

ous responsibility resting upon her for the souls of the millions in her custody and she is sincerely trying to bring to them the Gospel of Christ, and if we are Christians we are challenged by the duty to love them sincerely. 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another.'

FOR WHAT SHE IS TO BE

Finally, then, I love the Catholic Church for what she is to be. Because she is the Mother Church I look to see her make a place again for the children who have gone forth. I look to see her grow more gentle and more wistful when her children become less truculent. The time of our separation grows long; if we can only begin to substitute kind for harsh thoughts, if only the mother can begin to grow proud of her vigorous offspring and the children grow more appreciative of the old mother, the time of a great reconciliation should not be hopelessly remote.

"If ever the world is to be won for Christ, there is need of a united Christendom. At present less than one-third of the population of the earth is even nominally Christian. In union there is strength. Is it not to come? Not at once indeed. We must all grow kinder and more generous in our spirit, but by God's grace that is not impossible.

"Perhaps the better days are nearer than we think, and each of us can have some little part in bringing them on by remembering to love each other.

"Let us judge the Catholic Church by the Catholics we know or may know in our midst; we shall find them as neighbors and as Christians to be worthy of our Christian love; and if we ever discover some frail soul who is not all the Christian he might be, let us remember our own frailty and pray God for grace to be some help to him, not merely a harsh and un-Christian-like censor.

"Love has magic in it and is able to do more than we dream. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another."

OUR LADY IN LITERATURE

Since the blessed day, nearly two thousand years ago, when "the angel of the Lord declared unto Mary," she has been the ideal of virginity, the ideal of motherhood, the model spouse, loving and obedient; ever since that day she has been the Refuge of Sinners, the delight of saints, a mother to both; ever since, the Seat of Wisdom, the Gate of Heaven, the Cause of Our Joy, the Comforter of the Afflicted. The Church has rejoiced to honor her mantle; and when the Cross was first erected in each sacred place, the missionaries in their labors, to support the martyrs on their glorious way of blood and suffering; and, when, at last, the blood and sweat bore fruit in great cathedrals thronged with devout worshippers her image was placed close beside her Son's.

Instinctively the man of genius thirsts for the ideal, seeks for it, and perceives it more clearly than his fellows. Otherwise, genius were a poor thing; meaningless; useless. Homer and Virgil and Aeschylus and Sophocles had no higher ideal than their own noble minds were able to create. They could not know the "Lily Among Thorns," the best beloved creation of the mind of God Himself; but in the light and fragrance of her loveliness has genius basked for nineteen hundred years, beautifying the world with her image, making marble and canvas repeat it, statuary and prose and verse of haunting sweetness enshrine it. Dante had no need to search for an ideal of womanhood for the Paradise, either when he laid his tribute of loving praise at the feet of her who is, in his words, "Of creatures all the lowliest, loftiest one. Term of God's counsel, fixed ere time begun;" or when he sang of Beatrice, and earthly love beautiful as it never was before the Lily of Israel taught men how sweet and high and holy love may be.

The Church before her sons began to sound her praises in the immortal prose of the Fathers of the Church and the immortal hymns of the early Christian poets. Herman de Verdinghen wrote tenderly of her; so did Prudentius, the first of our poets; and Fortunatus sang rapturously of the

"Glorious Lady, throned in light, Sublime, above the starry height."

It was not long before the Christmas carols sprang into vigorous being to be loved for centuries by the simple folk of many lands. They are full of quaint praise of Our Lady and breathe the childlike trust in the efficacy of her intercession; and they are gay and sprightly, as befitting the songs of generations of peasants too happy in the hope of heaven to be saddened by the hardships of the way.

The miracle plays were born, and lived their life, and died, and in many of them it is Mary's part in the redemption that is emphasized, her virtues that are extolled. The troubadours laid their homage at her feet, as did the ballad makers of Brittany, the minstrels of England, the bards of Ireland and Scotland, the bartiniques of Russia, and the silver-tongued minne-singers, homage so full of love, so trustful of help, that it shames our colder faith.

The Middle Ages grew old with the best of their life yet to be. Jacopone da Todi and Dante voiced the feelings of the great century in which they lived. With the exception of the Dies Irae, no hymn finer than the

Stabat Mater was ever written. In stanzas of rare beauty of form it sings the sweet but bitter sorrow that pierced the heart of the Mother of God on Calvary. Only on such a theme could such tender verse be written. No poem the equal of Dante's ever came from the heart of man, and no part of the Divine Comedy is more lovely than that in which Beatrice, type of earthly love as it exists among Mary's children, leads the poet to the feet of Our Lady crowned Queen of Heaven. "Lady," he makes St. Bernard pray, "so great thou art, thy power so high, Who longs for grace, nor breathes to thee his soul. Would have his wishes without wings to fly."

The glories of the thirteenth century passed. The Renaissance and later the Reformation—lukewarmness, sin, and then heresy—chilled and hardened many hearts, many but not all. The children of the Church continued to sound Mary's praises constantly and ardently, as they had done in the Ages of Faith, among them Vittoria Colonna and Tasso, Southwell and Cresswell, and in our day, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Aubrey de Vere and Alice Meynell.

As Poe could make a sad failure of life and yet write his truly Catholic hymn in our spirit, so Wordsworth could breathe hatred of Catholicity, and afterward write the immortal sonnet beginning,

"Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrossed With the least shade of thought to sin allied."

It was much the same with Sir Walter Scott. About much that we reverse he said bitter words that make our blood boil; but he, too, sang his hymn to our Mother in "The Lady of the Lake," thereby atoning to his Catholic readers for many an unwarranted thrust.

"All's Well that Ends Well" has Shakespeare's one passage in her honor, a passage that has given rise to much controversy. When the countess learns of her son's wickedness she says:

"He cannot thrive Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath Of greatest justice."

But the subject of Our Lady's place in the realm of letters is inexhaustible. One principle, however, is patent everywhere, in every age. Literature, pure and high, beautiful and beautiful, literature worthy of Christians, flourishes only in the shadow of her mantle; and whoever takes a step away from her takes a step in the direction of barbarism.—Providence Visitor.

A CONTRAST IN CATHOLIC FAMILIES

There is undoubtedly a striking contrast between true Catholic families and those that are not truly Catholic. The very atmosphere of the two kinds are different, and it strikes you almost immediately. One smacks of the world and worldly things—worldly interests and worldly pursuits. The minds of the members of such a family seem to be running upon style and fashion and society; upon business and ambitious schemes of advancement; upon the glory of being recognized; upon the "upper crust"—too often, alas! upon alliance with Protestant families. You look for evidences of Catholicity: There are pictures in plenty, it may be, but distinctively Catholic pictures are conspicuous in their absence except Madonnas, perhaps, which are now popular among Protestants. A glance at their tables and bookshelves convince you that the same be said of Catholic books. Religion, Church, church societies, charity, socialities, confraternities—all these are apparently unwelcome subjects, at least their hearts are not in them. Unfortunately, in such families the spirit of peace does not always reign. The spirit of selfishness too often causes a clashing of interests, and a spirit of disobedience produces discord and mars the peace and happiness of the domestic circle.

How different is the truly Catholic family! The moment you enter the room you say, "This is certainly a Catholic household." The pictures, the works of art, the books, the current literature are Catholic. Not exclusively, indeed, but you will not find there literature of a doubtful character, however popular. A quiet unobtrusive spirit of religion pervades the home circle, and evidently constitutes the great and prevailing interior motive of the actions of those who gather there. Their hearts are in their religion—they love it and it constitutes their life and their chief happiness. The children are obedient, unselfish, united and devoted to each other and to their parents. They do not have to go abroad for constant amusement. They scrupulously avoid miscellaneous associations, low theatres, cheap dances, and all doubtful places of amusement. They are supplied with interesting Catholic books and papers, and pure general literature. They are not long-faced, strait-laced and over-deme in their deportment. On the contrary, they are cheerful, light-hearted and gay on occasions, and ready for innocent games and amusements. It is evident that the great distinguishing feature of the family is that conscience, like a secret, invisible power

Roasts retain their natural flavor—bread, cakes, puddings, etc., baked in a

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pervades and dominates it. Its members live not for themselves exclusively, but for others. The poor have always a warm place in their hearts, and they are ever ready to contribute liberally, according to their ability to all religious and charitable objects. They are happy and they delight in making others happy.

Such people are not only well fortified for the troubles and trials of life, but what is of far greater consequence, they are prepared to meet the grim messenger, death, with calmness and composure, and with a good hope of eternal happiness in the world to come.—Providence Visitor.

WHERE WILL YOU SEND HIM?

I mean that eighteen-year old boy of yours, who is bothering you this week with his rehearsals for the high school commencement? Your devout Aunt Evelyn prescribes a Catholic college for George Henry. But you know, and everybody knows, that Catholic colleges are so inferior; and it is for that reason that you never cared to visit them. You could, of course, just pack him off to the most flourishing secular college in your neighborhood, and leave the rest—well, to evolution. But you realize that George Henry's evolution is not going to be spontaneous. Mere halls and college yards will not transform him from an awkward caterpillar into a cultured butterfly. There must be an influence to mould and develop him; and the prescription will depend on the question: What influence do you want for your boy, and where will he get it?

You will probably demand first some sort of intellectual influence. You know that George Henry is not a dull boy, but he certainly needs a good strong daily discipline for his callow mind. What mental influence will stimulate him at our large universities? If he aspires after the Goddess Wisdom, he will not positively be prevented from courting her, provided that, by isolation from engagements in town and a hundred and one vanities of "college activities," musical, athletic, artistic, dramatic and social, mostly social—he may find time at last to memorize the titles of his text-books. Why worry? He will have at the disposal of his pocket-book a corps of marvelously efficient tutors, who, in the still, small hours that precede the semi-annual examinations, will skillfully cram him and his five room-mates—sustained by cheese sandwiches and a keg of beer, with four months' learning in as many evenings.

George Henry, of course, has learned his catechism and prayers, and has been going to Communion every month, and is really such a sensible lad, that you doubt if any real shadow of turning will cross his mind when he hears that Pope Gregory VII. was a tyrant; that Cavour and Mazzini were the noblest of patriots; that we are all evolved from the absolute ego, that the idea of art is aesthetic paganism, that Abraham was a sun-god; Joseph of Egypt the first capitalist, and Christ Himself the first Socialist; that marriage is an archaic humbug, and morality a failure. You hope, too, that he may not be affected in any degree by the delightful breath of the literary canon, the unexpurgated editions of the classics. Nor, more effective than all these—the universal assumption, the spirit of ultra religious indifference that penetrates the halls and chapels of our universities as the London fog curls up into the stately vaults of Westminster Abbey.

If it stands thus with intellectual forces, what can you expect of the moral influence? Can you expect the university authorities, disarmed as they are of religious motive power; sacramental helps and well-tried disciplinary methods, to supervise and manage the morals of the students? A few rules concerning attendance, registration and good order, some haphazard personal effort on the part of a few noble-hearted individuals, and some historic striving against big obstacles by a zealous neighboring pastor, these are to stouter George Henry's heart against the whole world of doctrine and discipline, in work and companionship, into which he is to be plunged, for four long, hot, exciting, distracting years. The town dean's spottish office will be his school of morality.

Best of all, if you could yourself live for a time in one of our universities, and study the matters at close range, as did recently the

mother of one of our most gifted and lovable Catholic young men! She had sent her boy to one of the most eminently proper of our eastern universities, hoping for his brilliant success, socially and intellectually. She had but one word to describe what she learned there; it was license, genteel, but devastating. As she sat by the bed in which her boy lay, wrecked in mind and body, faith and morals, poisoned with drink and nicotine, she mournfully recalled the conditions in which he had learned that lesson of license; the insistent religious scepticism, the waste of time and money, the absence of physical exercise—for it is surprising how large a proportion of the secular college students engage in no football whatever of athletics—the "cold coast" prices paid for bare rooms, expensive furniture, bad sanitation and worse food, the lack of privacy, order and guidance. How many of our Catholic parents really know the conditions under which their children will be forced to live?

Perhaps, however, you will hazard all the rest, mental and moral welfare, on the single die of social prestige. But supposing that you are willing to hazard it, would it not be well to be sure whether even the social influence, whatever be the common belief, be really and effectively present? There is an influence at the secular college, and it is a social influence, so potent as to color every phase of college life, but it is not the social influence which you are seeking, that which will put the seal of culture upon him, and ensure his wide acquaintance and general recognition in after life. It has a certain restraining power of its own, deterring from outward boorishness, or eccentricity, but that power is exercised within very narrow limits. The American secular college as such does not refine. Its social and formative power is not exerted by the class room, or average professor, or anything officially connected with the college, but by the clubs which are an excrescence, but an excrescence which controls the main body.

Either George Henry will make his club or he will not. If he does not, or if he makes a club low in the social grade, he may as well stay at home if he is looking for social advancement. In your belief, and in the belief of countless unwitting Catholics, the thing that counts socially is the fact that George Henry is the member of such a university or such a class. In point of fact George Henry will soon realize full well, though he may be ashamed to acknowledge it at home, and will flaunt proudly in the home circle the college (not club) color, which counts for nothing at the university—that his college or class affiliations count socially for very little. They count for nothing now; he is ostracized by the youthful Catholics, and the rest are either like himself. They are not all poor boys either. Wealth does not always unlock the magic door, and the college has plenty of "upholstered nonentities." They will count for nothing after graduation; for in the social world he will be known merely as a past member, or not a member, of Q. E. D. Club or the Pachyderman. He will have obtained precisely the opposite of what you had planned for him. He will be half-marked socially and permanently as a social failure; and that is the stamp attached by the malignant irony of fate, and by sharp boyish insight, upon just those young Catholic toddlers, who have sacrificed their mental and moral training for a social prestige that vanishes mockingly as they attempt to grasp it.

It is not likely that he will make his club, unless he has been registered at birth on the waiting list of some fashionable preparatory school, and has pulled his carefully laid wires from earliest years up. But if the all-potent influence of the club does treat him benignly, he will enjoy the very narrow society of the chosen few at the expense of the chief element in the gentleman's make-up; strength and independence of character. It is not the management of the clubs themselves that is chiefly at fault. Despite their secrecy, there is often fairly clean living within their walls. The evil is in the imposition of an absolute conformity to a fashionable pagan and certainly immoral, if not immoral, standard. There are occasionally young men who, by great social gifts and strength of character, can retain their popularity and "clubbiness" while avoiding the evident pit-falls; and these are often pointed to by apologists of the secular universities, but they are, and will remain, striking exceptions.

One who comes to a Catholic college from one of the secular universities, is surprised beyond anything else, at finding in them just what he had expected to find, and was disappointed in, elsewhere; the real college spirit, a distinctly refining and taste-building educational influence, and the unrestrained, open-hearted, society of gentlemen. These features are the glory of the Catholic college; and should be proclaimed as such. The breeze of faith and Christian democracy has, so far, blown away the miasma of tedium. For a Catholic college-man, the college is a true and vivifying Alma Mater, the real source of his culture and the theatre of his social development. It is time to annihilate the erroneous notion that our Catholic colleges lack gentlemen as cultivated as courteous and manly and socially well-equipped as the best exclusive clubs of Harvard or Princeton; and if they are less prominent now,—because of their instinctive modesty—they will be better known in later life. Perhaps if you weigh these pros and cons you may look in more kindly manner upon Aunt Evelyn's counsel.—John Lafarge, S. J., in America.

KEEP RIGHT WITH GOD

"Never lose heart because you are sinners. Just go to Our Lord and have tremendous confidence, for it is because you are a sinner He will help you," says Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. "Sometimes I am asked by people well set up for a pitance. I looked at a man the other day who asked me for his fare down the country, and I said: 'My friend, I was going to ask you to give me something.' I was not impressed. But a poor woman with a baby in her arms and a basket of shamrock, with an apple here and there, comes and begs me to help her. And how could I refuse. She wants it. She is really in need. Well, perhaps a friend will say to me, 'She will only misuse it,' and I say, 'That is not my business; that is hers. If I made use of that argument, and went to Our Lord and said: 'Never give me anything but what I am going to make the best use of,' I am afraid I should not get much. So I say I must give help to my suppliant, and as to what she does with it is her business, not mine. So with Our Lord. Tell Him of your spiritual poverty. Say to Him, 'I am addicted to drink, I am unkind at home, or I slander my neighbors, and so help me.' Why, He would leap, if necessary, from His throne and help you. The greater your misery the more worthy an object you are of His help and generosity. In dealing with Our Lord you are dealing not only with a God, but with a Man. Who is intensely human. You can disarm Him by your appeals, and put Him at a disadvantage. If you will but throw yourself in all your misery at His feet He will bend towards you, and open to you His Heart. My brethren, one thing is necessary, keep right with God, and He will make use of you for others.'—True Voice.

HELP OF CHRISTIANS

In the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, among the titles with which we greet the Queen of Heaven, is that of Help of Christians. Veritably was Mary that through all the ages of Christendom. Even before the dark days of Luther, Calvin and Knox, Mary had demonstrated her prowess as intercessor at the Heavenly Throne. It therefore becomes unintelligible, why, if these men really meant that their followers were to raise their voices to the true God and be heard, they should have barred from their tenets the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. Surely it is not superstition to believe that Christ would heed the petition of His beloved mother. It can not be called idolatry, to take recourse to her who was given by the Crucified Christ to all mankind as mother.—New World.

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