

JUNE 24, 1916

had been almost happy; but God did not care; nothing could matter again.

At last he raised his head. There, on the window sill, stood the pot which had held his rose so proudly, empty now, but for a jagged bit of stem. Beside it, almost touching it, was a larger pot in which bloomed a white rose more beautiful than his own had been.

He stared at it paralyzed with amazement. Presently he thrust out a horny forefinger and touched it. It felt real. He put his nose close to the loveliest rose. Its fragrance was delicious.

"After all, He does care!" he exulted. "He does like me!"

A feverish energy took possession of him. He reached wildly for his crutch, moved across the room with frantic haste, and snatching his hat thrust it on his head. Very carefully he hugged the plant in his free arm he hurried from the shop, for the first and last time in his life forgetting to lock the door.

Into the church he went, and up the long aisle. A young girl was decorating the altar, and to her he gave the plant. He tried to say something, but the words died on his lips.

"You want me to place it close to the tabernacle?" she said, having the quick understanding that is the fruit of a kind heart.

"Yes, that's it," he answered, with a very evident sense of relief; and she smiled most naturally.

As he stumped down the aisle, and she genuflected with the pot in her arms, she whispered:

"Dear Lord, I am glad I saw him and put it there. It was a little sacrifice—but you are a little after all!"—Florence Gilmore in Messenger of Sacred Heart.

THE IRISH POETS

The three poets who were foremost to sign and foremost to take arms to assert Ireland's Declaration of Independence had each a vision of nationality that could not be expressed in a proclamation, no matter how nobly that proclamation might be worded. With Padraic Pearse that vision was the revival of a chivalry in Ireland, the renaissance of the heroic age of Celtic history when, as he wrote, the greatest honor was for the hero who had the most child-like heart, for the king who had the largest pity, for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty. All his plays and stories were about children and about saints.

He was grave, and if it were not for his kindness and his humor Padraic Pearse would have appeared as a somber young man. His head was always slightly bent as though in deep but never anxious reflection. His ideas were so composed that when he addressed you in conversation parts of what he said might go into essays or lectures. He talked programs. But nothing in his speech was dry or pedantic, so much enthusiasm, grave enthusiasm indeed, was in all he said. He never spoke unkindly nor even slightly of any person.

Neither did his brother, the even gentler William Pearse who was shot with him. He was first of all a Christian man. Although he was a fervent Catholic, and although Gaelic was the culture he always looked to, his father was an Englishman who had been a Protestant.

Eight years ago he decided to retire from the editorship of the Gaelic League weekly An Claidreamh Solais and put into practice his ideas of an Irish national education. He took a big dwelling-house in a suburb of Dublin, Cullenswood House, Rathmines, where the historian Lecky once lived, and opened there a secondary school for boys, Sgoil Fanna or St. Enda's. The school was to be bi-lingual; that is to say, it was to give instruction through Irish as well as through English. The whole atmosphere of the school was to be Gaelic.

On its former site St. Enda's was to give intermediate education and pre-natal students for entrance into the universities. Two years later he turned Cullenswood House into a girls' school Sgoil Ide or St. Ita's, and brought St. Enda's into the country, into a big eighteenth-century mansion with extensive grounds known as The Hermitage, Rathfarnham.

After he took up teaching he connected all his literary efforts with the schools. One year he produced an heroic pageant "Cuchillian" and another year a little religious play "Josagan" (Jesuskin). In 1911 his Passion Play was produced. A year later he published his single book of verse "Suantraidhe agus Goidtraidhe" (Sleep Songs and Sorrow Songs) written in the language of the West Connacht parish where he often lived. He had begun to put together in the pages of the Irish Review an anthology of poetry in the Irish language, making his own translations. "I am ready. For years I have waited and prayed for this day. We have the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself of really asserting ourselves. Such an opportunity will never come again. Will we be freemen, or are we content to remain as slaves, and idly watch the final extermination of the Gael?" He wrote these words in an article published just before the insurance. There spoke the one who would walk steadily toward martyr-

dom. Pearse was a man of supreme value to Ireland. But he was one who, when lives had to be ventured, would make the nearest approach to death. He was a mystic, and for him a cause would become a call. He would not spare himself and he would not spare those who went with him. He was in truth, the very type of the implacable idealist. Like the other two poets executed he has left a poem that might stand for his epitaph: "To Death" is its title and it has thus been translated by his friend Thomas MacDonagh:

I have not gathered gold; The fame that I won perished; In love I found but sorrow, That withered my life.

Of wealth or of glory I shall leave nothing behind me I think it, O God, enough; But my name in the heart of a child.

Thomas MacDonagh, perhaps, had not a single vision of the renaissance Ireland. He had a vision of the maker of the renaissance Irish state: the soldier-statesman who would be instructed by the philosophic poet. Those who saw him in his academic robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a medieval university. But MacDonagh was as far from being a pedant as was Pearse. He was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humor remarkable even in a Munster man.

He had too an intimate knowledge of the humors of popular life in the country and the country town which he never put into his writing. He was born in Cloughjordan, a town in County Tipperary, where his father and mother were teachers in primary schools. He was trained by a Religious Order, and became a novice in his youth. He was a teacher in a college in Kilkenny and later in Fermoy, and it was while in the former place that he took up the study of Irish. Afterwards he went to the Aran Islands and to the Irish-speaking districts of Munster and made himself fluent in the language. In 1901 and 1902 he published two books of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate" and "April and May."

Just before Pearse opened his school MacDonagh came to Dublin to look round him. He had written a play, "When the Dawn is Come," and wanted to have it produced in the Abbey Theater, which was then under the brief direction of J. M. Synge. The scene is laid in the revolutionary Ireland of the future, and it is the tragedy of a leader whose master-idea baffled his followers. MacDonagh had joined the staff of St. Enda's when this play was produced. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish and was drawn to the classical poets, to Catullus, Dante and Racine. After he came to Dublin the poetry he wrote was more personal. "Songs of Myself" and "Lyrical Poems" being titles of his two subsequent volumes.

A poet, with a bent toward abstractions, a scholar with a leaning toward philology; these were the aspects Thomas MacDonagh showed when he expressed himself in letters. But what was fundamental in him rarely went into what he wrote. That fundamental thing was an eager search for something that would have his whole devotion. His dream was always of action of a man dominating a crowd for a great end, the historical figures that appealed straight to him were the Gracchi and the Irish military leader of the seveneenth century, Owen Roe O'Neill. In the lives of these three there was the drama that appealed to him; the thoughtful man became a revolutionist. Many things Thomas MacDonagh said and wrote were extraordinarily prophetic of his own end. Such a prophecy, for example, is in "Wishes for My Son":

God to you may give the sight And the clear undoubting strength Wars to knit for single right, Freedom's war to knit at length, And to win, through wrath and strife To the sequel of my life.

Joseph Plunkett had a vision of an Ireland filled with the martyr's defiance and the martyr's devotion. He has recorded that vision in "Our Heritage," which I consider the finest poem of Irish national defiance:

This heritage to the race of Kings: Their children and their children's seed Have wrought their prophecies indeed Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke In old immortal tragedies, These have not failed beneath the skies, Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod That holds their fathers' funeral urn. Still shall their hearts volcanic burn With anger of the Sons of God.

No alien sword shall earn as wage The entail of their blood and tears, No shameful price for peaceful years Shall ever part this heritage.

The family of Joseph Mary Plunkett had a proud memory, the memory of martyrdom, for the last priest martyred in England, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was of their blood. Joseph Plunkett was a

mystic, but a militant mystic. The title he chose for his book of poems was "The Circle and the Sword" and the eternal circle and the destroying sword were the symbols he always had in his mind. The strongest of the new Irish patriotic poems, and the ones charged with the greatest intensity of Irish Catholic faith were written by this young man.—Padraic Colum, in America.

THE BIBLE

EXPLANATION OF DIFFERENCES IN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT VERSIONS

Simple as this question looks at first sight, it really involves a host of others. First of all, most Catholics are probably unaware that the leather-bound volume which graces their book shelf hardly deserves the name of "Douay" Bible. This, at least is the opinion of Newman and Wiseman, who more than seventy years ago called it an abuse of terms to speak of our recent editions as the Douay Bible. Nor has the King James Version remained the same. New editions of the Protestant Bible have been brought out within the last thirty years, which, despite fierce opposition, have gained ground steadily. Taking, however, the question at its face value, let us see what the difference is between the original Douay Bible and the King James Version as published in 1611.

First and foremost, the King James Bible omits the so-called deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament, while the Douay Version, faithful to its Catholic principles, includes all the books enumerated in the canon of the Council of Trent. In other words, the Protestant Bible omits Tobias, Judith, the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, both books of the Maccabees, parts of Esther and Daniel. This fact alone should be sufficient to bar the Protestant Bible from any Catholic household. For whatever doubts may have existed in former centuries, whatever arguments Protestants may advance against the inclusion of these books, the fact remains that the Church accepts them with the same reverence and pious devotion as she accepts the other books of the Bible.

Another essential difference lies in the annotations. Catholics are not allowed to read Bibles which contain no notes, much less such as contain notes of a heretical nature. To explain how reasonable and motherly the Church is in this provision would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants in regard to these books exists inasmuch as the Church holds that the Bible is not self-explanatory, that it needs a living teacher for its exponent; to the Protestants, on the other hand, the Bible is as clear and as plain as a child's prayer, a book to be had by all, to be read by all, to be understood by all.

The autographs of the inspired writings, it must be remembered, are no longer in existence. The translator, then, must rely on copies. But these copies themselves were not made from the original. Some were written hundreds and thousands of years after the autograph. To give but one instance, the earliest copy which we possess of the New Testament dates from the fourth century; that is, it was made after the evangelists wrote their gospels. It would be unreasonable, to say the least, to expect that God would preserve this long line of copies and copies from all error, God never meant the Bible to be our only rule of faith. Hence he would allow mistakes to creep in, at least, in those matters which do not pertain to faith and morals. As a fact, if we compare copy with copy, a host of divergences become at once manifest. The question, then, to be determined by the would-be translator is: Which is the best and purest text? Which approaches the original most closely?

Now, it is true that in this respect the King James translators seem at first blush to have made the better choice. For they based their version on the original Greek and Hebrew text, while the Douay scholars were satisfied with translating from the Vulgate, itself a translation. But this fact does not prove the superiority of the King James version. Not only is the text on which it is based, the so-called "received text," considered even by Protestant scholars as of comparatively little value, but the more the Vulgate is examined as to the purity of its text, the higher it rises in the esteem of sound critics. Besides, while strictly adhering to the Latin Vulgate, the Douay translators always had the original Hebrew and Greek within easy reach to verify doubtful readings and to clear up ambiguous renderings.

Both Bibles, however, it is a foregone conclusion that they differ with regard to the faithfulness, with which they cling to the original. Now nobody ever denied that the Douay version was a most faithful rendering of the Vulgate. Indeed, this is the one objection constantly urged against it by Protestants. Whether this be a fault or a virtue matters not for the present. But how does the King James Version stand in this respect? It is true that the Douay version was published for the precise purpose of counteracting the "manifest corruption of Holy Scripture" and the "foul dealing herein by false and partial translations." But this charge was leveled against the earlier

Protestant Bibles. The King James Version, in deference to the vigorous protests of Catholics, largely remedied this evil. However, there still remain some false translations, evidently introduced with the view of making the Bible seem to stand sponsor for Protestant beliefs and customs.

Finally, how do the two versions compare with regard to their style? With few exceptions, the Protestants condemn the Douay version as stilted, un-English, ambiguous in its terms, full of strange ink horn words which never were and never would be English. Even among Catholics an occasional tendency manifests itself to repeat these charges. Yet, while there may be some reason for them, let us not overlook two facts. The first is that the Douay translators were by no means uneducated dilettanti, but men who had received the best training of their day and had been conspicuous at Oxford itself both for their ripe scholarship and their literary accomplishments. If fault is to be found with their style, this must not be set down to incapacity, but rather to definite principles purposely chosen and religiously carried out. As they themselves state in the preface, they preferred truth and accuracy to grace and elegance of style. In regard to the expected that words and phrases which might at first sound strange, would in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. It is noteworthy that some of the terms which they foresaw would be distasteful for a time, were afterwards adopted by the King James Bible and became naturalized in the English language.

"The substance and the 'woof and warp' of our Douay version," says Edwin H. Burton in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," "is vigorous and noble English. When the superiority of the Anglican version is urged, as is frequently the case, we must not forget how much in the New Testament at least, the authorized version owes to Reims. In quite recent years this influence has not only been admitted by Anglican writers, but exhaustively studied and estimated."—Rev. A. C. Cotter, S. J.

EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY

The members of the Panama Missionary Congress have launched a propaganda of slander, calumny and vituperation in regard to the Church in Latin America which is intended to deceive the ignorant and misinformed. Unfortunately the press has been too lavish in its justice to the cause of the South American, who has been represented as ignorant, superstitious and degraded. The Church that civilized and Christianized South America is the target for vitriolic attacks from this coterie of jealous proselytizers. The New World of Chicago would point out a few facts for these preparators. It says:

"Before these missionaries adopt such tactics, particularly in Argentine, let them first journey inland to Tucuman and visit there La Sala de Independencia. Hanging on the walls of this historic edifice they will find portraits of the twenty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Argentina. Let the missionaries study closely the faces and signatures of these patriots and they will find that of the twenty-six, sixteen were priests and monks of the Catholic Church.

"Catholic priest and patriot! Names so closely linked in the South American mind and in the history of that country that to offend one is to offend the other! And these missionaries after their visit to La Sala de Independencia will carry away with them the knowledge why Protestantism will not take root on the southern continent.

One needs but to reflect upon the vast multitudes of Inca Indians converted from idolatry to Christianity to acquire an idea of what the Church has done in Latin America. Every hill and valley throughout that land bears testimony to Catholic missionary endeavor. Her universities, great and numerous, stand as living memorials of Catholic zeal for education.—Intermountain Catholic.

WORDS LEFT UNSAID

Somebody has said that half the sorrows of womankind could be prevented if they would leave unspoken the words they know it is useless to speak. By looking back on our own experience we can guess just what is included under their head: The nagging words, the fretful words, the words that are bitter and unkind. How many times we have resolved that we will never speak them again, only to find them escaping our lips—almost, it would seem, in spite of us.

But after all, the prospect of cutting the sorrows of life right in two is worth an effort, and a protracted effort. It may take time, but in time anyone can learn this enormously important lesson. Some of the world's noted men, who in their youth were infamable and fiery, going to pieces on the least provocation, have learned such self-control that even if abuse were showered on them, they could sit through it without the least betrayal of feeling.

Leave unsaid the words that are unkind, impatient, fretful or complaining. Forego the witty word or smart saying that will bring pain to some tender, sensitive heart. Avoid the tale bearer and scandal monger. Eschew the gossip, and never under

any circumstances leave a stain on a neighbor's good name or fair reputation by deliberate detraction.—Catholic Columbian.

THE INN THAT MISSED ITS CHANCE

(The landlord speaks—25 A. D.) What could be done? The inn was full of folk:

His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes Who made the census; honorable men From farthest Galilee, come hitherward To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords; The rich, the rabbi, such a noble through As Bethlehem had never seen before, And may not see again. And there they were, Close herded with their servants, till the inn Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know That they were so important? Just the two, No servants, just a workman sort of man, Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon, Drooping and pale—I saw them not myself, My servants must have driven them away; But had I seen them, how was I to know? Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down? In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan, 'Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light Resplendent; but I had no time for stars, And there were songs of angels in the air Out on the hills; but how was I to hear Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they were, And who was He that should be born that night— For now I learn that they will make him King,

A second David, who will ransom us From these Philistine Romans—who but He That feeds an army with a loaf of bread, And if a soldier falls, He touches him And up he leaps, uninjured?—had I known, I would have turned the whole inn upside down.

His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest, And sent them all to stables, had I known. So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps Again will see him. Prithee say for me I did not know; and if he comes again, As he will surely come, with retinue, And banners, and an army, tell my lord That all my inn is his to make amends.

Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that! This inn that might be chief among them all, The birthplace of Messiah—had I known!

—AMOSIR, WELLS, in the Helper.

CATERING TO THE PEWS

The rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Newark, "a fashionable downtown church" of that city, was recently requested by members of his vestry to hand in his resignation. The invitation, he said, was due to his refusal to suppress passages in his sermons calculated to make sinners feel uncomfortable. Other reasons may likewise have existed, judging from the subjects of some of his sermons. The instructions which the minister claims were given him by the vestrymen of his church, afford an interesting illustration of what is likely to be expected to-day of clergymen outside the Catholic Church. The Newark minister thus pictures the situation:

"Not long ago I was deeply distressed by having a member of the vestry say, in a serious, friendly conversation, that his idea of running a church was that it should be run, to please the patrons. No one could run a successful grocery store, he told me, who let his private convictions interfere with his selling his patrons what they wanted, liquor or anything else. About the same time I was told by another member of the vestry that the plain indication on my part that I thought there were sinners in Trinity would give offense, and I was asked to strike out of a sermon that was to be published the clause in which the reference occurred. Somewhat later the same member, the dominating member of the vestry said to me as there were probably nine sinners to one saint in the church he thought that I ought to preach to please the sinners, to preach, that is, so as not to make them uncomfortable when they came to the church, not to irritate them."

Whatever the aberrations of the Newark rector may have been, he has touched upon a vital point. We hear

a great deal in the Protestant churches, as he says, of a God of infinite love whose justice is greatly ignored. "Yet this too must be infinite. "We hear it said that hell is an old wives' tale, incompatible with belief in this good God. I tell you this God mentioned here is of recent man-made manufacture and never the Father of Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Sincere men are weary of the slurring and denial of essential truths. The Catholic Church offers to them the one safe refuge. Nothing is of greater importance, therefore, than that her Divine credentials be made known to the modern world, to enable men to see the one truly "evangelical" Church, in which alone the whole Gospel of Christ is preached without attention or respect of persons. The sermons heard in many non-Catholic churches seem to indicate that the instructions given the Newark vestrymen, though seldom so plainly expressed, are complied with frequently enough.—America.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

With Protestant churches more generally surmounted by crosses; with a Protestant writer suggesting the carrying of crucifixes by Protestant soldiers; there has come a great change even in one generation. From the Western Christian Union this is taken:

"The Cross! The Cross! We are all right." "Some years ago a party of travelers were passing over the Swiss mountains. After they had gone a considerable way it began to snow heavily, and the oldest of the guides gravely shook his head and said, 'If the wind rises we are lost.' Scarcely had he spoken when a gale arose, the snow was whirled into multitudinous drifts, and all marks were obliterated.

"Cautiously they moved on, not knowing where they were, and almost giving themselves up for lost. At length one of the guides, who had gone a short way before them to search out the path, was heard shouting, 'The Cross! The Cross! We are all right!'"

"And what had the cross to do with it? It was one of those religious memorials which one so frequently meets in Roman Catholic countries, and this one, set up at first by some private individual for personal reasons, had become at length a well-known and easily recognized landmark for the traveler. Hence, the moment the guide saw it he knew where he was and what direction to take.

"What was true of that symbol in their case is true in all instances of the thing which it signifies; for we may always know where we are when, with our eyes of faith, we can see Christ crucified."

A "PRACTICAL" CATHOLIC

"One must have the heart of a child toward God, of a mother toward one's neighbor, and of a judge toward oneself." This was the counsel Piere Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities of the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

Being a "mother toward one's neighbor" is the second mark of the practical Catholic. It means a readiness to overlook in others, as does a mother in her children, defects and shortcomings, to intercede for them and deeds charitably, to be as tender of a neighbor's fail and name and to be as kind to him as a mother is toward her little ones. Just as mothers, moreover, are always at their children's service, have ready for them whenever it is needed a word of counsel or comfort, and are glad to make sacrifices for them, in like manner our ideal Catholic's relations with his neighbor will be characterized by the motherly virtues of kindness, patience and self-sacrifice.

The third mark of the practical Catholic, according to Piere Joyard, is the virtue of being a fair "judge toward oneself." That is difficult, because this judge, as a rule, is biased. He always enters court predisposed to favor the defendant. For that litigant's crimes and misdemeanors he easily finds a thousand extenuating circumstances, so compassionate the plaintiff, generally loses his case and has to pay the costs. Well has it been said, nevertheless, that "There is only one person in the world to whom I may always be severe, there is only one who richly deserves it, and that person is myself." But the Catholic whom self-will, self-seeking or self-love never keeps from practicing this salutary judicial severity toward himself is a practical Catholic indeed. "Who is he and we will praise him? For he has done wonderful things in his life."—America.

The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do the great affairs of life look; how great the small!

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years Suffering



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