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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 4 1916

**THE CHURCH INVISIBLE AND THE CHURCH INADUIBLE**

It has become the fashion nowadays for Protestants to speak of "The Church" not the Churches. "The Church" does not mean the Methodist Church nor the Presbyterian nor the Baptist nor any other. The advocacy of the union of certain Churches has emphasized the evils, the folly and the weakness of division. So preachers who are adepts in avoiding disagreeable facts and whose habit it is to trim their sails to catch any wind of popular favour would evade the outstanding and paralysing fact of the hopeless division of Protestantism, by insinuation even deny it, by using the comprehensive, indefinite and nebulous term, "The Church."

But what do they mean by the term? What is "The Church"? We are sometimes told that the Church is invisible and made up of all who are imbued with the spirit of Christ. But we are told again and again that "The Church" has a message and a mission for the world; that when peace comes again "The Church" must deliver that message and fulfil that mission. "The Church" must teach the world the truths that will save the world. But how can an invisible Church make itself audible?

Of course the sad and patent fact is that the "The Church" of these vapid orators and writers is not only invisible but inaduable.

In a sermon at the recent Protestant Episcopal Convention in St. Louis the Rev. Dr. Manning, of New York, put the matter before his colleagues with clearness and precision:

"There are only two theories as to what the Church is. Either our Lord Himself founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name or else our Lord founded no Church, but left His disciples free to form Churches according to their own notions as they might see fit, in which case the Church has no divine character and no divine authority. And this latter is the position and teaching of most of the Protestant world to-day."

Dr. Manning belongs to that section of Episcopalians who believe that their Church is a branch of the Catholic Church. With that claim we are not just now much concerned. Whatever his position may be he at least sets a refreshing example of intellectual honesty and moral courage in squarely facing the question of what "The Church" means.

"Either our Lord Himself founded a Church in this world which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name" or He did not. That is the first question, the fundamental and essential question which every honest man and woman in the world must ask themselves. And for those who believe in the divinity of Christ the question is of transcendent importance. If there is a Church founded by Christ Himself which has His authority to minister and to teach in His name, then it becomes the imperative, inescapable duty of every Christian to seek out that Church, to hear to the voice of Christ speaking through it, and to avail himself of its divinely instituted ministry.

Is it the Methodist or the Presbyterian or any one of the countless churches of Protestantism, or is it all of them together under the indefinite, elusive and meaningless term "The Church"? The basic principle of Protestantism, Private Judgment, precludes even the claim to the title in any such sense. As Dr. Manning pertinently said:

"Those adhering to this position depended on 'individual conscience' as their authority in religious matters and if this were correct then one man's guess was no better than another's."

If there is anything essential, any thing fundamental in Protestantism,

any thing which makes it a subject of a predicate at all, it is the boasted principle of Private Judgment. This principle and the idea of a Church founded by Christ to teach in His name are mutually exclusive.

So when Protestants talk of "The Church" as having a message, of the saving truths which "The Church" must teach the world, the world asks: By what authority? When they attempt to don the stolen livery of the Catholic Church and to speak with authority they are confronted with their own basic principle, the very reason for their existence, Private Judgment, and the world goes its way leaving their self-contradictory would-be teachers, confessedly without authority, pottering at new doctrines which they fondly hope may be acceptable to the world and not incompatible with the "modern mind."

With a good deal of sympathy for Dr. Manning and those who with him are trying to uphold the Catholic ideal we may conclude by quoting his pertinent protest against the tendency of his fellow-ministers to mutilate the creeds and formularies which they received from the Catholic Church.

"I hope they will not yield," he said, "to the Pelagian self-confidence and lack of true self-knowledge which appears in the proposal to mutilate the majestic opening of invocations of the Litany and to substitute immeasurably poorer forms, so that we may be relieved from confessing ourselves 'miserable sinners' a step nearer to an entirely comfortable, twentieth century, self-congratulatory religion with no unpleasant suggestion of shortcoming or need of repentance on our part."

That the majority of Anglicans or Episcopalians either expressly or implicitly adopt the Protestant principle of private judgment is notorious. Many of their spokesmen and writers are frankly and aggressively Protestant.

Referring to a statement of Dr. Relland, rector of St. George's, in the preface to the Year Book of the Church, Dr. Manning said:

"We have a clergyman of our own Church who takes the Protestant position and relies on his own judgment, asserting in print that the Prayer Book which he uses and the Creed which he repeats at every service are contrary to truth and common sense."

If this were an isolated case the matter would not amount to much; but thousands of such pronouncements are made by Anglican preachers and writers. Creeds are flouted as outworn; fundamental Christian doctrines are denied; even the virgin birth of Christ, His resurrection, His divinity are all called into question and denied or modified so as to eliminate every element of the supernatural, by rationalistic private judgment. And the Church of our perturbed and unhappy friends, that Church which they claim is a branch of the Church Catholic, is unable to find a voice speaking in Christ's name to restrain even her doctors in Israel from attacking the most elementary Christian truths and proclaiming doctrines utterly subversive of the fundamental notion of a visible Church "founded by Christ Himself, ministering and teaching in His name."

So glaring is this tendency against which men like Dr. Manning protest, so hopeless the outlook for authoritative Christian teaching on the part of their Church, that the time can not be far off when they will recognize that "the branch" to which they cling is severed from the vine. When the inevitable disruption takes place there will be an influx of earnest and sincere souls into that Church which alone witnesses to the fullness of Christian truth, and which with the fearlessness of Christ Himself "teaches in His name."

**IRISHMEN AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION**

In a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century J. Clerc Sheridan, Commissioner for Revenue to the Union of South Africa, during the course of an article, "An Appeal for an Irish Entente," says:

"As a resident of the Dominions I venture to say a best word on their behalf. They look for a consolidation of the Empire by closer organization of the several parts and a central organization of Imperial interests and government. Their part in the War entitles them to the fullest and speediest consideration of their wishes; and everyone who is in touch with Dominions people knows that they expect proposals of a far-reaching and statesmanlike kind to be brought forward at the close of the War. If they are disappointed or balked in these expectations it is certain that awkward

questionings will be suggested in their minds as to the capacity of the people in the Mother Country to understand or manage the affairs of the Empire."

There is nothing more certain than that the question of Imperial Federation will, after the restoration of peace, be the dominant political question of our time. The term is not a happy one, indeed that it is a misnomer is admitted by many who are ardent advocates of the thing thus named or misnamed. Nevertheless for convenience we shall use the term. The citation above is one of a thousand indications that in all parts of the Empire the fact is recognized that when the War is over the relations of the Dominions to the home countries will come up for readjustment. "Imperialism" scoffs an impatient reader. Let it be agreed that the term is an unsavoury one. It has been cheapened and abused and prostituted to unworthy ends. It often meant nothing but a clap-trap appeal to prejudice. Its meaning now is so vague that Imperialists so-called as well as those who proclaim themselves anti-Imperialists know not what they mean by it.

But all this does not affect the question that is soon to come up for settlement.

Mr. Bourassa is not an Imperialist in what sense soever the term may be understood. And yet study of the situation has led him to take a step in advance of many who boast of "loyalty to the Empire." In the course of an exhaustive analysis of Mr. Lionel Curtis' book, "The Problem of the Commonwealth," he admits, indeed emphatically asserts, that because of the War Canada's present status cannot be maintained when peace is restored.

Moreover, Le Devoir announces that it has made arrangements for a number of volumes of "The Problem of the Commonwealth," which it will distribute to readers desirous of studying a question of such great moment to Canada and Canadians. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bourassa and the policy of his paper in other matters, in this he sets an example which sentimental Imperialists and sentimental anti-Imperialists alike would do well to follow. An intelligent study of a vastly important subject should precede final judgment thereon.

It is not necessary to be an Imperialist, whatever that may be, to recognize that the paramount political issue for all Canadians is the future political status of Canada. And that is obviously and necessarily involved in the proposed political organization of the Empire. The duty of every intelligent Canadian to study the question is not fulfilled by scoffing at Imperialism. And this study is quite as important for those who would oppose as for those who would promote the project.

In urging the study of this question we meet with the query, why should Irishmen favor such a proposition? A good and sufficient answer, so far as Irish Canadians are concerned, is that all Canadians, irrespective of their origin, should be interested first of all in the welfare of Canada. If that demands her participation in the responsibilities as well as the burdens of the whole commonwealth no traditional sentiment should cloud their judgment or obscure their sense of duty.

But there is an especial reason why Irishmen at home and, so far as Irish sentiment influences them, Irishmen abroad as well should welcome what is popularly known as Imperial Federation. This would necessarily solve the whole Irish problem.

The South-African Irishman whom we have quoted above continues:

"Anyone of clear vision who takes the least pains to think must perceive that there is only one road to Imperial consolidation, and that is by way of devolution—wide and entire devolution of all affairs of a local character to locally constituted legislatures or parliaments, Irish, Scottish, or English as may be—in order to make room for the organization and working of an Imperial or Federal Government."

Not only would Irish Home Rule be necessarily involved in Imperial Federation but the extent of the self-government for Ireland would be determined by the self-government that would satisfy England and Scotland. In that case it is certain that Ireland would get a much more satisfactory measure of Home Rule than that now on the statute books.

So far, then, from there being any force in the "Irish" objection to Imperial Federation Irish considerations make it extremely desirable.

It is not, at least as yet, evident to us that it would be so clearly in the

interest of Canada; and it is precisely because of this that we desire to point out that an intelligent study of this question is a duty incumbent on all Canadians.

To ignore the whole matter, to dismiss it as imperialism will not make for intelligent judgment when the question comes up, as it inevitably will come up in the near future, for practical settlement.

**CAPT. R. E. HORKINS AND HIS COMRADES IN LIFE AND DEATH**

Following is in part the letter appraising Mr. T. J. Horkins of Campbellford, Ontario, of the death of his son, Capt. R. E. Horkins, M. D., R. A. M. C.:

Sept. 28, 1916.  
"Dear Mr. Horkins,—It is with deepest regret I have to inform you of the death of your son, Capt. R. E. Horkins, R. A. M. C., and Medical Officer to the 77th Brigade, R. E. F. C. There is not an officer or man in the Brigade who does not feel that they have lost a true friend. We had been friends ever since he first joined us at Rolleston Camp in August, 1915. 'Doc,' as we called him, was the life of our mess. He was absolutely fearless. I have seen him go at the call of duty with shells falling all over the place as if nothing was happening. By strange coincidence, his great friend, 2nd Lieut. R. G. Hamilton, was killed by the same shell, as was also Major F. R. Cotter—poor 'Ham's' battery commander. It all happened in a moment—a stray shell. Ham and Cotter were killed instantly but your son lived for about 30 minutes. 'Let me down boys, I'm done,' were the last words he said to the stretcher bearers who were carrying him back to the dressing station.

"He was buried to-day side by side with his great friend, and a priest of his church officiated."  
Yours Sincerely,  
C. H. MORRISON,  
Capt. and Adjutant,  
77th Bde. R. F. A.

Dr. Horkins graduated in the faculty of medicine, Toronto University, in 1912, and for a year was house surgeon at St. Michael's hospital, Toronto. He was one of 35 medical men who went overseas in March, 1915, to take commissions as lieutenants in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was transferred to the 77th Howitzer Brigade, Royal Artillery, and had been ten months with that branch of the service when he met his death.

A fellow-officer Capt. T. W. McMahon wrote the next day to Capt. Horkins' bereaved parents a letter of condolence in which occurs this paragraph:

"As soon as we heard of his death we arranged for a priest to come the following morning for the burial."

"Dr. Horkins was a particular friend of mine and it was a very great shock to me. I am the Veterinary Officer, Ontario, and as I am a Roman Catholic will look after his grave while we are here. We put up a cross bearing his name and rank, which will be well looked after."

Loving care for the cross-marked grave in a far off land must fall to the lot of others, for Captain McMahon was killed in action the day following the death of Capt. Horkins.

The Rev. J. Curtis Kelly, Anglican Chaplain, writes:

"Indeed your son's death gave me a terrible shock, more particularly as the Major and the doctor's greatest friend, 2nd Lt. R. Hamilton, were killed at the same time."

"Ever since the part played by us in the great offensive, your son and I were the greatest friends. We were constantly together and slept in the same dug out. He constantly spoke to me about his mother and father and I promised to write to you in the event of anything happening."

"I am a Church of England chaplain so could not officiate at the graveside but the body was brought some four miles to a recognized cemetery and one of his own chaplains officiated at the burial. He now lies side by side with Hamilton and the Major. It may indeed be said of your son that 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided.'"

"How can I attempt to comfort and console you in your tremendous loss. Doubtless you will realize and find comfort in the fact that he laid down his life as a sacrifice on the altar of Duty, and that he was called to meet his God while playing his part in a glorious cause."

"I can claim that I am in a position to speak definitely as to his attention to duty. He was ever on the alert to do anything for the officers and men of the Brigade. He did his duty nobly and well and never shirked when there were many and great dangers."

Realizing the great uncertainty of coming through the battle Dr. Horkins entrusted his friend with this last message for his mother in case he fell in battle:

France.  
"My Dearest Mother,—We are on the eve of a great battle and if this letter finds its destination it will convey the news that I am batted out, 'middle peg.'"

My last wish will be that you take it as the Spartan mother that you are and be reconciled to the will of God. My duty to my country will have been served, but to you I owe much more. My only regret at this hour is my inopportunity to add to the comforts of your life and fulfil the obligations of a son to a mother.  
"You will give my sincerest love to father, brothers and sisters and ask them to remember me in their prayers. As for you, mother dear, you will be in my dying thoughts."  
Your Affectionate Son,  
Dick.

For the foregoing notes we are indebted to the Campbellford News. The CATHOLIC RECORD extends sincere sympathy to Dr. Horkins' friends and to the friends of his gallant comrades in life and in death.

**THE DEVOLUTION OF JIMMIE McDOUGALL**

He studied for matriculation in one of the old Grammar schools of Ontario many years ago. He was an earnest young man and took life seriously. He came of rugged Scotch stock and had been brought up religiously on oatmeal porridge and the Shorter Catechism. He had listened on Sundays to a minister of the old school, who preached the Word of God as he knew it, and who had not substituted the "Rock of Ages" for the Psalms of David. He was proficient especially in Greek and Mathematics, subjects that appeal in our day only to a small coterie. In a word, he was just such a young man as, had he possessed the Catholic faith, would have been looked upon by his bishop as a most promising candidate for the priesthood. In common with several other students in the school, he was preparing himself to become a minister in the Presbyterian Church.

These young men used to hold prayer meetings, twice a week, at one or other of their boarding houses. We doubt if this custom is still in vogue; it scarcely harmonizes with the spirit of modern student life. The remembrance of one of those meetings is one of the abiding recollections of our school days. We were present by accident, and being invited to remain, we did so, blissfully ignorant that we were thereby guilty of "participatio in divinis." Two things impressed us on that occasion—the zeal of those young men to convert sinners and save them from hell, and the evident sincerity of their prayers.

After their departure for the University we lost track of most of them. What transformation took place in them there we can only surmise. We do know that one of them passed through a veritable agony of disappointment, when he found his faith and his ideals shattered by the new teachings that were then coming into vogue in that institution. Our old friend Jimmie McDougall (he is a type not a person) is now the Rev. James McDougall, D. D., pastor of a fashionable city church. One would scarcely recognize him, there is something so superficial about him. He gives the impression of always acting a part and of being afraid lest someone might see through the disguise. In ordinary conversation, he speaks in that well modulated, orotund voice that ministers assume when they make a prayer. He does not particularly relish what to most men is especially interesting, viz., recollections of their school days. There is so much of present interest, you know, that he scarcely ever gives a thought to the old school. It is not, we suspect, that he is ashamed of the raw young Scotch lad from the country, but rather that he fears to think of what Jimmie McDougall, with his simple faith, his supernatural aspirations and his straightforward and logical principles, would think of this proper minister's picture, the Rev. James McDougall, D. D.

Jimmie McDougall started out to preach the Gospel as summarized in his little Scotch catechism. The Rev. Dr. McDougall preaches on almost everything else except the Gospel. He has his ear to the ground to find out what will be the next popular cry so as to lead in the shouting.

Jimmie McDougall believed in hell; in fact with his honest logic he would have said "What's the use if there is no hell?" If the Rev. Dr. McDougall believes in hell, he is very reticent about making profession of his belief. Possibly he considers its existence merely an academic subject, and would say with another minister at a recent conference: "The health of my children and the proper sanitation of my home interest me more than whether there is a heaven or a hell."

Jimmie McDougall never dreamed of such a thing as church union. Of course he had no D. D., but he had common sense. Perhaps he had heard of a blend of mountain dew; but the blending of religions would have touched the funny bone of even his Scotch sense of humor. The Rev. Dr. McDougall is in favor of church union, because it is popular with the multitude, because he deems it an evidence of broadmindedness and lastly because he has not sufficient faith in any revealed tenet to prevent his making a compromise.

We must confess to a feeling of satisfaction at the stand taken at the recent meeting in Toronto by those who termed themselves the Anti-disunionists. Of course, from a Catholic standpoint, their plight is a sad one; but they must be commended for their adherence to that very considerable body of revealed truth that was handed down to them by their ancestors, the rugged old Covenanters. Pity it is that their inherited prejudice against the one true Church prevents them from enjoying, without compromise, unity of faith, of worship and of government. The minister, who attributed this unionist movement to a little clique of university professors and ministers in collusion with them, was right. It is the Universities that have been largely responsible for the devolution of just such men as Jimmie McDougall, and for bringing about the elimination of the last vestige of the supernatural among the sects.

THE GLEANER.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canadian Churchman, Capel B. St. George, criticizes vigorously some remarks of another correspondent reflecting upon the French-Canadians and the War. "They are not more to be blamed," says Capel B. St. George, "than the Irish." Blamed for just what, the said Capel B. does not enlighten us, but whatever it is, it is the Pope that is at the bottom of it all.

IF A FRENCHMAN or an Irishman happens to be a house breaker or a grafter—a leader in the State, in the law, or in the public service—it all amounts to the same thing—he is a tool in the hands of the Pope, bent upon the one object, through deeds of either good or evil repute, of circumventing the great Protestant public, and bending it to the Roman yoke. Therefore, whether the French-Canadian or the Irishman falls short of Capel B. St. George's idea of his duty, or the same French-Canadian or Irishman covers himself with glory and with gore at Ginchy or anywhere else along the far-flung battle-line, he is in either capacity but working out the designs of the Pope for the resubjugation of the human race.

NOW SEE whether this terrible indictment leads the said Capel B. St. George! We had thought that the celebrated Reform Bill of 1832 was, by universal consent, now regarded as a landmark in the history of progress, and the first great step in England in modern times towards the emancipation of the people from the thralldom of class privilege. But according to this erudite political philosopher this is all wrong. It was Rome that foisted the Reform Bill upon England, and in doing so she had deep and sinister designs of her own. Here is what Capel B. St. George has to say about it:

"ABOUT TWO hundred years ago God gave England complete deliverance from Pope and Popery, blessed her army and navy with victories, raised her to the front rank of world-power. The Pope's emissaries worked, and the Church that should have withstood him failed in her duty, and the Reform Bill was passed." What was the result of this master-stroke? "Since that, steadily everything wanted has been obtained, until now the Bishop of Rome virtually rules, both in Church and State, and the few Protestants who see this are punished if they attempt to speak." There you have it! The French-Canadian or the Irishman giving a new meaning to valor and laying down his life upon the blood-stained soil of Flanders, is but the tool of the Pope, just the same as his compatriot who, like Capel B. St. George himself, but probably for a better reason, has refrained thus far from enlistment in the armies of the King.

We should find great peace if we would imbue ourselves with this thought, that we are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his work unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully. — Frederic Ozanam.

Now, just here is where the Canadian Churchman's dauntless correspondent gets in his fine work. Since all these dreadful things have in some unexplained way been engineered by the Pope "it will be a very great surprise to me," says Capel B. St. George, "if the Pope is not represented at the coming peace conference." Then comes the uncovering of the batteries. "If Cromwell had been on the throne," he queries, "would the coronation oath have been changed?" or—would the Reform Bill have been passed? Modern historians are happily in a position to answer that question. Had Cromwell been on the throne or even William the Third, England would have been in no position to reproach Germany with violated treaties, or Belgian atrocities, or the sinking without warning of unarmed passenger vessels filled with helpless women and children. All such acts and more are written up to Cromwell's account, and, in a scarcely lesser degree to William the Third's in the ledger of history. That in this they measure up to the ideal of Capel B. St. George his letter to the Churchman leaves no room for doubt. The only surprise is that our Anglican contemporary should have had no misgiving in publishing it.

LIMERICK AND Drogheda; Glencoe and the aftermath of Culloden! We had not supposed that any Englishman now existed who thought of these events without some degree of confusion and compunction and yet the Canadian Churchman's correspondent can see in their instigators and perpetrators only laurel-crowned heroes, who, had he his way, would be called back from the relatively non-distant past to wreak a like vengeance upon every Irishman who dared to assert his nationality and upon every Catholic who, sharing the common burden of patriotism with his Protestant fellow-countrymen, claimed the right to worship God in the well-tried and beaten paths of his fathers. That it only means anything at all is the only meaning which Capel B. St. George's incendiary screed is capable of bearing. Coming from a nonentity, however formidable his name, the world need not worry over it. Nevertheless, we repeat, that to find so respectable a journal as the Canadian Churchman opening its columns to such as he is legitimate occasion for surprise and wonder. As for the Pope, he still reigns.

**PERHAPS SOMEONE**

will see in the latest Army regulation another evidence of the Pope's insidious warfare upon British liberties. No doubt some crafty Jesuit working under orders from headquarters is responsible for it. Has it not all the earmarks of its origin? It is given out that it has been practically decided to make the experiment of varying the Army ration by the inclusion of fish in the dietary, and two out of the many reasons given for this are that "the Irishmen would appreciate fish on Fridays and other fast days," and that "the Canadian troops have for some time been in receipt of a fish ration at least twice a week." What a pretty subject for the Churchman's correspondent!

THE REGULATION is, however, interesting on its own account. On a small scale the fish experiment was made some months ago at Aldershot and some camps within the London area. It was not then, it is stated, entirely successful, but the conditions which then operated against success have been removed and a later trial on a much larger scale gives every prospect of success. It has the approval of the R. A. M. C., who objected in the first instance to a ration of three-quarters of a pound of fish per man as not supplying sufficient "calories"—the prime consideration in the selection of a fighting man's diet. The ration has now been fixed at one pound of fish per man, for one day of the week only. Will the War Office hazard the selection of Friday as the day? That surely would afford all the proof of Papal intrigue that the most flagrant doubter could desire.

We should find great peace if we would imbue ourselves with this thought, that we are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his work unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully. — Frederic Ozanam.