

deeply than ever, the necessity that all men shall recollect that they are brothers and that their salvation lies in the return of the law of love, which is the law of the Gospels.

The answer is worthy of the traditions of the Papacy. The petitioners themselves recalled with gratitude, that in the past, several of the predecessors of His Holiness had extended their protection to those of the Jewish faith, in the interest of right and justice.

The history of the Papacy extends over well-nigh two thousand years, and during all that time the conduct of the Popes toward the Jews has been far more tolerant and humane than was that of contemporary rulers. In the Decretals (v, vi, 9) under the name of Clement III., (1190), we find the famous Bull *Sicut Judaeis*, which might be called the Jewish Bill of Rights. The Pope who first promulgated it, seems to have been Nicholas II., (1061). The Bull was renewed by Calixtus II., Eugenius III., Alexander III., Clement III., Celestine III., Innocent III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Urban IV., Martin V., Eugenius IV., and several others. It is a fairly liberal document and protects the members of the outlawed race in essential human rights. Under pain of excommunication, it forbids baptizing them against their will, killing or wounding them, injuring their property, interfering with their religious ceremonies, etc. Should adult Jews be baptized against their will, their baptism is considered invalid, and children must not be baptized without the consent of their parents or guardians. Moreover, Jews were to be left in tranquil possession of their synagogues, though as a rule, not permitted to build new ones. But Alexander III., allowed their houses of worship to be repaired. Paul IV., who dealt severely with the Jews, decreed that they could have but one synagogue in each city or locality where they dwelt. Many Popes, however, abrogated the more rigorous decrees. And the Protestant Basnage informs us that in his day (1653-72), there were 9 synagogues in Rome, 19 in the Roman Campagna, 12 in the remainder of the Patrimony of St. Peter, besides 36 in the March of Ancona.

The Popes have ever condemned the persecution of the Jew. They have always proclaimed his right to life, property, freedom of conscience and worship. But the Church is the depository of the Faith, and the Popes are its guardians. They saw that at times Judaism was a real peril to the faith of Christians and they placed certain restrictions on the practice of the Jewish religion. Thus, for instance, the children of Israel were not allowed to make proselytes or to have Christian slaves. At times, they were forbidden to live in familiar intercourse with the Faithful, and Paul IV., while never infringing on their essential rights, confined them in Rome to one quarter of the city, the well-known Ghetto. The Papacy, according to Rodocanachi, in his book, "e Saint-Siege et les Juifs" always endeavored to treat with justice and equity the Jews dwelling in the Eternal City, though it felt at the same time, a certain mistrust "of these suspicious guests." And in his "History of the Jews," Basnage tells us that the dealings of the Popes with them were milder than those of other sovereigns; that they favored the persecuted race, made some of its members their treasurers, gave them special privileges and left them liberty of conscience. And to their credit, the Jews in Rome, when under Arnold of Brescia, Crescenzo, Stephen Porcari and Cola di Rienzi, revolted in the city, remained loyal subjects of the Holy See.

To use the words of Lord Rothschild in his letter to Cardinal Merry del Val, October 7, 1913, Jews thankfully remember "that a great number of Sovereign Pontiffs on a great many occasions extended their generous protection to their persecuted coreligionists." How different this opinion from that of the usually discriminating New York Sun which finds the present Pope's charity toward the Jew a marvelous reversal of the policies of his predecessors. The Sun has forgotten the liberal statements of the Vatican. Let us recall one or two. When the synagogues of Palermo had been damaged by the populace, Pope St. Gregory (690-604) held Bishop Victor responsible and forced him to make restitution; and when an over-zealous convert from Judaism had forcibly taken possession of a synagogue in Sardinia, the Pope ordered it to be at once restored to its rightful owners. The persecuted Jews of Spain found a friend in Alexander IV., for writing to the Spanish Bishops, he says: "We have just heard with pleasure, that you have protected the Jews who dwell in your midst, preventing them from being killed by those who have entered Spain against the Saracens." About the middle of the fourteenth century, that mysterious pestilence, the Black Death, one of the most terrible scourges that ever devastated Europe, was gathering its frightful harvest. Popular superstition blindly and unreasonably looked upon the Jews as its authors. Where they were not killed and indiscriminately massacred, they were plundered and sent into exile. But as Froissart tells us, and his testimony is confirmed by contemporary documents, Clement VI., made heroic efforts to save them, called them to Avignon, where the Popes then resided, and gave the wretched outcasts a shelter and a home. In Popes like Innocent VII., Martin V., Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., and Paul III., they found generous

defenders. When in 1891, the Christian population of Corfu, owing to an accusation of "ritual murder" brought against the Jewish population, threatened it with all the violence of mob law, Leo XIII. exhorted the clergy to allay the fury. This accusation of ritual murder, the murder namely of a Christian, and preferably of a Christian child, as an official act prescribed out of hatred of Christianity by the Jewish Law, the Jewish liturgy or a Jewish sect, has ever been keenly resented by the whole nation. But even the Popes who, like Paul IV., St. Pius V., and Clement VIII., charged the Jews with usury, theft and magic, never accused them of this odious crime, while scholars like Thurston declare that Innocent IV., Gregory X., Martin V., Paul III., have entirely exonerated them from it.

Impartial history cannot so easily clear the Jews of other charges. But for their crimes, national and individual, they have cruelly suffered. It is time that the age-long persecution under which they have groaned, and which the Catholic Church and her Pontiffs ever tried to mitigate, should cease. The Jew may be grasping, selfish, cold-hearted and proud, but his sorrows and tragic woes, even when caused by his own fault, should stir sympathetic chord in every heart. Christians and Catholics, to whom the names of the Prophets and Seers of Israel are household words, who adore as their God One who came in the veiled form and majesty of a Son of David, who reveres a daughter of Judah as the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of the world, should deem it a crime and a sin, not to exercise toward the Jew Christian charity.—John C. Reville, S. J., in America.

STRANGE WEDDING PRESENTS

A grandfather bequeathed unto his granddaughter as wedding presents, a broom, a looking-glass and a crucifix. With the broom he said: "You shall only sweep before your own door. In the glass you will consider and correct your own shortcomings and faults. In that way you will have peace with strangers, and humbleness, patience and indulgence in your own household. You may remain ever so far from foreign disputes; you may keep clean before your own door; you may correct and watch yourself ever so much, and treat your own with patience and indulgence in their weakness; you may save yourself much trouble, but you can never keep all crosses and afflictions out of your house. Should it please the dear Lord to try you with crosses and afflictions, look at your crucifix. Remember that only through the carrying of your cross you can follow your Saviour into heaven. Don't tell everybody your trouble, but kneel silently before the crucifix and make your complaints to the Lord and He will give you the best consolation."

ROBT. HUGH BENSON

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson was unusual progeny for an Anglican Primate, as Father Martindale in another way is an unusual son of St. Ignatius. The combination makes a distinctive and fascinating book. Father Martindale has worked out this life rather like a beautiful Turkey carpet—in compartments. The wool is stuffed and illumined with bright critiques, pleasant padding, exciting excursions, quaint under-ones and no slight psychological insight. It is the most refreshing Church literature the reviewer can remember.

As a variant to the subject, we glean a great deal from the biography which is on a very high level of Catholic writing. In fact the contrast makes one feel regret that Benson so often wrote second-rate. Father Martindale brings out his literary defects as gently and properly as he sifts and excuses the weaknesses of his temperament. But his touch is velvet. The work is not so much a record or dry summary of Benson's life as a series of excursions into literature and temperament.

Not unpleasant are courtly letters of Randal, Archbishop of Canterbury. Like many Anglicans he looked on Hugh Benson as a spoiled child and possibly as a prodigal son for whom the fatted calf might one day steam the Lambeth chimneys. In early days, when Hugh wished to become an Anglican monk, the Primate was "keenly interested," and in a typical sentence speaks of the correspondence of Ritualist training with his own views as "really a minor though a most important subject." So also in the Anglican compromise is the Virgin Birth or the Divinity of Christ "a minor though most important subject."

Benson's life was always sheltered; as a child behind the walls of Lambeth Palace, as a scholar in the Eton cloisters, as the father's son at Cambridge. Guarded he was but not always guided. He was liable to behave as he was treated: like a child! There was just a touch of boyish wilfulness in his becoming a Catholic. He must have enjoyed the situation and apparently the Anglican Church forgave him. There is no bitterness in the book, except some anti-Papal hysterics from Bishop Wordsworth. There was no home break for Hugh. His biblioflavie elder brother Arthur, an incomparably charming old mother, and a tedious nurse follow him through the whole two volumes of biography. Like an ecclesiastical

Peter Pan, he never seemed to grow up.

Father Martindale restrains himself from painting the situation of father and son in comic relief, content to notice that there was no "radical and total schism of temperaments" between them. But Archbishop Benson reminds one of a dear old fussy Anglican hen, who took a ducking down to the shallow waters of Ritualism to sip, and who, had he survived, would have been agitated to see Hugh swim away homeward. Hugh, it is interesting to learn, always said Mass for his father's soul and in a frank moment gave him about five minutes purgatory!

It was to the Dominicans that Benson turned to pull him aboard the Church. There followed a period of hectic study and mental convalescence at Rome, and after being priested within a year of his reception into the Church, the neophyte returned conquering and to conquer! But a severe check was imposed. His new Archbishop simply forbade him to exercise his ministry publicly for a year. It was a discipline better and wiser than the hairshirt. At Llandaff House he learnt to restrain and equally to express himself. Here Benson received full liberty, silent meals, severe criticism for immature writing, and a sound working idea of what the Church can do and cannot do in England. Here he conceived his mission to combat the conventionalism, pharisaism and materialism of the University. When the year was up, he entered the pulpit and, with brettea perched on his boyish brow and gandy stole about him, he railed and ridiculed, mystified, stupefied, pleaded and wept. But he made the University listen, and Llandaff House became a hive of Bensonians, who looked to him to found a new Order. The Order of Friar Novelists was at one time suggested.

Father Martindale is wise in not proving his hero a saint, for he leaves him no less lovable. He picks out "a certain basic weakness" and tenderly develops his theory as to the Bensonian temperament. Even his loneliness was never "the solitude of the Saints." He lived nearer to excitement than to ecstasy. A "certain externality of mind," while it made him a novelist, prevented him from becoming a Jesuit or a contemplative. He was too buoyant and artistic ever to become meditative or mortified in the uttermost sense. He struggled fiercely for self-expression and felt all the joys of artistic creation. Father Martindale even detects "a layer of hardness" which he used in self-protection of his delicate and sensitive gifts. He was troubled between his sacerdotal duty of being all things to all men and yet keeping his artistic soul alive.

Besides his priesthood he felt a real call to write books *pro Ecclesia*. He was deeply fond of colors, vestments, sunsets, fancies, flowers and all that make the artist's heaven, though not the ascetic's. In fine, he cared intensely for many things—call them his whims, his toys, his hobby-horses for he brought them like a child with him into the Church. "At the foot of Peter's throne he plays like the innocents on the altar steps," says his biographer.

Hugh Benson was no saint, and to spite the ladies who insisted on his supernatural piety, and proved such a trial to him, and doubtless to his biographer, he slipped the word *peccator* into his epitaph. He could not be a saint because he got too much fun out of life, but he was the next best thing, a child! He always remained afraid of the dark and the dentist. He preferred ghosts to scholastic logic to buttress his belief in the unseen. His was "the summons of the weird." But in hilarious moments the universe seemed a Divine "movie-show" as of God at play with himself. He cried out: "Oh, my dear isn't it all tremendous? Isn't it sport? Isn't it all huge fun?" So it is sometimes. During the years of his Cambridge apostasy he would seem as radiant as an orthodox Apollo one moment and like a petulant boy the next, when a favorite toy goes wrong. An incident not in the book gave us great amusement. Hugh had once solemnly blessed the new house of a Catholic pair in order to impress a Protestant neighbor. Soon afterwards they left, incidentally leaving the "blest" furniture unpaid for! Benson was hugely mortified, but the Bensonians agreed that it was "somehow all very Roman Catholic."

There is very little omitted from the book, though Benson's relations with his Archbishop are barely touched upon. It would have been interesting to bring out the contrast between the fervid and emotional dreamer and the keenly logical (may we say artistically ascetic?) Cardinal who still rules Westminster. The discipline the Cardinal laid on him was gallant, but it was wise. The Bensonians felt sore that "Archib" (Bensonian for Archbishop) was warring against converts, but in the end all came to recognize a keener-sighted and more generous man than they thought. If Benson and his Cardinal did not always understand each other, it was typical that Benson should leave him his house and playthings in his will, and that the Cardinal should go a long journey in order to bury him in the rose-garden where he would lie, for of such is the Catholic religion.

And Hugh Benson dying at the outbreak of war was as sudden, symbolic, and sympathetic as his whole self. Perhaps it was a little careless to his friends and perhaps it was not altogether inartistic. But before the blasts of Armageddon he flickered

out like a sanctuary lamp, and neither he nor his friends could be really ungrateful to Death, the Snuffer. To follow death must have been far sweeter to him than to follow the war. And the quest of the supernatural, which he had followed all his life—and been so disappointed at never seeing a ghost or finding a stigmatic—was fulfilled as he died. The very night that he passed away in the grimy Midlands it befell that the Bishop of Mevevia slept in the bed wherein Hugh was accustomed to sleep at the Benedictine monastery of Caldey, and behold it was revealed to the Bishop in a dream that Hugh had died that night, all of which was a sign and a symbol to the good monks. And so like a figure of the medieval ages, which he had wished to re-live in modern England, passed away Robertus Hugo Benson, sacerdos Catholicae et Romanae Ecclesiae, Peccator Expectans ad Revelationem Filiorum Dei.—Shane Leslie, in America.

THE SACRED HEART

IN THE TABERNACLE

"Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." This, says a devout writer, is a sublime epitome of the gospel. Our Lord seems to sum up all Christian perfection in these two virtues, meekness and humility, as though we had nothing else whatever to learn of Him. He says nothing of faith, hope and charity; nothing of temperance, prudence, justice and fortitude, evidently meaning that they were all comprised in some way in these two; either presupposed to them or following on them by natural consequence, or else actually included in their wide acceptance.

"Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." This is the portrait that our Lord has left of Himself. It is beautiful. Study it every day of your life, with a view to self-improvement, and greater conformity to the likeness of your divine Model.

When we apply ourselves to the study of that Model, as we find it in the gospel story we read how He went about doing good. He taught from place to place. He cured the sick and cast out devils. He preached to thousands of persons, and journeyed from place to place to heal the souls and bodies of men.

In the Blessed Sacrament is the continuation of all these mercies. The life of our dear Lord in the divine Host is most active. He remains still in the tabernacle, it is true; but the thousands of persons come to visit Him, to be cured of the diseases of their souls. Graces are flying forth from His heart in inconceivable abundance. Sinners are struck with contrition. A poor, sad-hearted child comes in and kneels by the door. The Lord in the Sacrament sends forth His power. He casts forth the seven devils from her heart. She seeks the confessional, washes the feet of Jesus with her tears, and goes forth from before the tabernacle, another Mary Magdalen. A grief-stricken mother weeps for her son, who is dead in sin. The Lord in the Sacrament, being moved with compassion, says to her, "Weep not." He stretches forth His hand, and raises the youth from the death of sin and restores him to life. A mission is going on in a church, a thousand people and more are present; the preacher speaks from the pulpit, the Lord in the tabernacle sends forth His light and His grace; power has gone forth from Him, and the hearts of the people are touched, and hundreds are converted. It was Our Lord preaching from the tabernacle; the preacher in the pulpit was His instrument. Do you not see how like it is now to the time when He did all these same things in Galilee and Judea? From the tabernacle Our Lord works miracles, both on souls and bodies. He goes forth in the hands of His priesthood, and visits the sick. He cures the lepers by cleansing from sin. He gives sight to the blind, by opening the eyes of unbelievers to the truths of faith. In Holy Communion He renews the miracle of feeding five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes. He gives Himself wholly and entire to each one of thousands, nor does He multiply Himself, nor does He become diminished.

He is with us in the Blessed Sacrament as a consequence of the resurrection and ascension, and His sacramental presence is a constant reminder of those happy mysteries. —St. Paul Bulletin.

By Rev. L. O. Bricker (Prot.) in the "Christian Call," Atlanta, Ga., May 29, 1916

I think the most tragically beautiful thing in all the Bible is that one short sentence in the story of the crucifixion: "There stood by the cross of Jesus His mother." There is nothing in all the Bible that goes quite to my heart like that. The multitudes whom He had taught and fed and healed and helped were not there. The treacherous disciple had betrayed Him, the boastful disciple had denied Him, they all had forsaken Him and fled; but "there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."

What a pitiless storm beat about that poor lone woman! What thoughts crowded in upon her poor tired brain! It seemed but yesterday that she had held Him in her arms and kissed His baby lips; but yesterday that they two had walked hand in hand through the wood and wild flowers,

her heart full of mother pride at His quick intelligence and His winsome ways. And now He was dying—dying before her eyes, but beyond her reach, like a vile and cruel criminal; the rulers of her nation, and leaders of her religion, looking on in scornful hatred, and the rabble shouting insults. And she, standing there alone, in all the world the only one who still believed in Him. For was He not hers? Had she not borne Him? Had she not loved Him and called Him "Son?" and had He not loved and called her "Mother?" Yet, come what will, He was still hers and she will be with Him unto the end. "And there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."

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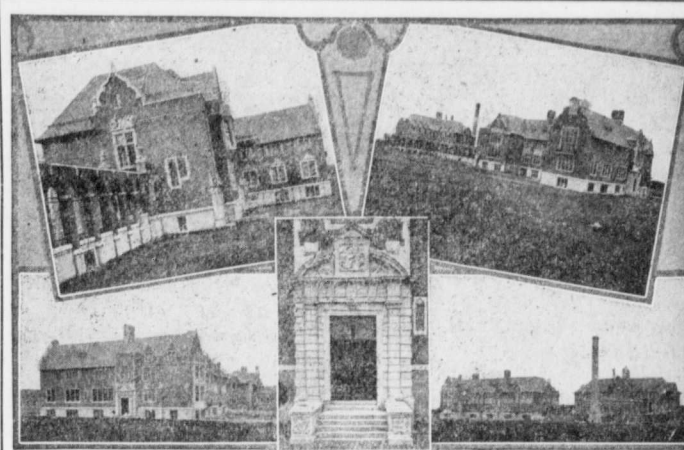
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