

to petty peculation, she has grown careless of her Church, and one of the first signs of Catholic indifference is the non-observance of the law regarding Friday. In society the same feeling obtains. The Catholic young man who happens along on a Friday and takes « pot luck » with a Protestant family, and with an affection of liberality, and says nothing when he is helped to beef, incurs the suspicion of his hosts. « He is ashamed of his religion, » they whisper, and they regard him as a poor fellow, a weak-kneed sycophant, who cannot be trusted. On the other hand, respect and esteem is the portion of the man who quietly declines the meat, and reminds them that it is a day of abstinence with him. It is just what they would expect, and he wins that additional regard which any man of any denomination inspires by unaffected adherence to his principles. It is just the difference between the coward and the gentleman, and Protestants are quick to appreciate it. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, once met a Protestant gentleman who sought to pose as a liberal man in religious matters, half hinting that he was ready to become a convert, « for, » said he, I am afraid that I am a bad Protestant. « Therefore, » observed the Bishop, icily, « I am afraid you would make an equally bad Catholic. » Just as undesirable to Protestants is the meat-eating Catholic. In fact, they would prefer even a pork-eating Jew.



But this meat-eating practice is not confined to public restaurants and chance dinners, where silly and cowardly Catholics try to be smart and semitheistic to win an approving smile which they are astonished to find is withheld. It is to be found in the home of the really bad Catholics, and in the home of the mixed marriage. The wife who marries a Protestant, will sometimes plead that she has an excuse to ignore her religious obligations. But there is none. Her husband has married her as a Catholic, and only in extreme cases does he endeavor to make her lax in her religious duties. Even agnostics prefer a religious wife, if only for the sake of the children, who in after life reflect their mother. The excuse sometimes advanced by the Catholic wife for her laxity, is the trouble of preparing two sets of meals on Friday — one for her husband and one for herself and children. So out of nothing more than laziness, she sits down to meat, and offers her children the worst possible example. How can she expect her