

Are Women Degenerating?

Is the modern woman degenerating? For our Catholic women let the thronged confessionals and crowded altar rails answer on every Sunday and holiday and feasts of devotion throughout the year. Sodalties, confraternities increase constantly in membership. Religious vocations to the multiplied sisterhoods are not lacking. The Sisterhoods never weary in their offices of mercy, visiting the sick, aiding and supporting charities in that virtue's many forms. Our crowded parochial schools have for their teachers these devoted, self sacrificing women. No hope of an earthly reward actuates them, they look to the Great Beyond. Who will estimate the numbers of devoted mothers rearing their children in the love and fear of God. Blessed women, the aid and the mainstay of the future, who in their humble homes are bringing up the future citizen in virtue's way. Are our Catholic maidens less reserved, less religious, less gifted in all truly feminine accomplishments that mark culture, refinement and innate modest instincts, than their grandmothers, whom we delight to picture as such charming exemplars? We trow not. There are exceptions to this gracious picture, but the exceptions, few and far between, heighten the beauty of the colors in the true portraiture. Sad and sorrowful that the exception should be found in the ranks of those who have the peerless Virgin for their example and their guide. Not to them wholly the blame, but to the untoward surroundings that blur the mirror of woman's worth. No; woman is not degenerating; were this to be admitted all hope for society's future might well be abandoned. Rob woman of her exalted position that comes through her Christian education, and we must confess that Christianity is a failure. Then comes paganism with woman crowned as the daughter of unchaste love. It would be degenerate to entertain even the thought.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Wisdom is compared to the tree of life; it grows in the soil of a renewed heart, and yields the fruit of peace and joy.

It is a solemn duty developing on all to make the utmost possible out of themselves. Men seek the highest development of their flocks and herds and grain and flowers. The result is the improved flora and fauna of these days over those of prior ones. But should this evolution cease with the lower order? Should the body of creation improve and not the head, which is man?

In view of the brutal treatment of the Sisters of the French government it is of interest to know what the Sisters have been doing. According to an authoritative statement they cared for 260,000 sick, infirm, aged, orphans, homeless, deaf and dumb children and Magdalen, besides teaching 150,000 school children.—Freeman's Journal.

A young lady of a well-to-do family was stricken with a cancer of the face. Her parents secured a Sister to help them in caring for the poor, unfortunate girl. It would be impossible to give an idea of the solicitude with which the devoted religious nursed her patient, but in spite of all care the malady kept growing, and it soon spread over the whole face. After months of suffering, the agony of death mercifully set in, a terrible agony, if ever there was one. The entire family was present, bending over the bed of the dying martyr. She was fully conscious and felt death coming slowly but surely. A crisis more violent than any preceding one was followed by a few moments of relative calm—the calm that usually heralds death. Slowly she raised her sunken, glassy eyes to the assistants, her lips quivered an instant and then with a supreme effort she asked to be kissed once more before leaving this earth. Her relations looked at one another in bewilderment; none dared approach, not one had the courage to grant the dying request. Then the Sister unaffectedly bent over and devoutly pressed her lips on the cankered, foul-smelling face. She, a stranger, gave the longed-for parting kiss. The sufferer breathed her last a few minutes later, her disfigured features transformed by the light of a heavenly joy.—Denver Catholic.