

to your English, and less to your sweet-toothed brothers. When I was their age I earned my board and keep. Now, there's nothing better to do than rehearsing shows and devouring sweets."

Again silence fell on the group at the table, and continued unbroken until the father said grace and dismissed the children.

Years later it seemed, though it was only hours. James Henderson sat huddled on the settee in the hall, while in the room upstairs Jimmy fought for his life.

Jimmy's mother was with him. She had refused to leave the room, though he, the boy's father, had swayed and almost fallen when his eyes rested on the instruments the doctors laid out.

"Go down stairs, Jim," said a quiet, authoritative voice—"his wife's voice." "I shall call you if you are needed."

So there he had waited with Jimmy's sled at his feet and the boy's cries ringing in his ears. Jimmy, whom he had disciplined, whose sled he had threatened to break, might never again fling his plump little body on the shining board.

Well, that was only his duty. He was a good father, James Henderson flattered himself that he was the best of fathers. It angered him a trifle that Gerald was drifting away from him, and would not talk in his presence.

What sacrifices he had made for his children! An accusing voice seemed to ask: "And what of their mother? Had she had no part in the privations?"

The past rose before him, the year when Anna had stinted and saved that he might have a comfortable home and a chance to rise in the commercial world. All the little clothes she had made! Night after night she had been over her sewing, patching and making; and her days were full of toil for him and the children.

In vain he tried to reassure himself that he had been a model head of a family. He had prided himself on his parish record—a Holy Name man, a regular communicant, a pillar of the Church, with his children in Catholic schools and he himself on every committee and in every club and conference in the parish. Where, then, had he failed?

There and then he answered his own question. It welled up from the depths of a troubled, contrite heart. He who had prided himself on being a home-maker of the highest order was fast becoming a home-wrecker. There was Jimmy's sled, silently accusing him, bringing up the incidents of that last family meeting together. When they sat at the table again, Jimmy might be gone from the circle forever.

A hoarse sob burst from his lips. Anna came to him and nestling down beside him laid her head on his shoulder; Gerald drew near and presently sat on the arm of the settee, his hand on his father's.

It was not too late to win back their love, the fault-finder told himself gratefully. Things would be different if Jimmy was spared. He could hardly hope for that.

Anna was slipping her beads through her fingers, and with her prayers rose a father's earnest petition that his boy might live.

A door opened somewhere. The doctor was coming down. The three watchers rose to meet him, but the question they yearned to ask would not take form. The family tyrant almost fell back on the settee when he heard the doctor say:

"It's all right, Jim. The kid will pull through. Hello! What's that?" as he stumbled on something. "Oh, that's the sled the little chap was raving about."

The disciplinarian picked up the sled, and pressed it to his breast. "I'll take it up to him," he said, and went up the stairs.—Sacred Heart Review.

countryside for miles and enshrined a miraculous statue of Our Lady, found many years ago in a field nearby.

In the first week of September, 1914, there were ten thousand Communions in the Church of Dadizele, every one coming to pour out anxious prayers at the feet of the Virgin as the tide of War advanced. Alas, it reached and overwhelmed this beautiful and pious work, which had only been completed a few years.

The church, which stands close to the famous Chateau de Montzenoy, is now a mass shell, its walls riven with explosions, its towers in ruins, the chapels are destroyed, and in most cases leveled with the ground.

Only the miraculous statue has escaped, being taken by the nuns with them in their flight and concealed in a convent in another part of Flanders.—Catholic Sun.

ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC QUESTION

J. P. Christopher in America

Some time ago there appeared an editorial in the Chicago Tribune entitled "The American and the Irish Middle," in which the writer speaking of Irish-American interference in "England's domestic question" writes:

"The situation from the British point of view will be realized by supposing what loyal American feelings would have been if before the Civil War three Englishmen had gone to Richmond, Charleston, and Vicksburg and openly encouraged the Secessionist movement. They would have had much the same tie of race as justification, but we are quite sure they would have been promptly arrested and deported if not punished."

The writer insists on the British point of view, according to which there is an exact parallel between Ireland's demand for freedom and the right to secede which the Southern States claimed to have. This is the attitude of the Tories, of those class-idealists who have made Ireland, to quote the words of former Premier Herbert Henry Asquith (himself not above suspicion) "the blackest spot not only in the British Empire, but in the whole black world."

It will be interesting, therefore, to read what English historians, who strive to be fair, have to say concerning the threadbare fallacy of Ireland's attempted "secession." A short time before his death in a military hospital at Boulogne, Cecil Chesterton completed "A History of the United States," which has for its object, in the author's words, "to tell my countrymen things about the history of America which they do not know." We are almost tempted to add which many of them do not wish to know. This is what he says about the secession of the Southern States:

"The resistance to their right to self-determination. G. K. Chesterton, Cecil's brilliant brother, in his 'Short History of England,' writes: 'She (the American colony) was not thinking of her wrongs as a colony, but already of her rights as a republic.' Ireland, on the other hand, has forever been recalling the days of her freedom as a nation whilst actually suffering the miseries of foreign domination because, unlike the American colonies, she has nothing but the strength of her moral claims in her fight against England. Let me mention here that if Ireland has her recalcitrant corner in Ulster so had the colonies their Ulster, only in proportion, much larger than the arrogant minority that impose their selfish will, with the backing of England, upon the rest of Ireland. Moreover every new country carved out by the Peace Conference has its Ulster, but the majority rules where there were in Ireland where the minority is the potted child."

England has no claim over Ireland except the tyrant's, for the latter is separate and distinct, geographically and racially, and had, moreover, governed itself for more than a thousand years prior to the English invasion. Moreover England's treatment of Ireland was and is notorious; to call it bastard statesmanship would be to make it legitimate in comparison with what it has been and is. English rule in Ireland has been, to quote G. K. Chesterton, "a flaming sword of religious and racial insanity." (p. 255). The American colonies had been settled by England and she had, therefore, the right to legislate for them. To quote G. K. Chesterton again:

"It was certainly not self-evident in the sense of law and precedent, that the Imperial Government could not lay taxes on such colonies. Nor were the taxes themselves of that practically oppressive sort which rightly raises everywhere the common casuistry of revolution (p. 233)."

Ireland, then, has a clear case for separation. Yet England, with a perverse wrong-headedness that is provoking, is willing to acknowledge that she was selfish and material in her attitude towards the American colonies though de facto, she treated them infinitely better than she has treated Ireland. On the contrary but hint that England has

misruled Ireland and she will prove to you with a feeling of injured innocence that it is she that has been mistreated by the ungrateful Irish.

Now, if Ireland's claims are vastly superior to those of the American colonies, the claims of the seceding States cannot even be compared with Ireland's cogent reasons. This as we have already seen, Cecil Chesterton freely acknowledges. The editorial writer in the Tribune, therefore, followed the wrong track in sending "the three tailors of Tooley Street" to "Richmond, Charleston and Vicksburg." But does not this clever writer, with a penchant for perilous historical parallels, venture on very thin ice when, by implication, he insinuates that England did not interfere in our domestic question in '61?

At the very outbreak of the Civil War England recognized a state of war to be existing between the North and South by her "proclamation of neutrality." The United States, naturally, resented this, for in her eyes it was not a rebellion, it was a secession. England, however, does not do this clever writer, with a penchant for perilous historical parallels, venture on very thin ice when, by implication, he insinuates that England did not interfere in our domestic question in '61?

principle was at stake as in the case of Belgium. As regards Ireland, is there not a deadly parallel between Britishry and Bocheery? Can England, the pharisee of the nations, escape the charge of moral obliquity? Is she not striving to make of the Peace Conference, which she dominates and of which she is the chief beneficiary, a classic example for all time of dreary cant and snuffing hypocrisy?

Still, with the aid of innumerable mental compasses, we may envisage, though imperfectly, England's attitude towards Ireland: Pride, and arrogance, and selfishness, unwilling to own to a tissue of double dealing, of junker dragging, and of blind stupid, bungling, beetle-headedness, unique in the history of the world. But when American newspapers, are willing to forget the throes of our own birth as a free nation; when Americans can be corrupted by the Carnegie Foundation and Northcliffe's millions; when they pander to English favor and hate like carrion-kites, on England's moral corruption in Ireland, it was high time they were reminded that James Russell Lowell protested in his day, and that protest holds good still, against a conviction "That whatever good there is in us is wholly English," when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON "RELIGION NOW"

In the current number of the Atlantic Monthly A. Clutton-Brook, an Englishman, according to the introduction given him by the periodical which publishes his article. Hence we may from the beginning be justified in discounting some of his views.

"The War," says he, "has increased our desire for belief, not only in the weak, who seek consolation at all costs, but also in the strong, who see that science has not made us wise about the nature of the universe or our own nature. We know in our hearts that not only the Germans, but all of us, have been fools: we have believed something sillier than the silliest version of Christianity, namely, that mankind was advancing towards perfection by some mechanical process called evolution. This process we thought of as imposed on us by the nature of things; all we had to do was not to impede it by faith in anything else." He then goes on to scout the current notion of the "survival of the fittest"; for in the War "those whom we loved best have died for us, and we do not believe that they died because they were less fit to live." If the War has really given the death blow to the silly notion of mechanical evolution of the universe, that fact is, one of the blessed by-products of that monstrous evil.

From this calamitous obsession, then, the English mind is to turn to belief. But to belief in what? The ablest and most religious men in England, our writer says, are convinced that truth is in Christianity, but at present it lies hidden there. In other words, none of the many varieties of Christianity satisfies the mind of these most able and religious men. True Christianity must yet be discovered.

Being particularly interested in the writer's observations on Catholicism, we shall confine our observation to that part of his article which contains his criticism of the Catholic religion. "There is to begin with," he says, "the Roman Catholic Church. Its defect is that it belies its name and is no longer Catholic. Among the educated, only certain peculiarly minded people find themselves able to belong to it. It remains Catholic for the uneducated; and that is why we are drawn toward it. For the Catholic element, the Catholic desire in it, is of the greatest value; and we know that there is truth in it."

Now if we were to take this statement of Mr. Clutton-Brook for granted, viz., that simple, unphilosophical souls find their perfect peace in the Catholic Church, would this not argue that she is similar to the church of apostolic days which drew the simple and uneducated as a whole, rather than the learned? Witness St. Paul I Cor. 1, 23: "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews indeed a stumbling block, and



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unto the Gentiles foolishness. For see your vocation, brethren, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble: But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise." Or one greater than St. Paul: "At that time Jesus answered and said: I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones" (Matt. 11: 25).

The chief reason assigned by our writer why the educated do not find the Catholic Church sympathetic is the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. It is this "doctrine of authority" that deters them. "You must make a certain surrender," he continues, "not merely of yourself but of your highest values, if you are to enter into that Catholicity. Were the authority of the Catholic Church a human authority this objection would be justified. But if it is divine, an essential feature of the Church founded by Christ, there can be no surrender of highest values by man. Submitting to that authority means then only to accept God's values instead of one's own; it means divesting one's self of all its pride to let in the truth of God; it means to become one of those 'little ones' to whom the Father reveals the mysteries of heaven."

And, while it would lead us too far to state all the arguments on which the Church's divine authority is based, we will say just this to Mr. Clutton-Brook: "You maintain that the truth of God is hidden in Christianity, and that Christianity correctly understood is the revelation of God to be believed by all men. If this is so, is it not a postulate of reason that Christianity has been provided with a safe means for its correct understanding, with a provision equally adapted to the learned and the unlearned, viz., an infallible living authority to lead men into the hidden meanings of Christianity? That God should have given a revelation to the world which it has been impossible to understand these two thousand years, and with no prospect of ever arriving at a secure understanding of the same, seems an altogether preposterous assumption. And yet if you discard 'the doctrine of authority' you are inevitably driven to that assumption."

One or two more objections of this writer against the Catholic Church we shall take up in our next issue.—S. in The Guardian.

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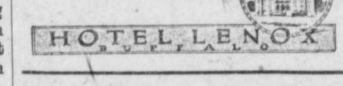
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