

his attention to some passage in the lectures. Once he told her rather curtly that he had no interest in questions of religion and got on very well without it.

Miriam knew that he had no religion and could not remember anything about her mother. The only early recollection she had was a few years' residence in an old Huguenot school. It was rather dreary, and ever since she associated religion with gloomy things until she came across the Bradshaws.

On a subsequent visit to Mrs. Bradshaw she found her very busy preparing for my predecessor, who was then mission priest. Service was to be held in the parlor and the mistress was busy in erecting an altar and other sundries had to be seen to. The lady invited her to the service, which she would have liked to be present at. The dilemma presented itself: How could she get permission from her father?

Mrs. Bradshaw advocated the plan of a p'ly him telling that she had promised to make an early call there.

Next morning the little congregation had assembled when the girl arrived. For the first time she came across the priest and his little flock. Wiseman's lecture on the Holy Eucharist had prepared her for the significance of the Mass. It was a simple service and the sermon was in quaint English, for our priest was Belgian, but she could distinguish the great difference between that and the non-Catholic services. If only her father could believe like these people, how much brighter his life would have been? He seemed to have some sorrow continually gnawing at his heart.

At breakfast she asked the priest many questions, to the secret delight of Mrs. Bradshaw, who came to look on her as her own child.

She took Newman's sermons and read very closely his discourse on "Dispositions for Faith."

The good Catholic lady brought her one afternoon around to the old Pre-Reformation church, where she explained what it stood for in Catholic times.

A letter arrived from Oxford giving the good news that Frank had passed with honors in his final examination and apprising his mother of his return next day.

The young man met Miriam by chance in the village in a few days, and in honor of his success invited herself and her father to a little dinner party to be given by his mother on the morrow. She said that she would convey his wish to her father on getting home.

The father would not hear of accepting the cordial invitation, but by degrees he relented so far as to allow the daughter to go, if chaperoned by Mrs. Bradshaw.

The dinner party consisted of the mother and son, the priest and a young convert friend.

The priest told her of the remarkable conversion of young Mr. Bellamy, who came with Frank from Oxford. The claims of the Church were put forth by the priest and ably seconded by Mrs. Bradshaw, Miriam had by then a knowledge of the Church, and her prejudices had fairly broken down.

Frank Bradshaw escorted her home and told her the old, old story of the ages, and said he would esteem it the greatest happiness if she would take him for better or worse in two years. There was no great hurry at present, owing to his preparation for the bar. He also asked her to consider the claims of his holy religion and give them due consideration.

Next day she told her father what had passed and observed the hunted look on his face when she informed him of her changed attitude towards Catholicism.

dead sea fruit ever since, all fair outside, all foul within. "Send word tomorrow for the priest to call here with the Holy Oils and tell him I want all that the Church can give a dying sinner."

I came on Sunday afternoon as stated, and found the sick man calm when I entered the room. Afterwards I learned his story in accents of bitter self-accusation. I had little to tell him that he did not know already.

He came of an old pious family, and dedicated to the service of the Church since his childhood. He served as an Acolyte in the church at home, and ambitioned one day to be a priest at its altar. In due season he was sent to a Continental College, where he finished his course, received minor orders, subdeaconship, and finally was made a deacon.

At a short vacation given he went on a trip through a celebrated district in France and uncouthly became enamored with a girl who was traveling with an old monk. She reproached his attachment, but informed him that she was a devoted member of the Huguenot church like her father, and there was little chance of being allowed to marry a Catholic. She was the only child and somewhat of an heiress.

"Instead of resisting the temptation, I lounged around," he said, "and was introduced to her father—made the most awful sacrifice of giving up my faith."

"The news must have killed my parents, but what did I care then?" "I relinquished all the ties of home, college and friends. My wife lived only two years and the frail tie was severed for which I had been false to God. I sold the property given us by her father, who predeceased his daughter, and placed my child in the Huguenot school and went traveling from place to place, enjoying what I foolishly called life."

"Pride and my better feelings or rather my guardian angel, and the demon were fighting for possession of me."

"Frank's manly profession of faith, his glory in it and his practical Catholic life were the first reminders I received of my own blind and dangerous state."

"I received the wanderer back to the arms of the 'Good Shepherd' and not long after gave his child into the safe keeping of Frank Bradshaw, who was the happy instrument of grace and joy for both father and daughter."

PENTECOST

God works through means in spiritual things as well as in material, says a writer in "The Missionary." The Church is His instrument. The Sacraments are His instruments. Now that God has arranged a plan of salvation for us He is not likely to violate nor to change it. Electricity is one of the best physical agents known by which to illustrate the workings of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. Electricity can do almost anything when it is employed in conformity to law, by means of conductors, as its way is prepared. Let the machinery be in order, and see how the electricity flies along the wires, carrying your messages, pushing your cars, furnishing your light; but let the machinery be out of order, let the wire be cut, and where is your electricity? Even so the Holy Spirit. Let the conditions be complied with, and how He flashes forth light, power, salvation! Let the wire be cut, and the Holy Spirit will not overlap the break. The fire from heaven will not come.

"You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." (Acts I, 8.) This Pentecostal power is needed now as it was needed then. Not one of our missionaries stands before an audience inquiring, anxious souls that he does not realize the need of power from on high in order to bring the truth home to human hearts. That power will make men earnest in imparting the message of salvation and it will make men earnest in receiving it. They will realize, or should do so, that half-hearted religion is no religion at all. God does not ask for a piece of the heart, He wants the whole of it. There are some things that must be given in their entirety or they are worthless, nobody wants them. Earnestness is working at religion, not playing with it. The disciples knew the power existed, and they meant to have it. To get it they would meet God's conditions whatever they were. They were willing to wait in Jerusalem until the Holy Spirit came. Our Lady waited with them. She would see the culmination of suffering in the glorious birthday of the Church. They were all in deep earnest. They were all in possession themselves of ardor, intensity, continuity, determination, and victory. These would be given them—because they already in a measure had them—when the flaming tongues should settle upon them.

Pentecostal power is the power of united effort. The Catholic Church is the greatest religious force in the world, largely because she is a unit and because all her members in every Church are doctrinally united and are organically attached to one Head and to His one Vicar upon earth. Forty sticks will not make forty separate fires scattered over the prairie. They will all become extinguished. Put them all together, and now see what a blaze. Again and again we are told that those one

hundred and twenty disciples, including the Blessed Virgin, were all in that upper room—not one hundred and nineteen, but one hundred and twenty. All there, and with one accord. One mighty thought filled their souls—'I have the promised blessing from on high. Think how some Catholics never unite in prayer and work with their Pastor and the rest of the Church. The careless conduct of such Christians tends to dishearten the Pastor and weaken the strength of the Church.

Pentecostal power is the power to witness for Christ—to be martyrs for Christ. The word "martyr" means witness. Christianity is a religion that advances by means of personal testimony; and only so. Our non-Catholic friends make much use of a Book, the Bible, to convert men. But God uses the tongue. Where no one speaks for Christianity it falls to make itself known, or it will die in places where it once was known. The disciples were to be witnesses for Christ, and the Apostles were to preach Christ. For the first thirty written years there were no books written about Him, and for three hundred years the Church had no Holy Scriptures in anything like a collected form. God's Church grew mightily, but all by means of talk. The tongue, not the Bible, was the great instrument divinely used for the saving of men. If the first disciples had not talked more about Jesus Christ than some modern Catholics do, His cause would have been dead before the New Testament was written. Let us talk more about our adorable Saviour.

Pentecostal power, then, was the power of God's unwritten Word. Have you noticed at Pentecost what a reasoner, what an expositor St. Peter has become? We are always disposed to dwell upon the great Apostle's denial of His Lord as if that were the salient point of his life, forgetting the glorious acknowledgment of the Mount of Transfiguration, his investiture with the headship of Christ's Church. What gave him such power over men's hearts on the memorable day of Pentecost? Read over his address, and you will find that it is based upon quotations from the Old Testament. St. Peter treated it as the word of God. Have you observed how often we read in the Book of Acts, "And the word of God grew and multiplied." God made them mighty instruments for the extension of His work. The preached word was like seed—it had life in it and it grew. Did you ever know a church to spring up where the living missionary did not first carry the word, and did you ever know it to have Pentecostal power when the preaching of the word by divinely authorized messengers was not honored and respected by the listeners?

We have waited 6,000 years for steam and electricity; but these forces existed even in Eden, and might have been used had we only known how. We have waited 2,000 years for the conversion of the world. The power to bring it about exists in the Church which received it on the Day of Pentecost. That power is in the Holy Ghost whose abode is in the Church of His founding. It is Pentecostal power. That power is ready to be used for the conversion of America whenever Catholics are prepared to avail themselves of that omnipotent agency.

Impelled no doubt by the motives set forth in the Christian Herald, and perhaps by others, the secretary of the New York Bible Society lately wrote to the governors of all our States, asking their opinion of the plan to make 1920 "a Bible year in the Christian world."

Thirty-six governors were told by the New York Sun, have responded favorably, as have also Vice-President Marshall and most of the members of the President's cabinet.

Just what methods the Society intends to adopt in carrying out its plan, we do not know; but presumably the idea is to encourage reading and study of the Bible among all classes of people, young and old, in the churches and outside.

The Chicago Evening Post thinks if the plan is carried out it will prove a real panacea in these parlous days of social unrest, and will "encourage the better Americanism we all profess so much to desire to establish."

That the occasional reading of a chapter of Sacred Scripture in the course of 1920 would solve all our problems and make the nation happy and contented, is unlikely. Quite obviously, the whole plan is the outcome of the mistaken principle that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the source of religious faith. That Protestantism has not succeeded to any great extent in its efforts is apparent from the fact that very little evangelical Christianity remains within its pale, but the sects are all permeated with infidelity, and the Bible is honored as a divinely inspired book by few persons outside the Catholic Church, which permits it to be read by the laity only with certain limitations and safeguards,

but at the same time is lavish in dispensing religious instruction of a sort which all can understand and turn to advantage, not only on Sundays, but in their daily life.—The Echo.

FATHER MCKONE

When the bishop suggested to Father McKone that he take a promotion, "Och, leave me alone, if you please," the good soggarth replied with a smile, "Sure, I'd rather stay here where I am for awhile. For though some may remark (and I've heard them, indeed), that they wouldn't stay here at the 'back of God's speed,' if another piece offered; myself is content, and I'll never regret 'twas here I was sent, for though pickings are poor 'twixt the tracks and the river, and I never can hope to have even a sliver; and though none of my people are wealthy or smart, they're not lacking at all when it comes to the heart. Good heart and good will you can find here galore, and they're doing the best that they can—ay, and more. For it isn't the purse but the purpose that tells. And the work of God's Church isn't done by the 'swells.' So, considering this, and the time I've been with them, and the way that they always respond when I need them, and the fine Christian spirit they always have shown, sure, I simply can't leave them," said Father McKone.

"And besides, it is used to myself they are now, and another perhaps, mightn't please them somehow, Ob, of course, they would welcome whoever you'd send, You're their bishop, they know, and what's more, you're their friend. But for that, you see, they're broke in to my way, and they're some of them, good as they are, hard to please. They'd be frightened, poor souls, at the cut and the style of the young men. I see every once in a while, and the learning displayed in some sermons I've heard, I'm afraid it would leave them un-schooled and un-stirred, for they mightn't, perhaps, understand what was said, And what good is a sermon that's over your head? Then they might get a man who'd be wanting to raise a whole lot of money in up-to-date ways. A practical priest who would have no affection for that old institution, the penny collection. He might try to have 'drives,' he might think they were lazy, He might end by just driving a lot of them crazy. And I think I'd be hearing my poor people groan whoever you'd send me," said Father McKone.

"And again, there's Tim Doyle, not much more than a child, but he's running around and he's getting quite wild. Since his father was killed at the front and his brother will be never come back as he was, the poor mother Can't get any good, so she says, out of Tim, and she looks to myself to be managing him. And Evella Mahoney, a good little girl, but just a bit foolish, not sensing the peril Prepared for the vicious for beings like her. Now, would Michael, her father, (her mother is dead), Would he ever be easy in heart or in head. If he thought I was going away, the poor fellow, Where I couldn't be having an eye on Evella? And others there are—I'm but mentioning two. But every parish has more than a few. Who forever are needing the hand of a priest To keep them from falling a prey to the Beast. Can I leave them to fight out the battle alone? Not while God gives me strength," replied Father McKone.

"My successor," said Father McKone, "wouldn't fall To visit the hospital ward and the jail. And yet there are many poor souls in both places. With all sorts of stories from all sorts of races, Whom those who don't know them perhaps might condemn— Who, I think, would miss me, and I know I'd miss them. For who can behold a poor creature, that's scourged By the hand of misfortune, nor know himself purged. Of all feelings save pity? We've all much the same, And shall we so imperfect apportion the blame? So, wherever you sent me, your Lordship, I'd be thinking of all these poor people back here.

My mind would be wandering away from my work And I'd get a bad name for becoming a shirker. I'm thankful indeed, and you know I won't shirk you say I should do. But I think From others more fitted by nature and grace For the big city parish, so give them the place, And let me stay here where I am with my own. 'Tis the place that best suits me," said Father McKone.

Then the bishop just turned on his heel; and his eye, I'm telling the truth of it, wasn't quite dry. And he mused to himself: "I'd give him half and throne To have him your humility, Father McKone." —DENNIS A. MCCARTHY

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY GHOST

"The just receive not only the gifts, but also the Person of the Holy Ghost," says St. Thomas of Aquinas. "It would be an error against faith to say that a Christian, in a state of grace, possesses only the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and not the Holy Ghost Himself." Now, the Holy Ghost being the invisible Love of the Eternal Father and the Eternal Word, can it be for a moment supposed that to return love for Love is a mere matter of taste or convenience on the part of anyone, or that love and most ardent devotion to God's Own Love is but a work of supererogation, and may be taken up and practiced or put aside and neglected? Is it not written of the First and greatest Commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God?" Then take upon yourself this duty—this obligation—using whatever form of expression that will best help you, providing it be best approved by His Holy Church.

God, who is a pure Spirit, existing without a body like unto ours, is everywhere. All things are subject to His Power; all things are known and seen by Him; all things to Him alone owe every moment of their existence. In Heaven God is present glorifying His elect, who, when upon earth, returned love for Love. In hell God is present in the power of His justice, bestowing upon the lost souls that which is their due; thus when upon earth simply despised God's gift of Himself in all His Love. On earth God is present to the just (to all who are free from deadly sin) as a Friend, a Guest, a tender Father, a Sure Guide, a Divine Comforter; a most generous Benefactor, as our Sanctifier and Divine Love Himself. All this He is to us, or rather would be, were we to permit Him—were we to notice Him, if only from time to time, and pay at least the same attention which we would show to our nearest and dearest upon earth. This is not shown to Him. Hence the darkness of mind, or mental blindness among men; hence that torpid selfishness on the one hand, and on the other, the coldness, hard-heartedness, and even cruelty which exists in ever so many hearts. Hence again, those ever-recurring waves of unbelief and immorality which flood the world, destroy innumerable souls, and bury them beneath the black waters of their untold iniquities.

To be devoted to the Holy Spirit of God is to have an ever ready ear and eye directed to His abiding Presence within us. To practice devotion to the Holy Ghost is but to express our esteem, wonder, astonishment, admiration, and love towards the Love of the Eternal Father and Eternal Word, who deigns, in His infinite mercy, love, and compassion, to come through the merits of Jesus Christ to be our true Friend and Benefactor, an abiding Guest and Sanctifier, and the Comforter in all our griefs, unworthy though we be. Every act of devotion to the Holy Ghost is an act of divine worship, an act of faith, hope, and charity, attention and respect for His Presence, a hearkening to His voice, and a doing His most Holy Will. How necessary and how practically useful is this devotion to Him; by it we return thanks to Him for His gifts, we make reparation for sins committed against Him, the Holy Ghost, while we sanctify our own souls.—Catholic Bulletin.

CARDINAL GIBBONS OPPOSES SUNDAY MOVIES MEASURE Cardinal Gibbons, who has been watching with keen interest the fight in the Maryland State Legislature over Sunday moving pictures, made a brief statement in opposition to the bill. Several weeks ago, when the bill was introduced the Cardinal announced publicly that he is against anything tending to commercialize the Sunday.

When informed that Senator Frick had decided to fight the measure, the Cardinal expressed gratification. "I am unalterably opposed to the bill," he said. "Tell them to fight it to a finish for the sake of our city."

The Cardinal explained his belief that a sharp distinction should be made between Sunday sports and amusements spontaneous in nature, and those promoted for gain. Open moving picture theatres would tend to keep some people out of church and to distract the minds of many from the religious atmosphere of the Sabbath, the Cardinal said.—The Guardian.

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