

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1908.

KNOW THYSELF.

Whilst we are aware of our shortcomings we do not believe that Catholics are inferior to others in all respects. Criticism has its uses, but a spluttering of unpleasant words is not criticism and of no value. It is merely a betrayal of a soured heart and disordered brain, and to be cured should be treated to large doses of introspection. The habit of fault finding begins to disappear when we take stock of ourselves. A review of our own skeletons conduces to mercy, regulates our ambition to play the censor, and reduces our bump of self conceit, and, sanity ours once more, we may be able to see that the average Catholic is a decent citizen, not burdened mayhap with much of the world's goods, but a good son and father, contributing his quota to good government, and loyal to the Church which shepherds him from the cradle to the grave.

POINTLESS WITTIICISMS.

The joke-smiths wax merry over the man who climbs on the "water wagon." These alleged witticisms which were elaborated about the time of Rameses II. may set the bar-room loungeer cackling, but they have absolutely no point so far as the average citizen is concerned. We venture to say that many parishes have more total abstainers than they had a year ago. We are informed that the "road house" is the last place on earth that the self-respecting young man wishes to enter. Not that its proprietor is not respectable, but because public opinion is against his business. Thanks to our press and pastors, we are able to see, not the ideal saloon, but the saloon as it is in all its ugliness. We know it as a menace to our youth and a breeding-ground of degeneracy and sin. A barrier to the progress of a parish, and a mocker at the exhortations of our clergy, it exists only for our discredit. And so we pity the man behind the bar. But why does he not leave the business? If he did this he would not have, perchance, as much money as he has now, but what is a dollar in comparison with the joy of a builder, of a man whose work exhorts no curse from his fellows and leaves no trail of tears and misery. His life would be happier and his last moment untroubled by the phantoms that spring up from the dank soil of the bar room.

MODERNISM.

In view of the fact that the able editor of the Montreal Witness seems to have some misconceptions as to the purport of the Holy Father's condemnation of Modernism, we may be pardoned for restating that it does not touch whatever is soundest and best in modern civilization. It is no bar to progress and no hindrance to intellectual activity. "The only liberty," says Monsignor Moyes in the Nineteenth Century (December) "which she denies 'no' where God has said 'yes,' or, to put it otherwise, the liberty in those who profess her creeds and share her communion of saying yes and no at the same time." To the question why has the Pope condemned the Modernists? an answer, says Monsignor Moyes, may be given on the fingers of one hand.

- (1) Because the Modernists have denied that the divine facts related in the Gospel are historically true.
- (2) Because they have denied that Christ for most of His life knew that He was God and that He ever knew that He was the Saviour of the world.
- (3) Because they have denied the divine sanction and the perpetuity of the great dogmas which enter into the Christian creed.
- (4) Because they have denied that Christ himself personally ever founded the Church or instituted the sacraments.
- (5) Because they deny and subvert the divine constitution of the Church by teaching that the Pope and the Bishops derive their powers, not directly from Christ and His Apostles, but from the Christian people.

In conclusion, it may be observed that one of the plainest features of the Encyclical is the doctrinal teaching which Pius X. opposes to these modernist denials which rest upon the teaching of St. Paul and the Evangelists and was the common property of the Fathers and the councils long centuries before the scholastics came into

existence. Nothing, therefore, can be more puerile than any attempt to discount it as mere scholasticism.

THE WITNESS AND CLAP-TRAP.

The Montreal Witness is, as a rule, not given to clap trap. It is fair to opponents, and in presenting its own views is mindful of the spirit that should animate an influential publication. In recent issues, however, the editor has lowered his standards when discussing the policy of the Holy Father. His prejudices are playing havoc with his mental vision, with the result that some of his utterances are neither fair nor pertinent. Pius X's condemnation of modernism has not a word against modern life and progress. It says nothing against any form of Government. When, therefore, the editor declares "there is not the remotest prospect that the world will surrender the liberties it has achieved," etc., he is making much ado about nothing, is misleading his public and giving an exhibition of ranting that may be well left to the non-Catholic weekly that looks upon blasphemous "as no very sensible remarks." If he must quarrel with the Holy Father's condemnation of modernism he should not, in deference to fair-play and truth, read into it his preconceived ideas. His remark that there is no good evidence that Simon Peter ever was in Rome may be dismissed for the present with the words of the Protestant writer, Dr. Cave: "That Peter was at Rome, and for some time resided there, we intrepidly affirm with the whole multitude of the ancients."

A GHOST STORY.

Many of the clearest intellects of the Church see, says The Witness, the error and fatality, not to say the disastrous consequences, of the present reversal of the policy of Leo XIII. This sentence may please those who are enmeshed in the nets of Protestant tradition, but it must grieve those who cannot see what some editors so interminably argue about. That press gossip should have beguiled The Witness into making an assertion which it cannot substantiate, is regrettable.

OLD TEACHING.

More than once we have been an echo of the teachings of the Middle Ages regarding the evils of multiplicity of text-books, of cramming, of making study an amusement, not a labor. When, however, an educator, as President Wilson, of Princeton, sponsors these opinions they may be welcomed in quarters which would deny access to us. Speaking the other day at a meeting of the educators of the Middle States, he said: "We have been trying a series of reckless experiments upon the lads and youths, girls and maidens, of this country, instead of educating them. With all our educating we have instructed nobody and with all instructing we have educated nobody." Noting the fact that information is not education, he went on to say that educators are daily cramming the minds of pupils with an enormous mass of irrelevant facts. It is better to see one thing than to look at a hundred.

"Any course of study that disciplines the mind is beneficial to the student. I would advocate giving the children the tasks that are hardest for them to do, and then when they begin to get easy, giving them something else. The trouble is that we are trying to teach a little of everything, and instead are not teaching anything of anything. We should reduce education to a small body of great subjects. We have developed a great genius for everything but simplification."

A CONVERT'S THOUGHT.

I suddenly realized clearly what I had only suspected before—namely, that if the Church of Christ was, as I believed it to be, God's way of salvation, it was impossible that the finding of it should be a matter of shrewdness or scholarship; otherwise, salvation would be easier for the clever and lazier than for the dull and busy. Two or three texts of Scripture began to burn before me. "A highway shall be there," wrote Isaiah; " . . . the redeemed shall walk there . . . The wayfarer men, though fools, shall not err therein." "A city set on a hill," said our Saviour, "cannot be hid." Again, "Unless you . . . become as little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And again, "I thank thee, Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them to the little ones."—"Confessions of a Convert," Rev. R. H. Benson.

Mercifulness deeds have the wonderful property of spreading themselves without the aid of the doer.

HOW CAN NON-CATHOLICS AND PAGANS BE SAVED?

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE MERCIFUL LEADINGS OF THE LORD.

Maxims, or summary statements of established principles, are useful, whether in religion or in law, for a variety of purposes; but it can scarcely be claimed for them that on the common run of mankind they are self-explanatory, says the Ave Maria. A pithy expression of a general rule of conduct, such as St. Augustine's "Love God, and do what you will," may be absolutely correct when properly understood, but may also be the reverse of a correct when misapprehended by the unscrupulous. "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," is a maxim which may be very easily misunderstood by those who are not versed in legal lore, and among the commonplace of religious writers there are axioms and aphorisms fully as liable to misconstruction by those who are unskilled in theology.

One such axiom, or maxim, is our Catholic dictum: "Outside the Church there is no salvation." By the great mass of non-Catholics probably, by very many of them unquestionably, this statement is supposed to be equivalent to saying that none but professed Catholics can, by any possibility, be saved; that, outside visible communion with the Church, damnation is inevitable. That this is the construction—or rather misconception—given to the axiom by the members of the various sects has been made abundantly clear of late years by the tenor of the questions put time and time again to priests engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics.

The foregoing observations were suggested by a forceful and illuminating sermon on the subject, "How Can Non-Catholics and Pagans Be Saved?" delivered by Rev. John Gavin in the Cathedral at Westminster, London. Father Gavin took as his text the words: "For God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have everlasting life." (John III., 16).

"I close, my brethren, the course of sermons on everlasting punishment by endeavoring to answer a question of great importance: How are non-Catholics and pagans to be saved? Let me lay down at starting three statements that are of faith.

- (1) Whosoever dies in the state of grace, free from mortal sin, is certain to see; it is a subject to be in heaven, although the vision may be delayed by some suffering in purgatory.
- (2) Whosoever dies in mortal sin of thought, word, deed or omission goes straight to hell forever.
- (3) God wishes all men to be saved (I Tim., II., 4) for He came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

"This wish of God to save all men without exception, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, is called the 'salvific will.' It is a will real but not absolute; it is a subject to a clearly defined condition: it supposes and demands the creature's co-operation. No man who does for his own salvation what in him lies will ever be condemned to everlasting torments. And first let us examine in the light of God's justice and mercy the position of non-Catholics in this country. We are familiar with the great dogma of the faith, 'Outside the Church no salvation,' and besides the Vatican Council assumes that the Church has been furnished by her Divine Founder with notes or signs clear and distinct (manifesto notes), by which all men can recognize her as the guardian and teacher of the revealed word. The doctrine of exclusive salvation, so much misunderstood by non-Catholics, obliges us to believe that all non-Catholics are lost, but only such as die through their own fault outside the Church. These notes and signs are clear and distinct when the vision is not dimmed through ignorance or malice. But they may escape the confused gaze of the non-Catholic, or they may stare him in the face without his being aware, as the book or letter we are looking for lies before us in the room, and yet we cannot see it. 'Judge not, and you shall not be judged.' Remember our neighbor is judged by the All-merciful in the twilight as granted to him, not in the full blaze of revelation so generously bestowed upon us.

"This leads me to the important and much misunderstood question of good faith found outside the Catholic Church. By good faith is meant the conscientious conviction in God's presence that a particular form of religion has been founded by Christ. So long as that conviction lasts there is an obligation to remain in that form of religion, and not to inquire into the claims of the Church. It is evident I am not considering a state of mind which can afford to be liberal and generous to every sect and creed but forced indifferent to its own, nor those who, forced by the eccentricities of their sect can be of God, are afraid to inquire, lest the search end in the discovery that the Catholic is the one true Church. Such a condition of mind cannot be called conscientious conviction. For conscience is the voice of God commanding what is there and then to be done or to be avoided. Conscience is always and in every instance to be obeyed. It is the warning voice of a higher power. It is a monarch in its commands and prohibitions.

"It is impossible to say how far-reaching this good faith may be in a country where, for three hundred years, Catholic truth has been vilified and misrepresented. The ancient fathers

of the Church regarded the pagan with horror, indeed, but with compassion rather than dislike. Paganism was the raw material out of which empires were to be built for the Lord. The music of the Gospel never reached the ears of the infidel. Millions in this land, like the heathen, have never heard the teaching of the Catholic Church. Highly educated men and women know more of pagan rites than of the Church's doctrine. They accuse Catholics of holding doctrines which the Church has never taught, and then abuse us for believing them. We find outside the Church souls leading conscientious, self-denying lives, graced with noble deeds of charity. Of many we may be hopeful, but it would be foolish to deny that even such souls are deprived of well-earned graces granted to Catholics; for them there is no sacrament of penance, or Blessed Eucharist, or last anointing, or Holy Mass. Their fine qualities should urge us to pray earnestly that the full light of Catholic truth may dawn upon many who seem worthy, if indeed they can be worthy, of so priceless a gift as faith.

"Our zeal will also be quickened by the reflection that saints and holy men, with their perception of things divine, have ever been anxious and nervous of the future lot of such as are outside the one true Church. For baptized persons not belonging to the visible fold are at a distinct disadvantage as compared with Catholics, since they have not the sacrament of penance to give their mortal sins. A Catholic, says Cardinal Newman, 'knows how to set himself right as a simple matter of business. He repents sincerely, confesses frankly and the priest's absolution blots out his sins forever. An act of perfect contrition or sorrow for the love of God, is the sole way open to non-Catholics to obtain forgiveness of their grave sins; and that way they often hardly know. And that perfect contrition with God's grace is not difficult. It need not necessarily mean more than the state of mind, in which God is preferred for his own sake to anything He has forbidden under pain of mortal sin. Perfect contrition does not necessarily require aversion to venial sin. And we may hope in the goodness and mercy of God that before they die, even long before that last audience on earth between the Creator and His creature, He may teach non-Catholics how to make it, and thus clasp to His embrace the souls for whom He died. When Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, was seriously ill, we read of his eagerness to make acts of sorrow for sin, and to have the Anglican absolution. That absolution, as a sacrament, is absolutely valueless, but those acts of sorrow, as we may confidently trust, appealed to the merciful heart of Jesus Christ. Who wishes all men to be saved. And may we not also confidently hope that there are many in this country serving God in all sincerity according to conscience, Catholics at heart who will be counted among the saved, while to others grace and opportunity and warning are given which they may reject to their destruction?"

"And thus I close the first portion of my discourse by repeating once again that no man is ever lost except for a sin which is in him mortal, and consequently a clear, full, deliberate rejection of God, and that we have no right to say of any one that he is damned. The Church allows her priests to absolve conditionally one who dies in the very act of sin, for at the last he may have turned to God. We serve an infinitely tender, gracious Master, who is in all His ways just, and in justice ever mindful of mercy. In His arms the penitent is safe.

"And now I come to the second portion of this sermon: How is the infidel saved? By infidel, as used here, is meant an inhabitant of pagan lands who has never heard the voice of the missionary, or any truth revealed by God. Infidelity, as thus described, has not the character of a sin, but rather of a penalty, inasmuch as such ignorance of divine things is a consequence of the sin of our first parent. Unbelief is a sin when one rejects the faith fairly brought under his notice (see St. Thomas 2, 2, p. 10, a. 1). The Church recognizes three states of permanent conditions of existence beyond the grave—heaven for the just who die in sanctifying grace; hell for those who die in mortal sin, and limbo for the souls of unbaptized infants. Purgatory lasts for a time: It is closed after the day of Judgment. One third of the human race, so it is calculated, die in infancy. The baptized infant goes straight to heaven, the unbaptized to a place called Limbo, because it was supposed to be on the confines of hell (limbus, a fringe). In Limbo the unbaptized enjoy a state of perfect natural happiness. The soul knows and loves God, as He can be known and loved by the natural faculties of intellect and will unilluminated by grace or faith. It rests satisfied with its lot, and no more covets the vision of God face to face in heaven than a bird desires to be an emperor, to use St. Thomas' illustration. The soul in Limbo is as Adam would have been had he never sinned. It cannot be called a state of the supernatural order.

"Let us consider now the infidel in the full maturity of his intellectual gifts. It is an article of faith that from the things that are seen by the natural light of human reason he can learn the existence of God and certain leading moral principles that some things are to be shunned as evil and to be performed as good. Everywhere God is felt in the outer world by His works, in His inner life of man by the dictates of conscience which appeal to Him as their Supreme Arbiter, and their

Supreme Sanction. 'If any one,' writes St. Thomas, 'reared in the woods among animals were to follow the guidance of natural reason in seeking after good and avoiding evil, we must certainly hold that God would reveal to him by internal inspiration the things which he is bound to believe or would send a missionary to instruct him as he sent Peter to Cornelius.' In simplest words the Angelic Doctor teaches that God will grant the infidel all that is necessary for salvation, provided he does what in him lies.

"But a further difficulty confronts us. Among pagans, as among Catholics, there are good and bad. In Athenian society long ago men notorious for their evil lives were pointed out as belonging to the 'bad set.' A pagan commits a mortal sin against the natural law. How is that sin to be forgiven? Mortal sin is canceled by sanctifying grace, which presupposes faith, and divine faith to the pagan is a stranger. Is there no hope for him, nor for the millions in paganism, for two-thirds of the population of the earth, who may possibly be guilty from time to time of what is in them grave transgression? Are we to condemn them to everlasting burnings? No theologian would for a moment think of condemning any to the hell of the damned except for full and deliberate fault. The heart of the pagan from God by grave sin can turn back to Him, urged by natural motives of fear and hope and true repentance. Such motives do not cancel mortal sin, but at least they remove all obstacles to it, and thus afford free scope to the exercise of God's mercy. The great theological maxim helps us through the difficulty. 'Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam.' Grace is never wanting in the hour of need to the soul in its honest and best endeavor to find its God. Everlasting fire shall not claim that soul forever as its prey. God can by countless ways enlighten it to believe in Him, in His word, as punishing guilt and rewarding virtue. He can draw aside the veil hiding His sovereign beauty, that the soul may love Him for His own sake, and repent of those mortal sins as an offense against Him so worthy of love; and in such acts of perfect love and perfect sorrow there is implicitly contained the wish to do all God wants and to be baptized by water, were this command realized or possible of fulfillment. And thus, through baptism of desire, as we call it, the work of justification is complete, and the soul of the savage, as we contemptuously call him, is clad in sanctifying grace and becomes an heir to the kingdom of the saints.

"We are never justified in saying that any one in particular, still less whole nations, are condemned to hell by the Saviour of the world. The number of the elect is known to God alone. Should you read of a theologian, or even of a saint, who condemns the mass of human beings to everlasting flames you are disingenuously holding that such is not the doctrine of the Church. Souls are not judged or condemned in battalions. Each soul is judged according to the light granted to him. No Jew or infidel, no Anglican or Catholic is ever condemned to everlasting perdition except because calmly and deliberately, and with full reflection, he has refused to serve God according to his knowledge. Men are condemned for sins of the flesh and for the far graver transgression involved in the refusal to believe Gospel teaching, put in each case there must be determined malice.

"Whenever you are tempted to unkind thoughts of God, or to murmur against what seems to our cramped vision the injustice of His ways, do not forget, my dear brethren, that the greater the charge, the more impartial should be the investigation. It is a maxim of all law to examine both sides before judgment is delivered. Have you ever heard God's side? Have you read the sacred history of His dealing with each soul? Since to us in the past He has ever been loyal and true and mindful of mercy, most assuredly the presumption is that others have also shared in His countless ministrations of consolation and love. God reaches His end in unexpected ways; the immensity of His love is our security; for all men the blood fell in large crimson stains on the unconscious grass in the Garden of Gethsemane, and for all streamed from the five precious wounds on the cross. The fondest wish of the Sacred Heart is that 'Who soever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have everlasting life.'"

JOHN MITCHELL'S REASON.

WHY THE GREAT LABOR LEADER BECAME A CATHOLIC.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, did not become a Catholic simply to please his wife who is of that faith, as some of the dailies in Indianapolis and elsewhere put it. His embracing of the Catholic faith was the result of deep thought and careful investigation. This was Mr. Mitchell's own statement after he had perused some of the stories printed in the Indianapolis papers.

The many friends of the president of the Mine Workers will be glad to know that he is now quite recovered from his serious illness. Mr. Mitchell left for Excelsior Springs, Mo., last Friday at noon. He was joined at Chicago by Mrs. Mitchell and her brother David who went to the Springs with him. Up to the time that Mr. Mitchell left Indianapolis he was instructed daily by Rev. Peter Killian,

assistant at St. John's church, who responded to the call when a priest was sent for at Mr. Mitchell's request. Just before leaving Indianapolis, Mr. Mitchell in talking with Father Killian said that his motive for becoming a Catholic, as published in the daily papers was far from correct.

"Of course," said Mr. Mitchell, "it pleased Mrs. Mitchell very much, but that was not the motive that guided me in the matter. I had carefully investigated the subject and had long since made up my mind that I wanted to die in the Catholic faith."

The sponsors for Mr. Mitchell at his baptism were W. D. Ryan of Springfield, president of the mine workers of that State and Herman Justi of Chicago, a member of the Illinois Operators' Association.

Turning to Mr. Justi, after he was baptized, Mr. Mitchell said: "Justi, I am going to do my utmost to be a good Cath. He and not one of whom there are many in the world who use the Catholic Church only when they are in some distress. I want to be a consistent Catholic and a useful one. I have given much thought to this subject for a long time."

Mr. Justi, who is himself a convert, is deeply gratified at the conversion of Mr. Mitchell and at the sincerity of his feelings as expressed since his reception into the Church. There were ten miners and operators in the room at the time of Mr. Mitchell's baptism, among whom were two non-Catholics.

Quite an interesting incident in connection with the reception of Mr. Mitchell into the Church was the fact that just at the moment he was taken ill in the Miners' Conference, Mr. Ryan of Illinois, the miner leader, and Mr. Justi of the operators, were engaged in a very heated debate. When Mr. Mitchell was asked by Father Killian who he wanted as his sponsors, the sick man said with a smile: "I wouldn't be a bad idea to have Ryan and Justi act; I'd like to see them get together."

Mr. Mitchell took with him to Excelsior Springs a catechism, Gibbon's "Faith of our Fathers," and several other Catholic works. The day before Mr. Mitchell left Indianapolis he had among his callers Bishop Chatard and Rev. F. H. Gaviak of St. John's both being introduced to Mr. Mitchell by Father Killian.

Father Killian, the young priest who attended Mr. Mitchell comes from Geismas stock.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, D. D., Archbishop of Hobart, and the oldest prelate in the world, died at Hobart, Tasmania, Dec. 29.

European papers are still discussing the recent conversion to the Roman Catholic Church of a Russian Orthodox arch-priest, Father Sergius Verigin. The conversion created quite a sensation in St. Petersburg where he was well known.

Archbishop Murphy was born in Crookstown, Macroom, Cork County, Ireland, on June 18, 1815, on the eve of the day that Napoleon met his defeat in Waterloo. He sprang from ancestry distinguished for lineage (being descended from Cathair Mor, and Hermon) as illustrated for virtue.

By the will of Gen. Charles E. Furlong, of New York, a non-Catholic, the following Catholic institutions got \$5,000 each: Convent of Mercy, Vicksburg, Miss.; the Good Shepherd Sister's Day Nursery, in Mulberry street, and the New York Foundling Asylum, both of New York.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites had before it on Nov. 26 the cause of Beatification of Mother Marie-Madeline Sophie Barret, foundress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. At its next meeting the Congregation will consider the case of Madeline Pontel, foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.

Bishop Ryan of Alton, Ill., had twenty-five priests slide down a new chute free escape at the Catholic orphanage in that city last week while he stood at the bottom and watched them come shooting out. All came down in safety. Bishop Ryan said he was satisfied with the test and did not make the experiment personally.

The Living Church Annual, the year book of the Episcopal Church in America, has just been issued. In glancing over its pages some interesting indications of the growth of the High Church movement are noted. Under the heading religious orders, are noted twenty-seven such bodies, several of them with names similar to certain well known Catholic orders.

The President of the Argentine Republic has refused the request of the Freemasons of that country for civil incorporation. The denial of the petition was based on the report of the Procurator, who maintained that the Freemasons, in spite of their protestations to the contrary, were not organized for the common weal, and that their statutes comprised a certain number of propositions which were in formal opposition to the constitution and laws of the country.

According to Roman rumors, Mrs. Eleanor Magee, widow of Chris L. Magee, the traction magnate, politician and philanthropist of Pittsburg, will marry the Conte di Gini, a nephew of Pope Leo XIII. Since the death of Senator Magee, his widow has lived in a magnificent home on the outskirts of Rome. Senator Magee left an estate of \$5,000,000 to his wife in trust. Her income is about \$300,000 annually. At her death the entire \$5,000,000 will go to the Trustees of the Margaret Steele Magee Memorial Hospital.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, Canada, June 18th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read and congratulated you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1908.

MODERNISM IN THE CHURCH OF AMERICA.

This is the title of an able and opportune article in the Ecclesiastical Review for the present month. It is the frank opinion of the Ecclesiastical Review "that the evils of which the Pontiff chiefly complains exist to a very large and dangerous extent in the United States." The very tactics employed by modernists, in secretly maintaining these errors whilst openly disclaiming them, propagate them more effectively and protect their holders from the consequences of deviating from the Church's teaching.

Will all this, or will any of it, be applicable to Canada? Not holding the conscience of this portion of the church we cannot answer the question with great satisfaction. Let us examine our conscience any way. That will not do us any harm, and may do us much good.

family health; they may be read in the newspapers emanating from poisoned sources; they may be more clearly recognized in the half-hearted support many of our people give the Catholic schools, and the views they express upon Catholic education. There is another cause which the Ecclesiastical Review applied to the United States and which may well be applied to Canada. It is the superficial knowledge of our apologetics and religion. Here lies the greatest danger.

THE UNFAILING WITNESS.

Now that Christmas tide is gone we may with advantage reflect upon the act of faith which the Church makes at this holy season in the divinity of the Babe of Bethlehem. This year more than for many years does this duty specially devolve upon us, for the reason that the more Christ's divinity is denied by others the more should we make reparation by our faith.

There is in all this nothing more than what ordinarily occurs in the administration of religious affairs. No occult influence was at work. The scene of the second chapter is at Rome; the persons are ecclesiastics; the topic of conversation, Freemasonry in the Church. A Roman dignitary tells what happened to himself. A doctor had some time before been treating him for sore eyes. One day he came with a copy-book, and after examining the prelate's eyes, said:

"Monsignor, you see that your eyes are failing, and as you are only an Archbishop in partibus, you must be thinking of promotion, which is easy enough. Will you kindly sign your name in this book? and I assure you that before very long you will reach a very high position in your church."

That gaze is too thin: it will not wear. What do papers want with material so full of holes? It was three years old anyway. It is easily discernible as the weaving of a simple old man whose memory and imagination have been mixed. It is unfair to involve a dignitary like the delegate in it.

AMERICAN EPISCOPALIANISM.

The difficulties of Anglicanism are not confined to the mother country. They show themselves in Canada and more prominently in the United States. As long as Canada is a colony without the Establishment Anglicanism sinks more and more into the lower forms of evangelical division. Across our border it suffers from many internal causes. Even the change of its name to Episcopalianism, though intended to afford comfort to any Anglophobists who might wish to share in its aristocratic advantages, does not protect it from divisions.

Church takes on unusual interest. These services are announced to be for non-Catholics as well as Catholics. Those of us who are out of the Catholic fold may improve our minds a great deal, and learn a great deal of the amenities of an absolute devotion, by joining our Catholic friends in hearing the mission fathers this week and next.

ABSURD STORIES.

The Church is a material institution. It affords more material for earnest study than any other. And it offers more field for the dream of dreamers and the hatred of the nations than the land of the bright Orient. Stories as improbable as those of the Arabian Nights, but much more malicious, are started from the Church, aiming now at one thing, now at another. The latest year of this kind appeared in the very extraordinary paper, The Toronto World, on the 6th inst. In introducing the subject the World assures us that both the religious and political world of Quebec is deeply interested in the story contained in a strange document which three years ago was addressed to Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate.

I had received, as well as the other Bishops, instructions from the Holy See to exhort the young men of the province who were destined for the liberal professions to go to Quebec to follow their university course, and although I did so with all my heart I saw that all my efforts were absolutely nil, so strong was the opposition against the movement. Rome, however, insisted, and I was convinced that the Holy See believed that I had failed in my duty; that I had not followed its instructions; in a word, that I had failed to obey its decrees, and this thought being so painful to me, I offered my resignation."

This is clear enough when we remember that the Catholic University of Laval was at Quebec, and it was quite natural that Rome should wish the Catholic students to go there. That Montreal's growing importance might create ambitions for a second Catholic University in that city, might also be quite natural. The real cause of Bishop Bourget's resignation was his advanced age. The educational situation, trying and causing friction, was grave enough to require the energy and activity of a younger man.

There is in all this nothing more than what ordinarily occurs in the administration of religious affairs. No occult influence was at work. The scene of the second chapter is at Rome; the persons are ecclesiastics; the topic of conversation, Freemasonry in the Church. A Roman dignitary tells what happened to himself. A doctor had some time before been treating him for sore eyes. One day he came with a copy-book, and after examining the prelate's eyes, said:

"Monsignor, you see that your eyes are failing, and as you are only an Archbishop in partibus, you must be thinking of promotion, which is easy enough. Will you kindly sign your name in this book? and I assure you that before very long you will reach a very high position in your church."

That gaze is too thin: it will not wear. What do papers want with material so full of holes? It was three years old anyway. It is easily discernible as the weaving of a simple old man whose memory and imagination have been mixed. It is unfair to involve a dignitary like the delegate in it.

AMERICAN EPISCOPALIANISM.

The difficulties of Anglicanism are not confined to the mother country. They show themselves in Canada and more prominently in the United States. As long as Canada is a colony without the Establishment Anglicanism sinks more and more into the lower forms of evangelical division. Across our border it suffers from many internal causes. Even the change of its name to Episcopalianism, though intended to afford comfort to any Anglophobists who might wish to share in its aristocratic advantages, does not protect it from divisions.

panalism, though intended to afford comfort to any Anglophobists who might wish to share in its aristocratic advantages, does not protect it from divisions. Cut off from the parent trunk the branch, or rather, branches, though they grow in beauty side by side, are weaker than at home for want of even the make believe of a primate. Complete lack of unity is more evident. Lord's spiritual there are none whose traditional influence and personal learning might count for something. It needs something which Anglicanism does not possess to make it thrive upon the democratic soil of the United States. It is not enough to be called Episcopalian or even for chosen individuals to wear the lawn. Apostolic authority is needed to command attention from the household and respect from outside. When members can criticize not only superiors but the very forms of belief, or when they speak in the name of the Church, there is shown the essentially Protestant characteristic of the whole institution.

A number of errors generally may be found underlying almost any one error. It is not with thought and things spiritual as with the material world. Private judgment cannot dissociate itself from possibility of error; nor is it compatible with forms of belief. If forms of belief contain and convey the truth they must be received as they are given without any subjective power on our part to reject or modify them. Ideas will work out more thoroughly in their conclusions than in their premises and first fruits. Private judgment as started by the reformers (?) was bound down by confessions of faith. Thus there are the Augsburg confession for the Lutherans, the Westminster Confession for Presbyterians, and the Thirty-nine Articles for Anglicans. Private judgment refuses to carry these burdens. The latest attempt to show the injury which formulas do to religion comes from an episcopalian clergyman of New York, the Rev. W. R. Huntington, who maintains that the time has come "for the Church to define its attitude towards thirty-eight of the thirty nine articles of the Anglican Communion."

The Athanasian Creed, although among the bibliotheca anglicana, is for years not binding upon American Episcopalianism. A natural question suggests itself: Would it be binding upon Canadian Anglicans? Why is it not binding upon our American cousins? Who relieved them from its sweet yoke? Argument is useless where logic is not observed. Private judgment alone is, was, and shall be as long as Protestantism will not obey. Dr. Huntington "believes that the Church now loses many of its finest youth because they cannot honestly connect with an establishment which demands pledges to such a definition of truth and of faith."

That is a poor reason, no reason at all, for changing base. One day, so we read in the gospel, a young man, wealthy, innocent, promising, stood before our Blessed Lord, and asked Him what he should do to possess eternal life. Our Master told him to keep the commandments. On being assured of the young man's fidelity to them Christ gave him the call to perfection. The young man went away. But our Lord never modified His condition. He laid it down simply and fully, without severity and without leniency. "If you wish to be perfect sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, take up thy cross, and follow me." Our Saviour made no explanation—nor did He yield. It is not a question of numbers, or of coaxing man. It is a question of sacred truth to which we ourselves must conform, and not expect it to conform to our subjective state of mind. We may be shocked at the multitude, ever increasing, who, filled with their own conceit and yielding too frequently to sensualities, turn away from truth and faith. We may deplore their loss. Truth is much more to be valued than count less individuals. Truth cannot be changed: it is from heaven, a holy deposit. We are not surprised, of course, that young men will not conform to the Anglican Articles. They see the logical error in the whole institution—private judgment in business under a class name of Episcopalianism. All these denunciations have been keeping too much company with false philosophy. They are completely honeycombed with modernism. Not being able to shake it off they are letting go whatever remnants of truth they ever possessed. Thirty eight out of thirty nine articles gone, we fear for the last solitary rose of summer not even blooming alone—half-withered, frost-bitten and odorless. Truth is not safe except in the unshakable faith and undaunted courage of St. Peter.

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This is, indeed, a most extraordinary statement. We will give the eminent doctor credit for sincerity, for we would not like to state that a man of such prominence would advance a statement knowing it to be false. But of this we are certain, that he is entirely ignorant of the conditions prevailing amongst Irish settlers in the Province of Ontario. We wish we could take the venerable Professor for a tour of the London, Ont., market on a Saturday. A great many of the farmers visiting it, from surrounding townships, are the descendants of Irishmen who came here about eighty years ago from Tipperary. Their names are unmistakably Celtic. He would find them intelligent, well-dressed, prosperous, each of them the owners of farms from one to five hundred acres. He would find them with a snug bank account, the fruit of sobriety and industry, and their families in turn take up more land, and there is a general air of happiness amongst them. This could never be looked for under that miserable system which prevails in Ireland, where the people must tip their hats to His Lordship the landlord, and thank heaven they are permitted to live on, and pay rent for, a few acres of land of which their ancestors had been robbed by the freebooters who came from the sister isle. Nor is it alone in this part of Ontario the Irish have been prosperous. They may be found in every county in the province, contented and happy and prosperous. All they want is a fair field and no favor. This has been accorded them in Canada, and were like conditions their lot in Ireland there would be no Irish question to put a blot upon the British flag. But the doctor has taken up another phase of the matter which surprises us still more. Referring to the American Civil War he says that the Irish were the enemies of the negro and that "he happened to be in New York when the city was dreadfully a repetition of the Irish rising in favor of the South and slavery. A Federal General came into the harbor with troops, landed with his staff, called the Irish leaders before him, said some plain words to them, and all went well."

Surely Dr. Smith must be mistaken. The writer of this article happened to be in New York at the beginning of the war when anti negro riots were threatened and well remembers that to Archbishop Hughes was given much of the credit of restoring peace and order in the community. It is well to recollect that the Irish were not alone in hatred of the negro. Antipathy towards them is harbored by every race of white people. Only a few days ago respectable negroes were refused admission to one of our London hotels. If to-day Washington Gladden were to present himself at the office of some Toronto hotels he would be told there were no vacant rooms. We cannot understand why Dr. Smith would even insinuate that the sympathy of the Irish in the North was with the Southern confederacy. This inference would naturally be drawn from his statement that Irish were the most thorough going supporters of slavery.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MIRACLES. As the Gospel of to-day relates one of the miracles our Lord performed, I am led to say a few words about miracles as used in evidence of the truth of the divine doctrine of Jesus Christ. Certainly our Lord appealed to miracles sometimes as proof that He had divine power, but that was by no means the rule. The miracle of changing water into wine was performed for no such purpose. On other occasions He bade those whom He healed to say nothing about it. And St. Matthew expressly said that the reason why He wrought not many miracles among those who knew Him best was because of their unbelief; the very reason we would think why we ought to have worked miracles before their eyes so as to convince them to believe in Him. And St. John also intimates that our Lord did not place much reliance upon miracles that only depended upon miracles; for he says, "Many believed, seeing the signs that He did. But Jesus did not trust Himself to them, for He knew what was in man." If we read the Gospels attentively we shall see that it was true then, as it has been all through the history of Christianity, that the triumph of His divine truth has not been due to miracles, but rather in spite of them. If there was then, or has been since, anything which the world hates to learn of, and obstinately refuses to credit, it is a miracle.

The idea of God or any messenger from God pretending to do things a man cannot understand! Don't I know nature well enough to know that even if God made it He cannot change it? To believe in miracles I would have to acknowledge God knows what I cannot know. That is the way men think, if they do not speak out their thoughts quite so plainly. There have always been miracles, plenty of them, enough to convert the whole world to Christianity if that were the means intended by Almighty God to bring about conviction and conversion. A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still; and miracles convince men against their will—the will of their proud, self-conscious, rebellious hearts. They see them plainly as you and I do, but they won't believe them. The triumph of our Lord's holy religion, therefore, has not been due to miracles of healing. Those are the things unbelievers hate, as they do every other sign of Christ that demands their submission. But what conquers the world is the message of Love and the sacrifice that it makes. They cannot stand out against the sight of our Lord's love, even unto death, nor gaze upon the love of those who through all generations have taken His place, and spoken, prayed, preached, suffered and died in His name, without being won to belief.

So, my brethren, if you are anxious to convert anybody to our holy faith, never mind about miracles: and do not be astonished if they pooh-poo arguments as strong as the reasoning of St. Thomas. Go and show them a little of the unselfish, charitable, self-denying, suffering love of Christ. Let them see how sweetly spoken and kind you are to the poor, how patient you are in affliction, how nobly you conquer your passions for God's love, and resist temptations to drink and steal and gratify desires of the flesh. Did I say never mind about miracles? I made a mistake. For if you do what I have just told you, I am inclined to think some of you will be doing as great a miracle as there is on record. You that are stingy, give freely. You that dislike the poor, go and serve them. You that are complaining of God's providence, submit to your lot like a man and a Christian. You that are drunk and take the pledge and keep it. You that are living like a beast, get honorably married and live chaste. You that have hands getting hot for hell with ill-gotten money, make full restitution. These will be miracles—miracles of grace; and against such miracles unbelief never will have any argument or power to resist either conviction or conversion. And then you can say to the unbeliever: "If you will not believe in the Catholic religion for its truth sake, look at me and believe it for the work it can do. It can bring a sinner back to God, and that is a greater miracle than raising a dead man to life."

FROM THE RANKS OF FREE-THINKERS.

The writer of the following letter is a convert from "free-thought" and since conversion has been doing not a little to present the knowledge of the Catholic Church to the social group that for a long time counted him as a prominent member. The letter is of value among other reasons because it tends to break on one estimate of our apostolate. The largest part of non-Catholics are no longer old-fashioned Protestants, and many of the stereotyped arguments of the well-known books of controversy are largely out of date. New phases of error are constantly manifesting themselves and the missionary to non-Catholics must be fully equipped to meet the active-minded thinkers. The group of "free-thinkers" are particularly keen in their discussions and in their search for novelties, the last place they look to is the Church of the Ages. Yet many of them are strong-minded enough to be convinced by the logic of the Catholic position once it is fairly presented to them.

To The Editor: Rev. Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your kind letter stating that you have heard of the attempts we are making to place the truths of Catholicity to the extent they have dawned on us, before our free-thinking friends, and recent comrades. We thank you for your expression of sympathy and the problem will have to be met sooner or later. It cannot be identified with "How to talk to the Protestants?" Where are the men? Where the literature? What the policy? These are our queries. The

clergy whom we approach, persistently assert that they are not equipped for a propaganda to free-thinkers, that the questions they proposed require special consideration in order to deal with them. After a pretty thorough canvass of this diocese for eighteen months we have succeeded in getting less than half a dozen men to speak at our meetings, and these, when invited to come again, with one accord begin to make excuses. And yet we treat them with, for us, great consideration, and we have the countenance of the Archbishop.

As to literature, Hooker is of most utility to us. We thank you sincerely for the books of his you mailed us. We feel so little account that we are absolutely ready to crawl to anybody who will throw us a kind word, but literature? Yes! Apropos of Father Hecker's pamphlets we are inclined to think that the man Hecker or rather "The Story of His Soul's Quest" is of infinitely more value than anything which he said in a set way, sermons, articles, etc. The first half of Elliot's Biography contains the gist of what our people at this stage can assimilate seeing that it contains the testimony of a man who tried Rationalism in all its phases, who was thrown back on his own personal needs. This with the attempts he made to meet them, together with the affirmation that he found what he sought in Catholicity, is what we must ring the changes on at this stage in the proceedings. If we could have the first half of Elliot's Biography of Hecker, it would certainly be of immense worth in the propaganda. Newman is of supreme value or of no value at all. Only the distinctive literary and naturally religious appreciate him. However his "Present Condition of Catholics in England" has its uses in correcting prejudice.

Now permit me to make another suggestion. I do believe, ye I know, that there is literature which was never intended for propaganda, which does turn one's thought, sympathetically, towards the claims of the Church without one at first knowing it. This may be a fancy on my part. I refer to the fiction and poetry of Catholic-minded men. I will not further specify at present, but if you would like to know the literature to which I allude, say so and I will state what sort of literary stuff is calculated to draw shallow and susceptible people like ourselves into considering the claims of a Church which expresses the stock of religious truth in the most perfect ceremonial on earth.

Pardon, I pray you, the infelicities of a people who do not withdraw from you your kindly and highly appreciated consideration.—The Missionary.

HER "FIRST PIECE."

Miss Margaret Anglin contributes to the Bohemian some notes with regard to the beginning of her career. She says: "When I was about five years of age my mother sustained a very severe accident, and it was thought advisable for the quiet of the house to dispose of me, so I was forthwith confined to the very good and watched care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose convent almost overlooked our own garden. During the weeks I spent there, petted and made much of, I learned my first 'piece.' How easily, or with what great mental strain this feat was accomplished, I can't tell now. I think, however, that my application must have been very thorough, as the first lines of that little verse are the only ones which I have ever memorized and not as quickly forgotten. Not more than an odd sentence or two could I quote to-day from 'Mrs. Dane,' 'Roxane,' or any other of my old parts."

My first piece (the one I've never forgotten 'Little Pearl Honey Dew,') was the beginning of the end—the awakening of what was 'born' to be. When I was formally entered as a 'boarder' in Loretto Abbey I marveled that no one seemed to see that I could recite. If they couldn't see it, why could they not feel it? It was tingling in my blood. I stood it as long as I could and then 'broke loose' in the infirmary, where, by the way, I was being coddled for a slight cold. There was a concert to be given to the convent chaplain the next morning after Mass, and, lying quietly in my little cot, I realized that then or never was my chance.

"I found a book of poems on the infirmary table and chose without reason

or understanding 'The Exile of Erin,' by Campbell. I knew that Erin meant Ireland, the home of my forefathers—and to-morrow (and the reason for the concert) was St. Patrick's Day. For the rest, it was poetry—it was a 'piece.' I volunteered next morning at the concert, my services were more or less doubtfully accepted, and then with a confidence, which I would willingly purchase now at any sacrifice or price, I walked upon the so-called class-room stage.

"Several times before I left that school I was invited to appear again in other entertainments, much to my delight. These I might call my first public appearances, as on some occasions the attendance was very large, consisting of the parents, relatives and friends of the pupils."

ON FAIRY TALES ABOUT THE CHURCH.

To any of our non-Catholic readers who have been simple enough to take stock in the current fairy tales about the Church always opposing the progress of the Natural Sciences, we would recommend the study of the following few statistics taken from a recent "Little Catholic's Delights":

Gutenberg, inventor of the art of printing, after years spent in perfecting his art under the influence of the Church, died and was buried fifteen years before the apostate monk Luther was born. The agnostic historian Humboldt, writing on the progress of science during the sixteenth century (Cosmos, Vol. II, page 634) admits that the "ground work of what we at the present time call Physical Geography is contained in the Jesuit Acosta's work, entitled 'Historia Natural de Las Indias.'"

Early in the sixteenth century, the Catholic navigator, Sebastian de Elcano, lieutenant of Magellan, was the first to circumnavigate the earth. So well understood at the time was the importance of this, that he obtained for his arduous bearings a globe, with the glorious inscription: "Primum circumdeditur me."

The masses could not have been so very ignorant, after all, in old Catholic times, judging from facts handed down to us. Every intelligent person who has ever crossed the Atlantic knows that the author for ocean navigation is the Variation compass. And yet, as Humboldt tells us, the first that was ever constructed was the work, not of some university professor, but of an ingenious apothecary of Seville in Spain, Felipe Guillen. This, says Humboldt, was before 1525.—Brief Catholic Comment.

"FIND THE CHURCH."

No well informed reader needs to be told that the non-Catholic Christian world is in a state of great unrest to-day. In what the chief cause of this unrest consists, and how this cause may be removed is most clearly and convincingly shown in a remarkable little work ("Find the Church") recently published by Herder, St. Louis, Mo. The author is Rev. William Poland, S. J., of St. Louis University, the eminent and popular writer on theological and ethical questions. We give a sample of Father Poland's way of approaching his subject:

"This aid is intended to meet a special need of many who profess Christianity. They have their own special difficulty which arises from a fact that is plain to the eyes of the world."

"They recognize the divinity of Christ."

"They recognize that Christ established a Religious Society which is called a Church."

"They recognize that Christ left certain truths or doctrines to that Society or Church."

"They recognize that the profession of Christ's teaching or doctrine is a condition for membership in His Church."

"They recognize, finally, that the acceptance of His doctrines on His word is the bond which unites the members into one Society, one Church, one Institution founded by Him."

But here arises their difficulty. It comes from a broad fact which they cannot help seeing. They behold around them hundreds of distinct institutions, each one of which claims the right to be called the Church of Christ. They see, moreover, that each one of these distinct institutions holds a doctrine which it puts forward as the doctrine of Christ, but which disagrees

with the doctrine held by any other one of all the institutions.

"So that the difficulty which besets the inquirer is a two-fold difficulty. He asks himself: '1. Where does the name 'Church of Christ' really belong? '2. How are men to-day, to get the exact doctrine taught by Christ?' The editor of Comment knows no more suitable book in these busy days, for earnest religious inquirers, than this precious little work of Father Poland's.—Penny Booklet.

STANDING REBUKE TO INTOLERANCE.

The bronze statue of the late Mgr. Doane of Newark, has been completed, and will shortly look down from its pedestal in one of the busiest parts of that city.

Born an Episcopalian, son of one Episcopalian Bishop and brother of another, he did not hesitate when his conscience bade him enter the Catholic Church.

"In the erection of this memorial to the deceased prelate," says The Monitor, "men of every form of religious belief and of no belief have vied in their generosity and effort. The day of the unveiling will be that of religious peace. The various, kindly faces of the old friend will be an inspiration to all that is pure and unselfish in life. Few cities will be able to boast of such a monument. The dead Monsignor will live and love and labor more than when he walked the streets which his monument now guards and decorates."

PRAYS AT POE'S GRAVE.

One of the greatest admirers of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe is the poet priest, Rev. John B. Tabb, professor of English at St. Charles' College, Elkton City.

Every month, or, at least, every chance that Rev. Dr. Tabb gets to come to Baltimore he pays a pilgrimage to the grave of Poe in the little graveyard in old Westminster churchyard, at Fayette and Greene streets. There is no other person more interested in the movement to place a more elaborate stone over the grave in the little churchyard. The poems written by Poe, he says, have never been equaled by any poet.

So enthusiastic is Father Tabb over the writings of Poe that every day he recites to his pupils a complete, if not more, which was written by the great poet.

"Young men," he tells them, "Poe never had an equal. He was the poet of all poets—that's why I advise you all to read his works. Don't give them only cursory readings, but digest what he writes."

Father Tabb is a poet himself. Frequently he contributes to the magazines, and many of his contributions are eulogies on Poe. His monthly visits to the grave are done with great reverence. Despite the shortcomings of Poe—for Father Tabb does not believe that all genius is the work of the temperance. Father Tabb goes to the humble grave and, kneeling down, prays for the soul of the dead poet.

Father Tabb recalls the touching incidents in the sad life of Poe. He says one of the saddest was the devotion exhibited even up to his death by Mrs. Clemm, mother of his wife, whom he loved as his own mother. Winter after winter, when both he and his wife were ill, this noble woman, thin and clad, her face wrinkled from care, went from editor to editor trying to sell a poem or story for him.

Golden Counsels and a Word of Warning.

Some time ago we came across a card of suggestions for the counseling of our lives. They were admirable and striking, but the card bore no name to reveal the authorship. They ran as follows:

- 1. Say nothing you would not like God to hear.
- 2. Do nothing you would not like God to see.



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- 3. Write nothing you would not like God to read.
- 4. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.
- 5. Read no book, of which you would not like God to say: "Show it to Me."
- 6. Never spend your time in a way that you would not like God to ask: "What are you doing now?"

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Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL HAPPINESS.

Everywhere we see prosperous people who are making a great deal of money, and yet they are dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy, restless. They rove about from place to place, trying to find pleasure in this thing or that, but are always disappointed. They think that, if they could only get somewhere else than where they are, could only do something else than what they are doing, if they could only go abroad, travel over different countries, in a touring car or in an automobile, they would be happy. Their eyes are always focused upon something in dream-land instead of something in the land of reality.

They mistake the very nature of happiness. They put the emphasis on the wrong things.

The secret of happiness is not in your fortune, but in your heart. It does not consist in having but in being. It is a condition of mind. Real happiness is of such a nature as to satisfy us day by day as we go along, now or never. Like the manna which the children of Israel tried to hoard, if we try to keep it for to-morrow it spoils. There are men everywhere who can see ease and useful ease to-morrow, not to-day. The opportunity for doing good they are too busy to attend to to-day. They will neglect friend-ships to day, social duties to-day. They post up a little charities, because they are going to make some great donation when they get a little further on, and have a little more money.

What pitiable failures we see everywhere—unhappy men who have gained wealth, which they thought would be the solvent of all their woes.

Most men seem to think that when they once get their fortune they can change their life habits, that they will not be anxious. They do not realize that they are the victims of their life habits, that they are no more likely to get away from these than a leopard is likely to change his spots.

What a mockery most of us make of our lives! They are but the burlesque of the life we were intended to live. We know that the Creator intended life to mean more, to be infinitely richer, nobler, happier than this. This brutal game of money football, which so many of the human race are playing, this restless pushing, and crowding for place, this lust for power and wealth, had no place in the infinite plan for the race.

A strong resolution to be contented every day, to wear a cheerful face, and to speak a pleasant word to the news-boy, the elevator boy, and the office boy, to be civil to the waiter in the restaurant or hotel, to speak cheerily to the servants, to everybody with whom we come in contact, would not only add enjoyment to the ordinary industries of life, but would also keep the wheels of our ordinary social activity well lubricated.

It is a great art to learn to see the things close to us, to enjoy life as we go along.

So do not spoil 1908 by trying to crowd 1909 into it; do not try to live February in January. Do not be late and stingy this month, this year, because you are aiming for next month, next year.

Do not trample on the violets and the daisies to-day, never seeing the world of beauty and marvel all about you, under your very feet, because your eyes are fixed on the stars.

Resolve that you are going to enjoy the brass and carriage on your own, and not spend your time riding in imagination in the fine automobile you are going to have next year.

Just make up your mind that you are going to make the most of your little cottage, the home you have; that you are going to make it the happiest, sweetest place on the earth to-day and every day, and that you are not going to try to live in that long-dreamed-of new house until it is finished.

Resolve that you are going to marry your life, ruin your happiness while single, in planning what you are going to do when married. Instead of all the time thinking what you are going to do when you have a home of your own, enjoy what you have now—not stingily, not with a part of yourself, but completely, royally, wholly. Find your whole life in the present moment. Do not plan to get 99 per cent. of your happiness out of to-morrow, while you take 1 per cent. to-day. Get a 100 per cent. out of the day you are living in.

Learn a lesson from happy, care free, childhood. See the abandon with which a child gives himself to the joys of life. They are no "ifs" or "buts" or "wherefores" in his bright sky. No care-filling thought of time or money haunts his visions; he simply gives himself up to the passing moment; enjoys himself unshadowed by dreams of what is to come.

This does not mean that we should never plan for to-morrow or have pleasant anticipations of things that are to come. It only means that we should not so focus our eyes and attention on the future, and be so absorbed in anticipation of to-morrow, that we get no thing out of to-day; that we lose the pleasures, its opportunities and its joys.

It is not intended that we should always live in anticipation. Imagination, that blessed faculty, was given us as an occasional retreat from suffering, from trying conditions, a retreat to which we can fly and get a better outlook on life, where we can refresh our minds and renew our faculties.

Living too much in the imagination makes life seem dry and dreary. It makes our vocations drudgery instead of the delight which they were intended to be. It robs our power for enjoying the life that now is.

If you have made a batch of 1907; if it has been a failure; if you have not succeeded in your undertakings; if you have blundered and made a lot of mistakes; if you have been foolish, have wasted your time, your money, do not drag these ghosts over the new year line to haunt you, to destroy your happiness. Let it all go. Forget it; bury it. Do not let it sap any more of your energies, waste any more of your

time, destroy any more of your peace or happiness. You cannot afford to give it more thought or attention. "Leave thy low-vaulted past."

Resolve that when you cross the line between the old and the new year, you will throw away all useless baggage, drop everything that hinders, which can rob you of joy or power, that when you enter the door of the new year, you will not be mortgaged to the past and will never look back.

Live in the here and now. Let this be the battle call for the new year. Live your life fully, completely, richly. Do not make this a mean, stingy, poverty-stricken year. Pack this year, not next year with all the good things you can command. Live as you go along.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HIS MOTHER.

Father Crumley reversed his crossed legs, laying the left one over the right, and pulled up an extra foot in his easock to allow play for his knees.

"No, I certainly never knew an unmitigated rascal," he said. "I've known pretty bad specimens—under death sentence, in state's prison, and out of it—the worst cases being out of it—but I never knew a man who hadn't a soft spot somewhere, if you could find it. There's a spark of good in the worst of us, believe me."

"Tim?" Mr. Black hinted suggestively. "Ah, well, now, there is Tim! Yes, there is Tim!" Father Crumley assented reluctantly. "To be sure he seems—but then look how little we know him! If I weren't a priest very likely I could get close enough to the man to see his soft spot."

"There are plenty of dot get near to him, Father," said Mr. Lamb, scowling. "There's never been one of his friends who said a word in his praise."

"His friends?" The old priest's eyebrows went up with interrogative humor.

"Associates, then," Mr. Lamb amended appreciatively. "This said he's the last person any of the men who know him best would go to for a favor. We know that he never darkens a church door. He's mean, cruel—look how even animals shrink from him! No one ever takes his word, and hardly his word without endorsement, and every low sin in the list is laid to him. As far as I can see, Tim's your exception, Father."

"Well, maybe he doesn't backbite his neighbors as we do," Father Crumley said. "Must you be going? It's early in the evening yet, and I could show you a chestnut I had sent me that is worth your examining. No? Well, you're degrading me! I looked for a long chat after business. But I'll see to the business the first thing in the morning, trust me. Good night to you, gentlemen both."

The old man bowed out the president of his St. Vincent de Paul Association and his tenor soloist with old-fashioned dignity combined with cordiality. Then he put up his chain bolt, turned the key in the lock, testing it to make sure that it had turned, whistled his dog from the ambush of the basement stairs where he lurked, wagging his whole body, impatient for the visitors to go, and went back with the dog to his fireplace to finish his evening.

Shamrock, the setter, laid his head on the knee that was wearing shiny, and licking the kind hand that held an unopened book. Father Crumley absently patted the dog's head and thought of Tim. Tim was one of his abiding sorrows; he was the man that scowled at him when he passed, and whose reputation was such that Father Crumley's heart yearned over him. He seemed, as far as eye could see, the exception to the priest's experience of men, inasmuch as he appeared destitute of one redeeming virtue.

At that same hour Tim was hastily throwing into his bag the necessities for a hurried journey, gnawing his underlip until his short cropped mustache stood out fiercely, and swearing at his old housekeeper in the intervals of packing when she offered to help him. On the table lay a yellow telegram; its words were few.

"Come at once. Your mother is dangerously ill," it said. Occasionally Tim threw it a glance of fear and aversion, and then his eyes traveled to the clock and he swore pointlessly.

It seemed an endless journey to Tim that night, although it was a familiar one. No one guessed that when he disappeared from his haunts every alternate month it was to take this journey. But it ended at last, as all journeys do—even the lifelong one which Tim's old mother had found long, long and weary some, as long and as wearisome as her son found the journey which he was taking to see her arrive at the terminus.

He saw in an instant when he entered the room that her journey was to end in the Great Arrival. It frightened him first, and stabbed him secondly. For there, on the bed, dying, lay the clue to Tim's better nature in which the priest on whom he frowned had faith. Battered, sin stained Tim, cruel, relentless to all the world, loved his mother.

"I knew you'd get here, Timmy," the little mother said. "You're such a good boy, my little Timmy! I knew you would never fail me at the end."

"It's not the end, mother," the son said, slipping to his knees beside her bed. But he knew that he was not speaking the truth. She saw that he knew it, and smiled at him to spare him.

"It's full time," she said. "And now listen to me, Timmy, my own little son."

The man of more than forty years listened, and to prove that he heard said: "Yes, mamma," without wondering at himself for doing so.

"You're a good boy, no, you're a man now—you're a good man, Tim." The feeble voice made the statement with no interrogatory, but it paused for a reply.

"No," said Tim. "I've lied to you all these years, mother, but I'll tell the truth now. I haven't a friend on

earth. There isn't one who would speak a good word for me—with reason. I couldn't speak a good word for myself. There's nothing but I don't do, and nothing good I do. I never put foot on the lowest step of a church. I've received you on top of it all, for you believe in me."

"You've never deceived me, Timmy," his mother said. And Tim was startled. The quiet of one who already saw by the broad light of eternity, and was within its peace was hers. "Do you think that a mother doesn't see when her son's face grows harder year by year, with the look of a child fading out of it? I've known all along, my Timmy. Yet I say still you're my good son, Tim, if you're not a good man. The world hasn't known, maybe, but I've known how mindful of me you've been, how generous to me. Never once have you failed me on the day I looked for you, and I've kept in memory the comforts you've brought me. Not one of them but pleads for you now, Timmy, when your mother must leave you. And when you lied to me, boy, and tried to make me believe you were as faithful to what I'd taught you as I'd have had you, then I knew you lied to save me the pain of knowing. And though the pain was deep in my heart that moment, still I hoped that it might turn to good for you that you hated to have your mother know the blackness that had grown into the little heart she gave you. So now it's all open between us, Timmy, and that's because you'll never again come here to me. I want your promise to come to me by and by where only you'll find me—if I die gentle to me—and where we've all got to come truthful, Tim dear."

"I wouldn't know how," said Tim. "I can travel to you on the railroad, but I can't follow you, mother."

"I laid the rack for you when you were little, Tim," she said, with a gleam of humor which was a part of her very self.

The little mother did not die at once; she lived three days with Tim at her side, and then left him in her gentle manner.

Tim was gone a week. His associates wondered what he was up to, and accorded to the wickedness which they conjectured admiration which this time was not Tim's due. When he came back he was white, the mark of self-sacrifice upon him. Always taciturn, he opposed absolute silence to the speculations as to the crowd that had called him away with which those who dared bombard him. On the evening after his return he made himself decent in his black coat and tie, and rang Father Crumley's bell.

The old priest himself answered the summons. He fell back as Tim stepped forward.

"Be so and save us!" he murmured. Then he put on his strong hand and drew Tim within the warmth of his house and his presence.

"I'm a pretty tough proposition, Father Crumley," Tim began abruptly. "But as far as I can see you've got to take the job of reforming me."

"Very well," assented the priest quietly. "It can't be a very hard job when you come yourself to offer it to me. Do you smoke? Down, Shamrock! You are not fond of animals, I think, Tim?"

"I never have been," said Tim, laying a hand that shook on Sham's gleaming red head. "But my mother loved everything. She died last Monday."

"Ah!" said Father Crumley. "Death must be blessed to those who loved everything. And you loved her! It's an irreparable loss, Tim. There's no use in offering you weak comfort. You'll miss her till you go to bed. I miss my mother at times with positive hunger still, and she died when I was under twenty."

The old priest went on talking quietly, simply, of that unforgotten mother, and the home that she had made for her three boys and one girl, of his boyhood which had been gay and light hearted with her sympathy to brighten it, her influence to restrain it.

"Why, when I was sixteen I felt that nothing could measure up to my mother's: 'Well done, Philip!' No reward could touch that."

"I felt that way too, sir," said Tim huskily.

"We're all alike in our love for our mother and in missing her," said the priest.

"I promised her I'd come to you," said Tim rising. "I didn't suppose I'd like it. You've been kind, sir. I never treated you decent, but then I'm not decent. The way I felt about mother was my one good spot—do you think you can spread it for me?"

"All men have at least one good spot, Tim," said the priest, laying a hand on the burly shoulder of his visitor. "Yes, your love for her will spread and blot out your wrong. Good night, my son. I'll be in the church to-morrow night at half past seven, then. Mind the step; I don't want you coming. And come around often to share my fire and tobacco. It has done me good to talk of my mother to one whose grief is fresh." Tim did not look around to see the radiance of the beautiful old face.

"Thank you, Father," he said. "I'll come. It's a queer, lonely thing to feel she's not looking for me."

Marion Ames Taggart in B. C. Orphan Friend.

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A CHURCH THAT COST \$110,000,000

The great cathedral of Milan, writes Rev. John Price in the Pittsburg Observer, owes its existence to a vow made by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, 1388. The material is pure white marble from the quarries of Mount Gandoglia, near the Lago Maggiore, or Greater Lake. The Duke paid for it all.

The present grand temple is erected on the spot occupied by the ancient metropolitan church, which was built A. D. 836 and dedicated to Santa Maria Maggiore. The cathedral today bears over its splendid facade the dedicatory title, "Marise nascenti"—"To Mary giving birth." It thus forms one of the foremost architectural wonders raised to the honor of Our Blessed Lord's Mother.

The building is Gothic with the exception of the front, which was built in Greek style by Pellegrini, and slowly carried on until Napoleon, in 1805 ordered its completion. Nearly 3,000 statues are on the exterior and in the interior of the edifice, and the cost of the whole imposing structure up to date is set down at 550,000,000 francs, or \$110,000,000.

There is sincerity and faith in the whole edifice. The statues and statuettes, the roses and the leaves and the other ornaments in carved stone, are as carefully and neatly finished away up in the air as they are down below. It was built for God's eye to see, and hence no laws or slurs are permissible. It was a monument to Mary, the Spotless and Perfect, and nothing that was not perfect was considered worthy of a place in this monument in her honor. In length the Cathedral ranks next to St. Peter's in Rome.

IMMORTALITY.

It is interesting, but equally painful, to witness the constant groping in the dark, the futile strivings, the hopeless expressions of hope, of those who set up their human intelligence and reasoning powers against the "problem of immortality." Harper's Weekly recently contained a labored editorial on the "fascinating" theory that immortality may be realized by those who so desire. As might be expected when man attempts to amend the laws of God, the result is a curious confounding of eternal truth and unsupported theory.

"It is perhaps true that we extend life into other spheres by our desire and our will," says Harper's editorial writer. The matter of life in other spheres was disposed of so unequivocally by the Son of God so many centuries ago that it is doubtful whether many persons will hail this new dispensative with much enthusiasm.

The Buddhistic "law of Karma" is brought to bear to enhance the fascination of the subject. The visions of other great poets of later days are quoted with some approval. Still, it matters little that each man sees immortality through the medium of his separate vision. Exactly; it matters so little that each might well cease

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straining his separate vision, and look for a while through the clear vision of Christ.

With some other conclusions of Harper's writer there can be no quarrel; matters that come purely within the limits of human reasoning and experience. "Woe lives in the consciousness of life without end," he says, "lives with a different courage from his who lives trying to make life out of the poor changes contained in four score years and ten."

Such a view of the matter can do no harm, but only good, as tending to awaken in the minds of those engrossed in worldly pursuits some thought of the after-life. This thought, once inspired, should turn from flimsy latter-day theories to the enduring truths uttered and sanctioned by the Son of God. The great organization of the Catholic Church should appeal especially to the business man, to whom success counts for so much in these days. When that success is maintained and carried forward through the gentlest and most open of appeals, it must strike both the business man and the dreamer with irresistible force.

After all has been said and done, but one thing remains to satisfy the theorists on immortality; namely, to go in humility to the fountain head from which the idea proceeds. Let no human adulteration render the stream impure ere it reaches the thirsting soul. One flow alone has remained undefiled through all centuries, and that one is of the Holy Church of Rome.—The Internountain Catholic.

Catholic devotion sees in the Blessed Virgin Mary not a rival to her divine Son. Underneath all our prayers to Mary runs the deep current of knowledge that she is only a creature, albeit the most highly honored creature of Almighty God.

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CLEMENCEAU'S CATHOLIC PAPER

REMARKABLE STORY WHICH HAS JUST BEEN TOLD IN A FRENCH LAW COURT. It is in the pitiful nature of things, says Rome, that the world has heard so little of the splendid abnegation and loyalty of the French clergy in the crisis which has robbed them of their houses and their stipend and their visible means of support, and it is in evidence that a few more or less black sheep among them should make more noise than the fifty thousand silent ones. One knows the figure made by the Deputy Abbe Lemire, rounded out and perfected by his recent speech in which he proclaimed that the Holy Father was an honest but misguided man. And now we have the case of the Abbe Tesson, which, according to the points of view from which you look at it, is instructive, vile, pathetic, amusing and painful. This unfortunate abbe, haled this week before the Second Correctional Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine for non-payment of his just debts, had an interesting explanation to offer to his judges. I am quite possible that in points of detail the hapless abbe may not be absolutely accurate, but the main lines of his story are patently true, and they are best given in his own words. He had dealings with Briand and Clemenceau which he promised to keep secret, but when the two of them threw the poor man to the wolves, and when, as he puts it quite enough, his "honorary salary" was impugned, he felt released from the compact, and this is what he said: One day I went to the Ministry of Culture and there met an ex secretary of the Hon. Briand, who spoke to me about the religious situation in France and the new law of separation. "Something in the way of propaganda should be done," said the secretary. "Why not start a newspaper?" I told him I was quite willing, but had not the money. "If that is the only difficulty," he rejoined, "it will be surmounted. Do you know Clemenceau?" I said that I had never seen him. "Go and see him," he advised; and he went on to give some explanations as to the kind of newspaper that was wanted—it was to be orthodox, not aggressive, edited by respectable priests. I then made application for an audience with Clemenceau and received an answer by telegram that I would be received at the Ministry. FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES WEEKLY. "I went, and Clemenceau at once entered with me into the subject of the newspaper. Then he asked me suddenly how much money would be necessary to start it, and I replied 100,000 francs. He exclaimed, "Too much of 100,000 francs is a great deal of money, and the Chamber thinks that I am spending excessively on secret services. But I will give you ten thousand a month." Clemenceau then instructed me to call on Buban Varilla, director proprietor of the "Matin," for ideas on the foundation of the new paper. I went to Varilla's cabinet and eight days after returned to the ministry and showed Clemenceau the list of names I had thought out for the journal. Clemenceau selected "La France Catholique," and this is how that paper came into being. As I was about to leave, Clemenceau handed me an envelope containing ten thousand francs. I set to work at once; the journal made its appearance, and we printed fifty thousand copies, which were sent to all the curés of France. But Rome and the French Bishops failed to adopt the ideas of La France Catholique in favor of the associations' quarterly. Clemenceau recognized that it was no use for him to go on paying 10,000 francs a month to his now useless tool. The paper brought in no other revenue, the creditors grew impatient first and then indignant, and at last brought the abbe before the courts, and now the ex editor announces that he intends to appeal against the sentence which condemned him and that he will cite as witnesses Clemenceau, Briand, Briand's secretary, the owner of the Chateau and of the "Matin," etc.

THE CHURCH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD BIBLE READING.

ON NO OTHER POINT ARE PROTESTANTS MORE ASTUTE. The attitude of the Catholic Church toward bible reading was the subject of a most instructive series of discourses delivered in St. Ignace's Church, Baltimore, by Father Corbett, S. J., during Advent. "The Church," said the lecturer, "has nothing to fear from the deopist study and investigation of any science, physical, historical or philosophical. She is not afraid of the truth. What she has to regret is the ignorance and the prejudice against her and her doctrines that are so widespread among those not of the faith. On no subject perhaps are the ideas of Protestants more astray than on the Church's attitude toward the reading of the Bible. This very week I have received a letter containing the following question: "Did not the Protestant religion give us the first Bible written in the language of the people?" and the answer is: "No. Whoever makes such a statement is ignorant of the facts of history. In the days of the Apostles the Old Testament had been translated into Greek and the New Testament was written in Greek, the language of the people. In the middle of the second century the Bible was translated into Latin and Syriac; that it might be understood by the people. At the end of the fourth century the Pope had St. Jerome revise the Latin version in common use and later the saint prepared the great Vulgate version of the Scripture in Latin, which Latin was the universal language of the Western world. "It was translated into Gothic about 350, into Armenian in 411. When the modern languages began to take shape, the first works were translations or paraphrases of the Bible. St. Bede was engaged on his death bed in translating the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon. There were two versions of the Gospels current in the tenth century

in England, six hundred years before Protestantism. After the Norman conquest the language of the higher classes was French and they had the Bible in that tongue. There is still preserved a complete French Bible written in the thirteenth century. "Sir Thomas More tells us that 'the whole Bible was long before Wikli's days by virtuous and well learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and Godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.' "What is true of England is true also of the other countries of Europe. During the three centuries before the Reformation the Scriptures were to be had in Italian, Spanish, German, Danish and Flemish. Immediately after the invention of printing, Bibles were printed in these languages before Luther was born or Henry VIII. broke away from the Church. The Italian Bible was printed in 1471, the French Bible in 1477 and eighteen editions of the Bible in German appeared before Luther's day. "As long as the Bible was not abused and set up as a standard of revolt against the Church, the reading was not restricted or prohibited. When, however, the Reformers began to circulate corrupt translations the Church would have failed in her sacred duty as guardian of the faith had she not warned her children and condemned such corruptions of God's Word. "The special characteristics of the mistranslations on the part of Tyndale in England and Luther in Germany were pointed out. Protestants were quoted as showing that they looked on another as "corruptors of the Word of God." The legislation of the Church on Bible reading was then reviewed, and it was shown that for the last hundred and fifty years there has been no restriction on the reading in the vernacular of versions approved by the Holy See or the Bishops. In answer to the question, "Ought Catholics to read the Bible?" the exhortation of Popes were quoted and the recommendation of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has often urged the faithful to read the Bible. Pope Leo XIII, granted an indulgence to all who would read the Gospels for fifteen minutes and a plenary indulgence once a month to all who make such reading a daily practice. Some fifty years ago a society was established in Italy for the spread of the Holy Gospels, and in three years they distributed 300,000 copies of the Gospels. This society has been highly commended by our Holy Father Pope Pius X. "Father Corbett recommended especially the reading of the Gospel in the New Testament and of the Psalms in the Old. He also recommended the following books for those who might wish to read on the subjects that had been treated: "The Bible and Its Interpreter," by Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., McVey, Philadelphia on the question of the infallibility of the Church; "The Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse," by Mgr. John Vagham (Benziger Brothers); "The Sacred Scriptures or The Written Word of God," by Rev. William Hamphrey, S. J., on the subject of the Inspiration of Scripture. "Rome and the Reformation," two pamphlets published by the English Catholic Truth Society. "Also Maitland's 'The Dark Ages,' on the use of the Bible during the Middle Ages.

CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH IN A NUTSHELL.

The following contribution to "Comments" from Lawyer Copeland, a well known and much esteemed resident of Chicago. It will be found, we think eminently useful to any earnest, intelligent, truth seeker. Libertyville, Ill., Nov., 1907. Mr. Editor—In reply to your request that I should write for your modest publication, "Brief Catholic Comments," a few lines of my personal experience as a convert to the Church, I venture to send you the following extracts from a letter of mine written some years ago to a non Catholic friend who wished to have the claims of the Church "in a nutshell" and who was frightened by the idea that the Church is "a machine." "My ignorance and prejudice were as dense as a year possibly can be, until at twenty-four, after my business success was assured, I determined to dispel both and settle the religious question for myself. "I had never been baptized, and was teaching Sunday school in North Market Hall, Chicago, where Moody had just become superintendent. I was often urged by my friends to 'profess' and become a member of the Protestant Church. I gave my nights and days to the work for two years. I read the Old and the New Testament and tried to prove Christ a myth—prayed earnestly—studied history, etc. My conclusion was that Christ was God, and that I would follow Him. No more independent man, I believe, ever lived than I was then. "What did Christ say to me? He said: 'Hear the Church.' I thought it must certainly be the Church which

Christ established—which was founded upon the rock—which He would lead always into all truth, which began to be during His life, because He established it. It must exist now, I reasoned, as He said it should stand to the end of the world. Now for me the question was, which of all the churches was it? Then I began to read the history of the churches which claimed to be Christian. "Most of them, I found, were of quite recent origin and of man's foundation, and no one of them was as old as the time Christ lived on this earth, and none of them taught what and as He commanded. These doubts in Him returned. He had not fulfilled His promise. He was not God. I was troubled. I told my troubles to an able, learned lawyer—a good, honest charitable man, who was not then a member of any Church. He asked me if I had considered the claims of the Catholic Church. I had not. Why should I bother myself about that old abomination of abominations? It surely could not be the work of the humble, lowly Jesus. I had been taught till then that it was the work of the devil, and that the Jesuits, whom he advised me to see, were the worst of hisimps. But I was not afraid of them and went several times to see them. They explained to me the claims of the Catholic Church; its dogmas, its sacraments, its institutions, its foundation, its Catholicity, its work in the world and its influence on the human race. Then the truth dawned on me. He was God and I had found His Church. I heard it and was happy; all doubt was removed and I have continued to be happy until this day, within its fold and under its guidance. "If the machinery seems (to you) to be the 'ranked kind' of a contradiction of the teachings of Jesus Christ, it is certainly on account of your ignorance concerning it and your prejudices. The reason why a Christian should be a member of the 'Catholic Machine' is that He told him to be a member of it. 'Hear the Church.' 'Be of one faith and one baptism.' It is not that 'in a nutshell'." Do not forget that He is God. It is His 'machine' we are talking about, and He it is who is running it.—Brief Catholic Comment.

FATHER MATHEW. PROTESTANTS ON RECORD AS TO THE REMARKABLE CHARACTER OF THIS PRIEST. [The] Thackeray, the English novelist, who met Father Mathew in Cork, bears witness in his "Irish Sketch Book," to the beneficence of his work and the rare charm of his manner. Even the cynical Carlyle, who happened to come upon him as he was administering the pledge, could not listen to him unmoved. I almost cried to listen to him," he said, "and could not but lift my broad brim at the end, when he cried for God's blessing on the poor those poor wretches had taken." Mrs. Carlyle was still more deeply moved when she beheld a similar scene as she writes to her husband: "You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that priest; and when I heard that he was in London and attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him by the hand and tell him that I loved him considerably. He made me sit down on the only chair for a moment, then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the platform to see him administer the pledge. Two hundred took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were ladies both of men and women that will haunt me while I live; faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness making you would have said, its last struggle with the powers of darkness. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be bare. I could not speak for the excitement of the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep. The pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile." Rev. 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