

APRIL 8 1915

long and sorrowful into the eyes of the Jew.

"I have not forgotten thee," that voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, murmured; "I have not forgotten; I have prayed for thee and I forgive thee."

The Roman soldiery rudely pushed Eleazar aside. Jesus took up His cross and the procession moved Calvaryward.

"He doth forgive me!" whispered the Jewish nobleman to himself, moving away to the edge of the throng. "It is I—I who have lost my child; I should forgive. Still, why doth my soul yearn toward that Man, after He had spoken to me? Bah! I hate Him. He'll not bewitch me as He hath the people." And he looked around for Prince Nathaniel, whom he had quite forgotten in haste to speak to Jesus.

"I'll see this false Messiah die. I'll not be fooled like the rest. Never! O, Nathaniel!" as he beheld his kinsman making toward him. The square was quite deserted now, for the people were all following Jesus to His death!

Eleazar died with the rest of the populace down the hill of Calvary, those words of the dying Christ echoing in his ears: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He had stood near the cross and had endeavored with the scribes and Pharisees, to blaspheme that blood-red figure hanging 'twixt heaven and earth. But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and no word passed his lips.

Once Jesus had looked upon him, and so sad, so sweet, so full of love were the sacred eyes that he almost fell on his knees in adoration; but his pride conquered and he would not yield!

Even now, as he rushed along, trembling and afraid, strong man that he was, at the darkness which enveloped all, and at the preternatural happenings which had taken place when Jesus breathed His last, he cried out in all his pride and obstinacy: "I do not believe! I will not yield to These, false Prophets! Thou art not the Son of God! Thou wouldst not save my child!"

But the words of the dying Saviour kept ringing in his ears: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" And those other words which Jesus had spoken when he had besought Him to save his child: "Thou art blind and seest not the light!"

But he listened not and plunged forward into the impenetrable gloom, almost swept off his feet by the cursing, praying multitude.

And Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, hung dead upon the Cross—hung dead because of man's transgressions.

And Eleazar yielded not!

Upon a divan within a lofty apartment, which was fitted up with more than Oriental splendor and magnificence reclined Eleazar. At his side a portal opened into a garden odoriferous with the Persian rose.

His countenance appeared pale and haggard even in the rich, mellow light which fell from many alabaster lamps suspended from the gilded ceiling.

He was alone and was wrapped in deep thought. At length he arose, and, basking himself to the garden, he stood in silence gazing up into the midnight sky, sublime with its millions of gleaming stars.

"Everywhere have I sought peace and I cannot find it," he murmured at last, lifting up his beghemmed hand wearily to his forehead and brushing back his flowing locks of gray. "Why does the memory of that Man haunt me? I have not been myself since I saw Him yesterday. I do not believe in Him. He is not the Messiah. The curse I invoked upon Him hath fallen! He is dead! He is dead!" He almost hissed the last words.

"Dead? No, no!" as a thought suddenly flashed across his mind. "He will not rise again! The rumor is false! Bah! I am a fool to night! Hath this Man bewitched me also? I hate Him! He would not save my child!"

But again, like celestial music, echoed those words of Christ: "I forgive thee! Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

And the tragedy of Calvary loomed anew and realistic before him. And he beheld that look of love unutterable which the dying Jesus had bestowed upon him. A sweet peace which he had never before experienced began to pervade his inmost soul!

"I—I," he stammered. "O God of my fathers, have I been wrong?" Veils seemed to be lifting upward from his soul. "Have I been wrong? Why was my gold spurned? My child uncared for? Why?"

And the answer came in the words which the Redeemer had spoken, when his child lay dying—words now fraught with the deepest meaning: "Thou art blind and thou seest not the light!"

"Was my faith required and not my gold?" he thought. Then a voice seemed to whisper: "Go to the sepulchre where the Christ is laid. Go! See if this Man be the Son of God. Go! If He be the Messiah He will arise from the bondage of death! Go! Go!"

And Eleazar stood and gazed up into the star-crowned night, thinking, "If it were true!" he whispered. "If it were only true!" And turning he slowly entered his apartment, and tapped a silver gong.

"My cloak, Isaac," he said, when the slave had entered. "Delay thou not. Be quick."

Around the tomb of the dead Christ stood in vigilant watch the soldiers of the Roman Governor.

It was an hour or so before the dawn, and an awful silence brooded over all.

Eleazar, with his cloak wrapped around him, came cautiously up the hill and into the garden surrounding the sepulchre, and then stood quite still, waiting.

It was pitch dark, except for a small fire which the soldiers had kindled near the tomb, for the morning was damp and cold.

"Will He arise?" thought the aged Jew. "Why did I come? I have been a fool. But I shall wait. He stood watching and waiting, now doubting, now almost falling from excessive weariness, for he had not slept since he had witnessed the death of Christ, when suddenly, with the slightest warning, there came a terrific shock, a blinding glare, and he was flung forward to the earth.

Around about him there arose a psalm of triumph and of victory eternal!

Raising himself quickly to a kneeling posture, Eleazar looked toward the sepulchre, trembling violently. The east was now red with the approaching dawn. The dawn was breaking.

And there, seated upon a huge stone which had sealed the entrance to the tomb, was an angel in garments of celestial beauty! The sepulchre was empty!

Christ had indeed risen from the dead! A wonderful cry of love and adoration burst forth from the lips of the aged Eleazar.

"Christ, my God! I believe! Forgive! Forgive!"

And he fell prone upon the ground insensible.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

RELIGIOUS INTERESTS IN CHILE

Chile holds a unique place among the countries of the world. If, on some fine day in August, two friends were to set out from the extremities of the republic for the sake of meeting and indulging in amicable conversation, the one from the south would be clad in furs, to withstand the rigors of the antarctic winter, while the one from the north would be dressed in linen and would be shaded by a Panama hat. Stretched out like a fringe along the western coast of South America, for a distance considerably greater than that from Hudson Bay to Cape Sable, Florida, Chile has a seaboard of immense extent and a background of towering mountains that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

All these scenic attractions, however, have not made Chile a terrestrial paradise; for, while the mineral wealth of the country may properly be called vast, the northern part is a rainless desert and much of the soil is rocky and sterile, and the eastern border does not readily lend itself to cultivation.

Through there are fertile valleys where the farmer and the grazier reap rich rewards for their labor, too much of the soil is rocky and hilly, where a livelihood is obtained only at the price of much hard toil.

The struggle with the reluctant and ungenerous land has produced a deep and lasting impression on the national temperament. If we have idly fancied that all South Americans are so languid and sluggish as to loiter about all day in the shade of stately and luxuriant palms, we have made two grave mistakes. In the first place, the noblest palms are of little use as shade trees; and in the second place, the Chileans are energetic and progressive, resourceful and alert.

It would be erroneous, furthermore, to suppose that the population of Chile consists of a few distant and dignified Castilians (in books, all Castilians are distant and dignified), a nondescript collection of mixed bloods not deserving any special designation, and a varied assortment of survivors of the aborigines. There are aborigines, it is true, for the Spaniards, despite what is said of their hardness towards the Indians, did not sweep them off the face of the earth, as other colonizing nations commonly tried to do; and there are mixed bloods too, who rank very high in the scale of respectability and civic worth. But, from the days when that brave general, known to fame as Don Bernardo O'Higgins, cast his lot with the Spanish colonists, compatriots of his and other Europeans not Spaniards followed his example and contributed of their brain and brawn to develop that sturdy self-reliant temperament which is a national characteristic of the Chilean.

The administrative paralysis which settled down upon Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century, owing, among other things, to the Napoleonic wars, threw the government of her vast American colonies into confusion a thousand times confounded. Though the power of the Spanish viceroys and their dependents in the executive was so ample that little was left for private initiative, some matters, which nowadays might be considered almost trivial, were solemnly regulated and directed from Madrid. The colonists had but a feeble voice in local affairs, and were strangers to the inherent weakness of representative government. Hence, when Spain fell a victim to the invader and the central administration in the mother country failed, the Spanish political divisions in South America speedily took on the semblance of as many hives of bees unexpectedly deprived of their queens.

Chile suffered from the general turbulence, lawlessness, and military despotism, but not to so disastrous an extent as, for example, Paraguay. For a quarter of a century, the infant republic was a prey to factional disputes and bloody encounters; but, at last, the sober-minded element of the population brought order out of chaos. Private feuds were suppressed, chief military adventurers were reduced to silence—often that of the tomb, the neglected mines and fields were worked by the sobered survivors of the years of violence and bloodshed, and an era of progress and prosperity dawned with all the radiance of the sunburst.

If all war is odious in the calamities that accompany or follow it, civil war is especially detestable, because it arouses the most violent passions in a most violent form and engenders a lasting bitterness that words cannot express. Though the mere money loss may be enormous, the destruction of property ought to be looked upon as the least of the woes of such a war. It is the utter blindness, the loss of the government administration, the suffering, physical and mental, that falls upon the helpless and hapless non-combatants, it is the wretched heritage that awaits the children of such a time of fratricidal strife that makes it the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place.

Education, morals and religion suffered during Chile's blind groping towards the dawning of peace and prosperity. If right may be won by the sword, the swordsmen, in the flush of victory, may easily count as right whatever his sword has won. It is then a short and easy step to tyrannical laws against the vanquished or the defenceless, and to an unseemly usurpation of power.

The Catholic religion is the religion of State in Chile. The Christian Doctrine is taught in all the government schools. The bishops and the diocesan clergy receive their stipends from the treasury of the republic. Does this happy state of affairs leave anything to be desired? It does. In the first place, the way in which the government teachers discharge their duty of instructing their pupils in the catechism is often so slipshod and slovenly that their half-hearted efforts must be supplemented by the self-sacrificing labors of the members of the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine. Government colleges and universities are of such dubious Catholicity that the clergy and laity have felt themselves constrained to set up opposing tabernacles in the shape of a university and other schools of higher education where religion pure and undefiled may be taught to the students in lieu of the milk-and-water variety of the "just as good imitation which is purveyed in establishments under the exclusive control of the government.

If the clergy receive their stipends from the government coffers, is not this a proof of open-handed governmental generosity? Hardly. During the years of political earthquakes that preceded Chile's public tranquility, the Church suffered in both temporalities and spiritualities. The clergy zealously struggled, as they are still struggling, to undo the harm wrought in the domain of religion and morals, for this eminently befits their office, and the State has made good, to some extent, the Church's temporal losses by maintaining the clergy who, by the vicissitudes of peace and political changes, were deprived of their long-established sources of revenue. He who simply pays his honest debts does not deserve to be called generous. Official recognition of the Church by the State moreover, is compatible, unfortunately, as the facts prove, with a great deal of official indifference to the welfare of the Church, with a great deal of official connivance at things harmful to religion and morals, and with a great deal of official hostility to the dearest Catholic interests.

Had the Church to contend only with the bad example given here or there by some so-called Catholic more protuberant than prominent, there would be little ground for complaint, since such an individual would do some harm to others while doing much to himself; but there are other and more dangerous menaces to the well-being of religion and the pursuit of virtue. A few years ago, a Chilean newspaper of anti-Catholic bias published a very strong letter from Rome in which the unpriestly life of the clergy was scourged with scorpions. The document, if we remember well, had been "fished from the archives of the Archbishop of Santiago." Pious people were pained beyond expression, while the evil-minded were elated in a corresponding degree. The letter was pounced upon by a travelling representative of the Young Men's Christian Association and translated for the edification of his co-religionists and for the confusion and shame of Chilean Catholics. But the misguided enthusiast, who had made an extensive tour of South America, during which his buzzard-like avidity for carrion had guided his nose to all kinds of spiritual offal and garbage, had not fathomed the depths of a bad Chilean's depravity and villainous. He was solemnly regulated and directed from Madrid. This fact the meandering emissary of the Young Men's Christian Association had the grace to admit over his signature. But what was the use? Many well-disposed people of little enlightenment undoubtedly read the forgery in its English garb and marvelled at the errors and abominations of the Chilean priesthood; while the open and explicit retraction made by the travelling representative aforesaid,

after he had been crowded into a corner by evidence that he could not controvert, most likely never reached the backwoods, mental or geographical, in which his co-religionists' tents were pitched.

The same peripatetic purveyor of exotic evangelism brought out a book of his travels, a publication in which there were upwards of fifty glaring misstatements. Some of these incensed expressions were inclined to blame on his plentiful lack of familiarity with the Spanish and Portuguese languages; others we attribute to the gullibility of the man who "knows it all" and accepts at face value any cook and bull story that he hears away from his ancestral home, "where the sough of the wind through the hemlock and pine is combined with the low of the homecoming kine." But the author was abroad to prove a thesis—namely, Rome is wrong—and he was predisposed to put a sinister interpretation upon whatever he saw or heard of which he was not sure.

As a matter of fact, the Chilean clergy are a body of picked men, made up largely of the scions of families whose names are interwoven with all that is high-minded and patriotic in the history of the country. Even supposing, absurdly enough, indeed, that supernatural motive were to fail to influence them, their respect for their family names would be more than sufficient to hold them to the execution of their sacred mission, and they are very much in earnest in their work. They have to be alert and active, for they must make front against a brilliant and unscrupulous foe. They are carrying on a campaign for civilization against heavy odds, because the easy way is so often the attractive way, according to Our Divine Lord's express words: "For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there are that find it."

The work of the clergy is ably seconded by the co-operation of a great many of the devoted laity, who give freely of their time and substance towards the successful issue of the various good works which are brought to their notice. Without the hearty co-operation of the laity the best plans of bishops and priests for the good of religion must fail, if not wholly at least in part.

A soapbox oratory is so attractive in our large cities that some of our Catholic people drift away from their religious practices and clutch with childish delight at the gaudy baubles which it dangles before their eyes as the quiver of sociology and the banner of reform, so, elsewhere, including Chile, there is an untiring effort on the part of certain enemies of religion to alienate the minds and hearts of people from God and the service of God. If the heart is corrupted, the mind can rise in its might and, with the help of grace, assert itself and throw off the corruption, as the recuperative powers of the body may triumph over a serious ailment; but if both mind and heart are corrupted, the case is desperate in very truth. Hence, indifference to pious practices, neglect of what are religious duties strictly so called, and estrangement from the clergy are the wretched harvest reaped as the result of the will incoherence of the envenomed quill-driver and the mouthing of the rabid priest-baiter.

There are such writers and speakers in Chile. They avail themselves of weapons that no self-respecting person would be guilty of using. Such weapons are calumny, misrepresentation, ridicule of holy things, disgraceful caricatures, all of which make a vivid impression on the unthinking, who have neither the leisure nor the ability to sift out the more shrunken kernels of grain from the mass of mouldy husks and chaff with which they are regarded by their self-styled champions. There is much talk about "spreading the light," but the light is not the clear light of undying truth; rather, it is the will o' the-wisp which merely misleads the traveller, for it is the creation of poor blinded man's seething brain.

If a noisy campaign against religion succeeds in transforming even one or more of our practical Catholics into a man that shies at a priest as a country colt would shy at a fire engine, the campaign has been a success; but if it transforms him into a leering, jeering hooligan in all that concerns God and the soul there is much rejoicing over the glorious victory—but the rejoicing is not in heaven!

H. J. SWIFT, S. J.

A LEGACY OF MGR. BENSON

The late Mgr. Benson has left a legacy to the boys of the Westminster Cathedral Choir school in the form of a new mystery play entitled "The Upper Chamber." It has been highly praised by Cardinal Bourne as a pious and beautiful exposition of Our Lord's Passion.

The dead priest had hoped to superintend its production this Lent, but

happily he has left the minutest stage directions, and the choir proposed to do their best to render this final work in as perfect a manner as possible. It was to be given on the three days preceding Ash Wednesday in the chapter hall of the cathedral, and will excite great interest.—Church Progress.

SPECIAL TO THE RECORD THE BOND

"I cannot help hoping that when Catholic and Government, Unionist and Nationalist, have written in blood their joint acceptance of this bill of honor on the Continent they may possibly find an easier way of settling their disputes at home after the war."—Professor Kettle at Dublin.

Long years before the German war-lord creased With greed of power and dreams of far flung sway, Threw down the gauntlet to a world amazed, We fought as brothers as we fight today.

Where'er a sword was drawn in England's cause, On every field where valor found a place, There Erin's sons have won the world's applause, And foes have learned to fear the "Fighting Race."

We left the flag aloft at Waterloo; We left our dead in Portugal and Spain; The burning winds of Egypt keen a place, Our bones are whitening by the Ganges' plain.

Our best and bravest for the Empire bled, On Africa's veldt, on China's coral strand; North, east, and west, the muster of our dead, Around a thousand ghostly campfires stand.

Our blood has mingled in a common stream, In every age, in every land and clime; And does not such a brotherhood redeem The bitter past, and heal the wounds of time?

The fierce unmeaning hates of by-gone years, Can they survive the blood our sons have shed? And shall we still pay tribute of our tears To storied wrongs, or to our common dead?

Here as we stand above the countless graves Of Celt and Saxon, sleeping side by side, We know no grief—but one proud tear that laves The feud of ages, and bids peace abide.

—REV. D. A. CASEY, "COLUMBA."

HAVE CIVILIANS NO RIGHTS?

The Zepplins have come at last. Recently three of them arrived off the English coast, and after attacking Plymouth, an open undefended seaside city, passed on inland to drop bombs through the darkness upon peaceful and sleeping villages of Norfolk. Altogether the raider succeeded in killing one shoemaker, two women, and a boy. One of the women was aged seventy-two, and the other a young widow; the shoemaker was killed as he sat at his window working at his last, and his powerless murders are not acts of war and serve no military object, but they are examples of frightfulness, and we suppose are intended to terrorize Great Britain. There is no use appealing to the Hague Convention, for that was torn up when the Germans crossed the frontier of Belgium, and no neutral Power has even hinted a protest. But obviously such murders of women and boys and unarmed men—done in the darkness and in sleeping country villages—are bound to have consequences. In Belgium nearly fifty priests have been executed or had not prevented civilians who fired on the German troops. They are forbidden to shoot at men in uniform, but the soldiers of the Kaiser are at perfect liberty to kill them with bombs, even while they are asleep in their beds. The murder of a shoemaker, two women, and a boy is reported to have given great satisfaction in Berlin, and we are told to prepare for fresh massacres, and on a more Herodian scale, in the near future. We hold our souls in pitiful concern, content to know that the Zepplins are making the work of the recruiting sergeant unnecessary.—The Tablet.

FIDELITY IN THE LOWEST STATION

The words of our Blessed Lord: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater" (Luke xvi, 10), have rarely found a more excellent commentary than in the case of the present Pope Benedict XV. Since he assumed his exalted position as head of the Catholic Church, many columns in the press throughout the world have been devoted to his virtues, his learning, his zeal as bishop of a great diocese, but there is one side of his character which in a peculiar manner establishes the truth of the above text: It is the tireless, quiet devotion

which he gave to the care of souls when he was a simple assistant priest in one of the Roman churches. He had to preach and catechize, assist at confraternities, and carry the holy Viaticum to the dying. During these years his parishioners spoke of the openhandedness of this high-born priest to the poor and afflicted, for his charity was boundless, and what was still more beautiful, it was exercised in silence. Faithful in little (although it was great in God's sight) he has been entrusted with the greatest responsibilities given to a man upon earth.—The Missionary.

Let us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and on the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will outweigh by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—Cardinal Manning.

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