

the Catholic college is a "safe place" for the boy, for the building up and strengthening of moral character is an aim of Catholic education.

THE FOLLY OF THE EUGENISTS

It is a great danger to the State when sin becomes sanitary; it is of still greater danger when it attempts to become scientific. The latest enormity is reached, as under Paganism it was reached, when sin becomes scientific. It is of the very essence of Paganism before the Fall that the practices which have everywhere wrought more national havoc than a Thirty Years' War were forced upon the nation not merely as a sanitary bylaw or a scientific conclusion but as a religious cult.

Books, like the "Task of Social Hygiene," by Havelock Ellis, suggest in polysyllables that these nation-wrecking enormities have in them "the glorious freedom of a new religion." But for the moment the remnant of religion still left in the world is too alert to allow its sacred name to be set up as a sign over the shams that are being hawked in the world's streets. It is in the name of science and of sanitation that the devil is at present offering his wares. Here let me digress wisely on the devil.

A great number of us have personal reasons for believing in a personal devil. In other words, we look on it as certain that there is somewhere in the midst of things a person of great intelligence, but with a bad conscience; there are many others who look upon the devil as a useful personification; others, to whom he is a harmless metaphor. Let what I shall say of him be received by each class of thinker according to his thought.

To return to Satan. He plays two chief roles. He is a roaring lion. This is his most popular and least successful role. Any person of medium intelligence can avoid him when he hears him roar. His most successful role is that of a mild-eyed statesman and philanthropist. Milton's most astounding stroke of genius was to strip Satan of his anthropoid make up and his roaring; and to make him a politician with a hunger for the social well-being of the other poor devils. It is whilst playing this complex and highly intelligent role of philanthropist or politician and scientific thinker that he succeeds in his chief victory not over the wicked, for these he has always with him, but over the good, for these can be captured only by a show of good.

It is no reflection on the good intentions of the good name, or even the good family of such as Mr. Ellis to suggest that they are doing the devil's own work in a most effective way. So earnestly does Satan desire the cooperation of the good, that whoever would find him in the world of to-day at his hottest, must not seek him in a harem of the damned but in some socially minded subcommittee of the self-elect.

If I, in my own insignificant name, accused such books as the "Task of Social Hygiene" of being the devil's hand-books I should be even as the thing accused. But it is in the name of the Denalog—about which Mr. Bernard Shaw has some pretty denunciatory fireworks—that I venture to tell the truth.

There are no end of truths in these books; just as there is no end of good drink in the poisoned posset. But a lie is all the more damnable when recommended by truth, and immorality all the more devastating when coated with ethics; as a scoundrel is all the more dangerous when bearing the testimonials of a gentleman.

Now what have we to say about this muck-besp and the man with the muck rake? Much every way? No, very little any way; for the sufficient reason that while a Catholic paper must at times be as coarse as a major prophet, it can not be obscene. The list of ingredients in this muck rake will be almost enough—and more than enough—for the reputation of a paper of the decent minded.

Neo-Malthusianism. The advocacy of this makes Bradlaugh quite mid-Victorian.

But when it became generally realized that it was possible to limit offspring without interfering with conjugal life a step of immense importance was achieved. (The "Task of Social Hygiene," p. 16.) Nystrom believes that the time is coming when it will be considered the duty of the municipal authorities if they have found by experience or have reason to suspect that children will be thrown upon the parish, to instruct the parents in methods of preventive conception (p. 26.)

A charming function for Messieurs les Medecins and for Guardians of the Poor!

Motherhood without marriage—and divorce by mutual consent. "Why should there not be, as of old there was, a relationship which, while of less dignity than marriage and less exclusive in its demands, should yet permit a woman to enter into an honorable, open and legally recognised relationship with a man. Its establishment in Sweden has apparently been satisfactory."

Now isn't that the devil? And, dear reader, are you not satisfied with Mesopotamia—I mean Sweden?

Race Suicide. I mean as a national, more than a personal, activity. The "Task of Social Hygiene" is entirely satisfied with this yearly slaughter of innocents, especially in France. It might be interesting to publish, as an appendix to the second

edition, the findings of the French Parliamentary Commission of Enquiry into this falling birth rate. Apparently France is not so enthusiastic as Mr. Ellis.

Eugenics! Eugenics certificates—God's mercy on us!—are to be issued. Now, do for heaven's sake read this:

Eugenics certificates would be issued by a suitably constituted authority to those candidates who chose to apply for them and were able to pass the necessary tests. Such certificates would imply an inquiry and examination into the ancestry of the candidate as well as into his own constitution, health, intelligence, and character.

Its chief distinction would be that its possession would be a kind of patent of natural nobility (pp. 202-203). Is not that a "gem" too beautiful "to blanch unsexen?" Dear reader, which of these flawless pearls of humor do you fancy? What about "the suitably constituted authority?"

There are several other enormities all rung with the solemnity of a major devil. Almost the greatest crime of the book is to quote—Shakespeare! From what we know of that excellent gentleman, and of his attachment to the Ten Commandments, these social-hygiene folk would have met short shrift from the rapier of his pen.

The whole ethos of the book and others of the sort is summed up in one sentence, as all the scent of the rose is in one petal. "The superficial sympathetic man flings a coin to a beggar; the more deeply sympathetic man builds an almshouse for him; but, perhaps, the most radically sympathetic of all is the man who arranges that the beggar shall not be borne." It seems almost a pity that these arrangements were lacking in the case of the writer of this book.

Many a bad book has its good points. The immoralities which this book advocates are recommended to us by the sacred names of Science and Progress. I own that I have been too often in market-places not to be uneasy at hearing them. But it is satisfactory to know that these modern and progressive views are recommended to us, in moments of truth-telling because they are pagan! Mr. Ellis also makes a telling point out of some sexual customs of the Papuans. Does Mr. Ellis not feel that he is on very unscientific ground when he calls these views modern and progressive, yet finds support from Paganism and the Papuans. He would be on a firm footing, historically speaking, if he described them as to be as old as sin, and as intellectual as the devil.—Vincent McNabb, O. P., in America.

THE RISKS SHE TAKES

In a mixed marriage the Catholic party takes all the risks. This will appear to be about the exact truth. The attitude of the Catholic party is usually at variance with the non-Catholic. Probably, if the non-Catholic has given any thought to the matter, at best the marriage appears to him in the light of a pledge. He promises to be the husband. I say husband, because in the majority of cases the non-Catholic is usually the man. If the union proves irksome to him, he has the courts to snap the tie which binds him to his wife. He assumes his obligations in the light of his own conscience, perhaps, but more frequently in the accepted way of society.

Now mind, this man may be entirely admirable; that is not the question. What we want to know is: "What is his definite attitude on the subject of matrimony, and what guarantee is there that he will not change, though maybe now conformable to Catholic teaching?" The path of marriage is hard. It is not a mere saying to insist that only God can give the strength to bear mutual burdens. The examples of men who had lived years with a faithful spouse, afterward leaving her to take up with a more youthful and more attractive woman, are too common to require emphasis here. If such a tragic thing should transpire it must be clear to the Catholic party that she alone (since it is generally a woman) must suffer the consequences of his un-Catholic conduct.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the fact that in a mixed marriage the whole duty of instilling religion falls on the Catholic wife. Here is the constant struggle against his example of utter religious indifference in the home; here the sorrow of seeing the son following in the footsteps of the father, or the growing daughter, to whom she may not whisper in warning the thoughts that are in her own heart. Then, too, there is the gradual growing apart on questions that every year makes more vital, and since with advancing years religion replaces so many other things, the Catholic starts down the shadowy way in appalling loneliness.

This is only a bare outline of what the Catholic party to a mixed marriage must bear. Before matrimony, anxiety and fear. In the early stages of married life, constant misunderstandings that explanations will not explain. In middle married life, when the early attractions are waning, the constant pullings at the heart-strings and the dread of threatening calamity. In older life the separation from a communion that brightens declining days.—St. Paul Bulletin.

We cannot give up the cross without giving up Christ crucified.—Fenelon.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

"A NIGHT PRAYER"

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set; the day is dead; Thy Feast has fled; My eyes are wet with tears unshed; I bow my head;

Where the star-fringed shadows softly sway I bend my knee, And, like a homesick child, I pray, Mary, to Thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark! And, all the day—since white-robed priest In farthest East, In dawn's first ray—began the Feast, I—I the least—

Thy least, and last, and lowest child, I called on Thee! Virgin! dost hear? my words were wild? Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! The angels bright, With wings as white As a dream of snow in love and light, Flashed on thy sight;

They shone like stars around Thee, Queen! I kneelt afar— A shadow only dims the scene Where shines a star!

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, beyond the sky, Sweet, pure and high, The angel's song swept sounding by— Triumphant!

And when such music filled Thy ear, Rose round Thy throne, How could I hope, that Thou wouldst hear My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, where altars stand, Or poor or grand, A countless throng from every land, With lifted hand, Winged hymns to Thee from sorrow's vale

In glad acclaim; How couldst Thou hear my lone lips wail Thy sweet, pure name?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear Nor bend Thy ear, To prayer of woe as mine so drear; For hearts more dear

Hide me from hearing and from sight This bright Feast-day; Wilt hear me, Mother, if in its night I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Thy Feast hath fled; My eyes are wet with the tears I shed;

I bow my head; Angels and altars hailed Thee, Queen, All day; ah! be To-night what thou hast ever been— A mother to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Thy queenly crown in angels' sight Is fair and bright; Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night Its jeweled light

Shines not as the tender love-light shines, O Mary! mild, In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart pines For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Sceptre in hand, Thou dost hold sway For'er and aye In angel-land; but, fair Queen! pray Lay it away.

Let the sceptre wave in the realms above Where angels are; But, Mother! fold in thine arms of love Thy child afar!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Mary, I call! Wilt hear the prayer My poor lips dare? Yes! be to all a Queen most fair, Crown, sceptre, bear!

But look on me with a mother's eyes From heaven's bliss; And wait to me from the starry skies A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set; the day is dead; Her Feast has fled; Can she forget the sweet blood shed, The last words said That evening "Woman! behold Thy Son!"

Oh! priceless right, Of all His children! The last, least one, Is heard to night.

—REV. ADAM J. RYAN

TRIBUTES TO FATHER MATURIN

A great many tributes have been paid in the press to the late Father Maturin. A short but happy appreciation has appeared in the "Times" from the pen of Wilfrid Ward, who says he personally never heard any preacher of whom the word "inspiration" could be more justly used. Rev. Dr. Warschauer writes in the British

Weekly of the influence of Father Maturin's sermons at St. Barnabas, Oxford, in his undergraduate days. He says: "We sat spellbound in close-packed rows while he spoke, without a note, with a kind of vehement sincerity, which never failed to impress us, whether we accepted his doctrine or not."

THE BRIGHTON CONVERTS MADE MONSIGNORI

The Holy Father has lost no time in bestowing a mark of honor upon the two Brighton clergymen whose conversion in 1910 made such a sensation in Anglican circles. Mgr. Cocks was Vicar of St. Bartholomew's Brighton and Mgr. Hinde was Vicar of the Church of the Annunciation in the same town, both of them bulwarks of the "Catholic" party in the Church of England. After their submission at the hands of the Bishop of Southwark, they went to Rome and studied for the priesthood at the Accademia College, and were raised to the priesthood by Cardinal Merry Del Val in 1912. At the request of the Accademia President, they have each received the honor of being named Cameriere Segreto Sopranumerario, in other words Privy Chamberlain to His Holiness. Mgr. Cocks has also been appointed to the Church of St. Peter's, Hove.—Catholic Herald.

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