DECEMBER 21. 1912

time when he often came in before re-tiring just to look at her, and if she happened to be awake, she would make him sit by the bed and chat with her. He remembered just how she used to look; the sweet face framed in a helo of brown hair, with the white back-ground. Suddenly, she invaded his mental vision as he had last seen her, orushed and terrifed at his harsh man-date. He turned away and stood by the dresser. With its dainty, be-ribboned intures. Mechanically he opened a box. There lay the gloves that used to oover the little brown hands, and faint He went out closing the door softly. The library was untenanted when he

He went out closing the door softly. The library was untenanted when he entered, so he went to the window, and stood gazing at the snow-covered lawn glistening in the moonlight. But a summer scene came to his mind. His daughter with bare sun-browned hands tending the flowers she loved, while the birds sang gayly in the trees above her head. The flowers were under the snow, and there was no living thing in the garden now.

and there was no living thing in the garden now. "Agnes," he called to his wife, " I think I'll go over to the church now." "Very well," came the answer. As Mr. Steele passed down the walk the snow oresked sharply under his feet. He shuddered. Where was she, his tenderly nurtured darling on this bitter night? He drove the soft thought away, and strode forward. When he entered the church the work was all done, and the lights turned very low. Worshippers were constantly coming and going, and from the vestry came a soft murmur of voices. He went over to the right, and kneit before a picture of the Orucified One at which he always loved to look. But to-night the deeply sorrowful eyes of the Saviour seemed to look at him with reprosch. "O, Lord," he murmured, "my daughter offended, and I cast her forth."

offended, and I cast her forth." Still from the mystic depths of the Divine Eyes there seemed to come an accusing look. Then Robert Steele looked searchingly back into his own sonl, and began his examination of con-

After a long time he rose up, and went into the vestry. Presently he came out, and knelt for a time before which fills the transfer at time before the main altar. Then he crossed over to the left. High up, amid the ever-greens that sheltered the mimic stable, there glimmered a single star. He knelt down beside the lowly manger, and let his eyes rest on the image therein. Was he dreaming? or could it be? Surely there was a living baby lying close be-side the waxen image of the Christ Child. Yes, he could distinctly see by the light of the star, the tiny face, and one little hand that had escaped from the folds of the shawl in which it was wrapped. He put a finger into the baby the folds of the shawi in which is was wrapped. He put a fager into the baby hand, and the wee fingers closed around it with a pressure that sent a thrill through his whole being, even as the touch of other little fingers had done, sighteen years ago to-night, when his baby daughter had been laid in his arms

baby daughter had been laid in his arms for the first time. His "Christmas Baby," he had always called her. Without stopping to think or reason, he gathered the little waif into his arms, and started down the dim aisle

arms, and started down the dim aisle with his burden. He went straight to his wife, and laid it in her arms. "Why, Robert," she exclaimed, "where did the baby come from ?"

He told her where he found it. "What will we do with it?" she asked, and lovingly caressed the sweet "Keep, guard, and shelter it ; and

maybe the Lord in His mercy will pro-tect and care for our own lamb that my harshness has cast forth." Then the mother let fall the relieving tears. Tenderly he gathered the two into his arms, the wife of his bosom, and

the nameless waif. "On, Robert, you'll forgive our darl-ing, and bring her back, won't you?"

eared the mother. " To-morrow, if 1 can find her," he

promised. As early as possible next morning, message was sent to the address given in the one repentant letter received by the parents from their daughter, but she onger there, nor was her address

icy hands with his own warm ones, then pulled off the boots, and warmed her chilled feet in the same way, all the while murmuring terms of endear-ment. After a while her eyes opened and looked into his face with a meek smile. "Papa, am I dreaming?" she herether.

and looked into his face with a meek smile. "Paps, am I dreaming?" she breathed. "No, sweetheart. You're not dream-ing. I'm here, and my arms are around you," he assured her, as she seemed lapsing back into unconsciousness. There was no response, and he was smitten with a cruel fear that he had only found her to lose her forever. He gave her more brandy, and the next time the brown eyes opened, two weak arms tried to encircle his neck but fell back. Then as if devining the fear in his heart she told him she was getting better. pathies were enlisted toward the victims of religious persecution by Catholics. Naturally I found it an easy mental step to attribute the misdeeds of the perse-cutors to the doctrines and practices of the Church itself. I wasquite innocent, too, of knowing that these misdeeds, atroclous enough in themselves, were distorted and magnified a thousandfold by the ingenious malice of the narra-tors.

his heart she told him and was getting better. Somewhat encouraged he took off his overcoat, and carried her up to her old room. Many a time in the happy by-gone years, he had dismissed the nurse and prepared his little girl for bed for love of the task. So with loving hands he soon had her wrapped in a warm flannelette nightle, and tucked into bed. by the ingenious malice of the narra-tors. As to the Protestant Reformation, which I had come to look upon as a sort of divine Magna Charts of religions lib-erty, and which certainly has proved it-self so admirable a Magna Charts of economic and religious license; the sus-picion that it was very largely a move-ment of politics and greed lay as far from my mind as possible. Crueity was my first and strongest impression concerning the Catholic Church and its dootrines, and it came to me wholly through my reading; the

bed. "How lovely it seems to be warm,

"How lovely it seems to be warm," she smilled, with a luxurious little wriggle, "I think after all Purgetory must be cold. I've had no fire to-day..." She paused noting the look of pain in

she paused noting the look of pair in his face. Then he asked her to try and brace up before seeing her mother. "Oh, please don't alarm mamma. If I might have something to eat—I've had nothing to-day, and very little yester-

""" "Oh, my poor lamb!" oried the father, as he hurried from the room. He was back in a few minutes with biscuits and wine. He sat by the bed-side while she ate, and watched the life soming head to her face.

side while she ste, and watched the life coming back to her face. "There now, I feel a whole lot better. May I see Mamma?" Mr. Steele entered his wife's room

with a light step, and smiling face. "I've put a guest in Angela's room," he

announced. "A guest in Angela's room ?" she re-peated in surprised displeasure. "Yes; come and see." Mechanically she followed him scarcely knowing what to expect. At the door he paused, letting her pass before him. Quickly her eyes rested on the bed. Then the loving what is the how more sample her own. I had a strong impression, too, that Catholic practice savored of credulity. Modern miracles were a stumbling-block to me and a serious one. My attitude on this point was one of con-tempt for the vagaries of Catholic be-lief. Indeed, my position towards Cath-olicity was one of suspicion and con-temptuous distrust, based on the con-sclously superior, not to say insolent, attitude of reading and thought on that subject among English speaking Pro-testants. rested on the bed. Then to be to be a light of two brown eyes caught her own, and with a glad cry she sprang forward. As she again felt the beloved form in her arms the sorrow of the past year faded, and it seemed her soul was get-It was, then, upon a vague and general

nately known.

I had a strong impression, too,

ting a foretaste of heaven. Then came a few breathless questions and answers. But, why did you come at night and by stealth?" questioned "Because I was afraid of making

"Because I was afraid of making Papa angry, yet it seemed as if I must see how you all looked; and oh, I did so long for a sight of my baby." "Your baby!" chorused the parents. "Oh, I forgot you didn't know. You see, I was freezing and starving, and I was afraid she would starve too. I didn't know what to do. I think I was almost crazy. So I took her to the church, and laid her in the manger beside the image of the Infant Saviour. Then I knelt down and told the dear Virgin Mother that she would just have to take care of my little one, for the sake of the little Jesus, whom she had once carried in her own blessed arms. I watched from a flark corner till 1 saw Papa carrying her away. It seemed as

I watched from a laark corder till i saw Papa carrying her away. It seemed as if I couldn't keep from following, yet I dared not, then I fainted." It was some time before either parent could speak. "Where is your husband?"

finally asked the father. "Sick of fever in the charity ward of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin was an a hospital."

"He shall not be there an hour longer than I can help," he promised.

GIFTED NOVELIST TELLS

CONVERSION HAD WHILE QUITE YOUNG READ

WIDELY IN BOTH THE REALMS OF FICTION AND HISTORY

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Temperament disposed me very early in life to much reading. I read omnivor-ously, chiefly perhaps of flotion, but smong other matter some history fell in my way. While the claims of some flo-tion to being history are always on the point of question, we need not cavil here over the claims of some history to being fiction; I mean especially to indicate such history as has to do with differences in the matter of religion. Easily moved by cruelty of any sort, my earliest sym-pathies were enlisted toward the victims of religious persecution by Catholics. the many voices, yet, if every other of its claims on humanity itself were waived, Christianity could still point to one alone to justify all of its pretensions. Christianity discovered woman. It gave to us all, believers and unbelievers, the

to us all, believers and unbelievers, the mothers, sisters and wives, as we know them in our women of to-day. If it had no other claim to the consideration of mankind, this alone, I repeat, would en-title it to a place above every other known philosophy. Christianity has lifted woman from the pallet of the slave, from mere existence as the female creature, the chattel of burden, to the moving beauty and sevene dignity of a

creature, the chattel of burden, to the moving beauty and serene dignity of a queen; from the couch of the concubine to the sacredness of wifehood and motherhood. Paganism, which always reverts to sensuality—it can not do other, since there is nothing else for it to revert to—tends always to drag woman down. Christianity tries always to raise her up. And woman is to man like his conscience : good, his highest inspiration and sacction ; bad, his most potent influence for evil. Between man and woman this relationship of good and evil has, in all history, been the same ; it is inevitably to the end, action and reaction.

Christianity, then, is a profession and a service—a devotion to the human and the Divine, consider a moment : Here is a body of Catholics the world over, of Church and its doctrines, and it came to me wholly through my reading; the springs of history are poisoned against all inexperienced readers. At eighteen I was well out into the world and without any fixed or definite religious discipline to hold me, I easily lapsed into indifference. In my reading I had become interested in the brillian-cles of the French Encyclopedists—we used to hear more of them then, than now—and I was superficially agnostic. In the large city, however, to which I had been drawn, I made my home with a Catholic family, and when the time of indecision finally and disquietingly came, one of the factors in strengthening me is a body of Catholics the world over, of every race and clime-more than two hundred millions of people, who, in the simplest analysis, are a body of men and women that have sgreed, and who strive to place their minds and bodies under a to place their minus and bolies under a certain decent restraint, imposed on them, not alone by their God-given in-stincts, but by the definite word of God Himself, speaking directly through the living voice of His Church. And precisely as to what constitutes such a re-straint, these two hundred millions are perfectly agreed. Is it not a spectacle,

upernatural ? Outside the Catholic Church we see one of the factors in strengthening me on the road toward Rome was the edify-ing life of Catholics whom I had inti-

Outside the Catholic Church we see in our day as the soliding place of the fast-failing sects, a spiritual desert where the hot sun of the unaided intel-lect parches the life of the sou'. Its shifting isands of negation are awept by the burning winds of license. The de-basement of the marriage relation to the cld paganism is practiced every-where in it, not only by theleast worthy, but by the illustrious in thought and leadership. The stunted family, the one child, or two, or no children home, the easy divorce—first aid, now as always to mere passion—have found good standing and more than taoit sym-pathy within the tolerant limits of its athy within the tolerant limits of its

elastic practices. And if the arrogance of the apothegm be permitted the convert he may to the still recurring question : "Why did you become a Oatholic ?" slways answer : It was, then, upon a vague and general indictment, based on errors such as these, that I haled the great Christian Chnrch into my sorry court to plead for herself. However, the august Mother had learned humility long before I sought to humiliste her, and had long been used to pleading for her Master before tribunals almost as unworthy as that to which I had summoned her. A further personal matter interposed an obstacle. I was a Mason and the order was interdict. From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there "Like Henry IV-to gain a King-om!" - Frank H. Spearman, in Exten dom!"

THE ORANGEMAN'S CONVERT

To the Editor of The Lamp : Allow me to send you the following, which, I think, is suitable for a Catholic paper. Perhaps you would like to print it in The Lamp. I vouch for the trath of it. Yours faithfully NEMO. In a parish in western Cahada, some twenty years and an Link present order was interdict. From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could see why I could not belong to the Church and to the order. But what I realized instinc-tively wasthat Masonry was not vital in my life, whereas the choice of an au-thoritative religion was extremely vital. On the subject of miracles I found my difficulties based on mere misapprehen-

twenty years ago, an Irish peasant farmer became very negligent as to the performance of his religious duties. Sunday after Sunday passed by, and he was never seen at Mass, and at length he grew so careless as to allow more than a year to elapse without "going to his on the subject of miracles i found by difficulties based on mere misapprehen-sions of Catholic doctrine. On becom-ing a Catholic I was asked to accede on this point to one proposition : that in the life of the Church, miracles always

auty " or making his Communion. Of course this could not go on un had been and always would be possible; but that the authenticity of any particuknown to the pastor, and the good priest vent to see him more than twice or thrice to find out what was the mat-Devotion to the Blessed virgin was an offensive point in Catholic practice. Certainly when once I had freed myself from prejudice, it did not need profound thinking to convince me who had the better of this question of devotion to the Mother of God and to His Saints. or thrite to ind out what was the mat-ter. But the parishioner—let us call him John—put his pastor off with the usual excuses, such as how hard he had to work to make both ends meet, how thred he was in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for And when I came to discriminate be-tween the sins of unworthy Catholics and the doctrines of the Church I saw rest, how hot the weather was in sum-mer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would that upon the charge of cruelty, at all events, the ground was slipping from under me. I was left to answer for my-priest's visits and exhortation, and per-

" John, this is as hard as a puzzle. can't understand it. I do wish you'd

I can't understand it. I do wish you'd expisin it for me." " Very well, Father, I'll tell you. Do you know Mr. B. that lives just a con-cession to the south on the next line? That's the man that persuaded me to go

That's the man that persuaded me to go back to Mass." "Why, John, surely that cannot be. I know Mr. B. very well, and he is not only a Protestant but a red-hot Orange-man. It is impossible that he would try to induce you to go to Mass. He would be more likely to coax you to go along with himself to the heretic oburch." "I don't know. Father : and, not mak-

church." "I don't know, Father ; and, not mak-ing your riverence an ill answer, I don't care; but, just as sure as I'm sitting here, it was he that got me to go back to Mass are are a

to Mass sgain." "How was it, John ? do tell me all about it, for it is the queerest thing I

about it, for it is the queerest thing I ever heard of." "Well, Father, it was this way. One fine bright Sunday morning shortly after Christmas I was out there standing by the gate, taking a whiff of the pipe, when Mr. B. and his family came driving along on their way to the Protestant church. As soon as he saw me he pulled up his horses; and when we had passed aich other the time of day he asked me (for of course he knows I'm a Cathollo) if I wasn't going to Mass this morning. I told him I wasn't, that I hadn't been there for better than a year, that something had come over me that kept all thoughts of God and relig-ion out of my head, and that I was a bad Cathollo." "Yes, John, I understand; and what

ion out of my nead, and that I was a bad Cathollo." "Yes, John, I understand; and what did Mr. B. asy to that?" "Something, Father, that I never ex-pected. He said, "John, do you be-lieve that when the priest says the words of consecration the Lord Jesus comes down there on the altar? and I said, Oh yes, Mr. B. glory be to God, I believe every bit of it; and it's true; too, for the Lord Himself says so." "That is right, John, so He does say so; but what did Mr. B. say when you told him that?" "Well, Father," he said, "All right, John, believe it if you like, but I don't

"Well, Father," he said, "All right, John, believe it if you like, but I don't believe a word of it. See here, John, if I believed as you do I'll tell what I'd do. I'd never miss Mass if was possible for me to be present. I'd drive to the church through the worst storms that Canada has ever seen, on the coldest days that have ever some, and on the hottest Sundays that have ever shone out of the heavens : and, once I was in-side the church door I'd get down on my knees, and I'd crawl up to the place where my God and Saviour was lying on the altar !" Well, Father, that's what brought me back to Mass. After he went away I thought it over, and saw that I deserved every word he said of Copernicus as "a man who thinks noth saw that I deserved every word he said to me, and I was terribly ashamed that I should lay myself open to be talked to

EXPLODED

Perhaps the most vitiating fallacy prevalent among Protestant controver sialists is to take for granted that th defects, both of the scientific and of the theological mind in Galileo's time, arose from the fact that both scientists and theologians were Catholic-or in other words, that the distinctive creed of the Roman Church lay at the back of the

Roman Church lay at the back of the whole mischief, says Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J., in the Bombay Examiner. It requires only a very slight insight into the history of the time to show that this is not the case. In other matters, such as the constitution and authority of the Church, the doctrines of the secrements of indugences, of est of all scientific discoveries," con-fined to these two branches. For, as we read in Hallam : "In the middle of

of no small reputation who struggled staunchly for the immovability of the earth." attended of the control, the doctrines of the sacraments, of indulgences, of justification, of the cultus of saints and the use of images and relics, etc., there was a polaric difference between the Catholic and the Protestant standpoints. Let this suffice towards providing a proper historical perspective in the de-partment of science. Turning to the-ology it has next to be shown that the But in questions regarding the authority and, inspiration and the meaning of Scriptures no such differences existed condemnation of Copernicanism was not peculiar to Catholic divines, but was -I mean, none such as to effect the question before us. Similarly in

<text><text><text><text> we examine the writings of Lord Bacon we examine the writings of Lord Bacon the more unworthy does he seem to have been of the great reputation which has been assigned to him. The popular deluaion, to which he owes so much, originated at a time when the history of science was unknown. This boasted founder of a new philosophy could not comprehend and would not accept the greatest of all scientific dis-covaries when fit was plainly set before coveries when it was plainly set before his eyes."

his eyes." The instances of false assumption which the conservative scientists of Italy opposed to Gallico's discoveries seems to us truly ridiculous in many cases; but they are not by any means surpassed by those which we find scat-tered over the words of Lord Bacon. Among his aphorisms occurs the fol-lowing:

"Wooden arrows without an iron point penetrate further into a wooden substance than the same arrows pointed with iron, owing to the similarity of unbetence"

with iron, owing to the similarity of substance." "It is certain that in projectiles the impact is not so violent at too short a distance as a little afterwards." "There is a singular motion of attrac-tion between quick-silver and gold; and those who work surrounded by the vapors of quick-silver are wont to hold a piece of gold in their mouths to collect the exhalations, which would otherwise attack the head and bones; and this niece of gold soon grows white."

"There is no expansive motion to be allowed for ignited iron, for it does not swell its bulk under the influence of heat bulk retains the same apparent dimensions.

dimensions." He also describes an experiment by which he succeeded in reducing water to seven-eighths of its original volume by pressure ! " Every tangible body with which we my knee, And smother my cheek with kisses. And I am sure that the heart of me

are acquainted contains an invisible and intangible spirit, over which it is drawn, and which it seems to clothe. The departure or emission of this spirit is rendered sensible in the rust of

is rendered sensible in the rust of metals," etc., etc. Bacon's collection of experimental problems called the Silva Silvarum is full of similar scientific flotions, which Bacon implicitly takes for granted—the reading of which is as fanny as a page of Punch ;—any of which could have easily been refuted by a single carefully conducted experiment on the spot. But what is most to our point is the fact that Bacon categorically rejected the whole Copernican system, and spoke of Copernicus as "a man who thinks noth-Bestow on me your caresses, And my battered old heart on Christ

Will forget all the past distresses.

Her Christmas Praver

A Christmas Wish What do I want for Christmas day? A few glad hearts about me.

As proof that you don't doubt me. And then if you choose you may climb

Some smiles to light me on my way

Won't sche for a thing it misses.

way.

mas day

Just tintoe to where I sit and doze.

And give me your fond embraces, And all of my different cares and woen

Will vanish to other places. Just give me your love in the old-tim

-Detroit Free Pres

5

Mary Mother he good to him; Be kind to him this day-'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

of Copernicus as a man who thinks noth-ing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well." Whewell complains that Bacon did not even understand the older system of promised him a world of toys If he would only stay sure, heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play.

But you would know the smile of him Among a thousand more; His smile will make all else seem dim When you call him "Asthore."

promised him a splendid tree. With candles all aglow, O Mary Mother, you can see 'Twas me that loved him so. And surely, surely, you will see

My boy so sweet and slim-His eyes are hungering for me As my eyes are for him.

sided with the intracsignery of the medievals against Copernicanism, so also did Descartes, "the father of modern philosophy" (falsely so-called) whose theory of vortices did much to keep Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him this day-Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away. -W. D. NESBIT in Harper's Weekly back the development of modern science. Nor was this "opposition to the great

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD Suffering Not in Vain

The noblest men I know on earth Are those whose souls have felt the

the seventeenth century and long after-wards there were still mathematicans smart Of sorrow, sadness, care and pain, And grief that rends the human heart.

Such souls are like a sunny eve

That follows days of blithing storms-The rage is calmed, the strife sub-

The souls that suffer learn the worth

Of fellow feeling, patience strong Of deeds that help, of words that shared just as actively by Protestant

Ptolemy which Copernicus had sup-planted. I am not putting this fact forward with the invidious object of belittling Bacon or of demolishing one of the Pro-testant idols. I am merely trying to testant idols. I am merely trying to give fair play to Bacon's Italian contem-poraries, by showing that their blind reverence for a traditional inheritance of bogns learning was not anything dis-tinctively Catholic. In wider confirmation of the same equalizing argument, I may add that as Bacon "the father of modern science"!

in that way by a heretic-a good man indeed and a kind neighbor, but still a neretic.

A VITIATING FALLACY

known.

The father was now as eager and de-termined to find his child, as he had formerly been to ignore her existence. But the day wore on without his having found any clue to her whereabouts.

Still faintly hoping he walked to the telegraph office, but returned disap-pointed with lagging steps. As he neared the porch of his home he fancied he saw the figure of a man moving stealth-ily through the sbrubbery. He knew the man must soon pass through the stream of light that came from the library window. He concealed himself silently watched.

The shaft of brilliant light distinctly revealed the figure with a fur cap pulled low over the face, a long Ragian over-

coat, and rubber boots. There had been a number of petty burglaries committed in the vicinity of There had been a number of petty burglaries committed in the vicinity of late, Mr. Scele went to the phone, and notified the police of his discovery. In a few minutes he heard a stealthy step crounching on the walk, and then the a few minutes he heard a stealthy step crounching on the walk, and then the door bell rang. He answered it in door bell rang. He answered it in person, the servants having retired. Before him stood a policeman, support-ing an inanimate form. "Heavens, man, you haven't killed him?" he exclaimed aghast. "No, I never hit him at all," denied

the policeman. "Then, why don't you take your e to the station?

prisoner at once to the station?" "Because, I want to see who it is," he said pushing his way into the lighted hall. Then he pulled the fur cap off, and a tumble of brown hair fell down around the thin, pinched face of a woman.

"Dear God, it is my child! " cried Mr.

Sheele in amazement. The policeman passed into the lib-rary, and laid his unconscious burden on a couch. "Can you get some brandy?" he saked of the half dazed brandy ?" he asked of the half dazed father. The brandy was administered, and presently the eyelids began to quiver. "She's coming round. I'd better be going," announced the police-man. At the door he turned. "Can I do anything else for you?" he in-quired. "Only to keep this out of the papers ?" and he thrust a bill into the big hand.

big hand. Left alone with the girl, the senses of of th the father became alert. He chafed the tion.

In looking back after a period of many years on the most important step in my life I marvel more and more that the life I marvel more and more that the claims of Christianity—by which I mean, very precisely, the claims of the Catho-lic Church—are ignored, or feebly evad-ed by so many of those to whom they should appeal. It is true that I marvel almost as much

-and every convert must-that I should have been snatched, as it were, from the burning; for the chain of events linking one step in the road to Rome to another, seems most frazile—

Rome to another, seems most fracile-almost accidental. Yet the convert knows that the chain was not merely a fortnitous succession of happenings. Nothing in all of the divine economy is more mysterious than the movement of

tainty, into the bosom of God, Himself, then all the rest will be added to his slender store of faith and hope. Every convert naturally wishes that his own story might be of use to others.

Every convert naturally wishes that his own story might be of use to others. To me, Cardinal Newman's story was the most moving—his "Apologia." I did not see Father Kent Stone's "The Invitation Heeded," until I had become a Catholic. And it must be remembered, too, that whatever the human influences that contribute to bring one to the door of the Church, there remains for the convert one extremely vital matter that he must work out for himself—that is, an adequate understanding of a Faith that to him is very new and strange ; and upon the character of this working out everything depends. If it be, thorough, the result will be, at least, staunch, if not always edifying Catholicity ; a convic-tion so deep-seated and compelling that it becomes a master influence, a part and parcel of thought and life itself. If, on the other hand, the matter be only form-ally worked out, the conversion may result in a state worse than the first. The very working-out process will take complexion largely from what a man brings to the study of the Church. In most instances, I think, it takes years for a sconvert to conceive anything like an adequate impression of the real majesty of this great and visibly divine institu-tion.

hether th the doctrines of the Church or to unre generate human nature. The Church of Christ I grew to learn has never been make his confession. The priest, as it happened, had a mis-sion in his parish, the following Advent,

other than all merciful. other than all merciful. Never more strongly than to-day have the claims of the Church urged themselves on thoughtful men. We are witnessing everywhere the failure of non-Catholic principles; of education

without Christian religion, or morality without Christian religion, of organized society, indeed, without Christian relig-

The truth bluntly is, that for the average man in this world, but two paths lie open. One is indicated by Chris-tianity; the other arged by sensality. The exceptional man, who treads neither, is too rare to be reckoned within any inclusive consideration of human sfairs. On its human side, Christianity—I mean distinctively. Catholic Christianity—Is On its human side, Christianity-Imean distinctively, Catholic Christianity-Is the sole effective philosophy of restraint; it is the noblesse oblige of a fallen hu-manity. For whether we believe, or do not believe, all reflecting men are agreed that human nature tends contin-ually to sink to levels incomparably be-low the level of the beasts. Christianity, whether considered as a spectacle or a philosophy, is the most fascinating of studies in this life. It alone affords elemental struggles, deep-ly moving contrasts, and inevitable, as well as never-ending strife. For, once the sense of sin is lost, sin itself loses all poignancy and interest; everything fails to the negligible depth of sensual caprice. parish. The mission came to an end, and John was still as careless as ever,

caprice. In the same way the one great refuge from present-day provincislism of thought is the Catholic Church. It is in its terms of Truth alone, that any adequate understanding may be had of Christian civilization—of what Europe has been in the fullness of that civilization, and of what we all are to-day in its eclipse. The more adequate one's knowledge of the Christian religion, and I must repeat, I here use "Christian" and "Catholic" as one—the greater is his corrective of the In the same way the one great refuge thought is the Catholic Church. It is in its terms of Truth slone, that any adequate understanding may be had Christian civilization—of what Europe has been in the fullness of that civilization, and of what we all are to-day in its eclipse. The more adequate one's knowledge of the Christian religion, and I must repeat, I here use "Christian" and "Catholic"as one—the greater is his corrective of the myopia of present day thought. In asy-ing : "The oly clear thought to-day in Europe, is Catholic thought," Mr. Hill-aire Belloc is exactly right. The obsoured, it is true by the clasmor of

1

scienc mained away from Mass, and would not prevailed in both camps.

PROTESTANT SCIENTISTS

It would not be difficult with a little It would not be difficult with a little casting about among books, to prove this twofold point to demonstra-tion. But for our present purpose let a single example suffice in each case. Lord Bacon was born in 1561 and died in 1626, and therefore stands prac-tically contemporary with Galileo and Kepler. Lord Bacon has been habituand the missioner was a Benedicting whom we shall call Father H. The miswhom we shall can't should have be and sion was well attended, and was very successful — particularly among non-Catholics, many of whom were present at every service, even at the early daily Mass. But John was never seen in the church. When the mission had been resince on a few days the partor told Kepler Kepler. Lord Bacon has been habitu-ally called The Father of Modern Science, and it is one of the glories of Protestantism to claim him as its own. Lord Bacon's fame in this regard rests upon his two works The Great Instaura-tion and the Novum Organon. It is to his oredit that he was instru-mental in beinging forward the necesgoing on a few days the pastor told Father H. about John, and drove him over to visit him, hoping (and praying no doubt) that the missioner might be no doubt) that the missioner might be more successful than he himself had been. But all in vain, for the efforts of the missioner were no more effectual than those of the regular pastor of the

mental in bringing forward the neces-sity of a more inductive study of nature as a check on the apriorism of the medieval schools. But his merit both as a philosopher and a scientist has been highly overrated; and the comparative exiguity of his claims has been re-peatedly recognized by independent writers, both Catholics and non-Cathoics. De Maistre states that "Bacon in his

philosophy deceives himself equally in that which he aims at, and the means he takes to attain it. He discovered little of what he pretends to have discovered. His Novum Organon is replete with the prejadices which possessed him. He makes flaring blunders in astronomy, in makes naring bunders in astronomy, in logic, in physics, in natural history, and fills his pages with childish observa-tions, trifling experiments and ridica-lous explanations." Lest this view be discounted by the

fact that it proceeds from a Catholic writer, let us listen to Ueberweg, a non-

Catholic, who says:

ALC: NO.

It is a well known fact that at the Of smiles that move like martial song to its a went known have that at the very time when the Popes were patron-izing the waitings of Copernicus, Luther was calling him "a fool" because he had turned astronomy upside down, and Mel-ancthon and practically all Protestant

Such souls expand and reach away Beyond the bounds of selfish love : They bend to lift the broken reed : They lead the way to Heaven above. preachers and professors were strongly

Then why should we from suffering fly, Or hesitate to bear our cross The gold would rest a worthless thing Did fire not cleanse it of its dross. -THOS. R. GORMAN, Grand Seminary, Quebec

For the CATHOLIC RECORD

The Message of the Christma Bells

A most striking instance comes before us in the case of Kepler who (born 1571, died 1630) was a strict contemporary of Galileo, and occupied the same scientific lace in Germany as Galileo did in Italy. The two biographies are so strikingly similar as to suggest a clever

condemning the system as contrary to the teaching of the Bible.

PROTESTANT THEOLOGIANS

Galileo was of a well reputed civic Gallico was or a well reputed civic family, so was kepler. Gallico was handicapped by "an ill-starred union," so was kepler. Galileo was engaged in a constant struggle with ill-health, so was kepler. Galileo suffered from family misfortune and constant poverty, a did keapler. Galileo nibbled at a so did Kepler. Galileo nibbled at

amity insolution and the second secon

opponents. In both cases the opposing party prevailed. Finally both Galileo and Kepler were hauled before the theological tribunal and condemned for

I allude here to the condemnation o I allude here to the condemnation of Kepler by the theological faculty of Tubingen|(Protestant) in 1596, for afirm-ing the identical scientific truth for which thirty-seven years later Galileo got into trouble. When he wrote his celebrated work Prodroms Disserta-tions to provide the setta-

celebrated work Prodromus Disserta-tionum Cosmographicarnum to demon-strate the truth of the Copernican sys-tem, he had to lay it before the Acade-mical Senate of Tubingen for their approbation, without which it could not be printed. The unanimous decision of the divines in this senate was that Kenlar's book

in this senate was that Kepler's book

Hark to the bells ? The Xmas bells, from grey church steeple pealing ; And sweet the thoughts that in our

hearts arise, As down the wings of time we hear their music stealing, Of Peace on earth and Faith beyond the skies.

Ring out, sweet bells, The biessed message of Redemption

telling, The same glad tidings of the angel's

song ; In Christian hearts responsive chords are

swelling 'It is the King "-we hail Him clear and strong.

Dear Xmas bells, Preach, "Charity sums up the Master's teaching, That Law is Love, and One is King

o'er all, That Hate's the coin of Hell;"-and mindful of this preaching, We'll brothers be who hear the

Saviour's call.

Ring out, sweet bells,

And may your notes drown aught of petty faction, Your message heal the wounds of old discord, And may it be to all a call to action,

In harmony to battle for the Lord. -D. A. CASEY-Xmas 1912.

Learning without wisdom is like a sword without a handle.

Catholic, who says: "Bacon's development of the princi-ples of his method was in many respects a failure; and his attempts to apply those principles by personal investiga-tion is not to be compared with the achievements of earlier and contempor-respectively of nature."

achievements of earlier and contempor-aneous investigators of nature." And Professor Draper: "Bacon never received the Copernican system. With the audacity of ignorance he pre-sumed to criticize what he didnot under-stand, and with a superb conceit dispar-aged the great Copernicus. The more

parish. The initial came to all the shart of and John was still as careless as ever, i letting even the feast of Christmas pass by without assisting at Mass. But to-wards the beginning of Lent John, to the surprise of the congregation, and to the surprise and delight of his pastor was seen at church one Sunday morning and better yet—he continued to attend regularly Sunday after Sunday. His pastor, naturally desirous of learning how the change had been pro-duced, called to see him one day ; and, after telling him how pleased he was to see him attending to a duty he had neglected so long, asked him how the change had come about. neglected so long, saked him how the change had come about. "John," said he, "when I used to call here last year, and try to persuade you to attend the public worship of the Almighty, what was it I said to you at any of my visits that has brought you to Mass argin 2"