

Donald?—Nothing had been heard of him for some years. Though he had broken the heart of his mother, she still hoped as only a mother can hope. His room was kept as if he were expected every day. In her loneliness she was wont to fondle and rummage among the things belonging to him. His baby clothes, his first pair of pants, his school books, his toys. She picked up a prayer-book. She recalled it was Brother F— who gave it to him. Here was a book well thumbed. She was a Bible history; a book she had covered herself. She even remembered the cloth. She looked at the fly leaf: "Master Donald Morris, Sept. 6, 1890. St.—School," written in a neat, flowing hand. The handwriting was Donald's. She opened the book. Some faded rose leaves were between the pages. She remembered them. The rose he had worn on his coat when he had made his First Holy Communion. Her heart began to beat violently. She took up the leaves, tenderly, lovingly and gazing on them for some time, burst into tears. Recovering herself, she glanced at the open page. She read the words: "A book she had handed his heart, would not let the children of Israel go." She read no further. She felt and understood.

There she sat in the midst of splendor, surrounded by all that taste could dictate and money could supply; but, alas! her heart, like the dying embers in the hearth before her, was cold and desolate. Grief, when intense, has the power of softening the heart, as flowers, when pressed, emit the sweetest perfume. She recognized the hand of God. It was heavy; still she knew it, and had faith enough to welcome it. She rose from her chair and turned on the light. On the mantle was a picture of Donald in his First Communion clothes. Hastily snatching the photograph from its silver frame, she covered it with kisses, buried it in her bosom close to her heart, threw herself on her knees, and that night the angels rejoiced in heaven. Those assisting at Mass in the parish church in the early morning, were much surprised and most edified to see the rich society lady, Mrs. Morris. Still the wonder grew when she became interested in the poor of the parish. For poor boys, in particular, she evinced the greatest solicitude. She furnished the houses of the Sisters and Brothers attached to the parish school, paid for a new organ in the church; in fact, she became the fairy godmother of the parish. At the early Mass daily, she was seen occupying the pew where Donald was wont to sit, and it was said of her, that when the Brothers were returning from Communion, she would look at them with rueful, wistful eyes.

In the hospital ward of one of the Western prisons a man was dying. He called for a priest. He was in the last stages of tuberculosis. The priest came, heard his confession, and the history of his life; and turning to the warden, said: "He has but a few hours to live. You might send a telegram to his mother. He comes of good stock." It was sent. She came, but he had been dead for some time. Let us draw a veil over the rest. He was brought home. . . . The people of the parish knew nothing of his lamentable end, and his history was locked in the secret recesses of his mother's heart.

The funeral was private. In the graveyard a monument rears its stately white head, and near it a small willow tree throws its drooping branches over the well kept grave. When the weather is fine, a lady dressed in black, with a sweet, sad face, comes to the grave, and is often seen kneeling by it, plucking a weed here and there, now softly patting the earth, now arranging the powers, now standing in pensive sorrow. On the tombstone we read: "Sacred to the Memory of Donald A. Morris, aged twenty-nine. R. I. P. Erected by his loving mother."

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year, By hands unseen are showers of violets found; The red breast loves to build and warble here, And little footsteps lightly print the ground." So the fair young life, nipped in the prime of life's bright promise, is rendering an account of his words, deeds and omissions to a Merciful God, after his fitful, inglorious career, and yet he was born for other things. How will it fare with thee, dear young reader? The history of every parish furnishes its quota of good young men, in whose hearts "glow the generous purpose," and where the instinctive faith shows the "Divine Spark," but whose high ideals have been turned into ridicule by an ignorance hardened by contempt, and who have been dissuaded from the call to the higher life by good but misguided friends, and in many cases by parents who, "hardening their hearts, would not let the children go."

(Feast of St. Philip and James, May 1st.) On your deathbed you are the most interested spectator in the grand review of your past life. If you are not satisfied with yourself better find out the cause and apply the remedy. Reticence and courage usually go hand in hand, and not infrequently are we conscious of a latent strength emanating from people whom we often speak of as a man or woman "of few words."

SOME WORK FOR GRADUATES

This is the month of graduation exercises. Catholic colleges throughout the land are sending forth young men and young women set firm in much that is high and holy and hopeful. These children of the morning are going out to the battle of life inspired by the lofty purposes and noble ambitions of vigorous palpitating youth chastened under the influence of Catholic thought and Catholic traditions. The colleges are proud of their youth; the graduates are proud of their youth; the fathers and justly so; for they are a noble set, clean of heart, keen of intellect, and strong of will. They leave the portals of their Alma Mater with benedictions on their heads, followed by an affection that should be a consolation to them in trial and suffering. The world is waiting to receive them, ready to claim them as its citizens. Soon they will be down in the arena of life, waging a battle from which they will emerge either heroes or cowards. Strange scenes will lie round about them; new problems will vex their intellects; unwelcome temptations will tempt their wills; for, as we may say, we have come to a critical period in morals and religion. Radicalism is replacing conservatism; ideals that were once thought essential for the safety of our nation have been swept aside in scorn; new standards of thought and action have been set up. Progress is honored once again in us; man has become sufficient unto himself, with the consequence that despite the good found in modern civilization, there is a vast deal that fairly cries to heaven for remedy. This cry must be answered. No one can answer it with more confidence than our graduates. The fate of this nation depends, to a large extent, on Catholic principles worked out in the lives of educated men and women. The dangers that beset the State, the evils that are corrupting numerous hearts, the haunting sense of lack that is driving so many to desperation are met and matched and over-matched by Catholic doctrine and practice.

True, our graduates can not accomplish all this at once. Much of it is the work of mature men and women of different ranks and states of life. But the young can make a beginning. They have a distinct obligation in this regard which they seldom accomplish with entire satisfaction. They keep the faith, remain clean of heart and altogether upright. But this is but part of life's work. The demands of religion are broader than this. Others have claims on them. All about them are people who need their assistance, poor afflicted children of God, redeemed and sanctified in the blood of a common brother, Christ. The cities are thronged with boys and girls, heirs of the faith by baptism, waiting for the truth that will set them free, the word of God contained in the manuals of Christian doctrine. Their little souls cry out for help, and the cry is either unheard or else answered by the howl of wolves in sheep's clothing. "I called for my friends, but they deceived me. They have heard that I sigh and there is none to comfort me."

To some extent this is our graduates' fault, they are neglecting part of the principles which they carried away from their college. Life has caught them in an eddy and swung them round and round, until they are giddy and thoughtless from the whirling. Thus people who they could help are neglected. Boys are waiting devotions; girls are reflecting from the path of virtue; men and women are struggling with grinding poverty or tossing on beds of pain in charity hospitals, cellars and garrets, and no word of counsel or comfort or cheer, as the case may demand, is spoken to them. Who should do this, if not the graduates of the Catholic colleges? They have been brought up in the presence of the Crucifix which teaches lessons of love and mercy and pity. Whence, then, their apathy, their neglect of social work? Not a half of 1 per cent. of the goodly number of the young men who remain lay people are found among the gentlemen who are reflecting honor on the Church by their labors in the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Ozanam Association. How many of these same graduates present themselves to their pastors with an offer to assist in the spiritual or corporal works of mercy? Yet such virtues are vital in the life of every Christian.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was naked, and you covered me; I was sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren you did it to Me.

This surely is worthy of serious thought on the part of the army of young men and women who are now receiving their degrees. There is another point too which demands the consideration of the young men. In their class of ethics, they heard much of the State. They learned its nature, its end, its obligations toward citizens and so on. All this they realize. But do they realize, as well, their obligations to the State? They have heard about them. Will they observe them? Many men of intelligence and probity rejoice in the protection the commonwealth affords them and their property, cast their votes for their party with un-

falling regularly, and then imagine that their duty is done. Not so. The true citizen of education meets many civic obligations. He upholds lawful authority by word and deed; he demands justice for all; he combats doctrines subversive of law and order. Just as he is not afraid to defend the State, so neither is he afraid to rebuke it, when it transgresses the limits of its authority by unwarranted interference with the family or the Church. The real citizen knows his duties and performs them fearlessly; knows his rights and insists on them according to the enlightened dictates of conscience, knows the State's prerogatives and obligations and sees to it as far as lies in his power, that the former are respected and the latter fulfilled. This requires more than adherence to a party and the mechanical casting of a vote. It demands a watchful eye, an enlightened conscience, a clean heart, assistance to movements that tend upward to heaven, legitimate resistance to movements that tend downward to earth.

Never was there more need of such service than there is to-day. A double cause then is calling for recruits: individual men and women and children stand in need of assistance; so, too, does the State. Here are two spheres of action in which lay-graduates of Catholic colleges are not exercising the influence warranted by their training. Is there hope of better things?—America.

NOT YET BLOTTED OUT

It is only a couple of years since Messrs. Briand and Viviani were vauntingly bragging of their success in "blotting out" Christianity. M. Briand figuratively put it as "blotting out the sun in the heavens"—meaning the one Name at which every knee shall bow. M. Viviani was less specific, but more sweeping, and he gloated more vulgarly over what he and his fellow Titans were trying to accomplish in the direction of a reversion to Paganism. The brag and the sneer of these cocksure geniuses are as false as they are vulgar. Catholicism is too deeply imprinted in the mind of France to be stamped out by the hoof of persecution. Briand and Viviani and all the rest of their own country, and all other countries, in vain if they delude themselves into a belief that they falsified God's promise regarding the Church. We may accept the testimony of such an enemy of Catholicism as The Times (London) as free from the taint of suspicion of insincerity on the subject, or a desire either to minimize or exaggerate, when presenting a picture of existing conditions. A special correspondent has been investigating the subject, and the editor introduces his article to the readers with an expression of his own belief that there is a revival both of Catholicism and those looser and undogmatic religious views and sentiments which Frenchmen describe as "spiritualists." The special correspondent does not depend on generalities. He sets forth some concrete facts that sustain his postulate clearly enough:

A Catholic publication lately gave from official returns the number of Easter communicants in 58 out of the 78 parishes of Paris as 314,000—a figure which would not have been reached, we fancy a very few years ago. But the number of Catholics in France, as in other Latin countries, can not be measured by the number of those who "practice." "On meurt assez bien chez nous," said a French lady from a manufacturing district, where the workmen are ostentatious in their irreligion. Most Frenchmen, and nearly all Frenchwomen, like to have the blessing of the Church on the great events of their domestic life. They are christened and married and buried with the same rites as their fathers and mothers. Many observe the custom as a custom but it means something to them. It takes more than a few statues and even then a few decades of "education laïque" to wean a nation from traditions bred in their bone for countless generations. The Roman Church has those traditions to build on, and she is making earnest efforts to turn them to account.

A number of ardent uprooters set to work, during the Terror, to extirpate religion so thoroughly that not even the names of the days of the week were allowed to remain as they were, and the week itself turned topsy-turvy, so that there should be neither Sabbath nor Sunday any more for the French people. The Catholic churches survived the bestial fustigation of the "Goddess of Reason" revelers, and when they were free to open and get purified, they restored the old marks and nomenclature of the Church and the almanac very speedily, and Thermidor and Fregidor and all the booby verbiage of the Revolution vanished into the abyss of a hideous memory.

The most heartening fact about the new awakening is that it is among the youth of France that its symptoms are most noticeable. The correspondent gives a wide survey of the reverberated field: "The class in which the revival is most unmistakable is that of the educated young men. It is said that of the students at the Ecole Normale Supérieure about a third are convinced and "practicing" Catholics, while as many more are spiritualists," with a craving for supernatural belief of some kind, and the rest are active or passive unbe-

lievers. There is plenty of evidence that the movement extends to other bodies of the youthful "intellectuals." It has already lasted long enough to have set its mark on literature. Some of the new writers avow opinions which are frankly Catholic, while others speak of reason and social force.

We need only recall the venerable adage concerning the repetitions of history to find an explanation of the phenomena which this clear-sighted chronicler sets down for the enlightenment and edification of the readers of The Times. Now he goes somewhat into the question of how the reawakening came about: "The aristocracy in France have always made a profession of Catholic belief since the guillotine beheaded the noble patrons of the 'philosopher.'" The growth of syndicalism and of anti-militarism the open dissemination of doctrines fatal alike to the State, to private property, and to the family, have undoubtedly led many good citizens of all classes to reflect whether religion can constitute the sure and stable foundation for the life of a great people. We believe, however, that there is a deeper cause. Man does not live by bread alone. The 'lights of heaven' always are relit. At all times and in all societies crass materialism provokes reaction. Man will look before and after; and, as he looks, he feels that he is more than a chance group of atoms, that he has imperious needs and cravings which neither wealth nor ease nor fame can satisfy.

And to think that all we have been quoting, and very much more to the same end and purpose, should be found in the columns of the whitom Thunderer of the Thames side—a potentate who fifty years ago described the clergy of Ireland as "surpliced ruffians" and gloated over the flight of the peasant, saying: "The Celta are gone—gone with a vengeance." Verily, we are living in an age of wonderful transformations. When The Times has changed its price from three pence to one penny and allows correspondents to tell, without blue penciling, of the revival of the Catholic religion in France and the decay of infidelity, then we may expect anything!—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.

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'LORD, THAT I MAY SEE'

That I may see, O Lord, that I may see Of this fair world the hidden vanity: How with its wealth I poor should be Bared of Thee.

That I may see, O Lord, in all mankind, Loved souls for whom Thou didst a ransom find, That none may be unloved by me, When loved by Thee.

That I may see, O Lord, in every place Of God's own wisdom, power and love the trace, Lest, seeing what Thou givest me, I see not Thee.

That I may see, O Lord, in every ill That is not sin, the doing of Thy will; How naught can be an ill for me, When willed by Thee.

That I may see, O Lord, with Thine own eyes, Until I find my home beyond the skies, Lest I should miss my way, nor be For aye with Thee.

—AUSTRIAN LIGHT

BASED ON FACTS

Referring to some present controversies in State Church circles in England regarding faith and doctrine in religion, a writer in the Guardian, quoted in the Catholic Times, says: "Let us recall to our mind one thing that is really fundamental in importance, that cannot be minimized by any amount of ratiocination or criticism—namely, that from its inception until now the Christian religion has been a religion based upon facts or alleged facts. Mistaken or not, the apostles put in the forefront of their message statements of facts, that which they had seen, what God had done—happenings, that is to say, outside themselves, independent of their own subjective convictions or of those of other people. . . . This original apostolic testimony was therefore an 'objective' gospel, a statement of facts and of doctrine founded upon facts. This testimony and these facts were, moreover, considered absolutely sacrosanct." This is plain and practical. Facts are still stubborn things—hard to be explained away.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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