

that body, by His own divine appointment, and we, touching them in a natural human way, touch Him.

And he goes on to say: "The appeal of Protestantism, as shown by its worship, is by the soul apart from the body. The appeal of Catholicism is to the entire human being, accepting him for what he ordinarily seems to be, a complex of soul and body. To a Protestant, it is plain from his devotions, the incarnation is something which began, continued and for every practical purpose ended, a great many centuries ago, in the Holy Land. It may continue now in heaven; but it is over as far as the earth is concerned. To the Catholic, as is evident to anyone who observes the celebration of a Mass, God is still incarnate on earth, and the Godman, Jesus, is physically present on the earth to-day, dwelling now in a body of bread as He once dwelt in a body of flesh," which are theologically inaccurate, the writer gives in the foregoing a fair statement of the Catholic position.

Given the fact of the incarnation, which is the fundamental tenet of Christianity, Catholic worship appears as its logical corollary. In the incarnation we see God dealing with man according to man's need; the divine becomes visible in order to appeal to the compound nature of man, and because the need of man continues the same God's wisdom and power have found a means to continue the embodiment of the divine in visible and palpable elements. The whole sacramental system is a continuation of the incarnation. Christ is yet with us, saving the individual as he has saved the world.—S. in The Guardian.

CATHOLICS AND THE CRUCIFIX

PROTESTANT BISHOP PRAYS IN CATHOLIC CHURCH

(By "M. C. L." in Edinburgh Herald)

The religion and "the religious outlook" of the non-Catholic man at the front are now receiving an attention which his pastors should have bestowed ere this: one wonders what they have been doing all these years, when one reads certain statements as to the spiritual condition of the man in the trenches; for surely it is not there that he should first have learned of the great truths of Christianity, and how to pray, and how to die? The admissions made by Anglican chaplains and various writers that British Protestantism has failed were underlined by reverent speakers at the recent Church Congress in Dundee, when the question of "How to meet the returning soldier" was discussed. (Glasgow Herald, April 27th, 1917.) One divine boldly stated that "a broader, deeper and more inclusive Church was wanted." Whence it would appear that the Church founded by Calvin, Knox & Co., is "played out," and another is required to fill, presumably, "a felt want." So human church-makers go on, stumbling from failure to failure in their attempts to improve upon the Divine work, the Church built upon a rock, which remains unshaken in the wildest storm. Truly their efforts to make a stable religion, a permanent, unchanging Church, are feeble and fruitless. Another reverent speaker said, with equal boldness, that "if the Church was to have the soldier's ear and sympathy, she must strike, as she had not done before, a note of reality and sincerity. The men would return intolerant of hypocrisy and humbug. . . . The present was a time for creating public opinion in regard to family life, good housing, temperance, and domestic religion." (Not, apparently, for teaching definite doctrine, however.) "It would appear that the soldier's religion was indefinite as to creed. He would not respect a Church which hedged round questions and indulged in obscurantism." There is evidence that he would and does respect the Church with a definite creed, which teaches with unerring certainty, as Christ and His Apostles taught, and has never regarded His doctrines as difficulties to be explained away, or "hedged round," or as non-essentials that may be ignored. Another speaker said that his experience of the men at the front "was not an attitude of hostility, but simply one of indifference; he believed that 90% of our soldiers believed firmly in the Fatherhood and Sovereignty of God, and many of them were Christians without knowing it." Prodigious! But it seems somewhat hazy and nebulous, "indefinite as to creed," in short. That it is otherwise with Catholic soldiers is admitted. Catholics did not wait until the War to learn and to use the power of prayer, a fact which was expressed in a pre-war popular novel, whose heroine, visiting France, is impressed by the kneeling men and women she saw at all hours in the Catholic Church. "For the first time she realised that religion may be more than an act of allegiance to God. These workers could spare five minutes out of a busy morning to pray. She could not doubt that prayer meant more to these Papists than to her, something vital, something absolutely necessary." ("Quinn's," 1914.) That is what Catholic soldiers and others, are realising, and they see the influence and the power of Catholicism amongst a great people

whose religion is not for Sunday-went only, but for every day, every need, every sorrow or joy. The Bishop of Birmingham, speaking recently at the Church House, said that to him "it was awful that at the present time there should not be a single church where a poor soul could go in to say a prayer for a loved one. Yet so it was, and he had found it for himself when he had said good bye to his own boy, and after the steamer had sailed he had gone up to a church to pray. It was not only shut, but barred and bolted in such a way that he could not have burgled it, and he came away feeling bad, especially when he saw a Roman Catholic church quite near open for anyone to go in. He did go in, for he wanted to pray. Their English soldiers loved going to the churches in France. They loved talking to the cure, though they could not speak French, and the cure usually could not speak English! The conversation was not illuminating. But they saw homeliness and friendliness on the part of the priest. The whole thing was a family affair, and the church was free to all. They would expect that when they came home, and so he wanted the freeing and opening of the churches to be done quickly, or those five million men would go somewhere else. They had gone somewhere else. Already there were men who were being shepherded by the Church of Rome because of what they had seen abroad." When the men come home, they will find that Catholic churches are open in Britain as in France. They were open long before the War; no bishop needed to plead for the unbarring and unbarring of their doors. To Catholics the realization of God's Presence, the duty, the comfort, and support of prayer are not new; they are part of the Catholic heritage. Possibly it is a sign of the times that the Bishop of Birmingham's audience applauded his statement that he had gone into a Catholic church to pray. Mr. Stephen Paget writes of the crucifix (in his recent book of essays, "I Sometimes Wrecked"): "You will see as a memorial, in this or that place, the figure of Christ on the cross, not shut in churches but set in the open air. Some of us will salute it, and will say as we said of the Daylight Saving Bill, 'why didn't we have it before the War?'" (But Catholics had, centuries before the War; Queen Mary Stuart carried that emblem of redemption to the scaffold, for example, and it was not new then.) It is singularly close to the War and the dead. In an altar there is no solitary figure so effective. It stands for an historical fact; it is quiet, strong, and passionate; it allows no emblems, it needs no explaining, it speaks for itself. . . . One thing is certain: that our men now in France and Belgium will come back accustomed to the look of the crucifix. They have seen it on French roads, in French cottages and churches; seen it wrecked; seen it intact with everything around it wrecked; seen it kissed by the dying and laid on the dead. They will not be shocked when they come back if they see it again; they will like to see it. . . . Out of the dawn comes France, white to the lips with pain, and gives us for a keepsake a crucifix in remembrance of her dead and our dead, our misery and her misery, our faith and her faith." The men, long before the War, had they but known, might have seen the crucifix "kissed by the dying and laid on the dead" at home, might have seen it in cottages and cafes, wherever there was Catholic faith and piety; and if in Britain it is shut in churches, and not in open air, on British roads, that is because of the bigotry and the vandalism of votaries of the religion made in Germany, who at the "Reformation" desecrated shrines and destroyed crucifixes, and forbade them; whose spiritual offspring only the other day destroyed a "Calvary" which had been erected as a memorial to a dead soldier in the private grounds of a church at Beckenham. Such an action confirms the recent decision of the House of Lords that Christianity is not part of the law of England. So far one has not heard that either the godly Protestants who destroyed the "Calvary," or the godly societies which incited them to the outrage, have protested against that remarkable decision; possibly because such protest would be too flagrantly inconsistent and imprudent even for them to offer. When "our men now in France and Belgium come back accustomed to the crucifix," they will scarcely be edified by that outbreak of "reforming" and Protestant zeal. It will remind them too forcibly of what they have witnessed, Germanism in action abroad; and Germanism in action at home over the memorial to a dead comrade can only inspire them with loathing and disgust; such non-Catholics, whose opinion matters, already have vigorously expressed. Possibly a result of the outrage may be that many who have come to respect the crucifix, to associate it with the Supreme Sacrifice, will turn from a sect which desecrates it today, and banned and destroyed it yesterday, to the Church time she realised that religion may be more than an act of allegiance to God. These workers could spare five minutes out of a busy morning to pray. She could not doubt that prayer meant more to these Papists than to her, something vital, something absolutely necessary." ("Quinn's," 1914.) That is what Catholic soldiers and others, are realising, and they see the influence and the power of Catholicism amongst a great people

A broad mind is full of condensation for the wishes of others, and strives to please all, and this through a spirit of charity.

ARCHBISHOP HANNA

DISCUSES RECONCILIATION OF SINNER BY AUTHORITY OF TRIBUNAL OF PENANCE

In these trying days when the very foundations of our civilization seemed threatened, it is good to know that amidst the din of arms and the strife of nations some men are thinking calmly of those things which touch the life of the soul, and affect the deeper currents of man's being. It was for this reason that I was surprised the other day to be asked by one who felt the burden of his own sin, and the burden of sin in our awful world, by what authority the Catholic Church claimed the power to forgive sin, the "power of the keys," and was there evidence of the use of the power in the early days of Church history. I told him it would be long to go in detail, but I promised to make clear our warrant, and it is in fulfillment of this promise that I give the position of the Catholic Church, and the reasons for such position.

The doctrine of the Church is put clearly by the Council of Trent (Sess. xiv, Chap. I): "But the Lord then principally instituted the sacrament of penance, when being raised from the dead He breathed upon His disciples saying 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained.' By which action so signal and words so clear, the consent of all the Fathers has ever understood that the power of forgiving sins was communicated to the Apostles and to their lawful successors for the reconciling of the faithful who have fallen after baptism." It is then a part of Catholic belief that the power to forgive sins committed after baptism has been communicated to the Apostles, and to their successors, the Bishops and the priests of the Church. Proof of this divinely granted power we find in Holy Scripture itself. The texts quoted through the tradition of the ages are found in Matthew xvi, 19; Matthew xviii, 18, and John xx, 21-23.

OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES

Within the gloomy trenches Where hideous noises stun, And death's dark rainfall drenches The gunner and the gun— Behold, there stand an altar To Mary and her Son.

POWER TO BIND AND TO LOOSE

To the Prince of the Apostles are given the "Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." From that kingdom sin excludes, and over sin Peter has indefinite power—"Whatever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in Heaven." But surely these words are given to the Apostles to give the power "to bind and to loose," this power is granted without limitation, and of a consequence implies a jurisdiction at once legislative and judicial—power to forgive, power to set men free from the penalties that come of sin. This meaning which is clear from the context, becomes clearer in the light of the literature of the time, in which the phrase "to bind and to loose" was in very common use.

The Gospel of St. John puts this power with clearer and more unmistakable than one wonders how any interpretation save that of the Catholic Church is possible. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." At the time of the Reformation there were some among the Reformers who saw in this text only the right to announce the Gospel of Christ, while others again contended that no power was given here save the power already granted in Baptism. But surely these words cannot in any way mean only the right to preach, nor can they be restricted to baptism alone, for the words of St. John imply a strictly judicial act, and the power to retain sin suggests so clearly an action of discretionary judgment, the power to retain sin is granted so universally, that it becomes impossible to limit it to baptism.

The power, then, to forgive sin has been in the Church from the beginning, nor is there lacking evidence that the Church made use of this power from the dawn of Christianity. In the first days of Christian fervor, the new birth in Christ was judged, in consequence, the practice of forgiving sin in the days closest to the Apostles. The "Constitutiones Apostolicæ" embodying almost the earliest of Roman documents (P. G. O. 1073), direct the consecrating Prelate to pray this over the Bishop. "Grant him, O Lord, by Thy Christ, the fulness of Thy spirit, that he may have the power to pardon sin in accordance with Thy command, that he may loose every bond which binds the sinner, by reason of that power which Thou hast granted Thy Apostles."

FORGIVENESS OF SINS ALWAYS PRACTISED BY CHURCH

True, some early writers restricted this power, and refused to allow pardon for certain sins. This may have been for disciplinary reasons, but grant for a moment that such as Origen and Tertullian erred in the matter, the Apostolic See speaking by the mouth of Calixtus (218-222) asserted with great clearness the power of the Church to forgive even the heinous crimes to

which Tertullian and others made exception. After the days of Calixtus the tradition is so clear and so abundant that no one may deny it, and the universal practice of public penance after the middle of the fourth century precludes the possibility of denying the constant exercise of the power of the keys. "Verily," to use the words of St. Chrysostom in his work "De Sacerdotio," Migne P. G. lxxvii, 643, "The Father has given all judgment into the hands of His Son, and the Son in turn has granted the power to His priests," and again, "He has given to His priests a power He has not granted even to the angels for He has said to them, 'Whoever ye shall loose, shall be loosed.'" The Sacrament of Penance has through the Christian centuries been given to theologians many difficult and delicate questions, but the constant tradition from the beginning has made it impossible to deny either the granting of the power, or its exercise even from the first days of Christian faith. It was for this reason that Pius X. of holy memory, in his decree "Lamentabili Sane," condemned severely all those who would assert that "in the primitive Church there was no concept of the reconciliation of the Christian sinner by the authority of the Church, but the Church by very slow degrees only grew accustomed to this concept."

The position of the Catholic Church has through the centuries stood the attacks of many, but has ever endured, not only because it is divine, but also because it appears so powerfully to the best instincts of men who see in the tribunal of Penance a work worthy of the "Divine Wisdom," a work of great usefulness to society.—The Monitor.

The influence of a boy's company is emphasized by the Catholic Herald in these words: "Boys who as a rule do what their friends and companions do. They will go to heaven or hell as they are led, and if they find all the boys they know going to confession, to Communion, to Mass, they will go, and take a pride in going. But if they are allowed to associate with those who never go to church it is not surprising that they should fall away from the faith and that they take no interest or pride in frequenting the Sacraments. If you want your boy to be a frequent Communicant and a good Catholic, see that he is taught to be both from his earliest days and that he goes with those who have the faith rather than with those who have not."

INDULGENCES

Is there any other theological term so commonly misunderstood as "indulgence"? The very mention of the word suggests to the mind of the general reader a number of utterly absurd travesties of the Church's teaching on the subject, travesties found quite frequently in the non-Catholic literature of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries; and not altogether excluded indeed from some of the less scholarly publications of to-day.

Only a few years ago, in his "Renaissance Types," Mr. W. S. Lilly, the well-known English publicist wrote: "I suppose the conception of an indulgence popular in this country is pretty much that set forth, with inimitable irony, by Swift in his 'Tale of a Tub.' Here it is: 'Whenever it happens that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor catiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his Lordship would return a piece of paper in this form: 'To all mayors, sheriffs, jailers, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, etc.: Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under sentence of death, we will and command you, upon sight thereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, etc., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail thereof, God — you and yours to all eternity! And so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man, EMPEROR PETER.'"

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

June, the loveliest month of all the year, is dedicated to the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This practice, although comparatively new, holds a foremost place among those means which Holy Mother Church constantly employs to turn our hearts to God. It is the one devotion whose main purpose is the inspiring of pure, whole-hearted love for Jesus.

In this it is differentiated from other devotions to Our Divine Lord. The many devotions which are directed to the Passion of Christ tend indeed to inspire love, but it is so often a love of pity. The Blessed Sacrament even, that last pledge of Christ's love for us not infrequently arouses, together with our love, an overwhelming reverence. These devotions make us recall that Christ came to this world to save it, and that leaving it, He still stayed with us, and they do inspire a love for Jesus.

But there is room for more, place for a devotion whose heart speaks to heart, and where we realize that Christ loved us personally with a burning desire for a return of love. The appeal for that pure heart's love is brought before our minds in the many devotional practices which, by their winning appropriateness, draw our affection to the great center of infinite love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Such an appeal as our love has its place to day as much as it ever had in our Lord's own time. Men give their lives to God, and so often keep their hearts for themselves. They look on Christ as God, and pay their worship unto Him, but their love they give to creatures. "This nation serves Me with the lips, but their heart is far from Me."

And what could be truer, what more satisfying to this human heart of ours, which is made to love, than that it love the One Who so loves it? There in His Heart will our hearts find the rest and repose and satisfaction in love that elsewhere it seeks in vain; there will it receive the consolation that is the reward of love, and be free from the pains and uncertainties of other loves.

The Sacred Heart asks for our hearts, at all times. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to His radiance and service during this radiant month of earth's fairest sunshine and flowers.—The Monitor.

THE BOY'S FRIEND

The influence of a boy's company is emphasized by the Catholic Herald in these words: "Boys who as a rule do what their friends and companions do. They will go to heaven or hell as they are led, and if they find all the boys they know going to confession, to Communion, to Mass, they will go, and take a pride in going. But if they are allowed to associate with those who never go to church it is not surprising that they should fall away from the faith and that they take no interest or pride in frequenting the Sacraments. If you want your boy to be a frequent Communicant and a good Catholic, see that he is taught to be both from his earliest days and that he goes with those who have the faith rather than with those who have not."

UNPRODUCTIVE MONKS

Speaking in his recent book, "French Windows," of those ultra-modern Catholics, who think that monks are "out of date" nowadays, John Ayscough well remarks: "If God is out of date, then the monks are out of date too." Their reasonableness depends on His existence, and the reality of His claims. They are just for God. They do not fly to philanthropy to excuse themselves. That thorough knowledge of God and His claims which most men fly from, monks hunger after. In order to learn as much about Him as possible, they become specialists in prayer and make the practice of contemplation their life-work. As the world, however, considers such an occupation "unproductive" and therefore useless, scant patience is had with men who, as the phrase runs, "do nothing but pray." "It is true that I do nothing but pray" the monk might serenely answer his scornful critics. "But I observe that for the past three years you have been doing practically nothing but killing one another and seem, moreover, to be quite unable to stop doing so. Perhaps my occupation is the more productive of the two after all. The peace which your artillery apparently is not able to give the world, my prayers and penances may hasten, for the fervent intercession of the just man is strong with God, and I am devoting my life, as you know, to the attainment of high proficiency in prayer."

The monk could appeal, moreover, to history to prove that even from a more material point of view he has by no means been "unproductive." And as for our own day, when the importance of agriculture is realized as never before, the high necessity of the farmer, when tempted to discontent with his laborious and humdrum life, can behold the monk, silently working in his fields and reflect, with John Ayscough: "There are husbandmen like me. Their life of toil in furrow and farmstead is mine. They see no variation but that of the seasons, no more than I: monotony of labor is their lot, as it is mine; looking downward, then, as I delve, can I not be seeing Heaven as they, and growing hourly more at home (like them) with my one neighbor God? As he trudges homeward through the misty dusk, and hears their bell ring out on the frosty air, must he not say, 'I to my hard-earned frugal meal, to my hearth, and to my rest; they, empty-bellied, to their prayer and praise, their brief hard repose, and then their vigil with the Great Sentinel of all, and must he not join his dumb heart in praise with theirs? Must not his empty fields seem less lonely?'"

Even if monks did no more for the world than to be models for it of patient, frugal industry, the reason for their existence would be amply sufficient. But besides that, the true monk by thinking of God always, and working for Him alone, makes up for the multitudes of men who work only for themselves and never think of God at all.—America.

The crucifix is the meaning of everything. We must view all things in its light and judge all things by its principles. It must be the object of our imitations, and to be so it must be the subject of our daily meditations.

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored to Health By "Fruit-a-lives"

382 St. Valer St., MONTREAL. "In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives". I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise "Fruit-a-lives" enough". H. WHITMAN. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

With this eternal punishment an indulgence has nothing to do. Finally, there is the debt of temporal punishment which still remains due to sin even after the guilt and everlasting punishment have been remitted by sacramental absolution. The Church teaches that this temporal punishment must be satisfied, either in this life by trials, sickness, adversity, temptations, persecutions, and voluntary work of penance; or else in the fire of purgatory after death. Now, it is with this punishment, and with it alone, that indulgences are concerned. By a plenary indulgence gained by the sacramentally pardoned sinner, all, or some of this temporal punishment is remitted.

MONKS

Speaking in his recent book, "French Windows," of those ultra-modern Catholics, who think that monks are "out of date" nowadays, John Ayscough well remarks: "If God is out of date, then the monks are out of date too." Their reasonableness depends on His existence, and the reality of His claims. They are just for God. They do not fly to philanthropy to excuse themselves. That thorough knowledge of God and His claims which most men fly from, monks hunger after. In order to learn as much about Him as possible, they become specialists in prayer and make the practice of contemplation their life-work. As the world, however, considers such an occupation "unproductive" and therefore useless, scant patience is had with men who, as the phrase runs, "do nothing but pray." "It is true that I do nothing but pray" the monk might serenely answer his scornful critics. "But I observe that for the past three years you have been doing practically nothing but killing one another and seem, moreover, to be quite unable to stop doing so. Perhaps my occupation is the more productive of the two after all. The peace which your artillery apparently is not able to give the world, my prayers and penances may hasten, for the fervent intercession of the just man is strong with God, and I am devoting my life, as you know, to the attainment of high proficiency in prayer."

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Agatha's Hard Saying, by Rosa Mulholland. A study in heredity, not obtruded in a dry scientific way, but overlaid with all the romanticism of the love of men and women when they love their best. Between Friends, by Richard Aumelle. Joe Gavin a leader among the boys of his grade in the school and the hero of the story. He is an orphan and, thinking of the past, becomes so unhappy that he runs away. He has many experiences on the way, is arrested as a thief, sent to a reformatory, from which he escapes, and finally gets back to St. Nicholas. Captain Ted, by Mary T. Waggaman. Captain Ted is a Catholic boy long for by his friends by circumstance to leave beloved St. Elmer, and plunge into the life of a soldier. He is a young man, but his honesty and perseverance win him a place at the top. Children of the Log Cabin, by Henriette Eugenie Delamar. The story of a strange and beautiful, thoughtful children, and all the trials and hardships of misfortune. The trials and hardships of interest will be found instructive. Clave Loraine, by "Lee." Clave's cutting up at her own sister's wedding, her subsequent flight from among the gentle men, the love she has for her husband, her propensities, and her life, Clave is not in the convent twenty-four hours before things begin to happen. Freddy Carr's Adventures, by Rev. R. P. Gerald, S. J. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy. Freddy Carr and His Friends, by Rev. R. P. Gerald, S. J. Freddy Carr, a young, energetic, and lovable boy, together with his companions, to whom these epithets are equally applicable, are students of a Jesuit university, and the story of their pranks, they frequently find themselves in "scrap," the meaning of which teaches them many a useful lesson. Harro-y Flats, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy, by S. W. Wood. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of little, neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the power of a narrative that is New York tenement life, is wonderfully true. Harro-y Flats, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy, by S. W. Wood. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of little, neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the power of a narrative that is New York tenement life, is wonderfully true. Harro-y Flats, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy, by S. W. Wood. The author's sympathetic insight into the lives and characters of little, neglected children, forced by relentless circumstances into the power of a narrative that is New York tenement life, is wonderfully true. Harro-y Flats, The Gifts of a Tenement House Fairy, by S. W. Wood. 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