

writings of approved theologians, is fifty years ago since Cardinal Perrotti, kinsman of Pius IX., uttered these memorable words: "All the evils which now threaten the Church will be for the furtherance of the Faith, and for the greater glory of the Holy See. By these very tumults and persecutions of the Vicar of Christ, the Christian world will become more Catholic, and Rome more than ever united to its Pontiffs." Who will not say that even now the Christian world tends to the fulfillment of the first of these predictions? The second, then, may safely be left to the coming years. Under no circumstances have the opinions or the machinations of the anti-Christian or anti-clerical press of Italy any real bearing upon the question.

THE EXPECTED has happened—the far named "Jesuit Oath" has turned up in Belfast, and been doing yeoman service as a bogey to frighten Protestant Nationalists with. It is less than a year since Toronto had the spasm, and what affected the Belfast of Canada must of necessity have broken out also in the Belfast of Ireland. The Tyrone Constitution, described by an English exchange as "an old-established Tory organ, enjoying the countenance and friendship of every Tory magnate in Tyrone," has been working the "Oath" overtime, and the trembling Non-conformist vote of England is being assured through such channels that there is no hope of peace or safety to the Protestantism of the British Isles save in the rejection at once and forever of the "infamous measure being forced through the House of Commons by Premier Asquith at the instigation and under the threats of Redmond and his menials." This is a fair specimen of the enlightened and progressive spirit of Unionist journalism. It is in good company with that silly concoction the "Jesuit Oath." Both form a delightful tribute to the enlightenment and magnanimity of the Unionist campaign.

IN THE GREAT modern city of Buenos Aires, which because of its almost unexampled progress in recent years, has, in conservative quarters, been thought to be in danger of becoming too material in its civilization, it is gratifying to learn of the steady progress also of religious and charitable organizations. A society of young women, for example, under the patronage of that angel of charity, Saint Vincent de Paul, has now forty-four workshops in the capital city, and fifteen in the province of the same name. These correspond to our aid or sewing societies. In these workshops are 150 sewing machines, upon which, in one year, have been made 41,732 pieces of clothing which have been distributed to the sick and indigent. This well organized work is governed by a particular council of the young people themselves, and is in affiliation with the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Last year 898 new associates were enrolled, making a total of 1,396. Continued progress along this line will tend to the moral well-being of what, in the past decade, has become one of the finest cities in the world.

THE TORONTO Star a week or two ago published a review of what has come to be called the "down-town church problem," the upshot of which was that as strangers move in, the churches move out, their former congregations giving place to the "poor, the foreigner, the lower class." It was shown that within recent years almost a score of Protestant churches in Toronto had been sold or dismantled, and their congregations removed to the newer and more fashionable neighborhoods. Of the churches thus disposed of, three at least have passed into Catholic hands, others have been transformed into synagogues, and, in at least two instances, into theatres. Some of these Protestant congregations still conduct "missions" in their old surroundings, but these are relegated to the zealous few, and the objects of their ministrations have no more kinship with the parent congregations than have the natives of Timbuctoo.

THERE ARE not wanting among Protestants those who feel this to be a great reproach, but the reproach is not to individuals but to the system that enslaves them. Protestantism, as such, has no kinship with the poor and the downtrodden. It is, and ever has been, a religion of respect-

bility, the best passport to which is a good coat and a reputable name. Consequently, as has been proven time and time again, and as all the larger American cities bear witness, Protestant churches are not able to subsist in congested quarters, and can offer no genuine spiritual attraction to the submerged element in their populations. This lack their "missions" strive heroically to supply by an infusion of the club element, but this of itself is as far removed from the Christianity of the Bible as pole is from pole. The lamented tendency therefore to keep clear of the "common herd" gives no prospect of being modified as the years roll by. Protestantism never was and never can be either the permanent home or the genuine resting place of the poor.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST HELL

A PLAUSIBLE AND SEDUCTIVE MOVEMENT CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE

REV. R. R. HALL, S. J., in the Examiner, Bombay

The American papers have been strong on this subject of late. Recently it was the case of a group of college students formally subscribing to the doctrine that hell does not exist, and now comes a headline about one Pastor Russell who has abolished hell and claims to have won many converts to his Church in consequence. The conspiracy apparently does not come from people who are bent on wicked indulgence, and wish to get rid of hell because it presents itself as an uncomfortable impediment to their licentiousness. It comes from people who quite probably have no intention of taking advantage of the abolition of hell in order to run morally amuck, but who regard the idea of hell as something unworthy of God and of man—unworthy of God because he is all love, and unworthy of man because he ought to be all love—because a man ought to practice virtue for higher motives than those of reward and punishment, and ought not to need coercing into righteousness in this life by threats of anything so gross and degrading as eternal fire in the next. On this account the conspiracy is all the more plausible and seductive.

Perhaps the best antidote to this kind of movement is an appeal to ordinary common sense. Let us work out the question by the aid of an analogy.

The police service is something essentially coercive and penal, and yet it forms part of the equipment of every properly organized State. But for whom does the police service exist? It exists for all the citizens, but in different ways. The population of the country may first be divided into two extreme classes: (1) Those who observe the law out of principle or disposition, and would observe it even if no police service existed, and (2) those who by principle or disposition would not observe the law, and stand in need of the police in order to force them thereto or to punish them in default. In relation to the first class the police service is a service of protection merely, for it defends the observer of the law from the injuries which would follow from the breaking of it by others. In relation to the second class the police service is a real deterrent, and from their own point of view a nuisance. Between these two classes of citizens may be placed an indefinite middle section, whose moral attitude is versatile. On the whole, their disposition is good, but, being weak mortals and prone to temptation, they are liable on occasion to fall off from the right ideal and to pass from the ranks of the law-abiding to the ranks of the law-breaking population—at least incidentally and from time to time. To these the police service is a decided help, for it provides them with a tangible motive of fear at moments when the motive of love or duty proves weak and unavailing. These in their better moments will feel grateful that the police service exists, for they will recognize it as a stepping stone to the better life and a wholesome check on their archaic passions.

Thus we have in every Commonwealth three classes of men: (1) Those to whom the police are a nuisance; (2) those to whom the police are a help, and (3) those to whom the police are superfluous. But even the best citizens will be glad of the existence of the police for the sake of those who need it, or are helped by it, if not for themselves; and not one of them will feel that the presence of the policeman round the corner is a reflection on his own honesty or in any way a degradation to him.

There is not much difficulty in the application of this analogy. Turning to the department of religious morality, we have a similar division of mankind into two marked classes—the good by habit and the wicked by habit, and between them the third or versatile class, who want on the whole to be good, but are liable to incidental failure. To the habitually good man the doctrine of hell, though true, is superfluous—a fact with which he has no personal concern. To the wickedly disposed hell is positively necessary, for it comes first as a means of deterring him from crime; but if this fails, it stands to reason that he should not be allowed to outrage the divine laws of right and duty with impunity. To the middle class—who form the general run of mankind, and from which no human being,

unless confirmed in grace, can safely venture to exclude himself—hell is an undoubted help in times of weakness. This idea is embodied in the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius in an admirable way. St. Ignatius, taking for granted that the exercitant is a man of general good dispositions, explains the object of the meditation on hell as follows: "That should the love of God ever fail to keep me in the path of virtue, at least the fear of hell may come to my aid and prevent me from falling into sin"—a sort of last desperate resort when other inducements fail.

Now, it cannot sanely be said that there is anything degrading in this. It is merely a recognition of the weakness of human nature and its proneness, in spite of the highest ideals, to fail sometimes dismally in the realization of them. A man who cannot contemplate this possibility in his own case must be singularly blessed in temperament and character. But his very complacency on this account is likely to prepare the way for a painful surprise—the very cocksureness of his virtue constituting the danger. Or else he must be a man under a singular delusion as to his own probity, and needing an amount of serious introspection in order to realize his unconscious weaknesses and faults. Therefore it seems to me that any man, however idealistic in his conceptions and in his conduct, has reason to feel grateful that there lies before him, as a last resort the fact of a future retribution for sin, to impress his mind in moments of weakness when the stress of temptation obscures or obliterates or takes the cogency out of his higher motives.

With regard to the wickedly disposed, there is no use mincing matters. Their whole attitude in life is a wrong one, and hell is the only remedy for it. We say nothing here of the really puzzling difficulty as to how far and in what way hell is a remedy. But as it is clear that a man who breaks the laws of his country must be taken in hand and punished by imprisonment, fine or death, so the man who breaks the laws of his God must be handed over to retributive justice in some way or other—and the actual way instituted by God is the punishment of hell. If the crime were committed first and the punishment invented for it afterwards, the criminal might have cause to complain. But as the charter of punishment is proclaimed side by side with the charter of duty, there is no grievance, and even the wicked man himself must acknowledge that his treatment is such as he deserves.

But the point on which we particularly wish to insist is this—that the doctrine of hell is not a thing to be resented as if it were something unworthy, or degrading, or insulting to the dignity and moral worth of man. So far as a man is all that he ought to be, hell lies outside his horizon. The doctrine was never meant for him at all, and has nothing to do with him. Hell begins to loom on the horizon only as a concomitant of sin, and as a corollary of it; and if there be any degradation connected with the cause, this degradation is not to be sought in the doctrine, but in the man himself. He has put himself in that category for whom hell was invented and for whom it becomes a practical question; and the remedy does not lie in getting rid of the doctrine, but in getting rid of the sin. As soon as sin is gone all connection with hell is gone.

As to the question whether hell is a doctrine worthy of God, the general answer is contained in what we have already said. If it is worthy of God to create man at all; if it is worthy of Him to make that probation consist in the choice between virtue and sin, between service and rebellion; if it is worthy of Him to make eternal happiness the reward of service, then it is part of the harmony of the programme to make hell the punishment of rebellion. The eternal duration of hell remains a mystery which the human mind cannot adequately fathom, and this we confess is the root difficulty of the subject. But then, as Newman says, "a thousand difficulties do not make a doubt"—or ought not to. There is quite enough evidence to prove that sin, and an eternal hell is part of the Christian revelation, just as the Trinity, and the Incarnation, and the atonement; and what is revealed must be believed. It is suicidal to take revelation piecemeal, and to accept only those parts which one can understand and see the full reason for. By doing this we accept what we accept not because it is revealed, but because it agrees with our own views on the subject, which is not believing in revelation at all.

Among Catholics this is perfectly well understood. But vast numbers of Protestants have so completely lost sight of the real meaning of revelation, and of faith in revelation, that belief becomes for them an eclectic and optional affair. Hence the doctrines of Christianity are whittled down under the pressure of criticism or got rid of altogether; and the principal of "believing only what I can understand and give demonstration for, and only what recommends itself to my own taste and judgment," has taken the place of the "obsequium fidei." "O my God, I firmly believe whatsoever Thou hast revealed through Thy Church, because Thou art the very truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived."

They who die rich in character leave a great deal that was not here when they came; they have something to take away with them as well.

SAINT FRANCIS' CRIB

A writer in the New York Times gives a touching picture of the manner in which an Italian family living in a New York tenement celebrated the Eve of Christmas. In their own Sunny Italy dear St. Francis of Assisi inaugurated the custom that these denizens of a crowded tenement faithfully observed hundreds of years after St. Francis went to his eternal reward. It is seven hundred years since he erected in Assisi the first Christmas Crib. He located it in an old, deserted stable to which he brought a live ox and live ass to impart an air of reality to the scene. What a theatrical manager would call his "properties" consisted of carved figures representing the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. The latter was placed in the manger. Then the stable doors were thrown open and all the inhabitants of Assisi were invited to come and see the representation of the Holy Family, recalling the scene enacted in Bethlehem on the first Christmas.

From that day to this, Saint Francis method of commemorating the birth of Our Lord has been observed in the Catholic Churches and Catholic families in many European countries. It has been carried upon the sweet simplicity of him who first devised it. St. Francis of Assisi had an instinctive knowledge of the human heart which enabled him to appeal to his fellow-men as none other could. He realized how a visual representation of what Our Lord did out of His infinite love for us would move the hearts of men and women. He was right. The Christmas Crib is ever an eloquent, worthless sermon that never fails of the effect it is intended to produce. It appeals to the matured person as well as to the child.

How it helps keep alive the faith of his fathers in the poor Italian immigrant is brought out in the story told by the New York Times writer. Felipe is a poor Italian workman who has to labor long hours to keep a roof above himself and his family. But scanty as is his income, he does not begrudge that part of it which he devotes to preparing a Crib for the Bambino Gesù. Christmas eve is his little eight by ten room is crowded. At twelve o'clock prayers are said and then the Benjamin of the family lifts the Bambino Gesù from the miniature manger and carries him about to be kissed by every one present. It is all a very touching scene, and must leave an indelible impression upon those who take part in it. When the first rays of Christmas morn dispel the gloom of the tenement house, the youngsters of the family find on the Christmas tree the good things the Bambino Gesù brought them over night.

The countrymen of St. Francis of Assisi who keep up the beautiful custom inaugurated by him are loyal to the faith that made him what he was. This loyalty is constantly assailed by sectarian proselytizers who would have the Italian immigrant forsake the religion of his fathers for one in which he will find none of the spiritual consolations that sweeten the bitterness of his hard struggle for a bare existence in the land of his adoption.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ANOTHER CONVERSION

I have been a reader of THE CATHOLIC RECORD for the past two years, and have often read the story of conversions. I thought perhaps mine would be worthy of space in your valuable paper. My parents, brothers and sisters, are all Baptists. My relatives are all Protestants. At the age of thirteen I was baptized and became a member of the Baptist Church. I tried hard to live a Christian life and succeeded fairly well for a few years. Gradually at first, then rapidly, I drifted away. Soon after, at the age of eighteen, I became a member of the Orange Lodge. In my 21st year I joined a sailing ship and went to South America, then to Scotland. I sailed around the coast of the British Isles for twenty-two months and visited France and Germany. During all this time my mind was undergoing a change. I came in contact with Catholics and always found them good fellows. When I came back to Canada again I thought less hardly of the Catholic Church, so much so that I decided the Orange Lodge was a humbug, and I never renewed my acquaintance with it since. In the spring of 1907 I came to Cobalt, and as there was no Baptist Church there, then I attended the Salvation Army. I tried to become converted and tried to lead a better life, but I soon knew I had not tried the right way. I went back home in the fall, and after a time attended a series of Baptist revivals. Again I tried to reform. "I spoke in meetings," requested the prayers of the people, read the Bible and otherwise tried to follow the rules as I knew them. Then I began to criticize the minister. He did not explain certain passages of the Scripture to suit me. So again I drifted away. In the spring of 1908, I again returned to Cobalt and boarded with a family, the husband being a Protestant and the wife a devout Catholic. I entered into argument with her many times and tried to show her that the use of candles, holy water, palm, and scapulars were not only foolish but also a relic of barbarism. But her exemplary life, the sacrifices

she made in order to attend Mass, won my admiration, and I said her religion must be better than mine. When she went to Church I often said to her in a joking way, "Say a prayer for me." She said to me once, "I always pray for you at the elevation." I accompanied her to midnight Mass on Xmas eve. I thought it beautiful but unnecessary. Sometimes on my way to work in the morning I would feel a strange feeling stealing over me. I would stop, look back at the house, and say, "She is praying for me." In the fall of 1909 I contracted typhoid fever. She and her husband and little son accompanied me to my home in Nova Scotia. After I became convalescent I thought perhaps I could become a Catholic. I tried then to put the thought away from me as I thought I would never believe in the Catholic Church. I came back to Cobalt in time to attend Midnight Mass again at Christmas, and occasionally I went to Vespers and to Mass. I became interested; my ideas changed; and in April I went to the priest (the late Rev. Father Forget). He asked me a few questions as to my motive in wishing to become a Catholic and told me to return the next evening. The next evening he banded me over to the Rev. Father Alberic Meyers, of Ottawa, for instructions. I visited him two and three times a week. He soon answered all my questions, foolish and otherwise, and showed me that the Catholic Church was founded on the teachings of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Bible. All my doubts, prejudices and hatred of the Catholic Church vanished. All that I had read in such books as "Maria Monk," "Why Priests should Wed," "Six months in a Convent," and some of King's books (who claimed to be a reformed priest and to have been twenty-five years a priest in the Church of Rome) appeared to me to be a hideous parcel of untruths. In May Father Alberic baptized me and in June I was confirmed. Since then many things I did not fully understand were made plain in sermons heard at Mass and in reading the CATHOLIC RECORD (which I subscribed for two years ago on the advice of Father Alberic). I owe my conversion and what I know of the Catholic Church to the example of a noble Catholic woman. Who can estimate the good that may result from a good example? To-day I have that which satisfies the longings of my soul, and I wonder how I could have been in darkness so long. Oh! that I had known sooner. I trust that this may be read by someone who may be struggling toward the light. I wish also to say that I owe much of my enlightenment to the CATHOLIC RECORD, which I would not be without for ten times the amount it costs.

LYMAN RAMEY
Cobalt, Jan. 6th, 1913.

MARE'S NESTS AND MUCH BOASTING

DO CATHOLICS MAKE UNDUE PARADE OF ACCESSIONS TO THEIR RELIGION?

John Ayscough in the Catholic Universe and Weekly, London.

Something in a paper never read by the present writer was quoted to him the other day, and as it was only a quotation it would be worse than temerarious to attempt a quotation. But the point urged appears to have been that Catholics, if not the Catholic Church, make undue parade of accessions to our religion from other bodies, as, for instance, from the Church of England, and have often read the story of conversions. I thought perhaps mine would be worthy of space in your valuable paper. My parents, brothers and sisters, are all Baptists. My relatives are all Protestants. At the age of thirteen I was baptized and became a member of the Baptist Church. I tried hard to live a Christian life and succeeded fairly well for a few years. Gradually at first, then rapidly, I drifted away. Soon after, at the age of eighteen, I became a member of the Orange Lodge. In my 21st year I joined a sailing ship and went to South America, then to Scotland. I sailed around the coast of the British Isles for twenty-two months and visited France and Germany. During all this time my mind was undergoing a change. I came in contact with Catholics and always found them good fellows. When I came back to Canada again I thought less hardly of the Catholic Church, so much so that I decided the Orange Lodge was a humbug, and I never renewed my acquaintance with it since. In the spring of 1907 I came to Cobalt, and as there was no Baptist Church there, then I attended the Salvation Army. I tried to become converted and tried to lead a better life, but I soon knew I had not tried the right way. I went back home in the fall, and after a time attended a series of Baptist revivals. Again I tried to reform. "I spoke in meetings," requested the prayers of the people, read the Bible and otherwise tried to follow the rules as I knew them. Then I began to criticize the minister. He did not explain certain passages of the Scripture to suit me. So again I drifted away. In the spring of 1908, I again returned to Cobalt and boarded with a family, the husband being a Protestant and the wife a devout Catholic. I entered into argument with her many times and tried to show her that the use of candles, holy water, palm, and scapulars were not only foolish but also a relic of barbarism. But her exemplary life, the sacrifices

Is there any truth in the assertion conveyed? Are we concerned to deny it altogether? I do not see that we are.

If those who become Catholics boast of what they have done self-righteously, they are in fault, as all self-righteousness is faulty. If they held themselves as though their conversion were so great a thing for the Church that the Church ought to feel herself slightly overpowered by the honor done to her, they would show themselves singularly lacking in a sense of proportion. But they may glory in finding themselves where they are without any personal boast in the matter. The woman in the Scriptures who found the goat she had been seeking called her friends and neighbors together to rejoice with her, and He who tells us of it does not blame her; and the true faith is a greater find than a goat. The rejoicing is a sign of appreciation of the thing found, and need not imply vanity or self-consequence. I think it is true that our converts do so rejoice, and their joy does not quickly evaporate. It does not wear away when the novelty of their position, as co-heirs of all the Church's treasures, has been worn away, but deepens through life, and is deepest when life itself is ending.

It may be true that those who leave the Catholic Church for some other make no boast, personal or otherwise. It is very likely. They may betray no pride and no elation. And one does not wonder. It is a humble moment, and, if they are aware of it, it may mean some remnant of grace. At all events, their silence cannot surprise us. If they abstain from calling friends and neighbors to rejoice with them, they doubtless have their own reasons, and one who is no wizard may divine them. To rejoice, even rather loudly, over treasure trove is as natural as it is human and harmless; to make much cry over the acquisition of a mare's nest only proclaims an imbecility it were better to hide. To find your mare's nest and hold your tongue about it is a natural result of some suspicion as to the importance of your discovery. It would not appear that we are much concerned to deny that converts from Catholicity arrive with a sense of elation and delight they are unable to repress, and that receders from Catholicity withdraw with all reasonable meekness, in perfect silence, and without the least tendency to betray elation or even relief.

But does the Catholic Church, or do Catholics, make a great deal to do over the arrival of converts? These are two separate questions, though one in principle. The Catholic Church at large is not commonly aware of the accession of converts unless they arrive in masses, so to speak, or their importance is peculiarly significant in some special way. If it could be aware of each individual conversion, it would rejoice over each, as the Good Shepherd in the parable rejoiced over the finding of the one sheep that had been wandering in the wilderness. When converts are made in striking numbers the Church and her head on earth are aware of it, and there is great rejoicing; so there has been in Rome over the conversion of whole nations brought to the faith by the apostolic men Rome has sent forth to carry God's truth to them.

On ordinary occasions it is different. If the writer of the globe, or complaint, we speak of were to be converted to Catholicity, the Pope would perhaps not be informed, nor would the Catholics in America, Australia or even Austria; and Rome, New York, Melbourne and Vienna would go on just as if nothing particular had happened. If, however, the fact were known in all those places, it would cause rejoicing; not that the Universal Church had escaped a great menace or plumed her cap with a remarkable feather, but because another soul had been brought to what is meant for his safety and sanctification of all souls. In the meantime those who did know would be glad; not all Rome (such is the defective supply of information even in these days of telegrams and postcards), nor all the Catholic Church in England or Bayswater, but all Catholics who should know that another spiritual brother had been born to them.

Converts themselves should know as much about it as those who have not the least intention of becoming converts. What is their experience? Did we find when we became Catholics that the Catholic Church had her head turned? Did the Pope suffer from an accession of blood to the head? It was a great day for us: was it made a festival for Christendom? Was the priest, who received us promoted, or has he since condescended to his just disappointment at the delay in his promotion? Was all Catholic Battersda agog, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, even anonymously, warned that he had better look out—Mr. Smith had turned Catholic and the Established religion was on its last legs?

Nay, but Mr. Smith is given a friendly welcome—and a friendly warning. He has made a beginning; let him see to it that he walks worthily of the great grace God has given him. He is a child of the Church now, but her babe, let him learn, and let him, above all, learn obedience. Of babes not much else is required. Much talking is not seemly in babies; they are but stammerers, and precocious speech is seldom instructive. He is not greatly flattered, but he is sincerely congratulated. He has done as good a day's work in becoming a Catholic as he could do under the circumstances. Certainly he is congratulated—on his own account, not because the Church stood in special need of him, but because he and all men stand in great need of her. Is there no such congratulation for the neophyte who flings himself into the arms of the Church of England? Has she no such embrace for him? Why not? Is there no warm congratulation? Does such congratulation seem out of place? It may be. I, for one, can believe it. Perhaps those to whom he goes wonder why he comes. What brings him? What has he to gain spiritually, what is he willing, spiritually, to lose? Dr. Johnson was a devout Anglican, a hundred times more devout an Anglican than any thousand Anglicans you shall commonly meet. "I shall never," said he, "be a Papist unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror." What says he of converts from Protestantism to Popery? and vice versa? "A man," declared the doctor, "who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

Laceration of mind hardly begets elation in those who have to endure it; and if they who welcome them to do so with a calm that is much like coldness, who can wonder?

Many receders from Catholicity even abstain from making their names public, we are told, and upon my word, I can readily believe it.

MARTYR TO DUTY

In circumstances which entitle him to the name of a hero, the Abbe Marie Pujos du Coudray, military chaplain, died on Sunday in Paris. He was summoned a few days before to the bedside of an artilleryman who was dying of an infectious fever at the Versailles military hospital.

Although aware of the danger, for the doctors had warned him, he remained with the artilleryman until the latter died. The same evening he was taken ill with symptoms of infectious fever, and within forty hours he also expired, a martyr to duty. His funeral will take place at Fontainebleau.—Lloyd's News.

Rev. Father du Coudray referred to above was a member of the French nobility; holding the title of Count. He was the first secretary to Archbishop McCarthy of Halifax; and was chaplain to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Halifax for two years. (R. I. P.)

WHEN TO MARRY

Several magazines, among them Extension, have been discussing the advantages of marrying early, and inquiring why so many men nowadays either shun matrimony altogether or defer it till well on toward middle life. The salary question of course figures prominently in the arguments. One "expert" is of the opinion that at present a man should not think of marrying on less than \$1,200 a year, and on the other hand he is urged to wed at twenty-three or twenty-five. The require from a prospective bridegroom, this annual income is discouraging to many a young man who ought to marry. A thrifty couple it would seem could live in comfort upon less. But thrift is not considered now the favorite virtue of young wives, for they have enjoyed before marriage so many superfluities that husbands who desire a quiet house, must see that these luxuries are still provided.

But is it true that poverty always chips the wings of love? Does the happiness of marriage depend chiefly on the husband's salary? To keep a corner snug and warm for years and wife, even in these days of high prices, should not be a task too difficult for a man who is young and industrious. In these discussions it is to be feared that economic considerations are emphasized to the exclusion of those that are at least of quite as much importance.

Let Catholic young men who are meditating marriage remember that the contract is a holy sacrament, conferring on those who receive it worthily the grace to bear with patience the burdens of their state. This light and grace from on high, moreover, when once given, can always be revived or renewed by earnest prayer. Matrimony after all is the vocation in which God intends that most men should save and hallow their souls. Hence another argument for marrying early. For how many young men through a selfish love of independence and a craven fear of the responsibilities of the wedded life have ended by neglecting completely the practice of their religion. The money they squander in sinful dissipation, if saved, would make a joyful home for wedded holiness. Finally who are the men in our churches that are most conspicuous both in number and in prominence for assisting at Mass, for frequenting the sacraments, and for promoting with enthusiasm every Catholic enterprise? Are they not the married men of the congregation?—America.

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

Almost every Catholic university, college and academy has its "official publication." Some of them are mediocre, some good, others excellent. In the latter class is The Rainbow (The Organ of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in America), published by the Ladies of Loreto.

The January number of this valuable periodical begins the twentieth volume and the anniversary is celebrated with a remarkably fine issue. Beautiful illustrations are intermingled with reading matter which is unusually attractive. "The New Shepherd" of Toronto naturally has the place of honor, his busy life being sketched by one who is an adept in that line. Descriptive of Niagara and its glorious surroundings, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer has written an article which for striking diction, beautiful phrasing word painting unparalleled is one of the beauties of the entertaining number. With this chapter is a series of photo-engravings which have never been surpassed. Other articles are well written and prove very conclusively that good English is not among the lost arts, at least so far as Loreto is concerned.

On this anniversary the Union and Times extends to its academic contemporary good wishes, with hope that it may long continue its useful and uplifting career.

Happiness may fly away, or pleasure, fail or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, but the power to serve God never fails and the love of Him is never rejected.