

your week's pay. I shall have it ready for you."

With an air of resignation Pat went into the church and worked hard, with but a few rests, for two hours. Promptly at 3 o'clock he sauntered down the steps and toward Father Baumgartner's tiny house, nestling in the shadow of the sanctuary. Pat's wages were low, very low. He gloried in the fact and would accept no increase, although he took gratefully—and regularly—such equivalents as hats, shoes, ties, and, best of all, tobacco. Neither was he averse to drawing his pay before it was due. But, even allowing for these helps, it is not easy to understand how any one could have lived upon so little. It would have been impossible had he not walked to and from the church in all weathers, and worn his clothes until they were in rags unless observed by Father Baumgartner noticed their condition and provided him with better.

Pat found the door of the pastor's office standing wide open, and having tapped perfunctorily, he entered the room with the air of being at home. The postman had been there but a few minutes earlier, and Father Baumgartner was reading a letter so intently that he did not raise his eyes when Pat squeaked across the floor, and with a sigh of content sank into the easy chair. The letter was long and Father Baumgartner did not hurry; on the contrary he reread more than one paragraph. When, at last, he reached the end and looked up, still holding it in a hand that trembled visibly, Pat saw, to his amazement, that the priest's keen gray eyes were full of tears.

"Well, well! Pat, here is a sad affair—but it's consoling, too," he added. "This letter comes from Father Henderson, a priest whom I have never seen, though I have often heard of him. He has a big, troublesome parish in New Mexico—away down in the southern part. He writes me that some ten or twelve days ago he was summoned to the bedside of a young man who had been mortally wounded the night before in a tavern brawl. A notorious character, evidently, but—well, it is the old story; he had been raised by good, pious parents, and, as far as he had strayed he had not forgotten, and would not die without making his peace with God. Father Henderson writes me all this because the man, before making his confession, told him that some years ago he broke into a church—our church, Pat—and stole the only thing he could lay hands upon before he heard me coming. This happened before your day here, Pat. It caused some excitement in the parish and a good deal of indignation. There were hundreds of Holy Communions made in reparation of the sacrilege.

"And now the poor fellow has gone to his accounting. He asked Father Henderson to write to me, explaining all, and to return my property. What your Irish faith is! I am forever marveling at it! This man, this criminal, through instinctive reverence, never parted with his plunder; could not, though he was often hungry and penniless, so he told Father Henderson. He always meant, some day, somehow to return it."

An auto whizzed by; its snorting alone broke the silence. Father Baumgartner laid aside the letter and took into his hand a small package which had come by registered mail. Slowly and deliberately as was his way, he cut the string, tore off the wrapping and opened the box. From its bed of cotton he tenderly drew a small gold something, and, looking at it as it lay in the palm of his hand, his eyes grew moist.

"How glad I am! how glad!" he murmured, softly. "Five years—how glad I am!" "Isn't it beautiful?" he asked, holding it so that Pat might see it. "It's a key for the tabernacle, a golden one, with a single diamond and two pearls. It was made of my dear mother's jewelry, and for years it opened the dear Master's prison, day after day. I—I felt terribly when it was stolen."

"During all this time he had not observed Pat; the letter and the precious key had filled his thoughts. Glancing at him now he was astonished to see that the ordinarily merry old face was white, and tragic with pain. Before he found a word to say, Pat threw himself heavily against the desk, and hiding his face in the sleeves of his old and shabby coat, sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my boy! My boy!" he wailed. "I knew—I knew he took it; but he was gone, I didn't know where! I did my best with him! I couldn't help it! That's why I came here to work. That's why I've worked for so little—and so hard. I've been trying all the time to make it right about the key."

Father Baumgartner put a kind hand on the old man's shoulder. "Why, Pat, Pat!" he said, tenderly, and added, trying to find comfort somewhere, "we must thank God that he was sorry, poor, poor fellow!" "My boy! My little boy!" the old father moaned. "We were so proud of him, his mother and I—and then he went wrong! He was so smart. I'm all alone now. But he died in the grace of God! Heaven be praised! For a moment there was silence. Then Father Baumgartner looked down kindly at him.

"It's all right, Pat, my boy; it's all right." Pat felt the sympathetic pressure of the priest's hand upon his shoulder, and his soul was soothed. "I wanted to make up about the key," he murmured, brokenly. "That's why I've worked hard."—Florence Gilmore, in Extension Magazine.

HOLY WEEK

APOSTASY

Lent has overshadowed us and Holy Week with all its tragedy is upon us. It is well for us to let the spirit of the season possess us. We need its lessons and the purifying influence of Gethsemane and Calvary, if we are to come to the Day of Resurrection with hearts made fit for new life.

How strangely are joy and sorrow mingled at the Last Supper? The Lord had long desired to have that solemn repast with His Apostles. He arranged it for the eve of His most tragic moment on earth—the night before He died. It was an occasion of ineffable promise. It was the fountain head of joys such as the world never knew before, and such as worldliness can never give now. Never was heaven brought so close to earth; never were its joys scattered so lavishly among men as when at the Last Supper, Jesus took bread in His hand and said: "This is My Body." And in like manner the Chalice: "This is My blood of the New Testament."

Who can recite the wonders wrought by Holy Communion in unnumbered souls in every age of this new dispensation? These joys have had a value infinitely above all earthly values. They have been priceless in that they have persisted when every comfort created by human artifice or suggested by human philosophy has been of no avail. In the darkest moment of despair, the man of faith has been sustained by a veritable participation in the joys of paradise. There is no fact in human history so stupendous as the fact of the spiritual joy in Holy Communion experienced by all the generations of Christ's disciples. The wonders of the Eucharist are hidden from the eyes of the cave dwellers who seek all their knowledge in the bowels of the earth. Its marvels are inexplicable on any theory short of the sublime truth that Christ's "flesh is meat indeed and His blood is drink indeed."

At the very moment when Christ was giving the newest and most precious testament in His Blood, Judas was planning to betray Him. Such perfidy was never matched by any other man's depravity, but its business has been often imitated and even approached by human ingrates. The crime of Judas was the first great apostasy. It has ever been held to be the type of every apostasy. There have been apologists even for Judas. But no apologist can change the deep conviction of the Christian people that the perfidy of Judas was an unpardonable offense. Every man of faith must shudder at the apparent meaning of the words of the inspired writer, which refer to Judas as having gone "to his own place."

Apology is too often made for modern apostates. In these days where heresy is, in many places, honored as much as, if not more than, the ancient gospel, it is easy to be an apostate and in a worldly sense may be even profitable. The normal laws of spiritual dynamics have been suspended in some places by the temporary ascendancy of heresy. Truth has in it the vital element which is necessarily triumphant. Truth is necessarily dynamic, carrying humanity with it in its final and eternal issue. The measure of any man's worth is the attitude he assumes towards truth. In so far as he is a carrier of truth, his worth is inestimable and everlasting. In so far as he betrays the truth, he is a menace to the race. In so far as he is consciously an apostate, he is the worst of sinners.

The crime of heresy must be identified with the apostasy of Judas. Its heinousness cannot be exaggerated. The apologist who suggests palliation for the sin of Judas or the sin of the heretic, by any theory of subjective justification, is making gratuitous hypotheses which are of no value. Without knowledge of facts which are to a large extent unattainable in this matter, unless volunteered, we can only make statements of general principles which will avail little. We have more right to think that no man who has once beheld the beauty of the Catholic faith can turn from it without sin than any man can claim for his assertion that the loss of faith may be due to no moral fault. Our assertion is not only based on such facts as we know, but on the confidence we have that God will guard the gift of faith in souls that have once been enriched by it.

It is undoubtedly true, that only by extraordinary grace can any sinner appreciate the horror of his own sins. Very few criminals have a sense of the baseness of their crimes. The very act of committing any of their offenses is presumptive proof of the original lack of appreciation of the abhorrent nature of such an act. Their defense in court and their sojourn in a penitentiary deaden their very capacity for being shocked by any spectacle of crime or the memory of it. The rarity of an abiding willingness to make adequate reparation is a final evidence of the radical defect in the will and conscience of the criminal and sinner. Promises are easily made but rarely kept.

The subjective justification of crime or sin is usually nothing else but the natural outgrowth of certain roots of sin which have been fostered by the sinner. Sin or crime does not spring full grown out of any man's heart. The process of development is usually a slow one, and every

stage of the process is ordinarily marked by excuses and self-justifications. Even if the final act seems to horrify for the moment, the revulsion of feeling is, for the most part, merely a natural reaction after sin. Self-justification has become a habit of mind that does not deserve the forbearance it excites. It is often a major part of the offense. Whether the offense is catalogued as a crime, or is accounted a sin, the psychological phenomena are the same. The mental blindness of criminal or sinner is one of the inevitable consequences and one of the unavoidable concomitants of wilful deviation from the law of God or the decrees of human authority.

Apostasy is an insidious growth. It matures in a proud or sensual heart through many an hour of temptation. Its final act is merely the culmination of a whole series of what are accounted to be petty yieldings. Appetite for sensual indulgences, if not passion for the grosser satisfactions of the flesh, frequently plays a big part in the destruction of faith. Ambition and greed are commonly to blame for the loss of it. But pride is the most dangerous well-spring of apostasy.

Over-emphasis of the importance of personal views of God, the Scriptures, Christ and His Church, has made the proud to esteem nothing so much as their own estimates of all things in heaven and on the earth and below the earth. Any man's opinion on any theological or philosophical question is a matter of small importance. The issue is a simple one and Christ raised it in the beginning. "Who do you say that I am?" Christ and His Church constitute one fact and it is the overshadowing fact of human history. The individual's estimate of that fact is the manifestation of his mental and moral worth, infinitely more than a valuation set by any competent authority upon the sublime reality of Incarnate Goodness. It is the height of madness for any man to esteem himself the gauge of that reality.

It is well for the race that it can see straight in spite of the individual defects in all who constitute the race. By the normal mind crime will be considered as crime; and when faith adds clarity to the vision, apostasy will be that sin against the Holy Ghost which "shall not be forgiven him neither in this world, nor in the world to come."

The apostasy of to-day will be adjudged guilty of the offense of Judas, and perfidions in proportion as he has been near his Master.—The Missionary.

GOOD FAITH

When we wish to convey the idea that we believe persons who differ from us are conscientious in their convictions, we say they are in good faith, no matter how erroneous we may regard their belief, and we dare not say otherwise both from expediency and charity. If we wish to get credit for sincerity ourselves, we must give the same credit to others; and surely it would be a grave violation of the law of love to accuse any one of pretence. There is, however, one class of Christians to whom it is difficult to extend the courtesy of regarding them as being good faith and that is the small number of Episcopalians in this country, and Anglicans in England who hold practices which are manifestly disowned by the great body of the Church to which they belong. Confession and the Mass are cases in point. Every one who is familiar with the history of the defection of the Church of England must know that the Anglicans discarded the use of confession as it is practised in the Catholic Church, and every one knows that in the language of the Tablet in a recent issue "that the great majority of Anglicans, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down, no more dream of going to confession than they do of a pilgrimage to Lourdes."

Whenever therefore, an isolated rector of the episcopal Church here and there, holds himself in readiness to play the part of confessor, we know that he has no authority from his church to do so; that the manner of hearing confessions formed no part of his theological training, and therefore we find it difficult to refrain from questioning either his good sense or his good faith. In our own experience we have known one episcopal clergyman with whom the introduction of confession into his church was so sudden, that we almost require an assurance of a special inspiration vouchsafed to him to make us believe he is sincere. We remember that he used his scorn for confession as an argument against the possible conversion to the Catholic faith of one of his members. "You do not mean to tell me," said he with rhetorical emphasis, "that you accept the whole Catholic position; you do not mean to tell me that you accept confession," and yet that same clergyman now has confession among the many innovations which are causing consternation among the solid and sober-minded persons of his congregation.

But perhaps it is in connection with "The Mass," that our credulity about good faith is put to the most severe test. After the Reformation in England the Mass which is the dearest function to Catholics is referred to as damnable idolatry, a blasphemous deceit, a diabolical profanation of the Lord's Supper, etc., and those who used such language, calmly maintained, "we use no evil policy, but with open mouth at all times and in all places we cry out upon it." With these views before

them and with the great historical facts that Elizabeth abolished the Catholic Episcopate, disowned Massing priests, pulled down the altars, made it treason to say Mass and flogged to hear it, it is surely asking a great deal to expect us to give credit for good faith to the clergymen who have introduced the Mass into one form of the Protestant worship of the twentieth century. And this is the view which the dignified Tablet of London feels constrained to take. We may make all sorts of allowances for the holding of certain theories about the Church, but when it comes to a question of fact which any one may verify, we cannot be charged with a lack of charity when we refuse to allow the excuse of good faith where there is so much proof of pretence and affection.—The Guardian.

MEXICAN CATHEDRALS

The Bulletin of the Pan American Union presents to readers with a series of pictures of the marvelous Mexican cathedrals that far surpass in originality similar architectural achievements in the United States. The review rightly says:

"Marvelous as was the progress of Spanish armies under Cortez in the conquest of the Aztec Kingdom of Mexico, it was less marvelous than the more peaceful conquest by those intrepid soldiers of Christ who carried His cross far beyond the Aztec Kingdom and far beyond the furthest reach of Spanish military power. The missioner who was of all conquerors of Mexico as he was of all Spanish America, but in Mexico his work bore earlier and fuller fruition than elsewhere on terra firma. Next to the saving of souls, and an integral part of the plan for accomplishing this object, the Spanish padre's first thought was given to constructing a beautiful and commodious House of God. A monument to the Faith as well as a place of worship was always on his mind. . . . Of many if not of most of the early Mexican churches the priest was the architect and always the Indian was the artisan."

The writer remarks that the thought of building to the honor of God a house of worship that should, as far as possible, be worthy of Him was easily assimilated by the Mexican Indian. His own religion had been monumental, and he took kindly to the Christian idea. The Church in conformity with the practice of Christ simply purified an aspiration already existing in the Indian's soul and directed it to high purposes. In Mexico, as everywhere else, the Catholic Church has shown itself to be the greatest of all civilizing powers, to which even they who malign it owe whatever is truest and noblest in their character—America.

"CONVERTED" CATHOLICS DO NOT MAKE GOOD PROTESTANTS

Bishop Anderson (P. E.) of Chicago, has published an article in his diocesan magazine on the subject of the "Panama Congress" which certainly deserves a wide circulation. He says: "If we can help South America, in the name of God, let us do it. Let us be sure, however, that we help and not hinder. Protestant propagandism in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, Quebec and elsewhere—they are all pre-eminently respectable and pre-eminently successful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together. Perhaps we can help them by administering to our own people in their midst, and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Panama congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics? If not, the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

WHERE THE IGNORANT AND LUKEWARM ARE FOUND

The same reason which makes it necessary for the doctor to read medical journals, for the judge and lawyer to read law books, for the farmer to read agricultural papers—the same reason forces the Catholic to read religious publications, if he wishes to remain intelligent and practical, if he wishes to retain a lively faith and Catholic sentiments. How sadly would a professional man be behind the times in a short while if he neglected professional information! Similarly a Catholic will get out of touch with his Church, her needs, her trials, her progress. His faith, his piety, his zeal will soon grow consumptive and perish. Every parish priest can assure us from his lifelong experience that his practical, fervent, active and intelligent parishioners come from homes where Catholic literature exercises its salutary influence, while the ignorant, the lukewarm, the cold members of the Church are particularly those who are entirely indifferent to the Catholic press, who neither patronize nor read what is written and published for their defense, instruction and personal benefit.—Rev. Joseph Riesterer in the Catholic Tribune.

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