CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SUMMER VACATIONS

It is an annual custom with many young folks to spend a few weeks away from home in vacation. Some go to the seaside, others to the mountains, others to the farms. The questions of suitable locations and companionship should be matters for serious reflection.

Vacation, to be profitable, should be a time of rest. It should not be spent in nerve-racking dissipations, and much less should it be regarded as a period of dispensation from the observance of any or of all of God's Commandments. It is evident, then that the precept which requires the Lord's Day to be spent in a devotional manner obliges all Catholics, even when on vacation, to be present at Mass.

It follows, therefore, that real Catholics will carefully seek and select locations where Mass is celebrated, and that they will not go to places remote from Church and priest. A very serious thought is the possibility, and even the very great probability of serious mishaps which would require the prompt attendance of a priest to confer the Sacraments of the Church.

Every summer there is a long list of deaths resulting from accident or sickness. Perhaps your name will be in the list this year. Boating, bathing, fishing, poisonous vegetation and insects, runaway horses or automobiles, typhoid fever, these, and many other probable perils should influence Catholics not to live too far from priestly ministrations, or to remain among non-Catholics or bad Catholics who would never think of sending for a priest if the visitor were in danger of death.

By the way, don't forget to take your prayerbook, your rosary, a blessed candle, and some holy water with you. They may be required before your return home. You may think that you have ability and native alertness of mind and body sufficient to anticipate and avoid accidents. You may be seriously mistaken.

Another thought! You cannot control the number, the character, or the morals of other vacationists. If, in the place or the company where you may be, you find any of either sex, who are not fit for the friendship of your own mother, our advice is, at once to seek another locality. There are plenty of good places where only respectable people dwell, and they are the only kind fit for you.

Flee from temptation! In your inexperience you may over-rate your powers of resistance. Many a person is strong when temptation is weak, and per contra, is weak when temptation is strong. Away from the protection of home, parents and true friends, vacationists often meet vice that is bold, shameless, cunning, and deadly. It is not necessary to specify, but we remind you that "He that loves the danger shall perish in it."

At home the grace of God protects you, but on vacation, you may see perhaps for the first time, a depth of wickedness that will astonish you. Let us hope that it will disgust, and will not attract you. St. Paul said: "By the grace of God, I am, what I am." It is true likewise of each of us. You seek vacation and not dissipation; recuperation, and not destruction. By the grace of God, keep clean.

Be generous to the Church, and to the priest in charge. Don't tell him how much you contribute at home, and allege it to excuse your stinginess while in his parish. You should contribute wherever you are, because jurisdiction is territorial and not personal. Your own parish priests cannot follow you wherever you go, and you must rely on the local priest in case of need. As a rule, the churches at vacation resorts, are open for use only six or seven Sundays in the whole year, and for support, they depend upon the income of the very short summer season. The interest on their mortgage has to be paid during ten months when the church is closed. Repairs must be made, insurance must be met, and many other items which occur. Make it a rule to be even more generous to church and priest during vacation than you are at home.

Above all come back to your work and to your parents free from alliances and friendships which you would be ashamed to continue at home. — The Pilot.

THE DECAY OF MANNERS

Manners are the bulwark of that life of quality, the foundation of which is good breeding, the native air of which is refinement, and the membership of which are all gentlefolk the world over.

The bloom on the ripened fruit of civilization and the proof of its perfection is delicacy.

Whatsoever the form may be, and there are many forms in which good breeding may present itself—as many, indeed, as are the incidents of social intercourse — whatever tends to put at ease the person one meets is good manners, and whatever tends to the opposite is rudeness.

Whoever takes advantage of another we know cannot be a gentleman, for the first word of the law is good breeding, as the last is kindness. The Golden Rule contains the last word of manners, as it does on most other laws of living.

The express train and the "crush hour" are in many ways great advantages, but they are not conductive to good manners.

To revive ancient good breeding and bring back the old-time manners, it is necessary to set aside money as the chief foundation of respect, and to set up once more the ideals of courtesy and kindly conduct.

If those who are gentlefolk — who possess the rare, but often unprized, treasures of refinement, culture, taste, and high ideals of living and thinking, would scrupulously hold themselves above wandering to vulgarity, simply because it has wealth behind it, a society would soon be formed which would have not only the stamp of good breeding, but as possessing the thing itself, would have the authority and power to dictate its own terms.

ON KEEPING CALM

"You took it so calmy that it steadied me," said one recently of one of those unfortunate and unlooked for happenings that sometimes break suddenly upon a family's serenity. "If you had not been so quiet, I should have gone to pieces."

But "going to pieces" never helps anything; it always pulls something else down. And there is wonderful strength in mere quietness, in holding voice, hand, eye, steady in hours of trouble or danger.

It is not the ones who are strongest of body or most brilliant of mind upon whom others lean in emergencies, but the one who has learned to be quiet and who will not be thrown into a panic.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO GIRLS WHO CHANGED PLACES

By Harriet Lummis Smith

When they left the pier that morning, Muriel was, without any question, the most important person in the boat. She sat in the stern, with cushions piled about her, and a magazine in her lap, if she should be inclined to read. Mary, sitting a few feet away, was comparatively insignificant, as she had been brought along merely to pick up Muriel's handkerchief if she should let it fall, to talk if Muriel felt in the mood for conversation, and otherwise, to keep silent. The boatman, too, was there to sail across the lake as long as Muriel pleased to go eastward, and to turn as soon as she changed her mind. All of which proved conclusively that the girl in the stern was the most important member of the trio

It was a perfect morning, with just enough white clouds in the sky to help one realize the exquisite blue, and with breeze enough to temper the sun's heat. The shore they had left was only a line marking the distinction between earth and sky, and, on ahead, the blue water sparkled invitation. Muriel had made up her mind for a long sail. There was a lunch basket which could be opened as soon as she was hungry. She would sail on and on, till her mood changed and she wearied of the exhilarating onward rush. All her life she had acted on the principle of following out the impulse of the moment, for she was a very important person in her little world. Nobody had ever doubted that, Muriel least of all.

All at once the grizzled boatman put his hand to his heart, groaned, and sank in a heap. The sail swung forward as the rope slipped from his relaxing fingers, the boat careened perilously. One girl—the girl in the stern—shrieked. The other sprang forward, caught the trailing rope, and in another minute the boat was flying onward over its former course, a pool of water in the bow the only evidence of its temporary indiscretion.

"Oh, Mary, what is it? What has happened?" Muriel put her hands before her eyes, shrieking, shivering. "What has happened?" she wailed again.

"I guess Joe fainted or something like that, Miss Muriel." Mary, clutching the rope, looked down at the motionless body of the man beside her. "If you could come over and splash a little water in his face."

Oh, I can't! I can't bear to come near him! He looks as if he were dead! Oh!"

"If—if you hold this rope, I'll see what I can do for him."

"I can't Mary. I don't know a thing about sailing."

"Neither do I. But I noticed how he's been holding the sail, and I pulled it back to the same place. I'd like to take it down, but I don't know how. I guess you'll have to come over here and help, Miss Muriel, for we can't leave Joe lying in a heap like that."

After a little further urging Muriel obeyed. She sat in Joe's former place, and shivered slightly, as Mary pulled the unconscious man forward and dashed water in his livid face. She worked over him some time before he muttered something and his eyelids twitched.

"Feel better, Joe?" the girl asked, gently. But though the man opened his eyes and stared into her face, he did not reply. With some difficulty Mary raised his head and slipped a cushion under it. Then she went back to Muriel and relieved her.

"I guess it's something more than a faint with Joe," she said. "A heart attack of some sort, I shouldn't wonder, I hope he comes to before the wind changes."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, we can keep right on going while the wind stays as it is. All that we need to do is to keep the sail steady. But if it whirled around to another quarter, as it does sometimes, I shouldn't know what to do. I'm going to learn something about managing a sail-boat before I'm much older." To herself she added, "If we get back alive."

Presently Muriel seemed to wake to a realization of the state of affairs. "Why, we're going away from home just as fast as we can?"

"Yes."

"Can't you turn around and go the other way?"

"Why, Muriel, I've no more idea how to turn a sail-boat around than how to manage a locomotive. Maybe Joe'll come to himself after a while enough to tell me what to do." She waited a moment, then added, in a matter-of-fact tone, "You'd better get the basket out and eat a little."

"I'm not hungry," said Muriel, fretfully. It did not occur to her to ask if Mary were hungry. Such forgetfulness is not an uncommon result of being a person of importance.

But the time came when she was hungry enough to eat, and it was Muriel who opened the basket and waited on Mary. Joe was still in a semi-conscious condition, muttering occasionally, sometimes opening his eyes, in a long, unseeing stare. On all sides of them stretched the blue water. Once Mary noticed a line of black smoke in the sky, like an indistinct pennant of crepe, and called her companion's attention to it. "It's a steamer. I only wish they were near enough to see us."

Toward sunset the wind went down. Mary improved the temporary calm to make some experiments she had not dared to try earlier. As a result of these the sail was presently furled and the mast unshipped. Mary permitted herself a deep sigh of relief. "There! I'm glad that's done."

"Glad! How can you talk of being glad!" Muriel broke into hysterical tears, not the first of that trying day. And Mary tried to comfort her with hopeful words. But when the sunset colors were lost in the shadows of the on-coming night, it took all her courage still to be hopeful, encouraging.

It was the longest night Mary had ever known. Muriel, worn out by the paroxysms of emotion, slept at last, and moaned in her sleep. The sick man, stretched at the bottom of the boat, moaned, too, and murmured a child's name. Through the dragging hours Mary sat, wakeful, every sense alert. And when the first pale light of the morning put out the stars, her heart began to thump, for she was sure there was land in sight.

Muriel woke at last at the sound of voices. A bent old man in a shabby boat was talking excitedly with Mary.

"Luck was with ye all right! It's a wonder ye ain't at the bottom of the lake! I'll see if I can tow ye in."

Muriel sank back against her cushions with a sob of relief. Soon they would be on shore. They would go at once to the hotel, and enjoy the luxury of sleeping in a real bed. Muriel felt that she had never appreciated a bed before. She was hungry, too, in spite of her lunch basket. And of course telegrams must be sent at once, reassuring her friends of her safety.

In spite of the early hour, there were people at the dock—sunburned women in calico dresses, bare-legged children, and half grown boys. She noticed an odd lack of men. And though she strained her eyes, she could not make out the outlines of a hotel, only plain little cottages lacking paint and standing out in the sun, as if fearful of some danger lurking in the shadows.

Since Joe's attack at his post, Mary had taken the lead. But as Muriel stepped ashore, the old habit of authority returned for one brief moment.

"I should like to go to the hotel at once—the best hotel, please, Mary, we must telegraph Aunt Marian immediately."

A wrinkled woman near her broke into a laugh. Muriel looked around, bewildered. No one else had laughed, but every face wore a smile.

"Why, there ain't no hotel here, bless you!" said the woman who had laughed. "This is Blueberry Island. And there ain't no telegraph neither. But when the men get back from fishing at the end of the week, you can send a message ashore."

That was the beginning of a week which Muriel will never forget. The cottages of the fishermen opened hospitably to receive them, but the accommodations were such as she had never imagined in moments when her fancy had indulged in the most headlong flights. Vainly she pleaded for a boat to be sent to the mainland. Two old men and a few boys under a dozen years of age were the only male representatives of the whole population of Blueberry Island. Muriel's persuasions fell on deaf ears. Money was respected on the little island, but the people there had learned that they could do without it.

Muriel had been accustomed to think of herself as a person of importance. During her stay at Blueberry Island she learned the lesson of humility. She saw Mary adapt herself to the new life, meeting the hardships without a word of complaint, lending a helping hand in every home along the struggling row, showing one wife how to prepare her frugal fare more appetizingly than ever before, waking ecstatic gratitude in the mind of one bride-to-be by some practical assistance on the wedding dress. The children followed her from cottage to cottage like attendent satellites. The two old men were pathetically eager to hear what she had to tell us of the outer world. The sick boatman, Joe, was fretful if another than Mary administered to him. As for Muriel, she found herself treated with a kindness in which pitying tolerance was plainly evident.

"I don't know," she heard one woman say, "how a body could grow up and be so no-account!" She did not need to ask the name of the subject of the conversation.

After all they were not compelled to await the return of the fishermen. One day a smart launch touched at the island, and needed no urging to be induced to carry passengers on its return trip. In fifteen minutes Joe had been carried aboard, and the whole population of Blueberry Island was out to say farewell.

"My! I wish you could come back to my wedding!" said the bride-to-be fumbling for her handkerchief.

"You never told us the last of that story!" wailed the children, clutching at Mary's skirts.

Muriel looked about her. Every eye was on the other girl. All the regret was for parting with her. The swift-moving little launch would bring them ashore before the day was over. Again she would be Muriel Wentworth and a person of importance. But in the week when all advantages had been stripped from her, save those which were inherent she had taken second place. The first had been last, the last first. As she stepped aboard the launch and turned to look back at Blueberry Island, she was sure she could never forget.—The Girl's Companion.

The "Great Pact"

There was a great gathering recently in Assisi, Italy, to commemorate the seventh centenary of the "Great Pact," by which St. Francis in 1210 made peace between the nobles and their serfs in central Italy. It was attended by Catholics, Protestants, and even anti-clericals, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout the proceedings, which consisted in the unveiling and blessing of a statue of the saint, the reading of a poem illustrating the work of the Seraphic Patriarch as Peacemaker, and the delivery of a number of speeches.

Among those who took part was Paul Sabatier, who has worked so hard to elevate the human aspects of the saint at the cost of his character as a devoted son of the Church.

THE OCCASION OF SIN

You all know full well that the devil lays snares for the souls of men. "Your adversary, the devil as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. v, 8.) He rejoices in his iniquity when he succeeds in capturing a soul in his net. As a fisherman casts out his net to catch fish, so the devil seeks to capture souls. Hence we may apply to him the words of the prophet: "He lifted up all them with his hook, he drew them in his drag, and gathered them into his net; for this he will be glad and rejoice."

The devil employs various nets for capturing souls. "He sows discord, excites anger, enkindles evil desires, suggests shameful actions, instignates to deceit and fraud," says St. Ambrose. Yet the net that brings him the greatest returns is the occasion of sin. This is the most dangerous snare of the devil. There is nothing that has such a power for evil, that exercises such a fascination over the heart of man as the proximate occasion of doing evil. Put the full glass before a man of inclinations to drink, and all his good resolutions vanish; bring a young man who has a love for gambling into the presence, of companions who are engaged in it, and see if he can resist. How forcibly the frail heart is drawn by the occasion to sin! Every one who has the inclination to some fault in him can testify to the senuctiveness of the opportunity offered to him.

The opportunity to sin is so dangerous because of the frailty of human nature. How can a man resist the impetuous torrent of an on-rushing stream, how resist the storm? He is like a child in the face of the forces of nature. The case is much the same in regard to the occasion of sin. It is like a mountain-torrent overflowing its banks; it is like the storm raging and roaring with blind force, devastating all before it; it is mightier than a warrior armed with sword and spear. How can a man resist such violence? It is true, God offers sufficient grace to all; and St. Paul says, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13.) Yet if a man courts temptations, seeks the occasion of sin, or remains in it when he might escape from it, he can no longer depend on the assistance of divine grace; divine help has not been promised to the presumptuous and the foolhardy. God does not protect those who wilfully expose themselves to the danger of sin by seeking the occasion, or remaining in it without necessity. What will happen to him who is found in the occasion of sin, when God withdraws His help from him? He is left to his natural weakness, so frail that Sacred Scripture compares him to a "fleeting shadow" (Job xiv, 2), a "spider's web" (Ps. lxxxiv, 9), "fuel for the fire" (Ps. ci, 4), the "flower of the grass" (James i, 10). Thus he stands alone when the blast sweeps over him, when he is tried by the fire of temptation. What else can happen but that he be swept away by the storm and consumed by the fire!

How dangerous is the occasion of sin, especially the proximate occasion of which I speak principally! "If thou comest near to sins, they will lay hold on thee" (Ecclus. xxi, 2). Listen to the words of St. Alphonsus: "The malignant enemy prowls around the soul, watching for an opportunity to affect an entrance and to take possession of the soul. With this intention he presents occasions of sin to her, seeking by this means to gain a foothold in the soul. He is ever on the lookout to descry a loophole by which he may enter. If the soul allows herself to be exposed to the occasion of sin, he is quick to avail himself of it."

From all that has been said it is clear that occasions of sin are the most efficacious net of satan to ensnare souls. Through opportunity the allurement becomes stronger and the strength of man to resist becomes smaller; hence it is often easy to predict a fall. The most pious resolutions and the most solemn vows prove of little avail in the presence of a proximate occasion to sin. St. Peter protested: "Although I should die together with Thee, I will not deny Thee" (Mark xiv, 31). Scarcely one brief hour had elapsed before the same Apostle exposed himself to the occasion of sin and denied his Master and Lord three times.—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

WIT AND HUMOR

There is a new game out called Tickle the Editor, says an exchange. You take an ordinary sheet of writing paper, on which you pen a few lines suitable for the occasion. Next you fold it carefully, enclosing in the fold a check or a postoffice order sufficiently large to pay all arrearages and a year or more in advance and hand it to the editor. Keep an eye on him and if a smile adorns his face, the trick works fine. It can also be played by mail. Now is the time to play the joke.

—

It was his first time to use the telephone. He came into the one-horse store and called the keeper to one side and whispered to him that he would like to order a pair of shoes from a nearby town—over the 'phone.

"That's all right," assented the store keeper. "Help yourself."

He did as he had seen others do—rang the bell and held the receiver to his ear.

"Number?" chirped exchange.

"Number twelves, brogans!" was the prompt reply!

—

The following story is told of Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

One night the great doctor went for a stroll in the grounds after the boys of the school had retired to rest, and all were supposed to be snug in bed. To the doctor's surprise, a boy crossed the terrace where he stood, went to a certain window, and began to climb up to it. The good doctor grasped the boy by one of his coat-tails, but the boy escaped by leaving the coat-tail in the doctor's hands.

The doctor said to himself, "Well, I'll know who it is in the morning, for he will have but one tail to his coat."

But in the morning, when the school assembled, to his astonishment the whole of the boys marched past him with one tail on. They had all torn a tail from their coat.

—

HE GOT THE JOB

It was just after the Civil War, and Henry Watterson, later famous as editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, was through fighting. Clad in the ragged regimentals of a Confederate officer, he was casting about for some means of getting a little food into his stomach. He happened to get hold of a copy of the old Louisville Herald and, after studying it awhile, he arose and tramped majestically down to the Herald shop and into the presence of the venerable editor. "Well sir?" growled the head of the sanctum.

"You need an editorial writer, and I am the man for the post," said the young soldier, as unabashed as an iceberg.

"Well, who—say! Well, who had the unmitigated gall to tell you that we needed an editorial writer, and who are you?" The aged editor paused for breath.

"Humph!" said Watterson, as emotionless as a granite block. "Anybody could see it by reading your paper!"

He got the job.

REASONS MADE PUBLIC

DR. AMIEUX OF PARIS TELLS WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

Dr. Amieux, physician in-chief of the Menier houses, in a letter which has become public, wrote to Marc Sagnier and made known to him the principle motives of his conversion as follows:

"My dear Friend, I am to be a Catholic, I come to ask for your prayers. I cannot do without sacraments. You did well to submit to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you done otherwise, I would not very likely have become a Catholic now, for I had confidence in you, and you would have ruined my confidence and thus retarded my conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irrevocable decision, on which I never will come back, in spite of the disappointments which may await me in the Catholic religion.

"I have studied the doctrine point by point. I have prayed to God, Our Lord Jesus Christ and I have also implored the aid of the Blessed Virgin. After an incessant labor, and an effort of religious experimentation, which God only knows . . . . in the full possession of my faculties, with the sentiment of all my responsibilities, I want to be a Catholic.

"With all the power that is in me, I believe in the Revelation in the Trinity in the Incarnation, in Grace, in the sovereign and infallible authority of the Pope in matters of faith. I believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ,—born of the Virgin Mary, and risen on the third day, —in the Sacred Host, and in the efficacy of all the Catholic sacraments.

"As the philosophy of Sabatier or Harnack, or the variations of Protestantism do not satisfy my deep religious needs, it is a duty for me to claim my definite faith, and to glorify God for my ascension towards, and my possession of the Light, the absolute Truth.

"Protestantism may give a perfume of Jesus Christ, but it hides his actual reality and that is why I am going to the Catholic faith."

WHY THE PARASITES ARE AGAINST HOME RULE

The Earl of Clanwilliam, an "Irish" lord in the House of Lords, made a speech in that assembly against the Veto Bill, of course because it meant Home Rule for Ireland, as to which he said that "The opposition to Home Rule arose from the fear of religious persecution which was ever present to the minds of the Irish loyalists."

That is the old, old Ulster Orange false pretense. It is a pretense and it is false. The "Irish loyalists" have no "fear of religious persecution" under Home Rule. Their fear has reference to quite a different matter, which has been well explained and well presented as follows by that great Ulster man, Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe:

"The gentlemen who are trying to stir things up by crying out that their religion is in danger, or their liberty or their property, well know what they are about. They are perfectly aware that Catholic Ireland, where it had the power, at no time and in no place showed the least disposition to persecute or oppress. We know that the most religious people in the world (the Irish) is also the most tolerant. But they (the Ascendancy element) realize keenly that they have a monopoly of place in Ireland, and that monopoly they will not give up without a loud protest. Just see how what is called the public service stands with us. It is manned, shockingly over-manned, by placemen drawn in the main from the small section of the old Ascendancy. That section has hitherto had for itself the fleshpots of Ireland, if not of Egypt. It wants to hold them still and keep them boiling high, and when the programme of Home Rule seems to suggest a share for the people at large, the monopolists threaten civil war."

That is the real truth of the matter. The Clanwilliam and the other Orange Ascendancy clans are not in the least uneasy about religious persecution under Home Rule, for they well know there will be nothing of the kind. What they do fear is the loss of the "flesh pots," that is the loss of the monopoly they now enjoy of all the good things—high salaried offices—connected with Government in Ireland. Under Home Rule there would, as Bishop O'Connell says, be "a share for the people at large." But the Clanwilliams don't want that. They want all for themselves—the small minority of the population—therefore and only therefore they are dead against Home Rule. What a selfish and sordid and mercenary gang they are.

FIRST PRINCIPLES

It is the history of the Catholic Church, that, as often as the restless mischief-making of turbulent minds has injured her membership, or enticed considerable bodies of her people from her fold, she has always gone back to first principles, and begun to instruct her erring people anew, in the same manner that the apostles used, namely, patient and laborious teaching; exhortation and example. Whilst the reckless, blundering, irresponsible scribblers of a thousand newspaper offices are keeping up an insistent clamor over what they are pleased to call the defection and loss of France, the Pope, with a solid and loyal clergy and hierarchy at his back, is insisting on the same old cure for the same old trouble—teaching, exhortation, example, prayer, the sacraments. Superficial critics continue to persuade themselves that the Church is playing a game of politics, and to cheer themselves with imagining an outcome, satisfactory to them, from this imaginary game. But let them watch France, during the next few years. They will see the Church praying for enemies as well as for friends. They will hear anew the prayer of the true-hearted priests who were hurled to their death in the French Revolution, and who, as they died, besought their Heavenly Father to forgive their murderers. The Holy Father has addressed a letter to the Bishops of France, about to meet in Council upon the furtherance of diocesan missions. He urges them to set up in every diocese an establishment for the training of diocesan missionaries. He tells them not to rest until every parish in the land has the benefit of those Missions, in which the missionary shall speak to the people in simple language of the eternal precepts and lessons of the Gospel. The Church meddles not with new things. Whenever she finds it necessary to re-evangelize a people, she goes about her task, not in political caucuses, or in legislative halls, but in the parishes and homes of the land. She falls back on the Bible and the pulpit; the Catechism class and the sacraments. Many centuries before a few reckless disturbers constituted themselves "Reformers," she saw Europe twice torn from her by irresistible inrushes of barbarian conquerors. What did she do? She began all over again the work of conversion; she preached; she prayed; she held aloft the crucifix; she saved from reckless pillage the sacred Scriptures. Driven from point to point by the barbarian hordes, her clergy fled, carrying with them the sacred volumes, even though they had to leave all else behind to wanton and ruthless destruction. And she went boldly into the presence of barbarian leaders and their savage followers; rebuked their darling vices; preached peace to those who loved nothing so much as war; preached purity to those who almost adored lust; preached the rights of property to those who knew no law but the sword. And she preached with the Bible in one hand, and the crucifix in the other. And so she converted the barbarian tribes to Christianity, to Catholicity. That is the history of the Church in the Middle Ages. And she is using the same methods to-day.

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