness, generous in our support, and above all, we must be watchful lest we be drawn into the vortex of pernicious theories which threaten to engulph society. Pius X. warns us. He says: "Socialism, breathing hatred of Christianity, advances with ruin in its train—blotting out the hopes of Heaven from the hearts of the people—to destroy the whole fabric of society." He tells us too "to apply ourselves to the study of the social problem with the greatest constancy." His predecessor, the immortal Leo XIII, delivered a similar message to the Catholic world, in 1896: "Catholics must take the initiative in all true social progress; to show themselves the steadfast and enlightened counselors of the weak and defenceless; to be champions of the eternal principles of justice and Christian civilization."

Let us then, hearken to the voice of the Vicar of Christ who "will restore all things in Christ." Let us be up and doing; for, if we are not actively seeking to relieve the material wounds of humanity, we cannot have much concern for its spiritual sores. Upon the degree to which we have succored Christ's poor, for Christ's sake, will our service of Christ be measured. Care for our fellow-men is a condition of our eternal salvation. We must not keep our Catholicity and our social action in watertight compartments. The former must express itself through the latter; the two must be intimately blended.

"God! give us men; a time like this demands
Strong minds, stout hearts, true faith, and willing hands—
Men who can stand before the demagogue,
And damn his flattering treasons without winking—
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking."

To stem the devastating tide of socialism, we must prepare for the struggle. Our Faith provides us with sound principles; it supplies us, too, with the highest of motives and with the requisite supernatural helps. We must face the problem, strong with confidence in Him Who "will have compassion on the multitude." We want Catholic workmen to watch the labor movement from within, and to keep the Catholic body informed of their tendencies. We want Catholic priests to make available their enormous experience of the lives of the poor. We want Catholic women to realize their social mission, and to give us constructive suggestions. We want Catholic professional men to give us new light on the various aspects of the social question. We want Catholic business men to introduce business methods into our social activity; we want Catholics of leisure to give us assistance in organizing; Catholic writers to give us their aid in the social propaganda. We can no longer blink the fact that we are rapidly being whirled toward a crisis; and when it comes, may God grant that it find us men of sterling grit, true to Christ's teaching, loyal to Christ's allegiance, masters of our own souls, and brothers to our fellow-men. Herein lies our duty as followers of Him Who said: "I will have compassion on the multitude." (Mark viii, 2.)

THE ANGEL'S GIFT

A Legend of Gethsemani

Dark is the night, not a star looks down
On the silent garden and sleeping town.
Sad as a dirge is the funeral moan
Of the angel cohorts before the Throne,
As they list to the God-man's cry of pain,
As He wars alone with the weight of sin.
Worn and wearied the watchers sleep,
Whilst Heaven and Hell their virgil keep.

Dread is the vision before Him laid,
Despised by millions, by His own betrayed.
And red is the ground with the crimson rain,
But the Tempter whispers "'tis all in vain—
The scourge and the nails, the crown and the cross,
And the Narrow Way—men count it a loss."
And the demon laughed, "Be wise," quoth he,
"And leave this ungrateful race to me."
High in the heavens, before the Throne
The angels cease their funeral moan,
And deep in the abysmal pit of hell,
The demons listen for a sign to tell
What the choice will be in this conflict dread
With sin, bereft of all succor and aid.
And the Tempter smiled, the angel wept,
As Heaven and Hell their vigil kept.

Down through the night comes an angel fair,
She bears in her bosom a vessel rare.
"See, Master, the sighs and the tears of men,
Through the ages long, who have wept for sin."
And the Tempter laughed, "What is this," quoth he,
But as summer's rain to the boundless sea!
Ah! fool, to die for a traitor race,
That exults in sin and its own disgrace."

Paler the face of the Master now,
And redder the rain on His crimson brow,
Dread is the conflict that rages within,
As he, sinless, wars with weight of sin,
And up from the town comes the savage cry
Of the fiendish crowd that would see Him die.
"Father" He whispers, "Thy will be done,"
The angel knew that her gift had won.

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Passiontide, 1911