

THE PRIEST.

In the lowest dens of a crowded town,
Over which the Angels weep and demons frown,
In dark abodes of sorrow and despair
There stands the Minister of peace and prayer.
Upshrinking, where the fetid vapors rise,
And nought but loathsome forms e'er greet his eyes.

He gently speaks of hope beyond the tomb,
Or warns the sinner of his pending doom.
His voice recalls the long lost, erring sheep,
And kindly comfort brings to those who weep.
The widow calls him as her earthly stay,
The orphan calls him "Father"—well they may.

To those who are weary of their earthly strife,
He speaks of heaven, and eternal life.
Tells of the cross of sacrifice, and love,
How short earth's pains—how long the joys above.
How sweet the suffering generously borne,
What consolations wait on those who mourn.

Friend of the poor—he shares their little woes,
Giving sweet sympathy where'er he goes.
His visits kind the aged parents hail,
To greet him children's voices never fail.
By all beloved, forgetting self alone,
His presence cheers the poorest, humblest home.

In the wild regions of the far-off West,
He treads the path of a holy quest.
Dark are the forests, and the desert drear,
But the generous "Black Robe" knows never fear.
To the poor savage having taught the faith,
He seals his labors by a martyr's death.

Where nations meet in deadly hate and strife,
"Soldier of the Cross" leads not his life.
The wounded feel his gentle, patient care,
The dying hear the softly whispered prayer.
Fearless he walks amid the battle's roar,
The combat done, his name is heard no more.

So to the great and mighty oft unknown,
For struggles fresh again returning home,
Forgetting self still more from day to day,
Labors and sacrifices mark his way.
But when the days of toil and strife are past,
In heaven he will gain his crown at last.

Some Roads to Rome
in America.

Edited by Georgia Bell Curtis.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Priest of the Congregation of the
Holy Christ.

Editor of the "Ave Maria."

My Dear Miss Curtis:

My "Road to Rome" was a very short one, not worth describing. I was baptized, surprisingly enough, it had been agreed that I should be brought up a Methodist like my father. When old enough to attend church, he took me with him one Sunday to the little meeting-house in the town where we lived, but I didn't cross the threshold. The beautiful telling of the bells frightened me, and I shot and darted at the age of about four years, toward the door.

A girl who worked for us solemnly declared that the devil had undoubtedly frightened the poor child, and I was much impressed by this view of the matter. We later never again spoke of taking me to church, and my father and mother became content. I remember the American Sunday and still have a bottle of Protestant church bells; they never seem to ring out, but at times, solemnly muttering.

Some examples of mine—distant relatives, I trust, lived among the most intense and Catholics of former days. One of them, I have heard, was responsible for the burning of a church in Philadelphia, another known as the "Angel Gabriel" by his fanatic speeches in Maine during the year 1854 caused the outrage on Father Baret, who was tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail one night by a mob, and not at Ellsworth in the same State. That I suppose was with this saintly priest always treated me with special affection. He would stop and take my hand if he was always about whenever we met and call me his "Little Angel Gabriel." What harrowing memories I must have received, all unconsciously in that venerable "confessor for the Faith," as our learned

inspired, Dr. Shea, calls him. Every one loved and revered Father Baret, he was so kind and gracious and gentle and good, but I think, we young folk loved him best, our hearts were so like his.

I was taught the catechism by Miss Emma Forbes Cary. That was long long ago, however, I yet remember—I hope she has forgotten—all the trouble she had in getting me to pronounce "Epiphany" and "Transubstantiation" correctly. It used to be a wonder to me very often, with such a consent as Miss Cary in his family, did not at once become a Catholic like Newman, Brownson, and other great men.

My vocation to the priesthood was encouraged by Longfellow. He once asked me in his kindly way what I intended to be when I became a man. My prompt answer was, "A Catholic priest, a missionary among the Indians." He smiled, probably at the pressing thoughtfulness of the idea, but there was something impressive in his name when looking down at me in that "I am very glad you have such an intention." Of course I felt sure of being on the right path, since Mr. Longfellow had given his approval. Later on I decided that it would be better to be a Trappist monk than an Indian missionary.

"That's all," as we used to say at the end of our confessions—how short they were—to dear Father Strain—another "Father Gabriel."

You see I am not entitled to rank among converts to the Church. I am not an Indian missionary or a Trappist, but I am, with best wishes for the success of your book, what should do a world of good.

Very truly yours in Christ,
Daniel E. Hudson, C.S.C.

Reading Matter For Girls.

Avoid Sensational Reading.

While everyone admits that this is a newspaper reading age, and that we must keep close track of the day's news if we are to be at all "up" on the world's work, common sense tells us that we must, if we are in any way anxious

to get a truthful version of worthwhile events, include in our reading matter, well-edited Catholic weekly newspapers or at least a Catholic magazine.

Indeed, the home that boasts of its many publications, yet lacks a paper of Catholic tone is managed by a woman evidently quite indifferent to a most important duty—that of instilling into the minds of the reading members of her family ideals of the right sort. Of course, we must admit that there are exceptions to many rules. It is only too true that some mothers are too busy to give much, or in fact any time, to books, or to papers, but the girls of the household can always find a spare hour, and these young women should see to it that a Catholic publication comes regularly into their homes.

Any girl, particularly the business girl who busily draws her conclusions from the highly-colored accounts of the day's doings which appear in certain "big sellers" must rest assured that her knowledge of those important matters is limited, and if she regards a Catholic newspaper or magazine simply as a organ, whose only object is to expound religious truths, in this she is greatly mistaken. At least a number of our Catholic publications are keenly alive to the trend of the times, and know to a certainty all about "what's what" in the day's work while events.

As far as "expounding religious truths" are concerned, it would be well for the vast majority of us to read up in those subjects. Indeed, we should extend a warm welcome to the paper or magazine that is good enough to inform us upon those matters, for probably every one of us has at some time or other, felt keenly ashamed of not being able to answer in a satisfactory manner this or that question concerning some point of faith which was put to us by a well meaning friend outside the fold.

No matter how clever a young woman may be, or think she is, she should not delude herself with the idea that sensational reading will in any way add to her fund of information. Far better to know little, or in fact nothing about what is going on in the great world around us, than to poison our minds with reading which is nothing more than the over-drawn fancies of some misguided individual's imagination.

By all means read a Catholic publication, and this not only for more about your faith, but keep your mind brightened and alert by following its honest, unprejudiced accounts of the day's worth-while events. Remember some of the newest and best writers of the hour are contributing to Catholic newspapers and magazines, and what they have to say about these matters in the public eye, is without any question, news of the first and finest order.

BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Mr. Wells, entitled his latest so-called novel, "Joan and Peter." It is not really a novel but an interminable series of complaints, hung on two far from edifying creatures of his imagination. From almost 600 pages he rails at everything that comes into his mind. There is very little that is new in the book, and it is to be hoped that this time at least the author will not be heralded as interpreting the mind of his countrymen. He harps on the themes with which his name has long been associated, and scolds at everything that is old, sanctified or established. There is an indelible lack of reticence on very many pages and the whole volume is a revolt against much of what most of us regard as the best of our people hold sacred. There is also a page of foul misrepresentation of the Catholic Church that one

wonders how any publisher allowed to appear above his name. Fortunately the book is so dull that it will not be read to the end by many, even of Mr. Wells' admirers.

Helps Faith.

In some places there are families with distinctly Catholic names fallen into absolute indifference because there was no church within miles, and nothing to keep alive the faith in the hearts of the children. So they fall away. They may have remained nominal Catholics even, but they are not instructed in their religion hence one of the little books that explain the doctrines of the Church is invaluable in such cases.

There is not a Catholic book or paper that should be thrown away. We have even apart from these out of the way missions, our many Catholic institutions, our homes, hospitals, where the book or paper we send will while away many a weary hour. There are reformatories, the jails, places where the unfortunate has a chance to read, and the Catholic literature we send him may mean his complete reformation.

Editorial Functions.

We like how the Catholic phrases itself.

An editor is like a man who engages in conversation with others. If he talks only on the things in which he feels a strong interest himself he will not be pronounced an insufferable nuisance. He must consider what his readers are interested in, also he will soon find that what he writes is not read. Subscribers are not always reasonable about this, and particularly subscribers to Catholic papers. They forget that there are other readers, whose tastes and requirements differ from theirs. They forget that it is necessary to make reasonable means to maintain the interest of all readers. In a paper, if the paper is to do any good with the very limited means at their disposal, editors of Catholic papers generally try to keep their readers interested in their main program, which is, and always must be, the maintenance of religion and morality, and the spreading of the knowledge of truth. But one cannot fill an editorial page week in and week out, with religious matter, without tiring people as inevitably as long sermons tire people. Some effort must be made to make content of matters of general interest. It is not only a reasonable thing to do, but it helps to maintain the interest of readers generally in the editorial page.

Queries and Answers.

Are the following books recommended by the Catholic Church: Hallett's English Book, and West's Ancient World?

The Catholic Church seldom interferes with regard to books of any kind. Where she does take a stand it is in the case when a book contains something that is detrimental to faith or morals. The above books, like many other school and college text books, are used in many Catholic institutions. From the standpoint of the Catholic Church, both these and the majority of other college text books in history and literature could be greatly improved.

Why were the Catholics driven out of France?

The Catholics were not driven out of France. If the Catholics had been driven out of France, there would be no France remaining. It is true that a few thousand Free Masons of France drove the religious orders out of France as far as it was in their power and confiscated the Church property, convents and schools. The present war has brought a new light to the French Government. They realize that the Catholics are the best patriots and that the truest friends of France are the priests and religious. Both are welcomed back by the French Government.

May we offer our communion for more than one intention?

You may have as many intentions as you like, and the fact that have several does not at all detract from the fruit of any of them, which may be as great for each one as if you had but one intention.

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