

that it need not be... has sent you to us... a blessing and... by your wise and... action, and a pride... wherever duty or... called you, and... and many, we... were never... our words would... faith and father-... persuasively... and convinced... ho listened. Not... ly but for many... too long to be... to make some... I, unable to do... accept this little... of respect and... distinguished...

THE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE ON WHICH Protestantism especially prides itself, and the right of private judgment, which has ever been one of its most conspicuous boasts, work out rather singularly in practice. The following extract from the will of Sir Walter Savill, disposing of an estate equivalent to over seven millions of dollars, and recently probated in England, illustrates this very pointedly.

"If either during my lifetime or after my death any child or remoter issue of mine shall absolutely forfeit and lose all share and participation in, and right or power over, the principal and income of all and every part of my residuary estate then not actually paid or transferred. By the expression 'the Protestant religion' I mean any Christian religion which protests against the errors of the Church of Rome."

The testator, says the Tablet, at any rate shows that he understood the Protestantism he was trying to protect, as being, in its essence, simple denial of the Catholic Faith—nothing more. Sir Walter had many counterparts in Canada.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, one of the sanest and most discerning of English journals, thus comments upon the recent ministerial crisis in Belgium:

"With the fall of the Schollaert Ministry the history of Belgium changes. In Belgium not Amurath an Amurath succeeds. A Catholic Government has gone. Another none the less Catholic has taken its place. Belgium is, and will remain, a Catholic country; but Catholics, while nothing varied in their religion, vary in their politics."

Belgium has ever been the confusion of those who, as in France, would make socialism, anarchy and atheism synonymous with progress. And what Belgium has ever remained, Holland, the sister Kingdom, diminutive but puissant, bids fair to become—a witness in this modern world to the supremacy of the spiritual.

HOLLAND has recently set an example to more powerful, if less enlightened governments, in the matter of race-track gambling. It has been decreed by the Dutch Ministry that race betting shall cease in that country, and this move has been generally applauded by the more enlightened organs of public opinion in England and elsewhere.

The London Spectator for one, had a luminous article on the subject in which it affirmed that the moral responsibility for the many evils following in the train of the book-mafia, attaches to the newspapers which advise their readers on all the intricacies of the "pastime," and furnish facilities for its prosecution in the shape of tips, betting news and advertisements. Neither can government authorities be held altogether blameless, for here in Canada at least, many in high office set the example by their patronage and participation. It is not the rich who suffer from the evil, but the poorer man, the wage-earner, and the uninitiated youth who, perhaps and the uninitiated, fall into the snare. The Spectator, as a first remedy, suggests the passing of an Act to prevent newspapers from turning themselves into adjuncts of the race track, and the post office from transmitting either newspapers or circular matter pertaining thereto. It is a matter calling for the co-operation of all who have at heart the moral and material welfare of the nation.

By the death recently of Richard H. Clarke, of the New York bar, the United States has lost one of its most useful citizens, leadership one of its brightest ornaments, and the Catholic Church a loyal and zealous son. Since the demise of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, nearly twenty years ago, Dr. Clarke had ranked as the first of American Catholic historians. He had also a high reputation as a legal writer, and The History of the Bench and Bar of New York which he edited is cited as an example of his skill and industry as an investigator in the by-ways of history. His Catholic historical writings, which are quite numerous include "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States" (a standard work); "Illustrated History of the Catholic Church in the United States"; "Old and New Lights on Columbus"; and "France's Aid to America in the War of Independence." He was also a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals, and his well-known essay "What Catholics Have Done in the Last Hundred Years," was prepared for and read at the first Catholic Congress held at Baltimore in 1880. In recognition of these labors Dr. Clarke was awarded the Letare Medal by the University of Notre Dame. Born at Georgetown, D. C., in 1827, his long life, which was just terminated, has been one of great usefulness and public service both as a lawyer and man of letters. R. I. P.

UNDER THE title "Our Real Debt to William Third" the Globe has been indulging in another of its historical retrospects as bearing upon events of

the present time. We are not concerned to quarrel with its conclusion that the Act of Settlement forever determined the supremacy of Parliament and the dependence of the line of sovereigns upon the popular will. But no honest student of history can say, as the Globe states, that freedom of conscience, at least in the direction it indicates, was the issue involved in the deposition of James II. The statement that that deposition was brought about, for one reason, because James "tried to deprive his subjects of their right to worship as they pleased," is as viciously untrue as it is historically absurd. James II. was not a wise King, nor, as events proved, a tactful one. And his flight which precipitated a long train of hardships upon those whom he had striven to benefit, was to say the least, a mistake. But that his crime was the attempt to vindicate the rights of conscience for the Catholics of his Kingdom, and not, as the Globe has it, to violate the liberties of others, is the one outstanding fact of his reign. Had he been content to drift with the tide and to accept the existing downtrodden condition of his fellow Catholics as normal, in all probability there would have been no Revolution, no William III, no Battle of the Boyne, and no line of Hanoverian Kings. If liberty, as was said by a great English historian, was put back a hundred years by the execution of Charles I, it certainly was not hastened by the advent of a king whose ideal of statesmanship found its fulfillment in the massacre of Glencoe.

It is well for those who speak of infidelity in Catholic countries to know, says Adolph Louke, a well-known German writer, that in Catholic countries there are only two classes of persons, those who profess the Faith, and those who have forsaken all religious belief. In England and America, for example, there are a hundred classes, and no one thinks it worth while to assume an aggressive attitude against the fundamental truths of Christianity, or for that matter, against downright infidelity. The very listlessness of Protestantism, and its inability to define the limits of revealed truth, precludes any such hand-to-hand warfare. But in Catholic countries it is war to the knife between a clearly defined and uncompromising body of doctrine as represented by the Church, and the denial of all religion. There is no choice but the one as between Christianity and infidelity. Hence the bitterness of the latter against a living organism whose very existence is a menace to the machinations of satan in seeking to undermine all truth and social order. The distinction is important to be borne in mind by Catholics everywhere. "He that is not with Me is against Me" is a mandate applicable to all times and to all countries.

THE NUMERICAL strength of Freemasonry as an anti-Christian force is reckoned with in well illustrated by the following statistics culled by a French contemporary from the Bulletin du Bureau Internationale of the craft. The figures represent lodges and members respectively. The comparatively insignificant places in the list occupied by Spain and Portugal serve but to accentuate the fact that those countries have been the prey of a system of terrorism manipulated by a handful of conspirators. Even Paris and Rome tell a similar tale. How long, one not unnaturally asks, shall this anomalous state of things continue? So long only as Catholics neglect organization and from indifference or timidity hold themselves aloof from affairs of State. The statistics are interesting in themselves and contain an object lesson for the world at large:

London, 2,908; 1,152,000 m.; Dublin, 370; 18,000 m.; Edinburgh, 757; 1,500 m.; Berlin, 356; 1,37,624 m.; Frankfurt, 21; 3,389 m.; Beyrout, 34; 1,167 m.; Hamburg, 55; 1,470 m.; Dresden, 20; 4,581 m.; Darmstadt, 8; 1,727 m.; Leipzig, 5; 1,143 m.; Luxembourg, 1; 80 m.; Stockholm, 43; 13,558 m.; Christiania, 15; 1,402 m.; Copenhagen, 12; 4,735 m.; Budapest, 72; 5,186 m.; Belgrade, 11; 35 m.; Paris (G. O. of France), 443; 30,000 m.; Paris (G. L. of France), 129; 7,300 m.; Brussels (G. O. of Belgium), 22; 2,000 m.; The Hague, 102; 4,600 m.; Zurich, 34; 4,000 m.; Rome (G. O. of Italy), 845; 15,000 m.; Madrid, 87; 4,241 m.; Lisbon, 148; 2,887 m.; Athens, 17; 950 m.; Bucharest, 9; 250 m. Total for Europe, 6,020 Lodges and 374,372 Masons.

In North America, there are 1,430,432 Masons in 14,330 Lodges; in Central and South America, 45,280 Masons in 1,045 Lodges. The 816 Lodges of Australia count 47,477 Masons.

THE CONVICTION and sentence of Verdesi, the apostate priest who in the interest of his new-found Methodist associates in Rome sought to fasten upon the Catholic priesthood the imputation of violating the seal of the confessional, has proven rather a remarkable witness to its inviolability. Whether he told the truth or lied, says Rome, when he denounced one of his Modernist friends for denying the existence of a personal God, or another for describing our divine Lord as a "buffoon," is beside the question. What really mat-

ters is that his malignant assault on the sanctity of the confessional has been victoriously repulsed and has served only to vindicate once more the marvelous Providence which guards the seal. Here, says the English journal of Rome, is one of the most amazing facts in all history: the seal of the confessional has, so far as known, never once been broken. There have been weak priests, foolish priests, bad priests, apostate priests, priests who have committed every kind of bad action, but there is no authenticated instance on record of a priest violating the seal of the confessional. The fact is so unique and so stupendous as to constitute a striking proof of the divinity of its institution. "So even Verdesis have their uses after all!"

THE CHANGE which has been wrought in the atmosphere of French hospitals since the banishment from their service of the religious orders may not in all cases be so bad as in the instance recounted by the following citation from a French journal, Le Croix, but it serves to illustrate the pearl of great price which the French government in its blindness has cast from it. That the story is, unhappily true, there can be no reason to doubt, since it is confirmed by a secular journal, Elclair, whose interest would lie in suppressing it. The hospital named is at Salins, and Elclair describes it as "a den of scandals and public waste."

"A dying man wished to receive the Last Sacraments and his wish was finally granted. When the priest had left, the nurse came into the ward with lighted tapers, went through a disgusting mimicry of the religious ceremony, carried the lights wherever the priest had set foot—to purify the air, they said—and ended by singing ribald songs at the patient's deathbed. The scene haunted the poor fellow, his death towards the end of January last. His neighbor was so horrified that he insisted on leaving the hospital, although he was in the last stage of consumption."

SOME OF the daily papers have been asking why, if an Orange procession should be prohibited in Hull—an almost exclusively Catholic city—St. Jean Baptiste processions should be permitted in cities not quite so exclusively Catholic? They also refer in the same vein to the great Eucharistic Procession in connection with the Congress at Montreal last September. Of course there is no difference between a demonstration emblematic of a people's faith in the great mysteries of religion, and one which hinges on religious animosity and persecution—at least not, apparently, in the estimation of certain editors, and, of course, the playing of insulting tunes on the streets of a city, and the flaring of banners bearing all sorts of abusive epithets, are entirely one of the manifestations of a people's faith in the Redeemer of mankind! That no hostile demonstration occurred in Hull was right and proper, but that in no way detracts from the insolent challenge which the Lodge demonstration was meant to embody. The citizens of Hull wisely decided that the thing was beneath their notice.

THE HOMELINESS of love and personal service is just that which makes woman a creator of the home; just that which gives her its peculiar charm; just that which makes it home. And it explains how, wherever there is a woman, there is a home. If you want to realize this, you must come into the Catholic Church and study nuns. The very profession of a nun, you would fancy means giving up all possibilities of home life. Yet here we see how the woman asserts herself. I have said that there can be no home without woman, because woman is the creator of the home. But now we see that there can be no true woman without a home, and a home is not necessary for it. Every convent is a home, not only for those that live in it but even for the stranger who visits it. Priests generally like saying Mass in convents because it gives them a momentary sense of home which is otherwise unknown to them. At the door they are met and attentively ushered into the sacristy, where a woman's hand is ever visible in every detail. If anything is wanted, deft hands are ready to fetch it, and it is sure to be close at hand. If something happens to be missing at the altar, the priest need not speak about it. A momentary hesitation, and immediately his thought is divined, and the tabernacle key or the altar card is brought at once. After Mass, as soon as he rises from his thanksgiving, he becomes conscious that the attentive sister has been waiting near-by all the time. He is ushered into a neat, comfortable homely room, seated at a neat homely table, and served with a breakfast which is not the slightest product of a paid cook, but a thing done or supervised by the woman mind down to the lowest detail—including the date of laying, marked in pencil on each egg, to make sure that it is fresh. The breakfast at the Mass is always enjoyed by the clergy, not because of the public, but because of the home comfort, the nicety of them; and so it is with all the rest.

OUR first distinction in studying the differentiation of the sexes is that he, the male, is specialist and universalist. The second is that between the amateur and the professional. According to our conventional way of looking at things, an amateur is merely an inferior sort of dabbler in certain things which properly belong to a professional man. Painting is the work of an artist, sewing the work of a seamstress, doctoring the work of a doctor, writing the work of a clerk, gardening the work of a gardener, cooking the work of a cook, buying the work of a tradesman, housefurnishing the work of a housefurnisher, weaving the work of a weaver, teaching the work of a teacher, and so on of the rest. In order to do these things a man must be paid aside. He must choose his line, and work at it, and set up a business in it, and then he becomes a professional. And whenever you want any of these things you are not supposed to do them yourself. You send a note to a professional man, and give him the order, and he does it, and you pay him, and there is an end to the affair. If you do any of these things for yourself you are called a dabbler, a dilettante, an amateur. And what is done is sure to be poor, and below the mark, or at least to be looked on with suspicion because it is amateur work. If it is good it merely chances to be good but the presumption is it will be no good. Such is the conventional idea.

WHAT AMATEUR MEANS But is it sound? An amateur properly means one who works for love of the work, and not for pay. There is no reason in the world why work done for love should not be better than work done for pay. The professional man is supposed to know more, and to have more practice; but this supposition is precarious. The amateur may know more than the professional man, and the narrowness of his practice may be entirely made up by his depth, by the thoroughness with which the amateur works at his thing. The amateur may know more of incentives, love. There is a sort of magic in the name "professional" as if it meant some special prerogative of cleverness or competency. But this is a figment. No professional is great unless he is an amateur as well; and his greatness comes precisely from being an am-

ateur. Being a professional merely gives over the job, and takes about an hour over the time, running the machine, really sees the free and open Bible. But we have it on the authority of Sir Thomas More that "the whole Bible was, long before Wickliffe's day, by virtuous and well-learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by goodly and Godly people, with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read." But Sir Thomas was a Papist, and died for his Papistry, so he may have been prejudiced. Wherefore, it is consoling—even if inconvenient to some people—to know that his statement is confirmed by no less a person than that great luminary of English No-Popery, Foxe, the compiler of the wonderful, if not painfully veracious, "Book of Martyrs."

LONG BEFORE the "REFORMATION" A FREE AND OPEN BIBLE IN ENGLISH If the Archbishop of Canterbury will spend a few hours in the British Museum he will learn from one Protestant writer after another that, not only long before the days of James I, but long before the "Reformation," the Bible, in the English tongue, was free and open to all who could read, and that to those who could not read their teachings were imparted in sermon and instruction—just they are—by monk and friar and secular priest. But, before we pass from this part of the question, it would be interesting to know what Canterbury's Archbishop thinks of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who told his congregation at Regent's Park Chapel recently that it was not till 1804 that "the chain which had for so long held the Bible from general circulation was broken, and the Book was scattered over the world."

King James's Bible was not even the first "authorized version." Henry VIII. had appointed Blessed Sir Thomas More and some twenty others a commission to revise the English Bible in his day, and early in Elizabeth's reign "able Bishops and learned men" undertook a revision of the Bible, but the standard version down to the days of King James seems to have been the "Great Bible" of 1539.

James decided on his revision in 1604, at a conference held at Hampton Court, where the High Church and the Low Church parties met in the vain hope of adjusting the differences naturally resulting from Protestantism. The work was put in the hands of fifty-four men, seven of whom died or resigned before its completion. These men are to this day catalogued as the most brilliant scholars the world has ever seen, but the energy does not seem to be justified by results. And even on this point Protestants are not agreed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury told the King recently that "there seemed to be no external warrant for the title 'authorized,' and Anderson, another Protestant, says in his 'Annals of the Bible' that when the committee of revision was appointed James had only been a few months in England, that he spent these months in hunting, feasting, and other extravagances, whilst his subjects were dying by hundreds of pestilence—and that he could know next to nothing of the learning or talent to be found in England. He seems to have accepted as the committee of revision, probably by Archbishop Bancroft, a group of men who were not competent or incompetent—and the question has but little interest for Catholics—they finished their work in 1611, when he immediately began the typically Protestant squabbling which has not yet abated. Church parties were as a matter of course, at each other's throats. The Lows asserted that Bancroft must needs have the version upon the pretorial language, and to that end, altered it in fourteen several places."

Since then the "authorized" version has been translated, and mangled, and revised, and squabbled over almost ad infinitum.

To satisfy some other objectors a "Revised Version" was published between 1881 and 1885. But still, the fault-finders are at work.

REV. THOMAS CAMPBELL says St. Matthew's Gospel is not St. Matthew's Gospel; another writer complains of Canterbury's version of the authorized and revised versions. Yet another declares that this model of perfection possesses a few "trifling inaccuracies here and there." Another describes the inaccuracies as "little flaws," whilst according to a third, the "trifling inaccuracies," or "little flaws," or whatever one may be pleased to call them, total at least twenty thousand. "Time and gold! Again, one authority wants the authorized version put into modern English and has published a portion of the New Testament, which furnishes a very strong argument against his views.

A rival rival says that in modern English the Bible would be "fame and gold," and recently the Master of the Rolls protested against "these vulgar attempts to translate the Bible into what he might call newspaper-English for the benefit of the people."

We have all heard that the Bible—authorized version, of course—is the secret of England's greatness. The King of that "fact" the other day, Bishop Weldon, the Protestant Dean of Manchester, spoke recently of its influence in "sanctifying the development of the English-speaking race," and on the same day Canon Alexander, brilliant preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, said "his ideals had had a powerful influence on nationality," and that no one would ever find it "suggesting that the test of a nation's greatness was tested by the character of the men in whose hands the gold which they had collected or the territory which they had acquired."

With the last clause we can all agree; but, amongst Protestants, it is not the Bible but private interests which does the suggestion. Hence the belief, so common in England, that a nation's Christianity is to be measured by its wealth—"the gold which it has collected and the territory which it has acquired."

EFFECT ON CHARACTER As to its effect on national character, and its sanctification of the development of the English-speaking race, these assertions of Bishop Weldon and Canon Alexander become specially interesting when read side by side with the lamentations of the Protestant

James I, most Protestants are inclined to bestow an extra special halo on Wickliffe, as the man who first brought England really sees the free and open Bible. But we have it on the authority of Sir Thomas More that "the whole Bible was, long before Wickliffe's day, by virtuous and well-learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by goodly and Godly people, with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read." But Sir Thomas was a Papist, and died for his Papistry, so he may have been prejudiced. Wherefore, it is consoling—even if inconvenient to some people—to know that his statement is confirmed by no less a person than that great luminary of English No-Popery, Foxe, the compiler of the wonderful, if not painfully veracious, "Book of Martyrs."

Among men there are of course enthusiasts to whom work is the very breath of their nostrils, and who, like women, never need rest nor amusement apart from their work. But when one comes across this sort of thing it always attracts remark. We all express our astonishment how he can do it, and prophesy that before long he will break down. And in nine cases out of ten sure enough he does break down. The fact is, the man has forgotten the limit of his own powers. He has outraged the laws of nature, which impose on a man so many hours for work and so many hours for play, and nature has taken its revenge. Such a man tries to put into his life the amount of work of nature, and has made him fit for it. The result is he only does the same amount of work, or even less, because through overwork he shortens his life by half, and cuts himself out in the midst of his days.

But with the women it is just the other way. Nuns can do work from morning to night, and never seem to stand in want of amusement or rest. We call it "slaving away," but that is only a man's way of looking at it. From the woman's point of view a woman is never a slave but always a queen. A slave gets tired of her work because it is done for hire or for pay; the woman never gets tired of her work because it is done freely and for love. Then again with the man it is usually quite different. He does not care much for his work, as for the results his work will bring him. He may learn well on Botany or else he loses his chair. He must make good walking-sticks or else they will not sell. He must keep his account books straight or else he gets dismissed. But the woman lives for the work itself, and in that her whole satisfaction is found. She works well because it is a grand thing to cook well; she dresses well because it is a grand thing to dress well; she decorates the drawing room well because a well-decorated drawing-room is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. She does things to please others, for the pleasure of seeing them pleased; and it is her highest pleasure to please. No wonder she can go on working forever and need no rest!

The wife is never a professional manager of domestic concerns. There is no touch of officialism about her. The love of the home is ever visible in every detail of the spirit, the obnoxiousness of the letter. This absence of professional-ism in the home is one of its greatest charms, especially to the husband. It is a refreshing contrast to the specialism of the world outside—a soothing relief from professionalism of office. The secret why the wife is an amateur, and her whole work an amateur work, is contained in the word itself. A professional is one who works for pay or for duty, because he must; and that is the man. An amateur is one that works for love, and because she wants to; and that is the woman.—The Examiner, Bombay.

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But with the women it is just the other way. Nuns can do work from morning to night, and never seem to stand in want of amusement or rest. We call it "slaving away," but that is only a man's way of looking at it. From the woman's point of view a woman is never a slave but always a queen. A slave gets tired of her work because it is done for hire or for pay; the woman never gets tired of her work because it is done freely and for love. Then again with the man it is usually quite different. He does not care much for his work, as for the results his work will bring him. He may learn well on Botany or else he loses his chair. He must make good walking-sticks or else they will not sell. He must keep his account books straight or else he gets dismissed. But the woman lives for the work itself, and in that her whole satisfaction is found. She works well because it is a grand thing to cook well; she dresses well because it is a grand thing to dress well; she decorates the drawing room well because a well-decorated drawing-room is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. She does things to please others, for the pleasure of seeing them pleased; and it is her highest pleasure to please. No wonder she can go on working forever and need no rest!

The wife is never a professional manager of domestic concerns. There is no touch of officialism about her. The love of the home is ever visible in every detail of the spirit, the obnoxiousness of the letter. This absence of professional-ism in the home is one of its greatest charms, especially to the husband. It is a refreshing contrast to the specialism of the world outside—a soothing relief from professionalism of office. The secret why the wife is an amateur, and her whole work an amateur work, is contained in the word itself. A professional is one who works for pay or for duty, because he must; and that is the man. An amateur is one that works for love, and because she wants to; and that is the woman.—The Examiner, Bombay.

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