

held out and had touched me in the darkness, guiding me to the right way, while the gracious lady seemed to bid me welcome to this House of her Son, for she was hostess there.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE DECREE ON COMMUNION FOR CHILDREN

One of the most amiable situations, and undoubtedly one very near historic truth, which artists give us on their canvases, is that of Our Lord seated among children whose innocent faces, beaming with love and confidence are turned towards Him.

This attitude of Our Lord towards children was evidently inspired not merely by their actual innocence but also by His anxiety for their future spiritual welfare. The Church, which is continuing Christ's work on earth, shares His anxiety and wishes to see the little ones of her flock nourished and strengthened with His Body and Blood as soon as they are able to distinguish, even hazily, the greatest of gifts.

THE SACRED HEART

The beautiful month of June is devoted by the Church to the honor of the Sacred Heart. The Sacred Heart of Our Lord is the symbol of His love for us. This devotion is based on the Incarnation. Our divine Lord, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became Man. He assumed human nature, body and soul, and our human nature has become an attribute of His divine nature and inseparable forevermore, a part of His divine personality.

The heart, in common language, is the seat of the affections, especially of love. So our blessed Lord's Sacred Heart is the symbol or sign of His love and mercy and compassion for man, for whom He shed His precious blood. Our Savior wants our hearts. When He says, My son, give Me thy heart, He means, give Me thy love and affection and service. And He also says, Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you will find rest for your souls. Our Lord demands our love and obedience to His will and law.

Our divine Savior is our Master and King. At the Annunciation it was said, "Of His kingdom there shall be no end." The Magi asked, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" "My kingdom," Our Lord answered to Pilate, "is not of this world." Hence Christ's kingdom is not material or worldly.

They wanted to know who are highest in Christ's kingdom. Thus the mother of the sons of Zebedee came with her sons, adoring and asking something of him, that her two sons might sit, the one on His right hand, and the other on His left in His kingdom. But Jesus said to them, "You know that the princes of the Gentiles lord it over them; and they that are greater among you, let them be first among you, but whoever will be first among you, let him be your minister. Even as the Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a redemption for many."

Our Lord came not to be served but to serve. So be it with us. In Christ's kingdom not pomp or office but service is the badge of greatness. He who thinks more of others than of himself, he who serves and has mercy, love and compassion on others is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. First, we should love God above all things, and then our Lord tells us the second great commandment is to love your neighbor as yourself. Christ's sweet influence in our minds and hearts will then mould our lives and rule our hearts.—The Monitor.

letter to his own people, thus sums up the obligations imposed by this Apostolic Decree: "I address myself to all of you without exception," he writes, "for this is a matter which must deeply concern every faithful Catholic, viz., the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and the manner of its administration to our children, who are the hope of the future. Who is not specially interested in this? With special emphasis I appeal to all who are in close touch with our young people, especially to the clergy and all educators, male and female teachers, and in particular to Catholic parents, to fathers and mothers and those who take their place. It depends on the faithful care of all those who have the charge of children, and particularly on the conscientious co-operation of parents, to carry out and apply in practice the regulations made in regard to the Apostolic Decree concerning First Communion, and thus render the Most Blessed Sacrament of the supernatural, heavenly means of grace for our young people in the full and extensive measure desired and intended by our Holy Father."

Needless to dilate further on this topic. The little children of today will be the Catholic men and women on whom will devolve the responsibilities of carrying on the struggle for God and souls in the next generation.

Plus X, the Pope of the Eucharist, put the same thought into his mind: "Just as children need to take food frequently to live and grow, so also their souls have unceasing and urgent need of the Heavenly Food in order to grow in the spiritual life and remain faithful to its obligations."

THE CONVERSION OF WALES

Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., in The Missionary

Before the Reformation no country of Europe was better permeated with Catholic truth than Wales. As elsewhere it was principally Roman legionaries who were the first missionaries, and Catholic civil magistrates and their families helped the subsequent introduction of priests and bishops. Before St. Patrick set up his cross in Ireland, Wales was almost wholly Catholic—several generations before. In only the more inaccessible nooks of the mountains did paganism drag out a dying life for a few generations.

Constantine the Great was born in Britain, his mother, St. Helen, being a British princess; and when he established the peace of the Church in the Roman Empire the Welsh had but to proclaim openly the Christian faith they had already only half-secretly practised. As in conversion to Catholicity so in their conformity to Papal liturgical rules and devotional practice, the Welsh Church antedated the Irish Church by several generations. Hatred of the Saxon pagans, who had conquered all of Britain except Wales, led these mountaineers to refuse the message of Rome voiced by St. Augustine, producing what seemed to be, perhaps amounted to, a schism. But this sad condition passed away and left only such faint traces that from the earliest middle ages Welshmen ever boasted that they had never swerved from the Catholic and Roman faith.

The mere brutality of English propagandism explains the loss of Wales to the Church of Christ. The native princes, the bards, the ancient personages of every Welsh communion, all inspired with the deep-hearted instinct of the Celtic love of what is sweet and noble in racial tradition—these preserved Catholicity as a sort of national relic of holiest wisdom and virtue for generations. The Welsh people had seen a Catholic priest.

For more than a hundred years after the Reformation books in manuscript were everywhere circulated in Wales teaching Catholicity in the people's own tongue, not only in prose but also in verse; copies of these books are yet extant, worn with marks of incessant use, having been handed down from sire to son throughout the country for generations, witnesses of the slow and lingering death of the true religion there. What at last and only gradually took the place of the true faith was not Anglicanism, a middle of bald errors and half truths in doctrine, and in discipline a way of life whose practical standards were no higher than the mere proprieties of decent living. No, not Episcopalianism but Calvinism of a rabid type; for nearly all Welshmen finally became Baptists and so they remain today. Their religion is redeemed from utter hopelessness only by the emotionalism and sincerity inherent in the Welsh character. The English establishment never at any time held more than a small fraction of the people of Wales. This religious officialdom has recently been rooted out by act of parliament, with every accompaniment of shame and dismay on the part of its hireling ministry and of derision and contempt on the part of the people upon whom it had battered since the days of Elizabeth.

The race differs so radically from the rest of Great Britain in language, traditions and ancient customs, that in past ages it seemed proper to the Holy See to separate them from the other churches—especially after the Saxons conquered the rest of Britain, and give them their own hierarchy. This was accordingly done. In more recent times as far back as 1840, when the four vicariates of

Great Britain were doubled, Wales was united into one Vicariate; but when the English Hierarchy was ecclesiastically set up ten years later, North Wales was incorporated into the Diocese of Shrewsbury, and South Wales into that of Newport and Mernevia.

But a new move has been made by Rome. The creation of the Ecclesiastical Province of Cardiff is now decreed by His Holiness Benedict XV., which is to embrace all Wales, and the Episcopal seat, heretofore established at Newport, is transferred to Cardiff, and the beautiful Church of St. David is to be the seat of the Episcopal Cathedral. "Moreover," says the decree from Rome, "We constitute this Diocese of Cardiff the Metropolitan See of all Wales, with all the rights, privileges and duties that belong to Metropolitan Sees, and we decide that the See of Mernevia be Suffragan to it."

The first Archbishop of Cardiff was invested with the pallium at St. David's Cathedral, Cardiff, on the east of St. James, 1916. A national hierarchy has thus been restored Wales, and, naturally, the event has aroused great interest, not only among the Welsh, but throughout the British Isles. American Catholics will look upon the erection of Wales into a separate Ecclesiastical Province as a partial revivification of our Saviour's words in the fourth chapter of St. Mark: "To what shall we liken the kingdom of God? or to what parable shall we compare it? It is as a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all seeds that are in the earth; and when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth forth great branches, so that the birds of the air may dwell under the shadow thereof." Once more the Old Faith will be proclaimed over the mountains and throughout the beautiful valleys of Wales, and the religion that flourished there in the early centuries of Celtic life will take on fresh vigor and a more splendid beauty.

This expansion of the Kingdom of God throughout Wales seems to us a most reasonable object of hope, and is undoubtedly a token of heaven's benignant favor. Wales is Celtic in its origin, has conserved Celtic ideals, Celtic customs and traditions, and it will at no distant day come back to the Faith that it accepted first when missionaries from Rome brought to it the Gospel of Christ. The Welsh people, it must not be forgotten, never apostatized from the Faith. They never turned their back on the Church in which they found a religion not only adapted to all mankind but peculiarly suited to their Celtic character. They are this day an intensely religious people. Occasionally swept away by a gust of emotional enthusiasm, like that awakened by the preaching of Robert Evans and other "revivalists," they have fallen into vagaries of doctrine and practice; but they return in time to steeper views of religion. A good many of the Welsh are converted already, and are burning with zeal for the conversion of all Wales. They have a proverb that "it is easy to rekindle the fire on an ancient hearth." The converts and missionaries among them continually ask the question: Where the sacred fires of the faith once burned so brightly who dares to say that they shall never burn again?

Is it any wonder that the Catholics of Wales rejoice with exceeding great joy at the establishment of the new ecclesiastical province? Religion among them is still, as of yore, much more than a profession—it is a keen and dominant interest, an absorbing passion after a better life than that offered by non-Catholic forms and vague religious sentimentalism. The awe will peculiarly susceptible to the stimulus of the supernatural. How often have they been aroused in recent times into spiritual frenzy by the passionate eloquence of itinerant preachers. These tendencies, these religious traits and conditions, are valuable assets to be set against the heavy weight of sullen ignorance and prejudice commonly enough prevailing.

In the sermon delivered at the time of the investiture of the new Archbishop, by the Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, he says:

"We dare to hope, and in that hope to shape our efforts, for the return to the Welsh people to Catholic unity. To the faint-hearted, the project will seem as wild as that of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem appeared to the men of Judah when they came back from captivity. The strength of the bearer of burdens is decayed, they said, 'and the rubbish is very much; we shall never be able to build the wall (II. Extradiv. 10)."

"The rubbish is very much." It is mournfully true; and this is always the first and most formidable obstacle in all our missionary enterprises. To clear the accumulated rubbish of three hundred years is a heart-breaking task even for the most enthusiastic builders. In other respects we have no misgivings. We do not shrink, we rather court inquiry. We are ready to submit the claims of our Church to the most rigid examination. We are prepared to show the reasonableness of our dogmas, and to produce the evidence of their credibility. We can meet, on his own ground, the Biblical scholar, the historian, the moralist, and the philosopher. But how can we deal with irrational prejudice? With ignorance? With misrepresentation that will not be corrected? With a lying tradition that not only poses as

the truth, but as the obvious and notorious truth? With obstinacy calumnies, yet can never have patience to listen to the defence?

Well, it seems to me that the work is already half done; that much of the ground has been cleared for us, and much of the rubbish carted away, in the course of the recent controversies on the subject of Disestablishment. The Elizabethan Settlement, as it is called, has had to be reviewed; and the revision of that historical event has certainly caused surprise, and possibly profound searchings of heart, to many who had taken the Protestantism of Wales too much for granted."

Bishop Keating is quite right, for it turns out—as we have before stated—that when the mouth of history is unuzzled to-day, the Protestantism of Wales is no native product, but is a thoroughly foreign importation. It was as ungenial to the Celtic temperament of the Welsh people as to the Celtic temperament of the Irish people. It was never native to the soil of Wales, and the engrafted branches have never reached a productive fruitage. For over a century after Protestantism was introduced, the tyrannical attempt to enforce its acceptance by pains and penalties was resisted as vigorously, and almost as successfully on the eastern side of the Irish channel as on the western. We repeat, that the Welsh people never formally apostatized from the ancient and Roman Catholic Faith; they never consciously embraced a new religion. They ceased to be Catholic only when the means of knowing and practising their creed were cut off by the impartial historian might term "frightfulness." And to sword and faggot was added the stringency of a religious blockade of the most cruel and persistent kind, priests being excluded from the principality with relentless rigidity.

Thus it is that we believe with Doctor Keating that "the chill blasts of winter evict the birds from their pleasant groves, and drives them into temporary exile; but at the return of spring, the magnetism of the old home draws them back with unerring and irresistible power. So may it be with the soul of the Welsh people. Alienated for a time from the nest in which it was reared, inculpably condemned to lead a restless and roving life, it will come back to rest among the fragrant branches of the mustard tree."

MINISTER PROTESTS

AGAINST UNBELIEF BEING TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS

Rev. Edward J. Bond (Meth.), Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 6, 1917

"Citizens do not send their boys and girls to school to be taught the personal views that are held by the teachers on religion. Some time ago a student of our high school came to me and said:

"Mr. Bond, is there a hell?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Said the student: 'My teacher at school says: I don't believe in a hell and no one can make me believe there is. Of course, this is just my own opinion.'"

"Now, Mr. Bond, who says there is a hell?" said the boy.

"Why Jesus said so, just as He said that there is a heaven."

"This was the startling conversation I had with a high school student and I submit to you, that if we cannot believe all the truth as Jesus taught it, where are we going to go for truth? Acceptance of Jesus Christ means the acceptance of all and all of His sayings. I confess I was indignant over the remark of that teacher

to the pupils. It is not up to any teacher to give personal religious views in the class room. He is to avoid speaking the truth for fear of antagonism. It is right to take a stand for truth and keep it."—Our Sunday Visitor.

"Another instance of the same kind of harmful teaching came to my personal notice. I was instructing a young person from our high school preparatory to his being received into the Church, and stated the principles of Methodist policy and the necessity of belief in the Scriptures.

"What do you mean by belief in the Scriptures?" said the student. "Does that mean believing the story of Moses, the flood, Noah, Jonah and all that? Why our history professor said they are only myths."

"Brethren, this is the sort of thing from school teachers that I indignantly protest against. If my preacher said what his teacher said you would avoid his church, but it seems that the citizen cannot have his son avoid it if he wants to send his boy to school. I submit that it is the duty of citizens to see that teachers confine their teaching to the legitimate branches and keep their mouths shut about religion. And when they teach evolution, let them believe they are of monkey origin if they like. I prefer a better ancestry. It is up to the parents to say that the skeptical teaching on religion that I have referred to have got to cease."

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There is a hell, and I am going to do all I can to keep out of it, and help others to keep out. It is all wrong to avoid speaking the truth for fear of antagonism. It is right to take a stand for truth and keep it."—Our Sunday Visitor.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

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