

only to find even the last Mass almost over. He returned home disconsolate. All week he was depressed and sad over this accident, and his mother assured him she would never disapprove him again. It was then that Percy asked her to go with him on Sundays, and to please him, she consented, and later accompanied him to Mass. One grace led to another, and before the end of the year he was baptized and made his profession of faith.

Percy's whole heart was now set on the conversion of his father. But this seemed an impossibility. Mr. Brown had not interfered nor made objections when the rest of his family followed Percy, but no example nor precept seemed to affect him. He was a good man, as far as honesty and morals go, but he had no use for special piety or religion. Percy grew more fervent, more prayerful. We know not the thoughts that filled his innocent heart, but we know that his health began to decline. He was not nineteen, yet it was evident he had not long to live. Work was perforce given up and the lad remained at home. Patient, gentle and uncomplaining, he prayed and read and became the object of the tenderest love and care.

One day he came on his father sitting on the back porch with his own little Catechism in his hands. The boy said nothing, but his heart gave a great bound of joy.

"Bring him to the faith, Lord, and take my poor life," he murmured.

It was not long before the propitious moment came. The father knew what was passing in the boy's mind and had set to work to learn something of the religion which surrounded him with such peace and content. He felt that his cherished son was praying for him—nay, might be offering up his pure life for him. He resisted grace no longer. He spoke to the priest, was instructed and baptized and became a member of the Holy Catholic Church.

Percy's soul was filled to the brim with holy joy. He lay on his couch, white and wan, but overflowing with happiness. He felt he was dying, but oh! it was easy now to die, when those he loved—mother, father, two brothers—were bound close to him by a common faith and would be with him in the spirit world by the controlling doctrine of the Communion of Saints. And one day when they gathered round his bed and watched the death lamp gutter on his forehead he smiled an angel's smile on their bleeding hearts and fled away to receive the crown of an apostle.

Oh! can we doubt that his spirit still hovers over them and helps them to bear life's trials and its pains! "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their work will live after them."—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in *The Helper*.

THAT PINCH OF SNUFF

A very old and familiar story of Pius IX., says the Tablet, has been blunderingly figuring in the Times, and as if it were a novelty. The Pontiff, as the story goes, ran, proffered his snuff-box to Antonelli, who said, of course with a smile and a gesture, that he had not the bad habit. To which said the Pope, of course again a smile, retorted that if snuff-taking were indeed a bad habit, Antonelli would have it. Someone, in a book of memories, now tells the story, omitting the smiles, and putting a cigarette in place of the snuff-box. And the Times quotes it as a good thing. Then someone else writes with a slight variant, which does not abolish the attraction of a supposed rather brutal rudeness between Pope and Cardinal. An Anglican clergyman of renown, Dr. Lacey, then takes up the cudgels for the Pope on a mere matter of phrasing rather than on the basis of the obvious playfulness of his innocent fencing. Dr. Lacey writes: "The word *vizio* means not only 'vice,' but also any mastering habit, and may be used without any imputation of blame. As I heard the story many years ago, the Pope offered his snuff-box—not a cigarette—with the usual gesture, and the Cardinal replied, courteously enough, 'Non ho lo *vizio*.' The Pope's reply, 'Se era *vizio* l'avrebbe,' was biting enough, in view of Antonelli's known character"—a gloss we might have spared. It is a comparatively small matter, but readers will note that both the Pope and the Cardinal are saddled with bad Italian by Dr. Lacey. According to him, Cardinal Antonelli declined the Pope's proffered snuff-box with the phrase, "Non ho lo *vizio*," instead of the correct Italian "il *vizio*." And Pius Nono, equally at fault with his mother tongue, is made to say "Se era *vizio*, l'avrebbe," instead of the indispensable subjunctive "se fosse *vizio*." Bad Italian is, of course, a commonplace in English books and papers. But when an interpreter comes forward with a stab at a dead Cardinal never intended by the speaker we have a right to inquire into his qualifications as a linguist. It remained for a far more rational correspondent to ask whether the Pope and the Cardinal ever had the little colloquy which has been attributed to them in print for the last fifty years. Eight years before Pius IX. ascended the Papal Chair Macready had produced Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," in which the

exact counterpart of the conversation passes between the two imaginary characters. Melnotte and Beaumont.—Southern Cross.

CREMATION

The Universe, London, Eng.

A recent article in the leading columns of the Times put forward a plea for Cremation—a form of sepulture strictly forbidden to Catholics. With a looseness of expression usual with our daily press, the writer avers that "the Churches" see no objection to the practice of cremating the bodies of Christians, in lieu of consigning "earth to earth." Possibly, in writing "the Churches," he had in view only than confused medley of non-Catholic denominations bred by the Reformation, and simply ignored the Church, by far, largest "Church" in the world, composed of some three hundred million Catholics, thus playing Hamlet without the "King of Denmark."

Otherwise one would have to suppose him ill-informed upon his subject, and ignorant of the fact that the Catholic Church, at least, objects so strongly to Cremation, that she forbids it to her children, and visits with the highest spiritual penalty—excommunication—anyone who has part or lot in effecting the same. Where, however, the deceased has neither authorized nor left directions for cremation, a Catholic priest may read the Burial Service in the house, or, at a pinch, even in church, provided that—to save scandal—it is made known publicly that the deceased was in no way responsible for that form of burial. But to the crematorium the priest may not proceed.

A PAGAN CUSTOM

The pagans—Roman, Egyptian, and others—cremated their dead. The Jews never did, nor do they now, if faithful to their creed. There can be no doubt that the modern revival of cremation took its rise in Italy, in the seventies of the last century, promoted by atheistic, or agnostic, sects and secret societies, which denied not merely the Resurrection of the body, but the Immortality of the soul as well. In their gloomy philosophy the little urn of ashes was all that remained of a man on his demise.

Two handfuls of white dust
Shut in an urn of brass.

Cremation is not of its own nature sinful, but only becomes so for the Catholic because gravely forbidden by Holy Church, armed with the authority over conscience bequeathed to her by her Divine Founder. Hence, in times of widespread pestilence, or great slaughter in battle, she has tolerated the usage under pressure of public necessity. But there are valid reasons discrediting a practice which our journalist holds quite unobjectionable, as being neither "materialistic nor anti-Christian." In fact, he would think it quite "reverent" to scatter the residuum of cremation over "a potato field."

TODAY'S NEO-PAGANISM

This is going one worse than ancient Pagans went, and would shock a Japanese non-Christian beyond measure. It is one further symptom of how all Christian ideals, and the supernatural generally, are being replaced by neo-paganism around us, in the this once wholly Catholic land. The sentence of God upon fallen Man was: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wert taken: For dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." Christ Himself, our Model, was laid in the tomb in the condition in which death had left His Sacred Body, and the Christian's body is hallowed through being the immediate recipient of Sacramental rites and sacred unctions. Nay, in Holy Communion, his very body becomes a living tabernacle of his God and Saviour. Such reasons, taken cumulatively, more than justify the Church's reverence for the bodies of her children and her prohibition of their violent destruction, as the normal form of burial.

SANITARY PREOCCUPATIONS

The reasons alleged for cremation are singularly unconvincing. They are mostly of the sanitary order—for we dismiss the anti-Christian ones. Yet other impurities may infect water besides human dead bodies. That is a matter for county councils or corporations to see to. The power of buried bodies to infect the air we breathe has been grossly exaggerated—if we may believe that noted bacteriologist, Montegazza, quoted in the Catholic Encyclopedia. He tells us that where the supply of oxygen is small, as in a grave, some 6 feet below the surface, decomposition takes place without any malarious emanations; the body soon becomes mummified and turns to dust. Other details he gives us, which we spare our readers for their gruesomeness. In any case, our new-found worship of the goddess Hygeia must not decoy Catholics from obedience to their Christ-given spiritual guide, the Holy See, nor induce them to select a *Times* journal as their guide in Christian ethics.

The said journalist blames a recent writer on the subject for his flippancy, holding it inconsiderate towards the feeling of those who abhor cremation.

He therefore recognizes the existence of this deeply-rooted feeling.

Why did he not stop to explore its source? Surely its strength and wide prevalence points to a natural instinct implanted in man by his Creator which protests against such treatment of his own flesh and blood. In this matter, as in others, the ideals proposed by the Catholic Church do not supersede, nor destroy, nature, but supernaturalize it and raise it to a higher spiritual plane.

THE "NEW NORTH"

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

To men who spend their vacation fishing, hunting or canoeing, Canada is first among the countries of the world for the opportunities it affords for indulgence in either of these inviting, invigorating and exciting pastimes.

But there is one part of the Dominion which is particularly inviting to the sporting fisherman, the big game hunter or the canoeist. It is what is aptly termed Canada's "New North," reached via Cochrane, and comprehends that vast stretch of virgin country contiguous to the Canadian National Railways, Transcontinental Division extending across the upper part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec for a distance of over a thousand miles, with Hudson Bay as its northern limit. To quote a traveler who knows it well: "It is a virgin country just as God made it."

To the sportsman this northern country is a veritable paradise. Within its vast forests there roam at will nearly all species of big game common to the North American continent. Of the big and burly moose it is the home. Red deer have a wide range and in some sections are numerous, while caribou are to be had by the hunter who seeks them in their feeding grounds. In several districts bear are to be found, while the smaller fur-bearing animals are common to a wide range of territory.

Disciples of Iszaak Walton will find in the numerous rivers and lakes all that the most ardent of them desire, both in regard to extent and variety of fish which abound in their waters. Lake, or grey trout, ranging in weight from six to twenty pounds, are common to several of the lakes. Waters in which speckled trout abound are easily accessible, although, naturally, the more remote the districts the better the sport. In some of the rivers and streams are to be caught speckled brook trout (known also as the square-tail trout) weighing from five to seven pounds. Good bass fishing is to be had in certain parts, and particularly in northwestern Quebec. One species of fish which is common to some of the older parts of Canada not found in this far-northern country is the maskinonge. But in some of the waters flowing into James Bay are to be caught the lordly sturgeon, sportsmen having landed fish of this species ranging in weight all the way from twenty to two hundred pounds. In the waters contiguous to Hudson Bay excellent salmon fishing is occasionally experienced. Pike and pickerel are common to the waters of this northern wild.

To the canoeist who seeks adventure in territory beyond the fringe of civilization the waters of the northern parts of Quebec and Ontario afford ideal facilities. Rivers, many of them mighty streams which for generations have served as highways to adventurers, fur-traders and trappers bound to and from Hudson Bay, are almost beyond compute in number, the country being grid-ironed by them. Wonderfully interesting canoe trips, either extended or limited, are available. Take for example the six routes to Moose Factory all of which find their way into Moose River about 80 miles south of Moose Factory on James Bay.

Until within recent years this great new north was inaccessible to those who had but a few weeks' vacation at their disposal. It could not even be reached during an ordinary vacation term, as the lines of the Canadian National Railways, the sporting fisherman, the hunter, the canoeist and holiday seekers in general can, occupying en route modern appointed steel-constructed trains, reach points in the course of a twenty-four-hour journey from such centres as Toronto and Montreal and from New York, Chicago and Boston in approximately thirty-six hours.

And there is an interesting little booklet entitled "Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North," obtainable from any office of the Canadian National Railways, which enables the holiday seeker to select his camping ground in this primeval paradise.

A number of sectional maps covering the sporting territory from west of Lake Nipigon to Western Quebec, in which are shown canoe routes and trails, will prove invaluable to the sportsman regarding guides, outfit and other necessary details.

PROSPECTIVE TOPCLIFFES IN AMERICA

It has been stated by a Prohibition Enforcement Agent that a minister of religion has been detected ordering a very large amount of wine for sacramental purposes in a very small parish. This is used as a peg for a general charge that priests are conducting an illegal traffic in

liquor, and a correspondent of America is moved to warn the public of the "fanatical possibilities in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, which are not imaginary, but decidedly real and imminent." He admits that the amendment gave Congress no power over sacramental wine, but points out that while alcoholic liquor intended for medicinal purposes was equally protected, Congress exceeded its powers and did so interfere. What, then, is to prevent Congress from prohibiting the manufacture of wines intended for religious purposes, thus making the sacrifice of the Mass illegal? The question has been asked several times since the advent of Prohibition and answered by an assurance that Congress has common sense. That may be, but it does not remove the fear that at some time in the future, say during a very possible "No Popery" campaign, anti-Catholic bigots will use this weapon to destroy the legality of Catholicism. The danger is there. Nothing can be done to avert it while Prohibition exists.—The Universe.

COMMON-SENSE CONTROVERSY

ADMIRABLE ANSWERS

Father Bridgett, the English Redemptorist, known to many by his historical and controversial works as the *Ave Maria*, has written, how, when he was still a Protestant and a student at Cambridge University, he went one day with a friend to see the Catholic church, then a poor little building almost hidden away in a narrow side street. The church was closed, but the sacristan who lived close by, an old Irishman, brought the keys and showed it to the visitors. As they left the place, Father Bridgett's friend and fellow-student said to their guide:

"Now, Pat, do you really imagine that you have all the truth hidden away in this little church of yours, and that all the famous and learned men of the University know nothing about it?"—"Well, sir," said the Irishman, "if they know about it, isn't it a queer thing that they can't agree about what it is?" Father Bridgett used to say that this reply set him thinking, and the thinking was his first step towards the Church.

Many stories are told of apt replies to objections against Catholic faith and practice turn upon such sallies of Irish wit; often too, in the case of uneducated men whose faith is clear and strong, and who seem instinctively to hit upon the adversary's weak point without allowing themselves to be involved in prolonged discussion. Such is the story of an English tourist who tried to score a point of argument against a tenant farmer in the west of Ireland. The farmer was ploughing and the tourist had asked him the way. Then he remarked "that the plough was a first-class modern implement, with a steel share and metal frame and he took this for an illustration of his argument."

"That's a fine plough you have, he said. 'It cuts a deep, clean furrow; but I dare say your grandfather or even your father, had nothing better than a clumsy wooden plough that meant three times the work and only scratched the ground.'"

"I'm enough, your honor. Surely there's wonderful improvements in everything."—"Just so," said the Englishman. "The world moves on. What was good enough a hundred years ago is out of date now. That's why it puzzles me to see so many in Ireland keeping to old-fashioned ways in their religion. I was all very well in the Middle Ages—hundreds of years ago—but the world moves on and we find out better ways."

"Better ways," said the farmer—"ploughs and railroads and steamships and lots of other things. Men make. Look at the trees and the sky and the rivers and the sea and the cliffs by the shore! They are just what they were ages and ages ago. For God made them, and they don't change; and 'twas God made the Catholic Church." Another argument was summed up in a gem of wit when a clergyman of the "Irish Missions to Catholics" told a peasant by the roadside that he could not see why one should honor "the Virgin Mary" any more than any other good women. "I can't see," he said, "why I should make more of her than of my own mother, for instance." "Sure," said the countryman, "you need not talk about the mothers that way; for there's a mighty big difference between the sons."

AN APT COMPARISON

A Protestant was talking with a Catholic friend on the question of "no salvation outside the Church."

"You are anxious," said the Protestant, that I should become a Catholic, but you grant that people are saved who have not actually entered the Church. Why not leave me where I am?"

"Just suppose," said the Catholic, that I was in mid-Atlantic on a Cunard liner, and I saw you trying to make your way across in an open boat under sail. I think I would try to get you to come on board the big ship. Yet I know that men have crossed the Atlantic in tiny sailing boats. I could not say for certain that you would not get across, but I would say that you



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were taking serious risks and that on board the Cunard you would be safe, and certain to get through. So I say now get out of that leaky tub of yours and come on board Peter's Bark."

Newman, lecturing during the outbreak of anti-Catholic bigotry that followed the restoration of the hierarchy in England, put the whole question of the relative honor paid to sacred images into a telling popular argument when he remarked that his hearers had lately been reading in the newspapers that a Protestant mob had shown its feelings towards the Pope by "burning him in effigy." "They don't believe," he said, "in honoring an image of the Mother of God, but they seem to believe very strongly that they can in some way dishonor His Vicar by dishonoring and destroying a thing they call his effigy."

I have heard the doctrine of Papal infallibility put in a nutshell by a happy phrase. "Do you mean," asked the Protestant, "that your Pope is taught all wisdom by God, that he is like an inspired prophet, and when he tells you anything it is a case of 'Thus saith the Lord'?"—"No," answered the Catholic, "infallibility is not inspiration. But Christ our Lord—as you can read in your own version of the Bible—commissioned St. Peter and his successors to feed His sheep, and He takes good care that they don't poison them."—Southern Cross.

ARCHBISHOP USES HYDRO-GLIDER IN BLESSING THE SEA

Paris, France.—The Archbishop of Aix-en-Provence this year performed the traditional ceremony of the blessing of the sea in the most modern of sea-going craft. It is a century-old custom in Provence to implore the protection of God against the cruelty of the waters of the Mediterranean, and each year the primate of Provence gives his blessing to the sea from a boat in mid-ocean.

This year M. Samat, a newspaper man from Marseilles, who was an aviator during the War, was trying out along the coast a "hydro-glider," a small craft which is propelled by means of an ordinary airplane engine. He invited Mgr. Riviere, Archbishop of Aix and primate of Provence, to accompany him in his frail craft. Mgr. Riviere went on board with his vestments and archiepiscopal crozier and blessed the sea from the rocks of Marseilles to the Beach of the "Saintes Maries" where, according to tradition, Saint Mary Magdalen, Saint Martha and Saint Lazarus landed when they came to Gaul after the Ascension of Christ.

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