

AUGUST 27, 1921

from the child of her adoption. At last, with shaking fingers, she carefully unsewed the edges of the double square of serge and drew out an envelope rubbed and creased but still intact. It contained three folded papers which she spread out before her. The first was an address.

"Grandfather's address—  
"Walter Morrison, Esq.,  
"Red Pine,  
"Claverhurst."

The next, a duly attested and dated certificate of marriage, between Ralph Morrison, son of Walter Morrison and Ann Godfrey, his wife, and Armella Bird, daughter of the late Robert Bird, Q. C., and Armella, his wife. And last, the baptismal certificate of Beryl Armella Morrison, daughter of Ralph and Armella Morrison.

All sorts of thoughts coursed through Regina's mind. What had happened to destroy what seemed to be such a happy and complete union? But her practical good sense did not allow her merely to dream. She carefully copied all the three papers, restored them to their places, sewed up the little packet and replaced it in the desk. Then she went to bed.

Something outside herself seemed to take the shaping of events out of her hands. One day soon after her discovery she found she would be alone for some hours, and with one of those sudden decisions timid persons make, decided to go to Claverhurst and find Mr. Morrison. Fifteen years might have made many changes, but that seemed the most obvious step. She found "Red Pine" without difficulty, and learned that it was still occupied by Mr. Morrison, a wealthy man, judging by the beauty of the grounds and house.

She was shown into a little study where an old gentleman joined her immediately, her card in his hand. "I fear I must excuse my memory," he began politely.

"Please don't. You never saw or heard of me before," she said, "and I had not heard your name a week ago..." but I come on an urgent matter."

He bowed and motioned her to a seat. Regina, alarmed and shy, plunged at once into the heart of the business.

"You have a son, I think, Ralph Morrison,"

"I had," he said quietly, "it is many years since he died."

"And he married..."

The old man's face grew hard. He raised a protesting hand to check what she was about to say.

"Of that I have no knowledge," he said shortly. "As far as I am concerned, he never married."

Regina handed him the copies of the certificates.

"I am interested in the child," she said, "and am here to claim her rights. It is for you to satisfy yourself of the justice of her cause."

Then she told him all she knew of Berrie and her mother, adding that he could see the girl and the original papers when he wished.

This, however, he would not promise to do, giving Miss Tempest to understand that the objection to the marriage had been the conversion of his son to the Catholic Church, and his marriage with a Catholic.

Upon her return home Miss Regina acquainted Berrie with the facts and together they waited, quite content to have gained a name for Berrie. Her religious instruction, on which she insisted, was of more interest to her than the possible hope of an inheritance. They had practically given up any hope of his moving into the house in a high wind, almost rushed into the arms of a gentleman at the corner of the square, her light scarf enveloping his head and neck and binding them securely together.

"I beg your pardon," she cried, laughing, "but it was not my fault."

Something in the merry brown eyes and frank smile of the face so near his own, made the old man pause.

"And I beg yours," he answered. "I was looking for Maple Villa."

"That is where I live," she said. "It is close-by."

"Then..." he hesitated, "you must be..." My name is Morrison."

The girl recoiled a step looking at him doubtfully. Then she laughed. "I wonder which of us dreaded this meeting most," she said. "But as you are my prisoner, come in and see Aunt Regina."

They walked the short distance in silence, and on the doorstep Berrie turned and faced him again.

"Grandfather," she began gravely—and the name coming easily from her lips brought a tremor to the old man's stern face—"I would like to tell you at once that nothing on earth can ever induce me to give up the double inheritance that I recovered—my father's good name—[that is moral inheritance—and my parents' religion, a spiritual inheritance. I should like to claim your affection, too, but not at the price of losing the others."

Then, her head held as proudly as his, she led him into the house.

Gratitude for favors and gifts received is a thing loved and esteemed in Heaven and on earth.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

VISIT TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

By William Joseph Cahill in Catholic Standard and Times

What a marvelous display of firm, confident Catholic faith and filial piety is being shown by more than 3,000 pilgrims from every section of the North American continent at the world-famed, miracle-shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, Canada, to-day, the feast of St. Anne.

This morning I boarded a train at Quebec, bound for the Shrine. Along side of me were some pilgrims from Racine, Wisconsin, who drew my attention to the piety of the passengers. Here in front of me was a young girl, fourteen years old, who had hobbled into the coach on crutches. She was reciting her beads in company with her sister. Many of the pilgrims were praying audibly. The scene reminded me more of a chapel car during the time of services than a passenger coach.

Our train traveled through a rich farming district, boarding on the St. Lawrence river. Finally, after an hour's ride, we reached the Shrine. Soon afterwards I was serving the Mass of a priest whom I had met on the boat coming from Montreal to Quebec. There were about fifty priests who celebrated Mass at the Basilica of St. Anne this morning.

AFFLICTED MAN WALKS

During the time of the Pontifical Mass, which was attended by Card. Begin, of Quebec, and many other prelates and priests, when the preacher raised his voice in prayer: "Good Saint Anne, pray for us; there was a commotion among the throng of worshippers and afflicted persons. From ear to ear there went forth the word "a miracle is being performed." How those mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and friends prayed that their beloved ones would be among those fortunate clients of the good St. Anne. Gray-haired, sober looking old men burst into tears—grateful tears—at the thought that God was now manifesting His divine power through the intercession of the good St. Anne. The person who had created such a commotion during the services, for everybody old and young, were alert, either to "see a miracle" or to have one performed on themselves, was Morris Callahan, 120 Centre street, Syracuse, New York. Before entering the church Mr. Callahan told me that he had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for about five years, and that he was not able to walk. But I will walk to-day," he continued, "with a display of confidence in his voice. And Mr. Callahan walked. But let an eye witness tell the story. "I was sitting alongside of Mr. Callahan," narrated Mr. Arthur Burns, 461 South Broadway, Yonkers, New York, "in the Basilica during the Pontifical Mass. I noticed Mr. Callahan with beads in hand praying fervently, with his eyes fixed on the statue of St. Anne. When the sermon was almost finished, I noticed that Mr. Callahan's feet had dropped from his wheelchair. Then he sat up in his chair, and walked to the sanctuary of the church which he entered."

When asked to comment on the feat of Mr. Callahan, and those of other pilgrims who claimed to have been seemingly miraculously helped to-day, the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the Shrine, stated that they could not confirm these "miracles," but they will, as usual, study the circumstances and give whether there was really any divine intervention.

REMARKABLE FAITH AND DEVOTION

The fervor of the pilgrims during the Pontifical Mass and at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament reminded me of a scene in Naples, when the blood of St. Januarius liquefies annually on that saint's feast day. A Neapolitan told me that this miracle is hastened by the prayers of the adoring people. So to-day here at this Shrine, the Redemptorists state that there are more than 400 persons here to-day "who want miracles for themselves." Several thousands come with the hope of "seeing a miracle performed." Here today was seen an old, blind lady, perhaps over eighty years of age, led up the aisle by her devoted husband. Here was a mother with an infant child, who has been blind since birth. Here were victims of the World War, shell shock victims, some blind, some deaf; others with their minds unable to know what was being done for them through the faith of loving friends. Be- sides those who were deaf, dumb and blind, I noticed pilgrims with withered hands, with broken arms or legs. Others were paralyzed, others were suffering from epilepsy and nervous diseases. One remarkable for her faith and devotion was Miss Letitia Scherer, daughter of Mr. John Scherer, 1418 Gerard avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minn. Although blind and paralyzed, Miss Scherer spent many hours today on her cot before the decorated altar of the Shrine. Although her case was judged as hopeless by the physicians of this world, she is confident of a cure from the Great Physician of physicians.

A visitor to St. Anne de Beaupre is given ample proof by the large stacks of canes, crutches, body sup-

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ports, and other instruments to help the afflicted that the "age of miracles" is not passed. He talks with persons who are confident of being cured and yet their ailments are among the most hopeless in the eyes of the medical world.

PERSEVERES FOR TWENTY YEARS

Are any disappointed? Yes. Only a few of the large number who visit the Shrine are seemingly miraculously cured. Yet those who are not cured have the great privilege of rejoicing in the cures of their fellow pilgrims. And what a privilege it is to see the rejoicing sufferers congratulate some fortunate person upon whom God has bestowed the special favor of a wonderful cure. Hundreds left the Shrine tonight disappointed in not obtaining a cure and yet resigned to the will of God. "I have been coming here every year for twenty years," remarked a blind lady from Ontario, Canada, "and I still am confident that St. Anne will obtain the precious gift of sight for me."

What a story of human interest could be fashioned around every one of the pilgrims! I met here today an aged mother, who had saved her hard earned money for several years in order to bring her afflicted daughter half way across the continent to pray at the shrine of St. Anne. The mother of Michael J. Devine, a young lad of 70 Baird Street, Ottawa, Canada, left her son's leg braces at the altar with the firm faith that God would cure her son of paralysis. "I hope that God will work a miracle for me," remarked a blind woman from Massachusetts, "and yet I will rejoice if it will be for God's greater glory to let some other afflicted person benefit by my poor prayers rather than myself."

One of those who claimed to have been apparently miraculously helped at St. Anne de Beaupre is Miss Delia Cauley, daughter of Mrs. Anna Cauley, 150 Suffolk Street, Holyoke, Mass. She stated that she fell down stairs about five years ago, sustaining fractures at the knee, collarbone and hip. Dr. McAuslin, of Boston, a noted specialist, removed part of the bone of her arm and placed it in the injured knee. But the operation, which attracted country-wide notice, was pronounced unsuccessful. Miss Cauley stated that her knee was entirely stiff for several years until the morning of the feast of St. Anne when she knelt at the altar rail and received Holy Communion. Mrs. Eugene Tetreault, 110 King's Highway, West Springfield, Mass., told me that, after Miss Cauley returned to her room, she heard the bones around the knee of Miss Cauley crack at every movement.

THE SOUL OF OUR CIVILIZATION

A writer in the Century Magazine declares that with the Middle Ages "something passed out of life which we have ever since been trying to run down and capture—something vital and indispensable," and frankly confesses that our modern imposture of progress "is the measure of the spiritual emptiness which the disruption of the medieval world left behind it. Occasionally in these days of myopic specialism and historical materialism we happen upon such broad minded students who are keen enough to observe and honest enough to admit that what is wrong with our vaunted civilization and progress must be traced back to something that happened centuries ago.

Three centuries ago something vital and indispensable did pass out of life. The Middle Ages had a program for the whole of life, the results of which are seen in the religion, the art, and the literature of that period. Catholic civilization after a thousand years of preparation had blossomed into its full flowering in the thirteenth century. Religious devotion, chivalry, poetry, art, education, industrial emancipation, civil liberty—reached their highest culmination. Great kings, statesmen, popes, saints, philosophers, theologians, poets, sculptors, architects, painters, tradesmen, and contented workmen surge and contented workmen surge through that greatest of centuries. Civilization had a soul, and that soul was the Catholic Faith energizing, spiritualizing, vivifying the whole life of the period.

Then came the change. The Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution instituted a revolt against the established order. Under the specious pretext of rebirth, reform, and restoration these three forces worked together to de-Catholicize Europe. They substituted pseudo-science for

Faith, culture for religion, material progress for spiritual ideals. For the great absorbing ideal of the Middle Ages, the ideal of an eternal life beyond the grave, they set up another ideal, a composite of progress, of reason and of science. They left modern civilization a body without a soul, and made man's highest aim in life the quest of material advantage. The ideal of progress, of reason, and pseudo-science did not bring happiness. Men then tried to find happiness in riches, in knowledge, in power, in pleasure, in culture, in civilization. But none of these satisfied. And so came discontent, cynicism, and pessimism so prevalent today. This is the spiritual emptiness from which the world is now suffering.

The past though dead yet speaketh. For three centuries civilization has been travelling on the wrong path. To get back to the main road, to follow the course of progress, at the point where the so-called Reformation stopped it, is becoming the conviction of an increasing number of right thinking scholars outside the Church. Each contribution from their pens, that serves to call attention to the reevaluation of the Ages of Faith aids the Church and her leaders in their absorbing duty of bringing back civilization to the ideals of the Middle Ages. We must put back into life that vital and indispensable element which passed out of it three centuries ago, the Faith.—The Pilot.

Let us take things as we find them; let us not attempt to distort them into what they are not.—Newman.

Highway of Life

They say that Life is a highway. And its milestones are the years. And now and then there's a toll-gate. Where you buy your way with tears.

It's a rough road and a steep road And it stretches broad and far, But at last it leads to a Golden Town Where Golden Houses are.

—JOYCE KILMER

CARUSO'S MESSAGE

"Tell them they must be willing to work, to wait, and to sacrifice." That was the message which Caruso once sent to a group of students who had asked him the way to success. It is an excellent formula. The hand-fed, coddled generation of today needs it badly. Only the dullard believes that "things just happen," and the sluggard that success is mainly a matter of luck or chance. If one truth is clear in this groping world it is that temples do not build themselves, and that success is not a gift but an achievement secured only by hard work.

Caruso himself practised what he preached. He worked and sacrificed and was willing to wait. He had many natural faults, and some of them he never wholly overcame. But to the last day of his career he was trying to remedy them. By that time the faults were few. He had a full share of "temper," but very little of that weakness of will to which the pseudo-artist will refer with silly conceit as "temperament." Flipping linnets and other small birds might exempt themselves from the dull grind of a rehearsal. But not the greatest among them. He had a love for art which made any chance for perfection not a grind, but a precious opportunity. He was prodigal, almost reckless, of his vocal powers. He believed that his audience was entitled to the best he could give, but he also professed that old-fashioned reverence in an artist, alone or before thousands, was almost as shocking as carelessness in a priest offering the Holy Sacrifice. He gave his best always, whether he sang for thousands, or over the cradle of his baby daughter.

Caruso was a Catholic and died in the peace of the Church. To those

sands he gave a happiness and an exaltation that lifted to realms of peace. For his faults, let there be silence, or rather a prayer that the Creator of us all may have mercy on him, even as we, when we begin the dusty way to death, hope to end it in the loving arms of a Father who knows that man is weak.—America.

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